

THERE'S A BODY IN SECTOR 4

Lucas de Waard

CHARACTERS

GRUB, a troll

ELISA, a princess

YARA, a gunslinger

DON, a failed gangster

DEX, a Max Max-esque loner

CHRYSTAL, a vamp

RAFA, a vampire

MAGDA, a nurse

LIZZY, herself

HUBERT, the janitor

One

(Darkness. 'Real World' by Matchbox 20 is playing. Then: LIZZY's voice.)

LIZZY I hate this fucking song.
 Seriously.
 Could you turn this off please?

(The song stops.)

LIZZY I was sitting in class today.
 They were playing a film about Vietnam.
 Somebody got blown to bits in a field somewhere.
 Everybody was quietly sitting and watching,
 some were on their phones, of course,
 and I wasn't watching the movie, I was watching the people around
 me.
 The light of the projector on their faces.
 My classmates.
 And no one noticed.
 No one saw me watching them.
 And I saw their faces. In this sort of... neutral state.
 Am I saying that right?
 They were sort of, like, paused.
 Default setting.
 Something like that.
 And I thought: you could be anybody.
 Or should I say: 'Anybody could be you'?

I thought: we're all just being jumbled around a bit.
By, like, life.
A sort of Lotto mill, with those little balls,
and some of them fall out, and we put those down together
somewhere and Ta-Dah:
you belong together now!

I could've also been put in a class with thirty other kids.
I mean, these are my classmates and that feels logical, but it's not.
It's just Lotto balls.
Anybody can be anybody.
Right, so I don't *exactly* know what my point is.
It all felt highly philosophical, but I'm sure more than enough has
been written about this, what do I know, I'm sixteen, gimme a
break.

Right.

That was it.

So let's, like, begin or something.

Two

(An empty stage, a square part of which has been sectioned off. RAFA enters, wearing a black suit and black dress shirt. His hair is slicked back. He looks around; there's no one else there. A voice beams down from the ceiling.)

VOICE Welcome.

RAFA Hi.

(Beat.)

RAFA Has it started yet?

(No response.)

RAFA Not very crowded, is it?
Is the rest coming?
Or is this sort of it?

(He looks around. Explores the square a bit.)

RAFA It's not exactly much, is it?
Or are you supposed to come up with everything yourself?
The design and such.
Imagination.
Also fine.
I have tons of imagination.

(Nothing happens.)

RAFA I gotta say, this is kind of meagre.
I mean, considering what you pay for it.
I have a premium account, you know!
Just wanted to quickly point that out.

(He walks to the centre of the stage.)

RAFA I'll just wait here.
For something to happen.
Shouldn't take long.
Something is always happening here.
Or so I've heard.

(He waits. He waits a bit more. ELISA, a Frozen-style princess, enters.)

ELISA Hi.

RAFA Hi.

(Rafa gives her a questioning look.)

ELISA *(to clarify)* A princess.

RAFA Ah.

ELISA Royalty, bitch.

RAFA Really?

ELISA Yes. Why?
What's your problem?
Doesn't it look regal enough?

RAFA Oh, no, it does.
I just think it's a bit... dated. Or something.
Bit childish, too.
But like, fine, I guess.

ELISA Excuse me?
Dated?
Princesses are timeless.
And what are you supposed to be? A waiter?

RAFA Vampire.

ELISA Oh. Jeez, like *that's* not dated and childish.

RAFA I'm a modern one.

ELISA Oh?

RAFA Yup. Can walk around in daylight and everything.
Huge game changer. In terms of isolation and stuff.

(Beat.)

RAFA You also have a premium account?

ELISA Duh.

RAFA Great.

(Beat.)

ELISA Has it started yet?

(Beat.)

ELISA Say, do you also suck blood?

RAFA What?

ELISA You're a vampire. Do you also suck blood?
Do you tear people apart?
Do you eat flesh?
Are you one of those?

RAFA Oh, right.
Yes.

ELISA Okay. Got it.

RAFA Yeah.

ELISA Shit.

