


RED ROCK REQUIEM

BY:

CHRISTOPHER CARVER

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Christopher Carver

A black rectangular redaction box covering the signature area of Christopher Carver.

CHARACTERS

SEÁN - Early 20's - cocky, impetuous.

DON - Late 40's-Early 50's - drunk, erratic.

RUSTY - Mid-Late 60's - quiet, enigmatic.

MAEVE - Early 30's - ambitious, pragmatic

AMARA - Early-Mid 40's - unnerving, sinister.

LARRY - Mid-Late 30's - witty, cynical.

RAMÓN - Mid 20's - suave, conniving.

COWBOY - Late 20's-Early 30's - warm, wise.

SETTING

PLACE: The outskirts of Lake Montezuma, AZ.

TIME: July, a few years ago.

SCENE 1

(As the house lights go dark, a spotlight appears d.s.l. A COWBOY with an acoustic guitar steps into the light and begins to play, facing the audience.)

COWBOY *(sung)*. Sit down - relax / Grab yourself some booze / It's time for a party at the Red Rock 'n Blues / Now pay attention, children / 'Cuz the plot thickens quick / It's told by a crew of some sordid, average pricks / A few will seem sweet / Others will seem wise / Some will kill your mother and not think twice / But when the tale is told / After all has been revealed / Will you know the difference 'tween the heroes and the heels?

(The COWBOY turns u.s., as the spotlight fades and the stage lights come up.)

(It's the interior of a hole-in-the-wall desert cantina. A glowing "Red Rock 'n Blues" neon sign hangs over a ramshackle bar, which the bartender, LARRY, is wiping down.)

(The bar runs along the s.r. wall with a few backless stools. A cash register sits atop it on the d.s. side with a Cash Only sign taped to it. Different stacks of glassware are sitting atop the bar on the u.s. side as well as some bar tools.)

(There are a few small tables and chairs scattered about the room and two bar patrons, DON and RUSTY, sitting at separate tables.)

(The walls are plastered with various beer posters and advertisements, some decades old and half torn. A classic, Wurlitzer jukebox sits u.s. next to an electronic poker machine. A dartboard hangs on the s.l. wall with a small slate scoreboard.)

(There's a door u.s.r. with an exit sign above it, plus the start of a hallway u.s.l with a sign for the restrooms.)

LARRY *(to COWBOY)*. Sorry about the turnout, man. See you next week?

(The COWBOY tips his hat, then slings the guitar over his shoulder and exits u.s.r.)

Okay, guys - last call.

(LARRY scans the room to see if anyone would like a drink. RUSTY waves him off while DON holds up an empty whiskey glass.)

LARRY (CONT'D). You still need to pay for the last one, Don.

(DON stands, straightens his tattered Minnesota Vikings baseball cap, and begins to stumble his way toward the bar.)

DON. Hey Lair - Larry, wanna hear a joke?

LARRY. Does it come with five dollars?

DON. Come on. Have I ever not paid?

(LARRY gives DON a look indicating that he has, in fact, not paid before.)

Have I ever not settled a debt?

LARRY. But you never leave a tip, you cheap bastard.

DON. Yes, I do.

LARRY. When?

DON. When Rusty pays.

(DON begins to stumble in RUSTY's direction.)

Isn't that right, Rust?

(RUSTY pulls his gaze away from the chess game he seems to be playing against himself and gestures for DON to sit down.)

Don't I always -?

RUSTY (to LARRY). Put him on my tab.

DON. See, Larry, now you're gonna get a tip tonight - which is more than your boyfriend ever gets.

LARRY (half-heartedly). Fuck you, Don.

DON (to RUSTY). Thanks, man -

(RUSTY nods.)

Any word on more work?

RUSTY. Yeah. Probably next week.

DON. Good. Things are starting to get tight and -

(LARRY arrives at the table with DON's order.)

Now, this is service. Thank you, Cinder-fella.

LARRY *(patronizing)*. When was the last time the Vikings won a Super Bowl, Don?

(LARRY doesn't stick around for DON's reply and heads back to the bar, as SEÁN enters u.s.r. and crosses to the bar.)

You think that's funny, Lair, but it's not - it's hurtful.

LARRY *(to SEÁN)*. What's happening, dude? It's last call.

SEÁN. Really?

(SEÁN looks at his phone, then sits at the bar.)

It's not even midnight.

LARRY. It's been dead all night and -

(DON swivels in his seat and notices SEÁN.)

DON *(shouts)*. Hey, the kid is here!

LARRY. I'm done serving drunks.

SEÁN. Understandable.

(DON stands and starts to stumble over to SEÁN.)

DON. What's up, Seán?

(DON throws his arm over SEÁN's shoulders.)

SEÁN. Hey Don - not much.

DON. Want a game?

SEÁN. Lair just said it's last call.

DON. That doesn't mean anything - come on. Cricket or 301?

SEÁN. Your choice.

(DON downs his drink, slams the empty glass on the bar, and then heads toward the dartboard, as SEÁN turns to LARRY.)

Can I get a whiskey and water?

LARRY *(begrudgingly nods)*. Five bucks.

DON. Let me get another, too.

(DON returns with six darts and hands three to SEÁN.)

301.

SEÁN. Take honors. *(to LARRY)* Can I start a tab?

LARRY. Last call, jackass.

(SEÁN grabs a bar stool and sits.)

DON. What're we playing for?

SEÁN. How about a drink?

DON. Come on, kid. Make it interesting.

SEÁN. Ten bucks?

DON. Twenty.

SEÁN *(reluctantly)*. Fine -

(LARRY hands SEÁN his drink as DON steps up to the line and tries to steady himself.)

Sure, you're up for this?

(DON throws all three darts but completely misses the board with each one.)

DON. Maybe, tomorrow.

(RAMÓN enters u.s.r., as DON crosses to the bar to grab his drink.)

RAMÓN. Buenos noches, pendejos.

LARRY. Hey. What's up, Ramón?

(RAMÓN walks around, and fist bumps LARRY, RUSTY, and SEÁN but ignores DON, who's pensively staring into his whiskey glass. Then he heads over to the bar, as LARRY pours a shot of tequila.)

RAMÓN. Cómo está?

LARRY. You know - same shit, different night.

(LARRY slides the shot to RAMÓN, but just before he drinks it, RAMÓN grabs the cross hanging around his neck, closes his eyes, whispers a quick prayer, and kisses the cross.)

RAMÓN. Has Amara been around tonight?

LARRY. No - she said I could close early if it was slow, so I made last call a few minutes ago.

RAMÓN. Cool - you mind staying open?

(RAMÓN reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of hundred-dollar bills; shuffles through them and sets a few on the bar.)

I have some friends swinging by.

LARRY *(takes the money)*. Yeah - no problem.

(RAMÓN flashes his finger once more to LARRY, who starts pouring another shot.)

RAMÓN *(to DON)*. What's up, güero? Dreaming of better days?

(DON ignores him and returns to his original seat.)

When the cars were fast and las chicas estaban muy bien. Don't worry - your luck will change one day.

(SEÁN chuckles at RAMÓN's needling of DON, which turns RAMÓN's focus to him.)

How about you - take any of that cabrón's money tonight?

SEÁN. No. I just got here a few minutes ago.

RAMÓN. Too bad. *(beat)* You need anything tonight?

SEÁN. Um. *(beat)* Nah, I'm good.

RAMÓN *(to LARRY)*. Dos cervezas, por favor. *(to SEÁN)* Let me know if you change your mind.

SEÁN. I will - thanks.

(RAMÓN downs his second shot, then grabs the beers from LARRY and walks over to RUSTY's table.)

RAMÓN. How is it not my turn yet? Five more minutes is all you get.

(RAMÓN pulls up a seat and drops one of the beers in front of RUSTY, while SEÁN signals LARRY.)

LARRY. Yeah?

SEÁN *(softly)*. Hey, man - you mind if I pay with a check again? I couldn't get to the bank earlier, and there's no ATM around here.

LARRY. Yeah, that's fine. You need cash again, too.

SEÁN. If you don't mind.

LARRY. How much?

SEÁN. Not sure yet - I'll let you know when I settle up.

LARRY. No problem.

SEÁN. Appreciate it. Hey, what's Don drinking?

LARRY. Why? You going to drag him out of here when he passes out?

SEÁN *(smirks)*. Sure.

(LARRY starts to make DON another drink.)

LARRY. I'm going to hold you to that - I'm not kidding. My patience has run out.

SEÁN. I gotcha.

LARRY. I don't know why you humor his ass. He's a fucking waste.

SEÁN. He's just caught a shitty hand.

LARRY. Which he dealt.

SEÁN. I don't know about all that. *(softly)* Found out a few days ago he's homeless.

LARRY. Yeah, he lives in his van -

SEÁN. I know that's -

LARRY. Not exactly homeless.

SEÁN. It's pretty much the definition.

LARRY. It's not a gutter - which is what he deserves.

SEÁN. Damn, Lair, claws are out tonight, huh?

(LARRY shrugs and slides the drinks to SEÁN, who grabs them and walks over to DON.)

Hey, Don -

(SEÁN holds out the glass of whiskey.)

DON. Hey, kid - thanks. *(takes the drink)* How's your night going?

(SEÁN sits while LARRY grabs his cellphone and scrolls through it.)

SEÁN. Progressing.

DON. Any news on the - uh, you know?

SEÁN *(bashfully smiles)*. A few nights ago, actually.

DON *(excited)*. Get out of here! Did you really?

SEÁN. Yeah.

DON. You son of a bitch. I knew it - told you. Congratulations.

SEÁN. Thanks, man.

