**LENA and LUCKY F.**

 LENA

 (inspecting her clothes)

I just bought these.

 LUCKY

Somebody shot at me.

 LENA

This jacket? A hundred sixty bucks.

 LUCKY

Lena, I got / shot at!

 LENA

I panicked. Look at my clothes!

 LUCKY

Lena! Shut up about the clothes! Somebody tried to kill me!

 LENA

What? Who?

 LUCKY

I don’t know—a guy. Didn’t expect him. Twisted my mask all out of whack, tried yankin’ it off. I’m bangin’ into furniture, barely able to see through one eye-hole.

 LENA

How would he—what the hell?! You were only supposed to make *contact* with Monica!

 LUCKY

I know! I tried! Got in through the garage, slipped down the hall, got to her bedroom, and she’s not there. Room’s empty. Then I heard someone in the bathroom. So I waited. I had the words ready in my head: “Tony’s wife wants you to know he’s hands off, bitch.”

 LENA

Yeah?

 LUCKY

Yeah. Had it all memorized: “Tony’s wife’s family are connected—get it, Monica? You tell Tony he’s not welcome in your life no more or your life ends, bitch.” No way’s she gonna continue screwin’ the guy after that, right? I worked it all out, practiced in the mirror and everything!

 LENA

Wait a minute. You used his name?

 LUCKY

I didn’t get / the chance!

 LENA

Ohmagod—you weren’t supposed to use Tony’s name! You were supposed to threaten her on behalf of *somebody* with *no name* who’s connected to organized crime. She’s supposed to know who you’re talking about, because she knows who she’s sleeping with, get it?

 LUCKY

Not really. But it doesn’t matter! I didn’t use nobody’s name! Before I can say anything, the bathroom door flies open, she comes chargin’ out, I stick my gun in her face and *bam!* It’s a guy!

 LENA

A gun?! You weren’t supposed to use a gun!

 LUCKY

/ I know.

 LENA

Oh my god, I can’t believe you used a gun!

 LUCKY

Don’t worry, it’s fine, / it’s nothin’!

 LENA

What the hell do you mean don’t worry about it? There was no gun in the / plan!

 LUCKY

Look, let me finish. It’s dark and I stick my gun in the guy’s face who I think is Monica, and he tackles me, goin’ for the ski mask. We go downtown swingin’. I couldn’t see nothin’! Mask covered my eyes! So I grab for anything I can use, and I clock him in the head with her Princess phone. Beat him in the face with it! He falls on the other side of the bed. I don’t even stop to see who it is! I beat it for the front door and get to the street and the son-of-a-bitch takes a shot at me!

 LENA

Oh, shit.

 LUCKY

Coulda been lyin’ dead in the frickin’ street!

 LENA

Did he see where you went? Did he follow you?

 LUCKY

*That’s* what you’re worried about? No! I hid behind Jack in the Box, then came back down the alley so he wouldn’t see me!

 LENA

So where was Monica?

 LUCKY

How the hell should I know?

 LENA

Who was the guy in her room?

 LUCKY

Who the hell knows? I never saw nobody. By the time I got into the garage, whoever was in the car was already in the house. He’s prob’ly the guy—the ABSCAM guy, Tony, the guy she’s screwin’.

 CRACK of THUNDER.

 LENA

Oh. I just got the chills.

 LUCKY

Yeah, it’s frickin’ cold.

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