

# LOX AND LOADED

*By*

*William A. Smith & Andrew R. Looney*

# LOX AND LOADED

© 2023 by William A. Smith & Andrew R. Looney

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **LOX AND LOADED** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **LOX AND LOADED** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to [genekato@nextstagepress.com](mailto:genekato@nextstagepress.com)

## SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **LOX AND LOADED** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

# LOX AND LOADED

*For  
Dominique, Jade, Will  
& Michael Stone Johnson*

# LOX AND LOADED

Lox and Loaded was originally produced at The Nutt House in Granbury, Texas.

Bernie Bloomberg.....Andrew R. Looney  
Sol Rabinowicz.....William A. Smith

CAST: 2 Men

SOL RABINOWICZ  
BERNIE BLOOMBERG

60-80-ish stubborn New Yorker  
60-80-ish slightly more reasonable  
stubborn New Yorker

TIME: *Afternoon*

PLACE: *Bernie's shabby apartment*

LOX AND LOADED

# LOX AND LOADED

## SCENE 1

*BERNIE is pacing, wringing his hands. Occasional outbursts, e.g. "Where is he?" He goes to the window, peeking out through the curtains, pacing the floor, etc. After a while, SOL enters – Bernie is beside himself with anxiety.*

**BERNIE.** What did they say?

**SOL.** *(SOL takes his time.)* Well, as you can see, they didn't kill me.

**BERNIE.** But what did they say?

**SOL.** Simmer down and let me get my coat off already.

**BERNIE.** I've been waiting here for three hours, where the hell have you been?

**SOL.** Whaddaya mean where have I been, I've been where I told you I was going. I went to see your bookie.

**BERNIE.** *(Gritted teeth, anger building.)* I know that you irritating bastard, what I meant was what the hell happened? You've been gone three stinking hours!

**SOL.** And you're thinking I don't know how long I've been gone? Besides, if what you meant was 'what the hell happened?' you should not have asked me 'where the hell have you been?'

**BERNIE.** *(Angry.)* Stop playing games with me and tell me what they said!

**SOL.** *(Calmly.)* All you had to do was ask.

**BERNIE.** I did ask...you...Son-of-a...

**SOL.** *(Flatly.)* Bernie Bloomberg...you have an anger management problem.

**BERNIE.** I DO NOT HAVE AN ANGER MANAGEMENT PROBLEM!...I HAVE A SOL RABINOWICZ PROBLEM!!!

**SOL.** *(Sol just stares at him blankly, then quietly, after a moment.)* Aren't you going to offer me something to drink?

**BERNIE.** *(Deflates.)* I got tea. You want tea?

## LOX AND LOADED

**SOL.** I would like a nice cup of coffee.

**BERNIE.** (*Smart ass.*) Oh, you would, would you? Well, Sir, would you like some fancy schmancy flavoring in your 'nice' cup of coffee? Maybe some 'nice' French vanilla or some 'nice' hazelnut syrup?

**SOL.** No, thank you, but I've been a little jittery, so I would like it decapitated.

**BERNIE.** De...what?

**SOL.** Decapitated.

**BERNIE.** That's not a word.

**SOL.** It is a word.

**BERNIE.** Well, it is a word, but it's not THE word. It's the wrong word.

**SOL.** What do you know. Decapitated. Oh, it's the right word.

**BERNIE.** (*Bernie stares at Sol for a moment, then turns and leaves the room, to get coffee. From offstage:*) So, did you see Joey? What did he say? Are they gonna kill me, cut off my fingers, or what?

**SOL.** (*Yelling.*) I'll wait until you get back to...

**BERNIE.** What?

**SOL.** I said I'll wait until...

**BERNIE.** I can't hear you. Wait until I get back.

**SOL.** Bring the coffee. We'll sit, we'll talk.

**BERNIE.** (*Returns, gives coffee to Sol and sits.*) So talk already.

**SOL.** Alright...so, I talked to Joey Pants... (*spilling sugar.*)

**BERNIE.** Legs.

**SOL.** ...Joey Pants Legs...

**BERNIE.** Legs! His name is Joey Legs!

**SOL.** Whatever.

**BERNIE.** No, not whatever, his name is Joey Legs. You said Joey Pants. It's not the same thing.

**SOL.** Who cares?

**BERNIE.** I bet Joey 'Pants' cares. Now you got me doing it.

**SOL.** Well, he's not here so I can call him whatever I like.

**BERNIE.** Whatever! Shut up and keep talking!

**SOL.** So, I talked to Joey LEGS, surrounded by his numerous swarthy goons. All with very large weapons tucked into their waistbands...

