



JESUS HOPPED THE 'A' TRAIN AUDITION SIDES

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1. ANGEL, MARY JANE

Angel: What I want is a fuckin lawyer!! Is it possible, in this nightmare – I mean, what the fuck is this?! – Even on TV they get a lawyer –

Mary Jane: I am a lwyer, I'm your lawyer –

Angel: I wanna real lawyer!

Mary Jane: I am a real lawyer, and you are my real client –

Angel: Fuck that!

Mary Jane: You wanna see the paperwork?

Angel: Fuck the paperwork! Why didn't you check the paperwork before you came in here talkin all kinda shit when you didn't even know who you was speakin' to?

Mary Jane: Look, I am sorry for the mix-up, I –

Angel: The "mix-up"? Is that what happened before? We had a little "mix-up"?!

Mary Jane: I said –

Angel: -- Do you always have these little "mix-ups"? Or do you never know who anybody is?

Mary Jane: I'm sorry!

Angel: I ain't Hector Villanueva!!

Mary Jane: I know that –

Angel: Hector Villanueva, No Aqui!!

Mary Jane: Okay, What I need from you –

Angel: Need?! You gonna sit there and talk to me about what you need? I'm incarcerated, lady! Why can't we talk about what I fuckin need?!

Mary Jane: What do you need?

Angel: I need a damn lawyer!!!

Mary Jane: Which is why I'm here –

Angel: This is bullshit! This is racism is what it is, racism!! If I was white, I'd have motherfuckin' Perry Mason sittin here wit the little glasses and the beard talkin fuckin' strategy. Instead they give me som bumblin'-ass Wilma Flintston don't even know who I am!!

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

Angel: I never played soccer!!

Mary Jane: You're charged with Attempted Murder, I know that.

Angel: Attempted Murder??!! –

Mary Jane: -- That surprises you? –

Angel: -- Ya see Bitch? Dass exactly what I'm talkin 'bout! All I did –

Mary Jane: -- Stop!

Angel: All I did was shoot him in the ass, what the fuck is “attempted murder” about that, huh?! ... Stupid ass! ... What??!! (*Mary Jane rises, begins collecting her things.*) What are you doing?

Mary Jane: I'm leaving.

Angel: Why, 'cuz I called you a bitch?

Mary Jane: No, Because you just confessed to me.

Angel: Confessed? Confessed what?

Mary Jane: You just admitted to me that you did the shooting.

Angel: No I didn't!

Mary Jane: You just said, “All I did was shoot him in the ass.”

Angel: So?

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

Angel: What if I don't want another lawyer?

Mary Jane: You just got through haranguing me –

Angel: “Haranguing”?

Mary Jane: Haranguing. It means –

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

Mary Jane: Yeah, that’s exactly what I was thinking –

Angel: I know a lot of fuckin shit!

Mary Jane: Well then know this: When the next lawyer walks in her tomorrow, or the day after, try not to confess to him –

Angel: Tomorrow??!! –

Mary Jane: Because when you confess to your lawer, Angel, it means we can’t put you up on the witness stand –

Angel: -- Hold up –

Mary Jane: Because if we did put you on the witness stand, we would be suborning perjury and I’m sure, of course, that you know what “suborning” means, but on the off chance you might have missed that vocabulary word during your high school years at Power Memorial, let me refresh you: it means if you’re lying up there, we can’t know about it –

Angel: Okay –

Mary Jane: -- And if we do know about it, we’re obligated to inform the court –

Angel: So –

Mary Jane: -- And if we don’t inform the court and someone finds out about it, then we could get in a lot of trouble!

Angel: If you had tol’ me this shit before –

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

Angel: -- So whatchu gonna do about it?!

Mary Jane: What am I gonna do? –

Angel: -- ‘Cuz I ain’t go ‘till tomorrow –

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

Angel: So which one are you?

Mary Jane: I’m neither. *(Mary Jane exits. Blackout.)*

2. LUCIUS

Lucius: When Jesus died on the cross, you know who was there wit' him? I ain't talkin' 'bout Roman soldiers and the blaspheming crowd, I'm talkin' 'bout who was there for Him. I'll tell ya who was there. His Mother, Mary Magdalene, 'coupla aunts, and some street walkin' ho's. All women. The twelve Apostles? Hiding in fear. His pops, St. Joseph? He was at the bar talkin' 'bout: "Pour me another wine, Lazarus." It was the women showed up for Jesus. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, them cats had time to make up for their sins, how much time I got? Thass why I'm a speak my mind! Thass why I ain't gonna let no mustachioed Roman soldier squelch my positive self-expression! Every day I got left, I'm a live free. I'm a open up that gift God give me each and every day, save the wrappin' paper so's I could package up my gift and pass it on. Ain't gonna live in fear no more! I'm a show up for Jesus like he showed up for me!

