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Mr. Paul

PREVIOUS OR ALTERNATIVE TITLES ▼

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If published in a periodical or serial give: Volume ▼

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a James Napoli

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Beginnings

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Mr. Paul 1

James Napoli

The car moved along in the early morning, slightly shakier than it's driver, Paul's father, Paul, in the backseat of the car, and, *dad, drive a little more slowly,* please, and, 'Here are the signs and symptoms to determine whether or not YOU are an ALCHOLIC: 1) Shaky hands and/or feet and toes,' when the sudden stops, starts, and violent braking continued, 'Come on Dad, put that steering down, now, come on, you don't want to hurt anyone, put the steering wheel on the ground, 'get out of that car with your hands up!' then there was only one choice, just one thing to do, and, 'When you're car gives you trouble there's only one solution, just drive on in, to Meinele mufflers, we'll even pay the cost of the *gas to drive to and from our service* garage, open Sunday through Friday, ten to four, cash, checks, and credit cards are accepted.' and sitting there in the backseat, no control over his future, Paul zipped up his jacket and shoved his hands in his pockets, cold, 'And the temperature at three forty a.m. WKOK time is forty three degrees, rising overnight to a high of about fifty,', there in the backseat where he had been deposited early that evening, and told to remain quiet, 'Not one word, not one goddamn word.' the father had said, 'or else your ass will be red so long...', that's what the father had said, don't say that to her child, the wife said, giggling from her before dinner drink, and now he was warning her too, shut up, he had said, yes you, he told her, he'll treat his wife and son any damn way he pleased, said the father, just cranky from his before going to the bathroom before eating dinner drink,

Mr. Paul 2

James Napoli

The sky was a pale redand,

'Maybe some rain tommorrow ,but now let's look at the WKOK five day
forecast. Now on Sunday the cold front moving in from the west will
hit, and temps will be in the thirties to forties, and then on Monday
light rain, chance of snow,',and,

Another shaky car had fallen out onto the road, Danger!Shaky
Cars Ahead!,and,

'Two Shaky Cars Collide and an Innocent Child is Slain',
the newspaper headline would read, a nice shot of the child on the
front page, waving to the cameras, the doctor sighing behind him, no
chance,and, reporters screaming questions would come back with an
exclusive,

Interview with slain child before pronounced dead on the scene by
doctors, page fifteen,',and, 'In this issue: A special fifteen pullout
section of photos from the shaky car accident, and of the slain
child's last moments, page thirty three to sixty,',

It was a Chinese restaurant , Lo Mein Chop Fat Suey Chow Mein,
that stopped them, Paul's father making the sensible choice of not
endangering others by crashing into the restaurant wall , and not into
the other cars. *There were no survivors*

'There were no survivors and the crash proved fatal to the three
people in the car, a young couple, the father was an alcholic, the
wife was a former prostitute, for one of the areas pimps, Tommy.
Their child, Paul,'

Right onto the sidewalk and into the wall, the car had went,
scatterring a bunch of trash cans carelessly left there, they went
right through the window of the Chinese Laundry next to the restaurant,
so careless to put a laundry next to a restaurant, but into the wall

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the car went, right near the take out window, open daily except Moday. eleven to nine

Out came the boy, climbing out a window, and falling to the ground gasping hard a few feet from the wreck, Paul figuring how he would really hate it if one of those ambulances pulled up, and gave him the story how everything was alright, giving him the psychological treatment,

'It's all going to be alright, son, just fine. Now, would you like another lollypop, gee you sure did go through that one fast, gee, don't it feel better already?'

'That's okay, mister, Paul would say, but why don't you tell that

to the owner of the

could we do to cheer him up, huh?'

There was an explosion, just a little one that lit up the area where they had crashed, but,

'It's alright, folks, everything's okay, just go on back to bed.' the fire marshal told all the people,

'Everythings under control, now just go on home, good night.' and, after everyone went, the fire marshall said, 'Oh, Jesus, Harry, Christ look at that kid, Christ, I don't believe it.'

Paul wandered away from the scene, go on, go everything's just fine, now get your ass moving you goddamn kid, go on home. And, 'Two die in car accident, child of couple is sought for questioning.' the headlines read, the cops figured they could say the kid put a knife to his parents and made him drive into a wall, pin it all on the kid,

'Parents, check all children for weapons before getting in the car.'

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James Napoli

"To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. *And what if he didn't, what if Mike said, what if he* did'nt promise?, and,

'Here, Mike are the wonderful prizes you can win for not promising: Contempt of court, an indefinite jail sentence, 'and' Mike, you little shit, I'll kick your ass if you don't promise.',

Mike's father said, he was in the third row, fifth seat.

Mike looked around as he decided, "Yes" he said to the nice balliff , looking there into the third row, that couple they wanted to ~~say~~ make his parents, the couple that said they were his parents, the couple with the certificate, and the baby pictures and the proof, what's their boy, and,

'Mike's been doing bad things? Let me take him home, your honor, Mike be a good boy from now on!'

the mother pleaded, but really, Mike's really parents had gone away, that's the way things were explained to Mike, Mike's parents had GONE AWAY,

'But don't you fear, everything's gonna be fine, just fine. You like ice cream? Well, I know a place, and here, little boy, would you like a lollipop too? Here.',

the nice officer said when he arrived at the scene, the burnt car, gone to ashes, mom and dad, gone to car, and where had Paul run away to?

Mike took his seat, next to judge, judge shook his head, giving one of those,

'If that was my kid, I'd kick his ass so bad,',
looks, Mike pleasantly dressed, seeming to say,

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James Napoli

'Look, Mr. Judge, look at me! No jeans, ma!'
and the court quieted as tonight's episode began.

Ames, stopped, stopped forward, placing some papers on the
desk, probably where Mike lived, what address, street, zip code, and
all about him, age, height, middle name, date of birth, everything
down to that time when he was five and broke Mr. Wilson's window with
a baseball, remember that one, Mike, remember that one, son?

"State your name for the record, please." the man said, and Mike
responded. "Michael Anthony Napoli."

"Your age, please."

"Fifteen."

"Now, you are aware, Michael, that you are accused of killing Samuel
about Sammy, occupation, marital status, number of children, living,
in family, "June the twenty fifth, 1966.", number of children, deceased,
in family.

"Yeah, I know." Mike said, and,

'Can I go now, Mr. Judge, these clothes really hurt, and I got all
this geometry homework to catch up on, from all the time I spent in
jail, no time for homework.'

"Did you kill Samuel Mazer?" the lawyer said, never ask a
question you don't think you got the answer to, and, what the lawyer
thought was,

"You little son of a bitch, they're gonna kill you, could the jury
skip the trial and vote for the death penalty, now, ~~four~~ honor?"

"No, I did not kill Samuel Mazer." Mike said, right kid, sure, kid.

"Do you have any brothers , or sisters Mike?"

"I have a brother, Paul. He died, car accident."

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"And your parents?" the lawyer, oh, this was all new to him, Mike was sure.

They're dead both of them.

"They died with your brother?"

"No. My brother died about a year and a half later. Different accident, different." Mike said.

"How old was your brother at his death?"

"Sixteen, I think. About." Mike guessed, what's it say on that there paper, Mike wondered, was he right, Mr. Lawyer?

"What did you and your brother do for a year and a half after your parents died? Where did you live?" Aha. And,

'Did I say a year and a half, Mr. Lawyer. I meant a week and a half. yean, that's right. They only died a week and a half ago, that's all, I'm still just getting over it, all we've done was cry for that whole week and a half. And now Paul's dead!'

"I would ask you to remember, Mike. It might be important." the lawyer said, and,

'Gosh, I'm a little foggy in that area, sir. Maybe next week I'll remember more, next week,'

Mike thought he would say, but he just stayed still, frozen, even, when asked to remember,

'That boy is definitely on drugs, no doubt about it, Je-sus, what a disgrace!'

someone commented to their husband in the audience, definitely.

Ready Mike?

Okay, now, remember.

Tune in next week for the startling conclusion.

Mr. Paul 7

James Napoli

"It's the Daily News, the newspaper." Paul said, then moved away from the little speaker in the lobby of the apartment building, waiting for the buzz, and then, okay, you have been received, enter the building slowly, any hostile movements and you will be vaporized immediately, welcome to maximum security, ladies and gentl.

Paul had about ten papers in his left hand, going through the door, it was worst when they didn't wait long enough, and you didn't get through before the buzzing stopped, and,

'Who is it? What do you mean, I just let the paperboy in, what are you talking about?'

Paul dropped a paper on a familiar doormat, an eye peering at him from the door, she'd wait till he left, of course, you know these kids, these days, you know, and then he headed for the backdoor, just so noone will see you, understand? The superintendant said she was trying to rent apartments, so just go out the back way, okay?, well, the old lady had never said it right out loud, but...

There was more to this exciting job, too, and,

'If you don't put that paper in the mailbox, boy, I'm calling your supervisor today, you hear?',

and, if you got stuck with a route in a bad area, it could be fatal. Paul had heard of kids that had been, well, they always said never talk to strangers, they always said, we always told him, he didn't listen, if he was alive right now, I'd kill him, the victim's mother would always say.

And that's what your paperboy went through for just ten dollars a week, plus whatever tip your generosity brought him, so it could pay off to speak LOUDER when talking to the old women, or pet the family

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dog, while it stared at your throat, gently now, gently, so as not to scares her, there boy.

Paul stepped out in the day and was revealed, long black hair down to his shoulders, or that area, and he was tall and thin, and fifteen, not especially mean looking he thought, but maybe enough so to old women so that they gave large tips and didn't phone his supervisor even though he didn't put the paper in the mailbox or on the door step, there boy, there, that's a good boy.

And, "Paul! Paul!" the voice came from behind Paul, he came from behind, that was how officer, came from behind and stole my purse, and maybe Paul clutched his papers tightly, with his life he'd protect ~~papers~~ ^{papers,} even when learning that Paul had been raped, murdered, killed, chopped into little pieces, and eaten for breakfast, while delivering his papers that morning, film at eleven, though there wasn't much left.

And why didn't Paul turn and meet his accuser, how dare whoever that was call him Paul, a fate worse than death, and maybe our little Paul is just on drugs, and it's affecting his hearing, goddamn kids, not worth the effort, if only, so many parents wished, there was a guarantee that the damn kids would turn out right, or sperm and egg returned within sixteen years if not completely satisfied.

"What the hell is your problem?" Paul was now about halfway up the block, maybe he'd even moved faster when his name was called, but Paul?, he'd never do such a thing, no, not Paul, everyone said when they heard Paul had killed thirteen people and had them for lunch, and,

'Hunger was the motive your honor, my client was just hungry.',

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James Napoli

and you better believe that everyone was for the school lunch program following this incident. film at eleven.

"Nothing, I'm just doing my job. Would'nt you want your paper bright and early, Mike?" Paul said, an old woman yelling at him, in stereo, WRFM, 2313 on your radio dial,

'And if you're late once more, young man," they did'nt even finish the sentence, but just repeated it over and over in his nightmares, write your own gruesome ending, and tune in tomorrow , viewers, to see if Paul still has his job.

"Do you want me to go to the store for you today?" Mike said, he looked basically like Paul, they all look the same after a while, *and at first glance it was*

"Yeah. Will you? Just the same shit as usual, you know how we hate to be different." Paul replied, maybe he gave Mike a pleasant look right then, but there was none there this citizen saw, officer.

"I got the rest of these to do, why don't you get my groceries and I'll meet you back at my place." Paul said, quickening his pace right then, no need for Mike to answer, just goodbye, goodbye, see you later, get away from me, Paul's usual reply these days.

The sun never shined inside Paul's house.

Not now, that is. Mike was quite sure that once, the light flowed in the now dark windows, and that children played ball outside,

'Jimmy, now you stop using your brother for second base, or no dessert for you tonight!'

a mother would yell, as a grand slam was hit and the runners ran their bases, little Bob was third base today, never complaining as he was stomped and pounded, one day he'd be batter.

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James Napoli

But Paul didn't seem to miss the light, or the kids playing, cause Paul was one who made the best of a situation, like when Daddy came home drunk, and,

'Paul, come here, Paul has been a bad little boy and as the father I must discourage these things.',

and as Paul sat there, asking whatever he could have done,

'Don't ask me now, I'll think of a reason later.',

the father said, and Paul just sat there.

There were boards over all the windows, after a fire, and the owner just leaving the place to rot, oh where will Bobby and Jim, and first base live? And,

'One was injured, and was treated for smoke inhalation at Conev Island Hospital. The owners have announced that they will not rebuild, and were quoted as saying 'What's the use? The goodamn kids just come, and burn down again.' The fire marshall has not listed any cause for the fire, pending an investigation, the one death resulting from the fire, Mrs. Emily Hobbs, was seventy nine and left no surviving family.

The fire marshall said that his men had not yet recovered the body, and, One day following that fatal fire the body of Mrs. Emily Hobbs, sventy nine, has not been recovered, but the fire marshall said that she would, when the fire was completely out, still isolated, fire, well, she has to turn up eventually, what he said was, she's still in there.'

But other than Paul and old Emily the old building seemed to be quiet, though Paul and Mike would never venture further than that one room, Mike once joked that, should they, they would discover a few oldmen, and several Puerto Rican families sharing it with Paul.

Mr. Paul 11

James Napoli

All guests to Paul's house entered through the window, on the left side near the basement door that Mr. Rafferty kept locked, *always locked, though Mrs. Hobbs has told you, she'd told you, keep* that door locked and if there's a fire we'll all die!

Mike had done so that day, put the groceries on top of an old table, wanting to leave, maybe just leave a note on top of the bag, sorry, they were all out of Super Fudge Town Cookies, so I got Grahm Crackers, goddamn, Paul would say, he had expected, and, well, Mrs. Hobbs, leave the door open and all those goddamn kids come in, and who cares if she dies, Mr. Rafferty had been told by the owners that just such an accident that happened might happen, and gave himself the day off, he'd fix your leaky faucet, Mrs. Johnson, and oil that creaky *door at yours, Mrs. Paul, tomorrow, goodbye.*

Mike wondered just who and when, where, and just the last second that this house lost light, and what a terrible man that Mr. Rafferty, second base went down to escape through the basement door and almost died!

Who could do such a thing? Board up the windows and lock up the gates, third base could'nt help shedding a tear, he gets real emotional, as the nails were pounded in, they all cried, then, as they were worth less than the insurance money, to the big men who run things, they said.

Who could live that way? With the lost memories of the homeless children, Billy can't come out today, cut himself with a razor when they took us away.

"You get the stuff?" Paul said, coming through the doorway that led to the window, you scared Mike, thinking it was the police, to come fetch that run away orphan boy, on the loose, Mike scared.

Mr. Paul 12

James Napoli

"Yeah, it's right over there." Mike said, sometimes Paul's look or tone of voice scared Mike, there was something Mike had never seen, Mike backed down, after all Paul had saved his life, so it didn't hurt Mike to act like a jellyfish, and,

'Sorry about that line about run away orphan boy, I hope I wasn't out of line, Paul.'

"Shit, no fudge cookies." Paul said, and, well, he had waited.

"Where have you been?" Mike said, and, well, Paul, you had promised.

"It's okay, mother, I wasn't no place bad." Paul replied, and gosh, gee, you need not get so steamed, it's just, well, we were waiting for you, he said he'd come sooner.

And who could shatter *the child's hopes when he promised to* arrive home from work, right at six, teach little Mike how to throw, that's what my dad said, but shit, Dad hated to say it, but, that was okay Mike had heard the word shit before, Daddy just can't get home until he goes to this meeting at the bar with his nice friends. Paul, the father, who had created a dependant, who else would Mike go to, and found himself bound by his promises, of ball, and teaching the boy how to throw, taught Mike that, now, son, there is more important things than ball, son.

Paul, that's who.

Mr. Paul 11

James Napoli

Paul was the story teller, and now the listener as well.

"O.K. .doctor, I'll tell you if you really want to hear it, but trust me it's nothing too important. But if I get out here a second early for telling this, you got it.

It was third or fourth or one of those grades, I think, when you're real young and small.

One day this kid comes up to me, he was a little bit taller than me, about my age though, he comes up to me and says that he's new in the school, and that he's heard my name was Paul. I tell him he's right and was just gonna say hello when he said that my name ca'nt be Paul, cause name is Paul, and that there can be only one Paul.

Of course I told him that was stupid, cause each kid ca'nt have one name, and no other kid having that name, cause if it was that way, they would run out names. Well, Doc, he says that I have till three o' clock to stop calling myself Paul or else he's gonna kick my ass.

Well, I could'nt just stop calling myself Paul, what would my parents have done? So I just tried to forget it, but soon three o 'clock came and I looked out the window to the yard and there must have been at least a thousand kids out there, with Paul at the door, waiting to hit me the second I came out.

Mr. Paul 12

James Napoli

I could've run away. I mean, I could have just gone out the front way, then run home, and not go out that day to play or anything, but I couldn't run away because it would have meant running every day, and sooner or later Paul would have caught up with me, and it was no use.

So I went outside and there Paul was.

There was a fight, real short, and I imagine the thousand or more watching were quite satisfied, this was kind of my first fight, but I was real good at getting hit, yeah my father taught me how to take a punch real good. So I wasn't hurt too bad, just had a bloody nose, maybe from the fear of what Paul would do next, cause he was still standing over me while I was on the ground, and he let me get up, even gave me hand, all the kids wondering if there would be any more today. Needless to say I was one of the kids wondering that the most.

Then Paul spoke. He said that he was the only Paul, he'd just proved it, and if there was anyone else here who thought his name was Paul for him to come forward and Paul would kick his ass too. Then he said that from now on my name was Naps, cause of my last name, Napoli. From then on to those kids it was a joke, You were a Naps if you acted dumb, got a bad mark on a test, you were Naps if you were weak, if you lost a fight.

I saw Paul, just a few years ago. I made sure it was him, and then I noticed there was something I liked about him now. It was the fact that I could now kick his ass.

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James Napoli

And I did. Right there ion the street, no real reason to do it anymore, any of the hurt he had given years ago long gone. But I did, and when he got up from the ground wiping some blood from his face he just stood back and asked me who I was. "Who are you? " he said like I was a space alien or something, he just asked, who I was. I looked at him with a smile and then I said "My name is Paul... .. Mr. Paul to 'you."

If you let the light in you'll see it's real astrong, and the light will get in your eyes and make you do real funny things... to keep it from blinding me I just third or fourth or one of those grades, after that no more light....."

There were two chairs, placed opposite each other in front of the torn coch, in the little room where Paul sat all alone, the doctor nodding his head , though not evv even there, writing some notes down that did not exist, about this curious patient.

Mr. Paul 13

James Napoli

Paul stood on the nice white porch, the cold air was forcing him to ^{more} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~form~~ ^{form} why he rung the bell again, maybe Jay's asleep, maybe he's sick in bed, maybe I'm too early, maybe Paul feared a rather large person might answer the door and inform Paul he was at the wrong house, Jay's across the street, you woke him up, bad boy.

Nervously switching the books in his left hand to right, fear and Paul's sweating was rather bizzare on a ten deggree below day. There was Jay at the door, tall and light haired, and not one bad grade in school in fourteen years of loyal service, Jay is loyal, and humble, and won't flaunt the fact he is obviously superior than any but will only be offered here, today at this fantastic discount.

"Come on in." Jay said, his manners are perfect, he only listens to classical music, has not missed one day of school in ten years going, come, touch him, check his arms for needle marks, there's nothing to hide.

Paul was aloowed in, wipe your feet please, no smoking spitting, or foul language once inside, stand at attention and address all parents as sir. "Wait here a second, I'll be back in a minute", Jay said, please sit quietly and orderly, you are being watched.

Maybe by suspicious parents, peering at the boy from an unknown keyhole,

'We want to keep our boy clean and wholesome.',
the parents explanation always was.

The living room was surprisingly ordinary, just like the little people with only two bedrooms instead of five, and that extra bathroom, gee, that must come in handy

Mr. Paul 14

James Napoli

Everything quite ordinary, except of course for the trophy case in the corner devoted to the parents' one and only child, Jay, with shelves of awards and plaques, and continued upstairs, second room on the left, they had the room, but not another child, it was curious, why didn't Jay's parents have another child?

Yes, America, get out of your seats and move closer to the television as we asked that wondered question: Why not a second child for Jay's parents?

It had been asked, many times before, and the answer given was not exactly the average parent of a teenager's reply, and, now here is the average of the parent of a teenager,

little more, but it's not worth it to have two kids in the reformatory to visit.',

instead Jay's parents would just giggle, and say,

'Why should we have another kid? Why risk having a normal kid, that would just go off, become a drug addict, and march in war demonstartati

And Jay, it seemed, excelled in not one area but all, you know the kind, one in every crowd, innocent giant Jay, that the whole liked, and tried to get near.

"Hey, come on, we'll be late for class." Jay said, Paul was standing in front of the window facing away from all of Jay's nice awards, don't you like all of Jay's nice achievements, Paul?

Paul felt that, maybe he'd just stood there while Jay had screamed and become nervous, Paul frozen, Jay, embarrassed, gosh, ma, I don't know, this crazy drug freak just broke in, but Paul did respond, right then, not even just a minute or two later, when Jay

Mr. Paul 16

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would have begun to think, that wow, this kid was really fucked up mentally, how did Jay get this freak out of here. he broke in, Paul was back to normal, let's go to school.

They were late to class, walking slowly and discussing things, Jay had taken a likeing to Paul, though why it is still a wonder, Jay should hang around with kids more his speed, and class, gosh, look how abnoxious Jay's parents could be, just because they had two extra rooms and the extra bathroom.

For arriving late to class they recieved one demerit each, and gee, that's one demerit over your limit of one, Jay, we'll have to call home, and ready the gallows, boys, the teachers would be outdone by Jay no more.

Mr. Paul 17

James Napoli

Paul found himself standing on the nice white porch again, two months later. *when winter had done its thing* given them a nice Sunday morning, and why don't you wait on the porch, Paul, while I get the basketball, and say goodbye to mom and dad, and oh, gee, where are my manners? Would you like some thing to eat and drink?, a glass of water would really be appreciated, ?, alright, wait here, I'll get it, and don't mind those people staring from the window, hi mom and dad!

Jay waved when he returned, a minute later, a bright orange basketball with Wilt the Stilts autograph on it, see, right there, personally, he and Jay go one on one together, well they could, *didn't he say so, didn't he?*

Standing a white chalked line, holding the ball firmly, he glances downward, oh, boy, would you repeat that figure again? "Twenty- five", and hey Jay, do it one more time and this girl here dies, she dies, you see, Paul would be standing there knife to some young, innocent thing, Jay deciding, was it worth his reputation? No, Jay, don't go through with it, mom, standing by his side, she's young and thin, there are too many of them anyway, the mother sighs, up and then down and through, and there are too many of them anyways says the mother and goodbye.

"Come on, Paul, play me." Jay begs, but Paul raises his hand in predetermined defeat, you accepted that you were naturally inferior when you only had two and a half rooms and one bathroom.

"Are you kidding? Play you, who beat every kid, including the black ones? No thanks." Paul said, and do you like the way I shined your

Mr. Paul 18

James Napoli

shoes, master, and no, no need to show your appreciation Jay, just stay around and let me be proud to be with you, what a great guy you are, Jay, and Jay wore a sign around him that seemed to say: Inflate Ego to twenty pounds, it was just a natural reaction to Jays superiority, and look, ma, I made a new word, superiority. 1. High in rank and office. 2, more excellent; greater; higher. 3, proud. Superriorrity.

Jay had caught the ball and got ready to shoot again, sure he could make it to a college scholarship, make the NBA for sure, but what then? A burnt out basketball player at thirty five doing razor blade commercials?. look at my clean. smooth shave and heres the blade that did it, and no he didn't want your wallet Mrs. Johnson, don't get scared, just buy.

Sure, Jay would have the money, the house, the car, the wife, the kids doing great in school just like their father, the girl out of town for when there were road games, the boat, the sneaker named after him, and the drink too, that he had when he was thirsty after those big league workouts, but,

'Where's the point to all this money and glamour, Jay?', the mother would say, but also, 'Keep those checks coming, son, pa and I depend on you.', the mother would also write him.

"Paul had succumbed to Jay's pleading, you must be very careful with this boy, he's used to having things just his way, and, 'Now that we're gonna see these tw boys play, I don't think that Jay's performance can be much different from usual, this boy Jay should be perfect as always...'

Mr. Paul 19

James Napoli

Jay smiled, they always would perform at his command for his pleasure, serve as opponents to knock down and feel good ~~about it~~, smile at their pathetic attempts to reach Jay's level of understanding, it's okay, Paul, we don't to do any better on this reading test than. Jay, and, 'Of course this boy is this sportscaster's favorite, Bill, so I, of course, would bet on this boy Jay to win, it just seems that he's the natural choice just looking at Paul's list of failings you see this boy Paul is a truant to start...', and what do when you are fifteen, and you had not failed at anything, when you had nothing left to be best at?

Mr. Paul ~~XXXX~~20

James Napoli

The two boys were sitting in Jays kitchen one night while Paul's parents were home and from the occasional, just occasional, Paul assured himself, bruises she would wear, Jay was slowly realising what his father being home meant. After all, Jays parents were out for the night, fleeing Jays presence again, Paul, thought think they'd want to hang around and make sure they're retirement fund of a son doesn't do nothing naughty.

But the two boys sat, Jay munching on some cookies, Paul going through the local paper, triple murder in the Bronx page three, goddamn kids march on Washington, page two, and drug

"What did you get on the math test?" Jay said, between a cookie, never talk with the mouth full Jay, remembered his early lessons well.

"My friend Mister Fifty. Don't tell me, I know, George said he saw your paper when you went up to get it. Ninety- six."

"Mister, what do you mean?"

"Old joke." Paul said, and turned a page, and discover the path to clean living, brothers and sisters, with our new pamphlet, 'Hear the Lords Word', ninety five cents, no coo.d's, please.

"Jay, why are your parents never home? Whats the problem, they don't like you or something?" Paul said, and that was Mr. Paul, and that was long ago, this was no time for reruns, Paul.

"No, I guess they just don't like this place." Jay said, and it was true, Jay swore it was sir, now now, Paul, down.

Mr. Paul 21

James Napoli

"Why is it they don't like this place so much?" Paul said, and they would point at Paul, that boy is crazy, cause Paul said he liked it here, how long have you left this way about your home, Paul, the school doctor said.

But a second later Paul laughed in response to his question, Jay joined him for a moment, then fell silent.

"Paul, is it time yet?" Jay said.

Probably what Paul hated most about Jays situation was that there were junkies in the street who didn't get it everytime the alarm rang, it's time, feed me or die, and while it was killing them those junkies would slit your throat, or mine, or how about little Johnny going to school with his lunnh money, come here, little boy, but Jay, hey ma, how about some money for your award winning son, no, a twenty, ma.

And if Jays parents were so rich why didn't they just pick up and leave, and pick yourself up from the gutter and learn how to make millions with our book, become a Millionaire Stuffing Envelope at Home.

Maybe Jays father was a major underground figure, second only to Tommy, and had to be close to his work, and that is why Jays father lived in a slum. Next: How the Egyptians built the Sphinx, in ten easy steps, order today.

"Paul, is it time yet?"

"Why, you feel anything?"

"Like what?"

Like, and please don't hurt our boy, send our boy back to us ,

'Like your were burning up inside, like the fucking clothes were

Mr. Paul 22

James Napoli

melting right off your body, anything like that,

maybe, Jay?

and the victim~~xxx~~ was found, only a pile of ashes and the charred remains of his clothes, remaining.

"Feel nervous? Scared? Heart beating faster?" Paul said, and just one minute doctor he would check for these symptoms, and no, doctor, no.

"Well, when all those things start happening then it will be time to go, understand?" Paul said, Jay, nodding, take two aspirin and call me when you start screaming in pain, and, "See?" Paul said, "That's the way I tell time." And Paul saw Tommy, he had a model ~~...~~ *but he recalled the time, day and month*, the human watch, a junkie without a fix, and they work real low. ~~Andxxxif you were Tommy~~

It was quiet ~~know~~, at least. The father had come in and done what the booze had made, Paul always remembering it was the booze that made him hit mommy, understand, the booze. About midnight it was all over, when little Paul stands up and whines: 'Please daddy, I have to go to school tomorrow!', and it ended, off to bed, more in tomorrow nights episode, we now end our programming day.

But how could Paul ~~remember that it was so quiet and indeed it~~ was, unless he were awake, which indeed he was, and wasn't resting for his day in school?

