

PROFILING

A ONE ACT PLAY

by

Thomas McCormack

FEBRUARY 2010

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CAST

Remond McArdle	50s
Charles Wells	40s-50s
Kevin Costello	30s
Sean	20s
Tasha	30s-50s

CAST profiles:

Remond, a famous novelist, is black, highly articulate, dressed shabbily, the way self-assured people often do when on a very long airline flight.

Charles, a university president, is black, well comported, dressed in suit and tie.

Kevin, a police Sergeant, is white, very fit, wearing his police uniform.

Sean, a young policeman, also white, sturdy-looking, in uniform.

Tasha, a neighbor of Remond's, dressed somewhat modishly for her fringe-radio/tv job.

SET AND SETTING

Time: this week.

The kitchen of a comfortable but not palatial house in Riverdale, just north of Manhattan. The back door leading to a porch is prominent; we can see through a window that looks out on the porch. The only necessary set-props are a matching pair of ivory salt and pepper shakers. Character-props are the usual police-uniform accoutrements -- in particular, handcuffs; a cellphone for Tasha; an airline carry-on bag for Remond.

NOTICE: The situation in this play was inspired by a recent much-reported event. Some informed readers may protest that events in this play depart from known facts in the real-life situation. Yes, they do; in fact, I *hope* they do, because the characters in the play, their dialog, and their actions are imaginary. To echo Twain: I make this explanation for the reason that without it many readers would suppose I am trying to depict actual people and not succeeding. No. That is calumny. I insist these are imaginary people I am trying to depict.

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PROFILING

*[Dark stage. We hear a door being forced open.
Enter REMOND and CHARLES, still in dark.]*

REMOND

Shit!

[REMOND turns light on. We see REMOND and CHARLES in the kitchen. REMOND sets down a carry-on bag. He will unlock and open the large window looking out on the porch.]

REMOND (CONT'D)

Could this day be worse?! Could it possibly be worse?

CHARLES

Well, Rey, I have to agree it's been far worse for you than for most.

REMOND

After everything that happened to me on this day of memorable adventures, all I wanted was an easy path to my own bed again, to sleep till I'm old. Or sleep till I'm young again. But no. Maybe the bastards who stole my wallet also wanted my keys.

CHARLES

You don't know your wallet was stolen.

REMOND

Right, Charlie. Someone in Ghana noticed I was being careless with it, so they took it just to keep it safe -- along with my passport. They'll feed them and keep them warm for me till I go back.

CHARLES

No one's going to be able to use your passport, Rey.

REMOND

Or the money in my wallet? Thank God I had my ATM card loose in my pocket.

[Starts patting pockets urgently.]

REMOND (CONT'D)

Now where the hell is that? Is that lost too?! Christ! Ah. Got it. If it weren't for Michelle -- and Kofi -- I don't see how I was going to get out of that country. No passport, no nothing. What a fucked-up bureaucracy. Worthy of the District of Columbia.

CHARLES

You'd have gotten out. In time, the Ghana Parliament itself would have risen as one and cried, "Get him out of the country!"

REMOND

I met the President of that Parliament. Exceptional woman. Makes things happen. I think she stole my wallet. Look at this place. Three months and the dust is an inch thick. Charlie, let's go inside. I'm home, I'm safe, and you and I are going to have that Elijah Craig bourbon I've been wanting for the last thirty hours.

[Through the window behind CHARLES and REMOND, we see two policemen dart guardedly toward the door. CHARLES and REMOND are heading off. REMOND is happily mimicking M.L.K.:]

REMOND (CONT'D)

"Free at last, Free at last, thank --"

[The kitchen door is pushed open again. Enter KEVIN and SEAN. Each has a hand on his still-holstered weapon.]

KEVIN

Police.

REMOND

No shit!

KEVIN

Who are you?

REMOND

Did it never occur to you to knock?

KEVIN

Can you identify yourself?

REMOND

Yes I can. Put me in a line-up and I can always pick myself out. What the hell are --

CHARLES

-- Wait. Why are you here?

KEVIN

May I see identification, please? Both of you, please.

REMOND

In my own house?! You know, I'm at the end of what may be the longest day of my fucking life --

CHARLES

-- Rey, hold off for a second. Answer me: Why are you here?

KEVIN

I ask again. Sir. Please show me identification.

[TASHA appears at the door.]