(Rafa grabs Elisa and bites her neck. There's a sort of crazy amount of blood. Elisa falls to the ground, dead. Rafa wipes his mouth and walks off stage. HUBERT enters, the janitor. He sees the mess.)

HUBERT Oh sure.
Not even ten minutes in, and already the place is a goddamn pigsty.
And who gets to clean everything up?
Hubert.
Because Hubert doesn't have anything better to do.
Because Hubert doesn't have a ten-part documentary series on the
American civil war and a bag of Wotsits waiting for him.

(He drags Elisa's corpse off-stage.)

HUBERT Because Hubert *loves* clearing away dead bodies.
Course. Who doesn't?
Hubert *loves* mopping up blood.

(He grabs a mop and starts cleaning the floor.)

HUBERT Hubert should've stayed in school.

Three

(DEX is tinkering with an engine block. DON, an affectedly dressed gangster, enters.)

DON Hey!

DEX Hey.

DON *(points at the engine block)* Cool. Technology.

DEX Hm-hm.

DON Fast hands?
Nimble fingers?

DEX Sure.

DON The smell of freshly brushed steel.
Of oil. Of rust.
Of gas.
Real steel.
Am I right?

DEX Yeah.
Listen –

DON I love technology too.
These hands, these fingers...
well, they love it too.
Human technology, that is.
Bodies.
Yeah.
Women's bodies, to be exact.
I mean, I don't have a problem with it, if someone...
But not me.
No no.
No, to me, a woman's body is like... like coming home.
Know what I mean?
My God, a woman's body, now *there's* a piece of technology.
That's... that's...

DEX I don't feel like talking.

DON Oh, but you're not talking, are you?
I'm talking, haha!
It's all good.
Some people talk, some people stay silent.
I could tell straight away you're a man of few words.

DEX Go away.

DON *(ignores this)* That's the nice thing about this place.
We're all different,
but we respect one another.

DEX I don't respect you.

DON *(ignores this)* You, you are a kind of... a kind of raw, rugged, rough,
unpolished... hobo?
And me... I'm a player.
A ladies' man.

DEX You're not a ladies' man.

DON *(ignores this)* Say, now that we're on the subject.
Where might a man find someone to, uhm... love, around here?
Shouldn't be asking you, of course.
You're not looking for stuff like that.
Only thing you're looking at is the horizon.
Hands on the wheel.
Shotgun under the dash.
Pair of dice dangling from the rearview mirror.
You come here to be left alone.

(Dex is silent.)

DON Anywho.
Should you happen to run into some lonely ladies...

(CHRYSTAL enters, hips swaying, sipping a martini.)

CHRYSTAL Gentlemen.

(Chrystal walks by, excruciatingly slowly. Don stares at her silently. Dex watches Don with an amused expression.)

CHRYSTAL Hot in here, wouldn't you boys agree?
And I should know, I used to live in hell.

(The men remain silent.)

CHRYSTAL I'm going for a swim.

(Chrystal leaves.)

DEX Well.
Go after her.

DON Yes.
I'm gonna wait a bit.

DEX You're gonna wait a bit?

DON Yup.
I don't wanna, uhm... bother her.
I mean: we should be respectful of each other.
Give each other space.
If it happens, it happens.
That's nature.
Know what I mean?

(Beat.)

DON Mind if I sit down?

DEX I do.

DON Alrighty then.

(Don leaves.)

DEX You're going the wrong way!

(Lizzy enters.)

LIZZY Yo.

DEX Hello?

LIZZY What's up?

DEX Nothing.

(Beat.)

DEX What are you?

LIZZY I'm Lizzy.

DEX No, *what* are you?

LIZZY Just, you know. Myself.

DEX You're not supposed to be yourself in here.

LIZZY I'm not?

DEX No.

LIZZY Oh. So now what?

DEX I would leave, if I were you.

LIZZY Oh.

DEX Cause nobody wants this.

LIZZY I'm just being... me.

DEX Exactly, and nobody wants that.
They'll kick you out.

LIZZY Okay.
Well.
Guess I'll go.

DEX Guess you will.

(Lizzy leaves.)

Four

(Chrystal, outside of the square, as "herself".)

