

ALL THERE IS TO KNOW

a play by Tom Baum

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CHARACTERS

TREVOR, 16, a high-school student

LAYLANI, 17, African-American, a high-school student

JACK, 40s, Trevor's dad, a police sergeant

OWEN, 17, a mentally challenged young man

The action takes place over a few weeks in February, in a suburban New Jersey town. The main set is Trevor and Jack's living room, minimally suggested. Scenes also take place in a school hallway, an alleyway, and a police interrogation room; these scenes need no sets at all, or very minimal dressing. The interrogation room can be indicated with chairs and a table.

The time is the present.

Scene 1

(Lights up on TREVOR'S living room, suggested by a couch and chairs. One door leads to the front yard. A second door leads upstairs. TREVOR and LAYLANI are looking out a window.)

TREVOR: Are you sure it was that guy?

LAYLANI: I saw his bike go past.

TREVOR: Want me to go check?

LAYLANI: Nah, he probably saw you and took off.

TREVOR: I'm pretty fast on my feet.

LAYLANI: I mean, what would you do?

TREVOR: Tell him to leave you the fuck alone.

LAYLANI: Don't get heroic. I can deal.

TREVOR: How long has this shit been going on? Seriously.

LAYLANI: Since last week. I walking out of my house, on my way to Love and Yogurt, suddenly there he was, on his bike. Riding right alongside me. He's wearing this ape mask and he's got his hand down his pants.

TREVOR: That's fucked up.

LAYLANI: I'm like, "What are you doing?" He goes, "I'm showing you how much I love you."

TREVOR: How old is he?

LAYLANI: I can't tell with the mask. He sounds young.

TREVOR: Next time this happens, you call me.

LAYLANI: You know what? I'm recommending you stay out of this.

TREVOR: Why?

LAYLANI: Why, because your body's like a lethal weapon, right? Like a boxer's fists?

TREVOR: I guess you could say that.

LAYLANI: And you have like the best body in school.

TREVOR: Oh. Thanks.

LAYLANI: What?

TREVOR: Nothing. I said thank you.

LAYLANI: Oh. I thought I heard you say, "That's a big compliment, coming from you." So when's your next meet?

TREVOR: Wednesday. Montclair, at home.

LAYLANI: I'll try to be there.

TREVOR: When people say "try," that usually means they won't come.

LAYLANI: That is so true! But not in my case.

TREVOR: I learned that from my dad.

LAYLANI: You actually learn things from your dad?

TREVOR: Yeah, you don't from yours?

LAYLANI: I learned not to go near him when he's hammered. So are you close with both your parents?

TREVOR: My mom's dead.

LAYLANI: Yikes. Sorry.

TREVOR: He basically raised me since she died.

LAYLANI: And you actually do stuff together.

TREVOR: Yeah, all the time.

LAYLANI: Do you ever do weed together?

TREVOR: Are you kidding?

LAYLANI: Mind if we do?

TREVOR: What? Yeah. Don't.

LAYLANI: I've got a perfume sprayer in my bag.

TREVOR: Just don't, OK?

LAYLANI: Try and stop me.

(LAYLANI goes for her bag. TREVOR pins her arms back.)

LAYLANI: Stop. I was totally messing with you. Are you kidding?
Your dad's a cop.

TREVOR: So you knew that.

LAYLANI: Where is he, by the way?

TREVOR: Probably some restaurant. Or the movies. It's his date
night.

LAYLANI: Anybody special?

TREVOR: No. I mean, he never brings anybody home. "I had the
best woman in the world." That's what he's always saying. I guess
that's holding him back.

LAYLANI: Doesn't keep him from dating.

TREVOR: No. Every Friday night.

LAYLANI: Every Friday, wow. What time does he usually get home?

TREVOR: You don't have to worry. He'll be cool.

LAYLANI: Really? Then teach me to wrestle. In case I have to defend myself against the masked man.

TREVOR: Get down on your hands and knees.

LAYLANI: No, I'm serious.

TREVOR: With your hands flat on the floor.

(LAYLANI gets down on her hands and knees.)

TREVOR: Now try and keep your arms stiff.

(TREVOR crouches beside LAYLANI, puts his arm around her waist.)

TREVOR: Ready?

LAYLANI: For what?

(TREVOR knocks one of her arms aside, pins her prone.)

LAYLANI: That was fun. Do that again.

TREVOR: No, your turn.

(They switch positions. TREVOR lets her knock his arm aside, then reverses her into a supine position.)

LAYLANI: *(enjoying it)* Ooo. You're hurting me.

(TREVOR kisses her hard, while pinning her shoulders.)

LAYLANI: Stop. Too much. Stop. Somebody's here.

(A sound at the door. TREVOR lets her up. JACK enters, wearing a topcoat.)

JACK: Well. Hey, Trevor, you've got company. *(to LAYLANI)*
Hello there.

TREVOR: Dad, this is Laylani.

JACK: Hi, Laylani.

(LAYLANI and JACK are staring at each other, JACK with less recognition than LAYLANI.)

TREVOR: Um, my dad said hello.

LAYLANI: Hello.

JACK: I wondered whose car that was outside.

LAYLANI: Yeah, that's my Civic. Why, is it parked illegally?

JACK: No, it's fine. Listen, I didn't mean to interrupt.

LAYLANI: It's OK. It's late. I probably should go.

JACK: Don't rush off on my account.

LAYLANI: No, I was just about to leave.

JACK: Have we met before? I feel like we have.

LAYLANI: *(uneasily)* Yeah, it's possible.

JACK: Well, OK. I'm gonna go jump in the shower. Nice to meet you, Laylani.

LAYLANI: Yeah. Nice to see you.

(JACK exits toward the upstairs door.)

TREVOR: So. That was my dad.

LAYLANI: I've seen him before.

TREVOR: He gets around.

LAYLANI: No, I mean back in the days. We used to live in Summit.

TREVOR: No way.

LAYLANI: Yeah. My whole stupid family.

TREVOR: Wow. What grade school did you go to?

LAYLANI: Franklin.

TREVOR: I went to Brayton! That's so weird.

LAYLANI: I was a Crossing Guard kid.

TREVOR: So was I!

LAYLANI: He supervised us.

TREVOR: I know, he volunteered for that. He's got a shot at being Chief here. That's kinda why we moved. How come you didn't say so?

LAYLANI: 'Cause I'm shy. Listen, I should go. I'll see you tomorrow?

TREVOR: You don't have to leave. I told you, he's cool with you being here.

LAYLANI: No, my dad screams his head off if I'm home too late. Then my mom starts screaming at my dad. It's so not worth it.

TREVOR: You want me to walk you to your car? In case that perv is hiding in the bushes?

LAYLANI: No, just watch me from the window, I'll make a mad dash.

TREVOR: Hey, wait, you know what? You should describe that masked guy to my dad. That's totally his area. (*calls*) Dad?

LAYLANI: (*fiercely*) Don't! Hey. Don't drag your dad into this, OK?

TREVOR: Why? This guy's gotta be stopped.

LAYLANI: Please don't. I mean it. Thanks for the wrestling lesson. To be continued.

(LAYLANI gives TREVOR a kiss and exits hurriedly. TREVOR watches her from the window. JACK enters.)

JACK: What do you want?

TREVOR: What? Oh yeah, never mind.

JACK: You called me.

TREVOR: It's nothing. Dealt with.

JACK: Hope I didn't scare her off.

TREVOR: She used to live in Summit, isn't that weird?

JACK: Oh yeah? When?

TREVOR: Back when we were living there. She went to Franklin. She recognized you. She was a Crossing Guard kid.

JACK: OK, that's why she looked familiar. You met at school?

TREVOR: Yeah, where else. How was your date?

JACK: How was my day?

TREVOR: Your date. Hello, it's Friday night.

JACK: Oh. Right. Nothing special. I'm gonna take that shower now. You're not going out again?

TREVOR: No, I'm here. (JACK *starts out.*) Um, Dad?

JACK: What?

TREVOR: Maybe I shouldn't say this...There's this guy's been hassling Laylani. He rides around on his bike, wearing an ape mask, and he makes sexual remarks to her? She said please not to ask you, but you might want to look into that.

JACK: I already am.

TREVOR: Really?

JACK: I've heard similar complaints. Why did she say not to tell me?

TREVOR: I guess she didn't want to bother you.

JACK: Bother me? It's my job.

(JACK *starts to exit, turns back.*)

JACK: By the way, whatever happened to Ashley?

TREVOR: Ashley?

JACK: Girl you were dating last summer.

TREVOR: You mean Ally. We weren't dating.

JACK: I thought she was pretty nice.

TREVOR: She was nice enough, yeah.

JACK: I liked her. So get a good night's sleep, OK? You've got Montclair this week.

TREVOR: Yeah, I'll be up soon.

JACK: Night, son.

TREVOR: Night, Dad.

(JACK *exits. Blackout. Sound of cheers, over.*)

VOICES: (*over*) Mayfield...Mayfield...Mayfield....

Scene 2

(Lights up on a school hallway, several days later. LAYLANI enters at a run, throws her arms around TREVOR. TREVOR's in his wrestling singlet.)

