

HERONICS

By David Darmstaedter

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SCENE ONE

A filthy unkempt apartment, garage sale furnished: overflowing ashtrays, empty fast food cartons, pizza boxes etc. A table in front of the broken down couch has a pile of writing paper, chewed up pens on it and a half full glass of water. An old typewriter sits on a desk off to the side next to a book case filled with classic literature. An old acoustic guitar leans against crusty wall mirror that's under a worn poster of Keith Richards. Old Einstein and Miles Davis posters on the other walls.

NOTE: A bathroom open to the audience sits front stage left.

A phone rings on the open kitchen counter. The answering machine picks up.

BOBBIE (ON MACHINE)

Hello all you beautiful people! I hope we are all livin' our dreams today...leave a message for Bobbie...also calls and future movie offers for Kelly Coltz will be taken and answered...have a beautiful day...

The BEEP sounds. Nick's voice is heard overlapped by Beth's.

NICK (ON MACHINE)

Bobbie, it's me, I'm comin' over to work on that play...

BETH (ON MACHINE)

Why are you going to that loser's...

NICK (ON MACHINE)

Honey, please...

BETH

You don't need him...

NICK

Beth...damnit!...Bobbie, I'm comin' over...

The machine cuts off.

Moments later, BOBBIE, forty, wearing a college sweatshirt, old Levis and Weeejun loafers hurries in, frantically empties dime bags of heroin and cocaine out of his pockets on the table.

BOBBIE

(whimpering)

Oh, god hurry up, hurry up...oh, the horror, the horror...

He reaches under the couch, pulls out a small wooden box, opens it and pulls out a bent spoon, cotton and syringe. As he fixes a speedball...

BOBBIE

Come on...come on...

He has the shot ready, feels under the couch cushion, yanks out a crusty shirt tie, slips it over his arm and pulls the other end tight with his teeth.

He misses his vein.

BOBBIE

(teeth clenched on the tie)

Fuck!

He tries again, misses.

BOBBIE

No!...God , no!...why?!

He drops to his knees

BOBBIE

I'll never get high again, I promise... damnit! Just give me a fuckin' vein...

One more try. He registers, pushes down the plunger. As the cocaine and heroin rush through his veins, he groans with relief.

BOBBIE

Ahhh....keep comin' back, it works if ya work it...

(singing)

"Home, home on the range..."

He lights a cigarette, makes a phone call.

BOBBIE

(on phone)

Hello, Connie, my sweet, it's you favorite guy in the world. Listen, cutie I have to record in the studio so I won't be in this weekend...yeah, the contract came through, big money...look, sweetie, I owe ya five hundred, right? ...let's make it an even grand...I'm getting an advance tomorrow...at least ten thou... maybe we can go somewhere, Big Sur, Catalina, anywhere you want...come on, sweet thing, you're father won't miss it, he's drunk around the clock...it's not nice but it's true and who drives him home after closing three nights a week?...please?...I wrote a song for you, the single on my new album, wanna hear it?...

He ambles over, grabs the guitar,  
starts to play and sing into the phone.

BOBBIE

(singing)

"When I'm with you, baby, I feel like the sun is rising in my body. When I'm with you, lover, no one, not no one can do me no harm. You're my love, you're my life, my heroine"...

(talking)

of course it's you, Connie, who else could it be?

A loud knock is heard on the door.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Honey, my chauffeur is here. I'll stop down at the bar on my way to the studio...love ya babe.

Bobbie hangs up, fixes another shot as  
he yells at door.

BOBBIE

Kelly, where's your key, ya little moron? You loose it again?

(laughs)

Well, you'll just have to wait until old Bobbie is ready and maybe next time you'll remember to take your fuckin' key...

NICK (O.S.)

Bobbie, it's Nick!

BOBBIE

Nick?

Bobbie calmly hits a vein, walks to  
O.S. door, returns with NICK, thirties,  
who carries a note book.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Nick, it is so good to see you. You look good, man, like you have a tan or something...

Nick regards the mess, Bobbie, stoned, with the syringe stuck in his arm.

NICK

Jesus, Bobbie! You told me you were on a detox...

BOBBIE

I was, Nick. They had me down to nine milligrams. Do you know what nine milligrams of methadone does for ya? Nothing. And methadone is bad for your bone marrow anyway....

NICK

God damnit!

BOBBIE

Nick, relax...

NICK

How can I relax? Look at you...

BOBBIE

Nick, take it easy, I'm fine...

NICK

You're fucking strung out again...

BOBBIE

So I am, so I am...and you look healthy as an Ox...although you always looked good even when you were strung to the hilt...

NICK

I wanted to work on that play...

BOBBIE

Great! Fantastic!

NICK

You fuckin' told me when you finished detox we would get down to work, serious work...

BOBBIE

Believe me Nick, I am serious...

Bobbie walks to kitchen, cleans out his syringe.

NICK

Did you get my message? I called...

BOBBIE

ESP, baby, I was just gonna call you...

Bobbie plays the message and laughs.

BOBBIE

What a little henpecker...

(imitating Beth)

Are you going to that losers?

(laughs)

Nick, she's jealous of your talent. Strictly middle class. I say get rid of her but that's only my opinion...

NICK

She helped me get straight.

BOBBIE

Like all the others who tried and failed...two months here, three months there...

NICK

Beth is different...

BOBBIE

Why? Is it four months with her?

NICK

Six...she's really helping me...

BOBBIE

Nick, you don't need a mother to help you be a good boy because you're not a good boy...

NICK

I'm just not doing dope anymore, okay? And you shouldn't either...

BOBBIE

So you're only drinking now? I hate drinking. I think it's disgusting and it creates violence.

NICK

We drink a little wine with dinner...

BOBBIE

That must be torture for you.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Why don't ya just throw in the towel, join AA and Beth can go do that Alanon, bullshit,...be a nice little happy, fucking dull couple in recovery...

NICK

Why don't you go to fucking AA?

BOBBIE

AA is for people who want it not for people who need it, so I continue to have my problems in that area...maybe one day...

NICK

Look, I just wanna prove to Beth that you and I can write something good together...

BOBBIE

Of course we can...

Nick looks around, sees the old typewriter.

NICK

On that? What happened to your computer, Bobbie? You said you had a new...

BOBBIE

Fuck computers! Did Hemmingway have a computer? Did Tennessee fucking Williams have a computer? You got a few hundred you can go get it at the fuckin' pawn shop if you think we need it...but we don't! Not to create! Rimbaud didn't even have a typewriter!

NICK

You are so high...

BOBBIE

So get high with me...

