

## *Bagman*

Treatment  
by  
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BAGMAN is a homeless man that lives on the streets of L.A. With his long snaggly hair, his tangled beard, his many layers of clothing underneath a green army jacket and dirt smeared on his face it's difficult to tell how old he is or what he really looks like. His eyes are perpetually caught in an upward stare as though he were looking for passing airplanes or focused on his frontal lobe. He pushes a shopping cart stuffed with black garbage bags containing God knows what and around the garbage bags are crushed soda and beer cans which he relentlessly collects to support his meager lifestyle.

Bagman stops at every trashcan and garbage dumpster he passes and rifles through them. He invariably comes up with a can or bottle and occasionally other worthwhile items. As he goes through a dumpster behind an apartment building he finds a three foot leather shoelace. He tugs on it to make sure it's sturdy, tosses it into his shopping cart, then really starts to dig for cans and bottles. He comes up with several and pitches them into the cart. A voice hollers out from one of the apartment windows.

"Shut up with those Goddamn cans already!"

Bagman freezes. He looks like he's going to say something, but nothing comes out. He slowly sets the bottles he's holding into the cart. There's a still a little noise.

"Shut up!!"

A voice from another window screams out, "No, you shut up, ya moron!"

"Hey! Fuck you!"

"No, you!"

Bagman pushes his cart up the driveway as quietly as he can.

Yet another voice. "No, both of you!"

CAROL WYKOFF, a thin, bespectacled woman of forty with slightly crazy long brown hair, sits at her kitchen table alone. She is wearing a navy blue business suit and unenthusiastically drinks herbal tea from a "Save The Bats" mug. An uneaten piece of toast grows cold on a plate before her.

At the can and bottle collection area in back of Ralph's Market on Sunset and Western, Bagman stands in line behind many other ragged, dirty, homeless people awaiting his turn to exchange his cans for cash. Walking down the line holding a notebook is She works for the Department Of Health and Welfare and is attempting to get some of these homeless people to come into the office and receive counseling. She is consistently ignored by one and

all and is becoming visibly distressed. When she gets to Bagman at the end of the line, she perfunctorily asks his name. Bagman attempts to answer and begins to stutter and screw up his face, blinking hard, unable to get any words out. The sight of him in such agony causes Carol even more consternation. Bagman finally gets out that he doesn't know his name. This really gets to Carol. She asks Bagman if she can buy him lunch and he cautiously agrees.

Carol and Bagman go to the McDonalds on the corner. She asks him many questions about himself and with great difficulty he answers that he doesn't know any of the answers. He remembers being in a hospital with a head wound and one day he was released. That was about twenty years ago. Beyond that all he knows is living on the streets. He lifts up his hair and reveals a deep scar on the side of his forehead. Carol offers to drive him back to her place in West Hollywood so that he can take a shower, but he declines. He's got to keep an eye on his shopping cart or someone will steal it. Carol writes her address on the back of her business card and gives it to him. He painfully thanks her for lunch, shakes her hand and pushes his cart away down Western Ave. Carol watches him go, a sad look in her eyes.

Carol gets back to the office of The Department Of Health and Welfare. She sits at her desk with a vacant stare. Her supervisor comes up and wants to know how many homeless people she got to come in for their benefits. None, she replies. Not even one? Carol shakes her head. Her supervisor suggests that going out on the streets and dealing with these people may not be the right assignment for her. Carol doesn't know how to answer because it's probably the truth. Her supervisor leaves and Carol looks down at her dirt smeared hand.

It is late at night and Bagman crouches in the doorway of The Broadway rug store on Sunset and Wilcox, his shopping cart wedged into the doorway beside him. He is covered by a tattered green army sleeping bag. He pulls his hand out of the sleeping bag and he's holding Carol's business card. He looks at it closely.

Bagman pushes his cart up Curson Street and passes many Orthodox Jews with their long beards and black hats. None of them take any notice of him. He arrives at a nice, old apartment building with four units, shrubs surrounding it and a wooden bench built into the front of the building abutting the sidewalk. Bagman looks at the Carol's business card and the address written on the back is the same as the one on the front of the building. He steps up to the door of the ground floor apartment (the one with the bench attached to it) and hesitantly rings the bell. No answer. He frowns and sits down on the bench. The wooden slats of the bench seat teeter-totter squeaking loudly and smacking the concrete edge on the other side. Bagman is startled, then sits quietly and waits.

