

Day 2  
"Paltry"

by  
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*The lights come on. There is a brick wall.*

*Empty space. Very empty. We wait a short while.*

*An ambulance goes by in the distance.*

*Another short while.*

*Two police cars zoom by in quick succession in the opposite direction of the ambulance.*

*Another short while.*

*A man enters, a guitar strapped on his back by the shoulder strap, a ballcap on his head. He stops, takes the guitar off, places it on the ground.*

*A motorcycle zooms by in another alley nearby.*

*He takes off his hat, tosses it to the ground. He fishes in his pocket, pulls out some coins, tosses them into the hat. He stares at the coins.*

MAN

Paltry.

*He sits on the ground, He lifts the guitar, starting to strum. He tunes it. He's never tuned a guitar, or played one before. He knows musical notes, but the guitar baffles him.*

MAN

Well, Jonah, you can't take a piano to a street corner.

*A helicopter, close to the ground swoops by, doing a pass, then is gone.*

*Jonah puts the guitar down, frustrated.*

*The helicopter passes again, this time the flash of a search light flickers over the stage and then is gone.*

*Jonah takes the coins out of his hat. Counts them. Tosses them back into the hat, one by one, making a slight game of it.*

*Once they're all in, he lifts the hat, shakes it a little, stares at them.*

JONAH

Paltry.

*He tosses the hat to the ground.*

*He pulls out a cellphone. Dials. Waits.*

JONAH

Hey, I-- Don't hang up. I know I'm not supposed to call. Well, why did you answer? This isn't working. It's not. If you'd let me be the pimp-- If you had let me be the pimp-- I told you, I told you I don't even know how to play the guitar. I told you, I told Dalton. I told-- Yes, I told. Yes, I'd... I would. I'd be more convincing a pimp than Carmichael. At least I work out. Formidable? What the fuck is formidable about Car-- Don't hang up! I'm coming to you guys.

*Three cop cars in succession through the next few lines. We may not hear the lines and that's ok.*

JONAH

At least I'd be there with you. I know. I'm not. I know you can. I'm saying I'd be there in case. I know you can. Well, can you trust Carmichael? Don't.

*He slams the phone on the ground, harder than he expected to.*

JONAH

Shit. That's coming out of my pay.

*The helicopter goes by, search lights through the alley, then is gone. As it does, Jonah takes up the guitar again. He plays a few notes.*

JONAH

E? C. E. F. F my life. Fuck me. Fuck 'em. I'd make a much better pimp than Carmichael. Fuck Carmichael. Carmichael can suck my fucking dick.

*(Pause)*

For fifty bucks.

*(Pause)*

Twenty. Give him the friend discount. I'm not unreasonable.

*(Pause)*

Wait. I'd be sucking his dick.

*(Beat)*

That'd be fifty. Fuck the friend discount.

*A police car in the distance; he tries the guitar again.*

*Another police car, really close. Another one.*

*Jonah is immersed in the guitar and doesn't take notice.*

*Another cop car, even closer.*

*We start to see the red and blue lights of the cop cars. This finally catches Jonah's attention. He puts the guitar down.*

*Gunshots, a lot of them. Jonah rushes to the edge of the stage near the brick wall. He strains to see.*

*Another cop car. More red and blue lights and sirens.*

*He exits.*

*We're left with the lights flashing, the sirens, the helicopter flies by.*

*Jonah reenters. He sits on the ground near the guitar, frustrated, scared, upset. Disappointed.*

*He stares at the guitar. He looks at the hat. He picks up the hat, shakes it, and tosses it to the ground.*

JONAH

Paltry.

*The main lights fade, the red and blue lights flashing remain, along with the sounds of sirens, lingering for a moment until they fade as well.*