Nick looks at the bags of dope and cocaine on the table...maybe for a little too long.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

...I've got a freight train full of ideas rushing through my head, man...It's really good dope, Nick. I met this Persian chick at detox who's cousin has a diplomatic pass, brings the shit right in...I might even fuck her, maybe we could both fuck her...no Beth would kill you, right?...anyway, ya barely have to cook it, it's so pure...one shot would get the creative juices flowing that Beth has obviously been stifling ...you've got the talent ...she is strictly middle class but hey, that's only my opinion...

NICK

I...I...I should go...you're really fucked up Bobbie...

As Nick backs out towards the door,  
KELLY, twenties, hustles in.

BOBBIE

Kelly, dude, how the audition go?

KELLY

Cool...

Nick turns around, bumps into Kelly.

KELLY

Dude...look out...

He walks right past Nick to the table  
where the drugs are.

KELLY

Can I do one of these?

BOBBIE

Hold on little buddy.

KELLY

Who is this dude? Is he doin' em'? Bobbie you said...

NICK

(angry)

Who the fuck is this, Bobbie?

Nick and Kelly stare each other down.  
Bobbie laughs.

BOBBIE

Nick, relax. This is Kelly Coltz. I say he's the next Brad Pitt. He's staying here until his next movie deal goes through. Then ya know, location. I'm coaching him on his auditions...

KELLY

...and I'm goin' into the studio to play drums on some cuts for Bobbie's album...the electric ones, right?

BOBBIE

That's right...that's right...and Nick here is an old friend and very talented but frustrated writer who has genius potential. We met at University...well I dropped out...

KELLY

Yale, right?

Nick ignores Kelly for Bobbies sake.

NICK

I gotta go...

BOBBIE

Hey, there's the door but I have the feeling something really great could happen here...but maybe you have something more timely to do over at Beth's like washing the dishes or writing "I'll be a good boy" five-hundred times while she watches Oprah.

KELLY

You gotta write that? Bummer, dude.

NICK

Go ride a fuckin' skateboard somewhere, okay?

KELLY

What's wrong with ridin' skateboards, dude? It's a lot cooler than writing, "I'll be a good boy" five hundred times.

Bobbie and Kelly laugh.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Wanna run lines with me Bobbie? Let me do a bag first...

BOBBIE

Ya just did one for your last audition...

KELLY

So, I need another one. I do much better when I'm stoned.

BOBBIE

Movin' up the heron ladder aren't ya? Your acting is getting better too...much more fluid.

Bobbie regards Nick who watches incredulously.

BOBBIE

Nick! You're still here. Why do ya think that is?

NICK

I don't know...

BOBBIE

It's because you haven't been high for a long time and you're thinking how good just one bag...oh, man, would you feel it. I wish I was clean so I could get that feeling of the first bag...the warmth, the freedom, the surge of power through your body...there is nothing like it in the world and you know it...

Nick stands powerless over leaving.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Twist your arm, I'll touch it for ya...remember we used to say that to each other after wasting all that time saying we wouldn't get high...and we ended up getting high anyway.

(to Kelly)

Nick used to write beautiful, desperate, moving poems when he was high. He could have easily published them. Beth probably tossed them out...

NICK

She thought they were about other women and started to rip them up. When I told her they were all love poems to heroin she told me I was pathetic...still ripped them up.

BOBBIE

Blasphemy! She's pathetic!

NICK

If we could write something straight, Bobbie, while we were both straight, she'd have nothing to say...

BOBBIE

She has nothing to say now.

NICK

She says she fucking hates you, that you're a negative influence...

BOBBIE

Beth is in love with me.

NICK

You're out of your fucking mind.

BOBBIE

She loves what she can't get, what she can't reach. She loves what scares her, what's beyond her. You were beyond her at one time, Nick, but now she has you so under her thumb, you're invisible. As a matter of fact if you don't stay here and get high to prove to her she's doesn't own your very soul, I bet she dumps you within the week and comes right to your's truly...

NICK

Get the fuck outta...

BOBBIE

She's trying to penetrate us. I have such incredible insight ...why you went for her I'll never know. She is completely out of our league. She's cute but...you watch, after she is through with you, she'll come for me...

KELLY

Can I do her next?

NICK

Shut the fuck up!

Kelly shoves Nick, throws up his fists.

KELLY

Come on, dude! Right now! I'll fuckin' kill ya!

Bobbie intervenes.

BOBBIE

Woah, boys, boys...Calm down, we're all friends here. Ya see Nick, she's not even present and she brings bad vibes into the room...and you want to run back to her.

NICK

All I've ever done with you is waste time...

BOBBIE

Can't you see she'll never let you be who you really are. I can see you in ten years with little Beth and some little kids and a little meaningless, uncreative job and when your little family has gone to sleep, I see you all alone in the dark, regretting how you let your life as an artist slip through your hands...Oh, you'll be safe and healthy but full of regret and misery...and you and I never wasted time, Nick, okay! Everything we ever said, ever discussed, is all saved  
(pointing to his head)  
up here, like a fucking creative volcano, waiting to erupt!

Kelly grabs a spoon and a bag of dope.

KELLY

Bobbie, I wanna get high, dude! I'll get it ready so you can fix me. If Nick doesn't wanna get high and like erupt creatively with us, too bad ...

(to Nick)

but dude, that other life with the kids and shitty job, sounds like a bummer.

Kelly gets a shot ready.

NICK

I'll just watch you two poison yourselves and then I'll leave.

Bobbie takes the loaded syringe from Kelly. Kelly anxiously pumps his fist and holds out his arm.

BOBBIE

Yeah, you wanna see it up close, keep the memory of the insanity fresh in your mind...good choice Nick. I'll leave a bag for ya...

Nick dry swallows as he watches Bobbie slip the needle into Kelly's vein.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

You gotta learn to do this yourself, Kelly.

Bobbie finishes the shot. Kelly feels the surge of narcotic, instantaneously.

KELLY

Oh...wow, man...oh, shit, I'm gonna puke...

Kelly runs to the kitchen sink and vomits.

BOBBIE

Go in the bathroom, dude.

Kelly runs to O.S. bathroom.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Gotta house train the kid, Nick. You gotta be careful too...if you get high, the warm rush of dope might make ya might puke...it's been a while, ya know...

NICK

I never puked...my nervous wreck of a body was made for heroin...it's the only thing that ever made me feel normal.

BOBBIE

So what's the problem? I'll spell it for ya...B...E...T...H.

Nick lets out a nervous laugh. Bobbie keeps working him.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Come on, Nick, maybe this was meant to be, maybe we're on the verge of something phenomenal...three talented guys together with some inspirational powders...I feel so inspired now, I can't tell you...maybe this is a magic batch of heroin we have here...maybe Burroughs had a magic batch when he wrote, well he always had a magic batch...but all the other scores of...Cooleridge, Carroll, Poe, Coltrane, Miles...all had those days when the heroin quality was just right to create genius...let me just fix you up a shot...