Angel: You want a cigarette, man?

Lucius: Them things'll kill ya, brother. Now, how is it you ain't a believer?

Angel: Look man, this ain't a conversation you wanna have with hem

Lucius: Some of the greatest Saints, they was non-believers, having the crisis of faith right up to the end.

Angel: I'm not havin a crisis.

Lucius: Lemme pose to you a little hypothetical, brother: ...What if God existed?

Angel: I really ain't up for this, bro.

Lucius: Lemme juss kick it like this, shortpants: If I were ta say to you, today, that God not only exists, but has a plan for ya, brother, that you are here, right here and now, because God planned for this to be, truly, the first day of the rest of your life –

Angel: Yo, man –

Lucius: Hear me out: If I said that the life you will live from this day forward will be happy, joyous and free, and with Divine Purpose –

Angel: Juror number one, she likes me.

Lucius: What??!!

Angel: I'm sayin: In my trial, I think that juror number-one likes me.

Lucius: Yeah, well, so long as jurors number two through twelve like you too, then you got no problem, but in the mean time –

Angel: Nah, man, I mean, she likes me.

Lucius: Yeah, so what?

Angel: I'm juss sayin she likes me, what's wrong wit dat?

Lucius: Don't you take do disputatious attitude on me –

Angel: What's wrong with juror number-one wanting to get with me?

Lucius: Get with you? Hey now Casanova, that's very special, I'm happy for ya, but I'm a tell you right now, either you got your signals crossed or that female is emotionally disturbed –

Angel: 'Cuz she likes me?

Lucius: What kinda church goin' woman gonna make goo goo eyes at some criminal defendant?

Angel: Why she gotta be a "church goin' woman"? Why can't she juss be a woman, like, she's a woman and I'm a man?

Lucius: You think you a man, huh?

Angel: I'm juss sayin' she likes me.

Lucius: I bet she's fat.

Angel: She ain't fat, man.

Lucius: You seen her standing up? ... I rest my case.

Angel: Yo, juss 'cuz you ain't got no woman –

Lucius: I gotta woman, and she's called the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and she's a source of comfort and understanding, a solace in a sea of turpitude!

Angel: Yeah, well juror number one ain't fat.

Lucius: She go to Jenny Craig, believe that! I seen 'em all!

Angel: What chu seen lately to be the judge a anything?

Lucius: I see a fool stanin' before me, tell ya that for free. I see all I need to see. Don't ya get my dander up now, son. Don't you danderize me! And don't you never change the subject on me again when I'm pursuin' a line of thought like I was subsequent to your pointless little interruption. Talkin' bout girls? Shoot. You see any girls here?

Angel: I'm juss sayin' –

Lucius: Say! Say! Say! What I'm sayin' is: if you horny, go in the corner and whack your pee-pee, juss leave me out of it.

Angel: And I'm sayin': I ain't interested in any conversation about God.

Lucius: You don't like God?

Angel: I didn't say that.

Lucius: I'm not saying that you did. I'm asking you a question, a direct question, do you like God?

Angel: I don't know God, okay? You know him, or you think you know him –

Lucius: Think I know him?

Angel: Whatever, you know him –

Lucius: No, no, no, son. It's not "whatever." Either I know him or I don't. What do you think? Do I know him?

Angel: I don't know –

Lucius: "Don't know"??! Don't try to jive me with "You don't know." Of course you know! You juss to feeble-hearted and trifling to lissen to what you already know to be true in your damaged heart! I look like a fool to you?

Angel: It ain't like that, man.

Lucius: Or maybe you juss think I'm insane, "Black Plague," "Boogie Man," "Boo Mothahfuckah! Comin to eat you up!" That it? You think I'm some kinda cancerous plan crash?

Angel: You're cool, man, you're cool –

Lucius: Cool???! You lucky they got a cage between us, talkin' 'bout cool! Be anything you wanna be in this life, son, be a damn "atheist, arsonist, lowlife, heretic, Antichrist, politician, cable TV installer," any kind a general miscreant tickles your T bone, but doncha ever be cool!!!! And doncha ever try to gell me that I'm cool, 'cuz I juss won't

stand for it! Be blazin' or be freezin', but doncha ever be cool! Cool? Shit, that's juss a waste of my time, and I care about my damn time! Do you hear me? ... I said, do you hear me?

