

Note: Although this play can be produced for any stage, it was designed for La Zona Rosa 612 W. 4th Street Austin, TX 78701.

Act 1: End of the Road

(On a dark stage. The sounds of seagulls can be heard. Two boys walk on seashells that crumble under their feet.)

(The sea wall at Galveston. A hurricane approaches.)

(Over the audience is heard.)

“Don’t come home to Galveston. You can not live here right now”
-Lyda Ann Thomas, Mayor of Galveston.

THE OLDER BOY

(Counting.) One. Two Three.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Bang!

THE OLDER BOY

One. Two. Three.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Bang.

THE OLDER BOY

One. Two. Three.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Why?

THE OLDER BOY

Because. I said so. One. Two Three.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yes. Yes you do. Bang.

THE OLDER BOY

I see London. I see France. I shot a Mexican in his pants. One. Two. Three.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Bang.

THE OLDER BOY

Down, down they go. Stone cold dead.

THE OLDER BOY

No man, no Mexican, no nothin' can take my quick draw.

THE YOUNGER BOY

BANG!

THE OLDER BOY

Not until I say. One. Two. Three.

THE YOUNGER BOY

BANG!

THE OLDER BOY

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

(Silence.)

(The two boys are next to an ocean. The water can now be seen in the distance.)

(Seagulls are heard.)

THE OLDER BOY

(Looking to the birds, perhaps they fly above the audience.) Bang. Nothing can take me. Nothing can take me down. Nothing. Man, I gotta piss.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Then piss.

THE OLDER BOY

Where?

THE YOUNGER BOY

In the ocean.

THE OLDER BOY

No man, I'm just holdin' it.

THE YOUNGER BOY
It's already wet.

THE OLDER BOY
There's fish in the ocean.

THE YOUNGER BOY
Just take a leak. Nobody cares.

THE OLDER BOY
I'll just wait 'til The Old Man gets here.

THE YOUNGER BOY
If he gets here. How many days has it been?

THE OLDER BOY
Three. He was supposed to be here three days ago. (*Pointing his index finger at the seagulls as a makeshift pistol.*) Bang.

THE YOUNGER BOY
You've been holding your piss for three days?

THE OLDER BOY
No. I pissed yesterday.

THE YOUNGER BOY
Where?

THE OLDER BOY
In the ocean.

THE YOUNGER BOY
Then piss in it again.

THE OLDER BOY
It didn't feel right.

THE YOUNGER BOY
You are dumb, you know that?

THE OLDER BOY
Don't call me dummy.

THE YOUNGER BOY
I didn't call you "dummy" I called you "dumb", dummy.

(THE OLDER BOY *unzips his shorts*. THE YOUNGER BOY *takes a cigarette out of his pocket, and lights it with a magnifying glass. As he puffs on the cigarette he looks to the sun and sees how high in the sky it hangs over him.*)

THE YOUNGER BOY

You got any food left?

THE OLDER BOY

Don't talk. You'll make it go back up.

(THE OLDER BOY *begins to grunt, and then the sound of urine hitting the ocean can be heard*. THE YOUNGER BOY *places his cigarette in his mouth and puts the palms of his hands over his eyes again.*)

THE OLDER BOY

You know, he probably ain't comin'. The Old Man. Probably got drunk and forgot we exist.

THE YOUNGER BOY

He has to come. We will fry in the sun. We are dead without him.

THE OLDER BOY

What are you doin'?

THE YOUNGER BOY

You know when you press on your eyes real hard; you see a bunch of swirly colors? Reds and greens and blues. Yellows if you squint. And if you press hard enough for long enough you start to see through your hands. Like you're burnin' through them, but you can't feel it. Like you're shootin' holes through your fingers. You can see all kinds of colors. Colors and shapes. You want part of smoke.

THE OLDER BOY

Sure.

THE YOUNGER BOY

(*Removing his hands from his eyes.*) You got any food?

THE OLDER BOY

(*Smoking.*) No.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm gettin' hungry. The Old Man will be here. He'll be here soon. He's always a little late.

THE OLDER BOY

Never three days late.

(The two boys stand still in the sun as the sounds of the ocean are heard for forty two seconds. At exactly second forty-three the boys start talking again.)

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. Sure. He'll get here. Wasted. Dressed like death. Yee-Ha!

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yee-Ha!

THE OLDER BOY

Yee-Ha! BANG! BANG! BANG! You drunk motherfucker!

THE YOUNGER BOY

BANG! BANG! BANG! Chicken fucker.

THE OLDER BOY

You know, if I ever get the chance...I'd shoot The Old Man dead. Bang.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't talk about your old man that way.

THE OLDER BOY

I will talk about him anyway I want.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I need to go home. I need to see mom. I need to see my mother. She gets lonely on the weekends. Cook her dinner. She likes it when I read to her. We're in the middle of the *Caviler and Klay* and she wants me to finish it.

THE OLDER BOY

What?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Nothing.

THE OLDER BOY

Where you talking?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Naw. No. I wasn't talking.

THE OLDER BOY

You one hundred percent positive?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm seventy nine percent sure.

(The two boys smile t one another, then the smiles slowly fade.)

(Silence.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

The Tarantino festival is on TV tonight.

THE OLDER BOY

Seventy nine percent sure. Bang.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Tarantino. His movies are the TV tonight.

THE OLDER BOY

It's on next weekend. It's all on next weekend. Pulp Fiction. The 'Dogs. Jackie Brown. Come over. We'll get some Taco Bell and some Old El Paso. Or just a plain old can of beans, cook 'em on the stove, in the can. Do shots of Mad Dog or Night Train at the end of each movie, in honor of the man, or at every commercial break.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Oh, Jesus, man.

THE OLDER BOY

Come on! Get good and sloppy. Live like men. And we'll get some cigars! You know those thin ones that are all broken up at the end, and we'll light 'em with a blowtorch!

THE YOUNGER BOY

Last time I did Mad Dog I was sick for three days. Mad Dog gets into your bones. I was shitting blood the next day. Burns. I hate it.

THE OLDER BOY

Pussy.