NICK

Why did you tell him you went to Yale?

BOBBIE

Nick, I coulda gone to Yale, okay, my old man went to Yale.  
What's the big deal? I'm helpin the kid...

NICK

What am I gonna do with you?

BOBBIE

I'm fine...

NICK

No, you're not...

BOBBIE

So what do you wanna do?

NICK

What do I wanna do? What do I wanna do?

Kelly comes back in wiping his mouth.

KELLY

Pukin' is like almost fun when you're high...

As Bobbie fixes up another shot he  
takes a new syringe out from under the  
couch, places it on the table.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

I will promise you this is our last chance to strike ideas of  
gold...because first thing Monday morning I am checking into  
rehab for a solid year...and if I come out as dull and boring  
as you are now Nick, our chance will be lost forever...

NICK

Fuck you, man...

Nick grabs the syringe, rips it out of  
the package, sucks the dope out of the  
spoon and slips the needle in his arm.

NICK

You happy...now...oh, shit...damn...

Bobbie slinks over, picks up the guitar  
and plays a haunting riff as a stoned  
Nick sinks back in his chair.

BOBBIE

We are now in the beginning a creative hurricane and you Nick are the eye of the storm...and don't worry about Beth, when you show her the masterpiece we have written she will praise me and kiss your genius ass.

SCENE TWO

All are stoned, talking over each other. Nick sits on the couch, furiously writing in his note book. Bobbie sits in front of the type writer. Kelly paces around studying a script.

BOBBIE

Nick, let's work on that other idea.

KELLY

I wanna run lines Bobbie.

He gives Bobbie the script. Bobbie looks it over quickly, hands it back.

BOBBIE

Remember that idea we had Nick? Black hookers and white...  
(to Kelly)  
Go...

NICK

White men, black hookers....that was a long time ago...

KELLY

Bobbie, don't you need the script to read the lines?

BOBBIE

No! I remember everything I read in seconds! I'm a fucking genius! Go! With feeling!

Arnie clears his throat, looks at the script, at Bobbie.

KELLY

...Rebecca...I love you...

BOBBIE

Well, I never said I didn't...

KELLY

But I saw you with that other guy...

BOBBIE

That was just Steve from school...

KELLY

But you were holding hands...

Bobbie jumps up, applauds.

BOBBIE

That was good, Kelly, I felt it. Put the script down and let it seep in while I work with Nick. "White men Black Hookers". That would be a mind blower! We could audition all these hot black chicks...maybe I'd play one of the guys...I'm primarily a singer/song writer but I fancy myself as quite the actor too...Nick, tell Kelly the story about you and that black hooker, the one you were in the hotel on crack with...

NICK

No...

BOBBIE

How about the one you shot morphine with in Times square or the one who fucked you in the diner bathroom while her pimp...

NICK

Forget it...

BOBBIE

They all blew more than just his dick...they blew his mind, right Nick? What was the thru line you came up with? Oh, yeah, black hookers turn white men into a glob of silly putty in a confessional booth...

KELLY

I'm ready to run lines again...

BOBBIE

I'll coach ya again in a minute...wait, I feel a great song brewing in my head too...

(hums a tune for a few beats)

This is a creative fucking den! This is like Paris in the thirties! I'm tellin' ya this is a magic batch of dope we have here...

Nick gives a stoned laugh, takes a cigarette, lights it.

NICK

Cigarettes taste so good when you're high...so I was driving down Sunset, too drunk to drive but drivin' anyway...

BOBBIE

Here he goes, Kelly, listen up...

KELLY

What about my script...

BOBBIE

Toss that piece of shit and listen to true life experience turned into art...

Bobbie starts typing.

NICK

...I pulled over to shoot some cocaine so I could sober up and this luscious...

BOBBIE

I love that word, luscious...

NICK

...this luscious black hooker in hot pants, fucking pink hot pants comes right up to the window and asks me if I wanna date...man, she pursed those juicy thick lips all glossed up then smiled...it was all sex with her white white teeth and dark red Tongue...

BOBBIE

Nick really knows how to visualize a story, doesn't he. I'm tellin' ya Nick, you operate much better when you're high and I like ya much better...

KELLY

Me too...dude, you are cool...

BOBBIE

You were meant to be stoned!

Nick grins, continues.

NICK

I'm just starin' at her...and I say, "What's your name?" And she says, "Angel cause I'm such a mothafuckin' little Devil" We both started laughin'...then she sees the bag of cocaine and syringe in my hand and she just jumps in the car, grabs my dick and says, "You let me rock some of that cocaine up, honey and I will suck your sweet white dick like it's never been sucked before."

NICK (CONT'D)

...so I drove her to this motel off Cahuenga and she cooked up some rocks, I musta had a half ounce...

KELLY

Dude!

BOBBIE

Nick use to deal too...

NICK

...she started hittin' the pipe and suckin' my dick while I was booting the coke 'cause I don't like crack...anyway she had on a R&B radio station on this little radio and a James Brown song came on...she went fucking nuts, dancing like James Brown, better than James Brown and she was glistening nude usin' the crack pipe as a microphone and the cocaine was rushing through my veins...then she did a full split right on the floor in front of me, put my stupendous hard cock in her mouth and said, "I own your mothafuckin' dick and I own you, white boy"...

KELLY

Dude! Let's call some hookers right now!

They all start laughing. A moment later Nick puts his head in his hands.

NICK

What am I gonna do? Beth is gonna kill me!

BOBBIE

Fuck Beth! Tell the Paris story when you fucked that model.  
(to Kelly)  
Nick picked up this Brazilian model in Paris...

KELLY

Paris?...cool

BOBBIE

And she was with her drunk, model boyfriend. He got em' both high on heroin, said it was moon crust...

NICK

Moon dust...

BOBBIE

Moon dust! Can you believe it? Tell the story, Nick...

NICK

Ahh...I don't know...I shouldn't even be here...

BOBBIE

Fuck it! I'll tell it!... and then he goes to their chic apartment in the Latin Quarter and the guy passes out. Big, tough model guy passes out...So Nick...so Nick sneaks the model girlfriend into the bathroom and fucks her up against the sink while they both look in the mirror...and Nick starts reciting poetry to her, making it up right on the spot...he was living like fucking Henry Miller, man!...

(long pause)

Now I'll tell the sick, no, sickening story of how he met Beth. It's short and pathetic.

He was at my bar, drinking, trying to kick dope and she was the cute little cocktail waitress/actress/producer/dog walker... that asked him if he was okay and he said, "No, I'm not okay, I'm a junkie and she said, "I'll take care of you." He moved in and she ruined him...took the artist right out of him...

Bobbie makes a phone call.

BOBBIE

(on phone)

Hello, Beth, it's Bobbie...of course he's here, free flowing narcotic and he's gonna stay here until we finish our masterpiece!

