

THE PIMP

A play in two acts

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>RICHARD "DICK" HEADLAM:</u>	49-years-old, U.S. Senator
<u>CLINT "THE ROOSTER" CROW:</u>	38-years-old, pimp
<u>JAIL GUARD:</u>	Incidental character

Place

A NYC police station

Time

The Present

ACT I
Scene 1

Setting: The stage is completely dark and silent. Suddenly, the audience hears approaching footsteps and indistinct gibberish in the distance. Both get more audible as it approaches the back stage. As the parties get closer, the content of the dialogue becomes audibly clear.

DICK This is outrageous! A travesty of justice!

JAIL GUARD Just keep moving your ass, will you? I'll be off duty in five minutes and I wanna go home.

DICK This is entrapment! I'm going to take legal action against the police department. *(After a brief pause, he speaks in an authoritarian tone of voice)* Do you know who I am? I am a United States Senator; a Yale educated Doctor of Jurisprudence.

JAIL GUARD Sure, and I'm King Charles and I wanna go to my Buckingham Palace studio in Queens. *(A brief silence ensues followed by the sound of shuffling keys and the jail cell door opening)*. Now, get your ass in the Senate and sign some bills, will you? I got plenty of bills of my own waiting for me at home and I ain't got time to waste with you.

As the door slams closed the spotlight turns on simultaneously with the banging sound focusing on Dick inside the jail cell. Only the bars behind him are visible to the audience to reveal his environment. The rest of the stage remains in total darkness.

DICK *(Walks DOWN CENTER staring toward the audience agape while loosening up his tie as though choking with anxiety)* Oh, my God! What have I done? I got myself in a real sour pickle! What's going to be of me now? Once this gets out to the media, my reputation will be in shambles and my political career will be all but over! *(Pauses while unbuttoning shirt)* If I'm not expelled from Congress by a Senate vote, my capricious and disillusioned constituents will most certainly boot me out of office in the next

election cycle. Either way I'll be screwed out of my well heeled job. (*Pauses while pacing toward DOWN RIGHT with hand over his mouth*) What about my corporate and wealthy business associates? If I lose my senate seat in disgrace, they'll have no choice but to distance themselves from me and terminate our profitable partnerships! And what will I do after my political career is over? How will I ever be able to rebuild my life and make the kind of money I earn through my political affiliations? (*Pauses while pacing back to DOWN CENTER*) And the power, the power and influence that I enjoy so much will be no longer! (*Pauses again looking down and nodding in disbelief*) What about my wife? Cindy will throw a celebration party at our sprawling estate to commemorate my downfall. Now she'll have the valid reason she's been longing for all these years to file for a justifiable divorce that will grant her a big chunk of my hard-earned wealth. (*Pauses longer while looking agape toward the audience*) Oh Lord, even my deceased parents who pulled all kinds of strings and shenanigans to set me up with influential movers and shakers will roll over in their graves frenzied with disappointment. They tried so hard to make sure I had a successful political career. (*Pauses*) But now no one will come to my assistance; not even Supreme Court Justice Bellagio for whom I clerked for years and who facilitated my candidacy to the Senate. No, he wouldn't do a thing, especially now that he's embroiled in his own corruption scandal. (*Pauses and sighs*) Oh boy, once this is broadcast in primetime television news, no one will lift a finger to help me out of this mess I got myself into. If anything, all I'll get will be middle fingers in my face; and of course, the schadenfreude from my political nemesis. (*Pauses and sighs again*) Damn! I'll be finished, toast, done! And what's going to be of...

Before DICK can finish his sentence, the loud interjection ensues at the same time the lights turn on the entire stage revealing the set. The small jail cell with a bunk bed DOWN LEFT and a metal toilet and sink UP LEFT. On the UP RIGHT, a slanted (visible to the audience) small black wall marked with red and white scribbles, graffiti, and stick numbers crossed in series of five. A green fedora hat with a purple feather hangs on the rail of the bunk bed as the burly black man wearing a vivid green plaid jacket and

matching slacks gets up from the lower bed to confront his cellmate.

