

A LAST SUPPER

by
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A LAST SUPPER

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SCENE 1

The setting is a dingy apartment in a former factory town where the industry has long left. At rise, DINO and TEENY BOY, two rough men, enter. Dino is holding something wrapped in an old t-shirt with blood stains.

TEENY BOY. Dino, next time we need to make sure we have zip lock bags.

DINO. Oh absolutely, Teeny Boy, I'll be sure to pack them in my purse.

TEENY BOY. I'm serious.

DINO. I'm serious. I'll get a satchel, maybe a leather one with fringe.

TEENY BOY. I'm just saying wrapping a lung in an old t-shirt doesn't do much for concealing evidence.

DINO. When I'm in a pinch, I make do.

TEENY BOY. Now you're making a mess.

DINO. Sorry, son. Didn't mean to get this on your rug. What is this, Oriental? Imported?

TEENY BOY. TJ Maxx. Tanya gets me nice odds and ends.

DINO. That's sweet for a girlfriend.

TEENY BOY. She does it so my place won't be too depressing when Caleb comes over.

DINO. How's the boy doing in Connecticut?

TEENY BOY. Better. That private school is great for kids like him.

DINO. Oh, for the retar—

TEENY BOY. Gifted. He's at a school for gifted kids with Aspergers. His IQ is higher than yours and mine combined.

DINO. He must be off the charts. Mine is pretty high. I complete at least half of the Sunday crosswords every week. *(Dino moves the bloody organ way from the carpet and over a table where there are envelopes.)*

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TEENY BOY. Hey, HEY!!! No, not over there. (*Teeny Boy rushes over and tries to save an envelope from the bloody mess.*) Fuck. I was going to send this back to Caleb's school and ask for financial aid for his tuition. I don't think they'll be as inclined to help with a bloodstained request.

DINO. Just wipe it off. It'll be okay. (*Dino heads for the sink. He grabs a bowl and places the lung in it. He washes his hands in the sink.*)

Where's your Tupperware?

TEENY BOY. I keep missing the parties, because they conflict with my nail appointment.

DINO. Well, I'm going to take this back in the bowl to show to Big Kush. I'll return your dish after I'm done.

TEENY BOY. Go ahead and keep the bowl. I'm worried my Cheerios won't taste the same in it.

DINO. Extra protein. (*Beat*) So, how're you liking this so far?

TEENY BOY. Being out?

DINO. Being out, Working with us. It's good right?

TEENY BOY. It's a living.

DINO. Come on. You know it's exhilarating. Running these streets. Checking these motherfuckers when they get out of line. Much better than that penny-ante shit that sent you away.

TEENY BOY. I definitely don't recommend losing years in your twenties and a chunk of your thirties over running three kilos down South.

DINO. Fucking Feds man,

TEENY BOY. Bastards.

DINO. But now, you're not some glorified delivery boy.

TEENY BOY. I'm a lung snatcher's helper.

DINO. Today, you're a lung snatcher helper. Tomorrow, you'll be snatching the lungs.

TEENY BOY. I don't know if I want to snatch lungs.

DINO. Snatching lungs is my thing. You can do the heart. Or, the eye. Maybe, a tongue.

TEENY BOY. Does there actually need to be any snatching of body parts?

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DINO. That's how you instill fear in these suckers. Sure, you can take a man's lights out with one shot, but what does that do?

TEENY BOY. Kill him.

DINO. It doesn't send a message. They need to know you fuck with Big Kush, his money, or his family, and your fucking lung gets ripped out.

TEENY BOY. Or, by your suggestion—heart.

DINO. On second thought, don't do the heart. That's a little basic. Any lazy hitman would go for the heart. "Ooooooh, I'm a tough guy. I'm going to rip your heart out!" Lame.

TEENY BOY. God forbid we be lame.

DINO. Damn straight.

TEENY BOY. If I start doing this on my/

DINO. When. When you start doing this on your own.

TEENY BOY. When I start on my own. I've been thinking: do I have to rip something out every time? Could I maybe do it for a second or even a third offense against Kush?

DINO. Are you trying to back out?

TEENY BOY. Nah, I like working for Kush. He's decent. Any man who'll make sure a con's girlfriend and kid are good while he's away is aces for me.

DINO. I'm glad you said it. I was thinking it. You realize you owe him.

TEENY BOY. I know.

DINO. Imagine where Tanya and Caleb would have been if Kush didn't do right.

TEENY BOY. I know.

