



**Everybody Wants Something From The Gardner**

*By Nate Sheehan*

Time and Place:

*Saturday, March 17th, 1990, Night. The Parking Garage across the street from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum*

Character Descriptions:

*The Robbers*

Erin – Boston girl, scattered energy and protective. A robber. 20.

**Also plays Worker 1**

Jocelyn – Boston girl, a deep thinker, smaller. A robber. 19.

**Also plays Worker 2**

Tamia – Boston girl, feels like she needs to be tough as nails. A robber. 19.

**Also plays Tom**

*The Rest of Them*

Dexter – Wants to get home, a lawyer. 40s, Male.

Bowie – Lost. Dishelved and on blow. The brains. A proper Boston Irish gangster. 60s.

Tom – Billionaire CEO. A Tycoon. 60s.

*“I’ve never been a fan of the other people’s quotes thing before a story. You can worry about my inspirations after you’ve read the damn thing.”*

*- P. N. Namme*

*“Fiction writing is great. You can make up almost anything.”*

*- Ivana Trump*

FADE UP:

## SCENE ONE

*Three women saunter on, carrying masks and bags, dressed darkly, maybe 90s punk-esque. They are in a parking garage fallen into disrepair. One of the girls, ERIN, suddenly stops in her tracks. The other two, TAMIA and JOCELYN gather their bags, and make themselves comfortable on the floor.*

ERIN

I forgot the toolkit.

TAMIA

How could you-

ERIN

I thought Jocelyn was grabbing it!

*JOCELYN stares at her in acknowledgment, but doesn't bother to respond. The moment ERIN utters "I forgot", TAMIA, without turning towards her, looks through one of the bags. She doesn't find what she's looking for, so she begins checking her pockets. She pulls out a car key. ERIN begins to run off the way she came while TAMIA simultaneously turns to throw her the key.*

*Clunk.*

*Upon the key hitting the ground, ERIN realizes her mistake. She promptly turns around, picks it up and runs off again.*

*TAMIA and JOCELYN sit in silence for a moment. Then another.*

TAMIA

I could not sit in that car one more minute.

JOCELYN

Yes, we heard.

TAMIA

It's hot as balls down here!

JOCELYN

I know. I'm sweating too. We're all-

TAMIA

Sweating. I get it. We're all sweating.

JOCELYN

Sweating.

TAMIA

Are you then, just tolerating this?

JOCELYN

No. Just used to it. The heat's been stuck on high for as long as I worked here.

TAMIA

Ugh. In the attendant booth, that must have been terrible.

JOCELYN

Got through it.

TAMIA

You've never mentioned it. Like just because it's my contact, my idea, doesn't mean you couldn't of asked to quit sooner - cus god it's fucking burning.

JOCELYN

I mean... we're all in on it.

TAMIA

How could it be so hot in a parking garage?

JOCELYN

Hear that?

*Whatever sound it is drones on.*

JOCELYN

I think it's a heater. I mean it's for The Gardner Museum. They wouldn't want anybody to catch a breeze walking from the elevator to the car.

TAMIA

(with an eye-roll)

No. Guess not.

(beat.)

And we couldn't even have the air conditioning on.

JOCELYN

It's slightly better out here.

TAMIA

Slightly.

JOCELYN

We don't want to draw attention to ourselves. You know that—

TAMIA

Yeah and Erin forgot something. Of course she would.

JOCELYN  
Of course she would.

TAMIA  
Where is she?

JOCELYN  
She's been a minute.

TAMIA  
(loud whisper)  
Erin!!

JOCELYN  
We can't fuck up any of it—

TAMIA  
(somewhat mockingly)  
Cause it's your Dad's stuff, I know.

*ERIN reenters with a small bag. She walks over to TAMIA and JOCELYN with an odd expression on her face, like she's waiting for someone to notice her or...*

JOCELYN  
I don't sound like that.

TAMIA  
You so do. We have to wait about another fifteen minutes right?

JOCELYN  
Twenty. All the janitorial staff should be gone by latest 1am.

TAMIA  
Right... Is that kinda late?

JOCELYN  
I don't know - maybe they start their shift late. Maybe they're just slow. I don't know. That's just when they leave.

*ERIN abruptly holds up the bag.*

ERIN  
Got it!

*They ignore her. ERIN hands TAMIA's car key back. TAMIA puts it in her pocket.*

ERIN

It's really a madhouse out there.

JOCELYN

Wait, did you go outside?

ERIN

I took a peek. Someone was trying to get in the garage.

TAMIA

What?!

ERIN

Just some fucker confused in their Corolla. I mean it's St. Patty's - I don't think there's anybody in 3 miles of us sober. He yelled at me something. I couldn't tell what.

TAMIA

Like an angry yelling? Or-

JOCELYN

An asking for directions yelling?

ERIN

Like a 'I don't even know what I'm yelling' yelling. Like I shouldn't be driving.

JOCELYN

Bleh.

ERIN

How could it be so hot in a parking garage?

TAMIA

Hear that?

*Whatever sound it is drones on.*

TAMIA

Heater stuck on high.

ERIN

They need a heater in a parking garage?

JOCELYN

Apparently.

ERIN

The ceiling looks like it could fall any second. There's a flock of runover pigeons over there. But that's what they put their money into – I thought this place was supposed to be nice.

JOCELYN

Did you say flock of runover pigeons?

*Both looking off towards the flock of runover pigeons.*

TAMIA

Ew.

JOCELYN

God.

TAMIA

It is nice. They have really expensive art. Just everything else isn't as well maintained.

JOCELYN

Not too rich to barely pay minimum wage when I was a parking attendant.

ERIN

You kept with that job for so long–

JOCELYN

Tamia was just telling me. It was for this–

TAMIA

Yeah, but even for this....

ERIN

Girl, you always do things wayyy longer than anyone needs you to.

JOCELYN

No I don't. Do I?

TAMIA

You so do. It's your vice. Or you're a masochist.

JOCELYN

Maybe.

ERIN

Or stupid.

JOCELYN

Hey!

ERIN

You prefer masochist over stupid?

JOCELYN

I like to think that I think. And you shouldn't even be talking you can't keep a job for more than 6 months.

ERIN

Randy was a perv!

JOCELYN

Randy couldn't walk!

ERIN

Still didn't keep him from being a perv!

JOCELYN

We were both going to get promoted!

TAMIA

Guys - stop yelling. We can't be yelling right now.

JOCELYN

Ok, fine - Randy was bad. But Randy doesn't explain every-

ERIN

I just don't like things staying the same. I like to keep life fresh. I don't want everyday to be like "ticket please..."

JOCELYN

Yeah, no more like "Ticket" ... Or not even that, usually it was just a hand... A hand that'd say... I guess just some type of vague grunt. I guess I hated it. I guess I really did-

TAMIA

What do you mean? There's literally so much worse. You just sit all day. But I guess you don't like being bored either-

JOCELYN

Yeah, I can't sit still.

ERIN

No?



JOCELYN

No, my average day would be like helping this 60 year old man use the machine. And he's somehow so stupid and it takes forever. You don't need to be literate to use the machine. The entire day in a tiny box -- I'm claustrophobic! -- in that flimsy neon vest that don't fit right at all... like the proportions are just uncomfortably off... between the chest and waist--

TAMIA

It was always this hot when you worked here?

JOCELYN

Yeah, like I said, I think the heat is stuck on high. No one's bothered to fix it.

TAMIA

It's crazy, absolutely crazy.

ERIN

M-hm.

TAMIA

It's like we're in hell!

ERIN

We would be.

TAMIA

What do you mean? There's bitches literally sooo much worse than us.

ERIN

Oh you're talking bout...

*ERIN and TAMIA share a brief laugh.*

JOCELYN

Wait really? Hell. Damn, cause I like... kinda have a thing for the devil.

ERIN

Ok Jocelyn.

JOCELYN

You know the Romeo + Juliet movie. The one with Leonardo DiCaprio... And the language doesn't change but it's like modern... yeah, there's this scene at a costume party, and Tybalt is the hottest Satan to ever inhabit this Earth. Forget Leo, Tybalt. I'm gonna marry him.

TAMIA

So that's why you've seen that movie about ten times.

JOCELYN

It's not ten times.

ERIN

Uh... It's at least eight.

JOCELYN

I've seen it seven times over.... (counts) 3 years. That's not even that bad.

TAMIA

It's kinda bad.

JOCELYN

And I haven't gotten either of you to watch it with me!

TAMIA

It's cause you were meant to be bougie. But honestly like 'go you' for that--

ERIN

No she thinks she's better than us. You know I heard that Ray Flynn used to work here.

TAMIA

... In what?

ERIN

I don't know... like security.

TAMIA

Ray in a uniform.

JOCELYN

I can see that....

ERIN

And Tybalt that devil?

JOCELYN

Shut up.

ERIN

Tybalt! Tybalt! Where art thou, Tybalt!?

JOCELYN

Ew. You just made it incesty.

ERIN  
You're related to Tybalt? ...  
(gasps)  
The devil??

JOCELYN  
No cus Juliet and Tybalt are cousins–

ERIN  
Jocelyn's cousins with the devil, Tybalt–

JOCELYN  
No, it's Juliet--

ERIN  
Jocelyn's cousins with the devil, Juliet! – ... that's not nice.

JOCELYN  
Why is it not nice when it's Juliet?

ERIN  
Cus she's like... Juliet. Tie-balt–

JOCELYN  
You know, it's Tybalt, not Tie-balt.

ERIN  
Tie-balt.

JOCELYN  
Tybalt.

ERIN  
Tyd-balt.

TAMIA  
If I keep having to hear that name one more time, I'm gonna take that toolkit from you, grab the biggest screwdriver and jam it through your ear until I can see it from the other end.

JOCELYN  
Fucking relax.

TAMIA  
Sorry, just Tybalt got nothing to do with us... or this job.

ERIN

Nooo... why not???

JOCELYN

No, I get it. There's no reason to be talking right now.

...

JOCELYN

A part of me wonders if this is even gonna be worth it--

ERIN

Why?--

JOCELYN

--If they never turn the goddamn heat down!

TAMIA

On Tybalt?

ERIN

You gotta sweat for that dollar bill, girl.

JOCELYN

I sweat easily... where's my dollar bill?

TAMIA

Put on deodorant.

JOCELYN

Ok. It's alright for you to complain about the heat, but if it's me--

TAMIA

I'm over it. Earlier I just needed that tantrum.

ERIN

So true. Tantrums are good sometimes.

JOCELYN

I don't know if they are.

ERIN

A good tantrum is healthy. Like the one that got Randy to fire me.

JOCELYN

Us, not just you.

TAMIA

I feel like you can need a tantrum, but that doesn't make them good.

JOCELYN

That's deep.

TAMIA

It kinda was. I didn't even mean to be.

*A collective 'hm'.*

TAMIA

What we were offered for this shit...

JOCELYN

I was the one that told you.

TAMIA

It's ridiculous.

ERIN

That's just cus it's our biggest job.

TAMIA

I know. That's what got me pressed. We got everything out of the car, right?

ERIN

Yeah, we got everything. Now we just gotta get that baggg.

JOCELYN

I can't even imagine it.

TAMIA

Imagine what?

JOCELYN

I don't know... like...

*The moments suspends.*

JOCELYN

I literally don't know.

ERIN

Is there a way sitting against a post can be more comfortable?

TAMIA

I'm not going back to the car.

ERIN

No, I feel like I'm back in a chair at St. Anthony's.

TAMIA

You and that.

JOCELYN

Why is that actually such a good comparison? Did they design those chairs to be the same as sitting against a pole?

TAMIA

Why do you have to make everything about St. Anthony's?

ERIN

What isn't about St. Anthony's?

TAMIA

You're so right.

ERIN

No think of literally anything, I'll relate it back to school.

TAMIA

Turning 22.

ERIN

Fuck that's a tough one.

JOCELYN

You had to bring the--

ERIN

Oh the .22!

JOCELYN

Remember-- your mom?

TAMIA

That week sophomore year when my mom made me bring a handgun to school? Like just in case when my Dad was being--

ERIN

Oh my GOD! We were so scared!!

JOCELYN

I think they have metal detectors now.

TAMIA

Yeah, that would not work today.

....

TAMIA

That was a crazy week.

JOCELYN

Mm.

TAMIA

Oh my god, I'm just remembering all of that now. That was such a crazy week!

ERIN

We got through it.

JOCELYN

That week was a sauna too.

TAMIA

You remember that?

JOCELYN

Yeah.

ERIN

No, I feel like she's right.

TAMIA

I had other priorities...

ERIN

The lights keep flickering. It's like a haunted house.

JOCELYN

Yeah, they flicker.

TAMIA

Why is every parking garage like a haunted house?

TAMIA

No exit. Or one exit.

JOCELYN

Where's the guy in costume getting paid 20 bucks to scream "Rahh!!"?

ERIN

On break.

TAMIA

He quit because the building where he's working doesn't meet the state building codes.

ERIN

At least the concrete is cool. It doesn't absorb the heat, ya know.

JOCELYN

(disinterested)

M-hm.

TAMIA

(disinterested)

Yep.

ERIN

I don't think I could sleep here.

TAMIA

Why is that even something you're questioning?

ERIN

Just because.

JOCELYN

That somehow reminds me.

TAMIA

What?

*JOCELYN suddenly stands, acts out what she's saying as she speaks.*

JOCELYN

I was staying at my uncle's the other night. By the other night, I don't mean yesterday. This was two weeks ago. So I was staying at my uncle's house. And there was a set of wooden Russian dolls in the room I was staying in and on the day I was leaving, as I was picking up my backpack, I knocked them off the dresser. All the little dolls went flying all over the room. I think it made a really loud noise. Somehow, I could see it coming from miles away. Though I was a little surprised.... Two of them were fine. I put them back on the dresser. Three of them broke. I took the pieces and stuffed them in my backpack. There also was a little glass ornament on the dresser, and I thought I've already come this far.... I pocketed it. I didn't need it. I think it's



somewhere in my apartment now. I just remember sprinting down the stairs. I could hear the dolls shaking against each other in my bag and yelled ‘goodbyeeeee!!!’.

TAMIA

How does that relate to anything?

ERIN

Yeah, I’ve done something similar.

JOCELYN

What?

ERIN

Ok, so I’m at Regina’s–

*A loud crash can be heard off stage. TAMIA and ERIN jump.*

TAMIA

What was that??

JOCELYN

That’s the heater. It like, I like to ‘burp’, sometimes.

TAMIA

Are you sure? That was really fucking loud. There’s no one doing construction or anything after the garage closes?

JOCELYN

No.

ERIN

How do you do construction in a parking garage?

TAMIA

Like you do anywhere else... things break. You have to fix them– You’re 100% sure that’s the heater? We’re the only ones here?

JOCELYN

We’re alone. I’m 100% mostly sure. Pretty sure.

