

# WHO EVER SAID I WAS A GOOD GIRL?

by

Gustavo Ott

Translated by:

Heather L. McKay

Susan Gurman Agency LLC  
14 Penn Plaza, Suite 1703, New York, NY 10122-1701  
Tel: 212 749 4618 Fax: 212 864 5055

[www.gurmanagency.com](http://www.gurmanagency.com)

GUSTAVO OTT ® ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

[gustavott@yahoo.com](mailto:gustavott@yahoo.com)

### Cast

LULU: Twenty-four.  
TRIXI: Fifteen.  
BOOBOO: Fifteen.  
SCOOBY: Eighteen.  
TWEETY: Fifteen.  
CANDY: Thirteen.

### Setting

The play takes place on a street in a big city, starting at twelve o'clock at night.

## One /

---

*A man walks along the dark street. Behind him, Trixi. She approaches him*

TRIXI: Hey, mister, I'm thirteen...

MAN: So, what do you want?

TRIXI: Gimme a twenty and I'll do anything.

MAN: Like what things?

TRIXI: Like whatever you want.

MAN: And you say you're...thirteen?

TRIXI: Yeah.

MAN: *(Laughs cynically)* Huh...Ah...all right then, baby girl.

*(Trixi approaches him. A shot is heard. The man falls to the ground. Trixi takes his shoes and his wallet)*

MAN: I'm dying...

TRIXI: Idiot, I'm fifteen.

*(A siren is heard. Trixi runs and exits. The wall is lit. Stage left, Tweety. Booboo center stage. Candy seated on the wall. Scooby swings between two posts)*

BOOBOO: *(Whistles. Then waits)* No answer. *(To Scooby)* Well, who was supposed to get it?

SCOOBY: *(To Tweety)* You.

TWEETY: Me?

BOOBOO: Yeah.

TWEETY: They said "Booboo."

SCOOBY: Lulu said "Tweety."

TWEETY: Why me?

BOOBOO: Well, fuck, I mean, what the fuck. Because...It's your...I had to once too...It's the luck of the draw and... and Lulu said so.

TWEETY: It's dangerous.

BOOBOO: What's so dangerous about boosting a car?

TWEETY: Just that. Boosting it.

SCOOBY: It's nothing, man. No big deal. It's like walking down the street and...whistling.

TWEETY: So why don't you go do it?

SCOOBY: 'Cause, because...ah...'cause I'm legal.

TWEETY: *(To Booboo)* How old are you?

BOOBOO: How old are you?

TWEETY: Fifteen.

BOOBOO: So fifteen and a half. So see? You go.

*(Sirens in the distance. Trixi enters, tired)*

TRIXI: *(Shows the shoes and wallet)* Thirty.

SCOOBY: Another one?

TRIXI: Some old guy, probably forty. Foreigner. He's my thirty.

CANDY: Thirty what?

SCOOBY: Keep out of it.

BOOBOO: Are you up?

TRIXI: Up. On top. I've got thirty.

SCOOBY: How many's Quickdraw got?

TRIXI: Twenty-nine.

BOOBOO: So he's screwed.

TRIXI: Thirty - Twenty-nine.

SCOOBY: Besides, Quickdraw's twenty already.

BOOBOO: Old man. He's ancient.

SCOOBY: He's gonna go down and fast. They're after his ass.

TWEETY: You're better, Trixi.

TRIXI: (*Suddenly explodes*) But they all talk about him, not me! (*Silence*) I... I bust my ass. I take more risks... I... I'm younger, but he's still the fuckin' king.

TWEETY: What's he got that you don't?

TRIXI: He's in all the papers.

BOOBOO: When... ah... what papers?

TRIXI: They give him interviews and they don't even mention my name.

SCOOBY: You want to be in the papers?

TRIXI: He was. He was. That's all. In the papers. Where it counts. Like a king. And me: nothing.

TWEETY: What do you care about in the paper? No one reads it.

BOOBOO: I don't know anybody that reads... newspapers, none of that trash.

SCOOBY: No one cares about that shit.

TRIXI: So I do.

TWEETY: What for?

TRIXI: Because. Because I read an interview with this singer. And... ah... He said things I liked.

TWEETY: Like what?

TRIXI: Ah... personal stuff. His ideas.

CANDY: So if you were in the paper. What would you say?

TRIXI: Me? Ahh... um... nothing.

BOOBOO: Then so, why do you want to be in it?

TRIXI: So people will look at me.

SCOOBY: Yeah, like the cops.

TRIXI: ...So they know I exist.

TWEETY: You exist Trixi.

TRIXI: Not in the papers.

SCOOBY: Yeah true.

BOOBOO: Lulu can get you in. She can get you exposure.

SCOOBY: She'll see to it... Bam. We're in the paper.

BOOBOO: And so we'll exist. Right?

SCOOBY: Yeah. Existing... very important. I think.

BOOBOO: Lulu will make sure you exist, Trixi. She loves you.

CANDY: Even if she does go out with Quickdraw... at night.

*(Everyone looks at Candy)*

BOOBOO: This... kid what's she know about anything?

SCOOBY: Look here little. sister: shut up.

TRIXI: Lulu and Quickdraw?

SCOOBY: Don't listen to her. She can't even count the fingers in front of her face.

*(As he says this he holds a warning finger up to Candy, gives her a small shove)*

TRIXI: How do you know?

CANDY: Yesterday... Don't go telling anyone... You can keep a... because... it was by accident I... Look... it's better if we keep it... (Short pause) I saw her yesterday at the movies.

SCOOBY: Who?

CANDY: Lulu.

SCOOBY: And what's so strange about that, huh, you little worm?

CANDY: ...I was there, at the movies, watching a movie. Then, then, then at the end, when it was over, then, they turned on the lights.

SCOOBY: And what about it, sleazebag?

CANDY: She was there, sitting with Quickdraw.

*(Pause)*

SCOOBY: You're lying.

BOOBOO: Lulu did not... She wouldn't... Don't give me that, tell me some... Fuck, Candy, don't even say it... fuck...

CANDY: That's what I saw.

SCOOBY: It was dark.

CANDY: They turned on the lights...

SCOOBY: I don't believe you.

TRIXI: I'd like to see her now, I'd take her down.

BOOBOO: Take it easy, Trixi. Be careful.

TRIXI: And I'll take Quickdraw with her. Thirty-two and no competition. Boss.

SCOOBY: Boss... six foot under.

BOOBOO: Yeah, counting worms and hanging out with mold.

SCOOBY: You can't take Lulu, Trixi.

BOOBOO: She's a grown woman, twenty-four. Christ, she's practically seven foot tall and twice that wide.

SCOOBY: Stronger than... than this. *(Kicks post)*

BOOBOO: *(With Scooby, aside)* And if she gets here and we don't have her wheels, she'll kill us. Tweety -- get on it.

TWEETY: *(Moving away from Booboo and Scooby)* I'm not supposed to go.

*(Sirens)*

TRIXI: *(Hiding)* Are they coming this way?

TWEETY: You're so jumpy. What's up?

TRIXI: *(Biting her nails)* Just a lot of sirens. That's all.

*(Sirens in the distance. Pause)*

TRIXI: *(Looking at Tweety closely)* What are you looking at?

TWEETY: Trixi, I... I wanted to tell you... to talk to you and...

TRIXI: What are you mumbling about?

TWEETY: That the most important thing in the world...

TRIXI: Oh, the stars. Yeah, they are important. Up there. They're never afraid. Even at night.

TWEETY: I wish I was like that.

TRIXI: Only one thing scares them.

TWEETY: What?

TRIXI: *(Not hearing him)* Being counted. *(The sirens move off)* ...They're looking for me... a lot of people are after me. You don't know what it's like to have the whole world out for you to... To fuck you.

TWEETY: Trixi, before I take off, I wanna tell you that... I...