TASHA

May I? I didn't hear any gunshots so I figured it's safe.

(into cellphone:)

They caught them.

KEVIN

Who are you?

REMOND

Caught who?!

TASHA

(to KEVIN:)

I called this in. To you. I'm your eyewitness -- who called this in.

[KEVIN takes out a notebook.]

KEVIN

Please step outside, Miss. Sean?

TASHA

No, I'm all right. I'm fine, don't worry.

KEVIN

Sean, please escort the lady outside. Take her name and details. I'll talk to you later, Miss.

TASHA

No, you don't understand -- I'm also media. I'm okay, really.

CHARLES

What media?

TASHA

W.H.A.T. We're an affiliate right here in Riverdale.

REMOND

You called what in? What are you doing here?

TASHA

Is he playing with our call-letters?

KEVIN

Miss, please step outside with the officer.

TASHA

I have a right to be here. I'm a witness. And I'm media.

REMOND

You are an ass! You called what in?

CHARLES

Rey.

KEVIN

Sean.

SEAN

Miss?

REMOND

I am fucking exhausted, and I want all of you out of this house right now! Out! That way! Except Dr. Wells.

[SEAN, with very little actual contact, crowds TASHA back out onto the porch.]

TASHA

This isn't right!

(into cellphone:)

Sandy, they're pushing me out onto the porch!

[Following TASHA out, SEAN closes the door behind him. We see them walk by the window, apparently off the porch. REMOND looks at KEVIN.]

REMOND

I said all of you.

KEVIN

(to REMOND)

What is your name?

REMOND

My name? My name is Remond McArdle! That's R.E.M.! O-n-d. McArdle! Now do you know who I am?!

KEVIN

Do you have any identification, Sir?

REMOND

Charlie! He has no idea who I am!

CHARLES

This is Remond McArdle --

KEVIN

(to REMOND)

I'd like to see some identification, Sir.

CHARLES

Mister McArdle is actually Professor McArdle, of the English Department at Columbia University. He is a Pulitzer Prize winning novelist, and Vice-Chairman of the U.N. Committee for Global Literacy.

KEVIN

And you too, Sir. If I may see some identification. Please.

REMOND

Stop with the 'Sir' and 'Please' shit. All of us see right through that. How 'bout I want some identification! I want your name and badge number -- right now!

CHARLES

(showing an open wallet to KEVIN)

Here.

REMOND

Don't give him that, Charlie! He owes us identification -- and then he owes us getting the hell out of my house.

[KEVIN has his notebook open and is making notes as he considers CHARLES's credentials.]

CHARLES

As you can see, I'm the President of Carter University. I just picked up Professor McArdle at the airport.

[An agitated REMOND bantams forward in an attempt to wrest the wallet from KEVIN's hand. KEVIN effortlessly thwarts him by merely turning away.]

REMOND

Give that back to Dr. Wells right now!

KEVIN

Please do not put your hands on me.

REMOND

I never want to put my hands on you! I never want to touch you -- but I also don't want you touching Dr. Wells's wallet --

[REMOND tries again for the wallet, but KEVIN easily turns away again.]

CHARLES

Rey, it's all right.

REMOND

Like hell it is! This is the same old story -- except it hasn't happened to me since I was in high school! Hey! Half-Price!

[KEVIN hands the wallet back to CHARLES, turns to REMOND.]

KEVIN

Mister McArdle, please don't raise your voice to me --

REMOND

I am angry, you stump! This is my home --

KEVIN

-- I can see that you are angry, Sir, but belligerence and abuse are not going to help your cause --

REMOND

-- Don't say you "see". You see nothing! Those robotic memorized phrases tell me the only thing you see is the color of my skin.

CHARLES

Officer, you have to understand: Rey is at the end of his tether. He was robbed yesterday -- five thousand miles from home. He hasn't slept since. His wallet and passport are missing. Even his keys are missing -- that's why we had to force our way in --

KEVIN

I also don't "see" any identification. If you continue to shout and refuse to show me I.D., I'll have to ask you to place your hands behind your back.

REMOND

Are you on something?! -- besides a bigot's up-bringing?! Since when is getting angry, raising my voice in my own house, a crime?

CHARLES

Excuse me. Just tell me: Why are you here?

