

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

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CAST

TIGER (DANNY) 20

SHAWN 20

VERNON 30's

TEDDY 30's

CLARE (Teddy's mother) 60's

SERENA (Danny's mother) 40's

MORRIS 60's

MONK 20's

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Scene 1

(A bench in the projects. TIGER is sitting.
SHAWN walks up to him)

SHAWN:
PC, how's the 5 iron hanging?

TIGER:
I told you not to call me that.

SHAWN:
You like Puss-C better?

TIGER:
Call me by my name. I don't go calling you like OJ or
nothing.

SHAWN:
And what name would that be? Daniel? Danny boy?

TIGER:
What's wrong with Tiger?

SHAWN:
Must be you ain't listening to the news. Your boy don't
want to have nothing to do with the brothers no more.

TIGER:
What're you talking about?

SHAWN:
Tiger Woods, the Great Black Hope and your personal favorite
pinup boy. Don't you listen to the news?

TIGER:
I've been busy.

SHAWN:
So I heard.

TIGER:
What did he say?

SHAWN:

Tiger Woods says he ain't no brother; he likes to think of himself as a Asian -- Chinese or some such.

TIGER:

He didn't say that.

SHAWN:

That's right, don't believe me. What do I know?

TIGER:

He really said that?

SHAWN:

What do I know? Like telling you not to hang around with Ralphie Boy Hawkins a/k/a The Monk. Got to be dumb to hang around anybody named The Monk, he more like a monkey. But do you listen to me? No.

TIGER:

I didn't do anything.

SHAWN:

Shoulda stuck with Michael Jordan. He's a brother and he's proud of it and he could outskin Tiger any day of the week if he put his mind to it.

TIGER:

I didn't do anything.

SHAWN:

Then why'd you get arrested? They don't arrest niggers for playing golf...yet.

TIGER:

I'm telling you, Shawn, we was supposed to pick up this girl on Academy and drive her downtown.

SHAWN:

Why couldn't he drive her himself?

TIGER:

Said he needed me.

SHAWN:

For what?

(TIGER doesn't answer)

SHAWN:
I'm waiting.

TIGER:
There was this other girl downtown and the four of us was gonna party.

SHAWN:
So now he adding pimping to his resumé.

TIGER:
It weren't like that.

SHAWN:
I know. It's springtime, love was in the air and you were more than happy to cater to his degenerate impulses out of the goodness of your heart.

TIGER:
No. He paid me.

SHAWN:
And what is the going rate for chauffeuring carnal acts nowadays, I seem to forget.

TIGER:
A hundred bucks.

SHAWN:
And you're telling me for this public service the cops locked you up.

TIGER:
She had this shopping bag.

SHAWN:
And now I am straining my brain trying to imagine what she might have had in that shopping bag.

TIGER:
I didn't know, I tell you, Shawn. I was just driving.

SHAWN:
Who busted you?

TIGER:
The Feds.

SHAWN:
You bought it this time, PC.

TIGER:
Don't call me that.

SHAWN:
Conspiracy, five years minimum. What was the weight of the drugs?

TIGER:
I don't know. I didn't know they was drugs.

SHAWN:
There's no plea bargaining with the Feds. They got charts and graphs and shit. You be going away a long while.

TIGER:
I'm not going anywhere. I didn't do anything.

SHAWN:
In the Feds -- I know this 'cause of my cousin James -- they got what they call overt acts. If you do one, just one, you're a part of the conspiracy. Whatever Monk did you responsible for. Like killing Ronnie Harper --

TIGER:
I know.

SHAWN:
Like killing Ricky --

TIGER:
He didn't kill Ricky.

SHAWN:
He had him killed. The Feds are gonna tie all this up and you're gonna be a part of it, PC. Who got you out?

TIGER
My mother.

SHAWN:
I bet she pissed at you.

TIGER:
She asked what did I do, I said nothing and she believed me.

SHAWN:
Shit, I wish I had your mother. I come home, I ain't even been arrested, my mother sees me smiling she say "What you do, Shawn?" I say "nothing" and she whacks me upside my head. "Don't tell me nothing. I see you smiling." All I need is to get arrested.

TIGER:
Well, maybe that's why you never was.

SHAWN:
I never was 'cause I never broke no law.

TIGER:
I never did either. You don't have to break the law to be arrested.

SHAWN:
Tell me about it.

(A car has pulled up)

TIGER:
Watch it, Shawn. That's the man.

SHAWN:
That ain't the man driving no red Acura.

TIGER:
I'm telling you, them's the guys arrested me.

SHAWN:
Why are they looking over here, grinning. (pointing at car)
Hey, come out here, you the man. I want to talk to you.

TIGER:
Shut the fuck up, Shawn. I'm in trouble enough.

SHAWN:
Yeah, NYPD Blue, you.

TIGER:
Now you done it.

(VERNON walks over to TIGER and SHAWN)

VERNON:
Didn't your momma ever tell you it was rude to point?

SHAWN:
Didn't your momma ever tell you it was rude to arrest people?
My friend PC here say you the man.

VERNON:
That's right.

SHAWN:
You the man how come you drivin' an Acura and dressed like a pimp.

TIGER:
Can it, Shawn.

VERNON:
Well, I'll tell you. I used to take subways and dress like a loser and hang around street corners like some people I know, then I got wise.

SHAWN:
You sure don't look wise.

VERNON:
I'm working undercover tonight. What's your excuse?

SHAWN:
You was wise you wouldn't be no cop. Ain't a job no brother should ever take.

VERNON:
I'm not a cop. I work for the DEA. But I seen more than my share of "brothers" lying face down in the chalk. You don't think there should be no cops? Good. Next time somebody's beating on somebody else, we'll give 'em your number, you can take care of it.

SHAWN:
I'd do a better job, that's for sure. You're DEA?

VERNON:
Yes.

SHAWN:
(Indicating car) Who's Mel Gibson in there, your partner?

VERNON:
Boy, you don't miss a trick, do you? You should be a detective.

SHAWN:
How come you hauled in my man PC here?

VERNON:
He's been keeping some bad company -- what's your name?

SHAWN:
Why you need my name?

VERNON:
(To TIGER) What did you call him, Shawn?

TIGER:
I didn't say nothing.

VERNON:
Well, you look like a Shawn. Listen up. Your friend here could be in for some serious trouble. He's out on bail now, but he slips up or tries to run, it will get a lot worse a lot quicker. You want to do something besides running your mouth, you look out for him.

TIGER:
I don't need nobody looking out for me.

SHAWN:
I tried. He wouldn't listen to me.

VERNON:
Why? What did you tell him?

SHAWN:
(Beat) Ain't the Sopranos on tonight? Come on, PC --

TIGER:
Don't call me that.

SHAWN:
-- we go watch Tony kick ass.

VERNON:
Danny and I have some things to talk over, don't we, Danny?

TIGER:
I got nothing to say to you.

VERNON:
That's okay. I'll do the talking. (There is a silent moment as SHAWN looks concerned) Enjoy the show.

SHAWN:
Don't tell him nothing, PC. (Beat as VERNON stares at him)
I'll see you tomorrow. (SHAWN exits)

VERNON:
How come he calls you PC? You politically correct or a personal computer?

TIGER:
Neither one.

VERNON:
Look, Danny --

TIGER:
No one calls me Danny.

VERNON:
Should I call you PC?

TIGER:
No. (Beat) Tiger.

VERNON:
Whoa, you get that a/k/a in the streets or in the sheets?

TIGER:
Neither one. It's for Tiger Woods.

VERNON:
(Taking an object out from his pocket) My six year old's Virtual Pet died. (From this point on, VERNON fiddles with it) Tiger Woods, huh. You play golf?

TIGER:
When I can. When I have the money.

VERNON:
Is that why you got involved in this deal, to make golf money?

TIGER:
I wasn't involved in no deal. You allowed to be doing this?

VERNON:
What am I doing?

TIGER:
Ain't I supposed to have a lawyer or something, if you questioning me?

VERNON:
Or something. (Beat) I played golf once. Had a big deal drug cop from Ghana visiting to see how we ran the department. Boss took him to play golf and wanted a black man there. They picked me. I don't think I fooled anybody. They ain't never gonna send me out to work undercover on the PGA.

TIGER:
You could do some business. Some of those PGA guys do drugs.

VERNON:
That's for sure. Is that why you do them?

TIGER:
I don't do drugs.

VERNON:
You don't do 'em, you don't sell 'em and yet we find you driving with a bag full of 'em.

TIGER:
I'm telling you, I didn't know.

VERNON:
Then why would you be hanging around Ralph The Monk Hawkins?
He your caddy?

TIGER:
(Beat) My lawyer said not to talk to nobody.

VERNON:
Shoulda got that advice before you started talking to
Hawkins. Know why they call him The Monk? (No answer)
'cause when they found Ricky Pearson's body up at the
Cloisters and they called your pal Ralph in for questioning
and asked him who killed Ricky he said: Must've been a monk.
(Beat) Look, Danny -- sorry, Tiger, we know you're not a
major player in this deal. Hawkin's the guy we want. You
can help us get him. That's how come you got bail.
He left you hung out there to get fried, Tiger.
He set you up for this. Now, you're looking
at fifteen years --

TIGER:
Fifteen!? How'd it get to fifteen? My lawyer said five.

VERNON:
The weight of the drugs. And we found a gun under the seat.

TIGER:
I don't have a gun. That wasn't even my car.

VERNON:
Whose car was it then?

TIGER:
It -- didn't you trace it?

VERNON:
(Just smiles) It's fifteen. Even if it's five, is it worth
it to protect a slimeball like Hawkins? (About Virtual Pet)
Don't see how I'm gonna fix this thing lessen I can get
inside of it. My daddy used to say to me: It ain't about
money, Vernon; it's about power. You get precious little of
it in life anyway, when you're black you get that much less,
so when the time comes you can take charge of your life, you
best take advantage of it or somebody else will. Listen to
what I'm telling you. That chiquita you got busted with,
she's facing worse time than you are and right now somebody

just like me is sitting with her, trying to get her to cooperate. Now since she was balling The Monk and thinks she's in love with him, chances are she ain't gonna do it. But if she does, then we don't need you and you're fucked. He's scum. You really wanna do time for scum? Keep your eye on the ball, Tiger. (As he leaves, looking at Virtual Pet) What? Hell, no. She can clean it up her own self.

(VERNON leaves. TIGER sits there looking troubled as the lights fade)

end of scene

Scene 2

(Kitchen of CLARE KLODIN. CLARE is packaging leftovers and TEDDY, her daughter, is reading a magazine)

CLARE:
You want some of this?

TEDDY:
No, ma, I can't eat that.

CLARE:
You just ate it.

TEDDY:
Once a year I can eat it.

CLARE:
Take some for Roger.

TEDDY:
I don't think so, ma.

CLARE:
He probably never tasted tsimmes.

TEDDY:
I don't know, ma. That's not one of the things we talk about.

CLARE:
Probably be good for him to taste it.

TEDDY:
You think he's going to eat your tsimmes and decide to convert?

CLARE:
Who said anything about conversion?

TEDDY:
I'm not marrying him, ma, so stop worrying.

CLARE:
You think telling me you're not going to get married will help me stop worrying? I like him. He's a nice boy. I

gave up a long time ago that you would marry a Jew.

TEDDY:

Good.

CLARE:

But thirty-five, you should be married. You don't have that many years left.

TEDDY:

Ma, can you find something else to hock me about? I'm really not in the mood for this.

CLARE:

Who's hocking? (Beat) You remember Tillie Rosensweig?

TEDDY:

No. Oh, wait, she lived underneath us in the Bronx.

CLARE:

Right.

TEDDY:

She was always complaining I was banging on the floor.

CLARE:

She was always complaining period. Anyway, her father was a machinist, ILGWU, lived in the co-ops on 26th Street.

TEDDY:

Yeah.

CLARE:

Lotte Feinberg is still in touch. Lotte told me he was mugged two weeks ago; died yesterday.

TEDDY:

Tsk, that's terrible.

CLARE:

It was in the paper today. They caught the kids who did it. One was named Mohammed.

TEDDY:

Yeah?

CLARE:
Isn't that the boy you told me about, he was arrested for murder, you represented him.

TEDDY:
Ma, do you know how many Mohammeds there are out there?

CLARE:
Malcolm Mohammed.

TEDDY:
They're all named Malcolm, ma.

CLARE:
You got him off, you said, but you thought he really did it.

TEDDY:
Ma.

CLARE:
That's what you told me.

TEDDY:
I said maybe, ma. I don't know.

CLARE:
You got him off, he went out and he killed Rosensweig's father.

TEDDY:
Ma! That's a terrible thing to say.

CLARE:
What am I supposed to think?

TEDDY:
That's my job, ma, to defend people.

CLARE:
Innocent people.

TEDDY:
All people.

CLARE:
My friends see these things all the time in the papers, on

TV. Some were lucky enough to get away, get their parents away, up here in Westchester, to Florida. But to live in fear of these, these --

TEDDY:

Ma.

CLARE:

And you defend them.

TEDDY:

Maybe if you and your friends worried a little less about the front page of the Post and a little more about how to help, those kids would grow up with better choices than getting involved in crime.

CLARE:

You think we didn't worry. Your father was with Bill Goodman when he found out his nephew was killed in Mississippi helping the blacks. Even before that, we campaigned for Ben Davis -- you probably never even heard of him. Now we have to listen to "Let's get a Jew," that's what he said, "Let's get a Jew."

TEDDY:

Who said?

CLARE:

The Crown Heights kid. That's what he said. Alright, those Hasidim could drive anyone meshugge, but still --

TEDDY:

Ma, you're talking about a handful of people. Should the Jews all be punished for everyone you know who ever used the word *schwartz*?