TAMIA

Cus if we got a witness, it’s less likely the business can do anything about that for this one.

ERIN

Tamia, we’re fine. Jos says it’s just the heater. She worked here.

TAMIA

Ok, yeah... anyway, Erin, you were saying?

ERIN

So I'm at Regina's... I forgot what I was going to say.

JOCELYN

It'll come back to you if it's important.

ERIN

I guess that's the universe – I should just keep it to myself.

....

TAMIA

Wait – were you going to give the accidental dine and dash story?

ERIN

No, it wasn't that. I had something else and it was so fucking relevant.

*Another quieter 'burp' from the noise.*

TAMIA

That freaks me out.

JOCELYN

It's literally just the heater.

TAMIA

I can't explain it. It's dumb.

JOCELYN

Maybe I'm just used to it.

TAMIA

It sounded like a drill that time.

ERIN

Maybe it's our worst nightmare!

JOCELYN

CANNIBAL CLOWNS.

TAMIA AND JOCELYN

DETAILED DIAGRAMS OF LUNGS.

ERIN

Yes, those.

TAMIA

Is it me or is this fucking heat getting worse?

ERIN

I have a different example of what Jocelyn was saying about her uncle.

TAMIA

What?

ERIN

It's like when you're a little high, and then hit the corner of another car when parking, but you don't do anything about it and just park across the lot so you're not suspected.

JOCELYN

Oh yeah.

TAMIA

Oh yeah.

JOCELYN

CANNIBAL CLOWNS!

ERIN

DETAILED DIAGRAMS OF LUNGS!

*JOCELYN stands. She looks out on us for a moment then sits.*

TAMIA

What are you doing?

ERIN

You know I think the heat is getting worse.

*JOCELYN stands again. She begins walking a little aimlessly around the garage, like how one does when they have pent up energy and are bored.*

JOCELYN

I don't know.

TAMIA

Yes, I know, but why?

JOCELYN

I needed something to do.

TAMIA

Well that's dumb. Just stay sitting. Stop being weird.

JOCELYN

Why?

TAMIA

We haven't done something this organized before.

ERIN

That doesn't mean we're not good at this.

TAMIA

That's not what I was saying.

JOCELYN

Then what are you saying?

*JOCELYN's eyes suddenly widen in fear. She runs back and slides down behind the post where TAMIA and ERIN are comfortable.*

ERIN

What was that about?

JOCELYN

(whispers)

SHHH. SOMEONE'S HERE.

TAMIA

(whispers)

What do they look like?

JOCELYN

I don't know. I didn't get that good a look.

ERIN

(whispers)

Did they see--

*In business casual, DEXTER enters with a very large briefcase appearing simultaneously exhausted and uptight. He walks past in front of the trio. He takes out a giant early cellphone, circa 1990, from his jacket, and begins dialing on it. They follow him with their gaze. He doesn't seem to notice them.*

*Once he passes, TAMIA rises. She produces a large switchblade from seemingly nowhere and sneaks up behind DEXTER. She does not move fast enough for any blocking of violence. DEXTER exits, and TAMIA follows.  
The lights flicker dramatically. JOCELYN and ERIN look up at them.*

BLACKOUT.

*Someone screams.*

LIGHTS UP ON:

*Dexter stands alone, center.*

#### DEXTER

Isabella Stewart Gardner, in her day, often called affectionately by her city “Donna Isabella”, “Isabella of Boston” and “Mrs. Jack” was born in 1840 in New York City, New York, United States. Daughter of a wealthy linen merchant. Childhood in Manhattan. High School in Paris. Fluent in French and Italian and art. Once, in 1912, while attending the Boston Symphony, she wore a white headband which read “Oh you Red Sox”. She was the most eccentric woman. No one knew what to do. She was the most eccentric woman.

In 1858, while visiting a friend, in Boston, she met John Lowell Gardner, often called Jack, a man so Boston that countless Massachusetts towns are named after his lineage. Descendent of Percivell Lowell. Grandson of John Peabody. Of course he went to Harvard. Isabella married Jack. Their first baby died of pneumonia. The second was lost in a miscarriage and doctors said Isabella couldn’t have children. So Jack and Isabella traveled. They saw Paris. They saw Russia. They saw Scandinavia. They saw Egypt and Turkey and Central Europe and China and Peru. Anders Zorn even painted her in Venice.

*Project paintings of Isabella Stewart Gardner in Venice by Anders Zorn and Isabella Stewart Gardner by John Singer Sargent.*

#### DEXTER

And she didn’t just travel. She collected. In 1898, after Jack passed, she bought new property to dedicate a house in Boston’s Fenway district to all the art she brought home. She packed every room with paintings, ceramics, textiles, furniture, rare books and manuscripts. Each with its own period or theme. Each with its own name. The Yellow Room. The Dutch Room. Little Salon. Short Gallery. Tapestry Room. Gothic Room. Over 7500 art pieces in a three story house. With breathtaking courtyards and gardens. I don’t know where to look. Once she hosted a boxing match in her home and danced while the men fought. She wore diamonds in her hair. She was the most eccentric woman. She often spent hours burning papers and documents about herself. The Boston Reporter once called her one of the “seven wonders of Boston.” Another newspaper said she walked zoo lions in the Boston Common. She opened the museum to the public in 1903. Originally called “Fenway Court”, it now adorns the name of its founder – The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. At the reception, she served champagne and donuts. Even the Isabella’s of the world run on Dunkin.

And before she died, in 1924, she instructed that not a detail of the museum be changed. This was her collection. Everything in its place. Exactly how it's meant to be perceived. Everything confounding.

By the 1980s, the museum began struggling for money. On St. Patrick's Day, 1990... I should've known. I should've just gone home early like everyone else. Or at least not left through the parking garage.

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP ON:

## SCENE TWO

*ERIN and JOCELYN glare at TAMIA, who stands over DEXTER. The weapon has disappeared. DEXTER is a bit awkward - to say the least. He lays with a pool of blood by his neck.*

*The glares are held, beginning to make TAMIA uncomfortable. There is a pause, then...*

TAMIA

I didn't mean to do that, really!

JOCELYN

(sarcastically)

Uh-huh, just like how I didn't mean to steal the Russian dolls at my uncle's house.

ERIN

(sarcastically)

And how I didn't mean to hit that car in the parking lot when I was high.

.... TAMIA sputters a bit.

TAMIA

But both of you didn't actually mean to do those things!!

ERIN

How do you know?

TAMIA

Because you don't purposefully hit another car when parking.

JOCELYN

Yeah, but you don't accidentally murder someone when sneaking up behind them with a switchblade.

TAMIA

And you broke the Russian dolls by accident! Your argument makes no sense.

JOCELYN

You murdered someone!

TAMIA

No, it was by accident!

....

TAMIA

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh Shit. OH SHIT!!

ERIN  
What?

TAMIA  
Just... now everything's complicated.

*TAMIA begins pacing.*

JOCELYN  
Yeah. Everything now is complicated.

ERIN  
I wonder what he was still doing here?

JOCELYN  
He's dead. He can't do much of anything.

ERIN  
No, I mean most people would have gone home by now.

JOCELYN  
I don't know... must of been working late.

ERIN  
Did people often work late when you worked here?

JOCELYN  
I wouldn't know. I was always out by 6. I just let people in, they could get out on their own.

TAMIA  
Could both of you just shut up?!

JOCELYN  
What is it now?

TAMIA  
What are we going to do with him?

JOCELYN  
I don't think there's much to do.

TAMIA  
We have to move him. We have to put him somewhere at least.



JOCELYN

Ok, but where? And even if we wear our gloves, a strand of hair's going to fall on him or something or snot or something's going to give us away.

TAMIA

That's not going to give us away.

JOCELYN

No, that's a thing they can do now.

ERIN

You really think I'm that messy?

JOCELYN

You - yes. Tamia - yes.

ERIN

Always the germaphobe.

TAMIA

Can you take this seriously?

ERIN

No I can't! Because you clearly didn't. And it's not like there's a closet or some other enclosed space to put him in in a parking garage so I think we just have to let it be.

JOCELYN

What if someone else comes this way?

TAMIA

(quietly)

I do the same thing.

JOCELYN

No, we have to do something with him.

TAMIA

What would your Dad do?

JOCELYN

I don't know! It's not like I went with him. What did yours –  
(realizing)

Dump him in the river. And the knife too.

ERIN

You know-

JOCELYN

What?

ERIN

Have... any of you ever thought about why we were hired for this job?

TAMIA

Because I'm good at this. It's something I'm good at.

(looking down at Dexter)

Usually.

JOCELYN

Honestly? Someone wanted me to die of heat exhaustion.

ERIN

No, yes I know all that, but why did they want what we're taking?

.....

ERIN

Tamia?

TAMIA

Why would I know?

ERIN

You were the point of contact-

TAMIA

That's not something you ask.

*ERIN sighs.*

ERIN

Well maybe you should've. I don't know. Look at his suit. That guy could be a lawyer. In fact, he'd probably know exactly how to handle this sort of situation. That's what I bet. But more than that, he's probably worth a bit of trouble. Like if it weren't for the blood, I'd want that suit.

TAMIA

It wouldn't fit you.

ERIN

It'd be nice to have it. I'd get it tailored to me. Put a bow through my hair to make it all nice and tidy for once. I think that'd complete the look. Be the boss. And then I'd move out to a ranch. Like Colorado or Montana. The big sky. Live off the land. Maybe rig oil or something like that. Go hunting a lot too. I've always thought it'd be cool to bring a trophy home. Like a big ass

moose with those huge antlers. And I could've had all of that. But you had to get blood on his suit.

*TAMIA sighs. JOCELYN almost giggles.*

TAMIA

I can't talk to you right now.

ERIN

That probably a lawyer's job is to ask questions, right? I think we should too. We should look into the paintings we're stealing. What's it for? Are they just pretty? Is it to make a statement against the city?

TAMIA

It's just better not to ask, Erin.

ERIN

It's just shit has already very clearly hit the fan, right? I want to know if this is worth it. If really, I still have a chance at that Montana ranch.

TAMIA

One dude has died. That's it. We drop him at the river like Jocelyn said.

JOCELYN

... Tamia's right. Right now, no one but us knows he's dead.

TAMIA

Exactly.

JOCELYN

Best place for him right now is probably in the car.

TAMIA

I just cleaned the inside. God damn't.

ERIN

Where else you want to put him?

TAMIA

I'm not disagreeing.

(gesturing to DEXTER)

Could one of you help me with him?

ERIN

Sure.

*ERIN heads towards TAMIA, standing beside DEXTER.*

ERIN

You know, I think I really do want to live on a ranch.

TAMIA

You're always talking about going somewhere with "open country".

ERIN

Yeah. I mean, Montana, it's literally called the Big Sky.

TAMIA

You know... when I think about it. I think I'd really like that too.

ERIN

... I feel like it actually suits you better than me. I'd eventually get tired of it.

TAMIA

Do you really think so?

ERIN

Yeah, I think I just like the idea of it more than anything. You go be on the ranch.

TAMIA

Maybe I will.

*ERIN and TAMIA lower themselves to lift DEXTER, grabbing his arms and legs. BOWIE stumbles on, looking disheveled, as if he's definitely on... something. They are dressed in business casual and hold a cigarette and give the demeanor as if high on something else. They silently although dramatically gasps.*

TAMIA

Ok. Lets move our friend.

ERIN

The dead guy?

TAMIA

Who else?

*ERIN points at BOWIE, dropping an arm or leg in the process.*

ERIN

Him.

*TAMIA turns.*

BOWIE

What the fuck did you do to him?!?!?!?

TAMIA

It was an accident, ok? I've already gotten enough crap about this. He was threatening us! They won't believe—

BOWIE

But he's dead!!! He's been sliced at the neck. What type of accident is that?

TAMIA

Sometimes we do things by accident!

BOWIE

Like slicing someone at the neck!!

TAMIA

He was coming at me. And if you don't mind yourself, you're next!! In fact, you've stumbled into the wrong parking garage—

BOWIE

Oh, you think I just stumbled in here—

TAMIA

You sure look like it.

BOWIE

Ok, well then - God, it is so hot down here. Is it alright if I take off my jacket? I'm gonna lay it over our friend Dexter.

*BOWIE walks over to DEXTER and lays their jacket over DEXTER's head. The girls, stunned by this behavior.*

JOCELYN

You know him?

BOWIE

No, not really, it's just he looks so ugly with the blood and stuff....so what brings you three to the parking garage tonight?

ERIN

What brings you here - this general area? The parking garage?

BOWIE

I work here.

TAMIA  
Uh-huh. What do you do? Who are you?

BOWIE  
A friend of Jimmy's..

*Sighs of relief.*

JOCELYN  
God damn, for a second I thought you were a cop.

BOWIE  
No, no, no. Please be comfortable.

ERIN  
What's your job here?

BOWIE  
I don't have a title.

ERIN  
Then, why are you here now?

BOWIE  
Because I am.

TAMIA  
Why can't you tell us? And when you answer, remember what I accidentally did to him.

*TAMIA points at DEXTER.*

BOWIE  
Look, ladies. I have an obligation.

TAMIA  
To?

BOWIE  
Huh, yeah. We don't ask that. I don't even ask--

ERIN  
Who's 'we' here? Are we included with you?

BOWIE  
You guys have so many questions. I didn't expect my entrance to be so poorly received. I find it a bit rude if I'm to be honest.

ERIN

I don't care. If I'm rude, I'm rude to your face. If you're not going to come in here and talk all mysterious cryptic guy with us, why should we talk to you with any type of respect?

BOWIE

(whiny and irritated)

Why the heck do you need to know me? Why don't you just accept that I'm here breathing down your neck just like I do with everyone else, ok?

TAMIA

Breathing down who's what now?

ERIN

This is exactly what I'm talking about. You can't just be a creep. Even if she killed somebody.

JOCELYN

... Do you work at the museum specifically or with the garage?

*BOWIE stumbles over himself a little.*

ERIN

(quietly, to TAMIA)

Tam, I'm thinking this guy's just high out of his mind.

BOWIE

I have my role in the museum and the garage. I'm here a lot. I know you don't work here.

JOCELYN

No, I'm a parking attendant... and my friends and I were originally were going to go out, but I was working late so we came here. Then...

TAMIA

We found the dead guy, but were too scared to call the police because me and Erin weren't supposed be here.

ERIN

Thanks for dropping my name.

TAMIA

Like you're the only Erin anybody's ever met.

BOWIE

I see. I see. Let's pretend that's true. How long have you been working at the parking garage now?

JOCELYN

... Six months.

BOWIE

The thing is I have also been working here for six months and haven't seen you once in the parking attendant booth 300 feet that way.

JOCELYN

I can't explain tha--

ERIN

Oh! She's been sick!

BOWIE

No, I know disease. I can smell it.

ERIN

That means?

BOWIE

SHUT UP!