KEVIN

You two were observed breaking into this house --

REMOND

-- What??!! I live here, you moron! Oh! How slow of me: You want to arrest me for entering a respectable home while black! Look at his neck, Charlie. With that neck, he is a typical red, white, and blue cop!

KEVIN

(indicates CHARLES)

This man has, as requested, provided I.D., and it shows he does not live here. What does yours show?

REMOND

Does he look like a burglar to you? With your acutely observant eyes?

KEVIN

Should I judge that from his appearance?

REMOND

That's exactly what you are doing!

KEVIN

And you're not? I'm white, I'm wearing a blue uniform, and right away that makes you see red --

REMOND

No -- you make me see red, and there's no mistaking that color. We've been trained since infancy to be on the look out for it. The fact that you're Oh-so-cool in your by-the-book demeanor isn't disguising you at all. In any case, it comes down to this: He may not live here, but I do! I belong here. You don't. Get out of my house.

[REMOND grabs KEVIN's sleeve, tries to tug him toward the door.]

KEVIN

Don't do that.

[REMOND continues to tug, ineffectually.]

REMOND

Out! Now! Out!

[KEVIN goes to the open window, easily pulling REMOND who continues clutching his sleeve.]

KEVIN

Sean! Get back in here. Bring the media.

[Enter SEAN and TASHA.]

TASHA

What's happening?

[REMOND looks at TASHA, abruptly jerks his hand away from KEVIN's sleeve.]

CHARLES

Why would you want this woman in here?

KEVIN

I think a witness may be useful. I don't trust this man.

(to REMOND:)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You were observed breaking into this house -- casing it, and then breaking in. I have repeatedly asked you to show me identification. You repeatedly refuse to do it. I'm now about to arrest you --

REMOND

I didn't "break into this house"! You're the one who's done the breaking in -- I live here!

(eyes TASHA)

You called the police and said you saw burglars forcing their way into this house?

TASHA

Yes. No. I said I saw two men circling the house, trying windows and doors. This house has been dark for months.

REMOND

You don't recognize me? I'm your neighbor!

TASHA

Do you recognize me?

REMOND

Miss, I am not your average neighbor.

TASHA

What's that mean -- that you're black?

REMOND

No. It means I've been on television -- many times; my picture's been in the paper -- many times.

TASHA

You mean you're a famous man, and I'm not.

REMOND

You are so quick! At once you see you're not a famous man! ...Is this a set-up? What is this?

KEVIN

If he will not obey a lawful order, I'm about to put him in handcuffs, and bring him to the station-house.

CHARLES

Rey, show him something.

REMOND

Show him what? My fucking wallet is somewhere in Africa -- Oh! Wait. Here's this --

[REMOND retrieves the loose ATM card from his pocket, thrusts it at KEVIN.]

REMOND (CONT'D)

Now -- get out of my house!

KEVIN

(examining card)

This is an ATM card.

REMOND

By God, so it is!

KEVIN

With your name, and your picture.

REMOND

Yes! My name, my picture. Now you get the fuck out of my house!

KEVIN

And no address.

REMOND

...! Wait. I won't do this.

[REMOND snatches the card back.]

REMOND (CONT'D)

This is bullshit, this is my house. I shouldn't have to identify myself in my own house. Even if I am black! Go!

KEVIN

Step outside with me, please?

REMOND

No I won't step outside with you! I want you to step outside.

[KEVIN heads for the door.]

KEVIN

Sean, you stay here. I'm going back to the station, where I'll try and draw up a Trent arrest warrant.

REMOND

Try "to" draw up, not "and"! Jesus -- that imbeciles like this can carry a gun and a badge! What's a "Trent" arrest warrant?

[KEVIN goes out onto the porch. REMOND follows, halting in the doorway. Louder, to KEVIN who has gone past the window and is out of our sight.]

REMOND (CONT'D)

Hey, Blue -- don't you leave here without giving me your name and badge-number!

KEVIN

(from OFF)

My name is Sergeant Kevin Costello.

REMOND

"Kevin Costello". Perfect. Combines Dublin and Palermo. Irish Mafia. What's your badge number?

KEVIN

Here's my badge -- you can read it for yourself. I know you can read, but between you and I, I'm not sure you can see.

REMOND

Oh, marvelous: "Between you and I"! You are perfect in every way.

[REMOND moves beyond the doorway, stands outside the window. CHARLES goes to the doorway to watch. TASHA pushes past him onto the porch. SEAN goes to look out the window.]