Carol turns off Melrose onto Curson in her little white Toyota (with Green Peace, "Save The Whales" and Mondale/Ferraro bumper stickers) looking very depressed. As she pulls up in front of her building she sees Bagman sitting on the bench. A smile crosses her face. Carol parks her car in back, then walks around to the front. When Bagman sees her he smiles too and tries to say something, but no words will come out. Carol suggests that they put his shopping cart into her garage where no one will take it, then invites him inside.

Carol's apartment is pretty messy with stacks of National Geographic, pieces of fabric hanging from the walls with Guatemalan prints, beads covering the doorway to the kitchen. Every bit of space seems to be used up. There is a day-glo poster on one wall from the Filmore West announcing "Moby Grape and Big Brother And The Holding Company." Bagman stands at the very center of the living room with his hands flat against his sides looking very

uncomfortable and out of place. Carol goes to her linen closet and gets two big towels. She gives him the towels, tells him the bathroom is at the end of the hall and if he'll toss out his clothes she'll wash them. Bagman does as he's instructed. From the crack in the bathroom door the army coat comes out, then a dirty flannel shirt, then a filthy t-shirt, then another t-shirt, then another t-shirt, then another t-shirt, then a ragged thermal undershirt, then a severely worn pair of black work pants, then a pair of nearly white blue jeans, then a holey, horrible pair of underwear, then five pairs of socks, and finally a torn pair of black Converse all-star gym shoes. Carol looks at the massive pile of soiled, smelly clothes and winces. She goes to the kitchen and returns a moment later wearing a pair of rubber gloves. She picks up the clothes and holding them as far away from her contorted face as possible, takes them to the washing machine. She pours in a cup of detergent, thinks for a second, then adds another cup, then some bleach and fabric softener for good measure. She turns on the washer and from the other side of the wall she hears Bagman let out a shriek. His shower water has gone ice cold. She quickly turns off the washer and hollers back, "Sorry."

Carol begins to prepare dinner. Bagman comes out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist and he's actually quite slim and not bad looking. Carol gives him a bathrobe to put on, tells him dinner is being made and turns on the washer.

They have dinner and since Bagman has such difficulty speaking and can't answer any of Carol's questions about himself because he can't remember, Carol does most of the talking. She tells him of her lonely childhood in Connecticut, leading into her lonely college life which leads naturally into her lonely adult life. Bagman listens intently and nods frequently indicating that he's paying attention. Carol can't believe how much she's talked throughout the meal, more than she's ever spoken to any man. Bagman seems interested and perfectly willing to hear more. The buzzer on the dryer goes off and Carol takes out his freshly washed clothes. Their hands meet as she hands him his clothing. Bagman thanks her for dinner and washing his clothes. They look into each other's eyes and Carol is about to say something, but doesn't. Bagman heads back to the bathroom to dress. As he's about to leave he thanks her once again and she tells him to please stop by anytime he wants, she'll be happy to wash his clothes and make him dinner. They both smile and he leaves. A few moments later she hears the squeaky wheels of his shopping cart clattering past on the sidewalk. Carol smiles again.

Bagman comes over to Carol's apartment for dinner and a shower everyday for the next three days. Each time it is very pleasant. Carol talks and Bagman listens.

As Carol drives home from work the next day she has an expectant look on her face. She pulls up to her building and sees the vacant bench. Her expression alters to one of disappointment. Carol eats dinner alone, the look of sadness lingering on her face.

Bagman nestles in a doorway in his sleeping bag. He looks like he's asleep, but then his hand comes up out of the sleeping bag and in it is Carol's business card.

It's night and Bagman stands on the sidewalk in front of Carol's building. He looks at the card, then looks at her building. He takes a step up to her door, then stops, afraid to go any further. Finally, his resolve gone, he drops onto the bench which squeaks and snaps upward.

Carol lies in bed and her eyes open. There is a look of expectation on her face. She gets up, crosses her living room, pulls back the curtains and sees Bagman sitting on the bench. She smiles happily and taps on the window. Bagman turns around, sees her and he too smiles. Carol opens the door and when he steps up she throws her arms around him and hugs him tightly.