DON *(emotional)*. Good for you - that's great.

(DON raises his glass.)

DON (CONT'D). Here's to - well, here's to you.

SEÁN *(raises his glass)*. Cheers.

DON. Glad one of us is getting some.

(They cheers; DON consumes his whole beverage.)

SEÁN. What the fuck?

DON. You know what I meant.

SEÁN. The drink, Don - Jesus. If all you were going do is slam the thing -

DON. Sorry. I didn't -

SEÁN. You didn't think that was ignorant?

DON. I'm sorry.

SEÁN. Don't be sorry - just show some fucking restraint. What's going on with you anyway? I haven't seen you like this for a while.

DON. Like what?

SEÁN *(sarcastic)*. Really?

(DON starts to squirm in his seat.)

DON. What? It's nothing.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Alright.

(As they sit in stubborn silence for a second, RUSTY moves a chess piece on the board.)

RAMÓN *(yells)*. Finally!

(RAMÓN quickly moves a piece on the chessboard, then walks over to the electronic gambling machine, inserts cash, and starts to play.)

DON. I ever tell you I have a son?

SEÁN. Yeah - you've mentioned him before.

DON. You remind me of him, you know?

SEÁN. That's what you tell me.

DON. He's a good kid - like you. You're a good kid. You know that?

SEÁN. Thanks.

DON. How's the job going?

SEÁN. It's telemarketing - it sucks.

DON. Timeshare, right?

SEÁN. Kokopelli Resorts & Spas.

DON. Commission-based?

SEÁN. No - only the salespeople get a commission. I'm a minimum wage bum.

DON. Can you get overtime?

SEÁN. Hell no. They've bonuses and incentives and shit, but it's usually just gift certificates, discount coupons, movie tickets - stuff like that.

DON. Eh - it's something.

SEÁN. The problem is you need good leads to win those, which go to the people with seniority.

DON. What's a good lead?

SEÁN. The Glengarry leads.

DON. The what?

SEÁN. The Glengarry leads, get it? (*poorly mimics Alec Baldwin*) ABC - A - Always, B - Be, C - Closing. Always Be Closing. (*returns to normal*) Glengarry Glen Ross? Alec Baldwin, Al Pacino, Jack Lemmon - you've never seen it?

DON. No.

SEÁN. Oh, great flick - I think it's based on a play.

DON. I've never seen a play.

SEÁN. You should - anyway, I usually get the shit leads. The people who've been hassled before or ones on a lower earnings tier, which reminds me - never fill out a survey that asks for your income and telephone number.

DON (*nods*). So, what's a good lead?

SEÁN. A rich asshole looking to make a bad real estate decision.

DON (*points to himself*). No phone, home, or job.

SEÁN. Yeah, definitely not a good lead.

(SEÁN and DON chuckle at the joke, then DON tries to drink from his glass again, but it's empty.)

DON. That's why you shouldn't be here. You need to get out of this place. Go back to school - how old are you.

SEÁN. Twenty-one.

DON. Twenty-one - I had a sweet '67 Camaro Super Sport when I was twenty-one. Nantucket Blue.

SEÁN. And a cheerleader girlfriend who went to Wisconsin.

DON. Have I told you -?

SEÁN. Multiple times. It's all good. You never finish the story, though. What happened to the car?

DON. Slammed it into a hickory tree. (*beat*) Hit some ice. Smashed in the whole right front end. Snapped the axle. Cracked the engine block.

SEÁN. Ouch - were you okay?

DON. Yeah. I fractured a rib, but other than that, I was fine.

SEÁN. Were you drunk?

DON (*beat*). Why did you say that?

SEÁN (*shrugs*). I don't know -

DON (*agitated*). Why - why did you ask that?

SEÁN. It was just a question, man. Relax.

DON *(stands)*. No. I won't relax. Why did you say that - you think I'm a drunk?

SEÁN. Chill out, Don. I was only -

DON. Fuck you!

(DON slams his glass onto the table and stumbles u.s.r., bumping into some of the furniture, before exiting the door. All eyes are on SEÁN.)

LARRY. What was that?

SEÁN. Hell, if I know. He just flipped out.

RAMÓN. Don't sweat that gringo - he's fuckin' loco.

RUSTY *(to RAMÓN)*. No, he's not - he's in pain. *(beat)* It's not what you are; it's what you don't become that hurts.

RAMÓN. Listen to Confucius over here.

(RAMÓN stands and crosses toward the restrooms.)

RUSTY. Oscar Levant.

RAMÓN. What?

RUSTY. Who?

RAMÓN. Whatever.

(RAMÓN exits u.s.l. into the hallway.)

RUSTY. Before his time.

(SEÁN grabs DON's empty glass and walks it over to the bar.)

SEÁN. Here.

(LARRY disposes of the glass.)

LARRY. I'd say I told you so, but it'll only make me feel better.

SEÁN. Thanks.

LARRY (referencing DON). So, what the hell?

SEÁN (shrugs). Too much whiskey.

LARRY. What'd you say that set him off?

SEÁN. He was telling me about an old accident. I asked if he was drunk - wasn't condescending either. Guess he took it as an insult.

LARRY. He's a piece of shit. Don't take it personally.

SEÁN. Never seen him snap like that before.

LARRY. I've been serving him a while - that's Don. The more you hang around him, you'll come to find the nice guy is just a ploy.

SEÁN. How long have you known him?

LARRY. Couple years now - which is longer than most.

SEÁN. What's that mean?

LARRY. Well, most people come here because they're either running from something or searching for something, and they usually don't stick around long for the same reasons. Look at you - how long you been here now?

SEÁN. 'Bout five months.

LARRY. Yup, six months - a year. That's the average for most people. Any longer than that - you're hiding out or searching for something you'll never find.

SEÁN. Makes sense, I guess.

(RUSTY stands and starts to cross to the exit door.)

RUSTY (to LARRY). I'll be back in a minute - going to grab a smoke.

LARRY (to RUSTY). You're good.

(RUSTY exits.)

LARRY. So, what's going on between you and Maeve?

SEÁN. Nothing - why?

LARRY. Don't play stupid - you don't think we talk?

SEÁN. What? No, I -

LARRY. She's the only other bartender here, you idiot. What did you think we just stared at each other on Saturday nights?

SEÁN. I don't know - why, what do you talk about?

(LARRY gestures his lips are sealed and then tosses the key.)

Larry - seriously?

LARRY. I tell you what - I'll share a little if you share a little.

SEÁN. What'd she say?

LARRY *(smiles)*. You first.

SEÁN *(befuddled)*. It doesn't make any - she said she didn't want anyone to know.

LARRY. So, you are hooking up - I knew it!

SEÁN. Oh, shit.

LARRY *(laughs)*. That was easier than I thought.

SEÁN *(worried)*. Fuck. You can't -

LARRY. I won't.

SEÁN. Larry, please.

LARRY. Relax. *(laughs to himself)* Little Miss Thing - thinks she's so sly.

SEÁN. She's going to be pissed if she finds out.

LARRY. So, you're into older women, huh?

SEÁN. Shut up.

(SEÁN inconspicuously looks around the room; it's empty.)

SEÁN (CONT'D). And she's not that much older.

LARRY. Hmm - old enough.

SEÁN. Well, it's not like women are falling out of trees around here.

LARRY. If you say so -

SEÁN. Who? Tell me who you know that's younger and hotter?

LARRY *(thinks)*. I don't know.

SEÁN. Exactly. So, fuck off.

LARRY *(smiles)*. She's going to devour you.

SEÁN. No, she isn't.

LARRY. She's going to cut you up into little pieces and eat you bit by tiny bit. You're far too wet behind the ears, but maybe that's what she's into.

SEÁN. Maybe it is.

LARRY. Bravo, though. Hell, every schmuck here's been drooling over her since she started, but for some reason, you're the only one she's given any mind.

(RAMÓN enters from the restroom hallway and returns to his electronic poker game, rousing SEÁN and LARRY's attention.)

SEÁN. Well, I appreciate the back-handed compliment.

RAMÓN. You starting trouble again, Larry?

LARRY. You know me, Ramón. It's the only thing that brings me joy.

RAMÓN. How about bringing me some joy?

(RAMÓN holds up his empty beer can as SEÁN's phone begins to ring. SEÁN quickly glances at the screen.)

SEÁN. Look -

LARRY. She's a witch.

(SEÁN flashes the phone to LARRY, who laughs then walks a beer over to RAMÓN.)

SEÁN *(answers the phone)*. Hey, what's going on? *(beat)* Nothing - hanging out at the bar. *(beat)* Yeah. *(beat)* No - not much longer Larry made last call a few minutes ago.

(LARRY gives RAMÓN his beer, takes the empty can, and returns to the bar, as RUSTY enters and heads straight to the restrooms.)

LARRY *(to SEÁN)*. Tell her to come down - I'm staying open.

(SEÁN waves off LARRY.)

SEÁN *(into phone)*. Yeah. *(beat)* How much you want? *(beat)* Okay. *(beat)* Yeah, no problem. See you soon. Bye. *(hangs up)* What the hell, dude? You said you'd play it cool.

LARRY. Sorry.

SEÁN. It sounds like she has different plans tonight, anyway. Can I get one more and the check?

LARRY. Sure.

SEÁN. Can I also get one-fifty in cash?

(LARRY nods then starts making the drink, as SEÁN stands and walks over to RAMÓN.)

RAMÓN *(notices SEÁN)*. Hey - cómo está?

(SEÁN leans in and whispers something to RAMÓN, who nods. SEÁN then crosses back to the bar, as RAMÓN stands and heads to the restroom hallway.)

