

Scene Three

Much later that same Friday evening. The recliner is extended to its maximum horizontal position and Lincoln lies there asleep. He wakes with a start. He is horrific, bleary eyed and hungover, in his full Lincoln regalia. He takes a deep breath, realizes where he is and reclines again, going back to sleep. Booth comes in full of swagger. He slams the door trying to wake his brother who is dead to the world. He opens the door and slams it again. This time Lincoln wakes up, as hungover and horrid as before. Booth swaggers about, his moves are exaggerated, rooster-like. He walks round and round Lincoln making sure his brother sees him.

LINCOLN.
You hurt yrself?

BOOTH.
I had me "an evening to remember."

LINCOLN.
You look like you hurt yrself.

BOOTH.
Grace Grace Grace. *Grace.* She wants me back. She wants me back so bad she wiped her hand over the past where we wasnt together just so she could say we aint never been apart. She wiped her hand over our breakup. She wiped her hand over her childhood, her teenage years, her first boyfriend, just so she could say that she been mine since the dawn of time.

LINCOLN.
Thats great, man.

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BOOTH.

And all the shit I put her through: she wiped it clean. And all the women I saw while I was seeing her —

LINCOLN.

Wiped clean too?

BOOTH.

Mister Clean, Mister, Mister Clean!

LINCOLN.

Whered you take her?

BOOTH.

We was over at her place. I brought thuh food. Stopped at the best place I could find and stuffed my coat with only the best. We had the music we had the candlelight we had —

LINCOLN.

She let you do it?

BOOTH.

Course she let me do it.

LINCOLN.

She let you do it without a rubber?

BOOTH.

— Yeah.

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LINCOLN.

Bullshit.

BOOTH.

I put my foot down — and she *melted*. And she was — huh — she was something else. I dont wanna get you jealous, though.

LINCOLN.
Go head, I dont mind.

BOOTH.
(*Rest*)
Well, you know what she looks like.

LINCOLN.
She walks on by and the emergency room fills up cause all the guys
get whiplash from lookin at her.

BOOTH.
Thats right thats right. Well — she comes to the door wearing
nothing but her little nightie, eats up the food I'd brought like
there was no tomorrow and then goes and eats on me.
(*Rest*)

LINCOLN.
Go on.

BOOTH.
I dont wanna make you feel bad, man.

LINCOLN.
Ssallright. Go on.

BOOTH.
(*Rest*)
Well, uh, you know what shes like. Wild. Goodlooking. So sweet
my teeth hurt.

LINCOLN.
A sexmachine.

BOOTH.
Yeah.

LINCOLN.
A hotsy-totsy.

BOOTH.
Yeah.

LINCOLN.
Amazing Grace.

BOOTH.
Amazing Grace! Yeah. Thats right. She let me do her how I wanted.
And no rubber.
(Rest)

LINCOLN.
Go on.

BOOTH.
You dont wanna hear the mushy shit.

LINCOLN.
Sure I do.

BOOTH.
You hate the mushy shit. You always hated the mushy shit.

LINCOLN.
Ive changed. Go head. You had "an evening to remember,"
remember? I was just here alone sitting here. Drinking. Go head.
Tell Link thuh stink.
(Rest)
Howd ya do her?

BOOTH.
Dogstyle.

LINCOLN.
Amazing Grace.

BOOTH.
In front of a mirror.

LINCOLN.
So you could see her. Her face her breasts her back her ass. Graces got a great ass.

BOOTH.
Its all right.

LINCOLN.
Amazing Grace!

(Booth goes into his bed area and takes off his suit, tossing the clothes on the floor.)

BOOTH.
She said next time Ima have to use a rubber. She let me have my way this time but she said that next time I'd have to put my boots on.

LINCOLN.
Im sure you can talk her out of it.

BOOTH.
Yeah.
(Rest)
What kind of rubbers you use, I mean, when you was with Cookie.

LINCOLN.
We didnt use rubbers. We was married, man.