Slowly he brings his arms up around her. She takes his hand and leads him down the hall to the bedroom.

As they lie in bed, both with satisfied, happy, sleepy expressions, Carol decides that she will call him Tom for lack of anything better. "W-why T-Tom?" he stutters. Carol is a little embarrassed but explains that she found an alley cat when she was little and named it Tom. This amuses Bagman and he grins. Soon they both fall in each other's arms.

Bagman bolts awake in the middle of the night, covered with sweat, frightened by a nightmare. He is breathing rapidly and doesn't know where he is. Carol reaches up and touches his back and he recoils. Carol asks what his nightmare was about, but he can't remember. Bagman gets out of bed, puts on his clothes and says he's got to go. Carol wants to know why he can't stay the night and he says he just can't. She asks will he come back again? He nods yes. Carol follows him to the door and as he's about to leave she reaches into a drawer and hands him a key to her apartment. She says, "Now you're not homeless." Bagman is very moved. They kiss passionately, then look into each other's eyes.

"Bye, Tom. When will I see you again?"

"T-t-tomorrow. Buh-bye, Cuh-carol." He leaves. Carol goes back to bed with a little grin sticking to the side of her mouth. As she lies back down she can hear the squeaky wheels of his shopping cart rattling up the sidewalk. She shakes her head in amazement at herself and sighs happily.

Bagman gets to the end of the street and stops. He rifles through his shopping cart until he comes up with a long leather shoelace. He threads it through the key, ties a knot and puts it around his neck. "I-I'm n-not h-homeless anymore." Engraved in the side of the key is Carol's address—1337. He watches the key bounce against his chest as he walks, which is why he doesn't see the car that comes racing up the street, goes through a stop sign and plows right into him. Empty beer cans go clattering up the street in all directions.

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A doctor looks down and turns on a little flashlight. He pulls up one of Bagman's eyelids and beams the light directly into his eye. The pupil contracts. He moves the light away and the pupil dilates. The doctor nods. He then cracks a glass ampoule and holds it under Bagman's nose. Bagman's eyes flutter, then open. He's awake and conscious.

"Where am I?" asks Bagman without any trace of a stutter.

"You're in the hospital," answers the doctor.

"I mean, what country?"

"What country?" repeats the doctor incredulously.

"America. What country did you think you were in?"

"Viet Nam. I guess I got med-evacked out."

"No. You got hit by a car," states the doctor flatly. "In Los Angeles. That's where you are."

Bagman is now very confused. "What? I don't remember that. I remember being at the firebase at La Chau Four and being shelled, and that's it."

"What year do you think it is?"

"1971," states Bagman without hesitation.

The doctor shakes his head in amazement. "Something's definitely wrong here because it's not 1971. It's 1991."

Bagman's eyes go wide with shock. "1991? Is this some kind of joke?"

"I'm afraid not. Do you know what your name is?"

"Of course. Lewis Holiman. Why do you ask?"

"Well," explains the doctor, "you were brought in without any I.D. at all. I thought maybe you had amnesia, considering you thought it was 1971."

"1991? That would make me *forty-two* years old."

"If you shave that beard off you'll look forty-two. Right now you look sixty-two."

Bagman, or Lewis as the case may be, reaches up and grabs his beard. He seems utterly surprised to find it there and as he tugs on it he clearly realizes that this is not a joke.

"Then I must've had amnesia since 1971 'cause I don't remember anything after the shelling in Viet Nam."

"Do you remember where you live?"

Lewis nods. "Sure. 24770 Harrison Street in Barstow."

"Do you have any relatives there?"

"Yeah. My mother and my father and my wife."

Lewis is told he can leave the hospital. He is given his clothes by a nurse and he is confused by the amount of them. "Did I have a suitcase for these other things?"

"No," says the nurse. "You wearing them all."

He puts on the blue jeans and a t-shirt and puts the rest into a plastic grocery bag. He asks to borrow a scissors and a razor and shaves off his beard. Underneath he is a reasonably handsome man.

At the front desk as he signs his release form he is given a manila envelope with his belongings inside. He opens it and finds a key attached to a leather shoelace, two dollars and some change.

"That's it?"

The nurse shrugs.

"Well what the hell have I been doing for the last twenty years?"