THE YOUNGER BOY

We'll get dizzy and light headed and throwin' up and I always get that pain up the left side of my stomach. Throwin' up 'til my throat hurts. Always throwin' up blood and everything I ate that day. Get that metal taste in my mouth.

THE OLDER BOY

Like pussy.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Like pussy. Like you'd know what pussy tastes like. I'll drink just beer. Maybe beer. Not Mad Dog. Not gasoline.

(The sound of the ocean.)

THE OLDER BOY

We never do stuff anymore.

THE YOUNGER BOY

We go camping every month. We just went swimming.

THE OLDER BOY

We didn't come here to swim. And. That's not what I'm talkin' about. I'm talkin' about stuff. This ain't stuff. We never hang out anymore and do stuff.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I don't like leavin' my mom alone on the weekends, you know that. Look, why don't you come over and watch the festival at my place?

THE OLDER BOY

With your mother? What are we gonna drink? Pepsi?

THE YOUNGER BOY

She goes to bed by nine...

THE OLDER BOY

Your mother? Hits the sack at nine o'clock on Saturdays?

THE YOUNGER BOY

She goes to bed by nine every night! She asks about you. You're like family to her.

THE OLDER BOY

Well you ain't got much of a family.

THE YOUNGER BOY

It would be nice for you to come over. Just do it for me. You'll have a good time. I promise. We'll go prowling later, just like we used to.

THE OLDER BOY

I won't drink beer.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'll buy Mad Dog.

THE OLDER BOY

Whatever. I'll bring the Mad Dog. Bribe my Old Man to buy somethin' nice. Tell him I'll paint the garage again. Hey.

THE YOUNGER BOY

It's all good.

THE OLDER BOY

No. Really...

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't. Don't say it. You don't have to say it. It's all good.

(Something happens. Something odd, something not described with words. Then The Older Boy places his hand on The Younger Boy. Something happens again, and then something happens one last time.)

(Silence.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

The Mexican girl? The one that sits behind Zach Thomas in geometry.

THE OLDER BOY

What about her?

THE YOUNGER BOY

When we go prowlin', we you come over, I want to tag by her house. You remember that old construction site by the Dairy Queen? The one with the big square cinder blocks that looked like flowers.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. We used to cram empty beer cans in those cinder blocks. Play around all night in that construction site. That's the stuff we don't do anymore.

THE YOUNGER BOY

That's her new home. The white one with the blue windows and the red front door. Do you know her name?

THE OLDER BOY

Why would I know her name?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Angelina. I bet it's Spanish for "Angel".

THE OLDER BOY

I really don't want to hear about your spick. And Angelina is not a Mexican name. it's Italian.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Shut up. Just shut your mouth.

(Silence. Nothing happens, but the sound of the ocean.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm thinking about getting a coyote. You like that idea?

THE OLDER BOY

What idea?

THE YOUNGER BOY

The coyote idea. The one I just told you about.

THE OLDER BOY

Where gonna find a coyote?

THE YOUNGER BOY

This is Texas. They are all over the damned place.

THE OLDER BOY

Where? I don't see no coyotes.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You can buy them out of the back of *Field and Stream*. Any ass knows that. I want to get a coyote, I think I deserve a coyote for puttin' up with half the crap you dish out, you dumb white trash...

THE OLDER BOY

Whatever! Whatever!

THE YOUNGER BOY

They're better than normal dogs. Bigger. Badder. Longer teeth. more dangerous. They got more authority. More attitude.

THE OLDER BOY

Where do you come up with this crap? Keystones beer. Coyotes. Seriously. I think you need to see a mental health specialists, young boy.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You're just jealous you didn't come up with it first.

THE OLDER BOY

Where are you gonna keep this coyote? In the bathtub? You live in a two-bedroom apartment, you ain't even got the space for a goldfish, let alone a coyote. Coyotes are nocturnal hunters. They need to track things down. How the Hell you gonna go duck hunting at night, let alone do a damned thing with your super cool big bad ass coyote? Run around your duplex and scare the shit out of the elderly? Give me a break! That's the stupidest idea you've ever generated.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You grab any animal, any animal at an early enough age, you can domesticate 'em. You think Siegfried and Roy just head out to the jungle and grab the first tiger they see? It takes time and discipline to domesticate an animal. Swiss Family Robinson! They got themselves all kinds of animals. Tigers, elephants, ostriches, zebras...

THE OLDER BOY

The Swiss Family Robinson is a movie!

THE YOUNGER BOY

It's a book! It was a book before it was a movie, you'd know that if you weren't so stupid for five fuckin' minutes, and you'd know you can domesticate any animal if you get a hold of 'em at an early age! Damn, you're a dumb shit!

THE OLDER BOY

Don't call me a dumb shit!

THE YOUNGER BOY

Dumb shit!

THE OLDER BOY

(Interrupting) I said don't call me a dumb shit!

(Silence.) (Then.) (Seagulls.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

(Making no noise, yet moving his hand in the air.)

THE OLDER BOY

Coyote.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah.

(Silence.)

THE OLDER BOY

Shit.

(Silence.)

THE OLDER BOY

You are “coyote”. How much is this animal gonna cost us?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don’t know yet.

THE OLDER BOY

It’s a good idea. We gotta keep him away from the train tracks. A coyote breaks loose, crawls up on the train tracks, he ain’t gonna know a freight car from a hole in the wall. Remember that beagle we found?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Beagles have small legs. Probably couldn’t get off the tracks in time.

THE OLDER BOY

Still, you gotta keep a wolf cub under lock and key.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I know.

THE OLDER BOY

You think your mom’ll mind?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I’ll just tell her it’s a dog.

(THE OLDER BOY walks as close to the ocean as he can get, puts his hand in the water, and begins to rub his face with the ocean water.)

THE OLDER BOY

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10. *(Pause)* 1..2..3..4..5..6..7..8..9..10. *(Pause)* 1,2..3...4. he should come by the time I get to ten.

(The younger touches The Older Boy on the shoulder.)

THE OLDER BOY

Please don't touch me. What do you see in the girl?

