

ACT I

JIMMY walks into the living room/dining room. He's aided by a pair of forearm crutches. The room is dimly lit by a hanging lamp over the dining room table. There are four placemats set on the table.

He carries a clean dishrag. He walks over to the kitchen and drapes the rag over the handle of the dishwasher.

He stops for a second in front of the sink and grabs a breath.

He walks over to the table and looks over it.

He walks to the kitchen and opens a cabinet. He leans his arm on one crutch and grabs three plates with the other. He walks over to the table and places each plate on top of a placemat, leaving one placemat bare.

He stares at the table for a moment. He looks out the window.

An egg timer dings.

JIMMY walks to the oven and opens the door. He looks for a half-second. Heat pours out of the open oven door.

JIMMY steps back a couple of steps and grabs an oven mitt from off of the counter. He leans on one crutch and cautiously pulls a pan out of the oven. Previously frozen, previously fried snacks lay heated on the pan. Pizza rolls.

JIMMY places the pan on the stove top. He backs up. He removes the oven mitt, laying it on the counter.

JIMMY stands for a second, balancing and checking the rolls. He pulls a fork out of a drawer. He pokes one of the pizza rolls. He cuts it in half. Steam pours out of the opening. He takes a cautious bite from it. It tries to burn his tongue. He takes the snack away from his mouth. He blows on the fork and puts it down.

He stares at the snacks for a second. He picks

up the pizza roll and blows on it again before putting it back on the counter. He nods. He strains his tongue in his mouth and exhales deeply. He grabs the egg timer and sets it.

JIMMY crutches his way out of the room and off stage.

ANTHONY enters. He carries a reusable grocery bag. He walks up the ramp, up to the front door. He lightly tries the front door's knob. It's unlocked.

ANTHONY opens the door and enters the house.

He stands for a moment, looking at the layout in front of him.

JIMMY enters.

JIMMY

Hey Tony.

ANTHONY

The door's unlocked.

JIMMY

It is unlocked.

ANTHONY

You don't care that anybody can just come in?

JIMMY

No.

ANTHONY

You're not afraid that somebody's gonna come in and rob the place?

JIMMY

No.

ANTHONY

Oh that's right. You're not afraid of anybody.

JIMMY

That's right.

JIMMY goes back to the kitchen. He opens up the door and peers into the oven.

JIMMY

Russell's coming over.

ANTHONY

He is coming over.

JIMMY closes the oven door.

JIMMY

Yeah.

A beat. He backs away from the stove.

JIMMY

He's an odd duck, huh?

ANTHONY

What do you mean?

JIMMY

Russell's an odd duck.

ANTHONY

Yeah, he is. You're just figuring this out now?

JIMMY

He told me that, or texted me that he's coming over at nine-thirty-ish. That's okay. I don't care. But why? It's not like he's meeting with his lawyer.

ANTHONY

Yeah. I wouldn't think so.

A beat. JIMMY continues to straighten up around the kitchen area.

ANTHONY

Zoe's loose. She's running around the neighborhood.

JIMMY

What's that?

JIMMY gets himself over to the dining area.

ANTHONY

Zoe's out loose, running around. On my way over here I saw Zoe wandering around the neighborhood.

JIMMY

Where? By Rob's house?

ANTHONY

Yeah. Well no. She was walking up by umm uh on Marshall by the 7-11.

JIMMY

She's by herself?

ANTHONY

Yeah.

JIMMY

Hmm.

ANTHONY

Yeah.

JIMMY

I have . . . I have some chicken cutlets in the freezer. Next time you see her bring her over here. The poor thing's probably starving to death.

ANTHONY

I'll try my best.

JIMMY

Rob and Janice took off?

ANTHONY

I don't know.

JIMMY

Was taken. Were taken?

ANTHONY

I assume so.

JIMMY

Well either way. I have more chicken cutlets than I can eat. There's no bones or anything for . . . Well they're cutlets. They're boneless. Bring her over. *Actually.* If you can get her, bring her over here.

ANTHONY

Okay.

JIMMY

If, if you can. Even us heathens have to take care of dogs.

ANTHONY

Shut the fuck up.

JIMMY

It's one of the few things we're still good for. Or there's sort of a . . . well . . . we can try our best anyway.

ANTHONY

What?

JIMMY sits at the table and takes a deep breath.

JIMMY

We can try our best anyway.

A beat.

ANTHONY

How's Smokey doin'?

JIMMY

Smokey died last year.

ANTHONY

Oh that's right.

JIMMY

Nine years old is a very long life for a street cat.

ANTHONY

Sure.

JIMMY

They can't handle the winter.

ANTHONY

Sure.

A half-beat.

ANTHONY

I can imagine.

JIMMY

They can't survive outside when it gets cold. At that age.

ANTHONY

Yeah. I understand that.

JIMMY

Actually at any age.

ANTHONY
Yeah.

JIMMY
They can't, poor things can't be outside in the
winter for very long.