"From the way you were dressed it looked like you lived out on the streets."

Lewis leaves the hospital in a state of great confusion.

Outside it's a strange new world. The cars all look futuristic to him, particularly the new low-slung, fastback vans. He passes a group of long-hair rockers and that kind of makes sense.

"Hippies," he mumbles to himself, "I wonder what they're rebelling against?" He asks a woman at a bus stop bench, "Are we in a war?"

She looks at him askance. "The war's over."

"I know, I fought in it."

She looks incredulous. "You fought in the Persian Gulf? You're too old."

Lewis shakes his head. "The Persian Gulf?"

He keeps walking and passes a group of kids with green, blue and red hair. Things have definitely changed.

Lewis finally sticks out his thumb and hitch-hikes east out of town. He gets picked up by an Air Force officer in uniform who's driving back to Las Vegas where he's stationed. Lewis explains his plight of being unable to remember anything. The officer says, "what'dya want to know?"

"Well, the last President I remember is Nixon. He lost the election?"

"No, he resigned. He got caught in a scandal called Watergate. Then came President Ford."

Lewis is blown away. "Henry Ford was President?"

"No, Gerald Ford. He was Vice-President. Nobody voted for him. Then came Jimmy Carter."

"Jimmy? Was he ten years old?"

"No, he was a southern peanut farmer. Then came Ronald Reagan."

"The actor? Don't tell me, next came Lassie."

"Now it's Bush and Quayle."

"Sounds like a brand of bourbon."

"Take my word for it, buddy, you didn't miss much."

Lewis reaches down to the key hanging around his neck, looks at it and furrows his brow.

Carol sits at her desk at work with a silly grin plastered to her face. She glances up at the clock frequently. The woman at the desk beside her leans over and whispers.

"I know what that look on your face means," she says, raising her eyebrows in an insinuating gesture.

Carol looks at her and acts innocent. "What?"

"Don't kid me, honey. I've felt that way before. Not since I've been married, but I still remember. Meeting him tonight?"

Carol nods and smiles.

"Lucky girl. Enjoy it while it lasts 'cause nothing does."

"This will."

The woman beside her makes a face that says, "Oh, sure."

Carol looks up at the clock. The work day won't end.

Lewis is dropped off in Barstow in the middle of the Mojave Desert. It doesn't look a hell of a lot different than when he left it. There are a few strip malls and lot more fast food joints, but that's the only difference. He walks out to the edge of town to a small house and knocks on the door. A middle-aged Latino man answers the door. He American and speaks without an accent.

"Yes?"

Lewis isn't sure how to proceed. "Um... What happened to the Holimans?"

"Who?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Holiman? They lived here since the fifties."

"Oh, the older couple. They died before we moved in."

Lewis is shocked. "Died? How?"

The Latino man shrugs. "A car crash, maybe. I'm not sure."

"Do the Taylors still live next door?"

He shakes his head. "Nope. The Rameriz family lives there."

"Thank you," says Lewis quietly and walks away.

Lewis gets to Harrison Street and stops at another little house marked 24770. He girds himself for whatever comes next, steps up to the door and knocks. A moment later the door is answered by a plump, middle-aged woman. She looks at Lewis and is about to say something when her eyes go wide with horror, her face drains of all its color and her mouth drops open.

"Jesus Christ!" she croaks, "*Lewis??!!*!" then collapses in a dead faint.

Lewis stands in the doorway looking totally helpless.

It's just getting dark as Carol pulls off of Melrose onto Curson, her silly little grin still lurking at the edge of her mouth. She has gotten her hair cut and looks pretty good. As she nears her apartment building she sees someone seated on the bench. Her grin blossoms into a full blown smile. As she gets closer she sees that it is an Orthodox Jewish man sitting and talking to a young Jewish boy. Her smile fades away.

She gets inside, shrugs and waves her hands. "It's okay. He never shows up this early anyway."

Carol sets about fixing dinner. As she works her silly little grin returns and she begins to hum "The Girl from Ipanema" to herself.

Lewis sits at the kitchen table with the wide-eyed, plump, middle-aged woman. Her name is LISA. There is a bottle of scotch sitting between them and each has a glass in their hand. She is looking at Lewis and can't stop shaking her head.