THE YOUNGER BOY

What girl?

THE OLDER BOY

The girl.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You know what Rodrigo calls her? Prairie nigger.

THE OLDER BOY

Rod just repeats everything his old man says.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I don't like "nigger." Sounds wrong.

THE OLDER BOY

The old man hates his old man.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Rod was the one that started that rumor about Mr. Manning doin' that girl on the swim team. Got him fired.

THE OLDER BOY

Manning did do that girl on the swim team. He fucked her in his car.

(Silence.)

THE OLDER BOY

This is our country, our school. Our place. Her dad puts our gas in his car. She puts our food in her mouth. She uses our books at our school and you know she's makin' them dirty with her Mexican fingers. I won't use the water fountain after the fuckin' spic.

THE YOUNGER BOY

This isn't our country, our school. Our place. Her dad puts doesn't put our gas in his car. She doesn't put our food in her mouth. She uses our books at our school and you know she's isn't makin' them dirty with her Mexican fingers. And her teeth are straight.

THE OLDER BOY

Really. Good for her. I'm gonna get braces when the old man's dental plan kicks in.

THE YOUNGER BOY

It will never kick and you know it.

THE OLDER BOY

Go fuck yourself.

THE YOUNGER BOY

What do you got against the girl? She ain't bothering you. She doesn't talk to nobody.

THE OLDER BOY

She's takin' up my space! Why are we talkin' about this?

THE YOUNGER BOY

You don't think she's hot?

THE OLDER BOY

I noticed you haven't been talkin' about Cindy Cooper so much. This all makes perfect sense. You want some southern comfort? Some wet back? I bet her pussy tastes like a taco.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You are so ignorant.

THE OLDER BOY

Look at you!

THE YOUNGER BOY

Stop.

THE OLDER BOY

You do...

THE YOUNGER BOY

Stop it...

THE OLDER BOY

You like her. You're tryin' to think of somethin' clever to shoot back at me, but you're too busy thinkin' about the wetback, aren't you? My amigo...

THE YOUNGER BOY

Shut your mouth.

THE OLDER BOY

Ah! Yes! The perfect comeback from mommy's honor student. Captain of the mathelettes.

(Silence.)

THE OLDER BOY

Hey. Hey, man...

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't. O.k.

THE OLDER BOY

No, man...

THE YOUNGER BOY

It's all good.

THE OLDER BOY

You suck. Do you think she watches reruns of The Flintstones in español?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Reruns of the Jetsons.

THE OLDER BOY

The Jetsons are an American thing. American looking dog, American flying cars. She probably watches, um...what's his name...Speedy Gonzalez.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I wonder what kind of music she listens to. I would pretend to go to sleep at 8:30 and sneak back downstairs around nine because they would always be dancin', you could hear mom laugh and dad get all drunk off the wine in a box. Every night. They used to listen to James McMurtry and dad would put on his black and white boots and wrap his fingers around mom's hips and dance real slow.

(The sound of the wind is heard in the lighting grid. One of the lights in the grid begins to flicker. Everything stop and the boys look at the failing light. The Older boy leaves the stage, returns with a ladder and climbs this ladder to fix the light.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

(The Younger Boy continues.) The old man would say something in mom's ear and she always laughed, you know, the way she laughs. Puts her hand over her mouth to hide the fact she was laughin'. Like a little schoolgirl. He used to bring home Greek food every Friday night, or maybe it was Thursday, maybe, because it was my mom's favorite. She used to yell at him though. "JACK! You're gonna make the whole house stink with garlic!" Then she'd kiss him underneath his earlobe.

(The light recovers to full power, and the song "If I Didn't Care" begins to play. The Older begins to punch the light until the music stops.)

THE OLDER BOY

(Putting the ladder back.) God, you are serious. I've never heard you talk so much in my entire life. You think she'd like Greek food? She's from Mexico. What's wrong with Cindy?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I don't like Cindy. You are the one that wants me to like Cindy because you are to chicken shit to ask her out.

THE OLDER BOY

Your mom know about this Mexican, fuck a duck, your mom know you used to sneak out of bed to watch 'em dance?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah. I used to fall asleep on the stairs watchin' 'em. I always woke up in my bed the next day.

THE OLDER BOY

The Old Man would've clipped my fingers off if he knew I was spyin' on him. Actually, I don't think he gives two shits what the Hell I do anymore.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Her name's Angelina.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah, that's real nice. I don't see how you can be interested in a girl that puts her hair up in a pony tail with no ribbons. No nothin' for that matter. No bows, no ribbons, no Hello Kitty clips, no nothin', just a rubber band. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I've seen her too. Sure as shit don't see what you see, but I've noticed her. Looks like she fell off a boxcar. Even Sara Coolidge puts ribbons in her hair.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Just because she's not licked across the cover of a Hustler don't make her ugly. You wouldn't know anyway, all your Hustlers stick together.

THE OLDER BOY

I found 'em that way.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Oh, really? And your American Apparel catalogue? The one with the boy in blue jeans on the cover?

(Silence.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't ever call her nigger. (Pause) Hey.

THE OLDER BOY

Go fuck yourself.

(Silence.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

I can see the rain in the distance. I'm sure he will come pick us up any minute now. I've been thinkin'. I've been thinkin' we could build a dog house for the coyote. Out of beer bottles. I'm figuring the wolf has thicker fur than your average dog. We'd need some brown longnecks. Keep the sun out. Get some old Bud longnecks. Some 'Blue Ribbon bottles. Get that stuff people use to put together stained glass pictures. To keep it together. You know. I figure, if you're gonna have a pet with attitude, his house should be bad ass and cool.

THE OLDER BOY

My dad should have been here by now. I'm sure he's a mess right now. He was takin' me out to be his D.D. a few times last week, but that was interfering with my studies so I told him to stick it. I just wish he'd wrap that truck around a tree. I like that dog house idea. You're always comin' up with original ideas. Still don't see why you're buggin' me about that Mexican. You wanna build a dog house for her too. How can you communicate? You don't even talk Spanish.

THE YOUNGER BOY

She says hello to me in the hallway. Everyday.