LAYLANI: Trevor Mayfield, Olympic hopeful! You were so awesome! The look on your face, ohmigod, you looked like a zombie-eyed killer. I actually buried my face in my hands and then when I looked up, the ref was counting him out, or however you say it.

TREVOR: Yeah, well, I'm really glad it's over.

LAYLANI: Why? You looked like you were loving it.

TREVOR: Once I'm into it I love it.

LAYLANI: What, before that you get butterflies?

TREVOR: Like three days in advance.

LAYLANI: So you're basically a nervous wreck all season.

TREVOR: You could say that, yeah.

LAYLANI: So why do you do it?

TREVOR: I don't know... 'cause I have a chance to be All-State?

LAYLANI: Sorry, dumb question. Why do you think you're nervous, is what I meant to ask.

TREVOR: If I knew why, maybe I wouldn't be nervous.

LAYLANI: No, you'd be nervous anyway. I mean you could probably take meds to calm down but that might fuck with your reflexes. You'd forget where you were and why you were there. You'd start loving your opponent instead of hating him. *(flirting)* When are we gonna wrestle again?

TREVOR: Name the day.

LAYLANI: Sooner the better. (*re smartphone*) Hang on, I'm getting a tweet. (*checks it out*) Flash mob tonight. Wanna go celebrate your incredibly sweaty victory?

TREVOR: What time is it called for?

LAYLANI: Nine o'clock, why?

TREVOR: You know. The curfew law.

LAYLANI: Stupid law. Totally unconstitutional. The right to assemble, ever hear of it?

TREVOR: Businesses were losing money. According to my dad.

LAYLANI: Not true. Love and Yogurt, our business went up. You know the real reason there's a law? Black people. If this town was still lily-white, nobody would give a shit.

TREVOR: Yeah, maybe, but I still can't go.

LAYLANI: Please? (*flirting*) And we can wrestle later.

TREVOR: Somebody always gets busted. If it's me, it reflects on my dad.

LAYLANI: OK, be like that. What about this weekend?

TREVOR: Sure, what day. Oh no, wait. We're supposed to go deer-hunting.

LAYLANI: Tell your dad you got a better offer.

TREVOR: I could ask if you could come.

LAYLANI: Are you kidding?

TREVOR: I mean, we've planned this for weeks.

LAYLANI: I won't ask you to choose between us. Go be an environmental sadist with your dad.

TREVOR: You're being kinda harsh.

LAYLANI: Not as harsh as you're being to the deer. Never mind, I take it back, I love that you do things with your dad. I wish I could say the same but I can't.

(LAYLANI *looks past* TREVOR, *sees* JACK *enter*.)

LAYLANI: I'll see you later, Trevor. You're my idol!

(LAYLANI *exits quickly*. JACK *approaches*.)

TREVOR: Sorry about that.

JACK: Sorry about what?

TREVOR: I mean, that was kinda rude, the way Laylani took off like that.

JACK: I noticed. Any reason why she did that?

TREVOR: Maybe she's afraid of you.

JACK: Why should she be afraid of me?

TREVOR: (*lightly*) 'Cause you're a cop?

JACK: Why, what has she done?

TREVOR: Nothing.

JACK: To your knowledge.

TREVOR: People see a cop car, they tense up. Completely innocent people.

JACK: If she's innocent...she's got nothing to fear from me.

TREVOR: If?

JACK: That's what I said. You were great out there today.

TREVOR: Yeah, it felt good.

JACK: Did you see those other cops, sitting where I was sitting? I'm a hero around the station 'cause of you.

TREVOR: You don't need me to make you a hero. I'm gonna grab a shower.

JACK: I'll see you at home. You up for Cluck-U Chicken?

TREVOR: Oh...I might be home late tonight, is that OK?

JACK: You're seeing that girl?

TREVOR: Yeah, I might. Why, is there a problem?

JACK: Just checking. Take care, son.

(TREVOR exits. Crowd noise. Blackout.)

Scene 3

(The crowd noise, louder. It's later that day, and a flash mob is in progress. LAYLANI comes running into an alley.)

LAYLANI: Come on, it's OK. You're safe with me now.

(OWEN dismounts his bike.)

LAYLANI: Whoa, you need to calm down, you're shaking like a leaf.

OWEN: They tried to take my bike.

LAYLANI: Yeah, the Falcone Brothers, those fuckers, they come to every flash mob. Their uncle's in the Mafia, he's their mentor. Did you hear them call me "moolie bitch"?

OWEN: They call me the I-word.

LAYLANI: What's the I-word?

OWEN: 'Cause I hang around the Village.

LAYLANI: Come on, you're not the Village Idiot. But I am the Village Genius.

OWEN: I'm artistic.

LAYLANI: You mean autistic? Who said you were? Did you go to a special-needs school?

OWEN: I went where you go.

LAYLANI: Were you mainstreamed?

OWEN: I don't know. No.

LAYLANI: Then you're probably not autistic. Though you could be artistic. I'll be the judge of that. My name's Laylani.

OWEN: Oh. All right.

LAYLANI: See, that's a signal to tell me your name.

OWEN: I have to go.

LAYLANI: Don't be in such a hurry. Stick around.

OWEN: (*heads away*) Thank you for saving me. Goodbye.

(LAYLANI *blocks his way.*)

LAYLANI: I live on Prospect Street, ever been there?

OWEN: No. I don't know.

LAYLANI: Prospect and 4th. Across from Our Lady of Sorrows?

OWEN: I don't live there.

LAYLANI: I didn't say you did. There was this guy on a bike just like yours. He was wearing this ape mask and making rude remarks.

OWEN: I was never at Our Lady of Sorrels.

LAYLANI: Ohmigod, how cute are you. Sorrows, not sorrels. Sorrels are horses. Who did you think Our Lady was? Lady Godiva?

OWEN: Who?

LAYLANI: You never heard of Lady Godiva? She was a lady who rode around naked on a horse and then they lowered everybody's taxes. They named a chocolate after her. Didn't you ever hear of Lady Godiva?

OWEN: I didn't graduate. I'm going now.

LAYLANI: Not till you tell me your name. I'm dying to hear it.

OWEN: Owen.

LAYLANI: Owen. I love that name. We're getting to know each other now. You have trouble in that area, and I'm trying to help you out. Do you work, Owen? Do you have a job?

OWEN: I work for the Parks Department.

LAYLANI: Do you live alone?

OWEN: I live with my mom.

LAYLANI: No dad?

OWEN: He left.

LAYLANI: You're lucky. My dad locks his door, lights up a joint, and watches porn all day. He thinks nobody knows. Everybody knows. The whole neighborhood. When the women orgasm, you can hear their screams all the way down Church Street. Do you ever watch porn?

OWEN: No.

LAYLANI: Good for you. Do you ever get stoned?

OWEN: No.

LAYLANI: Because sometimes, when people get stoned, they do stupid things. Like putting on an ape mask and terrorizing people. You don't want to do that—sink to the level of the Falcone brothers. What if a girl took you up on it?

OWEN: I don't understand.

LAYLANI: Instead of being scared. That's the whole point, isn't it, to scare people? Feel powerful? Like people who burn down buildings?

OWEN: I don't set fires. I didn't do anything to you. Stop saying I did.

LAYLANI: Fine, OK, I'll stop for now. Meanwhile here's what I'm going to do for you. (*cozying up*) I'm gonna spread the word that Owen the Artistic carries a knife. Maybe those junior goombahs will keep their distance.

OWEN: What kind of knife?

LAYLANI: You leave that up to me.

OWEN: All right. Thank you.

LAYLANI: No problem. Why don't you go on home now.

(*OWEN has taken out his cell phone.*)

LAYLANI: Whoa, what did you just do?

(*OWEN has taken her picture.*)

LAYLANI: Dude, I'm trying to work with you here. Delete that please.

(*OWEN backs away.*)

OWEN: I didn't take it.

LAYLANI: Yeah, you did. You're still doing it.

(*TREVOR has entered from the opposite direction.*)

TREVOR: Dude, she asked you not to do that.

LAYLANI: Trevor, it's OK. He's leaving now.

(*Terrified, OWEN jumps on his bike, rides off.*)

TREVOR: Was that the masked guy?

LAYLANI: I don't know.

TREVOR: Yeah, you do. He's that retarded kid who hangs around the Little League field. Why are you talking to him?

LAYLANI: ‘Cause of the Falcone brothers. They were ready to beat the shit out of him. I distracted them.

TREVOR: How did you distract them?

LAYLANI: I was like, “Hey, Falcones. Pick on someone with a different IQ than yours.”

TREVOR: Whoa, that took balls.

LAYLANI: But then I ran like the wind. And he took off on his bike. And then we met up. He told me he’s “artistic,” he meant “autistic,” isn’t that the saddest thing you ever heard?

TREVOR: Yeah, my heart’s breaking. What are you, Mother Teresa? You could be encouraging a rapist.

LAYLANI: He’s not a rapist.

TREVOR: How do you know he’s not a rapist? My dad says he’s had other complaints.

LAYLANI: Oh, so you talked to your dad. I asked you not to.

TREVOR: I talked to him and so should you. I’m starting to worry about you.

LAYLANI: That’s sweet, but don’t. That kid didn’t try to rape me. He wouldn’t know how.