Angel: I'm, I'm sorry –

Lucius: I didn't ask you were you sorry. I take one look at you and I can tell you frankly, you one of the sorriest people I ever seen. I adked you, do you hear me?

Angel: I hear you.

Lucius: Do you hear me?

Angel: I ain't the fuckin' enemy, man.

Lucius: You need to inspect yourself, so you can respect yourself, little man!

3. VALDEZ

Valdez: Officer D'Amico! Superintendent Callahan wants to see you in his office.

D'Amico: What for?

Valdez: I'm afraid I'm not privy to that information.

D'Amico: All right, Let me just secure the prisoner back to his cell –

Valdez: He wants to see you now.

D'Amico: Like, right this second?

Valdez: Pronto. His words, not mine.

D'Amico: Okay. Uh –

Valdez: I'll secure the prisoner.

D'Amico: Do you know how to do it?

Valdez: Do I know how to do it? Yeah, I think I do.

D'Amico: Lucius doesn't give us much of a problem –

Valdez: I'm sure he won't.

D'Amico: Okay then. *(D'Amico exits.)*

Lucius: Didn't catch your name.

Valdez: Valdez.

Lucius: Valdez?

Valdez: Correct.

Lucius: Fine day today, huh Valdez?

Valdez: Splendid. Step away from the cage.

Lucius: You don't mind if I linger a little, do ya, brother?

Valdez: Linger?

Lucius: Enjoy a few more minutes of this heaven sent autumn breeze just, you know, till Charlie gets back?

Valdez: “Charlie” will not be returning.

Lucius: Gone for the day?

Valdez: Step away from the cage.

Lucius: You a church-goin’ man?

Valdez: I worship the devil. Away from the cage.

Lucius: Thing is, I’d really prefer –

Valdez: You’d prefer?

Lucius: Just a coupla more minutes, put my thoughts in order –

Valdez: When you’re back in your cell, you’re gonna have all the time you need for reflection. Last time: Step away.

Lucius: Yeah, I see your oping, big man, I do indeed. Thing is, up here in P.C., up here, it’s a little different than downstairs, we gotta different kinda vibe going on –

Valdez: Vibe?

Lucius: Yeah, brother man, it’s a different kinda feel –

Valdez: Feel?

Lucius: Works out nicely for everybody.

Valdez: Oh ... Well ... Let me, if I may, tell you now about my vibe, my feel .. My “vibe” is: Step away from that cage before I come in there and club you to death.

Lucius: ‘Nuff said, brother, ‘nuff said. (Lucius assumes the position. Valdez enters the cage, cuffs him.)

Valdez: Nah, nah, I juss told you about my vibe. Now lemme tell you about my “fee.” ... Now stand up. Thank you. My “feel” is this: (Valdez spits in his face.) Thass my feel. It’s a “different kinda feel,” I know, but – it’s my feel. And if you gotta problem with my feel, then you are gonna get a taste of my vibe. Are we clear on the “Vibe and Feel” thing now?

Lucius: Affirmative.

Valdez: This is not Jellystone Park. I’m not the park ranger. There will be no more Oreo cookies in your picnic basket. There will be no more picnic basket. There will be no more picnic ... Got that, Superstar? ... I do not like infractions. There will be no more infractions. ... At this moment, I give you zero respect because that’s where your balance stands. Zero ... That’s why I can spit in your face. That’s why I am currently eyeballing you in an aggressive manner, eating your

cookies ... That's why I can tell you that in my mind, you're a worthless psychopathic piece of shit, a scrawny old H.I.V. faggot, a skin poppin' ugly gangly bag of bones, an eyesore ... "Black Plague" That's what they all you, right? "Cuz you Black and you killed a lot of motherfuckahs"? ... I heard you give out autographs.

Lucius: Prayer cards.

Valdez: You think you're some kinda superstar, Mr. Superstar?

Lucius: I'm a God-fearining man.

Valdez: Gon't be a God-fearing man, be a Valdez-fearing man. I heard they wanna put you on TV, lemme tell you something about that. I enjoy TV. I would go so far as to say that I love TV. I gotta big screen TV in my den, I watch it often with popcorn and Pepsi. If I ever see you on the TV being a superstar, it will upset me. And if that happens, I'm gonna come back to work here the next day and I'm gonna do a little "Vibe and Feel" on your ass. Understood?

Lucius: Yeah, man.

Valdez: Say: "Affirmative." Say it!

Lucius: Affirmative.

Valdez: Goddamn right, Superstar. If you do not fuck with me, Mr. Superstar, I can guarantee you a garden-variety miserable existence. But if you do decide to fuck with me – ever – I will show you a world where mere misery is like toasting marshmallows 'round the campfire in your long johns. You get me, Superstar?

