

Love Assassin

by

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The Story:

On April 6, 1968, two days after James Earl Ray assassinates Dr. Martin Luther King in Memphis, Ray escapes to Toronto, hiding out in a rooming house on Ossington Avenue. The events of the play that take place there are fictional.

The Characters:

James Earl Ray: killer of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., white, 40 years old, slight in build, dark hair, shy, foreboding.

Martha Luther: a woman, black, 39 years old, the temporary ghostly vessel for Martin Luther King Jr.'s spirit.

Raoul: Hispanic ring leader of the infamous conspiracy that Ray said he worked for. Early 30's, red-blond hair, flashy.

The Set:

Ray's rooming house bedroom with a bathroom at the back. In the hall beside his room is a pay phone. There are doors leading to the bathroom and hall. In the room is a bed against the back wall, an old easy chair, a tv, a dresser. We can see through the walls to the bathroom and hall, and beyond that the gloom.

(Dark. Amplified sound of water dripping begins. Lights come up slowly. Ray, in a beige suit sits on the edge of a chair watching tv. He then reads a newspaper. Luther, in a black suit, white shirt, and red tie, emerges from the gloom of the bed with the death weapon, a .30-06 Remington rifle with scope. MLK's bullet wounds have been marked on Luther's jaw and the root of his neck. She is seen at times to fight the pain that MLK felt. Luther breaks the gun down into its components, carefully setting them on the table, creating a death altar. She takes a bullet from her mouth. As Luther sets it down, a shot is fired. Luther and Ray both reel back- Luther as if shot, Ray as if shooting - and hang suspended, then return slowly to normal. The bullet's echo slowly fades away. Luther steadies herself and then returns to the bed. Ray gets up and stands rigidly. An ongoing tv voice loop emerges from the silence: "The killer of Dr. Martin Luther King is still nowhere to be found 48 hours after the brutal slaying in Memphis. Civil unrest has again broken out in major cities across the country with arson, lootings, and beatings. People, both black and white, are being killed." Pause, loop begins repeating, veering in and out of clarity, like anguish. Then another tv loop invades and recedes. "It's very volatile with a mood of deep sorrow. Excessive anger and undefined fear settled on the city yesterday as it absorbed the impact of - It's very volatile with...") Ray takes his ID out of his wallet and burns it. He then goes to the pay phone in the hall, puts in his money, and dials. The sounds disappear.)

Ray: Ya, Raoul?...Hey, man, I gotta talk to you now...I need new ID...I had to burn it. A cop got me for fucking jay walking, just out here on Ossington and looked at my ID, so like that ID is in the system. I can't use it to get outta here...Just get over here with some ID or we are in serious trouble. If they get me then they'll give me head drugs and find out about you...Long as you're coming...Ok. Bye.

(A relieved Ray returns to his room. An audio track plays of people screaming and weeping on finding out MLK was shot. Luther sits up in the bed and then stands up. Sound fades.)

You don't look nothin like HIM. You're a ghost and ghosts don't count. I can see right through you.

Luther: Hi, I'm Martha Luther. New in town too. When I look in the mirror, I see him. I can remember the exact second I heard, and everything that happened after that, and everything that is happening now.

Ray: Ya, well, I'm James Earl Ray, and I'm not at your service. He's the one having the service - his funeral.

Luther: You have no idea what you did. *(Luther feels the bullet pain.)*

Ray: I know exactly what I did. What's the matter with you? You're faking it.

Luther: Sympathy pains.

Ray: Talk right, you fuck.

Luther: *(talking without pain, indicating the path of the shot with his finger)* The initial gunshot wound of entrance is approximately 1 inch to the right of the mouth and 1/2-inch below, the bullet striking the cheek causing an entrance perforation and bursting lacerations of the interior of the cheek and chin, caused by the high velocity of the missile and by the fracture effects when the bullet struck the jawbone in this area -

Ray: Sittin duck. Coulda knocked a wart off a rat's ass with that gun at that distance. I couldn't believe my

luck, him just walking out there, gabbing his chops off. Couldn't believe it. Pop. Easy.

Luther: *(singing a hymn)* Oh, sad, sick, white man.

Ray: What do you want?

Luther: I don't know...yet.

Ray: He's dead. I did it. End of story. So you are full of his shit, so what?

Luther: Death is a door...You allowed me to knock...Maybe you and I are the same...Dead but alive, alive but dead.

Ray: Do you want to kill me now?

Luther: Be my dead but alive white brother.

Ray: Do you want to kill me?