THE OLDER BOY

That's because it's the only English she knows. Her old man came here to move the Dr. Pepper plant south. You know that?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Who told you that? Dusty Ziggler, said it didn't he?

THE OLDER BOY

Doesn't mean two shits who I heard it from, it's true and you know it's true, and you're trickin' yourself if you say it ain't true. That's why the Mexicans come up here. Everybody knows they're closin' the plant and movin' it south. It's simple economics. Mexican laws are loose. You can make kids work until three A.M. And you don't have to pay 'em two dollars an hour. On top of that, you can make a Mexican work on the fourth of July and Thanksgivin' and shit, 'cause those ain't mandatory holidays down there. Hell, the only day you can't touch in Mexico is Christmas, but that's true every place on earth except China. Dirty fuckin' Mexicans would steal the Taco Bell if they got a fair shot. They can't help it. It's in their DNA. Can't trust 'em. And if you believe for one minute Davy Crockett lost his life at the Alamo, you're an asshole.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Dude, Davy Crockett died at the Alamo.

THE OLDER BOY

No, that's Mexican propaganda, that's what they want you to believe.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Davy Crockett was shot dead at the east wall.

THE OLDER BOY

Davy Crockett died in a hospital bed, in Denver, Colorado, of tuberculosis, playin' cards and winnin' every hand.

THE YOUNGER BOY

That was Doc Holiday, you ignorant hick! Crockett took it at the Alamo. The man only had flint lock muskets. How the Hell could he have gotten away from Mexican solders on horseback? You tell me how Davy-Fuckin'-Crockett escaped?

(THE OLDER BOY rises and moves to his pack. He pulls out a handgun and points it at The Younger Boy.)

THE OLDER BOY

Davy Crockett wouldn't have to run if he had one of these.

(Silence.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Is it real?

THE OLDER BOY

Fuck yes. It's real. It's a real weapon. It's mine. Gringos call weapons guns because they don't know what else to call them. Don't be a gringo, The Younger Boy, and if you call me a dumb shit, I'll put you down! I'm tired of you acting like you know every fuckin' thing under the sun, and I'm tired of you yelling at me all the time, and I'm sick and fuckin' tired of you bad mouthin' Davy Crockett. I'm my own man. Six bullets. I'm six times the man you are.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Where'd you get that gun?

THE OLDER BOY

Snagged it off the old man's dresser when he was passed out.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You been carryin' it all weekend.

THE OLDER BOY

I've been carryin' it for the past two weeks.

THE YOUNGER BOY

In school?

THE OLDER BOY

I said I've been carryin' it for the past two weeks. And don't you yell at me.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I didn't yell at you.

THE OLDER BOY

Like fuck you didn't . Of course you don't mean to yell. It just comes naturally.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Can I see the gun?

THE OLDER BOY

Why? You tired of yelling at me?

(THE OLDER BOY points the weapon to his temple. Silence. He then lets it drop to his side again.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't ever do that again.

THE OLDER BOY

What do you know about guns anyways?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Enough.

THE OLDER BOY

Oh, do you now? Do you now, Switch Blade Son? Flippin' eggs for your mommy all morning, excuse me, huevos. Isn't that what she calls 'em? The Mexicans. They like to call eggs huevos down there. I've noticed Angelina likes to speak Mexican in the morning lunch line, for breakfast. I always stand behind her. You can smell her. She washes her hair everyday, you can tell. It's shiny and smells like a girl's shampoo. She always wears the same lime green rubber band in her hair. No Hello Kitty clips. Not like Sara Coolidge. No barrettes. She never wears nothin'. She always gets the calcium-enriched orange juice, two huevos, and toast. She sits by the far window, the one with the stained glass cougar. She always puts butter and strawberry jam on her toast. And she always smiles at you in the hallway, but she never says a damn thing to me.

THE YOUNGER BOY

What are you gonna do with the gun?

THE OLDER BOY

Protect. Serve. Maybe kill my dad. I'll just pop his drunk ass when he does anyhow. You'll be my witness. Do you love her? And don't lie to me. You always look at the ground when you lie.

THE YOUNGER BOY

How long you gonna be holdin' that gun?

THE OLDER BOY

Does this make you uncomfortable?

THE YOUNGER BOY

What do you think, jackass!

(THE OLDER BOY half the distance between himself and The Younger Boy. Silence. He then lays the gun on the ground between them. Then, goes back to spot.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

I like it when we play, when we act like gunslingers. Like Quinten Tarantino-Men. Like real men. It makes me feel like you and me have real lives. No school. No crap. Like we are free men riding the open plain. Ridin' from town to town, watering hole to watering hole. Rightin' all the wrongs and fighting off all the women. And we gotta sneak out of town just after midnight to accommodate all the ladies in the next town. That's the way my Dad had it. You could hear him sneak out in the middle of the night, usually around two or three A.M. Get home about five-thirty, right before mom got up so she wouldn't know he was gone. One time she caught him sneakin' back in, through the bathroom window 'cause the front door was so heavy it used to grind and squeak when you'd open it. You remember? The night mom caught him, he blew it all off, said he couldn't sleep and went for an evening walk through the neighborhood. But she knew. Everybody knew. Some high school girl on the west side of town. I think she lived over by the drive-in movie they turned into the putt-putt last Labor Day. He used to walk the distance too, never took the car. That's eight miles. Four there. Four back.

THE OLDER BOY

Don't talk about your old man like that.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'll talk of my father anyways I please. Two weeks later the old man died.

THE OLDER BOY

I know.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Do you now. We've been abandon, buddy. The hurricane is coming, and they all left without us.

(Silence.)

Act 2: The Storm

(The wind begins to blow across the light grid. The same light that malfunctioned before is blinking on and off again.)