REMOND (CONT'D)

You are stupid, racist, and illiterate. I'll have to put you in a novel one day.

KEVIN (OFF)

Now, why do you assert I'm "racist"?

REMOND

Let's say because I have a nose for it. No -- it's because I have eyes and I have skin. When you came through that door you had one expression on your face, and the minute you saw me -- and Dr. Wells -- the expression changed. It went from flesh to iron -- you don't think I can see that kind of thing -- feel it?

KEVIN

My expression didn't change.

REMOND

It changed. I could even feel the change, right back here.

(claps the backs of his upper arms)

The Ice Man Cometh! Be honest -- but of course that's asking too much: The only reason I'm being treated like this is guess what?

KEVIN

-- Last request: Identification.

CHARLES

Rey --

REMOND

-- No. I don't give in to demands that are based only on racism.

CHARLES

Rey, get back in here --

KEVIN

-- Sir, you are being very uncooperative.

CHARLES

There are people gathering out there, Rey --

[REMOND now moves beyond the window, out of our sight.]

REMOND

(now shouting)

Hey, everyone, this is Sergeant Costello! Our protector! Costello --

KEVIN

Please lower your voice. You are being unruly.

REMOND

(declaiming)

Costello! I bet you live in a trailer! Here's a phrase for cops like you: You are poor blue trash! "Blue trash"! I love it! I'll put that in the book too. You are stupid, uneducated, hostile, mean-spirited, and bigoted. Swollen with power. That men like you make up our police forces is one of the great curses of our nation today!

KEVIN

Thank you for coming out of your house. You are now under arrest.

[REMOND backs up. We see him through the window again.]

REMOND

I don't think so. You don't have your "Trent warrant", whatever the hell that is. So you get the hell off my property while I call my lawyer -- and some friends of mine in what we'll term "high places".

KEVIN

You don't know the law, do you? There's no such thing as a "Trent" warrant. I might need some kind of warrant to arrest you in your house, but once you're outside -- you're mine.

CHARLES

Are you saying you do believe he lives here?

KEVIN

I'm saying he is now under arrest. Big mistake, McArdle! People like you are always misled by bad English, or bad grammar, whatever it is I have. I may be uneducated in ways. But stupid?

[REMOND bursts back into the kitchen. KEVIN enters, TASHA enters. CHARLES hurries past them offstage.]

REMOND

You may have an animal cunning, Blue, but I'm now back in my house, and you can just stuff your arrest up your pasty colorless ass! And you wonder why black people distrust your kind.

KEVIN

Too late. You're already under arrest. Place your hands behind your back, please. Right above your...kidneys will do.

TASHA

(into cellphone)

An arrest has been made.

(to REMOND:)

What's your name again?

REMOND

Oh, Christ -- you are something else. No: you are something very much the same.

SEAN

He's Raymond McArdle. He writes novels. He's been called the black Norman Mailer.

REMOND

Good God! A blue who reads books? But you got it wrong. Mailer was the white Remond McArdle! And that's how you pronounce it: Remond, not Raymond. What'd you read of mine?

SEAN

I read "The Attica College Glee Club".

[CHARLES hurries back onstage holding a clutch of letter-envelopes.]

CHARLES

Here! Letters! With Rey's name and this address on them! Look!

[CHARLES hands the letters to KEVIN who studies them.]

REMOND

We're doomed, Charlie! This turd-in-blue would have to be able to read. Give them to that one.

KEVIN

(calmly looking through the envelopes)

When I was a rookie, I had a precinct lieutenant who had a nasty turn of mind. Bigoted. He said it was his experience -- his extensive experience -- that a colored who's gone to college is the most obnoxious kind. That's how he referred to them. The "coloreds". Which is terrible, unacceptable. "It's not the junky-pusher-mugger," he said. "Those guys don't put on any airs. Real straight about it: they plain old hate me. Either they say nothing, or they say 'Fuck you, pig,' and that's that. They want to do their thing, and they know it's my job to stop them doing their thing. We get along," my lieutenant used to say.

REMOND

Was he your father, Blue?

KEVIN

"But," he said, "you run up against a colored who's been to college, and what you get is a whole 'nother attitude. An attitude not of cool contempt but ice cold contempt: "I'm just so better than you it's degrading even to have to talk to you."

REMOND

-- Keep it coming, Blue. Every word you say confirms your racism. I love it: "Colored" as a noun.

