

# STREET SCENE

a one-act play

A homeless man saves the life of a well-to-do man. They learn they went to the same high school. Their lives went on different paths, yet they still share something.

## SYNOPSIS

Late at night BUB, a homeless man, encounters THOMAS. THOMAS has been wounded by gunfire. BUB applies a tourniquet. THOMAS calls 911. While they wait for the ambulance BUB learns that THOMAS has made a drug buy. The drug helps him cope with the stress of hard work. BUB recognizes THOMAS. They went to the same high school. THOMAS married a girl BUB admired. Just before a police officer arrives THOMAS throws his drug purchase in BUB'S cart. The officer finds it and is going to arrest BUB. BUB releases the tourniquet, removes a photo of his past love from THOMAS'S wallet, and leaves THOMAS in the care of the officer.

## BIO

Paul Bowman has been a farm boy, soldier, bartender, nursing home maintenance man. He writes plays and fictions. His one-acts have been staged in twelve states and in Australia. Three short plays and twenty one stories have been published in literary journals.

## CHARACTERS

BUB	male, early thirties, rough in appearance
THOMAS	male, early thirties, well-dressed, looks younger than BUB
POLICE OFFICER	an adult of either gender

## SETTING

The present. A deserted city street at night. BUB has a grocery cart loaded with his personal items, a short length of pipe, and one hundred empty beverage cans. THOMAS has a phone, nice wedding ring, nice clothing, shiny shoes, and a rectangular-shaped wallet.

[A deserted city street at midnight. Not the best part of town. SOUND OFFSTAGE: a gunshot. THOMAS runs onstage, goes to rear wall, backs himself against the wall, waits. He is afraid. SOUND OFFSTAGE: two more gunshots, and a ZING! THOMAS falls to the floor. He gasps and grabs his left thigh.]

THOMAS

No. No.

[THOMAS grimaces and looks at his thigh. He places a hand on his wound. THOMAS tries to crawl away; he cannot. He manages to pull himself up to a sitting position against the back wall. He lifts the hand covering the wound and looks at it. He makes a face of disgust. He moans and closes his eyes. BUB enters, pushing a grocery cart that has in it a backpack, a sleeping bag, and about one hundred empty aluminum cans. THOMAS frantically reaches into his coat pocket to remove his phone. As he does so he loses his grip and the phone flies out of his hand, out of reach. THOMAS groans. He reaches again into his coat pocket and takes out a rectangular wallet. He holds it by the end to extend his reach as he attempts to slide the phone toward him. He is unsuccessful. He drops the wallet. He mouths a profanity. BUB spots a can on the floor. As he bends over to pick it up he notices THOMAS. BUB throws the can into the cart and watches THOMAS. BUB walks over and looks at THOMAS. He appears to recognize the injured man. THOMAS, frightened, stares back at BUB. BUB bends down to look at the wound.]

BUB

Wow.

[THOMAS points to the phone. BUB examines the wound.]

Looks like you got yourself shot. Why did you do that?

[BUB reaches for THOMAS'S necktie. THOMAS tries to push him away.]

Keep still.

[THOMAS tries to fight BUB.]

I need to use your tie. Relax.

[BUB removes the necktie.]

BUB

You'll get it back.

I won't keep it. Not really my style. Doesn't match my shirt.

[THOMAS reaches for the tie.]

Let me help you. Ok?

THOMAS

Phone.

[BUB ignores the request. He expertly wraps the tie around THOMAS'S thigh. He ties a knot. However, the tourniquet is not going to be tight enough. BUB rises, goes to his grocery cart, and removes a short length (12") of one-inch diameter conduit (his self-defense weapon). BUB quickly takes pipe to THOMAS and places it under the necktie-tourniquet and gives a twist to tighten the tourniquet. THOMAS squirms. BUB continues to slowly twist the tie-tourniquet until it is tight enough.]

Don't be a baby. Hold still.

[BUB holds the tourniquet and watches the wound. THOMAS grimaces.]

THOMAS

(pointing)

Phone.

[BUB notices the phone. He reaches with his free hand and picks up the phone.]

BUB

How do you work this thing?

[THOMAS snatches the phone out of BUB'S hand and calls.]