CLARE:

Teddy, we still worry, we still care, we still want to help. But we can't excuse this. And that my daughter has to work with the ones who can't make it -- give up on them; they can't be helped.

TEDDY:

That's ridiculous, ma.

CLARE:

Uncle Carl says you can work for him anytime.

TEDDY:

That's a real estate firm, ma. You want me to spend my life peddling condos?

CLARE:

From peddling condos he made half a million dollars last year. You're so worried, take your half million and donate it to the NAACP, it will do more good than getting murderers acquitted.

TEDDY:

I'm a litigator, ma. I like being in the courtroom, not behind a desk. I like the challenge.

CLARE:

Don't I know it. When you were six years old even --

TEDDY:

All right, ma, all right. I give up. Go back to hocking me about getting married. I'm through with this subject.

CLARE:

I'm through hocking you. (Comes over to her) We're very proud of you. Carl says you have a wonderful reputation and everyone thinks you're a terrific lawyer. It's just hard to understand.

TEDDY:

Yeah, I know. For me too, sometimes.

CLARE:

If not Uncle Carl, I know a man I met at the "Y" dances, big deal with the Wall Street types --

TEDDY:

Ma, genug.

CLARE:

(Beat) All right, enough. You'll take the tsimmes?

TEDDY:

(Beat) Okay. (Beat) Ma, do you still have the paper with that article?

CLARE:

Which -- about Rosensweig's father?

TEDDY:
Yeah.

CLARE:
It's right here.

(CLARE gets the article and gives it to TEDDY who starts reading it. She nods her head as she does. It is the same man she got acquitted. She looks troubled)

end of scene

Scene 3

(TEDDY'S office. TEDDY is reading the newspaper from her mother's house. TIGER enters)

TEDDY:
Mr. Tucker, come in, sit down. Let me get your file.

(TIGER comes in, looking around, and sits)

TEDDY:
All right, Daniel. Is Daniel all right, Danny?

TIGER:
They call me Tiger.

TEDDY:
Tiger? Where did you get that nickname?

TIGER:
Tiger Woods. He's a golfer.

TEDDY:
(TEDDY smiles at him) Right. (Giving him her card) My name is Tudora Klodin.

TIGER:
(Looking puzzled at card) What kind of name is that?

TEDDY:
Klodin? It's Jewish -- oh, you mean Tudora. It's Bulgarian. You can call me Teddy, like in Teddy Bear.

TIGER:
Teddy? (Smiles) Never knew no girl Teddy.

TEDDY:
Well, you're my first Tiger. If we can get a Piglet in here we got the beginnings of a Winnie the Pooh story.

(TIGER just looks at her confused)

TEDDY:
Sorry, it's a children's book that -- never mind. So, Tiger, let's talk about your case.

TIGER:
What happened to Mr. Small?

TEDDY:
Nothing happened to him.

TIGER:
Why ain't he my lawyer no more?

TEDDY:
He was only covering for me. Anyway, there would have been a conflict of interest. He discovered his office had previously represented Ms. Sierra, the woman who was arrested with you.

TIGER:
What does that mean, conflict of interest?

TEDDY:
Well, for instance, suppose when they represented her before she told them something privately, the kind of thing you would only tell an attorney. Now in this case, Mr. Small could use it against her.

TIGER:
Against her? He ain't prosecuting her, the government is.

TEDDY:
Well, it sometimes turns out that one defendant needs to blame another defendant in order to defend their case. Understand?

TIGER:
Yeah. So how did I get you?

TEDDY:
I was on duty. There's a group of lawyers that the courts use in situations like this called the CJA Panel and I'm on that panel. Didn't Mr. Small explain this to you, or the judge?

TIGER:
Maybe. So I don't have to pay you?

TEDDY:
No, the government will.

TIGER:
And I don't have no say in this?

TEDDY:
Well, sure, if you're unhappy with me or we don't get along you can ask the court for a different CJA attorney.

TIGER:
I want Mr. Small.

TEDDY:
Well, Mr. Tucker, you can't pick which attorney you want. If you tell the court you don't want me and the court believes it's for a good reason they'll appoint someone else, but you can't just pick and choose. Why don't you want me?

TIGER:
Mr. Small and me had better communication.

TEDDY:
But you just met me. How do you know that?

TIGER:
We had more in common.

TEDDY:
Mr. Tucker, are you telling me you would be more comfortable with a black attorney?

(TIGER doesn't answer)

TEDDY:
Is it because you would rather have a male attorney?

(TIGER doesn't answer)

TEDDY:
Would you rather not have a Jewish attorney?

TIGER:
I never said that.

TEDDY:
Well, look, I'm here to help you. At this point, if you asked the court for a new attorney, unless you had a

specific reason why, you wouldn't get one. So I suggest we use the time we have now to get acquainted and if we're lucky, I'll do something really stupid and you can tell that to the judge and get a new attorney.

TIGER:

(Beat) I know who Winnie the Pooh is.

TEDDY:

Oh. Sorry.

TIGER:

My mother used to read it to me.

TEDDY:

Yeah, so did my mother. Look, Mr. Tucker, you're charged in the indictment with a pretty serious crime. Now, you've never been arrested before, but you may have learned something about the legal system from the news or from your neighborhood. I just want you to know what you're facing.

TIGER:

Don't you want to know if I did it?

TEDDY:

I never ask my clients that.

TIGER:

I didn't do it.

TEDDY:

That's one reason I never ask 'cause that's what they all say.

TIGER:

I didn't.

TEDDY:

Did you drive the car?

TIGER:

Yes.

TEDDY:

Were there drugs in the bag?

TIGER:
I don't know.

TEDDY:
Was there a gun in the car?

TIGER:
How would I know?

TEDDY:
Hmm.

TIGER:
I ain't no drug dealer.

TEDDY:
All right, Tiger, let's accept that. But a courtroom isn't about what really is or what really happened. It's about what the prosecution can make a jury believe. The jury is not going to get a chance to talk to you like I am, to meet your mama or to watch you play golf. In most trials, the defendant never says a word and the government puts witnesses on the stand who tell the jury what a bad guy you are. We have to deal with that part of it. That's another reason why I never ask my clients if they did it, it doesn't matter.

TIGER:
What happens if I get convicted?

TEDDY:
Well, without going into the details, you're looking at somewhere between eight and fifteen.

TIGER:
Oh man. I can't do that.

TEDDY:
No, nobody can.

TIGER:
Ain't there nothing we can do?

TEDDY:
Well, you have the usual choices. One, you can go to trial, we can talk about that more later. Two, you can plead

guilty. If you do, your sentence will be reduced by a year or two. Three, you can enter into a cooperation agreement.

TIGER:

What's that? Where I tell them about -- you know, what I know.

TEDDY:

Yeah, whatever useful information you have about the crime.

TIGER:

I have to tell them where the drugs came from?

TEDDY:

I think they might consider that useful. You can also tell them about other crimes you know about or other criminals you know about and they may accept that as cooperation. It depends. Is that something you would consider doing?

TIGER:

No. Definitely not. (Beat) You a good lawyer?

TEDDY:

Yeah, I think so.

TIGER:

You win a lot of cases?

TEDDY:

Some, but that's not always what makes a good lawyer. Usually making good deals is what makes a good lawyer.

TIGER:

I don't want to make no deals. How about your last case, did you win that?

TEDDY:

(Looking at the newspaper article she took from her mother's house) Yes, I did win that -- I think.

TIGER:

So you can win my case. I didn't do it, I'm telling you.

TEDDY:

Hey, if you want to go to trial, fine. We'll give it our best shot. Let me just outline for you what you'll be

facing. You were driving a car full of drugs with a phony registration; they have pictures of you in the car outside of where the drugs were delivered; the guy who the drugs were delivered to was an undercover agent for the DEA; and finally, there was a secret compartment under the passenger seat that had a gun in it.

TIGER:

I didn't know about it. You say it was a secret compartment.

TEDDY:

The gun alone is worth five years.

TIGER:

Well, they ain't got no pictures of me with that gun, do they?

TEDDY:

No, they don't. But they have something better.

TIGER:

What?

TEDDY:

Your fingerprints on the gun. (Beat) Anyway, that's what the government will be proving at trial, that's what you'll be looking at.

TIGER:

(Beat) So, what does that mean? What are my chances?

TEDDY:

Right now, about as good as getting a hole in one. Any other questions?

TIGER:

Yeah. How can I get back Mr. Small?

End of scene

Scene 4

(The kitchen of TIGER'S house. SERENA puts a plate of food in front of him)

SERENA:

Okay. Now you can tell me about what the lawyer said. Was he nice?

TIGER:

It wasn't a he, mama.

SERENA:

Oh, a lady lawyer, like your cousin Latisha down in Mobile.

TIGER:

She weren't nothing like Latisha. Can I have some hot sauce?

SERENA:

Sure thing. (She gets it for him) Well, was she nice?

TIGER:

I don't know. I don't know I need a nice lawyer.

SERENA:

What did she say?

TIGER:

She said -- she believed I'm innocent and she gonna get me off.

SERENA:

Oh, thank the Lord for that. I've just been beside myself all day. I don't know what I would do if you go to jail, Danny, you have so many wonderful things waiting for you. Ramona Williams' boy went away last year and when I see her dragging herself into church...it's like a piece of you gets torn away. It's like all the floors you scrubbed and all the laundry you done, it don't mean nothing. What did you do it for, you know what I'm saying. So I'm glad to hear you be getting off, Danny, because --

TIGER:
She didn't say for sure, mama.

SERENA:
Oh. Well, what did she say?

TIGER:
She gonna try.

SERENA:
Well, what do you think?

TIGER:
I don't know, ma. I didn't do anything.

SERENA:
Of course you didn't, I know that. But you was in the car?

TIGER:
Yeah.

SERENA:
But you didn't know the lady had the drugs.

TIGER:
Yeah.

SERENA:
(Beat) How the lawyer gonna prove that?

TIGER:
Prove what?

SERENA:
That you didn't know. Your poppa come home one day with his shirt just reeking of perfume, I asked him where that come from, he said he didn't know and there weren't no way in the world he could made me believe he didn't know.

TIGER:
She said we don't have to prove it. She said we don't have to prove nothing, just the prosecutor have to prove I did know.

SERENA:
Well, that's the same thing. Sound like lawyer double talk

to me.

TIGER:

Yeah. I'm thinking maybe I should get another lawyer.

SERENA:

Why?

TIGER:

I don't know I trust her.

SERENA:

We can't afford no Johnnie Cochran, Danny, 'specially after I paid for the bail. How come you don't trust her?

TIGER:

Well, first of all, she's a Jew.

SERENA:

Daniel Tucker, what kinda talk is that?

TIGER:

She is.

SERENA:

That don't make no nevermind. Since when you become a bigot?

TIGER:

I ain't no bigot. But how I know *she* ain't?

SERENA:

I work for plenty of Jewish folks. Some of them I would trust with my life and others I wouldn't trust to take out the garbage. They just folks like anybody else. Where you get these ideas? I know I never taught you that.

TIGER:

That man on TV says they was slave traders.

SERENA:

What man?

TIGER:

That guy from the Muslims.

SERENA:

Well, I ain't never heard that. And what's that got to do with your lawyer? You think she gonna sell you into slavery?

TIGER:

I get convicted it's the same thing.

SERENA:

You ain't gonna get convicted. (Beat) You got me very troubled, Danny.

TIGER:

It's gonna be all right.

SERENA:

I know that, honey, but...look, I'm your mama, you can tell me. What was you doing in that car?

TIGER:

I already told you. Man asked me to do him a favor.

SERENA:

But you knew he was a drug dealer.

TIGER:

Lots of people drug dealers around here.

SERENA:

No reason for you to be messin' with them. It don't make sense, Danny, and I your mama. If it don't make sense to me -- you see what I'm saying. That's why you got to have a good lawyer, to make it make sense to the jury and to the judge. Maybe I should talk to her, what you think?

TIGER:

I don't care.

SERENA:

I could call her. You got her number?

TIGER:

Yeah.

SERENA:
(Beat) Who is Vernon?

TIGER:
Who?

SERENA:
Vernon. You got a call today from a man named Vernon.

TIGER:
What did he want?

SERENA:
Who is he?

TIGER:
He's the cop arrested me.

SERENA:
Didn't say he was a cop. Said he was with DEA. What's he calling here for?

TIGER:
I don't know. What did he want?

SERENA:
Just said he wanted to speak to you but he wouldn't leave no number. What's DEA?

TIGER:
The Drug Enforcement Administration. They like federal cops.

SERENA:
Federal? Danny, how come this is federal?

TIGER:
I don't know, ma. That's just how it happens. He didn't leave a message?

SERENA:
No. Why would he be talking to you if he's a cop?

TIGER:
He wants me to -- never mind.

SERENA:
Daniel Tucker, you don't be telling me never mind. Why is he calling you?

TIGER:
He wants me to cooperate.

SERENA:
Well, of course you cooperate.

TIGER:
No, it don't mean that. He wants me to talk to him about what I know about this other guy.

SERENA:
Which other guy?

TIGER:
The one who I did the favor for.

SERENA:
Well, you should tell him.

TIGER:
No, ma, he wants me to, you know, be a stool pigeon and --

SERENA:
Well that's no way to look at it. If this man is a drug dealer, you tell him that. Ain't no reason to be protecting him. You mean if you cooperate with them they'll let you go?

TIGER:
It don't work exactly like that.

SERENA:
Well, you explain it to me.

TIGER:
I can't. You gonna call the lawyer, you ask her.

SERENA:
I am going to do that. I don't understand you, Danny. You mean you could get off here and you thinking twice about it because -- because why?

TIGER:
Ma, just get off my back, okay.

SERENA:
(She just stares at him)

TIGER:
What?

SERENA:
When you gonna let me wash that shirt?

TIGER:
When it gets dirty.