KEVIN

Oh, I was just quoting -- I'd never use it as a noun. I took a police class on profiling once -- got the highest grade -- despite my bad grammar. Plain old hatred I can respect. My grandfather fought the Japs in World War Two. I remember him telling me they hated each other, but they both could respect each other as fighters --

REMOND

-- You have to earn respect.

KEVIN

Which you haven't. Not from me. I come here to investigate a break in -- which you ought to be grateful to me for coming -- and I find two guys who just busted through the door --

REMOND

-- I live here! I live here! What about that simple fucking line can't you grasp?

KEVIN

Turn around.

REMOND

No!

KEVIN

Turn around. Or I'll turn you around.

[KEVIN jerks REMOND into facing away; he pulls REMOND's arms to the rear and handcuffs him.]

REMOND

What is this? What is this?! You're crazy! You're a crazy fucking redneck Nazi!

CHARLES

Wait. This isn't necessary.

KEVIN

This is procedure.

CHARLES

This is irritation. And I know he's been irritating, but this is his house, he does live here. He wasn't trying to burglarize the place. Nor was I.

KEVIN

In case you haven't noticed: you're not under arrest. I'm not arresting him for breaking and entering.

CHARLES

Then why?

KEVIN

For refusing a lawful order to show I.D..

REMOND

It wasn't a lawful order! Not in my own house!

KEVIN

You also refused it outside your house, remember? And you're also under arrest for disorderly conduct. And for resisting arrest. And for being abusive and disrespectful to an officer of the law in proper pursuit of his duty. I'm not one of those officers who want to avoid paperwork so bad they'll let you verbally abuse them any way you want, without end. That's not me. Why do I think if someone in this neighborhood dumped on you the way you have on me, you'd call a cop?

REMOND

It's not abusive to shout "Racism!" at the top of your lungs if that's what it is! This is racial profiling of the worst kind!

KEVIN

And what have you been doing? You see my skin, you see my uniform: I must be a redneck. That's not profiling?

REMOND

Don't try that, Costello! One glance at me, and how you treated me was decided. I was one of them.

KEVIN

Looks like I was right, doesn't it?

REMOND

Meaning?! Meaning?!

KEVIN

All you guys do the same thing --

REMOND

-- Which guys?! Listen to yourself!

KEVIN

All you ever hear or see is what I say or do, you never see my motive. Motives are invisible. You can't see them. But you always, always, assume you do see them. "It's obvious that the reason he did such-and-such is racial!" You people make terrible detectives.

CHARLES

My stepfather was a detective. In Philadelphia.

KEVIN

...I meant people who think they know when they don't know. Besides, there are always exceptions. But not to Mister McArdle's view of a white man in a blue uniform.

CHARLES

Aren't you just assuming that?

REMOND

You have no idea what you're letting yourself in for! You are out of your league, Costello! And soon you'll be out of your uniform! I will get your badge and personally melt it down.

KEVIN

(to CHARLES)

You like this? A role-model, no? Columbia will be proud.

REMOND

I will be doing the force a favor. Not that anyone on the force is likely to have the brains to realize it.

KEVIN

You're a fool. And arrogant. That combination always fascinates me. Ah!: I think I'll write my congressman, and credit you with the idea. There ought to be a law that makes being a snotty Ivy League bigot an indictable offense. It's a common enough crime.

REMOND

Oh God, Charlie! Listen to him! I'm the worst of all possible worlds for him: I'm a "colored" -- and I'm not only college, I'm Ivy League! Two profiles! This one he hates, that one he envies. I'm lucky he didn't shoot me on the spot!

CHARLES

(to KEVIN)

All right, he is a little heated, but do you believe you've done nothing to add to that heat?

KEVIN

I've clearly done a great deal to add to that heat. When I put those cuffs on him, right through the metal I could feel his temperature go up.

CHARLES

I mean do you believe you've said or done nothing in the least untoward?

REMOND

Oh Charlie, forget 'untoward' -- he'll ask you to speak English.

CHARLES

I believe Sergeant Costello garners what I'm asking.

KEVIN

All the man had to do was show identification proving he lived here --

REMOND

-- And all you had to do was tell us why you were asking for it!

KEVIN

Where did you ever get the idea a police officer has to talk you into showing identification? And do you really think I never arrested a white guy in my life? I dunno, maybe you do think that.

