**LENA, BRADLEY and LUCKY B.**

LENA

I gave Lucky a case info sheet.

BRADLEY

Yeah, he got it, but it, um . . . .

BRADLEY looks at LUCKY.

LUCKY

Disappeared.

LENA

You lost it?

LUCKY

Right off my driver’s seat.

LENA

Did you look for it?

LUCKY

Did we look for it—of course we looked for it.

LENA

So you had time to read it before you lost it.

LUCKY

I skimmed it.

LENA

Then you gotta know what she drives.

LUCKY

Um . . . shoot. Mercedes?

LENA

No. A BMW. Guys, look.

(giving LUCKY a hard look)

You can’t—you absolutely *can’t* miss her coming or going. And, remember, the client wants pix.

LUCKY

Don’t worry ‘bout it.

LENA

He’s hired P.I.s before. Doesn’t trust us. I told him we’d take pictures. Even if we don’t see

her, he wants pix to prove we’ve been out here. (*Looking around*.) Where’s your camera.

LUCKY

(sucking on teeth)

Lens broke.

LENA looks to BRADLEY.

BRADLEY

Getting the kayak down off the car.

LENA

Okay. So where’s *your* camera?

BRADLEY

Didn’t bring one. Me binos, he camera.

LUCKY

Little dark for pictures.

LENA

Ever hear of P3200? Or how ‘bout pushing Tri-X a few times? I mean, come on, guys! They make film for this situation. Standard procedure. Camera in car. Extra lenses. Plenty of film. For god’s sake, you’re supposed be professionals!

LUCKY

Yeah, that’s great if she stands right under / the light, but—

LENA

(frustration falling into defeatism)

Hey, I know photography, okay? I took classes. In fact, I took some of them twice, so don’t explain. But *now*? Even if she stands right under the damn streetlight, you’re getting *zilch*. Client wants pix, we give him pix. Shit! This is turning into a—.

LENA verges on getting emotional.

BRADLEY

Are you all right?

LENA

(shaking her head)

No. I’m not. Everything happens at the same time. It’s a shit-show. (*Pause*.) My little brother showed up stoned out of his mind. Third relapse.

BRADLEY

I’m sorry. I am. That’s . . .I’ll keep him in my prayers, I promise.

LENA

And now this shit.

LUCKY

Hey, sorry, okay? Few glitches, we’ll work ‘em out. We got ways to prove we’ve been out here, okay? Hey, go call your client, tell him come on by, sniff around that palm down there—that one, the one right there. Know why? ‘Cause later I’m gonna piss on it. How tall’s your client? Gotta know how tall so I don’t squirt too low. That can be his fuckin’ proof.

BRADLEY

Luck, that’s enough, stop.

LENA struggles not to reply; composes herself.

LUCKY

Oh, forgot. Gotta sanitize the language around Choirboy. If’n he hears cussin’ he goes straight to hell or somethin’.

BRADLEY

No, that’s not / it.

LUCKY

Doesn’t pass Go, doesn’t collect two-hundred dollars. Gonna wash my mouth out with soap and shit? Man, I talk the way I talk.

BRADLEY

Yeah, okay. Has nothing to do with your behavior. We’re saved by grace, Luck, not by following rules. Talk however you want to talk.

LUCKY

Ah, gee, thanks. Meantime, stop with the “that’s enough,” like you’re ridin’ some moral high-horse or somethin’. Stop pushin’ your—

LENA

Guys, stop.

(Pause.)

Client’s out of town on business. You’d know that if you hadn’t lost the damn sheet.

LUCKY

We don’t need you babysittin’ us.

LENA

I don’t plan on being here longer than I have to. Watch the house, I’ll get you up to speed.

LUCKY and BRADLEY sit facing

street “window.”

LENA

Okay. Monica White is the Subject. Forty-two, five-six, one-twenty, long,

sandy-blonde hair—big bangs, permed—does the Cindy Lauper thing. Wears weird clothes, like stuff from a thrift store, even though she can afford Gucci.

BRADLEY

(pulls photo from jacket pocket)

I saved the picture you faxed.

LUCKY

I didn’t get it. I ain’t into high tech.

BRADLEY

It’s the future, man. No more post office. Fax it. Save a stamp, end a government job. Kill two birds with one stone.

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