*(Tweety gets nervous. He looks from one side to another. Trixi leans against the wall, her hands together. She looks up abruptly, and lowers her eyes. Tweety looks at her again. She looks at him and both turn away quickly. Silence. Trixi sighs. In a moment Tweety sighs also. Trixi sighs two times in a row. Tweety does the same)*

TWEETY: Fuck.

*(She looks at him. Tweety notices and looks at the ground. Trixi tries to say something. She stops herself. Then both start to say something at the same time but stop. Pause. They look in opposite directions. A car goes by and the lights shine on them and the wall. Tweety looks over at the others. They aren't watching him. He looks to Candy who gives him a "go ahead" sign. Pause. Then, little by little, Tweety turns toward Trixi. He looks at her for a moment, looks away and then watches her again, steadily. Trixi notices and gets somewhat nervous. Tweety continues to look her directly in the face, with an unusual steadiness, as though he were seeing her for the first time. Trixi grows more nervous. Tweety draws closer to her slowly. Trixi trembles. Tweety stops and says)*

TWEETY: You're as beautiful as a rose.

TRIXI: What?

TWEETY: You float like a butterfly.

TRIXI: ...I what...?

TWEETY: Your eyes are like two stars. You... ah... My heart bleeds for you and... uh... all that.

TRIXI: All that what?

TWEETY: Just "that."

TRIXI: And "that" means what?

TWEETY: That... ah... I saw it in this brown book. It was the dedication.

TRIXI: Right. But what are you saying?

TWEETY: That, that, that. I'd like... Have you ever seen the kisses in movies? Have you ever kissed anyone?

TRIXI: Kissing.

TWEETY: On the lips.

TRIXI: No. I, no... Does it feel good?

TWEETY: I think so.

TRIXI: You think?

TWEETY: Once Lulu kissed me.

TRIXI: Lulu...

TWEETY: But she said nothing happened.

TRIXI: Tweety, what do you want?

TWEETY: Me?

TRIXI: You're the only Tweety around here. The only one who sees Putty Tats in this jungle instead of jackals. So: spill it, Tweety.

TWEETY: *(Pause)* Nothing. *(Leaving)* I'm going for the car. *(Leaves)*

SCOOBY: Trixi, you... ah... I think... You should lay low for while since... I mean, you've got thirty already and... Quickdraw, he might be thinking like you... That you're up and that you've got a lot already and that bam! Smart. Don't you think?

BOOBOO: And anyway, we're in range.

SCOOBY: There could be a shootout any second.

BOOBOO: And it's always the ones in the middle get their skulls cracked.

TRIXI: *(Aiming at them)* Maybe your skulls.

BOOBOO: Hey, cut it out...

SCOOBY: That's... hey... come on... huh...

BOOBOO: Don't fuck around like that.

SCOOBY: We're in retirement.

TRIXI: Retirement? What for? What else is there?

BOOBOO: The Music biz...

SCOOBY: That's it. Drop everything.

BOOBOO: Everything for music.

SCOOBY: Like Metallica, better than Guns and Roses, something kicking. We want to form a band -- "Scooby and the Monsters."

BOOBOO: We didn't say anything about "Scooby." It was just the Monsters.

SCOOBY: I'm the lead singer.

BOOBOO: And me?

SCOOBY: You're one of the Monsters.

BOOBOO: One Monsters, right!

SCOOBY: And we'll leave the fireworks to the pros.

BOOBOO: Like you.

SCOOBY: And Quickdraw.

BOOBOO: And Lulu... Because things, this shit happens all the time that... that...

SCOOBY:...that knocks all the fuckin' air out of you, you can't breathe.

*(Suddenly, the sound of squealing brakes is heard. Police lights turning over the stage. Trixi tries to run. Booboo hides. Candy stays stock still. Scooby backs away, covering his face. A voice sounds over the loudspeaker.)*

VOICE: Nobody move!

SCOOBY: Stay cool... Don't run.

VOICE: Up against the wall, scum. Now! *(They do it)*

SCOOBY: Don't shoot. We're musicians, we make culture.

VOICE: Move and I'll pump you full of lead. You shitheads, you got no fucking balls, sons of bitches, assholes.

*(Lulu enters)*

VOICE: I'm gonna slice off your ears, you scumbags... slit your fuckin' throats... chop your pricks off with a machete, you bunch of diseased dildos, fucking slime. *(A loud laugh is heard, grandiloquent, reverberating, excessive. Laughter)* You shits... *(More laughter)* What a bunch of dumbshits!...

*(Booboo and Scooby turn around)*

SCOOBY: It's her!

BOOBOO: Lulu!

LULU: *(After laughing for a while longer)* Wusses... wusses... *(Laughs more)* Wusses. That's what you are, wusses... This one here *(Points to Booboo)*... he was shaking like... I could have taken you all right here and not a word out of any of you. Nothing. Nothing at all... stupid fucks. You shout like men but you're nothing but a bunch of wussy little boys... *(To Candy)* Who's this idiot?

SCOOBY: My sister.

LULU: Right, but I asked why she's here. *(To the others)* Where's the girl of my dreams? Trixi? Trixi sweetheart? What's wrong?

TRIXI: Too many sirens.

LULU: They're looking for you to boil you in oil.

TRIXI: I don't need any help.

LULU: That's just what Quickdraw said.

TRIXI: So tell him to quit hiding.

LULU: It just so happens, little girl, they're looking for him, not you.

TRIXI: Because of that, with the old guy in the street?

LULU: Of course.

TRIXI: But it was me!... And they're going to give it to him? He's mine. I've got thirty. No... no way... they're not giving it to him. Like the secretary. When I think how I had to chase her down. I got her three bullets right in the chest. And they gave her to Quickdraw.

LULU: Quickdraw always does three. You know that.

TRIXI: Because he's a coward. One's enough. Neat. Three's easy. Anybody can do three. In this business three shots is like rain, a storm: one drop's enough. And it's not your fault.

LULU: He's a lousy shot.

TRIXI: He can't have my thirty. He can just leave mine alone. *(To Lulu)* Who are you with? Him or me?

LULU: What are you talking about? Did you hear that? Who am I with? What am I? The fourth stooge? Fuckin' Mickey Mouse? Who do you think I am? Who's been taking care of this street all this time? Huh? Who? Come on. Speak up. Huh?

BOOBOO: Candy said she saw you at the movies yesterday.

LULU: Aha. At the movies. *(To Trixi)* So you think that I might be making a deal with...?

BOOBOO: She says she saw you with Quickdraw.

LULU: ...someone I can't fuckin' stand and (*To Candy*) That's what you're saying, you little bitch.

CANDY: I didn't say that.

BOOBOO: Of course.

TRIXI: She didn't mean...

LULU: Did you say it or didn't you?

CANDY: I didn't. No.

LULU: So?

SCOOBY: She said that you and Quickdraw...

LULU: Me and Quickdraw?

BOOBOO: You say "Quickdraw and I"

LULU: So then, I wasn't there.

BOOBOO: What?

LULU: You were.

BOOBOO: Wh... wh... where?

LULU: With Quickdraw.

BOOBOO: Me?!

LULU: You just said it.

BOOBOO: I said?

LULU: Scooby?

SCOOBY: You said "Quickdraw and I."

BOOBOO: I said that one says "Quickdraw and I."

LULU: And you. It wasn't... (*Laughs*) yeah it was me, but it wasn't... it was just that Quickdraw went to... Anyway it just happened. I was already there and suddenly there he is... I mean I had a meeting to clear some things up face to face... The thing is it was all chance and nothing to do with...

BOOBOO: People talk, Lulu...

LULU: They talk because they have to. We're a tribe... warriors. So they talk. Besides the clothes and all that, we've got pride and we're not gonna let anyone step on us. We're the guardians... we're famous, legends. Everyone... we all got our story. People say: "oh, fuck, that's Little Lulu. Warrior and all that." And when they see me they're scared shitless, they get out of my way. *(To Trixi)* You know the legend. You heard the story.