A beat.

ANTHONY
Hey, I brought you some stuff.

ANTHONY gets up from his seat.

JIMMY
Oh yeah?

ANTHONY
Yeah.

*ANTHONY opens his bag and pulls out two 6 packs
of toilet paper, two 6 packs of beer, a gallon
of milk, a box of "Zebra Cakes", a carton of
eggs, a pack of American cheese, a jar of
mayonnaise, two loaves of wonder bread, two
packs of batteries and a "Highlights" magazine.
He places the items on the table.*

ANTHONY
I got you some toilet paper, I got you some bread,
eggs, milk, zebra cakes.

JIMMY
I love zebra cakes.

ANTHONY
I know you do. And ummm some beer, some double-A
batteries, and a magazine with games or somethin' in
it.

JIMMY
Thank you, Anthony. I appreciate it. Where'd you go?
Ted's?

ANTHONY
Yep. Went to Ted's.

JIMMY
Did he charge you?

ANTHONY

No. I tried to give him some cash.

JIMMY

Why'd you do that?

ANTHONY

I don't know.

JIMMY

Well, thank you. I really appreciate it.

ANTHONY

Yep. No problem buddy.

JIMMY

Ted's making sure people get their groceries. That's a . . . that's good, of him. Where's he getting groceries from? Or is it . ? . Where's the food coming from? I guess is . . . Is . ? .

ANTHONY

I didn't ask.

JIMMY

You should next time. Or I will.

ANTHONY

Huh?

JIMMY

Is that the place to even get stuff? Right now? I'll ask him. I'll, I'll ask him, when I see him. I don't want him to be out anything that *he* needs, you know? Or that anybody . . . I'll talk to him.

ANTHONY

It's the easiest thing for . . . That's where it seemed like . . . Ummm, I've known Ted for a long time and it seems or feels like . . . I don't really know Jimmy, actually.

JIMMY

I understand. I'll ask him. When I go over there I'll ask. I'll talk to him.

JIMMY walks over and grabs the milk. He opens the refrigerator and then returns for the eggs.

ANTHONY

When are you goin' over there?

JIMMY

I'm not sure. Tomorrow.

A beat.

ANTHONY

You need any help?

JIMMY

Nah.

ANTHONY

Okay.

JIMMY comes back for the cheese and then for the mayo. He deposits each item into the refrigerator.

ANTHONY

Your fridge is working alright?

JIMMY

Same as ever.

JIMMY grabs the toilet paper and begins to walk to another room.

ANTHONY

That's good.

JIMMY

Yours isn't working?

JIMMY leaves the room. ANTHONY calls after him.

ANTHONY

Nah it is. Was just uh . . .

JIMMY reenters the kitchen.

JIMMY

You're refrigerator isn't working?

ANTHONY

No it is, somehow. I was just checking to see if yours was.

JIMMY

It's working. You bring over anything you need to.

ANTHONY

No no. Mine's working.

JIMMY

Even still. I've got plenty of room.

JIMMY grabs the beer and puts it in the refrigerator.

JIMMY

I can make room here. There's plenty of space.

ANTHONY

I don't need it. Mine's working fine.

JIMMY

Well okay. Well if you need to drop anything off for just. . .

ANTHONY

Thank you Jimmy.

A beat.

JIMMY looks around the scene.

JIMMY

We're in pretty good shape.

ANTHONY

You having company over or somethin'?

JIMMY doesn't respond.

ANTHONY

Sit down. You're making me nervous.

JIMMY

Yeah. Oh! No, in a minute. I have mini corndogs in the oven. It should just be a couple of minutes 'til they're ready.

ANTHONY

I can take 'em out.

JIMMY

No. I got it. I've been sitting all day.

ANTHONY

This is what you're eating? Corn dogs and (*he looks at the tray on the stove*) . . . Jimmy what are those?

JIMMY

Pizza rolls.

ANTHONY

Buddy.

JIMMY

What? This isn't all I eat. I still have my cheese and baloney and mayonnaise sandwiches for lunch.

ANTHONY

That shit's gonna kill ya bud.

JIMMY

Something's got to. This is the first time in a long long time that I haven't had to hear this stuff from any doctors. No doctors. No doctors, Anthony.

A beat.

JIMMY

I remember all the junk food you used to eat.

ANTHONY

We were kids. We could eat all the junk food we wanted and it didn't matter. We were growing.

JIMMY

I'm still growing.

ANTHONY

Most people start eating like adults at some point. Have you ever tried throwing a salad into your diet every once in awhile?

JIMMY

I thought about trying it once. But I didn't do it.

ANTHONY

Vegetables aren't bad, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Vegetables aren't bad but they taste bad. And anyway we have plenty of vegetables here.

JIMMY motions to the oven.

JIMMY

There's tomato sauce and oregano and uh . . .

ANTHONY

There's corn in the corndogs.

JIMMY

Exactly.

ANTHONY

Just think about it.