(RUSTY enters, as RAMÓN exits.)

RUSTY. You might need to light a match.

RAMÓN. Gracias.

(RUSTY returns to his table and sits.)

LARRY (to SEÁN). Here.

(LARRY hands SEÁN the cash and tab.)

SEÁN. Thanks - got a pen?

(LARRY hands SEÁN a pen for the check. After he finishes, SEÁN grabs the drink and cash, then crosses toward the restroom hallway.)

LARRY (looks at check). Thanks, Seán.

SEÁN. Thank you.

(SEÁN exits, as DON enters u.s.r.)

LARRY (to DON). Feel better, Mary?

DON. Where's the kid?

LARRY. In the can - I'm sure he'll be out in a second.

DON. Give me a beer.

LARRY. Rusty, you good with that?

(RUSTY gives a thumbs up.)

DON. He told you earlier to put me on his tab. You don't need to babysit.

LARRY (annoyed). Say one more thing, and you're done.

(LARRY sets a beer can on the bar.)

RUSTY. Don, come here.

SEÁN. Hey.

(DON grabs the beer and joins RUSTY at his table, as SEÁN and RAMÓN enter u.s.l.)

(RAMÓN returns to his game, while SEÁN walks over to DON and RUSTY.)

DON. Hey - sorry about earlier.

SEÁN. Sure.

DON. That was my bad.

SEÁN. Sorry if I upset you - I didn't mean to stir up any shit.

DON. It's all good - don't worry about it, kid.

SEÁN. You sure? Because I don't want any hard feelings.

DON. Everything's kosher.

SEÁN. Cool. Alright, fellas - catch you on the flip side.

(SEÁN waves goodbye, pats RAMÓN on the back and then exits u.s.r.)

RAMÓN. Hasta luego!

DON. See ya, kid.

LARRY. G'night.

DON. He's good people - don't you think he's a good kid?

RUSTY *(shrugs)*. There's much difference between imitating a good man and counterfeiting him.

(As the lights dim, the COWBOY enters u.s.r. and begins to strum an improvised 12-bar blues riff in G Major (andante), while LARRY and DON exit u.s.l.)

SCENE 2

(As soon as LARRY and DON are off-stage, MAEVE and SEÁN enter. MAEVE crosses behind the bar, while SEÁN grabs a seat across from RUSTY.)

(Once MAEVE and SEÁN are in place, the COWBOY finishes his blues improvisation and exits u.s.l., as the lights come up.)

(SEÁN and RUSTY hover over the chessboard.)

SEÁN. How much time is allotted between moves?

RUSTY. Unlimited.

SEÁN. So, why the little clocks?

RUSTY. Tournament play is different. I don't enjoy that style. As Sun Tzu says, ponder and deliberate before making a move.

SEÁN. Didn't he also say no one wins a long war?

(RUSTY looks up from the chessboard for the first time.)

RUSTY. Close - you've read Sun Tzu?

SEÁN. No. I took karate lessons when I was a kid, and the bathroom was wallpapered with Art of War quotes.

(RUSTY looks back down at the chessboard.)

RUSTY. Of course.

SEÁN. Why does everyone still quote that book? I read the bathroom wall - most of it was common sense. Plus, with modern militaries, none of that shit means anything. You can fire a missile half the world away, now.

RUSTY. It's not just about warfare; it's about engagement. It's a philosophical approach to existing on a planet ruled by survival of the fittest. Some of that genius may seem obsolete now, but how many books you know are twenty-five hundred years old and still in publication?

SEÁN. Fair enough.

MAEVE. Hey boys, I'm wrapping up back here. You want one more before I settle the register?

SEÁN. Yes, please.

RUSTY. I'll take the bill.

(MAEVE grabs a beer for SEÁN and tab for RUSTY.)

SEÁN. Hey Rust - have you seen Don recently?

RUSTY. Yeah, why?

SEÁN. No reason. Just hadn't seen him in about a week - thought maybe something had happened.

RUSTY. No, he's fine. He's working.

SEÁN. Oh, good - God knows he needs the money. Is it a construction gig? I know he's an electrician.

RUSTY. Yeah.

SEÁN. That's awesome.

(MAEVE arrives at the table with RUSTY's tab and SEÁN's beer.)

RUSTY *(to MAEVE)*. Here - don't go anywhere.

(RUSTY looks at the tab, pulls out his wallet, and grabs some cash.)

Keep it - thanks.

MAEVE. My pleasure, Rust. Take care.

(RUSTY nods as MAEVE returns to the bar.)

RUSTY *(re: chessboard)*. Pick this up another time?

SEÁN. Sure - when?

RUSTY. You tell me.

SEÁN. Tomorrow?

RUSTY. Tomorrow.

(RUSTY stands and crosses toward the exit.)

Good night, Maeve.

MAEVE. Night, Rusty. Be safe out there.

RUSTY. I try.

(RUSTY exits.)

SEÁN. He's a wild guy. You'd never know by looking at him

because he's so quiet, but - holy shit!

MAEVE. Would you mind locking the door?

SEÁN. Sure -

(SEÁN crosses u.s.r. and locks the door, then heads over to the bar, sipping his beer along the way.)

Have you ever talked to him before?

(MAEVE opens the register and pulls out the till.)

MAEVE. No - not for any length of time.

SEÁN. He used to be a hippie - like a real hippie. Lived on a commune in Northern California - was at the original Woodstock. He motorcycled throughout Europe - fought in Vietnam.

MAEVE *(counting)*. Sixty, eighty, a hundred - I could see that.

SEÁN. He's also got a Ph.D. and two masters - how is that possible?

MAEVE. Focus - hard work - determination.

SEÁN. I just thought he was this lonely old guy that sat around here all day and played chess by himself.

MAEVE. Thirty, forty, fifty - he's sweet. He's probably my favorite customer.

SEÁN. That hurts.

MAEVE. Shut the fuck up; you know what I meant. Here -

(MAEVE pauses counting and hands SEÁN his tab, then continues counting.)

SEÁN. Can you cover me tonight? I'll get you back tomorrow.

MAEVE. Fine -

(SEÁN slides the tab back to MAEVE.)

MAEVE (CONT'D). Leave it there - just make sure you settle up tomorrow. Five, ten, fifteen -

SEÁN. I will, thanks. So, do you want any company tonight?

MAEVE. Sixty-five, seventy - I don't know. I'm not really in the-

SEÁN *(disappointed)*. You don't?

MAEVE. I don't know - maybe.

SEÁN. Because I was hoping you wouldn't mind putting me up for a little while.

MAEVE *(counting)*. Forty-five, fifty - why?

(MAEVE stops counting and looks at SEÁN.)

SEÁN. Remember I told you about my weird roommate and his list of fucking rules.

MAEVE. Vaguely.

SEÁN. Well, earlier today, when you refused to sneak out my bedroom window and chose to walk out through the front door instead -

MAEVE. Yeah -

SEÁN. Well, I was trying to tell you his biggest rule is - girls aren't allowed to spend the night. And when you left this morning, you walked right past him having breakfast.

MAEVE. That's because I'm a grown-ass woman, and I'm not climbing out a window like a fucking criminal. And the only reason I crashed at your place was that we got too wasted and I couldn't drive home.

SEÁN. Yeah, I tried explaining that to him, but he still told me I had to be out by the end of the week.

MAEVE. He's not legally allowed to?

SEÁN. It's his apartment, and I'm not on the lease. Plus, I signed an agreement that he had notarized.

MAEVE. Are you serious?

SEÁN. Yeah.

MAEVE. Christ, Seán - I don't know if I can - I've got my own crap going on.

SEÁN. It won't be long, I promise.

MAEVE. How long?

SEÁN. I don't know - but I'm trying to line something else up.

MAEVE. Well, it can't be longer than a few weeks.

SEÁN. That should be more than enough - I'll have something figured out by then.

MAEVE. No. I mean, it can't be - I'm moving at the end of the month.

SEÁN. Moving - where?

MAEVE. Texas.

SEÁN. Texas?

MAEVE. Austin, to be specific. I was going to tell you about it this weekend.

SEÁN. Shit.

MAEVE. My internship is finished at the golf course, and there's a club in Austin that's offered me an assistant superintendent position.

SEÁN. Wow.

MAEVE. It's what I've been hoping for - it's the next big step in my career.

SEÁN. That's great, Maeve. Congratulations.

MAEVE. Thanks. I'm really excited.

SEÁN *(beat)*. So, I guess we don't have much time left?

MAEVE. For what?

SEÁN. Us.

(MAEVE walks out from behind the bar and begins wiping down the tables and flipping the chairs onto the tables.)

MAEVE. Oh God, please don't start that - we talked about this. You knew we weren't - I told you I wasn't looking for anything serious when we started.

SEÁN. I know, but -

MAEVE. There's no but, Seán. Christ! This is precisely what I didn't want to happen. Look - I tried being as transparent with you as I could -

SEÁN. Relax, Mae, I didn't ask you to marry me.

MAEVE. No, but I heard it in your voice. Look, Seán - I like you. I wouldn't have started sleeping with you if I didn't, but I told you right out of the gate - before we fucked, actually - that I wasn't looking for any kind of relationship, and if you couldn't handle casual sex, then we shouldn't sleep with each other.

SEÁN. I remember.

MAEVE. And you said you were down - as I recall, you said something to the effect of, "That's fucking awesome."

SEÁN. I know.

MAEVE. Then don't go getting all doe-eyed now.

SEÁN. So crucify me for saying I might miss you a little. Fuck - I'm not a worthless piece of shit.