Laying awake in bed, can't sleep, take Sleep- Ease, and you're out before your head hits the pillow. That's right, Sleep- Ease, using miraculous modern drugs, it puts you to sleep.

Mr. Paul 23

James Napoli

And then, the phone rang, better not let Dad answer ~~this one remember how he broke the phone through the window~~ in a wild rage, the phone company said they would not press charges, just suspend his service for six months, but Paul, so tired from the night, debated just staying in bed, when you need to sleep, don't try counting sheep, get to sleep, with Sleep-Ease.

"Hello?" Paul said, and what if it was some asshole calling for Dave's Pleasure Palace to reserve a room with Vanessa for tomorrow? Could Paul give this guy a piece of his mind, shithead, risking the life of another phone, and his fathers freedom, he doesn't know what he's doing, hears that ringing and goes crazy. honor.

~~Paul?~~ a scared voice said, and no, it was not Paul's Pleasure Palace either.

"Paul, it's Jay. I got to come." Ever try to dial a phone number when the candy was late, where was Paul? An angry junkie, recent studies show, makes dealers shooting for 100% on time delivery.

"Jay, are you crazy?" Figure about ten minutes from now, that's when he will be, unless of course Paul said all was well,

'Sure come on over, I'll come over there, we offer delivery right to your door.',

then those tense seconds as the phone rang, once, twice, of course ~~Paul would be there, at~~ three a.m.,

'I'm sorry, Master Paul has stepped out, may I take a message?', those three long rings, all contributed to the young drug addicts insanity.

"I go to, man. I have to..." Jay said, and this young mans inability to form a coherent sentence is the result of: a) his environment,

Mr. Paul 24

James Napoli

or drug addiction, b), take your pick but remember

this is for the house, the car,
answer, please?

"Paul?" Jay said, just making sure that Paul had said yeah, come on over, you did say that, didn't you, Paul, how many fingers am I holding up Jay, no, you don't get a second chance, just make sure Jay, ask Paul a second time to make sure.

"Paul?"

"Jay?"

"Paul?" Jay said, just making sure Paul was still on the phone now, 'I'm sorry, your call has been disconnected,'

to add a bit of excitement a laugh
to your daily humX drum life.

"Jay? Come."

Paul sat on the steps of the small house where the murderer spent his early years, it was hard to tell that inside that house the father would lock the child in a closet and drag his woman around by the hair, they seemed normal enough, neighbors reportedly said, and it was still before oh no Dad lost the mortgage, just couldn't keep those payments, and Pauls family was reduced to a two room apartment, and when dinner was anything crawling along the floor *you could watch but Dad drank* the routine of Dad coming home drunk, maybe not even beating ma and child, but yelling real loud, was just a rerun of a show about to be cancelled.

Jay arrived several minutes later, exactly on time as the time they had set for the meet was a couple of minutes later, he'd be

Mr. Paul 25

James Napoli

right over, you can count on that, and as I said before this Jay has shown great talent not only in his schoolwork and performance but for, Jay.

A few bills were shoved nervously into Paul's hand, Jay grabbing the little brown bag beside Paul, frantically looking in, sorry Jay, thats the wrong bag, you lose it all, but there was the sigh of relief that said to Jays hungry body, it's coming guys, you can loosen the noose a little, now, right?

"Not out here. Let's go in side." Paul said, and was'nt that kind of the dealer to let him come on inside, might as well, Paul was up already. And maybe there was the fear in Paul that Mr.

midnight snack, what about your diet, and would just take a peek outside, hello police? And right now and here, Paul's ass will automatically turn to whatever color Pauls father feels like, any requests, how about a nice purpulish-blue?

Inside, Paul led Jay to the kitchen, Jay sat at the table, no, don't wait for Paul, dig right in, and, passengers, 'We'll be traveling at an altitude of about fifty thousand feet, get those airsick bags ready, Jay.', and the captain forgot to mention the possible side effects, which include paranoia, sweating, the feeling of holy shit burning up inside.

And sanity came on time, before Jay actually burned up, or killed himself, or cut his parents throats, no, sanity came on time in the form of a drug, and even more than on time, it came a bit early, and

Mr. Paul 26

James Napoli

as long as it came on time always, and it will,

'We want our boy to have everything we never did',

that it should be fine and well

and support his loving parents, maybe.

"Happy? Are you happy now?" Paul said, and later on thought what an asshole he must have looked like to Jay.

"Jay, Jay you really go too far." Paul had moved to the window over the kitchen sink, little moon in the distance, it's changing shape and color, is'nt it, Jay?

"What are you talking about."

"You can't stop, can you? Now hows it gonna look, honor student Jay, caught in the bathroom, taking his fix?" Paul said, and tonight we'll

dealer who actually gives a shit about the people
he deals to. Take a bow, Paul.

"What do you mean?"

"Christ, Jay, next time you'll be back here at midnight, or eleven. And, well, I don't know, I may not be able to get the stuff all the time. And maybe I don't want to." Paul said, and maybe the latter is more true, yes teacher, it is more true that I did'nt do my homework than that the dog ate it.

"Do you mean you're no good for it anymore?" Jay said, now next to tears, I had to kill them offisir, they would'nt open the door
when I came for my fix
took place at, the coroners say.

"You have a real kind dealer, Jay. I could make you beg for it, or a lot worse. Now hows that gonna look, honor student Jay begging for his fix." Now Paul felt like an asshole, see, because he would give it to Jay no matter what, and Paul thought Jay knew that.

Mr. Paul 27

James Napoli

Who could refuse Jay?

"You mean you're no good for it anymore?" Jay said, and after a long talking to, Jay was released in his parents custody, due to the fact that it was Jay, and who could refuse Jay? and because the victims were poor and worthless, and no one will miss them anyway, the chief officer said.

"I guess I'll be able to still get it for a little while." Paul looked away from Jay, he'd won, Jay, how did it feel when it looked like your fix was in danger and you might lose?

"Really?" Jay said, no problem, I realised my natural ability and had no problem winning.

"Really, you would'nt lie, would you, Paul?"

Paul took a seat at the kitchen table with Jay repeating his question in the background, I had to kill him off, he kept asking me 'Really?' over and over.

"Really, Paul?"

"Of course Jay," Paul said, "You're my best friend."

And then there was that fateful party, Jay got invited to all the parties of course, that started it all. You see, though invited to every party some Jay did not attend every one. Jay's mother would screen all contestants for Jay's presence before letting her son *having Jay invite the boy who was giving the party over to* play one day after school, Jay's mother would wait, and watch, and observe the child, and

Mr. Paul 26

James Napoli

combined with whatever she had found out about the boy's parents, their economic status, where they had attended school, etc. she would spit out a yes or no like a computer. If it was yes, Jay would be there, dressed up nice, if no, then Jay's grandmother, who lives far away, had taken sick and the family must get to see her at once, no, it was nothing serious, she always seems to take sick about this time of the year.

It was yes, cause that Friday afternoon Jay was'nt studying in his room, he was'nt calling Paul asking when, when? Jay was being introduced to some new kid, and the introducer was boasting how Jay had tried out for the local football team, tried out for the little league baseball, tried out for the debating

by

seemed made all his friends seem just as successful. And then this new kid held something out to Jay and said, "How about trying this?" It was a little pill, a neat color, orange.

As usual, Jay never climbed, he went straight to the top, he didn't get a ninety five on a test, then on the next test get a ninety-six, Jay went straight to a hundred, Jay never rose, he went straight to the top, right to the big time, even then, he did some of the finest acid you can do, a little kid, little stoned kid, sitting in a corner, pulling hairs out of his head, and splitting them with a plastic knife's dull edge. When mom and dad came to pick him up, he was naturally a little quiet, not at all violent, this was back in the land where you did it for pleasure, not to stop the pain, which had taken you by the throat, and pulled your eyes out of their sockets.

Mr. Paul 27

James Napoli

Paul had been watching in the shadows at that party, not very familiar with Jay, only with his reputation. He'd loved it so much, and when Paul had approached him on the last day of school Jay just started saying how great this was, and how he'd have to find that new kid and ask him for another one, and Jay never noticed that he was talking to that strange kid Paul no one ever talked to and no one liked, he just kept saying how he had to ask that new kid for another one, where was he? And Paul stopped Jay and just said, "Just ask me." Paul had seen places where he could get the stuff for Jay, never gone to them before Jay started wanting it, but it was just something you noticed after you'd been on the streets awhile, you got to know the neighborhood, here was the Chinese laundry, the candy store, the drug store, etc. And that afternoon after school, Paul and Jay, sorry, Jay and Paul, walked home together as more than a few curious eyes looked on. Paul? Why is Jay walkin' home with Paul? They all questioned, 'what could Paul have Jay did'nt'?

Midday call the next Sunday from Jay. No, no, nothing serious, Jay was fine, just fine, he had just gotten back from church and he was'nt sweating, he was'nt screaming, but he was just mildly curious to know, "When Paul?", "When?" The pain had hit him in the car as they drove home from Mass. A sharp, grint pain in the chest, and as he sat in the back seat, a strained expression on his face as tried to keep himself from screaming, Jay thought of something very funny. He saw his parents driving him to the hospital, rushing into the emergency room, after all this is our special boy, the special boy that's going to make a

Mr. Paul 28

James Napoli

million so we can retire early, so he has to have special treatment. And then he saw himself lying on the operating table, the doctor over him ready to cut, he thought he would make a nice S-shaped cut today, don't worry young man that old appendix will be out in just a minute, and we'll get you right back in school by tomorrow.

Twenty two minutes from Jay's call, Paul was on the nice white porch, brown bag in hand that was his trademark, and this doctor made housecalls.

When he'd gone to the store for Jay's medicine they had said, 'Hey man, why do you need the stuff now, man, for Chrissake it's Sunday.' Right, ^{As if} like dealers take a day off, a day for rest when they just go home and polish their white cadillacs.

Jay's father came to the door, this time, Paul finally got a look at one of the invible people, why should'nt they be here after all it was a quiet Sunday afternoon, when all you wanted to do was just stay home and watch television and not think of the ugly world you live in. Jay was upstairs, and now Paul as well, Jay looking a little dirty and unbathed, and well, he'd been working real hard on this report for school and had'nt had the time nor desire to take a bath these last few weeks.

Jay had the bag, and it was Christmas again, cause being richer than most, Jay could make Christmas come when he pleased and Paul just wanted to get out of here right now, and let Jay clean up his own table, bye Jay, Paul closed the door after himself and started downstairs.

Jay's father had risen from his seat in front of the t.v. and, well, thanks ^{Daddy Jay} ~~Jay's father~~, but I can see myself out,

Mr. Paul 29

James Napoli

have a nice day, ~~Jay's father~~ ^{Daddy Jay}.

"Paul, wait a second." the quiet little man said softly and Paul turned in front of the nice white door.

Paul could just stand there, being a poorer mortal he could just stand there, while upstairs Jay was flying.

"Paul... Jay's mother and I feel, well we feel that..." the father began rather shakily, and where is the old woman, huh, not sneaking a few drinks while the old woman's out shopping are we, ~~Jay's father~~ ^{Daddy Jay}? It's okay, Paul would say, just between you and me.

"We feel Jay is very special." Hey, of course you do, Paul thought.

Jay's a bargain at any price. The kid was normal, he went to school got great marks, ~~didn't get into trouble... Uhh, well, not unless you can't drugs~~ ^{didn't do drugs...} Um, back up on that drug thing,

Paul. "We don't think that you should be with Jay anymore we don't want you here." He spoke faster with the last line, getting this hard job over, wiping some sweat from his forehead.

"What... what do you mean. What do you mean you don't want me here?"

"Paul, we just feel..."

"Well, let me tell you something. Your kid won't make it till Thursday without me, that's what."

"Jay will get other friends."

"You asshole. Don't you see where you're living? Don't you understand?"

Jay is a junkie. A junkie. I'm sorry, but they don't call them a different name if you're a ^{smart} rich junkie or a ^{dumb} poor one. It's the same for all. And I'm his dealer."

"I think you had better leave..."

"I'm his goddamn dealer! Go up there you'll get the surprise of you're life, mister. I did it to him, I got him hooked!" Paul was backing away, slowly, then he hit the door, and the man took a step

Mr. Paul 30

James Napoli

toward Paul, how can I get this crazy kid to shut up and get out of here?

"Two days without me and he'll cut his fucking throat and ~~he's~~ too! I killed him! When Jay dies you can say I killed him! Mr. Paul! Mr. Paul killed Jay!" Newsflash. Paul was out the door, and it was closing, and, "I killed him!"

That's right, and Mr. Paul got everyone hooked, and they all came to him from the gutter with their nickels and dimes and Paul would give them what they wanted- their dreams. He didn't do it for money, gosh his pop was rolling in that, he just did it for a friend or two.

Paul turned around and there were some of those who said that kids have the right to assembly, huh? And a father turned and went up to his son's bedroom, yeah this is where Jay slept in his poor youth, the father saw it now, the guy who owned this house, ten or fifteen years from now giving nickel each tours.

And from then on it was a house all the kids told ghost stories about and would never dare go near at night. Cause one day the kid that lived there went plain crazy, trying to hang himself, cause he wasn't fed or something, and then he turned on his parents, like all the kids and tried to kill them, cause they would let him see his friends, and how it got so bad that the mother and father just had to move out a few weeks later.

Mr. Paul 31

James Napoli

It has been said, that Paul was to Jay, as Mike is Paul. Meaning, simply, that Paul and Mike both played the same parts. though at different times. and that Paul is Mike. but Mike not Paul.

And with that Mike moved in.

Just for a little while it had been, until mom and dad are on their feet again, and why were they bothering explainig? This was the third move in two years, and in two years I've learned that, moving is a part of life, a part of this life anyway, and why do'nt you stop trying to explain this to me, and get your ass to work so the while will be that much shorter, o.k. mom and dad? After all I am thirteen years old, and tell me whether or not I should unpack

this time

Paul found himself wandering about that night, his fathers mood, how shall we say, was not, well, theres no reason to lie, he was smashed. So Paul would wait till about midnight then check to see if all was clear, and it was a comfortable night, right before winter and after summer, not too hot ,not too cold, just right, and he had thought of taking a walk just before his father had entered, a thought always there from previous experiences on Friday nights, and Thursday nights.

And here was Paul now, going down East Third Street, it all seemed *the same, like rectangular circles, cuckoo, cuckoo, the clock* would have to go, about ten more cuckoos till was well.

Down another street, why was he here?, Mike figured that he would rather die any other place in the world, does he have a homicidal father? But he did'nt want to live here, and there was a problem.

Mr. Paul 32

James Napoli

Two minutes later, just like some evil force able to hear his thoughts had Mike up against a wall, as Paul completed ~~another choke~~ *against a wall in some alley, blood streaming* from his nose, red do'nt look good with a white shirt he was wearing, and one of the two was saying, " Got any money, you dumb son of a bitch?" Yeah, Mike thought, like every kid walking on the streets at midnight has loads of cash on him, and then the realisation that they knew Mike had no money, and were just having fun and any second they would kill him, toss his body into one of the garbage cans, does'nt fit? cut it in half, then say, "Next kid please."

Twelve o'clock, time for home that ment, and please

Retaliate? Heres a thought, push this short one aside, one swift punch he did'nt expect and the short one would run, that's done, and the next thought was that maybe they'll let me kill myself, save them the trouble for this kid.

And Paul was there.

There, at the end of the alley, the two stepped away from Mike and spoke softly to one another, and after a brief glance at Mike that told him they were leaving, they headed for the other end of the alley, almost running, not quite though, they did have reputations *to protect, then why didn't they kill the kid before they left?*

Paul stepped toward Mike, Mike standing now against the wall, not wiping away the blood that was smeared across his face, just still.

Paul took his place ~~sitting~~ on a garbage can, opposite Mike.

"Who were those kids?" Mike said, then daring to wipe the blood away. "Beats me." said Paul, and the two stood staring.

Mr. Paul 33

James Napoli

"What do you want?" Mike said, as if this was his alley, do'nt come to Mike's alley for no reason, he has to have some *reason he scared off those kids* here.

"Who said I wanted anything?"

"Then why are you here?" Paul just grunted after that. The kid was dead, for sure, it would happen, eventually, maybe a knife in the back during gym class, or something similar, but he was not going to last here.

"You know, for someone who just saved your life, you're not very thankful." Paul said.

"Oh yeah? You think you saved my life?"

"*Ya* *know* *but those kids didn't leave* cause there mother was calling." Of course he was new here, that was so obvious. No one out on the streets without Tommy's permission, there were only a few like those and Paul with the balls to do so, unless you were one of Tommy's girls or boys curfew started after dark, and do'nt let the soldiers spot you if you're out after then. Yeah, this kid was dead, sooner or later, and why was Paul there? He had a bed waiting at home, it was way after midnight now, Paul had no reason to be here, yeah it was after curfew, Paul should be home. But at one in the morning, Paul found himself still on the *barbage can* *and of two*, and the sun was just coming up and a drunken man just rising from the couch where the wife had made him sleep, bitch, as Paul came home, and well, I got up early just to go out and get the morning paper dad, and so on....

Mr. Paul 34

James Napoli

George was one of those friends you could push aside conveniently ~~Whenever~~ *it* was necessary. Oh yeah. not- too-bright George was and would always be free for a movie or for anything, George considered by Paul as stupid because he'd always be there, always put up with Paul's shit, having to put up with it, because when he and Paul were together he never bothered to make any friends, and then George was alone when someone like Jay or Mike came along and took Paul away. So Paul and George had always known each other, and were pretty tight until Paul started being with Jay, and then George was forgotten, but when Jay and Paul had a fight over something or something, no one knew exactly what happened *because he was just happy* not to be alone. And it was like that, Paul and George, until Paul was walking around one night, walked into an alley or something saved some kids life or something, then goodbye George.

All the hoops were gone. Doubtless stolen by a bunch of smiling future business executives, you could just see them, standing on each others shoulders, the one on top unscrewing the basketball hoops, while the others all moaned in pain yelling for the one on top to get finished it really hurt, and being a child was so, so painful. And all the hoops were gone save one, *they probably missed in their haste to get away* And George had it. They had arrived early that Sunday morning, thinking they would have to to get the only basketball hoop in the whole place, but none seemed to dare come while they played, just Paul and George, Paul had the ball, but George plotting to get it away.

Mr. Paul 35

James Napoli

There was no need to say the score, cause none would have been able to tell one of the punks from the other, anyway, and why wouldn't those goddamn kids be on Daddy's morning anyway?

But Paul kept the ball and pushed it through with ease and George backed away from Paul after that to the wall, sitting down and motioning to Paul that he had enough, and Paul joined his friend.

After all, Paul would be joining George in hell, breaking the Sabbath isn't looked upon with any mercy when you get up there boys.

"Where's Mike today?" George said.

"Beats me. Why are you interested?"

"Why didn't you ask him to come along?"

"Did you want me to?" here it comes Paul, watch out. Paul told himself. Same old, 'why are you hanging out with this new asshole Mike?' bullshit that he had been receiving all week.

"Why did you ask me?" See? Paul had gotten to be a pro at these things. Back with Jay, kids were always coming up to him, taking him aside, 'Why this kid Jay? Is he beautiful? Are his grades high? Is he intellectually stimulating or something? Paul was real good at thinking up answers to this stuff. Now when asked about Mike it had become a game. He'd talk in a faggoty voice and say how, Mike just turned him on, or another one of Pauls favorite answers was that Mike was really a prince you know, really royal blood and all, and was heir to the throne of some country off the coast of Florida, and how they had overthrown the government and kicked his father, the king, and his family off the island, but when Mike's family returned after the revolution Mike, if he pulled some sword out of a stone would be declared king, some even believed, after all the

Mr. Paul 36

James Napoli

story did sound familar. Paul could just turn to George, thinking about maybe using the prince story, George would

Never believe Paul as a faggot

"I'm trying to think of what you might say, but whatever you might say I'm trying to think of what you want me to say, George, but but whatever you want me to say, I really want to say the opposite. So I'll say what you want me to, but you'll know what it means, o.k?" Paul paused a second, did any of that make any sense to him?

"I really hate Mike. o.k.? I think he's allittle asshole and if I saw him right this second I would probably kick him right in the ass and send him home to his mommy crying." Paul got up and tossed the ball in Georges direction, not especially careful, he did'nt want

..... Yaw call, he said, he said it in a little
snotnose voice, and though he'd catch hell in school for leaving George just like that, you know the crap where the kids called him a flatleaver and all, Paul did it any wway just leaving.

Creep. Faggot. Sonof a bitch. Mother Fucker. George said none of these, instead he would have a great story to tell all the kids at lunch tomorrow, and he realised something.

Paul was a very neat boy and had cleaned his life out, it was out with the old and in with Mike.

Mr. Paul 37

James Napoli

It wasn't a nice whiteporch, and it hardly sparked memories of a past relationship, instead it was a four story walkup apartment building. about ten blocks which here was the equivalent to about ten miles from where Jay had been. And inside the little sixty five a month apartment you weren't likely to find endless awards and certificates, at least four to each wall, all nicely framed and polished daily, instead you would find alot of suitcases and boxes used for moving, and used frequently, well, the explanation would go, uh, my family feels it's good to keep moving, keep moving so that they didn't get tied down to one place forever the explanatioⁿ would go, the one Mike would give, but had anyone asked any question yet?

stop. stop right there, you asshole, that was the part
Paul told himself, the past was gone, so was that nice white porch, forever, and he pushed the button with Mike's last name on it.

Through a locked glass door Paul saw Mike descending a flight of stairs, two books in his right hand, the two stepped out of the buildings vestibule to the day.

"I've never seen your parents. What are they like?" Paul said, you couldn't let the silence creep in , if it did it would stay no stopping it, and pretty soon they each would consider the other rather boring, if he wasn't then why hadn't he said something, and they would separate. *on saying to the other before the other* could, how he slept late usually and how the other shouldn't waste his time waiting, 'If I'm not there tommorrow, why do'nt you just go on to school, o.k.', 'bye, see you later, maybe at lunch, but I may have to go to the library to study for a test, so, see you sometime.'

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James Napoli

"Like me, I guess. By now they're gone for work, or else I would introduce you. How about yours?"

Paul glanced away from Mike at that. clutched his books a little tighter, uneasily, my parents? he thought. Well, by now his father was up and gulping down coffee faster than my mother could make it, and as soon as his cup is empty without her rushing to refill it, my father will just have to remind her about last night, all the yelling and screaming from then the mother would recreate like she was doing it the first time, no, no he would say to her, that was no nightmare, he'd remind her also, that last night could be only a shadow of what was to come.

"They're o.k., I guess. Do'nt give me any trouble" Paul said, and

the father would say

Everyone inside, the eight-forty bell said, and said it quite rudly to the future scientists, and curers of fatal diseases that graced the halls of Ditmas Junior High School, we should be proud just to have them here, so let's try and make that bell sound more friendly, o.k., Mr. Principal?

Class Nine-Thirteen was a class for perhaps it's better to say, slower children, not as able to express themselves like the other kids, and coincidentally a large number of those kids suspended for fighting, and those who made it to school about twice a month were also in nine - thirteen Mike was in a class a few numbers lower, and basically faster, you could say.

Paul was sitting in the back, where he liked it, all alone back there the teacher rarely got around to calling on him. But this teacher always came in late, cause her fat ass could'nt move those chubby legs fast enough, or she took her time, those

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James Napoli

goddamn kids ai'nt gonna learn anything she taught anyway, so.

Paul
And what thought when she came in was that he did'nt know this womans name, had she ever said it to the class that first day of school? It was about two weeks into the first semester of the year, and it was just about the only time the principal could boast that all of his students were passing their classes, to his principal friends, but she had never said her name to the children, had she? This was one of those teachers that acted real tough, and all the kids had heard stories about her ,and you knew her name, or she expected you to cause she was so tough.

But when this teacher did finally come in there was a considerable amount of quieting to do all the kids had gotten to thinking she was absent and they all started talking about the new drug or something, and she did'nt quiet the kids by a ruler slapped across your hand, no, maybe a crack about your mother though, her hand, it always seemed, close to the knife in her handbag the husband had given her for Christmas, a gun was too expensive, and too unsure, they were curing people with gunshot wounds all the time now, with the new surgery and all, but a knife was nice and precise, there was no extra weight to carry around, weight something this woman would never desire.

It was quiet now, and Paul looked up at the woman, fearless and uniterested, and what he though was that he did'nt care what her name was anymore, not caring if he sat in back anymore, hell, he'd go right up there to the front row cause he did'nt care if he passed this course, cause after all, his father at certain times would see the 'F' he would get as an 'A', so maybe it was better not to get 'A's' cause his father might misunderstand, and

Mr. Paul 40

James Napoli

misunderstandings can bring about such messy incidents when dealing with someone such as Paul's father.

Here on the lunch line if not for a fight now and then, usually between two kids, each who thought he was ahead of the other on line, oh yeah, those Ditmas kids have some really great qualities, like ^{such} confidence in their beliefs they would back them up till Armageddon confidence to where they would risk suspension over a place in line, but if not for such disturbances Paul could have caught up on the sleep he missed nightly, due to parental disturbances.

And as Paul leaned against a wall the eyelids would just about close, then someone would nudge him to move so they could get their lunch, the principal escorted two young fellows from the cafeteria, each of the boys with a black eye, or some blood smeared across his face, 'it's okay boys', Paul saw the principal saying, 'it doesn't matter which one of you was first on the line, cause being first in line here just means you'll go faster to nowhere than all those behind you.'

Paul got his lunch, took a seat in the back of the cafeteria sitting at the end of the table, George eventually joined him, that Sunday so long ago seemed so far away, so far, it was so easy to forget, it never happened to someone who had forgotten it, and George would just be happy with the few minutes he got Paul alone until Mike came down ^{him} Mike who would graciously let you skip him in line, so it took an extra long time to join Paul, and by that time most of Pauls friends had left, this saved Pauls reputation and Mike the pain of sitting with them, listening to the low class chatter of the boys discussing such topics as some up and coming stocks on the market, the New York Times literary choices, and 'what the fuck was

Mr. Paul 41

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on the Yankees minds last night, huh?' So, though Paul never endorsed Mikes waiting an extra ten minutes for everyone to clear out. *it was to the mutual advantage of both that he did* As Mike approached Paul's table George, seeing the other boy coming rose from his seat as he finished a grand summary of a new motion picture, opening at local theaters and drive-ins soon, and as Mike arrived, though only hearing a few words, could quickly catch the gist of the film.

"And I mean nothing on at all, nothing, and then the guy takes this whip and..." Mike stood behind the boy, thinking George would sit when he finished, but George took his tray then.

"Here Mike, I was just leaving." George said with a plastic smile,

"Thanks" Mike said, and took the boys place, gladly. George was just about to give a goodbye to Paul and leave, but he paused a second, thought it over, then put his tray down on the table.

"So, Mike, are you coming with us Friday night?" he said, Mike a little surprised.

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, didn't Paul tell you? We're getting some good shit Friday night, gonna party till dawn. Want to come?" Mike had bitten into an apple, and between chewing said that unfortunately that night he was attending a lecture at Brooklyn college about Elizabethan poetry, but thanks anyway.

"No thanks." After that George looked around to some of the other kids populating the table, nodded, and bent closer to Mike,

"Hey you'll love it. You sure, it's great shit." there was some laughter around the table, and pretty soon some kids from other tables

MR. PAUL 42

James Napoli

came over to see what the hell all the laughing was about, and it was soon clear, very funny, and George was asking Duke if he shot smack but Paul waved his hand around and broke the crowd up swiftly, and all returned to their tables, now quiet.

"Do you want to come?" Paul said, when Mike said nothing as they walked home, silent that afternoon. "Is that it? Are you pissed off at me cause I didn't ask you to come? I really didn't think you'd be interested, Mike, since it was with them." They had met that day like well programmed robots, meeting at the usual place outside school, walking along, Paul not offering his account of the day, the world and the universe simply cause Mike

It was after three p.m. which meant the streets were flooded with the children, marching home, to do their homework, and scrub their faces before dinner, little kids crossing the street, so slow down to fifty five, okay?, drivers?

"I'm not pissed off at you. But do we have to eat with those assholes?"

"Which assholes do you want to eat with?" Mike just sighed at that.

"I'm serious now, there are nineteen hundred assholes in that school, take your pick. None are very different. None of them are better, a few are worse, though." It was a stupid answer but it was a dumb question and Paul should have just kept his answers down to simple yes and nos.

"We have white assholes, we have black ones, even chinese ones, tall and short..." a wide assortment of assholes to fit just about any occasion, Paul thought.

