

(Rest)

ar,

He was drunk when he told me, or maybe I was drunk when he told me. Anyway he told me, may not be true, but he told me. Why he named us both. Lincoln and Booth.

BOOTH.

How come. How come, man?

LINCOLN.

It was his idea of a joke.

(Both men relax back as the lights fade.)

Scene Two

Friday evening. The very next day. Booth comes in looking like he is bundled up against the cold. He makes sure his brother isn't home, then stands in the middle of the room. From his big coat sleeves he pulls out one new shoe then another, from another sleeve come two more shoes. He then slithers out a belt from each sleeve. He removes his coat. Underneath he wears a very nice new suit. He removes the jacket and pants revealing another new suit underneath. The suits still have the price tags on them. He takes two neckties and a bottle of whiskey from his pockets and two folded shirts from the back of his pants. He pulls a magazine from the front of his pants. He's clearly had a busy day of shoplifting. He lays one suit out on Lincoln's easy chair. The other he lays out on his own bed. He goes out into the hall returning with a folding screen which he sets up between the bed and the recliner creating 2 separate spaces. He sets up the whiskey and two glasses on the stacked milk crates. He hears footsteps and sits down in the small wooden chair reading the magazine. Lincoln, dressed in street clothes, comes in.

LINCOLN.
Taaaaadaaaaaaaa!

BOOTH.
Lordamighty, Pa, I smells money!

LINCOLN.
Sho nuff, Ma. Poppa done brung home thuh bacon.

BOOTH.
Bringitherebringitherebringithere.

(With a series of very elaborate moves Lincoln brings the money over to Booth.)

BOOTH.
Put it in my hands, Pa!

LINCOLN.
I want ya tuh smells it first, Ma!

BOOTH.
Put it neath my nose then, Pa!

LINCOLN.
Take yrsel a good long whiff of them greenbacks.

BOOTH.
Oh lordamighty Ima faint, Pa! Get me muh med-sin!

(Lincoln quickly pours two large glasses of whiskey.)

LINCOLN.
Dont die on me, Ma!

BOOTH.
Im fading fast, Pa!

LINCOLN.

Thinka thuh children, Ma! Thinka thuh farm!

BOOTH.

1-2-3.

(Both men gulp down their drinks simultaneously.)

LINCOLN and BOOTH.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

(Lots of laughing and slapping on the backs.)

LINCOLN.

Budget it out man budget it out.

BOOTH.

You in a hurry?

LINCOLN.

Yeah. I wanna see how much we got for the week.

BOOTH.

You rush in here and dont even look around. Could be a fucking A-bomb in the middle of the floor you wouldnt notice. Yr wife, Cookie —

LINCOLN.

X-wife —

BOOTH.

— could be in my bed you wouldnt notice —

LINCOLN.

She was once —

BOOTH.

Look the fuck around please.

(Lincoln looks around and sees the new suit on his chair.)

LINCOLN.

Wow.

BOOTH.

Its yrs.

LINCOLN.

Shit.

BOOTH.

Got myself one too.

LINCOLN.

Boosted?

BOOTH.

Yeah, I boosted em. Theys stole from a big-ass department store. That store takes in more money in one day than we will in our whole life. I stole and I stole generously. I got one for me and I got one for you. Shoes belts shirts ties socks in the shoes and everything. Got that screen too.

LINCOLN.

You all right, man.

BOOTH.

Just cause I aint good as you at cards dont mean I cant do nothing.

LINCOLN.

Lets try em on.

(They stand in their separate sleeping spaces, Booth near his bed, Lincoln near his recliner, and try on their new clothes.)

BOOTH.

Ima wear mine tonight. Gracell see me in this and *she* gonna ask

me tuh marry *her*.

(*Rest*)

I got you the blue and I got me the brown. I walked in there and walked out and they didnt as much as bat an eye. Thats how smooth lil bro be, Link.

LINCOLN.

You did good. You did real good, 3-Card.

BOOTH.

All in a days work.

LINCOLN.

They say the clothes make the man. All day long I wear that getup. But that dont make me who I am. Old black coat not even real old just fake old. Its got worn spots on the elbows, little raggedy places thatll break through into holes before the winters out. Shiny strips around the cuffs and the collar. Dust from the cap guns on the left shoulder where they shoot him, where they shoot me I should say but I never feel like they shooting me. The fella who had the gig before I had it wore the same coat. When I got the job they had the getup hanging there waiting for me. Said thuh fella before me just took it off one day and never came back.

(*Rest*)

Remember how Dads clothes used to hang in the closet?

BOOTH.

Until you took em outside and burned em.

(*Rest*)

He had some nice stuff. What he didnt spend on booze he spent on women. What he didnt spend on them two he spent on clothes. He had some nice stuff. I would look at his stuff and calculate thuh how long it would take till I was big enough to fit it. Then you went and burned it all up.

LINCOLN.

I got tired of looking at em without him in em.

(*Rest*)

They said thuh fella before me — he took off the getup one day, hung it up real nice, and never came back. And as they offered me thuh job, saying of course I would have to wear a little makeup and accept less than what they would offer a — another guy —

BOOTH.

Go on, say it. "White." Theyd pay you less than theyd pay a white guy.

LINCOLN.

I said to myself thats exactly what I would do: wear it out and then leave it hanging there and not come back. But until then, I would make a living at it. But it dont make me. Worn suit coat, not even worn by the fool that Im supposed to be playing, but making fools out of all those folks who come crowding in for they chance to play at something great. Fake beard. Top hat. Dont make me into no Lincoln. I was Lincoln on my own before any of that.

(The men finish dressing. They style and profile.)

BOOTH.

Sharp, huh?

LINCOLN.

Very sharp.

BOOTH.

You look sharp too, man. You look like the real you. Most of the time you walking around all bedraggled and shit. You look good. Like you used to look back in thuh day when you had Cookie in love with you and all the women in the world was eating out of yr hand.

LINCOLN.

This is real nice, man. I dont know where Im gonna wear it but its real nice.

BOOTH.

Just wear it around. Itll make you feel good and when you feel good yll meet someone nice. Me I aint interested in meeting no