

## WARDEN JAY CROSLEY - THE PRISON WARDEN

Speaking part only

Warden is a by-the-book figurehead, the only time he lightens up is when he talks about the electric chair

### WARDEN CROSLEY

Good morning. I'm Warden Jay Crosley and I'd like to welcome Ms. Maywood, Pastor Wilkins and all you boys and girls from Lymon Juvenile Detention Middle School to San Jacinto Prison. You might recognize our facility from the many TV specials that have been filmed here. We were the first institution to implement the "Scared Witless" program, which was created to steer domestically challenged and mentally disturbed preteens such as yourselves from pursuing a life of delinquency and crime.

Now these inmates you're about to meet aren't going to (makes air quotes) "scare the bejeezus out of you." They're gonna "talk straight to you, not down." They're gonna "tell it like it is" and all the boss jargon you kids employ. Because what's more impactful than seeing ordinary men and women who through sheer dumb bad luck are now all now just one phone call away from crackling in the hot seat. You know, "Ol' Sparky." I'd like to introduce you now to today's keynote speaker, Inmate 42799.

TOM REYNOLDS - Prisoner and leader of the Death Row Prison Band  
 plays guitar with band. Narrates at the beginning and end  
 Sings three songs  
 older Tom narrates his story from prison  
 part earmarked for the author

### TOM REYNOLDS OLDER

Thank you Warden Crosley for that warm and personal welcome. My name? Well, it's Tom. First names don't really get much use in here coz everyone calls everyone by their last names. My last name is Reynolds. Which sounds like a first name. Or else, it makes me some like a very possessive guy. Which I guess I am. Like Warden C said, we tell it to you like an old razor, dull and straight. The God's honest truth? There is no God. You, me, all of us, we're all alone. And it's a random universe. Life is a lottery only some of us will win. The rest of us? Fate is gonna tie our shoelaces together, sit back and wait for the thud.

For the better part of four years I've been privileged to be part of the San Jacinto Death Row Prison Band. Now, no one sets out in life to become a member of a Death Row Prison Band. You take Pasco over there...He never set out to kill anybody. But then one night at the docks, a friendly game of Charades went horribly wrong. And there's Jemsek. He could've been a world-class concert pianist! And there's Stinson, who learned the hard way that you can actually drown a man by trying to flush his head down the toilet multiple times.

Me? Why am I here? Well, I guess, it's all on account of a girl. A girl named Hope. I should also tell you...(inhales)I'm a habitual liar!

**JOANNA HANNEFORD - Songstress/ Budding Actress  
More excited about her career than marrying TOM**

**Sings three songs**

**JOANNA**

Honestly, Tom, playing six sets a night, six nights a week is really taking its toll. Some pervert propositioned me again tonight. Which one was it? Does it matter which one it was? The place is swimming with human jetsam. Take your pick. What was the surprise you were gonna tell me about...

Tom presents Joanna with a ring.

**JOANNA (CONT'D)**

Oh Tom - a ring! And it's beautiful and I do love you but...I can't marry you. Oh Tom, we have our whole lives to get married. I'm at a make or break point in my career. I was gonna tell you sooner or later, but I got an audition in Hollywood. You needn't act so surprised. I can sing, act and tap dance, in Hollywood that's practically a triple threat. My cousin in Pasadena is letting me stay with her while I launch my career. Oh Tom, can't you just see how perfect it's all gonna be, gazing at the movie poster when I get my first starring role.. J-O-A-N-N-A H-A-N-N-E-F-O-R-D...  
"America's Sweetheart of Song, J-O-A-N-N-A H-A-N-N-E-F-O-R-D."

And you're on the poster, too! See?

You are! Right there! "Joanna Hanneford's Band of Renown." You're my band. Down there (points low) Next to the asterick. Below where where my gigantic face will be looking out to my adoring public. Just picture it, with you and me and a cast of thousands, fireworks, Old Glory, oh Tom it's gonna be so doggone exciting!

