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Dramatic Publishing

DUMBO

(Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass)

35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

by

KENT R. BROWN

This excerpt contains strong language.



Dramatic Publishing

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DUMBO
(Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass)

By
Wanda Strukus

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DUMBO (Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass) was first produced in 1997 at Actors and Playwrights Initiative Theater in Kalamazoo, Mich. It was a winner in the “Off-I-94” festival, under the co-sponsorship of Actors and Playwrights Initiative of Kalamazoo and the Chicago Alliance for Playwrights. The play was directed by Sandra Lupien, and featured James Moles and Derek Potts.

CHARACTERS

JOEY B.: 30s. Gangster and family man. Semi-polished.

EDDIE: 30s. Gangster. More-than-a-little roughed up.

SETTING: Manhattan Bridge. Brooklyn side.

TIME: The present. Dawn.

DUMBO

(Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass)

AT THE CURTAIN: *JOEY, in a dark suit and tie, stands, leaning against a railing. Sound of a car driving up, a door opening, and a body hitting the ground with an audible thump and groan. The door slams and the car drives away. EDDIE enters stumbling, his hands cuffed behind his back. He falls. JOEY watches. After some difficulty, EDDIE rolls over and sees JOEY.*

EDDIE. Hey.

JOEY. Hey.

EDDIE (*pause*). A little chilly out here.

JOEY. You cold?

EDDIE. Naw, I'm fine. Comfortable. A little nip in the air, that's all. A little edge.

JOEY. Feels pretty good.

EDDIE. Hell, yes. Fall. (*He sniffs.*) Mmmm. (*Pause.*) How's things?

JOEY. Oh. You know.

EDDIE Sure.

JOEY. How's things with you?

EDDIE. Never better. (*JOEY takes out his gun.*) How's your mother?

JOEY. Same. And yours?

EDDIE. Good. Real good.

JOEY. Good.

EDDIE. Gonna be a nice day.
(*JOEY clicks off the safety.*)

JOEY. You never know.

EDDIE (*pause*). You got a cigarette?

JOEY. Naw. I quit.

EDDIE. No.

JOEY. Yeah. Angela said I quit or she goes.

EDDIE. Where's she gonna go?

JOEY. Hey! Angie's a good-lookin' woman.

EDDIE. She's got rotten teeth, Joey.

JOEY. She got 'em fixed. And she did something to her hair. I don't know. She said they wrap it up in tinfoil.

Cost me close to a hundred bucks. But she looks good.

EDDIE. You got a picture?

JOEY. Yeah, lemme pull out the photo album. Wanna see the videos? I got 'em in the trunk. Take a minute to set it up.

EDDIE. Evidence, Joey. All I been hearing the last five years is how you nearly killed your ma marrying some skinny, rotten-mouthed Swede and nothing but an ugly kid to show for it.

JOEY. She ain't a Swede.

EDDIE. Pollock. Lemme see the picture. (*Pause.*) What? I know you got one. (*Pause.*) I'd feel better if I knew you weren't doing that shit to your mother.

(*JOEY lowers his gun to take out the picture.*)

JOEY. Angie and Joe Jr.

EDDIE (*whistles*). Very nice. You go to one of those glamour studios?

JOEY. Naw. Took the kid down to Sears.

EDDIE. They do a good job.

JOEY. Very reasonable.

EDDIE. Well, they got high volume.