"How about", Mike thought, "stepping in front of this car coming

Mr. Paul 43

James Napoli

down the street right now', 'damn', the driver of that car thought as he swerved to hit the kids, 'missed again.', 'and eating with the assholes in hell?'

Paul's father had gotten drunk last night, (like evry night)? and had entered the house knocking over a lamp he and his wife had recieved as a wedding gift, recieving a scolding from the wife, as she tried and remeber who the lamp had come from, weddings, such fun, there was such hope at weddings, hope for the furure, and with some genorous relatives weddings were quite profitable too. Maybe the lamp came from old Uncle Eddie, he was a cranky old bastard, who, after twenty five years working in an auto factory had lost his hearing in his right ear. And, swear to God, at his wedding, when his wife had said 'I do', Eddie, sitting right there in the first row yelled up at the girl, 'What did you say? Speak a little louder.'

So now the lamp was gone, just like the toaster they had recieved from Aunt Sally, useless, after the husband had spilled a pot of coffee on it one morning after a night he could not remember.

But the lamp breaking, and the wifes scolding of the lamp killer had risen Paul from his own dreams, his own hope, and just another one of those nights to sit by the window, and 'Gee you're here early today' they said when Paul went to pick up his papers, Paul just glanced down at the gruesome headline on his stack of newspapers as the explanation about how he'd been up all night studying for a test was given.

You did'nt get an extra tip for being extra early, cause if you were too early by the time the customer got up someone had stolen the paper, they all said that, except for Mrs. Stein, she's

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James Napoli

always up early, her husband, dead three years now, snores so loud the neighbors do'nt sleep. Tuesdays she was up extra early, to go ^{grocery} shopping, Bill (her husband) would push the cart along as *she pointed to the items on the shelves she wanted, and he'd get them* for her, after shopping it was back to the continuous glare of the television, the volume extra loud, it told her only what she wanted to hear.

Paul went down to Mikes block to get ^{to} the old woman, and as he passed the building, Mike was there. There sitting on the front steps, 'Could'nt sleep either, huh Mike?' Paul thought he would open with, 'Your fathers like that too Mike?' Paul turned his bike around, rode around on the sidewalk stopping in front of the dirty little building with the unswept sidewalks in winter, with the snow just left before him, it was one of those nights that you could'nt get back to sleep when you woke up when your father came in from the six to midnight job he worked just to keep them eating.

"You're always coming down this street, are'nt you? If I'm up and it's not after six thirty, I'll sit by the window and watch you come by." Mike said just as Paul sat beside him on the steps.

"I guess I came down today to talk to you." he said.

"Mike, I do'nt know what you want me to tell you. You want to hear that after a while you'll make friends, you'll just get so you love it here? *you know that's bullshit Nobody's here cause they want to be. I don't* know, I... I do'nt think too many of those kids like you Mike, and, I do'nt know, I have some really crazy thoughts sometimes..."

"Like what?"

"Like I do'nt think you belong here. It's like, someone screwed up, you know what I mean? Like everybody has a place in the world, but someone

Mr. Paul 45

James Napoli

screwed up when they put you here, and maybe there's a kid, more like me, somewhere, the place where you're supposed to be. Someplace nice, probably. But you're here." Paul said, Mike just staring along, quite sure it was all the truth, expecting maybe, an arm from the sky to lift him up, and set him down to where he belonged, really belonged.

"And I do'nt know, do'nt know what you want from me, Mike."

"I guess it would be a lot easier if you were more like me."

"I would be easier." Paul said, and it was very late, and that was all he thought of this uncomfortable scene, it was getting later as they both sat there thinking of what to say next, and pretty soon the screaming from a little old woman, yelling for her paper, late for her to go shopping, got to be so loud you could hear it a block away.

It was sixth grade, that last year of elementary school for most kids, and where you were bigger and stronger and smarter than all the other kids, or so the illusion went, and it was just after Mikes second move in two years, and Mike would just be quiet and hope he lasted the whole year here, while all the other sixth graders were dragging their asses in front of the third and fourth grade kids, but especially in front of those in fifth grade, a year had separated them from a position in sixth grade, so they just had to be made to feel inferior, cause they weren't going to junior high next year, and after all, the sixth graders of last year had done it to them.

And they would ask new kids where they had come from, and all Mikes hopes to remain inconspicuous were destroyed as a group of kids gathered around him one day in the lunchroom and fired their

Mr. Paul 46

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questions at him. 'Where did you come from before you came here?' was obviously a favorite, because a few kids would ask him it again and again, Mike, like a good politician would ignore it, just answering one or the other kids questions, yes he was twelve, unmarried, and interested, see you later cutie, winking at a little bundle of blonde hair and rosy cheeks, pretty soon all the kids were asking him where he was from, cause he didn't answer the first twenty times, and so, Mike, being a little young years ago just succumbed to their questioning and said, 'Hi, I'm Mike. And I'm from East Fourth Street... and Rugby Road... and twelve avenue.' And then he explained how he'd been at each of those places at least a full six months, sometimes even longer, yeah, but before those three places he could not remember too well, and they even gave Mike a name, they called him the can't stay kid, cause they learned from Mike's generous explanations, that he was so poor he couldn't stay too long in one place before his father lost his job, cause he was so stupid, that the only job he could get would make where they were living too expensive.

Things weren't quite that bad, Mike's mother could usually get a job, running the cash register at the local pharmacy, or sewing labels into dresses, for about ninety cents an hour, but it was the man's responsibility to feed his family, right? Great to retain your pride when such philosophy gave Mike many one meal days, and that wasn't a three course meal.

Mike's father was straight from the days of high school football, those great years of youth, nothing to do but get those touchdowns, but Mike's father was motivated to do so for only two things, first, as long as you're getting those touchdowns, no teacher in the school would fail you, even without that stupid history paper on

Mr. Paul 47

James Napoli

the first settlers of America, and, the football hero was usually the one most likely to get fucked first, and Mike's father. not willing to break this tradition, spent one night with Mike's future mother, and his future wife, right on the forty yard line, where Mike was conceived.

And quitting school and getting a job so he could get married was the honorable thing to do, right? And, after all, eighteen was coming up, and Mike would be a great excuse to give the army, 'See, Mr.Sam, I gotta take care of this kid. Mike's his name, Mr. Sam, Mike.'

And there was Mike, the can't stay kid, and even that story that gave him his name happened one year, and one move ago.

MR. Paul 48
James Napoli

Paul strode along in the street, Mike at one side. George *at the other, it was three o'clock at Pitman Junior High* school, when no car dared roam the streets, cause youth was the future, but us adults will be dead in the future, right, so what the hell?, *Run the Kids over.*

And there the three were, Paul in the middle, Mike ~~him~~ was the usual, silent, one of Paul's friends being present it was time for the quiet act, he was now hardly noticeable, not that George would, talking with Paul about this new batch of really fine stuff just in, straight from Colombia, where they work night and day, at their work.

he'd yell at Paul, and the huge figure came closer, and got huger as he approached them, and it was Craig, George mumbled 'Shit' before ~~f~~ the boy could hear, for Craig was, in the decision of all the kids, an asshole. But great at football, and in baseball, though no umpire would call him out there, was no need to intimidate, cause when Craig was up at bat a ball was about to be lost, 'and right out of the fucken sky, I was taking out ~~x~~ the trash, and this ball screamed out of the sky and came right down here.' Now, first of all he was sent off without any dinner for cursing, second he was grounded for lying to cover up breaking the window *and third his mother paused a second for something* outrageous to come to mind, better yet she would save it, to spoil something in the future, she would point to this and just say how he had it coming, that's it.

Mr. Paul 49

James Napoli

But if the threat of Craig pounding you a few times didn't keep you from voicing your opinions concerning Craig around him. then *the threat of not having Craig on your team in any* sport would, so Craig was an asshole, but that was never an admitted fact..

Craig took Paul away from George and Mike and mumbled something at him, something Mike took no interest in, and something George leaned toward the two to hear, while Mike took a step away from the three, and that makes a crowd, Craig told George, seeing him approaching, waving him away with a fist, maybe Mike could slip away from Paul's little group, and run down a street, so by the time he was noticed missing he would be just that, and he had just gotten separated *he and a friend of* his, and he walked home with him? How about the friend owed him money, and Mike went to collect?

Paul had been giving Craig nods, and one word answers, not interested with Craig, did Paul hear his mother calling him? "Hey Craig, do you know Mike hear?" Paul said, as Craig was about to tell about the time he had gotten five runs in a game, and with a glance toward Mike, he dismissed the boy as a stranger.

"You never heard about Mike? Well, he's the strongest kid in our school without a doubt." Another glance made Paul a liar, and Craig said so.

"Bullshit? What *do you mean he's a black belt in karate* right George? Maybe there's a nigger or two that would dance around so fast Mike couldn't take him, but the rest, well Mike's the strongest, for sure. Right George?" George gave a good 'oh yeah', and Paul an innocent look, after all, Craig had dropped out of school when he was thirteen, by just walking out the door, and beating up the truant

Mr. Paul 50

James Napoli

officer, and destroying his parents only hopes for Craig, for a college scholarship, then eventually Craig in the NFL, and Mr. Craig with tickets right on the forty yard line every Sunday of the season, that was his Craig down there, the one pounding that puny quarterback, but this time doing it for one million a year.

"Well I still say bullshit." Craig said, and George explained how it was all quite true, while Paul told Mike to go up to Craig and just stand in front of him, and then say, 'Want me to prove it?' Mike, complaining as he was pushed toward Craig stopped the boy as they reached a corner, and Mike just stood there, tough look on his face, he had forgotten his line, so he just stood there, and boy, this sure will make great conversation at lunch tomorrow.

Craig just stepped there and went to George. "Come on, George, let's go." he said, and George giggling went with GCraig down another street.

"You know", Mike said, "Tommy would kill me real cheap, and it would be alot easier that way."

"Oh, come on. We were just having fun." the two started walking again "An asshole like Craig would'nt touch you. You know, if he ever sees you on a street he'll probably avoid you."

"Or kick my ass. I really need every body thinking I'm Superman." And now, for your viewing pleasure Mike will lift this car, with the worlds ~~fastest~~ man in the drivers seat. above his dick, for sure maybe above his head! Yeah, rumors could be very harmful, like with the girl with the big tits, the rumor always was she would do it with every boy that went out with her, and look what happened to her, she was getting two hundred a night for those dates now, one hundred each tit, bad example, I suppose.

Mr. Paul 51

James Napoli

"Well thats how you get respect around here. You want respect, you do'nt have to be strong, just got to make them think you are."

"I guess you would know. Do you have respect?"

"From some kids I do, some, not."

"I guess me hanging around you does'nt get you a whole lot of respect, does it?"

"I do'nt remember complaining about that." they reached a corner where they always parted, and stood a moment, the usual words did not suffice now.

"Well, you're the expert on respect. Just nothing where I might have to prove myself, o.k. ?"

empire." Paul smiled.

Mike started one way, and turned around. "Good night to you, Mr.Paul."

Mr. Paul 53

James Napoli

He was a shaky driver, and it was a shaky night ~~it was happening for the first time now that morning, the last~~ one, he would never get up, hungover again, cause he had slipped, very slippery, too bad you slipped, you lost, you die.

Always it left him standing by the fire, closer than possible, Paul Napoli performs death defying acts, blow out the fire on the car with just one breath, and now Paul's fathers slippery hands were tightening around his neck as he liy there on the velvety blue couch, the couch was really a coffin, the lid hidden until it was required. "Now I have you" a hellish voice would scream, and the lid would slam shut, time to die.

couch, and 'that boys on drugs', the disgusted, but concerned parents says when they were in the shopping mall, and saw that boy laying on the couch in the department store window, pulling his hairs from his head and splicing them with a switchblade.

Then a figure standing at the doorway

Then there was some moving, something human, not a rat or a mouse, no they came for dinner, so too early for them, come hop in the pot, mousie.

Then a figure standing at the doorway, Paul saw the ~~mother of that Puerto Rican family living two doors down~~ 'Rise and Shine', 'rise and shine', looking for any of her twelve children, 'Did any come in here?' she said. 'Breads in the toaster, so come and get it, kids!', 'whats that boy doin' sitting in the store window mommy?' Oh, what does this mother think, seein Paul, she would just have to keep her twelve kids away from the strango on the couch,

Mr. Paul 54

James Napoli

except maybe for little Elmo; he always was a pain in the ass, and this strango was just like her first husband, always *stealin' the kids food & money every Monday, Wednesday and Friday to get* his fix, found him dead in an alley in three separate garbage cans, yeah, keep the kids away, and what else is new, what else is wrong with this picture?

But Mike was really there, at the doorway, though no door there for years now, guess then it's just a way, right? Paul sat up, head in his hands.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Who said I knew you would be here? Just came here. All the kids play in here, cops will board the place up, kids tear down... I

that's why I stuck close to ya

"Yeah... kids do come in here, have to fix that." A little paint, some nice shades, who knows?

"Why is that?"

"Do'nt no one else coming in here, not if i'm gonna live here."

"You ca'nt just live here, Paul". But what solution could Mike offer? Could'nt bring home and hide him there. Or say, 'his folks are out of town for a while, and his names Paul, no, not the Paul you're thinking of, another one, yeah, and he does'nt even like rock music, can I keep him, huh, can I'

"Mike, they are dead, aren't they?"

"Course they are. Nothing left." Mike said

"Yeah, they are."

"Yeah, they are."

Mr. Paul 55

James Napoli

During the first week of Paul's separation from all elder's, and his admission to an independent life, all seemed to be unchanged. He went to school, delivered his papers, and was with Mike as he pleased, though there was no more nights of Shaky thought, like, 'Maybe he'll go completely crazy this time, and just kill us, mom and me, out of the way.'

But something, someone, was missing, it was discovered several days after the accident, that all were not accounted for, and 'What the fuck do you mean, you can't find him, officer Riley, where would the goddamn kid go to?' But there was one certain place they knew not to look, yeah, 'He's not at Mike's house, for sure, sir, no chance, not at Mike's house.'

But he was still going to school, the attendance chart showed Paul present in all his classes, all that week, except for Math and Science, those always were his hard ones, and both teachers were real bitches, anyway, and Paul now, was slowly realising his parents were dead, he thought he'd start off by thinking, 'Well, Mom and Dad won't be fighting much anymore.', and then he worked to the inevitable, that had concluded Saturday night in a fit of shaky ^{car} driving, a burning, and two corpses, found inside, embracing one another as they entered hell.

And a cop came to one Paul's classes one day, (not Math or Science, they had given the attendance chart to the detectives and were able to see a pattern.) but the class with Mrs. or Ms. what's-her-face, and Paul sitting in the back was slightly amused when the entering cop said her name, write that down, Paul thought.

He said the name Paul and she pointed, and the cop stared, and

Mr. Paul56

James Napoli

they both smiled, heads ducked behind desks as they stared toward Paul, 'This is Paul Napoli? Number One-Seven-Five-Zero-Five Zero-Zero? out in the hall right now Yang may we'll settle this right now. You better stay here Riley, I may have to use the thumb screws on this one.'

Paul gathered up his books as ordered, oh, he was definitely a cop, no visible uniform, but he was spotted as a cop the second he came in, a martian from outer space. And the little goddamn kids welcomed the space creature into the house, and, 'tell us about your planet, spaceman, uh, what's that? What's my baby brother little Ricky doing with that lead pipe raised over your head? Why noth- crash! Quick! Get the raygun!'

"Car crash? What do you mean car crash? Why, I was at a party one of my friends gave! He's right in the class, I'll get him... Well, they're home, of course. Father's still out of work, six months, it is, now, but he's at home, maybe drinking too much, but alive! ...Well, I'm just going to lunch, that's where. Did'nt you hear the bell?... "

".....Car Crash?.....What Car Crash?....."

Run.

Mr. Paul 57

James Napoli

Mike had come at about four, cause Paul had ordered a pizza, Paul had taken the day off from school. He had a cold, he told Mike faking a few achoos, when he called Mike from the corner phone, last night, would'nt be in to school tomorrow, walk home with George, and get some pizza, it was real dangerous to go out side with a cold in this freezing spring weather.

"A cop came to my class today." Mike said as Paul opened a can of coke. They were sitting at a little coffe table Paul had dragged in from another room, and when Paul heard Mike he placed the can on the table and said how he'd forgotten to give Mike money for his half of the pizza, here you go, an extra fifty cents all for you cause you're a good kid Mike, really.

"What made a cop coming to my class unusual was that he asked to see me." Yeah, cops would always come into classes nowadays. They would unroll a long list of names, yeah the cop would just say, 'I want Johnny, Charlie, Frankie, Chuckie, and how about little Ricky, too? He's bound for trouble sooner or later, so why do'nt I save time and take him now?' and he had them, off to reform school with you all.

"It seemes your friends told him how Mike and Paul are real close. Just find Paul and Mikes not far away. And vice-versa, of course. And, of course, the cop wanted to know where you were.

"What did you tell him?"

"Jesus Christ! What do you think I told him? What do you really think?" Paul looked awa from Mike. "I think I would have to look outside for a cop car to tell you that. Are they waiting."?

"No matter what you think, Paul, the whole fucken world is not

Mr. Paul 58

James Napoli

against you. Your parents are cause they went and got killed, right?"

"Maybe." Mike even got a laugh at that one.

"Did you want them to stick around a while longer so your father could get drunk and kick your ass each night?" There Paul got a little defensive, those screams, that were heard coming from Paul's house each night was just his father watching those horror films on t.v., he was out of work, you know, six months it was getting close to, and why, ^{just} he went out each night, maybe he drank a little too much, he'd come home, kiss the wife, ^{ask} 'What's for dinner?' politely, maybe toss around the ball with his boy a bit, and where is the lad? Oh Paulie! Dad's home, son.

"Paul, you're not a criminal, you didn't do anything."

"Turn myself in? Is that what you're saying?"

"Yes. You didn't do anything, it was an accident."

"Allright. I give myself in. And then what?"

"What? You can go to school again? Then what?"

"Then I leave."

"Maybe you would leave. So what?"

"No. Then I leave. No maybe's." Yeah, what did Mike think? That it would be detrimental to his health if he left an environment like this too quickly, so they would find him parents in a slum? No sir, Paul was gone. cause *they'd never do that and where would they find parents* for Paul here? They knew not even to ask at Mike's house.

"So, then you leave." Mike said calmly, bye Paul, nice knowing you, call me, we'll do dinner some time, so long!

"So then, you die, that's what." Paul said, bye Mike, nice knowing you, see you in about fifty, sixty years, we'll get together, o.k.?

Mr. Paul 59

James Napoli

But, maybe Paul thought, it might be nice to get away, get some good parents, flunk out of school in some nice, quiet suburb. After all, Paul had raised Mike from when he was this high, and it was just like a son driving the car for the first time alone. 'Here are the keys, registration's in the glove compartment, and the pot stores two blocks down, have a nice time, son.'

But where was Paul some dark, cold night when the phone rang, Mike was calling from the police station, and, 'Well, dad, we were drag racing, and I'm sorry, the bails fifty dollars, better come quick, and, oh, I broke the car key in the door, so bring your spare copy, allright?, and bring the bail, but watch out for that officer Riley, he's an animal, bye, good night, Oh, I'm so ashamed!, no car for two weeks, the parents only form of revenge upon the gone wrong child, other than taking a belt, and saving the family name from shame by redding the boys ass.

And Mike, here again in Paul's lonely domain, sat underneath the boy, Paul deciding to stay, cause they would never have the parents right to fit Paul, unless, maybe, Annie was in the bathtub one night and the radio fell in, when they found her the hair was charcoal black, and, it seemed, to be standing on end, and only if after that 'Daddy' wanted another kid, maybe a boy this time, a boy would look better with the dog, after all, it is man's best friend...

Mr. Paul 60
James Napoli

It was wet and icy after a late winter snow,
last night. And unusual. Usually, for New York this
the end of December, "...White Christmas, like I used to know, all the
goddamn kids, hanging out on the street, smoking dope, they have no
place to go...", and all through January, tapering off in mid February,
with harsh, seasonal winds, and as our satellite reports indicate, lows
in the thirties, and a winter storm watch is in effect, so, all of our
viewers driving, do'nt forget, you'll need chains, and, snow tires.

And, if we all survived, the scorching days of summer
were not far off, with the mother who wished she could sell her kids to
the gypsies not far off either, yelling, "Johnny?! Now, get your brothers
head out of the toilet bowl. Je-sus Christ! Next year, you're both
going to summer camp for sure!" But, remember, that's only if by then,
they have'nt committed some petty crime and are'nt in the reformatory,
Mrs. Johnny's mother, give her a big hand, folks.

But, in the courtroom, it seemed sufficiently hot already,
for Mike, who found himself wiping drops of sweat from his forehead,
as the audience wore their gloves, the judge yelling at the baliff ,
'Riley! Call the governor and see if we can throw another log on the
fire, o.k.?'. But, for Mike, it seemed as if a bright spotlight
had fallen over him, as well as a taunting male voice, repeating,
With no end. Why'd you do it? Why'd you do it?

And the little lawyer stepped foward once again, so nervous, he
kept pacing in front of Mike, Mike musing, 'Got to win this case! If
not, my car goes back. And, shit! My kid needs braces this month!'
were among his thoughts, but a nervous man could never hide himself,
and this man was no actor.

Mr. Paul 61

James Napoli

"Would you please state your correct name for the record?"

"*Michael Napoli " you asshole,*

so you can go home and study it some more?

"And now, would you please state your correct name?"

"Michael Napoli."

"Now, your honor, before this trial begins, I would like to ask that a name be established for the defendant."

"My name is Michael- " Mike said, cut off, like he could say no more. "The state Department of Records has no birth certificate on file for a Michael Napoli, son of and Napoli. The Board of Education has no school records for a Michael Napoli.

correct that your name is, in fact, that your
name is Michael Montag, son of and Montag?"

"I do'nt give a shit what records say. Records can be lost, or misfiled, my name is Michael Napoli, and the truth is, though you seem to want these two people to have a kid, me, maybe they ca'nt naturally or something, my parents died two years ago in a car crash, that nearly took me and Paul too, and theres no goddamn way you can prove otherwise." Mike looked down to his fingers, the tips burned off neatly, it seemed, the lawyer had been, all along arguing with the judge, now he stood there ready to answer.X

I'll remind you as well, that you are in a court of law
and under penalty of perjury if lying while under oath." A short pause, to catch his breath. "Now, is it not true, that your name is Michael Montag, and that you intentionally burned off your fingerprints, and

Mr. Paul 62

James Napoli

is it not a lie that your hand was injured in a fire?
Is that not the truth?"

Mike sat back in his chair, a scared little rabbit, the hunter surrounded him.

"I- I do'nt know what you're talking about." slowly, gaining no confidence throughout. "My name is Montag, always has been." The lawyer sighed. "It was almost perfect, Mike No fingerprints, and you are suddenly no one, except who you want to be. But what you forgot, what you left out, was about a thousand photographs, of you standing in between your mom and pop, at the beach, at Coney Island, wherever."

"I do'nt know what you mean. That was a five year old kid with his parents. And could be any five year old kid with his parents." Mean, recently Mike's life had hardly been anything to take a few polaroids of. And any recent photos that might have been taken, were suddenly, the parents found, among many small, and inconsequential items lost while moving every five or seven times in just a few years.

And as for the accident I do'nt know what you mean. It was an accident, we were sleeping over at a friends house, and I smelled fire, and I jumped up, I did'nt think of Paul, sleeping in the next room, I just jumped to the door, open the door, and the fire was right on the other side, and my hands screamed in pain, my hands were crying out, not me, and I fell, and the next thing I remember was Paul, and he *was looking down my boy, and gave me a hand,* to get up, we were outside, and a few blocks away, he had carried me, before any fire people arrived." Mike lay back in his seat, Mrs. Montag started to cry none 'As the World Turns ' for her today, none, this would do just fine, see ya made mom cry!, see ya made mom cry!, no t.v. anymore for you.

Mr. Paul 63

James Napoli

George pulled the little stick back lightly, his foot coming down on the gas pedal a little harder, he noticed his sweaty hands, maybe, it wasn't a coincidence that that black Cadillac there behind him, for about half a mile now, George searched his memory, had he busted anyone recently crazy enough to come back and slash the arresting officers throat? But, it was probably just a knockout of a blond following him, he saw her with his tongue hanging out, when he stopped the car cause it had been back there for three miles now, then the blond suggesting that she wanted to have his, baby, this happened to him often, and, damn he was on duty now, after all he was - SuperCop!, sorry, blondie, it's up, up and in and out ~~George thought~~ *George thought in a nearby hotel twenty* minutes later, cause this blond was a job for SuperCop!

Now the car was chugging along a little faster, she sure was beautiful, ten years old, maybe, but going strong, this car would go forever, George would die, maybe before his gold watch for thirty years of dedicated service came, but he would die, and his friends would toss his body in the trunk and take him to the funeral, they would have to bury him in the car, cause George never did leave a will, but she would always say, "The only way that car will make it to next week is if you die tomorrow."

It was the car or her, clearly a case of the car or her, and so, on Georges forty fifth birthday he announced to all concerned that he'd be living the simple life from now on, get up come home, a stale frozen dinner and off to the bed.

With George, it was clear that happiness for him would only come when all the hippies and muggers and commies were

Mr. Paul 64

James Napoli

wiped from the face of the earth, it was really simple, just take the National Guard armed with machine guns, stir them in with the scum on the streets, pull the trigger, and there you have the recipe for urban renewal, but George was not the kind to stay on a case, working late nights, cause even if he did make a bust one night no lawyer or judge would get off their asses till nine a.m. to try the scum, and after all, that typing the arrest form could be murder that time of the night, so, even if there was a commie to be caught George would go on home at five p.m. to an empty house.

Here the place was, with the two cop cars right out in front there, this was the murder he had assigned himself to before lunch, and one of the bright red lights on top was flashing round and round, and there was something George would never have, he thought as he pulled into a space across the street, a cop car just was'nt what he was, a cop car just was'nt what cops were, not so special they needed their own cars, and the uniform was'nt George either, he thought as he glanced down at his grey suit, worn for two days in a row by George, smelly, but as good as new.

Some who knew George thought his problem was that he did'nt have a partner, like most cops, no one to tell his problems to, that was simply because George was'nt a beat cop, he was that rare breed of feared police, known as -the desk cop, who would fill out the endless forms required for each case that were rarely looked at, and George still, after thirty years of dedicated service, still could'nt type thirty words a minute, but that was never put in his contract, just like the way they did'nt force the regular cops to solve every case.

Mr. Paul 65

James Napoli

There were no thirsty reporters waiting outside the building, waiting for that scoop that would scoop them the Pulitzer. and please don't say thirsty to an *united man, George* barked at his thoughts, actually, he was supposed to be at lunch right now, but they bitched that he should get over there before they took the body away, and when George saw the address he thought about this nice Italian place right near by, you can wait down there, ca'nt you guys? he had said to his stomach, but the drive here had taken so long, but the reason no reporters had shown up was that if there was'nt a witness to interview, or a killer to question (Why'd you do it?, Why'd you do it?) what could the papers do, show pictures of the victim?, have the ambulance man hold the corpse up *for* the blood and guts seeping from the little cut where the deceased had slipped and cut himself while shaving?, and ca'nt you give me a nice little smile for the papers, Mr. Ambulance driver?

The engine died a second later, no, not permantly, but it prepared George for the worst, by shaking and rumbling, along with Georges tummy, visions of pasta ,and, maybe, one or three good beers floating in his head.

The gun in George's holster on his belt, stuck out from his suit like a permanent growth, George cursed the thing, a goddamn nuisance. *everytime he sat or tried to sit it was just contributing* to an already overcrowded planet, and , 'Stop!' the man on t.v. news said, 'Stop having children, or else the planet will become over crowded and food and shelter will become scarce! So! Stop having children, to avoid losing the life of a loved one or thyself, oh my god!, to keep your land safe, and stop having children to avoid

Mr. Paul 66

James Napoli

paying the bail when the goddamn kids get hauled off to the police station for shoplifting, or any endless number of *petty crimes committed by kids.*

And there, now, there was an open front door, that lead to a long narrow hall, just a stairway along the wall to the right, everywhere else were doors, if he chose the right one, that gorgeous blond from the car back there would spring out, but, remember Georgie, you're playing for the toaster and the color t.v., and you're at the female judges mercy, ain't divorce court fun? *His* lawyer had turned his way and said, and, by the way, Georgie, what's it feel like to be forty five?, it's all downhill from here, huh?

