

LEON 2

enemies faster'n a dead hog breeds flies, I'd think twice before treatin' me this way. *(Hank jerks the trigger and fires a shot into the ground.)* I got plenty of places I can go, and believe me, honey, when I go, I'm gone. *(Hank fires another round.)*

HANK. Go to hell, then, 'cause I love you!

AUDREY. That's sweet, honey. *(She leaves.)*

HANK. Ride me like a damn horse! *(Hank fires in her direction. He flings the gun aside and grabs his flask. He is in constant motion.)*

TEE-TOT.

I'M A RUN, I'M A RUN,

I'M A RUN TO THE CITY OF REFUGE, I'M A RUN.

I'M A RUN, I'M A RUN,

I'M A RUN TO THE CITY OF REFUGE, I'M A RUN.

(The music continues.)

PAPHOSS. He said he wanted to get straight, so I took him up to the sanitarium in Madison to dry out, but when he come back, he just started raisin' hell again.

JIMMY. I don't know how he keeps goin'. He don't come off the road for days at a time. He wakes up on bennies, goes to sleep on Seconal. In between is a near constant drunk with days he don't remember, nights he can't forget. *(Hank sits, Leon goes to sit near him, trying not to be obvious about it, but clearly keeping an eye on him.)*

HOSSPAP. We finally had to take turns guardin' him on show nights, tryin' to keep him straight.

TEE-TOT.

LET ME TELL YOU, MY SINNER,

IF YOU WANT TO JOIN HIS BAND

YOU GOT TO BE CONVERTED

AND GIVE THE LEADER YOUR HAND

I'M A RUN.

Start

HANK. Hey Loudmouth, you ever cut an album?

LEON. Can't sing.

HANK. Like hell. I heard you sing.

LEON. No, you hadn't.

HANK. You sing in "Way Downtown," don't you?

LEON. A little.

HANK. Man, I could get you a recordin' contract in ten minutes. You'd be good, too. I mean it.

LEON. You crazy.

HANK. May be, but I owe you a lot, brother, and I'd like to help you out. I heard you sing. You wanna do it?

LEON. Yes sir.

HANK. I get Pap on the phone, you be cuttin' wax next week.

LEON. I'd really like that, Hank. I got some songs.

HANK. All right, you see? That's great! I'll sing you backup, how'd that be?

LEON. Don't know what to say, Hank. I'd really like that.

HANK. Don't have to say a thing, brother. Run get us a bottle, we'll work up something.

LEON. *(Willie is abruptly silent.)* I can't do that, man.

HANK. Yes, you can. Don't you wanna sing?

LEON. Not that bad.

HANK. You a fool, man! *(Leon moves away. Hank reaches into one of his boots and pulls out a tiny club car liquor bottle and begins to drink.)*

TEE-TOT.

WELL THE *TWELFTH* CHAPTER OF REVELATION
ALONG IN THE THIRTEENTH VERSE
THE DRAGONS THAT JOHN DID PREACH ABOUT
DRAG US TO THE GATES OF HELL
I'M A RUN.

Stop

PAP. Audrey divorced him early in 1952. He didn't care how he lived after that. He loved his baby boy — Bocephus, he called him — and of course he still loved Audrey.

HOSS. He couldn't sleep anymore at night. And if he was drunk, he couldn't write.

PAP. So he'd call her up. But she wasn't never home ... *(Hank has a stack of greenbacks that he stuffs into the cussbox every time he curses. He finds it viciously amusing.)*

HANK.

PEOPLE STEAL, THEY CHEAT AND LIE

TEE-TOT.

I'M A RUN

HANK.

FOR WEALTH AND WHAT IT WILL BUY

TEE-TOT.

I'M A RUN

HANK.

BUT DON'T THEY KNOW ON THE JUDGMENT DAY
THAT GOLD AND SILVER

GODDAMN

WILL MELT AWAY

TEE-TOT.

I'M A RUN TO THE CITY OF REFUGE