THOMAS

Ambulance. I need an ambulance. I've been shot! In the leg! I've been shot in the leg!  
.....I don't know!! I didn't see anybody!!.....No! Stop asking questions! Help me!

[THOMAS looks around, trying to get his location.]

THOMAS

(to BUB)  
Where am I?

BUB

On the sidewalk.

THOMAS

Tell me!

BUB

Looks like Forty-fifth and Grand Avenue.

THOMAS

(into phone)  
Forty-fifth and Grand. I need an ambulance! Do your job!

BUB

Although I bet you're not feeling so grand right now.

[THOMAS places the phone on his lap.]

THOMAS

(to BUB)  
Why do you think you're funny?

BUB

I'm not?  
(looking at the wound)  
Perhaps it's time to move on. Since the ambulance is coming.

THOMAS

Don't! Don't leave me.

[BUB smiles. THOMAS tries to relax; he cannot.]

How bad is it?

BUB

I've seen worse. I've seen better.

THOMAS

Am I going to die?

BUB

Everybody dies eventually. It's just a fact of life.

Oh. You mean tonight. Well, it doesn't look you're going to bleed out. That's good. That's real good. So tonight's your lucky night! Of course you might disagree.

THOMAS

God.

[THOMAS squeezes his eyes shut.]

Why me?

BUB

Doesn't everybody say that? At some time in their life?

I heard the gunshots. What happened?

THOMAS

I don't know.

BUB

Looks like someone was real mad at you.

THOMAS

No.

BUB

You sure?

THOMAS

The bullet---ricochet.

BUB

Wrong place at the right time, huh?

[THOMAS shakes his head yes. BUB notices the wallet on the sidewalk. THOMAS sees BUB looking at it.]

Nice looking wallet. Yours?

THOMAS

There's nothing in it.

BUB

You were robbed?

[THOMAS shakes his head yes. Not very convincingly.]

BUB

Why didn't you tell the nine one one operator it was a robbery?

THOMAS

I'm in pain, ok?

BUB

You're hurting. Got it.  
By the way, my name is Bub.

[BUB watches for THOMAS'S reaction.]

THOMAS

Bub?

BUB

Yeah.

THOMAS

Your parents name you that?

BUB

No. It was something handed to me. My proper name is Timothy.

[BUB looks at THOMAS. He waits for an introduction. He does not receive one. When he comes to that realization he smiles and raises his eyebrows. He tightens the tourniquet some.]

THOMAS

What's taking the ambulance so long?

BUB

It's Friday night. They're busy. They'll get here. Be patient.

THOMAS

Are your hands clean?

[BUB lifts his left hand and pretends to examine it.]

BUB

I washed them last week. Or the week before. Can't remember. Maybe I should find a bathroom and wash them. Be right back.

[THOMAS lifts his right hand.]

THOMAS

No. No. I didn't mean that.  
You have to understand. I'm trying to hang on. Don't leave me.

BUB

Sounds like you're singing a love song.  
(singing)  
Just hanging on. Through the night. Don't leave me. Don't ever leave me.

[THOMAS does a combination sigh-groan.]

THOMAS

That's not helping.

BUB

Don't quit my day job?

THOMAS

I'm lucky that you....  
How do you know how to do this?

BUB

Medic. U.S. Army. You serve?

[BUB and THOMAS look at each other. It is obvious that the answer is no. BUB reaches for the wallet with his left hand. He opens the wallet and looks inside.]

I thought you said you were robbed.  
They didn't do a very good job. Even left the credit cards.

[THOMAS grits his teeth.]

THOMAS

If you take anything I'll report it to the police. I'm not kidding.

BUB

Don't worry. I won't do that. If I snatched and ran you would bleed out. Can't have that.  
What are you doing in this part of town anyway? This ain't where you live. No McMansions here. No high-rise luxury apartments.

You were making a drug buy. You came out to score.



THOMAS  
No.

BUB  
Yeah, you were.

THOMAS  
I don't do drugs.

BUB  
Can't be weed. You can get that anywhere. You must be after something stronger. Some good stuff. To lift you up.  
Why are you wasting your life?

THOMAS  
Why you wasting yours?

BUB  
What?

THOMAS  
Look at you.