SERENA:
It dirty now.

TIGER:
(Looks down at it and smells it) Don't look dirty; don't
smell dirty.

SERENA:
But it needs washing just the same. There's all kinds of
dirty, Danny. Where that lawyer's number at?

(TIGER produces a card and SERENA goes to call)

TIGER:
(Softly) Mama. (A little louder) Mama.

SERENA:
(Coming back) What, honey?

TIGER:
Mama, I'm scared.

(She holds him)

SERENA:
There, there, honey. We gonna beat this thing. With God's
help, we gonna beat this thing.

End of scene

Scene 5

(Office of MORRIS WASOFF. TEDDY enters)

MORRIS:
Come in, Ms. Klodin.

TEDDY:
Thanks. Teddy.

MORRIS:
Teddy?

TEDDY:
Short for Tudora.

MORRIS:
Oh, yes, your mother told me. My family is Bulgarian too,
you know.

TEDDY:
Yes, she mentioned that.

MORRIS:
And Jewish, of course. That's how we met, at folk dancing
up at the "Y". Lovely woman, your mother and a terrific
dancer. Do you dance?

TEDDY:
I used to.

MORRIS:
Great fun, isn't it?

TEDDY:
Yeah. I miss it.

MORRIS:
Well, they still have the dancing every Sunday. You should
go sometime.

TEDDY:
I should.

MORRIS:

My wife and I put on the old country clothes. A little bit of home -- not that either one of us has ever been there. So, your mother tells me you're looking for a change of scene, shall we say.

TEDDY:

I'm thinking about it, yes.

MORRIS:

So, tell me about your practice.

TEDDY:

Well, Mr. Wasoff --

MORRIS:

Morris, Moishe if you'd rather.

TEDDY:

Okay, thanks. I've been in private practice for about eleven years, litigation, mostly criminal cases.

MORRIS:

And you've had it?

TEDDY:

I don't know. I like litigating but --

MORRIS:

You'd like a better clientele and a better chance of winning and a better payoff at the end, is that it?

TEDDY:

I've thought about it. But of course your firm is so prestigious, I thought it might be a little presumptuous coming here.

MORRIS:

Not at all. Look, for a friend and landsman, double landsman, I would do a favor, but I wouldn't hire even my own son to work here if I didn't think he could hack it -- which he can't. I checked up on you. I called a couple of judges over at Foley Square. You have quite a reputation, young lady.

TEDDY:
I got lucky on a couple of cases.

MORRIS:
We should all be so lucky. I can't just offer you a position, we have a committee that would need to interview you, but if you're interested I would think it would be just a matter of routine.

TEDDY:
Like I said, I'm just thinking –

MORRIS:
You think too much it can make you meshugge, you know what I mean. What was your last case?

TEDDY:
Um, a rape in the Bronx. Just finished it last week.

MORRIS:
Win or lose?

TEDDY:
Lost. The DA made a good offer, three to five, but my guy insisted we go to trial, and we got clobbered.

MORRIS:
So you defended a rapist, a client who wouldn't listen to you, and you got humiliated in court.

TEDDY:
Yeah. Now he's looking at ten years.

MORRIS:
Good. Pardon me for saying it, but good, that animal will be off the streets for ten years.

TEDDY:
I wouldn't call him an animal.

MORRIS:
Maybe you wouldn't, but the woman he raped would, and so would her husband and her parents and everyone who knew her. But, hey, don't let me get on a soap box here --

TEDDY:

No, I --

MORRIS:

My point is this. My last trial I represented a man who worked for Kidder Peabody, accused of insider trading, tried the case for two weeks in front of Judge Dolan -- ever work with him?

TEDDY:

No.

MORRIS:

Lovely man. Played golf with him in San Diego at a bar conference last year. Real old time Irish, you know what I mean. Do you play golf?

TEDDY:

No.

MORRIS:

You should, great for getting clients. But where was I?

TEDDY:

Your insider trading trial.

MORRIS:

Right. Now I come to court with a junior partner, two paralegals. It's a very civilized setting, you know what I'm saying? Nobody's testifying about violence or drugs; it's just money. You don't feel dirty when you go home. You don't feel like you have to wash the filth of the city out of you each night. I'm right, aren't I?

TEDDY:

Well, I --

MORRIS:

I've been there, Teddy. I did your kind of work for too many years. I know how you must feel.

TEDDY:

Well, it's not all --

MORRIS:

Of course not. There's some gratification, I'm sure. You

win your share, more than your share from what I've heard.

TEDDY:

It's not winning, it's --

MORRIS:

Of course not. It's not if you win or lose but how much they pay you for winning or losing. I'm just kidding. No, of course you get satisfaction working with poor people, disadvantaged people. Hey, Teddy -- been there, done that. But once you put your time in, you can move on with a clear conscience, do something for yourself. And you're still helping people. Hey, just because someone's in a higher tax bracket doesn't mean they don't need legal help.

TEDDY:

No, I agree.

MORRIS:

Let me tell you a little bit about our practice. Not only do we do a lot of white collar crime, we also handle some very interesting civil litigation. SEC disgorgement actions, stockholder class action cases -- next month I have a really great case. There's a woman, one of the top execs at Dean Witter, claiming sexual discrimination and harassment on the job because she was passed over for a promotion.

TEDDY:

Hmm, that does sound interesting. You're representing her?

MORRIS:

(Makes a "what, are you kidding" face) No. We represent the company. But if it sounds good to you, you could help me out in the case. Should be a really hot trial. The complaint names a couple of really big people at Dean Witter. This is a huge case for the firm. So what do you think?

TEDDY:

Well, it's a very flattering offer and I --

MORRIS:

Tell you what; you think about it for a couple of days. Talk it over with your folks. Meanwhile, I'll talk to some of the boys on the interview committee, spread the word

about you. I'm very impressed from this conversation we've had.

TEDDY:

Okay.

MORRIS:

(Getting up) And I'm sure once you've considered it, you'll do the right thing. We'll be playing golf before you know it. Hey, do you know Hoo Ha?

TEDDY:

Excuse me?

MORRIS:

The dance, Hoo Ha.

TEDDY:

I never remember the names --

MORRIS:

You gotta know Hoo Ha. That's the wife's favorite. Come on, you know it. (Starts to sing melody and dance, taking Teddy's hand and making her dance with him) Hoo Ha! Yeah, that's it. Now we're cooking.

end of scene

Scene 6

(TEDDY'S office. TIGER and SERENA enter)

TEDDY:
Come in, please.

TIGER:
This is my mother.

TEDDY:
Mrs. Tucker, how do you do.

SERENA:
Hello.

TEDDY:
Have a seat, please.

(They all sit)

TEDDY:
I want to start by thanking you for coming in.

SERENA:
Well, anything I can do to help Danny, Miss Klodin (She pronounces it Kloddin).

TEDDY:
It's pronounced Klodin (Long "o").

SERENA:
Oh, sorry.

TEDDY:
Not at all; it's an unusual name. Why don't you call me Teddy. Everybody does.

SERENA:
All right. As I was saying, I want to do anything I can to help my son.

TEDDY:
Right. So do I.

SERENA:
Can you tell me, what -- well, Danny, he's really a good boy.

TIGER:
Ma.

TEDDY:
I know he is.

SERENA:
And he ain't never been in trouble before.

TEDDY:
I know.

SERENA:
Not even in school, never played hooky or nothing.

TIGER:
Ma, she don't need to hear this.

TEDDY:
It's all right, Tiger. This actually may be helpful.

SERENA:
Oh, now he got you callin' him Tiger. Danny, you tell the lady your right name.

TIGER:
Tiger's my right name.

SERENA:
They gonna say you got you a alias. I seen that on TV.

TIGER:
This ain't no TV, ma.

SERENA:
Ain't it bad, Ms. Teddy, that he got a alias?

TEDDY:
I think it's just a nickname. I don't think it's a bad thing. It's kinda cute, actually.

TIGER:
How could it be helpful?

TEDDY:
Excuse me?

TIGER:
How could it be helpful that I never played hooky?

TEDDY:
Well, if we get to the point where they do a presentence report, your background and history will be important.

SERENA:
What's a presentence report?

TEDDY:
If Tiger gets convicted or pleads guilty, they prepare a report to decide how much time he'll get.

SERENA:
But he ain't gonna get no time.

TEDDY:
Well, we certainly hope not.

SERENA:
I've been praying for that night and day.

TEDDY:
(Looks at her a second with a slightly pained smile) Yeah, but Ms. Tucker --

SERENA:
Call me Serena.

TEDDY:
Serena, that's a lovely name.

SERENA:
Thank you.

TEDDY:
Serena, I think we have to look at this practically.

SERENA:
That's what I want to do.

TEDDY:
Nobody can guarantee, at least I can't guarantee that Tiger is going to avoid going to jail.

TIGER:
I told you, ma.

SERENA:
But you has to.

TIGER:
I told you. I want Mr. Small back.

SERENA:
Hush now, Danny. You be respectful your lawyer.

TIGER:
Then she gotta respect me.

TEDDY:
I do respect you, Tiger. Look, if we were to go play golf together and you told me my swing had a curve in it, I would listen to you, because you know golf. That's your field, so to speak. The law is my field, and if you want to get through this, you have to listen to me.

TIGER:
(Beat) Hook.

TEDDY:
'scuse me?

TIGER:
Hook. They don't call it a curve, they call it a hook -- or a slice if it go the other way.

TEDDY:
See. You're teaching me.

SERENA:
And if you listen to the lady, Danny, she be teaching you.
(To TEDDY) He always been a good student, Miss Teddy --

TEDDY:
Just Teddy. No Ms.

SERENA:
Sorry. Twenty years I been cleaning people's houses, you kinda fall into the habit. He always been a good student. He doing real well in college.

TEDDY:
You're at Lehman, right?

TIGER:
Yeah.

TEDDY:
What's your major?

TIGER:
Don't got one.

TEDDY:
What do you want to be?

TIGER:
Don't know.

TEDDY:
(Back to SERENA) Well, like I say, that's all to his good.

TIGER:
If I be sentenced, you mean.

TEDDY:
I asked you to come in because I wanted you to hear exactly what Danny -- Tiger is facing.

SERENA:
Yes, I want to hear that.

TIGER:
I told her already. That's why you asked her to come in?

TEDDY:
I just want to make sure --

TIGER:
Make sure of what?

TEDDY:
That she understands.

TIGER:
I explained it to her. You think I hidin' stuff from my own
mama?

TEDDY:
Tiger, I just want to be sure.

TIGER:
See, Ma.

TEDDY:
See what?

SERENA:
(SERENA looks at TIGER as if he should answer but he
doesn't) Danny feels you don't believe him.

TEDDY:
Hmmm.

SERENA:
He say you told him you don't even care if he guilty or not.

TEDDY:
Yes, I did say that.

SERENA:
How come?

TEDDY:
Ms. Tucker -- sorry, Serena, I'm not the judge or the jury.
Convincing me isn't going to help. Whether Tiger did it or
not, I'm going to act like he didn't. That's my job,
assuming we go to trial.

SERENA:
Why wouldn't we go to trial?

TEDDY:
Because if we know we're going to lose --

TIGER:
See, ma.

TEDDY:
If we know we're going to lose, we should make a deal, to make it easier.

SERENA:
What kinda deal?

TEDDY:
A deal where instead of going to jail for fifteen years, Tiger maybe will only do ten or maybe even less if the deal is right.

SERENA:
Ten years?

TIGER:
I told you, ma.

SERENA:
He can't do ten years.

TIGER:
I want Mr. Small.

TEDDY:
(A bit of an outburst) Mr. Small can't work miracles. You've got to listen to me (controlling herself) both of you. (To SERENA) Your son was driving a car that wasn't his with a woman sitting next to him carrying five kilograms of heroin, and a gun with his fingerprints under the seat. That's what you're looking at.

(SERENA looks a bit stunned)

SERENA:
You didn't say nothin' 'bout no gun.

TIGER:
I didn't know about the gun.

SERENA:
Then how it get your fingerprints on it?

TIGER:
That's gotta be a mistake.

SERENA:
You know what I told you I ever catch you with a gun.

TIGER:
It's a mistake, I said.

SERENA:
Could it be a mistake, Ms. Teddy?

TEDDY:
It's possible. We'll know better when I see the lab report.
But I wouldn't want you to rely on that.

SERENA:
If Danny say he never saw the gun, got to be a mistake.

TEDDY:
(Beat as she looks at SERENA and then TIGER) Yeah, gotta be.

TIGER:
I want Mr. Small.

SERENA:
Danny, you hush your mouth. (To TEDDY) Now, what else was
you saying?

TEDDY:
The car. They're going to prove Tiger was driving a car
full of drugs, a car he didn't own, and they're going to say
the only reason he would be driving it is to deliver the
drugs.

SERENA:
(To TIGER) Well, what about that, honey? Why was you
driving the car?

TIGER:
I told you. I was doing a guy a favor.

TEDDY:
But the jury won't even know that much unless you testify.

SERENA:
Well, of course he gonna testify. Have to tell his side of what happened. Now, Danny, who was this guy?

TIGER:
I don't know his name. Just a guy in the neighborhood.

SERENA:
What neighborhood? Not where we live.

TIGER:
No. Over by the Heights.

SERENA:
What you doing over there?

TIGER:
Just hanging.

SERENA:
And you don't know the man's name what asked you to do the favor?

TIGER:
No. Just a guy.

SERENA:
Well, why you be doing a favor for a man you don't even know his name?

TIGER:
(Outburst) Hey, I just did it, all right. Get off my back.

(SERENA looks at him)

TEDDY:
There's going to be an experienced prosecutor in that courtroom, and you can't even hold up under cross-examination from your own mama. Do you still think you want to testify?

(TIGER is fuming)

SERENA:
What did happen, Danny? You can tell me.