THE ROOSTER Shut da fuck up already! (*Lights turn on in sync*) How da fuck can a man get some sleep when a motherfucker keep talking no stop!

DICK (*Looking startled and scared*) I'm... so sorry. I didn't know there was anyone else here with me. I thought I was alone.

THE ROOSTER (*Parroting in a mocking tone of voice*) I thought I was alone. What da fuck y' think this is? A fuckin' hotel? They threw your ass in the slammer, y' fucker. And when I'm in the can with other motherfuckers, I'm the only rooster that crow. Y' understand that?

DICK I'm... so sorry to have waked you up.

THE ROOSTER (*Approaching Dick and speaking in his face*) Y' understand that?

DICK (*In a whimpering voice*) Yes,...yes I do. I'm so sorry. I shall not bother you again.

THE ROOSTER Good! Because my can is my coop, and in my coop I'm the only rooster, all other motherfuckers are chicken. Y' get that?

DICK I do, I do.

THE ROOSTER Good! I like my bitches to know I'm in charge.

DICK You mean your chickens.

THE ROOSTER (*Moving threateningly toward Dick*) Y' wanna bust my fuckin' chops?

DICK No...no, I figured if you're the rooster in the can, I mean the coop, the others must be chickens not bitches.

(*A brief pause ensues*)

THE ROOSTER (*Struts DOWN CENTER before speaking with a sense of pride and emphasis*) I am "The Rooster" of New York

City nightlife, and when the Sun go down y' can hear me crowing all thru mid-town Manhattan. I let everyone know that my chicks are out grazing the streets. (*Pauses sneering with smugness*) Yeah, I'm The Rooster of New York City nightlife and there ain't no one like me in this town; not now not ever.

DICK (*Looking at him perplexed without saying a word*)

THE ROOSTER Y' dig the difference between a night rooster and a day rooster?

DICK I'm afraid not.

THE ROOSTER Then I'll explain to y'. First and most important thing to know is that there's only one night rooster in this town, and that's me. Y' get that?

DICK I wouldn't dare to doubt it.

THE ROOSTER As the night rooster, I have a flock of bitches roaming the streets of midtown Manhattan making money for me. At night I'm the ruler of the streets and alleys of this town. Y' know what I'm saying?

DICK A rooster with a flock of bitches. It sounds unorthodox, but I think I get your drift.

THE ROOSTER Roosters of chickens crow early in the morning when the Sun rise, but only "The Rooster," me, crow at night when I set my bitches out on the streets to get me some green scratch.

DICK I understand where you're coming from.

THE ROOSTER It's only when I spend time in the clink that I have chickens; different kind of bitches. Motherfuckers in the can are still my bitches, but of a different kind. Y' get that?

DICK Oh yes, you crowed loud and clear. As I said, I shall not bother you again, I promise. In fact, I think I'm going to lie down and get myself some much needed rest.

THE ROOSTER (*Stopping Dick with his arm as he heads toward the bunk bed*) Wait! Now that y' woke me up I need

company till I get bored or sleepy. (*Pauses while circling Dick checking him out*) I bet my bitches deal with dudes like y' all the time; y' know, the goody-goody type. Me, I never see the fuckers, unless they make trouble with my bitches. Don't care to know fuckin' Johns, only the money they bring to me. (*Pauses inquisitively frowning while staring at Dick*) Are y' a fuckin' John?

DICK (*Looking absent-minded*) No, I'm not John. My name is Richard, Richard Headlam, but most people call me Dick.

THE ROOSTER (*Pauses while holding his chin as if pondering*) Wait a minute! If Dick is short for Richard and Head is short for Headlam... (*Starts a crescendo laughing out loud*) Y' a fuckin' Dick Head!

DICK (*Looking not amused*) I never made the association of my nickname and last name this way. It's pathetically unflattering.

THE ROOSTER It's what?

DICK Oh, never mind.