MAEVE. I never said that - I never said you were - *(checks her frustration)* Seán, I'm not trying to start a fight. I'm sorry that I broke the news to you this way - it wasn't my intention. I wanted to do it in an entirely different manner - under better circumstances because I knew it would upset you. And I'm sorry you're getting kicked out, and for any role I may have played in that - that sucks. It does - I get it. But us - me and you - it just is what it is. So, please don't project your frustration with that reality onto me. Okay? Now I hope we can still have fun over the next few weeks - but the sentimentality crap needs to stop.

SEÁN *(resigned)*. Alright.

MAEVE. Thank you - now play some music while I finish counting.

(MAEVE walks over to the bar, grabs a dollar, and hands it to SEÁN.)

Pick something good.

SEÁN. 'Kay.

(SEÁN takes the buck and crosses to the jukebox, inserts the cash, and searches for a song. Meanwhile, MAEVE walks back behind the bar and continues counting the till. Then suddenly, BESSIE SMITH'S THINKING BLUES begins to play.)

(SEÁN hovers over the jukebox nodding along with the music, but it slowly transitions into more as he begins to sway with the rhythm of the music.)

(MAEVE then looks up from counting and notices SEÁN. She quickly becomes aware of the deeper significance of the song and walks over behind SEÁN, slides her arms around him, and pulls him in close.)

MAEVE. I thought I said stop with the sappy stuff.

SEÁN. I can't help it.

(They slowly turn to face each other and begin a dance that culminates with a passionate embrace. As the song finishes, there's a bang at the door, which breaks them up.)

(MAEVE quickly gets herself together and heads behind the bar as SEÁN shuffles over to the door.)

SEÁN *(yells)*. Sorry, bar's closed.

AMARA (O.S.). Who is that? That doesn't sound like a female voice.

MAEVE. Shit - that's Amara. Open the door.
(SEÁN obliges, and AMARA enters.)

AMARA (to SEÁN). Who the hell are you?

SEÁN. Hi. I'm -

MAEVE. He's a friend of mine. I don't like walking to my Jeep at night by myself, so he's sticking around to help me.

(SEÁN closes the door, then crosses s.l and grabs a seat at the poker machine.)

AMARA. Got it. How did I do tonight?

MAEVE. Not bad - about six hundred. It was busy for happy hour - not much afterward.

AMARA. Not bad? Six hundred's pathetic, but it's also July - what are you going to do? Once the weather cools off, the tourists will be back. Let me see the cash drop and receipts.

(MAEVE walks over to the register, presses a few buttons, and prints a receipt. She hands it to AMARA along with a stack of cash off the bar.)

MAEVE. Everything checks out - till's square. Paid out sixty bucks for winnings on the poker machine.

AMARA. How did you do?

MAEVE *(shrugs)*. You know.

AMARA. No, I don't know; that's why I asked?

MAEVE. Not bad, not great. Rusty came in - left a nice tip. Everyone else was average.

AMARA. What about your friend over here? (to SEÁN) Did you leave her a good tip?

SEÁN. Um -

MAEVE. Yeah - he always does.

(MAEVE winks at SEÁN.)

AMARA. Good. (to SEÁN) Otherwise, what kind of friend are you? (to MAEVE) You better not be giving him free shit.

MAEVE. I'm not - I don't even do it for Ramón.

AMARA. Was my son here tonight?

MAEVE. No. I haven't seen him for a couple of days.

AMARA. Are you working tomorrow, or is Larry?

MAEVE. Me.

AMARA. If Ramón comes in, tell him I said to call me.

MAEVE. No problem.

AMARA. Give me a tequila - pour one for yourself. *(to SEÁN)* How about you, friend - you want a splash?

SEÁN. No, thank you.

(MAEVE pours two shots of tequila.)

AMARA. Suit yourself. *(to MAEVE)* Your friend is boring.

MAEVE *(smiles)*. I think he's just scared to tell you he doesn't like tequila.

(MAEVE and AMARA cheer their shot glasses, then drink.)

AMARA *(to SEÁN)*. That true? You don't like Mexi-mouthwash?

SEÁN. Not entirely - I like strawberry margaritas.

AMARA *(laughs)*. Strawberry margaritas - he's funny.

(AMARA gives her empty glass to MAEVE.)

MAEVE. He has his moments.

(AMARA puts the cash and receipts in her bag, then crosses to the door.)

AMARA. Okay, I'm out of here. Don't forget the trash and lights in the bathrooms before you leave.

MAEVE. I won't - have a nice night, Amara.

AMARA. Goodnight.

(AMARA exits, then SEÁN flips the chair back onto the table and crosses to the door to lock it once more.)

SEÁN. So, that's Amara?

MAEVE. Yup.

SEÁN *(crosses to the bar)*. She's intense.

MAEVE. That was nothing - she must've been in a good mood. Usually, she goes through my receipts one at a time - like a teacher grading papers.

SEÁN. Doesn't trust you, huh?

(MAEVE returns the till to the register and finishes cleaning the bar.)

MAEVE. Don't think she trusts anyone - can't blame her, though. If I owned my own business, I'd be suspicious of employees doing sketchy shit, too.

SEÁN. I didn't realize Ramón was her son. You think she knows what he does in here?

MAEVE. Who knows - I try to stay out of other people's affairs, especially when they don't concern me.

SEÁN. You're not at least curious?

MAEVE. No - most of the world's problems are rooted in people not minding their own business. Will you turn off the bathroom lights for me - the switch is in the hallway?

(SEÁN stands and crosses u.s.l.)

SEÁN. Seems a little short-sighted.

MAEVE. How's that?

SEÁN. Well - there's a lot of fucked up people in the world, and if you don't pay attention, they'll bite you in the ass.

(SEÁN exits for just a moment into the hallway)

then reenters.)

SEÁN (CONT'D). I mean, what - you think everyone is inherently good?

MAEVE. No, I think they're inherently indifferent - most choices are acts of necessity, not moral dilemmas. And when they are, most of us live in shades of gray more than we do black and white. Morality is a philosophical problem, not a practical one. Does the hunter worry the prey doesn't want to be eaten?

SEÁN. Vegans worry about that.

MAEVE. That's a choice and a new phenomenon to the human experience - plus, it's more of a by-product.

SEÁN. Of what?

MAEVE. Religious doctrine and good marketing. Believe me - take any vegan and force them to starvation; they'll eat meat.

SEÁN. Gandhi wouldn't.

(MAEVE walks out from behind the bar with her personal belongings and begins to organize them in preparation to leave.)

MAEVE. If Gandhi wants to starve, that's his prerogative.

SEÁN. What about evil persisting when good men do nothing - you think if people stuck to their lanes, there'd never be traffic?

MAEVE. For the most part - you ready?

SEÁN. Not sure I agree with that.

(MAEVE walks around the bar one last time, insuring she hasn't forgotten anything, then makes her way toward the exit door.)

MAEVE. Seán - we can argue semantics until the cows come home because good and evil isn't cut and dry. It exists on the periphery as much as the middle - where degrees of separation are indistinguishable. Abortion, assisted suicide, drugs - depending on who you ask, those issues fall on different sides of the line.

(SEÁN crosses u.s.r. to join MAEVE.)

SEÁN. Yeah, I suppose.

(As the lights dim, SEÁN and MAEVE exit, while LARRY, with a broom in hand, and the COWBOY, with an electric guitar, plugged into a small amp clipped to his pants, enter u.s.l.)

SCENE 3

(LARRY immediately begins sweeping the floor, while the COWBOY slowly crosses u.s.r. and starts playing the opening guitar riff to MONEY FOR NOTHING.)

(Once the COWBOY reaches the door, he finishes the quick guitar riff and exits as the lights come up.)

(LARRY continues sweeping for a moment, then stops and crosses behind the bar. He bends down out of sight.)

LARRY. Where the fuck?

(LARRY stands up and looks around quizzically before crossing back to the broom and his small pile of trash on the floor.)

Screw it.

(LARRY lifts one of the bar stools and sweeps the trash under the base, as the door flies open u.s.r.)

(RAMÓN enters with his back to the audience because he's dragging SEÁN behind him. SEÁN is unconscious, and his face shows signs of a black eye and bloody lip.)

What the -?

(AMARA then enters u.s.r., at the same time RUSTY enters u.s.l. from the restroom hallway.)

AMARA. Goodnight, Larry.

(LARRY walks behind the bar, sets down the broom, grabs a few belongings, and exits u.s.r., closing the door behind him.)

Rusty - good you're here. Ramón - put him over there.

(AMARA points to a chair in the middle of the room.)

RUSTY. What you need?

AMARA. Lock the door - get the tape from under the bar.

(RUSTY follows orders, as RAMÓN sets SEÁN in the chair.)

RAMÓN. I still can't get over how fast he went down - un puñetazo!

AMARA. Little shit! Rusty - tape his wrists and feet to the chair. Ramón - help him.

(RUSTY returns with two rolls of duct tape and hands one to RAMÓN. They proceed to tape SEÁN to the chair.)

(As they strap down SEÁN, AMARA pours a glass of water from behind the bar and then sifts through her bag before extracting a handgun.)

(As soon as they finish taping SEÁN, RUSTY stands next to AMARA, and RAMÓN returns the duct tape to the bar.)

RAMÓN. What next?

(AMARA hands RAMÓN the water).

AMARA. Wake him up.

(RAMÓN walks over to SEÁN, tilts his head back, and starts pouring the water onto his face, springing him to life.)

RAMÓN. Morning, pendejo!

SEÁN. Wha - what's - what's happening? Where - why am I - Rusty? Amara? What's going on? Why am I -?