Luther: *(pointing to his altar)* Come into my church, my son.

Ray: Do you?

Luther: I will pray for-

Ray: Do you?! You do, don't you? You do!

Luther: I will hunt you down, I will corner you in the alley, I will wipe that smile off your face, I will make you look me in the eye, I will kneel you down in front of me, and I will bury you with my prayers. I will clog up all your passages, I will suck the blood of badness from you so you will be transformed forever. We are forever bound. Praise the Lord. I love logic. You won't even

recognize yourself. You will cease to exist, and in your place... well who knows.

Ray: I hate you. You are the Nigger Beast, just like he was. I did society a favour and most of them know that. I'm a hero to lots. In Rhodesia, the whites are in control and that makes sense. I mean something to those people. They will understand. They will welcome me with open arms when I come to them.

Luther: Sounds like a fun place to holiday, Jimmy. Mind if I tag along?

Ray: You're the sick one. I hate you. You stand for it all.

Luther: Hate seems so much simpler than love. I see why some people might prefer it.

Ray: He was just a politician lookin for an angle. He's bullshit. And speak right, you bitch!

Luther: *(speaking without pain)* There are many fragments of bone present. The doctors describe this perforation of the cheek as entering into the mouth proper. The bullet then exits the bottom portion of the right side of the chin and reenters in the root or base of the neck, above the collar bone, continuing from right to left, from front to back, and in a downward direction into the body proper. At this point, he has one hour to live, his jugular, the spine, and major blood vessels having been severed.

(Luther's body relives MLK being shot – slow motion, weave dance of dying, the beautiful in the horrible. She adds MLK's sound of suffering, the sound he made when hit. She repeats and develops it as it amplifies, forcing Ray to begin to take it on. Ray fights it, but without skill. He tries to scream out, but all

he can do is copy the suffering death cry of Luther. A knocking at the door interrupts. Luther retreats to her altar and freezes. Ray is freed from the nightmare, collapsing onto the chair. Knocking again. He gathers himself and opens the door. Raoul, in a bright shirt and tight pants, slips in unnoticed. Ray shuts the door, perplexed. Raoul grabs Ray in a headlock and drags him playfully but forcefully around the room. Luther watches them, ceremoniously puts the bullet back into her mouth then goes to the washroom and closes the door. Dripping sound begins. Raoul lets Ray go – they have been unaware of Luther. Ray is livid but restrains himself. The dripping suddenly stops when Raoul looks at the altar, inspecting but not touching.)

Raoul: Some nasty bit of something floating around here, amigo.

Ray: I squished him like a bug. You should have seen it. There I was, man, the rifle was - Hey, I did him. I did him. You should of seen me...Now you owe me. I need that ID, man.

Raoul: My amigo, I'm not so sure you completed the job. As they say foreplay is admirable but orgasm is invincible. When I report to my superiors, I have to be totally sure or they will be very displeased. You executed him, but then he's still here. I can still feel him. Can't you?

Ray: I did King. And this other thing, this echo, this shadow of shit, that's just King's hate having one last kick at the can. Once a politician always a politician. He's a lie. It's...it's his creepy black ego. That's all.

Raoul: But opposites attract, don't they amigo?

Ray: What about the ID? The sooner I can get out of here then all this is history.

Raoul: Ah, history takes time and money.

Ray: You owe me the fucking money!

Raoul: As I am owed money, amigo. But then you fucked up. You burned the ID I got for you and you didn't finish the job and get out of here like you were supposed to. What are you going to do?

Ray: Raoul, man, look, I'm sorry, but I'm owed here. I don't want to argue with you, but I had him in my sights and I took the son of a -

Raoul: I can see that, Jeemee, my amigo, and that's why I'm here to help. But first things first. You have not yet fully dealt with the target. Do you understand?

Ray: He's dead! I took him down. Listen to this.

(Ray turns up the tv...."6000 National Guard troops were called up yesterday as rioters pillaged stores in the wake of Dr. King's assassination. Seven Negroes were killed and about 350 arrested. 100 city buses were damaged. Loops then fades.)

Raoul: It's a new world, Jeemee. Either sink or swim. You can't expect to just shoot the man, amigo. He is a legend. You can't just shoot such a thing.

Ray: What are you talking about? I shot him dead.

Raoul: Si, si, my little accomplice, you have dealt with the body. Fine. But now you must subdue his thick, black, snake soul. You have to suck the juice out of it so that it is just a useless piece of shit. You

understand, Jeemee? You think you were going to get all that money for just pulling the trigger. That is only the beginning.