**BERNIE.** Yeah, yeah...go on.

## LOX AND LOADED

**SOL.** Bernie, you gotta understand, you owe Joey a LOT of money...It's \$40,000 plus interest.

**BERNIE.** I know that. That's why you were there, remember?

**SOL.** ...and Joey doesn't like it very much when people owe him money. He told me that...several times.

**BERNIE.** Were you scared?

**SOL.** Who, me? No I wasn't scared. Of course I was scared. I was terrified, I was putrified...

**BERNIE.** Wrong word.

**SOL.** What?

**BERNIE.** You used the wrong word. You said putrified.

**SOL.** Right. Putrified. And I was.

**BERNIE.** I don't think that word means what you think it means.

**SOL.** Whatever! I was scared, alright? I was afraid he was gonna kill me...

**BERNIE.** And me?

**SOL.** And you.

**BERNIE.** And...

**SOL.** And what?

**BERNIE.** Is he?

**SOL.** Is he what?

**BERNIE.** IS HE GOING TO KILL US?!

**SOL.** *(Calmly.)* You know, Bernie, you really do have anger issues.

**BERNIE.** *(Pacing angrily.)*

**SOL.** Bernie, listen...sit down and let me tell you the story. You've got yourself so full of reprehension...

**BERNIE.** Wrong word.

**SOL.** Whatever. You're upset. Sit and I'll tell you what happened.

**BERNIE.** *(BERNIE sits, grudgingly.)*

**SOL.** I know you're upset and you're angry, but there are some things I need to say to you and you need to listen. Will you listen?

**BERNIE.** What?

**SOL.** Will you sit and listen and not interrupt and not get angry at me and not tell me 'wrong word'?

**BERNIE.** *(BERNIE thinks and simmers down.)*

## LOX AND LOADED

I'll listen...and I won't say 'wrong word'...UNLESS you use the wrong words! (*Sol stares at him.*) I'll listen, I'll listen.

**SOL.** Bernie, this money...this money you owe, it's because you can't control your gambling, right? You could have come to me, Sol, your best friend for all our lives...you could have come to me for help with this. Instead, you wait until you have Joey Pants Legs and his goons leaning on you, to ask for help. So, what do I do? I help, of course. In all of our years, as friends, and as partners running the hardware store, did I ever not help you when you requested my assistance?

**BERNIE.** Wrong...! Sorry, go on.

**SOL.** When you asked for help I was there, right?

**BERNIE.** Yes, you were there...AND I was there for you!

**SOL.** Yes, you were. You were there for me as well. Like the time we almost lost the store...

**BERNIE.** Yes.

**SOL.** ...and you came up with the money to pay the back taxes. You remember?

**BERNIE.** Of course I remember. Sol, I don't think you understand what this is like... having somebody as dangerous and as impulsive as Joey Legs hanging over your head all the time. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't go out anywhere without being afraid for my life.

**SOL.** So you understand, then, that when I was standing before Joey Legs, surrounded by his thugs, and they had guns stuck in my ribs...

**BERNIE.** Yeah...

**SOL.** It was very important to me that I make this all...turn out well for you...for us. And I told Joey that we were partners and we are in this together, all the way.

**BERNIE.** What are you saying? Spit it out. Is he going to kill me? Break my legs? What?

**SOL.** He is not going to do any of those things...

**BERNIE.** Yes!

**SOL.** Yet.

**BERNIE.** What?

**SOL.** He is not going to kill us...yet.

**BERNIE.** What do you mean 'yet'?



## LOX AND LOADED

**SOL.** Bernie, these are scary people. I had to tell them something. You don't have the money...I don't have the money. What am I going to say?