BUB  
What about me?

THOMAS  
You're a street bum.

BUB  
You know, you could be right. But I'm not an alcoholic and I'm not on drugs.

[BUB tightens the tourniquet. THOMAS grimaces. BUB eases up.]

I'm cleaner than you. Any day of the week.

[BUB picks up the wallet with his free hand. He drops the wallet.]

If you keep using you'll be on the street too.

THOMAS  
I'm not like you. I can control it.

BUB

Wow. That's original. No one has ever said that before.

THOMAS

You don't understand my situation.

My job----it's high pressure like you wouldn't believe. I want to quit. Just type up my resignation letter. Say goodbye to a few people that I like. Then walk out the door whistling Dixie. Goodbye!

BUB

What would you do? If you quit.

THOMAS

Don't know. Go to out west. Be a park ranger.

My boss screams at me. His temper. Nobody likes him. Last week I put in sixty four hours. Not enough. The week before, I don't know, eighty I guess. One night I got home at one in the morning.

My wife says she doesn't feel married anymore. I tell her to hang on. When I make partner it will be better. She says no, it won't. It will be worse.

I'm not addicted. I'm not. If I get addicted, I will know it. I'll stop.

I take it for the lift it gives me. Depression, bad moods----gone. Zap. Gone. I get more work done.

But management wants more. Always more. The corporate culture. You don't understand.

You?

BUB

What?

THOMAS

Why are you on the street?

BUB

Got no other place to go.

My neighbor sued me.

THOMAS

What kind of neighbor would//

BUB

I left a rake in my backyard. A bad storm came up. The wind blew it into Greg's yard. Didn't know. Was not aware. His little girl ran after her dog the next day. Tripped. Fell face down on the tines. It was awful. Horrible. She lost her right eye. They wanted two million dollars. Got one.

Then I lost my job. And the job after that. And.....here I am.

Free as a bird.

THOMAS

Oh.

BUB

Actually not.

THOMAS

You are. In a way.

BUB

Cops hassle you all the time. The public.....

[THOMAS closes his eyes.]

THOMAS

Are they going to amputate?

BUB

Amputate what?

THOMAS

My leg!

BUB

Don't know. Not a doctor.

THOMAS

You were a medic. Tell me.

BUB

I'd say the probability is higher than normal.

THOMAS

I don't want a prosthetic leg.

BUB

It might be the only option.

THOMAS

My life will be over.

BUB

Whatever happens you'll adjust to it. That's what people do. When their situation changes. That's what I did.

THOMAS

You don't understand. I play tennis. I golf.

I used to anyway. When I had time.

BUB

You can golf with a fake leg. Tennis, not so much.

THOMAS

I'm not going on the golf course with a.....

I don't want people feeling sorry for me. Looking at me with pity.

BUB

I get that from time to time. Can't understand why.

THOMAS

Will I be able to drive a car?

BUB

Hire a chauffeur. Hire me.

[THOMAS looks away from BUB.]

Ohhhh-kay.

[THOMAS closes his eyes.]

THOMAS

I'll lose my job.

BUB

Why?

THOMAS

If I have a prosthetic limb.

BUB

Isn't there a law against that?

THOMAS

The senior partners will get around that. They'll find a way.

BUB

What?

THOMAS

They'll force me out. It's all about image at the company.

BUB

That's a pile of you know what. With a cherry on top.

THOMAS

It will probably take them a year. But they will do it.

BUB

Man, that is so jacked up. Why do you work there?

THOMAS

For the money. Is there another reason?

BUB

There should be. How much do you make a year?

THOMAS

Two hundred eighty.

BUB

Two hundred eighty thousand?

[THOMAS nods yes.]

Wow. I can't imagine making that much. And you're not satisfied with that?

THOMAS

It's not about being satisfied. But, as far as compensation goes, I'm ok.

BUB

Liar.

THOMAS

You don't understand.

BUB

Yeah. You're so satisfied that you're out here trying to get high. What is it? Meth? Pain killers? Opioids? H?

THOMAS

None of that.

BUB

Aspirin.

THOMAS

I was just at the wrong place at the wrong time.

BUB

So you came to Forty-fifth and Grand for the night life. The ambience.

