

A BODY DROPS: A PLAY WITH MUSIC

Cecil Banker, your average 20-something, corporate ladder climbing snot-nosed suit, wakes one day to discover that his clingy girlfriend has moved in and thrown out nearly everything he owns. To make matters worse, his trusty alarm clock is on strike, all his clean clothes are at the cleaners and the longest Yankee game EVER is about to start. What begins as a simple technical malfunction, ends a chaotic mess as Cecil's heretofore relatively uneventful life is inverted, distorted and completely rearranged by a band of shape-shifting New York City archetypes who sing, screw and steal their way through a decimated urban landscape of subway tunnels, seedy bars and empty boardrooms. The day repeats over and over and over again going from bad, to worse, to downright deadly as Cecil is lead on a seemingly pointless quest for normalcy, winning lotto tickets and the *illusion of clean*.

Scene II.

Cecil, a good looking man in his early 20s, speaks to his Alarm Clock, a man.)

Cecil yawns, stretches, scratches himself. Begins to head OS.

ACM

So?

CECIL
(stopping)

What?

ACM

Are you going do it? Are you going to replace me?

CECIL

It's amazing to me that you let her get under your skin like this. Why would I throw you out? I need you.

ACM

Do you? Do you really? You do have her now.

CECIL
(poo-poing him)

You serve a completely different purpose.

ACM

Don't poo-poo me.

CECIL

YOU keep me on time. She keeps me satisfied. End of story.

(Cecil turns to exit.)

ACM

I don't...

(Cecil stops. Turns towards ACM.)

ACM

I mean...I used to satisfy you.

CECIL

Clock...

ACM

I don't satisfy you anymore?

CECIL

Come on, don't be jealous.

ACM

Jealous?!? This is NOT about jealousy.

CECIL

What's it about then?

ACM

NOSTALGIA! I remember, back in the day when it was you and me, you know, just the two of us, hanging tough, making things happen, doing it our way. Then you met her and now you're all... you're all...

CECIL

What? I'm all what?

ACM

(beat)

Forget it. Go shower.

CECIL

I'm all WHAT? Tell me.

ACM

Well...to be frank. (beat) You're all soft.

CECIL

Soft? I'm not soft.

ACM

Face it man, you're whipped by the pussy.

CECIL

I am NOT!

ACM

You don't need me to keep you on track anymore because you never actually deviate FROM the track.

CECIL

Yes, I do. I deviate.

ACM

When? WHEN was the last time?

CECIL

I don't have to prove anything to you, you know?

AC

Oh you don't, do you?

CECIL

No. Who the hell are you anyway? Cheap, whining, crackpot clock! Maybe I WILL toss you!

ACM

Of course you won't.

CECIL

Won't I?

ACM

No, you're too soft. (beat) But I think she's got the balls.

CECIL

She's not touching anything.

ACM

She touched the coffee pot, I saw her.

CECIL

When?!?

ACM

This morning. She touched it strait out the window?

CECIL

She can't do that.

ACM

She did. She touched the microwave and your lap-top. She threatened the bread machine. She completely cleaned out both briefcases and reorganized your credenza. Adding yet another insult to yet another injury.

CECIL

The first?

ACM

First?

CECIL

Insult or injury or either, I don't know.

ACM

Have you been asleep for the last six months? She's trying to make you a better person!

CECIL

WELL THAT SHIT STOPS NOW!

ACM

The lady perseveres.

CECIL

I have managed to get this far in such a short period of

time because of my lifestyle. Not in spite of it! I'm consistent. And diligent. And punctual. But I also know how to have fun. How to treat myself. I am. The Perfect Working Man. Self sufficient, self motivated. Self made.

ACM
(beat)

Self made?

CECIL
Absolutely. (beat) Why are you looking at me like that?

ACM
Well, you did mention punctuality as a key factor in your success but, yeah, I guess I had nothing to do with that.

CECIL
You are only as good as the hand that sets you.

ACM
Why you arrogant little prick!

CECIL
Don't speak to me that way!

