

# Side 5

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

*Afternoon, two days later. The room is empty. David enters from outside, looks around, then speaks back through the door.*

DAVID. All right. (*Owen enters with a corrugated box bound tightly with string.*)

OWEN. Whar is everybody?

DAVID. No tellin'.

OWEN. I still think we oughta do this in the van.

DAVID. No. Let's see what we've got.

OWEN. (*Setting the box down.*) All right. We got all that 'uz left, I think. That 'uz one bad fire.

DAVID. Yep.

OWEN. We 'uz lucky t' get them guns out safe, I tell ye. Them Ruger carbines. I don't guess them books a' yours says too much about Rugers, though.

DAVID. Not much.

OWEN. (*Unfolding a knife and sawing through a bundle of strings.*) Mystery to me how you plan t' take over anything 'thout raisin' a little hell.

DAVID. Don't worry about it.

OWEN. You remember—yo're headin' up this operation fer jest one reason; 'cause you done made us lots a' promises. But I'm warnin' ye—if you don't come up with sump'm right quick—.

DAVID. Don't worry.

OWEN. I mean money. I mean, we need all that money, an' we need ourselves a buildin', an' I mean *now*.

DAVID. We shall have it. Owen, this place is condemned. And just as long as those new bricks don't get used, it stays condemned. We can—.

OWEN. I still think we oughta jest *take* this place. Jest *take* it!

DAVID. (*Stopping him.*) Now, Owen, listen. Listen to me. (*Owen looks at him.*) I tell you, you and I have got an opportunity, here. The whole Georgia empire, what's left of it, it's all out there in that van. The hardware. The uniforms. All of it. We are in such a *position*. And I'll tell you—if you can keep a secret. This time tomorrow, I expect to be a happily-married homeowner.

OWEN. Wha—?

DAVID. True. Quietly, legally. So there's no need to get gun-happy. All right? There's no need to arouse the law, until we are the law.

OWEN. Man, if it wadn't fer that money—!

DAVID. I know. All right. Just think of the money. And calm yourself. (*Referring to the box.*) Let's get this open.

OWEN. (*Opening the box.*) Papers.

DAVID. (*Pulling out ledgers, labels, mailing lists.*) Good. Records, addresses. We need these. Praise God.

OWEN. (*Deeper in the box.*) Boy, howdy. Looky here. (*He extracts a bundle of sticks of dynamite.*) Oh, I do like dynamite.

DAVID. Wait. We just drove up this moutain with a box of dynamite?

OWEN. Don't ye worry. These babies won't go without a charge. These is good little babies.

DAVID. All right, let's put it back. (*Owen obeys.*) Back in the van. Betty goes over this house with a toothbrush. I don't want to have to explain dynamite.

OWEN. All right. (*Picking up the box again.*) Hey, though— (*As they leave.*) how come you didn't tell us you 'uz gettin' married tomorra'? We thought you 'uz gettin' married in November.

DAVID. Oh, Catherine and I just couldn't wait till November.

OWEN. No?

DAVID. No. (*Owen is out. David stops in the doorway, turns back,*