BOOBOO: Nobody's doubting it.

LULU: But, fuck, fuck, fuck... That's what people say, but the real truth of this shit -- it's not like that, 'cause...

SCOOBY: Lulu, you better...

LULU: *(Grabs Candy violently)* ...because I say something and some kid like you can't say a thing about it to... to make me look bad. Fuck, fuck...

CANDY: Let go!

TRIXI: Let go of her already!

*(Lulu lets go of her)*

LULU: OK. Just remember, I'm Lulu. More famous than the President. All right? *(To Booboo and Scooby)* How can you talk in private in this place without every little shit finding out about it? Huh?

TRIXI: *(From her place)* Come on with me, Candy.

CANDY: Where?

TRIXI: There.

CANDY: Why?

TRIXI: Because they're deserting me.

*(Trixi and Candy move to one side)*

LULU: Where's the car I told you to get me for tonight?

SCOOBY: Booboo sent Tweety.

LULU: What? What? What? What? What? Tweety whose totally useless. And the car for tonight. Nothing. What did I say? Who did I send?

BOOBOO: Me.

LULU: And so, idiot?

BOOBOO: I wanted to get rid of him...

LULU: Great. You're a genius, we 've got no car and I need one for tonight.

BOOBOO: What about that one?

LULU: What one?

BOOBOO: That one.

LULU: *(To Booboo)* Is your fuckin' head full of feathers? Or what, your prick drop off last night? *(Loudly)* That car is mine! And we need a hot one so... because we've got something important to do.

BOOBOO: Something illegal, criminal, or...

LULU: Listen up, you stupid fucks. We've got a plan. Here's how it goes...

*(We now hear Trixi and Candy, beside the wall)*

CANDY: Fix your shirt a little.

TRIXI: Leave it alone.

CANDY: Boys look at you.

TRIXI: At what?

CANDY: I don't know. They're always watching women.

TRIXI: They're scared of me. That's why they watch me.

CANDY: What are they scared of?

TRIXI: Cause I'm... Because I do what I do.

CANDY: What?

TRIXI: My... those... ah... The job.

CANDY: What do you do?

TRIXI: I use a piece.. I, they... we compete... at... Don't ask.

CANDY: That stuff about you having thirty. What is that? Thirty what?

TRIXI: Dea...Bod... Shadows.

CANDY: Trixi, what was your first like?

TRIXI: First what?

CANDY: Boyfriend.

TRIXI: My... first... ah... I don't know... I don't remember... ah... once someone came up to me but... I don't know... no, I never had... Who's got time for that stuff?

*(Pause)*

CANDY: They say for you nothing counts.

TRIXI: I keep count. I keep count.

CANDY: Tell me the count.

TRIXI: I'll tell you about... I was five and... ah... my family was living in... I had some cousins... it's like it's... like... ah... once I was... and all that, so. See?

CANDY: All that.

TRIXI: That.

CANDY: But... what?

TRIXI: I don't know. Why don't you tell me something?

CANDY: It's easy for me. *(Mechanically)* My name is Encama Ramírez but they call me "Candy." I was born here on January 14, 1976. My mother is Milágras Ramírez and my father is Antonio Montero. I'm twelve years old, almost thirteen, and I go to school at Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. I'm in sixth grade and when I graduate I want to study marine biology. That's all.

TRIXI: I haven't lived even half that.

CANDY: Tell it.

TRIXI: It's that I can't... It seems like I just can't get the words to say... when you feel or you've gone through a thing... I can't find words... I don't know... to say things.

CANDY: Maybe something about... your mother.

TRIXI: My mother?

CANDY: Uh huh. Where is she?

TRIXI: I don't know. I haven't seen her since... For at least... ah... I don't know. One day she said she wanted me to die. So I didn't see her anymore.

CANDY: I want to do what you do.

TRIXI: You don't know what I do.

CANDY: It doesn't matter. People don't dis you.

TRIXI: What, they dis you? Then you better learn to do what I do. It's the only way they'll think you're in charge. In charge of your people and everyone else too. You should learn to do what I do so they respect you... you'll be in... with the people that get shit done.

CANDY: Scooby says you won't live long.

TRIXI: That doesn't matter.

CANDY: I want to live a lot.

TRIXI: What for? To see... rats. To see... shit. To live in fear. Living is... like if life was... I mean... I mean... Living is shit. I don't like living as much as... I like other things better than living.

CANDY: What other things?

TRIXI: Well, killing.

CANDY: Killing.

TRIXI: Right. Living, for me it's... that's it. Killing. Let 'em show some respect when you're sticking a serious piece in their face. That's living. The rest is just fairy tales and T.V.

CANDY: Now I get it.

TRIXI: Good.

CANDY: You've got thirty... people.

TRIXI: Thirty-one. But they didn't give me credit for the secretary. Assholes. They fuck up everything you work for.

CANDY: What was the first... the first time like?

TRIXI: I remember it perfectly. She was my Grammar teacher. I was eleven. Young. Lulu put a sweet little .22 in my hands, it looked like a toy. I'd never thought I'd have one of those. I took it to school and if anyone touched me, I stuck it in their chest. And that day this teacher was sneering at me, she yelled at me in front of the whole class. So I pulled out my .22 and shot her right through the eye. Then I finished her off with one in the gut.

CANDY: Sometimes I feel like doing that.

TRIXI: I learned two things: one, no one talks to the cops when they're scared. And two, no one ever suspects eleven-year-old girls.

CANDY: And the rest?

TRIXI: The same. They come one after the other. Like in line. One day a bus driver, then a taxi driver. Later on, some old guy. Orders from Lulu, friends who need a favor, people who have things I want, or people who pass by when Quickdraw is catching up with me. Total zeroes.

People without a past or a story. Zombies. Like on T.V. They die and there's nothing behind them.

CANDY: How do you know?

TRIXI: I don't know their life anyway and that's enough. They... they... they just show up asking to be killed, like the woman in the drug store who wouldn't give me an aspirin.

CANDY: That's all?

TRIXI: Well, I had a headache. You know?

CANDY: I guess so.

TRIXI: That's good. You should understand. You know what's the best thing you've done in your life? I'll tell you. The best thing you've ever done in your life is talk with me.

CANDY: I thought it was an important conversation.

TRIXI: It is. And if anything I've told you sticks in your head, you'll do all right in this life. *(She stares at her. A siren is heard. Trixi feels it. After a pause)* I'm giving you this chain. Someone I really loved gave it to me.

CANDY: Who?

TRIXI: Who?... Uh... *(Pause)* Forget about it. I don't know who. Someone important. I always thought that chain was important to me and that I got it from someone I really loved. But it doesn't matter, I could have found it in... in a... trash can. I took it off someone. I don't know. I don't remember. I don't know. The important thing is that I think someone I love gave it to me. And now I'm giving it to you.

CANDY: Why?

TRIXI: Because, because, because. Because we talked.

CANDY: We talked and that's it. Right?

TRIXI: I never talked to anyone before.

CANDY: No, like that, never. Me either.

TRIXI: Or me.

CANDY: Or me.

*(She puts the chain on her. Looks at it)*

CANDY: Maybe a boyfriend gave it to you.

TRIXI: Boyfriends don't exist. I've never seen one.

CANDY: Scooby says someone loves you.

TRIXI: Who?

CANDY: Tweety.

TRIXI: It's fear. He's scared of me and he thinks... Love isn't... Love is fear.

CANDY: Love is fear...

TRIXI: I know it. I've seen it. *(Quickly)* Once, this couple of real lovebirds. All kisses, hugs, and I love you's. He's telling her he's loved her his whole life, swearing everlasting love. Suddenly, I show up. I point the gun at her and I say to the guy "Give me your wallet. It's her or the wallet."