Ray: I did what you wanted.

Raoul: You didn't understand what I wanted. Anyway, I'm out of here tomorrow. If you finish the job in that time, I'm sure I can get a line on some ID. Oh and by the way, my sources say the pigs found your rifle in a doorway on the street. Got two clean prints off it. Wow, sharp thinking, amigo. Only a matter time before they match your prints. They go through ex-con prints first.

(Raoul quickly leaves the room, slamming the door - echoing - before Ray can respond. Ray goes to the door but it won't open. He then returns to the altar and quickly assembles the rifle. He can't find the bullet.)

Ray: Fuck, fuck, fuck! I need ammo!

Luther: Let's just talk.

Ray: In the name of Hitler, who woulda gutted the States of all Jews and niggers, I pronounce you non-existent.

Luther: But this is Canada, baby. Everyone's welcome here, sort of. Now doesn't that just frost your black ass.

Ray: I'm no nigger.

Luther: Then I'll try not to treat you like one.

Ray: I should kill you too. I should fucking blow you away.

Luther: But no ammo, baby, remember. And anyway, I'm just a thought. So now what are you going to do? I mean, I don't die the same way as others. You gotta come up with some tricks or you're gonna be stuck here with me, while Raoul's gonna be living it up in...well, Rhodesia...So, what was it like pulling the trigger?

Ray: It was like scratching my ass. Nothing to it.

Luther: You held the rifle just so...

Ray: A Remington Gamemaster Model 760, .30-06 caliber with a 2x7 power Redfield scope. Ya, he was the game.

Luther: And you were the master.

Ray: Am the master.

Luther: Number one.

Ray: Number one on the FBI most wanted list. Or will be.

Luther: You finally made it.

Ray: You know the show FBI?

Luther: No, I haven't had the displeasure.

Ray: Watch FBI tonight on channel 4 at 8 o'clock tonight. They always give the list of the ten most wanted. You just keep watching for me and then you'll know who you're dealing with.

(Luther prays. Ray speaks to her trying to get her attention – circles her.)

...I pity you poor people thinking there is a God. It's just a fantasy, a wish. Now what I did, that was an act of creation for mankind. You think that the world would be what it is if people like me hadn't committed themselves. Hey, my heroes are Hitler and George Wallace. My enemies are Martin Luther Coon and the Kennedy Fuck-up brothers. Oswald did it. I did it. Someone should do Bobby Kennedy. Why the fuck is it left up to people like us? Keeping things pure. Keeping things clean and in their proper order. If you don't want to be slaves then you shouldn't be in our country...The majority of the country support white superiority regardless of what they might have to say because of liberal bleeding hearts who don't have enough backbone to act on their hate. You watch me! Number one! There's more than one way to gut a cat.

Luther: *(finishes praying)* You can't go back to the States.

Ray: Fuck you! I've gotta finish you too then. Raoul was right. I did it once and I'll do it again. You this time. Everything gone once and for all.

Luther: FBI tonight, channel 4, 8 o'clock tonight. Amen.

Ray: The nigger King falls spurting blood, me frozen there just for a moment. I got him, Jesus, I got him.

Luther: But not really got him. I mean, when I heard about the assassination, well that was just so freaky, so scary, so chaotic, and then the anger took over and I ran down the street screaming, no, no, no, no,

this cannot happen, this cannot happen. I wanted to smash something, but I knew that wouldn't help.

Ray: You are not listening! And then I had to, you know, get the hell outta there. I mean, the place would be crawling with cops in a couple of minutes. The FBI and Hoover will take it personally that I popped their nigger pet. Hoover was supposed to have special surveillance on King to, you know, bring him down, but he never did anything. Hoover don't have the balls. Can't trust the fucking government...Hey, you have to realize two things. One, that this fine government we have is full of conspiracy plots to manipulate the forces of our society, so democracy is really a prison, only most don't know it. And two, the government is inept and constantly screwing up everything they touch. I mean the FBI's purpose is civil order. Well King was out of order but they did nothing. The government is useless as tits on a bull...You have to understand that taken to its logical extreme, King could have become president of the United States. A black man as president, our government is that stupid. Well I couldn't change a whole government, but then I did know a very simple way to eliminate the problem, to make it, you know, an even playing field. Who knows, maybe I've started a revolution. There'll be some changes now.

Luther: Who knows, maybe your revolution is going to help blacks get more freedom. They can now claim the perfect death.