(RAMÓN walks out from behind SEÁN.)

Ramón, what the fuck - why did you punch me in the face? What the fuck did I do?

AMARA. Ohh, you know.

SEÁN. No, I - I don't. What did I do?

AMARA. If I have to say it, Seán - things will go poorly for you.

SEÁN. What? I don't -

AMARA. Think hard. Why could you possibly be taped to a chair?

SEÁN *(thinks)*. I don't know.

AMARA *(to SEÁN)*. Are you right or left-handed?

SEÁN. What?

AMARA *(to RAMÓN)*. Break his finger.

SEÁN. What? Wait - no. Ramón, no - wait. Help!

(Without hesitating, RAMÓN walks over, grabs SEÁN's right pinky finger, and breaks it.)

Nooo! Owwww - fuck! Oh, fuck! Okay, okay -

(SEÁN screams in pain and tries to free himself, but to no avail, as RAMÓN crosses back to the bar.)

AMARA. You want to try again?

SEÁN *(in agony)*. The checks! The checks!

AMARA. There see - you do know.

(AMARA reaches into her bag and pulls out a handful of personal checks. Then she walks over and flings them at SEÁN.)

RAMÓN. Pinche güero!

AMARA. How much - hmm? Tell me - how much do you owe me?

SEÁN. I - I. *(starts screaming)* Help! Somebody help me!

(AMARA slaps SEÁN across the face, which stops his screaming.)

AMARA. Is that necessary? Think where you are - we're in the middle of nowhere. Who's going to hear you - really?

(AMARA returns to the bar and sits.)

Let's try again - how much?

SEÁN. I don't know - I can't -

AMARA. You better concentrate because if you're more than five dollars off - I promise you'll find it hard to do more than write bad checks.

SEÁN. I'm not sure. I don't remember.

AMARA. Okay - maybe five dollars is asking a bit much? *(to RAMÓN)* It was over a dozen checks. *(to SEÁN)* Alright - fifty dollars. Within fifty - think hard.

SEÁN. I don't -

(RAMÓN starts to laugh, while RUSTY continues looking on stone-faced.)

AMARA *(to RAMÓN)*. Break another finger.

(RAMÓN starts to cross toward SEÁN.)

SEÁN. No - No, wait! Hold on, I know it -

(AMARA waves off RAMÓN.)

AMARA. Yes?

SEÁN *(fighting back tears)*. I know it; I do. It's - um -

AMARA. Ramón.

SEÁN. Thirty-two hundred! Thirty-two hundred and for - forty dollars.

AMARA. Look at you - only twenty dollars off. Impressive. (to RUSTY) Don't you think? (to RAMÓN) Aren't you impressed?

RAMÓN. I am.

AMARA. Me too.

SEÁN. I'll pay it back.

AMARA (laughs). You think?

SEÁN. I swear.

AMARA. And how exactly do you plan to do that - when you don't have a job.

(SEÁN appears stunned; AMARA stops laughing.)

Oh, what? Didn't know I knew that? How do you think I found you, dumbass, because it wasn't through the address on your checks? According to your old roommate, you moved from that place three months ago - said you bounced some checks on her, too. She pointed us to one of your ex-co-workers, who was eager to tell us where you were staying. Not sure what you did to him - then imagine my surprise when I find it's you - the friend of my bartender.

SEÁN. She doesn't know anything about this, I swear. I didn't tell her anything - she doesn't even know I lost my job.

AMARA. She will.

SEÁN. I'm sorry.

AMARA. Thank you - apology accepted. (beat) But it still doesn't absolve your debt. (grabs the gun) Any ideas?

SEÁN. I can pay it back, I swear. I just need some time.

AMARA. Time isn't collateral - what else you got?

SEÁN. What do you want?

AMARA (loses her cool). I want my money, or I'm going to bury

you in the middle of the fucking desert.

SEÁN *(begins to breakdown)*. I don't know what to do. I don't know what -

RUSTY *(to AMARA)*. Let him work it off.

AMARA. What?

RUSTY. We need help down south - I need an extra set of hands for this haul.

AMARA. That doesn't need to concern him.

RUSTY. The amount he owes is less than what we'd pay someone - and if he gets out of line -

AMARA. You can't trust him - look at the shit he pulled.

(RUSTY stares at SEÁN.)

RUSTY. Give him to me.

AMARA. You just don't feel like digging a hole.

RUSTY. Maybe.

(AMARA glares at SEÁN.)

AMARA *(to RAMÓN)*. Take his cellphone and any ID he has on him. He'll get it back if he makes it back.

(RAMÓN crosses to SEÁN and searches his pockets for his phone and wallet.)

RAMÓN. Got 'em.

AMARA. Good. *(to RUSTY)* Drive him down tonight. I don't want to wait now that we've got the hands.

(RUSTY nods as she returns the gun to her bag and crosses toward the exit.)

Rusty, if shit goes wrong - it's on you.

(AMARA exits.)

RAMÓN (to SEÁN). Lucky, shit. (to RUSTY) Have fun.

(RAMÓN smacks SEÁN upside the head as he crosses
u.s.r. and exits.)

RUSTY (staring at SEÁN). Fuck.

(Blackout.)

ACT II**SCENE 1**

(As the house goes dark, a spotlight appears d.s.l. The COWBOY with an acoustic guitar steps into the light and begins to play, facing the audience.)

COWBOY *(sung)*. It's the second act / Time to take a cruise / Before we wrap it up at the Red Rock 'n Blues / Now pay attention, children / 'Cuz we ain't going back / The only way forward is to plan an attack / A few will seem lofty / Others will seem lame / Some will sound delusional and quite insane / But one will be chosen / An aim to win the fight / Let's just hope it works, now kill the spotlight.

(The spotlight goes dark, as s.l. lights slowly come up, revealing the faces of RUSTY and SEÁN sitting behind the bar, which has now been transformed into the front of a 1970's Volkswagen van. The rest of the stage is in darkness.)

(RUSTY sits behind the wheel while SEÁN, whose black eye has grown worse and injured finger is set with a splint, rides shotgun.)

(They sit in silence for a few moments, the passing of oncoming headlights occasionally flashing across their faces, then SEÁN reaches for something on the dashboard console with his injured hand, sending him wincing in pain.)

RUSTY. It doesn't work anyway.

(SEÁN leans back in his seat.)

Don keeps saying he's going to get it fixed, but you know how that goes.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Is he dead?

RUSTY. No.

SEÁN. Then why are we in his van?

RUSTY. You'll find out soon enough.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Where is he?

RUSTY. Working - like I told you.

SEÁN. Not construction.

RUSTY. No - but it's trade work.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Tunnels - fuck.

RUSTY *(surprised)*. How did you figure that out?

SEÁN. Your two Masters - Geology and Civil Engineering.

RUSTY. Not as dumb as you look.

SEÁN. Neither are you - so what am I smuggling?

RUSTY. What do you think?

SEÁN. People?

RUSTY. No - that's not our game.

SEÁN. Coke.

RUSTY. Yes, but not much. A couple of kilos, but that's Ramón's - doesn't involve Amara and me.

SEÁN. So what is it?

RUSTY. Grass.

SEÁN. All this trouble for weed?

RUSTY. A metric ton of weed.

(SEÁN sinks in his seat and stares out the window.)

So, why did you do it?

SEÁN. Fuck you.

RUSTY. You meant thank you, right?

(SEÁN doesn't answer.)

RUSTY (CONT'D). That's what I thought.

(They sit in silence for a second, then SEÁN reaches for something on the dashboard console, sending him wincing in pain again.)

SEÁN. Fuck!

RUSTY. That doesn't work either.

SEÁN. How the hell does Don sleep in this thing if nothing fucking works?

RUSTY. Getting upset at the truck isn't going to fix anything. You got yourself into this mess - any ideas how you're getting yourself out?

SEÁN *(looks at RUSTY)*. I thought that's what we're doing?

RUSTY. No - not at all. I just bought you some time to come up with a plan. Amara doesn't let people steal from her.

SEÁN. What?

RUSTY. Didn't we establish you're not a fool?

(SEÁN gathers his thoughts.)

SEÁN. When?

RUSTY. As soon as we get back - four or five days.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Is there any way -?

RUSTY. No. Don't even ask - I'm not suicidal.

SEÁN *(beat)*. What if -?

RUSTY. No.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Maybe I can -

RUSTY. No, you can't.

SEÁN. Well, what the fuck?

RUSTY. You have any friends in Mexico? Central - South America?

SEÁN. No.

RUSTY. Speak any foreign languages?

SEÁN. No.

RUSTY. Have you ever been out of the States before?

SEÁN. No.

RUSTY. No - I should've dug a hole.

(SEÁN glances at RUSTY with a flash of apprehension, then returns his gaze to the window.)

SEÁN. How many people have you-?

RUSTY. Enough.

SEÁN. Survival of the fittest.

RUSTY. You don't know shit from Shinola, kid! No idea how the world works - Christ's sake, I've grey hair on my balls older than you. All the intelligence to do something constructive with your life - instead, you dick around in a place you don't belong. Hell, you probably come from some privileged life where your biggest worry was what cartoon to watch - didn't you?

(SEÁN doesn't reply.)

I bet Mommy baked cookies and Daddy played catch in the yard - such a hard life you must've had to end up fucking over strangers in the desert.

SEÁN. You don't know me.

RUSTY. You're right. But I think I know the people who raised you - or at least the type of people, and they don't deserve the kind of pain you're willing to bestow - pain only a missing child can cause - you get me?

SEÁN. Yeah.

RUSTY. Good. I hope it sinks in.