THE OLDER BOY

(Addressing the audience.) I had the dream again last night. The one where everybody in town's being taken over by the invisible force. It's an us against them kind of thing. The invisible force is slowly takin' everybody in town, and you and I start runnin'. You say, "Follow me." And I follow. We run through downtown. Past the sports store, past the Pizza Hut, past the K-Mart and up the big hill on the east side of town, and everyone we're passin' slowly turns to come after us. But nobody's runnin' after us, they just walk, in rhythm, like zombies. Mr. McAlister. Zach Thomas. Dusty Ziggler. Stacy Tomczeh. And when we get to the top of the hill, we're trapped. We have no place to go. And I look down the hill, all around us, and I turn to you and ask what we ought to do. Just a wall of people. And that's when I realize, I've been tricked. You're one of them. You lead me square into a trap. I can tell, because I can see it in your eyes. You got me.

(The light stops flashing, the slowly comes to full. The two boys stop and look to the light. The Younger Boy begins to cover his eyes, but The Older Boy doesn't.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Invasion of the body snatchers.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah, sort of, just that you rat me out. That's the third time this week I've had that dream.

THE YOUNGER BOY

It'll stop. When you're younger you have more reoccurring dreams. You know I wouldn't do that. Right?

THE OLDER BOY

Of course you wouldn't, but you ain't got a choice, you're under the influence of the invisible force. The "Thing." You're in no pain, though. Just blank, like a robot. You ever have dreams like that about me?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Never.

THE OLDER BOY

Oh, I bet you do. I'm sure of it. Dreams where I double cross you. You just don't remember them in the morning. Shit, it's gettin' late. I'm starved.

THE YOUNGER BOY

If your dad ever gets here, I say we eat him.

THE OLDER BOY

He probably tastes like pig. Actually, he probably tastes like whiskey. You got any smokes left?

THE YOUNGER BOY

One. I'll split it with you.

THE OLDER BOY

Deal.

(THE YOUNGER BOY goes through his bag, gets the remaining cigarette, lights it, takes a puff and hands it THE OLDER BOY. Each takes a puff and hands it to the other until the cigarette is spent.)

THE OLDER BOY

Winter's comin'.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah.

THE OLDER BOY

That means the winter dance 'ill be comin' up soon.

THE YOUNGER BOY

So.

THE OLDER BOY

You goin'?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't know. Maybe. Haven't thought that much about it. You goin'?

THE OLDER BOY

Haven't thought that much about it. It really ain't my kind of thing.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Ain't my kind of thing either.

THE OLDER BOY

You gotta bring a date.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't think you have to bring a date.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah, but you look pretty stupid if you don't, I mean, everybody comes with a date. It's a dance. Who you gonna dance with if you don't come with somebody, it's simple math, you know. You gotta ask a girl to the dance, I mean, I've never been, but it's common knowledge you gotta bring a girl, or if you're Jamie Martin a guy, but that's a whole other can of worms right there that I ain't in the condition to be talkin', bein' on an empty stomach and all, little fairy. Not that there's anything wrong with that, just gotta do your own thing. Anyways, I really don't think Jamie is gay, just 'cause he got a chubby in gym class during the whole water polo unit. You know, it happens to the best of us.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Poor Jamie.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. Poor Jamie. James a guy you want in your corner when the shit goes down.

THE YOUNGER BOY

He ain't gonna rat nobody out.

THE OLDER BOY

Point is, I don't remember the point. I don't know if I'm goin'. You gotta get dressed up and shit, and I hate that crap with a passion.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I hear that.

THE OLDER BOY

I mean, I've never even worn a tux before.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I wore one for my cousin's wedding last year. They're really fuckin' hot. Real uncomfortable.

THE OLDER BOY

Did you rent it?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah. Had this little Mickey Mouse bow tie, kind of cool.

THE OLDER BOY

Mickey Mouse doesn't wear a bow tie.

THE YOUNGER BOY

No, I mean little Mickey Mousse on the bow tie.

THE OLDER BOY

Oh, that makes sense. I bet that was cool.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah. It was real cool. So. If you decided to go, you know, who you gonna ask?

THE OLDER BOY

You mean to the dance?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Oh. Is that what we are talking about, amigo?

THE OLDER BOY

I don't know? What are we talking about? There aren't a lot of hot chicks in school.

THE YOUNGER BOY

No, not really.

THE OLDER BOY

Most of them are dogs.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah, kind of. Jill Sturtevant is pretty hot.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah, she's got action, but she's a cheerleader. She'll be goin' with a jock.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Probably. Probably Kevin Hardy. Everyone likes him.

THE OLDER BOY

You're gonna ask the wetback, aren't you?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I hadn't thought much about it.

THE OLDER BOY

You're looking' at the ground. Weave your web of lies, The Younger Boy. It's a stupid idea, anyway. Mexican girls dance different than normal people. You probably just get laughed at. That smoke was good.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah, Lucy's are the best. Can I see the gun?

THE OLDER BOY

No. It's my gun.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Is the cylinder full?

THE OLDER BOY

What do you think?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm just asking. What kind of gun is it?

THE OLDER BOY

Colt.

THE YOUNGER BOY

It looks cool in the moonlight.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. The old man cleaned it every Sunday when mom used to go to church. Bang. You know Dwayne Eaton?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Big guy. Year older than us. Got held back a few grades in elementary school. Plays varsity football. Drives the olive green Chevy. Real big mother fucker.

THE OLDER BOY

I've got English with him. You know, he's just a king-sized bully. Picks on people smaller than him 'cause he knows if he picked on anybody half his own size they'd probably smack him to the ground. I'm just tired of his shit. You know? He's always pushing' people around, pushing' people into lockers. Calling' them names, and there ain't nothin' nobody can do, he's bigger than the fuckin' teachers.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Is he giving' you shit?

THE OLDER BOY

No, he usually just leaves me be. But, he's just such a fuckin' asshole. Always talkin' about the size of his Johnson and how he's gonna do all the girls in school doggy style.

THE YOUNGER BOY

He probably practices on cocker spaniels.

THE OLDER BOY

He calls the Mexican...bad things.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You gonna kill Dwayne?

THE OLDER BOY

Well, I haven't done it yet. He's still walkin' the earth. I shoot to kill.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You got English class with Angelina. Don't you?

THE OLDER BOY

What the Hell does that matter? She can't speak it. Would you get your mind off the wetback for "uno me-mento"?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Can I see the colt?