THOMAS

You don't understand.

BUB

I think I do. You feel trapped.

THOMAS

If you have bills and a job you're trapped. Unless you depend on handouts.

BUB

Depend on handouts. Now who would that be?

THOMAS

People on welfare. Not you. Well, you.

BUB

So, what is it? Am I trapped? Not trapped?

THOMAS

It's different with your types.

BUB

My type? What does that mean?

[THOMAS refuses to reply.]

If I get ten dollars a day that's a good day.

THOMAS

That's what two lattes cost.

[PAUSE]

BUB

Does your wife know where you are?

[THOMAS shakes his head no.]

Don't you want to call her?

THOMAS

I'll do it later.

BUB

Why not now?

THOMAS

Later.

BUB

She would just freak out?

[THOMAS nods yes.]

She's gotta find out sometime.

THOMAS

Wait until I'm in the ER.

BUB

Where you'll be doped up.

THOMAS  
Where I'll be doped up.

BUB  
Too doped up to listen to her.  
Does she love you?

THOMAS  
What kind of question is that?  
I guess she does.

BUB  
You guess?

THOMAS  
Yeah, she loves me.

BUB  
Do you love her?

THOMAS  
Really? Is that any of your business?

BUB  
You don't.

THOMAS  
You my marriage counselor?

BUB  
If you loved her you would call her.

THOMAS  
Shut up.

BUB  
You got a girlfriend on the side?

THOMAS  
That's none of your business.

BUB  
So you do.



THOMAS

God, make the pain go away.

BUB

Is she a looker?

THOMAS

Will you just stop it? You don't know squat about me.

BUB

I know more than you think.

[BUB looks at THOMAS'S shoes.]

Nice shoes you got. How much they cost?

THOMAS

(weary)

One hundred ninety dollars.

[BUB whistles in admiration.]

BUB

Do I have body odor?

THOMAS

Huh?

BUB

Do I stink?

THOMAS

Uh. Some.

BUB

I can smell your aftershave.

THOMAS

Cologne.

BUB

So it's not Old Spice.

[BUB laughs. THOMAS closes his eyes.]

THOMAS

I don't want to be a cripple.

BUB

Ok. I'll just take off the tourniquet, take your wallet, and be off. You die in about three minutes and you're not a cripple! Legs fully attached. But, you're dead. Deal?

[BUB prepares to rise. THOMAS sees this.]

THOMAS

No.

BUB

No?

THOMAS

You're a real jerk. You know that?

BUB

No, Thomas, that would be you.

THOMAS

Don't call me.....How do you know my name? I never told you.

BUB

You didn't? You must have.

THOMAS

No, I didn't. I know I didn't.

[BUB gives THOMAS a wry grin.]

BUB

We've met before.

THOMAS

Where?

BUB

It was a long time ago.

THOMAS

I don't remember you.

BUB

You don't?

[BUB picks up the wallet.]

THOMAS

Leave it.

BUB

How much is in here?

THOMAS

Don't you dare.

[BUB puts the wallet back.]

BUB

You got a hundred? Fifty? Oh well, it doesn't matter. Whatever you have wouldn't last long. I'd just spend it on food and clothes. What good is that? I'd probably get robbed. My luck. The other guys seeing me with a new coat, shoes. Yeah, they would pick up my pipe and bash my head in. Naw. Ain't worth it. Thanks, anyway.

Which college you go to?

THOMAS

Princeton.

BUB

I bet that was something. Lot of pretty girls on campus?

THOMAS

Yeah. There were a few.

BUB

I didn't go to college. But I got a master's degree.

THOMAS

Those on-line courses are not...

BUB

Wasn't on-line. It was from the school of hard knocks!  
(laughs)

[BUB checks the wound and tightens the tourniquet.]

THOMAS  
Life is hard for most people.

BUB  
Even for people who went to Princeton?

THOMAS  
I've worked to get where I am today.

BUB  
On the street with a bullet in your leg.

THOMAS  
Was that comment necessary?

BUB  
Guess not. What do you do?

THOMAS  
Personal injury attorney.

BUB  
So you sue people. Ruin their lives.

THOMAS  
That's a misconception. It's not like that.

BUB  
Yeah, it is.