SEÁN *(beat)*. You have any -?

RUSTY. I'm working on it.

SEÁN (*sincerely*). Thanks. I know you didn't have to do any of this - thanks.

RUSTY. You're welcome - (*beat; smirks*) Is it a grift?

SEÁN. What?

RUSTY. Or is it authentic?

SEÁN. I don't know what -?

RUSTY. Your compunction - it's paradoxical.

SEÁN (*shrugs*). Guess I'm just a walking contradiction.

RUSTY. You need to come to peace with whatever grievances you're carrying, kid. Don't know what it is - but it's just going to fuck you up. And no amount of coke you blast up your nose is going to fix it.

(*SEÁN looks at RUSTY.*)

It's not rocket science, hoss. What else are you spending three-K on?

(*SEÁN turns away.*)

That shit doesn't help anyone - it just delays the inevitable. You need to stop turning a blind eye to your problems - sorry, no pun intended.

(*SEÁN displays a glimpse of a smile.*)

But now the stink of it is, I'm in a no-win situation with your fucking ass.

SEÁN (*looks at RUSTY*). I'm sorry.

(*SEÁN starts to weep, almost uncontrollably.*)

RUSTY. Hey - Hey, come on. Shit - I didn't - Fuck. Pull it together - we'll figure something out. Go in the back. Lay down - try and get some sleep. You won't get much over the next few days.

(*SEÁN regains control of his emotions and nods to RUSTY before ducking into the back of the van.*)

SEÁN (O.S.). It smells like urine back here.

RUSTY. They can't all be Holiday Inn.

SEÁN (O.S.). So, how did you go from being a hippie to digging tunnels under the border?

RUSTY. Estebán - Amara's dad.

SEÁN (O.S.). What?

RUSTY. He was my best friend - brilliant guy. We were college roommates. He was there to change the world - I wanted to learn viticulture. After the execution of Che Guevara in '67, though, our friendship changed. He became more cynical in his beliefs - I wanted to groove on free love. Then I got drafted in '71 - shit changed fast. We talked about that, though. Then in '75, we rekindled our friendship - his grand plan. See, the war fucked a bunch of us up, plus, with the oil crisis and Watergate - the country lost its soul. We were fed up with Uncle Sam and Washington's hypocrisy - everyone started looking for a hustle. So I went back to school on the inheritance he got from his parents, and by the summer of '84 - we were unstoppable. He had the resources in Mexico for the grow - I had connections from the commune and Nam for distribution. *(chuckles)* If you bought grass between '84 and '96, chances are you bought something pulled through our tunnels. However, the fun stopped when he died unexpectedly a few years ago. That's when my spoiled brat of a goddaughter took control of his side of the business. Amara inherited Estebán's fire but not his compassion. There's a darkness in her that's difficult to describe, and unfortunately, our fates are now inherently intertwined. *(beat)* Kid? Hey - *(glances in the back)* Sweet dreams.

(As the s.l. lights fade out on RUSTY, the s.r. lights come up on DON, who sits under the bar tables, which have now been transformed into a makeshift tunnel. The rest of the stage is in darkness.)

(DON has a small work bag and spools of electric cable strewn about him. A long section of 4" diameter PVC pipe runs under the lip and length of the tables, plus an electrical cord that's being spliced together by DON, who wipes his brow and then hangs a construction light.)

(As DON continues on his task, his attention is

*suddenly pulled when SEÁN appears on the s.r.
side of the tunnel on his hands and knees.)*

DON (surprised). Kid? What the hell are you doing here - your face? Your hand - what the fuck happened to you?

(SEÁN crawls his way over to DON and then sits.)

SEÁN. Dumb choices.

DON. How did you get here?

SEÁN. Rusty.

DON. Why -?

SEÁN. Bounced some checks at the bar.

DON. No. (nervous) How much?

SEÁN. A little over three grand.

DON. What?

(SEÁN shamefully nods.)

Jesus Christ.

SEÁN. I didn't mean for it to get that bad. It just - you know?

DON. What happened to the job?

SEÁN. Lost it a few weeks ago.

DON. Kid -

SEÁN. Yeah - the supervisors can eavesdrop on calls to monitor conversations, and this woman decided to turn my pitch into a flirty Q & A - it basically became phone sex.

DON. Seriously? Well, worse things to get fired for, I guess. Things still going good with Maeve?

SEÁN (beat). Ever do something stupid to impress a girl?

DON. What guy hasn't?

SEÁN (*beat*). I bought a bunch of blow I couldn't afford -

DON. Fuck -

SEÁN. She likes to do it more than I do. I thought - she works at a country club, for fuck's sake.

DON. Is that why you -?

SEÁN. I don't know. I just wanted to look cool, plus, I was flat broke - wasn't really thinking about the consequences.

DON. Didn't realize you were doing that much - well, no more than the rest of us degenerates.

SEÁN. Ramón's a helluva salesman - he gets you with the free bumps.

DON. That fucker does get good coke.

SEÁN. The problem is next thing you know - you're lugging weed through a tunnel. (*sniffs*) And holy shit - are they growing it down here?

DON. No - that's how often the tunnel is used.

SEÁN. Aren't there better ways of getting it in the country?

DON. This is probably the best. It's hard to hide the smell of weed.

SEÁN. No shit! Well, there are worse smells to remember as your last.

DON. You're in deep, huh?

SEÁN. Amara's going to kill me when I get back.

DON. Fuck - we have to figure out a way to keep you from going back.

SEÁN. They'll kill Rusty if I don't.

DON (*thinks*). What if we fake your death? Part of the tunnel collapsed - you got trapped - nothing we could do.

SEÁN. I've no money, and they took my phone and ID.

DON. Is there anyone I can call? Maybe your, um -?

SEÁN. No - fuck them.

DON. Come on, kid. What else are you going to do?

(SEÁN shrugs.)

You want to die?

SEÁN. No.

DON. Then get your head out of your ass.

SEÁN. Don -

DON. Listen - it's your parents or Rusty? Pick one.

SEÁN. Rusty stuck his neck out for me -

DON. So what - you think he's going to die for you?

(SEÁN shrugs.)

Honor amongst thieves - that the shit you're slinging. You think this world gives a flying fuck about principles? Fairy tales, kid - utter and complete bullshit. They don't exist.

(Suddenly, DON's hand-held gas monitor, attached to his waist, starts beeping. He immediately stops talking and looks down at it.)

SEÁN. Everything good?

DON. Yeah, we've just been sitting in this spot too long. The carbon dioxide levels are rising - here, let's shift a little further down. I need to install an additional fan in this section of PVC.

(SEÁN and DON slide s.l. a few feet, then SEÁN grabs the monitor on his waist.)

SEÁN. Wait - so what does this thing do? Rusty gave it to me and said if it starts beeping, hold my breath and haul ass.

DON. Gas monitor - it's not the police you have to worry about; it's the air. The pipe here pumps fresh air through the tunnel, or we'd run out of oxygen. That's what these little fans are for.

(DON holds a motorized fan.)

SEÁN. It looks like the pump for an air mattress.

DON. That's what it is.

SEÁN *(smiles)*. Really?

DON. Yeah - it works perfectly.

SEÁN *(beat)*. Why are you down here?

DON. Repairing old lighting cable - checking for dead oxygen areas so that I can install additional air pumps -

SEÁN. No, Don - why?

DON. Same shit you are, kid - surviving.

SEÁN. But you're a skilled electrician.

DON. Life comes at you fast - rarely as planned.

SEÁN. So, what happened?

DON *(deflecting)*. I ever tell you how much you remind me of my son?

SEÁN. Yeah, dude - all the time. But what does that - nevermind. I should probably get moving.

(SEÁN maneuvers past DON.)

Rusty said the tunnel is five hundred meters long, and I can only drag ten pounds at a time, so this will take a bit. Not that I want it to go quickly.

DON. Haven't spoken to him in over six years - I'm sure his phone is tapped. Don't know if he graduated high school - if he went to college - met a girl - if he's happy. I don't even know if he's still alive.

(SEÁN stops and turns around as DON fights back tears.)

SEÁN. Fuck, Don - What happened?

DON *(beat)*. Dumb choices. *(looks at SEÁN)* Sound familiar.

SEÁN. What did -?

DON. I killed a woman - not intentionally, but - *(beat)* I'd been drinking - was trying to keep warm on a cold day running cable for the power company. Winters in Minnesota can be brutal, and you usually walk on the street because sidewalks are buried under a mountain of snow. It was dark - I didn't see her until it was too late. I never stopped - would've been my third strike. Just started driving south - a couple of days later, saw my name in the news, but they'd no lead to my whereabouts. Six years - goes by fast.

SEÁN. Holy shit, Don -

DON. Bad choices and bad luck - that's my life.

SEÁN. Have you ever written him a letter or -?

DON *(terrified)*. No - I'll make a mistake.

SEÁN. How did you get mixed up with Amara and Rusty?

DON. Chance. This is all I do, though - I don't get involved with moving the drugs.

SEÁN. Fuck - *(beat)* If I get out of this, Don -

DON. Thanks, kid -

(SEÁN nods, then crawls s.r.)

Seán -

(SEÁN stops and looks back.)

We'll figure something out.

(SEÁN crawls away as the lights fade out on him and DON. Then a soft spotlight appears u.s.r. on the entrance door to the Red Rock 'n Blues.)

SCENE 2

(The COWBOY enters with his acoustic guitar in hand and begins playing NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN

YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT while crossing d.s.c.)

(As the COWBOY plays, the soft spotlight fades out, and the stage lights come up to half. MAEVE and LARRY then join RUSTY, SEÁN, and DON on stage to switch the set back into the Red Rock 'n Blues.)