CHRYSTAL My name is Chrystal. In there.
 Out here, it's Christine.
 A wildly moldy name, if you ask me.
 My hair instantly frizzes whenever I introduce myself.
 "Christine".
 If you think about it, it's absurd that you don't choose your own
 name. That your parents come up with that, after a night of couch
 drinking. That after giggling at all the lists, and vetoing each other's
 every suggestion, they say: 'Christine,
 that's not too bad, right?'
 And that I'm now stuck with that for as long as I live.
 A wildly outdated process, if you ask me.

 Last week, a boy was beaten to a pulp in our schoolyard. With a
 bike chain.
 Now I'm pretty strong, broad shoulders, you see,
 so I pull this guy off of him and tell him to fuck off.

 Today I ran into that beaten-up boy again.
 He had a black eye.
 I was blocking his bike, in the bike shed.
 'Move aside, bitch', he says.
 I say: 'Hey, I helped you out last week.'
 He looks at me and he goes:
 'Oh? That was you?'

 My point being:
 it's quite difficult to stand out.
 Out here.
 In there?
 (she gestures towards the square) Not nearly as difficult.

Five

(GRUB, a troll, is sitting on stage, picking his nose. Elisa enters, carrying a delightful little basket.)

ELISA Muffin?

GRUB Er, okay.

ELISA Made them myself.

GRUB You don't say.

ELISA I want my own cooking vlog. Someday.

(Silence. Grub eats the muffin.)

GRUB Why are you baking muffins?

ELISA Cause I like it.

GRUB You can do anything in here. *Anything.*
You can be anybody.
You can say anything.
And you're baking muffins.

ELISA Yeah. Fun, right?

GRUB Strange definition of fun...

(Beat.)

ELISA I like baking in the real world, too.
Last week I baked a cake for refugees.
They really liked it.

GRUB You don't say.

(Beat.)

GRUB They should let them drown.

ELISA Sorry, what?

GRUB They should let them drown.

ELISA Who?

GRUB Refugees. Immigrants. You should let them drown. At sea.

ELISA Oh.

GRUB Just making conversation.

ELISA Okay.
Well, that's fine.
Everything is fine here.
(thinks for a bit) And what if they don't come by sea?

GRUB Let them dry out in the desert.

ELISA Ah.

GRUB Or let wolves devour them in the German forests, or I dunno.

ELISA Wow.
Strong opinion.

GRUB Are you trying to silence me?

ELISA Not at all.

GRUB THIS IS A SAFE SPACE. I'M ALLOWED TO VOICE MY OPINION HERE.

ELISA And I don't have a problem with th-

GRUB But then suddenly that's a "strong opinion"! Suddenly I'm racist!

ELISA I didn't call you ra-

GRUB You know who's racist here? YOU!

ELISA This is a very strange conversation.

GRUB You look at me, and you think:
look at this disgusting troll. With his runny nose and his little opinions.
How's about you go to hell.
With your stupid dress.
They should hang your kind from the highest tree.

ELISA Uhm, excuse me?

GRUB It's a good thing you're hot.

ELISA Excuse me??

GRUB I mean, I'd do you in a heartbeat. Don't get me wrong.
Wouldn't kick you out of my cave in the morning.
But apart from that... apart from that they should hang you and your whole kind from the highest tree.
You and your gross, responsible, gluten-free muffin!

(Grub throws the last piece of muffin at Elisa.)

GRUB Are you gonna cry now?
Did I huwt your feewings?

ELISA No.

GRUB Are you gonna call your daddy?

ELISA No.

GRUB Are you gonna try to get me kicked out?

ELISA Just leave me alone, dude.

GRUB Oh! Oh!
 Censorship! Censorship!
 You're trying to silence me!

(YARA enters.)

YARA Is there a problem here?

GRUB And who the hell are you?

YARA Is he bothering you?

ELISA Meh.

GRUB What are you gonna do?
 Eh?
 What are you gonna do?

(Yara pulls out a gun and shoots Grub in the head. Grub dies, as would be expected.)

ELISA That wasn't necessary.

YARA But it was fun.