ACM
I'll speak to you anyway I like.

CECIL
Don't forget your place. (beat) Machine.

(ACM is horrified. There is a brief pause before he starts to go off. His alarm is a screeching, grinding, high-pitched jumble of sounds not unlike that of a subway car coming to an abrupt and painful halt. It is ear shattering. Cecil screams for him to stop.)

The alarm does not cease. Cecil begins to beat the hell out of ACM until finally the noise begins to sputter out as if the Clock is hacking something up. There is a heavy moment.)

CECIL
You. Are. In. SO much trouble!

(Again, Cecil makes for the door.)

ACM
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

CECIL
To WORK!

ACM

You can't go to work. You have nothing to wear. The bitch spilled tea on your only clean blue button down and that Korean kid picked up the rest about an hour ago.

(Pause. Cecil contemplates.)

ACM

HA! Now what are you going to do about it?

CECIL

Damn. I've got that meeting.

ACM

You can't go naked, can you? That promotion would go right out the window with the coffee pot, wouldn't it?

CECIL

Damn. DAMN. I'm already late. I'M ALL MESSED UP NOW! Why didn't you wake me up when you were supposed to?

ACM

(quiet and with venom)

I'm only as good as the hand that sets me. After all.

CECIL

I will get to work. Nothing will stand in my way.

ACM

Then I suppose for the time being... you have no choice...but to wear something of hers.

(A moment. Black out.)

Scene IV:

LIGHTS UP: CECIL runs into a CONFERENCE ROOM where LARRY, a Higher-Up, sits behind a massive table, twiddling his thumbs.)

CECIL

They're gone.

LARRY

They are.

CECIL

What can I do? Tell me, Sir. I'll do anything.

LARRY

Sit. Cecil. Please. Catch your breath. You're perspiring. I see rivulets of sweat rolling down your forehead.

CECIL

I missed my coffee and I got stuck and then I got stuck by a-

LARRY

--Sit.

(Cecil sits.)

LARRY

Water? Yes. Here. Let me pour you a glass.

(Larry pours Cecil a glass of water from a large pitcher on the table. Walks the length of the table to where Cecil is sitting and places it in front of him. Cecil takes the glass and drinks. Larry pats him on the shoulder.)

LARRY

Cecil...Cecil...Cecil. Were the rumors true?

CECIL

Rumors?

LARRY

You come to me from the floor below bearing a bit of a nasty reputation it seems.

CECIL

Lies, Sir. You know how people get when they're passed up--

LARRY

--Come now, Cecil, we all go a little mad sometimes. Even I,

as a young man found myself, every now and again, possessed of a certain rogue and rebellious spirit. You can be honest with me. I will not punish you for past indiscretions.

CECIL

I can assure you, Sir...whatever questionable activities I once found myself participating in, and I won't lie, there were a few a few years ago, and they were questionable, are simply no longer of any interest to me.

LARRY

Hmmm...I don't want you to think of me as a hard-ass.

CECIL

Never.

LARRY

But I do like things done a certain way.

CECIL

Don't we all.

LARRY

And that way may not jive with the rest of the bank but you know what I say?

CECIL

To hell with the rest of the bank?

LARRY

Damn strait. Now, I don't know how things operate on the floor below and I don't care to know. I only care that you're aware of the fact that while you are here, on this floor, you are in my world and thus subject to my laws. To my CODE of conduct. There is no room for humor in my world. No room for casual behavior. And CERTAINLY, there is no room for lateness.

CECIL

No. Those things would not be in keeping with the guidelines of the corporate lifestyle.

LARRY

What corporate lifestyle? It doesn't exist anymore. You can blame those bitches in HR for that. I walk onto other floors these days, I see men in khaki pants. Well, not on my floor. There is no room for khaki on my floor. Are we clear?

CECIL

As clear as Waterford, Sir.

LARRY

Oooh! Expensive tastes.
(gets into Cecil's face/soft)

You're a little lap-doggy aren't you? Woof woof. Lap doggy. Would you like to play in my lap?