CANDY: You said that?

TRIXI: And the guy takes off running. Splits. Down the street. He kept the wallet. He kept his money, his credit cards, driver's license, phone numbers, old condoms. All that shit guys keep in their fucking wallets...The guy thought "what a pain in the ass to go get all new stuff. And if she takes my wallet I won't have money for the weekend, I'll lose an important number, maybe even an meeting with someone who's gonna make me a lot of money..." That's what he thought, so he took off and left his girlfriend planted there.

CANDY: And what happened to her?

TRIXI: What had to. Boom! Between the eyes.

CANDY: Oh my God...!

TRIXI: So what, the idiot loved a rat. Now I remember! The chain was hers. That's why I loved it so much. *(She looks at it)* It looks better on you. Let's go.

*(They start to leave. Trixi suddenly stops)*

TRIXI: That story about the girlfriend... left like that always makes me cry.

*(Trixi starts to leave in the other direction)*

CANDY: Where are you going?

TRIXI: After Quickdraw.

CANDY: What are you going to do?

TRIXI: To get the word... out there. There's something in what people say... and you can get it, between the words. Something's up with Lulu and Quickdraw. And, just maybe, I'm on the other side. I want this settled tonight. *(Shows her gun)* Two or three in one night. It won't be a first. See you. *(Before leaving)* Go down fighting. *(Candy nods)*

*(To one side: Scooby, Booboo, and Lulu)*

LULU: Scooby, Booboo, shit, fuck, fuck, I mean fuck, you and you... both of you. We're friends right? Right? (*Scooby nods*) Uh huh, we're friends. You and... you. What do you do during the day?

BOOBOO: Nothing.

SCOOBY: Shit, you do something, right?

SCOOBY: I practice my guitar.

BOOBOO: Me too. The bass... and drums.

LULU: Which one of you's got the ear?

BOOBOO: (*Pause*) He does.

LULU: Great and you? Like a brick wall. The two of you make music. Together. One mimics the other, but one's got the ear and the other nothing. Very nice.

BOOBOO: We're just getting started.

LULU: Getting started? How much money do you need right now?

SCOOBY: Money like for...

BOOBOO: To eat and...

LULU: Come on... how much, huh?, come on. How much to get things going?

SCOOBY: Well, I don't know. Five bucks.

(*Lulu grabs him violently by the arm*)

LULU: "Five bucks. Just a fiver. To have a little snack... get a soda pop..." We call ourselves Scooby and Booboo and we'd like to be rock stars, buy ourselves a straftomaster..."

SCOOBY: Stratocaster...

LULU: ...that shit, whatever. "I want to buy myself that piece of shit Stratosphere because I want to play. Yeah, and I'm Miss Teen U.S.A., pure as snow." Faggot! Fucking queers! I'm talking about money. To both of you. When I ask you "how much do you need?" I'm talking about a lot... (*To Booboo*) How much do you need? Idiot... How much do you want?

BOOBOO: Like for what?

LULU: To open up a bakery, stupid! Don't you want to be musicians? Well, a musician needs a shoe store and a race track, right?

BOOBOO: He does?

LULU: Are you for real? Booboo, you don't have an ear because you've got no brain, no blood in your veins and no balls, that's for sure. When I ask you about money I'm talking about... enough to... for you to buy a recording studio... What do I know? A set of six stratosphere, galaxy, whatever guitars and get you ready to cut your first album...

SCOOBY: Our first album...!

LULU: To pay the radios to play a couple of your hits. *(To Booboo)* And in your case, to buy you an ear. So now, I'm asking you again... How much do you need for that? How much?

SCOOBY: I don't know.

LULU: What about you?

BOOBOO: Uhh... I don't know. I think...

LULU: *(She grabs him by the neck)* HOW -- MUCH?

BOOBOO: I don't know.

LULU: It's not that you don't know, you fucking idiots, it's that you've never even thought about it. Never - thought - about - it! And you call yourselves musicians. You know what you are? You're a couple of schoolboys who want five bucks. When someone asks you "How much money do you need?" Then you think about the whole bill. Renting a studio, the stratospherer... the other stuff... the airwaves... a record... musicians... with the whole set-up. Total: sixty thousand.

BOOBOO: Sixty thous...?

LULU: Sixty grand plus another twenty for travel expenses and the rest.

SCOOBY: Eighty thousand...

LULU: Now you're talking. So tell me something: Where you think you're going to get it? *(Pause)* Think about it, stupid shit.

BOOBOO: I don't know.

LULU: But, you want to find out how, huh, idiots?

SCOOBY: Yeah... how?

LULU: *(Draws close to them. Tone changes)* Action...

SCOOBY: Action...

LULU: I've known you both since you were kids. Let's get serious. You want it, it's yours. And you want eighty grand.

*(Lulu pulls out a large wad of cash. She gives it to Scooby)*

LULU: It's yours... I don't want it back... Now you've got something. A beginning, a start. Part.

SCOOBY: L..

LULU: Tomorrow you go buy yourself your supersonic guitar. And you get a real bass and a drum set with a couple hundred drums and cymbals.

*(In the distance a guitar is heard)*

SCOOBY: *(To Booboo)* A Mello, a synthesizer, a Ludwig. A Fender Stratocaster. Do you have any idea? A Fender Stratocaster... We're made!

BOOBOO: You said it.

SCOOBY: Or maybe a Gibson, Les Paul. A flying vee, twelve string and six string... And I'll set up in the stadium and...Waaaaa!!!!

*(They imitate the sound of a cheering crowd)*

LULU: So do you want the eighty grand or just five bucks?

*(The guitar music stops. Scooby is frozen)*

SCOOBY: What do we have to do?

*(Now Lulu opens her jacket)*

LULU: *(Showing them a .38 Smith and Wesson)* .38 Standard Revolver, 41 ounces, Six shots. Dependable. *(Pulls out a Baretta)* Baretta. Nine millimeter, 34 ounces. Five bullets. Quick, after the first shot. You have to squeeze hard.

SCOOBY: Wow!

LULU: This is wow. *(Pulls out an Uzi)* Uzi, sub-machine gun.

BOOBOO: Holy shit!

LULU: Almost 100 ounces. 900 rounds per minute. Reloadable. A work of art. 727 bullets small, explosive. Ideal for big jobs. And I've got more. From Colt, fully automatic, AK-47's and MAC-11 pistols that'll shoot 32 bullets in five seconds to beautiful little domestic 22's, handguns for delicate ladies *(Shows them one)*. It weighs less than a compact.

SCOOBY: And we have to...

LULU: Sell.

BOOBOO: Sell?

SCOOBY: Sell!

LULU: Sell! *(Short pause)* Around. The cops sell them to me and I sell them to other people and with one thing and another we make enough for, shall we say, two gold records and a radio show.

SCOOBY: And where do we sell them?

*(Candy enters, they do not notice her)*

LULU: What do I know. At your little sister's school. Quickdraw wants to buy some.

BOOBOO: Quickdraw? He'll take Trixi down.

LULU: Well, ah...We'll sell it to him under certain conditions or... or that's not our business, right? Business is business...

SCOOBY: And that'll get us eighty thousand?

LULU: Eventually.

SCOOBY: When?

LULU: Maybe... a year.

BOOBOO: Selling this stuff?

LULU: What do you say?

SCOOBY: Our first album...

BOOBOO: Our first album, OK.

SCOOBY: When do we start?

LULU: Right now, tonight. Move in towards our buyers, slow, careful. *(To Booboo)* You hold the merchandise. You got the cash. Now all we need is wheels. That's why I told you to get it.

SCOOBY: The car, idiot.

*(Headlights shine across the scene. Lulu, nervous, tries to hide the weapons)*

SCOOBY: Someone's coming.

BOOBOO: The cops.