(*A moment of silence ensues as they look at each other awkwardly*)

THE ROOSTER So Dick Head, if y' not a John and y' ain't look drunk to me, tell me why the cops tossed a goody-two-shoes looking dude like y' in the slammer?

DICK Well,...it was entrapment.

THE ROOSTER It was what?

DICK (*Sounding annoyed*) Entrapment! It's when they set you up so they can catch you committing a transgression.

THE ROOSTER Committing a fuckin' what? (*Pauses frowning at Dick*) Listen, Dick Head, if we going to understand each other y' gotta talk good and clear. Y' understand?

DICK (*Pauses and sighs deeply before speaking*) O.K. let me see if I can get this through to you in a manner you'll understand. Entrapment is like a set up to catch a child with his hand in the cookie jar he knows he's not supposed

to do. You leave the jar open with freshly baked cookies so the aroma will tempt the child to snatch a cookie while you watch surreptitiously from afar. In the case of an adult, you place something or someone the adult craves to have that is illegal in order to catch him committing a crime.

THE ROOSTER I see. And what kind of cookie jar y' stuck your hand in?

DICK (*Pauses fidgeting his fingers*) Well, it's a long story and I don't think you want to hear it.

THE ROOSTER Oh, no, no. I do. Don't seem we going nowhere any time soon, so we got plenty of time to talk. I wanna know what it take for the cops to throw a dapper looking dude like y' in the slammer. Go ahead, tell me why y' got busted?

DICK (*Pauses while moving DOWN RIGHT*) Well..., my wife and I have been having marital problems for quite some time. So, I've been longing to..., you know...

THE ROOSTER (*Frowning at him*) Dick Head, I have no fuckin' idea what y' talking about. What a fuckin' wife have anything to do with y' tossed in the slammer?

DICK (*Losing his patience along with his proper demeanor*) I wanted to fuck another woman, alright! My wife and I haven't had sex in almost a year and I wanted to fuck another woman. There, now you have it in a language you understand. There's nothing else to say.

THE ROOSTER (*Looks at him askance*) Oh, yes there is. I still don't get why y' wanting to fuck another woman got y' fuck'd up in the can.

DICK (*Speaks with a tinge of resentment and indignation*) I tried to get one of your roaming bitches at the corner of 36th and Madison Avenue. The tall blond in a short mini black leather skirt and fishnet stockings looked too good to pass up. I stopped my BMW, rolled down the window, called her over, negotiated the terms for a blowjob, and next thing I know I'm in handcuffs sitting on the curb waiting for a police car to haul me to jail. It so happened

that the sexy blond was not a hooker but an undercover police officer.

THE ROOSTER (*Starts giggling in staccato mode before bursting into a long loud laughter*).

DICK What's so funny about it?

THE ROOSTER Dude, y' both a Dick Head and a John wanting head. Now I don't know what to call y': Dick Head or John Head. (*Erupts into laughter again*)

DICK (*Not amused*) Very funny.

THE ROOSTER Fuck yeah! It's real funny.

(*A moment of silent ensues the outburst of laughter*)

DICK What about you? You said you wanted to talk until you got bored or sleepy. Well, if I'm the only one doing the talking the monologue is not going to last very long. You said you never spent time with a goody-two-shoes like me. In my turn, I don't know anything about people of your professional status either. Why don't you tell me a little bit about you and how you ended up in the..., well, can.

THE ROOSTER (*Suddenly turns defensive*) I'm a fuckin' pimp. What else is there to know about someone like me anyway? I spend time in the can like y' goody-goodies spend in the Hamptons.

DICK It'd be interesting for me to learn how the man in the can became a pimp known as The Rooster of New York City nightlife.

THE ROOSTER (*Glaring at Dick suspiciously*) And why da fuck y' wanna know about a fuckin' pimp?

DICK As I said, I never met a pimp before. I think it would be quite educational to me.

(*They exchange eye contact in long awkward silence*)

DICK (*Abruptly breaking the silence*) I'd very much like to hear The Rooster crow.

