

CHARACTERS CAST

MRS. JILLIAM JONES: A woman from a middle/high social bracket in her late forties. She dresses sharp and elegantly, she has been taking good care of herself, and she barely looks her age. She's proper and a little bit snob.

MRS. ALICIA LOPEZ: A late thirties early forties, African-American woman, she dresses in a working uniform - perhaps a hotel's maid, a cleaning lady or even a waitress. She looks exhausted and looks older than she is. She is proud and hard working woman that hides behind a phantom of fear and rejection.

OFFICER MORALES: A Latin descendent officer, but he doesn't look Latin so he tries to hide it or even deny it. He's despotic and unapproachable and plainly rude.

SCENE

A precinct in any city

TIME

Summer 2014

ACT I

SCENE 1

SETTING: A precinct, a ware and nothing out of ordinary. There are few chairs scatter forming a small waiting area, only two chairs are not broken.

AT RISE: OFFICER MORALES is sitting at the desk browsing a magazine. MRS JONES enters the precinct in a hurry, she is clearly agitated.

MRS. JONES

Where is he? Where is my son?

OFFICER MORALES

Good evening ma'am, what can I help you?

MRS. JONES

Where is my son?

(OFFICER MORALES puts the magazine away and look around for a clipboard with a list)

OFFICER MORALES

What's your son's name?

MRS. JONES

Jeremy, Jeremy Jones

(The officer looks in a list for the boy's name)

OFFICER MORALES

Sorry ma'am, but I have no information at the moment.

MRS. JONES

You call me and told me that my son is here.

OFFICER MORALES

I didn't call you, probably the officer who brought him call you or the station's dispatcher. Calm down, probably I have no information because they are still processing. Please take a sit...

(He stands and go with her to guide her to chairs)

... And as soon as possible someone will come here to help you.

(MRS. JONES sits in the chair. She is clearly uncomfortable. OFFICER MORALES goes back to his desk and to his magazine. A minute later enter MRS. LOPEZ, she walks directly to the desk. In the desk OFFICER MORALES looks up and goes back to his magazine)

MRS. LOPEZ

(Respectful and shy)

Good night officer, I have a phone from this precinct saying that my son is here.

OFFICER MORALES

Name?

MRS. LOPEZ

My name? Alicia Lopez

OFFICER MORALES

Your son's?

MRS. LOPEZ

Anthony Lopez

OFFICER MORALES

(The officer barely looks over the first page of the list)

Go to sit.

MRS. LOPEZ

Can you tell me where he is? Do I need to call a lawyer?

OFFICER MORALES

I said go to go and sit.

MRS. LOPEZ

But...

OFFICER MORALES

(Annoyed)

Look, I don't have information about your son, you have to wait over there until someone have something to tell you.

(MRS. LOPEZ walks to the other chair and sit in the other functional chair, right next to MRS. JONES. Both women are nervous, fidgeting, MRS. JONES can't hold it any longer and start crying. MRS. LOPEZ take a tissue package from her bag and offers to her. MRS. JONES looks at her with doubt and disdain until she finally decides to take the tissue)

MRS. JONES

Thank you!

MRS. LOPEZ

You are welcome!

(Both women are uncomfortable and well aware of the other women feelings)

MRS. JONES

I'm sorry, I'm just nervous. I had a call saying that they have my son, but nobody knows anything. I'm sorry, I'm Jillian Jones

(She offers her hand to Mrs. Lopez)

MRS. LOPEZ

Alicia Lopez

MRS. JONES

Nice to meet you. Excuse me for asking, but what are you doing here?

MRS. LOPEZ

Same here. I'm here because my son. They call me because he is here, but they don't tell me anything either.

MRS. JONES

The officer told me that the reason he might not have any information at the moment is because, ahh ... because they might be still in processing them.

MRS. LOPEZ

I guess we will have to wait.

MRS. JONES

I wish they hurry up; I need to go home soon. My husband will be home soon and I don't want him to know that I had to pick Jeremy from jail. He's not happy with our son at the moment, I know he has not been at his best, I mean he drop from school and he's not hanging with the right crowd and I'm afraid with this everything will not end good. I don't want to think, what would happen between those two. Tell me, what would your husband will say of this?