TREVOR: That’s ridiculous. Why are you defending this creep?

LAYLANI: Because, yes, all right, I’m the reincarnation of Mother Teresa. And I’m going to be a public defender, so I might as well get in the swim of things while I’m still young.

(Sound of breaking glass—a store window.)

TREVOR: Whoa. You might have some future clients there.

LAYLANI: *(peers offstage)* Wow. Who got hit this time?

TREVOR: That was Fowler's window. Still think the curfew law sucks?

LAYLANI: Yeah, I do. It winds people up. It makes them rebellious. And what are you doing in the Village—by the way. I thought you didn't want to get arrested.

TREVOR: I guess you're irresistible.

LAYLANI: I am, but still. Don't you think you'd better go now?

TREVOR: What are you gonna do?

LAYLANI: I don't know. I might stick around.

TREVOR: Come on. Let's go someplace.

LAYLANI: (*links arms*) I thought you'd never ask. Like where?

TREVOR: Your house?

LAYLANI: Oo, that's a great idea. We can watch porn with my dad.

TREVOR: Then my place.

LAYLANI: I doubt if your dad wants to see me there.

TREVOR: He doesn't have to see you.

LAYLANI: Why, where are you going to hide me? Under your bed? Or in your bed? I'm sorry, am I embarrassing you? I didn't mean to.

TREVOR: Yeah, you did, and you're not.

LAYLANI: (*cozying up*) Good.

TREVOR: Anyway, I'm my own man. He doesn't rule my room.

LAYLANI: Then what are we waiting for?

(LAYLANI *kisses* TREVOR, *starts to lead him away. Squawk from a police car.*)

TREVOR: Oh shit.

LAYLANI: What? (*peers offstage*) Oh wow. It's your dad.

TREVOR: Fuck. Did he see you? Let's get out of here.

LAYLANI: You go.

TREVOR: What are you gonna do?

LAYLANI: Stick around. Face the music.

TREVOR: What music? I thought we had a date—

LAYLANI: We do, but not now. Please? Before we both get arrested?

TREVOR: First you want to go, now you want to stay.
(*affectionately*) You're really nuts, you know that?

LAYLANI: That's why you love me. I'll text you as soon as I can.
Go!

(TREVOR *reluctantly exits. LAYLANI stays. JACK enters. JACK and LAYLANI stare silently at each other. LAYLANI smiles. Waves. Blackout.*)

Scene 4

(Lights up on JACK and LAYLANI, in a police interrogation room. It's later that night.)

JACK: Do you go to every flash mob?

LAYLANI: When the spirit moves me. I find them fascinating.

JACK: Was it fascinating when they busted Fowler's window?

LAYLANI: I was nowhere near Fowler's when that happened.

JACK: Can you prove that?

LAYLANI: You mean do I have an alibi? Yes, but you don't want to hear it.

JACK: Was Trevor with you?

LAYLANI: I think I'll take the Fifth on that.

JACK: In other words you both broke curfew.

LAYLANI: The curfew law sucks. Ever hear of civil disobedience?

JACK: Let's cut the crap. Was that guy there tonight?

LAYLANI: "That guy"?

JACK: You know who I mean. The kid that's been harassing you.

LAYLANI: Yeah, Trevor said you talked.

JACK: He seems to care more about you than you do yourself.

LAYLANI: I care about me, don't worry.

JACK: Then what were you doing in the Village? According to my records, you've broken curfew on three different occasions—

LAYLANI: I just told you my position on that—

JACK: —and (*checking a document*) on the night of December 17th, you were present at a party to which Village police were summoned. When asked to be quiet, you pretended to be talking in tongues.

LAYLANI: That's bullshit. How do you know what happened?

JACK: Because I was one of those officers. Apparently you were so trashed you didn't even see me.

LAYLANI: Yeah, well, we all have memory problems.

JACK: Meaning what?

LAYLANI: Meaning...whatever. Cool cop shoes, Jack. They're kinda sexy. Do they come in women's sizes? Yeah, they must.

JACK: Laylani, I'll be frank with you. The last thing I want to do is enroll you in the justice system.

LAYLANI: I know. That's why we all respect you.

JACK: This kid could turn out to be a rapist.

LAYLANI: Oh, you and Trevor, you both have rape on the brain.

JACK: What's this kid's name?

LAYLANI: (*lying*) I don't know his name. Are those offenses on my actual record?

JACK: My private record. I keep a log.

LAYLANI: Oh, a log. So what if I want to be a lawyer? Will that log keep me out of law school?

JACK: If you give me this stalker's name, that would help the situation.

LAYLANI: Who says he's a stalker? Are you offering me some kind of deal? I've gotta say, this conversation is freaking me out.

JACK: Like I said, I'm just trying to be helpful—

LAYLANI: I know you are, Jack, and that's really sweet of you.
Listen, forget it. Do what you have to do. Write my record in the sky, I don't care. I'm doomed.

JACK: Doomed? What kind of talk is that?

LAYLANI: You really don't remember me?

JACK: I said you looked familiar. Why?

LAYLANI: Franklin School? The corner of Blackburn and Warwick?

JACK: What about it?

LAYLANI: That was my corner. You used to cruise around checking up on the Crossing Guard. All the girls had crushes on you. *(pause)* What? You didn't know that? Oh come on. We were all totally infatuated.

JACK: Laylani, why don't you stop this.

LAYLANI: You were a sergeant back then. Now you're what?

JACK: I'm still a sergeant.

LAYLANI: Cop ranks are totally confusing to me. Back in Summit you were a hero in the Juvenile Division. I woulda thought that entitled you to a promotion.

JACK: Look. Laylani. I honestly don't remember any of what you're saying, girlhood crushes, if any of that went on I was completely unaware. I had other things on my mind. And right now my priority is this guy who's been following you around, whose name you refuse to give me for reasons I think I understand, now that I've gotten to know you a little better.

LAYLANI: What reasons, Jack?

JACK: You don't want to lodge a complaint, because you know what might happen to this guy in prison. You're like me. You're in this life to help others.

LAYLANI: You know, I really like your son.

JACK: Can we stick to the subject, please?

LAYLANI: (*softly*) I know you two are close. I admire that. I wish I had something like that in my life. Last thing I want to do is spoil what Trevor has. What the two of you have together. So for that reason, I don't want him to know where you really go on Friday nights.

(*Pause.*)

LAYLANI: Not unless....if things change.

(*Pause.*)

JACK: I would prefer he doesn't know.

LAYLANI: Um, so, where are we?

JACK: In regards to what?

LAYLANI: Files get hacked. Somebody might see that private...(hint of salaciousness) log...somebody who's not as...sympathetic as you.

JACK: Would you like me to delete your file?

LAYLANI: I would definitely sleep a lot better.

JACK: Consider it done.

LAYLANI: Thank you. That's really nice of you.

JACK: And I think you'll make a terrific lawyer.

LAYLANI: So do I. Am I free to go?

JACK: Have a nice weekend, Laylani.

LAYLANI: You too, Jack. Don't kill too many deer.

(LAYLANI blows him a kiss and exits. Blackout.)

Scene 5

(Lights up on JACK and TREVOR in their living room, later that night.)

JACK: So what did she tell you about me?

TREVOR: Nothing. She remembers you.

JACK: That's all?

TREVOR: She said you arrested her.

JACK: Well see, there's an example. She wasn't booked. She was out after curfew. But I'm guessing you knew that.

TREVOR: Yeah, I did.

JACK: She said she wasn't anywhere near Fowler's.

TREVOR: If she says so, she wasn't.

JACK: But she wouldn't name her alibi.

TREVOR: Why would she need one? You were just having a friendly chat.

JACK: Friendly, was that her word? That's another example.

TREVOR: Example of what?

JACK: I think the term is "loose boundaries." She's got this stalker, she won't tell me his name, I get the impression she's getting chummy with the guy.

TREVOR: Yeah, that's my impression too.

JACK: That worries me. Has she told you anything about him?

TREVOR: No, but I'm pretty sure: He's that kid who hangs around the Little League games. He rides around on his bike, with his hand in his pants. Claims he loves her.

JACK: You believe what she's telling you?

TREVOR: Why would she make that up?

JACK: A, because why then is she cozying up to the guy. And then, well, judging from...the loose way she has with the facts.

TREVOR: Yeah, but you've heard this stuff from other people too.

JACK: Not to her degree.

TREVOR: I'm sorry, you mind if we clear something up? Are you telling me not to see her?

JACK: If this girl is enticing you to break the law—

TREVOR: "Enticing me"?

JACK: Son. You were in the Village tonight after curfew. Another cop sees you, you could get a citation. And that could jeopardize your standing as an athlete. I'm just advising you to be careful.

TREVOR: Of what? The curfew law or her? What's the big problem here?

JACK: I don't know how stable her home life might be. The dad doesn't work. The mom's been in and out of rehab half a dozen times.

TREVOR: OK, you've been doing your homework.

JACK: I've got two jobs, son. I'm a policeman and I'm a father. My dad was neither of those things. I was completely on my own. Maybe I'm overcompensating.

TREVOR: Look, it's all right, you don't have to apologize—

JACK: Girls. Dating. Sex. The whole subject was taboo.