THOMAS  
We're seeking justice.

BUB  
You're a high class thief.

THOMAS  
Did you just call me a thief?

BUB  
Sounded like it.

THOMAS  
You have no right.

BUB

Thief.

[THOMAS, enraged, swings a fist at BUB'S head. BUB ducks and the fist misses.]

Hey!

THOMAS

Don't judge me, you damn bum!!

[BUB waits for THOMAS'S anger to subside.]

BUB

Where is that ambulance? I might need it.  
You realize if you knock me out this tourniquet will get loose.

THOMAS

Look. I didn't mean that. It's just that...when I'm hurting it annoys me to have you insult me.  
You're not much of a Good Samaritan.

BUB

Now, who's judging who?

THOMAS

You should be comforting me.

BUB

Quoting Bible verses. Singing psalms.

THOMAS

Just don't talk. How about that?

BUB

Got it.

I guess I go on and on cause I don't have many people to talk to during the day. And at night.

But you want me to be quiet. So you can relax and concentrate on what is hurting. Got it.  
That's the plan.

My wife cheated on me. At least I think she did. I have no solid proof, but there were times I wondered where she was. This was when we had no money.

[THOMAS groans his frustration.]

BUB

I never could get her to close a cabinet door. Always left them open. Kitchen. Bathroom. Even the dresser drawers. Used to make me so mad.

Course, it don't mean a thing now. She's dead.

THOMAS

I'm sorry to hear....

BUB

I shot her with my deer rifle.

THOMAS

You what??

BUB

Winchester two seventy caliber. The slug went right through her skull. Had an awful time cleaning up the kitchen.

THOMAS

You killed her!?

[BUB shakes his head yes, then no.]

BUB

Not really. It was just a fantasy I had.

[THOMAS is momentarily speechless.]

THOMAS

I can't believe a word that comes out of your mouth.

BUB

That's what Father Kelly says. Before and after confession.

THOMAS

You go to church?

BUB

Yeah. Just for the hell of it.

Got to atone for my sins. Get right with God.

Also they have lunches on Wednesdays. You attend church?

THOMAS

No.

BUB

Not a believer?

THOMAS

Don't tell me you are. You're just there for the meal.

BUB

Chicken noodle soup. Hmmm, good.

[BEAT. THOMAS looks at BUB's face.]

THOMAS

I couldn't do what you do.

BUB

What do you mean?

THOMAS

Live on the street.

[BEAT]

BUB

Yes, you could.

[THOMAS shakes his head no.]

You would be surprised what you can do.

THOMAS

If I were in your situation I would be...I don't know what.  
Mad at the world.

BUB

Father Kelly says count your blessings. Look at me. I don't have a leg with a bullet in it.  
Course, I could use a visit to the dentist. He'd take one look at my teeth and run!

[BUB laughs. THOMAS takes in a deep breath.]

THOMAS

Why don't you get a job?

BUB

Well, Hell's Bells! Why didn't I think of that?

THOMAS

Look. It's just that, well, you got a nice personality, a little sarcastic maybe, but you can talk to people, and you can act in an emergency. You say you're not addicted to anything.

BUB

Poverty.

THOMAS

Listen to me. There are places hiring all the time. I see signs everywhere. The pay may not be much. But if you take something, even at minimum wage, eventually you can get out of the hole you're in.

[BUB looks away.]

I'm just trying to---

BUB

What you're doing is being stupid and condescending. You know what happens when I apply for work? Do you? They ask you if you have reliable transportation. I say yeah, my feet. Not good enough. And do you have a phone? If we have to call you in. No phone. And the stench of my clothes. And then there's just my general appearance. Well, that just puts the icing on the cake.

THOMAS

You're making excuses. You're not trying hard enough.

BUB

Isn't that what your boss says to you?

THOMAS

That's different.

[THOMAS'S phone rings. He looks at it but doesn't answer.]

BUB

You going to answer?

THOMAS

It's Theresa.



BUB

Your wife.

THOMAS

Yeah.

[BUB lifts the left hand of THOMAS and admires his wedding ring.]

BUB

Nice. Where did you meet her? College?

THOMAS

High school.

BUB

(slowly)

High school? Her last name Anderson? Her maiden name.

