

## JASON/TYRONE SIDE #1 - PAGE 2 of 3

*Jason is in bed. Tyrone, his hand puppet, is back on Jason's arm and is tougher-looking now. He stares at Jason while Jason sleeps.*

TYRONE. Wake up. *(The puppet spits on Jason. Jason wipes his eyes awake.)*

JASON. Huh. Wha.

TYRONE. You pull some shit like that again. I'll cut off your balls.

JASON. Tyrone ... how'd you get ...

TYRONE. Better. How'd I get fixed. I didn't whine and ask questions I just got that shit done.

JASON. I'm glad you're feeling better.

TYRONE. You don't want me better you want me dead.

JASON. No Tyrone.

TYRONE. You tore my goddamn head in two.

JASON. You called me out in front of Jessica.

TYRONE. I was trying to help.

JASON. That's what you call helping.

TYRONE. We had her man, we had her. With the bullshit. With the shtick.

JASON. Yes. Yes we did. Then you had to go off with the nasty ...

TYRONE. Women love that shit.

JASON. No they ...

TYRONE. They do.

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JASON. Shut up.

TYRONE. How do you think Timothy gets all the girls.

JASON. He's better-looking.

TYRONE. Yeah ... yeah that helps but just watch him. Watch him.

JASON. He's not very nice.

TYRONE. No he's not. He's not very nice and he's already had your Precious Jessica.

JASON. No he hasn't ...

TYRONE. You sure?

JASON. I'll rip you in half again.

TYRONE. You try to so much as take me off your hand next time you wake up it'll be with me stapled to your arm.

JASON. You wouldn't.

TYRONE. Look me in the eye and see if you believe that.

JASON. You wouldn't ...

TYRONE. I 100 per-fucking-cent would.

JASON. Why won't you leave me alone?

TYRONE. 'Cause we're all we got.

JASON. But ...

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TYRONE. The rest? They will leave us. Hurt us. Scream and rage. It's you and me kid. Just you and me. Like a Saturday night.

JASON. Who's on first.

TYRONE. Right. So what do you say?

JASON. I say ... Okay.

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