**BRADLEY and LUCKY A.**

BRADLEY watches LUCKY smoking.

BRADLEY

Once again, I’m doing all the work.

LUCKY

(holding a lungful)

Who says you’re doin’ all the work?

BRADLEY

You’re smoking weed. I’m watching. Surveillance. That’s what it means. Watching. That’s the job. See the binoculars? I’m working. See the joint? You’re not.

LUCKY

Bradley, mellow out, awright?

BRADLEY

Your V.P. [vantage point] should be in your car, down on the street.

LUCKY

Go ahead. Go be on the street.

BRADLEY

I might have to.

LUCKY

Then do it. Gonna be a long night. Comfy up here.

BRADLEY

(*Beat*.) Please put it out. It’s illegal. And it makes you stupid.

BRADLEY points at joint.

LUCKY

This is bullshit, I got you this gig, man.

LUCKY spits on finger and thumb,

pinches cherry out on joint, drops

in zippered satchel on the floor beside

his chair.

Long pause.

LUCKY (cont.)

Can’t believe you hauled it all the way up here.

BRADLEY

What?

LUCKY

That thing—the canoe.

BRADLEY

It’s a kayak.

LUCKY

Can’t believe you hauled it all the way up here.

BRADLEY

You can’t believe it because it’s big and heavy or you can’t believe it because you’d leave it on the roof of the car?

LUCKY

(*Beat.*) Both.

BRADLEY

How am I supposed to follow anybody with a kayak on the roof?

LUCKY

You haven’t tried.

BRADLEY

Only an idiot tries that. In her rearview, she keeps seein’ a guy in a bright red Firebird? With a big [color] kayak on the roof? That’s how you get burned.

LUCKY

She’ll think you’re a kayakist—whatever you call ‘em. Least you’re drivin’ a Firebird.

BRADLEY

Dear Lord. It’s red!

LUCKY

It’s night time, man. Who’s gonna notice? Hell, I’m drivin’ a Jetta—enjoy the Firebird.

BRADLEY

Yeah. First time she leaves, she looks in her rearview—aw, lookee there, lookit that gorgeous, candy-apple red Firebird. Ten minutes later—lookee there!—there’s that gorgeous candy-apple

BRADLEY (cont.)

red Firebird! And, oh, there it is again! /And again!

LUCKY

You burn everybody anyway.

BRADLEY

You know, sometimes you can be—. (*Beat*.) Never mind.

LUCKY

Go ahead, say it. (*Beat*.) Said you wouldn’t call me no more names.

BRADLEY

I’m not / calling you names.

LUCKY

Go ahead, choirboy—sticks and stones—go ahead, sometimes I can be *what*?

Aggravated that Lucky got to him, BRADLEY

focuses binoculars on the street. Seeing nothing,

he tosses them on lumber next to his chair.

Nothin’. Good. Now, get serious, awright? Let’s get to the truth. The domestic last week—Saturday night? Guy in Burbank drivin’ the ‘Vette. What was his / name?

BRADLEY

He was already heated.

LUCKY

/ Okay.

BRADLEY

He was heated up—you already know that, so don’t—. Look, how many days that other guy work it—the guy from Simi Valley used to be CHP / or something?

LUCKY

Bill, Bill Somethin’—Kennerly—Bill Kennerly. Highway Patrol guy. Sayin’ it’s *his* fault?

BRADLEY

Forget it. I don’t wanna talk about it. (*Beat*.) Look. He worked the ‘Vette guy for, I don’t know, four days straight—drivin’ the same car everyday—so you can bet your ass he heated him up. So don’t blame Burbank on me.

LUCKY

The chick with the purple hair?

BRADLEY

What about her?

LUCKY

She pulls over, watches you drive by. ‘Zat right? I mean, I wasn’t there. I’m goin’ by what you told me.

BRADLEY

It was a tight neighborhood. With an *active* Neighborhood Watch.

LUCKY

Goin’ by what you told me, sounded like you burned her.

BRADLEY

Why you bringin’ all this up?

LUCKY

‘Cause you’re gettin’ a little uppity, choirboy.

BRADLEY

When?

LUCKY

I don’t know, ever since, you know, the convergence. Since gettin’ born again and shit.

BRADLEY

Conversion.

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