ELISA Yeah, it was fun.

(Both leave. MAGDA enters, a nurse carrying a briefcase. She lunges towards Grub's corpse.)

MAGDA Don't panic!!
 Despair not, you poor soul!
 Magda will save you!!

(Magda gets to work with gauze and pliers and a defibrillator, but to no avail.)

MAGDA Magda will save you!
 Magda will save you!

(Despite her valiant efforts, Grub remains very much dead. Magda gets up.)

MAGDA Goddammit.
 Don't cry, Magda.
 Don't cry.
 Death is a part of this thing.
 Death is a part of it.

(Magda leaves. Hubert enters; sees Grub's corpse. Sighs.)

HUBERT "Hubert, there's a body in sector 4, would you mind?"
 No, of course. Hubert doesn't mind.
 Because Hubert *doesn't* have a box of macaroons in his bag that he

wants to eat on a park bench somewhere.
Hubert loves nothing more than scraping bits of troll off of the floor.

(Hubert starts clearing away Grub.)

HUBERT Piece of shit job.

(Rafa enters.)

RAFA Hi.

HUBERT Hi.

RAFA Sorry, can I have that body?

HUBERT No.

RAFA Come on, don't be like that, man.

HUBERT This one has a premium account.
Has to be rebooted.

RAFA He can create a new identity, can't he?
Just give me the body.

HUBERT What do you need a body for?

RAFA I'm building a tomb.
I want to use the bones for decoration.

HUBERT Sorry, I'm not gonna help you build some sort of weird sex
dungeon.

RAFA It's not a sex dungeon, it's a tomb.

HUBERT I'm sure it is. But you can't have this one.

RAFA Gimme.

HUBERT NO!

(Both Rafa and Hubert start pulling on the corpse. In the end, Hubert prevails.)

HUBERT Consider yourself reported, buddy!

RAFA Go ahead!
I have money!
I can do whatever I want in here!
Jack-off.

(Rafa leaves. Lizzy enters, wearing a small party hat.)

HUBERT Hello?

LIZZY Hi.

(Hubert regards her.)

HUBERT No.

LIZZY But –

HUBERT Ksssst!

(Lizzy leaves.)

Six

(Dex, outside of the square, as “himself”.)

DEX I was at a party the other day.
 Somebody said:
 ‘This is Reuben, he’s the funniest dude I know.’
 Everybody looked at me.
 Expectantly.

 What do you do?

 ‘Reuben always has a comeback.’
 ‘Reuben is so witty.’
 ‘It’s always fun when Reuben’s around.’

 Yet Reuben always goes home alone.
 No one leaves with the funnyman.

 I would love to just be quiet.
 Be the one who watches. Not the one who talks.
 But I can’t do that anymore.
 My role has already been decided.

 Except in there.

(Dex points towards the square.)

Seven

(From the wings comes the sound of gunshots. Don stumbles onto the stage. He waves a gun around a bit, bleeding quite profusely. He collapses.)

DON Fuck.
 I’m not great at this.

(He tries to stop the bleeding.)

DON Quite a lot of blood.
 Yup.
 Quite a lot of blood.

(Magda enters, carrying a first aid kit.)

MAGDA Oh God!
 Don't panic, sir!
 DON'T PANIC!

DON I'm not panicking.

MAGDA Magda will take care of you.
 Magda will save you.

DON That's actually not necessary.

MAGDA First we must get that bullet out.

DON I don't think there's a bullet in –
(Magda inserts a pair of pliers into Don.)

DON Aaaaaaaahhh!!

MAGDA Yup, might sting a little.
 Might sting a little.
(Blood sprays everywhere.)

DON Stop!! STOP!!

MAGDA It's too late for that!!

DON Help! Help!

MAGDA Calm down! SIR, PLEASE CALM DOWN!
 Or I'm gonna have to put you under!

DON NO, DON'T PUT ME UNDER!

MAGDA DON'T PANIC!!

DON I'M NOT PANICKING!!
(Magda takes out a syringe.)

MAGDA You'll only feel a little jab.
 And then you're gonna take a lovely nap.