CECIL

(cautious)

There's no room for play in my world, Sir?

LARRY

Good answer. (beat) Understand my concern. First it's khaki pants, then jeans, next, the whole floor's running around like a bunch of g-string monkeys humping everything in sight. I have worked too hard to get where I am today and I don't intend to flush everything down the toilet on account of a pair of pants. Can I count on you, Cecil, to go to bat, to be a team player?

CECIL

Without. A doubt.

(Larry smiles. Pauses. Circles the table.)

LARRY

Would you please tell me why then, Cecil, why are you wearing such a frilly shirt?

CECIL

I—Oh, this. Yes. Well, you see—

LARRY

--and it's not that I don't understand the need to wear something pretty every now and again. But it really is a distraction. I know it is for me you just look so damned cute in it.

CECIL

I don't want to be wearing it. But my fiancée took all my shirts to the Chinese laundry.

LARRY

Fiancée? You're getting married now?

CECIL

I told you. I've settled down.

LARRY

Who is she, have I met her?

CECIL

I don't think so.

LARRY

Good stock?

CECIL

The best.

LARRY

Schooling?

CECIL

Tops.

LARRY

And she's-

CECIL

--breathtakingly beautiful. We're very much in love.

LARRY

I sense a little trepidation in your voice.

CECIL

None at all.

LARRY

Cecil. I want to be like a father to you. I want you to be honest with me about EVERYTHING. Personal and professional.

CECIL

All due respect, Sir, but I was never very close to my own father so you'll understand if I-

LARRY

--maybe then as more of a...priest. Speak. Cecil. Why are you unsure?

CECIL

(beat)

Well...She can be a little controlling.

LARRY

That's what women do. They control things.

CECIL

She wants to change me.

LARRY

Their second occupation.

CECIL

She won't let me have coffee.

LARRY

And the fucking?

CECIL

(stands abruptly)

I don't think I feel--

LARRY
Sit down. We're not done.

CECIL
(sits)
All right.

LARRY
You and I both know why you're wearing that shirt. Why you don't want to get married.

CECIL
Why?

LARRY
Because he likes it when you wear it. And he'll leave you if you marry.

CECIL
Who-who?

LARRY
Don't play dumb with me. You were out with him last night. Partying.

CECIL
I was at home last night. Working. On the numbers. For Johnson, Borden, Del Campo and Shah.

LARRY
Were you?

CECIL
Yes.

LARRY
May I see them then?

CECIL
Of course.

(Cecil begins to rifle through his briefcase.)

LARRY
What's that stench?

CECIL
(rifling)
I don't know. (beat) Shit.

LARRY
No, I know what shit smells like.

CECIL

Shit. No. God dammit.

LARRY

That is certainly not feces.

(Cecil comes up empty handed. Scratches his hand.)

CECIL

I did the work, I could have sworn that—

LARRY

You don't have them do you?

CECIL

(scratching back of neck)

No.

LARRY

You didn't do them did you?

CECIL

Yes, I did...I put them...I left in kind of a rush, but but but I remember them—

LARRY

Do you?

CECIL

Yes.

LARRY

And they are?

CECIL

(scratching arms)

37...39. Um...41. 43.47. And...49?

LARRY

(pause)

You see, this, Cecil, THIS is what I am talking about. I don't think you understand the concept of the theory of the modern notion of working in a place where people actually accomplish the tasks that their Higher-Ups tell them that they need to accomplish in order to remain a team player, a force on the team, a shining star on the team, so to speak. I know you think you're some kind of Hot Shot, some kind of King Shit, some kind of Shit Pot, Hop Head, Hot Stinking Shit Mound, because you went from Junior to Senior in sixty seconds but we all know how you got there, Mr.Happy. Screw enough people, sooner or later, your ship's gonna come on into port, right?

CECIL

I didn't screw anyone!

LARRY

Not even the big bosses daughter?

CECIL

The boss has a son.

LARRY

(beside himself)

YOU ADMIT IT TO MY FACE MY HEART IS BREAKING DEAR GOD IS THAT VOMIT I SMELL?!?