Ray: Bullshit! I'm the king now cause I dared to do something big. I knew that if anyone took down King, it had to be in the south. You just think I'm a

country boy who knows shit. Well, hey, who's laughing now?

Luther: Cause you been poor all your life and now here's your chance.

Ray: When you're born with nothing and all you got is some family, well then you get to know some things.

Luther: Maybe you should have let Dr. King live just a bit longer so you could have gone with him on his Poor People's March on Washington. It was going to be the biggest and most important march ever. He would have liked a committed white boy who knows about poverty. But they won't cancel it now. The Solidarity March is coming up on May 19th. You can still get to it, still join in before it's too late. Martin Luther King won't be there, but I will. Why don't you come with me?

Ray: Your march is a joke. You are a joke. What the fuck are you talking about?

(Knocking at door. Luther melts away, standing like a statue at the back. Ray opens the door. Raoul slides through into the room.)

Raoul: So?

Ray: Hey, there you are. Look, did you –

Raoul: *(looking at Luther)* So, I see you haven't moved on my suggestions.

Ray: Raoul, you can't just say something and then expect me to just do it with no thought of consequences.

Raoul: Pulling the trigger is the easy part.

Ray: Not that easy. Not that fucking easy, or that black bastard would have been dead a decade ago. It's not that easy.

Raoul: There's still work to be done.

Ray: Bullshit! But I need that ID. You owe me.

(Raoul's laughter animates Luther who comes forward.)

Raoul: I owe you? You're importance has gone to your head. My people don't like that attitude. I don't like that attitude, amigo.

(Raoul disappears.)

Ray: Fucking spic. *(to Luther)* Why the fuck do you have to be here?

Luther: Are you Raoul's sucker?

Ray: No way. Collect on the bounty. \$50,000 from Sutherland in St. Louis. It's common knowledge that he offered. I been planning this ever since I escaped from Jeff City last year. I been following that black pig since '63. There I was in prison and there he was free to break the law. But the plan was finally realized and you think you are gonna take it away from me. You're sick.

Luther: It's hard to kill love sometimes.

Ray: Not for me.

Luther: So how did it happen? What was it like?

Ray: You wanna know? You wanna fucking know?

Luther: Yes. For posterity.

(As Ray gives the description, Luther physicalizes in a slow motion death dance.)

Ray: It was so fucking simple. It was a laugh. He was a laugh. Checked him out in L.A. then did him in Memphis. Had to kill the king coon in the south. So of course he's staying at the Lorraine in Memphis, his usual motel, cause it's a nigger nest. You see, get him on his own turf and he lets his guard down. And in his usual room, 302 – I read about it in the paper. Like why not advertise 'sittin nigger duck'? So I drive through the area by the motel so I can see the numbers on the doors and then circle back on the next street above and stop at the building whose back faces the Lorraine over an empty lot. It was up higher this building so the shot was down. No cross wind to speak of. The building was a rooming house – see, horseshoes. All I gotta do is get a room on the back and I'm in business. This tubby bitch shows me some rooms, I say no, no, no til we get one on the back, second floor up, and without really looking at it except it had a window facing the Lorraine. The place was a dump, old burned-out drunks on their last days, not reliable witnesses, and everything just keeps adding up. My door just had a wire holding it but that didn't matter cause I wasn't gonna be there long. Unfortunately when I brought up my stuff and the thirty ought six

in a blanket, I saw I would actually have to lean out the window to get a shot off, which made it less desirable cause I could be seen and possibly interrupted before I did the deed. However, the shared bathroom next to my room had a clear shot at the target. I had to stand in the bath, but could rest the barrel on the sill and everything would be steady as shit. Trouble was I couldn't stay in the bathroom the whole time as other people use it. So the plan is to watch from my bedroom window and when I see the prick or, you know, his entourage assembling or something then I can go into the can – hopefully no one will be in there taking a shit or anything. Nothing was happening then so I went out and bought some binoculars so I could see everyone and everything. They are 2x7 power just like the scope. 200 feet just like 30 feet. I don't look at anyone I pass, turning away from the other tenants cause I don't want anyone to get an angle on my identification. I am doing everything just so. I'm feeling good, really good, full of excitement of some kind, like my flesh is more alive inside. I feel strong. Once I commit I commit. No changing my mind now. I mean everything is going according to plan. Then just before 6 pm people start to assemble outside. There is a black limo down there cause King is supposed to be talking about the nigger sanitation workers and their situation. Well I don't give any of them the pleasure of that. It is not to be. History will take an immediate u-turn, you know, and head back towards keeping everyone in their place. Cream to the top, shit to the bottom. Then I hear someone go into the washroom and no sooner does that happen than HE comes out on the balcony and starts jawing away to them below. Like I can't believe it. Kind of stunned for a moment, and then I think, fuck he's gonna be gone

