

Rachel Clift

HOME STREET HOME

Character Guide

Patches: Nickname given due to burn scars and stitches from war, always wears a dirty brown pirate hat. (Male)(Alcoholic)

Skinny: Wears skin-tight jeans over anorexic legs. (Male)(Heroin addict, former meth addict)

Tumbles: Overweight man in a wheelchair, notorious for pushy panhandling. (Male)(Coke addict)

Smokes: Former meth addict, short Latina woman who now smokes a ton of cigarettes and judges those with more serious addictions. Her heavily overweight chihuahua, Taquito, is her pride and joy. (Female)(Nicotine addict, former meth addict)

Scene I

[Two men in their mid-40's sit side-by-side on a bench in front of a Five Guys in the small hippie town of Moonbright, located on the southern coast of Oregon. One of the men, given the nickname Patches by locals due to the large amount of burn scars and stitches covering his body, has a cigarette hanging from the left side of his mouth and a pirate hat on his head, as he is talking to his friend Skinny, a nickname obtained due to his everyday habit of wearing skin-tight jeans over his nearly anorexic-looking legs.]

Patches: How much did you make today?

Skinny: Two cents and a lighter. What about you?

Patches: Nothing.

Skinny: Just wait until Tumbles gets back, he'll have loot for us.

[Tumbles rolls down the sidewalk towards his friends with one semi-flat tire on his wheelchair and an overly cheerful look on his face.]

Skinny: How'd ya do for us, Tumbles?

Tumbles: Twenty-two dollars and a pack of cigarettes.

Skinny: Not bad! Told ya Patches, cripples get sympathy.

Patches: A whole day and only twenty-two dollars to show for it between the three of us, and you're happy?

Skinny: At least we have smokes for the lighter now.

Tumbles: Speaking of Smokes, where is the ol' bitch and her overstuffed burrito dog?

Patches: Show some goddamn respect, that dog scared away three officers 'nd a park ranger last week.

Skinny: I'm wit' Tumbles, sorry Patches but that dog ate the Hell outta m'last pair of Sketchers.

[Smokes arrives with her baby stroller in which she always carries her dog Taquito. She smiles lovingly at her dog, an overweight white chihuahua with black splotches, then frowns upon the sight of her dirty roommates.]

Smokes: Idiotas, ¿qué sucede contigo?

Skinny: Uh oh fellas, she's speakin' foreign again!

Smokes: Where the Hell es el dinero?

Skinny: What the fuck is she sayin' Patches?

Patches: She's askin' us about money I think.

Skinny: Oh, well I made two cents and a lighter, and Wheels over here made twenty-two George Washingtons 'nd a pack of cigarettes.

Smokes: Ay no, Taquito is hungry and I only made twelve dollars today, plus whatever I have in my box at the community center, which is where I was expecting to find you all, why have you not gone home yet? If we show up too late they won't let us stay there anymore.

Skinny: We were waitin' for you! We thought we'd catch you on your way back and thought if we had enough money we could get some munchies.

Smokes: Muevan tus culos, let's get back and see how much we have altogether now.

Patches: Yes ma'am, let's go.

[Patches puts out his cigarette as they begin to walk to the local community center in which they'd been allowed to live as long as they maintained a clean space. They finally arrive and enter their room, immediately gathering in a circle and rationing all of the money and other loot they had made in the past month.]

Smokes: I need an extra ten dollars this month for Taquito, he's looking thin.

Skinny: Thin? That dog looks like a balloon that could be deflated with my one of my heroin needles.

Tumbles: I'm gonna need an extra five dollars, my dealer raised his prices.

Patches: We agreed we wouldn't prioritize the feeding of our addictions in this process, what the Hell happened to givin' a shit about ourselves?

Skinny: What's to give a shit about? We ain't got nothin' t'live for, we're barely survivin' anyway and it ain't lookin' like shit's gonna change soon.

Tumbles: Exactly, I wanna have fun before I die, especially considering the alternative is to panhandle for a fuckin' living, sober and depressed.

Patches: You *do* panhandle for a fuckin' living.

Tumbles: But not sober!

Smokes: Ustedes son asquerosos. Since I kicked my meth habit I've been happier, healthier, and I've made a lot more money.

Skinny: Since I kicked *my* meth habit I've been crankier and jus' started depending on heroin instead. We have nothing to look forward to, and I don't wanna be sad.

