

ON THIS SIDE OF TOWN

By K.K. Gordon & Thomas Tomeo

935 Penn Avenue

Scranton, PA, 18509

570-877-8430 (Tom)

570-878-2111 (KK)

thomas.tomeo@comcast.net

CHARACTERS

JONNY aka DJ LOCO CALIENTE – Down with the street, but only a couple of blocks.

SAM – All about that Sicilian life. Firenze.

(Like many things in life, our story begins on the mean streets. There, Jonny stands.)

JONNY (voiceover) – Shoo doobie doo wop! Doobie Doobie! (repeat). Check it out, Jonny! The perfect autumn day! The sun is warm. The wind is soft. And smell that city air! And the sky! Bright and blue like a robin's egg. Oooh! And the clouds! Holy sheep shit, Jonny, are you seein' this? Look at that one! (Points). That one's lookin' like a skull. Like one'o those screamin' skulls...screamin' for vengeance from the pits of Hell! A vengeful screamin' necrowizard hell skull....shit's awesome. This whole day's just AWESOME!

(Offstage voice over, over horn honking)

SAM – Yo! I stopped for you! You try'na get run over or something? I'm stoppin' for ya!

JONNY – (Gazing at storefront window, paying no mind to the voice) And what have we here? A solidly built, well lit, handsomely appointed storefront! Mona Lisa's Boutique. How it beckons to you, Jonny!

I'd say it's as good a day as any to step over the threshold and partake of the treasures housed within.

SAM – (Honking continues) Yo, Buddy! YO, DIPSHIT!

JONNY – Damn. It's the local color.....Just gonna have to ignore 'em. Yep...that's the ticket.

SAM – HELLO! WEIRDO. IN. THE. MIDDLE. OF. THE. STREET. I. AM. TALKING. TO. YOU.

JONNY – Damn! It's not working. Probably one of the alphas. Gotta switch tactics. Perhaps a small and non-aggressive gesture of the hands will do the trick (Meekly pulls out the finger guns, followed by a thumbs up.)

SAM – How nice. Thanks. Now shove 'em up your ass!

JONNY – DAMN IT! Ok, last chance. I've gotta go all out, Johnny. Just this once. (Takes a deep breath, closes eyes, and covers face). INVISIBILITY! YOU SEE NOTHING!

SAM (dumbfounded & annoyed) – You gotta be f....the hell with this.

JONNY (beat, opens eyes) Is she gone? She's gone! CRISIS AVERTED! Thank you, Johnny! (puts

hand on heart). Now...about that boutique. There's a part of me that wants to beat feet out of this part of town A.S.A.P. But, the siren call of Mona Lisa is too much for me to ignore. I long to bathe in her golden rays. Besides, you know better than anyone how hard it is to find nice things in this part of town. (Cross D.S.) Ooh, I'm feelin' another song comin' on! (Sings and dances) Shoo Doobie Doo Wop! I'm not blamin' you for trying. I'm tryin' to make it, too! I got one little hang-up, baby. I just can't make it wiiiiiaaaait a minute. Pillows? PILLOWS! Mona Lisa's Boutique is a bunch of friggin' pillows and crap? (Falls to knees). I HATE this part of town. I hate it! I HATE IT! I HATE IT!

SAM (enters) – Yeah, hi. Can I ask you something?

JONNY – Can I stop you?

SAM – What the hell is your problem?

JONNY – You got a few hours? Because that is a LONG list.

SAM – OK. What the hell is your problem with me?

JONNY – Seriously, it's an all-night read.

SAM – Seriously!

JONNY – What?

SAM – What. The hell. Is. Your problem?

JONNY – Problems! I did write them down once. But...

SAM – Like a manifesto?

JONNY – Yes! Exactly!

SAM – You actually have a manifesto?

JONNY (pops pills) – Doesn't everyone?

SAM – Are you on somethin'?

JONNY – Yep!

SAM – What're you on?

JONNY – Everything but roller skates.

SAM – Huh?

JONNY – I said I'm on everything but roller skates, little mama!

SAM – Piss off, I ain't yer momma.

JONNY – Well, gimmie a minute, and that could change!

SAM – I will give you a minute of these friggin' hands if you keep it up! And then you'll be on the ground. Dead.

JONNY – So much for witty banter...

SAM – Give me one good reason why I shouldn't rat you out to the cops.

JONNY – Well...they'll know that you're a psycho killer and will probably shoot you on sight.

SAM – Psycho killer?

JONNY – You asked for one good reason, and I delivered.

SAM – I'm not a psycho killer.

JONNY – And who are you trying to convince? Me...or you?

SAM – Get bent.

JONNY – Look, I'm not going to lie. That's the vibe you're giving off right now.

SAM – A psycho killer?

JONNY – Yeah. You just tried to kill me.

SAM – Because you called me little momma!

JONNY – Oh, sure, Dahmer! Blame the victim!

SAM – I swear to God I'm gonna call the cops!