CECIL

YES! I got a little sick on my way here.

LARRY

Yeah well, maybe you shoulda' thought of that before swallowing all that semen!

CECIL

Excuse me?!?

LARRY

All this time, right under my nose. I feel so betrayed. That little BITCH! And YOU! His boy toy!

CECIL

I'm no one's boy toy!

LARRY

Aw, come on, Cecil! You're fucking the boss's son!

CECIL

NO I'M NOT!

LARRY

Son, daughter, what's the difference?! These roles we play! Just masks, Cecil. It's an ancient primordial dance, born of mud and muck and shit and piss and you think just because the Masons turned this city from dirt and wood to stone and steel makes it any less primitive? You and your 20th century ideals! Your labels! Your "HEs" and your "SHEs. Fine! You don't think he/she doesn't tell his/her Daddy about you? You don't think his/her daddy doesn't tell his secretary about you? You don't think his/her daddy's secretary doesn't tell all her other little Island friends about what a sick fuck you are? You don't think that it doesn't all get back to me? All I'm saying is "CLEAN UP YOUR ACT!" Leave your dirty laundry for the maid and don't bring it into my office! Unless you want me to smell it! Which I would be happy to

do!

CECIL

(scratching out of control)

GOD DAMMIT I'M ON FIRE?!?

(A moment. Cecil is quiet. He looks down at his desk.)

LARRY

Did he give you that rash because I know for a fact that he's dirty.

CECIL

No. There was this crackhead on the train. She stuck me.

(Larry reaches out and puts his palm on Cecil's forehead.)

LARRY

Jesus, man, you're burning up.

CECIL

But I feel great!

LARRY

Listen.

(beat-he sits)

Cecil. I...I've got a few years on you. There are a couple new tricks you learn when you hit forty. I'm going to give you the big one. Don't eat where you shit. Sleep where you vomit. Fuck where you piss. Catch me?

CECIL

I shouldn't eat, sleep or fuck in the toilet?

LARRY

Precisely.

CECIL

Thank you, I already knew that, sir.

LARRY

(shaking his head slowly)

Metaphor, Cecil. This city is a great, big steaming cess pool. Wading in the pool is fine as long as you don't bring the smell of shit home with you at night, to work with you in the morning.

(beat/whispers)

It's a hygiene thing really.

CECIL

So I can wade? In the shit?

LARRY

Of course you can.

CECIL

I can be bad as long as no one knows.

LARRY

Well, as long as most people don't know.

CECIL

I can run and drive and fuck my way through this city as fast as I want and no one can tell me to slow down?

LARRY

As long as you remember the bottom line, Son.

CECIL

So how do I do it? How do I cover up the smell?

LARRY

Oh no. We don't give that one away for free. But I'll give you a hint--

CECIL

--All right--

LARRY

--IN EXCHANGE.

CECIL

For?

LARRY

Hint first. It's a good one.

CECIL

(beat)

Fine.

LARRY

Do you promise to give me what I want?

CECIL

Yes. Yes, I swear.

LARRY

Good.

(Beat. Larry leans in close to Cecil and whispers.)

LARRY

It's all about illusion. Now. Kiss me.

CECIL

WHAT?!?

(Before Cecil can pull away, Larry grabs him by the back of the head and kisses him violently. Beat. Larry collects himself.)

LARRY

Figure it out, Cecil, and regain your position here. Until then, I have no choice but to demote you. Good day.

(Larry turns on his heels and exits. Cecil pauses for a moment. Scratches. He dry heaves. Covers his mouth. Turns and vomits. Turns back. Wipes mouth. Pause.)

CECIL

I think it's time to get a little dirty.

(BLACK OUT.)

Scene V:

LIGHTS UP: A STRIP CLUB. RAUNCHY. RED LIGHT. Loud trashy metal music plays. Cecil pounds shots at the bar while talking to a beautiful, but dumb, HIGH PRICED STRIPPER. She smokes. He moves in on her.)

CECIL
My GOD you are sooo...