Lucius: The Lord will provide.

Valdez: Excuse me:

Lucius: I mean, "Affirmative."

Valdez: I don't give a fuck what you mean. When they extradite your ass to Florida, you can resume your shenanigans. Until then, believe this: If you ever try to wave a Bible in my Fact, I'll shove it right through your teeth. And don't you ever ask me for no cigarette, cuz I don't smoke. Move it out!

5. D'AMICO

D'Amico: Still workin out, huh Lou?

Lucius: Feelin good, brother Charlie, in fine feather! How'm I looking?

D'Amico: Lookin good, Lou.

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

D'Amico: Were ya?

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

D'Amico: Sure thing, Lou.

Lucius: Gimme another one for behind me ear ... The Lord loves ya, Charlie.

D'Amico: Thanks, Lou ...

Lucius: Dig that sun, Charlie.

D'Amico: Yup.

Lucius: It aint' sunnier over there by you, is it?

D'Amico: Nope.

Lucius: You got dat right. Praise be!

D'Amico: Could I ax you sumptin, Lou?

Lucius: You ain't messin' up again, are ya brother?

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

Lucius: Television's the number one narcotic we got going on up here in America! Keeps a man idle and stupid. Might as well pump heroin into the airstream. Same difference ... TV!! Ha!! ... *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? Who Wants To Kiss My Narrow Black Ass?* I'd say that's a lot more like it. And that's pretty much what I told them TV folks.

D'Amico: Yeah well, my wife's a little disappointed, thought I might get a little screen time, somethin' to tell the relatives.

Lucius: You did thank her for that fine shepherd's pie she made for me?

D'Amico: I did.

Lucius: Tell her sorry 'bout the interview, Lucius don't do no TB ... Unless they bring that Connie Chung up in there, kinda like her, Lord forgive me ... Say, Charlie, about them Oreos cookies –

D'Amico: You didn't see them? I left them in your cell.

Lucius: Yeah, brother, I found them all right, and God bless ya for it, but the thing is, they got these other kinda Oreos –

D'Amico: What kind?

Lucius: They got this kind that's dipped in fudge, that's the kind I was talkin' about the other day.

D'Amico: I'm sorry Lucius, I didn't realize –

Lucius: Quite all right, brother, quite all right. Now here's the thing: These fudge dipped little concoctions, they come in chocolate fudge and vanilla fudge –

D'Amico: Chocolate and vanilla.

Lucius: I like the vanilla fudge, that is to say, the vanilla fudge, that's where my preference lies, if you get my meaning.

D'Amico: Not a problem, Lous. I'll juss tell my wife; she'll be happy to do it.

Lucius: Your wife's a fine woman, Charlie.

D'Amico: I know.

Lucius: But then again, why wouldn't she be?, since you such a fine gentleman yourself.

D'Amico: Thanks, Lou.

Lucius: And I mean that sincerely.

D'Amico: Me too.

Lucius: Praise be ... So whachu think, Charlie? I'm a beat extradition?

D'Amico: Sure, Lou. Why not.

Lucius: Juss like you gonna beat what needs beatin', right?

D'Amico: Damn straight, Lou.

Lucius: "We all gonna beat ... what needs to be beat ... so we can snatch vict'ry ... from the jaws fo defeat"!

D'Amico: I like that. Who said it?

Lucius: Your mother.

D'Amico: What?

Lucius: I said it, Charlie, juss made it up now.

D'Amico: Oh.

Lucius: Gotta stay wit me, baby –

D'Amico: -- I'm here Lou –

Lucius: Sharp minds think alike.

D'Amico: "Sharp minds, Sharp products."

Lucius: What's that?

D'Amico: You never heard that before?

Lucius: Nah, man.

D'Amico: Really?

Lucius: Who in the world said that?

D'Amico: Your Grandma?

Lucius: My...? Oh now, Charlie, you are a wicked, sinful man –

D'Amico: That I am.

Lucius: If my Ol' Granny were here now shed' flatten you like a thin crust pizza, you could believe that! (*Valdez enters, eating from a box of Oreos.*)

Valdez: Officer D'Amico! Superintendent Callahan wants to see you in his office.

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Valdez: I'm afraid I'm not privy to that information.

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D'Amico: Like, right this second?

Valdez: Pronto. His words, not mine.

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Valdez: Do I know how to do it? Yeah, I think I do.

D'Amico: Lucius doesn't give us much of a problem –

Valdez: I'm sure he won't.

D'Amico: Okay then. *(D'Amico exits.)*