

Scene 2

Begin

*Manhattan Correctional Center, legal consultations room.  
Mary Jane and Angel (beaten up) midstream:*

ANGEL. — What I want is a fuckin lawyer!! Is it possible, in this nightmare — I mean, what the fuck is this?! — Even on TV they get a lawyer —  
MARY JANE. I am a lawyer, I'm your lawyer —  
ANGEL. I wanna real lawyer!  
MARY JANE. I am a real lawyer, and you are my real client —  
ANGEL. Fuck that!  
MARY JANE. You wanna see the paperwork?  
ANGEL. Fuck the paperwork! Why didn't you check the paperwork before you came in here talkin all kinda shit when you didn't even know who you was speakin' to?  
MARY JANE. Look, I am sorry for the mix-up, I —  
ANGEL. The "mix-up"? Is that what happened before? We had a little "mix-up"?!  
MARY JANE. I said —  
ANGEL. — Do you always have these little "mix-ups"? Or do you just never know who anybody is?  
MARY JANE. I'm sorry!  
ANGEL. I ain't Hector Villanueva!!  
MARY JANE. I know that —  
ANGEL. Hector Villanueva, No Aquil!!  
MARY JANE. Okay, What I need from you —  
ANGEL. Need?! You gonna sit there and talk to me about what you need? I'm incarcerated, lady! Why can't we talk about what I fuckin need?!  
MARY JANE. What do you need?  
ANGEL. I need a damn lawyer!!!  
MARY JANE. Which is why I'm here —  
ANGEL. This is bullshit! This is racism is what it is, racism!! If I

was white, I'd have motherfuckin' Perry Mason sittin here wit the little glasses and the beard talkin fuckin' strategy. Instead they give me some bumblin'-ass Wilma Flintstone don't even know who I am!!

MARY JANE. You are Angel Cruz, you are thirty years old, you live with your mom on Tiemen Place, West Harlem. You have one felony prior, a robbery, you were sixteen. You work as a bike messenger. You had a year of college, you played soccer —

ANGEL. I never played soccer!!

MARY JANE. You're charged with Attempted Murder, I know that.

ANGEL. Attempted Murder?!! —

MARY JANE. — That surprises you? —

ANGEL. — Ya see Bitch? Dass exactly what I'm talkin 'bout! All I did —

MARY JANE. — Stop!

ANGEL. All I did was shoot him in the ass, what the fuck is "attempted murder" about that, huh?! ... Stupid ass! ... What?!! \*  
(*Mary Jane Rises, begins collecting her things.*) What are you doing?

MARY JANE. I'm leaving.

ANGEL. Why, 'cuz I called you a bitch?

MARY JANE. No, Because you just confessed to me.

ANGEL. Confessed? Confessed what?

MARY JANE. You just admitted to me that you did the shooting.

ANGEL. No I didn't!

MARY JANE. You just said, "All I did was shoot him in the ass."

ANGEL. So?

MARY JANE. So now you get your wish: I can't adequately defend you now, so you'll get another lawyer.

ANGEL. What if I don't want another lawyer?

MARY JANE. You just got through haranguing me —

ANGEL. "Haranguing"?

MARY JANE. Haranguing: It means —

ANGEL. I know what the fuck it means. Whaddya think? I'm a Puerto Rican, therefore I'm a motherfuckah who can't know shit?

MARY JANE. Yeah, that's exactly what I was thinking —

ANGEL. I know a lot a fuckin shit!

MARY JANE. Well then know this: When the next lawyer walks in here, tomorrow, or the day after, try not to confess to him —

ANGEL. Tomorrow??!! —

MARY JANE. Because when you confess to your lawyer, Angel, it means we can't put you on the witness stand —

ANGEL. — Hold up —

MARY JANE. Because if we did put you on the witness stand, we would be suborning perjury and I'm sure, of course, that you know what "suborning" means, but on the off chance you might've missed that vocabulary word during your high school years at Power Memorial, let me refresh you: it means if you're lying up there, we can't know about it —

ANGEL. Okay —

MARY JANE. — And if we do know about it, we're obligated to inform the court —

ANGEL. So —

MARY JANE. — And if we don't inform the court and someone finds out about it, then we get in a lot of trouble!

ANGEL. If you had tol' me this shit before —

MARY JANE. And another thing: If a public defender confuses you with someone else, it might be because they have dozens of other cases and they made an honest mistake! This is the criminal justice system you're in now. Mix-ups happen here! —

ANGEL. — So whatchu gonna do about it?!

MARY JANE. What am I gonna do? —

ANGEL. — 'Cuz I ain't got 'till tomorrow —

MARY JANE. Lemme give you a little tip: The trick, Angel, is not to have a lawyer who makes no mistakes, but to get the lawyer who A) makes the least mistakes and B) is either green enough or masochistic enough to actually give a shit about their clients.

ANGEL. So which one are you?

MARY JANE. I'm neither. *(Mary Jane exits. Blackout.)*

END

### Scene 3

*The yard. Protective custody, Rikers Island. Lucius Jenkins, an older inmate, is in an outdoor cage burning through the end of a vigorous workout.*

D'AMICO. Still workin out, huh Lou?

LUCIUS. Feelin good, brother Charlie, in fine feather! How'm I looking?

D'AMICO. Lookin good, Lou.

LUCIUS. Ever tell you I was a champion swimmer and spring board diver in high school?

D'AMICO. Were ya?

LUCIUS. Back in the day, brother, back in the day. Olympic caliber ... Got a cigarette for me, brother?

D'AMICO. Sure thing, Lou.

LUCIUS. Gimme another one for behind my ear ... The Lord loves ya, Charlie.

D'AMICO. Thanks, Lou ...

LUCIUS. Dig that sun, Charlie.

D'AMICO. Yup.

LUCIUS. Sun shines on me, sun shines on you.

D'AMICO. Yup.

LUCIUS. It ain't sunnier over there by you, is it?

D'AMICO. Nope.

LUCIUS. You got dat right. Praise be!

D'AMICO. Could I ax you sumptin, Lou?

LUCIUS. You ain't messin up again, are ya brother?

D'AMICO. Nah, it's just, I heard you turned down an interview, some kinda life story on Court TV?

LUCIUS. Television's the number one narcotic we got going on up here in America! Keeps a man idle and stupid. Might as well pump heroin into the airstream. Same difference ... TV!! Ha!! ...

*Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? Who Wants To Kiss My Narrow*