THE OLDER BOY

No. It's mine. Jesus Christ, you got a one-track mind. When you eat, do you think, "Chew?"

THE YOUNGER BOY

Dwayne Eaton been pickin' on the her?

THE OLDER BOY

Dude, she's not American. Everybody picks on her.

THE YOUNGER BOY

What's your point?

THE OLDER BOY

You know her old man is takin' the coke plant south.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah, whatever.

THE OLDER BOY

It's true. Dwayne's mother is a bottler. You know that, right? He told her...he was gonna fuck 'er in the ass...in front of her parents...over the hood of his truck...just like the way her old man's fuckin' his mom. Doesn't matter. She can't understand a filthy fuckin' word he says. I just think there's ways you treat ladies. You know? Mexican or normal,

she's still a lady. I don't approve of the way he treats her. You know, she can't understand English, but she can understand his tone.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Saw Dwayne get into that big fight last Friday. Out on the football field. Took that kid by the ears, like handlebars, slammed his head into the ground 'til they pulled him off. There was blood all over the white chalk on the thirty-yard line.

THE OLDER BOY

I heard about that. He grabbed the new kid, from Katy.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah. It was grizzly, I'll tell you that. They have to wire that kid's mouth shut. Dwayne messed him up real bad. Kept screamin', "Who's the king now?" Over, and over, and over, and over again. Poor kid never had a chance. Where the head goes, the body will follow. I was on the other side of the field and I still heard that kid's nose split.

THE OLDER BOY

He's an animal.

THE YOUNGER BOY

The sprinkler system came on. The kid from Katy layed there, in the blood and grass and chalk stripes with water tricklin' down on his face, or what was left of it. Even when the field started to soften up from the sprinklers, you could still hear that kid's head hit the ground, over and over, and over again. Bang. Bang. Bang. "Who's the king now?" Nobody would get near that kid to help him.

(THE OLDER BOY *points the gun at The Younger Boy*)

(*Seagulls are heard.*)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Don't point it at me.

THE OLDER BOY

I'm a crack shot. I snatched some of my cousins Barbie dolls and lined 'em all up at thirty paces. Bang. Down goes Bedtime Barbie. Bang. Down goes Movie Date Ken. I blew Malibu Barbies head clean off her shoulders. Bullet went through one little Barbie ear and out the other.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You kill Skipper?

THE OLDER BOY

Who's Skipper?

THE YOUNGER BOY

She's Barbie little friend, but with brown hair.

THE OLDER BOY

Wetback Barbie?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah.

THE OLDER BOY

No. I haven't shot her yet. I needed a more realistic target so I took a Playboy, pinned the centerfold to the peacon tree in the field behind the Thirty One Flavors. Two shots. One in each nipple. You're old man threw his piece away because your mom made him, after that whole thing with the neighbors cat?

THE YOUNGER BOY

That cat had it coming.

THE OLDER BOY

I could kill you. Right here. If you want me to. Walk down that road at thirty paces. Put a bullet right between your lungs.

(Silence.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

You gonna shot me?

(The Older Boy touches The Younger Boy's face.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

I dare you. I double dog dare you. Shot me right between the lungs.

THE OLDER BOY

Maybe. Maybe I'll kill Kevin Hardy. Or your wetback. I gotta do some kind of experimental project for Mr. Shula in the spring. I was thinking I could line up a couple of blocks of wood and shoot 'em ten feet. Twenty feet. Thirty feet. Bang. Measure the damage that is done from each distance.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Give it to me. I'll shoot your old man. We'll become brothers.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. Gunnin' down the old man. Guns got six bullets. I only need one to pop Dwayne Eaton. Only need what, three to do a science project. Got two rounds left. Damn, I'm good. I'm gettin' hungry now. She's from Chihuahua. The wetback.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You asked her where she's from.

THE OLDER BOY

I didn't ask her jack. I overheard her talking to Mr. Grant after art class. He asked her where she was from in Mexico, like it really matters, I'm positive the whole country is the same from coast to coast. It's the second biggest city in Mexico. Looked it up on a map. What kind of people names a city after a dog? Jesus. You know what that crazy fuckin' wetback does in art class? She paints Mexican coins. You know, big Mexican quarters that are silver in the middle and brass on the edge. Two metals. But, she paints 'em up with reds and greens and blues. Their money looks funny. It's got Aztec masks on it and stuff. I think she wants to paint real quarters, but it's against the law, you know. I gotta hand it to her. She's good at painting. (*Taking a painted ten pesos coin from his pocket.*) See.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You take that from her?

THE OLDER BOY

Naw. She gave it to me. Didn't say nothin' to me, doesn't really matter she can't speak English worth a shit. She gave it to me and smiled. Her eyes squint a little when she smiles. Just a little. And her nose crinkles. Just a little. See, it's got a mask on it. She painted the eyes blue, like mine. And the tongue red and the shit around the head green. Mexicans are pretty backwards, but they got real cool money.

THE YOUNGER BOY

She didn't say anything?

THE OLDER BOY

No. She just smiled. She takes most of the coins and glues them to this rubber bicycle tire with wallpaper paste.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I wonder if Chihuahua has palm trees.

THE OLDER BOY

It's in the middle of the mountains. I don't think it does. It ain't the proper climate. It doesn't matter. Who cares, anyways?

(The wind begins to blow. The two boys look out on to the ocean.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

I've never seen palm trees. I've seen postcards, just not actual trees.

THE OLDER BOY

She painted a picture of blue horses. It was on a big piece of sheet metal. Guess she got tired of coins. Large blue horses eating yellow grass. With black eyes and black ears and

black snouts. Big red sky that bleed into pink, then white with just a touch of blue for the sun of all things. I think blue must be her favorite color. She hoards the blue in art class.

(The Younger Boy puts his hands over his eyes.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

I saw that painting. It's got palm trees behind the horses. I bet she's heard the ocean. J., you put your hands over your eyes, and you can see all the reds, yellows, and blue sparkles float across your eyes. It's getting colder, isn't it?