**ROSCOE DES MOINES - Pimp Extraordinaire**  
**Picks up Tom in the middle of Oklahoma**  
**Sings on four songs**

ROSCO

Who were those girls? Employees for my...holding company. Nice? They ARE. Extremely so. Now you take Shanekwa. That girl singlehandedly earned me a houseboat. And I mean singlehandedly. And Elvina? She's very religious. I don't think the Lord made another human that enjoys fellatio as much as she does. Sometimes I think she enjoys it too much. Might not be the Lord's doing. Might even be a birth defect. Should've never gave her that Water Pic for Christmas, y'know? And Londi...The one with the beachball? Now she's my top tier of role players. She can do it all. If you ever fantasized doing Anne Frank in a crawl space, hiding from the Nazis, Londi is your girl. Sometimes it's hard to keep track. Most days. But every once in a while I pick up a new hire and it turns out she's just some no-count highway she-bandit. Like this chickaroo I picked up last week. She pulled a gun on me and everything. And this after I gave a ride all the way from Minsolula! I'm not sentimental but I managed to snag a souvenir of our time together.

Rosco pulls out a gun and turns it gingerly.

ROSCO

Now what kind of woman goes around hitchiking and packing this kind of heat? Not a school teacher. Maybe one in the South Bronx. But not in Minsolula. That's fine by me. Psycho girls add spice to life. And people will pay extra for that kind of variety. (pauses) Damn! I'm starting to crash from that turkey burrito. Too much tryptophan and pico de gallo. Do you mind taking the wheel? Here, take a Don't Doze. It's a road alert pill. Four out of five gear jammers recommend it.

**YOUNG TOM REYNOLDS - TOM IN FLASHBACKS BEFORE HE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED 3 PEOPLE AND A DOG****Sings on 6 songs**

YOUNG Tom

Rosco? Rosco?

(to audience)

I couldn't feel a pulse. Rosco's head was bleeding, the crash has busted open his skull on the dashboard. Rosco was dead! And I killed him trying to save a doe, a deer, a female deer! What should I do? I had to go to the police and tell them the whole truth. But then I remembered there would only be crooked cops along this stretch of highway who'd only see me as a guy who killed a revenue stream for them. They'd never believe I killed Rosco to save a doe a deer a female deer! Maybe if I went after that deer, shot it with the gun, put the gun in the deer's hoof and left the both of them by the side of the road, I could make it look like self defense. No one would believe that any more than they would the cockamamie truth.

No, the only logical thing to do was assume this man's identity and get to Pasadena without incident. So I took Rosco's lifeless body down to the ravine, covered his body with twigs and leaves. I buried two people that night, Rosco and Tom Reynolds. They might as well have issued me a number on that night. Now I was a fugitive. If only the killing had stopped at just the one. When my accidental killing spree across the United States was through, I had killed three people and a beloved poodle. It was only after killing that prized pooch that the police decided to come after me.

**LYNETTA - Scarlett Woman**  
**Hardened young girl, kinda heavy metalish,**  
**Picked up hitchhiking aand decides to blackmail**  
**sings on three songs**

LYNETTA

Liar! This is Roscoe's Cadillac and you ain't him.  
 Mister! What'd you do with his body? Dump him in  
 the ravine and cover him with rocks and twigs?  
 Yeah and then you put rocks in his pocket so he  
 would sink faster. Don't bother to deny it! I'm  
 clairvoyant! You think you can put on one of  
 Roscoe's hats and get away with assuming his  
 identity. Who are you, really? And don't bother  
 showing me Roscoe's driver's licence. I'M ONTO  
 YOU!!

Don't forget, I can turn you over to the feds at  
 anytime. They've got sizzler seating in San  
 Jacinto Prison that'll turn your rump roast medium  
 rare in about a minute and a half. Why, depending  
 what state I squeal to, you might get the chair just  
 for killing deer off-season. The way I figure it,  
 Reynolds, I have you over a barrel. So when we  
 pull into Cali, all you have to do is pretend to be  
 my husband, shut your yap whenever you're not  
 needed to talk and we could get book value for this  
 car. Ought to be at least eight or nine grand. And I  
 happen to know Roscoe was carrying some bank  
 with him on this trek, he couldn't have blown it all  
 on Twinkies and goofball pills. He said he was  
 gonna bet three grand and turn it into nine at Del  
 Mar.