(calmer)

I need to think. You need to let me think. This is why I'm here. This is my situation. My job. But first you need to be honest too. Why did you kill Dexter?

*TAMIA hesitates.*

TAMIA

I didn't mean to.

BOWIE

It doesn't look like you didn't mean to. Not a single person in this world is going to believe you.

ERIN

That's what I was telling her!!

JOCELYN

She literally snuck up behind him.

ERIN

Tiptoeing!

JOCELYN

Tiptoeing!



Tip--

ERIN

TAMIA  
(releasing her rage.)  
Ok, and you accidentally hit someone's car when parking when you were high!!  
(Now pointing to JOCELYN)  
And you broke and stole your uncle's Russian dolls!!

ERIN

Those aren't comparable things.

TAMIA

But they kinda are!

ERIN

How?

TAMIA

They just... are.

JOCELYN

... How?

TAMIA

I really killed somebody. Fuck.

BOWIE

You just realized this?

*A loud crash, similar to earlier, is heard off stage. ALL tense. Tamia falls over. Getting back up, she glances under her jacket.*

BOWIE

And what the fuck is that?

JOCELYN

The heater down here is a nightmare.

BOWIE

That's not a heater.

TAMIA

Wow, I have blood all down my left arm.

ERIN

Take off your jacket.

*TAMIA takes off her jacket. All up and down her left arm is bright red.*

JOCELYN

WOW!

ERIN

It's so red! Shit!

TAMIA

Shit. I must of cut myself when I--

BOWIE

Funny.

TAMIA

I didn't even feel it.

ERIN

Do you feel it now?

TAMIA

No. I don't feel anything.

JOCELYN

We should bandage you. Now.

ERIN

Oh -- I-- there's a first aid kit in the car!

*ERIN runs off.*

JOCELYN

Of course she would.

TAMIA

Of course she would.

*There are two loud crashes. JOCELYN gets up to examine TAMIA.*

BOWIE

Knock! Knock!...

TAMIA

What the fuck is that? Is it me or is it getting worse?

JOCELYN

(to TAMIA, softly)

Put pressure on it with your jacket... Let me tie it.

*JOCELYN takes TAMIA's jacket and ties it around her left arm. From here, TAMIA gets increasingly distressed as her pain intensifies.*

JOCELYN

Remember - the heater. Yeah, it's getting worse for some reason.

BOWIE

Who's there?

TAMIA

That was my question. There's something else going on here. I can feel it.

JOCELYN

What do you mean?

TAMIA

I can just feel it.

JOCELYN

Remember you're injured. You're in shock.

*BOWIE's begun bouncing around the stage, as if testing the ground beneath them.*

TAMIA

There's just something wrong right now. There's something so deeply wrong. I think I'm going to die.

JOCELYN

You're not going to die.

TAMIA

(to BOWIE)

What the fuck are you doing?

JOCELYN

Ignore him.

TAMIA  
(to JOCELYN)

No.

(to BOWIE)

What the fuck is your weird ass doing right now??

BOWIE

I'm testing the ground. Something's on its way. Something's definitely on its way – Wait, are you the heist girls? Yes, you're Jocelyn. You're Jocelyn. That's who you are.

JOCELYN

What do you mean by heist girls? Have you been listening to us?

TAMIA

Jos, I'm starting not to feel good.

JOCELYN

And how the fuck do you know my name?

BOWIE

I hear good. I hear things.

*JOCELYN takes a step towards BOWIE. TAMIA pulls her back.*

TAMIA  
(in JOCELYN's ear)

Erin has the gun...

JOCELYN

So you have been listening to us.

BOWIE

NO! No I wouldn't dare.

JOCELYN

I don't believe anything that's coming out of your mouth. Do you even know Jimmy?

TAMIA

How do you know Dexter?

BOWIE

That's wise and no, no, no – don't ask me that.

TAMIA  
(to JOCELYN)

How did this get so fucked? We're not even in the museum yet.

JOCELYN

One step at a time – this isn't as bad as it feels right now. You're just stressed.

TAMIA

You don't lie to me.

JOCELYN

Ok, it is kinda bad. But we're figuring it out.

BOWIE

(to themselves)

That was my question who? That was my question who? That was my question – This morning, there was somebody on my porch, or maybe more than one somebody -- I know because there was three thunderous raps on my door. Rap! Rap! Rap! – I keep my blinds closed, so I had no view of them. And they had no view on me. I grabbed my shooter, tucked it in my jeans and approached the door with the nimbleness of a mouse. I peered through the peephole. Do you know who was there? I saw those ugly pretty faces. I thought to myself 'why am I here?' I knew I had to get to the garage tonight, make my way over to Fenway -- Catch a ballgame. They're playing tonight.

TAMIA

Ok, Erin's definitely right.

JOCELYN

(to TAMIA)

About...

*TAMIA gestures to indicate someone injecting something in their forearm.*

JOCELYN

You're saying...

TAMIA

He's high. He's high as fuck.

JOCELYN

Well duh.

BOWIE

Are you talking about me?... You're talking about me, aren't you? You know, the ballgame I'm talking about isn't at Fenway, it's a few blocks down, across the Muddy. It's right here, isn't it? That's where we're playing. I'll pitch if you aren't careful.

*BOWIE motions as if winding up to pitch a baseball.*

JOCELYN

I've never been into sports. So, I don't know, I think you've got the wrong spot. And you should leave. Right now. Before anyone else gets hurt.

BOWIE

Not here to play? Alright, so, six months in this parking garage! I never saw you.

*TAMIA groans. JOCELYN rushes to hold her up.*

JOCELYN

We have a little more important things to deal with.

(to TAMIA)

What happened?

TAMIA

It's getting so much worse.

BOWIE

This is pretty important. You have been here for six months.

JOCELYN

Quiet or I fucking swear—

BOWIE

Erin will be back in a second, it's ok.

TAMIA

Where is she? She's taking forever.

TAMIA

How do you know us?

BOWIE

I sometimes go by Bowie if that makes you feel better.

TAMIA

Like the singer?

BOWIE

The singer's like me. I know everything.

TAMIA

(to JOCELYN, a little too loudly)

What is he on? There's no way he knows Jimmy, right?

JOCELYN

(quieter)

I don't know if he does. But a part of me doesn't want to risk that he does either. But...

BOWIE

You know I can hear both of you.

*JOCELYN turns to BOWIE.*

JOCELYN

Just be straight with us, alright? We're all going to feel better that way. You're clearly on something. What is it? And whose side are you on here? Are you with us or against us?

BOWIE

Shut up.

*JOCELYN unsheaths TAMIA's knife.*

BOWIE

(beat.)

Blow. And I know everything.

JOCELYN

Right.

BOWIE

Erin seems to be taking longer than expected. Try me.

TAMIA

... What caused the universe to start?

JOCELYN

Tamia, don't-

BOWIE

Well when a Mommy pre-universe and a Daddy pre-universe love each other very much... they do this little thing called the // Big Bang.

JOCELYN

O-K.

TAMIA

What was the last thing my Dad said to me?

BOWIE

Something along the lines of, “Can you handle the desserts for next weekend? And while you’re in the area, could ya pick up the envelope from Mr. Duffy, he’s late on his payments again.”

TAMIA

Oh my god. That’s right! Did the moon landing really happen?

BOWIE

No.

TAMIA

Is it important that Dexter’s dead?

BOWIE

Honestly no clue.

TAMIA

So you lied. You don’t know everything. How long do we have on climate change?

BOWIE

We’re already dead.

TAMIA

Why is Erin taking so long?

*BOWIE turns pale.*

JOCELYN

Probably trying to remember where she put the fucking—

BOWIE

I don’t know. Something’s odd happening that way.

TAMIA

That’s twice! You basically don’t know anything.

JOCELYN

How are you feeling? Is the jacket tight enough?

TAMIA

I’m fine! He knows what my Dad said to me.

JOCELYN

Lots of people know of your Dad. Maybe he saw something. Maybe he took a guess. Maybe you’re misremembering.



TAMIA

I don't misremember.

JOCELYN

He's as high as Beacon hill. I'm worried about your wound still bleeding.

TAMIA

Knew about my Dad.

JOCELYN

And my father's at the bottom of the Mystic. It's not really news.

BOWIE

Uh, it's the Charles actually.

TAMIA

Ask 'em something. It's fun.

*JOCELYN sighs. She turns towards BOWIE.*

JOCELYN

Why can't you say who you are?

BOWIE

I'm... the devil... Actually no. I don't like how that sounds.

JOCELYN

Oh...

TAMIA

He looks nothing like Tybalt.

BOWIE

Like who?

TAMIA

But she still might have a crush on you.

BOWIE

Oh, really? You love me?

JOCELYN

No I don't. She's not feeling alright. And we were talking about this character from a movie earlier--

BOWIE

Well, sorry if I disappointed. But here I am. I guess you gotta get used to me.

JOCELYN

Seriously? You gotta leave.

TAMIA

Though seriously... Where's Erin? I was lying before now I'm actually starting to feel my arm and ow oh oh ah.

*In response to the pain, TAMIA loses her footing and falls.*

JOCELYN

I can go look for her.

TAMIA

And leave me with the devil?

JOCELYN

I'll be just a minute. And he seems maybe harmless? Incapacitated? Like--

TAMIA

He's the devil.

JOCELYN

He seems like he'll tell you he's the president if you let him. I'll be right back.

BOWIE

Jocelyn, you know if I can't say what's going on that way... .

JOCELYN

No. I don't know.

BOWIE

If I can't tell you...

JOCELYN

Tamia, I'm going to be right back.

BOWIE

Ok then. Suit yourself.

TAMIA

(to JOCELYN)

But what if...

JOCELYN

Take this.

*JOCELYN hands TAMIA her knife back. Then, she exits. There is another loud crash. In an awkward silence, there is a similarly awkward tension between TAMIA and BOWIE. She takes out a cross necklace from under her shirt. Then, DEXTER begins screaming.*

DEXTER

AHHH! AHHH! AHH!!

*DEXTER stands with the coat on his head. He scrambles to get it off.*

DEXTER

(gasping)

There's blood on me! There's... there's... it's all over my shirt. Is it mine?

*DEXTER pauses to take a breath. He turns to see TAMIA and BOWIE. He yelps. He points at BOWIE.*

DEXTER

It's you! It's you. I saw you in my sleep. You... you.... AHHHH! I think... I think I fainted.

BOWIE

Yeah...

DEXTER

Who-- what are-- who are you-- what are you do--

BOWIE

Nothing.

(gesturing towards TAMIA.)

She tried to kill you.

DEXTER

Wha?--

TAMIA

It was by accident! How many--

BOWIE

She tried to kill you.

DEXTER

She tried ta--

*TAMIA stumbles towards DEXTER slightly, knife in hand. She takes a breath to begin to speak.*

DEXTER  
STAY AWAY FROM ME! STAY AWAY! STAY AWAY!

TAMIA  
I swear I didn't mean it!

*DEXTER begins backing up from TAMIA. TAMIA starts to follow, but falls. She stays where she does, unable to move.*

BOWIE  
Wait! If you leave that way, you'll probably not come back!

TAMIA  
Where's your car? We checked the whole garage to make sure nobody else was here.

DEXTER  
I'M WALKING DISTANCE FROM WORK. A LOT OF PPL ARE WALKING DISTANCE-!  
WHY AM I-- ! STAY AWAY FROM ME. I'M BACKING UP! I'M BACKING UP!

*DEXTER exits. He never picked up his briefcase, which is on the ground near what must be really TAMIA's blood puddle.*

TAMIA  
That didn't really just happen, did it?

BOWIE  
It did.

TAMIA  
Really?

BOWIE  
I don't know. Probably.

TAMIA  
Probably?

BOWIE  
So it's just you and me.

TAMIA  
YOU stay away from me.

BOWIE

What have I done? I think I'm somehow being judged unfairly by all of you.

TAMIA

You somehow fucked with that guys head, didn't you?

BOWIE

You try waking up next to the person that tried to murder you.

TAMIA

Shut the fuck up.

BOWIE

Ok, but you tried to kill him.

TAMIA

Ok, but it looks like I barely even left a scratch... I'm a little disappointed in myself.

BOWIE

So you finally admit killing him was your intention?

TAMIA

I mean, yeah, I guess... but he might've compromised everything with the robbery. Plus he seems kinda weird, is that really so terrible?

BOWIE

Personally... no, not really. But to me it still looks compromised.

TAMIA

Shut the fuck up... You know, you do seem like you know Jimmy. Sometimes you can just kinda tell.

*BOWIE stays silent, catching TAMIA by surprise.*

TAMIA

(to herself)

Where are my friends?

BOWIE

I don't know.

TAMIA

That was to myself.

BOWIE

It's my long ears. I hear too much.

TAMIA

You said you know everything and I think you do. You at least know my Dad. Where are they?

BOWIE

I never said that.

TAMIA

You literally did.

BOWIE

Did I? I can't remember.

TAMIA

Yes.

BOWIE

Oh.

(beat.)

I don't remember most things I say. Or what's happened at any particular moment. There's always too much going on at once.

*TAMIA's panting at this point from the pain in her arm.*

TAMIA

Yeah, I get that. It's so fucking hot down here.

BOWIE

It's hell.

TAMIA

What in the hell are you saying?

BOWIE

Something like that. Just my whole day's been hell.

TAMIA

I'm gonna find my friends.

BOWIE

As I've tried to say before... I can't guarantee you'll come back.

TAMIA

I know. But I need the first aid kit. My arm is killing me.

BOWIE

Word choice Tamia!

TAMIA

I need to get this wrapped up.

BOWIE

That's better.

*TAMIA, most the way to the exit, hobbles or crawls off, leaving BOWIE alone. There is a loud crash.*

BOWIE

Yeah, she's not coming back.

*BOWIE takes a moment. He changes somehow intangibly. He imitates Tamia, then becomes themselves (differently).*

BOWIE

'I could not sit in that car one more minute!' It's absurdly hot down here. I wonder... I wonder where I might be able to find some water. I hate this place. Desperately thirsty. Is it —

*A car alarm sounds from somewhere interrupting BOWIE.*

BOWIE

Gahhhhh.

*BOWIE glowers at something offstage where everyone else has exited. He yells, but still is barely audible.*

BOWIE

THIS IS POINTLESS! I HAD A WHOLE THING, BUT NO ONE CAN HEAR ME!

*BOWIE stomps off the opposite exit in a huff. The car alarm continues. Then, ERIN runs on with the first aid kit. She's in a panic.*

ERIN

I GOT IT! I GOT IT! WHERE'S EVERYBODY? HELLO?