DINO. Tanya would have for sure been on a pole, and Caleb would have been watched by that drunk she calls a mom.

TEENY BOY. You've got it. I'm down to do my part. I just don't want to be an animal about it.

DINO. Watch your fucking mouth. I'm very comfortable ripping tongues out, too.

TEENY BOY. No disrespect. That came out wrong. I got a lot on my mind. I'm worried about Caleb's school bill.

DINO. We pay you well.

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TEENY BOY. You do. But, these boarding schools cost an arm, a leg, and a lung.

DINO. How much more do you need?

TEENY BOY. At least thirty grand.

DINO. Alright, listen. Big Kush has a bounty out on this real slimy motherfucker. I was going to take him out myself and take all the flow. But, because I'm not an animal, I'll let you have this one.

TEENY BOY. That's real decent of you.

DINO. Just because I rip lungs out doesn't mean I can't act like a gentleman.

TEENY BOY. Point taken.

DINO. To be fair, I was going to need your help on this one anyway, so it may be best that you do it all on your own. But, it needs to be done. And, it needs to be done rough if you want the whole 30K. Don't over think it. Or, if you gotta think about it, think about Caleb. Don't think about this dick head.

TEENY BOY. I can do that. Who's the guy?

DINO. Ex-con who was upstate same time as you. Goes by Fang.

TEENY BOY. Fang! (*Whispering.*) Fuck no.

DINO. You remember him?

TEENY BOY. Yeah, I remember him. He must have done something really bad if Big Kush wants him out for thirty grand.

DINO. Knocked up Kush's daughter.

TEENY BOY. Really? He's gotta be like a hundred.

DINO. He's the same age as Kush. Same age as me. Mid-fifties ain't a hundred.

TEENY BOY. No disrespect.

DINO. Sounded like disrespect. Sounded like you want a smack in the mouth.

TEENY BOY. All I meant was that it was an age gap for Michelle. Isn't she like twenty?

DINO. Twenty-one. And yeah—we aren't old, but we are too damn old to knock up a twenty-one-year-old. Especially the daughter of the motherfucker who runs these streets. Kush was trying to marry Michelle off to Stone's kid.

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TEENY BOY. The biggest drug dealer in town's kid marries the son of the boss of the biggest gambling ring in town. That would have been a match.

DINO. Yeah, and if it had happened, we would be the biggest operation in the state.

TEENY BOY. Three states.

DINO. Now you got it.

TEENY BOY. Which of Stone's boys was Michelle going to marry?

DINO. Xavier.

TEENY BOY. Oh, I hear X is/

DINO. That's lies put out there by gossiping gangsters. They are worse than housewives.

TEENY BOY. But, didn't he get pinched at Swinging Dicks when they raided it for underage drinking?

DINO. Swinging Richards, and he only goes there to collect on money owed.

TEENY BOY. Okay.

DINO. Okay. Michelle is a real pretty girl—she could have straightened him out.

TEENY BOY. Could she?

DINO. She could have if she didn't get knocked up by an old huckster. That geezer fucked it up for Michelle, Big Kush, and all of us. Kush could have run merch through Stone's whole network. At least tripling our client base. Now he's got a bastard grandson and a pissed off gangster to deal with.

TEENY BOY. That's fucked up, and kinda sad. Fang's not a bad guy.

DINO. He ain't a good guy.

TEENY BOY. Yeah. He just doesn't think too hard about where his dick goes.

DINO. Speaking from experience? How long were y'all in there together?

TEENY BOY. NO, NO, NO! Hell no. Speaking from watching. Fang is that guy who has a girlfriend at home, three chicks writing him letters, a female prison guard sneaking him cigarettes, and the librarian sneaking him whiskey. He's got game.

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DINO. Too much.

TEENY BOY. Facts.

DINO. You like this guy.

TEENY BOY. A long time ago he did right by me.

DINO. If you don't need the money, I'll do it.

TEENY BOY. I need the money.

DINO. Then do it. You can pull him in. He'll go with you if you tell him Kush will kill the baby if he doesn't come or tries to run.

TEENY BOY. Kush wouldn't do that, would he?

DINO. Naw. He loves the little bastard, but Fang doesn't know that.

Look, if it makes you feel any better, you don't have to do it like I do it.

You can wait until after he's dead to rip something out. *(Dino's cell phone dings with a text message and he checks it.)* Big Kush is waiting. I gotta go. Get it done.