THE ROOSTER (*Moves about looking somewhat perturbed*) I been called a rooster since I was a kid. I was a skinny boy bullied and beat up almost every day by the big thug kids in the South Bronx where I grew up. That got me angry and real mad. I promised myself that when I grew up the motherfuckers would regret messing with me.

DICK Why did they call you rooster back then?

THE ROOSTER Cause of my name.

DICK Is your name actually Rooster?

THE ROOSTER My name is Clint Crow, so the kids in the hood took my last name for the sound a rooster make and started calling me rooster. The nickname stuck like a slimy bugger under the table. (*He pauses pensively and looking angry*) But when I grew up and became a real man, I got so used to being called a rooster that I decided to become "The Rooster;" the only one crowing in that fuckin' chicken coop hood in the South Bronx. It was payback time and all those motherfuckers that beat me up would become my chickens; and the women in their lives would soon become my bitches.

DICK Did you succeed?

THE ROOSTER Fuck, yeah!

DICK And how exactly did you manage to do it? The South Bronx is a pretty rough area to pull off such a bold feat.

THE ROOSTER (*Sounding dismissive*) It's a long story.

DICK Well, as you said, it doesn't look like we're going anywhere anytime soon. And just as you wanted to know the reason for my imprisonment, I would like to know how a skinny kid managed to become The Rooster that rode roughshod over some tough thugs in the South Bronx.

THE ROOSTER (*Looking disturbed, he walks to the bunk bed and sits down with interlaced hands under his chin*) It was rough, Dick Head, real fuckin' rough; even more rough than the South Bronx itself. Just thinking about it give me the heebie-jeebies.

DICK (*Mumbling to himself*) That's what happens to me when I think of Congress.

THE ROOSTER (*Retrospectively*) Real fuckin' rough.

DICK (*Sits down next to him*) Go ahead and tell me about it. I bet it might even help release some negative pent-up emotions.

THE ROOSTER (*Looking at him askance*) Y' playing a fuckin' shrink game with me? Y' trying to bust my chops?

DICK Not at all, I just think it's worth a try. You've got nothing to lose.

THE ROOSTER (*Pauses while looking intensely into Dick's eye*) Y' think I'm a fuckin' bitch?

DICK Of course not.

THE ROOSTER Then why y' fuckin' with me, Dick Head? I'm a fuckin' pimp but I'm a man, too.

DICK I'm well aware of it, that's why I'm asking the pimp to let the man speak out. I'm sure it'll be good for you.

THE ROOSTER (*Stands up defiantly*) Oh really? Well, since y' so sure that talking about my shit is good for me, why don't y' talk about your own shit? Will do y' good, won't it? C'mon Dick Head, air out the fuckin' dirty laundry of your past cause is real good for y', ain't it?

DICK (*Stands up and moves DOWN CENTER*) I suppose you have a valid point. Why should I ask you to do something that I haven't been able to do it myself? Truth be told, I've been covering up all my shortcomings and miseries under the guise of false appearances. Money, power, influence, and all the ostentations of my life never have brought me any meaningful happiness. (*Pauses*) I've been probably as miserable as your sex workers likely are selling sexual favors to strangers. But I..., I sell my consciousness along with political favors in return for a privileged lifestyle. (*Pauses*) I'm beginning to wonder whether I've pimped my soul.

THE ROOSTER (*Giggles*) Your soul is your bitch? Dick Head, y' more fuck'd up than me.

DICK (*Looking down and dejected*) You're probably right.

THE ROOSTER (*Moves toward Dick expressing subtle sympathy*) Alright, Dick Head, y' look dapper and talk pretty but y' sure ain't no better than me. (*Pauses*) I'll tell what, y' go ahead and tell me all about your shit and I'll tell y' about mine. That way we can both figure out how da fuck we ended up locked up in the same shitty can. (*Pauses*) What y' say?

DICK (*Pauses looking at him in the eye, then stretches out his right hand*) Deal! (*The lights turn off in sync with his one-word reply*)