Shut up! Don't forget, Reynolds, I've got the gun.  
 That automatically gives me the majority vote. But  
 I'm not without compassion. No, we'll split that 90-  
 10. I don't want to be a hawg.

**MR. PUNABI - Indian Restaurant Owner**

An earnest father figure for a lost young Tom.

**Non-singing role**

## MR. PUNABI

Reynolds, you're fired! I'm paying you to play third sarong from the left, not sing. Every time you sing those mournful lyrics, people order less vindaloo! A woman sent her Chana Masala back to the kitchen because there were too many teardrops in it. You're even upsetting the cooks! Look, Reynolds, I'm going to give you a free piece of advice. What you really need is to go to this woman that is causing you so much heartache and pledge your love to her on two bended knees. Until you do that, you will never make music that will make anyone happy. Crawl to her if you must! Pride? To heck with the pride. Just think how much prouder you will be when the woman in your heart is the woman in your arms. No, I did not make that up. It is a song title already. "When the Woman in Your Heart is the Woman in Your Arms." By Bhaskar Dhulipala and His Band of Renown.

Look, forget songwriting to express how you feel about her. Cut to the chase! Go to this woman and express your feelings directly to her, person to person! Throw yourself at her mercy! SHE's in Pasadena? Some more free advice. You'll have to fly to her before you can crawl! If there's anything a woman loves, it's a man who can grovel expertly. And Pasedena is quite a leveled cirty as far as crawling goes. Or so I am led to understand.

**MR. SUNNIVER - The Proctor & Gamble Rep**

A sleazy ad rep who tried to get Joanna on the casting couch

**Non-singing role**

MR. SUNNIVER

Joanna. Joa-a-a-a-anna Ha-a-a-a-anna-f-o-o-o-r-r-r-r-rd! Now, let me stand back and take you all in. (gives her a leering, uncomfortable lookover). You came highly recommended. Marty told me you were a looker but he didn't mention that you were stacked like an Amazon!

Are you kidding me? You're perfect. I'm glad I came all the way from Palo Alto. What CLIENT? WHY Proctor and Gamble. THE Proctor and Gamble? The biggest name in consumer cleansing agents and personal care products? If it's dirty and private, they have their hands in it, if you know what I mean. You mu dear will be playing the part of Static cling What's Static Cling's motivation? Well she's crackling, sassy, sorta nasty girl, waiting to be tamed by a triboelectric tumbling in the wash. \Let's limber up with some play acting first. Now you pretend to be static cling, while I'll pretend to be a pair of polyester pants. So c'mon! Polly wanna tumble!

**PSYCHIC BOBBY**

A grounded, mystical bounty hunter

**Non-singing role****PSYCHIC BOBBY**

Yes, m'am. i am Psychic Bobby, the telepathic bounty hunter from Wichita Falls!! You may have heard I recently located Tom Seeley's missing leg in a mine shaft in Scorpion Gulch? Your crestfallen husband hired me to find young Fancy's killer and I do not intend to disappoint. I followed the telltale tire tracks leading from your inanimate poodle to the Roadster Motel, where a stranger in town was registered under the name of Roscoe Des Moines, a real shifty sort of loner type and a voracious reader of menus I've been led to understand. He was seen eating in your very diner the night of the kill. Life, a feast of unthinkable cruelty!!

He checked out of the motel at 10:15 PM, shortly after your poodle's roadside rendezvous with two steel belted radial tires. We followed the tracks as far as we could be made out, but the infernal haboob raised a bit too much dust.

**(MORE)**

**PSYCHIC BOBBY (CONT'D)**

So I had to rely on telepathy and after sitting with Fancy's blanket fibers and some hair ribbon, I found Mr. Des Moines' off-white sedan, abandoned just outside of the Coronado National Forest.