TEENY BOY. Yeah. See ya. *(Blackout)*

SCENE 2

The setting is Teeny Boy's apartment the next night. At rise, Teeny Boy cooks a dish on a small stove. Fang sits in a chair and watches.

FANG. That's too much olive oil.

TEENY BOY. There's no such thing as too much olive oil.

FANG. There is such a thing, and your sauce always has too much olive oil.

TEENY BOY. Says who?

FANG. Everybody.

TEENY BOY. What do they know? Good judgement didn't get those guys where they are now.

FANG. What does judgement have to do with taste?

TEENY BOY. Everything. There aren't many cons on "Top Chef".

FANG. Either way, I don't want my sauce to taste like a bucket of oil. So less, please.

TEENY BOY. Who's the cook?

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FANG. It's my meal. Didn't you say, "Fang, before I kill you, I'm going to cook you one great meal,"?

TEENY BOY. That's what I'm doing.

FANG. Then make it with a little less olive oil!

TEENY BOY. Fine.

FANG. Fine.

TEENY BOY. Penne okay?

FANG. Do you have Rotini?

TEENY BOY. No. What about elbow macaroni?

FANG. Get the fuck out of here forever. How dare you!

TEENY BOY. Sorry, man. I forget how serious you are about your noodles.

FANG. I kill suckers who fuck with my noodles.

TEENY BOY. You get outta here.

FANG. You remember Big Mike.

TEENY BOY. Big goon from Albany.

FANG. Well, it's my third year on a bid, and we are on kitchen duty. And, he tries to suck up to me by making spaghetti.

TEENY BOY. That was sweet.

FANG. Yeah. A real pussy cat, that one. Anyway. The "spaghetti," was made with angel hair pasta.

TEENY BOY. Let me guess—you throw it in his face.

FANG. No, dude, that's rude. I have more couth than to throw food in people's faces. I just walk up to him and pull out the paring knife and slice his carotid artery.

TEENY BOY. That'll learn 'em.

FANG. Not so much. Turns out the carotid is kinda important.

TEENY BOY. I'm going to have to trust that my carotid will be safe if we just go with the penne.

FANG. Yeah. Penne is not great, but it's acceptable.

TEENY BOY. Good. *(Beat)* Thank you.

FANG. For what? Not reaching for my paring knife?

TEENY BOY. For not making a fuss. It takes a stand-up guy to not fight the inevitable.

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FANG. I don't know if the state of New York would call me a standup guy, but I know when I am in a fight I can't win.

TEENY BOY. You still got some fight in you. You could have given me a run for my money.

FANG. Oh yeah. Absolutely. I could snap your lights out in a blink. I mean I can't win against Big Kush.

TEENY BOY. No one wins against Kush.

FANG. If it wasn't going to be you—

TEENY BOY. It would be the next goon.

FANG. And he probably would have been/

TEENY BOY. An animal about it.

FANG. Yeah. No one needs to go out like that.

TEENY BOY. Not even old cons.

FANG. Watch it with that old. Fifty is not—

TEENY BOY. Old. So, I've been told. *(Beat)* Pretty damn good wasn't it?

FANG. You haven't let me taste it yet.

TEENY BOY. Not talking about the sauce. But *that* had to be good. To risk offending the biggest maniac around/

FANG. I don't want to talk about it.

TEENY BOY. I mean mind blowing.

FANG. You sound like a teenager.

TEENY BOY. Toe curling.

FANG. Get off it, man.

TEENY BOY. Does she have tricks? I bet she has tricks. I KNOW she has tricks. You can look at her and tell she has tricks. They say she had a gymnastic scholarship to Michigan. She must be good to get that kind of offer. Like skilled. And, those skills. Those legs. Over her head. Over *your* head. Yeah it's amazing. I know it.

FANG. You know nothing. *(Beat)* Kush refuses to let her go.

TEENY BOY. What?

FANG. To Michigan. To anywhere. Wants her here. Wants her married to a...you know. Wants her under his—

TEENY BOY. Watch.

FANG. Control. She's in a gilded cage. She's still crestfallen.

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TEENY BOY. She's what fallen?

FANG. Crestfallen.

TEENY BOY. What does that mean?

FANG. Heartbroken.

TEENY BOY. Then just say heartbroken. Don't talk like that around me.

FANG. So, I can't use certain words just because you don't know them.

TEENY BOY. You can't talk like you are from somewhere better than where you are, or someone better than who you are.

FANG. Maybe all of us are better than this. *(Beat)*

TEENY BOY. Tell me this wasn't—

FANG. What?

TEENY BOY. Come on, you didn't?