JONNY – Go right ahead. You could have just left it at 'I'm calling the police'. But, no! You just had to dump all this sex and violence on the table!

SAM – I am going to kill you.

JONNY – And that's the second death threat in less than a minute. You have a very dangerous temper.

SAM (Flustered) – Look I don't mean it, OK. I'd never hurt anyone that didn't have it comin...

JONNY – I know that you want me to believe that.

SAM – Hey, wait a minute...

JONNY – Jeffery Dahmer was very polite and soft spoken in social situations.

SAM – Why are you trying to convince me that I'm some kind of...

JONNY – I'm just suggesting that you ask yourself who the real menace to society is before you call the police, Tina.

SAM – It's Sam.

JONNY – Yeah, I know.

SAM – (beat) How do you know my name?

JONNY – Vanity plates on your '89 Bel Air. FYI: Your transmission is going.

SAM – Tell me somethin' I don't know. It's just for pizza delivery.

JONNY (sits, dreamy) – It was really nice meeting you, Tina. (takes pills)

SAM – Sam! My name is Sam. Why are you calling me Tina?

JONNY – (Singing, like she isn't there) - Sho Doobie Doo Wop....

SAM – What the hell is wrong with you?

JONNY (to an imaginary Johnny Rivers) – Yes, Mr. Rivers, I know. I'm trying but she just won't go away.

SAM – (bewildered) Who're you talkin' to?

JONNY (Holds up a hand) – Please. Just a moment. Yes. Yes, Mr. Rivers, I understand. OK.

SAM – You talkin' to God, or something?

JONNY – Nah.

SAM – Are you contacting the mothership? (John looks at her like she's nuts). Then who are y...

JONNY (Holds up finger) Wait. He wants to tell you something.

SAM – Who? Elvis?

JONNY (shakes his head) Close.

SAM – Close?

JONNY – The incomparable Johnny Rivers.

SAM – Johnny Rivers. (Jonny nods) AM Gold Johnny Rivers has something to tell me.

JONNY – He says that you should start a twelve step program.

SAM – A twelve step program?

JONNY – Yes! He says you should take twelve steps that way and keep walking, Tina.

SAM – OK. I've had it. Get your silly ass up, because we're takin' ten steps right towards my car.

JONNY – Pff! You’re gonna have to try harder than that, Dahmer.

SAM – Shut it, Johnny Rivers. I’m giving you a ride.

JONNY – Again, you are going to ha...

SAM – Cut the bullshit. You’re not crazy.

JONNY – Excuse me?

SAM – You’re not crazy. I know you aren’t.

JONNY – Well, that certainly makes one of us.

SAM – You’re heart sick. (Jonny nods no) Oh, yes you are! Shoo be doobin’ on the Poor Side of Town with the Thousand Yard Stare. It all makes sense now. Who’s the girl from around here that broke your heart?

JONNY (stands) – I think I’ll be going now.

SAM – Yes! You will be going. Into the passenger seat of my 89’ Bel Air.

JONNY – I’m afraid not.

SAM – Oh, I’m afraid so.

JONNY – Listen...

SAM – No, you listen! You ain’t crazy. What you are is an absolute mess.

JONNY – A mess?

SAM – Look at you (points towards storefront window). You look like the Unabomber on a bad hair day.

JONNY – Hey!

SAM – That’s not the point here. Look...if I let you go, you’re gonna end up getting hit by a bus.

Or jacked by a toothless hooker. And that's not gonna happen. Not on my shift. Every night, the boys upstairs are watching. If you get dead, they're gonna blame me. And right now, I need that like I need another hole in my arse.

JONNY – Tina, you're scaring me.

SAM – Tina! Her name is Tina! Of course!

JONNY – No...

SAM – Yeah, it is. It's the only name you can say. Tina Uno?

JONNY – Never heard of her.

SAM – Tina Kelly?

JONNY – You wouldn't know this one.

SAM – But I'm right about a girl from around here puttin' you through the love blender.

JONNY – Look....I'm just gonna go.

SAM – Great! I'm driving.

JONNY – I don't trust you.

SAM – Why?

JONNY – Because you're from this part of town. And all the girls from this part of town carry the faint aroma of daddy issues and corn chips. And you walk around with flowers and chopsticks in your hair. Because there isn't enough attention in the entire world, is there princess?

SAM - Good Lord. She really did a number on you, fella. She got you real good.

JONNY (air quotes) – Yes, OK. Fine. "Someone" got me real good. Can I go now?

SAM – I don't mean this (points to head), or this (points to heart). I mean she GOT you. Like the Creature from the Black Lagoon gets the pretty girl in the swamp. Or my nonna gets a senior

breakfast on Sundays. Like nothing else in the world matters. That's how she's got you.

JONNY – Does anything else really matter?

SAM – Not when you're a romantic. Romantics love to suffer.

JONNY – I'm gettin' hungry.

SAM - Believe me, I know. When you lose 'the one', you lose everything. Your pride. Your self-esteem. Your job...

JONNY - I have a job.