Bobbie hangs up

KELLY

All right, Bobbie! That was cool, dude.

NICK

Nice try, Bobbie...

Kelly looks at Nick, confused.

NICK

He was acting, you outta try it sometime.

KELLY

Fuck you...

BOBBIE

I was doing what you should do, Nick, if you had the balls... I gotta go get some more dope. We'll run lines when I get back, Kelly...don't worry, I'll turn you into a fucking Pacino!

Bobbie looks at Nick, shakes his head sadly and exits.

SCENE THREE

Nick chain smokes in silence. Kelly nods on and off as he memorizes lines.

KELLY

Wanna run lines with me?

NICK

No!

KELLY

Dude...

NICK

Don't call me dude.

KELLY

Dude, I'm tryin' to be mellow. If you wanna fuckin' go at it...

NICK

No, Kelly, I don't wanna "go at it"...just leave me alone, okay..

KELLY

You're just not stoned enough. Ya need to get really ripped so ya don't even remember who Beth is. Bobbie says the more loaded you are, the more creative you get, like, Bobbie, like was so loaded last night, I thought he was gonna die but he was writing fuckin' lyrics...his eyes weren't even open.

NICK

Bobbie already is dead and I am too if I stay here.

KELLY

Dude, as soon as I get my next picture, I'm outta here. I'm gonna score a house in the Hollywood Hills, build a recording studio...

NICK

Record with Bobbie...

KELLY

Dude, you got it...

NICK

Bobbie's gonna live with you?

KELLY

Fuck, yeah...

NICK

The loving uncle and his nephew...

KELLY

Watch it, dude, I grew up with my Uncle, Uncle fucking Cal. He was a born again religion freak.

KELLY (CONT'D)

He used sit me on his lap...then he'd start fondling my dick and tell me if it stayed soft I was a good boy and if got hard I was evil...I'm only kidding...he was cool...ya know my family disowned me 'cause I'm that fuckin' bad...they'll see when I make it big, I'll take care of em'...nah, who knows...doin' dope makes me feel so good, I really don't give a shit about anything...except doin' more...how long has Bobbie been gone?

NICK

I don't know, I don't know, I don't fuckin'...shit! I can't even go home because Beth will know I'm high! And I'm not even high enough to make it worth it!

KELLY

Dude, we'll do more...

NICK

Bobbie hypnotized me one more time...made me believe...that's what he does, he makes me believe we can really do something great...

(beat)

...my old man used to fondle me too, ya know, but he use to fondle with my mind, tease me, tell me I was a below average kid, no, way below average...that he felt sorry for me because I didn't have much of a chance in life...I used to write poems as a kid, about my love for nature, my dog...he said it showed weakness...wanted me to be a businessman like him...I couldn't do it...so he told me I was a failure that I was soft and a failure so I turned into a hard little junkie to show him that he failed as a father...as fucked up as Bobbie is, at least he makes me feel I can write, even if...

The phone rings. Nick panics as Kelly answers it.

NICK

Don't answer it!

KELLY

Dude, chill...

(on phone)

Good afternoon!

NICK

(hushed)

If it's Beth, tell her I'm not here...

KELLY

(on phone)

...what's up Brad?...really?...what weird energy?...well, tell her I have fuckin' allergies, that I'm on this weird antihistamine medication that gives me the weird energy...okay, it's too late, what do ya want me to do?...okay, I'll stop taking the medication...

( hangs up phone)

That's my fag agent...he's getting complaints from some bitch dyke casting agent. If I was a hot chick she woulda loved my audition, that's just how it goes...maybe she knew I was stoned...ya know my agent's in love with me, that's why he gets so bitchy. I know he beats off over my head shot...I let him blow me, just once though...it doesn't mean shit to me but he's all like crushed out over it...that was a cool excuse huh?...allergies, Bobbie told me that one. Where is he anyway? I hate waiting...I think I'm gettin' strung out, like fucking addicted...it's all I think about now...sounds scary, sounds kinda cool too...how many times you been strung out on dope, Nick?

NICK

Over thirty times since I was sixteen.

KELLY

Dude...

NICK

I was strung out when I was born.

KELLY

Wow! I like that, I'm gonna use that. Sometimes when you just talk, it's like that spoken word shit...

NICK

I used to do that spoken word shit when I was your age. I was a dark, cool junkie poet...fuckin' got me nowhere.

KELLY

You always fought it, didn't ya?

NICK

Fought what?

KELLY

Like Bobbie said...I bet if you just stayed a junkie and never tried to stop you woulda been famous by now.

NICK

Or dead...

KELLY

Yeah, but famous dead...I'd probably be readin' your book of poems or some of those wild stories about you fuckin' all kinds of chicks...

NICK

Yeah, maybe...I feel like I'm dead already, living with Beth, in an artistic sense anyway...they even rhyme...Beth and death...ya know her father died drunk in the street...

KELLY

Dude, any chick that doesn't let me party, I fuckin' dump...dead old man or not...

NICK

You think sticking a needle in your arm is partying? We're goin' to hell here. A black road into the fire.

KELLY

Hey, you're waiting around for more aren't ya?

NICK

I'm waiting for the hot demons to stop sizzling in my brain, demanding more medication, descending me into the never ending...and that is way past waiting for Godot...I'm gone again...

KELLY

That sound so cool...sounds like a bumner too...

NICK

After you've been strung out off and on for twenty years, you'll feel like this too...you'll hear the voices saying, "Don't do it, this is wrong" then you'll do it and you'll hate yourself but you'll want more... maybe you'll be lucky and never find out, maybe you are just partying...that's how I use to look at it...just havin' a good fuckin' time, literally fucking chicks for hours, reciting poems...young, golden, glowing narcotic...

(reciting)

got no goals, got no direction, except downtown to meet my connection...fuck it! I'm gonna get high one more time, write an all out crazed tour de force, check myself into rehab with Bobbie and we'll polish the play in there when we're straight.

KELLY

That sounds cool except for the rehab...

Nick jumps up.

NICK

No! I'm gonna go right now, turn myself into Beth and never get high again. You should go too before it's too fucking late...

Nick marches towards O.S. Door and is met by Bobbie who immediately shows a handful of dope. Nick follows him over to the table like a dog after a treat.

BOBBIE

Nick, you are so lucky you didn't leave. This batch is really God...

KELLY

You mean really good, Bobbie?

BOBBIE

No, I mean really God...it makes me feel like God, all warm and powerful...

NICK

Fuck it! Give me one...

KELLY

What about me? I fuckin' paid your rent this month Bobbie...

BOBBIE

Dude, do I charge you for private acting coach lessons?

Bobbie hands them each a bag. All fix up their shots.

Bobbie does his.