LULU: We're fucked! ... they fucked us over...

SCOOBY: Who are they?

LULU: ...Hide this... Booboo...

BOOBOO: They're coming this way...

SCOOBY: Shit, shit, shit, Candy... Don't let...

LULU: ...If they pick me up with this on my hands I'm dead... *(To Candy)* Take this. Hide it... get out of here...

*(Lulu gives Candy the revolver)*

CANDY: But I don't know...

*(Candy points the gun at Lulu)*

LULU: Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck... Don't point that thing at me! You're gonna kill somebody... Help!... fuck...

BOOBOO: ...Someone's coming.

*(Tweety enters)*

TWEETY: Hey guys, it's me. I got the car...

SCOOBY: It's Tweety! Tweety boosted the car!

CANDY: *(With the gun in her hand)* I never thought I'd actually touch one of these things...

*(Music, sirens, gun shots and black)*

## T w o /

*The same scene.*

*Headlights of passing cars. Someone whistles nearby. Booboo enters wearing Scooby's jacket. He whistles. Silence. He whistles again. Silence. He whistles louder. A different whistle answers him from far away.*

BOOBOO: Not you.

*(Whistles again. Again a different whistle answers)*

BOOBOO: What?

*(Whistles again. We hear distant sirens. Pause. Another whistle, closer)*

BOOBOO: Who is it?

*(He whistles louder. Now we hear the same whistle as before mixed with a siren which fades away at the end)*

BOOBOO: Someone's there. *(He looks to one side)* Come on Scooby, where are you? Hurry up. *(Silence)* It's cold, isn't it? I've got your jacket. What if they get us mixed up? And if he's into something big and they think I'm him? *(He starts to take off the jacket)* Still, it's cold. *(Pause)* I better take it off. *(He does)* Would you get here already? What's that? *(He listens)* I can't hear. *(Sees his shadow and is startled)* I'm seeing ghosts everywhere.

*(Scooby appears)*

SCOOBY: Booboo, who are you whistling to?

BOOBOO: Where did everyone...? What happened?

SCOOBY: Why did you take off?

BOOBOO: Well, I, well, well... I was...I was thinking that...Then when those guys came and... Trixi...She was jumpy with the... that... ah... Quickdraw was aiming at... and... What happened with Trixi?

SCOOBY: You were in charge of the merchandise. And, then, when I go to look for you, you're gone. And everything in the dirt, like some sack of potatoes or something.

BOOBOO: ...That rifle weighed more than... than... I don't know what.

SCOOBY: You got scared.

BOOBOO: I got this thing about death. What happened?

SCOOBY: Where's Trixi?

BOOBOO: Where's Trixi...? I thought you knew... What have we done? What kind of mess are we... Trixi? She was with you. I saw her... ah... She was with you. I don't know. I don't know. What'd we do last night? I... Where's Trixi?

SCOOBY: We were there, waiting. Then came those guys. I stood right there. Quickdraw got out and Lulu said: "my friends."

BOOBOO: Friends...

SCOOBY: Yeah, friends, everything cool. I said: Brothers in arms. And I said to myself: "Quickdraw is a friend. He's our friend now. Fine. What I'm interested in is a platinum record. What do I care about all this stuff? Then Trixi showed up, pulled out a nine millimeter and...

BOOBOO: Then what happened?

SCOOBY: Bang! Bang! Bang!

BOOBOO: All over the place?

SCOOBY: Lulu said: "don't run" and I... suddenly, I was lost.

BOOBOO: You were lost?

SCOOBY: I couldn't find anyone. Everyone disappeared.

BOOBOO: Like phantoms.

SCOOBY: Like ghosts. Just like that, poof! And there's me, lost.

BOOBOO: They... ah... like they went to another dimension.

SCOOBY: Exactly.

BOOBOO: You didn't run. It was them who ran.

SCOOBY: I think so, right.

BOOBOO: I think that's the same thing that happened to me.

SCOOBY: There was smoke, dark, and I couldn't see...

BOOBOO: Scooby, I'm afraid.

SCOOBY: I didn't see anything. Nothing. Tell them that. Spread it around. I didn't see anything. I swear.

BOOBOO: I wonder what happened to Trixi?

*(Sirens)*

SCOOBY: It'll be light soon. Maybe everyone's at home sleeping like babies and we're here thinking up some tragedy.

BOOBOO: There's so many sirens I can't think straight.

SCOOBY: I don't get why this had to happen to us.

BOOBOO: What?

SCOOBY: The fear. It didn't use to be that way.

BOOBOO: Before no. No. No?

SCOOBY: We had more balls before.

BOOBOO: Maybe, maybe we're getting old.

SCOOBY: You think so?

BOOBOO: Sixteen this year. You're gonna be nineteen. Soon none of us will be minors.

SCOOBY: Legal. We're screwed.

BOOBOO: You're older than all of us.

SCOOBY: You think that's it?

BOOBOO: Sure. Just look at Lulu, twenty-four. She's broken down. They say she's not like she used to be. She was as badass as Trixi.

SCOOBY: We're old men, decrepit old fucks. No good for nothing.

BOOBOO: Cause, cause, like when, I mean, that time, when we started our count. With four. We took four, right?

SCOOBY: We didn't even do three.

BOOBOO: OK, three.

SCOOBY: Two and a half, because you didn't finish that Portuguese guy. He was paralyzed, but alive.

BOOBOO: He died later.

SCOOBY: Yeah, but from diabetes.

BOOBOO: That doesn't count.

SCOOBY: No.

BOOBOO: OK, same difference, back then, how old were we? Twelve? Fourteen?

SCOOBY: Thirteen, fourteen.

BOOBOO: We were young and hard, ready. That's what. And we already had two. First, that engineer you knifed. And then mine. Everything was going along just fine and then...

SCOOBY: We got cold feet...

BOOBOO: Trixi came along and...

SCOOBY: Like a train. She took 'em all.

BOOBOO: She took us out of the race.

SCOOBY: We were never even in the running. Two and a half is nothing.

BOOBOO: But at least we had balls.

SCOOBY: Yeah, right, balls.

BOOBOO: Now we're scared.

SCOOBY: Wusses.

BOOBOO: That's it Scooby. We're failures, Scooby. We can never go back to it again, it'll all just turn out bad.

*(The sirens are lost in the distance. Silence)*

SCOOBY: Give me my jacket.

*(He starts to, but doesn't)*

BOOBOO: Scooby, I've been thinking. I've been thinking for a while. Since I got lost and since...Since we both got lost. Because, I've been thinking that we're... That we're scared of all this, but for a reason. Because we're musicians. Artists. Our thing is rock, live concerts, solos, letting it out, some really kicking lyrics that'll wake people up and everything like that, wild, right?

SCOOBY: Or maybe not.

BOOBOO: Maybe we should dedicate ourselves to the band, "The Monsters and Booboo."

SCOOBY: "Scooby and the Monsters."

BOOBOO: If...hah? hah? If we work and... if I practice more and talk less. If I... I mean, I don't have any ear but I can learn to hear. Maybe I'll be the singer. You don't have to have an ear to sing. Or do you?

SCOOBY: My jacket.

*(Booboo starts to give it to him but keeps it again)*

BOOBOO: Fine, then I'll play drums.

SCOOBY: That's it.

BOOBOO: Or I'll be our agent or something like that. I like music even if I am deaf. How many.... how many people out there can hear and don't like music the way I do?

SCOOBY: That's true.

BOOBOO: Of course. It's true. Actually I don't even notice that I'm deaf and when I play guitar... I, I hear myself fine.

SCOOBY: But you play out of tune.

BOOBOO: Right, I'm out of tune, but I sound fine to me. And I'm happy. So see?

SCOOBY: You really sound good to you?