REMOND

No: I'd guess you arrested your Mama for not kicking back enough to the precinct when she sells it!

KEVIN

Tst tst. Now that's naughty. I don't even have to write it down; that I'll remember.

REMOND

Does this woman have to be in this room? She does not have to be in this room! I want her out. I want all of you out, but let's start with her.

TASHA

You don't understand. I'm the media. The people have a right to know, and I serve the people.

REMOND

You don't understand. I, I, am the media. And you are definitely far, far out on the periphery. Where loonies see imaginary break-ins. No. Change that. I publicly state that of course I respect you for calling it in if you think you're seeing a crime in progress.

CHARLES

(to KEVIN)

I have something to say, and perhaps it's best if there were fewer of us in this room...Best for both of you.

KEVIN

.....Sean.

TASHA

What?! You asked me back in. You want the media when you want us, but when you don't want us -- you don't want us.

REMOND

Oh, that is so true.

SEAN

Miss.

TASHA

This is outrageous. This is untoward. This is shitty.

[SEAN sees TASHA out, closes door behind them.]

REMOND

I want these fucking cuffs off! Don't try to take me out there in these things!

KEVIN

It's procedure.

REMOND

It's demeaning! It's the most outrageous thing that's ever been done to me! You want respect, but you can't give it to any African American!

KEVIN

Wrong. I voted for President Obama. Surprise!

REMOND

Well don't expect him to vote for you.

KEVIN

Also, as Doctor Wells would testify, I haven't been demeaning to him.

REMOND

That's an act, a performance. Don't you think he knows that?

KEVIN

Mister McArdle --

REMOND

-- Doctor McArdle! Professor McArdle! Pulitzer Prize winner McArdle, respected friend of the Mayor! Friend of the President! The President you say you voted for, if you think I believe that!

CHARLES

Rey, a certain amount of *amour propre* is a good thing, but --

REMOND

-- It is a necessary thing!

(to KEVIN)

"*Amour propre*". You don't know what that is, do you? Well, you're going to learn. Take it from this teacher: This is going to be the biggest learning experience of your life, Blue.

KEVIN

I don't think so, Mister McArdle. I take it you never been shot.

REMOND

Ah. So you've been shot, and I'm supposed to shrink into two dimensions in the face of such heroic enormity. Well, I don't. Instead, I tell you your being shot will seem as nothing compared to your being crushed! Watch how quickly your bosses cut you loose.

KEVIN

Out the door.

REMOND

No!

CHARLES

Gentlemen! Stop this! This is what I want to say: Going forward like this can only lead to something you'll both regret --

REMOND

I won't regret it. I'm gonna love this!

CHARLES

You're not loving it now, Rey.

REMOND

(displays handcuffs)

Because I'm wearing these! And you know why I'm wearing them? You know what my crime is? Being angry while black!

CHARLES

Rey, don't say that, that's the kind of line that's going to hurt you --

REMOND

You think it's wrong?!

CHARLES

Rey, it's a catchy line, it is -- but it's too easy for them to poke holes in. They'll say no matter how furious you were, if you'd said nothing, did nothing except supply I.D., there'd be no cuffs. So it couldn't have been just "being angry" that got you arrested.

REMOND

Whose side are you on, Charlie?!

CHARLES

I'm on your side! And I'm trying to protect you from your goddam inflammable head!

REMOND

What inflames is, if I were white I wouldn't be wearing these things! And he knows it.

KEVIN

No, I don't know that, because that's false. And it's bigoted. Of you.

CHARLES

Listen to my point here! If this goes forward, it'll make the news. It'll make the media. And you know what will happen to both of you? You will both be hammered for profiling.

REMOND

Profi --!! I'm not profiling!

KEVIN

I don't profile. Ever.

CHARLES

Yes you do, you profile a lot.

KEVIN

I "profile".

CHARLES

You can't tell me if you're in an empty subway car at three a.m., and two big black men come into the car, you don't tense up --

KEVIN

-- But I don't automatically unholster my weapon.

CHARLES

No -- but you do automatically tense up.

KEVIN

That's not profiling.

CHARLES

No: That's the result of profiling. Expectations -- that's all profiling is: You see someone and immediately you have a set of expectations based solely on what the other guy looks like.

REMOND

Because he's a classic racist "officer of the law"!