TIGER:
I already told you. She twisting everything around 'cause she thinks I'm guilty.

SERENA:
She didn't do no twisting, Danny. You doin' all the twisting. I seen it enough from your daddy.

TEDDY:
Ms. Tucker, I --

SERENA:
Serena.

TEDDY:
Yeah, Serena, I don't know how productive this is. I think you need to accept that fact that maybe we need to try to make a deal.

TIGER:
No deal.

SERENA:
Hush, Danny.

TEDDY:
This guy that your son is protecting --

TIGER:
I ain't protecting nobody.

TEDDY:
-- is very much wanted by the DEA. If Tiger was willing to cooperate with them and give them information about him --

TIGER:
No way. I told you that. Didn't you hear me the first time.

TEDDY:
-- they might go lenient -- they would go lenient on Tiger. It's even possible he might not have to do any jail at all.

SERENA:
Well, that would be fine. Why can't we do that?

TIGER:
No way, mama.

SERENA:
Would it be dangerous?

TEDDY:
Maybe. We can find out when we talk to DEA how dangerous this guy is. But usually they're good at protecting their cooperators.

SERENA:
Well then, what would be the problem?

TIGER:
Everyone would know I done it.

SERENA:
Well, now, what difference would that make. Honestly, you can be so stupid at times. (To TEDDY) When he were fourteen years old and we didn't have no money I had to give him a haircut my own self --

TIGER:
Ma.

SERENA:
-- and he didn't like the way it looked and stayed home from school a whole week.

TIGER:
Ma, stop it.

SERENA:
Says his friends would laugh at him. I don't know where your head at sometimes, Daniel Tucker.

TIGER:
This ain't haircuts.

SERENA:
I know that. It's your life.

TIGER:
Exactly, it's my life. I make the decisions.

SERENA:
Don't you be talking to your mama that way.

TIGER:
I talk any way I want.

SERENA:
You ain't old enough to make these kinda decisions.

TIGER:
Why you taking her side?

TEDDY:
Look, folks, please. Let's calm down.

SERENA:
Talking to his own mama that way. Where you learn that?

TEDDY:
Ms. Tucker, please. Why don't you just have a seat in my waiting room for a few minutes while I talk to Danny alone.

SERENA:
All right, if you think it's best. (She gets up and as she leaves) Your daddy around, he'd give you what for, you can rest assured.

(We follow SERENA out of TEDDY'S office into the waiting room. CLARE is sitting there reading a magazine)

SERENA:
I do it myself if I has to. You ain't too old for that.

CLARE:
Excuse me?

SERENA:
Sorry. I'm so mad at my son, got me talking to myself. Do you mind? (Meaning: Do you mind if I sit next to you)

CLARE:
No, help yourself.

SERENA:
Thanks. (She sits) You have any children?

CLARE:
Yes.

SERENA:
Sons?

CLARE:
Yes, I have a son.

SERENA:
He ever get into trouble?

CLARE:
I wouldn't know. Maybe if he called me more often...

SERENA:
Sorry, I'm just so upset.

CLARE:
Your son is a client of Ms. Klodin?

SERENA:
Yes, he a client. He sure fetched himself a mess of trouble.

CLARE:
I'm sorry.

SERENA:
Thank you.

CLARE:
If you don't mind my asking, what kind of trouble is he in?

SERENA:
Oh, they say he was involved selling drugs.

CLARE:
Oh.

SERENA:
But he's not like that.

CLARE:
I'm sure he isn't.

SERENA:

I guess every mother feels that way about their child. I don't know what to think. With kids, you want them to be one way, but they got their own mind.

CLARE:

That's for sure.

SERENA:

I did the best I knew how raising him.

CLARE:

I'm sure you and your husband did everything you could do.

SERENA:

My husband? I see him 'bout as often as you hear from your son. You live in New York?

CLARE:

Not for years. We live in Scarsdale.

SERENA:

Up in Westchester. That must be nice, green and all.

CLARE:

Yes, very nice.

SERENA:

A lady I used to work for up in Riverdale moved to Scarsdale. Asked me to come up and clean out the house before they moved in. Nice lady, maybe you know her, Mrs. Rosen?

CLARE:

Rosen? I don't think so. Is that what you do, clean houses?

SERENA:

For over twenty years. Everything I earned and whatever the father gave us, which was mostly grief, went to bringing up Danny. He a good student and never been in trouble. See, but, there's no green where we live.

CLARE:

No, I guess not.

SERENA:

I mean there's no feeling of green, of things growing, just grey. No way for a boy to grow up. I tell you, so many folks I know, working so hard, getting so little. And every day I'm thinking: My boy is out there, so easy for him to slip up. Every time the phone ring my heart jump a little.

CLARE:

Yes. It's hard to understand why so many young people today get into trouble --

SERENA:

Ain't that the truth.

CLARE:

-- while others do so well. You see General Powell or Lani Guaniere.

SERENA:

My niece Latisha, she a lawyer her own self down in Mobile.

CLARE:

Good for her. And yet you read in the papers all the time all these terrible stories. What gets into these people, I always wonder.

SERENA:

I couldn't tell you. (Beat) Reverend Abernathy, down at the Baptist Church, he a very wise man and I remember one Sunday he start off the sermon by asking: Why did the Children of Israel wander for forty years in the desert?

CLARE:

My rabbi once asked the same question.

SERENA:

Yeah? What he say the reason was?

CLARE:

Because they were being led by Moses, who was a man. Do you think he was going to stop and ask for directions?

SERENA:

(Puzzled) That weren't the answer -- (laughs) that's a joke.

CLARE:
Yes, I think so.

SERENA:
It pretty funny. God knows I learned more about New Jersey than I ever wanted to know when my husband drove us out to his brother in Englewood Cliffs.

CLARE:
What did Reverend Abernathy say?

SERENA:
He say that after being slaves so long, they needed forty years just to get used to being free, for another generation to grow up who only knew freedom.

CLARE:
Hmm. He is a wise man.

SERENA:
Well, it been close to a hundred and forty years for my people, but some of these boys, these young men -- I hears all the time on the TV how they's too free and needs more discipline but Miss --

CLARE:
Clare.

SERENA:
Miss Clare, freedom ain't that simple. People think it means you can do whatever you want, but there's more to freedom than that.

CLARE:
That's very true. There was once a man who said: Freedom from want, freedom from fear --

SERENA:
Franklin Delano Roosevelt. My great granddaddy used to say that all the time, had the whole speech committed to memory, seemed like. I don't think nobody who has to struggle as hard as some of my folks do ever really knows what it is to be free. Down at the church choir, we sung a song one year went something like:
Freedom's a thing that has no ending

It needs to be cared for; it needs defending.
That always stuck with me. It do need to be cared for. Like
you was raising it in a garden, need a little sun, a little rain
and someplace green.

CLARE:
Like Scarsdale.

SERENA:
Like Scarsdale. (Beat) What is a dale, anyway?

CLARE:
A dale? Well, a dale is -- I think it's part of a forest or
something. I don't know, actually.

SERENA:
Must be something like that. They all over. Scarsdale,
Riverdale.

CLARE:
Bloomingdale.

(They both laugh)

SERENA:
You got a good sense of humor. Anyhow, like I's saying, I
think it's a natural thing to want to better yourself, but
some ways is just the wrong ways. Sometimes you got to work
that much harder to turn your grey green again, if you get
my meaning. Maybe we all got to work a little harder to be
free.

CLARE:
Yes, all of us. (Looking at SERENA as if really seeing her
for the first time) You know what I think?

SERENA:
What?

CLARE:
I think Reverend Abernathy has some serious competition.

SERENA:
(Laughing) Oh, my, I do get carried away, don't I. I'm
sorry, I didn't mean to be preaching at you.

CLARE:
Don't you dare apologize. Better than listening to my rabbi
any day.

SERENA:
I'm a mite nervous, I guess. Just so worried about my boy.

CLARE:
Don't be. He's in good hands.

(Lights crossfade to TEDDY'S office)

TIGER:
I want Mr. Small.

TEDDY:
You can't have Mr. Small.

TIGER:
Then get me somebody else.

TEDDY:
Let's just go over this one more time.

TIGER:
Don't need to. Think I'm too stupid to understand?

TEDDY:
No. You seem to understand most of it very well. What you
don't understand is how bad your case is going to look to a
jury. That's something I know that you don't because I've
spent twelve years in a courtroom.

TIGER:
So, my case looks bad. OJ's case looked bad, he won.

TEDDY:
Yes, he did. (Beat) Let me ask you something. Do you think
when OJ met with Johnnie Cochran he told him everything that
happened?

TIGER:
Yeah, I guess. I don't know.

TEDDY:
Believe me, he did. That way Cochran was prepared for

everything. If you don't tell me what happened --

TIGER:
I told you. I told you what happened.

TEDDY:
Right.

TIGER:
I don't have to stand for this no more. Get me somebody else.

TEDDY:
What is it? I didn't arrest you. What is it you're so angry at me about?

TIGER:
Your attitude.

TEDDY:
My attitude? What, 'cause I don't believe you?

TIGER:
No, 'cause you don't believe *in* me. To you I'm just another nigger done fucked up.

TEDDY:
You think Mr. Small believes in you, Tiger?

TIGER:
I don't know; but I know he sees me. Maybe it is 'cause you's white or a woman or a Jew, I don't know, but you don't see me at all.

TEDDY:
(After a pause) I think you're making a mistake but I won't fight you. I'll schedule a conference with the judge as soon as I can and we'll make an application to have me relieved.

TIGER:
Thank you.

TEDDY:
I'll call you.

TIGER:
Right. Goodbye.

TEDDY:
Bye.

TIGER:
(Pause) It ain't personal.

TEDDY:
I know. It never is. And that's always the problem.

(TIGER looks puzzled. He starts to say something, changes his mind and leaves. TEDDY takes the file of the case and ceremoniously drops it in her desk drawer. She then sits down and starts looking up a phone number. CLARE peeks her head in)

CLARE:
Yoohoo, anybody home?

TEDDY:
What are you doing here?

CLARE:
Always so glad to see me. Your cousin Melanie had her baby.

TEDDY:
God, how many is that, four?

CLARE:
A boy. "Christopher", can you imagine? So I came down to pick up something for him.

TEDDY:
The malls by you are all closed?

CLARE:
I thought maybe I could have lunch with my daughter.

TEDDY:
Lunch? It's 3:30.

CLARE:
Did you have lunch yet?

TEDDY:
(Beat as she tries to remember) No.

CLARE:
How did I know? I must be psychic.

TEDDY:
I can't go out now, I'm --

CLARE:
(As she takes out some food) I brought. You spoke to
Moishe?

TEDDY:
Yes.

CLARE:
Nu?

TEDDY:
We'll see. I'll probably take the job, but we'll see.

CLARE:
Good. When would you start?

TEDDY:
Whenever. I have a few loose ends to tie up.

CLARE:
Any trials you have to finish?

TEDDY:
No.

CLARE:
No? (Beat) What about that boy Danny, the one that just
left?

TEDDY:
What do you know about Danny?

CLARE:
I was talking to the mother outside.

TEDDY:
No, I'm not going to be handling his trial.

CLARE:
Oh. (Beat) Why not?

TEDDY:
He doesn't want me to.

CLARE:
Why not?

TEDDY:
I don't know why not.

CLARE:
You said something to him?

TEDDY:
I said a lot to him.

CLARE:
He looked angry when he left.

TEDDY:
He was angry.

CLARE:
Why?

TEDDY:
He's a young black man in America, that's why.

CLARE:
He's in trouble?

TEDDY:
Yes.

CLARE:
You could help him?

TEDDY:
If he'd let me.

CLARE:
(Thinks awhile) You should help him.

TEDDY:
Ma, you're driving me crazy.

CLARE:
What did I do?

TEDDY:
First you hock not to take these cases any more, now you're telling me I should.

CLARE:
This one is different.

TEDDY:
They're all different, ma. That's the point. In the newspaper it's just some brutal animal who causes inexcusable suffering. In person, it's a human being with a history and a personality and a mother and a life that nine times out of ten is a lot worse than anything he'll ever face in prison, which is the only reason why crime was ever an option in the first place.

CLARE:
Everybody's lecturing me today. He needs your help, Teddy. That woman needs your help. Do it for her.

TEDDY:
He doesn't want me to represent him, ma.

CLARE:
Before I came down to your office today, I didn't want you to represent him either. If I can change my mind, he can change his. Morris can wait. Eat your lunch while it's still warm.

(TEDDY stares at CLARE, makes a noise of frustration, and picks up sandwich)

TEDDY:
What is this? Tongue? You know I don't like tongue.

CLARE:
Just eat it. Not every meal is a banquet.
(TEDDY looks at her, looks at the sandwich, and takes a big, disgruntled bite from it)

End of act

ACT II

Scene 1

(A driving range. SHAWN is trying to drive a ball off a tee. He misses)

VERNON:
(Appearing unseen by Shawn) You're supposed to yell "fore," 'though in your case "one" would probably be enough.

SHAWN:
What you doin' here?

VERNON:
Got a report of a suspicious looking black man carrying a dangerous weapon.

SHAWN:
What? This a golf club.

VERNON:
Not the way you use it.

SHAWN:
Can you do any better?

VERNON:
Yeah, I can do better. If I know I can't do something right, I don't try it. I call that better.

SHAWN:
Yeah, well I call it bullshit.

VERNON:
Why you have it in for me?

SHAWN:
What you really doin' here?

VERNON:
Looking for your buddy.

SHAWN:
Well, he ain't here.

VERNON:

Now, Shawn, you really think I would drive all the way out here to this god-forsaken part of the world if I didn't know he was here?

SHAWN:

Well, he ain't. So you can just drive back to whatever part of the world you come from that ain't god-forsaken, though where that particular part of the world might be I have no (a) idea or (b) interest.