in a second and one of those old guys is in the can trying to find his pecker, and I'm watchin, and King is now leaning down on the rail to talk down to them, just settling in he is, and I make a quick decision and grab the thirty ought six cause I think maybe I can lean out the window, get the shot off, plug the sucker and then get back in without anyone the wiser. But leaning that way I could miss the shot. Then the toilet flushes and the person leaves, so I slip into the bathroom with gun, lock the door, knock out the screen with the barrel, get in the tub, you know plant just so, and he's still there gabbing. I can't believe my luck, right. Line up the gun and he just jumps up into the cross hairs like a big old black buck, and then I kinda am not as steady as I need to be to, you know, plug him. I guess the nerves start to kick in, and I think fuck, fuck! I start talking to myself stern like to you know cool out, settle down, and line up the shot. I say, if you don't make this shot you are nothing, but if you do make it then you are everything. He's only a fucking coon. Like I just start to breathe more slowly, let my chest and arm relax and everything seems to stand still just for a moment, and cause he's leaning down I go for the head. And start squeezing the trigger very slowly, a soft squeeze and then boom, it goes. The recoil of the gun startles me but still I see his head snap back and he falls. I got him. One shot wonder I am. I got the black bastard and I keep watching for a moment. People rush to him and others are now pointing in my direction and so I know it's time to get the fuck out while everything is in chaos. I run to my room, grab my stuff which is not packed cause everything happened so fast, and get out of there. Duck my head when I pass a guy in the hall. Get out on the street and see a cop running along so, you know,

have to drop my bundle with the gun in an empty doorway. I don't want to but it is a necessity. Then I get in my car and twelve minutes later drive across the state line on the way to Canada. And here I am. Fuckin cool, right? On top of the world. It only takes one man in one instant doing the right thing to change it all. Simple, right? *(Ray finally looks at Luther lying on the floor.)* Cream to the top, shit to the bottom. I'm talking about making decisions that have to be made for the sake of humanity.

Luther: *(standing and brushing herself off)* You ever been in love, Jimmy?

Ray: With whores. You niggers have just got to stop trying to climb up it all. One has to accept fate, that's it. I was given the chance to act and I did and that is my fate.

Luther: The guy who killed love. The love assassin.

Ray: Love, my ass.

(Raoul bursts in and shoots the tv with a handgun. Luther reels back as if shot.)

Raoul: *(to Ray)* You see what I'm getting at?

(Raoul hands Ray the gun, then exits. Ray looks at Luther. Ray goes over to the altar and studies it. The water begins to drip again.)

Luther: The bullet is screaming through me, plowing up the tissue and blood and bone in an ever growing tidal wave of metal shards, knifing through at a speed so fast that it's caught in time, the pain like a ribbon of memory, an invisible line drawn between you and

me, along the trajectory of the shot, just like you ejected the venom of your ways in a last desperate attempt to become yourself.

And then it all stops, the whirring universe of ripped blood, the bullet of metallic stars bathing in the blood life. Jimmy, I don't feel so good.

Ray: You don't look so good either.

Luther: But you inspire me, James Earl Ray? I forgive you.

Ray: You can't. I won't let you.

Luther: But forgiving me makes me feel so good. I want to embrace you, Jimmy.

Ray: You keep your nigger pervert distance. *(aiming gun at Luther)*

Luther: Please don't, Jimmy. You don't have to do it this time. You have another chance.

Ray: Chance for what?

Luther: Martin Luther King Junior wants me to tell you that -

Ray: Hey, hey, hey! Don't you ever say that name to me again. It is bad luck. He is done for, asshole, just like you.

(Tries to shoot Luther but the gun won't work.)

Luther: He doesn't need your permission for anything...you assassin.

Ray: Stop it! Stop it! (*puts gun to his own head*) They strap you in tight, real tight so that it cuts the circulation and makes you claustrophobic and then strap your mouth and put the hood over, and you are there moaning to yourself, and everyone is real quiet, but you know they really want it, and maybe you do by then, but then you hear sounds and the electrics are pumped into you frying you down to a little black piece of shit. They shave you bald first, to make better contact with the electrodes using a saline solution. After, you bleed from the nose and mouth, and your head top and legs where they got the electrodes have big burn patches. But they say you never feel a thing. You believe them?