**BERNIE.** What did you say?

**SOL.** I just conveyed to him that we would pay him as soon as we are able to and until then he should perhaps back off a little.

**BERNIE.** You said that to Joey? Tell me all of what you talked about. Tell me your exact words.

**SOL.** Well...I sort of told him...that we, uh...that we are um...gangsters.

**BERNIE.** You what? Please tell me you are joking. Please tell me you didn't say any of that. Gangsters?

**SOL.** I told them we was gangsters and if they tried to hurt either of us, then there would be hell to pay. I said that Big Tony Lorenzo would not rest until Joey Pants, that's what I called him, Joey Pants and all his goons were sleeping with the fishes.

**BERNIE.** Did you use those words? Did you say 'sleeping with the fishes'?

**SOL.** Of course. Sounds very 'gangster', right? They say it in the movies.

**BERNIE.** Sol, Sol, Sol... Why is it, that I should be in fear for my life...but instead, I am just very embarrassed? Sol, you idiot! Don't you realize what you've done?

**SOL.** What? They didn't kill us.

**BERNIE.** But we don't even know Big Tony!

**SOL.** Joey Legs doesn't know that. He thinks we work for Big Tony.

**BERNIE.** Sol! 'Sleeping with the fishes'? Joey does not believe for a second that we work for Big Tony!

**SOL.** Yes...he does.

**BERNIE.** How do you know that?

**SOL.** Because that's why he didn't kill us. Joey said he would not whack us if we would turn rat on Big Tony and be moles for Joey in Tony's organization.

**BERNIE.** Oh, dear God. Oy Vey!

**SOL.** I don't know about you, but I would feel bad, doing that to Big Tony.

**BERNIE.** SOL! We don't work for Big Tony!...WE DON'T EVEN KNOW BIG TONY!!

**SOL.** Yeah, but it kind of feels like we do, don't it?

## LOX AND LOADED

**BERNIE.** Sol, you have really done it now. I've known you all of our lives and you have done some stupid things. Remember when you spent all of your savings on that mail-order crap because you were convinced that sea monkeys were the 'next big thing'?

**SOL.** Yeah...

**BERNIE.** That was stupid.

**SOL.** I was only thirteen!

**BERNIE.** Yeah, that was a good year for stupid. Remember your bar mitzvah? When you were reading from the Torah and you thought it would be funny to put Alka-Seltzer in your mouth? You had foam dripping from your lips as you read and you rolled your eyes back in your head. I don't think Rabbi Horowitz ever recovered from that.

**SOL.** Yeah...

**BERNIE.** Stupid!

**SOL.** It was funny.

**BERNIE.** But, Sol, this is the worst. This is the stupidest thing. They're going to kill us...and if they don't, Big Tony will. Stupid, stupid, stupid. You don't even understand what you've done, do you? This is horrible!  
*(Bernie is pacing and getting himself more worked up. Sol is getting more somber.)*

**SOL.** Sorry.

**BERNIE.** You should be sorry. You don't even know what this is about. You don't know about the money and why...

**SOL.** What about the money?

**BERNIE.** Nothing. Forget I said anything.

**SOL.** No, what about the money?

**BERNIE.** LET IT GO SOL! *(They sit in awkward silence.)*

**SOL.** *(Quietly.)* I have a plan... *(Bernie just stares at Sol blankly.)* ...to fix this.

**BERNIE.** Sol...

**SOL.** No, listen to me. You're right. All those things were stupid. This is stupid and I did it. Although it's your gambling that started it all.

**BERNIE.** Don't go there.

**SOL.** Fine. Whatever...but I do have a plan and it's going to sound stupid to you, I know, but if you really think about it, it's our only option. Please

## LOX AND LOADED

just hear me out and don't call me stupid until I finish. (*'Stupid' is the only word he wants to say, so he tightens his lips and gestures for Sol to continue. Sol removes a pistol from his pocket and lays it on the table. BERNIE looks from the gun to Sol and back again.*)

**BERNIE.** What is this?

**SOL.** It's a gun. Now who's stupid?

**BERNIE.** What I mean is, what does your plan say we're going to do with the gun?

**SOL.** Bernie, we have no choice. You know that. We have to do what we have to do to protect ourselves, and what we have to do is...we have to...kill Joey Pants.