THOMAS

(surprised)

Yes.....How do you know?

BUB

Is she still singing? She had a beautiful voice. When she sang in the school musicals the audience always clapped after her solos. Maybe she's joined a church choir.

THOMAS

You know her? How?

BUB

I played cello in the pit orchestra. Sometimes I would look up and watch her on stage.

THOMAS

Who...?

BUB

Fairview High had a good drama department. Orchestra was ok. The band sucked.

THOMAS

You went there?

BUB

Yeah.

When I came upon you I thought is that Thomas Justin? Is that TJ? Can't be. Looks like him though. But no, he wouldn't be here. Not in this part of town. Then you started talking and I knew. It was you.

THOMAS

I don't remember....

BUB

You don't remember me. Of course not. Still a nobody.

I wanted to ask her out. I thought I didn't have a chance. Competing against you. You were a year ahead of me. A star athlete. On the basketball team. All the girls liked you. You could be a little mean too. You liked to give freshman swirlies. Holding their heads in the toilets in the gym. You did it to me.

THOMAS

I did?

BUB

You don't remember.

THOMAS

I was young then.

BUB

Yeah. So was I.

[THOMAS'S phone rings again.]

You going to answer?

She's wondering where you are. She's worried.

THOMAS

If I tell her she'll worry more.

[The phone stops ringing.]

BUB

Do you have a picture of her?

[THOMAS looks at BUB. THOMAS points to the wallet. BUB uses his free hand to reach the wallet. He has difficulty going through the photo section. THOMAS takes the wallet from him and finds the photo. He gives it to BUB who holds it with his free hand. There is a long moment where he looks at it.]

BUB

Theresa.

[BUB looks at it a little while longer and then hands it back to THOMAS who puts it back into the wallet.]

THOMAS

Do you still play the cello?

BUB

Sold it a long time ago.

THOMAS

I bought Theresa a piano. A baby grand. I thought it would make her happy. She never plays it.

[OFFSTAGE: SOUND OF A DISTANT SIREN. THOMAS begins to panic.]

BUB

Looks like your joy ride is here.

THOMAS

You got to do something for me.

[THOMAS reaches inside his coat pocket and takes out a plastic bag of white powder. He pushes it on BUB.]

BUB

Not interested. Thanks, anyway.

THOMAS

Take it! They'll search me! If I get caught....

BUB

Too late to worry about that now.

THOMAS

Take it! Help me out!

BUB

No can do.

THOMAS

Take it!

[BUB shakes his head no.]

If it gets out that I was caught with this.....

BUB

I won't tell anybody.

THOMAS

Listen to me! Hide it! Quick! Hide it! NOW!

BUB

No.

THOMAS

Do it! They'll fire me at work! Take it! Hide it somewhere.

BUB

No.

THOMAS

DO IT!

[BUB again shakes his head no.]

I don't want to go to jail!

BUB

Hospital first.

THOMAS

I'll stop the drugs. I will. Just help me out here. Please. I'll go to rehab. I'll do anything. Pay you whatever you want. Don't let me.....

[THOMAS realizes that BUB is not going to help him.]

Asshole!

[THOMAS lifts the bag over his head and prepares to toss it. He hesitates. THOMAS looks in the direction of BUB'S cart. He throws it. The bag lands in the cart or near it. OFFSTAGE: pulsing blue lights. PAUSE. SOUND of footsteps. POLICE OFFICER enters stage. OFFICER sees BUB'S back and THOMAS'S prone body on the floor. POLICE OFFICER stops, hand on holster.]

POLICE OFFICER

Nobody move! Raise your hands!

BUB

I can't.

THOMAS

He can't!

POLICE OFFICER

Let me see your hands!

THOMAS

He's stopping the bleeding! It's ok, officer! I've been shot!

POLICE OFFICER

What?

THOMAS

He's stopping the bleeding! Listen to me!

[POLICE OFFICER cautiously approaches the pair. OFFICER sees BUB applying the tourniquet.]

POLICE OFFICER

Who shot you?

THOMAS

I don't know.

POLICE OFFICER

You don't?

THOMAS

What difference does it make?

POLICE OFFICER

(to BUB)  
How bad is it?