VERNON:

There is a federal law called obstruction of justice. You familiar with that?

SHAWN:

No.

VERNON:

And that law says you lie to a federal officer, you're guilty of a crime. I ain't asked you where Tiger is, so you might want to rethink volunteering all these gratuitous perjuries to me or else I might start thinking you -- and Tiger -- got something to hide. Now let's back it up a ways. Why are you so hard on me? You don't know me.

SHAWN:

I know what you do.

VERNON:

And what exactly is that?

SHAWN:

You a cop.

VERNON:

And what does a cop do?

SHAWN:

Hassles people, like you doing to me now.

VERNON:

That it?

SHAWN:

That's all I can see.

VERNON:
And who's going to take care of crime?

SHAWN:
Solving it or committing it? Seems like you pretty good at both.

VERNON:
That your complaint, dishonest cops?

SHAWN:
No. Over a quarter of the kids in my high school class either in jail now or been in jail. You do your job real good, NYPD. It just the wrong job. White man give you the whip and you whomping it down on the wrong people's backs.

VERNON:
You know, Shawn, I don't necessarily disagree with you.

SHAWN:
You don't?

VERNON:
No.

SHAWN:
(Beat) Then I must be wrong. Why you become a cop anyway? You want to make a living by being annoying, you coulda become a social worker.

VERNON:
You want to know why I became a cop? Okay. Let me tell you a story.

SHAWN:
Whoa, it was a rhetorical question.

VERNON:
Well, this is a rhetorical answer. When I was a sixteen, my father packed me and my mother and my kid brother Maurice in the car to go see my aunt in Virginia. We stopped at the bank to get money for the trip, double parked across the street, and my father took Maurice into the bank with him. Turn out my father left his checkbook in the car, but he don't want to lose his place on line so he send Maurice to get it. Maurice, he want to get it and get back before my daddy gets to the window, so he

runs out the bank. The first lesson any black man should learn is you never run out of a bank or a store. A cop sees him, pulls out his gun, yells at Maurice who gets scared and runs faster. My mother jumps out the car and runs towards him. The cops yells again and fires the gun. Maurice drops to the ground, my mother throws herself over his body, screaming back at the cop. A crowd gathers. The cop, the only white face on Lenox Avenue, holds his gun out, pointing at my mother and Maurice. Just a week before, a kid had been killed by a cop not two blocks from where we were and tensions were high. That cop looked as scared as I have ever seen anybody in my life, I don't know where his partner was but he was completely alone. And then I seen my father, calmly walking over to my mother and Maurice. Is he hit, he asks my mother. No, I ain't hit, says Maurice. My father walks slowly over to the cop, who is holding that gun on them like he was holding them hostage against the crowd. My father says, Look, son, you ain't done no damage yet. Why don't you put away your gun, and I'll walk you back to your patrol car, then I get my family together in our car and we all drive to the precinct and straighten this out. Slowly the cop puts his gun away and walks to his car and you can bet your best putter if my daddy weren't with him, that crowd would have ripped him apart. Cop gets in his car, we get in ours, my daddy comes back and we drove down to 125th, and then over the Bridge and on our way to Virginia. Ain't we going to the precinct, I asked? They ain't safe in our world, we ain't safe in theirs, said my father.

SHAWN:

He shoulda let them get that asshole.

VERNON:

That's what I said. And he looked at me and said, Vernon, we tried that, it don't work. You kill a cop, another one takes his place, just like they put away a drug dealer, another one takes his place. We lookin' at the wrong end of this. We got to get to this stuff before it happens. We got to make it so we all livin' in the same world. And then nobody said nothing for a couple of hours. Finally, as we drove past Philadelphia and I was thinking if Dr. J would have had the courage to do what my daddy had just done, he said to me: You do whatever you want after college, Vernon, I ain't telling you what, but you make a difference. Wherever you go, you make a difference. That's why I became a cop, Shawn, to make a difference like my daddy done. I'm out there trying to change things, trying to make it

possible for kids like you to go about your business without getting whomped on by either your "brothers" or the man.

SHAWN:

Then how come you whompin' on my man Tiger? (As he says this, he gestures with his thumb as if indicating the direction TIGER was in)

VERNON:

I thought you said Tiger wasn't here.

SHAWN:

He ain't.

VERNON:

Then why you pointin' towards the bathrooms when you say his name?

SHAWN:

(Covering) I'm trying to hitch a ride to get away from your mouth.

VERNON:

You could help him, you know.

SHAWN:

Help who?

VERNON:

Tiger.

SHAWN:

How?

VERNON:

Convince him he got to cooperate with us. You know who set him up on this.

SHAWN:

Maybe.

VERNON:

Is garbage like that worth protecting, worth going to jail for? You want to help, start at home. Make Tiger come to his senses.

(TIGER enters)

TIGER:
What you doing here?

VERNON:
Looking for you.

TIGER:
How did you know I was here?

VERNON:
I tried Pebble Beach, Arnie and Jack said you weren't there,
this is the next stop on the tour.

TIGER:
Why you calling my house?

VERNON:
I want to talk to you.

TIGER:
I be asking my lawyer if you allowed to do that.

VERNON:
You think about what I said?

TIGER:
You said a lot of things.

VERNON:
About cooperating.

TIGER:
I don't need to think about that. The answer is no.

VERNON:
I want to show you something. (He takes a photo out of his
pocket)

SHAWN:
(Looking over his shoulder) How an ugly guy like you have a
cute baby like that?

VERNON:
Not my baby. This is Laura Harper. Her daddy is Ronald

Harper -- should say used to be Ronald Harper. He's dead now. You know Ronald Harper, he used to live by you.

TIGER:

Yeah.

VERNON:

Know how he died?

(TIGER doesn't answer)

SHAWN:

He was shot.

VERNON:

Do you know who shot him? Well, you don't have to answer that because I know you know because everybody knows. The same guy you drove that car for. The same guy you're going to go to jail --

TIGER:

How many times I have to hear the same song?

VERNON:

Don't you think you owe it to Laura to put the guy that killed her daddy away?

TIGER:

I don't owe nothing to nobody.

VERNON:

What is it? You worried about what he might do? Listen up, two weeks ago me and my partner paid him a little visit. We carefully explained to him that we were going to be watching him every second of every day until he fucked up. And he knows we mean it.

SHAWN:

Yeah? You here, he ain't. Who's watching him now?

VERNON:

Somebody, Shawn, trust me. (To TIGER) You don't have to be afraid, you'll get better protection than the president. What do you say?

TIGER:

Is there any answer lower than no?

VERNON:

Tell me why, son. Talk to me.

SHAWN:

You tryin' to make him a snitch.

VERNON:

See, Tiger, that's just twisted thinking. There's a lot of bad people out there, smart enough though to get other people to take their chances for them. If we had enough to arrest him, he'd give us your name in a second. But that doesn't matter. What matters is you keep in your mind what you're doing is a good thing, not a bad thing. The only people who'll call you a snitch is people like Monk, people making their way off the backs of their own people. The rest of the people, people like your mama, will call you a hero. You know your Bible?

TIGER:

What difference that make?

VERNON:

'cause right away in the Bible, what do we have? There's a law, just one law in the beginning. God says: Adam, do not eat the forbidden fruit. Next thing you know, there's a big bite out of the apple. God says: Adam, did you eat that apple? And right away, without a second thought, Adam says: No, sir. Eve ate it. Gives her up in a heartbeat. Even the Bible says it's all right.

SHAWN:

Yeah, what about where it says: Am I my brother's keeper?

VERNON:

Different story.

SHAWN:

Same family.

VERNON:

Talk to your mama, Tiger. Listen to what she thinks.

TIGER:

How you know what she thinks? You been talkin' to her?

VERNON:

No. But I know what any mother thinks when she sees something terrible about to happen to her son.

SHAWN:

You sure had enough experience with that, all the mothers' sons you done something terrible to.

(VERNON just smiles)

VERNON:

Somewhere in Washington, Shawn, some fat guy with a briefcase is voting down appropriations that might help make a difference in the lives of kids just like you. You're angry at me because I'm in your face, but this guy is in your wallet. Hey, but that's your choice. I only say this, if you don't like where you live you can burn it down, fix it up, or leave. But sitting around whining and blaming guys like me, nothing could make that fat man with the briefcase happier. As long as you angry at me and not him, his job is safe. (Back to TIGER) Think about what I said. (As he leaves) Make a difference -- both of you.

SHAWN:

PC, what you gonna do?

(Under the following dialogue, TIGER is teeing up a ball)

TIGER:

I gonna haul off and hit you a good one you don't stop callin' me that.

SHAWN:

I hate to admit it, but I think he's right. Monk would never be protectin' you.

TIGER:

No.

SHAWN:

So how come you protectin' him? You afraid?

TIGER:
Course I'm afraid. But it ain't for that.

SHAWN:
Then what?

TIGER:
I don't know, Shawn. (He takes a practice swing) They say
the swing got to feel right for the ball to go where you
want it. (He swings) How was that? Did it feel right?

SHAWN:
What are you saying? How would I know if it felt right?

TIGER:
That's right, Shawn. That's absolutely right.

end of scene

Scene 2

(Folk dancing at the "Y". TEDDY is drinking a soda, watching the dancers. Music is playing. MORRIS dances over to her)

MORRIS:
(As he dances) Come on, aren't you dancing?

TEDDY:
Soon. I have to work up the courage.

MORRIS:
(To dance floor) Opa! (This is a traditional Greek expression. The dance that's playing is not Greek. MORRIS doesn't know the difference) Courage? This is dancing.

TEDDY:
It's been so many years.

MORRIS:
There are some things you never forget. Don't think so much, just get out there and do it. Your feet will remember fine.

TEDDY:
Probably.

MORRIS:
(Waving at and calling to someone) Hello, Roger. (To TEDDY) Roger Baumgartner from Coudert. I remember when they wouldn't hire Jews. He's a senior partner there. He'll probably get the next Federal judgeship. His wife is a big contributor to the Republican Party. Lane Bryant shoes. She never comes to these dances though.

TEDDY:
It's tough dancing Macedonian dances in Lane Bryant shoes.

MORRIS:
And there's Jana Sorrel. Lovely woman. Told me she's spearheading a takeover of TecByte Industries next week, you might want to pick up a few shares.

TEDDY:
Are you supposed to be telling me that?

MORRIS:

Speaking of next week, I hope you can find some time to drop by my office. You're going to need to go over the depositions in that discrimination case. (To someone on dance floor) That's a great dress, Millie. You better tell Herman to watch out.

TEDDY:

Morris, I feel kind of funny just jumping in.

MORRIS:

Don't be ridiculous.

TEDDY:

And I still have so much to wrap up in my office.

MORRIS:

You don't have any conflicting trial dates, do you?

TEDDY:

Well, of course I have a lot of cases assigned to me --

MORRIS:

I mean serious cases, stuff that you can't get rid of.

TEDDY:

I do have one case that --

MORRIS:

That what?

TEDDY:

Well, actually the client wanted to have me relieved.

MORRIS:

No problem then.

TEDDY:

But I haven't been relieved yet and I --

MORRIS:

And what?

TEDDY:

I'm feeling like I'd like to try to get this kid to stick with me.

MORRIS:

And you have a trial date coming up soon?

TEDDY:

No, no, nothing like that. The trial wouldn't be for months.

MORRIS:

No problem. Hold onto the case, as long as you're available for the Dean Witter case next month. That's the big one. (A polka starts) Oy, a polka. There's one schmendrick here, Herb Kapinsky, loves to polka and insists they play one every Sunday. Look, nobody's dancing but him and his wife. Ridiculous.

TEDDY:

You don't like polkas?

MORRIS:

Better I should put on lederhosen and dance a goose step. No one is a bigger anti-Semite than the Poles.

TEDDY:

I think polkas are actually originally from Bohemia.

MORRIS:

(Calling out to dance floor) Great, Herb. You can polka all the way to the pogrom.

TEDDY:

Morris, do you really think it's wise to have me put in such an important case at the last minute?

MORRIS:

Absolutely.

TEDDY:

I mean, you've never seen my work, you really don't know anything about me.

MORRIS:

What's to know? Everyone says you're terrific.

TEDDY:

That's nice to hear.

MORRIS:

And I trust what I hear. That's why I need you to come in next week and look at the depositions. You're going to be cross-examining the plaintiff so it's important --

TEDDY:

Cross-examining the plaintiff?

MORRIS:

Yes. Didn't I mention that?

TEDDY:

Morris, I don't know the first thing about this case.

MORRIS:

You'll get all the prep you need.

TEDDY:

I mean I've never tried one of these, but I would imagine the case will rise or fall on her testimony.

MORRIS:

Exactly. That's why we want you to question her. Let me tell you something about sexual harassment cases that's different from the drug or murder cases you handle. Those street crime cases are about situations that for most jurors are like another world, like TV or the movies. The only thing they know is what you tell them. But in a case like this, particularly with women jurors, it's a situation they all know, they've all had experience with. It's very different.

TEDDY:

Yeah, I can see that. That's important to know.

MORRIS:

Of course. The women tend to be outraged because of all the times it happened to them; the men figure this is the opportunity to make up for all the times they did it themselves. Tough cases for defendants to win.

TEDDY:

All the more reason --

MORRIS:

Look, see that guy with the bald head and the plaid shirt?

TEDDY:
No, I -- oh, yeah.

MORRIS:
I don't know his name but he's a terrific dancer. Wait 'til you see him do Hoo Ha, if you think I'm good. How are you doing on that soda? Can I get you another?

TEDDY:
(Distracted) No, I'm fine.

MORRIS:
Teddy, Teddy, don't be so worried. You'll be great.

TEDDY:
But why me, that's what I don't understand.

MORRIS:
Why you? Because you can do it ... and because we need a woman.