Luther: The real question is, who is going to tell your story? I know a guy who just did a book on the KKK.

Ray: ...Is he the best we can get?

Luther: At the top of his game. We'll cut a great deal. He has agreed to give us 60% of everything he earns.

Ray: And film rights? I done some research into the porn business so I know a bit about that.

Luther: The sky's the limit. You have no funds, so I would take a percentage of your 30% percentage. Say 40% of the 30%. Yes, I could live with that. 40 of the 30, which would only be what, another 12%? Added to the 30 which is...well it all sounds good to me. (*Looks at watch.*) Got to get the governor on the phone. I've got time to talk for a few minutes. He's the one who gives pardons to wronged criminals. They don't want another Oswald on their hands.

Ray: I'm not another Oswald. He's another me.

Luther: Ah, then I'm inspired to pity you.

Ray: You do not pity me! You do not! You are afraid of me!

Luther: Well, yes, I'm afraid that you are pitiful.

Ray: I took HIM down.

Luther: Oh but you must have loved his new strategy.

Ray: And I'll bet you're just dying to tell me what that loser strategy is.

Luther: That the poor, from all races, speak with one voice. If they can do that then everything is possible.

Ray: Sounds like crap to me, and, ya, well no one is listening.

Luther: You are.

Ray: Preach to the converted, why don't you?

Luther: The Poor People's March is only the beginning.

Ray: You don't know nothing about the poor. And he was no hand to mouth nigger. Grew up with a silver spoon up his ass. Not like me. I worked for what I got.

Luther: He believed someone was going to kill him.

Ray: Not someone. Me! He had a death wish. I had the same one.

Luther: What do you want?

Ray: To survive.

Luther: If Reverend King was alive to speak at the Poor People's March-

Ray: But he isn't, is he?

Luther: Why did you do it?

Ray: Because you hate what you aren't.

(Raoul enters and assembles the rifle - Ray watches him. Luther speaks at the Poor People's March.)

Luther: *(becoming King)* This is a momentous time in our dubious history as a nation; a time when we can open our hearts and minds to make things right; a time when we can reconcile the shameful past with a glorious future, where we can all live as one, where we can all live in peace and call each other brother and sister; a time when we can preach the true meaning of democracy where we love not hate, accept not reject. Who of you out there has not felt hate in your heart? Who of you out there has not hoped and struggled for something better? The time has come for us to take our inheritance. Sometimes the meek have to stand up. We have set up our tents on the front lawn of Washington, and we say to you in the power structure of this nation that the time has come, we have come, and we will not take no for an answer.

But I get weary every now and then and the future looks difficult and dim. Sometimes I feel discouraged. There have been difficult days, full of

frustration, and I'm tired. We often develop inferiority complexes as we stumble through life along the frittering road of excess. I know this. I know it from my own personal experience. I'm sick of it all. But I can't give in to that. Not here, not now, for we are here to create a crisis that will force the nation to look at the situation of the poor, to dramatize it but at the same time not destroy life or property. I see it as a massive civil disobedience. We are not interested in being integrated into this value structure. Power must be relocated, a radical redistribution of power must take place. We must do something to these men and women to change them.

(Raoul offers the rifle to Ray who won't take it.)

Ray: I want to, but I can't.

Luther: *(continuing as King)* I would be the first to admit that to act at this time is risky, but not to act represents moral irresponsibility. Timid supplication for justice will not solve this problem.

Ray: You shouldn't a stuck your big fat noggin out. You should a known there'd be danger. I was just doing my end of it all. I was just playing my part.

Luther: I would be the first to admit that -

Ray: You think I'm just gonna take all this sittin down. I sat down for too long. Now I'm gonna fight for my rights. I am innocent until proven guilty and I haven't been proven guilty. You know that. And there is new evidence that Raoul is alive and well and running arms into Cuba. I can help the CIA nab him, but they are so incompetent. We have to keep our

place pure. No one wants to be a martyr but I became one. Now look how you treat me. Easy to blame me, to call me a liar, to call me a racist, to call me scum, cheap shit, thief, killer, but just remember, you allowed me to happen. All I see is some dark shit on the horizon.

Luther: I can only kill you with my love. And I can't help but love you.

(Raoul exits into the bathroom with the rifle. Luther holds out his hand for Ray's gun. Ray finally gives it to her. Luther, holding it like an offering, follows Raoul out. Ray sits in his chair with his head in his hands. Amplified sound of water dripping begins. Lights fade.)