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. It is getting colder. I wonder what kind of cloths Angelina is wearing right now? I bet she's wearing old beaten up blue jeans and a red coco-cola t-shirt. Things are about to get real ugly. I can feel it.

(The lights shake and flash off and on. The stage becomes quiet and The Older Boy touches The Younger Boy.)

Act 3: Between A Chinese Restaurant and the Deep Blue Sea.

THE OLDER BOY

My fingers are getting numb. I'm sticking to the trigger. What do you think we should do?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm thinkin' about deep fat fried onion. With the honey mustard sauce on the side for dippin'. That's all I'm thinkin' of, amigo. I need to shit.

THE OLDER BOY

I really didn't want to hear that.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Pizza Hut pizza. Meat Lovers.

THE OLDER BOY

Extra cheese.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Hell yes, Mr. Sims. Only one true way to eat Pizza Hut pizza.

THE OLDER BOY

Meat Lovers is the best.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I mean, there is better pizza.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah, much better

THE YOUNGER BOY

But the coupons in the mail make the difference.

THE OLDER BOY

Well, the coupons get you the free can of Dr. Pepper. I always get coupons wrapped around the front door knob.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Every Thursday?

THE OLDER BOY

Yep. Get 'em after I ride my bike home from school. Some nerd rides around on a mountain bike stickin' coupons to front doors. I've seen 'im. We'll get Meat Lovers next weekend.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I like the sound of that. I like the sound of damn near anything right now.

(Silence.) (Then.) (Seagulls.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Wait a minute.

THE OLDER BOY

What?

(THE YOUNGER BOY goes through his bag and produces a plastic bag with one single oreo cookie.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Double stuffed!

THE OLDER BOY

Amigo, you forgot you had an oreo? We share it!

THE YOUNGER BOY

We have to eat it properly.

THE OLDER BOY

Of course. I am a civilized individual.

(THE YOUNGER BOY *separates the oreo and gives one side to The Older Boy.*)

THE OLDER BOY

Your side has more creamy filling.

(THE YOUNGER BOY *trades cookie halves with The Older Boy.*)

THE OLDER BOY

But it's your cookie. You earned the right to have more cream.

(THE YOUNGER BOY *trades the cookie halves once again. The two look at each other for a great deal of time. The Younger Boy trades the two halves back, giving The Older Boy the side with more cream. Then the two begin to lick their cookies.*)

THE YOUNGER BOY

Only one true way to eat an oreo.

THE OLDER BOY

Mother used to soak hers in orange juice.

THE YOUNGER BOY

That's a sick fuckin' thing.

THE OLDER BOY

Mother was awful brave. Awful brave woman. She dipped her oreos in red wine one time and got sick real bad from it.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Was she sloshed?

THE OLDER BOY

Does a bear shit in the woods? We should try dippin' oreos in beer. When we get back home.

THE YOUNGER BOY

If we get back home.

THE OLDER BOY

Fuck this. Fuckin' fuck this.

THE YOUNGER BOY

What kind of brew?

THE OLDER BOY

For dippin'?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah. You know like dark, or light , or fancy. They got fruity beer.

THE OLDER BOY

Fancy. Imported.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Green bottled beer.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. Green bottled beer. The kind that movie stars drink in their own homes, on black leather sofas.

THE YOUNGER BOY

There's ain't nothin' classier than green bottled beer.

THE OLDER BOY

That's a fact. I bet Clint drinks beer like that.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I've always wanted to try vodka on Captain Crunch. Or Captain Morgan's on Captain Crunch. A double Captain.

THE OLDER BOY

'R.

THE YOUNGER BOY

'R!

THE OLDER BOY

'R. It's getting colder. I can't feel my thumbs anymore.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Put down the gun. Put your hands in your arm pits.

THE OLDER BOY

I'm sure the old man's dead by now. Drowned in his whiskey glass. You remember the first time we had a beer?

THE YOUNGER BOY

A drink? Or a beer?

THE OLDER BOY

What's the difference?

THE YOUNGER BOY

You have a beer to relax. You have a drink to get drunk.

THE OLDER BOY

The first time you had a beer.

THE YOUNGER BOY

We were sneakin' your dad's Buds. You told me to drink a glass of water after every beer I crunched so I wouldn't be hung over in the morning.

THE OLDER BOY

Do me a favor and don't call him my dad. This is why Mother left. I know it. She got tired of shit. She got tired of being patient. She got tired of other things too, but she got tired of being patient with the old man.

THE YOUNGER BOY

How long has it been?

THE OLDER BOY

Thirteen months. This'll be the second Thanksgiving without her. My father will promise to cook something, but he'll forget.

THE YOUNGER BOY

She'll come back.

THE OLDER BOY

She ain't comin' back. I can still hear her car driving away. Through the brick walls of the living room. You know when a horse breaks its leg, you put a bullet between its ears. Bang. Because the fuckin' animal is completely useless. Bang. That's my old man. He's like an old, drunken race horse that can't find the track.

(THE OLDER BOY takes a bullet out of his gun and gives it to The Younger Boy.)

THE OLDER BOY

Present from me to you. Remember what you got for my birthday this year?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Red Ranger Wilderness Survival Kit.

THE OLDER BOY

No. No, that was last year. Remember? Mother took us out to Ponderosa, and you wrapped it in leftover Christmas paper. Remember what you got me this year?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah. Yeah, the swiss army knife with a magnifying glass. So you can burn ants.

THE OLDER BOY

The Younger Boy, I ain't in kindergarten no more. You don't burn ants, you look at shit with the magnifying glass.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm just bustin' your chops, Dungy.

THE OLDER BOY

You know what the old man got me for my birthday? You know what we did for the father slash son birthday bash?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Yeah I know what you did.