TEDDY:
Excuse me?

MORRIS:
We need a woman. How are we going to convince the jury that she's lying if we have some man cross-examining her, badgering her. It will be like showing them exactly what she's complaining about.

TEDDY:
You want me because you want a woman?

MORRIS:
Of course, didn't I say that? Felice Romano, she's our other lady lawyer in the firm, is tied up in Nassau Supreme on a securities fraud. We need you, Teddy. Now, what day would be good? (Hoo Ha has started to play)

TEDDY:
(Distracted again) I'll have to check my book.

MORRIS:
Do that and get back to me. You do a good job on this case and the sky's the limit. (Looking out on the floor) Ah,

she's looking at me, she's looking at me. That means it's time for Hoo Ha. Come on, Teddy, you've been a wallflower long enough. Time to take the plunge.

(MORRIS grabs TEDDY and pulls her out onto the floor as the lights fade)

MORRIS:
Hoo Ha! Now we're cooking.

end of scene

Scene 3

(The Tucker kitchen. SERENA is looking through photographs. TIGER enters)

SERENA:
Hello, honey.

TIGER:
Hi.

SERENA:
How was school today?

TIGER:
Did I get any calls?

SERENA:
No. Who was you expecting? Not that DEA again?

TIGER:
No, he delivering his messages more personal now.

SERENA:
Then who?

TIGER:
I wasn't expecting nobody. Just wanted to know. What's that?

SERENA:
Oh, these are some old pictures of our family. Your Aunt Bernice wrote me asking did I have the picture of your great, great grandfather, or maybe it's your great, great, great grandfather, I never could get it straight. Used to have a picture of him somewhere.

(TIGER sits next to her and looks through pictures)

TIGER:
Why she want it now?

SERENA:
Well, your cousin Marvin is doing a report on the Sleeping Car Porters and your great granddaddy was a porter and we

used to have a picture of him in his uniform.

TIGER:

(About a photo) Ha, look at ole pa. How could you let him out of the house dressed like that, forget about lettin' him be photographed that way.

SERENA:

Well, that's what folks wore back then.

TIGER:

Look at that 'fro, damn. (About another photo) That him?

SERENA:

No, that your great uncle Robert. He died in World War II in Italy. But keep looking.

TIGER:

Don't know how I'm supposed to recognize him.

SERENA:

Well, that would be right. You was just a baby the one time you saw him.

TIGER:

I met him?

SERENA:

Oh yeah. Every time a baby born, no matter where it was, we had to go to Mobile to let grandpa Daniel see him. That was all he ever asked for.

TIGER:

Daniel?

SERENA:

Yeah, you were named after him, I must've told you that.

TIGER:

Never. Great great great grandfather, how old was he?

SERENA:

Lord a'mercy, I can't remember. Well over a hundred, that's for sure. Your Aunt Bernice had just Latrice and Willa at the time, and there was no one else so he was fretting there would be no boys to "carry on" as he used to say. Then I

had you and he was so glad. He was living with Bernice out in the shed they had, that's what he wanted, no stairs and right by an old outhouse. We drove down, your daddy and me, and pulled in 'round suppertime on a Sunday. I got out the car and Bernice said: You go right away to Granddad so he can see your boy. I walked over to the shed, walked in and he never said hello to me or nothin', just: "Let me see him." I brought you over, and put you in his arms. He just slowly nodded his head and said: "You done good, Serena. I'm right proud. What's his name?" I said Daniel and a big smile come over his face. I was so happy then. That the only time he ever said an encouraging word to me.

TIGER:
Man, over a hundred?

SERENA:
A hundred and six I think. Died a month later. He seen what he needed to see, I guess.

TIGER:
A hundred and six? And I was just born, so he would have been born in the 1870s.

SERENA:
About that. His folks was slaves, of course. He was their first child born free.

TIGER:
Daniel -- what was his last name, McNair?

SERENA:
No. That's an interesting story. See, he had a name, of course, I forget what it is, but he changed it, least that's the story he tell us growing up. Changed it to Eagle.

TIGER:
Eagle? Why?

SERENA:
Well, the way he tells it, he was working a job with an Indian who always called him Dyami. Grandpa used to say, Danny, not Dyami, but the Indian always said Dyami. Finally Grandpa said: My name is Danny, why you always callin' me Dyami? Indian said Dyami was a better name. Grandpa asked why. The Indian said: What Danny mean? Grandpa said:

Nothin', it was just a name. The Indian said: Dyami means eagle. That a lot better than nothing. A man's name should mean something. And from then on Grandpa used to call hisself Danny Eagle, 'cause to him eagles meant freedom.

TIGER:

Dyami.

SERENA:

Worked fifty years on the railroad.

TIGER:

This him?

SERENA:

No, that -- I don't know who that is. Handsome devil, ain't he?

TIGER:

Fifty years?

SERENA:

Yessir. Young men today lucky if they *live* fifty years 'tween the troubles they born into and the troubles they gets into.

(They look through the pictures for a while)

TIGER:

Ma, I've been thinking a lot about my case --

SERENA:

You and me both.

TIGER:

-- and my lawyer, you know.

SERENA:

I still can't for the life of me understand why you want to get rid of that nice young lady.

TIGER:

Ma --

SERENA:

I know what you said, but Danny, you wrong. She seemed very

interested about you, very concerned. Her mother telling me all the work she done for free for poor folks like us. (About a photo TIGER is holding) Wait, what you got there? No, that cousin Thelonius' graduation picture.

TIGER:

I just want to do the right thing. Don't want to go to jail, that's for sure.

SERENA:

That is for sure. Although, you know your great granddaddy that we lookin' for, he was in jail, or so he says.

TIGER:

What did he do?

SERENA:

Something to do with the union, I never could get it straight. Way he tells it, a white man came down and said the black man couldn't be no part of a white union and your granddaddy hauled off and whacked him one, least that's how he tells it. Went to jail.

TIGER:

How long?

SERENA:

Depend when he told the story. Sometimes it was a month, sometimes a whole year. But while he was there, he was visited by A. Phillip Randolph, president of the whole porters union, and that made him so proud, made him feel he had done the right thing, stickin' up for his people like he did. You couldn't sit five minutes with him but he was tellin' you that story like you never heard it.

TIGER:

No president be visiting me.

SERENA:

Don't talk like that. You ain't going to jail. Sorry I brought it up, just I got to thinking -- see, Marvin is doing this report because he proud of his great granddaddy doing his part for the black workers, just like great granddaddy proud of you when you were born. You so concerned about your lawyer believing in you, that's important, but you got to believe in yourself, Danny, we all

do. This is one way that helps, see who you come from. Ain't no reason to be proud of a cleaning lady, I know, but you can look back to grandpa, and you can look forward to some day when you a doctor or a businessman or a golfer even, how your kids will look at you. They'll be proud of you, Danny, if you proud of yourself.

TIGER:
I'm trying, ma.

SERENA:
I know that, honey. You just got to let people help you time to time.

(SERENA looks through some more pictures. TIGER just watches her. Finally he reaches over and kisses her)

SERENA:
What that for?

TIGER:
That for being a mom that I am very, very proud of.

(They look at each other a beat. TIGER sees a photo)

TIGER:
This it?

SERENA:
(Taking photo) I believe it is. Yes, you found him. Good for you.

TIGER:
(Looking at photo) Which one is him?

SERENA:
I don't know as I remember. Hard to see in this old picture. This was his work gang. I think maybe this one? No, I --

TIGER:
Don't matter. You tell Marvin he should write about all of them.

SERENA:
That's a good idea, honey. That's a wonderful idea.

End of Scene

Scene 4

(TEDDY's office. TIGER enters)

TEDDY:

Good, I'm glad you're early. I want to go over with you what is going to happen when we see the judge.

TIGER:

Ms. Klodin --

TEDDY:

The CJA lawyer on duty today is Bobbie Thomas who, you'll be happy to know, is black and she will be assigned --

TIGER:

Ms. Klodin, I don't want to switch lawyers.

TEDDY:

Excuse me?

TIGER:

I don't want to switch. I want to stay with you.

TEDDY:

(Beat) Have you been talking to my mother?

TIGER:

I been thinking this over now quite a bit and I think maybe, you know, if we could get a good deal.

TEDDY:

You mean you want to cooperate?

TIGER:

Yeah.

TEDDY:

Why did you change your mind?

TIGER:

Seem like the right thing to do.

TEDDY:

It does?

TIGER:
Yeah. I don't know. Why are you asking?

TEDDY:
I want to be sure you know what you're doing.

TIGER:
I thought you wanted me to.

TEDDY:
It has nothing to do with what I want. I'm just trying to find out what's best for you.

TIGER:
Well, I think this is best.

TEDDY:
You do?

TIGER:
Don't you?

TEDDY:
Yeah, I --

TIGER:
What kind of deal do I get?

TEDDY:
Well, that depends. The prosecutor will want you to sit down with him and tell everything you know about what happened. Now, you and I both know that the man behind this was Ralph Hawkins, who is a major drug dealer. (Beat) Right?

TIGER:
Yeah, yeah.

TEDDY:
Good. You better get used to it, Tiger, this is what you're going to be asked. You have to tell them what Hawkin's role was in all this and be willing to testify about it in court. You understand that?

TIGER:
Yeah.

TEDDY:
So, why don't you start by telling me.

TIGER:
What you want to know?

TEDDY:
Tell me what happened that day, the best you can remember it.

TIGER:
All right. I was over in the Heights --

TEDDY:
Why were you there?

TIGER:
I know a man over there, Charlie Morgan, couple of times caddied for a famous golfer, so I like to talk to him.

TEDDY:
Who did he caddy for?

TIGER:
Why is that important?

TEDDY:
The more detail the better. Who was it?

TIGER:
Golfer named Ballesteros.

TEDDY:
Seve Ballesteros, okay. Go on.

TIGER:
(TIGER looks at her a second) Anyway, me and Charlie talk awhile and then he has to go pick up his daughter. I'm walking to the bus and...

(Lights cross-fade to street scene and TIGER crosses over to it)

MONK:
Could it be? Yes, it is, my man Tiger.

(Comes over to TIGER, they engage in some kind of ritual handshake and then Monk hugs him)

MONK:
How you doin', my fine, fine friend?

TIGER:
Okay, Ralph. How are things here?

TEDDY:
(From her office) How long had you know him?

TIGER:
(From street scene as Monk freezes) Just maybe a year or so. He was at Lehman for a semester.

MONK:
(Mock scolding, paternally) You still in school, Tiger?

TIGER:
Yeah.

MONK:
That's good. You stay in school. Big mistake, my dropping out. I'm definitely going back. Hey, whatever happened to uh (He gestures with his hands to indicate a woman's large breasts).

TIGER:
Rhonda.

MONK:
Yes, Rhonda. Oh, she was so fine. And smart. I was so in love with her.

TIGER:
She's still at school. She's in my biology class.

MONK:
Yeah, that's a good field for her. (He laughs, TIGER reluctantly joins in) I got to call her -- nah, who am I foolin'. She too smart for me. What do you think?

TIGER:
Don't know if you don't ask.

MONK:

Definitely too smart for me. But not for you. Why don't you ask her out?

TIGER:

Right.

MONK:

No, man, I'm serious. Why not?

TIGER:

I got no time for women.

MONK:

Oh, Tiger, my fine, fine friend, you always make time for the ladies, you hear me. You want that folks think you're a fag?

TIGER:

No.

MONK:

Then ask her out. I want to know what she says.

TIGER:

I'm not going to ask her out.

MONK:

You afraid of her?

TIGER:

No.

MONK:

Then what? (Stares at him) Tiger, my fine, fine friend, don't tell me, you're not still a -- couldn't be, could it. You've never had it?

(TIGER doesn't answer)

MONK:

Oh, no no no no no. This cannot go on another day, you hear me, not another day. Listen up, this is what I do for you. This is going to work out perfect. See, I was supposed to meet Reef here, you know Reef, right?

TIGER:

No.

MONK:

Sure, you know Reef. Long gold dreadlocks, you gotta know Reef.

TIGER:

Nope.

MONK:

Don't matter. Supposed to meet him here. See, there's this lady, beautiful, makes Rhonda look like Rosanne. Just up from Santo Domingo and looking for action. But I can't use my apartment, my old lady is home with the kid. So she says we could use her cousin's house downtown so that's why I got Reef 'cause we don't want no third wheel, you know what I'm saying. And the bitch tells me her cousin is twice as pretty as she is. Reef's loss is your gain, what do you say?

TIGER:

I don't think so.

MONK:

You afraid?

TIGER:

No.

MONK:

We get a couple of six packs, put 'em in the mood. See, women got a sense for these things and they love to be the first. She'll be all over you, I'm telling you.

TIGER:

Well, I --

MONK:

And you'll be doin' me a favor big time.

TIGER:

No, I got to go --

MONK:

Listen, I'll pay you a hundred dollars in the bargain.

TIGER:
(Beat) For a hundred dollars you can get a motel room.

TEDDY:
What did he say to that?

TIGER:
Nothin'. (Beat) I didn't say that, actually. I was thinking it, but I didn't say that.

TEDDY:
Why not?

TIGER:
You know how many kitchen floors my mother has to scrub to get a hundred dollars?

TEDDY:
So you didn't ask.

TIGER:
No.

TEDDY:
Why did you think he was willing to pay you a hundred dollars?

TIGER:
I don't know. I mean, I knew it wasn't just so he could screw some...

TEDDY:
Bitch?

TIGER:
Sorry. You said the more detail the better.

TEDDY:
That's all right. So you knew he had something else in mind.

TIGER:
Yeah. I didn't know what.

TEDDY:
Did you know he was a drug dealer?

TIGER:
Of course.

TEDDY:
How did you know?

TIGER:
Everybody knows.