MRS. LOPEZ

I don't have a husband, it is only my Anthony and me. Antony's father left us when he was born. I can't believe he is here, he's such a great boy - He help at home and make diner, he has good grades, he got a scholarship, he has a job. He's is o the first in our family to go to college, he was. This whole business will ruin his future and he will end like me, with three jobs and barely making to the end of the month. Oh Anthony, what have you done?

(OFFICER MORALES walks to MRS. LOPEZ)

OFFICER MORALES

Mrs. Lopez, I need you to fill this form.

MRS. LOPEZ

Okay

OFFICER MORALES

Just standard information about your son, height, weight, what he was wearing, the name of his social worker, case manager or parole officer.

MRS LOPEZ

My son doesn't have any of those.

OFFICER MORALES

Oh, just fill whatever you know. Do you need some help with that?

MRS. LOPEZ

No, I can fill it by myself.

MRS. JONES

Excuse me officer, what I don't have a form like that?

OFFICER MORALES

You don't need to, ma'am

MRS. JONES

Why?

OFFICER MORALES

That form is only necessary for them; we have so many Negroes (Latinos) that we need a way to distinguish them.

(MRS LOPEZ finishes to fill the paper work and handle the clipboard to the officer, who walks away. MRS. LOPEZ starts crying, MRS. JONES put a hand in the other woman's shoulder)

MRS. JONES

I'm sorry about that comment, it was very wrong and out of place.

MRS. LOPEZ

I don't care about his comment; I have heard all of them. It kills me that my Anthony has been convicted already without a trial. These people see him as a guilty person, even if he was just pick up by mistake or as a witness they will point him as a criminal just because the color of his skin and the lack of brand in the clothes he wears. He is guilty because he's black (latino) and poor.

MRS. JONES

Is not like that, it wouldn't be fair!

MRS. LOPEZ

Life is not fair

MRS. JONES

We don't know anything yet; they might be holding the boys just for questioning as witness. That officer has no right to talk to you or about your son like that.

MRS. LOPEZ

That doesn't matter in there, all you people do is judge us. You did it to me when I sit, I saw it in your eyes.

MRS. JONES

It's not ... I'm sorry, let's change the subject.

MRS. LOPEZ

Tell me about your son?

MRS. JONES

Jeremy is a great boy, a little confuse and out of control, but I think is just a phase. He was such a good boy and brilliant, but lately he's been acting out and he don't understand the stress ha has put us under, his father and I fight all the time because we ... I don't know what to do with him. My husband keep blaming me about everything Jeremy do or doesn't. Sometimes I wonder if he's right and all of this is really my fault, maybe I over protected all his life. But nobody understand he is my miracle. My husband and I tried and tried for a baby but it seems impossible, we spend a lot of money in treatments, but nothing. Finally, a miracle we were expecting twins, a boy and a girl, I was so happy - over the moon.

(MRS. JONES try to hold her tears)

When the babies were born Jeremy was a tiny and healthy boy and Agatha - I named her after my mother. She was... she had her birth certificated and death certificated filled with the same pen. When I took Jeremy home he became my world, my sunshine, my life. I know I should had been strict with him, put some limits, but what would you do when you get what you want? I know it is sound pathetic, I sound pathetic, but I only want him to be happy, I want to make his life easier and erase every problem he might had, I want to give him everything and much more.

MRS. LOPEZ

I understand you. Every day I wish I could do more for him, he is such a good son. I'm proud of him, he is a smart, kind a hard worker boy. We had been through so much and he never complain. I really wish things had been easier for him, but when your mother had you at 16 and she has no even a high school diploma, things can be hard. I've tried and I tried to do better for him, I worked three jobs and still is not enough. Fuck Anthony, what have you done?

MRS. JONES

Calm down! I think you have done a great job, he is going to college and he loves you.

MRS. LOPEZ

Thanks

MRS. JONES

But... Do you think your boy did something?

MRS. LOPEZ

I don't know, maybe. We are 2000 dollars short for school, the scholarship doesn't cover everything and we haven't heard back from

financial aid. I told him not to worry that I will get the money, but I don't know. What if... if he decides to fix it by himself? How he could do something that stupid? He ruins it, he ruins everything we have work for it.

(Both women are quite for a second lost in their own thoughts)

Damn! I hate that fucking asshole for leaving us! If he would stay it might had made a difference. Two income might be useful, I know that not even with two incomes we could match what his classmates have, but at least it would give me more time with him and maybe with a father in the picture he could be different, better and maybe I could had even graduate from high school. Or Maybe ...

