

# ***True Blue Boy***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

CHIP:

Late 40's

ABILENE:

Late 30's/early 40's

Place

Seedy bar & club

Time

Evening

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside the office of Chip's bar and private gambling club. The office has that 1970's vibe. A large oakwood type desk stained a deep red anchors one side of the office. The carpeting has deteriorated with stains and holes redesigning it. There's a deer head with antlers hanging on the wall and some mixed sized frames of ships in rough seas scattered about.

At Rise: The play opens up with Chip behind his desk reading the paper when Abilene enters his office.

CHIP: Look what we have here, good Lord, you haven't changed one bit.

ABILENE (like a statement): How goes it, Chip?

CHIP comes round his desk and plants a soft kiss on ABILENE'S cheek.

They stare into one another's eyes. A history between them.

CHIP: Please, sit down. Just got these new chairs, comfy as hell.

ABILENE sits.

ABILENE: They sure are soft.

CHIP: You like?

ABILENE: Not bad.

CHIP walks over to his office bar.

CHIP: Fix you something on the rocks?

ABILENE: I stopped drinking long ago.

CHIP: Really now?

ABILENE: You know the sort of trouble it would lead me down.

CHIP: Sure do.

CHIP finishes his own drink but doesn't turn around.

I know why you've come.

CHIP turns and sits behind his desk, facing ABILENE.

Before you get started, nothing can be done for the boy.

ABILENE: Nothing?

CHIP: Not a damn thing.

ABILENE: Why?

CHIP (shrugs his shoulders): You know I can't go into all the details.

ABILENE: Try.

CHIP: Your son crossed some pretty dangerous characters. He took us all for a ride and now he's running, as you know, but as you also know, he won't get far. I'd say by today's sunset, they gonna catch up with him...

ABILENE: Call them dogs off my son, Chip.

CHIP: This conversation ain't gonna go nowhere Abilene.

ABILENE: It's my son!

CHIP: I know it is and he's done some dirt!

ABILENE: I want you to call them dogs off my boy. I brought the money for you.

CHIP (surprised): What money?

ABILENE: I got forty-grand.

CHIP: Forty??

ABILENE: What's he in for?

CHIP: Jake is in for a cool million.

ABILENE: Oh...I could kill him!

CHIP: Now, now...that's his reality Abby. I warned him.

ABILENE: I told that son of a bitch, so many times. He thinks he's living up to his father's traits...he has no idea what that man was like...he couldn't shine his shoes, but I won't tell him that. It'll break his heart, but you remember Darrel, a force to reckon with.

CHIP: That he was.

ABILENE (heartbroken): Chip, they're gonna kill my son...

CHIP: Now you listen Abilene, I just can't look at that little son of a bitch as your one and only true blue boy! In this business, he's another face in the crowd of losers that wanna play this game. Some make it out, some don't.

ABILENE: Don't preach to me about this game!

CHIP: I'm reminding you. You know the rules.

ABILENE: The rules are made to be broken.

CHIP: Not this time. He went too far this time. I have no power to change the situation.

ABILENE: Who does?

CHIP: Abby, I ain't gonna get into all that.

ABILENE: Answer my question, Chip.

CHIP: And what good will it do you? The boy's in trouble and he's got me in greater trouble, he's lucky I didn't take care of him myself!

ABILENE: Don't you talk about my son that way. Give me their name, I need to know, just for my own well being.

CHIP: You ain't ever heard of 'em. I aim to keep it that way, for your own safety.

ABILENE: Damn you...

CHIP: Look, I already tried...I spoke to one of the head honchos who is after him, I even spoke out of turn and now I'm lucky to be breathing. They're gonna come after me too, I just gotta be ready for it. I tried to get them to accept a large chunk of money, buy your boy Jake some time, as if he hasn't had enough of it, but it just wasn't good enough for Miguel...shit.

ABILENE: So, Miguel's his name?

CHIP: Yeah, that's his damn name! So what? Now you know his name. Won't do you any good Abilene, if you listen to what I'm sayin'. These men aren't like we used to growing up. They play by a different set of principles. Best thing for Jake is to run for them high hills and pray he don't get caught, which is pretty unlikely, like I've said, they've got him in a trap. If...if he runs hard enough and they don't get him tonight, they're gonna come back for me because I'm the one who brought him in here and I brought that dumb kid in because of you.

