

DON. Goddam right you are.

TEACH. I am seeing you later.

DON. I know.

TEACH. Goodbye.

DON. Goodbye.

TEACH. I want to make one thing plain before I go,

Don. I am not mad at you.

DON. I know.

TEACH. Alright, then.

DON. You have a good nap.

TEACH. I will. (TEACH exits.)

DON. Fuckin business . . .

(*Lights dim to black.*)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Donny's Resale Shop. 11:15 that evening. The shop is darkened. DONNY is alone. He is holding the telephone to his ear.

DON. Great. (*Hangs up phone.*) Great great great great great. (*Pause.*) Cocksucking fuckhead . . . (*Pause.*) This is greatness. (BOBBY appears in the door to the shop.) What are you doing here?

BOB. I came here.

DON. For what?

BOB. I got to talk to you.

DON. Why?

BOB. Business.

DON. Yeah?

BOB. I need some money.

DON. What for?

BOB. Nothing. I can pay for it.

DON. For what?

BOB. This guy, I found a coin.

DON. A coin?

BOB. A Buffalohead.

DON. Nickel?

BOB. Yeah. You want it? (*Pause.*)

DON. What are you doing here, Bob?

BOB. I need money. (*DON picks up phone and dials. He lets it ring as he talks to BOB.*) You want it?

DON. What?

BOB. My buffalo.

DON. Lemme look at it. (*Pause.*) I got to look at it to know do I want it.

BOB. You don't know if you want it?
 DON. I probably *want* it . . . what I'm saying, if it's *worth* anything.

BOB. It's a Buffalo it's worth something.
 DON. The question is but what. It's just like everything else, Bob. Like every other fucking thing. (*Pause. He hangs up phone.*) Were you at the Riv?

BOB. Before.

DON. Is Fletch over there?

BOB. No.

DON. Teach?

BOB. No. Ruth and Gracie was there for a minute.

DON. What the fuck does that mean? (*Pause.*)

BOB. Nothing. (*Pause.*) Only they were there. (*Pause.*) I didn't mean anything . . . my nickel . . . I can tell you what it is. (*Pause.*) I can tell you what it is.

DON. What? What *date* it is? That don't mean shit.

BOB. No?

DON. Come on, Bobby? What's important in a coin . . .

BOB. . . . yeah?

DON. What *condition* it's in . . .

BOB. Great.

DON. . . . if you can—I don't know . . . count the hair on the Indian, something. You got to look it up.

BOB. In the book?

DON. Yes.

BOB. Okay. And then you know.

DON. Well, no. What I'm saying, the book is like you use it like an *indicator*—I mean, right off with *silver* prices . . . so on . . . (*Don hangs up phone.*)
 Shit.

BOB. What?

DON. What do you want for the coin?
 BOB. What it's worth only.

DON. Okay, we'll look it up.

BOB. But you still don't know.

DON. But you got an idea, Bob. You got an idea you can *deviate* from. (*Pause.*)

BOB. The other guy went ninety bucks.

DON. He was a fuckin' sucker, Bob. (*Pause.*) Am I a sucker? Bob, I'm busy here. You see?

BOB. Some coins are worth that.

DON. Oddities, Bob. Freak oddities of nature. What are we talking about here? The silver? The silver's maybe three times face. You want fifteen cents for it?
 BOB. No.

DON. So, okay. So what do you want for it?

BOB. What it's worth.

DON. Let me see it.

BOB. Why?

DON. To look in the goddam . . . Forget it. Forget it. *Don't* let me see it.

BOB. But the book don't mean shit.

DON. The book gives us *ideas*, Bob. The book gives us a basis for *comparison*. Look, we're human beings. We can *talk*, we can negotiate, we can *this* . . . you need some money? What do you need? (*Pause.*)

BOB. I *came* here . . . (*Pause.*)

DON. What do you need, Bob? (*Pause.*)

BOB. How come you're in here so late?

DON. We're gonna play cards.

BOB. Who?

DON. Teach and me and Fletcher. (*TEACHER enters the store.*)

DON. What time is it?

TEACH. Fuck is *he* doing here?

DON. What fucking time is it?