CHARLES

Wait, Rey. Two years ago, I was driving through Toombs County, Georgia. A local police car pulled me over, and two white cops got out. I tensed up --

REMOND

-- Imagine!

CHARLES

Rey, I was profiling. I had dire expectations -- solely because of what they looked like --

REMOND

No! Not what they looked like -- what they were! White cops in the deep south!

KEVIN

And as we know, all white cops in the deep south are the same. That's classic racism.

REMOND

That's common sense! If every time you put your hand in the fire, it burns, you're supposed to learn something!

CHARLES

Let me finish! I'm up here again in a month to give a speech on "racism". I'll be saying racism is a combination of profiling -- and acting on the profile. Profiling alone -- expectations -- are not immoral. To say they're immoral is like saying remembering is immoral --

KEVIN

-- Acting on expectations has often saved my life. And even the lives of innocent civilians.

REMOND

And how 'bout the innocent lives it's cost? "This guy's black face makes me expect he gon' do some bad things. Think I'll jail him right now."

KEVIN

I don't do that. I've never done that, and it's only prejudice that convinces you I have --

REMOND

-- Yeah. Just like only prejudice can believe how often in your day you've looked at a bunch of blacks and said, Uh-oh! That's immoral enough for me, Blue.

KEVIN

Well, you are one immoral...person when you look at us and hate us just because we're blue and white --

REMOND

I don't hate you for it, I fear you -- for my people. It becomes hate when, as Charlie says, you act on your profile of us --

KEVIN

Which I haven't today. Mister McArdle, please now proceed with me out that door without further physical resistance.

REMOND

No! I will resist! I hope I always resist racism!

CHARLES

-- Gentlemen! Don't go on this way! Don't do it.

REMOND

-- I want an apology from this man! And I want these cuffs off!

KEVIN

No apology will be forthcoming.

CHARLES

You men haven't heard a word I've said. The media will have a circus, and both your causes will be hurt.

REMOND

...! Wait! I been wrong! I want to go out there like this -- now, with the cuffs on. C'mon. Let's go! Now.

CHARLES

Rey, you don't want this.

REMOND

Yes I do! I want this! I want the world to see! I will do this!

CHARLES

You can be a great man, Rey, but you do have...excited moments. Unwise moments.

(to KEVIN)

And you, officer. You don't have to do this.

KEVIN

You're right -- I don't have to. But you're wrong -- I do have to.

REMOND

Let's go. Let the roast begin!

CHARLES

You're being seriously silly, you two. Two fools. This can only stiffen the opposing camps.

REMOND

Charlie, don't be a sociologist all the time. Sometimes you have to just be a man -- a black man, who knows how many times he's been humiliated by these people. And who should want to fight back.

CHARLES

Yeah, it's fun fighting back, isn't?

REMOND

It's satisfying, Charlie!

CHARLES

Temporarily. ...Would you like me to call -- who is it, Gainsburg?

REMOND

Yes, Gainsburg. He'll have me out of jail before this guy has his first after-hours beer. How I'm looking forward to this!

(to KEVIN)

After today, your life will never be the same.

KEVIN

I predict it'll affect the rest of your life a lot more than mine. People will never look at you the same way again.

[Exit REMOND, CHARLES, and KEVIN. As REMOND passes by the window, SEAN is suddenly in front of him.]

SEAN

Mister McArdle, if we put the cuffs in front, can you sign an autograph?

REMOND

...It'd be my very great pleasure, Officer Sean.

[The four men pass out of view. Beat. Enter TASHA, alone; looks around. On cellphone:]

TASHA

I'm not sure what just happened. Neither one was exactly a gentleman. Hot heads, both of them. Underneath. The cop was better at hiding it. Better training...

(a bright idea!)

Sandy! I should write this up! I could read it on our city-slot... No, I wasn't here every minute, but I can fill it in -- it's obvious what they were thinking.

...I don't want to do just nutrition all my life! Those two men were hypocrites! Dishonest! I'm a journalist, Sandy! It's my journalist's duty to ensure there's at least one honest voice from the scene! Oh!

(she has seen something)

Call you back.

[TASHA closes her cellphone, studies two shakers on the counter.]

TASHA (CONT'D)

He has ivory salt-and-pepper things. Ivory! Genuine!

[TASHA pauses, puts salt and pepper shakers in her bag, exits.]

CURTAIN