THE OLDER BOY

He promised. He promised me...now that Mother took off...that we would spend more time together. Like family. He promised me for my birthday we'd take a road trip, just me and him to Houston, and take me to the world famous Houston zoo and see the polar bears and the monkeys and the tigers and the bad ass timber wolves. He said the polar bears name was Clark. And we were gonna go to the aquarium and see all the tropical fish. We were gonna see a Texans game in that new stadium. He said we'd take the back roads, not the highway, and let me drive a stretch. We were gonna eat at a restaurant with cloth napkins...and waiters that bring the food to you. Wouldn't that be wonderful? I bet Houston is wonderful. I think it would have been the perfect birthday. I told you what I did for my birthday?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Shaved paint off the garage windows with a razor blade.

THE OLDER BOY

While the old man took down a twelve pack and watched golf on the T.V. He said we could go to Houston after I cleaned the windows. He whipped Mother. He used to whip Mother, when she was around. When I was smaller than him. He used play John Cougar Mellencamp songs real loud so the neighbors couldn't hear her whimper. He used to whip her with a brown extension cord when he'd run out of booze. Or whenever he felt like it. He used to call her a cunt. One-Eyed Jack. When the old man gets all trashed he acts like a forty five year old hand grenade. You remember what Mother brought with us to Ponderosa when she took us out for my birthday last year?

THE YOUNGER BOY

You mean the cake? It was yellow. With chocolate frosting she made herself from a box.

THE OLDER BOY

No. I mean, yeah. But do you remember what she brought with us?

THE YOUNGER BOY

She brought cloth table napkins. She made us put them on our legs. They were white.

THE OLDER BOY

She made those. She made three. One for me. One for her, and one for Dungy. I remember thinkin' the napkin looked real nice on you.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Cloth napkins make you look real classy. Like kings.

(The storm comes for them.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

We've been left. We've een left, and no one is coming for us.

THE OLDER BOY

Bang! Down goes Skipper.

THE OLDER BOY

Wetback Barbie. Bang.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'm gonna ask her to the dance.

THE OLDER BOY

Who?

THE YOUNGER BOY

You know "Who." Her.

THE OLDER BOY

Dances cost money. You ain't got no money, amigo.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I got three hundred and sixty eight dollars. It's in the floorboard, under my bed.

THE OLDER BOY

Bullshit. Where the fuck did you get that kind of money.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Life insurance. From my father. It's my inheritance. The money, his Nebraska album, and broken record player.

THE OLDER BOY

You are so full of it! Your record player ain't broken.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I fixed it. Only cost me thirty two dollars.

THE OLDER BOY

Why didn't you tell me before?

THE YOUNGER BOY

Because it's mine. I've been waitin' for a good reason to spend the money. A tux with a Mickey Mouse bow tie, dinner at a nice restaurant with cloth table napkins, a flower to pin on her dress. That should be more than enough. We can use the rest to buy a wolf cub.

THE OLDER BOY

You need fancy shoes. Those are expensive.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I'll wear my fathers. I still got 'em. We buried him in his cowboy boots. I know exactly where I'm gonna take her for dinner. I'm gonna take her to that Chinese joint where you got to walk over the bridge to get to the front door. I've been studying their menu. I know exactly what I'm gonna order and she can have whatever she wants.

THE OLDER BOY

You can't dance.

THE YOUNGER BOY

So.

THE OLDER BOY

It's a dance.

THE YOUNGER BOY

You think anybody actually dances at a dance? You just stand against the gym wall and try to act cool.

THE OLDER BOY

Well good fuckin' luck. Good fuckin' luck, amigo. You're gonna need it. Everyone will point and laugh. Dwayne Eaton is gonna want a piece of your ass, and I ain't gonna be there to shot him. What are you gonna do at the end of the night? You gonna kiss her?

THE YOUNGER BOY

I've already kissed her. At school. Behind the dug out during gym class.

THE OLDER BOY

You kissed her?

THE YOUNGER BOY

That's what I said.

THE OLDER BOY

On the mouth?

THE YOUNGER BOY

On the mouth. Sorry.

THE OLDER BOY

No. No, no, no. Don't say you're sorry. You can't go to the dance alone. White cloth table napkins. That's the way to go, amigo.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I got to start livin', man. L-I-V-I-N. Hey, if she says no to me...

THE OLDER BOY

She won't say no. She's a good kisser isn't she?

THE YOUNGER BOY

She closes her eyes when she kisses.

THE OLDER BOY

She looks just like the girl in Pale Rider. The one calling Clint's name out of her bedroom window, while he rides off on his horse. It's getting colder. I can't feel my lips.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Could use a shot of prairie fire.

THE OLDER BOY

Yeah. Dad ain't ever gonna get here. I really don't know if I care anymore. Bang. Here, you take the gun. The safety is on the side, by your thumb. You could put a bullet in my heart from twenty paces.

(The Younger Boy gives the bullet back to The Older Boy.)

THE YOUNGER BOY

You keep the bullet. It's your gun.

THE OLDER BOY

If Dwayne comes for you, I'll kill him.

THE YOUNGER BOY

I know.

THE OLDER BOY

Bang. Down goes...

THE YOUNGER BOY

Down goes...

THE OLDER BOY

I never felt this cold.

THE YOUNGER BOY

Down goes Black-Eyed Bart!

THE OLDER BOY

BANG!

THE YOUNGER BOY

DOWN GOES INDIAN JOE WITH THE FEATHER IN HIS MOTHER FUCKIN' HEAD!

THE OLDER BOY

BANG! Down goes DAD!

(The Younger Boy pretends to rush The Older Boy. The Older Boy takes the real gun and aims at The Younger Boy. The two boys are freeze.)

THE OLDER BOY

Five bullets left. Buddy.

(The wind of the storm grows loud then stops. The sound of a van roars up to the two boys and comes to a complete stop. The two boys stand drowning in the van's headlights.)

THE OLDER BOY

Hi, dad. What took you so long? The storm is almost here.

(The Older Boy looks at The Younger Boy, then at his father. Then over the loud speakers one more time, just as in the beginning...)

“Don't come home to Galveston. You can not live here right now”

-Lyda Ann Thomas, Mayor of Galveston.)

(The lights fade, and just before full black, the last line can be heard.)

THE OLDER BOY

Bang.

(In darkness. There is nothing but darkness. And silence. Then. Seagulls are heard.)

THE END