

Side 6

OWEN. (*Quietly, smiling.*) Hey, dummy. (*Charlie turns to him.*) You still here, huh? Well, well. You havin' a nice time? Bet you are. Suckin' around, playin' like yo're one a' us? I tell you one thing, dummy-boy. You enjoy it now. 'Cause I get t' be county sheriff around here—an' I got that Invisible Empire t' back me up—man, they ain't gonna be none o' you left in this county. Foreigners. Yeah. Gonna wipe you all right out—all you dummy boys, black boys, Jew boys. We gonna clean up this whole country, by and by. An' ye know whar it's gonna start? Right

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here. Thass' right. This' gonna be the most important spot in the U.S. of A., come next couple a' years. It is. You ain't gonna see it, though. No, sir. We gonna ride y'all outta here ever' way they is. Plane. Boat. Yeah, 'n' we can afford it, too. We gonna have lots a' money, real soon. An' you know what I hope? I hope some a' you fights back, too. I jest hope you do. 'Cause I wanna find out what you got fer blood. (*Pause.*)

CHARLIE. (*Brightly.*) Are you happy?

OWEN. (*Stepping back.*) Hey. You talkin'.

CHARLIE. (*Singsong.*) Hel-lo. One-two-three. I am happy. Good-bye.

OWEN. (*A derisive snort.*) Oh. . . . (*He gets a hot Coke from the bar, opens it, and watches out the window. Charlie follows him, talking.*)

CHARLIE. One-two-three, G.I.? Beeg-shot, you seestah, one-two-three dollah, upside-down, okay? (*Owen regards him scornfully for a moment, snorts again, and looks back outside.*) Hello, hello! Heap-big dilly-dally, flip-flop, jug-a-rum, big bang theory.

OWEN. What you talkin' about? (*Sits.*) Jabberin'. (*Charlie places himself on the couch opposite him, in lotus position—possibly even upside-down.*)

CHARLIE. (*Same voice.*) Hello! Good-bye! One-two-three. (*Owen snorts, looks away. Pause. Different tone.*) I loook tru your bones. (*Owen looks at him, startled by this. Charlie looks back with ancient eyes and the ghost of a smile.*)

OWEN. (*Finally.*) You say what?

CHARLIE. Yes. Me see. Moon get beeg. You sleep—sleep out, out. All you skin—bye-bye. I come. I look tru your bones.

OWEN. What you talkin' about, mister?

CHARLIE. (*His eyes close.*) Round an' round, and in de town—. (*His eyes open slightly, still looking at Owen.*) Gonna look into your bones, when de bees come down. (*Owen watches him, open-mouthed, for another moment, then is instantly at the window.*)

OWEN. Hey! (*Looks back at Charlie, then out the window again.*) Hey! Somebody get in here! Get in here! (*David and Betty enter from outside.*)