**BERNIE.** Legs.

**SOL.** Whatever.

**BERNIE.** (*Bernie paces and ponders this for a long time, while Sol watches his every move. Finally, Bernie returns and sits.*) Alright, tell me the plan.

## SCENE 2

*Night. A dark alley behind the bookie's hangout. There is a fire escape Stage Right, trash cans and trash scattered about. A door Stage Left leads to the bookie's lair. Sol & Bernie are on the fire escape hiding (not very well) behind a couple of trash cans.*

**BERNIE.** (*Whispering.*) What do we do now Mr. Lansky?

**SOL.** Who?

**BERNIE.** Meyer Lansky, the mobster? Never mind, what do we do now?

**SOL.** We wait...I guess.

**BERNIE.** You guess? I thought you had a plan?

**SOL.** I did...I do. My plan is...we wait.

**BERNIE.** We're going to die. We are going to die here tonight in this alley. Sol, I never wanted to die in an alley!

**SOL.** That's ridiculous. Dying is dying. What does it matter where you are?

## LOX AND LOADED

**BERNIE.** Because it matters! Are you trying to tell me that dying in an alley is the same as dying...I don't know...say...while getting a lap dance?

**SOL.** Bernie, at your age...you wouldn't know what to do with a lap dance.

**BERNIE.** And you would? Mr. Spring Chicken? I would, at least, like the opportunity to try! I would like to arrive at the Pearly Gates with a smile on my face, instead of garbage from an alley!

**SOL.** Bernie, if you will stay quiet we'll go for ice cream after.

**BERNIE.** Go for ice cream after we kill somebody?

**SOL.** I don't know, Bernie, whatever it takes to get you to be quiet.

**BERNIE.** You talk to me sometimes like I'm a fifth grader—

**SOL.** Actually, a third grader.

**BERNIE.** You see? You see? You wouldn't say that to somebody else—

**SOL.** Unless they are a third grader. (*Bernie pouts.*) I'm sorry. Just be quiet, would you?

**BERNIE.** Alright, I'll try...

**SOL.** Shhhh! Quiet!

**BERNIE.** Don't shush me!

**SOL.** Wait! I heard something. Listen... (*they hear nothing.*)

**BERNIE.** I didn't hear anything.

**SOL.** You were not listening, you were talking.

**BERNIE.** I was both. I was talking and listening. I was doing both.

**SOL.** No, you were not. A person cannot do both. You can either talk or listen, but never both.

**BERNIE.** I was doing both.

**SOL.** No, you were not. Talking and listening are mutually conducive.

**BERNIE.** Wrong word. See, I was listening.

**SOL.** No, not the wrong word. Talking and listening are two things that cannot be done at the same time...they are mutually conducive.

**BERNIE.** That does not even make sense...

**SOL.** Shhhh! Listen! You hear that?

**BERNIE.** Hear what?

**SOL.** Shhhh!

## LOX AND LOADED

**BERNIE.** There you go with the shushing again. You know, I don't take shushing well. I never have. You want to know why? Mrs. Marmelstein. Remember Mrs. Marmelstein? Grade three? She was a shusher...

**SOL.** Quiet!

**BERNIE.** My people...we are not shushers. And we do not react kindly to shushers. We are anti-shushing. It's genetic.

**SOL.** Bernie, if you don't be quiet, we are going to die in this alley because of the Bloomberg anti-shushing gene. Is that why you want to die? From your Mrs. Marmelstein anti shushing tirade? I don't want to die from that. Now shush!

