



DANNY AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA by John Patrick Shanley

The present. A bar in the Bronx. Danny (29), "violent, battered, inarticulate, and yearning to speak", tells Roberta that he thinks he killed a guy in a fight last night. The incident gives Danny a chance to release some of his pent-up rage.

DANNY:

I was at this party. A guy named Skull. Everybody was getting fucked up. Somebody said there was some guys outside. I went out. There were these two guys from another neighborhood out there. I asked 'em what they were doing there. They knew somebody. One of 'em was a big guy. Real drunk. He said they wanted to go, but something about twenty dollars. I told him to give me the twenty dollars, but he didn't have it.

I started hitting him. But when I hit him, it never seemed to be hard, you know? I hit him a lot in the chest and face but it didn't seem to do nothing. I had him over a car hood. His friend wanted to take him away. I said okay. They started to go down the block. And they started to fight.

So I ran after them. I hit on the little guy a minute, and then I started working on the big guy again. Everybody just watched. I hit him as hard as I could for about ten minutes. It never seemed like enough. Then I looked at his face ... His teeth were all broken. He fell down. I stomped on his fuckin chest and I heard something break.

I grabbed him under the arms and pushed him over a little fence. Into somebody's driveway. Somebody pointed to some guy and said he had twenty dollars. I kicked him in the nuts. He went right off the ground. Then I left.

Everybody makes me mad. That's why I don't ever talk to nobody. That's why I'm sittin in this fuckin bar. I don't feel like walkin home. I feel like I'm gonna have to fight everybody in the whole fucking Bronx to get home. And I'm too tired to fight everybody.