BUB

He'll live.

POLICE OFFICER

You stopped the bleeding?

[BUB nods yes.]

THOMAS

Can you get on the radio? Hurry them up? It's taking the ambulance forever.

POLICE OFFICER

It's been a busy night. Calls everywhere. Calm down. You'll be taken care of.

THOMAS

Call them!

POLICE OFFICER

They're on the way. Stay calm.

[POLICE OFFICER surveys the scene. OFFICER sees the grocery cart and walks over. OFFICER sees the bag of white powder right away. OFFICER picks it up.]

This yours?

[BUB turns his head to look.]

BUB

No.

POLICE OFFICER

Is this your cart?

BUB

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER

You have---

BUB

It's not mine.

POLICE OFFICER

---drugs in your possession.

BUB

Officer, it's not mine!

POLICE OFFICER

How did it get in your cart?

[BUB does not respond.]

It just fell out of the sky. A bird dropped it.

BUB

(glancing at THOMAS)  
Someone put it there.

POLICE OFFICER

You have drugs in your possession.

BUB

It's not mine.

POLICE OFFICER

Looks like it to me.  
It's good you stopped to save this man's life. I'll put that in my report. That will count for something.

BUB

Tell him, Thomas.

[PAUSE. THOMAS'S face is a little sad, but also determined.]

Tell him.

[POLICE OFFICER senses something is going on between them.]

You made the buy. Not me. Tell him.

[THOMAS does not speak.]

POLICE OFFICER

(to THOMAS)  
Is that correct?

THOMAS

I don't know what he's talking about.

[BUB bows his head.]

BUB

Don't do this to me!

THOMAS

I was walking on the street. A car drove by. They were pointing guns. I heard POP POP POP. Then I was on the ground and my leg was bleeding.

[BUB looks at him.]

BUB

Does Theresa know about your habit?

POLICE OFFICER

Who's Theresa?

BUB

His wife.

THOMAS

My wife's name is Melanie.

[BUB shakes his head no.]

POLICE OFFICER

You two know each other?

BUB

We know each other.

THOMAS

Never saw him before.

BUB

Is this how it's going to be? Like it was in high school?



[BUB and THOMAS look at each other. BUB, angry and disappointed, releases the tourniquet and picks up the wallet. THOMAS immediately panics. BUB stands and walks away. POLICE OFFICER drops the bag of drugs into the cart and runs over to THOMAS. THOMAS puts his hands on his wound.]

Bub! Don't! I'm bleeding!

THOMAS

(to BUB)  
What are you doing!?

POLICE OFFICER

Don't let me die!

THOMAS

(to BUB)  
Come back!

POLICE OFFICER

I'm bleeding!

THOMAS

I'm not taking the fall for you.

BUB

Come back! Fix this!

POLICE OFFICER

I'm bleeding.

THOMAS

Drop the wallet!

POLICE OFFICER

[BUB searches the wallet for Theresa's photo. He finds it and shows it to the POLICE OFFICER.]

This is all I want.

BUB

[BUB throws the wallet at THOMAS.]

BUB

Sometimes, not often, but sometimes I wonder what my life would be like if I had approached her, got my courage up, actually talked to her and we.....hit it off. Me and her. Crazy, huh?

It didn't happen. Life is what did happen. Not what could have.

You don't deserve her.  
I'm leaving now.

POLICE OFFICER

Come back here!

BUB

Take over. You know how. You've been trained in CPR.

POLICE OFFICER

You're under arrest. Come back!

BUB

If you chase me down he might die. Your choice. Me or him. If you save his life you're a hero. You'll be on the evening news. Cop saves man's life.  
(to THOMAS)

Tell Theresa there is this guy who played cello in the high school orchestra who fell in love with her a long time ago. Tell her he still thinks about her from time to time.

[POLICE OFFICER drops to the floor and begins to reapply the tourniquet. THOMAS gasps. BUB goes to his cart, picks up the drug bag and throws it at THOMAS.]

You don't know how lucky you are.  
Thanks for the photo. It will help me on cold nights.

[BUB puts the photo in a pocket. He pushes the cart off stage. THOMAS and POLICE OFFICER look at each other as LIGHTS FADE.]

END OF PLAY