STRIPPER
You said that-

CECIL
--I mean I haven't been with a woman like you in-

STRIPPER
--Hold up I just wanna get this strait, you was fired?

CECIL
NO! Not fired. Just...demoted. Temporary setback--

STRIPPER
--But you GOT money, right?

CECIL
Of course. Plenty.

STRIPPER
Oh OK. Just checking. Let's see it.

(Cecil produces a hundred dollar bill. She fingers it. Smiles. Giggles. Stuffs it in her bra. Moves in on him.)

STRIPPER
Damn shame then.

CECIL
What is?

STRIPPER
That whole thing with your job.

CECIL
It's no problem. I know what I have to do.

STRIPPER
What?

CECIL
Figure out how to maintain the "Illusion of clean."

STRIPPER

What's 'at?

CECIL

THAT is what allows me to be out here wading in the shit tonight without worrying about what my clothes are gonna smell like tomorrow. The "Illusion of clean."

STRIPPER

You look clean.

CECIL

THAT's the illusion. I'm actually filthy.

STRIPPER

You don't smell too bad.

CECIL

Illusion!

STRIPPER

My mama always done said cleanliness is next to Godliness. Isn't that wise?

CECIL

Oh yeah.

PROSTITUE

I enjoy a good douche as much as the next girl.

CECIL

That's a beautiful sentiment.

STRIPPER

In my line of work you can't smell. Unless you asked to put on a little stink. And believe me, that wouldn't be the strangest request I ever got.

CECIL

People are fucking weird.

STRIPPER

And weird people are fucking, baby.

(They both laugh. Drink. Smoke.)

PROSITUTE

So you know, I was fooled, must mean you figured it out then.

CECIL

Not quite. I figured out the first part. It has to do with not caring.

(proclaiming)

I don't care that I'm bad.

STRIPPER

Why you think you bad?

CECIL

I am out here. With you. When I should be home in bed with my girl.

STRIPPER

(with a giggle)

Honey please! We two TOTALLY different kindsa women!

CECIL

I just shoved a hundred dollar bill in your hand when I should be putting it into my 401K.

STRIPPER

What's a hundred bucks but a piece a' green paper?

CECIL

I shave my body hair.

STRIPPER

All of it?

CECIL

Not an inch of flesh do I possess that wears more than a single follicle.

STRIPPER

Anything else?

CECIL

I have always enjoyed sex with multiple partners. I've never been tested for HIV. I like my girls to look like boys sometimes and what it boils down to is that I don't want to get engaged but she pushed. See? Bad to the bone.

STRIPPER

Honey! You not bad! You just human.

CECIL

(beat)

You're fucking great.

STRIPPER

Ah...

(A metaphorical light bulb appears over Cecil's literal noggin.)

CECIL

Jesus H!

STRIPPER

What?

CECIL

Everybody's fucking crazy. We blend in the crazier we get.

STRIPPER

Now hold up—

CECIL

No, no, no. Don't you see? It's the sane people who stand out like sore thumbs here. So we must be crazy to maintain the illusion.

STRIPPER

All I'm saying is that nobody's perfect--

CECIL

--Shit, you don't have to tell me twice--

STRIPPER

--but I don't know if everyone's--

CECIL

(getting wild)

EVERYBODY'S A FUCKING ANIMAL!

STRIPPER

OK, now, you better calm down—

CECIL

And we should embrace that animal side not condemn it! That's what I've been doing for so long now. Convinced I couldn't have both. And it's that kind of behavior that's ruined lives, destroyed great empires, caused mass suicide, mass homicide, mass hysteria. Riots. That suppression. Makes you a slave. And slaves will eventually rebel. If they're worth a shit.

STRIPPER

Who you a slave to?

CECIL

Not who. What. I'm a slave to the grind. To the clock. To my own needs and desires. Grade A beef, fancy clothes, expensive drink, corner office...

STRIPPER

That's a pretty good list.

CECIL

Thank you.

STRIPPER

(with a smile)
But you forgot something.

CECIL
Yeah, what's that?