DON I don't wanna take a lovely nap!
(Magda stabs Don with the syringe. Don wails. Magda takes a few steps back and watches Don writhe around on the floor.)

MAGDA Couple more seconds and you won't feel a thing.
(She waits.)

MAGDA Hm. It's not working.

DON I can't feel my face!

(Don tries to crawl away.)

MAGDA Now hang on, where do you think you're going?

(Magda grabs Don by his feet and drags him back. Lots of groaning, even more blood, then Don loses consciousness.)

MAGDA Right, there we are.

(From her first aid kit she retrieves a few sinister instruments. Yara enters.)

YARA Hi.

MAGDA Hi.

YARA That's quite a mess.

MAGDA I'm saving his life.

YARA Why?

MAGDA I like saving lives.
It's my calling.
In real life I'm in a wheelchair.
So yeah.

YARA Oh right.
So now you do it in here.

MAGDA Exactly.

YARA You don't seem to be very good at it.

MAGDA He's fine.

YARA He's dead.

MAGDA No, he's not.

YARA *(feels Don's artery)* Yes he is.
Totally dead.

MAGDA Really?

YARA Yup.

MAGDA Shit.

(Beat. The voice from above sounds.)

VOICE Ladies and gentlemen, we are now closing.
The gates will re-open tomorrow morning at eight.

Don't forget to check out, to retain your saved credits.
We wish you a pleasant night.

(Yara and Magda leave. Hubert enters and cleans up the mess.)

Eight

(Elisa, outside of the square, as "herself".)

ELISA They close this place down at night.
I don't get that.
At night is when the sleepless need a space.
There's very few places you can go to when it's dark.

I sleep in a loft bed.
I'm always afraid I'm gonna roll off and break my neck.
'Can't we put my bed on the floor?' I asked,
but there's no room there.
That's where my step dad's model trains go.
'Where else can we put those?' they say.
'We can't put them in the living room.'

This world is so much more theirs than it is ours.
But try telling them that.

Try telling them that being Elisa is as important to me as those
model trains are to my step dad. You'll find that suddenly that's
very hard to understand. Apparently.

Nine

(A new day. Don enters, alive again. He starts practicing his posture, trying out various cool/pathetic poses. Magda enters.)

MAGDA Ah, you're still alive.

DON Again. I'm alive *again*.
Thanks for that.

MAGDA I did everything I could.

DON Yeah, yeah...

(Beat.)

MAGDA Hey, so... what exactly *are* you?

DON I'm a gangster.

MAGDA A gangster?

DON Yeah.

MAGDA As in: from the Mafia?

DON No. From the streets.

MAGDA Oh, the streets.

DON *(shows her a gun wedged under his belt)* I am a man of violence.
But also a man of love.
A ladies' man.

MAGDA A ladies' man...?

DON That's right.

MAGDA Who talks like that?

DON Gangsters.

MAGDA A gangster from the 1920's, maybe.
Have you even been keeping track of what's been happening, lately?
"A ladies' man"... Weirdo.

DON Look who's talking.
A hot nurse, like that's so modern.
Like that's emancipated.

MAGDA A *hot* nurse?

DON What? You're a "regular" nurse?

MAGDA Yes.

DON Oh.

MAGDA You're really not very smart, are you?
You don't know anything.

DON I know I don't come here to be taken the piss out of.

(Lizzy enters, wearing a Pikachu-outfit. Bewildered, Don and Magda stare at the yellow Pokemon.)

DON The fuck?

MAGDA Is that...?

DON Are you...?

LIZZY Pikachu. So?

(Beat.)

DON You can't do that.

LIZZY Why not?

DON Pikachu already exists.
LIZZY Yeah, so what?
MAGDA You're not supposed to do that.
LIZZY Oh, did you two write the rules?
DON You're just not allowed to.
MAGDA No.

(The voice from above chimes in.)

VOICE YOU'RE ACTUALLY NOT ALLOWED TO.

(Beat.)

LIZZY Motherf-

(Lizzy leaves.)

DON So, any plans for tonight?
I thought maybe we could –

MAGDA No.

(Magda leaves.)

