

# START

JACK

Where you going? Morning bell ain't rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE

I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don't want anyone should see; I ain't been walkin' so good.

JACK

Quit gripin'. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy? That bum leg of yours is a gold mine.

CRUTCHIE

Someone gets the idea I can't make it on my own, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down.

*(loses his footing and almost falls, yelps)*

Whoa!!!

*(JACK rushes to CRUTCHIE's rescue, pulling the boy back from danger.)*

JACK

You wanna bust your other leg, too?

CRUTCHIE

No. I wanna go down.

JACK

You'll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse high above the stinkin' streets of New York.

CRUTCHIE

You're crazy.

JACK

Because I like a breath of fresh air? 'Cause I like seein' the sky and the stars?

CRUTCHIE

You're seein' stars all right!

JACK

Them streets down there sucked the life right outta my old man. Years of rotten jobs, stomped on by bosses. And when they finally broke him, they tossed him to the curb like yesterday's paper. Well, they ain't doin' that to me.

CRUTCHIE

But everyone wants to come here.

JACK

New York's fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out. But I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there. So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town.

1/2

CRUTCHIE

You got folks there?

JACK

Got no folks nowhere. You?

CRUTCHIE

I don't need folks. I got friends.

JACK

How's about you come with me? No one worries about no gimp leg in Santa Fe.  
You just hop a palomino and ride in style.

CRUTCHIE

Feature me: ridin' in style.

JACK

I bet a few months of clean air and you could toss that crutch for good.

JACK CRUTCHIE

END

2/2