*ERIN begins wandering around the stage, searching for her friends. BOWIE reenters and strides across towards the other exit, still quite angry. As BOWIE is leaving, DEXTER enters leisurely. He has headphones on, connected to a Walkman. He pops them off, and then covers his ears as he hears the alarm for the first time. The pain in his eardrums causes him much struggle as he covers his ears again. Once he finishes, he begins panting, as a response to all the energy that this task took. He spots his briefcase. He leaps towards it, tries to retrieve it, but can't seem to lift it off the ground. He puts his back into it and struggles greatly, falling over in the process and in other ways injuring himself. DEXTER continues to wrestle this strange unmoving briefcase before eventually*

*taking a step back. He stares at the unmoving object in disbelief. Slowly, he begins to back away before running, falling over himself as he exits again. Even above the other noise, a loud crash can be heard. The car alarm keeps ringing.*

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP ON:



## SCENE THREE

*We are on the porch of a luxurious Montana ranch. This vacation home is at least five times the size of wherever you live. This porch is larger than your largest room. The ground and sky extend forever.*

*TAMIA, now TOM, a tycoon sits on this porch. Next to him is BOWIE. Each has a glass of whiskey in their hand.*

TOM

So since you seem to know so much on the subject, how would you go about buying it?

*BOWIE stares off into the distance, lost in space.*

TOM

Hey. Hey! Are you listening to me?

BOWIE

Buying what now?

TOM

The fucking museum. The Gardner. The city's not taking care of it, but there's some sentimental thing - right. There will be a poor reaction.

BOWIE

Maybe. Perhaps. Sorry my mind is kind of elsewhere.

TOM

Should I be concerned?

BOWIE

Just start the dig from here. No one can stop you. They'll be grateful you took initiative on the renovations.

TOM

Hm.

*A beat.*

TOM

Dexter!!

*DEXTER hurries in.*

DEXTER

What is it, Tom?

TOM

Find some people to put a whole in my porch. We're going to dig to the museum.

DEXTER

Sir?

TOM

What is it?... Have I not made myself clear?

DEXTER

I'm here to finalize the purchase of the museum. I don't know anything about renovating your home—

TOM

JUST FIND ME THE DAMN PEOPLE!!

DEXTER

Of course. Sorry.

*DEXTER hurries off.*

BOWIE

You do got a good place here.

TOM

Perfect getaway. A man should have a ranch. It's the only right way to live. I wanted to do some hunting, but I pulled something in my shoulder. I guess I been meaning to bring a masseuse over, but there's no one out here who does housecalls except those whores that try to massage you a little extra. Absolutely repulsive.

BOWIE

How about this – if you get your massage, I'll take the little extra.

*TOM chuckles.*

TOM

You're disgusting.

*DEXTER reenters, with WORKER 1 and WORKER 2 behind him, in fake looking construction outfits.*

DEXTER

I found some people. Where do you want them to dig?

TOM

Where do you think? To the museum.

DEXTER

The Gardner?

TOM

Yes, have them dig to the Gardner.

DEXTER

We're in Montana.

TOM

Do you think I'm stupid? Is that what you think?

DEXTER

Of course not. We'll dig to the Gardner.

*BOWIE and TOM take a sip from their drinks. DEXTER gives instructions to the workers in the background. After they receive these instructions, WORKER 1 exits and returns with a handsaw while WORKER 2 exits and returns with a jackhammer. WORKER 1 begins cutting a hole in the porch.*

BOWIE

Isn't this going to make some noise?

TOM

They're on the upper end of the porch. That's a good distance away. We'll be fine.

*WORKER 1 removes a portion of the porch while WORKER 2 places the jackhammer in the hole. WORKER 2 starts the jackhammer. WORKER 1 makes a quiet 'jackhammer noise' before it fades.*

TOM

Have you ever been out this far west?

BOWIE

Of course I have, who do you think I am?

TOM

I don't know - you're such a Boston guy. I thought you wouldn't leave there.

BOWIE

I got a house in Florida.

TOM

Still the East Coast. This isn't quite your speed, is it?

BOWIE

What do you mean?

TOM

It's the frontier. Every day, the earth reminds you that it's so much bigger than you out here. A speck to those mountains. A speck in that desert. Even the driving times will remind you. Out here, the earth can make you disappear. Some people are scared of that. I like to think that I embrace. But back East, everything is so shut into itself. You can be the top of the world back east. But you're a fool to think so.

BOWIE

You think I'm the top of the world back east then, huh?

TOM

That wasn't what I was saying—

BOWIE

No, but it's what you said. I appreciate your respect. And you're right.

TOM

In that?

BOWIE

I don't like it out here. I don't like to be on my own. I served in the air force out here at Great Falls and... there was a lot of guys. But none of them like me. But I also don't know why you gotta act like you aren't just some shithead New Yorker trying on your first pair of overalls. Like really, Tom? You work in tech. You've spent half your life building computers. This isn't you. This is cosplay, isn't it? C'mon. Be real with me – Can you be real with me? – You can just sit their and sip your drink if you want—

TOM

If you give me a chance to respond—

BOWIE

Please tell me about it.

TOM

I'm... rediscovering myself. That's something I've been focusing on. Every day I transform into someone else. I transform and transform again. And this house. This is where I get all my best ideas. This is where I get in touch with the world. This is where I feel raw. So yes – maybe I grew up in New York. Maybe I live most of the time in California. James, this is my home.

BOWIE

Call me Jimmy. Everybody does.

TOM

I prefer James.

BOWIE

Only my grandmother calls me that.

TOM

Alright. Jimmy.

BOWIE

But something we should get out of the way now – if anybody asks who you're having over, I'm your friend Bowie, ok?

TOM

Bowie?

BOWIE

It's an unusual name. No one thinks an unusual name is fake.

TOM

Alright then, Bowie.

BOWIE

So this ranch then – this is a type of sanctuary for you.

TOM

In a sense.

BOWIE

I understand that. A man needs that. So obviously you had to bring me out here so we could talk about such holy things as buying a museum.

TOM

I guess... I guess that's right.

BOWIE

A lot of religious paintings in that museum - I'm sure you know that.

TOM

I've been briefed on the contents. It sounds like a lot... are you religious?

BOWIE

I know God's out there.

TOM

But you're not in church.

BOWIE

He don't think much of me.

(beat, gesturing to the construction)

How long is this going to take?

TOM

A day or two. Dexter knows.

BOWIE

Right. Well I don't want to—

*TOM takes a ziploc bag containing coke out of his suit pocket.*

TOM

It's not yours, I'm sorry, but I thought as long as you're someplace so beautiful.

BOWIE

Huh, thank you but I don't usually do that stuff.

TOM

Really?

BOWIE

It's not for me.

TOM

But you've done it?

BOWIE

I have. I want to know what my people are getting into.

TOM

Well you haven't done this— actually, first — why isn't it for you?

BOWIE

It's just... people have their vices. We all do. We all got something.

(pointing at the bag)

That isn't my something.

TOM

It should be. All that got me through '87.

*BOWIE laughs.*

BOWIE

You know what... it is gorgeous out here. I could loosen up.

TOM

There we go.

*TOM opens up the bag, which also contains a tube. He pours out two small lines on a small table between the men and sculps them with the tube. He snorts the first line, then hands the tube to BOWIE. BOWIE snorts the second line.*

BOWIE

That's going to have some kick. Christ. This isn't one of my competitors? I'm not crapping on myself, am I?

TOM

No, I bought it in L.A.

BOWIE

And before that?

TOM

Peru.

BOWIE

Do you know who?

TOM

I... I don't. I thought you said you don't really do this stuff?

BOWIE

I don't, it's just... business is business. Though I'm not sure how much longer these days.

TOM

Why's that?

BOWIE

DEA has everything they need for most of my dealers. Sometime in the next year they're going to prosecute.

TOM

Oh. I'm sorry.

(beat.)

So what are you going to do next?

BOWIE

I don't know. Get old.

*BOWIE slumps a bit in his chair.*

BOWIE

Why do you want this museum so bad? It's a historical thing. It's this kinda historical city thing. You could build your own if you wanted to—

TOM

No one's taking care of it. It's a beautiful space— It needs some cleaning up and you know, there's some need for changes — but you'll be remembered. You were notorious. You still are. But I... I'm not going to be remembered unless I put my name up in front of everybody. Unless they think I've given them something. They don't know what I've done for them. I use to think that didn't matter. Just if I played the game right, that'd be the achievement right there. That all this and everything else, the people on Wall Street who know me and the people in San Francisco who know me, that would be enough. But those aren't real people. None of us are real people. They're all going to die. But I can live on.

BOWIE

Who gives a fuck?

TOM

Hey, I'm saying some deep shit right now, man.

BOWIE

You're not deep at all. People aren't deep. A family — that's deep. A country — that's deep. People? You can't be deep by trying to be fucking remembered.

TOM

No one told me you'd be such a dumbass. If you don't want to help me buy the museum, that's fine — I don't need you.

BOWIE

No. You need me. They won't go for it without me and Billy. Like I said. It's a sentimental thing.

TOM

Fuck you and you're sentimentality.

BOWIE

That's hilarious.

TOM

Why's that?

BOWIE

You're probably the most sentimental person I've ever met.

TOM



No I'm not.

BOWIE

My legacy this. Being a frontiersmen that. Just buy the fucking car you want and move on with it. I'm getting old too. I know I'm getting old. I don't lie to myself. I don't think about myself for more than two seconds.

TOM

Maybe that's a problem.

BOWIE

You mind your own business.

TOM

You made me put a hole in my fucking porch!!

BOWIE

... What?!? That was your idea.

TOM

No you said it.

BOWIE

Well, if it's such a big deal tell them to stop.

TOM

No. We have to see it out now. We're digging to the fucking Museum, Whitey.

BOWIE

Hey. Only the press calls me that.

TOM

I'll call you what I want.

BOWIE

Do you want a problem with me? Is that really something you want to do?

TOM

No you're just a fucking thug. You don't want a problem with me.

BOWIE

Just call me Jimmy, will ya?

TOM

Fine. Jimmy. You're Jimmy.

BOWIE

Actually no I don't like that. Cus we're not friends. Call me Bowie.

TOM

Bowie again. Ok Bowie. Like David Bowie?

BOWIE

Ground control to Major Tom.

TOM

Ground control to— were you fucking with me? Do people even call you Bowie?

BOWIE

You just called me Bowie.

TOM

I challenge you to a duel!

BOWIE

... Sorry?

TOM

I bring you all the way out here. You have no respect for me. You mock me. You laugh at my proposal with the museum.

BOWIE

I don't talk on the phone – I'm sorry. Company policy.

TOM

John said this would interest you.

BOWIE

John sometimes gets me wrong.

TOM

So now we have to duel.

BOWIE

With pistols?

TOM

That's right.

BOWIE

Are you sure you want to do this?

TOM

Yes. You piss me off. We're going to meet on 5th avenue.

BOWIE

New York?

TOM

Yes. Dexter!!

*A few moments. Then another. DEXTER hurries on.*

DEXTER

What is it, sir?

TOM

We need to arrange a duel on fifth avenue. Maybe tomorrow? Sunday?

*BOWIE studies TOM for a few moments. He smirks.*

BOWIE

Sunday's good. But I don't know if I can make it to New York.

TOM

You're not going to suggest we do this in Boston. That's your uh... territory. No, we're not doing that.

BOWIE

If I wanted to bring my guys to New York, I'd bring them to New York. It'll be just you and me. How about Boston Common? We'll do it in front of the state house.

TOM

Alright. 5am. Crack of dawn.

BOWIE

5am is good.

DEXTER

You said a duel?

TOM

Yes, a duel. Ten paces – what does the law say on the matter?

DEXTER

It's illegal.

TOM

Your job isn't to tell me that. Your job is to tell me how to get around that.

DEXTER

I'm sure there's something I can do to at least soften the legal implications.

TOM

He put a hole in my porch. Does that help?

DEXTER

I can handle it. Don't worry.

BOWIE

Wow.

DEXTER

What?

BOWIE

It just hit.

DEXTER

It hadn't already?

BOWIE

No, no - now it's really hit.

(turning to TOM)

You and me are going to have a duel!

*BOWIE starts laughing.*

BOWIE

Oh fuck I love America.... Other people need our guns too though. We got too many here. Too many guns on the street.

TOM

Dexter go to New York ahead of us - get everything ready. Check to see if you can save some travel time with the tunnel.

BOWIE

(laughing)

Save some travel time with the tunnel.

*As DEXTER approaches WORKER 1 and WORKER 2, BOWIE is still laughing. WORKER 1 is now in the hole hammering away while WORKER 2 watches on.*

DEXTER

Hey - two of you. How close are you to done?

WORKER 2

Just about there. We overshot the museum a bit. We actually made it to the parking garage across the street though. I think it's associated with the museum or maybe a college - not sure.

DEXTER

But it will get me back East quickly?

*WORKER 1 stops the hammer.*

WORKER 1

If you like.

DEXTER

Well, then farewell, gentlemen.

WORKER 2

See ya.

*DEXTER jumps into the hole, exiting from the action.*

BOWIE

I can get back to Boston through that.

TOM

We're not done here.

BOWIE

I know. 5am.

*BOWIE approaches the hole. He makes a dramatic leap and is swallowed whole, exiting.  
WORKER 1 and WORKER 2 look about in amazement.*

TOM

What are you two looking at? Get back to work!

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP ON:

## SCENE FOUR

*DEXTER stands center, alone.*

## DEXTER

Isabella Stewart Gardner insisted that her biographer must write the story of her life out of order. And that he must write all the moments that would be typically included in a biography, such as the type of toast she ate on Tuesday, February 9th, 1893 and the manner in which she spread the marmalade. She asked that if the writer didn't have enough anecdotes about her like this, he must just make up the rest to fill in the gaps. She was sure it'd be close enough. Or as close she'd like it to be.

In her time, no one took Isabella up on writing a book about her. No one's written about me either. Can't complain. It's what happens to most of us. History forgets us. Maybe some family members remember. Maybe some even like to spend their time going through what they have from generations no one remembers, piecing together what they can. Some don't have anything. I don't. I guess that means I couldn't tell you who I really am. Or who I should be. I couldn't tell you the names of my great-grandparents. All 8 of them had to meet for me to exist. 4 of them had to get pregnant. 4 of them had to get someone pregnant. And that must be all they did with their lives.

BLACKOUT.

**OPTIONAL INTERMISSION HERE**

LIGHTS UP ON:

*DEXTER is gone. We're back in the parking garage. The girl's bags are gone. The jackhammer used at Tom's ranch stands center upstage. Pieces of porch wood which were cut up also lie around the hammer. Two paintings hang from the fly. A car key lies to the side, unobserved. BOWIE reenters. BOWIE looks as if he's drifting, like how someone who's inebriated might. Then, he begins searching for something. On the other side of the stage, ERIN stands alone, appearing lost, still searching for her friends. She has the first aid kit in hand. She doesn't see the key either. Meanwhile, JOCELYN runs on.*

## JOCELYN

ERIN!!

## ERIN

JOS!!