"I don't understand," Lisa says. "I thought you must've been killed somehow. I drove to the hospital to pick you up the day you were released and when I got there you were gone. They said you'd just been sitting and waiting and the next thing they looked up and you weren't there. Where did you go?"

Lewis shakes his head and shrugs. "I don't know. I can't remember anything that's happened since then. I woke up in the hospital this morning and I thought it was the next day, except I had a beard down to my chest. I still can't believe I'm forty-two years old."

"You're not. Your birthday was last week. You're forty-three."

"Great! In my head I'm twenty-two."

"In *my* head I'm seventeen. Time's a dirty, rotten son of a bitch."

They both smile rather sadly and take big swallows of their drinks. Lisa looks deeply into Lewis' eyes.

"I missed you so much I didn't know what to do."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I waited, for over a year. The Veteran's Administration never heard a thing, Missing Persons never heard a thing, nobody ever heard a thing."

"Then what happened?"

She raises her hands in an apologetic gesture. "Lew, I was twenty years old. My husband

left after four months of marriage to go fight in a war, then came home wounded, then disappeared off the face of the Earth. Waiting a year all alone to a twenty year old is forever. The Veteran's Administration said it took seven years for you to be officially pronounced dead. Seven years seemed like eternity..."

"Yeah, so..."

"So... I got remarried."

Lewis looks very shocked. He takes a big gulp of scotch and pours himself another. Lisa finishes hers and he refills her glass, too.

Lisa goes on. "Remember Artie Pierce?"

Lewis nods. "Sure. He was a great basketball player. The best in the school. That's who you married?"

Lisa nods. "It was pretty good for a while, too. We have a son."

"You do?" Lisa nods again. "Well, where's Artie?"

"He left. He had a lot of trouble settling down after college. You know, the ex-sports star syndrome. Nothing was ever as good as the good old days in high school and college. He hated every job he had, he started to drink all the time and finally, one day about three years ago, he just up and left. I wasn't sorry to see him go, either."

"Where's your son?"

"Jerry ran away when he was seventeen. He's in a rock band in L.A. I hear from him now and then when he needs money. His hair is green."

"I think I saw him today when I got out of the hospital."

Lisa shakes her head. "A lot of kids have green hair these days."

"Oh."

They both look down at the table, then sip their drinks.

They're both getting a little looped.

Lisa looks up at Lewis. "How do I look to you?"

"You look the same."

Lisa lets out a laugh. "Oh, right. When I was twenty I weighed a hundred and ten pounds and my hair was curly. I don't look the same."

Lewis peers into her eyes. "Your eyes look the same. That's all I ever looked at anyway. How do I look?"

"You? You look good. You could use a haircut and a change of clothes, but you look okay. Older. It's becoming on you, like it is with most men. Age makes men look distinguished and makes women look like old hags."

"You don't look like an old hag, Lisa. Not to me."

Lisa finishes her drink. "Pour me another one, would you? A couple more and maybe I'll feel like the girl you left behind."

Lewis fills her glass, then his own.

Carol sits at the dinner table alone. The table is set for two. Uneaten chicken breasts sit on both plates. Nearly burnt out candles sputter at the center of the table. "It's A Beautiful Day" sings "White Bird" on the record player. Carol looks sadly toward the front window, then back down at her plate. Finally, she stands, blows out the candles and picks up the two plates. She



takes them into the kitchen and dumps the chicken into the trash. She sets the plates on the counter and lowers her head. After a moment she straightens up, takes a deep breath and goes to the bedroom. She climbs into bed, turns off the light and buries her face in the pillow. A quiet, desperate, smothered sob is heard.

Lewis and Lisa drunkenly stagger into the bedroom with their arms around each other. They both get undressed by the light of the bright desert moon shining through the window.

Lisa says, "Don't look."

Lewis turns around and finishes undressing. He hears

Lisa get into bed, then turns and does the same. The key hangs from the leather shoelace around his neck. Lisa reaches out and takes hold of it.

"What's this key to?" she asks.

Lewis shakes his head. "I don't know. It's the only possession I had." He takes the key back from her and looks down at it. 1337. "It means something, I know it does. I just don't remember what."

Lisa rolls over on top of Lewis, puts her face to his and kisses him. They kiss for a long moment, then she pulls her face away. She look at him with a knowing gaze.