MRS. JONES

Or maybe he would be a drunk, and ass or not being as good or maybe his father would bad influence or not a good father for your kid. Or maybe just for being there he would not be the great kid I heard you said you raised and I'm pretty sure your son had a father, you.

MRS. LOPEZ

Thanks, but sometimes I wish had been different.

MRS JONES.

We all wish for our life to be different.

MRS. LOPEZ

What would you change about your life?

MRS. JONES

I would change my husband. Don't get me wrong he is a great man, but he is too harsh with Jeremy. He also works too much and is never around, sometimes it seems that I was raising Jeremy by myself. Tom was always busy in his business or networking that I feel he barely paid any attention to our son and when he did he always was critic and demanding. I know he did all for us and he only want the best for our son, he's a great husband, man and provider, but he is really difficult and he expect too much from everyone specially his son. I know that if he had expended more time with his boy, Jeremy would be better boy and maybe more center. Honestly, I know whatever happened or whatever that boy did is our fault, him and mine. I just wish we were better parents.

(MRS. JONES wipe her tears away and compose herself)

Why are they taking so long?

MRS. LOPEZ

Don't worry, your son will be out soon

MRS. JONES

I hope so, because if he did something he will be in big troubles. He is twenty years old, he will be held as an adult. His father has a good lawyer, but I don't think his father will pay for. But why to worry right, everything will be fine?

MRS. LOPEZ.

Your son will be fine.

MRS. JONES

Your son will be fine too. You'll see all of this was a big mistake and we all go home and move on with our lives. Your son will go to college and graduate and Jeremy hopefully will learn his lesson and changes his way.

(OFFICE MORALES exits through the back door)

MRS. LOPEZ

Look at you Mrs. Optimism! Unfortunately, my son will not come out, even if it was all a mistake or an accident or just a witness, he will be held account. Another Troy Davis (or Rolando Cruz) - nobody will give him an opportunity to defend himself, they will see the color of his skin and everyone will point at him because we all look the same, right?

MRS. JONES

I can lie to you and tell you that is not true, not everybody thinks like that. I can tell you I'm not a racist and I can give you the example, the excuse that we all say: I'm not racist, I vote for Obama. But the truth is I'm a racist I judge before you sit, but admit it you are a racist too; you too judge me when you saw me. So let's hope at least they give him the opportunity to be listen.

MRS. LOPEZ

We can afford that opportunity

MRS. JONES

There are public defenders, he can get one and if your son is under eight-teen and is his first offense they might just let go with a warning.

MRS. LOPEZ

Things doesn't work that way in our side of the world. Unfortunately, there is no warnings for us, there is no second chances. Every day I hear there is no more racism, no more segregation, but that is only true when you are white. For the rest of us the things haven't changed much. I have been working in the same place for ten years, I have never had a promotion even when I know more of the place than any man or white girl that are promote before me and even if not are promoted they make more money than me doing the same thing. In the eyes of my employers I'm still a slave and nothing will change it.

(Both women are quite, drain and scare. In the back OFFICER MORALES enters through the same back door, he is holding a notebook)

OFFICER MORALES

Mrs. Lopez, can you tell me where your goes to school?

MRS. LOPEZ

Saint Mark's Academy

OFFICER MORALES

Mrs. Jones?

MRS. JONES

He drops out from school.

OFFICER MORALES

Did your son work?

MRS. JONES

No he is trying to figure out what he is going to do

OFFICER MORALES

(To Mrs. LOPEZ)

Your son?

MRS. LOPEZ

Yes, he works at McDonalds after school three days a week.

OFFICER MORALES

Do you know if your sons known each other?

MRS JONES

I don't know

MRS. LOPEZ

No. My son have only a couple of friends from school. I know that boys.

OFFICER MORALES

Mrs. Lopez, do you know in which McDonalds your son works?

MRS LOPEZ

Yes, why?

OFFICER MORALES

Can you write the address?

(He handle her the clipboard)

MRS. LOPEZ

Sure

(She hand it back the clipboard, OFFICER MORALES study the paper.)

OFFICER MORALES

Do you know what your son was doing in the financial district?

MRS. LOPEZ

The father of one of his friends offer him an interview in his company for a summer job. The interview was today at three.

OFFICER MORALES

Okay, thank you both of you. Someone will come to talk to you.