FANG. Didn't what?

TEENY BOY. Not the Casanova of Cell Block Eight. Not the Mr. "I got ten bitches filling my commissary." You fell?

FANG. In love?

TEENY BOY. No, not in love. You fell for the old Captain Save a Hoe trap. Your life is ending tonight over trying to save a poor little rich mobster's girl?

FANG. It's not like that.

TEENY BOY. Then, what's it like?

FANG. I'm not in love with her. It's just a mistake.

TEENY BOY. Your son will love hearing that.

FANG. He can read about it in my obit.

TEENY BOY. Good planning.

FANG. Speaking of planning, I need you to do me a solid.

TEENY BOY. In addition, to supper? You're pushing it.

FANG. I am, but you'll do it.

TEENY BOY. What is it?

FANG. At my funeral—

TEENY BOY. Come on man, no. Don't ask me to come to that.

FANG. I'm not asking you to come to the funeral. *(Beat)* I'm asking you to plan it.

TEENY BOY. What? First of all, how can I plan it and not come to it?

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FANG. Well...I guess you got me there. I'm asking you to come AND plan it. It will be real simple, but make it nice.

TEENY BOY. Let me guess: powder blue coffin.

FANG. No, tacky. Just because I was a kid in the seventies doesn't mean I appreciate that aesthetic. The coffin needs to be pure mahogany solid wood.

TEENY BOY. That's expensive.

FANG. I've got life insurance.

TEENY BOY. What kind of gangster plans ahead with life insurance?

FANG. In this business everybody should. You don't?

TEENY BOY. No, I don't like to think about death.

FANG. A hit man who doesn't like to think about death.

TEENY BOY. It happens.

FANG. It does. Anyway, there's enough on that policy for a mahogany coffin.

TEENY BOY. Got it.

FANG. And I want the service at St. John United Methodist.

TEENY BOY. Methodist? I thought you were Catholic.

FANG. Don't be stereotypical. I don't think the Vatican likes the implication that to be a gangster you have to be a Catholic, but don't worry. Pope Francis won't hear about your religious chauvinism from me.

TEENY BOY. Good to know my secret is safe.

FANG. So, I want the funeral at St. John and Pastor Mike will preside over the service. He's the assistant pastor, so they may try to push Reverend Brooks on me. If they try that shit, you set 'em straight.

TEENY BOY. You want me to threaten a priest?

FANG. Pastor. Priests are Catholic. And, Brooks is a wolf leading the flock. I pray more than that miscreant.

TEENY BOY. That what?

FANG. Bastard. I pray more than that bastard.

TEENY BOY. Thank you. What's Brooks doing that's so bad? Stealing money? Fucking church ladies? Pitting members against each other?

FANG. Yes.

TEENY BOY. You're sure this Pastor Mike isn't in on it too?

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FANG. Mike's a good guy. He prays.

TEENY BOY. How can you tell?

FANG. I can see it. I can feel it. It's a bit of a gift. I can always pick out the guys who are alright. That's why I look out for you.

TEENY BOY. Looked out for me, and that was back then.

FANG. If you say so.

TEENY BOY. Yeah. So, mahogany wood and Pastor Mike. What about flowers?

FANG. Blue and white sprays.

TEENY BOY. I thought blue was too seventies.

FANG. Powder blue caskets are. A blue and white arrangement is classy.

TEENY BOY. That's pretty, but wouldn't you want a touch of color? Like some red roses throughout.

FANG. No. Blue and white—**ONLY**. Red, white, and blue screams veteran. That's my old man gig's not mine.

TEENY BOY. Got it. What about music?

FANG. "Drop It Low."

TEENY BOY. Be serious.

FANG. I don't know, pick a hymn.

TEENY BOY. Eulogy? (*Fang looks at Teeny Boy.*) **NO!**

FANG. I'm joking. I'm not a sadist. I won't make you do it.

TEENY BOY. Good.

FANG. I won't make you do it... at the service.

TEENY BOY. Where else would you eulogize people?

FANG. What's an eulogy anyway? It's a performance. Oh, this man that lies here was great. He paid his taxes. He tipped well. He didn't kill anyone. For me all that would be a lie.

TEENY BOY. You don't tip well.

FANG. It's not that I'm cheap.

TEENY BOY. Far from it.

FANG. I just think it's the way the man gets us to subsidize their mistreatment of employees. If the restaurant owners paid their staff enough, then those fools wouldn't be looking at me to help make their rent payment. Tipping is corporate socialism.