SAM – Oh, I'm sure someone lets you sweep up somewhere.

JONNY (hands business card) DJ Loco Caliente at your service.

SAM – You're DJ Loco Caliente? Oh my GOD! Tina Ahmenaro!

JONNY – No! Don't say that name!

SAM – Oh! Oh, you poor son of a bitch. Oh, my god...

JONNY – You know her?

SAM – She's my first cousin! Drop dead gorgeous! We're like twins, you poor thing (hugs).

JONNY – No! No...I'm OK.

SAM – The women in my family look like Renaissance paintings. It's a blessing, and a curse. Oh, god, that whole business with the banker from Philly...come here, you.(goes for the hug again and lands it).

JONNY (breaks the hug after a bit) – Heh, thanks. Seriously...I'm OK now.

SAM – You will be once you ditch all the drugs and the self torture. You don't need that shit in your life. What you do need is some fun.

JONNY – Right now, I really need some food.

SAM – OK. Tell ya h’what. My cousin Donna’s havin’ a baby shower at the family restaurant. Come back around nine, and everyone will be loaded. I promise some nice Italian girl will throw her cat into your lap.

JONNY – I’m allergic to cats.

SAM – Heh. It’s an expression.

JONNY – I never heard it.

SAM – It means you’re gonna get laid

JONNY – Well thank you for clarifying, Caligula. I swallowed a fistful of anti-psychotics on an empty stomach. I’m not stupid.

SAM (takes pill bottle) – Gimmie that. You’re gonna die!

JONNY – Very dramatic. I’m not horny, I’m hungry.

SAM – You’re standing in front of my family’s pizza shop.

JONNY – Cool!

SAM – Well, technically it’s a bistro...

JONNY – (shrugs) Is the pizza any good.

SAM – Nah, it’s shit. I wouldn’t feed it to pigs.

JONNY – Really?

SAM – This friggin’ guy. I’m gonna kill this friggin’ guy. Are you always this rude?

JONNY – Uuhhh, noooo...?

SAM – Three generations of my family poured their living souls into every dish. They made sure everything from the ingredients, to the décor, to the prices were nothing but the best. My Ma ‘n Pa made sure four girls and two boys were fed, clothed, housed, and very well educated. And

then ol' Dilbert Dumbass (digs her finger into Jonny's chest) comes doo woppin' down the street with his imaginary friend Johnny Rivers, and his laundry list of personal problems. He ignores me, calls me a murderer, and then has the absolute audacity to ask me if the pizza's any good. Yes, you absolute friggin' puke stain on the fabric of polite society, the pizza is good!

JONNY – (shrugs again) Sorry...

SAM – (sighs) How 'bout a hoagie? You like hoagies?

JONNY – Huh?

SAM – Hoagies. Heros. Gyros. Sammiches. Or whatever the hell you call 'em on the other side of town.

JONNY – You have any Swiss cheese?

SAM (under her breath) - Oh, Lord. This is a bistro. We import our ingredients from Italy, France, and yes, even Switzerland. So yeah, we have the funny cheese with the holes in it. Just like the inside of your head, you friggin' Looney Tunes...

JONNY – How 'bout empanadas?

SAM (talks slowly) I-T-A-L-I-A-N. B-I-S-T-R-O.

JONNY – I love empanadas.

SAM – Oh, screw you.

JONNY – Promises, promises, princess.

SAM – You should be so lucky.

JONNY (with that twinkle in the eye) Do you like empanadas?

SAM – No! Whoa....whoa,whoa,whoa,whoa,whoa hold on a sec. What're you doing?

JONNY – I'm asking if you like Mexican food.

SAM – The absolute sack o’ brass on this guy. Are you asking me out?

JONNY – Haha! Now THAT’s crazy!

SAM – You dirty, rotten, no good son of a bitch..

JONNY – OK, OK! I’m sorry!

SAM – You come here, you insult me, you insult my family, my town...

JONNY – Just this part of town.

SAM – Yes, of course! Why not build a bridge and get over it?

JONNY – I know, I know...

SAM – Calls me a serial killer..

JONNY (interrupts) Psycho killer! There is a difference.

SAM – Says he don’t trust me...

JONNY – Well, I don’t know you. But, I do like the cut of your jib.

SAM – The cut of my jib. (laughs) Ain’t that a laugh?

JONNY – I’m in the mood for Mexican. I’m just wondering if you’re hungry.

SAM – Am I hungry?

JONNY – Yeah.

SAM – You....are out of your complete mind. Y’know that?

JONNY – Well....

SAM – Yeah.

JONNY – Yeah, you’re not hungry?

SAM – That ain’t what I said. Yeah.....I could eat. Hop in. (walks towards car offstage). Where we headin’?

JONNY – The other side of town. Hit it, Johnny!

SAM – Shut up.

(Against Johnny River’s ‘Baby I Need Your Lovin’)

JONNY – I can hear a choir of angels.

SAM - (sarcastically) Yeah, me too. Me, too. Let’s go, I’m starving (Lights down)

THE END