

Peter's class
6/21/14

JFK Jim
& Ferrie
M-M

Ferrie suffers from alopecia, a disease that has removed all his body hair, and he looks like a Halloween character - penciled eyebrows, one higher than the other, a scruffy reddish wig pasted on askew with glue, thrift store clothing. His eyes, however, are swift and cunning, his smile warm, inviting itself, his demeanor hungry to please.

Jim is DA
+ he is
questioning
Ferrie.

JIM

(shakes hands)

Come in, Dave. Have a seat, make yourself comfortable. Coffee?

Nod

FERRIE

Do you remember me, Mr. Garrison? I met you on Carondelet Street right after your election. I congratulated you, remember?

JIM

How could I forget? You make quite a first impression.

(on intercom)

Sharon, could you please bring us some coffee?

(Ferrie laughs; pause)

I've heard over the years you're quite a first-rate pilot, Dave. Legend has it you can get in and out of any field, no matter how small...

(Jim points to the pictures on his wall)

I'm a bit of a pilot myself, you know. Flew grasshoppers for the field artillery in the war.

Show your
nervousness
jittery

Ferrie glimpses the low-volumed TV - and images of the funeral. He looks away, jittery, and takes out a cigarette. Sharon brings the coffee in.

FERRIE

Do you mind if I smoke, Mr. Garrison?

JIM

(holds up his pipe)

How could I? Dave, as you know, President Kennedy was assassinated on Friday. A man named Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested as a suspect and then was murdered yesterday by a man named Jack Ruby.

(on each name, watching Ferrie's reaction)

We've heard reports that Oswald spent the summer in New Orleans and we've been advised you knew Oswald pretty well.

FERRIE

That's not true. I never met anybody named Oswald. Anybody who told you that has to be crazy.

JIM

But you are aware, he served in your Civil Air Patrol unit when he was a teenager.

FERRIE

No... if he did, I don't remember him. There were lots of kids in and out... y'know.

JIM

(hands him a current newspaper)

I'm sure you've seen this. Perhaps you knew this man under another name?

FERRIE

No, I never saw him before in my life.

JIM

Well that must've been mistaken information we got. Thanks for straightening it out for us.

(puffs on pipe, Ferrie looks relieved; images of the funeral continue on the TV)

There is one other matter that's come up, Dave. We were told you took a trip to Texas shortly after the assassination of Friday.

FERRIE

Yeah, now that's true. I drove to Houston.

takes smoke

JIM

What was so appealing about Houston?

FERRIE

I hadn't been there ice skating in many years, and I had a couple of young friends with me, and we decided we wanted to go ice skating.

takes smoke

JIM

Dave, may I ask why the urge to go ice skating in Texas happened to strike you during one of the most violent thunderstorms in recent memory?

FERRIE

Oh, it was just a spur of the moment thing... the storm wasn't that bad.

JIM

I see. And where did you drive?

FERRIE

We went straight to Houston, and then Saturday night we drove to Galveston and stayed over there.

JIM

Why Galveston?

FERRIE

No particular reason. Just to go somewhere.

JIM

And then Sunday?

*PAUSE
think about it.*

FERRIE

In the morning we went goose hunting. Then headed home, but I dropped the boys off to see some relatives and I stayed in Hammond.

JIM

Did you bag any geese on this trip?

FERRIE

I believe the boys got a couple.

JIM

But the boys told us they didn't get any.

FERRIE

(fidgeting, lighting another cigarette) *takes smoke*

Oh yes, well, come to think of it, they're right. We got to where the geese were and there were thousands of them. But you couldn't approach them. They were a wise bunch of birds.

JIM

Your young friends also told us you had no weapons in the car. Dave, isn't it a bit difficult to hunt for geese without a shotgun?

Fidgets/takes smoke

FERRIE

Yes, now I remember, Mr. Garrison.

I'm sorry, I got confused. We got out there near the geese and it was only then we realized we'd forgotten our shotguns. Stupid, right? So of course we didn't get any geese.

JIM

I see.

(stands up)

Dave thank you for your time. I'm sorry it has to end inconveniently for you, but I'm going to have you detained for further questioning by the FBI.

FERRIE

(shaken)

Why? What's wrong?

JIM

Dave, I find your story simply not believable.

Lou and the two cops escort Ferrie out of the office as Jim turns to the television image of Kennedy's final moments of rest. The bugler plays taps. John Jr., 3 years old, in an image which will become famous, salutes his Dad farewell. The riderless horse stands lonely against the Washington sky.

FERRIE

Really?
What part?