DON Right on.
Naw, I'll be fine.
Plenty to do here.
(looks around) Plen-ty to do.

(Lizzy re-enters, dressed as a robot.)

LIZZY Happy now?

DON What?

LIZZY Happy now?

(A mother shouts from the wings.)

MOTHER Giles! Dinner!

DON In a minute!

MOTHER Don't take that tone with me, buster!

DON What tone?

MOTHER *That* tone!

DON I wasn't taking a –

MOTHER Giles Gregory Polak! Come downstairs NOW.

DON *(sighs)* Fiiiine.

(Don leaves.)

LIZZY Hello?

Ten

(Chrystal, Elisa, Grub, Dex, and Magda are standing in the square. They're bored.)

CHRYSTAL What does a girl have to do to get a decent cocktail around here?

GRUB Shut her face and point her heels to Jesus.

ELISA Dude...

MAGDA Just ignore him.

GRUB Fuck you.

CHRYSTAL Okay, I'm just gonna go and tell you a little something about myself, alright?

I had an ermine army once.

Bought and trained them myself.

They could eat the skin off of a grown man in half a minute.

I mean, a girl needs some protection in this world, you see?

GRUB Cool story, bro.

(To Elisa) And what was your name again?

Elsa?

Elsa, right?

Wait a minute...

Are you from that movie? With the snowman?

ELISA No, I'm Elisa.

GRUB That's almost the same.

ELISA And my hair isn't blonde.

GRUB You're Elsa from *Frozen*.
Just with a few minor changes.

DEX Leave her alone.

GRUB I thought the other one was pretty hot.
The one with the brown hair.
What was her name?
Anna?

DEX Nobody knows what you're on about.

(Silence.)

CHRYSTAL I'm bored.
 I want some action.

(Yara enters, gun cocked and loaded.)

YARA Did somebody say action??

GRUB Oh fuck.

DEX Who are you?

YARA *(sees Grub)* Heeey, it's my little troll buddy!
 Didn't I shoot you in the head?

GRUB ...no.

YARA Yes, I did, I shot you in the head.

MAGDA And now he's alive again?

ELISA You haven't been here very long, have you?

YARA Yup, now he's alive again.

GRUB Yeah, but it hurt like hell!

YARA Good.

GRUB No, wait!

(Grub runs off. Yara shoots him in the back. Grub falls down.)

GRUB AaaaAAAaah!

MAGDA Hang on, I'll save you!!

(Magda runs towards Grub, takes out the defibrillator to resuscitate him but accidentally electrocutes him. Grub dies.)

CHRYSTAL That was fun.

(Yara walks over to Grub's body and pokes it with her shoe.)

DEX What kind of gun is that?

YARA M1911.

DEX Classic.

YARA Oh, you have one too?

DEX I prefer a shotgun.

YARA Sawn-off barrel?

DEX Of course.

(Yara grabs Dex' hand.)

YARA This one's coming with me, guys.

(Yara drags Dex off stage.)

CHRYSTAL Typical. And who's going home alone again?

(Don enters.)

DON I'll go home with you.

CHRYSTAL Nope.

DON Oh.

(Don leaves.)

MAGDA Alright dears, I'm gonna go see if someone needs saving.

CHRYSTAL And I'm gonna look for some nice... conversational exchange.

ELISA Slut.

CHRYSTAL Hey, I wasn't kidding! Don't make me quote Schopenhauer to you.

ELISA Please don't.

CHRYSTAL 'Unless suffering is the direct and immediate object of life, our existence must entirely fail of its aim' ...

ELISA Oh God, gimme a break.

(The three women leave. Hubert enters; sees Grub's corpse.)

HUBERT For chrissake.
Didn't I already clean you up once?

(He starts dragging Grub away.)

HUBERT 'Such a diverse job you have, Hubert.
Knights and wizards and Martians
and superheroes and whores;
never a dull moment.
Every day is different.
Every day is vibrant.'

Oh, oh, oh, how varied it is.

Oh, oh, oh, how marvelous.