Kelly hands Bobbie his syringe to get him high. As Nick finishes his shot, Bobbie talks, waves the syringe around as Kelly salivates and pumps his fist.

BOBBIE

Oh... Nick, I saw Beth...

NICK

Stop fuckin' with me, Bobbie...oh, this is good, I feel good...

BOBBIE

I'm serious, it's just how the universal law works...I'm comin' back from my Beverly Hills Persian cat connection's and I stop at the gas station on Doheny and Sunset to get smokes and who pulls up...

KELLY

Bobbie, come on, man...

Bobbie slips the needle in Kelly's vein.

BOBBIE

Dude, watch how I do it...watch the register, watch the little red thread...

(to Nick)

I told her we were well into that play, your idea about the convict junkie that gets out of prison, works in the Hindu temple and becomes a Monk...only I told it backwards about a Monk that tries to help a young convict heroin addict and succumbs himself to Opiates...how's "Junkie Monky" sound for the title?...

(to Kelly)

Don't puke on me...clean out these works and run some Clorox through em' like I showed you. God forbid we get any diseases here...

Kelly runs to the kitchen sink to clean the works.

NICK

You can't fuck with me now Bobbie. I am stoned, immaculate...

BOBBIE

I'm serious, she pulled up in this black Mercedes with some guy. I had em' both thoroughly intrigued in my pitch. She's very limited in the creative sense...and who is this guy? I think she introduced him as Jules...very roguish, swarthy international type...

NICK

He's a low rent Private detective. She's just training with him to get her license. He's a phony jerkoff, she told me...

BOBBIE

The way they got along, she might be jerking him off, Nick. She didn't even seem that concerned you were over here.

Kelly comes back.

KELLY

Dude, I think I know this guy Jules. He's a total fag. I let him blow me...just once though. My parents like hired him to find me and he found me and like I knew he was gay right off and I said like if you don't tell my parents you found me I let ya suck my cock. They always like it when ya say cock. They get all excited...

He hands Bobbie the syringes.

KELLY

All clean...

Bobbie and Nick regard Kelly for a moment...then...

NICK

Did you really tell her all that shit because, believe me, Bobbie, she's a lot smarter....

BOBBIE

Enough with Beth! She's inconsequential, yesterdays news...

KELLY

How can it be yesterday when you just saw her today?

BOBBIE

How can it be tomorrow when last week was ten years ago?

KELLY

Okay, cool, I get it.

BOBBIE

That's why I like you, Kelly, you're easy to take along for the ride.

NICK

Easy to take for a ride...

BOBBIE

No, Nick! Along, for the ride, into whatever maddening place our minds take us. Now are you ready to stop fighting, to surrender to the narcotic powers, to be a channel for greatness as all the genius artists that came before you? Are you ready to create a masterpiece?

KELLY

I say we do that hooker piece...and we live the play as we write it.

BOBBIE

At the same moment. Now that's a concept!

KELLY

Nick, you think you could write and get a blow job at the same time?

BOBBIE

You know Henry Miller did that...and I could type in dialogue live as it happens...and write songs too...Gettin' stoned and boned and feelin' like Paris, Henry Millers ghost and some Ebony Ho's...

KELLY

I'm ready!

NICK

They will chew you up and spit you out.

KELLY

Dude, I'm younger than you, stronger than you and I know I can fuck harder and longer than you...

BOBBIE

The dynamics of this situation are insanely fertile. As long as neither of us kills each other the possibilities are endless.

NICK

What if their pimps bust in and kill us?

BOBBIE

That's the drama! That's the ticking clock!...wait...

Bobbie goes to phone machine, records a new message.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

You have reached the artistic den of Bobbie, Kelly and the soon to be published mega-talent Nick Beecham...call us back, we are creating!

The beep sound is heard. Bobbie struts back.

BOBBIE

...And none of us can leave, except me of course to get more provisions, speaking of which, I gotta take a little injection break in the bathroom to think this out...

Bobbie grabs his syringe, bag of dope and cocaine.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

I'll be back with the answer.

As Bobbie walks into the bathroom, lights fade on Nick and Kelly.

SCENE FOUR

Bobbie turns on the bathroom light,  
gets high and talks into the bathroom  
mirror( which is the audience).

BOBBIE

You'll be forty years old next month, it's about time you got  
it together...

(winks at himself)

Still lookin' pretty good, though...fuck you, loser...no,  
shhh...this could be it, it's gotta happen now, plays, songs,  
movies, everything you've wanted...these two guys were put  
here as stepping stones to your success...use it, use them  
use it all, it's all yours...shut up asshole, I hate you, you  
were never any good at anything...just dabble here and dabble  
there...now look at you, forty, strung out again and  
nowhere...mommy?...daddy?...Bobbie?

(laughing)

You're wild!...you've got what it takes...these guys are just  
pawns, prawns, shrimps...you're the big fish just like all  
the great ones...fuck you dad, I'll make it...

(bowing)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to thank heroin who has been  
my true god, mother and father and that inspirational dash of  
cocaine that helped me soar into genius...

(singing)

"You are so beautiful, to me"...

(he gives himself the finger)

SCENE FIVE

Lights come back up on Kelly and Nick  
as Bobbie strolls in.

BOBBIE

Okay, are we ready? Nick, you have one of Beth's credit  
cards so we can call in the talent or do we go for the hard  
core ebony Gazelles of the street?

KELLY

What's this Gazelle shit? I want a Black Hooker, man, I want  
her to fuck my white trash ass.

NICK

A Black, Hooker man? So we could work Kelly getting sodomized  
by a transvestite into the second act...

KELLY

Don't fuck with me. I'll sodomize you, dude, with my whole  
fuckin' boot.

BOBBIE

Kelly, nobody is gonna hold it against ya and it would spice  
up the action...and most of them are better looking than  
their female counterparts...

KELLY

You do it first...and we get more dope, a lot more...and nobody tells nobody else nothing.

BOBBIE

We could definitely draw in the gay audience with the B story of the troubled, little, motherless, cracker boy that looks for love in a black woman, who ends up to be just like his incestuous father...

NICK

That absolutely makes no sense...

BOBBIE

What does? What does, Nick? We're exploring here, we're in the process...

NICK

The idea I originally came over here with makes sense...

KELLY

Is there hookers in it?

NICK

The one about the guy that gets out of prison and works in the Hindu monastery. He sees he can scam the monks because they're so trusting but then he realizes they're already on to him...then he realizes they're showing him how he has to change his false self which is the convict into his true self, which is monk like...then he wants to leave because he is afraid to change...but he knows it's his karma to change...and he becomes a monk himself...

KELLY

And he gets all the monks to trust him so he can bring in hookers and turn the monastery into a whore house...

BOBBIE

And one of the whores recognizes a monk that use to be a transvestite on the street...

