

## ORPHANS

## SCENE 2

*That night. Late. TREAT and HAROLD can be heard outside.*

HAROLD. (*off, singing*)

"If I had the wings of an angel,  
Over these prison walls I would fly."

TREAT. (*off*) Right this way, Harold. We're home.

HAROLD. (*off, singing*)

"Straight to the arms of me mutter,  
And there I'd be willing to die."

*(TREAT and HAROLD enter. HAROLD is drunk. He is a middle-aged man wearing an expensive suit and carrying a briefcase.)*

HAROLD. You know that song, Treat? You remember that song?

TREAT. I can't say I do.

HAROLD. You're not a Dead End Kid, are you?

TREAT. A Dead End Kid?

HAROLD. 'Cause if you were a Dead End Kid I'd give you everything I had . . . I swear to God . . . I'd give you the very shirt off my back.

TREAT. You don't have to go that far.

HAROLD. There are no limits as far as the Dead End Kids and me are concerned.

TREAT. No kidding.

HAROLD. I love those fucking Dead End Kids.

TREAT. I'm no Dead End Kid, Harold.

HAROLD. What a shame.

TREAT. You wanna drink?

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HAROLD. Don't mind if I do.

TREAT. You like it straight?

HAROLD. Straight as an arrow.

TREAT. Coming up!

HAROLD. I'm from Chicago, you know, born and bred. (*TREAT hides the briefcase.*)

TREAT. You told me.

HAROLD. Grew up in an orphanage, didn't have no mommy or daddy, just had them Dead End Kids.

TREAT. I never seen 'em.

HAROLD. You never seen them on late night TV?

TREAT. No.

HAROLD. All them Dead End Kids running around that 12-inch screen, all them itty bitty Dead End Kids on an itty bitty 12-inch screen.

TREAT. No, I haven't.

HAROLD. It's not the same as seeing them on a big wide motion picture screen. How can you enjoy little itty bitty Dead End Kids no bigger than the fingers on your hand.

TREAT. I guess you can't.

HAROLD. They had a little Irish mother, though. *Top of the morning* Irish mother . . . I loved that woman. Corn beef and cabbage cooking night and day. I used to work up a hearty appetite just sitting in them dark Chicago movie houses watching those Dead End Kids. (*sniffs the air*) Anything cooking in this house?

TREAT. Nothing cooking right now, Harold.

HAROLD. How come?

TREAT. It's 2 A.M.

HAROLD. That's what I'm saying . . . If you were to walk into that Dead End Kid's house, any time day or night, Dead End Kid's house smelling of corn beef and cabbage, why you just walk straight into the kitchen and



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cut yourself a piece. Jesus Christ, Treat, my mouth is watering, my fucking mouth is watering!

TREAT. You want something to eat?

HAROLD. I'm starving to death.

TREAT. There's tuna.

HAROLD. Tuna.

TREAT. Star Kist tuna.

HAROLD. (*looking around*) Where the fuck am I?

TREAT. You're in my house.

HAROLD. You're offering me tuna!

TREAT. Uh huh.

HAROLD. Fucking tuna! Where's my briefcase?

TREAT. Over here.

HAROLD. Let's have it.

TREAT. I was watching it for you.

HAROLD. I can do my own watching. Let's have it.  
(*TREAT hands him the briefcase. HAROLD starts to walk to the door.*)

TREAT. Where you going?

HAROLD. I'm leaving. (*TREAT trips HAROLD, who falls to the floor.*)

TREAT. You can't walk.

HAROLD. (*on floor*) I can't walk, can I?

TREAT. You're not in any shape.

HAROLD. How did this happen?

TREAT. You were drinking.

HAROLD. It's not like me.

TREAT. You're pissed!

HAROLD. How 'bout that!

TREAT. You're lying on the floor pissed, Harold.

HAROLD. It must be because I met a Dead End Kid after all these years, I finally met a fucking Dead End Kid.

TREAT. I'm no Dead End Kid.