*JOCELYN is out of breath, disorientated.*

JOCELYN

I thought I'd never see you again and then out of nowhere you were like 100 yards in front of me.

ERIN

Oh my god! That's so crazy. Where's Tamia?

JOCELYN

I don't know.

ERIN

What do you mean you don't know?

JOCELYN

I went after you. I left her with the devil.

ERIN

The what?

JOCELYN

Nevermind.

ERIN

You mean the coke guy?

JOCELYN

Yeah I mean the coke guy. He called himself the devil. I don't know why I called him that.

ERIN

Where is she?

*JOCELYN stares at ERIN out of breath like she is at a loss, or someplace else entirely.*

ERIN

Hello? I got the first aid kit... do you know where she was last?

JOCELYN

... The Gardner... the parking garage...

ERIN

Yes but I think we're somehow on a different floor or a different part... I don't know where the car is. I somehow got disorientated. These things are a maze.

JOCELYN

Yeah, I know... I don't know.

ERIN

Fuck we're such girls right now... Wait— We can fucking hear it.

JOCELYN

Hear what?

ERIN

The alarm.

(beat.)

You know at least where we're going?

JOCELYN

Yeah, I was coming from...

*JOCELYN looks about, befuddled. JOCELYN and ERIN don't notice them. BOWIE spots the car key, walks over and picks it up. The car alarm stops.*

JOCELYN

Wait...

ERIN

What?

JOCELYN

I don't know which direction I came from.

ERIN

The alarm stopped.

JOCELYN

We... have to find Tamia. She was in really bad shape when I left her.

ERIN

Then why did you leave her??

JOCELYN

To find you! I didn't think you'd go wandering—

ERIN

I didn't go wandering—

*JOCELYN spots BOWIE, examining the key in their hand.*

JOCELYN

HEY!



*ERIN turns around.*

ERIN

Whose keys are those?!

JOCELYN

Where's Tamia?!

*JOCELYN and ERIN begin to approach BOWIE with some menace.*

BOWIE

What's all this?

ERIN

Hand over those keys.

BOWIE

No!

ERIN

They're ours. Hand them over.

*BOWIE shrugs, indicating uncooperation. ERIN responds by drawing a .22 but BOWIE draws their own firearm just as fast.*

BOWIE

Oh ok, this is what we're doing then. This is how it is.

ERIN

If you don't start answering some questions, this is how it is.

BOWIE

I don't got any problem answering questions. Just lets set the guns down—

ERIN

No.

JOCELYN

Erin. Let's not make this shit any shittier. What's shooting him gonna do?

ERIN

We don't know this guy. We can't trust him.

JOCELYN

(to BOWIE)

You said you can answer some questions?

BOWIE

I can without a gun being pointed at me.

*ERIN considers for a moment.*

ERIN

We're going to set these on the ground at the same time, alright?

*BOWIE nods. But it's not good enough for ERIN.*

ERIN

Alright?!

BOWIE

Alright.

*Both slowly lower their weapons to the floor. As they do so, BOWIE sneezes and accidentally pulls the trigger. ERIN screams. She fires her own weapon several times, hitting BOWIE more than enough. He falls to the floor and drops his gun. Then he starts laughing.*

ERIN

What the fuck?

BOWIE

Oh god that hurt.

*JOCELYN rushes for BOWIE's gun. BOWIE turns himself over puts his hand on it. JOCELYN puts her foot on BOWIE's hand. BOWIE cries out.*

JOCELYN

Please let go. Then maybe we can get you some medical help.

BOWIE

You're not going to do that.

JOCELYN

We'll figure something out.

BOWIE

I don't need it anyway.

JOCELYN

You're not bleeding... how the fuck are you not bleeding?

BOWIE

I don't have blood. I told you, sweetie, I'm your biggest crush. I'm the devil.

*JOCELYN pushes down her foot harder. BOWIE whimpers. Meanwhile, ERIN approaches.*

ERIN

Let go of the gun or one goes through your head.

BOWIE

So much for that medical help.

ERIN

Or one goes through your head!

BOWIE

I already showed you. Bullets don't work on me.

*ERIN goes to lift BOWIE's shirt.*

BOWIE

Wow, wow – I thought I was already taken by your friend here.

*Under BOWIE's shirt is a bulletproof vest.*

ERIN

Bullet don't work on some of you. Now let go of the gun.

*Reluctantly, BOWIE lets go. JOCELYN grabs it. BOWIE sits up.*

BOWIE

Ok, ok. We can sort this out. Just give me a minute to breathe. I feel like I just punctured a lung.

*The girls watch as BOWIE catches his breath.*

BOWIE

Ok then. Look around. What do you see?

ERIN

We're asking the questions. Those keys. They look like ours.

BOWIE

I am answering your question. What do you see?

JOCELYN

We're in an empty parking garage. There couldn't be less to see.

*BOWIE looks about.*

BOWIE

That's where we are? A parking garage. Ok, I really need to cool down. I've been all over today—I was in Montana this afternoon. It's been a day. It really has been. Probably the worst St. Patty's I've had in a minute. God, I can't breathe—

*BOWIE lets out a long exhale. Then an almost as long inhale. Then BOWIE puts up his hands, the keys in one of them.*

BOWIE

Let's talk. Ok. Let's just talk. These aren't your car keys. I don't know why I'd have your car keys. This has all gotten way too heated. And it is really hot down here. God.

*BOWIE wipes a brow of sweat from his head.*

ERIN

If they aren't ours, then what are those keys for?

BOWIE

They're for my car. What do you think?

ERIN

You just happen to also drive a honda.

*BOWIE gives ERIN a look.*

ERIN

Ok I see how that sounds.

BOWIE

They're my keys I promise. They're my way out of here as much as yours. Unless you want to give me a ride to where I'm parked.

ERIN

Where are you parked?

BOWIE

Southie.

ERIN

Oh fuck that.

BOWIE

It's not that far this time of night.

ERIN  
It's always that far.

BOWIE  
Why where are you girls from?

JOCELYN  
Southie.

*ERIN gestures towards JOCELYN as if to say 'same'.*

BOWIE  
Then what's the big deal?

JOCELYN  
We don't live in Southie anymore.

BOWIE  
Where do you guys live now?

*Each hesitates.*

JOCELYN  
Somerville.

BOWIE  
And you?

ERIN  
Somerville.

BOWIE  
You live together?

JOCELYN  
Yes.

ERIN  
No.

BOWIE  
Well which is it?

ERIN  
You don't need to know.

BOWIE

Sorry, that's my bad. I'm just trying to show – I'm not against you two girls. What you're doing here – if I'm right about what you're doing here – it's pretty cute. I think it might even work. Look at this dump. // Who do you think hired you for this gig? Does the museum own this or...

JOCELYN

(to ERIN)

I still don't trust him.

ERIN

I was about to say I'm loosening up about him.

JOCELYN

Fuck.

BOWIE

You girls been to Miami?

JOCELYN

What the fuck is your problem?

BOWIE

It's just a question.

JOCELYN

Yeah, why the fuck are you asking it?

BOWIE

It's a lot warmer there than here. Nice beaches. I didn't know beaches could be nice until I went to Miami. I thought a beach could be enjoyable, but not nice, you know?

*ERIN reaches for the car key.*

ERIN

Give me that.

*ERIN grabs the key out of BOWIE's hand. She promptly puts the key in her pocket as BOWIE grabs her arm.*

BOWIE

Hey!

*ERIN responds in kind by putting the .22 to BOWIE's head. JOCELYN lifts Bowie's gun slightly, but doesn't directly point it at BOWIE.*

BOWIE

Who hired you for this job? Was it one of my people? It might've been one of my people.

*DEXTER enters and this startles all. ERIN keeps the gun on BOWIE, who inches a few steps closer to her. DEXTER makes sure to avoid the briefcase as he finds his way. He looks around as if he is lost, like he literally can't figure out how to get to where he wants to go. He takes out his 1980s cellphone and holds it up in hope of getting a connection. He is frustrated, having no luck. DEXTER wanders about, heading towards the other exit.*

DEXTER

(mumbling, to himself)

This gosh darn thing! Next time I see Steve, I am going to have a very strongly worded conversation with him. I'm going to draw the line in the ....

(looks down)

solid cement.

*BOWIE reaches to grab ERIN's gun.*

DEXTER

And I'm going to-- gonna-- tell him! In fact, I will go see him right now.

*ERIN fires but as BOWIE grabs ERIN's arm, he's able to redirect the shot, which hits DEXTER in the leg.*

DEXTER

Nothing is right- Ow.

*DEXTER collapses to the ground. JOCELYN points Bowie's gun at BOWIE. She pulls the trigger but nothing happens.*

ERIN

Shoot!

JOCELYN

It's empty!

*BOWIE successfully wrestles the gun out of ERIN's hand. DEXTER limps to the edge of the stage. BOWIE points Erin's gun at her.*

BOWIE

(to ERIN)

Empty your pockets... ALL of your pockets. All of them.

*ERIN pulls out the car key and drops it. She then pulls out her pockets, demonstrates she has nothing else on her.*

BOWIE  
(to JOCELYN)

You too.

*JOCELYN empties her pockets with far too many miscellaneous items, some of which includes parts of a broken Russian doll. BOWIE, while still keeping the .22 on the two women, grabs his own weapon from the floor.*

BOWIE  
I can't stay. Sorry. Happy St. Paddy's. I think I actually might have tickets to a ballgame so I might go to that. Or I might not. Not sure if the tickets are for tonight.

*BOWIE slowly exit the stage. Towards the exit, he stops by a crawling DEXTER.*

JOCELYN  
You dumb fuck why did you get so close to him!

ERIN  
I wasn't thinking! I think when the lawyer went by he got closer.  
JOCELYN

Obviously!

ERIN  
You could've told me the gun was jammed.

JOCELYN  
I didn't check!

*BOWIE kneels down to DEXTER. He hands him his faulty weapon.*

BOWIE  
There's some business I need you to take care of. I think you know what. Something I know you've been thinking about.

*DEXTER nods. He takes the weapon and puts it in his jacket pocket. BOWIE exits.*

ERIN  
What are you doing with the doll in your pocket?!

JOCELYN  
I don't know!

*JOCELYN starts picking up what she emptied from her pockets, but neglects to pick up the Russian doll.*



ERIN

We're fucked! And you're such a clepto... And I'm sorry I got you fired.

JOCELYN

Oh.

ERIN

Yeah.

JOCELYN

I'm sorry I wasn't more understanding of your situation. I don't know why I wasn't at the time – it was really shitty of me.

ERIN

Yeah. It's fine.

JOCELYN

It's fine for me too. Just...

ERIN

What.

*TAMIA enters stumbling over to JOCELYN and ERIN. Her arm is still bandaged with the jacket. Adrenaline's powering her through - survival mode.*

JOCELYN

Jesus, you found us.

TAMIA

(to ERIN)

You know instead of trying to break into my car, maybe... maybe you should come ask me for the keys!

....

ERIN

Well then, can I have your keys?

TAMIA

I think it's a little late for that. You know what...

*With her good arm, TAMIA reaches into her pocket. She fumbles around for a moment, then reaches into her other pocket.*

TAMIA

I must've dropped them. They're–

ERIN

Gone! I know. Let's get a bandage on you.

*ERIN opens up the first aid kit.*

JOCELYN

What happened to the dead guy?

TAMIA

He went home.

JOCELYN

What?

ERIN

We just saw him.

TAMIA

Then I guess he's still here.

*ERIN, having opened the bag of medical supplies, removes the makeshift jacket-bandage. She then gently wipes the blood not soaked up by the jacket off TAMIA's arm. Once TAMIA's clean, ERIN applies an antibiotic. It stings, but TAMIA muscles through it.*

ERIN

You ok?

TAMIA

Yeah.

*ERIN wraps a real bandage around TAMIA's arm. Lights flicker. ERIN cuts the bandage, secures it in place, and closes her bag.*

TAMIA

Thank you.

*The three women look at each other like strangers, or like everything else is strange.*

JOCELYN

We still have a robbery to do.

*.... This statement hangs in the air.*

ERIN

Fuck that.

TAMIA

No, we still gotta do it.

ERIN

No, it's... well, you arm. That weird guy. We're cursed and when you know you're cursed, then you should know you should call it.

TAMIA

I'll be fine. It's gotta be tonight. The whole point of it is it's tonight.

ERIN

Why?

TAMIA

Doing it on St. Patty's.

JOCELYN

You haven't said this before?

TAMIA

It didn't come up.

ERIN

Oh and we no longer have, um— we no long

JOCELYN

We no longer have the gun. The devil took it.

TAMIA

Oh...

ERIN

(to JOCELYN)

Why do you keep calling him that?

TAMIA

Ok.

ERIN

Like actually, why do you keep calling him that?

*JOCELYN struggles for a response. TAMIA doesn't have the energy. ERIN sighs.*

ERIN

Tamia, is your bandage tight?

Yup.

....

Just... who the fuck came up with this?

With what?

This.

The job?

No, with everything.

....

Yes, this job.

JOCELYN

There's already been so many things we haven't accounted for - things we could've been told.  
I'd almost call it a setup.

(wryly)

I'm not sure we'll ever leave.

Yeah, sure. But we can still get paid.

What if we are in hell? That'd be funny.

....

Like Jimmy's guy said? He said this is hell?

Don't talk like that. I didn't mean it like that.

TAMIA

He knew the last thing my Dad said to me.

JOCELYN

He actually did?

TAMIA

(to JOCELYN)

I think you think I've been more delirious tonight than I've been. I think you've been underreacting.

ERIN

(Unconvinced.)

We're not in hell.

TAMIA

(pointing at the jackhammer)

Hey, maybe they are just doing construction. And I've lost some blood. Yadayadadyadadee.

JOCELYN

Maybe.

TAMIA

Clearly not here. But there was that fucking noise. Have either of you been hearing it?

ERIN

... No.

JOCELYN

Remember I said it was the heater. That's on the first floor.

TAMIA

But it wasn't the heater. It wasn't the right sound. If you really listen.

.....

DEXTER

(quietly)

Help.... Help. Help.

TAMIA

Is someone saying 'help'?

*The girls inspect. As ERIN and TAMIA go ahead, shortly encountering DEXTER crawling on, JOCELYN observes one of the paintings strung down from the fly. She finds herself transfixed.*

DEXTER

Help- oh crap.

TAMIA

This guy just won't die.

DEXTER

I need to speak with Tom - it's very important. About the service down here. I can't get any of my calls to go through.

TAMIA

By Tom, do you mean Bowie?

DEXTER

No, no – not Jimmy.

ERIN

Jimmy?

TAMIA

Oh fuck. That Jimmy?

ERIN

Jimmy's then the one that shot him in the leg.

DEXTER

Yeah I fucking know that. I also need to speak with Tom about his water. So if one or both of you could take me to the porch - I have a lot going on. Other priorities as well.