(Once the stage is reset, RUSTY, SEÁN, and DON exit u.s.l., while LARRY and MAEVE post up behind the bar.)

(As soon as the COWBOY finishes the song, he turns u.s. and the lights come up full.)

MAEVE *(applauding)*. That was great!

LARRY *(applauding)*. Nice set, man!

MAEVE. He's so good.

LARRY. Right?

(The COWBOY tips his hat, then crosses u.s.r. and exits. MAEVE follows behind him and locks the door.)

MAEVE *(crosses to the bar)*. Far too talented for this place. *(points)* Hand me the broom, please?

LARRY. Agreed.

(LARRY hands MAEVE the broom from behind the bar; begins sweeping.)

MAEVE. So - what's going on with you?

LARRY. What do you mean?

MAEVE. That was the most you've talked to me all night. I know we were busy, but - *(stops sweeping)* Are you upset with Me.

LARRY *(stiffens)*. No.

MAEVE *(pressing)*. Larry - Jesus!

LARRY *(nervous)*. Um - have you talked to Seán?

MAEVE *(tone changes)*. He hasn't returned my calls in over three days. Have you talked to him - is he okay?

LARRY. I don't know - maybe not.

(MAEVE crosses to the bar and sits.)

Amara and Ramón dragged him in here a few days ago. He was unconscious, and it looked like Ramón beat him up.

MAEVE *(scared)*. What? Do you think they -?

LARRY. I don't know - Amara made me leave before I saw anything else.

MAEVE. Oh my God - do you know why?

LARRY. I have a hunch, but I can't get involved - she scares me. Has anyone told you about her - what she really does?

(MAEVE shakes her head.)

This place is a front - has been for decades.

MAEVE. What?

LARRY. Ramón likes to brag when he's drunk - thought maybe he would've said something. *(beat)* You know, this isn't any of my business. I shouldn't -

(LARRY walks out from behind the bar and crosses to the restrooms, but MAEVE intercepts him.)

MAEVE. Larry - if something happened to Seán, you're an accomplice.

LARRY. I don't -

MAEVE *(reaches for her phone)*. I'm going to call the police.

LARRY. No! Look - Amara's like a kingpin or something. Like they grow fields of marijuana in Mexico then sell it in the States before laundering the money through here.

MAEVE. Holy shit - *(she punches him in the arm)* Why did you give my application to her? I could've found a different side gig, you motherfucker. Putting my life in danger -

LARRY. I'm sorry - this is the first time anything like this has happened.

MAEVE. Should we call the police?

LARRY. No! I mean - you can, but I don't want to be around if you do.

MAEVE. Larry, you're the only -

(Suddenly, there's a knock on the door.)

LARRY. We never talked.

(LARRY exits into the restroom hallway while MAEVE crosses to the door.)

MAEVE *(yells)*. Sorry, we're done for the night.

RAMÓN (O.S.). Open the door.

MAEVE. Ramón?

RAMÓN. Yeah.

(MAEVE unlocks and opens the door as RAMÓN and AMARA enter.)

(RAMÓN heads straight for the poker machine and sits, while AMARA stops and stands next to MAEVE.)

AMARA. How was tonight?

MAEVE *(cool as ice)*. Great! People hung around all night because of the live music - it was fun!

AMARA. Where's Larry?

(AMARA grabs MAEVE's hand and walks her over to the bar, they sit.)

MAEVE. The bathroom, I think?

AMARA. So, I heard from Larry that you're leaving in a few days?

MAEVE. Yeah, my internship finished, so it's time for greener

fairways.

AMARA. Cute -

MAEVE. Thanks for everything, by the way. I've really enjoyed working here - I'll miss it.

AMARA. Will you?

MAEVE. Yeah. I've met some very cool people. You, Larry, Rusty -

AMARA. Seán.

MAEVE. Um - I don't know about him? He sort of vanished on me - hasn't returned my phone calls.

AMARA. No - really?

MAEVE. Yeah. I didn't think he was that type, but - c'est la vie.

(LARRY appears around the corner of the restroom hallway but is not visible; he eavesdrops.)

AMARA. That's too bad. Probably for the best, though - being that he's a piece of shit.

MAEVE. Sorry -?

(AMARA looks at MAEVE, sizing her up.)

AMARA. How many times did he give you a check to pay his tab?

MAEVE. I don't know - a few times. But I thought you allowed it if the person's a local.

AMARA. I do.

MAEVE. Then what - no?

AMARA. Oh yeah. Two were good - fourteen weren't.

(MAEVE is genuinely dumbstruck by this info.)

MAEVE. How much money?

AMARA. Enough that I told him he shouldn't come around here anymore. Probably high-tailed it out of town.

MAEVE. Piece of shit -

(LARRY musters his nerve and enters from the restroom hallway.)

AMARA. Larry - finally decided to join us?

LARRY. Hi Amara. *(to RAMÓN)* Hey. *(to AMARA)* How are you?

AMARA. I'm doing well, Larry. Did you wash your hands?

LARRY. Yeah, of course.

AMARA. Doubtful. *(beat)* Was just saying my farewells to Maeve. Being tonight's her last night - *(to MAEVE)* Correct?

MAEVE. Unfortunately.

RAMÓN. Too bad.

MAEVE. For you maybe -

(AMARA laughs.)

AMARA. Any plans?

MAEVE. Going to travel for a little bit, try and figure things out.

AMARA. That's nice. Everyone should travel.

RAMÓN. Vaya con Dios.

MAEVE. Thanks, Ramón.

LARRY. Lots of golf on the agenda?

MAEVE *(smiles)*. A little - well, let me get back to it - lots of cleaning tonight.

AMARA. Yes - yes, don't let me stop you.

(MAEVE crosses to the restroom hallway and exits.)

LARRY. Amara - Ramón - you guys want anything?

(LARRY crosses to behind the bar.)

AMARA. Why not - pour some shots.

(LARRY starts to pour some shots while RAMÓN inserts cash into the poker machine and begins to play.)

LARRY. Any leads on a replacement for Maeve?

AMARA. No, not yet - I'll place the ad this weekend.

LARRY. Thanks.

AMARA. If I can't find someone quickly, you can teach my worthless son over here how to bartend. God knows he's useless to me; maybe he'll be some use for you.

(AMARA looks over at RAMÓN, but he ignores her as MAEVE returns from the bathroom hallway dragging two full trash cans.)

LARRY. You want some help?

MAEVE. If you don't mind -

AMARA *(to MAEVE)*. Get over here first.

MAEVE. Okay.

(MAEVE stops dragging the trash and crosses to the bar.)

AMARA. Ramón - get off your lazy ass and come toast Maeve.

(RAMÓN spins around off his chair and heads to the bar. LARRY hands out the shots.)

AMARA. To Maeve - may you get everything you deserve.

LARRY. Cheers.

RAMÓN. Salud.

MAEVE. Thanks.

(As everyone drinks their shots, RAMÓN grabs the cross on his chain, whispers a little prayer, and then kisses it before drinking his shot.)

(After they return their shot glasses to the bar, RAMÓN crosses back to his poker game, while MAEVE and LARRY drag the trash cans u.s.r. and out the door.)

AMARA. Hey -

(RAMÓN ignores her.)

I'm not repeating myself.

(RAMÓN spins around on his stool.)

After we're finished with that piece of shit tomorrow, I want you to find her before she skips town and put her next to him - she knows more than she's letting on.

(RAMÓN nods and spins back around.)

I'm sorry?

RAMÓN. Te escuché.

AMARA. That's what I thought.

(MAEVE and LARRY enter u.s.r., now with empty trash cans.)

(LARRY drags them both back to the restrooms and exits, while MAEVE crosses behind the bar.)

MAEVE. Want another shot?

AMARA. No - I'm going to hit it. Have Larry put the cash in the dropbox, and I'll get it tomorrow.

MAEVE. Sounds good.

AMARA *(stands)*. Ramón, get off your ass - let's go.

(RAMÓN stands and crosses u.s.r. without saying a word then exits, as LARRY returns from the restrooms.)

LARRY. You out of here, Amara?

AMARA. Yeah.

(AMARA crosses u.s.r. and exits.)

LARRY. Goodnight.

(MAEVE and LARRY stand there motionless for a second, then both breathe a sigh of relief as RUSTY enters from the restroom hallway, startling both of them.)

MAEVE. Jesus Christ.

LARRY. Rusty? Where the fuck did you come from?

RUSTY. The bathroom window has a bad latch.

(MAEVE and LARRY look at each other as if this oddity isn't out of the ordinary.)

MAEVE. You want a beer?

RUSTY. No - we have to talk.

MAEVE. We do?

(MAEVE crosses behind the bar, as RUSTY crosses to her.)

RUSTY. Larry - you think you can grab a smoke for a few minutes. Play lookout.

LARRY *(looks at MAEVE)*. Sure.

(MAEVE nods to LARRY, then he exits.)

MAEVE. What's going on, Rust?

RUSTY *(sits at the bar)*. What did Amara just tell you?

MAEVE *(confused)*. Amara?

RUSTY. Seán's in serious trouble, and so are you.

MAEVE. What - Seán? Rusty, have you talked to him?

RUSTY. Did Amara talk to you - did she say anything about him?

MAEVE. Yeah, that - um - he bounced some checks, and she told him to scram. But Larry said she and Ramón beat him up.

RUSTY. Yeah, that's true.

MAEVE. Jesus! What kind of trouble is he in - what kind of trouble am I in?

RUSTY. Amara's going to kill both of you tomorrow.