"There's someone else."

Lewis is baffled. "There is?"

Lisa nods. "You're in love."

"I am?"

Lisa nods again. "That's what the key means. It's the key to her house."

"How do you know? I don't remember any other woman."

"I just know."

Lewis starts to get mad. "But I can't remember, Goddamnit! I can't remember anything! It's like someone stole half my brain!" He grabs the sides of his head and pushes hard.

Lisa reaches out and runs her fingers tenderly along Lewis' cheek. "It's okay. Calm down. It's all right. Sleep with me tonight and hold me. Let's both try to believe that we're twenty years old again. That all the bad things that've happened never happened. Let's just pretend."

Lewis and Lisa takes each other in their arms and hold tight. Lewis eyes open and glance down at the key hanging around his neck.

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Lisa wakes up in the morning and rubs her aching head. She sticks her tongue out and makes a disgusted face at the taste in her mouth. She opens her eyes and looks over at the other side of the bed. The blanket and sheet are all bunched up and the bed is empty.

Lisa steps into the kitchen and finds Lewis sitting at the kitchen table, the bottle of scotch before him empty. His eyes are bleary and he's a little drunk.

"What's wrong?" she asks.

Lewis sighs deeply. "I had a terrible dream and I can remember every detail of it. I was sitting on this hill in Viet Nam and shells were just pouring in blowing the whole world to hell. All of my friends were screaming and running in all directions and one by one they all got blown to pieces. Parts of their bodies came flying past me and there was nothing I could do to help any of them." He finishes drinking the little bit of scotch left in the bottom of his glass and winces.

Lisa goes to the refrigerator and takes out eggs and milk and bacon. She begins to prepare breakfast. Without turning around she says, "You're leaving, right?"

"I have to."

"Let me make you breakfast. Do you have any money?"

Lewis reaches into his pocket and removes the two crinkled dollars and change. "A little."

Lisa cracks the eggs into a bowl. "I'll give you some. You'll need it."

"You don't have to do that. I'm sure you need your money."

"I work down at the grocery store. I do all right. I'll give you enough to get by on for a little while, then you're on your own."

"Thanks."

Lisa turns and looks at him.

"You were my first love, Lew. I'll never forget that."

Carol comes into work looking very sad. She sits down at her desk and stares vacantly into the distance. The woman at the desk beside her glances over at her and shakes her head.

"Stood you up, huh?"

"Leave me alone."

"Men are all bastards. Take my word for it."

Carol grabs her bag and notebook and rushes away from her desk. On the way to the door she encounters her supervisor.

"Leaving a little early, aren't you? What about yesterday's reports?"

"I'll get them done."

"You don't look too good to me, Carol. I'm not so sure you should be doing field work."

"Then relieve me, but don't bug me about it, okay?"

"Okay. All right. My goodness. I've never seen you like this."

Carol dashes out the door. When she's out in her car by herself she gets furious.

"Goddamn him! How could he do this to me? I felt so sure. I thought I knew."

Finally, she starts the car and drives away.

Carol's car turns left off Sunset onto Vine heading east. As she passes the Greyhound bus station on DeLongpre a bus is just unloading. Among the passengers is Lewis, looking bleary eyed and a little drunk. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a pint of scotch, goes to take a drink and it's empty. He throws it in the trash and heads across the street.

Lewis looks at the key hanging from his neck, then cranes his head around looking in all directions. He shrugs and shakes his head.

"Nothing looks familiar."

He rubs the back of his aching head and goes into a liquor store.

Carol drives from one recycling center to another, walking along the lines of homeless people. They're really a sorry sight. At first she attempts to ask about Bagman's whereabouts, but her description sounds like every man in line, not to mention that everyone she's asking is insane.

By dusk she has made no headway at all and is more depressed than she's ever been. She's stony-eyed as she drives home to her desolately empty house.

Lewis checks into the Hollywood Bowl Motel. He has a quart bottle of liquor in a brown paper bag, a garbage bag of clothes and \$47.00.

He walks down to his room, through the courtyard area, and passes a young, attractive white girl in a halter top with a tattoo on her shoulder and a big black eye. In one of the rooms a big beatbox is booming. Little black kids run after each other, screaming.