**BERNIE.** *(Bernie flinches at Sol's "shush".)* You did that on purpose.

**SOL.** What?

**BERNIE.** You shushed me on purpose.

**SOL.** Whatever. Just be quiet and listen.

**BERNIE.** *(A moment of silence, then whispering:)* Sol!

**SOL.** What?

**BERNIE.** I'm listening.

**SOL.** Good. Do it quietly. *(Silence for a moment. Bernie is obviously uncomfortable and is fidgeting. He knocks over a trash can. Sol gives him the evil eye. They sit in silence for a while.)*

**BERNIE.** Sol! *(This startles Sol and he knocks over a trash can.)*

**SOL.** What?!

**BERNIE.** *(Quietly, he has been thinking deeply.)* Are we going to die here? We are going to die here, aren't we?

**SOL.** *(Responding kindly.)* No, Bernie, we are not.

**BERNIE.** I worry about my granddaughter, Hannah. My son and his wife? Not so much. He doesn't like me anyway.

**SOL.** Bernie, Max loves you. You were a good father.

**BERNIE.** But he doesn't like me.

**SOL.** It's okay, Bernie. I was married to Ruth for 48 years and she never liked me. I didn't like her much either. But we loved each other.

**BERNIE.** Your father, Ira...

**BOTH.** *(In unison.)* May he rest in peace...

**SOL.** He was a good father!

**BERNIE.** *(Tentative.)* Yeah...

## LOX AND LOADED

**SOL.** Taking us both into his hardware business like he did? He was the best!

**BERNIE.** Yeah. My Judith died when Max was only twelve. I don't think I was such a good father.

**SOL.** You did what you could do.

**BERNIE.** But I don't think it was good enough. He needed a mother and I could not be that for him.

**SOL.** He also needed a father and you were that father for him. Like I said, you did what you could do. *(They sit in silence.)*

**BERNIE.** *(After a while.)* What about you?

**SOL.** What about me?

**BERNIE.** You have any regrets?

**SOL.** What, me? Life is too short for regrets.

**BERNIE.** But, are there things you would change? About your father? About your life?

**SOL.** I loved my father. My life is what it is. I do what I can and I leave the rest up to the guy upstairs.

**BERNIE.** You really think there's a...guy upstairs? You really think HE is up there...out there...whatever?

**SOL.** Of course, and so do you. You're a good Jew.

**BERNIE.** Are you kidding? I can't remember the last time I observed Passover. I eat bacon with every meal. And the only thing I eat that's really kosher are pickles and hot dogs. Every year I put up a Christmas tree.

**SOL.** Are you through?

**BERNIE.** I thought Richard Pryor was much better than Lenny Bruce...and I think Barbra Streisand is cross eyed and has a big nose. I'd much rather listen to and look at Ann-Margaret. Now I'm through. So, Sol, you want to let me in on your plan? *(SOUND: A door opens and closes then footsteps fade away down the alley. They shush each other. Bernie and Sol breathe a sigh of relief.)*

**BERNIE.** *(Whispering.)* Whoo! That was close—

**SOL.** Shush! They'll hear us!

**BERNIE.** There you go again with the shushing— What are we doing?

## LOX AND LOADED

**SOL.** That was not Joey. We are going to wait here for Joey to come out and when he does, I am going to shoot him.

**BERNIE.** What if he doesn't come out?

**SOL.** He will.

**BERNIE.** How do you know?

**SOL.** That's his car you ran into when we drove up here..

**BERNIE.** Oh...it was just a scratch. *(after a minute.)* Do we have to shoot him?

**SOL.** What?

**BERNIE.** Do we have to...you know...kill him?

**SOL.** Bernie. If we don't kill him he will kill us.

**BERNIE.** Couldn't we just...threaten him? Put a horse's head in his bed?

**SOL.** A horse's head? Bernie, when I think of you and horses I picture the other end of the horse. You think you could kill a horse? Never mind that, where would we get a horse? Besides I tried threatening him, remember? No, we have to kill him.