"Can I help you?" a cop said, coming down the stairs.

hands from his pocket slowly next time or
your head comes off, asshole.

"Yes, I'm sergeant-". he started.

"Oh, sergeant , they told me you were coming. Sorry I didn't recognise you, have'nt seen you much around the station."

"That's okay. What's the situation?"

The cop started up the stairs, naturally a little slower for Georgie, just the thought of a blond like that taxed a heart as aged as his, and 'You look like you've been through hell with that baby, sit yourself down and have a Macho beer. Yes, Macho is the beer for me, whether *I've just been through a rough shootout or if I* just came home to the little woman for some lunch, o, lunch.'

"Wbung woman, Renee Taylor, 25, no family, arrested three times for solicitation. Obviously a client got angry."

"I heard there was another case just like this?"..." George said.

Mr. Paul 67

James Napoli

"Yes sir, same basic thing, another whore. And that's why I expected sergeant Mackie, he was at the other one..."

"He was out at the time. I suppose a witness to this mess would be too much to ask for." George said.

"We may have one," the officer said, "a neighbor, from across the hall. Said he heard a scream, and a struggle, maybe."

"Did you question him?"

"Only generally. ~~We~~ waited for you to come."

"Where is he now?", that's right, George thought, let us real cops take care of questioning the witnesses," a can of beer stuck in his right hand, 'Officer Riley, get my whip please and bring it to the interrogation room..., and, some more Macho beer.'

"Upstairs, at the apartment, waiting with officer Riley." this cop always seemed to be looking at his little pad for every question, Harry saw himself like that when he was senile, and couldn't remember, 'Now, let's see, you want to know my wife's name, well, let me see, that's Harriet, here it is, it's Harriet...uh, was Harriet.'

They came upon the apartment, this was a nice place, Harry thought, in a quiet and pretty section of the Heights, a nice, little Italian place just a block, or maybe two, away, and oh, how tacky of this whore to entertain at home, really.

Officer Riley was out in front of the door, (Riley, Sergeant , Sergeant , officer Riley), and so was the witness Harry Mandel, (Sergeant , Harry Mandel, Harry Mandel, Sergeant), just trying to start a conversation with Riley, 'No can't have no conversation while I'm on duty, sorry,' and, 'You know,' Harry had said, 'the building looked real secure from the outside,

Mr. Paul 68

James Napoli

never any trouble like this before, and how about those condos, they look nice, huh, a little steep, but for protection they ca'nt be beat, 'right, 'and where do you live, officer?'

"Is this Mr. Mandel?" George said, put the badge away again, badge meet pocket, pocket, badge.

"Yes, sir. "

"Why do'nt we talk, Mr. Mandel."

"Uh, would you like to see the girl, sir?" Riley said, leaning close.

"Yeah, alright, le'ts get the horror show over with."

George thought as they entered the apartment that he liked shooting deaths the best, they were the cleanest he had seen, once in the chest and you're gone, but with a knife the murder scene was always labeled clearly, 'For Macho beer drinkers only.'

There was a long white coffee table, a long blue couch, a bottle of wine on the table, open, two glasses nearby, and a television in a corner, no blood, looked like a shooting murder from this room, a Bang! Bang! murder, like from the old movies, but there was only one more door, to the left, Riley opened it, and of course the superior officer went first, in you go, George, a bed, the bed, against the wall, it sat so the moment you opened the door you caught full view of it, and the pearly white sheets were stained with the stuff that the maid would always come running out of the room because of, Ms. Taylor on the bed, stuck in the middle, and it seems the cut he made started right above the belly button, she had an inny, by the way, and stopped below the heart, and Bang! Bang! murder meet

Mr. Paul 69

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blood and guts, and what kind of a fucken animal would do this? murder, play nice now, guys. And now George was *where the fire was, had been, back when he was born and Daddy was* smoking in bed, not good, and that night when his dreams of revenge upon that mean, rat fink, son of a bitch Billy Landers were interrupted get out, get out, forget about saving your matchbox cars Georgie, get the hell out!, and later on, after the firepeoples came, Georges room was untouched by that bad red stuff, Georgie get the fuck out of the house already, matchbox cars all safe, even the ones with the doors that opened, like this, see?, then, into the parents room he went mommy weeping silently, daddy had had the room painted for mommy, my what a nice shade of black, daddy, they sure did a rush job, I didn't

"Mr. Mandel? I'm sergeant . Hi, um, why do'nt we go down here?" The ambulance had come while George had been mulling over that last little scene, his mind returned to the present and, just like opening the door before, he was thrust into the death of this girl.

"Did you know Ms. Taylor?"

"What do you mean?" Mandel started, "like as a friend, or something?"

"Well, anyway really. "

"I knew her from the halls, and the elevator and stuff. We waved at *each other, said hello to my wife, too. But we had a pretty good idea* of what she did. We kept our distance."

"Why do that?" Jesus Christ, George. You should know better than that. You would have done the same, maybe flash the badge at her, give her the do'nt do your business around here you dumb whore, that's all.

Mr. Paul 70

James Napoli

"Listen, I told them all I saw. I got a wife, and a kid, and a girl like that could have had...friends. She was a nice, quiet girl, never gave me any trouble. I kept my distance." George would have kept his distance more for his own protection, than his wives, (take my ex-wife, please).

"Well, you want to know what I got? I got a very ugly corpse in there that, believe me, you do'nt want to see. And I got another one, that is just like it, and, believe me, I'll sleep better tonight because I did'nt have to see that one. Two girls, know what that means? Do you? Means I have a phycho on my hands, asshole. And he is the worst kind of killer, cause he does'nt kill for any real reason, he just keeps killing. Who knows? Next time it just might be your wife or

back. Yeah, maybe you better just pack yourwife and kid and keep your ass, and your distance away from this building. Maybe I'll just give the word to the cops that patrol around here to keep their distance, to keep the fuck away from this building, if they do'nt want to get their ass cut up. Yeah, all cops stay away from here! You see, even us cops run wawy." And, 'Riley! Get your ass over here and put this apple on your head, and I'll shoot it right off, and, where the hell did Riley go? What do you mean, which was I going to shoot off?, The apple or his head?'

Mr. Paul 71

James Napoli

Paul, he'd be in late tonight no doubt, what with no one watching his hours, he probably just told himself to take his time, enjoy himself, need some money?, heres a five, do'nt bother to bring change, see you later, so Mike felt fine, just fine, sure you feel okay, Mike?, just lying here, in Paul's house.

They had said: 'Mike, come here, your mother and I want to talk to you.'

They had said: 'Hows school? Doing good, right? Making any new friends? How about a kid, a kid named Paul, ever heard of him, did you ever see him, did you ever spend any time with him, well, do'nt just stand there, answer us, so you did, well stay away from we'll tell you that right now. *keep away. do'nt ask why we're allowed* to do these things, just stay away, do you hear, do you understand, or else, you hear, just stay the fuck away, or else, understand?'

But Mike was pleading, Paul was his only friend, and does'nt Da- Da understand, that without Paul. Mike was dead, Paul had said that himself, cause the other kids no like Mike, without Paul to stop, they kill Mike, and, 'Christ,' Jay had said, yes Christ, he was mad, 'Wo'nt you let me choose my own friends?' Jay had said, and boy, were Jay's parents sorry when they no let Jay see Paul, Jay chase parents around the house with big knife, parents no let Jay kill himself.

'Just stay away, just keep your distance from him, that's all', they said, and Harry had kept his distance, and then all the hookers died, 'Do you understand? Good.', Mikes father was really a kind man, he always knew what was right, and just when to break and go for the touchdown.

Mr. Paul 72

James Napoli

'And look at what one will find, cruising through old, abandoned apartment buildings at night!' Mike thought, he saw an old derelict saying, and, 'See my pretty razor, have you any money, little boy, *watch my pretty razor, watch your pretty blood* . . . heard, "What the hell you doing here now?" from Paul, with love, of course. He dropped a brown paper bag onto the table, Mike sat up on the couch, Paul feeling a little violated, how many times have you been here without me, Mike, he did hope he had'nt interrupted Mike, Paul guessed this meant he could just drop over at Mikes house anytime, 'Its okay, Mr. and Mrs Montag, I'll just wait till Mike gets home in his room, mind if I turn the stereo up real loud, that's the way I like it, I bet Mike does it that way all the time, right? Any leftovers from dinner, anything really, is fine.'

Paul sat down at the couch and *paused some pot* from a bag onto the table, Mike moved, not further away, to the other side of the couch, but got up and walked around, 'Do feel free to just go through any of my things' Paul thought he would suggest, taking some rolling paper from his pocket, no reason to start a war this late, let the soldiers sleep- but only in their own beds.

"You know, Paul, he's a disease, infects your mind, feeds it drugs, fills it with crazy thoughts. Cause, you see, Paul was in this car accident, where he hit his head, and it fucked it all up, his head that is, and the doctors just could'nt unfuck it up."

Mike said, the dim light of the candle on the table

Pauls face as he licked his joints closed and lay them on the table.

"I've heard that one. And a few others." Paul said, pausing in his work. "I guess your parents have had a little talk with you. You see, parents do'nt like me too much, cause you see, I do'nt have what they are, even though I doubt your folks would like

Mr. Paul 73

James Napoli

for you to associate with too many of the kids around here, at least, you see, the thing with their parents is *that one day, their parents just might sober up* to school, ai'nt likely, but there's at least a chance they'll get some guidance some day, but not me, I'm like this for good. Want one?" Paul held out a joint, generous, from his back to yours Paul, drop in any time, Mike. And Mike took it, struck a match, and for a second both faces were visible.

"I do'nt know" Mike said, "Could they be right, and how could they be right , are my only questions. I think I know you pretty well, Paul, but do I know everything?"

"I think the question is, do you want to know everything?"

... that would make my father, who's rarely raised his voice to me, and never raised his hand, yell and scream and nearly kick my ass?" Mike said, inhaled, and backed up a little bit, nearer the wall.

"I do'nt know. I can only tell you that they fear me, that's right, and why they fear me. You see, it's cause I do'nt have no tradition coming down to me from my parents. The only thing my father lived long enough to give me, was his being a drunk, which ai'nt exactly a desirable life, but your father, he can give you a tradition of poverty you see.

And I'll tell you why, it's not that he wants to see you fail, it's

just it's just that he's getting even, Mike.

who gave your pop the same tradition of poverty, and to get even, he just passes it down to you. And when you're old enough, you'll go and get a job where you'll stay your whole life, and you'll get a wife, and have a family. And when you're thirty or forty you'll look at your

Mr. Paul 74

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miserable little life and say, 'Hey was it worth it?', was it worth it? And you'll look around you, you want to inflict some pain this time. and you'll look down at your little son. who's greatest worries lay in not hitting a home run when he's up at bat, and, "Jesus Christ, daddy, this new math is impossible!", and it's your turn to fuck up someones life and you'll do it to your very own son, you say no now, but you will, trust me, you will. And maybe you'll spend the rest of your life looking at the world from a bottle, or just come home, kiss the little woman and blow your fuckin' brains out, that will get him, Mike, that will mess him up pretty bad. Yeah."

Mike backed further, against the wall, slid down to the floor, he inhaled deeply several times, but soon the joint went

They had balls to sell
this stuff, spinning, spinning, the room is spinning, can we get thee room to stop spinning, Mike thought, and out trotted his little son, and he set things right, stopped the room from spinning round and round Mike popped a quarter into his son's tiny hand, it was bad work, but what do you do when Pappa kills himself and theres no food?

"It's not that bad, Mike. Maybe with all us kids protesting they'll start giving to the poor, from the rich, and you can become a doctor or something. You'd have to be like us, though, Mike, the common poor, the poor that belong here, but, seeing you tonight, you're really not that different from us "

"That's a laugh." Mike said, and did.

"Not really. You're just like us, Mike. See, you're here tonight, cause you're parents told you not to be here, but you came anyway. Your first act of rebellion. How's it feel, being a delinquent?"

'No thanks', was all Mike could say, and Paul just thought how he'd have

Mr. Paul 75

James Napoli

David was recently returned from two years touring Vietnam. the only advice ~~he would give those approaching~~ 18 was that the food in Saigon was the pits, watch out kids, but Dave was not about to throw his loyal service in anyones face, (Oh he'd tried, when looking for a job initially, he'd gone 'There' and done it for you, those commies would have been marching up your block without him), but now, was quite happy with a day job pumping gas, a night job, sometimes, delivering for Tommy, no high school diploma needed, Veterans are welcome, free on the job training, apply inside.

Tommy usually had the junkies do the pickup, it was much cheaper, he'd just tell the junkie, 'Pick up this little bag at this place, and I'll ~~subject~~ a little from your bill," Tommy said and a thank you when they returned, 'And now your new balance is _____.' just like a computer punch card that was sent with your bill, please do not fold mutilate, or spindle this card. But Tommy wanted someone to talk to before and after the transactions with a little more personality than junkies, and, after all, all Tommy had to talk to was Knuckles, and sometime, the subject of midget wrestling and the new comic book got boring, cry for the intellectual dealer-pimp.

And Paul would come along sometimes, just to watch, or maybe get first pick at the new shipment, and of course there was the risk involved that made it worth going, ~~but~~ do'nt worry when a police car pulls up ir back of you and starts the siren, cause Dave has been trained by Tommy's experts to handle all possible emergencies, of which there were few. But inall cases it involved taking out, his new, improved, now with new silencer attachment and a wide variety of accessories, such as exbloding bullets, his unregistered 38. caliber

Mr. Paul 76

(James Napoli

pistol, silencer and other attachments are optional and Tommy should be cored for David, the junkie's got guns, made by other junkies, and, for doing so, Tom knocked off another ten cents from their tabs, too, and, 'Pretty soon, Mr. Jones, you'll be paid in full for your drug purchases, and then we'll return your collateral, and, if you were wondering how your collateral is, do'nt worry, your house, car, wife and two children are all just fine. Oh, and by the way, your car needed a new muffler and a tune up, and the mechanics bill was fifty five sixty, we'll just add it to your bill. What's that, Mr. Jones? No, of course we did'nt take it to that thief ^{of} a mechanic, the Greek one, no, and, by the way the old pipes burst in your house, the plumber

But for one without a junkies patience the wait in the car could be treacherous, and so a sixpack or three were common companions for David, and here Paul came in handy, he'd watch for the signal as David went to the gas station, buying a can of motor oil, just so the attendant would'nt get suspicious and slipped in to use the bathroom, and when he returned Dave might have a story about the commies and how he blew them up during those two wonderful years he thrilled at recalling and, hey, 'America, she's beautiful, right?', and here David would slap his knee and call Paul 'son', or 'private', to Paul's delight.

But it was better than watching reruns on t.v, with Mike 'Oh gosh, that Gilligan fucked up another rescue again! God, they'll

Mr. Paul ??

James Napoli

never get off that island, and why do they call it Gilligan's Island if he fucks up so much?'. the only choice was with George, 'Hey man, feel the weight on this here dime bag, come on man, feel the weight, gets you so wasted, man,' (explained later) and this night of waiting brought something new, (and that's right fans! Since the store was out of it, ~~Miller~~ Schafer beer will be sponsoring tonight's wait, not Miller hi- light) David going to the gas station in a car getting gas, my, gosh, the look on his face when he saw Dave drive up. And Dave leaned in the window, handed Paul a Coke, while the attendant checked under the hood, changed the oil, installed new spark pugs, a Michelin rough ride muffler, am-fm cassette stereo, and rebuilt the engine. "I want you to go and get the stuff tonight. It's easy just go when the signal comes, go to where the light is, take the bag, and come home." Paul looked sadly Dave's way, 'Uh, not so sure I can test pilot the new XZ-J19000, colonel sir, my mom said to stay on the and brush every night.' and Dave looked Paul's way, "Hey, what's bothering you, there, partner?" he said, maybe a beer or two before, so David was in a 'You just park yourself there and I'll go to the beverage store and gets us supplies, amigo.' Western mood, the sun was setting slowly, calling the audience to take their seats, tonight's show would soon begin, please extinguish all cigars, cigarettes and canibus before taking your seat. please.

Dave was on his third can now, the two parked across the street from an entrance to Prospect Park, a long, tall fence ran away from the break in the metal and steel, and little signs posted on the fence every hundred yards or so, 'Park Closes At Dusk', and it ran all around the park, which is over 7 miles of beautiful, green land, over

Mr. Paul 78

James Napoli

fifteen city blocks, the park has been open more than
twenty years and has boating the winter

Winter, and an old woman makes her way up a hill in beautiful Rest Haven cemetery, Rest Haven, a quiet, country setting for your loved ones just thirteen minutes from the city, call and ask about our low group rates, for car accidents, mass murders and four little goddamn kids sliding off a hill in the park and going into a frozen lake, and cops go in to save them and getting paralyzed from the waist down, and putting their service revolver to their head when they tell their wives they'll never be the same in bed, and, 'Goddamn it, Paul! How are you gonna get the stuff if you're tripping out!' "Paul? Jesus, *been yelling at you for five minutes, you just* would'nt wake up!" David said, stretched out on the front seat, Paul rubbing his in the back.

"I'm alright, I'm alright. You see the signal, yet?" he said. "No, just thought maybe you were up for a story." taking another sip, placing the can between his two fingers, squeezing the sides together, numero four, tonto.

"Sure." Paul said and put the old woman going up the hill, the kids, the rest home, and the cop that could'nt walk out of his mind, Dave's stories usually required full attention, some of the words being mumbled, *difficult to understand - and, "Shut the fuck up"* repeat those last two sentences just cause you were off in dreamland and could'nt hear!' to avoid angering the storyteller, listen closely.

Mr. Paul 79

James Napoli

And then he spoke. And David spoke just like the old chinaman sitting outside his laundry store, and saying when you stepped up to him 'oh, one nicker bug want two today?'; and, 'Ah, soooo, you come to get your shirts? Just step inside, check all weapons at the door, please.', calm, and real philosophy like. Philosophy? Philosophy- A study trying to give a more unified view of man and the universe in which he lives. Related artciles in the World Book Encyclopedia include: Socrates, Plato, and the New Thought.

Cut to- Preview, five seconds, three, two, -Cut! Preview: Usual 'The Adventures of David' lettering, announcers voice fades in with the box of detergeant. Announcer: Hello!, and welcome to the adventures of David about the Vietnam Veteran trying to make it with no high school diploma pumping gas, and running drugs for the local dealer. To tonights story in a minute first a word from our sponser, Quikie Suds, the detergent for people on the run.

Cut to- David! "Some, just some. Just a select few of the discontented, but otherwise, mine was a really fine troop, great bunch of guys. But that guy, Carter, the only one among us, he was always getting picked on by those two white guys I told you about," for instance, jokes like, 'How many niggers does it take to climb a tree?', and, coon, jungle bunny, and nigger were just like his middle name, but Carter, you see could'nt say nothing 'bout it cause they might tell how Carter sometimes sneaked behind the latrine for a blow of some of the green stuff, and, for a guy like Carter, a member of such a suspicious group, when the colonel found out, it would go

Mr. Paul 80

James Napoli

something like this : 'Hello Carter, I'm colonel Ramsey. Mind if I have a look see in the old footlocker? And what's this pound of hasish doin' here? MP!, and, your honor, we find the defendant guilty of-,and, I sentence you to, want a blindfold?, fella? How 'bout a last cigarette? Oh, you're trying to cut down, huh? Well, guys, load your guns, aim, and start chopping!' (Actually, most of the guys bothered Carter, it was most of the guys).

"But anyway, we were going in by copter to Don Loch , just a simple raid, some rumors had been circulating guns and supplies were being supplied for the enemy, just drop down, BANG!,BANG!,BANG!,and we were gone in ten minutes, right? Maybe if we spotted a few pretty native girls they could fit in the choppers and the night after we got home turn them over as POWS, right? But one of the guys,one of Carters nemises in the troop, decided he'd take a little rest with a fourteen year old girl, right in her own hut, till her parents run home yellin 'Air Raid' and find out it's more than just the air.

And after this guy gets finished dealing with the parents with his service revolver, Carter rushes in hearing the shots, being nearby, curious to aid one of his comrades and already this guy was back pawing at the girl, she, naturally a little distraught, breaks free and there ,around, Carter comes in. And then as this guy is trying to get his pants on and Carter is going to check the girls i.d., she all of a sudden, has a grenade! And, now pants on, he sees it, takes his rifle and cuts her down with a few rounds, Carter in between the fire, going down too.

Here's where I come in, cause someone saw both this guy and Carter going into the hut, and they'll just keep sending guys in

Mr. Paul 81

James Napoli

looking for the one that went in before him, till the chopper pilot looks around and doesn't see anyone around, and no one coming, *and after that all of TROOP ...13... would be reported missing in* action, cause just then he'd realise he was all alone behind enemy lines and get his ass out. But they sent me in, look for Carter, and that other guy, not exactly in that order you see, it was most of the guys hated Carter, it was most of them.

So I came in just about the shooting, I didn't see nothing, but not cause I sneak out behind the latrine every now and then, not because I was caught, draws down, many missions ago, just cause it was most of the guys, that's all, just most of the guys hated Carter." David concluded, leaving out little goodies like the fact that Private Carters body could *not be returned* due to weight limitations at the time, but they held a nice little memorial in Carters hometown on Sunday, whole town came, Carter was gone and besides there was'nt much else to do except ride the back of a bus downtown, look in the store windows at all the pretty things they ca'nt buy, steel mill, closed eighteen months now, and young Leroy, in jail for four more months for shoplifting, two years the judge had said, the maximum sentence, guaranteed, come back anytime, Leroy, after you're out again, we'll serve you here anytime, first, front, and give you our maximum service.

David. Paul whispered, turned his eyes from the sleeping ex-
the
Gi in front seat, towards the window, in a patch of bushes across the street behind the gate circling the park, just a short drive from the city, located in beautiful Park Slope, how about a beautiful Sunday drive to the park, and we have free parking, lock your doors, bolt your windows this parking lot is not responsible for thefts, rapes,

Mr. Paul §2

James Napoli

or robberies, 'Mommy?, Daddy? Why that man have stocking
over face pointing gun at you

"Okay, kid, here you go. Do'nt fuck up, okay? And don't fuck around either. Tommy's not too nice to crooks. " David said waiting to hear the back door ~~gl~~ Slam!

"Oh yeah?" Paul murmured to no one but himself, "I wonder what Tommy thinks about dealers and pimps?" and got out quickly.

Slam!Bang!Crash!Boom! "Just get the hell over there". Dave yelled back, but Paul was gone, as indicated above.

'It goes down nice and easy, you come back to me, get your five, and you're gone. Hey, wait a second brother, come on back! Allright ,ten? Come on, *it goes down easy*, man, come on back, and, hey, Leroy: Hey, you got out, huh? Good behavior, huh? We knew they would'nt send you up for too long, what happened, they get scared of you up there? Hey, man, too bad about your bro, man. Gonna miss old Carter, yeah. You mean you did'nt hear? They did'nt tell you? Hey, Leroy, want to make five real easy? Just go to the park, all you gotta do. What happened to Carter? Nothing, he just caught the flu, man. Now, here's what you do...'

And Leroy never made it home that night, 'Hi Ma? Yeah, I'll be home a little later than expected. What? No, no problem, they're *just about to release me and you know that nice watch I had when I* came in? Yeah, I just ca'nt find it. So, I'm gonna go search my cell for it, know how much you loved that watch, so, I figure I'll be home about midnight.' So Leroy setyled down in the bushes, 'it was eleven thirty- five, Leroy, proving himself no dummy, remembers to tell mom not to wait up, go on to bed, we'll have the party tommorow, and

Mr. Paul 83

James Napoli

, during his next trip up gets himself a high level position in the prison library, no reading required, of course.

Got anything for me? Paul said, nice and polite, maybe taking the nail sticking out of the fence into his side as he bent down where the light had been as a zip gun, how could Paul know, looking away from the fence just expecting the bag to be shoved through, of Leroy's social and color status?, Paul so scared, 'What's that officer?? Why am I crouched over here? Well, it's two blocks to the nearest gas station officer, and, I do'nt got no money for motor oil.'

"You David?" Leroy said, could be a long night ma. Just get some rest, and Paul gave a confused look, 'Could we hurry this up, pal? I'm kind of double parked.' "I'm close enough. Give me the stuff, we'll introduce each other later."

"Just tell me you're David. Just tell me your David, so I can tell I them I gave it to David. Now what's your name?"

"My name is Mr. Paul, boy, and if you don't give me that bag right now, I'm gonna kick your nigger ass through that fence and back again." Leroy, he take orders good. Like when he was up, and some of the other cons gave him more plates to fill, so they could put them in their baskets, and that way, everyone's happy and at night, they did'nt crawl into Leroy's bunk to show Leroy their appreciation, or, at least, ~~there were~~ only one or two a night going to accompany him for a little while, oh yeah, Leroy, come on, you know how, you know how, you're the best....'

Mr. Paul 84

James Napoli

And the bag went through the fence, and Leroy just prayed that Paul would'nt say something like, 'Well, that's very good, Leroy, now how about a quick one before I go?', but zip up your pants Leroy, cause who are those two men coming from across the street, stop in the name of the law men, maybe later Leroy, gotta go, where's David, maybe they busted David and lucky him, it's Tuesday!, steaks on the prison menu tonight, what vegetable will you have?, but watch out for Thursday, oh, Thursday, liver and this mess of green shit on the side, where's David?, and Shit where was he, and fuck Paul hated liver so don't send me up, judge.

And Slam!Bang!Ka-pow!Boom!, went Lero's sweet black face a second later. when his thoughts of Paul ~~were interrupted~~ ^{shit}, that dumb white boys gonna get himself killed, doing this sort of thing, but not by me.' a hand behind the fence trying to shove Leroy's head through two thin, but close bars, and not succeeding, his cheeks from then on had two large blue scars, 'Hi ma! Back from jail, what's for dinner, what? Oh those two large blue scars on my face, nothing, I fell, now, what's for dinner? Liver!,and, 'Son Kills Mother, liver is the suspected motive, film at eleven".

Paul had glanced across the street at David's car, and, 'Hello, where do I report a missing person?', instead seeing two guys coming from another car stop in the name of the law. guys, and 'What does Tommy do to the friends of runners who go to pick up the stuff while the runners are waiting in the car when they get busted? Just a snap of the finger like Tommy does for all of the other members of his corporation, and the jail door comes flying open, no, sorry, he could hear David telling him on the next visiting day, Tommy says you

Mr. Paul 86

James Napoli

"No shit, Paul. Now where's the stuff?" Paul tossed the bag Davids way, and David hit the gas before he had ~~turned around~~

"I'm so glad you care for my welfare." Paul said, trying to sit up, lying on the backseats floor, then climbing into the front seat.

"In the glove compartment ."Dave pointed towards it, and Paul opened and put his hand in, feeling a handle pulling his hand out.

"Now, what the fuck do I do with this?" he said pointing the gun, now, easy partner, no reason to get mad, did'nt mean to leave you back there, just had to, hey, why don't you try some of this new shit, it's Tommy's, A number-one, you know that.'

"How about shoot? Just let them know who they're up against."

~~Dave said~~

was stated on page number one of Tommy's guide to good living, Harper and Row, 400 pages, twelve ninety five hardcover.

"The way I look at it, they're up against a bombed Vietnam Vet and a little kid." but Paul even bent out the window to aim, 'Just calm down', Paul soothed David, take me away from this crazy war freak, he thought, while telling Dave, 'It's okay, just stay calm, why, with therapy you could lead a normal life.' but instead he aimed, as ordered, fire when ready, private, David ordered, and Paul let go, hitting his target, their front headlight, 'Not fair, not fair!, their oppennents ~~cryed~~' and ~~that will cost forty-five thirty plus~~ labor, and I can't do it tonight, union rules, garage fees are thirteen a night...' the nice mechanic man said, and then daddy took out his service revolver and blew his head off.'

"Nice shot"David said, and, just so as not to be outdone by this little goddamn kid, David crashed through the parks parking lot,

Mr. Paul 87

James Napoli

parking was two thirty five a day, just to park, and David ignored the little machine that spit a ticket at you, loss of ticket, or crashing through the fence results in a \$16 penalty.

David crashes through a parking lot fence, injures himself, and is taken into custody, on the next episode of the Adventures of David, Thursday night at even thirty, right after dinner, was how they would have advertised it, and the family would drag themselves into the living room, 'Billy, turn the set on, so it'll warm up', after having their traditional Thursday night dinner of 'Liver... and can't little Joe turn the set on, not feeling well, mommy.'

