**MARTY and BRADLEY I.**

 MARTY

Hey. (*Pause*.) It’s safe. He’s dead.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING—as SOMEONE

 in shadows suddenly sits up from lying position

 upstage of kayak. MAN WITH A GUN turns and

 FIRES gun. The body drops behind the kayak,

 out of view.

 MARTY waits for a moment, gun trained on kayak.

 Long pause.

It’s clear, come on out.

 MARTY stays alert, watching exits.

 BRADLEY

 (entering from bathroom)

*Who’s* dead, Marty?

 MARTY

The guy shooting at me, *Bradley*.

 (holding out a shaking hand)

Look at that. I don’t need this big-ass adrenaline rush, man.

 BRADLEY

Bruno was shooting at *me*, not you.

 MARTY

 (whispering)

Bruno? He’s *here*?

 BRADLEY

He showed up right after I got back. What’re you doing here?

 MARTY

We had an intruder. Attacked me. Had to shoot in self-defense. Somehow I missed him—I don’t know how. I was, like, three feet away! Makes no sense! Lost him down the street by the Jack in the Box, called Tucker to let her know so the cavalry wouldn’t come riding in prematurely, then I went back to the house and waited. Just now, I’m conducting a perimeter check and I hear a woman screaming up here. I run over, come up the stairs, it’s dark as hell, and someone pushes me from behind, like they mean it, man, you know? I turn around and shoot—in self-defense.! Hooey! Scary shit, Big B, scary *shit*.

 BRADLEY

What happened to your face?

 MARTY

Got beat with a Princess phone. Can you believe it?

 HEATHER exits cautiously from bathroom

 holding clothes. She cringes at the sight of

 MARTY’S bloody face.

 BRADLEY has crossed to dead man behind

 kayak and is shocked by what he sees and

 looks over at MARTY and then HEATHER.

 (to HEATHER)

You’re Monica’s friend, right? I was expelling an intruder at Monica’s house, ma’am. I’m sorry if it scared you.

 BRADLEY

Don’t come over here, Heather. Put your gun down, Marty.

 MARTY

It’s not my gun.

 BRADLEY

Put it down!

 MARTY

This wasn’t an armed assignment—you know that.

 MARTY sets gun on lumber stack.

 BRADLEY

Move away from it.

 MARTY

What’s going on?

 BRADLEY

You shot an innocent man.

 BRADLEY takes possession of the gun.

 MARTY

Uh . . . no, I didn’t.

 BRADLEY

You did.

 MARTY

No, no, no. Bradley, Bradley, come on. Guy ran up behind me—he pushed me, pushed me hard. And I was already assaulted at the beach house, so I was in my rights to shoot,

it was / self-defense, man.

 BRADLEY

He was running up the stairs to save his wife and ran into the back of you.

 MARTY

How the hell would I know that? It was self-defense. I thought I was under attack! Come on! Hey! We’re workin’ together here! Don’t be throwin’ me under the bus!

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