**BERNIE.** Maybe we could...I know...we could maybe knock him over the head and he could have amnesia.

**SOL.** Wrong word...it's magnesia. Besides, it's not going to work.

**BERNIE.** You distract him and I will run up behind him and hit him with something...

**SOL.** You're going to do what?

**BERNIE.** You distract him...

**SOL.** No, you said you would do what?

**BERNIE.** Run up behind him...

**SOL.** You?

**BERNIE.** Yes...

**SOL.** Running?

**BERNIE.** Yes, why?

**SOL.** *(Shaking his head.)* Show me how you would run.

**BERNIE.** I would run. What's to show?

**SOL.** Show me the running.

**BERNIE.** Fine. Like this... *(Bernie 'runs'. It looks more like a slow shuffling.)*

**SOL.** That's running?

## LOX AND LOADED

**BERNIE.** Yes, that's running. You don't know running?

**SOL.** I know running. That's not running. Shuffling maybe, running not so much.

**BERNIE.** You don't know running.

**SOL.** It looks like you are having a contraption.

**BERNIE.** See! You don't even know the right word for it.

**SOL.** It's a contraption. We stick with my plan and that's it. I got us into this and I will get us out. (*Silence.*)

**BERNIE.** Sol...

**SOL.** What?

**BERNIE.** (*Sniffing the air.*) Did you soil yourself?

**SOL.** Did I what?

**BERNIE.** (*Still sniffing the air.*) Did you soil yourself?

**SOL.** No. Stop the sniffing that's the garbage you smell.

**BERNIE.** Oh, thank God. I thought it was me... do you know how much it costs to clean these pants?

**SOL.** Quiet! (*Silence for a moment.*)

**BERNIE.** So, you're going to shoot him?

**SOL.** Yes.

**BERNIE.** You think you could really shoot someone?

**SOL.** (*Sol hesitates, then quietly.*) I think so.

**BERNIE.** You think so?

**SOL.** Yes. Yes, I can. I have to.

**BERNIE.** What happens if you kill him and he comes back to haunt you?

**SOL.** There's no such thing as ghosts.

**BERNIE.** Hah! Says you.

**SOL.** Bernie, please be quiet, or else you'll be seeing ghosts, alright... you and me.

**BERNIE.** I think it might be nice to haunt someone. You know, you could see how the other half lives.

**SOL.** What other half? There's no other half.

**BERNIE.** The half that lives differently, but you never know it while you're alive because you can't see into other peoples' lives like if you were haunting.

**SOL.** What half are we?



## LOX AND LOADED

**BERNIE.** I don't know what you call the halves. Whatever half we are, other people are the second half.

**SOL.** Did you have a stroke just now or something?

**BERNIE.** Sol, you think everyone is the same and there are no people out there who are different?

**SOL.** There are a lot of different people out there, but who says it's half?

**BERNIE.** Because that's how the saying goes, 'How the other HALF lives. If there is another half then there has to be a first half, right?

**SOL.** It scares me to death to say it, but you almost made sense there for a second. *(Bernie grins, happy with himself. Then silence for a moment.)*

**BERNIE.** You got the gun?

**SOL.** Of course, I got the gun.

**BERNIE.** Where did you get a gun?

**SOL.** Never mind that, I got a gun. You saw it.

**BERNIE.** But from where did you get it?

**SOL.** From Jersey. Don't worry about it.

**BERNIE.** You got some bullets?

**SOL.** *(Awkward silence.)* What?

**BERNIE.** Did you get some bullets?

**SOL.** I...uh...I got some...uh...bullets.

**BERNIE.** You forgot bullets!

**SOL.** I did not! I got bullets! Now be quiet! *(Silence.)* Show me that running thing again.

**BERNIE.** You did not get bullets!

**SOL.** I didn't think about bullets. What am I, a gangster, who do I look like, Al Jolson?

**BERNIE.** Capone, Sol, Al Capone

**SOL.** Who?

**BERNIE.** Never mind...And you told them...You said you were a gangster!

**SOL.** You really think you're somebody.

**BERNIE.** I am somebody!

**SOL.** But you think you're a Somebody.

**BERNIE.** What am I, a nobody?

**SOL.** You're not a Somebody!

## LOX AND LOADED

**BERNIE.** Then I'm a nobody is what you're saying?

**SOL.** Yes! You are a nobody!

**BERNIE.** I'm a nobody? Fine. If I am a nobody then...WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING TO?! You told Joey... *(They start arguing – talking over each other and completely forget where they are. The argument gets louder, until behind them there is a siren and flashing red and blue lights. They are blinded by a flashlight beam and an OFFSTAGE VOICE.)*

**OFFSTAGE VOICE.** Freeze! Hands up! Don't make a move.

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS – ORDER  
A COPY AT [WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM](http://WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM)***