TREVOR: Yeah, well, different eras. I'm gonna do my homework now, OK?

JACK: One time, one time only, my old man takes me aside. He asks me, was I concerned about the size of my dick? I said no, and he calls me a liar. He said all men are worried about the size of their dicks.

TREVOR: Guy with a ten-inch dick, I don't think he's worrying that much.

JACK: (*vaguely*) Yes, he is. He's worried he might be too big for the girl.

(*Pause.*)

TREVOR: Dad, can I say something you're not gonna like?

JACK: You can say anything to me. You know that.

TREVOR: I think you've been acting kinda weird lately. Ever since you came home and found me here with Laylani. Is it because she's black?

JACK: No! Got nothing to do with her race. If it was only a case of that, I'd be proud.

TREVOR: So it's her home life being so fucked up?

JACK: Background counts for something.

TREVOR: I really like this girl.

JACK: I know you do, son.

TREVOR: I feel like myself when I'm with her. That never happened before.

JACK: That's exactly how I felt about your mom.

TREVOR: So?

JACK: So...I'm just asking you to be careful.

TREVOR: I am being careful.

JACK: In every sense?

TREVOR: Yeah, well not yet.

JACK: But you're hoping.

TREVOR: It's going in that direction, yeah.

JACK: Accidents happen. They can ruin a life.

TREVOR: Nobody's life is being ruined.

JACK: OK. I'm just being a dad. I've been there too, believe me.

TREVOR: With mom?

JACK: Seventeen going on thirty. That can be intimidating.

TREVOR: I'm watching myself, don't worry.

JACK: *(as he starts off)* Wait. So are we friends again?

TREVOR: Sure. Yeah. It's cool.

JACK: I hope so, son. I really do.

(Silence. Blackout.)

Scene 6

(Lights up on JACK and OWEN, in the interrogation room. It's several days later.)

JACK: Let me ease your mind about something. Nobody's filed any charges. I just thought we should have a talk. This is what they pay me for. To find kids in trouble and try to steer them in a more positive direction.

OWEN: I didn't do anything.

JACK: That's a fairly blanket statement.

OWEN: Why don't you arrest those wops instead of me?

JACK: Owen, you're not under arrest. And that's not a very nice word.

OWEN: They called me names. They tried to steal my bike.

JACK: You're very attached to that bike, aren't you?

OWEN: Attached?

JACK: You like riding around on it.

OWEN: That's what a bike is for.

JACK: You ride it everywhere?

OWEN: I ride it to work.

JACK: And where do you work?

OWEN: Cameron Field. I scrub down the swimming pool. I keep track of the tennis nets. I put out the bases for Little League.

JACK: My son says he knows you. You know my son?

OWEN: I don't know too many people.

JACK: He's on the wrestling team. They're on track to win the State Championship. He's got a girlfriend, I think you might know her too. Her name's Laylani.

OWEN: I don't think so.

JACK: Pretty black girl?

OWEN: No.

JACK: You don't think she's pretty?

OWEN: I said I don't know her.

JACK: All right, take it easy. You got a girlfriend, Owen?

OWEN: Not right now.

JACK: Ever been on a date with a girl?

OWEN: (*defensive*) I went on a date.

JACK: I'm glad to hear that.

OWEN: I went to the Prom.

JACK: Good for you.

OWEN: With the prettiest girl in the class.

JACK: Hey, so did I. I went to my Prom with my wife.

OWEN: She asked me.

JACK: She sounds like a nice girl.

OWEN: Somebody dared her.

JACK: Was she nice to you at the Prom?

OWEN: They were laughing.

JACK: Including her?

OWEN: Everybody was.

JACK: That must have hurt.

OWEN: It burned when she touched my arm.

JACK: I know the feeling.

OWEN: She didn't dance with me. One dance.

JACK: And all those other girls. Looking right through you, like you don't exist, like you're a piece of litter on the landscape. That could make you want to take revenge.

OWEN: I don't litter.

JACK: I'm glad you don't litter, but Owen, here's the thing. I've done some digging here. And I counted, oh, I don't know, a half dozen calls from people saying they see somebody riding past their houses. On a bike. Back and forth. Wearing some kind of Halloween mask? And the thing is, Owen, all these people, the people who call in, they all have daughters. So you can see why they might be upset. So here's my next question: these houses you ride past, how do you know the girls are living there?

OWEN: I don't ride back and forth!

JACK: Look. Owen. A guy sees a girl, he wants to know more about her. That's the way us men are designed. You see a girl from behind, she looks nice. She might even have something written on her butt. JUICY. Or PINK. And you're wondering, what kind of girl would wear something like that—inviting you to stare at her butt. You might wonder, what does her face look like? You might even follow her till you get a good look. All that's perfectly natural. Girls may not always understand that. They get frightened. You ever been in a parking garage? And it's just you and a girl, just the two of you there, and you're thinking to yourself, gee I hope she doesn't think I have anything on my mind, you understand what I'm saying?

OWEN: I TOLD YOU I DON'T DRIVE A CAR!

JACK: OK, Owen, calm down. I don't think you told me that, but I'll take your word for it. I don't want to see you in court, is what I'm saying. And that's where I feel things might be heading. Come here. No, don't be afraid. I want to show you something.

(JACK leads OWEN to a window in the fourth wall.)

JACK: Look out there. All those women walking up and down the street. More than you could ever meet in a million lifetimes. This is an abundant world in every respect. And that abundance can be scary. Which can lead certain people to do scary things. You understand? You do know I'm on your side? Because that's it. That's all there is to know.

OWEN: I don't know anything. I don't know why I'm here.

JACK: That thing you said to Laylani...have you said any such thing to any of these other girls?

OWEN: I NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO ANYBODY! I HAVE TO GO! I'M LATE FOR WORK!

JACK: Nobody's keeping you here, my friend.

(OWEN rises from the chair.)

JACK: We'll see you next time, OK?

(OWEN hurries away. JACK stares out the window at the passing parade. Blackout.)

Scene 7

(Lights up on LAYLANI and TREVOR in a school hallway.)

LAYLANI: I sent you a bunch of texts this morning. How come you didn't answer?

TREVOR: You know...the meet. My head's in the clouds.

LAYLANI: Well, are we going out tonight or aren't we?

TREVOR: Did we agree on that?

LAYLANI: You don't remember?

TREVOR: I'm kinda whipped. I don't know how good company I'd be.

LAYLANI: In other words what are you saying?

TREVOR: I'm saying, I'm tired, I need to rest, I've got Plainfield coming up.

LAYLANI: I get it. *(lightly)* Fuck 'em and forget 'em, is that your policy?

TREVOR: Yeah, well, I guess I do have amnesia. Because I don't remember fucking you.

LAYLANI: I was speaking metaphorically.

TREVOR: Metaphorically, no, I haven't forgotten you.

LAYLANI: OK, let's see if there are any other possibilities. Maybe you've been talking to your dad. He thinks I'm toxic, doesn't he?

TREVOR: Toxic? Where do you get that?

LAYLANI: What word did he use? Dizzy black bitch?

TREVOR: Hey. My dad doesn't talk like that.

LAYLANI: I came to your stupid gladiator contest. Where nobody even gets killed, so what's the point. And this is the thanks I get—you dump me because your dad says what about me?

TREVOR: Nobody's dumping you, come on. He just doesn't get you, OK? Come here.

(TREVOR *draws* LAYLANI *close*.)

LAYLANI: Once you get past Plainfield you'll stop avoiding me?

TREVOR: (*lightly*) The way you're acting today? I don't feel like making any promises.

LAYLANI: Tell me, does grappling with hard wet bodies turn you on?

TREVOR: OK, I guess I asked for this.

LAYLANI: Girls who mud-wrestle get turned on. I guess guys are different? A lot of guys become jocks so they can shower with other naked dudes.

TREVOR: You really have sex on the brain, don't you? Wrestling's the most strenuous sport in the world, OK?

LAYLANI: I believe you. Don't be mad.

TREVOR: It takes more energy to wrestle for two minutes than it does to run a marathon. Nobody's thinking about sex, OK?

LAYLANI: Including your dad?

TREVOR: What's my dad got to do with it?

LAYLANI: Nothing. Never mind. I'm sorry I said that. He doesn't even date.

TREVOR: What do you mean, he doesn't date? He's out every Friday night.

LAYLANI: Yes, he's out, but...never mind. Forget it. That just fell out of my mouth, I don't know why.

TREVOR: Where do you think he goes?

LAYLANI: I said forget it. Just tell me you won't listen if he tries to break us up. Because when it comes to people I like, I'm really greedy. And I like you a lot. And believe it or not, I've never said that to anyone else in my life. Even if you do like showering with naked dudes.

TREVOR: Oh Jesus.

LAYLANI: Oh don't take everything so literally. Don't you know when you're being teased?

TREVOR: You know what I think about people who tease?

LAYLANI: You think they weren't brought up right.

TREVOR: I think they're secretly miserable.

LAYLANI: Then you're probably not too popular in the locker room. You're right, I'm secretly miserable. The secret's out.

TREVOR: What are you trying to do here? What do you know about my dad?

LAYLANI: I don't know anything. Please, I am a dizzy black bitch. (*as he starts away*) Trevor! Where are you going?