(The officer exit)

MRS. JONES

Oh dear God! Why so many questions? Why they can't tell us anything?

(MRS. JONES start crying, MRS. LOPEZ turn to her and hug her trying to give her some comfort)

Why they ask you so many question and so little to me?

MRS. LOPEZ

Because behind those doors they are judging my boy, a color (Latino) boy in a second hand suit walking in the financial district, how can that be innocent? Poor Anthony, even if he manages to escape from this he will always be the black boy (the Mexican) and nobody will see him as their equals. Already he had worked harder than most of the boys of his age.

(MRS. JONES stand up, frustrated and mad)

MRS. JONES

Ahhh! This is not possible, making us wait this long. I want my son!

(Shouting now)

I want my son! I demand to see my son, right now! I have the right to know how is he? He needs me and I need him, please.

(MRS LOPEZ grabs her bag and take a rosary out)

MRS. LOPEZ

Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name...

(MRS. JONES stops her rant and go back to her sit and hold the hand MRS. LOPEZ as she pray)

The kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive

those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, Amen.

MRS. JONES

Amen

(As they finish OFFICER MORALES enters and walks to them)

OFFICER MORALES

(He shows them a watch in a bag)

Do you recognize this?

MRS. JONES

No

MRS. LOPEZ

Yes, that was my dad's watch and he give it to Anthony in his sixteen birthday.

OFFICER MORALES

(To MRS. JONES)

Can you excuse us?

(MRS. JONES stands up and walk away, but she doesn't go far. OFFICER MORALES sit in the chair but adjust it to see MRS. LOPEZ)

OFFICER MORALES

Ma'am today around three p.m., some officers of this precinct respond to a robbery with fire arm.

MRS. LOPEZ

(She stands up quickly)

My son doesn't have a gun; he is an honest boy!

(MRS. JONES is tempted to go back with her, but stop when the officer signal for her to stop)

OFFICER MORALES

I know ma'am, please sit down. The officers at the scene capture the perpetrator a couple of blocks from the scene, in the perp they found this watch and your son's wallet.

(MRS. LOPEZ sighs in relieve, OFFICER MORALES puts a hand in her shoulder to stop her)

Unfortunately, your son was injuring in the assault, he receives two gun shots in the chest.

(MRS. LOPEZ stand up like if was running start shouting senseless, she is hysteric almost crazy. MRS. JONES goes back and hug her, trying to calm her down. OFFICER MORALES wait there, trying to say something, but unable to do anything.)

MRS. LOPEZ

Where is he? Why you didn't send me to the hospital in the moment I got here? Please Officer tell me where is my son.

(MRS. LOPEZ free herself from MRS. JONES and gather her stuff and start running away to the exit, OFFICER MORALES holds her arm trying to stop him.)

OFFICER MORALES

Because I wasn't sure of what happened or who he was

MRS. LOPEZ

(Mad and desperate)

So it was easy for you to assume that my boy is the criminal, what is another Negro (Mexican) in the system, right?

OFFICER MORALES

I apologize for that, but I need you to calm down to continue

(MRS. LOPEZ try to compose herself, but still manage to give the officer attitude)

I'm sorry to inform you ma'am, but our son didn't make it. He died at the scene, when the first responders arrive at the scene it was too late for him and there was nothing else to do. I'm sorry, I'm really sorry.

(MRS. LOPEZ breaks down; MRS JONES runs to her side. Both women kneel in the floor, one wailing in pain the other one trying to mitigate the pain at least a little. OFFICER MORALES exits for a minute and returns with a bag with Anthony's belongings, including his toga and cap)

OFFICER MORALES

Ma'am I'm going to ask you to sit down.

(He try to help her to stand up, but is push away by MRS. JONES, who finally manage to drag her to a chair, she sits next to her.)

Mrs. Lopez this are your son's belonging and in a minute, somebody will come to take you with him. Mrs. Jones can you step aside for a second, I need to talk to you.

MRS. JONES

Can it wait?

OFFICER MORALES

No

(MRS. JONES stand up and follow him a couple of feet away, but still close enough that MRS. LOPEZ can hear)

MRS. JONES

What?

OFFICER MORALES

Mrs. Jones you will have to call Mr. Jones and a lawyer.

MRS. JONES

What? Why?

OFFICER MORALES

Your son has been charge with arm robbery and the murder of Anthony Lopez.

CURTAIN