BOOBOO: Like a god. Then... then, us here, in middle of god knows what shit we got ourselves into and we got no idea, no fuckin' idea. And the sirens and Trixi walking around with thirty stiff's already.

*(He starts to hand over the jacket but holds onto it again)*

SCOOBY: I just don't want to rat anybody out.

BOOBOO: But it's true. Thirty crosses. I don't want to get mixed up in all that. Survival and music. So... what do you think?

SCOOBY: It sounds like ratting out, treason man.

BOOBOO: It's not treason. It's playing dumb and then getting the hell out of here.

SCOOBY: And the eighty thou?

BOOBOO: We don't need it... I mean... ah...The Beatles didn't need it. INXS, U2, the Chile Peppers didn't either. Metallica, Bon Jovi. None of 'em. You need it? I don't.

SCOOBY: And our first album? How're we supposed to cut our first album?

BOOBOO: Uh... ah... well... I was thinking that...

SCOOBY: And the backup band, the recording studio. And contacts. Media. Talk shows. No. No. No. It takes money. It's better to deal... stick it out a few days... a couple months... Selling this shit. A little here, a little there. We make some cash, fast, and then whoooooosh -- we're outta here!

BOOBOO: Even me?

SCOOBY: You could sell more.

BOOBOO: You think so?

SCOOBY: You've got style.

BOOBOO: Style... Yeah. What's that?

SCOOBY: Style's... ah... Knowing what's what.

BOOBOO: Knowing, even if I don't have an ear.

SCOOBY: Right. Even if you can't hear anything. You've got style. Like Beethoven. Stone deaf, but he had style.

BOOBOO: Beethoven was deaf?

SCOOBY: And blind and nearly dumb too. A tragedy and you see. He wrote music. Bad music, but he made it.

BOOBOO: Why bad?

SCOOBY: Boring.

BOOBOO: What do you mean?

SCOOBY: Classical and all that. Music for dead people and offices.

BOOBOO: Oh!... that crap.

SCOOBY: That's why we've gotta stay here and work for a little while. Before we cut our album and all that.

BOOBOO: Maybe we could just record it and convince them and there you are.

SCOOBY: Convince who?

BOOBOO: The people who make records. That would be better cause... Because if the deal doesn't work out or it goes bad and we wind up in jail or dead or even worse. I don't know.

*(As he hands over the jacket a tape falls out. Both look to the ground)*

SCOOBY: Sorry. I'll get it.

*(Booboo puts his foot on top of the tape)*

BOOBOO: You're freezing to death. You've got goose bumps.

SCOOBY: *(Nervous)* It's night and the ah... this...

BOOBOO: They say it's colder and hotter now... that we're fuckin up the world...

SCOOBY: Yes, that's what they say. The ozone layer...

BOOBOO: And that we're heating up just like a fried egg.

SCOOBY: Uhuh.

BOOBOO: Right.

*(Pause. Booboo takes his foot away. Both look at the tape)*

BOOBOO: Something fell out of your jacket.

SCOOBY: *(He stoops quickly to pick it up)* It's nothing.

*(Booboo moves the tape closer to himself. Scooby cannot reach it)*

BOOBOO: I was thinking about how Pink Floyd ratted out.

SCOOBY: That wasn't ratting out.

BOOBOO: It doesn't matter. They broke up and disappeared. *(Picks up the tape)* It's a tape. *(Pause. He looks it over)* Capital Radio: Group -- "Scooby and the Monsters" Number 146.

SCOOBY: That... That's what it says? Huh?

BOOBOO: You sent a tape to the station?

SCOOBY: Ah... a cassette.

BOOBOO: You didn't say anything to me. What song did you play?

SCOOBY: The... uh... that one that... about...

BOOBOO: Let's listen to it!

SCOOBY: Let's not 'cause ah, 'cause ah, 'cause...

BOOBOO: ...is it the one where I play drums or where I sing? Huh? Which one? Which one is it?

SCOOBY: A solo. With guitar. A love song.

BOOBOO: A guitar solo. When did you tape it? Which one's that?

SCOOBY: You don't know it.

BOOBOO: You made it by yourself?

SCOOBY: With a friend.

BOOBOO: Someone else?

SCOOBY: Right.

BOOBOO: *(After a pause)* And me?

SCOOBY: You weren't around.

BOOBOO: I wasn't around... not fuckin' around... I'm always around. You didn't call, damnit.

SCOOBY: Booboo, you can't... It'd be too hard for you. You can't hear it.

BOOBOO: That's not the problem.

SCOOBY: Of course it is, if you can't hear you can't...

BOOBOO: Yes I can. I can hear.

SCOOBY: No you can't.

BOOBOO: I hear you right now.

SCOOBY: That's not the same.

BOOBOO: And why the fuck not?! *(Pause)* How can I listen to Dire Straits if I can't hear?

SCOOBY: I'm sorry.

BOOBOO: You fuckin' cut me out.

SCOOBY: Look, it was for the sound.

BOOBOO: So the goddamn sound counted more than a friend.

SCOOBY: It's a matter of quality...

BOOBOO: What do you need quality for? What are you going to do with it? No one gives a shit about that. The singers sing and to hell with quality. Everything's money and quality don't mean shit...

SCOOBY: I've never done anything, man, anything that counts, nothing worth talking about, you know something really bad and it's 'cause I've never... never had quality.

BOOBOO: So, what'd they say?

SCOOBY: Who?

BOOBOO: The station.

SCOOPY: About what?

BOOBOO: About what? About the color of your fucking eyes, Scooby. About your zodiac. What did they say about your quality cassette? Are you a genius or what?

SCOOPY: Um... well... I don't think it was the right station.

BOOBOO: You mean: you are shit.

SCOOPY: They didn't say that.

BOOBOO: With a friend who can hear and you still suck.

SCOOPY: They don't understand my music.

BOOBOO: *(Gives him the tape)* It's the rest of the world, right?

SCOOPY: Yeah... but...

BOOBOO: It's a good thing. Here I always thought it was my fault.

SCOOPY: What?

BOOBOO: That you didn't have talent.

SCOOPY: What are you talking about? You don't know what it's like. Seeing it in other people and you've got nothing.

*(Booboo drinks)*

BOOBOO: Well, a wall's a wall. That's why the other deal suits me better. Selling suits me. Selling Uzis, semiautomatics, door to door. That doesn't take anything... nothing that the whole world doesn't have. You don't gotta have something that's impossible... Something that you can't... Even if you fall in love with it... if you want it... even so bad you can taste it. *(Drinks)* Music is shit. *(He looks at Scooby)* Trixi's right.

SCOOPY: About what?

BOOBOO: Killing... It's better than music.

SCOOPY: Don't look at me like that.

BOOBOO: I'll look at you however I want.

*(Booboo grabs Scooby and hits him)*

SCOOPY: Hey, that hurt.

BOOBOO: It was supposed to.

SCOOBY: You made me bleed.

*(Booboo grabs him and hits him again)*

BOOBOO: Hear that sound. That's quality.

SCOOBY: Don't hit me...

BOOBOO: It still hurts me more than it hurts you.

SCOOBY: You broke something.

BOOBOO: Maybe you can get a song out of it.

*(Booboo hits him again. Takes a drink. Punches the wall)*

BOOBOO: Suddenly I don't feel scared of anything anymore. *(He drinks)* Maybe I should make movies instead of music. A director. That's it. You don't have to have an ear for that. A screen, a projector and whirrrrr. Actresses, and pictures, lots of pictures. Pictures're better than sound. Right. Take one. Scene one: a musician friend gets home and finds a murderer in his bedroom. The hood beats him up, rapes him and with a chainsaw chops him into three, four, no, five pieces. From his skull down to his feet. Raaaaaaaaa! For rattooing out. Then, the murderer wants to drink his victim's blood and without... without realizing it he cuts off his own tongue Ahhhhhh! and he's mute. Dumb, can't say anything. He can't give the count of his crimes. The end? The guy does himself with the same saw. Because if you can't tell the count then you're a failure; someone who's done nothing. If you can't tell the count, then... then you don't count. The closing shot: the guy spitting blood and his tongue there next to him. A close-up on the tongue and then black. That's a movie. You don't have to have an ear to tell that one, huh?