MAEVE (*terrified*). What?

RUSTY. But I may have a plan. Can you get him out of here?

MAEVE. I don't -?

RUSTY. You're leaving town in a few days, right?

MAEVE. Yeah.

RUSTY. I need you to expedite your exit - be ready to go tomorrow night.

MAEVE. I'm not sure I can -

RUSTY. Your lives depend on it.

MAEVE (*beat*). All right.

RUSTY. Can you take him with you?

MAEVE. Rusty, I don't know - I -

RUSTY. There's nothing left for him here but trouble.

MAEVE. He's a fuck up though, Rust - bounced checks? I don't have time for that shit. I have actual plans - he just wants to party all the time.

RUSTY. He didn't do three thousand worth of coke by himself.

MAEVE. Three thousand - fuck, Seán. (*beat*) And yeah, okay - I may have had some but not that much.

RUSTY. He's in trouble - you want to split hairs?

(MAEVE thinks for a second.)

MAEVE. What do you want me to do?

RUSTY. Wait under the House of Seven Arches in Sedona - Lucy's House. You know where it's at?

MAEVE. Yeah.

RUSTY. If he's not there or you don't hear from him by midnight - don't look back.

(MAEVE nods.)

Now I need to go before anyone realizes I'm missing.

(RUSTY nods to MAEVE, then crosses to the bathroom hallway.)

MAEVE. Rusty, I -?

(MAEVE hesitates; RUSTY stops and turns.)

RUSTY. Do you love him? *(beat)* It's all that matters.

(RUSTY exits, as MAEVE stands there deep in thought.)

(LARRY then pops his head in through the door u.s.r.)

LARRY. Hey, sorry - it's getting chilly out here.

MAEVE. Larry - you have an extra cigarette?

LARRY. Yeah.

(MAEVE crosses u.s.r. and exits, as the lights dim.)

SCENE 3

(The COWBOY, with a 12-string electric guitar, mini-amp, and finger slide, enters u.s.l and starts shredding an improvisation in the style of

JOHNNY WINTER'S MEAN TOWN BLUES. He crosses d.s.c., as RUSTY, SEÁN, DON, AMARA, and RAMÓN, enter from separate places.)

(RUSTY, DON, and SEÁN place a plastic sheet under a chair near c.s. then SEÁN sits while RUSTY crosses behind the bar, and DON walks toward the restroom hallway. AMARA stands adjacent to the jukebox, and RAMÓN grabs a seat at the poker machine with a gun in hand. Then the COWBOY crosses u.s.r and exits, as the lights come up.)

AMARA (to SEÁN). Jesus! Look at you.

(SEÁN's hair and clothing are disheveled, plus, his hands and face are filthy; he's exhausted.)

RUSTY. He did a solid job. Didn't bitch once - even with the broken finger.

AMARA. Imagine that - did we move it all?

RUSTY. Yup - twenty-two hundred pounds.

AMARA. Good. (to DON) How about you? Everything finished?

DON. Yes, ma'am. The air is moving nicely down there now, and the lights shouldn't short out anymore.

AMARA (to RUSTY). Structural integrity still good?

RUSTY. That tunnel will last forever.

AMARA. Yes, Rusty, your remarkable streak continues - go suck a dick. (to SEÁN) Now - what to do with you?

SEÁN. What do you mean - I thought we're square?

AMARA. When did I say that? (crosses to SEÁN) I don't recall ever saying those words.

SEÁN. I thought -?

AMARA. You assume an awful lot.

SEÁN. But, Rusty -?

AMARA. Rusty asked to let you work it off - I agreed to free labor. *(laughs)* I don't usually enjoy this shit, but I am with you. Must be helping me handle some of my anger issues.

SEÁN. Amara, please - let me pay it back to you with interest.

AMARA. I'm not a bank. Do I look like I want to deal with that shit? *(to RUSTY)* Kids today -

DON. Let me help him pay it back.

AMARA *(leers at Don)*. Who asked you to speak?

DON. Sorry.

AMARA. When I need insight into being a fucking loser - I'll ask for your opinion. In the meantime, shut your fucking hole.

(DON stares down at the floor.)

RAMÓN. Let's just get this shit over with - I still need to find the girl.

AMARA. Fine. *(to DON)* Pull the tarp up.

DON. But -

AMARA. Did I stutter?

(DON shakes his head and crosses to SEÁN.)

SEÁN. Wait, no - wait a second. I didn't even rip you off that much, I swear. You have to believe me -

(DON starts pulling the sheet up.)

Don, don't let her do this - I swear most of the money I gave to Ramón.

AMARA. What?

(RAMÓN gets tense as AMARA glares at him; DON backs away from SEÁN.)

SEÁN *(looks at RAMÓN)*. You know I did.

RAMÓN. Fuck you - you didn't give me shit. You're just grabbing

at straws.

AMARA (to **RAMÓN**). What's he talking about?

RAMÓN. Nothing - he's talking bullshit. (to **SEÁN**) How about I put a bullet in your head?

(RAMÓN raises his gun and walks over to SEÁN, pressing the muzzle against his head.)

AMARA. Pull that trigger, and you're next - sit the fuck down!

(RAMÓN reluctantly backs off.)

Talk.

SEÁN. Most of the money - I spent it buying coke from Ramón.

AMARA. You what -?

(AMARA's eyes start bouncing between RUSTY, RAMÓN, and SEÁN.)

RAMÓN. He's lying.

AMARA (to **RAMÓN**). Are you selling that shit in here? (to **RUSTY**) Is he bringing it through the tunnels?

(RUSTY plays dumb.)

RAMÓN (nervous). No - of course not. (to **SEÁN**) Fuck you!

AMARA. No - fuck you! You're actually dealing in here - I can see it on your face. Risking everything your grandfather and I have built - you worthless good-for-nothing. After all I've done for you -

(AMARA crosses to RAMÓN and starts wailing on him.)

RAMÓN. Get off of me!

AMARA (continues to strike **RAMÓN**). After everything I've done for you - you're worthless - all the money I spent on rehabs - you sell that shit in here. In here - Fuck you!

(RAMÓN, now in tears, forcefully pushes AMARA

away in the direction of the bar.)

RAMÓN *(raises his gun).* Don't you fucking touch me again.

AMARA. Oh - so now you're a big man, huh? You're a worthless addict, just like your father. Go ahead - you're not my son. You're dead to me. A fucking loser - that's all you'll ever be. A good for nothing - you useless piece of -

(AMARA charges at RAMÓN again, and he shoots her square in the chest. She collapses to the floor instantly.)

RAMÓN. Fuck you!

(RAMÓN walks over to AMARA and stares down at her motionless body. He fires another shot in her, as his emotions hysterically bounce between grief and elation.)

(RUSTY, DON, and SEÁN stand there in shock.)

RUSTY. Ramón -? Hey, man -?

(RAMÓN looks up at RUSTY and smiles, then crosses to the bar.)

RAMÓN. Hey Rust - Give me a drink -

(RAMÓN clears the tears from his eyes, then turns around and points the gun at DON and SEÁN.)

Shots?

DON. Sure.

(SEÁN doesn't reply.)

RAMÓN. Shots, barkeep.

(DON crosses stealthily toward the bar, while RAMÓN pulls out a wad of cash and sets it on the bar.)

(RUSTY starts to pour tequila shots, then slides one to RAMÓN. Before he drinks it, though, RAMÓN grabs the cross hanging around his neck and

closes his eyes to whisper a quick prayer, but the instant RAMÓN shuts his eyes, DON grabs the back of the chain and yanks back hard; strangling RAMÓN.)

(While RAMÓN struggles with DON, RUSTY snatches the gun away, and SEÁN leaps upto help, tackling RAMÓN tothe ground. DON then pins his knee into RAMÓN's back and pulls on the chain until RAMÓN's body goes limp and lifeless.)

(DON and SEÁN then pull themselves off RAMÓN, as all three men stand still for a moment, trying to process.)

DON. Guess it was a real titanium chain.

SEÁN. How - how did that work?

RUSTY. Ph.D. in Psychology, kid.

(SEÁN looks at RUSTY and starts nodding his head, but DON, still in shock, can't stop staring down at RAMÓN.)

DON *(looks at his hands).* I killed him.

RUSTY. It's okay, Don - that was some hero shit right there, friend. *(to SEÁN)* You need to get out of here!

SEÁN. Right -

RUSTY. Remember - House of Seven Arches - she should be there, and if she's not, you just take my motorcycle and keep driving - you hear me? You don't stop -

SEÁN. Yeah.

RUSTY. Here -

(RUSTY hands SEÁN the wad of cash off the bar and his motorcycle keys.)

Don't stop until you're in another state.

SEÁN. What about you guys?

RUSTY. Don't worry about us - we'll manage.

SEÁN. Rusty, I don't know how -

RUSTY. Make something of yourself.

(SEÁN nods.)

SEÁN. Don, I'll never forget this -

(SEÁN pats DON on the back then starts rummaging through RAMÓN's pockets until he finds his ID and phone.)

RUSTY. Go.

(SEÁN crosses u.s.r then turns around when he reaches the door.)

SEÁN. Thank you.

(SEÁN exits, as RUSTY crosses to the door and locks it.)

(DON, still in shock, walks behind the bar, grabs a bottle of whiskey and some of RAMÓN's loose money, then crosses over to the poker machine, inserts the cash, and begins to play.)

(Meanwhile, RUSTY crosses to the bodies of AMARA and RAMÓN and stares down at them when suddenly the jackpot alarm sounds.)

RUSTY. Fuck.

(Blackout.)