Scene II

[It's 7:00 in the morning, and Tumbles and Smokes have already departed for another day of panhandling. Patches has just awoken and is lying on a sleeping bag next to the snoring Skinny.]

Patches: It's time t'get up Dummy.

Skinny: Five more minutes.

Patches: If we don't clean our shit now, they'll kick us out for good. Come on buddy, maybe we can snag some free snacks from the Farmer's market.

Skinny: Three more minutes.

Patches: Useless piece o' shit.

[Patches tidies the room and labels the tins of goods rationed out the night before by name. As usual, Smokes's tin is nearly full with money to take care of Taquito. Skinny's tin is close to empty. After Patches is done cleaning and labeling, he pulls a bottle of Jack Daniels out of his sleeping bag, and begins to drink as he talks to Skinny.]

Patches: If ya weren't such a goddamn prick you'd get more o' the loot.

Skinny: I am who I am and I'm happy wit' it.

Patches: Fine, be that way, but ya might wanna try not yellin' at people jus' 'cause they give ya less than ya want.

Skinny: I don't yell at 'em 'cause they don't gimme enough cash, I yell at 'em 'cause they talk t'me in the process.

Patches: Talkin' is part o' life, y'know if ya don't start bringin' in more money we're gonna have to kick ya out and bring someone in who can. You're my best friend, I don't want ya gone but I

can't logic with Smokes 'n' Tumbles about it, especially not Smokes, she's already been tryin' to get rid of ya for months now.

[Skinny groans in a tired and annoyed manner, as Patches puts on his pirate hat and prepares to leave for the day.]

Patches: I'm off, okay? I'll meet'cha at Five Guys around five o'clock and we can talk more.

Jus' remember to stack yer sleeping bag wit' the others so we don't get in trouble.

[Skinny groans again as Patches makes his way out the door. Skinny is alone and awake. Slowly, he gets up, folds his sleeping bag, and stacks it on top of the others at the back of the room. He then walks over to the tins that Patches had labeled earlier that morning. He opens his tin to find two cigarettes and fifty cents. He then opens Smokes's tin where he finds eighteen dollars and seventy-seven cents. He begins to cry, and bill-by-bill removes fifteen of the eighteen dollars from her tin. He stuffs the money in his pocket and exits the building.]

Scene III

[Skinny meets Patches just outside of Five Guys at 5:31 in the afternoon. Skinny's speech is slurred, and he is struggling to keep his eyes open.]

Patches: Are you high?

Skinny: I made four bucks.

Patches: Good, Wheely and Weezy should be here soon.

[Skinny smiles, giggles, and marvels at the nicknames given to his roommates by his best friend. Tumbles suddenly rolls around the corner with a cranky look on his face.]

Tumbles: Where the Hell is Smokes? She told me she was goin' back home to grab a few bucks for dinner.

Skinny: For us or the rotund canine?

Tumbles: Shut up, it's for us I think.

Skinny: You think?

Patches: It's definitely for the dog.

Skinny: Definitely.

Patches: No reason to hang around here any longer then, let's head home and start on our chores.

Tumbles: Thank God, I think the Salvation Army's puttin' on a soup kitchen at the community center tonight.

[The three men begin their journey home, arriving just past 6:45 in the evening. Smokes is sitting on her sleeping bag, holding Taquito, and hand-feeding him kibble.]

Tumbles: I thought'chu were gonna meet us at Five Guys with dinner.

Smokes: I was talking about dinner for the dog.

Skinny: *[to Patches and Tumbles]* Told ya.

[Smokes stands up slowly and walks towards Skinny with a sly smile.]

Smokes: Look in your sleeping bag.

Skinny: Me?

Smokes: ¿Quién más?

Skinny: What?

Smokes: Yes, you.

[Skinny reaches inside of his sleeping bag and pulls out a hundred mg of crystal meth in a black garbage bag.]

Patches: Holy shit, get that outta here! We're this close to getting kicked out anyway! We've never been caught using drugs in here, and that won't start now, especially not with something as goddamn illegal as meth! What were you thinking Smokes?!

Smokes: I was thinking that's just what he was going to use the money he stole from me for anyway. If not for crank then definitely for dope.

Patches: *[Yelling]* You know how hard we've all fuckin' worked to stay in this place? I would think you'd respect a fellow former addict's endeavor to get clean. What the hell is wrong with you?!