SCOOBY: I think you knocked out a molar.

BOOBOO: Let's see...

SCOOBY: *(Shows it to him)* It doesn't matter. It had a cavity anyway.

BOOBOO: *(Takes the tooth)* Well it's not so bad then. *(Returns it)* Put it under your pillow and maybe a little fairy will bring you eighty thou.

*(Enter Lulu and Tweety)*

TWEETY: You left her all alone.

LULU: She knows how to take care of herself.

TWEETY: With her hands tied and up against six killers?

LULU: She was looking for it.

TWEETY: Because she didn't trust you.

LULU: She doesn't even trust her own thoughts.

TWEETY: And the gun? Quickdraw had a better gun.

LULU: He bought his first.

TWEETY: You sold it.

LULU: And Booboo and Scooby. We're all traitors. Even you, you got the car.

TWEETY: I didn't know it was for that.

LULU: Tweety thought we were handing out candy... Don't be an idiot. Trixi was getting us in trouble... problems. And I'm not going to walk around looking over my shoulder all the time.

TWEETY: You're always oversafe.

LULU: Cause I've been fucked before. You... Do you have any idea what it's like to be in jail? The first time I was in jail they hurt me so bad you couldn't even feel it anymore. You don't feel the difference between what's pain and what's not pain. That's getting fucked by other people... never again.

SCOOBY: What happened to Trixi?

LULU: She showed up and then...

*(A siren in the distance)*

TWEETY: There was a siren...

LULU: Like that one.

BOOBOO: They're all the same.

SCOOBY: Cops?

TWEETY: No cops.

BOOBOO: Then who?

TWEETY: I don't know. They frisk us kick us and click. Handcuffed. They take the weapons and they take Trixi.

SCOOBY: Poor Trixi.

BOOBOO: Trixi's dead or alone or both.

LULU: That girl was gonna leave us behind, we have... We're a team. If someone starts up with one of us he gets us all. For me the group is always right and as long as we hang together, we

hang tough. For her no. She wanted to be alone. She wanted it all for herself and... if she's dead, good. If she's not... it's better if she is.

TWEETY: But that's treason.

SCOOBY: We would never rat her out.

BOOBOO: (*Looking at Scooby*) We would have given our lives for her.

LULU: Your life... you don't give away your fuckin' life. Especially the two of you, running like a couple of chickens at the first sign of danger. It's everything... it is. In this city there are gangs and gangstas and you can't stay out of it. You better figure that out now before you end up in a dumpster, with your mouth full of flies. There's the ones who lead and the one's who don't. If they come looking for us, we give in and we see who's one of us. Cops, the mob, whoever.

TWEETY: You only think about yourself... You don't give a shit about anyone else.

LULU: Of course I do. This street means something to me... its glorious history of... You guys are important to me.

TWEETY: You don't have anyone. While everyone else has grown up and had a family, you're still here.

LULU: I have my own... I have friends...

TWEETY: You won't have children or anything.

(*Lulu punches Tweety with unexpected force. Tweety falls*)

LULU: You are my children, bunch of ingrates! You are my children. I taught you how to live and how to keep from getting fucked over.

TWEETY: Where are all your friends? Ones your age?

LULU: They sold out. (*Short pause*) I see them come around and they go by in their cars... they turn their brights on me just like everyone else. And they do it on purpose, to see what's going on. They think something's going on. They want to know if they'll find someone. They come all hush hush because they want to come back... Those people want to come back... they make me fuckin' sick. They roll by in their little 4x4's or their cars full of kids... with their wives and when they see me here, on the wall, I know what they... they... (*After a pause*) They envy me.

TWEETY: Envy?

BOOBOO: What do you mean envy?

LULU: Because they can't be like me... that's why I'm Lulu, because I give the orders. I have authority. That's why. Everyone that leaves the wall ends up no better than a rat in a cage... They can't do what I do anymore. They can't be here, come back, be like they used to... Go on, if you want, I'll worry about fucking them up. You don't know who I am. This city is mine. Scum. Go on, Scooby, tell them you're scum. You'd rather die here playing with your drums than out there

working it, never knowing what might happen to you. You'll see... you'll see... When you leave you'll give anything to be back here and... and... and...

SCOOBY: And what?

LULU: And let things just happen.

*(Trixi and Candy enter. Trixi is wearing a large jacket. Her hands are cuffed)*

BOOBOO: Trixi!

TWEETY: What did they do to you?

CANDY: Nothing. Don't touch her.

TWEETY: Is she hurt?

CANDY: I don't know. I found her in the doorway, at my house. She wanted to see me. She won't let anyone touch her.

SCOOBY: Candy, get the hell out of here.

CANDY: She'll drop if...

SCOOBY: Don't get mixed up in this. You're a kid...

CANDY: If I leave her she'll die.

LULU: She's gonna die anyway.

*(Tweety helps Candy. Booboo makes a move to help but goes on drinking. They lay her down on the sidewalk)*

TWEETY: Should I take you to a hospital?

TRIXI: No...

LULU: Get her out of here.

SCOOBY: Better do it. Booboo, help Candy out, come on...

TWEETY: What do you want us to do with you?

TRIXI: I want to stay here...

LULU: No way.

CANDY: She's bleeding.

BOOBOO: *(Hears a whistle)* You hear that?

TRIXI: ...is it morning already?

TWEETY: Not yet.

BOOBOO: They're trying to tell us something...

TRIXI: ...Someone told me that the morning doesn't come by itself... That we're the ones that make it happen.

TWEETY: ...We make the sun come up...

TRIXI: Yeah, that's it, like you said. But I thought I didn't give a shit, that I didn't care if the morning came or not...

CANDY: Maybe if you sleep...

TWEETY: And you dream.

TRIXI: Me... I never dream...

TWEETY: Everyone dreams.

TRIXI: No, really, never. Ever.

TWEETY: Don't talk anymore.

CANDY: You're hurt.

TRIXI: No, I'm not hurt.

TWEETY: Really, are you sure?

TRIXI: I just... a scratch... (*Feels the pain*) It doesn't hurt.

CANDY: Don't move.

TWEETY: Someone's already on their way here. Someone's got to help you. Even if they all know you're hurt and no one wants to. Even though those sirens see you here and none has a call to come for you. Someone will show up. My love, someone will come for you, someone will help you. And if no one comes, then there's me. I'll take care of you. I'll watch over you. Don't worry. Someone will come for us, someone will help us. They've got to. It happens all the time. There's always someone. Someone who comes to help.

TRIXI: Tomorrow...

TWEETY: Yes?

TRIXI: Tomorrow... will you love me still?

(*Pause*)

TWEETY: Tomorrow too.

*(He kisses her. Lulu moves off)*

LULU: *(Disgusted)* Christ!

*(The kiss is long. It ends)*

TRIXI: Huh...? This...? Like that...?

TWEETY: What?

TRIXI: That's what it was?

TWEETY: There's more.

TRIXI: Like that?

TWEETY: Yes.

*(He kisses her again)*

TRIXI: That feels good.

TWEETY: You feel good.

TRIXI: It's exciting. Why didn't I ever do that before?

TWEETY: We've wasted our time.

TRIXI: It's... it's like... that.

TWEETY: Like what?

TRIXI: Like killing... the same feeling.

TWEETY: Just like death?

TRIXI: No, death seems different... Dying isn't like killing. Death seems empty, like it's hard, like when you're going to sleep and you're really beat.

*(The pain returns)*

CANDY: Don't talk so much...