"Go on, get your ass out of here. They can't touch me" And, Yes sir, Captain sir, I'm going... Paul should be climbing out of the car, David liked to fancy himself a captain, Paul saw himself telling the police, when the crazy war freak would tell me his sick war stories, "And I should have been a captain, I'll tell you, Paul. Why this one time I damn near saved the whole platoon." David began to tell Paul as he climbed out and away, "Here's what happened. ..."

Up the hill from whence he came, Paul struggles on, and, 'Two Killed one in coma', the line had read, as Paul pulled the paper from the dog's mouth, patted it gently, and once a year the woman climbed the hill. placed a bundle of flowers slipped, sleding down the mountain one winter night after snow, right into the frozen lake, where boating and canoeing facilities are available in the summer, no sleding allowed, 'Just think of it like this, two less mouths to feed', the father said to calm.

And there, the cops were coming, sliding through the hole

Mr. Paul 89
James Napoli

example, yeah, and maybe we'll go down to eight street after we finish here and teach the other boys a lesson, too. Could be a long night, Charlie, so we had better start now." and then this cop gave one right in the chest to David, and, 'Today's lesson will be taught by fine members of our community, Charlie and Joe the cops, and Davie! don't pick your nose when our guests are speaking, or about to speak, or getting ready to speak, or no recess for you'.

"It's Tommy's stuff. It's Tommy's. Tommy." and, 'Why are the police officers whispering to each other, teacher, when the word Tommy was said, why do they look afraid?', and the cops took a step backward, and conversed a minute, and, 'Teacher, can I go to the bathroom while the cops are talking and patting David on the back. 'You okay, pal, take it easy, Joe, go get our pal Dave some water, now, what was that about Tommy, pal?', and, I know I went three times already today, but, come on teacher. And can Sally come with me?'

"So he says a big name, so what? Better make a bigger wish he's not lying, here that, Tommy's boy? And you just better be one." And the cop's partner stepped over to David, talked calmly, friendly like the cop talking to the twelve year old he'd busted lighting up between cars on the d train. 'Take it easy, son, it's not that bad. Of course, if I ever caught my son doing that, " and the officer raises his gun, 'Oh, hello, Mrs. Hingle. I'm just disposing of some trash, here between the cars on the d train, with his gun raised to shoot the boy.' "Got a bad situation, here. We'd have known this was Tommy's, we would have cruised right by. Hope you're telling the truth, though, cause he will shit right on you." the other cop said. "He doesn't like the lying type, does he? Well, if you don't mind I

MR. Paul 90

James Napoli

think I'll just take the fine. And if you don't believe me why don't you just go check, I'll even come along with you, so then you can kiss my ass, pig." David said, and, 'We never encourage that kind of language here, David's mother. Beats me, where could he have picked that word up, but certainly not here, from the staff of Playtime Nursery School.'

And because of verbal encouragement, the officer was forced to kick the accused from behind that pig thrust the white meat 'gainst the car, one witness was quoted as saying. "Oh yeah, come on and say it now Mr. Tough Shit. You're real tough, right, like your mama's ass, you know it. Tough guy like you who let's Tommy send you out to get his shit, and he tosses you a few pennies, let a sixteen year old kid crack the whip, cause you can't do it, real tough." and the cop kept punching while his friend kept him off, or tried, saying 'No Joe, don't do it Joe, stop Joe, stop, alright, Joe do whatever you want, you win.', and when Dave was given a chance to respond all he said was "Piss off pig", which got him a punch, but he knew it was true, guilty, that will be another two demerits against me for sure, Dave thought, 'Three', the teacher said, another letter home for Dave, and, 'Dave come over here', his father said, reading, unstrapping his belt.

"Come on, not now, we have people to see." one said to the other staring at David, he was released and sunk down, grabbing for the door handle, 'Missed a great time, I'll tell you Paul, you missed a great time. After recess, when we came in, there was cookies and milk waiting for us in the classroom, real fun.'

Mr. Paul 91

James Napoli

'And , tonight, in part two of our coverage of this story, you will travel through lands sick, distugusting and perverted but this is a story that must be told. and our censor said we can do it,' when they were cutting Davids ball's right off, the other cop, pants down, taking a little pea,, on David's back, you said that was okay, you said, 'Just fine', please censor don't say it was our fault, or call the FCC', and the little children cried and they moaned, and that night Paul climbed the death Hill, and climbed over the long , tall fence, theses sharp, pointed end's, 'Ouch', they figured Leroy must have said, when he was climbing the fence and fell on them, they said, and/or thought, when they found Leroy's body, the next morning. And Mrs. Harris this was the way she walked her dog:

walking thru the park how there were so many
trees no one would ever notice, 'Come on, boy, get moving, Christ, before that cop comes back.' and this is what Mrs. Harris saw when she looked up at the fence: Nigger on a long metal stick, boy, early in the morning.

And Paul was wandering around that Saturday night, (Mike had ti so to dinner with his grandparents, George was grounded, 'Not for two weeks do I want to see your face outside this house.', 'Busted for pot smoking, sorry, Paul, have to go.', no phone calls after eight o'clock either, father said.), nothing to do, 'No, nothing new was coming in. not that I heard of'. David's tense voice had told him, when he called, and, 'about the other night when they had thought the cops had shown up, 'No it turned out alright, nothing happened, hey, I'm here, talking to you, right?' he had said, 'Have to go, now Paul, see you, goodbye', nothing to do.

'And it flashed right before me, bright white light, holy

Mr. Paul 93

James Napoli

"Nothing, Paul nothing. An officer just unzipped his pants and pissed all over my face, that's all. Thank you officer O' Riley, just call me any time for a donation. And the nice officers told me all about my own life, especially what it was worth."

"David? Did you see Tommy yet?"

"David? Did you see Tommy yet? David? Did you wipe your feet when you came in? David? Did you get to school on time?" David said, and just then, another shaky car fell out onto the road, behind them, and ' A recent poll shows that more shaky cars have fallen onto roads than in any recent year."

Paul stared down towards the floor, the little brown paper bag, Leroy's face will forever be black and blue, cause Leroy fell in the park one day, he was on the jungle gym, he told mother, and fell, oh no, Leroy, and when Leroy fell someone fell into him, and hit the bars of the fence when he landed, there it was, where have you been, little brown paper bag, two demerits for the paper bag.

"David, let me out of here. Now." Paul said, crazy war freak, was about to throw children into the fire, he was our baby, our baby, !, into the fire, with David, the shaky car, pulling alongside Daves car, for positive identification, like old woman whose mugger had been apprehended, the shaky car stared in at David, 'Yes, that's him, officer, there he is. Lock him up.' they say, or, 'Can I open the trap door at the execution?', that was him, Davids last episode.

"Goddamn you, let me out!" Paul said, grabbing at the steering wheel, swerving into the shaky car, 'Did'nt mean anything personal fella, it's this guy driving, crazy!' Paul should have said, don't kill me Mr. Tommy, what police officer, Mr. Tommy, I did'nt talk to

Mr. Paul 94

James Napoli

no cop, Mr. Tommy, never said a word near any cop, you know me, Mr. Tommy, never says a word.' was what Paul almost ends up saying later on, and, really, what was David's choice "What's my choice Paul? What should I do Mr. Paul? Tell me!" and, hey, David, you didn't happen to do it any of that shit in the brown paper bag, two demerits for the paper bag, did you do it, David?" Paul wondered as the car speeded ahead, and as a gun was loaded behind the dark windows of a black car, cruising next to David, at a average of 45 miles per hour.

Paul only eyed David, as he inched towards the door, he'd go, 'Flying out of a parked car going forty five miles an hour, your captain and I wish you a happy flight, and from Trans - World as, with his hands, feet and eyes crossed for good luck, air sickness bags are located in the compartment in your head, dispose of properly, asshole.

Paul gave up fighting, David challenged by going faster as the window with the gun opened, the two cars collided as Dave took a turn, completely new paint job, 39.95, parts and labor, not included, the gun went off, right into Dave's window, 69.99 plus tax, and, 'Then Dave hit the brakes and the child in the front seat went through the windshield, and David owed, one child, male, bill past due, fourth notice, pay up?'

The gun went off - "Paul, do you want to leave now?" David yelled, 'Yes David, yeah, now sllloooooowww down nice and slow, and when you getnto about forty I'll slip out the door.', "Paul, you want to get off?", 'Easy partner, just go easy.', and when they had gained such a lead that David could slow down enough to stop, allow Paul to leave, 'You get out of here kid, let the big kids handle this

Mr. Paul 96

James Napoli

Five thirty a.m. (that's right, he said a.m.) until *twelve noon, that's right now and who the hell was up at that* hour to arrest? Adam thought when he heard his shift, and, 'Why the hell bother, goddamn courts and judges don't get up till nine, that's right a.m.' George had thought as well.

Except for a few early morning drug deals, set up for junkies yelling, screaming, and, 'I got to come now, Mr. Paul, got to come now, it's got to be now.', they would meet 'In the alley, on the street,' and 'Stop in the name of the law.' the officer says, and right there, he sets up his own little court, ain't that sweet, he would tell the accused that they might enter all pleas for innocence *in the room... one hundred dollar bills, two hundred.* for three time losers and those goddamn kids, drinks and cocktails extra, come on down!, 'into my hand, when my back is turned, and, don't think of running or using that blade, boy, my partners at the end of the alley, to escort me home.' Nice officer, down, officer. ,all was very quiet and peaceful, and, 'Come on, honey, just think, it's probably safer in the morning, cause everyone's asleep, really they don't want to just put rookies right out there, much safer, everyone's in bed, except for Mr. Cop and Mr. Junkie, and,

'Here's that three hundred and seventy one dollars, thirty nine *cents for a raffle ticket. "Thanks a bunch, but* Adam's wife just would'nt come to reason, and that, your honor 's my reason for murdering my wife.

But now David found himself objecting to the area, and, 'Just think, honey, you can save money by not taking the bus and walking to work.' his wife had said, before the problem with his hours, and

Mr. Paul 97.

James Napoli

,his captain had said when Adam mentioned the problem

'There is no problem, Adam, there is no problem,' the captain
grinned, "or else you be fired." It how it ended and

also, there was the problem with Laurie, the wife, getting mugged
coming home from the supermarket, actually a little more than mugged,
it went a little further, let's not mention this to Davey, shall
we?,and,

Adam walked along, five twenty in the morning,and, 'Are late just
once more, you'll be working these hours...' early in the morning.

Paul, we'll not reintroduce to our viewers, instead, just
summarize his last adventure briefly: David, war, Bang!,Bang!,Bang!,
Tommy, drugs, pickup nigger, in the face, boy, give, here, cops, car
gun, Bang!,hill,mother, cops,David, lets a child decide.

Paul, delivering the papers, what the hell, he figured, but old
Mr. Quimby, out for,his,run, figured that the boy probably just
did,itBig because he needed,drug,money.

Big,black,car, we will not reintroduce to you either, but just
so you can remember it, we'll summarize it's last adventure: David,
kill,destroy,get,drugs,kill,car,Bang!Bang!Bang!,gas,lead,Boom!, get,
Paul,has,drugs,Paul,Paul.

Paul going down the street, the old Stein,bitch, wanted that
paper here by six o'clock am. are you listening, boy, you listening,
I'll call your boss, I have his number,boy.',but,

no one had Paul's number, no one came near,unless he says so, so, why
hurry, going down the street, big,black,car, get out of the way,
but that was the kid, that's the kid, get the kid.

Mr. Paul 99

James Napoli

And this is your Uncle, Uncle Billy, and I am your brother, brother Joe, and unbuttoning your shirt and pulling down your pants are friends Jeff and cousin Sue.'

And then when the men from the car became really viscious, and wild, and hot, and what have they done to our Paul, cries the mother, 'Raped child Breaks Heart of Mother, when will the man come back to my son, page 4,'

then the angry black car men would yell, 'You little shit, come back here, or Brother Joe will kick your ass, take the whip out, uncle Billy!'

Paul had run up onto the sidewalk, the car screeching to a halt to allow two to leave. *see the bad guys goofing and stumbling* and the way Paul gets the bad guys caught, 'tonight' at 7:30, sorry, the Adventures of David can no longer be seen, stay tuned for the adventures of Paul, stay tuned for Paul.

And all Paul had for defense against the Bang! and the Boom! that had made it David's last episode, next week, the Adventures of Paul, was this little chain he used to lock up his bike, bad neighborhood, and besides, little Charlie, who got two years in the reformatory for Grand Theft Schwinn, busted out, on the loose, citizens, have you seen this person?

Four, three, two, one, Adam's ass was now officially in season, as his chief would now be screaming, 'Five forty five, now where the fuck is Adam?', this time I'll fire his ass!', stay tuned as next week Adam's adventures begin in the unemployment line, as he gets into a fight over who was first in line, and Adam discovers he's not a whole lot out of uniform, and what took you so long Adam? Long lii

Mr. Paul 100

James Napoli

Paul tore through the air with the blade of the chain, the nice black car man backed away, his mouth pouring blood, we do *advise parental discretion, and Paul knocked a gun* hand, nice chain, down chain, down, and if you happen to be faced with the modern problems of assault, mugging, raping, sudden death, and car accidents, what you need is our multi purpose chain, for all these occasions, and now our super chain, with 1/2 width of steel, to use for raping attempt by two or more attacker, gangs of up to five, if they're small.

Billy get away from the screen and go to bed, the parents said, as Paul struck the second down, that's two nothing, Paul, for all our fans just tuning in, as the sun rises at six ten, and now,

for the news
That leaves just the one in the car left to join in the fun, coming from the car he left double parked, New York State traffic court, your crime is double parking and your fine is fifteen dollars, how do you plead?, a man came, gun in his hand he spotted Paul, for this job you'll need our super length chain, over one hundred feet of our rough, finest quality chain, back to you, Paul.

And what of him? Well, he, was so surprised when he saw that some cop had actually shown up and had the last black car man with his hands up and legs spread against the car, and,

'Yes, I Paul Napoli, and what the police are really great they saved my life, without even considering anything like my sex, age, color, marital status, no they just saved my life, and I am here to show that even a poor orphan can reform, if you would like to adopt me, call the number on your television screens now.'

Mr. Paul 101

James Napoli

One of Paul's previous two attackers had risen, but seemed to question his immediate plan of action, just wait and see what one of the suspects spit in Davids face when asked who their boss was, the arresting officer explained that one of the suspects fell, and was, as a result, bruised badly in the accident.

Paul stood against the nice red brick wall, down, laying on the ground beneath his left foot, as though unnoticed by Paul, could you spare a dime for Mr. Derelict?, no he'll just take that little nice brown bag by your foot there, was that little nice brown bag, that ment the parents would lose their child again, just for a few hours, and oh, *my ma and pa adults drink us kids do this, come on* let your child dream and wonder, don't you want him to have what you never did?

And it was in a nice little brown adult bag that Paul's parents had lost their lives, with snow tires, air conditioner, and rear window defroster extra, license and registration not included.

For Paul? No, not me, you have the wrong guy, don't never touch the stuff, Paul nodded to an elderly couple passing by, no, not Paul, he was just holding it for a friend, George, just about the time they had arranged, George would show up on time here, and *this young man is the perfect example of what medical research can* do, make even the fiercest, tardiest young filth on time, thank you, ladies and gentleman.

And, shit, are you crazy?, wow, that car crash must have fucked him up, plus having to watch his parents die, are you doing

Mr. Paul 102

James Napoli

the stuff yourself now Paul, or are you just crazy,

Paul,

meeting place, across the street, from the police station, you know the place, just for a change of scenery was Paul's wise response, and if George didn't like it he could just get the stuff himself, but, well, George was a little short today, he'd have the money tomorrow, don't worry, it was just that Mrs. Jones wouldn't be cashing her check until tomorrow, hi Mrs. Jones, it's that time of the month again, hand it over, here's five dollars, buy some flowers for dead Mr. Jones.

"He's got to be fucking crazy, I told Joe. Must be out of his

George. Paul realized it was just a

formality and his name would be shit if he told George right now he couldn't have the stuff, and fuck that and fuck this and fucking insane, out of his fucking mind, and George must be a little overdue, judging by his present mood, but Paul really was George's dealer, so why the fuck should fucking Tommy get so much respect, and kiss my fucking foot, but not Paul?

"Well, just think, if we get caught, we won't have far to go." Paul said, the precinct doors had opened and two officers had emerged, no neither was the one who had postponed Paul's final show, that's right, he'll be back next week. Ladies and gentlemen, unless of course, if the three from the car got probation, but, no matter, Paul had taken a leave of absence from his paper job, sorry Mrs. Stein, sorry, calm down, 'member what the doc said.

Actually he'd thought he would make it kind of permanent, now,

Mr. Paul 103

James Napoli

don't you worry, Mrs. Stein, no, don't have that heart attack now,

'No, wait till our summer sales, when we, the hospital, offer big discounts on heart attack patients! Half off on heat stroke and exhaustion, come on down!'

of course we'll get a new boy to deliver your paper, yes it says right here how you have arthriris, says you can't bend down, so the paper has to be put in the mailbox,

'Yes, for only a small fee, added to the cost of the paper we can have the paper boy custom made to your detailed arrangement, and he'll do anything, mail letters, pick up package, be nice and courteous, all at no extra cost!'

we understand, Mrs. Stein.

"Well, you just better know what you're doing, Paul. Come on, can we get this over with? I'm kind of anxious." George said, but Paul looked his way, what did you have for him,

'Now, you know how to play our game, it's simple, now just hand our beautiful assistant Paul the money, and,'

George presented several bills, which was handed to Paul, who blocked the bag with his foot,

'I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you are disqualified. You see, you went for the gold before our beautiful assistant Paul had the chance to count the money.',

but, a second later, George was allowed to go where the foot had forbade him to go before.

And then after George had left, not, however, with the consolation prize, some nice offisir, dressed just a normal person, approached

Mr. Paul 104

James Napoli

Paul while he was standing there, still? standing there, the offisir wanting to make a bust, asking Paul, but, *No thank ya! we don't want* any delights nere, no delights are wanted here, but try George in a few hours when he's sitting home, trying to call me, but I don't have a connection, when he will want to set up another meeting, in the men's room at the police station, sure, he'll say, no delights wanted here though,', and then there was another offisir, dressed in the same guise, asking if Paul was offering any delights today, no, we don't, no thank you, Paul was just standing here waiting here for a friend he heard lived in the neighborhood, all he did was save Paul's life. thought *he would say thank ya!* why not send flowers?, our new gift package designed especially for your special occasion.

Middlings

Mr. Paul 1045

James Napoli

'Young Man Murdered; Body Found in Housing Projects Alley; Head in Trash Can Next To Him, page,'

and the probable cause for this murder, we say that the police have not fully investigated this case, but the probable cause for the murder is that the victim, a paperboy, quit his job, the supervisor was left with no one, the customers in a wild rage, hunted, and then decapitated, the young man.

The address that the people at the newspaper had for Paul turned out to be Dave's Pleasure Palace, 18 and over, group rates available, and they played Satisfaction when you were placed on hold, and no one touched Paul, you see. They were playing his way, the only way to play.

You see, he could know where you lived, and where all those people lived, and when you should'nt come to collect for the paper, boy, and where's the sofa, pa? But no one knew Paul, or where he was, just the kind of impermanance one looks for in these changing times, and Paul, why were you absent twenty days from school?, late fourteen times? loud and obnoxious twenty?, because you can't call my mother, see? Try! Way out, man, like way out.

And, like, Paul knew how Mrs. Harriss just was'nt around on Wedensdays at around noon, gone to do her weekly shopping, she's also not around on Friday, she goes to visit her husband, underground.

But they did'nt know anything about Paul, but Paul also knew about Adam, that was his name, he lived at 99 East Fourth, had been an officer for three months and came from a respectable family, of policemen, of course. The officer was commended for his work in capturing two underworld criminals and will be presented

Mr. Paul 10/16

James Napoli

the medal of valor. His captain said that Adam was a natural candidate for officer training and had a great career ahead of him.

There was Paul, waiting in the alley, or from a fire escape, every day, in the morning, on the block where the hero cop made that bust, gee, Paul hopes that the black car didn't patrol this area routinely, like the hero cop, Paul hoped, but no, asshole, he's just going to work, that's all, that's why he goes down this block every single morning at five forty three, the incident was said to take place at about five forty three a.m. this morning, Adam!, says the captain, where the hell is he?

And there was Adam now, actually, the captain had been pretty easy on him since that bust, about his lateness, but, actually, Adam had told his wife that the captain had, actually, started to tighten the noose since the bust, ^{about his lateness,} and he'll make a good cop out of you yet, goddamn it! And, why did Adam lie? Why did Charlie dump Cathey, and Cathy marry Eddie, and Eddie dump Mellissa, and Mellissa marry Johnny and Johnny dump Elizabeth? Find out tomorrow.

On another episode of Teenage Drama, why is Paul hanging around where the hero cop made the bust, fuck, shit, you crazy son of a bitch.

So, Paul spots the cop, and starts out from the alley out onto the street, and tonight's episode is sponsored by, 'The Daily News, who just want you to know that it was NOT a Daily News customer who had a mild seizure, and heart attack, because delivery of her newspaper was stopped, no newsboy, they said.'

Mr. Paul 107

James Napoli

So let's begin, if all the papers are delivered and *All the old woman who did for ten years,* and poor past medical records as well, are safe and sound, relax. And who are you, have'nt we met, announcer please repeat the names of last week's guest host's, back to you, Paul.

"Hey kid." Adam says, turning as the two pass each other walking down the street where the hero cop made that bust hero cop makes bust that holds key to major drug figures film at eleven only here on channel three.

"What do you want?" Paul says, Cop, pig, piss, shit, what does you want from me?

--- you that kid got big friends, dont. you? Adam said, thank you for not using commas from the commas conservation association of America thank you.

"Sure. You that cop? You must have big balls, to do what you did."

"Fooling around with Tommy, here that's bad for your health, Paul. What's your connection with him?"

"Nothing, nothing."

Hey, Mr. Tommy, hey Mr. Tom, here's a cop that you may have missed, better get him on the payroll fast, Tommy had suggested to the police department that his 'gifts' to the policemen be added *right into their checks so do not to cause confusion.*

"Mad at Tommy, maybe? Maybe, want to make sure he does'nt get too close to you?" Adam said, that's right and you win the paper plates and six slice toaster!

"Maybe." Paul started down the block, don't hold me up, cop, old women's lives depend on me.

Mr. Paul 108

James Naphli

And Adam followed, fifteen minutes late to work,
but he knew what the captain would say now that he was here---

'Hello, offisir Adam, a little late this morning, are'nt we?
Well, what the hell, I was late when I was a rookie, and I just
want you to know I understand perfectly what you young cops go
through, you must hate this desk job bullshit, huh? Did you make
any busts on your way to work this morning? NO? Well, that's okay,
why don't you sit right down and I'll get you some nice tea, that
walk must be really tiring.'

It was so refreshing to have a captain that understood, and
they did, when you just happened to mention that you might just
lead to Tommy himself, well maybe not one of his top men, but it
just happened to slip when his captain was questioning Adam concerning
the bust, Tommy, huh? the captain had scratched his head and
one week later had asked, no no ~~lead~~ on that person that was one
of Tommy's top men, and why was Adam late fifteen minutes this
morning? Adam finally had a lead.

"So why would Tommy risk two men and a possible connection
between him and the murder of some kid? Or were they just going to
mrough you up a little. What did they want?" Adam said, I wart an
answer now, wd, or offisid O' Riley snuff your whole family---
no, look in those files again, offisir, and Adam would, and then
look at the records to see if maybe their was a family pet they
could hold hostage.

"I don't know, ask Tommy." Paul said, out of luck, pig, Mr. Jones
ran over Spike when Paul was ten, well, that's what dad had said,

Mr. Paul 109

James Napoli

and, gee, Dad had'nt even offered to buy little Paul a new dog. sure no dog could ever replace Snike. but he could have offered, said something about there not bein' enough food, and hold on, a second Mr. Jones, don't go yet, the little mutt won't stay in place under the wheel, okay, now he's ready Mr. Jones, go..

"Nothing, Tommy did'nt want nothing from me. Why don't you just get your pig ass out of here? Sees me talking to you and he will want something, my life! "

"Why don't you just admit it? You're scared, and it's not just because of this pig! You want to get Tommy, all by yourself. Well, I want him too, but I know how to get him, I know how."

tell me Mr. Policeman, tell me how you would get the real bad guys in the end.

"I guess it started when I was a kid with all those comic books I used to read, oh, the things my mother used to say, 'They'll rot your mind', and an article here says how comic book readers grow up to be murderers and rapists, but then drugs came along and she had something else to dissuade me from and fear I was doing in my room, knock, knock, are you concious, Adam?

I just wanted to be a hero.

I started wondering if maybe I was from outer space really and my parents just adopted me and didn't tell me it seemed valid enough then to believe you were an alien with superpowers, the way my mother got when the word sex was mentioned. And come on, Adam, stay here and kick another football out of the park, no, sorry son, have to save that sinking ship I just spotted three thousand miles away.

Mr. Paul 140

James Napoli

What can Tommy do for us? Both of us? What could you have done to Tommy? Shit. I'll tell you. I've seen little kids, ten years old, hit and kick me like animals, cause I wouldn't let them grab the knife to slit their own throats, cause the fix came a little too late. I've seen a teenager stand over his fathers burning body with a rifle, he'd shot him in the head, twice, then soaked him with kerosene and pouf! No more daddy. But I'll tell you, I've never seen a kid that could scare Tommy the way you do. What could he want from you?

Yeah, I know, I know. Something cute like 'Well, I delivered Tommy's paper a little late one morning and he got mad', very ^{from the car}
ANY I wish we could have kept these two a little longer maybe
you'd live long enough to do yourself some good.

I just need you to go in, give me a little background on his men, and him of course, then, all I need you to do is bring him out in the open, this is big, Paul, I'm telling you, half the goddamn department would be in on this bust, and all of them looking to me to ask what to do, every one of them! It would be mine, and no matter who put the cuffs on they would know that. It would all come to me, and you, it means you can breathe a little easier, not afraid just to have a paperroute just because someone out to kill you.

Yes, I just happened to call the newspaper to see if there were any paperboys in the area. And then I put the name Paul Napoli in the computer to see what I could see. Understand, Paul? You doing this will save you from Tommy, but more importantly it will save you from me. Paul Napoli. Parents deceased, child's location

Mr. Paul 111

James Napoli

unknown.

Until now."

"Yeah, right, which cop is just going to let some kid just go on living the way he was, cause of some deal? I know cops too well, mister, you go home at night worrying about little kids and old women, you get big boosts of confidence just thinking you helped some, poor, hopeless person breath a little easier, and of course, no cop is gonna worry not want a promotion, no sir captain, no trace of ambition in you." Paul said, they were walking again, Paul took a sstep faster, the cop in fast pursuit.

"Yeah. ~~that is right~~ *that is right don't care that no kid, I got a wife and a kid, and another one coming to feed, just give me my daily bread and you bet I don't care about you.*"

"Damn, you are something, are'nt you, police man? Don't coax me into it, cop." said Paul, thinking,

'And, come on, Mr. Cop tells us all about you, gee we would really like to know, age, name, address, height, width, zip code, number in family, occupation of wife, homemaker, they liked to say now, a, days, women's lib, bull,shit. One child in family, and, one, on, the, way.'

"You have no choice, Paul." Adam said as if he were sorry after a long pause,

'And then Mr. Cop and Mr. Captain, and Mr. Jones, wave to Mr. Jones, hello, Mr. Jones, will all be happy, andhhappy, and gave the cops a raise.'

so do what we say and the children don't go hungry, and now, speaking

Mr. Paul 112

James Napoli

about children, and Adam's wife, Lori,
'Lori's daily life is usually rather routine. diaper pick up/delivery service came at ten, high school girlfriend calls at eleven, on the phone twenty minutes and then,
'Sorry, Liz, gotta go put the wash in the dryer',
and Tommy was watching everything, Tommy, he takin' down notes, even when they're sleeping, Tommy knew, and naughty and nice, and Tommy would win, in the end.

"Alright, cop. hat do I do?" Paul said, but Tommy is'nt going to like this, Paul thought, back to the fourth grade, and teacher, Tommy and Paul are fighting,

And what did that little brat say?

the teacher said, lowering her whip, and a third grader tied to wall sighed, and,

'Here, you take over.',

she said, handing the whip to a sixth grader, and going to investigate the disturbance,

~~When~~ I slipped in the hall, Mr. Principal, tripped right over little Billy, his face is pretty cut up, but the shoe is fine.'

and little Paul and little Tommy, why are you fighting, cause Tommy called Paul dirt, Tommy why did you call Paul dirt, who told you to call Paul dirt, Paul told you to call Paul dirt???? Well then. I suppose you better call Paul dirt, now play nice, Tommy and Dirt.