Lewis sits in the ratty little room on the holey bedspread and drinks his booze from a plastic cup. There are a thousand sounds: from the beatbox to the nearby Hollywood Freeway, to sex in the next room.

Lewis shakes his head. "Where am I?"

Carol is taken off field work and stays in the office. She retreats further into herself than she was before. She doesn't speak to any of her co-workers and they give her funny looks. Carol doesn't care. Her heart is broken.

Lewis walks the streets of Hollywood in search of a sign, the key hanging around his neck, a black bag over his shoulder. He is systematically checking all of the thirteen hundred blocks. He stops and stares at all of the buildings marked 1337, but none of them rings any bells.

He begins wearing all his clothes again and his beard grows longer. He's always looking around, scrutinizing everything intensely, and drinking.

Lewis hangs out in the parking lot of The Pavillion Market on Melrose. His eyes dart back and forth. The Mexican store employed shopping cart wranglers push a line of fifty carts into the market. As soon as they're inside Lewis makes his move. He dashes between two cars where a tipped-over shopping cart reposes. He straightens it up and quickly pushes it away. As he gets a building between him and the market he sighs and wipes his brow.

The squeaky wheels of the shopping cart glide along the slick gray and white speckled surface of The Walk Of Fame on Vine St. The shopping cart is now full of black garbage bags and smashed cans.

He is Bagman again.

Carol talks to her mom in Waterbury, Connecticut on the phone. She wonders what it would be like coming home, just the two of them living in the house.

"Two single old ladies," jokes her mother. Carol doesn't take it as a joke. She can see it all too clearly.

Bagman stands in line at the bottle and can redemption area behind Ralph's Market. A woman walks along the line of bag people holding a notebook. She steps up to Bagman and hands him a card from The Department Of Health And Welfare.

Something rings in his head. He's seen that card before. He turns it over, but nothing is written on the back. He furrows his brow.

Bagman enters the building of The Department Of Health And Welfare. He speaks to a receptionist, is made to wait, then is shown to a case worker.

It's Carol.

She sees Bagman and gasps.

Bagman is shocked. "What? What's wrong?"

Carol's shock turns to astonishment. "You don't stutter."

"No."

Carol looks at him for a very long moment. Bagman doesn't know what's going on.

"Tom?"

"My name's Lewis. Lewis Holiman. Have we met?"

Carol's heart sinks into her stomach. "I'm not sure. Don't you remember?"

"I have a lot of trouble with my memory. I used to have amnesia. We might've met and I just don't remember it."

Bagman fills out the forms as best he can without having an address and Carol stares at him in disbelief. He stands to leave and puts out his grimy hand. Carol slowly takes it and they shake.

Bagman smiles. "Nice to meet you..." he glances down at her nameplate, "...Miss Wykoff."

Carol can't talk.

Bagman leaves without a backward glance.

Carol looks down at her dirt smeared hand.

It's night and Bagman is asleep in the doorway of The Broadway rug store wrapped in a

blanket, his shopping cart wedged beside him. He is having a nightmare. We can hear the sound of shells whistling in and exploding. With each explosion Bagman recoils and writhes. Finally he bolts awake in a sweat.

The moon is full as Bagman pushes his shopping cart up the thirteen hundred block of Spaulding, then down the thirteen hundred block of Genesee, then up the thirteen hundred block of Sierra Bonita. None of it means anything. Nothing looks familiar. It's making him crazy.

Finally, he's worn out. He stops at a bench and sits down.

The bench squeaks as it teeter-totters and the other end snaps up and smacks the plaster edge.

Bagman's eyes widen in recognition.

Carol lies in bed, her face on the pillow. The noise wakes her up. Her eyes open and blink.

Bagman reaches into his shirt and pulls out the key. He slowly turns his head and looks at the building behind him. The address is 1337. He stands and goes up the steps to the apartment door. He takes the key from around his neck and holds it out to the lock on the door.

The key slides into the lock.

Bagman smiles in awe. He turns the key and the tumblers unlock. He turns the doorknob and opens the door.

There stands Carol in her nightgown lit by the moon.

Her eyes are wide and there's a breathless, hopeful smile on her face.

"Tom?"

Bagman's face fills with recognition. "Carol."

They fall into each other's arms and hold each other tight.

The End