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TEENY BOY. I didn't peg you for a Bernie Bro.

FANG. Don't be ridiculous. I don't vote.

TEENY BOY. So, no public eulogy. Am I to guess there's a private one?

FANG. Yes. To the kid.

TEENY BOY. Jesus.

FANG. You are the only one who will tell him the truth. Michelle's too scared to utter my name. And, Kush is not going to say one kind word about me.

TEENY BOY. He probably won't even tell the kid you're his dad.

FANG. Probably not. So, that's where you come in.

TEENY BOY. I don't think I'm going to get invited to give that child bedtimes stories.

FANG. Don't be too sure. *(Beat)* Tell my son to imagine a dad when he sees a scraggly haired kid from Newburg going away for the first time, that this dad watches out for that scraggly kid.

TEENY BOY. Yeah.

FANG. This dad keeps an eye out to make sure the old timers don't turn little bro into little sis, if you know what I mean.

TEENY BOY. I know what you mean.

FANG. Tell the boy to imagine a dad who pulls strings with the librarian that he's fucking to get that scraggly haired kid away from the skin heads who control the kitchen, so that this kid doesn't have to watch his ass.

TEENY BOY. I know.

FANG. And tell him to imagine how even after getting this scraggly haired kid away from the gangsters, this dad notices that Scraggly is about to crack. It's too much. Being told when to eat, piss, and shit. Getting everything taken away from you over what? Some kilos going down South. And Scraggly loses it. He loses his faith and his mind. And tell the kid that this dad is the kind of dad who walks in on Scraggly hanging from a top shelf in the library. And this dad cuts Scraggly down. And, this dad does it just in time before Scraggly has lost so much oxygen he's a vegetable. And, this dad holds Scraggly and tells him to fall apart for a moment, and then we'll be strong together tomorrow. Tell

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that boy that his dad ain't no snitch. Tells nobody about what happens. Just looks out for Scraggly from Newburg. Tell my kid that's who his father is.

TEENY BOY. I can tell the kid that.

FANG. Of course, you can. You always tell the truth.

TEENY BOY. Is this the game? You didn't fight me about coming here tonight. But, now you're trying to mind fuck me.

FANG. When have you known me to mind fuck?

TEENY BOY. Then what are you doing? Bringing this up won't change anything.

FANG. I can't change a damn thing in this life. I accept that. Maybe other men can be in this world and be eaten alive by it or turn into something not even close to being a human being, but I can't. Every time I drop my load in Michelle, I know I am getting closer to the end of my life. But, it's the best orgasm I ever have.

TEENY BOY. You are *still* fucking her?

FANG. Hey, the damage is already done. The kid is here.

TEENY BOY. She could get pregnant again.

FANG. I never thought of that. Two little Fangs running around in the world.

TEENY BOY. God help us all.

FANG. The world should be so lucky. There's not been much right in my fifty years on earth, but that kid and that day in the library may keep my life from being completely useless.

TEENY BOY. I'm still going to take you out tonight.

FANG. With the knife or the gun?

TEENY BOY. The gun. I'll make it fast.

FANG. Good.

TEENY BOY. Afterwards, I have to make your body a mess.

FANG. My embalmer's an artist.

TEENY BOY. You already have an embalmer?

FANG. You don't? In this line of work—

TEENY BOY. I know. I know. You ready to eat?

FANG. Yeah. (*Teeny Boy prepares a plate for Fang. They both sit and eat.*)

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FANG. What's your count so far?

TEENY BOY. Eight.

FANG. On your own?

TEENY BOY. No, mostly helping Dino. Sometimes I help Scratch.

FANG. Dino still doing the lung thing?

TEENY BOY. Yep.

FANG. What's Scratch do? Eyes?

TEENY BOY. Bowels

FANG. Jesus, I'm eating.

TEENY BOY. You asked.

FANG. You sure you wanna do this?

TEENY BOY. Fang, you know I have to. We talked about this.

FANG. No, not me. You want to do this life? You wanna be Dino and Scratch?

TEENY BOY. What other life is there? This ain't exactly Silicon Valley. The days of getting a union job, getting a house, saving to send the kids to school are gone. Kush is the only source of flow in this godforsaken place.

FANG. Move

TEENY BOY. Move where?

FANG. I hear Virginia's nice. Less snow.

TEENY BOY. Right back at you. You've been out for a minute. Why come here? Why not get a little gig down south managing a general store?

FANG. I like action. Going country always seems boring to me.

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