NICK

I'm serious, I think I'm here to heal you guys. I had to shoot dope with you so I could descend back into the darkness and now I have to bring you into the light. I've been going to a Hindu temple lately and during meditation this whole thing came to me...

KELLY

Dude...

NICK

Fuck you, with your dude! I'm having a spiritual awakening here!

Kelly gets up to punch Nick. Bobbie holds him back.

BOBBIE

Hold on, hold on...let Nick have his awakening, here...

Both Kelly and Bobbie sit quietly while Nick goes through his emotional moment.

NICK

Shit!...it's gone now...

BOBBIE

Nick, it takes years to become a monk. It sounds like you went to the temple a couple of times and just realized, "fuck this, I wanna shoot dope with Bobbie again."

NICK

Yeah...maybe...

BOBBIE

...well, now you're here, you're high...let your creative powers flow...

(gets the guitar)

I'm gonna start us off on our journey with a great song.

Bobbie plays a decent "Red House" by Jimi Hendrix type, blues riff. Kelly grabs a pair of drumsticks and drums along on the table. Nick hesitates but eventually succumbs, closing his eyes and moving his head to the beat.

BOBBIE

Yeah...that's it, we're goin' boys, into that land where we all want to be, the never ending land of liquid...flowing...never ending creativity...

(singing)

There's a big house over yonder, high up in the hills, it's where will all be livin' soon, with lots of opiates and girls...

(he hums along, fumbling words then abruptly stops and puts down the guitar.)

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Yeah...we're here. Let's start on the play, Nick and if you let your mind stay in the place it is...right now...we can do both ideas....Kelly, I want you off book on your script from page one...

KELLY

Dude...

BOBBIE

Start memorizing!

NICK

I'm back again, saddled up on the syringe, riding into hell for another story...

BOBBIE

Nick, you're a fucking poet when you speak!...we are the dark heros, a breed close to distinction in these disgusting, safe, boring, mediocre, controlled times. The human race is twelve stepping itself into oblivious lobotomization...we, are the voice of the dark truths...the messengers...I love you Nick for what you are, a black angel and a hero.

KELLY

Wow! That's fuckin' cool, Bobbie. I feel like one too.

BOBBIE

Yes, Kelly, we all gotta go where we gotta go...so, where do we start...

(he starts typing)

Three a.m. The street is empty except for those few desperate, white men driving slowly, alone in their cars, afraid to look in the mirror and say, "I'm a failure as a man"...so they cruise the boulevard for the black kittens in their bright colored hot pants to validate their manhood for a twenty dollar bill...

(stops typing)

Shit!...to hell with the play, this would make a great movie! We could write, produce and all have starring roles... and I could write and perform the soundtrack. I'm tellin' ya, I knew we were all here for a reason.

NICK

I feel black on the inside so I pursue it on the outside but skin color has nothing to do with the blackness of the soul. Why is black attributed to bad and fearful?

BOBBIE

That's the dilemma of the main character. You fucking genius! Now we need a hook...

NICK

Fuck the hook, fuck the structure, fuck all that Hollywood bull shit. All those thought out structured, boring, meaningless movies written by snot nosed punks who never lived a day in their lives, never sacrificed themselves...fuck all that...

BOBBIE

Nick, you are on it! I love you, man...we'll write how we live...to amaze, dazzle and shock this whole fucking town!

Bobbie gets up, walks to the table.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

It's gettin' time for another creative shot.

Bobbie fixes up the last bags of dope.

BOBBIE

These are for Bobbie...we're gonna need some for all...cough up some money boys.

KELLY

That's like five bags, Bobbie...

BOBBIE

It's a super shot when I add a quarter gram of cocaine to it, it will be a super shuttle shot...I got a big tolerance, little buddy...

NICK

I don't need any more...

BOBBIE

What happens when your thoughts return to the land of drudgery, ignorance and boredom?

Kelly takes out a couple of crumpled twenties.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Nick, don't you have Beth's versateller card or pin number or something?

Bobbie takes the full syringe of dope, puts it in his box.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm saving this until I get back with some cocaine icing and don't be tempted, Kelly, this shot would kill you....in more ways than one...

Bobbie notices Kelly staring at the box. As he takes it into the bathroom...

BOBBIE

I know you have access to something, Nick.

Bobbie hides the syringe brings the box back.

NICK

She would flip if I even took...

BOBBIE  
So you do have a card.

NICK  
No, I don't.

BOBBIE  
Come on...

NICK  
I don't...

BOBBIE  
If you did, would you use it?

NICK  
I don't know...

BOBBIE  
You have to know, Nick, this is important.

NICK  
Why?

BOBBIE  
Don't ask why. Would you use it, yes or no?

NICK  
What are you doing this for?

BOBBIE  
Because your life as an artist depends on it. Artists sacrifice everything for their art, furthermore and foremost, snippy, snoopy little girlfriends and their bank accounts.

NICK  
Sacrifice Beth's bank account?

BOBBIE  
It's not about Beth. It's about you. Her money is your money. Artists need common folk to work so they can support the artist. That is the one and only reason she is in your life. Don't you get it?

NICK  
I'm sure Beth wouldn't get it...

BOBBIE  
Fuck Beth! I am so done with her and if you're not you will never be free.

KELLY  
Yeah, fuck Beth.

BOBBIE  
Say it, Nick.

NICK  
Say what?

BOBBIE  
I wanna hear it as I walk out the door so when I come back we have no bad Beth vibes in the air. We'll all say it like a mantra, okay....fuck Beth, fuck Beth, fuck Beth...

KELLY&BOBBIE  
Fuck Beth, fuck Beth...

As they repeatedly chant, Nick starts laughing.

BOBBIE  
Yeah, that's it, Nick, come on, say it...Fuck Beth, fuck Beth, fuck Beth...

Bobbie goes to the door and is met by BETH.

#### SCENE SIX

He is met by BETH, twenties, dressed in a sharp pants suit, who gives him a hard shove back into the room.

BETH  
I knew it!...Nick! Get up!

Nick jumps up, tries to act straight. Kelly checks out Beth's tight, little body.

NICK  
Beth....

BOBBIE  
Woah...don't you knock first?

BETH  
Is that what you want to do to me, Bobbie?

BOBBIE  
Well, your mother is here Nick, you can go home now.

BETH  
Is an old, burnt out, junkie loser like you still able to  
fuck...anyone?

(to Nick)  
What are you doing here?

NICK  
What are you doing here?

BOBBIE  
She's ruining my high for one thing.

BETH  
You are ruined...let's go, Nick.

BOBBIE  
Nick belongs here, Beth. Why don't you just go back to your  
common little world.

BETH  
Come, on, Nick...

Kelly gives a sexy posture.