TREVOR: I need to check something out.

LAYLANI: What? No. Please don't.

TREVOR: You don't even know what it is.

LAYLANI: You're gonna check up on your dad. Don't do that. I don't know where he goes on Friday nights. I was just messing with you again.

TREVOR: No, you weren't.

LAYLANI: Trevor, come on, it's nothing to worry about! Let's go to the Village. Let's go park somewhere. Please? I take everything back!

(TREVOR *exits*.)

LAYLANI: (*quietly, to herself*) Fuck.

(*Blackout.*)

Scene 8

(Lights up on TREVOR in his living room, later that day. JACK enters.)

JACK: Trevor? What are you doing, sitting there.

TREVOR: No reason. Just sitting.

JACK: Something wrong, son?

TREVOR: Nothing's wrong, how was your date?

JACK: I didn't have a date tonight.

TREVOR: So where did you go?

JACK: Where did I go?

TREVOR: Yeah, if you didn't have a date.

JACK: I had a meeting.

TREVOR: Same meeting as last Friday night?

(Pause.)

JACK: Where's this coming from all of a sudden?

TREVOR: Oh, I don't know. I just figured, if my dad's having health problems, maybe I'm entitled to know about them.

JACK: Why would you think I had health problems?

TREVOR: Because...your car was there on Valley Street...in the parking lot of the medical building.

JACK: Who told you that?

TREVOR: Nobody had to tell me. I saw it.

JACK: What were you doing on Valley Street?

TREVOR: Just seeing what was up.

JACK: You followed me there?

TREVOR: Just tell me the truth: Are you having health problems?

(Pause.)

JACK: I don't have cancer, if that's what you're asking.

TREVOR: I didn't say cancer.

JACK: My blood pressure's above normal, you've seen me take medication.

TREVOR: Yeah, so why would you have to see a doctor every Friday?

JACK: All right, I'll tell you exactly why. And I'd appreciate if this didn't get around. It's not a medical doctor. I'm seeing a therapist.

TREVOR: For what?

JACK: For stress.

TREVOR: Every week.

JACK: That's how it works. I didn't want you to worry, that's why I...no, that's not true. I did want to say something, but the department, they don't like it known that cops are seeing shrinks. It undermines our authority.

TREVOR: That's pretty stupid.

JACK: I know it's stupid, but that's the way they wrote it.

TREVOR: I mean if a cop is stressed out, he should be seeing a shrink. Makes him a more reliable cop.

JACK: That's exactly right. That's the perfect way to look at it. So now you know and I'm glad you know. Anything else you want to ask me?

TREVOR: No, I'm all right.

JACK: So we're clear.

TREVOR: Yeah, we're clear.

JACK: You ready for Plainfield?

TREVOR: Ready as I'll ever be.

(Pause.)

JACK: I mean, why would you even suspect?

TREVOR: Suspect what, Dad?

JACK: Why would you follow me? What possessed you?

TREVOR: You worry about me, I worry about you.

JACK: Yes, so tell me, what's the latest with Laylani?

TREVOR: She's acting weird. Is that what you want to hear?

JACK: I wouldn't credit everything she says.

TREVOR: About what?

JACK: This, that, anything. That flirty way she has, living above herself, it's sometimes hard to know where she's coming from.

TREVOR: I know what you're saying.

JACK: Good. I'm glad we're on the same page.

TREVOR: Good night, Dad.

(TREVOR exits.)

JACK: *(quietly)* Night, son.

(JACK sits staring. Blackout.)

Scene 9

(Lights up on a school hallway. LAYLANI enters as though fleeing something. A groan of disappointment goes up from an offstage crowd.)

LAYLANI: Oh shit.

(JACK enters. He looks angry. He sees LAYLANI.)

LAYLANI: Did he blow it?

JACK: Yeah, they stopped it.

LAYLANI: I couldn't watch. I couldn't take it.

JACK: I saw you hiding your eyes.

LAYLANI: The way he was torturing that guy.

JACK: Don't say torture. You don't know the sport.

LAYLANI: Then why did they disqualify him?

JACK: Yeah, I've got a better question.

LAYLANI: Yeah, what?

JACK: What are you trying to do to us?

LAYLANI: What am I trying to do?

JACK: He never had a DQ before. You just cost us the state championship.

LAYLANI: I cost you? Where do you get that?

JACK: OK, now listen to me. I'd prefer you gave us some space.

LAYLANI: Who's us? You? Trevor? Both of you? I don't like hearing that. I've enjoyed renewing our acquaintance. Or maybe acquaintance is the wrong word.

JACK: Just stay away from Trevor. At least till the season's over.

LAYLANI: Well, you can both relax. He's avoiding me now.

JACK: You told him where I go on Friday nights.

LAYLANI: Never. That's not true.

JACK: Then why was he following me?

LAYLANI: I didn't ask him to do that. I specifically told him not to.

JACK: So what did you say to him?

LAYLANI: I may have said something...about whether you were dating or not.

JACK: Did we have an agreement?

LAYLANI: I blurt things out sometimes. I'm sorry it happened.

JACK: You want to go to law school, right?

LAYLANI: Meaning what? *(as he heads off)* Hey. Where are you going?

JACK: You break your word, that has consequences.

LAYLANI: Jack, you really don't want to go there. I said I was sorry.

JACK: I told you, whatever you think happened back in Summit—

LAYLANI: Oh, bullshit, Jack. That time you lifted me over the hedge so you could look up my skirt?

(For a moment JACK is speechless.)

JACK: Oh, Jesus Christ—

LAYLANI: You don't remember that? Is that possible? You blocked it all out?

JACK: Why are you doing this?

LAYLANI: Look, I know it's hard being a cop. All the women you run across. Offering to suck you off instead of giving them a traffic ticket. Start to think you're God. Well, you're not God.

JACK: You don't know what you're saying.

LAYLANI: You're the opposite of God and so's my calculus teacher.

(JACK starts away. LAYLANI steps in front of him.)

LAYLANI: You might want to check him out, Jack. What Mr. Woodruff does, this is his M.O., he calls people up to the board. And by people I mean girls. And by girls I mean only the hotties. He makes us do the proofs and he stands as close as I'm standing next to you and he breathes in our faces. And he calls on me like every day. Just like you paid all those calls on me when I was the Crossing Guard at the corner of Blackburn and Warwick.

JACK: None of this ever happened.

LAYLANI: You don't remember kissing me on the forehead? All those weird questions you asked? Ohmigod, what did you do, forget everything like a bad dream? How are you ever gonna get better if you don't own what you've done? You asked me if I was wearing a training bra.

JACK: Is this why you hit on my son? To make both our lives miserable?

LAYLANI: I didn't hit on your son.

JACK: No, you just picked him at random. His name just happened to be Mayfield.

LAYLANI: Maybe I was curious.

JACK: Curious about what?

LAYLANI: You and Trevor. How you got along. And you get along great, I'm not taking that away from you. Trevor's got his problems, but that's OK, you're doing a pretty good job, and why not? You're basically a nice guy, and hey, little girls are the cutest things on earth. Anyone denies that is a pervert. And listen, don't worry, I didn't drop a dime back then, and I don't plan to now.

JACK: There's nothing to report!

LAYLANI: Oh come on, Jack, we're not in court. We're talking. We're clearing the air.

JACK: I never had any intentions. You've got it all muddled.

LAYLANI: Oh yeah? Then what was that bulge in your pants all those times?

JACK: That's it. That's all the crap I'm gonna take from you.

(JACK heads off.)

LAYLANI: Come on, now you'll have something new to tell your therapist. And tell him Laylani said hi!

(JACK exits. Spotlight on LAYLANI. Spotlight on OWEN, on his bike. LAYLANI exits. OWEN follows. Blackout.)

Scene 10

(Lights up on Trevor's living room. Doorbell ringing. Banging on the door. TREVOR doesn't answer.)

LAYLANI: *(off)* Trevor, I know you're in there. Open the door. Please, I need someone to talk to. If I said anything to hurt you I'm really really sorry. Please let me in.

(TREVOR finally opens the door. LAYLANI enters.)

LAYLANI: I'm sorry you lost the match.

TREVOR: You're sorry. For your information, that was a bullshit disqualification.

LAYLANI: It looked like you were gonna snap his arm off.

TREVOR: Well, I wasn't. I knew what I was doing.

LAYLANI: He was begging for mercy.

TREVOR: Could we not relive it right this moment? Would that be OK with you?

LAYLANI: Does this mean you won't be state champs?

TREVOR: Yeah, that's exactly what it means.

LAYLANI: Your dad'll blame me.

TREVOR: For what? You had nothing to do with it.

LAYLANI: Is he here?

TREVOR: Don't worry, he's at his medical appointment.

LAYLANI: Medical appointment.

TREVOR: On Valley Street.

LAYLANI: OK. So you saw his car.

TREVOR: There's nothing wrong with him physically.

LAYLANI: Is that what he said?

TREVOR: He's got normal cop stress, and the department knows all about it. What's the matter now?

(LAYLANI is looking out the window.)

LAYLANI: Oh wow.

TREVOR: What?

LAYLANI: Nothing. It's nothing.