TEDDY:
Did you ever buy drugs from him?

TIGER:
No, I don't do that shit.

TEDDY:
You ever see him selling drugs?

TIGER:
No.

TEDDY:
Did he ever tell you he sold drugs?

TIGER:
No. But everybody knew it.

TEDDY:
So you thought this might have had something to do with
drugs.

TIGER:
It's not like I had that particular thought in my mind.
I've been going over this and going over this and, yeah, I
should have known but I got greedy.

TEDDY:
And horny. (TIGER looks at her) Sorry. So you agreed to do
this.

TIGER:
Yeah.

TEDDY:
What happened next?

TIGER:

We went to the car, and he says to me...

MONK:

I want you to see something. (Produces a gun) Ain't she a beauty? KGB use these. Here, hold it.

TIGER:

Why do you need a gun to ball some old lady?

MONK:

She got a very jealous boyfriend. I want to show you where I'm keeping it, in case there's a problem.

TIGER:

What you getting me into?

MONK:

Hey, nothin' for nothin'. You got to earn your hundred bucks.

TEDDY:

So you knew about the gun.

TIGER:

Yeah.

TEDDY:

And you held it.

TIGER:

Just for a second. Then he put it in that compartment under the seat.

TEDDY:

Okay, good. What happened next?

TIGER:

We picked her up on Academy. She was carrying like a shopping bag. Monk gets out the car to talk to her first. Then she gets in the front and he tells me to come out. (To MONK) What's up?

MONK:

I just got beeped. I got something I need to take care of.

TIGER:
So this is off?

MONK:
No way. You guys go down, I catch up with you in about an hour, hour and a half.

TIGER:
I don't think --

MONK:
Tiger, my fine, fine friend, it gotta start someplace. Might as well be today. This is gonna be some party.

TEDDY:
So, did you believe him?

TIGER:
No.

TEDDY:
Did you know then it was drugs?

TIGER:
No...yes. I didn't say to myself, oh, it's drugs. I just did it.

TEDDY:
Did you talk to the woman on the way down?

TIGER:
Just said hello. She put a walkman on. We drove downtown, I parked, we went up to the apartment and got arrested.

TEDDY:
Yeah. Okay. (Beat) We got problems.

TIGER:
I told you what happened.

TEDDY:
I know. But see, when you proffer, you have to give the prosecutor information he can use to nail Hawkins. You never saw Hawkins with the shopping bag, you never even saw what was in the shopping bag. It's some evidence they can use, but it's probably not enough for them to give you a

really great deal.

TIGER:

If I didn't know what was in the bag, how can I get convicted?

TEDDY:

It's a Catch-22 (she pauses as if about to explain what that means).

TIGER:

I know what a Catch-22 is.

TEDDY:

Sorry, that was more a generational thing -- never mind. Anyway, it's a Catch-22. It's enough if you knew or should have known -- that's the language of the law -- but it's probably not enough to nail Hawkins, and we know he's going to have a top attorney representing him.

TIGER:

So I'm fucked?

TEDDY:

Not necessarily. The gun is good. And the false car registration. I don't know, we'll have to see what the prosecutor says. Do you know anything else about Hawkins, any other crimes?

TIGER:

Sure. He murdered Ronnie Harper.

TEDDY:

You saw that?

TIGER:

No.

TEDDY:

He told you about it?

TIGER:

No.

TEDDY:

Any crimes you either saw or he told you about?

TIGER:
(Beat) No. So, how do we stand?

TEDDY:
We'll see. (Beat) I'm just curious. Why would you ever have become friends with this guy in the first place?

TIGER:
(Beat) First time he talked to me was in chem class. He asked me to help him study for a test. I knew who he was, what he did, normally the kind of guy I would never have nothing to do with. But he looked so scared. He really cared about failing, looking dumb to the class, the teacher. I come to learn all that other stuff, the drugs, the murders, that was just business to Ralph. This was the other side, and I wanted to help him. I liked that he looked up to me. Maybe I fooled myself into thinking he would change, I don't know. We even played golf a couple of times. (Beat) I know it's hard to believe, but sometimes there's a big difference between what a guy does and what he is, you know what I'm sayin'?

TEDDY:
(Looks at him for a beat) Yeah, I do. But what he is now is your enemy, do you hear me?

TIGER:
I guess.

TEDDY:
Good. Then let's go to war.

(TEDDY starts to make notes as the light fade)

End of scene

Scene 5

(The vestibule of the Tucker apartment house.
SERENA enters carrying a laundry basket)

SERENA:

Well, here we go again. How many times I carried you up these stairs, I wonder. All the loads of laundry gone up and down these stairs. (She chuckles) Remember how I used to put Danny in, carry him up, him playing in the warm sheets, peeking over the edge. That was a load I never minded toting. Look at me, talking to a laundry basket. They gonna commit me, I do declare. (Picks up basket, takes a deep breath and takes a step and then stops) But I tell you, if they takes Danny away I be talking to the stove and the dishes I be so lonely. Lord help us.

(SERENA starts to walk to the stairs. MONK appears from the shadows in the vestibule, unseen and unheard by SERENA. He has his gun drawn. He points it at her. A shot rings out. SERENA drops the basket and falls on top of it. MONK slumps to the ground. SERENA turns to look towards him, gets herself up and runs to him)

SERENA:

Oh my god, oh my god. Police, police. Help me someone, a boy's been shot. (Softer, more to herself) Another boy's been shot.

end of scene

Scene 6

(The Lehman College cafeteria. TIGER sits picking at his food. SHAWN enters)

SHAWN:

There you are. Man, I just heard. How's your mom?

TIGER:

She's all right. Where did you hear from?

SHAWN:

It's in the paper, didn't you see it? (Produces a copy of the Daily News as he puts his tray down and sits next to TIGER)

TIGER:

(Looking at article) She's all right.

SHAWN:

He was really gonna kill her. Can you believe this guy.

TIGER:

No. Was it in the Post?

SHAWN:

No, just the News. (About his food) What is this? Do you know what this?

TIGER:

That stuff?

SHAWN:

Yeah?

TIGER:

It's lasagna.

SHAWN:

Ain't no lasagna. I don't know what it is.

TIGER:

Why did you get it?

SHAWN:

I don't know. Who do you think shot him?

TIGER:

The cops?

SHAWN:

The cops? Now why would they be doing something right for a change? No, I'm thinking one of those guys from Inwood, what's the name of that gang?

TIGER:

I don't know.

SHAWN:

He been working their territory for awhile now. Hey, how this gonna affect your case, you know?

TIGER:

I find out today.

SHAWN:

You going down to cooperate today.

TIGER:

Yeah. 'bout an hour. First I got to stop by my lawyer, then we go over to DEA.

SHAWN:

I was just asking 'cause when my cousin James got arrested, and the guy he was arrested with plead guilty, they start asking James if he knew about any other crimes, you know, 'cause they didn't need him for this other guy anymore, get what I'm saying?

TIGER:

Yeah.

SHAWN:

So maybe now you in the same place.

TIGER:

I don't know. I'll find out.

SHAWN:

Trouble is you don't know any other crimes. (Taking back newspaper) "Woman Saved By Unidentified Gunman", man, ain't that something.

TIGER:
You sure excited 'bout this.

SHAWN:
Ain't you? Your momma could be dead.

TIGER:
I don't think so.

SHAWN:
What do you mean, you don't think so?

TIGER:
I don't think he was trying to kill her. He was just sending me a message. He kills my momma, surest way to get me to go to the cops.

SHAWN:
How do you know what was going through his head?

TIGER:
I'm just saying --

SHAWN:
He don't think like ordinary people do. Coming up behind her like that while she carrying her laundry up the stairs. Gun to her head. (Indicating newspaper) I'm telling you, this guy don't come along your momma lying in chalk.

TIGER:
Maybe. (TIGER takes a second look at the newspaper)

SHAWN:
Ain't no maybe's about it. I don't understand you. You gonna start sticking up for him after this?

TIGER:
No, of course not.

SHAWN:
Why you always makin' excuses for --

TIGER:
How come you know she was carrying her laundry?

SHAWN:
What? It's in the paper.

TIGER:
No it ain't.

SHAWN:
Sure it is. (Looking at paper) Well, maybe I heard it on the news.

TIGER:
When?

SHAWN:
This morning.

TIGER:
You come up to me here and say you just found out.

SHAWN:
Hey, quit stressin' me.

TIGER:
Tell me how you know. (Pause) I don't believe it. You shot him?

SHAWN:
Keep your voice down.

TIGER:
Are you crazy? What were you doing?

SHAWN:
I saved your momma, why you yelling at me?

TIGER:
(TIGER is very confused and conflicted) No, man, I ain't -- look, I just don't understand it.

SHAWN:
I wasn't about to trust no cops to protect you, so I been watching your house. When I saw him pull up, I went downstairs.

TIGER:
Where did you get the gun?

SHAWN:
What difference does it make?

TIGER:
No difference, I just. (Beat) You weren't going to tell me?

SHAWN:
Well, you know, I ain't got no need to be bragging 'bout it.

TIGER:
Nothing to do with bragging. You weren't going to tell me?

SHAWN:
Well, you know, eventually.

TIGER:
(Beat) You're afraid.

SHAWN:
Bullshit. Of what?

TIGER:
Of me.

SHAWN:
What are you talkin' about?

TIGER:
You don't trust me, that's why you didn't tell me. You think because I'm snitching on Hawkins I might snitch on you.

SHAWN:
Bullshit.

TIGER:
Don't bullshit me. Look at me Shawn. (Grabs fork out of SHAWN's hand and throws it down) Look at me and tell me. Is that why?

SHAWN:
I don't know. (Beat) Yeah, maybe that's why. I mean I don't know what you gonna do.

TIGER:
Oh, man.

SHAWN:
Ain't nothin' about you, but you're under a lot of pressure
anyway and now you're a likely suspect --

TIGER:
Shawn, man, what's happening here?

SHAWN:
Why you giving me a hard time? I saved your momma.

TIGER:
I know, man. But, see, this can't be the way, we can't be
solving our problems by shooting each other.

SHAWN:
You having a pronoun problem, PC. Who is this "we" you
talkin' about? How did Monk Hawkins become part of our
"we?"

TIGER:
But that's what I'm saying, Shawn. Now it seems I ain't a
part of your "we."

SHAWN:
Of course you is.

TIGER:
Not when you don't trust me. Not when you think I'd sell
you out. And you know something, Shawn, if I do this, if I
go down and cooperate with them and they tell me it's not
enough, they need more, do I know who shot Hawkins, for
example, I don't know what I'd do. I'd like to think I'd
never tell them, but -- Shawn, I don't blame you for not
trusting me, man, 'cause I'm beginning to not trust myself.

SHAWN:
You talking crazy, PC. Something changed in you. I don't
know what. You should be celebrating your mama is all
right, Hawkins in the hospital, probably die. And you just
brooding 'bout something. You ain't even getting angry when
I call you PC.

TIGER:
Something has changed, or is gonna unless I do something
about it. Look, I got to get downtown to my lawyer. Shawn,
things ain't changed so much that I don't love you, man, and

that I don't love that you done what you done for me. I won't give you up, don't worry.

(TIGER leaves. SHAWN watches him go, baffled. He looks down at his plate and starts picking at his food, trying to figure out what it is. While SHAWN says the following, VERNON enters with a food tray that he puts down next to SHAWN and sits)

SHAWN:
Who said anything about being worried. Only thing I'm worried about is what this is on my plate.

VERNON:
It's moussaka.

SHAWN:
(Noticing him suddenly) What you doin' here?

VERNON:
Taking a few courses; improving myself.

SHAWN:
You certainly need improving, that for sure.

VERNON:
That is for sure.

SHAWN:
You lookin' for PC, he ain't here.

VERNON:
Shawn, Shawn, what are we going to do with you? Don't you think I just saw him here?

SHAWN:
I tell you, I have my doubts. You say you so good at watching Danny, protecting him and shit, and you let his mama be used for target practice. Where was you when she was almost killed?

VERNON:
Where were you? (Beat) See, you're underestimating me, as usual. How do you know I wasn't there? How do you know I didn't shoot Hawkins?

SHAWN:

How do I know? Because there weren't no innocent bystanders hit, that's how I know.

VERNON:

Anyway, I'm not here to see Tiger. I have a meeting scheduled with him this afternoon. No, I'm here to see you.

SHAWN:

Why me?

VERNON:

I know you don't like the police or the job we do, but it is a job someone has to do. Now, take for example this Hawkins shooting. A drug dealer, murderer, obviously trying to intimidate Tiger by shooting at his mother, and he gets his. You'd think that would take care of it. But no, you see we policemen, we can't be lettin' any crime go by. There's a Detective Phillips investigating this shooting and he takes it personal when there's an unsolved crime on the books, know what I'm saying? He's concerned because to him it looks like somebody was stalking Hawkins, what we call in the law premeditated, carrying an unlawful weapon, shooting him in the back. The fact that he saved Miss Tucker's life is just coincidence. That's what it looks like to Detective Phillips. And I'm going to be meeting with him tomorrow about this shooting, because, my friend, I know who shot Hawkins.

SHAWN:

Bullshit. (Beat) Who?

VERNON:

(VERNON smiles) You shot him.

SHAWN:

Bullshit.

VERNON:

I know you did it.

SHAWN:

Bullshit.

VERNON:

See, in the police trade we have what are called usually

reliable sources, and one of my usually reliable sources happened to be there.

SHAWN:

Well, then, you best be downgradin' him to a usually unreliable source 'cause it weren't me.

VERNON:

Well, see, that's why I needed to see you, to check out his story. I'll tell you what my usually reliable source told me, then you tell me if he's got it wrong. He says he seen Ms. Tucker carrying her basket into the apartment house. Through the glass door he saw her standing there when Hawkins came out from under the stairs and pointed a gun at her. That's when he seen you walking down the street. You looked in and saw what was happening and you ran in through the glass door. You grabbed at Hawkins and the gun, twisted his arm behind his back and the gun went off. Now, you tell me if my usually reliable source is mistaken.

