

From Crime In The City
Act I (“Genuine Rookie”)

A card and memorabilia shop on the northwest side of Chicago

KIRBY, a card dealer, enters in a fury, carrying a box of assorted sports paraphernalia, which he drops with a thud as he enters. LOU, the shop owner, and BERT, a customer, have been engaged in a transaction.

KIRBY

(To Lou)

What? You ain’t answering your phone? You got your ringer off? What?

LOU

I’ve been here all morning, Kirby.

KIRBY

Fuck all morning. Last night I try to call you. 11:00 I try to call you. Midnight, I try to call you. I go to sleep, you still ain’t home.

LOU

I’ll be with you in a minute, Kirb. I’m doing business with this young lady.

KIRBY

Yeah, you take your time, ‘cause I don’t have shit else to do, right? I don’t gotta work for a living. I got \$10,000 worth of merchandise in my truck and I’m fucking double parked. Yeah, you take your time, Lou.

(Seeing Bert.)

Who the hell are you?

BERT

Bert.

BERT and KIRBY shake hands.

KIRBY

I’m Kirby. Good to know you, Bert. Jesus Christ, I hate working this industry. Bunch of fucking vultures. I got guys, we’re selling their signature on a fucking tore up slip of paper, sell for thirty bucks, they want fifty. Who the fuck are these assholes? Some hillbilly, just up from Triple A, barely sign his name his check, he wants 25, sign his name on a freakin’ ball. Black guys never give me no trouble, but these fucking billies, man? This one jagoff, some fucking relief pitcher, some fucking utility infielder, some fucking 25th man on the roster motherfucker, some fucking no-name with drawstring denim pants. Fucking drawstring denim

pants. Hands his motel room key to my fucking wife. To my fucking wife. She's like "What do you want me to do with this?" 'Cause she's real innocent, 'cause she's a real sweet girl. This guy's like "you know." I'm like, "No, she don't know. That's my wife. She don't fucking know. And no, she ain't gonna come knocking on your sorry Red Roof Inn ass, pay \$29.95 a night to shack up with some trap, that ain't my wife you're talkin' about, fella." Fucking hillbilly. And I'm paying this guy. I'm giving him my money to stand there, smile, shake hands. Fucking asshole. I fucking hate these card shows. I fucking hate dealing with these assholes. I fucking hate these memorabilia scavengers. Half of 'em look like something that got flushed down a goddamn drain. Other half's pipsqueaky runts, get-shoved-into-lockers-when-they're-fourteen motherfuckers. You know something, Lou? This entire industry we're in here, the entire entertainment industry is based upon trying to figure out what some little 11-year-old piece of shit, Chuckie-Cheese eating cocksucker wants to do with his father's money and, be real frank with you, I'm getting sick of holding the piss bucket for them. I'm getting fucking sick of being piss boy to a bunch of no-name, illiterate, cow-town, get-your-ass-back-on-your-tractor imbeciles and a bunch of freckle faced, skinny-ass, Toys 'R' Us shopping cretins.

KIRBY storms off slamming the door.

A pause.

KIRBY (Voice off.)

Son of a bitch.

KIRBY re-enters.

KIRBY (Cont'd.)

I tell you what, next fall, I get my fuckin' degree, I get my fuckin' certification and I start teaching social studies. And to hell with all this drain-blood-out-of-a-stone-lycanthropic-parasitic-fuck-someone-up-the-ass-so-you-don't-get-fucked bullshit.

(A pause. To Bert.)

So how was your fuckin' day?

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