And so YTommy and Dirt had a past history of aggression towards each other, sorry Paul, now play nice.

Mr. Paul 113

James Napoli

Goddamn cop, he better not. After all, Paul was helping him, he could do this one thing for Paul, just remember. you have to keep him alive till you need him no longer, then follow the final step as written in the Cop's guide to good living, in chapter four.

If it wasn't like Paul wanted, he would just keep on waking, and fuck you cop, cause we both know the address at the newspaper, and what you gonna do, shoot me right here on the street, and, 'Suspected Child Slain in Early Morning Shoot Out; fleeing child yells obsceneties at cop; 'The child made me do it', cop pleads.'

Paul had come directly from school to the meeting place, 'It's only a block from your school so you wouldn't have to go far',

yeah, cop, right, cop, try and make me happy so I'll tell you all you need to know and then blow him away, offisir Adam.

Mike had walked a block with him to a corner and then it was,

'Okay, boy now try and get home without my help,'

and Mike was, as usual these days in a bright, happy mood, and the world sucks, and this place sucks, and you suck, and I suck, and life sucks, and don't worry, parents Mike will get over this soon, and all will be well.

And, 'Extra! Extra!. We interrupt this program. Mike still depressed after three weeks, doctors urge caution, to avoid a collision danger ahead, and we no return to our regularly scheduled program... the news.'

And shit, god, damn, cop, now Paul will have to teach you that when Daddy says no uniform or car, (and there Adam was, bright blue,

Mr. Paul 114

James Napoli

pretty red light on top), stop, mommy, teachers hurting me, and,

'We interrupt this show, for some more educational programs, Paul, it's all yours.'

And there was Adam in his blue car with the matching uniform, all for one low price, of --your life, to be seen with the pig, the word would eventually reach Tommy, Christ he might have been walking by there right then, after all, school was just letting out, oh, sorry Tommy, we forgot you quit in the fourth grade, very sorry, we didn't mean anything with that crack about school.

"Paul, Paul, come here. Paul!" Adam said and that sure was the kiss of death. *policemen to be seen walking from a cop car with* an officer screaming Paul at you, but no, not anything like freeze you little shit or I'll blow your ass off, or not even hey saying hey, punk or hippie come here, I need you for target practice, but calling you Paul, loves the pigs.

"You won't do me any favors, huh, cop? Think you don't have to, think it doesn't matter? You know, I could just walk away from here. And I don't think you'll chase me." And, oh, what will Adam do, just come on in, to child replacement we custom make children precisely to your specifications, perfect for parents who are victims of imperfect children, by the makers of newsboy *replacement*

"Get in, Paul." Adam said, put the cuffs on, officer Riley, if this kid tries to skip now, wild orphan boy found.

"I'll give you another chance. Tomorrow. Now I'm gonna get the hell out of here." Goodbye Paul, as he glanced around, and then the boy walked away, stop Paul, don't Paul, no Paul, fleeing Paul.

Mr. Paul 115

James Napoli

And what good was an informant after he had identified the suspects. given his testimony. *Just a surplus as the police* would say, plastic surgery, relocating the family, then clothing, feeding, housing, and protecting the family, till it was cool for Dad to go to work again, but with a simple order, and then, offisir Adam, blow the away.

And,

'Informant in Tommy arrests slain; and, stop, don't, no, fleeing, boy, suspected.'

"That's Howie. Tommy's favorite girl." Paul said, turning from the car window to Adam, the car a brown Pinto, 65, snow tires, *wearing a pair of jeans + a plaid shirt* he had this drug case and he had to look like a big drug dealer, he explained to the wife concerning his dress.

"Faggot?" Adam said, to smiling Paul.

"You should know there is no way a faggot could survive in a neighborhood like this. He is a pretty little faggot thoughm is'nt he?"

"When he was a kid, everyone thought he'd be the next quarterback for a football team." And that's right, Howie Myers, who never had ten dollars ina a bank account for long, just signed to some major leauge team for ~~two million~~ a game. *His son, didn't mean anything with* that crack when you were sixteen as you being useless, and hope there was no offense taken when we threw you out of the house, your mom's got your room all ready...

Scrawled on a wall, near east eighth street, accross the street from where the brown Pinto with the cop and the police informant,

Mr. Paul 116

James Napoli

Paul, and hello Mr. Tommy, I just was the witness to a crime, Paul sir, yeah, he was...Talking sir, Adam sir, Cop sir, Address sir?, on the wall there it said, 'Eighth Street Boys; Home of Tommy.', and Tommy passed right by it as Adam turned to the wall to read it for the three millionth, two hundred fifty two thousandth time in twenty minutes, and yes we have a record here, most bored cop on a stakeout, and that's him, is that him Paul, you sure that's him?

And Adam had never seen Tommy before, except for those pictures that absolutely gave him no justice yes sir, in the history books is that him, Paul?, and Dirt will now make the positive identification for us, thank you. Dirt.

Are you ready? Do you understand? Maybe I better go over this just one more time.

You just go in there, call me from the phone accross the street at six and I'll give you the story. There will probably be a lot of uniforms in this, it's big, Paul, this is really big. Goddamn, it's all gonna end right here. Tommy's gobne and everybodys happy and we know we really did good; but there's more, cause we also looked good, and all the goddamn charges that the police department is taking pay from the criminals is seen as the bullshit it is, and then everyone's happy, but also honest.

Some people would call me a coward cause I didn't do my time in 'Nam, but Tommy, seeing Tommy explode is gonna be a sight war has never seen.

This is really big Paul, trust me, big.X Gonna be cops on every rooftop, sharpshooters gonna put some lead through Tommy, really big."

Mr. Paul 117

James Napoli

And,

'Mrs. Emily Harris? This is official United States of America

government business

out, just pay no mind to that swat team ciming through the kitchen window, thank you, qwe'll be on the roof.'

And this was big, you better understand, or offisir Joe here is gonna explain just how big this operation is, goddamn it.

And gee, it must be big, if it made one of the honest and friendly olicemen curse or use profanity in any manner, must be big.

"Just be there on Friday at eight thirty." Adam said, talking to Paul, calling him from the phone booth, across the street inred scrawled on the wall. *Tommy number one two days ago* ~~THE~~ *Paul* called Adam, meet on Friday, eight thirty, call Adam then, from the phone, booth, accross the street in red...

' where if you meet the economic and intelligence standards, (poor and dumb) you too can become a happy member of our carefree community, of degenerates and junkies.',

and what do you do when they won't let you into hell?

Two cops, sitting in a blue Chevrolet, liscene 891, Paal, of course not in those uniforms, but quite clearly ~~the~~ cops, veven old Jim, stoned sinced sixty three, spotted them, hello offisir, goodbye.

And, some guy stepped up to the car,

'And maybe you had better leave, policemen, we don't want your kind here, and try to stick to the sidestreets, off the main road when you're leaving, boys, we have a repütation to think of here.'

But why? two cops, sitting in a blue Chevrolet, lASCENCE, why, why, and can we see some identification here, cops?

Mr. Paul 118

James Napoli

The cop in the passenger seat was clearly the drivers
superior, being older, looking more experienced
a captain.

A captain, yes captain, I'll get the name of that Tommy informant right away, sir, and let's watch Adam, holding back, he was holding back, cops in the car, watching from nearby, Adam, on the corner where the phone booth was, accross the street, ain red...

' Clarke, William here. Request instructions, my position is now One twenty two east eighth, over.'

And pause, wait a second, son, what's that name again? Willy, is

'Check. Hold your position. Now you're looking for two males, both about sixteen, make it clean, but like an accident, now Johnson if you're out there, be sure to hold off on that phone call for the ambulance until at least twenty sixteen, come back.'

And Paul wake up, Paul wake up, clanged an old alarm clock, sorry DavidAdam if Paul was late, with no one to wake him up, kill your mother so you don't have to ask to sleep late, but who will make your breakfast, cries the plaeding mother to her son, axe in hand, sorry ma, don't worry, free lunch/breakfast/dinner, cocktails at
eight, in school.

And, standing in the phone booth, deposit coin, quarter nickel dimes, accepted, sorry machine does not make change, and,

'Hey, you goddamn kid, get the hell away from that phone,'

but he was making a call, Paul tryed to explain to a man walking his dog, better get out of the area, mister, see the cop on every

Mr. Paul 119

James Napoli

rooftop, see them ready to blow away Tommy?, and,
drugs this man and his dog

"Adam? It's eight." Paul said, and get up, wake up, ain't no
sway teams here Paul, but all he saw were dreams of Clarke, William
loading his rifle, taking aim, careful, Paul dreamed, don't hit the
informant, careful.

"Alright, just stay in the phone booth and watch for Tommy. When
you go after him, remember to try and get him in the open, try and
keep him in the open, I'm nearby, and should be there soon."

"Who's backing me up?" Paul a little scared, does this mean he doesn't
get a new face, just like the ad said?

"Just get Tommy, get Tommy."

And, Adam had picked up the phone just before the extension was
lost, and Paul, standing there listening, heard Adam say,

'That's right Paul, whole fucken army is on the block, a thousand
guns for just one head. Gonna make a boom Tommy is gonna hear in
hell, that's right

Paul?

boom.

THE ARMY IS HERE!

Let's eat, now take off that helmet, sergeant

Tommy came home after a hard day of business, and hi hon, how
was your day?, and,

' wait that shipment now or they'll find you in three trash cans
in some alley, you stupid bitch where's the rest, what do you
mean, bad night, hey bitch, and I know it's hard to work with

Mr. Paul 120

James Napoli

your legs, hands, ear, nose, throat, and toes broken,
but you should have thought
mean, bitch, dinner will be late, you bitch,'
and that was Tommy's typical day, plus an all-new response to the
old, sorry dinner will be late, hon, bullshit.

Paul was yelling now, standing outside the phone booth on the
corner, screaming, "Tommy!Tommy!", while accross the street, in red,
Tommy quickened his pace slightly and thought how whoever that was
was gonna get your balls blown off by Howie.

"Tommy! Dirt's here to play!.." Paul screamed, and crossed the stret
look both ways now remember ,Paul, and started to run tow~~ards~~ the
his balls off now, howie, it's
okay, don't wait for my signal just blow!

And now Tommy running, waiting for Tommys boom, and wow how
silly of Tommy to run. And then Tommy turn into alley, out in the
open, damn you Paul remember.

"Sergeant! Sergeant you can take him now, I know Adam said out in
the open but, Tommy? Tommy, they want you to come out here.Come on
Tommy, come on."Paul said staring into the alley, knowing he would
have to do it, and go soldier, you knew the job requirement when
you signed up.

"Tommy's a bad boy. Tommy's the bad boy, teacher"
pleading, walking slowly into the alley, Tommy in the back against
the wall, no sorry too high, but,

'That's right, sportsfans tonight Tommy will scale a wall three
feet high with no rope, or ladder. Tommy..'

"Paul?" Tommy said, and now Tommy has just a few parting words

Mr. Paul 121

James Napoli

before he climbs the thirty foot high wall, and,
"Is that you, Paul?" Tommy said, and now he will climb the fifteen
foot high wall, back to you, Tommy.

"Yeah." Paul said as he steps up to Tommy and swings, Tommy's down,
and I think that's tight after he kicks the shit out of Paul, then he
will climb the wall. But then of course, he'll have no reason to.
We'll be right back after station identification.

Paul swung and caught Tommy again, now to keep him down,
suspect falls and injures self while being brought into custody,
and Tommy staggered toward a wall and crashed into some garbage
cans, hitting some glass, shattering, sharp, suspect cuts self
with knife: *threatened he would take his own life if pigs didn't*
back away.

Paul just ran out to the street, and Tommy rose to follow, to
escape. Bad boy, Paul waiting at the end of the alley for Tommy,
and when he came, "Okay! It's Tommy! Get Tommy." Paul said, and ran
from the scene in red, away from the streetlights and bullets.

And just then, there was one, and another, sirved up fresh
from the captain and inferior offisir, hot lead for the dealer.
"Right! That's right! Get him! Get him!" Paul screamed, and jumped
around in the street, just like Adam said.

And then another, Adam's here, yeah he knew, Paul, he understood,
if he was late one more time then you knever see Paul again, we
know the scene, real sorry, mr. informant.

Adam ran from the opposite corner, sir, captain, a little mistake
here, I'll clear this up.

Adam waved to end the shooting, see I was just going out for

Mr. Paul 122

James Napoli

a walk, and, yes sir, shutting up, sir.

Paul staggered back to the alley, sorry to complain, offisir, but they were shooting at me!

Adam stepped up to Tommy, standing in the street, revealed by the headlight's from catain offisirs car.

"Pigs." Tommy said, as Adam came into view, Adam stepped close to Tommy, and struck him in the face.

"Paul? Paul, are you there." Adam said, looking for Paul, by the way, Paul standing in a corner where Tommy would have climbed a thirty foot wall, had Paul not kicked the shit out of him, back to you, Paul.

"Paul, I'm sorry ~~My Captain was back there. He was the one~~ who was shooting. He must have been following me, and you. I told him something, I'm sorry, Paul."

And Tommy? Oh, he watching, he memorizing certain cops faces, and their badge numbers, and phone number's and names, he's taking notes, Tommy, naughty, and nice.

Mr. Paul123

James Napoli

And, come on Mr. Teacha, teacha us the law, teacha take it away. OK, students, ~~to~~ begin, *Billy stop picking your* nose, now so that the jury and the press and the defendant, and last but never least- the victim, take a bow, you've rwally held up well through the trial, so that they and the world, bow, understand everything very clearly, you must repeat every question, every answer, everything said in the courtroom, five or six times,

'Balliff, go order lunch for the court, baliff...',
once more, I don't think Paul heard.

x"Mike did you kill Paul?"

"I did not kill Paul." Mike said, but wait a sec, Mike, did ~~you~~U notice the victim's name had changed?

"Did you kill Samuel Adams?" the lawyer asked, and that's the name of the usual victim's name, our guest victim was Paul, but no matter the victims name, Mike kept noddng no, our Mike no killl anybody, your honor, the mother pleads.

"But your suitcase was found beside the body, the knife that killed Adams found with your fingerprints on it."

"That's not my knife, and I used after it was used to kill Adams."

"But not used by you?" lawyer said, Mike noddng yes this time,

"Who do you think killed Samuel Adams?"

"Paul." Mike said, no reporters running from the room, got to ^{get} ~~get~~g this on the front page, though one journalist from the school newspaper did leave to goto the bathroom, please, judge?

"So you used the knife after Paul. Who did you use it on?"

Mr. Paul 124

James Napoli

"Paul." Mike said, and sorry but we're gonna have
to shelf that story about the debating team;

"You killed Paul?"

And then, Mike said biting his thumb like a little boy, "No, I tried to kill him. Did'nt happen. Tried." And will all defendants please take all fingers from outh, the judge said, very inderectly, I was not trying to intimidate your client, judge, say he's wrong!

"So you attempted to kill Paul, but did not suceed?"

"Yeah, but I really thought more about killing Paul than actually do anything about it. I dreamed about all that would be good, if Paul just...disappeared."

happen if Paul had died then?"

Mike sighed, looked away from the world, mind repeating that again?

Mr. Paul 125

James Napoli

It was snowing, a day in mid December, please, *come on, ma, let us stay home from school, school's just too far* three long blocks in the cold, hard, morning.

What made it strange was that it was early December, snow came for New York around mid January and stayed till February, and scientific reports indicate, the next ice age beginning and that means the end of man as we know it, and the goddamn kids and the salesmen, would Hare Krishna, and don't be caught in the cold without it, on and on.

Paul just kept his hands in the torn pea coats pockets, as he walked along Newkirk Plaza, a local shopping center with a display that related to the theme of the store, and in each window Santa was bringing down holiday greeting cards, holiday candy, holiday household accessories, holiday dope, and ahhh, sooo, no, bad boy, stay away from that store.

Forty to sixty percent off they all said, and the end is near, and a red neon sign, mounted above the door of your friendly holiday Pharmacy, swaying in the wind, right before Paul now, loose sign kills child, beats me who could have loosened those bolts, says owner, let's ask holiday hardware, and glancing in *the window your display was the prize of my attention, No,* it's your store I'll vandalize, thinks Paul.

And when Paul went in, Kris was still flying in the window, with a little help from his friends, and the Chinamans Holiday dope, Santa Claus busted, film at eleven.

Mr. Paul 126

James Napoli

Old Mr. Lipton, up at the front, running the register, that's plus tax, Mrs. Harris, he could'nt help but be suspicious of his new hired protection, Johnny and Sammy, and hey you two, get rid of that goddamn kid that just came in!

And 'We's here to help you shop properly and quickly', the little Hello my name is badge should have read, thought Paul, when some massiv@hshstheadwasseppailgndusskaskad if Paul could be helped.

The store was aminly just several aows of perfume, after shave, prescriptions filled at the counter, and always service with a smile, come on in, and just as Paul snatched a bottle of perfume from a shelf, he was the kind of son who brought his amama perfume and flowers when all the time planning at the label @ moment. Paul shoved the bottle into his pocket, Mrs. Harris was coming up the aisle, Mr. Lipton calling behind her, bye, come again.

And jst as she was checking her change, shoplifter, Mrs. Harris running for the manager, Help!

But down at the end of the aisle Johnny had arrived and blocked it, Sam at the other end, Paul caught in between, one squirt of the after shave and Paul was-Mr. Macho ~~per~~after shave lotion, you'll leap over tall buildings, and get all the girls, with Mr. Macho at your side.

Paul chose the direct approach. hey what can you do one old bitch plays hero and now all the old bitch's will have to pay, wild killing of old people in the street--Help!

Paul ran toward the door, shoved Johnny out of the way and jumped into the window display, MSanta crushed to death, film at eleven, of what's left.

Mr. Paul 127

James Napoli

And then, through.

Officer, Officer. What is the law?

'And it's just like, all these little pieces of glass stuck in your skin, and then you move and the glass moves further into your skin, Help!', one addict was quoted as describing the drugs effects...

Paul pulled himself from the ground, a wet snow had just fallen, and now he'll brave freezing temperatures and giant snow creatures, after shave, please?

Paul staggered around, people moving away from him like he was some freak, the mother pulls the child from the view of the freak
just afraid me, think that will be your boy some day.

Paul had headed for the train station where, we're working to move New York faster so vote to raise Subway employees pay, and everybody gets where they're going on time. And there was another violation, Paul jumping the turnstyle, fuck the pigs, fuck mass transit, fuck the human race, Paul made a statement with his action.

He ran down the platform now, trains to the left meant escape or, 'Shoplifting suspect electrocuted on Subway tracks,', going back to the station all trains were headed for jail, and the pigs finding out the whole fuckin' mess of Paul's life, and Paul already running, scratched his head in deep thought, and Paul will play on for the car, the boat, and the trip to Europe, Paul ran down the few steps that led off the platform to the dark tracks, and a tunnel up ahead.

Mr. Paul 1238

James Napoli

XXX 'Forgive me, offisir, for I have sinned.',

Paul in himself confusing . . . logically . . . up to the platform and accepted his fate,

'And thaat's the whole story, offisir, tell me, will I burn in hell?',

You're in hell already, son, and maybe, when caught, the offisirs would just drag Paul back to the tracks and stick him under the third rail,

'For a trip you'll never forget, son.',

and ahhhh, yes, trip never forget, soooo how was it Paul?

Underneath the platform, that's where,

waiting for a train to pass

and as passenger passed by them, from underneath,

They would grab passing ^{passenger} victims,

and Paul searched for a break in the fence behind the platform, that would take him away and victory.

Out onto a hill, at the top a lang fence and ouch mommy help, barbed wire got my thumb, and I'm afraid we'll have to amputate, a greedy doctor would announce, his little boy had joined a cult and shaved his head, goddamn kids ,take this!

Climbing the fence, then Paul dropped into a patch of light on the ground below a streetlight string down hey, the light was ~~shin~~coming from in front of Paul, and Paul saw onlt the night above him, and don't those goddamn kids break all the streelights anyway?

Paul was just attempting to stand when Pete and Joe stepped closer, Pete and Joe, out on patrol,

Mr. Paul 129

James Napoli

when they got a call,

Sooo, they were out looking for Paul

And Paul, shit, fuck, goddamn son of a bitch. *feeling his pocket, wet fr. the ball.*
But it's okay, don't worry Paul, your mother could've used the perfume anyway.

And, the desk seargeant thought, seeing Mike rise from his bench where he had sat for, seventeen hours this one boy sit in at a local police station has been going on, Mike demands amnesty for his brother, Paul, and all prisoners here under the age of twenty one.

..... coming toward me
another episode of,

It's time for

'Please Mr. Offisir, let my brother, Paul, go, please.',
but when the sergeant offisir had explained that Paul had been booked, fingerprinted, thumb printed, toe printed, charged with destruction of public property and as an extra added attraction, let's not forget shoplifting, Mike continued his vigil, just changing the dialouge to,

'Please Mr. Offisir, let me see my brother Paul, please.'

Mike had been sitting on a rough old wooden bench near the *entrance a variety of amusing characters*
in what's entering the seventh hour, an old man had just departed,
'Okay sir, we'll take your statement now, and then you can look at a lineup and choose your attacker, we have a wide selection...'
and Mike thought that the old man would probably explain, when shown the liheup that it had been a gang of attackers, not one,

Mr. Paul 130

James Napoli

'And those five guys look pretty much like them, may
I throw the switch when they're electrocuted.

And you got it all wrong, Mr. Old man, we use much more humane forms of execution today. Yeah old timer, now we use gas chambers, just like Hitler used on the Jews, remember?

And besides, those bleeding heart politicians says that the crime they committed, beating, raping, killing your wife, Mrs. Olad man, is'nt serious enough for execution, see ~~they~~ they would have had to do all that, plus chopping her up into little pieces to qualify for execution.

"When do you let me see my brother?" Mike said, um, that

on the bench kind of looks like one of them
what's his alibi?, the old man mentioned to the offisir as they arrested, booked, finger and toe printed the suspect old man had picked.

"It depends on how the trial goes. But you won't see him now." the sergeant offisir had said.

"Where are you holding him?" Mike said, the old man nodding, yup, that sure sounds like him, would you please say,

'Make one move you old shit and I'll cut your balls off',
very good, Mike.

"Don't worry, he has company."

"Well if you're going to treat him like the regular criminals why don't let him go like you do the regular criminals?" Very, very good, Mike.

"We don't do that, kid. The cour\$\$ do that. We're the police."

Mr. Paul 131

James Napoli

And yes sir, yous the pox-lice, yous in charge, yes sir, we understand, but , could you explain to Mike, please?

"Well, if you're the police why don't you kill the prisoners, like the police usually do?" Mike said, and now he got the picture, thank the wonderful police offisir for their cooperation with the education of our children.

"Excuse me, are you talking about Paul Napoli?" a man from behind Mike said, suit and tie, briefcase in his right hand, hello Mr. District Atourney, would be the correct title for this man, about six months later when sudden death struck, were you? prepared?

Don't let your death be an example, and your already grieving

family be the ones left without planned funeral arrangements.

And this District Attorneys first case would just happen to be the latest murder by a teenage youth who claims his dead brother did it, are we coming in clear enough, Mr. Offisir we have brought in to help you better understand.

"What do you want?" Mike said, now for a detailed look at the advanced techniques our police use as teaching aids, whip, please, Riley, and now do you understand?

"Paul Napoli, do you know him?" this future D.A. said, and Mike stepped away from sergeant offisirs desk, he'd deal with th~~at~~^{at} pig. um. offisir, whip down, in a minute.

"He's my brother."

"Strange, I don't think I saw anything that said Paul had any surviving family." the lawyer said and had sat on the bench that Mike had previously occupied, opened his briefcase.

"How does it look?" Mike said, let's not discuss me being Paul's

Mr. Paul 132

James Napoli

brother right now, okay, pal.

"Not too good. He sure has some attitude. I really can't tell how it will go, depends on the judge, but it may be you've all been protesting too much."

"Can you get me in to see him?"

"Not if they won't let you see him. I'll do my best for him, but I have ten other cases right now at least as serious as his."

The lawyer got up, locking his briefcase and departed, and don't forget, coming this fall, the lawyer becomes district attorney, don't miss it!

And ,hey, sorry kid, but we have to wax, polish, shine, refurbish, retile and clean the floor, you'll have to leave, and where did they leave the old men who were going to testify to get this scum or that scum off the streets, where did they put their witnesses when it came time to polish the floor?

And Mike got it, no need to explain further, Mike he, understood, don't get the whip, Riley.

'bout time to head for home, don't you think, Mike? Night.

And what were those figures again?, Mike tried to remember the percentage from that article ~~he~~ she'd read in a paper fished out of a trashcan while he was waiting to see Paul.

The article was about the number of people arrested that arrested and sent to jail, and how many, out of a hundred persons tried for a crime go to jail?

Paul, he was sitting up in the front, first row, his confident and reassuring lawyer next to him, some mothers, with other lawyers and delinquent children, sat all around them.

Mr. Paul 133

James Napoli

And please repeat your lines Mrs. ~~Q~~(name withheld),
'Please Mr. Judge, my boy will never do it again. And if he does,
~~then I'll kick his~~ ass, and arter that, never again, your honor.'

It was one, one out of every hundred people arrested went to jail, and what ~~wase~~ the chances that one in a hundred persons would come up today~~m~~, in this court, and ~~you~~YOU win a one way trip to childrens regormatory, and there's no need to show your gratitude for your sons good fortune, mom, just think of the savings on food.

All rose as the judge entered, and thank you Mr. Judge for taking time out of your busy schedule of golf, lunch with the ~~meyer and the girl you keep on the side cause your wife is very~~ elderly and sick, Paul no dobt thought, noticing that the clock made judge ten minutes late, and,

'Don't pay no attention to that clock, boy, it's been broken for ten years,'

the baliff had told Paul, just another example of effieecency in our judicial system, and balliffs are way overpaid, thought Paul.

All rose, and the formalities began, ~~and the interpreters translated the all going on into spanish,~~ and who cares what the judges name is, you are still to address the judge as your honor, and why bother putting little Danny under oath. he don't tell no truth anyway, since Santa Claus did'nt bring that train set even though he was truthful for six months, it must have been the hard liqour that kept ~~ES~~Santa away, little Danny.

The case before Paul's arrived, an innocent looking child wearing a football shirt with the numbers ninety nine printed in

Mr. Paul 134

James Napoli

huge white letters on the back, and so far the judge
~~had handed out stiff sentences + probation, and I don't want to~~
see you back here again, young man, seemed to be complementary
with the several petty crimes that had been heard.

"Paul, who have you lived with since...the accident?" the judge
said, he had this way of suddenly kindness, and,

'One more time, young man, and your ass is gone!, now Paul where
have you been since mommy and daddy went goodbye?, nice boy, good
boy.',

and the judge was quoted as saying he was "genuinely shocked" when
learning that a young man he had set free had become a vicious

~~axe murderer of 25 young women~~

"Myself, I guess." Paul said, standing with future D.A. but
now only humble attorney, and you don't like axes, do you, Paul?

"I see." the judge said, looking for some trace of viciousness in
this lad, they wouldn't hang another one on his shoulders.

The judge shuffled some papers, reading, making some marks here and
there.

"Paul Napoli, I sentence you to twelve months of probation, taking
the circumstances involved into account. You will be turned over

to the state until a proper home is found."

~~man~~ ~~say~~ ~~standing~~ ~~in~~ ~~dub~~ ~~belief~~, and was nearly taken
away with a group of unfortunates that the judge had not been so
kind to.

Paul was adopted by a rich ~~family~~ couple who God said couldn't have
kids, went on to college, and became a senator.

Mr. Paul 1235

James Napoli

The judge was found incompetent and was asked, real nice, to step down from ~~that~~ that high position, hows the weather up there?

Something simple, short, understanding, caring and,
"It's not your fault ma, really, don't blame yourself, ma, pa? Well, it kind of is your fault, pa, you are supposed to support and all," Mike wrote then crushed the paper to a ball in his hands, tossed it towards the trash, try again, Mike, but this time, remember: Get to the point. You always did avoid the point XMike you always did, and dear ma, just think you'll never have to deal with my pointlessness again.

And Mike had tried to soothe his soon to be grieving family *with accident with Mike's* hand, and one version of the note found near the trashbasket but not quite, try again, Mike, by the now grieving family of the young runaway, Mike said,
'Just think, pa, other than that thirty dollars in your wallet you'll never have to worry about giving me money again.