(LAYLANI turns away from the window. TREVOR looks out.)

TREVOR: Oh Jesus. *(calls)* Hey, numbnuts, get the fuck out of here!

LAYLANI: He can't hear you. Just let it go, OK?

TREVOR: He's riding on the fucking lawn! That does it. Fuck this.

LAYLANI: Trevor, he can't help himself. Please don't go out there!

(TREVOR exits.)

OWEN: *(off)* [screams]

LAYLANI: *(at door)* Trevor, ohmigod, stop it, you're hurting him.

(TREVOR enters, dragging OWEN behind him. OWEN's wearing an ape mask.)

TREVOR: Tell her what you said to me.

OWEN: Let me go.

TREVOR: Take off the fucking mask and tell her.

LAYLANI: Trevor, be careful, you're choking him.

(TREVOR *pulls the mask down.*)

OWEN: (to LAYLANI) You told me to meet you here.

LAYLANI: Dude, I never told you that.

TREVOR: What's this in your pants?

OWEN: Let me go.

LAYLANI: Trevor, ohmigod, let go of him!

(TREVOR *digs in OWEN's pocket, extracts a cell phone and a Swiss Army knife.*)

TREVOR: (*re knife*) What are you doing with this?

OWEN: She said I should have a knife.

LAYLANI: Owen, I never said that. I said I'd spread a rumor you were carrying a knife. (to TREVOR) He's just trying to protect himself. From those Mafia assholes.

(TREVOR *looks through OWEN's cell phone.*)

TREVOR: (to LAYLANI) Let's see if we can find your picture. Yep, here it is. Oh fuck me, it's a whole gallery. Where'd you take these, the girls' bathroom?

OWEN: Give that back.

TREVOR: I'm calling my dad.

(TREVOR *takes out his cell.*)

LAYLANI: Trevor, wait. Don't do that.

TREVOR: Why the hell not?

LAYLANI: They'll send him to Juvy, and he'll die in there.

TREVOR: And if they don't? He's gonna end up killing somebody.

LAYLANI: He's not...he's not a killer. Anyway, you just fucked up the evidence. It's unlawful search and seizure. You're not a cop, you didn't have probable cause. Who are you texting? Are you texting your dad? Please don't.

TREVOR: Well, I am. And you should stop encouraging this pervert.

LAYLANI: How am I doing that?

TREVOR: By not bringing charges! Getting cozy with the guy, it's the way you are with everybody, always trying to be intimate, it's like the whole world's your sex toy.

LAYLANI: You know, you can be very intolerant when you want to be.

TREVOR: I tolerate you, don't I?

LAYLANI: Excuse me? If you knew how I've been tolerating you.

TREVOR: What's that supposed to mean?

LAYLANI: Tell me something, Trevor. How did your mom die?

TREVOR: What?

LAYLANI: In a car crash, right? She ran into a wall or something. It's a brutal question, I admit it, but I'm just wondering, was it the humiliation?

TREVOR: Fuck are you talking about.

LAYLANI: OK, you know why your dad's at the medical building every Friday night?

TREVOR: Yes. He's seeing a shrink.

LAYLANI: Yeah, and the shrink's got a specialty. Owen, you can go.

TREVOR: Don't you fucking move.

LAYLANI: I said leave him alone! Owen, here's your phone. And your knife. I suggest you drop the knife down a sewer, and if you run across the Falcone brothers, just ride the other way as fast as your little legs will carry you. OK, Owen?

(LAYLANI *hands OWEN his phone and his Swiss Army knife.*)

OWEN: Thank you.

LAYLANI: No problem. You have a friend in me. Now get the fuck out of here.

(OWEN *exits.*)

TREVOR: Why are you doing this? Are you totally insane? What did you mean, the shrink has a specialty?

LAYLANI: Ask your dad. I don't want to be the one.

TREVOR: Where are you going? Come back here.

(LAYLANI *has started for the door. TREVOR grabs her, hauls her back.*)

LAYLANI: Trevor, stop, you're hurting me.

TREVOR: You make me so fucking angry.

LAYLANI: Yeah, and you want to know why you're so angry? Why you're practically ripping people's heads off and twisting their arms out of their sockets, even when it costs you the championship? Would you be at all interested in hearing my theory about that?

TREVOR: You have nothing to tell me I want to listen to.

LAYLANI: Yeah, you do. You think what you don't know won't hurt you. It's already hurting you, and you could end up hurting a lot of other people. I'm not kidding. When you were living in Summit, he used to visit with all the Crossing Guard girls--

TREVOR: No. Get out of here. Go.

LAYLANI: —Always the girls. Never the boys. He complimented our clothes. He'd take our wrists in his hand and tell us whether we were too skinny. He'd ask all kinds of questions. Like did we get our periods yet or not. He'd look in our armpits to see if we were growing hair yet. One time...this only happened once...he took the hem of my dress in his hand and he lifted it up and then he kissed me on the forehead. He was gentle about it, he's a really gentle guy, I'm not taking that away from him. I've seen worse. My rage-aholic dad, for example—way worse. Your dad, actually, if you want to know, he taught me not to hate men. He's probably the reason I'm not on drugs or pregnant or a hundred other things and that's why I never breathed a word to anybody. And I'm glad I didn't because he's changing. He's different now. I think he's got it under control, which is great, 'cause he's a really good cop, he's gentle and understanding and ohmigod, he's really good with kids, that's the horrible thing.

(Pause. TREVOR stands absolutely still for a long moment. Then suddenly he lunges at LAYLANI and hurls her to the floor, pinning her.)

LAYLANI: [screams]

TREVOR: I know why you're saying all this shit.

LAYLANI: Let me up. You're just proving my theory.

TREVOR: It was you. You had a thing for my dad. You're just trying to drive a wedge, because your home life is so fucked up.

LAYLANI: Trevor, you're choking me, I can't breathe—

TREVOR: Take that back about my mom.

LAYLANI: OK, OK. I take it back.

TREVOR: My mom didn't kill herself.

LAYLANI: OK. That was speculation.

TREVOR: Is this why you hit on me?

LAYLANI: I didn't hit on you, come on.

TREVOR: To get close to him again? That's really perverted.
You're completely batshit, do you admit that now?

LAYLANI: Let me up. Please. Before you kill me.

(TREVOR starts to let her up. Then suddenly kisses her. LAYLANI kisses back hungrily. They start to go at it. TREVOR suddenly breaks the clinch, lurches to his feet.)

TREVOR: You know how I know you're full of shit? If anything you said was true, you'd want to warn the girls here, the girls the age you were—

LAYLANI: I don't believe in stigmatizing people. I believe people have a right to change their lives.

TREVOR: Bullshit. If it really happened, you woulda told somebody.

LAYLANI: Oh who, my stupid parents? My dad would've beat him to death. Trevor. Look at me. It's not the end of the world. He's getting therapy. And you're not him. There's no gene for it. OK, so men like to get naked with each other. That goes back to ancient times. The fucking Olympics used to be naked! What, maybe you kissed a guy in a dream? That guy could be your dad. Or a girl you're afraid to have sex with.

(TREVOR turns away, toward the window.)

LAYLANI: What is it? What are you thinking? I'm sorry. I say anything that comes into my head. I can't help it. That's just the way I am. I didn't mean to bruise your feelings.

(LAYLANI tries to put her arms around TREVOR. Sound of a car door slamming.)

LAYLANI: It's your dad.

TREVOR: You'd better leave.

LAYLANI: I don't trust you. You're all wound up.

TREVOR: Just please go.

(Footsteps approach. LAYLANI exits in the opposite direction from the front door, as JACK enters.)

JACK: Hey, son.

TREVOR: Yeah, hi.

JACK: So what happened out there this afternoon?

TREVOR: What do you mean, what happened?

JACK: Don't play dumb.

TREVOR: Well, maybe I am dumb, because I don't know what the fuck you mean.

JACK: All you had to do was run out the clock. Instead you put him in a hammerlock.

TREVOR: The guy said some shit.

JACK: What did he say?

TREVOR: The usual trash.

JACK: The ref didn't hear?

TREVOR: The guy whispered it.

JACK: What did he whisper?

TREVOR: He said, I know where your dad goes on Friday nights.

JACK: He did not. Why would you say that to me?

TREVOR: I don't know, Dad. Why does anybody say anything.

JACK: What was that text about Owen? Was he here?

TREVOR: Yeah, he was here. He followed Laylani.

JACK: Laylani was here? Both of them? Here in the house?

TREVOR: Dude, it's doesn't matter. I don't really give a fuck about anything.

JACK: Hey. What the hell's the matter with you?

TREVOR: Can I ask you a question?

JACK: What?

TREVOR: The night mom died...what were you two fighting about?

JACK: We weren't fighting.

TREVOR: I could hear you from upstairs.

JACK: It was a difference of opinion.

TREVOR: She was screaming her lungs out.

JACK: If that's how it sounded...no. She was upset.

TREVOR: About what?

JACK: She didn't want to move here.

TREVOR: No. No. She didn't want me to live with you.

JACK: It's more complicated than that. What started you on this?

TREVOR: She said she was leaving, she wanted me to go with her. I heard that with my own ears.

JACK: Moms always want their sons.