ABILENE: Me?

CHIP: I know you've been battling cancer.

ABILENE: He told you, did he...

CHIP: I know the money would have given you the treatment you need to survive, at least, the possibility of...

ABILENE: My poor boy, my Jake, my only boy...

CHIP: They're coming for me, Abilene. Whether or not they get Jake, they're coming for me regardless.

ABILENE: So what do you plan on doing about it?

CHIP: I've got no choice but to wait. Certainly not gonna take off like your son. I'm too tired for any of that. I won't go without a fight, but it's inevitable. When they come, they will come hard and there's no stopping what they're gonna do with me.

ABILENE: You just gonna lay down and die like an old tired dog?

CHIP: No choice.

ABILENE: Since when did you become such a wuss?

CHIP: Oh hell, there's no need to start--

ABILENE: WUSS! Weren't you once the man who chased them dirty scoundrels, years back, way outta town for tryin' to take things over?

CHIP: Times were different back then. I was young, had the vigor and had more pull with the law.

ABILENE: Bullshit!

CHIP: Go home, Abilene. There's no use trying to change our fate now.

ABILENE: Why don't you try, at least? You're as good as dead anyway. Ain't that what you said? What difference it gonna make now? You can save yourself and my SON!

CHIP (tenderly): Go home. Can't change the narrative now.

ABILENE: I will not go home, Chip. You expect me to just walk on up and out of here? This is my son, my only son we're talking about. He might have done some bad things, hell I know he done some very bad things, but that don't mean he needs to pay with his life. There's always a way to live. There's still time for him to turn things around, make it right. If you take me to see Miguel, at least I know he'll hear me out. Any man is gonna hear a pleading mother out. We all have mothers! Don't we? There's something deep inside us that doesn't ever forget. Let me talk to him, let me beg for my son's life, please Chip, he's all I have left in the whole world. I'm not afraid of what they're gonna do to me. I just wanna see my boy's face again. They can take me, they can take all of me but I can't live another day if they, they...please, Chip...don't let them take my boy. Don't let them take my Jake away from me...

CHIP: They'll kill you.

ABILENE: I'm not afraid.

CHIP: They will kill us both.

ABILENE: YOU-OWE-ME.

This impacts CHIP. He pulls the phone on his desk closer to him and picks up the receiver.

CHIP (into the phone): It's Chip...lemme speak to the big man. You know who I am asshole, don't play stupid with me. I wanna speak to the big man, get Miguel on the phone! Hello? HELLO? (to Abilene) They hung up. It's probably best you leave right now.

ABILENE: Take me there.

CHIP: There is no there, Abby. (Chip goes to his bar) There is only here and now and whatever minutes are left on the ticking clock.

ABILENE: What's a mother to do?

CHIP: Go home...I'm...if I could have saved him, I would have saved him.

CHIP drinks his drink, pours himself another, circles back to the chair behind his desk.

CHIP lights a cigar.

This ain't your story. This is Jake's. Yes, you're his concerned mother, but that's as far as your part in this play goes. You see, each of us has to play out our own destiny. Each of us makes a series of choices that get us closer or further away from the finish line. Oh, there's a finish line for all of us, you could be sure as shit about that fact, but some of us, few of us spend time on extending that finish line in order to expand our lifeline...we think there's some pot of gold we can capture before we go...we're dreamers, most of us delusional...maybe that's what life is...a series of events and turnouts that fill us up with hope, so we can outlast the very next day and then the next, hoping, pleading, trying, fighting...never reaching, until our clock has run out and we are forced to cross that Godforsaken finish line. What's left? What did we ever take part in? What did we ever find? Ourselves..ha. Yeah, ain't that the joke.

ABILENE: My son will make it out...that's my dream and I know it.

ABILENE stands up to leave.

CHIP: Abby...you were once my dream, the dream that got away from me...that does something to a man...you understand that don't ya?

ABILENE walks out of the office.

CHIP places a handgun on his desk. He drinks. He puffs his cigar. He drinks...

**END OF PLAY**