TAMIA

The porch?

DEXTER

Where we're drilling. Whatever you want to call it.

TAMIA

(turning to ERIN)

Ok I think we should find out what this is about. Can you pick him up-

ERIN

No, we can't. We need to find the keys, find the car and then just do the fucking job. We don't have all night. We gotta retrace our steps.

JOCELYN

(overhearing)

Bowie has the keys.

ERIN

I don't think those were the keys.

TAMIA

Jesus fucking Christ.

JOCELYN

I think they were.

DEXTER

What is she looking at?

JOCELYN

We're in hell...

.....

DEXTER

Please. I'll try to drag myself up there if I have to. But I don't know if I can. I gotta make it to the drilling site.

TAMIA

C'mon let's just help him. It could be useful to us.

ERIN

Ok.

*ERIN helps DEXTER to his feet.*

TAMIA

I'm sorry if you thought I tried to kill you.

*TAMIA adjusts her bandage.*

TAMIA

Jos, let's go, we gotta take care of our business.

JOCELYN

Alright I'm with ya.

*TAMIA, JOCELYN and ERIN begin to walk off to exit with a little rhythm to their step, DEXTER dragging along at ERIN's side like a large ragdoll. The first aid kit in ERIN's other hand.*

JOCELYN

Wait.

*All three women stop.*

JOCELYN

Where are we going?

DEXTER

You just gotta keep going down. It's on the bottom floor.

ERIN

... Which direction is down?

DEXTER

I honestly don't know. I get confused in here.

JOCELYN

I told you it's not because we're women.

ERIN

I never actually said that.

TAMIA

Shut up. Both of you.

JOCELYN

You totally did. Earlier you totally said that.

ERIN

I said we were such girls. Like young people that don't know what they're doing.

JOCELYN

Oh I thought you meant it in a way because we have vaginas.

TAMIA

Both of you shut up!

DEXTER

I don't mean to be rude, but can I make use of that first aid kit.

ERIN

The what?

DEXTER

The first aid kit. The one that's in your hand. I got shot in the leg. If you didn't notice.

ERIN

He's so sassy.



*ERIN drops DEXTER to the ground. He yelps. Then, she opens back up the first aid kit.*

ERIN

If you insist.

*As quickly as she can, ERIN disinfects and then wraps DEXTER's wound. As they start moving again, they approach what appears to be the hole to the porch. (Can be the same hole as the one at the Montana Ranch.)*

TAMIA

That's gotta be it.

JOCELYN

It appears you have.

TAMIA

I told you it was construction.

JOCELYN

Yeah you're right.

DEXTER

Ok this is my stop.

*All four look down into the hole.*

JOCELYN

It just kinda... keeps going. Where does it go?

DEXTER

Here goes nothing. I actually really appreciate the help.

*DEXTER jumps into the hole.*

DEXTER

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

ERIN

That doesn't sound good.

JOCELYN

He just committed suicide.

ERIN

Fuck, I didn't even process that. How deep do you think it is?

TAMIA

It just keeps going.

ERIN

That's... then why did he ask to get his leg fixed up? Fuck.

*Silence.*

TAMIA

Maybe it eventually goes somewhere. But what do I know about anything? I stabbed the guy and somehow the knife ended up in me. I swear I got him clean on the throat. I felt myself do it. I saw his blood. But now the blood is mine. There's no way...

ERIN

What?

TAMIA

There's no way it makes sense. That I... stabbed myself.

(gesturing to the hole)

There's no way this was made by something human. It's something way darker. Something I don't think we're meant to understand.

....

ERIN

We should leave, right?

TAMIA

We gotta get those paintings.

JOCELYN

She's right.

TAMIA

We might as well be dead if we don't.

JOCELYN

Yeah. Yeah, that might be true.

TAMIA

There's a part of you that just wants to know, isn't there?

JOCELYN

Know what?

ERIN  
(to TAMIA)

Are you ok? You're not looking good.

TAMIA

I think I started bleeding again.

*TAMIA stumbles and falls into the hole.*

ERIN

TAMIA!!

JOCELYN

TAMIA!

ERIN

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

JOCELYN

We have to go in after her.

ERIN

No! We'd die!

JOCELYN

What else are we supposed to—

*JOCELYN catches sight of the other painting that dropped down from the fly. She seems to stop for a moment. Then, snaps out of it as ERIN responds.*

ERIN

Not fall in.

JOCELYN

Not kill ourselves.

ERIN

She didn't just kill herself.

JOCELYN

... I think she...

.....

JOCELYN

I don't know. I can't believe this just... how deep do you think it is, really?

ERIN

I don't think we're getting her back.

JOCELYN

How am I supposed to... after seeing shit like that? After seeing this thing? Where does this go? The core of the Earth? Do giant spiders live at the center? Is Tamia in a spider web, waiting to be eaten? Is Jesus down there?

(beat)

Why is that there? This whole fucking robbery. I never saw anyone in construction come in here. Why is that there? Why did we take some fucking lunatic to it? Why did—

ERIN

Do you think He exists?

JOCELYN

What do you mean?

ERIN

God.

JOCELYN

Yeah.

ERIN

Really?

JOCELYN

You don't?

ERIN

I have no fucking idea.

JOCELYN

We went to Catholic school together.

ERIN

So? There's a lot of girls that go to Catholic school don't believe in God.

JOCELYN

Well... I guess that's ok. Why are you asking this?

ERIN

Is it?

JOCELYN

I... have no fucking idea. Why are you asking this?

ERIN

I don't know what else to think about.

*Beat.*

JOCELYN

I think... most people will believe in just about anything. They think leprechauns are real. They think the moon landing happened. So if you don't believe in God, maybe that's alright.

ERIN

I don't know. People believe anything. People will do anything for anything. It's not good.

*(beat.)*

We should go. We should just get out of here and forget it all.

JOCELYN

Forget Tamia?

ERIN

Forget her too. Forget everything.

JOCELYN

How could you say that?

ERIN

How could I not?

JOCELYN

Yeah. I know. This whole night, I keep thinking there's something above us. I keep searching up.

*Both JOCELYN and ERIN look up.*

ERIN

But I can't see anything.

JOCELYN

Me neither.

*BOWIE arrives and finds a seat off to the side, either a stool, the seat of a car or a beach chair. They pose distinctly, perhaps reminiscent of a famous celebrity, sculpture or painting. (Generally a good moment to play with the visual aspect of the play here.)*

*The girls keep looking up. Then TOM and DEXTER enter downstage. TOM wields a firearm. Early morning traffic and city noises ease into the atmosphere.*

TOM

Where is the fucker? We said in front of the statehouse, right?

DEXTER

That is what we said.

TOM

Then where is he?

DEXTER

Sir, could you maybe, put that away until we actually start? Someone's going to call the police.

TOM

No. You think I trust him not to play dirty? He'll shoot me in the back, it's staying in my hand.  
(beat.)

Also no one calls the Boston police.

DEXTER

I would just recommend—

TOM

Oh fuck. There he is.

*TOM lifts his weapon and fires several times, in the general direction of but not quite pointing at where BOWIE is seated. He doesn't react to the shots, and remains as posed. A few screams can be heard from offstage.*

TOM

Ok, now we have to go.

DEXTER

You'll be fleeing—

TOM

Now we have to go!

*TOM runs offstage. DEXTER reluctantly follows, limping behind. Traffic, city and screaming noises, fade out.  
ERIN and TAMIA return our attention, sitting and looking up.*

JOCELYN

Erin.

ERIN

Jocelyn.

JOCELYN  
Look at the stars.

ERIN  
It's just the ceiling of the garage.

JOCELYN  
No look past that.

ERIN  
It's just smog.

JOCELYN  
No look past that.

ERIN  
... Oh there they are.

JOCELYN  
Yeah... what do you think of them?

ERIN  
I think they're beautiful.

JOCELYN  
I think they're beautiful too.

ERIN  
Remember when we first met?

JOCELYN  
Yeah I do. You were in first grade.

ERIN  
And you were in kindergarten. And this boy, Nick, kept bothering you. Throwing snowballs and chasing after you. You didn't want to be bothered by Nick at all. Your winter skirt was a little longer and your leggings were a bit stiff. The teachers were all over the place, never quite where they were supposed to be. Or maybe they were trying their best. Or maybe we just hated authority. We were Catholic. Of course we hated order. We were just being taught to make our own kids hate it too.  
But Nick would come after you. You didn't seem to have any friends at recess. If I'm to be honest, neither did I.

JOCELYN  
No you didn't.

ERIN

No I didn't. The other kids weren't supposed to get too close to me. My family was not respected, not like Tamia's. We were weird.

JOCELYN

You were in first grade.

ERIN

I was in first grade. I was a little taller than Nick. One really cold and windy day, I decided you had suffered enough.

JOCELYN

Absolutely freezing.

ERIN

And I made a really good ice-ball. Was Nick throwing ice-balls at you that day?

JOCELYN

He was trying to.

ERIN

I launched my own personal attack on Nick.

JOCELYN

You put him in shock.

ERIN

The second one hit his face and he started crying.

JOCELYN

I never cried because of him. I was always strong like that.

ERIN

An adult rushed over to him.

JOCELYN

Actually multiple, like two different adults flew in like paramedics to crying Nick.

ERIN

We were of course both sent to

ERIN AND JOCELYN

The Principal's. We stayed after school and wrote lines and Bible verses together everyday for the next two weeks. When I think about it too long, I still get these little hand spasms from the cramps I'd get.



JOCELYN

Doing all that writing....

(beat.)

Ohhh shit, doing all that writing. Remember the drive to the abortion clinic?

ERIN

I'd rather not.

JOCELYN

It was traumatizing in its own way, but it was also kinda funnn.... just a little.

ERIN

What the hell? Not for me.

JOCELYN

Sorry, I just thought of it cause all the forms they made you fill out. It was like to see how badly you wanted it...

ERIN

I still get hand cramps just thinking about it. Ohhhh Jesus Christ, hand cramps.

JOCELYN

Hand cramps Holy Spirit.

ERIN

It was bad.

JOCELYN

Maybe I'm just remembering what they were putting on the radio that day. And screaming at the top of our lungs to fill any silence there might be on the drive.

ERIN

... That part was ok... Stealing your Mom's car...

JOCELYN

Borrowed.

ERIN

Stolen.

*JOCELYN looks down at the hole.*

JOCELYN

What are we going to do?

.....

ERIN  
BEFORE THIS RIVER. BECOMES AN OCEAN

JOCELYN  
BEFORE YOU THROW MY HEART BACK ON THE FLOOR

ERIN  
OH BABY, BABY, I RECONSIDER MY FOOLISH NOTION

JOCELYN  
WELL I NEED SOMEONE TO HOLD ME

ERIN and JOCELYN  
BUT I'LL WAIT FOR SOMETHING MORE.

ERIN  
BUT I GOT TO HAVE FAITH, A-FAITH, A-FAITH.

JOCELYN  
I GOTTA HAVE FAITH, A-FAITH, A-FAITH.

*(^^ George Michael's "Faith") Both girls start to giggle.*

JOCELYN  
I remember belting that song most... Ever learn any of the constellations like you said you were going to?

ERIN  
No.

....

ERIN  
Jos, what was the name of that girl you slept with for a few weeks again...

....

JOCELYN  
Jamie...

ERIN  
I've never seen you as happy as then...

JOCELYN  
... Really?

ERIN

You should catch up with her... whenever you can. If you can--

....

JOCELYN

No I don't want to.

ERIN

She always reminded me of the actress that played Juliet in that movie--

JOCELYN

You haven't even seen that movie. Stop talking.

ERIN

No, but I've seen that actress before.... What is it like, Claire something? It was a really English name.... Danes!--

JOCELYN

Shut up.

ERIN

She looked like her.

JOCELYN

It didn't mean anything!

ERIN

Isn't she the angel in the costume scene?

JOCELYN

Wait you've seen the movie??

ERIN

Yeah, it was really weird. And I didn't get a word of it.

JOCELYN

It's cool. It's artistic. Give it another try.

ERIN

How about you give it another try with Jamie. She really liked you--

JOCELYN

Shut up!

ERIN

Just I been feeling like I should bring it up with you--

JOCELYN

I said SHUT UP! It's not the right time... It's never the right time!

*JOCELYN walks quickly away from ERIN.*

ERIN

Hey! Where are you going?

*JOCELYN approaches BOWIE. ERIN's seemed to have lost her. JOCELYN studies him and then impulsively kisses him. BOWIE is bewildered.*

BOWIE

I'm not--

JOCELYN

Don't make this about yourself. '

BOWIE

Of course I will.

JOCELYN

I know.

*JOCELYN kisses BOWIE again, passionately.*

JOCELYN

You're a man, right?

BOWIE

Baby, I'm honestly not so sure. These days everything is loopy.

*BOWIE shakes his head and takes a small bottle from his pocket. It is empty.*

JOCELYN

What is that?

BOWIE

Nightshade.

JOCELYN

What does that mean for us?

*BOWIE begins shaking.*

BOWIE

I'll do anything, I'll sweat myself to death to make you miserable.... Did you ever really think they'd make the devil just a man? ... No. I'm fucking James Joseph Bulger.

*BOWIE falls off his seat. There is a vacant look about him on the floor.*

JOCELYN

Imagine dying in hell.

*JOCELYN walks back to where she was before with ERIN, in front of the hole. ERIN circles back, meeting her there.*

ERIN

It's ok, we don't have to talk about it.

JOCELYN

No you're ok.

ERIN

Do you think there's a star up there for each of us?

JOCELYN

Maybe.

## SCENE FIVE

*TOM and DEXTER return to our attention. They sit in the backseats of a car.*

DEXTER

(to someone ahead of them)

How much more time on the GPS?

*A pause.*

DEXTER

20 minutes?! We can't do 20 minutes!

TOM

We'll be fine.

DEXTER

Sir?

TOM

They know me. They'll be fine with it.

DEXTER

Sir, I think you might be overestimating--

TOM

I'm not overestimating shit. I've been doing this thirty years.

DEXTER

Of course. Right.

....

DEXTER

Remember I can do all the talking for you. You don't have to add anything.

TOM

I know.

DEXTER

So you aren't going to add anything this time?

TOM

No.

DEXTER

Good. We already have a lot of places to cast doubt. If all goes well, the case will be thrown out before it's even filed.

TOM

It's like no one will know, I know.

....

TOM

How's the family been?

DEXTER

Grayson's b-day was two weeks ago.

TOM

How old is he now?

DEXTER

He's four.

TOM

I swear I thought he was just 6 months yesterday.

DEXTER

Me too.

TOM

Incredible.

....

TOM

Fuck I love birthdays.

DEXTER

Really?

TOM

Not for myself, for everyone but myself.

DEXTER

We should've invited you.

TOM

You should've! All I'd have to do is find myself a four-year-old and I'm in. I probably have a grandson somewhere who could....