TRIXI: I'm dying... and it's like I could talk all of a sudden. You're going to go on living. What are you going to do?

TWEETY: About what?

TRIXI: About your life.

TWEETY: I never thought about it.

TRIXI: Kiss maybe?

TWEETY: Maybe... kiss.

TRIXI: Your voice. It's coming into my head... *(Says something unintelligible)*

TWEETY: I can't hear you.

TRIXI: My voice is almost gone...

TWEETY: I want to turn you up louder.

TRIXI: You'd go deaf.

TWEETY: I wouldn't hear anything but you.

TRIXI: That's it... like you were part of my dreams.

TWEETY: You said you didn't dream.

TRIXI: In the dark, in the only time it's quiet around me...

TWEETY: And you dream...

TRIXI: Every day. I dream day and night and I'm dreaming right now.

TWEETY: What are you dreaming?

TRIXI: A... a dream.

TWEETY: What?

TRIXI: That... that there a lot of people by my side.

TWEETY: There are a lot of people by your side.

TRIXI: ...What there is is sirens... and shadows... Thirty-two memories... thirty-two... they're... *(She vomits)*

LULU: Thirty-two! What happened? What went down? Who's your thirty-two? Huh?

TRIXI: Thirty-two and that's that.

LULU: Quickdraw?

*(Trixi turns away her eyes)*

TRIXI: I'm the queen of it all. No competition. Now I'll be in the papers. Don't forget the papers. So they'll say I exist.

LULU: Stupid slut! Get her out of here! (*Nervous*) She took Quickdraw.

TWEETY: (*He takes the gun from Trixi and points it at Lulu*) You come any closer and I'll blast you to the next hood!

SCOOBY: Tweety, put that down... People are watching us... Someone's coming...

LULU: Don't point that... It could go off... those things... they're... be careful...

TWEETY: Just don't come any closer. Stay where you are. Don't move. Don't even blink. I don't want to see you... I don't want to see you move anything. Stay over there.

TRIXI: ...There's so many sirens I can't sleep.

TWEETY: As long as I'm here you can sleep as much as you want.

TRIXI: Sirens... the sirens bring bright lights but they don't light up the sky. They blind you... and they don't let you see... they don't let you see. There's so many sirens, and they won't let me sleep. They won't let me see the stars.

TWEETY: The sirens are gone.

TRIXI: They'll be back.

TWEETY: Know what I did? I counted the stars.

TRIXI: You did?

TWEETY: There's not so many.

TRIXI: How many are there?

TWEETY: About five hundred.

TRIXI: Who'd believe it...! God I hope I don't die, Tweety... so... cause I'd like to see it. I don't want to die cause now here, with you, I mean... I like that heat so much.

TWEETY: You're not going to die.

TRIXI: Right. I'm not going to die any more.

*(A siren is heard. Trixi says something important but unintelligible)*

TWEETY: What?

TRIXI: ...Somewhere... (*Unintelligible*)

TWEETY: Shh, shh...

TRIXI: ...in this city

*(She dies. The siren disappears. Tweety bows his head. Candy moves toward him. She takes away the gun and puts it in her jacket)*

LULU: Well, I don't plan on hanging around for them to come looking for her. *(Leaving)* What are you going to do? *(No one moves)* Don't tell me you thought it was going to turn out any other way? *(Silence)* It wasn't like she was some virgin pure as snow. Was she? She took down thirty-one. She died the queen. Thirty-two. A record and everything. Anyone who feels sorry for her is an asshole.

*(Pause. A distant siren)*

SCOOBY: What do we do?

LULU: We just better leave her here and lay low. Tomorrow they'll tell us all about it. They call us to testify and we'll tell the truth. It's the easiest thing. She had an argument in another hood. She shot, they shot. She came here and died.

BOOBOO: That's all.

LULU: That's it. What else is there? Two more bodies tonight. Nothing unusual. People die here all the time. Three hundred thousand people die and no one cries about that. You like it in the street? Fine. One bullet for you and it keeps right on going. *(Nervous)* Or maybe we should get lost for a while. Scooby and Booboo go... And everyone else... me too. I've never left this place. Never even been out of the city. I never left the country before. Left the world. You see it in pictures... in magazines... television. People talk a lot about it. And it's probably nothing like they say. *(Looks at Trixi's body)* The best thing you can do when they're going to kill you is to cover yourself in shit so it makes them sick to touch you. *(Before going)* Never look back. Or get emotional with people. The same thing always happens and it ends up for shit. Good-bye. Leave her there. *(Leaving. Returns)* Scooby we're going through with the deal.

SCOOBY: What deal?

LULU: The eighty grand.

SCOOBY: Sure, of course. The eighty grand.

LULU: And the gold album. Booboo?

BOOBOO: I'm in concert.

LULU: Hope it sounds good.. *(Long yawn)* I'm sleepy.

*(Lulu leaves. Scooby swings between two posts)*

SCOOBY: Leave her there. Leave it alone, Candy, this... This isn't your problem. *(Leaves)*

BOOBOO: Maybe they won't come looking for her.

TWEETY: True. Maybe not.

CANDY: We could take care of everything.

TWEETY: There's no more stars...

CANDY: You could stay with her.

*(Candy has Trixi's gun)*

CANDY: Booboo...

BOOBOO: My name's Jose Antonio.

CANDY: Why do they call you "Booboo"?

BOOBOO: My dad was over six feet tall.

CANDY: So?

BOOBOO: They always called him "Yogi."

CANDY: Yogi?

BOOBOO: Yogi Bear.

CANDY: And of course, you were Booboo.

BOOBOO: We've all got comic book names.

CANDY: Jose Antonio, you know how to work this?

BOOBOO: I'm slow.

CANDY: It looks easy enough.

BOOBOO: Point it in the other direction...

CANDY: It's beautiful.

BOOBOO: I think so.

CANDY: So what do you know about love?

BOOBOO: Me? Twice. The first time with our maid. It lasted ten minutes. I felt like she loved me.

CANDY: And the other time?

BOOBOO: With Lulu.

CANDY: And...?

BOOBOO: And nothing. She yelled at me, she threatened me, "I'll kill you if you finish!" "I'll shoot you if you lose it!"

CANDY: Did you like it?

BOOBOO: It didn't last very long. I was really scared.

CANDY: So then what is it that you really like? What do you want?

*(Long pause. Sirens)*

BOOBOO: Music. I could be a great musician, you know. Like the wind. bringing in a note and then holding it to the end. Acid rock, live. Feelings..feelings, none of this shit. *(He drinks)* Sometimes I'd like to die too.

CANDY: *(Looks up at the sky)* You know the only thing I like about the sky? *(Without letting him answer)* The moon.

BOOBOO: I like the shooting stars *(He makes a childish noise with his mouth)* Fshhhhhhhhh!

CANDY: The best part about the moon is that it's never the same.

BOOBOO: It's got holes.

CANDY: To hide in.

*(A whistle. Booboo stands up quickly)*

BOOBOO: There he is!

CANDY: Who?

*(Booboo whistles. He gets no response. Whistles again. Silence)*

BOOBOO: He's been calling me for days now.

CANDY: How do you know it's for you?

BOOBOO: It might not... It might not be for me?

CANDY: Of course. They're always calling someone else. Jose Antonio. Why don't you come with me...?

BOOBOO: With you...?

CANDY: Sure.

BOOBOO: Where?

CANDY: To start my count.

BOOBOO: OK. But I'll just watch.

CANDY: Whatever you want.

BOOBOO: And if I feel like going on with mine, I'll use a different caliber.

CANDY: Definitely.

BOOBOO: *(Looks all around)* Let's go.

CANDY: What about my brother?

BOOBOO: Leave him here.

*(Lights dimming. Booboo takes another drink. Music. Booboo whistles. Silence. He whistles again. Silence. Whistles louder. Another whistle answers him in the distance)*