But in the end Mike just wrote what he felt, and in this issue a special exclusive: Runaway's last words to now grieving parents:
'sorry ma, can't ma, cope ma, Paul ma, gone ma, then ma, Mike ma, dies ma, do you understand ma? pa? bye.'

Ticket please, got your ticket sonny, no, assistant conductor please remove this trash from the train, and go faster they yelled, tossing Mike's body to the rocks below, wake up, kid, ticket, kid? And Stamford was the next stop kid, sweet dreams, kid., And after that it was headed back for Penn Station and then it was

Mr. Paul 136

James Napoli

just the D train back to Newkirk and hi ma, and it was just a joke ma, joke ma, ma, ha? And hello, welcome to hellm. For your enjoyment, Mike will be beaten by parents at four, five, and a special midnight show, watch Mike cry out in pain, and gee, Paul, then Mike understood what Paul went through, and then we would be equal, Paul, then we'd be...brothers?

And what was Stamford? Mike took a look out the window... trees, some greenm stuff, and conductor please give me a general description and history of the stop in question, for service, insert quarter into conductors hand.

Forty second street? Come here sonny, got a dollar sonny, here try this nice stuff, special price for you, you is a special customer, until next time.
Stamford was established in 1871, and remains a quiet, respectable community,,, among the many scientists and attists to come from Stamford are,,, insert dollar for more information.

Mr. Paul 137

James Napoli

Across from the school, next to a tree, sitting behind a bush, Paul watched and Mrs. Old lady, out to walk the dog, that looks like a nice spot, blast 'em, doggie.

School just getting out, Mrs. Old lady liked to watch the children, come to her house on Halloween, boys and girls, some nice candies you'll never remember after.

"How's it going?" Paul said to George just coming down the street, he'd get to that old bitch with doggie in a minute, just come to her house any time.

"Look who it is." George said, smiling, ready to be my friend again Paul, ready to give George some of the equal treatment Mike had

"You seen Mike?"

"Not for a while, and not long enough." And if Paul had dropped the subject of Mike and the missing boys whereabouts?, said,

'Hey George, let's go see a movie, play some baseball, discuss American foreign policy, should we be in 'Nam, George?, or just watch t.v. and this week, Gilligan louses up another rescue, help me, please, George.'

Blast, 'em, Georgiee.

"Where's Mike?"

Go to hell, Paul. George said with the spirit. got Paul those movies you had to see alone, and, little boy, want some popcorn, I won't hurt you, also.

Paul shoved George against a wall, and no, of course our Georgie never just said, okay, old man, have your way with me, but he did with Paul, bad boy.

Mr. Paul 138

James Napoli

"He's not here." that's right, Georgeie, be cooperative sure to keep them in poace, homoshh!uals are strong and oh, very masculine.

"Now I'm gonna make this simple for your simple mind that kgets put in the simple classes in the simple school, in your simple life, and* death if you don't understand real soon. I do not want to fuck around, under\$stand, good. Where is Mike?" Paul said, and parents, here's the new, effective, low cost method of getting your boy or girl, under sixteen years of age they get real big when they're older, to learn their lessons well.

"He's not here."

"Really? No bullshit. Three goddamn days I've been watching for him, he does'nt leave his house in the morning if he's there, and he's not, now where is he?"

"He ran away. I mean it."

"How long ago?"

"A little longer than you've been gone, a week, maybe. You know Pual, I just heard that you're not worth it anymore, won't be after Tommy gets through with you any way. And Tommy and me? We're good friends, what kind of friend would I be if I didn't tell Tommy you were back? And when you'll be watching.

Got to make sure, got to find out, and in these uncertain times you need the portable lie detector, where a suspect cannot lie without you knwing about it, and it send s a three thousand volt charge to execute any liars!

Mr. Paul 139

James Napoli

And, still holding on to the defenseless informant,
Paul then let him go after lying to us about his intentions. Paul
strode awayx.xx

Paul fucked around with George's face.

Paul stopped in front of the door, ever ready for some kind of trap, sure, it had Mike's last name pasted next to this this door number, but how could Paul, product of a suspecting generation, trust them, and how could he be sure, hello man that says he is Mike's father, may I have two forms of identification, (birth certificate, driver's liscense), just so I can be sure?

Time to find out, as the door Paul was knocking on opened,
hey mister, some kid just rang your doorbell and ran away, but not me, was'nt me, mister,'

Paul said when he saw it was not XMike 's father, but Paul had never seen Mike's father so he had no way of knowing, go to plan two, Paul.

"Yeah, what is it?" a middle aged man, probably enjoying his weekend till now, opened the door, burped from the beer, two, well, I guess you could call it half a sixpack, but who's counting?

"Is Mike here?"

"Get the fuck out of here. You know Mike is'nt here "

"No, I did'nt, I'm looking for him."

And then it hit Paul. No, not the grieving father, taking a one or two beers more while his wife went out to get the groceries, who would ever know? But then it hit Paul, that these people, person, Mike's mother was out at the store, hadprobably waited up

Mr. Paul 140

James Napoli

for the last two weeks, by the phone, and,

'Is this the grieving mother or the grieving father of this runaway child?'

it would always be that nice officier who had taken their names and information that first time calling to say, no go on grieving we have'nt found the lad yet, sorry.

* Paul just backed away, he saw the man's face grow red and the anger move in,X

'Grieving father kills child in mad rage; judge sez it's okay, sets father free.'

No, I don't think Mike his here, and 'sides, Paul had seen this before. *and you better remember Paul killed Jay and that's enough* remembering for today, good boys and girls- recess!

And it was before the neighbors pointed toward that house
in shame and disgust, those people are crazy! Father comes home
drunk and beats the wife and child, child does poorly in school as
with most of those families, of course, and nobody actually asked
Paul's family to leave, hell how much lower could they go?, but
they ~~played~~ slipped out of the house quietly for school one day,
'And my baby never came back to me!'

the father spoke of him

Daddy's best girl, reminded Paul's pop of a girl he knew in tenth
grade, and a wild ~~ma~~afternoon in an empty classroom, and oh how they
roared, and the charges came:

'High School Jamitor caught molesting child, pictures, adults 18
an over only, at eleven.'

Mr. Paul 141

James Napoli

Paul and Cathys mother didn't exactly mourn her *daughter's death*, scared of past acquaintances that might be watching and call late one night to say hello, we had a great time that time, ~~idid'mt~~ we, babe, the mother had always thought her little girl to be a little ~~xxxx~~ slut, hi daddy, look at me daddy, got all A's in school daddy, love me daddy, and the mother knew about that time in the classroom with that girl oh Mr. Jamitor ^{how} whats going on here and also about her own daughter~~x~~ reminded him, and that girl sure is taking after mom.

Paul, actually he was never notified officially that sis was *gone hell that dude* Dad thought, Paul just thinking this meant he could have more at dinner and would be the subject of his fathers love right now, failed all my classes, dad, but hell, I'm here, love me.

And why would a thirteen year old girl who had Dads love and affection, even if there were looks from mom, like, 'Hey kid, this is my corner you're working, kid,' why would she leave? After all, Dad controlled mom pretty well, a little forceful, occasionally, still only occasionally, before Cathy left, and,

one more word from ya, *Tommy Tommy* this model is defective may I have a refund of a new whore, please' was all far in the future.

But Daddy had no money. Out p fwork all the time, unemployment would'nt help Cathys with her dream. She wanted to be a movie star.

Mr. Paul 142

James Napoli

And five years, four months, twenty three days,
two hours, five minutes, and four seconds later,
Mr. Jones saw Cathy sneaking out of the house in the early morning,
Jones, just coming in for the night where have you been, says
Mrs. Jones, and this week on divorce court...

Paul was standing on the platform at the Newkirk station,
yes he paid, slowly taking the token from his pocket, don't shoot,
he thought at the staring offisirs, undoubtedly watching, Paul
just had to take a peek in at Lipton's drugs, ohhhhh, shit, theres
that kid, pressing his nose up to the glass, and when Paul is back
you know there's gonna be glass breaking, Paul is back from jail,
Mr Lipton a would-be outstanding citizen
newspaper, next weeks citizen is a store owner who blew away three
armed robbers single handed, back to you, Paul.

And all the pretty ladies on the platform, all the pretty
^{old} girls for sale, this guy sitting next to Paul waiting on a bench
for the train, oh what he'd do to one of those girls if he were
ten years younger, and those old guys could be really wild, the
girls knew, call for a free estimate, or come on down and look
at our enormous selection.

And now Paul was standing, there by the stairway, one in a
group of pretty girls *five years*
four months, and all that other stuff, 'cept it was ten minutes,
now, and listen to one of our many satisfied customers reactions
speaking with absolutely no script,
'She was a good bitch, took her lumps pretty well, good bitch,
till I blew her up in my car.',

Mr. Paul 143

James Napoli

At first he had just stared in wonder at how the girls were painted thought that all that stuff could help block out the cold, and it's weather resistant too, and five goddamn minutes waiting for the train, goddamn, and where are you going, brothers and sister, that you have to get there so fast?

And, hey, Mr. Anchorman, got some news for you, come here, ten bucks, right now, and here, and,

'Runaway girl found as a whore five years later; after identifyin the young woman, and the disgust her brother experienced at the girl, the offisirs returned the girls to her parents, by the gas chamber.'

'Local news personalty discovered with where I just did it for the story', says,

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" Paul said, standing close to her, examining, still, and,

'Brother finds sister whore as they're doing it; she started talking about her family, brother says, and yelled, 'Sis!''

"I don't think so kid. Come back in a few years and we'll get reacquainted, though, okay?"

"Has'nt been that long. Remember Cathy?"

"Just get the fuck away from me kid, okay, don't look good, and

I don't need any judge on my ass, ok?

In the middle of all that, Paul just looked down and mumbled:

"Sister."

And all day it had been, following Cathy, hell Paul had nothing else to do, running and being chased by the bad guy police, the fun never ends, so he followed her when the train came

Mr. Paul 144

James Napoli

and she just said fuck off again. first she took
to the club. *she bought several dresses for business purposes*
that just leap out and shout, every man will be walking your way,
then back to the neighborhood, hung for a while in a house that
was suspiciously close to Tommys, all those drug/pimp/scum types
live in the same place, don't you know?

Now it was some hotel in the area, police are not disclosing
the exact location, but it's the beautiful Hotel Oak, conveniently
located to suit your purposes, free ice, and hourly rates.

Paul just sat on some car near the exit, there is no escape now,
you filthy runaway/whore/bitch, and kid, get your ass off that

you'll be dead before ya realize it.

"Dangerous business." Paul said, stepping out of the night,
the
to his sister, standing on a corner, her customer had taken the
back way out, and she looked for a taxi, dangerous neighborhood,
and, well, you know. Tommy hates it when his girls give it free,
and some of the bitch's would just say take what you can to a
mugger, nothing in the purse except Tommy's money from her nights
work, and nobody takes Tommys momey.

"What do you want?" Cathy said, went back to looking for a
cab, with most guys she would have just given her menu, and

usually whatever she wanted was on her list.

"Just a minute. Think you could give a realation a minute free?"
She crossed the street, and Paul started after her. "Talk to me
while I'm walking, and I'll forget the charge."

"They're dead, you know." Paul said, walking with a whore,
thirty days, three hundred fine. Next case?

Mr. Paul 145

James Napoli

"I know." she said, name, age, parents address? when
They routinely rounded groups of girls up. Sometimes just to
take to the back room at the station and teach them to be good
from now on, and I want to see you back here every Thursday at
eight o'clock, the sergeant said, to meet with me, your probation
officer, good girl.

"Tiny paragraph on page eighty six, two days after they
buried them. Reason there was that much was cause the car smashed
up the restaurant pretty bad." she said, wedged right in between
the days horoscopes and Cindy's Helpful Gardening Tips, today's
tip is...

"Get your..." *found your*
destiny, I see. Did Tommy try you out himself or since he knew
that you came from a family of professionals did he
just take you automatically.?"

"Just about a minute. Goodbye, Paul. Can't be your sister, just
wouldn't work out."

"Oh, you want me to do better, right? Want me to have a better
home than the one you can give me?" Paul said.

"I really don't give a shit, Paul. I couldn't feel for them, and
they were my parents. No one cared for a thirteen year old girl,
runaway from home and I learned how not to care, too. Never
feel for anyone, never think about seeing anyone after you've done
business with them." And that's our motto here, we live by it so
we can give you absolutely the best girls, who, for the moment,
have nothing but their minds on YOU.

Little boy, come back later, we don't give lessons here.

Endings .

Mr. paul 146

James Napoli

After the D train, it was just thirty two minutes
to Newkirk Ave. and you got there without the train derailing.
getting mugged, raped, and when you got to where you were going,
you had a new perspective on life, that made you want to go back and
finish school, get married and have kids, it was what you made
them think they could get, not what was delivered, ten minutes in
the goddamn tunnel waiting, dirty, filthy, disgusting bums and
religious fanatics begging for money, not to mention the grimy,
dirt covered walls, the citys basement, with all the discarded
beings, who are working to keep you moving, study to be a transit
worker, loving of filth required.

I was kidnapped *class called*
on for the answer, well, my homeworks somewhere here, then after
the crime had been uncovered: Why'd you do it? Why'd you do it?
Fuck you bitch I didn't feel like it.

Paul was coming home after having seen Cathy, and in our
next episode Paul looks for distant cousins, remember we were
cousins when we were three, and home had not been disturbed the
wonderful officers who had located Paul, we've been looking for
you, young man, no it was all the same, and walking down the street
hey kid you got any money?, Paul then had enough of the same bit
for the moment, thank you, no sir, no money.

Paul had an idea of the same kind that he had been asked,
that was why he had slipped the knife into his pocket no, not for,
'Brother of whore, cuts whore up,'
^{ome}
no sir, that ~~came~~ later, shh!, look for an old woman or man, and it
was hell let her tell you, she thought she was gonna die, she'll

Mr. Paul 147

James Napoli

tell you, goddamn kid put a knife to her throat,
now she's gonna tell ya.

So Paul took his place in the shadows again, and tonight Paul looks for unwilling victims, do we have any volunteers, Paul is an equal opportunity mugger, have any money mother fucker and Paul will see you now, name, age, amount in wallet and/or purse or handbag?

Samuel Mazer was eight, on the train with mommy one Saturday afternoon, gone into the city to buy Sammy some nice new clothes, don't that sound good, Sammmmy, and fun? Sure ma, rather than play that nasty game baseball with my friends, gone to the city with *mommy on the train coming home telling* her handbag, and ran, don't let him get the clothes, Sammy screamed, and why is this young man naked? Film at eleven, no not of Sammy ^{ma} naked, ~~am~~ said no.

Accordingly, Samuel remembered the incident ~~an~~ his early twenties, when another occurrence concerning a gun, another mugger, and Sam, left the young man with an ~~am~~ugly limp, and from the time of the surgery afterwards only a vague idea of what occurred that day, during the surgery to remove the bullet doctors reported the victim received an overdose of carbon monoxide, which, while not *leaving the victim brain-damaged does limit thought + affect* memory, doctors say.

This would have proved profitable, several lawyers assured him, had Samuel not forgotten his court date and missed the trial.

Actually, several other lawyers saw to it that there was absolutely no negligence involved, the judge ruled, sorry, they said, what?

Mr. Paul 148

James Napoli

Mike was hovering around Newkirk Plaza, your shopping values begin at Newkirk Plaza, where you'll always find what you're looking for, try us and see, there are none better. There was Harry's Holiday House, with a wide variety, we have a wide variety to fit your needs in greetings and gifts, birthday, anniversary, graduation, cards, just wanted to say, I'm running away, cards, hey, I'm back! cards, come in anytime.

And there was Lipton's drug, temporarily closed due to structural deficiencies, and I'm afraid the glue on that display window didn't hold quite that well,

'The window broke, Mr. Lipton, and you haven't paid the bill for the other one, and the police said to say there was some damage this time and...

The ceiling had caved in. There was a terrible storm, and when the window shattered, exposed to the elements, maybe it's time to retire, relax, take it easy.

A scream? Maybe it was time to retire, go home, hi ma, pa? Yeah I know, but we'll talk later, okay, good night, what's the matter Mike hear something you didn't like and where was your recently returned from running away son at ___ last night?

And the all night newstand, closed, death in the family, can we interest you in a card, sir? Deepest condolences in your time of grief, and our deepest sorrow that the Lord chose to take your brother at this time, the Lord, and a little punk kid with a knife in the night hey mr. got any money?

Not much other action around here tonight, Paul thought how ~~xLixx~~Cathy would go home early, what's that bitch, where's the

Mr. Paul 149

James Napoli

money, one chance to answer correctly for the car,
~~The house and the life, bitch-~~ and I'm sorry that's the wrong
answer, you lose it all, bitch, beginning to feel that's your name,
or the only one Tommy knows for you?, excuse me, I don't think
we've been properly introduced...

~~Though~~ Paul surely ~~would have~~ rathered to stay away from anyone
under the age of eighty five, with white hair, what was left of it,
had two heart attacks in the last eighteen months, and here
comes number three, portrait of a victim by a vicious killer, film
at eleven.

So Paul rose from behind the trash cans and ~~the debris, comfy~~
Paul, hating the thought of having to say to this guy, got any
mother fucker?, and, whether your knowledege of ingles is poor
or you're just the lazy mugger, get our flash card, in many
different varities:

'Excuse me, money, I speak no english',
and many others.

Not that he felt that in the future, his voice might incrim
inate him otr anything, and now, which one of these voices, mugged
and kicked the shit out of you?

No, maybe we know there ain't gonna be no one left to tell, is it
~~Voice~~ number three, really, or do YOU win an all expenses paid
trip to jail?, did'nt do it, no, next case.

Maybe it was just some dumb mother fucker that knew Mazer,
hello, best friend Bill, you're the dumb mother fucker trying to
scare me, hide in the ally, pop onto the sidewalk when I pass
you, it was you. Dumb mother fucker.

Mr. Paul 150

James Napoli

And it was Mazers very first time doing this, walking home alone in the night like this, and,

will he live long enough for an interview?'

the reporters asked, the doctor has no comment at this time, but don't count on it fellas.

Running with his suitcase, in his winter jacket, and, 'At least my baby took his toothbrush and long underwear with him', cries runaways mother, story on page two, quarter first, pal?

It was getting heavey now, the odd ,battered thing heavier than what it was carrying, and gosh,

'You know, you would think that since Mike's family did so much moving that they would get better luggage'.

noted the careful observer and reader, and where was the x scream coming from, victim, one more scream please, for positive identification, Help!

Mike came up on the victim from behind, Mazer now lying facing the sidewalk, blood spilling out from his chest,

'You know, Sam you really have to stop being so fucken paranoid, take it easy now Sam, reax, now you'll have the time to relax, forever.'

Easy.

Screams were hardly uncommon to Newkirk Ave.

Mike used to sit awake in bed at night and hear the screaming, coming from only two blocks away, didn't give you a felling of security, no matter how tight you had been tucked in by mommy, and it didn't matter that in the story Daddy gave you before bed he said there was a happy ending, he said, tell this mother fucker with the knife Daddy, what you said.

Mr. Paul 151

James Napoli

And it seemed there was always one of the stores
along the avenue getting robbed, or,

'This is the big sale! Guaranteed lowest prices, cos everything must go, going out of business, goddamn kids been breaking in too much, and holding us up, and raping our beautiful cashier, Estelle, take a bow, honey,' and there wouldn't be too many happy days of seeing Mrs. Perkins come in to get her Vitamin C prescription filled, last two weeks, due to technical difficulties.

Mike dropped his bag, spotting the knife by the body, is this your bag, Mike, picked the knife up, are these your prints, Mike, the D.A would sit back and laugh later on, get the rope, boys, and pick out a tree high enough for this boy, we don't want you swanging around and dragging your feet, boy.

"Paul?" Mike said, something at the corner catching his eye, could you describe this something for the jury, please, vague, huh, we understand, it's okay Mike, then away flying down Newkirk Avenue, thought you was lookin' for Mike, Paul, "Paul!", Mike wants to speak to you, Paul, says he thinks you forgot something.

Fleeing the death scene, the murderer fled to a local department store, your discount on household products begins here, entering *the building through a side window that was found kicked in.* Though there was no actual damage or loss of merchandise, the owner wants 'Those little bastards rounded up, get 'em to pay for that window, little bastards.'

Reaching a corner, rounding it slowly, Paul moved into the next aisle, one of about ten that the stores main floor, lingerire,

Mr. Paul 152

James Napoli

beauty/ cosmetics in the basement... and all the cameras crowding around the chair, well Paul, hows it feel after three thousand volts, ahhh, what a trip, Mike passed the chinaman little laundry chasing Paul, the goddamn kids never held that store up, or raped the chinamans wife, equal rights in robbing, vandalization and raping, please.

Coming up the stairs to the main floor, assorted items to fill your needs, ask for assistance, please do not open packages, thank you... will Mike make the ultimate sacrifice and take the rap for Paul, don't lock up my brother, take me, offisirs, and maybe the decision was already made for him, with his bag at the body. his prints *on the knife, find out in the next*

Taking a chance poking his head down the next aisle to see just who had joined him, who could it be, screaming Paul after him, shall we give him a hint, folks? No not the night security guard, clubbed to death with a wrench from our wide selection of tools and hardware supplies, killed by the monstorous killer freak.

Mike had taken a long chain from the same section as mentioned above, just proving our selection is so big, and seeming endless, you can be alone with a friend in our store and never notice each other, time for some of the old words of comfort and reassurance all will be fine. if you give up right now. Paul. our sermon will be given by our own, Mike, "Paul! It's alright. They'll go real easy on you! Like last time!"

Standing still against a wall in the toys/hobbies section, Paul, will you guess the puzzle and win the trip to Europe now? "Paul! Don't worry about them, they'll never touch you!" and then, swinging the chain Paul just heard it, can we see Mike swinging

Mr. Paul 153

James Napoli

agin, for our viewers in hiding from Mike, please?
And our finest china and glassware, the chain coming down on a neat display of dishes, you see, Paul, "Paul! It's me you have to worry about! Understand that, Paul! They'll never get close to doing what I'm going to do!" the chain again, Mike is destroying some more merchandise for all our viewers who had to leave their sets, due to bladder problems.

And it's him! The kid that killed the guy two blocks back, Paul did it! Don't you see, don't you understand! It's him! And Mike saw himself calling the police from the phone in the managers office. had to *kick the door in sorry about the lock* manager, waiting outside for them to come, explaining, just what the situation is here, sonny, and what body where? Now, once more who killed that guy we'll find dead two blocks from here, go check it out, Joe? It's me. the thought flashed in Mike's mind, it's me, leave Paul alone, judge, I did, that was my suitcase my prints on the knife, yeah, Paul, my brother. He died.. that's right he died, car accident, got hit delivering his newspapers one morning, yeah that sounds about right.

Somewhere in the middle of all that, Paul slipped out of the store and the phone call was nearly made right then and there. but he had to be Paul's brother to make it seem right, no, not bullshit blood brothers where you cut yourself and hit a vein and then get put in the hospital, yeah, bloodbrothers, that's the story you give when it really happened when you were trying to drop some heroin, really and screwed up. And a new addition to the chinamans menu today, try this boys and girls, goo shit, better....

Mr. Paul 154

James Napoli

But, Mike, the voice said, with those prints they'll
never believe you will this hurt.

brought the flame down with his hand, liar. And that's the story
the lawyer tells you to give so you get classified insane, and
then get refiled with the wackos who were usually released with
their mothers, I'll take good, special care of my boy, now, thank
you, your honor.

But Mike did carefully put the chain where it would be
found, carefully, not to damage the signature he had left there.
And passed an ambulance and several police cars going home, and
in the back of the building where he lived, felt the fire, and
then returned home.

Mr. Paul 155

James Napoli

They had put Mike in here, when all the swearing in, and witnesses had been done. a guard had told him he would have to wait in another room, not in the court with the adults, maybe the judge was gonna talk with his mother, like at the doctor after your examination, but here they didn't say, 'It's just boring stuff you wouldn't enjoy or understand', and where were the toys to play with and the back issues of Jack and Jill magazine in this waiting room, four walls a table and two chairs in the center, little window in one wall, no need to put bars in it, so small even a healthy, boy like Mike couldn't get through it, but of course there were two little bars made ~~the bars for any~~ window, no window too big or too small.

And Mike would be doing life, lying awake one night after lights out, thinking about this first cell of his, telling those young punks always hauled in for petty theft, Mrs. Wilsons bag coming home from shopping, that old bitch still alive, he would say.

The great, huge door swung open, like they were guarding something real special in here, they needed, the door to our holding cells here is three inches thick of solid steel the ~~healthiest~~ *young men could never get through and now, if you'll* follow me to the exit, that concludes our tour, thank you for not smoking or taking pictures of the advanced police methods that we use to capture criminals like this one you see through the little barred window in this door, hi Mike, wave to the tourists nad get off for good behavior.

Mr. Paul 156

James Napoli

The little lawver came in *and now to pressure the* defendant into thinking he will lose and into a confession for a lighter sentance, here is our own litttle D.A. that got Paul off, applause, please?

"Maybe it's caude I'm new at doing things this way. Used to be that I was defending, not accusing." the lawyer said, he had put his briefcase down on the table, the door had closed, what a brave man, the guard thought to go in there with that visciuous killer alone, sure you don't want cuffs on him, sir?

"I remember one case, a few months aga, young kid. He had *lifted some perfume from a store and in the process of getting* away, took a dive through the stores display window. Paul. And, the kids brother who came down to the police station just to see his brother.

It was so simple, Mike. What you wanted from this trial was so simple I should have seen it right away. But no, I looked for the deep, complicated plot by you.

You want to be guilty, you wish you could have killed Mazer, and Paul, Paul I think you tried to kill- but did'nt suceed. Then you you decided you would go to jail for Paul. And Paul has no brothers, *only a sister, she ran away when he was ten they think* she's probably a whore now.

So simple. I did'nt figure it out until four days before the trial, then I had to get your parents approval, you see, Mike, orignally this case was'nt supposed to last longer then ten minutes. Forget it. But, is he dead Mike? Is Paul dead?"

Mike just looked up at him, for a second. "Car accident, just lik e

Mr. Paul 157

James Napoli

Sitting in a row of other unfortunates of other colors, and other hard luck stories, come on mister, just a nickel and dime, can save the life of some poor unfortunate, and now for some inspiring words, our poster unfortunate, Paul. There in the alley they sat for the night, when it was cold always hunched over a fire started in a barrel, only with your help can they survive.

Now, climbing out of the alley, pulling himself up to become our nations thirty fourth President, Paul stood on the corner of Newkirk, the masses of people moving toward him were ready to kill, for Sam, whatta nice guy, a little paranoid, but, 'The police said that the killer was probably a child, 'cause, the clothes in the suitcase were a kids, seems the killers a kid to me.', any kid, any kid will do, parents kill your children lets do what the Natzis did, if one does something wrong, kill 'em all, collective guilt the way to good living.

Paul strode past the scene of the murder last night of one Sam Mazer, police are investigating, by now the next murder had been committed, nothing would appear in the afternoon edition that would mention old Sam, well, cops say, 'Well, we could'nt solve this one in a twenty three minute period of exhausting searching, lets go on to the next case, will our beautiful secretary please show us the next case,' And when the mother, father, grieving family ask what progress has been made in the apprehension of their sons murderer, who raped and mutilated the boy, we're lookin, we're lookin, sir.

Mr. Paul 158

James Napoli

The little lawyer man seemed to be saying something,
when Mike looked his way in the court, when they said we've
ready for you now, Mike, come on in, son.

Like maybe he wanted to be out of here, the lawyer, not much more
to be said, here, your honor, good luck kid, can I have my check,
now, honor?

The authorities said, well, what they said, was what they
were told, by the kids, on the scene, film at eleven, ^{what} 'bout they
said, the kids, on the scene, that at the corner of Coney Island
Avenue and Newkirk, it happened to Paul. He just went crazy, flew
right into the street, goddamn kid, one man said, on the scene,
Paul ran out into the street, rought his way to the yellow line
in the middle, started running, gone away.

Their were several accidents resulting, too. And though there
were no injuries reported, the fender benders from Pauls run in
the street, caused quite an uproar, bring it into Meineke, and
let's just forget the whole thing, okay, pal?

And, "Has the jury reached a verdict?", by now the judge was
tired of this case too, excuse the napping judge, we'll tell him
the verdict when he wakes up, okay, so read it already.