TREVOR: Did she kill herself because she found out?

JACK: You'd better stop this crazy talk. Your mom had a car accident.

TREVOR: Do they know about you here or was it all hushed up?
Are cops like priests, they all stick together all over the world?

JACK: Trevor, come on, you don't know the facts. Nobody forced us to move here. I had a chance to rise up the ladder. That's why I transferred.

TREVOR: Before they found out the truth.

JACK: Listen. I don't know what that girl has been telling you, but come on, she has an overactive imagination, you know that yourself. I don't know how much that will help when she's a lawyer. Maybe it will.

TREVOR: How does she look to you now?

JACK: What do you mean, how does she look?

TREVOR: Do you find her attractive? Or was she more attractive six years ago?

JACK: That's enough. I'm not discussing this with you. There's nothing to discuss.

(JACK's cell rings. LAYLANI is eavesdropping.)

JACK: Excuse me, son. (*takes call*) Yeah, what is it?...Oh Christ, where did this happen?...How badly hurt?...Where is he now, which E.R.?...Yeah, I have a pretty good idea what happened. I'll be over as soon as I can. (*hangs up*) Trevor, whatever this girl's been putting in your head, I was exonerated. Without prejudice.

TREVOR: What does that mean?

LAYLANI: It means he didn't waive his rights and they believed him.

JACK: Please leave my house.

TREVOR: *(to LAYLANI)* Stay where you are. *(to JACK)* Why did they send you to therapy?

JACK: Nobody sent me. Leave me the hell alone, both of you.

LAYLANI: Jack...I'm over it, OK? I was happy when you were around. It was the rest of my life that sucked.

(JACK starts out. TREVOR starts toward JACK.)

LAYLANI: Trevor, no! Ohmigod—

(LAYLANI tries to stop TREVOR. TREVOR shakes her off, grabs JACK, pushes him against the wall.)

TREVOR: You're a lying fuck.

JACK: Let go of me, son.

TREVOR: What about the people here? I think they oughta know.

JACK: Why? Were you planning to slime me to somebody?

TREVOR: You call it sliming? I don't call it sliming.

JACK: Well, you think about your loyalties, all right? I have a job to do.

(JACK tries to pull away. TREVOR holds on to him.)

JACK: Either let me go or break my neck. Those are your options.

TREVOR: What about your loyalties? You think you can get away with this shit? I guess you can. You've gotten away with it so far.

JACK: Son, please let me go.

TREVOR: *(tightens his grip)* Not till you tell me what you're gonna do.

LAYLANI: Trevor, for God's sake let him go!

JACK: Please, son. I can't breathe.

(TREVOR *releases* JACK.)

JACK: Whatever you think I've done...I never raised a hand to you.

TREVOR: They don't give medals for that. (*pause*) All right, fuck it, go. Get the fuck out of my sight.

(JACK *exits*.)

TREVOR: You happy now? Mission accomplished.

(*Sound of a car starting up, then peeling away at breakneck speed..*)

LAYLANI: What are you gonna do?

TREVOR: About what? What am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to live with this?

LAYLANI: I did.

TREVOR: Not day after day.

LAYLANI: I lived with worse. My dad—

TREVOR: Your dad. There's no comparison—

(*Distant sound of a car crashing into a wall.*)

TREVOR: Fuck was that?

LAYLANI: What was what?

TREVOR: You didn't hear that?

(TREVOR *goes to the window*.)

LAYLANI: Trevor, what's the matter?

TREVOR: Nothing. Oh Christ. I'm freaking out.

(LAYLANI *lays a hand on* TREVOR's *shoulder.*)

LAYLANI: Shh. Take it easy. You're OK.

(TREVOR *suddenly shrugs her off.*)

TREVOR: Leave me alone. Go back to your own sick family.

LAYLANI: What are you gonna do?

TREVOR: (*accusingly*) Somebody's got to do the right thing.

LAYLANI: Don't. Don't make him a sex offender.

TREVOR: What else is he?

LAYLANI: Please. Don't do it. I'm the one he did it to.

(LAYLANI *starts to come apart.* TREVOR *puts his arm around her.* *Blackout.*)

Scene 11

(Lights up on the interrogation room. OWEN is sitting in a chair. His shirt is spattered with a few drops of blood. JACK is holding a zip-locked bag. Inside is OWEN's Swiss Army knife. On the table is OWEN's ape mask. A video camera is recording the conversation.)

JACK: You're saying this knife doesn't belong to you.

OWEN: It doesn't.

JACK: That's easy to check.

OWEN: He took it away from me.

JACK: Who did?

OWEN: Your son.

JACK: Are you saying my son stabbed Tony Falcone?

OWEN: I don't know what he did.

JACK: Owen, I want you to focus. Was this knife in your possession when you left my house?

OWEN: I don't remember.

JACK: Did my son give you back the knife?

OWEN: She did.

JACK: Laylani. The girl you've been following. She gave you back the knife.

OWEN: She said to throw it away.

JACK: So you got rid of it.

OWEN: Yes.

JACK: So when did you meet up with Tony Falcone? Before or after you ditched the knife?

OWEN: I don't remember.

JACK: What did Tony Falcone say to you? Stop darting your eyes around, I'm trying to help you.

OWEN: They kicked my spokes.

JACK: They?

OWEN: I don't know his brother's name.

JACK: What else did they do to you?

OWEN: He hit me in the face.

JACK: Is that when you cut him? Owen, I said look at me. Tony Falcone is not gonna die and lying isn't gonna help you. First you gotta admit what you did. And then you make a case for self-defense. I happen to know Bernie Falcone, he's a pretty decent guy. Bernie Falcone is ashamed of his boys. He's ashamed of himself for not keeping them in line, and I'm guessing he'd see things your way if it ever went to court. Were you wearing this when you cut him?

(JACK picks up the ape mask from the table, dangles it.)

OWEN: I don't remember.

JACK: We found it alongside the knife. To me, that shows presence of mind. You know what else I think it shows? A willingness to change.

(Pause.)

JACK: Listen, Owen. You have a brain. It's wired in a certain way. You can't ask a toaster to be a flashlight. You following me?

OWEN: You're saying I have a bad brain.

JACK: I'm saying we all have certain urges. You know where urges come from?

OWEN: No.

JACK: They used to come from the gods. God told me to do this, God told me to do that. God ever tell you to do something?

OWEN: No.

JACK: Well, He did me. He told me to help the unfortunate. The ignorant. The undereducated. The fumlbers in the darkness. I believe you fit that description to a large extent. Did your dad ever talk to you about sex?

OWEN: No.

JACK: Well, there you go, neither did my dad. He deliberately kept me in the dark. Because he lived in the dark. My dad, bless his twisted heart, he used to go to carnivals just to get an up-close look at a woman's pussy.

(JACK puts on the ape mask.)

OWEN: Please don't do that.

JACK: Am I scaring you, Owen?

OWEN: Please take it off.

JACK: Does wearing this make you feel more like a man? Or less than a man? Does it get you in touch with your animal urges?

OWEN: I threw it away.

JACK: You're done with it.

OWEN: I don't want it anymore.

JACK: That's what we want to hear.

(JACK takes off the ape mask.)

JACK: I'm gonna share something with you, Owen. There was this girl used to hang around the playground where I went to grade school. She'd go strutting up and down the school sidewalk, where all the hopscotch courts were, singing "Hey bob a rebop." Some old song she heard on TV. She was cute. She was sassy. She used to carry this jump-rope with her, the long kind, the double-dutch kind, and she'd ask us to tie her to a tree. Which we did. Then she'd order us to tickle her, which we also did. Then later on, in high school, boys used to go over to her house after school and feel her up, three four at a time. Can you believe a girl like that? I can. I was in love with that girl. I wanted to rescue her from those guys who used to bother her after school. And I had a bike, not as beautiful a bike as yours, just an ordinary balloon-tired bike, and I used to ride past her house, praying she'd be sitting on her porch. And one day she was. And she waved to me. And you know what? I ended up marrying that girl. That's a true story, Owen. She's dead now. And you know why, in my mind? Because I crossed the line with another girl. I kissed a young girl on the forehead, no more than an uncle would kiss his niece, but I probably should never have done that. Or maybe it was all for the best, because here I am talking to you, and I think we understand each other now. Just tell me which girls you bothered, and I'll write it up, and you'll sign your name. And then we'll get you some counseling, and that'll be the end of it. Do you know the names of the girls? All I need is one.

OWEN: Laylani.

JACK: Who else? I'm writing these down.

OWEN: Gabriella.

JACK: Gabriella who?

OWEN: I don't know her last name.

JACK: Fair enough. Who else?

OWEN: Aubrey. Makayla. Morgan.

JACK: Are all those girls' pictures on your cell phone?

OWEN: Yes. And Shelley.

JACK: Shelley, got it. Feel better now? I know I do.

OWEN: Yes.

JACK: And don't lose any sleep over Tony Falcone. I can make that go away. Do you want this mask back?

OWEN: No.

JACK: Good. Just checking.

OWEN: Sir?

JACK: What, Owen?

OWEN: Has that camera been on the whole time?

JACK: Yeah, I thought I explained that.

OWEN: Did you forget to turn it off?