SHAWN:

I --

VERNON:

And since Hawkins, when he comes out of intensive care, is under arrest for attempted murder, he won't be talking to the cops at all, his lawyer won't let him. And Miss Tucker's back was turned. So my usually reliable source is the only one can tell Detective Phillips what happened. Only one except, of course, you. And I'll bet if he heard the truth from you, he wouldn't even bother arresting you. No grand jury in the world would indict you, if it happened the way my usually reliable source says it happened. And that is the way it happened, isn't it?

SHAWN:

(Long pause) Yeah.

VERNON:

Good. You find the time to go see Detective Phillips, (places card on table near SHAWN) here's his card. Make sure you see him and nobody else.

SHAWN:

(Stares at card for a moment) What's gonna happen to PC?

VERNON:
He'll be fine.

SHAWN:
You got Monk for the attempted murder even if he do live --

VERNON:
He's gonna live.

SHAWN:
He is?

VERNON:
Yep. Probably never walk again but he'll live. It's like I told you Shawn, if you can't do something right, don't try it.

SHAWN:
Why you need PC?

VERNON:
What Hawkins done to Miss Tucker by itself is not my jurisdiction, it's a state crime, he'd get two to four years max. But tied into all the shit that Tiger tell us, it becomes part of the federal crime and it insures that Hawkins will never see the light of day again. Let him roll in his wheelchair around Otisville for the next fifty years. That's what he deserves. That's why I need Tiger. Now Shawn, you owe me, and it ain't good for a man to be walkin' around in debt so I'm going to give you a chance to pay me back in three ways. One, make sure you get your ass to the police and tell them what you did, you hear me? (No answer) You hear me?

SHAWN:
I hear you, I hear you.

VERNON:
Good. Two, tell me why you call Tiger PC?

SHAWN:
You know him, you talked to him, you see the kind of trouble he got himself into. Is that man a tiger? I don't think so. So I always calls him PC because that stands for what he really is.

VERNON:
And that is?

SHAWN:
A pussy cat. PC, get it?

VERNON:
Got it. Thanks.

(VERNON Starts to leave)

SHAWN:
Wait, what's number three?

VERNON:
(Without turning around, as he leaves) Make a difference.

(SHAWN stares after him for a moment, the starts
picking at his food again)

SHAWN:
Moussaka? Must be Greek shit or some such. Well, if I
bought it, I guess I got to eat it.

end of scene

Act II, Scene 7

(TEDDY'S office. TEDDY is working at her desk.
SERENA enters followed by CLARE)

TEDDY:

Ah, Ms. Tucker, good to -- ma, what are you doing here?

SERENA:

She insisted and insisted that I let her drive me down here.

TEDDY:

Ma.

SERENA:

I told her I could take the train, but she just insisted.

TEDDY:

Ma.

CLARE:

The woman was almost murdered in her apartment house.
There's no way I was going to let her come down here
unescorted.

TEDDY:

Yeah? And suppose somebody did attack you, what were you
going to do, feed him to death?

CLARE:

Never underestimate the power of motherhood.

TEDDY:

Believe me, ma, I don't.

CLARE:

Now, if you were a mother yourself, you would understand
these --

TEDDY:

Ma. Serena, how are you?

SERENA:

Oh, I'm fine.

TEDDY:
In a way, I feel responsible --

SERENA:
Don't be sayin' that. You tryin' to help Danny and I know you will.

TEDDY:
Well, I --

SERENA:
Ain't the first time I had a gun pointed to my head.

CLARE:
Mugged three times. (Big sigh) Oy, I don't know how you can do it.

SERENA:
I tell you, I never even seen the boy until I hear the shot and I turned and seen him on the ground.

TEDDY:
I've been on the phone this morning with the prosecutor of Danny's case and he was filling me in on Hawkin's condition.

SERENA:
We was talkin' about that on the ride down and how this affect Danny cooperating and all.

TEDDY:
Where is Danny, I mean Tiger?

SERENA:
Oh, he was at school and said it would be easier for him to come straight down hisself rather than come by me, especially after he heard Ms. Clare was going to pick me up.

TEDDY:
Okay.

SERENA:
Should be here soon. It still early, ain't it?

TEDDY:
Yeah, it's not even two yet. Anyway, let me explain what I know. First of all, Hawkins will live.

CLARE:

Too bad.

SERENA:

We also talked about who done this. They don't think Danny did it, do they?

TEDDY:

Not really. Right now they suspect a rival drug dealer.

SERENA:

Well, that makes sense.

TEDDY:

Yeah. Now, as to Tiger's cooperation, ironically this should help. In a situation like this, when the judge sees the risk that Tiger took, he should knock down the sentence bigtime. We don't know for sure how much, but we got a lot we can talk about.

SERENA:

Just so Danny don't have to go away.

TEDDY:

I think we can do that. But...

SERENA:

But what?

TEDDY:

He'll still have to plead guilty to a crime, and that will be forever on his record. I'm not happy about that part of it at all. (Beat) I've really grown to like Danny, Serena. You've done a wonderful job raising him.

SERENA:

I tried real hard, but you give me too much credit, Ms. Teddy. He a good boy 'cause that's how the Lord made him. I just tried to make sure I didn't mess that up at all.

CLARE:

Well, that's a rare talent, I can tell you. You'll have to tell me your secret.

TEDDY:

And what does that mean? Are you admitting that you messed

me up?

CLARE:

Don't be silly, it was your father. Speaking of which, I saw Morris at folk dancing Sunday, he asked for you.

TEDDY:

Oh, right, I have to get back to him.

CLARE:

No rush.

TEDDY:

Ma, you're making me nuts.

CLARE:

Let me tell you something about Morris. He dresses up in those stupid costumes with the shoes, he calls out in Greek in the middle of Turkish dances, and he doesn't know the steps to anything. But if you don't look too close, you could easily be fooled into thinking he was a good dancer.

TEDDY:

But he's not.

CLARE:

Fred Astaire has nothing to worry about.

TEDDY:

So what are you saying, ma, I shouldn't take the job?

CLARE:

I know I raised you right in one way. You know the difference between bad advice and good advice, even from your mother.

TEDDY:

Thanks, ma.

CLARE:

Bu-ut, Morris was telling me about his nephew, an accountant, who just recently divorced --

TEDDY:

Ma. I knew this would happen as soon as you retired, that you'd be constantly looking for projects.

CLARE:
Getting you married is a project.

TEDDY:
I have to find you a job.

CLARE:
And where would I find the time, now that I'm working as a
bodyguard?

(TIGER enters)

TIGER:
Hello, Ms. Klodin, ma. I'm not late, am I?

TEDDY:
No, that's fine.

SERENA:
Danny, this is Ms. Teddy's mother, Mrs. Klodin.

TIGER:
Hi. I want to thank you for taking my mother down here
today. Took a great load off my mind.

(CLARE just smiles broadly at TEDDY)

TEDDY:
Okay, let's get started. Ma?

CLARE:
What?

TEDDY:
We have to --

SERENA:
I don't mind if she stays. Danny?

TIGER:
I don't care.

TEDDY:
Well, I care. Ma, do I stand over your shoulder while
you're cooking? This is very serious business, a proffer
session and --

TIGER:
Teddy.

TEDDY:
What?

TIGER:
(Very tentatively) You're gonna kill me, I know, but
(sighs) I changed my mind again.

SERENA:
Danny.

TIGER:
I don't want to cooperate. I want to go to trial.

SERENA:
Danny, what come over you?

TIGER:
I want to go to trial. I've been thinking and thinking
about it. If I saw Hawkins beating up on somebody, I
wouldn't think twice 'bout telling the police what I saw.
That's one thing. But here I am, got myself in trouble by
being stupid and greedy, and to get out of it I'm going to
step on somebody else. That can't be right. Do you think
Grandpa Daniel would think it was right?

SERENA:
I don't rightly know, Danny.

TIGER:
Do you think it's right?

SERENA:
Well, Ms. Teddy was saying just before you come in that she
thinks she can get you --

TIGER:
Do you think it's right, that's what I'm asking.

SERENA:
(Long pause) No, Danny, not the way you put it. I don't
think it's right.

TIGER:

I don't either. And I'm not doing it. We'll go to trial and take our chances.

TEDDY:

You understand if you testify you're still going to have to say it was Hawkins who got you into this.

TIGER:

That's all right, 'cause that's what happened. Long as it ain't part of no deal.

TEDDY:

I just want to remind you, you get convicted it could be fifteen years.

TIGER:

I make a deal, it's the rest of my life. I know you think I'm making a mistake --

TEDDY:

Well, not necessarily.

TIGER:

(Beat) You tell me over and over again how bad my case look and how I should cooperate.

TEDDY:

Yeah, but that was before I really saw you. And what I see is someone who knows the difference between bad advice and good advice; even from his lawyer.

SERENA:

(Beat of confusion) I'm having trouble following all this.

TEDDY:

And if you're willing to take the chance, I think we have a shot at winning this case.

CLARE:

(With a fist pump) Yes! (Everyone looks at her)
Sorry.

TIGER:

Not that I disagree with you, but all along you tell me I can't win. What changed your mind?

TEDDY:

Something you said. The prosecution is going to try to make this a case about what a man did, but we're going to make this a case about what a man is. If I can get the jury to see who you are, there's no way they can send you to jail. We'll even find a way to get them to hear that speech you just made. That is, if you're willing to go to trial with me.

TIGER:

Long as you see me.

SERENA:

I hope you knows what you doin', 'cause I sure don't.

TEDDY:

There are no guarantees, Serena, but with Danny -- excuse me, I mean Tiger --

TIGER:

Danny's fine.

SERENA:

Oh my, you full of surprises today.

TIGER:

Good enough for grandpa, good enough for me.

SERENA:

(To CLARE) Danny's great great grandpa was named Daniel Eagle. That's who we named him after.

CLARE:

Eagle, like the bird?

SERENA:

Uh-huh. He picked the Eagle part hisself, 'cause eagles is so free. Like you gotta be, Danny.

TIGER:

I will be, ma. And nothing against grandpa, but eagles get most of their food by taking it from other birds. If Eagle is a name to be proud of, it's because grandpa made it that way. Now it's up to me to work on Danny.

TEDDY:
Okay, Danny. Let's get cracking. I think you ladies will have to excuse us.

SERENA:
Of course. And there's nothing we can do?

TEDDY:
Well --

TIGER:
I tell you what you can do, you can get me something to eat if you don't mind.

CLARE:
I love this boy. Now you're talking my language. How about you, Teddy?

TEDDY:
(Anything to get rid of her) Sure.

CLARE:
Shall we?

SERENA:
Ms. Clare, I'd be delighted.

CLARE:
Anything special?

TEDDY:
Surprise us.

CLARE:
Okay, we're off. (To SERENA as they're leaving) Tell me, Serena, do you like brisket?

SERENA:
Brisket. I tell you, Ms. Clare, as long as you have your car, if you don't mind the drive, I know a place uptown makes a pot roast like nothin' you ever tasted before in your life.

CLARE:
Sounds good to me. But you have to promise to stop calling me Ms. Clare, makes me feel like Jessica Tandy.

(They're gone. Then CLARE pops back in)

CLARE:

Do eagles really steal most of their food from other birds?

TIGER:

Yep.

CLARE:

Makes you wonder how they ever became our national emblem. (She exits)

TIGER:

Okay, where do we start?

TEDDY:

Always start with the judge. This is Judge Kaiser, very fair, but he's a bit of an Eeyore.

TIGER:

Grumpy.

TEDDY:

Yeah, but we'll get a good trial and he'll let me do pretty much what I want. (A beat as she looks at him) I can't promise you what a jury will do, but I really, really like our chances.

(TEDDY starts to makes some notes)

TIGER:

You knew it was called a hook, didn't you?

TEDDY:

Excuse me.

TIGER:

You knew it wasn't called a curve, a golf shot, that it was a hook or a slice. You just made like you didn't to make me think I could teach you something. I'm right, ain't I.

TEDDY:

Yes. Sorry.

TIGER:
No problem.

TEDDY:
Because you have taught me something, you taught me a lot.

TIGER:
Thanks.

TEDDY:
How did you figure that out?

TIGER:
You knew who Seve Ballesteros was, you had to know what a hook was.

TEDDY:
Not bad. If you can be that sharp listening to the witnesses, it may come in handy at the trial.

TIGER:
Can I have a pad and pencil, please?

TEDDY:
Not yet, wait until the courtroom.

TIGER:
No, I just want to take notes on everything you're doing.

TEDDY:
Sure. (Handing him notepad) Why?

TIGER:
I want to learn. (TEDDY looks at him quizzically) Told my counselor at school I was thinkin' about law school. Think that's a bad idea?

TEDDY:
(Smiles at him) No, it's a great idea. Every golfer should practice a little law on the side. All right. Now we'll need a few character witnesses.

TIGER:
Why don't we start with your mother, she's a real character.

TEDDY:
(Laughing) That's for sure.

TIGER:
(Beat) You sure look different from the other times I was here.

TEDDY:
Oh yeah? How?

TIGER:
I don't know. You look like you're more into it.

TEDDY:
I guess I am.

TIGER:
Why do you think that is?

TEDDY:
Because in twelve years of practice you're my first innocent client. I better call the DEA and tell them the deal is off.
(Picks up phone. Pauses) You're sure?

TIGER:
I'm sure.

(They share a smile and TEDDY starts to dial.
TIGER gets up and mimes a golf swing, as if he were teeing off)

TIGER:
Yeah, that feels right, that feels just right.

(The lights fade)

End of play