Somewhere, running down the yellow line, a car came up from
behind Paul, a little too fast, with other cars in front of him
did'nt matter, if they wanted to kill Paul just the weight would
do it, but looks like we're in for a big finish.

What to do, go into the next lane, over the yellow line and that
goddamn kid, what was he doing there was dead. But stay here, and
you were. Let's put it this way: which one of the choices is

Mr. Paul 159

James Napoli

softer?

Turning from his parents to the jury, and especially you, Mr. Foreman, I'll be rememberinh you, and the whole jury, names, addresses and all, to the lawyer and the judge, Mike listened, judge, court, remember, not rest period.
Not guilty.

Made your decision yet? Remember it's a desciosn that will take two seconds and affect the rest of your life, so always, don't drink when driving. So whichj will it be, crazy kid running on the line, or certain death for yourseif and others.

Paul.

Life after Paul, part Two

Four years from NOW, 1967

Mr. Paul 160

James Napoli

Life after Paul for Mike was a cell of your own at the local jail, you get arrested so much you dirty filthy goddamn kid scum.

But not a kid anymore, nineteen now, and our obligation as parents has just ended, where most parents would want to continue on, get candy and flowers on ma and pa's days, maybe if the kid made some money he would'nt forget his mom and dad, but Mikes parents would no longer fight to be Mikes parents in court, let him be Pauls brother, just don't come back here no more.

Mike ~~polled~~ *polled the dice one time in court and ninety nine* others went free he knew, that and that he would be doing six months in the reformatory, and he does'nt want to see you back here after you've completed that sentence, that's okay, Mikes getting used to getting kicked out in this lifetime, right?

Mike took the D to Newkirk, strolled past all the familiar sights, Liptons drug gone five years now, after that, Cindys Boutique, All Star Hardware, and Newkirk Florists tried the store too, the front display window broke once more, she would never be the same, the glass repair man remarked replacing it a fourth time, once more during a heavy rain, before the final owner of the store, a stationery store to give competition to the one accross the street, burned the store for the insurance money, and was living comfortably in Miami, until he swerved to miss a truck and went off a cliff, sorry.

Mike strolled around the park where David had lost his manhood, and the little boy had gone for a swim one winter night

Mr. Paul 161

James Napoli

and, waiting at a bus stop, just take the B-68
to Prospect Park, get off at McDonald Avenue, there were they
three of the pretty ladies of the kind Paul had encountered
shortly before passing, last weeks episode to be exact, and ;
right off in Mikes mind, one was eliminated. She was black, hard
to tell, and welcome to guess what color the whore is under the
makeup, the envelope and color, please.

But maybe one of the other two, after all, it made sense:
if Pauls sister was now a whore, it would make sense that she
would still be here, its not like they advertised in the news
paper:

Became a whore, travel to foreign and exotic lands,
no, Cathy, (Cathy, Mike had gotten that from the little lawyer,
and thank you very much for helping me out, sir, yeah, thanks,)
had been found, a helpless runaway girl, by Tommy, who put her
in the movies like she had wanted, then on the streets, between
starring roles in "

Mike picked one of the other two, waving a bill in her face
she followed, her place, a few blocks away where she maintained
a room for her acquaintences.

Arriving there, she had started to undress as Mike sat on
the bed, sipping some wine she had offered. Just to get ya in
the mood honey, she also did pot and cocaine to get her customers
going, no heroin, Tommy don't let us do no heroin.

Then Mike started to remark how he'd seen her somewhere
before, yes he was sure of it, no he didn't remember where, yes,
he was sure. What did she care?

Mr. Paul 162

James Napoli

Baby, leave the money on the dresser and she was
~~whoever you said she was, mother, sister, aunt, old~~
girlfriend, she took requests. And you could babble on about
how you'd given it to them, and she listened, that's her job,
honeyphchiartist and her were'nt separated 'cept by a degree,
and as Mike climbed on top of her, still dressed, he was really
going over all of the possible places that they could have met,
slipping a knife out of his pocket, I'm narowing down the
possibilities, he thought.

He had it, and bending closer, xflipping the knife open,

"Paul says hello to sister." Mike said, and thrust the knife
into her, hey, honey.

Cutting her open, just to make sure sometimes they hang
on, and a miracle of modern medicime as knife victim survives,
no, not this time, not here.

Well, thats about all, that just about wraps up this
episode, there's nothing more to sgg,

Kid 1

James Napoli

1.INT.- PAUL's HOUSE- LATE EVENING

(In an abandoned apartment building where Paul lived, TOMMY, and seven people, six men, one woman stand and sit before Tommy, standing.)

Tommy: He's very skinny; white; his hair is black; his eyes are brown. He is 5' 6" tall, and weighs aproxametly 130 pounds. I have a picture of him I'll pass to you. (Tommy takes sevearl copies of a picture of Paul standing with Mike, and hands one to each of the seven.)

Tommy: He's the one on the left. His full name is Paul Napoli. Some of the locals refer to him as Mr. Paul. Something to do with a fight in school years ago. Are there any questions?

1st Assasin: What's the whore's name?

Tommy: His sisters name is Lori. Paul and I had an enocunter sevearl months ago, Lori was present, and apparently, fled with Paul. She's been seen with him since. There are some around here who think he's dead, think Paul died in a car accident years ago. So don't any of you come back telling me some kid told you he's dead. He's alive. For now.

2.EXT.-SCHOOLYARD-AFTERNOON

(George is playing basketball in a schoolyard with three other kids. Intercut scenes of Paul walking from a bus stop to the schoolyard. George, with the basketball, shoots, misses and hits the wall. The ball rolls away to a shaded area of the yard, and George chases after it. Before he reaches it, Paul throws the ball from sitting against a fence in the shaded area.)

Paul: Hi, Georgie.

Kid 2

James Napoli

(Paul gets up and goes to George, in the sun.)

Paul: Been a while, I know. Sorry I have'nt come to see you.

George: I thought you were dead. Billy, he said he saw you dead. He said he saw you laying in the street, dead.

Paul: Well, Billy ran off to tell everyone a little too fast. I was just stunned, George, just down for a minute.

(Paul pulls George into the dark area, throws him against the fence pulls a gun and cocks it.)

George: What is it, Paul?

Paul: You told Tommy where I was living, in the abandoned apartment building, you told him to get Mike if he wanted to know where I was, and I'm sure a whole lot, else George, but that was all I heard.

George: Nice gun, Paul.

Paul: I'm doing some traveling soon, I need some good equipment. Only problem is, I have'nt gotten to try it out yet. You want to be my first target, George?

George: What do you want, Paul?

Paul: Well, you seem to have everybody's address available, and since I'm sure Tommy was'nt as nice I am asking for my address, I figured I should ask in a way I know I'll get a response.

George: Tommy? You know where Tommy is, everyone knows where Tommy is, except nobody touches him!

Paul: Wrong, George, I checked his old house, no one there. Now where's my old friend Tommy?

(George says nothing.)

Paul: Come on, George, you're gonna tell me anyway. Don't you know

tha t?

Kid 3

James Napoli

3. EXT.-PARK-EARLY AFTERNOON

(Mike is walking through the park. On a park bench two girls sit, one other standing, talking to them. Mike passes by, staring at the three. He goes to the third one that is standing. The girls stop talking.)

Girl: Interested?

Mike: I've seen you... I know you. Okay. Where?

4. INT.- HOTEL ROOM-

(Mike opens the door to the room. There is a bed near the window a bathroom, and a table and some chairs in a corner. Mike throws down his jacket on the back of one of the chairs, the girl goes to the bed and starts undressing.)

Girl: Got a name?

Mike: You can call me... Paul.

Girl: That's as good a name as any. Anything you want.

(Mike begins unbuttoning his shirt. She is laying on the bed, naked. He goes over to her when he has his shirt off.)

Girl: Well?

Mike: (climbing on top of her.) What's your rush ?

(He starts kissing her and holds her. Mike moves her so she is sitting up at the end of the bed, against a wall. He slips a knife out of his pocket, and opens it up.)

Mike: One more thing. Paul says hello to sister.

(He thrusts the knife into her chest, ripping it open and letting her fall to the floor.)

5. INT.- THE LAWYERS OFFICE- LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

(The lawyer is sitting in his chair behind a desk, a man sitting in front of him.)

Kid 4

James Napoli

The phone on the desk rings, the lawyer picks it up.)

Lawyer: Yes, send him in.

(Mike comes through the door.) The man in the chair rises, then the lawyer.)

Lawyer: Mike, hi, it's good to see you again. Michael, this is officer Riley of the seventieth precinct.

Riley: Hi, Mike. You're Michael Montag?

Mike: Yes, I am. What's going on?

Lawyer: Nothing, nothing, Mike. It's just... officer Riley called me and told me of some rather disturbing news. They believe Paul's body has been found.

Riley: It was found in the east river three days ago. We checked the fingerprints for positive identification. They check.

Mike: That isn't possible. Paul died three years ago, I'm sure of it.

Riley: An autopsy we had done confirms that Paul died only four days ago.

Mike: That's bullshit. He's been dead three years.

Riley: Mike, I'd like to ask you a few questions about Paul, and also would like to know where you've been for the past three days.

Mike: If you're gonna arrest me, do it right now, question me after I'm arrested and appointed a lawyer.

Riley: I'm sorry you feel that way, Mike, but I'm afraid...

Mike: I came here for you, Lawyer, I owed you one, you did me a favor, I guess this makes up for it, huh?

Lawyer: Mike, why don't you cooperate with officer Riley, and I promise you everything will be okay.

Kid 5

James Napoli

Mike: Why don't you piss off... and you too, pig. Why don't you tell the good officer here about a certain Lawyer who was defending me a few years ago for murder, and how that lawyer withheld certain facts that could have led to me being found guilty for a murder he knew I didn't commit... why don't you two talk about that?

Lawyer: That's enough, Mike. Now you'll answer whatever officer Riley asks you or...

Mike: Fuck off.

Riley: I'll take you in right now and book you for Paul's murder, Mike.

Mike: Then do it... but I know this much from all my years in the New York city judicial system, you can't make me talk if I don't want to, so go to hell, pig.

(Mike leaves, slamming the door. Riley sits back down in his chair, sighs.)

G.INT.-A POLICE STATION-LATE EVENING

(GEORGE, an overweight cop, sitting at his desk in the squad room of a police station. He is looking over some files when JACK another cop steps up to his desk.)

Jack: Anything on that murder in Brooklyn, the hooker that got sliced?

George: Nothing. Just looking over the reports, though.

Jack: Find anything interesting?

George: I don't know, something, maybe. A few years ago, four murders, just like this one... same method, and the girls were all hookers, too.

Jack: When was the last one?

Kid 6

James Napoli

George: I think about two years ago... then they just stopped. I don't know, there could be a connection... I'm having Andy pull the files on the four that were killed.

Jack: Knowing Andy it'll take till tomorrow. Why don't you go home and get some rest.

George: Yeah, I guess I might as well... besides, the goddamn courts ain't gonna open until tomorrow to try this guy even if I do catch him tonight.

Jack: Come on, you want to go have a drink?

George: (checking his watch) I'll give Andy another ten minutes... then maybe I'll meet you, okay?

Jack: (walking off) Okay, have it your way... but you're not going to rid the world of every criminal working yourself into a heart attack. Good night.

George: 'Night, Jack.

7.EXT.-SCHOOLYARD_AFTERNOON

(Cut back to the schoolyard, Paul talking to George.)

Paul: So where do I find Tommy?

George: I don't know. He's been hiding since you got him busted. I can give you a name to go to to find out, though.

Paul: That's bullshit. Now, come on, George, or your brains are going right through that fence.

George: Mark Middleton, he has to know, he's one of Tommy's men. I swear, Paul. I have'nt seen Tommy since he came to me... for you.

Paul: Mark Middleton... George, for your sake I hope you don't disapoint me.

8.INT.-A HIGH SCHOOL-MORNING

Kid 7

James Napoli

(A young black boy walking down a hall in the school carrying several books. Paul is waiting, hidden, behind a door. When Mark passes, Paul pulls him into an alcove.)

Paul: (pulling his gun out) Your name Mark?

Mark: What do you want?

Paul: You're gonna answer me, nigger, or I'm gonna see how good this baby works.

Mark: Who the fuck are you?

Paul: You're one of Tommy's men? You work for Tommy?

Mark: Tommy? I don't know who you've been talking to, but that's some funny shit they've been telling you.

Paul: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but Tommy wants to kille me, so it don't matter much if I kill you.

Mark: I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but Tommy killed my brother two months ago.

9.INT.-CLASSROOM- LATE MORNING

(Paul is sitting on a desk in an empty classroom, twirling his gun on his finger. Mark is sitting, facing him.)

Paul: So Tommy wasted your brother, huh?

Mark: Yeah, two months ago. My brother was a junkie who owed him some cash. And unless you don't know, junkies don't have much cash.

Paul: Yeah, that's why it's so surprising that Tommy knows so many junkies.

Mark: You know what Tommy has junkies who can't pay do for him?

(Paul nods no, stops twirling gun) He has them kill anyone Tommy does'nt like, or steal, or make collections. Or anything else.

Paul: And your brother refused to kill, or steal for Tommy?

Kid 8

James Napoli

Mark: You're real smart for a hippie.

Paul:(pointing the gun at Mark) You're real smart for a nigger.

Mark: Who are you? Why do you think I work for Tommy?

Paul: Information from an old friend. Who I have to remember to visit real soon.

Mark: What do you want from Tommy?

Paul: Just his life, cause he wants mine. Old friend of mine, David, burned to death in his car cause he didn't give Tommy a shipment he was supposed to pick up.

Mark: I don't know where he is, other wise I'd probably get myself a piece and help you.

Paul: (getting up, heading for the door, putting away his gun.) Oh, George, I'm gonna kill you.

Mark: What?

Paul: Nothing, (raising his arms) nothing... (two gunshots come through the window. Paul jumps to the floor as a third goes off.) Nothing?

10.EXT.-STREET- LATE AFTERNOON

Paul: you think you can get a gun?

Paul: You think you can get a gun?

Mark: Yeah, sure. Judging from back there I'll probably need one.

Paul: God, Tommy's really changed. I remember when the worst he used to do was kick little kids asses for their lunch money.

Mark: That was'nt Tommy back there. He never goes after anyone he wants dead himself. That was someone who owes Tommy a favor. And looking at you, still does. I doubt Tommy would bring in a professional killer for you.

Paul: You don't look like you rate a pro yourself. Look, let's just

10 Kid

James Napoli

find Tommy and kill him. Then we go our separate ways

Mark: Well, I'm not going anywhere, Paul. I got a future here, my family and friends are here. My future has to be here cause there ain't nowhere else in the world for a poor black boy.

Paul: That's bullshit... no one has a future here, no one.

11.EXT.-PARK-MORNING

(On a path in a park, a crowd is held back by barricades and police. A cop car coming across a field of grass stops. A man, captain ROLAND, gets out and goes to the other side of the path to George, standing near a cluster of trees, the covered body of a girl laying on the grass. George is standing, watching the body, staring.)

Roland: Something bothering you, George?

George: (turning to face the captain, surprised) Oh, I didn't know you were coming, captain. Hello.

Roland: Are there any problems, George?

George: Problems, captain? Yes, I have many problems. I'm overweight, I'm lonely, and my doctor says if I don't cut down on foods with cholesterol I'll be dead in six months, but my problem right here, right now? My problem here is that the man who committed this murder may have committed five others three years ago, and one other just a few days ago.

Roland: Are you serious? Are you sure?

George: I remember three murders, several years ago. Same method, all of them prostitutes.

Roland: Christ, not now. Why didn't you bring this to my attention before?

George: I was about to when the call came in on this one. I don't know,

Kid 11

James Napoli

I don't know what kind of a man I'm looking for here. I looked at the same goddamn scene twice nineteen months ago, and I could'nt figure out what he was then.

Roland: Then he stopped? For nineteen months?

George: Yes sir. I'm looking for a guy that cuts up girls, and then he goes home and... what would he do? What do you do after you've taken another life?

Roland: Why don't you get to work finding out? But tomorrow, go home and take the rest of the day.

George: I doubt it would do any good. I'm gonna grab some breakfast and then go find him. Goodbye, captain.

(George walks away in the direction the captain came.)

12.EXT.-STREET-AFTERNOON

(Paul and Mark walking down a street.)

Paul: Okay, let's go get your gun.

Mark: I'd better go alone, Paul.

Paul: Okay, I have a few things to do anyway.

Mark: Here we are. (He stops in front a blue car.)

Paul: Your car?

(The car pulls up outside the schoolyard, a few kids playing basketball inside.)

Paul: I'll just be a minute. Go get your gun. But if you hear a shot don't panic.

Mark: I'm just going around the corner, I'll meet you back here.

(Paul opens his door, starts to get out.)

Mark: What are you gonna do?

Paul: Practice.

Kid 12

James Napoli

14.INT.-PUBLIC BATHROOM-AFTERNOON

(Paul comes out of one of the stalls in the bathroom, and exits. We see a trail of blood coming from the stall where Paul was and we follow it to inside the stall, where Joe lies on the seat, dead.)

15.EXT.-OUTSIDE SCHOOLYARD

(Paul goes to Marks parked car, gets in. Mark starts the car.)

Paul: So you think you know someone that can lead us to Tommy?

Mark: Yeah, maybe. We're gonna try talking to one of the dealers Tommy supplies. Since there has'nt been a shortage on the streets, it's my guess Tommy's still supplying her.

Paul: Her?

Mark: You'll see.

Paul: You gonna let me come along this time?

Mark: You finished with your practice?

Paul: All done.

16.INT.-A HOUSE-LATE AFTERNOON

(Marks car is parked out a small, two family house. Several kids are playing in the front yard. One kid, a teenager, goes around to the side door, and we see him going in. Next shot, ELAINE'S kitchen, the boy knocking on the door.)

Elaine: One second.

(She goes to the door, opens it, takes the boy's money and hands him a nickel bag, closes the door and sits back down with Paul and Mark.)

Elaine: So what can I do for you, Mark... and what was it, Paul?

Paul: Yes. I'm surprised Tommy never told you about me.

Elaine: We never talk much.

Paul: That's understandable. I want Tommy.

Elaine: So you kill Tommy. And then that kills my business.

Kid 13

James Napoli

Paul: Your business won't matter much if we kill you.

Mark: Paul...

Paul: I want Tommy.

(Elaine rises, goes to a stove, turns the light under a coffee pot off, takes the pot and pours herself some coffee.)

Elaine: I've seen kids like Tommy come and go. But not too often. Chances are you won't even be able to get to him even if I told you where he was.

Paul: Chances are you won't finish that coffee if you don't tell us where he is.

(Two shots go off. One hits the cup Elaine is holding, another hits her in the head. She falls from her chair, to the floor.) Paul and Mark hit the floor, drawing their guns.)

Paul: Hope you know how to work that thing.

Mark: The white guy that sold me it told me how.

Paul: And then you shot him and took your money back, right?

(A long pause as both wait for the next shot.)

Mark: They must think they got you.

(Paul rises slowly. Then he bends over looking at Elaine's body. Another shot come throught the window, and then Paul races out the door seeing the shooter. Mark gradually rises, looks at Elaine, follows Paul.)

17.EXT.-ALLEY

(Paul chases the shooter down an alley, and fires once, hitting him in the shoulder. The boy stumbles, hits a wall, and stops. Paul reaches the boy. He is about seventeen, tall, and light haired. Paul turns him so he is standing against the wall, holds him)

Kid 14

James Napoli

Paul: You know, you're gonna make all the kids real mad when they hear you killed the dope dealer. But forget about them. Just think about your victim. Me.

(Mark reaches the two, and Paul and Mark pull the boy back to Elaine's house.)

18.INT.-ELAINE'S BASEMENT-

(In Elaine's basement, the boy sits under a light, Mark near the door on the left, Paul standing near the boy.)

Paul: Twice you missed. I guess Mark was right about Tommy using junkies as hitmen.

Boy: Fuck off, Paul.

Paul: He even told you my name, huh. I heard Tommy didn't talk too much. Well he won't pretty soon. Thanks to you. Now where is your master?

(A girl kicks in the door. Mark draws his gun and aims it as she enters, Paul standing still. Holding a gun, she aims at Mark, then looking at the boy.)

Girl: Drop it.

Boy: Shot him. The nigger won't shoot. Kill Paul! The nigger won't shoot!

Paul: (drawing his gun) If he doesn't, this one will.

Boy: Okay, Paul. You win. This time. It doesn't matter much anyway, Paul. You see, I can get the nigger anytime, he's not going anywhere. I can get him after I kill you.

Paul: Unless he gets you right now. Or unless I do.

(The girl drops her gun.)

Mark: Now what?

Kid 15

James Napoli

Paul: Wheres Tommy.

Boy: You're kidding. Better kill us Paul. It's alot less painful your way.

Paul: Don't be so sure. But I'm sure you won'tstop trying to kill me. It's unfortunate but I cantt kill in cold blood. Got some rope, Mark?

19.EXT.-CITY STREET-NIGHT

(Paul and Mark walking down street.)

Mark: Now what? They'll get out of that in ten minutes, and be after us in fifteen minutes.

Paul: Maybe not, if the cops come to check out the gunshots.

Mark: Around here? Gunshots are about as common as birds singing in the trees.

Paul: Come on, let's go eat, and then we have to visit a lady I know.

Mar 20.EXT.-MARKS CAR-MID-EVENING

. (Paul and Mark, Mark driving.)

Mark: Okay, where is she.

Paul: Somewhere on those streets.

Mark: Is she that kind of lady?

Paul: She's my sister.

(A car pulls up behind them, the boy driving. The girl leans out the window pointing a rifle at Mark's car.)

Paul: Holy shit. Get ready.

(She fires at their wheels. Paul draws his gun, and fires out the window. Mark turns off the road into a parking lot, crashing through the station, the other car following.)

Kid 16

James Napoli

Paul fires at the other car, hitting one of their wheels as Mark rounds a sharp curve. The car crashes through and falls three stories to the ground, exploding on impact.)

21.EXT.-SCHOOL-EARLY MORNING

(Paul comes from inside the high school, carrying a suitcase, going to Mark, standing in front of his car. He puts his bag down on the hood and looks around.)

Mark: Where will you go?

Paul: Good question.

Mark: You gonna try and find your sister?

Paul: I doubt it would do any good. No, I got to just keep moving, now, get away before Tommy finds me. You?

Mark: He was right, I have to stay here. Can I give you a ride somewhere?

Paul: I've caused you enough trouble. Thanks alot. Try and not get your ass blown off, okay?

Mark: I'll try. Thank you, Mr. Paul. I heard they call you that.

Paul: Yeah.

(Paul takes his bag and walks away.)

22.INT.- HOTEL ROOM-MID-AFTERNOON

(Mike going down a street, spotting a hooker, talking with her a second, then the two walking off together. Cut to Mike going into a hotel with the girl, then coming out alone a minute later. Mike crosses the street, pauses at a newsstand buying a paper, reading the headline that says: TEEN MURDERED IN SCHOOL BATHROOM, with a picture of Joey below it. Cut next to Mike's hotel room, empty, with only a table and single chair, and the bed for furniture. Mike is

Kid 17

James Napoli

tossing and turning on the bed as if he were having a nightmare. The dream begins as Mike rises from the bed, seeing a girl at the door, closing the door and stepping closer. She comes to Mike, sitting on the bed. She unbuttons his shirt as he moves her onto the bed.

Later the two are laying on the bed, facing each other, staring at each other.)

Mike: You're really her, aren't you? You're really Paul's sister? All this time I've been looking for you, I never did it with any of those other guys, cause I knew they weren't you-Paul's sister.

Girl: That's me alright.

Mike: You know, I read the paper today... word on the street is that PAUL killed Joey.

Girl: You have something against killing?

Mike: If he's still alive, I'll have to kill your brother- again.

Girl: You never killed him the first time.

Mike; But I will this time. What can stop me? All those girls and the cops never caught on, the cops never came close.

Girl: Yeah, you were too cool for them, Mike, too cool- but not for me.

(The girl raises her left hand in the air, it now has a knife in it.)

Mike: All those girls... What a pity-

(The girl thrusts her hand down as Mike stabs her with his own knife. She falls to the floor as Mike gets up.)

Mike: -I have to kill you too.

(Mike puts his knife away and stares at the girl as the scene fades into Mike, just still sleeping, asleep all the time.)

Mike:(v.o.) And that's the way I'll do it. I know for sure now she's

Kid 18

James Napoli

out there, now I'll find her, and that's how it will end for her.

.INT.-ABANDONED BUILDING- EVENING

(In the abandoned building where Paul lived, Tommy sits in a chair. One of the assassins comes in, standing at a doorway with no door.) Tommy jumps up suddenly and stands facing him.)

Tommy: I told you, you never come here.

Assasin: It's about boy and girl , they're dead. Paul killed them.

Tommy: He's still alive?

(The assassin doesn't answer, just looks away.)

Tommy: They don't matter. The rest of you just keep looking for Paul.

Assasin: Okay Tommy. (turns to leave)

Tommy: Wait. Tell the others, that the time is coming when I take care of Paul myself. And tell them that if that time comes they'll end up like the other two. And Paul when I get through with him.

(The assassin leaves.)

(Tommy goes over to a table and picks up a glass. Tony enters then with Mark.)

Tony: Here's what you wanted, Tommy.

Tommy: Hi, Mark. How's the family?

. EXT.-STREETS- EARLY AFTERNOON

(Scenes of Paul's sister, Lori, walking the streets looking for business. After passing several that refuse her, one goes with her. Half an hour later, outside of a hotel, Lori exits and walks to the curb to look for a taxi. Paul is leaning against a wall behind her.)

Paul: Still doing this stuff, sis?

Kid 19

James Napoli

Lori: Heard you were around. I'm surprised you're still alive.

Paul: And that, no doubt, fills your heart with joy. Where's your boss, sister?

Lori: Been looking for you. (laughing) He got real mad when he heard we were together that time.

Paul: And I'll bet you even loved it when he kicked the shit out of you. Is that what happens with things we get used to? We start enjoying them, liking them? Just cause we know it's part of our daily routine?

(Lori starts to walk across the street.)

Paul: Just tell me where he is, Lori.

Lori: Cause why? Cause you're my brother?

Paul: No! (grabbing her just as she reaches the other side of the street, turning her around.) Cause I'm your killer if you don't.

Lori: Okay, Paul. He's right behind you.

(Paul spins taking his gun out. Tommy is sitting in a small car on the other side of the street, holding a gun.)

Paul: Hi, Tommy. (Paul fires twice at the car, Tommy dropping his gun, frightened by the shots.)

Paul: Get out of the car. (turning to Lori.) Get in.

(Tommy gets out, Lori gets in the passenger side.)

Tommy: Heard all about the fun you've been having. Mark told me. Heard you were looking for your sister, so I made sure you found her.

Paul: Don't be my friend, Tommy. I may just find the guts to kill you yet. (Paul crosses the street, waving to Tommy to move away from the car. Paul picks up Tommy's gun, puts away his own, gets in the car.)

Kid 20

James Napoli

Paul: See you around, Tommy. (Paul aims at Tommy's leg, fires once, the car speeds away as Tommy falls to the ground in the middle of the street.)

(In the car as it speeds away, Paul turns to Lori, stares at her, raises his gun, then puts it down on the seat beside him.)

James: I should just get rid of you now. Set me up for Tommy, huh? Guess I can't really blame you...

(Fade to James leaning against the car, parked in an outdoor parking lot of a supermarket. Lori sits on the hood of a car parked opposite theirs.)

Lori: Why don't you just get rid of me now, Paul?

Paul: I'm doin' some traveling, I need some company.

Lori: Well Tommy's gonna be real pissed at me Paul, and that's something I don't need. I had a three o'clock appointment. So, if you'll just drop me off at the hotel...

Paul: No tricks for Lori today... except maybe me, we'll see.

(Fade to the car going down a street in the neighborhood. There is a boy walking on the sidewalk to the left.)

Lori:(v.o.) I'd just take that gun and kill myself now if I were you, Paul. Tommy's gonna do alot worse than that.

Paul: That's why we're going out of town, my dear. To prolong my suffering in this cruel world.

Lori: If it's so bad I'm surprised you have'nt killed yourself already.

Paul: It's just that I know hell's got to be worse than this.

(Pan left to the sidewalk and Mike walking down the street. He goes into a hotel. Inside the hotel there is a small lobby with

Kid 21

James Napoli

a front desk directly in the back, man sitting behind the barred
opening. Mike steps up to it, looks through, the man is leaning
on his hand, the man asleep. Mike rings the bell twice and he