(Pause.)

JACK: I didn't forget.

(Blackout.)

Scene 12

(Lights up on TREVOR, in his living room, a week or so later. The furniture is gone.)

Doorbell. TREVOR doesn't answer the door. After a few moments LAYLANI enters from the opposite direction.)

LAYLANI: See, I know you're dying to see me, or you would've locked the back door too.

(TREVOR doesn't acknowledge her.)

LAYLANI: So all the furniture was yours? You're taking it with you? I thought this house was like a furnished rental.

(TREVOR says nothing.)

LAYLANI: So where are you moving?

TREVOR: Why?

LAYLANI: Because I want to know how far away.

TREVOR: Farther the better, huh?

LAYLANI: No. The opposite. *(pause)* Maybe they'll need a middleweight where you're going.

TREVOR: That's not gonna happen.

LAYLANI: Trevor Mayfield, Olympic hopeful?

TREVOR: Season's over.

LAYLANI: Right. I knew that.

TREVOR: It was over here too.

LAYLANI: There's always college. Wouldn't that be weird, if we both ended up at Rutgers? The same dorm? If we both get scholarships? I mean it's not like you're moving to China. *(pause)* Hey look, I know what you're going through.

TREVOR: No, I really don't think you do.

LAYLANI: Right now you're suffering. I get that. I hate it.

TREVOR: Should have thought of that before you stirred up all this shit.

LAYLANI: Oh right, so I'm the bad guy?

(TREVOR *says nothing.*)

LAYLANI: I'm sorry. I shouldn't ever have come.

TREVOR: Things were fine.

LAYLANI: Yeah, I guess.

TREVOR: Between me and my dad? They were.

LAYLANI: Let sleeping dogs lie, that's your philosophy? Except the dogs weren't sleeping. They were barking up a storm in your brain. You were ready to kill somebody. I thought I explained all that.

TREVOR: Yeah, you're always explaining things.

LAYLANI: Well, you won't have to listen to me anymore. (*flares*) I let your dad flirt his ass off, I didn't tell on him, not a single word to anyone, so yeah, obviously, I'm the one who deserves to be crucified. Blame the victim, and I'm not even a victim!

(JACK *has entered. He has a thousand-yard stare and doesn't seem to have heard LAYLANI. He doesn't acknowledge her.*)

JACK: That's the last of the furniture. Van's about full up. (*looks around*) I'll really miss this place. I liked this house, I liked this town. I'll tell you who would have loved this town--the Mafiosi, the flash mobs, the whole vibe. Your mom. She woulda been front and center at the flash mobs. She was something else, your mom. A real pistol. A day doesn't go by she isn't on my mind.

(JACK *exits in the upstairs direction.*)

LAYLANI: Is that how it's been?

TREVOR: Pretty much.

LAYLANI: He didn't even look at me.

TREVOR: Do you blame him?

LAYLANI: I mean what does he think lies in store?

TREVOR: We don't talk about it.

LAYLANI: Ever?

TREVOR: He's like, "Maybe a desk job."

LAYLANI: With the police?

TREVOR: Yeah, if they'll have him. I have no idea.

LAYLANI: Maybe cops are like priests.

TREVOR: Or maybe his head's up his ass, he'll be on a watch list the rest of his life, and I'll have to go to work to support us.

LAYLANI: You'd do that, wouldn't you?

(TREVOR *doesn't answer.*)

LAYLANI: You're a better man than I am. And you know what? Your dad deserves some of the credit. Seriously. You're strong, you're tough, and hey, you're not the first kid this ever happened to. Think of all those Boy Scouts. No, forget that. There's no comparison. It's not like he stuck his dick in anybody. (*as TREVOR approaches:*) What? Oh great. You gonna hit me now?

(TREVOR *grabs her, holds her.*)

LAYLANI: Trevor, oh shit, I'm sorry, don't hate me—

TREVOR: You are a victim. Everybody's a victim.

LAYLANI: (*near tears*) Yeah, that's really A-plus thinking.

(TREVOR *lets go of her.*)

TREVOR: We can't all be as smart as you.

LAYLANI: (*trying to recover*) That's probably a good thing. Which is worse, smart or dumb? You want to know what I think? I think dumb does less good, smart does more harm. That's probably how it works.

TREVOR: Yeah, whatever.

LAYLANI: I mean, look at all those great brains of Europe. Half of them turned out to be Nazis.

TREVOR: Enough. You're 17 years old, OK?

LAYLANI: I know how old I am.

TREVOR: Then quit pretending you're not. Shit happened. You got hurt. I got hurt. End of story.

LAYLANI: No, it doesn't have to end...Where are you going? Don't go.

(TREVOR *has gone to the foot of the stairs, calls up:*)

TREVOR: Dad?

LAYLANI: What's the matter?

TREVOR: Dad?!

(*No answer.*)

TREVOR: Dad, what's going on up there?

(*No answer.*)

TREVOR: Dad?!!

(TREVOR *starts up the stairs, alarmed. Then:*)

JACK: *(off)* I'll be right down, son!

TREVOR: Jesus.

(Pause.)

LAYLANI: You think he'd ever—?

TREVOR: No. Who knows.

LAYLANI: Ohmigod. No. You have to—

TREVOR: What? What do I have to do? I'm dealing.

LAYLANI: I know you are.

TREVOR: Don't worry about us. Worry about yourself.

LAYLANI: Are you worried about me, Trevor?

TREVOR: Yeah, sometimes.

LAYLANI: Am I gonna end up a porn star instead of a lawyer?
Because my dad watches porn all day? Because your dad acted
weird with me? I guess we'll have to wait and see. But it's sweet of
you to be concerned.

(JACK enters with suitcases. Eyes them both.)

LAYLANI: I should go now. *(to TREVOR)* So. Good luck with the
new school. *(lightly)* Try not to punch too many people out. Text
me now and then. Let me know how you're doing.

(LAYLANI heads for the door.)

JACK: Laylani?

LAYLANI: What?

JACK: Nothing. Never mind.

LAYLANI: No, I'm listening.

JACK: I just want to say: All that stuff you remember—there was some misinterpretation on your part.

LAYLANI: Possibly. I was pretty young.

JACK: I know you'll make a fine lawyer someday.

LAYLANI: Thank you, Jack. That's nice of you to say.

(LAYLANI starts out. At the door she turns, goes over to give TREVOR a hug goodbye. TREVOR hesitates, then hugs her back.)

LAYLANI: Bye, Trevor. Think of me sometimes.

(LAYLANI kisses TREVOR lightly, gives JACK a last look, and exits. TREVOR goes to the window.)

TREVOR: *(to himself)* Goodbye.

(Sound of a car door slamming. TREVOR remains at the window. Sound of Laylani's car starting up.)

JACK: So did you want to take a final look around?

(Sound of Laylani's car pulling away.)

TREVOR: I'm sorry, what?

JACK: You want to check upstairs? See if you missed anything?

TREVOR: No, I got it all.

JACK: You know what I was thinking of just now? While I was turning off all the lights?

TREVOR: I have no idea.

JACK: I ever tell you about Mr. Backwards?

TREVOR: No, you never did. Could we go now?

JACK: Does it with the lights off and his pants on.

TREVOR: Seriously, let's get out of here.

JACK: That was me. Before I married your mom.

TREVOR: Dad...would it kill you if we never discuss her?

JACK: You're right. I'm sorry. I'm a little off today. My old man, he was Mr. Backwards to a T. I'll never forget the time he caught me jerking off.

TREVOR: (*heading out*) I'll be in the van.

JACK: He made me blow out the sun.

(TREVOR *stops at the door.*)

JACK: He takes me outside, he goes, "You see that sun up there in the sky? That blazing hot sun? I want you to blow it out." (*blows*) Like that. He goes, "Keep doing that." I'm like, what's happening to me, but what choice do I have. He keeps coming out of the house to check. "Blow it out! Blow it out!" all day long, no food or water, and finally it's sundown and he's standing there watching me, I'm hyperventilating like I'm ready to pass out and the sun slips down below the trees and he's like, "You see? You blew out the sun."

TREVOR: He was a major league prick. Come on, we're going.

JACK: He didn't like me much. So he didn't bother telling me much. About anything. About sex.

TREVOR: Is that why you had it on the brain?

JACK: Christ no...I was only trying to...educate them....oh Jesus...You don't think all that stuff she said was true? That's not what you're gonna think of me the rest of your life?

TREVOR: Dad, I don't know what happened ten minutes ago, OK?
Can we leave it at that?

JACK: I wish your mom woulda felt the same way.

TREVOR: It's over, Dad.

JACK: I tried to calm her down. She grabbed you by the wrist, she tried to drag you out the door and you kicked her in the shins. She felt so ganged up on....oh God.

(JACK starts to tear up, starts to crumple.)

TREVOR: Dad...come on.

JACK: Hold onto me, son, OK?

(TREVOR grabs JACK, pulls him up to a standing position.)

TREVOR: I'm here, Dad. *(as it hits him:)* I'm not going anywhere.

(JACK holds onto TREVOR for dear life. TREVOR puts his arms around his father.)

TREVOR: I'll drive.

(TREVOR holds his father close. The lights slowly fade. END OF PLAY.)