(She takes a sip of his drink.)

STRIPPER
Lah-toe.

CECIL
Lotto?

STRIPPER
Lah. Toe. See. Sometimes you gotta just throw it all up in the air and forget about it. If it comes back down, so be it. If it don't... it wasn't meant to be. You trying too hard, that's your problem. You gotta just let it ride.

CECIL
I don't have the time to let it ride.

STRIPPER
You got the same time I do.

CECIL
But different obligations. I can't just sit back and wait for it to start raining treasure from the sky.

STRIPPER
(a little put off)
I do work you know—

CECIL
No, I know you do—

STRIPPER
I'm talkin' about pipe dream. I wouldn't buy what I need with that money. I'd buy what I want. All these things you listin' off, you don't need that shit. Ain't no bare necessities on your list. You talkin' 'bout luxury. You a slave to luxury.

CECIL
No, you missed my point. It's not the luxury that makes you a slave. It's the inability to enjoy it.

STRIPPER
Face it baby, you've just gotten used to a certain way of life. You've gotten used to the wealth, to fine dining and the high-speed online, the 300 hundred channels you don't even have a spare moment to watch, the baseball team that just can't lose. The only way to go from here is down.

Unless you want to live out your days running that tread mill which I suppose IS what you want otherwise you wouldn't be so obsessed with this damned illusion of clean bullshit.

CECIL

And where does lotto come into all this?

STRIPPER

Just that dream is luxury to some of us.

CECIL

And the rest of us are barbarians for always wanting more?

STRIPPER

I ain't tryin' to be playin' no sad song for you, baby. Sheeit. You know what I would do if I had a million dollars? I'd buy me a gigantic glass penthouse on the tippity-top floor of the tallest building in our fair city so that every day, I could look down on everyone just like they always looked down on me. I ain't saying I'm better than you 'cause I keep my dreams simple and I leave 'em up to God. Truth be told, we probably more alike than makes you comfortable. I'd even let you live up there with me if you wanted. Would you like that? Is looking down your favorite pastime?

CECIL

Second only to going there.

PROSITUTE

Then it's settled.

(Pause. STRIPPER removes the lotto ticket from her purse and looks at it.)

STRIPPER

The illusion has every bit as much to do with you believing in it as it does with fooling everyone else.

(She makes the ticket disappear. He laughs. She drops her head down into his crotch and comes back up with the ticket in her teeth. She tears it in half and hands one of the halves to him.)

STRIPPER

Here's to the luxury of choice.

CECIL

No, honey. I don't believe in that shit.

STRIPPER

And what do you believe in? Aside from yourself?

(Pause.)

STRIPPER

Take it. (beat) Hey, you never know.

(Cecil looks at the ticket, sighs, takes it and puts it in his pocket. A moment.)

STRIPPER

Buy me another drink. Then take me home witchu.

CECIL

We can skip the drink.

STRIPPER

No. I wanna stick around. Watch some of this game.

CECIL

What game?

STRIPPER

Why the Yankee game of course.

CECIL

It was a day game. The game is over.

STRIPPER

Oh it sure ain't.

CECIL

The eagle flew at quarter to one. First pitch at 1:08. It's almost midnight.

STRIPPER

(points to TV screen)

Scoreless in the 15th. But they gotta keep playin'.

(FADE TO BLACK.)

Songs:

Crackhead's Gospel

CRACKHEAD:

LORD GONNA SHINE HIS LIGHT, HIS LIGHT
RIGHT DOWN UPON MY BROW.

GONNA GET HOT IN THE CITY TONIGHT

'CUZ THE LORD IS WIT ME NOW.

TELL THE DEVIL TO RUN, TELL THE DEVIL TO HIDE,

'CUZ I GOT JESUS BY MY SIDE.

LORD GONNA SHINE HIS LIGHT, HIS LIGHT

RIGHT DOWN UPON MY BROW.

PRETTY LITTLE BABY DON'T CRY, DON'T CRY

THOSE TEARS OF SAD REGRET

JUST BASK IN THE GLOW AND DON'T ASK WHY

THE LORD AND WITCHU YET.

