

(A bleak, icy January night, 1990. The WIND from Lake Michigan WHIPS down the corridor formed by the Eisenhower expressway, through the suburb of Maywood. THE WHOOSHING SOUND OF CARS PASSING IN THE NIGHT CAN BE HEARD ON THE HIGHWAY NEARBY. A human figure in silhouette, harshly lit by a single naked bulb in a bathroom on the second floor of a building Upstage Right, struggles to squeeze through the bathroom window. With some effort, he manages to wriggle out of the window, then lets go of the ledge and falls to the ground, collapsing like a load of laundry. Still facing Upstage, he picks himself up and turns around. For the first time his face, that of a fortyish African-American man, can be clearly seen as it is lit by intermittent flashes of light coming from the headlights of the passing cars. The man, O'NEAL, walks Downstage, then suddenly stops and looks back over his shoulder, checking to see if he is being followed. He resumes walking, glances back quickly one more time and continues Downstage, staring as if hypnotized by the headlights. He speaks to an Unseen Companion who is accompanying him on his walk into the void of the interstate highway.)

**O'NEAL**

(Shivering, as he wraps the coat tighter.)  
On to me. Got my number. Know who I am. Funny. Exactly what I want to know. Who I'm supposed to be. Which role to play now. Car thief, heavy, rat, revolutionary, badass... Infiltrator... Just plain traitor. Strange, never noticed till this moment that inside the one you always find the other. Working undercover, used to imagine I was him, doing what he'd do. Copy his gestures, talk the way he talked. Definitely my hero, Special Agent Roy Mitchell. One who turned me around. Weren't for him, probably be in jail. Or dead. A team thetwo of us. Had our disagreements, sure. Normal for partners. That's what we were. Practically partners. Two of us used to argue for hours about the

Panthers. Wonder now if he even cared. If all that really mattered was I keep feeding him information, which I did. Learned a lot from Chairman Fred, too. Black rights, revolutionary consciousness. Turned my head around in a whole other direction. Almost spooky ended up here...in Maywood.

(Looking around with a fearful expression.)  
Where he's from.

(Shivers.)

Hero on the local high school football team. Opened up a chapter of the NAACP when he was fifteen years old. Led a campaign to build a public pool. Whites would go swimming in the next town. Black kids told it was for locals. Finally built that pool. Fred Hampton Community Pool. Always fighting for justice. Side of the oppressed. 'Live for the people.' That's what he'd say. 'Gonna die for the people.' Definitely didn't disappoint on that score. Used to develop negative information on him. Find proof he was doing dope, ripping people off. Part of my job. Never could. He was clean. Believed in what he was doing. Me and Roy. Definitely didn't see eye to eye on that. Always respected my opinion, though. Treated me as a equal. Like we was brothers. Steered me from a life of crime. Nothing but a lowdown car thief when we met. Love cars. Always have. Fast, sleek, fancy wheels. Corvette, Mustang, GTO. Fastback, bucket seats, four on the floor.

(Headlights flash in O'NEAL'S face. HORNS HONK.)

**VOICE** (OFF)

Get out of the road! Get out of the road!

**O'NEAL** (Contd)

(Startled by the voice, then sings.)

"Bought you a brand new Mustang, a 1965. All you want to do is ride around, Sally. Ri...i...i...de, Sally, ri...i...i...de."

(Speaking to his Unseen Companion.)

Eighteen years old. Me and a buddy. Steal a car on the West Side. Plymouth Barracuda, fire-engine red. Go joyriding over the state limit into Michigan. Stop into a pool hall in Saginaw. Play a few games, have a few brews. Few too many brews. Hit another car in the parking lot. Abandon the Barracuda. Take the bus back to Chicago. Forget all about it 'til a few months later. When Roy shows up at my door.

(CARS HONK.)

More than 20 years ago. Was a different person then. Still had my name. One I was born with, not the one the Bureau gave me. And Chicago. 1968. It was a different city.