KELLY  
Hey...

BETH  
Who are you?

KELLY  
Kelly...

BETH  
Well, Kelly, if you want a life, you should leave too.

BOBBIE  
How dare you taint up my creative den.

BETH  
Yeah, what are you creating?

Beth yanks the paper out of the type  
writer, starts to read. Bobbie reaches  
out to grab it back.

BOBBIE  
Hey! You little snoop.

Beth draws a gun out of a shoulder  
holster inside her jacket. Points it at  
Bobbie.

Oh, come on...

BOBBIE

She waves the gun in his face as she reads.

BETH

This is disgusting...pathetic...

Beth crumples the paper and drops it.

Bobbie goes to pick it up.

BETH (CONT'D)

On the couch! Now!

BOBBIE

Go ahead and shoot, little snippy, secret agent snoop...

Bam! Beth fires a shot right past Bobbie's head, who merely flinches as sits on the couch.

KELLY

Oh, shit...don't shoot me...

NICK

Beth, are you crazy...

BETH

Shut up!

The sound of a walkie-talkie is heard followed by the voice of Jules.

JULES (OVER WALKIE-TALKIE)

Beth...Beth come in...is the situation under control?

Beth whips out the walkie-talkie.

BETH  
(on walkie talkie)

Roger that, Jules, situation is under control.

BOBBIE

Quite the detective...

BETH

I should kill you but you're doing a good enough job on your own...you pathetic old junkie.  
(to Nick)

Let's go.

BOBBIE

Quite the opposite you common, little ignoramus. I am a hero, one of the last in existence.

BETH

Yeah, what kind of hero? A heroin hero? What's your heroic mission, to be the only walking cadaver left in existence...

BOBBIE

Oh...is that a joke? That was just so hysterical.

NICK

Heronics...

BETH

What?

NICK

This is all just heronics...heroin, heros, hysterics...

BOBBIE

You see, Beth, he creates as he breaths...words never even spoken before...here, with me...

Beth aims the gun at him.

BETH

Stop! All that's here is bullshit!

KELLY

Excuse me...Beth...

BOBBIE

You are bullshit, you snippy, snoop, little twat because you know in your selfish little heart that you can never change Nick and you come over to my abode with a gun...

BETH

I will have you arrested...

BOBBIE

I will have you arrested for attempted murder. If you leave the premises immediately, I will consider dropping the charges.

BETH

You're the attempted murderer...of these two...

KELLY

Can I just like leave? I won't say anything to anybody...Bobbie made me take the heroin...he told me it was moon dirt or some shit...I didn't even know...

Pointing the gun at Nick.

BETH

Get up, Nick, we're going...

BOBBIE

Nick, she has a gun pointed at you...

(to Beth)

You better keep it pointed at him all time because he won't change, he can't. You can't control him, Beth.

BETH

You control him with drugs...

NICK

No he doesn't!

BETH

You...

NICK

He's going into rehab on Monday, okay. We were working out the play so on Monday...

BETH

Are you going into rehab too?

NICK

I don't need rehab...

BETH

Well you won't be coming home with me...

BOBBIE

He doesn't want to come home with you. Look at him, you don't even know who he is. You came to get a Nick that doesn't even exist. Nick was never happy with you. He was pretending...

BETH

You're just so special when your on drugs, aren't you, Bobbie. I bet you're a scared little baby without them...

BOBBIE

I'm an artist. I get high to create, to bring myself to a level beyond what your petty, little mind can even imagine...now I'm going in the bathroom to get creative...

As Bobbie walks to the bathroom. Beth aims at him. He stops, laughs at her.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

You have a desire to spend the rest of your life in prison, go ahead and shoot or just put that little pistol away, you low rent detective trainee.

(to Nick)  
 What can I say my friend, the choice is yours.

As Bobbie walks into the bathroom.

NICK  
 (yelling)  
 I still want to take you to rehab...and finish the play.

Bobbie takes the full syringe out of the box.

BOBBIE  
 (from bathroom)  
 Sure thing...Nick...don't worry, I'll only do half a shot...I need it just to drown out her presence...but I'll be ready for...

Bobbie slips the needle in his arm, pushes the plunger half way down.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)  
 ..rehab...careful now...

The needle still in his arm, he goes in and out of a heavy nod as the scene continues.

BETH  
 Please, Nick, stop making an ass out of yourself. He'll never go to rehab and you know it.

KELLY  
 Can I go, please...I won't say anything to anybody...I'm sorry I ever got involved in this...I'm a serious actor, really...

BETH  
 Go on, get out...  
 (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)  
 Jules...there is a Kelly, repeat, Kelly coming out, twenties, blonde...let him pass...

JULES (OVER WALKIE-TALKIE)  
 Kelly?...Oh, god, I think I know him...

Beth looks at Kelly, perplexed.

KELLY  
 Oh, fuck...

He runs out the door. Beth walks over to Nick.

BETH

Please, Nick, I want to leave...

NICK

Just wait, Beth...Bobbie! What are you doing in there?

(to Beth)

I was gonna talk him into going to rehab, Beth. I had this whole fucking plan and now...

BETH

...and now what? What Nick? Look at you...

NICK

...and now he's in the bathroom, getting fucking high again because you...

BETH

Me? Bobbie gets high because of me?

NICK

No, because you...

BETH

I thought he got high because he was an artist to bring out his genius talent.

NICK

Beth, listen...

BETH

Isn't that why you're...you look so disgusting...and the shit you two write about is even more disgusting...

(beat

That's what you like, isn't it? Glamorizing drugs and whores like it's some magical...some dramatic journey into...

NICK

All right...okay...

BETH

What do you want, Nick?

Nick doesn't answer.

BETH

What do you want?!

NICK

What do I want about what? Staying here? Going with you? I don't know...

BETH

You want me to get stoned with you?

What?

NICK

She sweeps through the couch table,  
grabs a syringe.

BETH (CONT'D)

Where's some heroin? Come on, let me try some then I'll give  
you a blow job...how's that sound?

NICK

Stop it...

Beth drops to her knees, grabs his  
crotch hard.

BETH

Come on, let me suck it like a real sleazy whore...like a  
real hooker, right?

He pushes her away.

NICK

No!

Beth stands up.

BETH

Why not? Isn't that why you're here, to get all sleazy and  
write about how cool it is?

Nick doesn't answer. She points the gun  
at him.

BETH (CONT'D)

I should just kill you, this way you wouldn't be so tortured  
over what kind of life you wanted because it would be over!

A wicked stoned laugh comes from  
Bobbie.

BETH

You fucking loser!

Beth spins around and fires a shot into  
the bathroom door.

BOBBIE  
(from bathroom)

Close one, snoop  
(sings)

I gotta love bullet from my baby...hey, why don't you just get the fuck outta here...uh...yeah...you too Nick...you fuckin'...sellout...