DEXTER

Hm.

*TOM laughs.*

TOM

Win this for me and I'll make sure you keep seeing your son.

DEXTER

I know.

TOM

Jesus Christ I'm pulling your leg! I'm a terrible murderer. You probably don't need to worry about it... I don't know. Say you were on the run, where would you stake out?

DEXTER

Hypothetically?

TOM

Sure.

DEXTER

I don't know. I've never really thought about it?

TOM

Well if everyone was about to get nuked, where would you go?

DEXTER

I'd make sure I'd be with my family I guess... I don't--

TOM

You can't get to your family in time. Just about all of Long Island is about to be wiped. Where would you go?

DEXTER

Um I don't know. Maybe a parking garage?

TOM

Like the one out the window there?



DEXTER

It looks pretty sturdy. A fair chunk of it is underground. Only one entrance and exit. It connects to other buildings, but only by elevator.

TOM

You're thinking this through.

DEXTER

I'm just trying to answer the question, sir.

TOM

It's your job to think things through, isn't it?

DEXTER

That's a part of what I do.

TOM

Don't kill all the lawyers.

DEXTER

Well, don't kill all the lawyers in case of an apocalypse. If anarchy is what you're seeking to implement, then yes, killing all the lawyers first would likely be the most logical course of action.

TOM

Since when were you this funny?

DEXTER

Somewhere around when I stopped sleeping.

TOM

I see. I prefer to sleep myself. I get a good 8 hour--

DEXTER

Oh it's not a choice.

TOM

Don't interrupt me.

...

TOM

What did you say?

DEXTER

I said it's not a choice.

TOM  
What's not a choice?

DEXTER  
Not sleeping.

TOM  
Will it affect your work for me?

DEXTER  
Not significantly.

TOM  
How much is not significantly?

DEXTER  
You'll notice but the results will be the same.

TOM  
You know it really doesn't matter what you do.

DEXTER  
What do you mean?

TOM  
I'm going to make sure it gets thrown out. I know the Chief Judge for Massachusetts.

DEXTER  
This is truly just a formality then?

TOM  
It really is.

DEXTER  
We should still be on time. Have you already reached out to Justice Stevens so he knows this is on his radar?

TOM  
No. Haven't gotten around to it. Meant to, but he knows me.

DEXTER  
Tom, sir.

TOM  
You're worried.

DEXTER

This could be a murder trial. He should know before we talk to anyone else in the legal system.

TOM

No one likes the guy I killed though.

DEXTER

A murder trial with lots of publicity. He has connections too around here, doesn't he?

TOM

And he's been losing them all. Then something else will have lots of publicity next week.

DEXTER

You're not wrong.

TOM

So relax. Plan your kid's next birthday.

DEXTER

Bad move. It's dinosaurs today, but it's race cars tomorrow.

TOM

Maybe. But most things stay the same.

*In that moment, BOWIE rises from their death. They look around. They walk around and in front of JOHN A and DEXTER. DEXTER leans forward in his seat.*

DEXTER

(to someone else)

Is there another route? This line isn't moving at all.

(listening to a response)

Why can't you just take the street over??

BOWIE

Boring! Boring! Boring! I sacrifice myself and this is how I'm repaid?!?! ... Oh my God, death is so boring. I thought I'd go somewhere else or transition in some way... NO! It was just boring.

*BOWIE turns to DEXTER and TOM. He still has TAMIA's car keys. He unlocks the car and opens the door.*

BOWIE

Both of you get out.

TOM

Jimmy! What?!?

BOWIE

Tom, Get out of my car. I need to go for a drive.

TOM

What? I'm not getting out. I killed you this morning.

BOWIE

Yes and thus you're trying to get ahead of the case. Having an informal lunch meeting on Newbury street. I heard about it. Just ask them to reschedule. I guess no one's bothered to tell you that you just shot some random guy. I was running late. I had more important business that day. Out.

DEXTER

We really do have to get to that court date. We're on our way there right now.

BOWIE

Neither of you seem to appreciate me. Who I am and what I do. And that disturbs me. Plus my buddy owns all the cabs around here.

TOM

You're a disciplinable man.

BOWIE

I know... they really let you out bail, huh?

TOM

They did.

BOWIE

It's a crazy world we live in, isn't it?

TOM

How do you mean?

BOWIE

I get a pit in my stomach some days. When I got too much time with my thoughts. But I'm learning, I've been learning lately, that sometimes you gotta lean into that... There was a time in my life in which I was too afraid to walk too far up the street at night. Not because I thought I'd get robbed or shot – I didn't care about those things. That's an understandable way to die. But once you got past the projects and got past the corner store, you'd come to the highway. And the bridge over the highway. I thought I might jump. I never wanted to leave my block. I was around 12 then. Everyone thought I was a faggot cus my hair was a golden blonde. I was a pretty little fucker. Hell, I'd fuck me. And that's... that's life. It's confusing. It's insane. We hear things we shouldn't. We see things we don't understand. Now get out.

TOM

Uh, Jimmy—

BOWIE

Call me Bowie.

TOM

Bowie—

BOWIE

(snickering)

Now get out.

*TOM turns to DEXTER.*

TOM

Why didn't you tell me I didn't shoot this guy?

DEXTER

I thought I did—

TOM

No you didn't.

DEXTER

I've tried to... I've been waiting for the right time.

TOM

Well now's good!

*BOWIE grabs TOM and throws him out of the car. Now he's on the road. Him and DEXTER in a shocked silence.*

BOWIE

Do I need to help you too?

*DEXTER begins to get out of the car, but then BOWIE grabs him. TOM writhes in pain.*

TOM

My shoulder! Jesus.

BOWIE

Your shoulder. You're really going to complain about your shoulder.

*Slyly, BOWIE puts his hand in DEXTER's jacket.*

Where is it?

BOWIE

I lost it.

DEXTER

You lost it??

BOWIE  
(hissing)

*Solemnly, DEXTER nods. BOWIE takes ERIN's .22 from his jacket.*

Take this. And if you lose that too – I don't care how. Get it done.  
(turning to someone else)

Driver, you get out too.

*Nothing happens for a bit. A car honks.*

Thank you.

BOWIE

*BOWIE steps into the car and starts the gas. They drive for a bit, then swerve and lay on the horn.*

SUCKER, GROW SOME EYES!!

BOWIE

FUCK YOU!!

OFF STAGE VOICE

*They drive a little more. They're on their way somewhere, leaving TOM and DEXTER behind. DEXTER limps over to TOM, leg still bandaged from ERIN's first aid kit.*

We gotta get you to lunch.

DEXTER

Who cares?

TOM

Your family. Your companies. My reputation.

DEXTER

You're actually right... wait.

TOM

DEXTER  
What?

TOM  
Who did I kill?

DEXTER  
Do you really want to know?

TOM  
Yes, I do.

DEXTER  
His name was Leonard Bernstein.

TOM  
The composer?

DEXTER  
No, different guy. He worked in music producing.

TOM  
Are you sure we're not talking about the same guy?

DEXTER  
No, different guy. This guy is like a label executive. He doesn't actually write music.

TOM  
(in disbelief)  
I killed Leonard Bernstein.

DEXTER  
You killed a Leonard Bernstein, that is true.

TOM  
Wow. With my bad shoulder too. That's awful. I met him once. I never thought I'd kill him at all. A bit of a snob, but decent enough.

DEXTER  
I—

TOM  
This is a fairly memorable morning. I get thrown out of a cab by a mob boss and then I find out I killed Leonard Bernstein.

DEXTER

Do you want me to help you up?

TOM

We should get to our lunch I suppose.

DEXTER

We should.

*DEXTER helps TOM to his feet.*

TOM

What was Jimmy saying to you?

DEXTER

He wanted to hire me.

*TOM laughs.*

TOM

He knows the other shoe is dropping then. Go ahead if you want. I wouldn't think it'd be worth your time though.

(beat.)

How's the Gardner coming?

DEXTER

They made the connection to the museum last night. Renovations are ready to start upon your sign-off on the design.

TOM

Great. Though I was thinking, maybe I should do something in music instead.

DEXTER

(dryly)

Really?

TOM

To remember Leonard.

DEXTER

I actually think he went by Leo. // To avoid confusion.

TOM

No, it's Leonard. We met once.



DEXTER

It's not— you know what — that would still be apt.

*DEXTER puts his hand under his jacket.*

TOM

There's another cab.

*Both men wave it down. They run off to it, exiting. BOWIE, still behind the wheel, returns to our attention.*

BOWIE

So I got on 93 and went and waited in line to exit two exits later...

Since when did being corrupt get weighed with so much responsibility?

It's as if someone has put a hole in your porch. And that's now something you have to just deal with. The whole world can see just how fucked up your porch is. Somehow you have to take pride in it. Lay claim to what's yours, time to butch it up. Let them know who runs what. I keep running it and running. I'm never clear on what I'm running from.

Can I be? I'm not the type of devil you say I am. I'm not Tybalt. Sorry. Which of you made me malicious? I will hurt you. Now, everything's heating up. So many stones crack. Guns pop. Storms are harder to weather. I just want more advanced notice on which fragments are going to make it. It'd make relationships... easier. Cus now, it's all so much less fun.

I'm tired. I'm too frightened to look beyond my own shadow these days. I feel so much less universal. Am I surrounded and suffocating or suffocating and alone? I love that the Earth is constantly spinning, around and around and around. The sun, the different gazes of the moon, and all the other stars, the galaxies pirouette... Some things I must hold on to... but we let go.... And--

*BOWIE can't find his words. He stares into space, lost.*

BOWIE

I am the devil...

I'm from New England originally. When I was a teenager, I'd watch the leaves on the oak trees change color. From green to yellow and orange and red. Then one day they'd fall and a whole new hue of world laid across the ground. All these reds and oranges and yellows. And the trees would stiffen. Look a little voiceless. Like they had their tonsils taken out. Or maybe something more extreme. But that's what I thought when I was young. The late fall was always the most memorable time where I'm from. Sometimes the middle of those winters where snow seemed to have refused to fall as well, it would feel a bit the same. The trees were quiet... The leaves would crunch. But those would be drowned out by the engine of your car.... No one would be out because it was already frozen outside and the sun set at 4. It'd just be you, the engine of your car whooshing by other engines in the twilight, the frozen brown earth and the red sky.

Of course there was the radio. But I'm thinking specifically of those days where no music you knew of sounded any good. You were just too tired or had too many thoughts on your mind. So you drove in silence instead. You, the engine, the twilight, 4:15 PM. You'd, or at least, I.... I'd want to follow that one bright flash of color in the sky. It was the only proof of heat in the cold.

That and the engine, which always seemed tied to those New England winter sunsets. Really the only two things alike. I thought it was kinda beautiful in my own way. I also thought it was cruel. Since then, my world has become so much bigger. Galaxies, guns and stars and parking garages. How quickly it all decays.

*BOWIE pulls up somewhere, stops the car and turns it off.*

BOWIE

I'm here...

*He takes a breath.*

BOWIE

Time to get out of this damn thing.

*He doesn't move. After a few moments of that, they start to fiddle with the radio. "My Way" (the oldie) comes in. He immediately turn the radio off.*

BOWIE

Who puts "My Way" on the radio? – Time to get out, time to get out, time to–

*He gets out of the car. He arrives at a door to a tripledecker, rolled on while the rest of the stage was in darkness as BOWIE drove. He walks up the door. He sighs. He touches it gently, almost stroking the cracked paint. Then, he turns away. He walks back to the car.*

BOWIE

I'm about to sit back down in my carseat. You're sitting in yours. And Isabella arranged the furniture perfectly at the Gardner museum.

(beat.)

I lost a friend this year... he didn't go anywhere. He just retired. I don't know what I'm going to do without him... The life I wanted. I never thought it'd last this long. I don't know how much longer it's going to last. It's just–

*TAMIA opens the door of the tripledecker and interrupts as BOWIE is about to speak.*

TAMIA

Ok, where the fuck am I?

BOWIE

What are you doing here??

TAMIA

I went into the hole. And now... this looks like where I grew up.

BOWIE

I mean it might be. What are you doing in that house?

TAMIA

... You are the devil, aren't you?

BOWIE

What? No. Why are you in that house? Are you related to me?

TAMIA

No. Why would you think that?

(beat.)

Is this your house?

BOWIE

No! It's... it doesn't matter whose house it is. What were you doing in there?

TAMIA

I just... woke up on the floor. You can be straight with me – what happened to me in there?  
Actually, I don't want to know–

BOWIE

You have no memory?

TAMIA

... No.

BOWIE

You don't need to lie to me. I genuinely have absolutely no idea what the frick you were doing in there... There's nothing business related in there. It's just family. You know someone in my family, yes? Who do you know? Is it Maggie?

TAMIA

No, I don't know anyone in your family or anyone in that house. I just woke up on the bathroom floor.

BOWIE

Don't lie to me.

TAMIA

I'm telling the truth! You're Jimmy Bulger. Why would I lie to you?

BOWIE

Alright.

TAMIA  
You knew my Dad. James O'Brien.

BOWIE  
Your dad... was a good man.

TAMIA  
I know.

BOWIE  
Married a black girl, right? I can kinda see it. She still around?

TAMIA  
Yeah, she's fine.

BOWIE  
Good.  
(beat.)  
What do you remember?

TAMIA  
I was in the parking garage next to the Garnder museum. I fell into this hole on the bottom floor.  
I woke up here on a bathroom floor.

*BOWIE considers this for a moment. He's hard to read.*

BOWIE  
This is a cruel and unnatural world.  
(beat.)  
You were hurt, weren't you?

TAMIA  
I still am. It's not as bad now. I think I might be ok... did they do it?

BOWIE  
Steal the paintings? I don't know. I haven't heard anything yet.

TAMIA  
What time is it?

BOWIE  
A little after noon.

TAMIA

They either have or haven't.

(beat.)

I assumed it was you who hired us at first.

BOWIE

(shaking his head)

Not my sort of thing. I wouldn't want to put someone as pretty as you in harm's way.

(beat)

Do you want a lift? I can take you to the hospital.

TAMIA

No, I think I'll be fine.

BOWIE

I'm happy to cover it. Your Dad – he was a good man.

TAMIA

Wait. Did you drive here in that taxi?

BOWIE

I didn't have my car.

TAMIA

Do you often do this?

BOWIE

No. But I'll take you to Mass General in it. C'mon. Let's go.

TAMIA

No, it's fine.

BOWIE

At least let me give you a lift home.

TAMIA

No, it's Sunday. I'm sure you want to see your family.

BOWIE

I never see my family anyway. They're at Mass right now, you know, I don't even know why I came here. But hey – since last night, I've seen a lot of you.

TAMIA

(smally)

No.

BOWIE

Come over here – actually – let me come over to you.