[Smokes storms out, with Patches and Tumbles following closely behind, screaming and demanding for an explanation for her serious accusation. Skinny stays behind, sitting on his sleeping bag, shoving the drug-infested garbage bag back into his sleeping bag.]

Skinny: Nearly two years clean off this bullshit.

[As Skinny continues to sit alone and think about his life, he begins to cry]

Skinny: [*Mumbling*] What have I got to lose?

[*Skinny takes out a pocket knife and begins to bash his crystal kryptonite. He proceeds to steal an old crackpipe from Tumbles's bag, obtains the lighter he had been given while panhandling the day before, and climbs out through the window of their room. Twenty minutes later, his roommates return.*]

Patches: [*Yelling*] Skinny! You need to come fuckin' apologize for stealing from Smokes. What she did was messed up but you started this bullshit.

Tumbles: [*Pointing at the open window*] That son of a bitch escaped!

[*Patches jumps out the window as he yells for Skinny one more time. He turns around just after landing on the cement ground outside, only to find Skinny's unconscious body leaning against the wall, with a cracked pipe in his right hand. Patches stands in awe for a moment, then begins to cry as Smokes and Tumbles come over to the window*]

Smokes: Oh my God.

Patches: [*Through uncontrollable tears, yelling*] This is your goddamn fault! His heart isn't beating and it's your own fuckin' fault! You killed a man! Is this what you wanted? Because your dumpy chihuahua had to skip a meal?

Smokes: [*Still in shock*] Oh my God.

Tumbles: I'll go get help.

Scene IV

[Later that night, Smokes, Tumbles, and Patches sit in their room, silent and mourning.]

Patches: He was my best goddamn friend. He might've had issues, but he was my best friend.

Smokes: I'm so sorr--

Patches: *[Interrupts]* Shut up! You are the Devil, you have no place being here anymore. You are a murderer, I should tell the fuckin' police that this was all your fault.

Tumbles: No, we are all in pain over this, Smokes didn't mean to kill anyone. It was the meth that killed Skinny, the addiction, but not Smokes.

Smokes: *[Through tears]* We oughta go to rehab or somethin'.

Tumbles: We can all go together, I been tryin' t'kick my coke habit since I was in high school.

Patches: I feel mortal. Like anything could kill me at any moment.

Tumbles: We are mortal, more than we realize. Skinny's overdose was a wake-up call. We're screwed if we don't do somethin' now. Skinny was only forty-two. Most of us are older than that. We are even more mortal than Skinny was. Already even closer to death.

Smokes: We're checkin' into this center's rehabilitation program tomorrow morning. For now, vamos a dormir.

[The three reluctantly crawl into their sleeping bags, and although Smokes and Tumbles fall asleep almost immediately, Patches stays up and drinks a bottle of whiskey. He pulls the pipe with which he found Skinny's body out from inside of his sleeve, holds it tightly, and begins to silently pray.]

Scene V

[Smokes, Tumbles, and Patches sit in a circle of addicts looking to get clean at Moonbright's community center. The group is introducing themselves one-by-one, each person sharing their name, addiction, and what inspired them to want to kick their drug or alcohol-related habits. The circle finally comes around to Patches.]

Patches: My name is Patches. I'm an alcoholic, my strongest addictions being whiskey and rum.

Group leader: And what inspired you to be here today?

Patches: *[Pulling out the cracked crackpipe]* My best friend overdosed a couple o' days ago. He smoked from this pipe after having been clean for two years.

[Patches takes a deep breath as he takes a handful of something dusty from his pocket, sprinkles it into the pipe, and pulls out Skinny's lighter.]

Smokes: *[Whispering]* What are you doing? Put that away, we're gonna have our asses kicked outta this place if you light that in here.

Tumbles: I'm with Smokes, people are starting to notice you doin' somethin' fishy. Besides, what if you die the same stupid way as you best goddamn friend? Don't smoke that shit here!

Patches: Why not? No one cares about us anyway. That's just the way it fuckin' is when you're an addict, right? Especially when you're a homeless addict. Then they jus' assume you're high, even when you're not. Nothin' is gonna change, and maybe Skinny got the easy way out.

Tumbles: You're an idiot, you're gonna get us all screwed over.

Patches: We were already screwed. My smokin' outta this pipe is just the continuation of the inconclusive story of every goddamn houseless addicted bum out there. We are nothing.