(nods again)

Beth looks back at Nick. Tears run down her cheeks.

BETH

Is that how you want to end up?

NICK

I was gonna save him...

BETH

Save him? He doesn't want to be saved. I'm trying to save you from becoming him. Can't you see that. Can't you see that I love you, that we love each other? Don't we? Don't you love me?

Nick looks up, tears in his eyes. Beth puts the gun on the table, strokes his head.

BETH (CONT'D)

We were beginning to start a life together...it, it can still work...you asked me to help you, remember? I'm still here, I still want to help you...remember when we first met, how you wanted to change? You did change, Nick, you were getting better...remember when you told me that Bobbie was the Devil, that you were both Devils and you thought you could never get out of your hell and that I came just in time like an Angel sent down from heaven to save you...

NICK

I just wanted to write something that...

BETH

I want you to write too. My friend Gordy is a big producer. He said he would produce anything you wrote...

NICK

Fucking TV producer...

BETH

It's a start, Nick. TV movies make a lot of money...you don't even have to work now, I'm supporting you so you can write...I got this detective job so I could tell you stories, so you could write a movie about a woman detective.

We could produce it with Gordy and I could even play the part of the detective and....I mean, I do everything for you...I came here all crazy just for you...and you want to waste away here or go fucking meditate with a bunch of monks in some stupid temple...

NICK

They're not stupid monks. They were helping to save my life.

BETH

They can't even face life, that's why they're there. Most of them are just afraid of their homosexuality so they choose...why do you look to everyone but me? I'm the only one who really cares...I couldn't bare it if you ended up like my father...

NICK

I'm not your fuckin' father, all right?

BETH

And what is that suppose to mean? My father was a good man.

NICK

You told me he was a gutter drunk...

BETH

I said he died in the gutter, drunk because he went past the point of caring after my mom died...but he was a good man...he loved me...I tried to save him...

NICK

Yeah, well you can't save me either so stop trying to bring him back through me...

BETH

What?

NICK

And you wanna play the part of the detective? I'm your father? I'm your writer? What, exactly. What, Beth?

Beth's face snarls up.

BETH

How dare you. You could never be my father even on his worst day...and what kind of writer are you? You've never finished anything, never sold anything, never did anything successfully except complaining and being a drug addict...that is your fucking career, isn't it?...oh, yeah and all your sex adventures that wouldn't have even happened without the drugs because to tell you the truth, Nick, you haven't satisfied me once ...maybe that's it, you need the drugs to make you feel like a man...

NICK

Yeah, that's right, take off your clothes, I'll give you a nice long heroin fuck...

BETH

I couldn't think of anything more disgusting...

NICK

That was a joke...

BETH

If you weren't so pathetic, you'd be a joke.

Beth stares at him contemptuously then exits.

A moment later Nick gets up.

NICK

Beth, wait...God damnit!

(to Bobbie)

Bobbie! Bobbie! I'll be right back...

Nick follows after Beth.

SCENE EIGHT

Bobbie, danger zone stoned, comes out of his nod.

BOBBIE

Who?...huh...

As he stumbles into the empty living room, the dangling syringe with the half-shot of heroin, falls out of his arm.

BOBBIE

Oh, shit...

He picks it up.

BOBBIE

Hey...still got a good shot left...oh, I need some coke...

(looks around)

So, everybody's gone...and the lone hero remains...

(sees the gun on the table,  
picks it up)

Little snoop left her pistol...

(points it at the wall mirror)

You're under arrest!

(Bam! The gun fires.)

Whoa...

(he carefully puts the gun back down)

I could have just killed myself...that would have been horrible, horrible...

(fondly holds up the syringe)

This is much better, trusty little gun...

(sings)

"Happiness is a warm gun, happiness is a warm gun baby..."

(almost sobbing)

What happened John, why'd they take you? Why are all the dark heros gone?...Now Nick, my last and only...I loved ya Nick, I really did...I know you shared that special pain that can only be released...

(singing)

When we put our fingers on that little trigger and no one can do us no harm...

(holds the syringe high)

...and we soar like Icarus to the knowledge of the sun...so we burn, it's okay, the flight there is unimaginably better than any boring, mundane...we weren't just getting high, it was way beyond that...I understand you were scared, that Beth was just a symbol, something to keep you from going to the land of no return...but that's where you have to live, you can only send back your experiences...ah, Little Beth and little Kelly...how can I forgive you...I can't...fuck you, fuck you all...I used you...who's next...

(laughing insanely)

Nick, you idiot!...oh, shit, I'm gonna miss you...ah, the emotions, the feelings...I hate them...

(to syringe)

...get me out of this...

(slips the needle in, misses his vein)

Shit, this is no time to miss...come on, Bobbie...

(misses again)

Come on! You're a champ, a true blue blood and an artist...remember back in college, you were just like the portrait of an artist as a young man, you were...you were like Dorian Grey...you still are...

(as he finally hits the vein)

you're like Howard fucking Hughes!

(stands up triumphantly and pushes down the plunger)

Yeah, you're a godamn...

(as the dope hits sending him into overdose, his last choked word comes out)

Hero...

(Bobbie slumps back on the couch, gone forever.)

A moment later, Kelly runs in.

KELLY

Dude... hey... Bobbie, I didn't mean the shit I said about you, I was acting...it was good huh?

(does it again, badly)

"Bobbie made me take the drugs."

(Laughs)

Everybody bought it...hey guess what? I kept acting when I walked out past that total fag dude Jules...

(pulls out a bunch of bills)

... he was the same fag I was tellin' you about, the detective...we like rapped and I like made up this whole sob story how I hade no place to go, fucking great acting...shit if we had a video camera I coulda put it on my reel, it was so good...I like cried and totally scammed him...I was like tellin' him I'd move in with him for a while until I got my shit together, I even promised he could blow me again ...then ...shit, Beth comes out and Nick is chasing after her and she fuckin' whips around and slaps handcuffs on him!...Dude It was wild...then Jules like slips me a hand full of cash and whispers,

(Bad gay impersonation)

"Gotta rap up this case, horny, meet me at my place later"...

(laughs)

He said horny instead of honey...fag...then he gets back to detective work with Beth taking Nick away and Nick's screamin', "Just take me to the fucking temple" or some shit...anyway, I have like over a hundred dollars...so lets like get some dope...Bobbie?

(he gets closer, lightly pushes him)

You must be really loaded...shit, did you like do that super shot or something...dude...

(He pulls Bobbie's head back.

It lobs back over.)

Bobbie?...come on...you can't...shit...you can't...I'm just gonna wait...I know you're just really loaded...right?...right, Bobbie...right?...

(puts his head in his hands)

Oh...fuck...

Stage Goes Black.