*BOWIE approaches TAMIA. He's a little too close to her.*

BOWIE

I'm never clear what I'm running from, Tamia. The world, it spins round and round and round-- but it never goes back – you look scared. You look like you've turned to stone.

(BOWIE strokes TAMIA's face)

I was hoping to dance with you. How are we going to dance as stone? How will you and death dance as stone– wait no – you called me the devil, didn't you? – well that's just cliché.

*From under her jacket, TAMIA draws a knife and stabs BOWIE. He gasps, but recovers quickly, grabbing TAMIA by the throat. She struggles to break free.*

BOWIE

Oh bitch, you're going to regret that.

*BOWIE removes the knife from his stomach. He screams. Then, he stabs TAMIA, trying her best to breathe, in her stomach. He throws her to the ground and then clutches his own wound.*

BOWIE

You're right. Maybe I am the actual devil. I guess that puts both of us in hell.

TAMIA

... Where am I?

BOWIE

You're nowhere. You're still somewhere in that hole. I don't know.

TAMIA

What does that mean?

BOWIE

This is it. You're finished. And I have places to be.

*BOWIE walks into the dark. A moment.*

TAMIA

Fuck, you. I got places to be too.

*BOWIE walks back into the light.*

BOWIE

No you don't.

TAMIA

Fuck you!

*BOWIE disappears once again into the dark.*

TAMIA

Fuck you and your whole fucking getup. You're not special. You're not slick. I hate you. I hate you so much. This is not it. This cannot be it. I got places to be too. This isn't it. There's more than this. There's more than... this...

*TAMIA gets on her knees, clasps her hands together and closes her eyes.*

TAMIA

I confess to almighty God  
and to you, my brothers and sisters,  
that I have greatly sinned  
in my thoughts and in my words,  
in what I have done,  
and in what I have failed to do;  
through my fault

*TAMIA suddenly clutches her wounds.*

TAMIA

Ah fuck- ...  
I confess to almighty God  
and to you, my brothers and sisters,  
that I have greatly sinned  
in my thoughts and in my words,  
in what I have done,  
and in what I have failed to do;  
through my fault through my fault,  
through my most grievous fault;  
therefore I ask blessed Mary ever-Virgin,  
all the Angels and Saints,  
and you, my brothers and sisters,  
to pray for me to the Lord our God.

*She struggles to speak. The pain gets worse... she quiets...*

....

TAMIA

When did being corrupt start to weigh with so much responsibility? I don't want to use stolen words. Just let me speak god fucking damn't. I'm the one that steals. I'm not gonna be stolen from. Don't fucking take my....

I'll spin you around and around and around and around. I can box. I'm light on my feet. I've figured out this life shit. I know I'm powerful. I know I'm powerless. I know. I know duality. I know how to protect myself and thrive. I know the exact Gucci handbag I'm gonna buy when I got you pinned to the floor. You won't know which ways are up and down.

I can be as big as the universe and I can handle it.

The sun, the different gazes of the moon, and all the other stars, the galaxies pirouette... Some things I must hold on to... but we let go.... And--

*TAMIA falls to the ground, clutches her wound, struggling. She clasps her hands together again.*

TAMIA

I confess to almighty God  
and to you, my brothers and sisters,  
that I have greatly sinned  
in my thoughts and in my words,  
in what I have done,  
and in what I have failed to do;  
through my fault, through my fault,  
through my most grievous fault...

*TAMIA trails off. She lays motionless.*

LIGHTS UP ON:



## SCENE SIX

*Lights adjust and JOCELYN and ERIN are still where they were, when looking at the stars, but now lying down....*

....

ERIN  
Do you see them anywhere?

JOCELYN  
No, I think we've lost them.

ERIN  
You sure?

JOCELYN  
Mostly.

ERIN  
If you really squint...

JOCELYN  
If I really squint, I still see nothing.

ERIN  
Well, fuck. That's depressing.

*DEXTER enters and approaches them.*

DEXTER  
Excuse me, I need to get my briefcase. It's just over there.

ERIN  
Oh you're alive?

JOCELYN  
Shit does that mean that Tamia is—

DEXTER  
I don't know. But I need to get my briefcase. I have a duel – not a duel – an appointment to go to at 5am this morning, so am in a bit of a rush.

ERIN  
Then get it.

DEXTER

No, but--

ERIN

Go grab it. We're not stopping you.

DEXTER

It won't move.

JOCELYN

Hey Erin, kinda like us.

ERIN

(laughing)

Oh my fucking god.

DEXTER

Please.

*JOCELYN and ERIN exchange glances. 'Proceed. But with caution.'*

ERIN

Alright, we'll help you. Jos?

JOCELYN

Yeah, just give me a minute. Been here a while...

*JOCELYN sits up and groans dramatically in the process. ERIN does the same.*

ERIN

Where's this briefcase?

DEXTER

Right over there.

*Both JOCELYN and ERIN slowly rise and follow DEXTER.*

DEXTER

So this is my briefcase. I need to take it home. The only problem is I can't seem to pick it up.

ERIN

What do you mean?

DEXTER

It's somehow melded into the ground.

ERIN

Is everyone just crazy tonight?

JOCELYN

The devil has been hanging around here.

ERIN

It's St. Patty's.

DEXTER

No. I'm serious. It won't budge. One of you try to pick it up.

*Instead of picking up the briefcase, JOCELYN opens it. She takes out a medium sized flat package. Shortly, she discovers there are several rolled up paintings inside.*

DEXTER

Don't do that. Those are very sensitive--

JOCELYN

Hey, this is one of the paintings we were paid to take.

ERIN

Really?

DEXTER

What?

ERIN

Let me see.

*ERIN takes the package and rips it open, inside she takes out a Dutch baroque scene-- Rembrandt, "Christ In The Storm On The Sea Of Galilee". JOCELYN grabs the painting back, which should also be projected. She becomes immersed.*

DEXTER

No it's not. Whatever you think you're looking at. Please just put that back. Close my briefcase.

JOCELYN

Oh my god, this is Rembrandt.

*ERIN moves to pick up the briefcase. She struggles greatly. She groans and grumbles.*

ERIN

Stop looking at that.... Help me with this thing....

DEXTER

Please just--

JOCELYN  
(to DEXTER)

Who do you think you are? These are priceless.

ERIN

Lets take it. Lets go. Help me.

DEXTER

What was I telling you.

*ERIN falls over in the process of attempting to pull the suitcase up.*

JOCELYN

This is genius. Jesus as the quiet center of the storm. His disciples flung into every different mental state across the waves. He could of put Christ on the light side of the painting, but no-- that was too obvious--

ERIN

Hey. Help me here -- c'mon.

JOCELYN

In a minute-- That was too obvious. Instead he gives light to the chaos of the ocean and those frantically working against it because who doesn't become consumed by the stress of our survival. And then there's the painter himself, staring at us, almost hidden, as if to say...

DEXTER

Put that back. I know people that could hurt you.

JOCELYN

We are being paid to steal them.

DEXTER

And it looks like you've done your job because I already have them.

ERIN

How does that make sense?

DEXTER

I don't know. I got shot in the leg. I should be in the hospital. Tell me how that makes sense? But here I am.

(facetiously)

Because apparently that's what I fucking do! That's the kind of guy I am! Apparently!

JOCELYN

... Sorry?

DEXTER

I'm not making sense, am I?

JOCELYN

No you are, it's just... what?

DEXTER

There is a bullet hole behind this bandage, isn't there?

ERIN

No, there is. I put the bandage on you.

DEXTER

You know, when he said 'let's do something in music instead', I thought fine, whatever, he's going to be sentenced in a few hours anyway. But no! I won the case. I somehow won the case! There it is. Have I earned anything? Is it all a scam and I just got incredibly lucky? What am I even doing with myself? I'm telling teenage girls I know people that could hurt them.

ERIN

I'm 20.

DEXTER

Oh, you're 20! You're 20. You're not a fucking child! Good! I'm so glad you're 20 years old. My boss has friends that'd say that's too old! What the fuck am I doing? How did I get to this? What the fucking is wrong with me?

*(Dexter pulls out Bowie's gun.)*

Now put that painting back in the briefcase.

*JOCELYN does as she's instructed. She rolls the painting back up.*

DEXTER

Close it.

*JOCELYN closes it.*

DEXTER

Now both of you stand together. In front of me here. I would say hell is other people but I don't think they even know who either of you are—

*JOCELYN and ERIN share a look. Instead of doing as they're told, they charge DEXTER. He cocks the gun, but finds it jammed.*

*The girls tackle him and the gun slides out of his hands. As the girls get off DEXTER, JOCELYN kicks his face.*

DEXTER

Ooph— What left is there to say? The gun he gave me was jammed.

*ERIN goes to pick up the gun.*

ERIN

That's too bad. Let's see what I can do about this.

*ERIN shakes the gun a bit and hits the back of it. Then she pulls the trigger. It fires.*

ERIN

That's too bad. That fucking hole you went down took our friend. Is she still alive?

DEXTER

I don't know. It was a costly fall—

ERIN

It's because you stabbed her.

DEXTER

What? No. No.

ERIN

I'm not stupid.

*ERIN lifts the gun and points at DEXTER. The characters exchange glances. Lights begin to go down, but then...*

JOCELYN

Wait!

*Everyone waits. JOCELYN picks up the briefcase with ease. She turns to ERIN.*

JOCELYN

We can still make it away.

ERIN

What do you mean?

JOCELYN

I'm saying we can still make it. We can still get away.

ERIN

Ok?

JOCELYN

Let's change!

ERIN

Change? ... Change!

*ERIN slowly lowers her weapon. JOCELYN then goes to grab one of the black bags from their heist. From it, she takes out police hats and mustaches which JOCELYN and ERIN put on.*

DEXTER

Oh god.

JOCELYN

(in a masculine Boston accent)

Good evening, sir.

*From another bag ERIN produces a fold-up chair, rope and duct tape.*

ERIN

(in a masculine, Boston accent)

We just wanted to check in, see if everything with the museum is alright.. We thought we heard some yelling from the street.

*The two women grab a now yelling DEXTER, tie him to the chair and duct tape his mouth.*

JOCELYN

Look at that. Now it's quiet.

ERIN

Our city is once again safe.

(in her normal voice)

We have to go to the tunnel.

JOCELYN

What?

ERIN

I mean, he clearly went there and back. It's our way out. And... maybe we'll find her.

JOCELYN

You're right.

ERIN

Now where do we find it?

JOCELYN

We gotta go down.

ERIN

What about the guy? He'll know.

JOCELYN

No, just leave him. I know where to go.

ERIN

Well we can't just leave him either.

JOCELYN

Why?

ERIN

It feels risky.

JOCELYN

They'll find him in the morning. He'll be fine. We'll be long gone.

ERIN

Yeah and he'll know what we look like. We have to do something.

*ERIN punches DEXTER. He's out cold.*

JOCELYN

Now he won't know what we look like?

ERIN

I don't know. Maybe.

*From yet another bag JOCELYN produces what looks like rock climbing helmets, body belts and rope.*

JOCELYN

For a second I thought you were going to try to bring him along.

ERIN

(sarcastically)

You don't know me at all.

*JOCELYN holds up a helmet.*

JOCELYN

Climbing gear.

*They ditch the mustaches, exchange headwear and put on the body belts.*



JOCELYN

This is going to work.

ERIN

I know.

JOCELYN

I think I was saying it more to myself.

*They place all their stolen goods from the briefcase into a trash bag. ERIN attaches the bag to her waist. Then, the duo begins descending the floors of the garage, until they come to the hole Tamia fell down.*

ERIN

Over there.

JOCELYN

Ok. Here we are.

ERIN

Lets hope it takes us to the street?

JOCELYN

Lets.

*The two women begin to climb. Huffing and puffing.*

JOCELYN

I see a light!

ERIN

Thank god.

*In a few moments, they climb out of the hole and now find themselves on the porch of Tom's Montana ranch. They strip off their climbing gear clunkily, exhausted. They take in their surroundings.*

ERIN

It's beautiful.

JOCELYN

It is.

ERIN

It's somehow not right.

JOCELYN

No Tamia.

ERIN

Not so far. Think she's somewhere out here?

JOCELYN

Somewhere out there, those broken Russian dolls are still in my backpack.

ERIN

Why do you bring that up?

JOCELYN

We've just come so far.

ERIN

We got away.

JOCELYN

And the sky extends forever.

ERIN

On and on.

JOCELYN

If I was a Russian doll, how many layers do I have before you get to the last one?

LIGHTS DOWN.

LIGHTS UP:

EPILOGUE

*JOCELYN and ERIN as they were. They're sitting. JOCELYN holds a steering wheel. Music comes on. Church organs for a few bars, both girls put their hands together for prayer.*

*Before a sudden transition into a rhythmic guitar. It's George Michael's "Faith". JOCELYN and ERIN dance like two best friends would, with little moments of choreo. Singing to and with one another.*

JOCELYN

Well, I guess it would be nice if I could touch your body  
I know not everybody has got a body like you

ERIN

Oh, but I gotta think twice before I give my heart away  
And I know all the games you play because I play them too  
Oh, but I need some time off from that emotion

JOCELYN

Time to pick my heart up off the floor  
Oh, when that love comes down without devotion

ERIN

Well, it takes a strong man, baby  
But I'm showin' you the door

JOCELYN

'Cause I gotta have faith

ERIN

I gotta have faith

JOCELYN

Because I got to have faith, faith, f-

ERIN

I got to have faith, faith, faith

JOCELYN

Baby!

ERIN

I know you're askin' me to stay  
Say, "Please, please, please don't go away"  
You say I'm givin' you the blues  
Maybe!

JOCELYN

huh, you mean every word you say

Can't help but think of yesterday  
And another who tied me down to loverboy rules

JOCELYN AND ERIN

Before this river becomes an ocean  
Before you throw my heart back on the floor

JOCELYN

Oh, oh baby.

JOCELYN AND ERIN

I reconsider my foolish notion  
Well, I need someone to hold me  
But I'll wait for somethin' more

ERIN

Yes, I gotta have faith

JOCELYN AND ERIN

Ooh, I gotta have faith  
Because I gotta have faith, faith, faith  
I gotta have faith, faith, faith

*Instrumental break. ERIN mimes playing the guitar. While JOCELYN does the humming and adlibs during it.*

JOCELYN

...  
I'll just have to wait

...  
Because I've got to have faith

...  
I gotta have faith  
I've got to, got to, got to have faith

JOCELYN AND ERIN

Before this river becomes an ocean  
Before you throw my heart back on the floor

JOCELYN

(I just got to have faith)

ERIN

Oh, oh baby

JOCELYN AND ERIN

I reconsider my foolish notion

JOCELYN

Well, I need someone to hold me  
But I'll wait for somethin' more  
'Cause I gotta have faith

JOCELYN AND ERIN

Ooh, I gotta have faith  
Because I gotta have faith, faith, faith  
I gotta have faith, faith, faith.

END OF PLAY.