BOOTH.
Right. But you had other women on the side. What kind you use when you was with them?

LINCOLN.
Magnums.

BOOTH.

Thats thuh kind I picked up. For next time. Grace was real strict about it. Magnums.

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(While Booth sits on his bed fiddling with his box of condoms, Lincoln sits in his chair and resumes drinking.)

LINCOLN.

Theyre for "the larger man."

BOOTH.

Right. Right.

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(Lincoln keeps drinking as Booth, sitting in the privacy of his bedroom, flips through a girlie magazine.)

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LINCOLN.

Thats right.

BOOTH.

Graces real different from them fly-by-night gals I was making do with. Shes in school. Making something of herself. Studying cosmetology. You should see what she can do with a womans hair and nails.

ith

LINCOLN.

Too bad you aint a woman.

BOOTH.

What?

LINCOLN.

You could get yrs done for free, I mean.

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BOOTH.

Yeah. She got this way of sitting. Of talking. That. Everything she does is. Shes just so hot.

(Rest)

We was together 2 years. Then we broke up. I had my little employ-

ment difficulty and she needed time to think.

LINCOLN.

And shes through thinking now.

BOOTH.

Thats right.

LINCOLN.

BOOTH.

LINCOLN.

Whatcha doing back there?

BOOTH.

Resting. That girl wore me out.

LINCOLN.

You want some med-sin?

BOOTH.

No thanks.

LINCOLN.

Come practice my moves with me, then.

BOOTH.

Lets hit it tomorrow, K?

LINCOLN.

I been waiting. I got all dressed up and you said if I waited up — come on, man, they gonna replace me with a wax dummy.

BOOTH.

No shit.

LINCOLN.

Thats what theyre talking about. Probably just talk, but — come

on, man, I even lent you 5 bucks.

BOOTH.
Im tired.

LINCOLN.
BOOTH.

LINCOLN.
You didnt get shit tonight.

BOOTH.
You jealous, man. You just jail-us.

LINCOLN.
You laying over there yr balls blue as my boosted suit. Laying over there waiting for me to go back to sleep or black out so I wont hear you rustling thuh pages of yr fuck book.

BOOTH.
Fuck you, man.

LINCOLN.
I was over there looking for something the other week and theres like 100 fuck books under yr bed and theyre matted together like a bad fro, bro, cause you spunked in the pages and didnt wipe them off.

BOOTH.
Im hot. I need constant sexual release. If I wasnt taking care of myself by myself I would be out there running around on thuh town which costs cash that I dont have so I would be doing worse: I'd be out there doing who knows what, shooting people and shit. Out of a need for unresolved sexual release. Im a hot man. I aint apologizing for it. When I dont got a woman, I gotta make do. Not like you, Link. When you dont got a woman you just sit there. Letting yr shit fester. Yr dick, if it aint fallled off yet, is hanging there between yr legs, little whiteface shriveled-up blank-shooting grub worm. As goes thuh man so goes thuh mans dick.

Thats what I say. Least my shits intact.

(Rest)

You a limp dick jealous whiteface motherfucker whose wife dumped him cause he couldnt get it up and she told me so. Came crawling to me cause she needed a man.

(Rest)

I gave it to Grace good tonight. So goodnight.

LINCOLN.

(Rest)

Goodnight.

LINCOLN.

BOOTH.

LINCOLN.

BOOTH.

LINCOLN.

BOOTH.

(Lincoln sitting in his chair. Booth lying in bed. Time passes. Booth peeks out to see if Lincoln is asleep. Lincoln is watching for him.)

LINCOLN.

You can hustle 3-card monte without me you know.

BOOTH.

Im planning to.

LINCOLN.

I could contact my old crew. You could work with them. Lonny aint around no more but theres the rest of them. Theyre good.

BOOTH.

I can get my own crew. I dont need yr crew. Buncha hasbeens. I can get my own crew.

LINCOLN.

My crews experienced. We usedta pull down a thousand a day.