

SIDE 1

LINCOLN.

Its pretty dark. To keep thuh illusion of thuh whole thing.

*(Rest)*

But on thuh wall opposite where I sit theres a little electrical box, like a fuse box. Silver metal. Its got uh dent in it like somebody hit it with they fist. Big old dent so everything reflected in it gets reflected upside down. Like yr looking in uh spoon. And thats where I can see em. The assassins.

*(Rest)*

And there he is. Standing behind me. Standing in position. Standing upside down. Theres some feet shapes on the floor so he knows just where he oughta stand. So he wont miss. Thuh gun is always cold. Winter or summer thuh gun is always cold. And when the gun touches me he can feel that Im warm and he knows Im alive. And if Im alive then he can shoot me dead. And for a minute, with him hanging back there behind me, its real. Me looking at him upside down and him looking at me looking like Lincoln. Then he shoots.

*(Rest)*

I slump down and close my eyes. And he goes out thuh other way. More come in. Uh whole day full.

*(Rest)*

They all get so into it. I do my best for them. And now they talking bout cutting me, replacing me with uh wax dummy.

SIDE 2

LINCOLN.

Thuh deuce of spades is thuh card tuh watch.

BOOTH.

I work with thuh deuce of hearts. But spades is cool.

LINCOLN.

Theres thuh Dealer, thuh Stickman, thuh Sides, thuh Lookout, and thuh Mark. I'll be thuh Dealer.

BOOTH.

I'll be thuh Lookout. Lemme be thuh Lookout, right? I'll keep an eye out for thuh cops. I got my piece in my pants.

LINCOLN.

You got it on you right now?

BOOTH.

I always carry it.

LINCOLN.

Even on a date? In yr own home?

BOOTH.

You never know, man.

*(Rest)*

So Im thuh Lookout.

LINCOLN.

Gimme yr piece.

*(Booth gives Lincoln his gun. Lincoln moves the little wooden chair to face right in front of the setup. He then puts the gun on the chair.)*

LINCOLN.

We dont need nobody standing on the corner watching for cops cause there aint none. Thatll be the lookout.

BOOTH.

I'll be thuh Stickman, then.

LINCOLN.

Stickman knows the game inside out. You aint there yet. But you will be. You wanna learn good. be my Sideman. Playing along with the Dealer, moving the Mark to lay his money down. You wanna learn, right?

BOOTH.

I'll be thuh side.

LINCOLN.

Good.

*(Rest)*

First thing you learn is what is. Next thing you learn is what aint. You don't know what is you dont know what aint, you dont know shit.

BOOTH.

Right.

LINCOLN.

BOOTH.

BOOTH.

Whatchu looking at?

LINCOLN.

Im sizing you up.

BOOTH.

Oh yeah?!

LINCOLN.

Dealer always sizes up thuh crowd.

BOOTH.

I'm yr Side, Link, Im on yr team, you dont go sizing up yr own team. You save looks like that for yr Mark.

LINCOLN.

Dealer always sizes up thuh crowd. Everybody out there is part of the crowd. His crew is part of the crowd, he himself is part of the crowd. Dealer always sizes up thuh crowd.

*(Lincoln looks Booth over some more then looks around at an imaginary crowd.)*

BOOTH.

Then what then what?

LINCOLN.

Dealer dont wanna play.

BOOTH.

Bullshit man! Come on you promised!

LINCOLN.

Thats thuh Dealers attitude. He *acts* like he dont wanna play. He holds back and thuh crowd, with their eagerness to see his skill and their willingness to take a chance, and their greediness to win his cash, the larceny in their hearts, all goad him on and push him to throw his cards, although of course the Dealer has been wanting to throw his cards all along. Only he dont never show it.

BOOTH.

Thats some sneaky shit, Link.

LINCOLN.

It sets thuh mood. You wanna have them in yr hand before you deal a hand, K?

BOOTH.

Cool. – K.

LINCOLN.

Right.