DON'T LET THE DEVIL TAKE YOUR SOUL AWAY

TO THE LAKE OF FIRE, TO THE PITS OF FLAME

CUZ THE LORD'S GONNA SHINE HIS LIGHT, HIS LIGHT

RIGHT DOWN UPON YOU NOW.

Cecil's Lament (Dirty for So Long)

CECIL:

MY BED ON THE GROUND

THREE HUNDRED COUNT.

SHEETS HAVE BEEN DIRTY

FOR SO LONG.

MY OLD ALARM CLOCK, BOUGHT CHEAP

STILL IT TICK TOCKS

LIKE THE BEST OF `EM
DRIVIN' ME CRAZY
OUT OF MY MIND
BUT IT AIN'T ALL BAD I FIND
I STILL GOT THAT CLOCK
TO KEEP ME ON TIME
AIN'T ALL BAD.

MY BRAIN IS A BUST
COVERED IN DUST
MY THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN DIRTY
FOR SO LONG
I GOT A NEW HEART, BOUGHT CHEAP
SO IT DON'T START
LIKE THE REST OF `EM
DRIVIN' ME CRAZY
OUT OF MY HEAD
I THINK I'M BETTER OFF DEAD
I GOT A NEW HEART
BUT IT DON'T START
I'M BETTER OFF DEAD

Silver Dollars, Golden Coins

TEEN RUNAWAY:
I HATE MEN. THEY ABUSE ME.
I HATE THIS CITY ALTHOUGHHHH
IT IS HOME.
I HATE THE SUBWAY IT SMELLS LIKE FECES
HATE THE NYPD AND HOW THEY POLICE-ME!
I HATE MACY'S, THE STORE AND THE PARADE
I HATE THE MAYOR

AND THE MESS THAT HE'S MADE!
HATE MY DISEASES MOST OF ALL!
SOMETIMES I WANNA DIE
SOMETIMES I WANNA CRY
AND TAKE MY BODY AND MY BABY
OFF INTO THAT GREAT BLUE SKY.
BUT THERE'S STILL ONE THING
THAT COULD CHANGE MY VIEW

SUSPICIO

KEEP THIS CITY FROM STRANGELING YOU.

PREGNANT TEEN

THE LACK THEREOF
I'M THINKIN' OF
IS MONEY.

SUSPICIO

LOTS OF MONEY.

PREGNANT TEEN

BARRELS OF MONEY.

YANKEE FAN

Take it honey.

PREGNANT TEEN

IF THE ROADS WERE PAVED WITH SILVER DOLLARS
ALL WOULD BE OK.

IF THE STREETS WERE LINED WITH GOLDEN COINS
I'D ALWAYS WANT TO PAY.

IF I NEVER HAD TO LOOK
A BILL COLLECTOR IN THE EYE,
AND START IN LYIN' 'BOUT MY GRANNY DYIN'
WOULDN'T FEEL NO NEED TO CRY.

IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO WALK THE SUBWAYS

IN SEARCH OF MY NEXT MEAL,
RELY ON STEALIN' AND DIRTY DEALIN'
HOW YA' THINK THAT MAKES ME FEEL?

IF INSTEAD OF PAIN AND HURT AND SORROW
THAT LANE WAS LINED WITH CASH,
I'D ROLL MY WHEEL BARROW AS STRAIT AS AN ARROW
AND COLLECT MY PRIVATE STASH.

WOULDN'T BE NO WHORE FOR NO CORPORATE BORE.
NEVER SLEEP ON THE FLOOR IN A TORRENTIAL DOWN POUR.
NO MORE LATE NIGHT SNACKS FOR ALL THOSE DESPERATE HACKS.
ENDURED MY LAST KNIFE ATTACK WHILE BUYING SMACK!

NO LOW DOWN BEGGING, DIRTY SCAMMING, MONEY GRUBBING FOR ME
NO MORE-----

(SPEAKS)

GOT A DOLLAH' FRIEND?