Oh, oh, oh, how lucky Hubert is, that he gets to sweep up other
people's bloody messes every day,
that he gets to drag corpses around,

that he gets to witness these poor wretches' fantasies without ever taking part in them.

But does anyone ever say: 'Nice one, Hubert. Thanks for making this place look clean as a whistle every morning'?

No.

No, no...

(Hubert sulks off.)

Eleven

(Yara enters.)

YARA

I have the highest kill rate in this joint.

I do.

I'm number one.

After me there's a whole lotta nothing for a while, then there's the number two.

I really have gunned down a *lot* of people.

Most of them are back up and running again the next day,

'cause they have a premium account,

but there are some that remain very much dead.

Some that you don't see again.

To me, they really are the... what do you call it?

The icing on the cake.

Or something like that.

Look.

(She gets out a machine gun.)

YARA

Good old Kalashnikov.

You can just pick this up, if you have enough credits.

I love this place.

I don't have a premium account either.

Keeps things exciting.

Dead means dead.

I need to be able to look him in the eyes. Death. You know?

Look him right in the eyes, and then spit him in the gob.

(Rafa enters.)

RAFA

Yo.

YARA

Hi.

RAFA

Where is everybody?

YARA We're in the outskirts.
 It's a bit less crowded here.

RAFA Oh right.
 So you're into that?
 Outskirts?

YARA I go everywhere.
 Credits, you see.
 I need credits.

RAFA Credits?

YARA Yes. Credits.

RAFA I don't really know the rules yet.

YARA Death earns you credits.
 Killing.
 What else; sex.
 Or performing good deeds.
 Orrr... solving puzzles.
 You can also just buy them, actually.
 But none of that really suits me.

 No, I just shoot people.
 People, or trolls.
 Or crusaders. Whores. Ninjas. Nazis.
 Yesterday I did a wizard.

 Today, a vampire.

(Yara fires a bullet at Rafa. Rafa remains standing.)

YARA What the fuck?

RAFA *(digs the bullet out of his chest and studies it)* I'm already dead.
 Vampire.
 (tosses the bullet aside) Didn't really think this through, did you?

YARA No.

(Rafa grabs Yara; an even bigger carnage than in scene 1 ensues. Once Yara has stopped moving, Rafa drags her off stage, leaving behind a god-awful mess and the Kalashnikov machine gun.)

Twelve

(Chrystal, Elisa, Grub, Magda, and Dex enter. They regard the bloodbath.)

CHRYSTAL Je. Sus. Christ.

ELISA What happened here?

DEX *(gagging)* Sorry, I'm really not great with blood.

GRUB This is a bit much, even for me.

(Rafa enters.)

RAFA Oh, sorry peeps.
I didn't realize there was so much left here.

(Rafa kneels down and starts licking the blood off of the floor.)

ELISA Wow.

CHRYSTAL That is not okay.

(Rafa gets up.)

RAFA Ciao!

(Rafa leaves.)

ELISA Okay, that was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen.

(Lizzy enters, this time dressed as a Mexican-with-sombrero.)

LIZZY Olaaa!

GRUB Huh?

DEX Who is that?

LIZZY Fiestaaaaa!

ELISA Who is that?

MAGDA Wait a minute, weren't you a Pokemon earlier?

ELISA A Pokemon? How old are you? Twelve?

CHRYSTAL And this is also not acceptable.

ELISA No, this is just a racist stereotype.

DEX Yeah, get with the times.

MAGDA You clearly don't belong here.

GRUB Scram.

CHRYSTAL Coming in here wearing a sombrero...!

ELISA Ksssst!

(Furiously, Lizzy throws her sombrero on the floor.)

LIZZY Okay.
 Forget it!!
 FORGET IT!!
 I can't be myself!
 I can't be a cartoon figure!
 I can't be Mexican, even though I – myself – am
 A QUARTER MEXICAN!
 I can't do anything!
 I thought this was a place of freedom!
 Of self-expression!!
 But it's exactly the same as out there!
 Narrow-minded, sadistic people taking out their own private fears
 on each other.
 Buh!
 BUH!!
 I hate it here!
 I hate that this place exists!
 And that YOU ALL EXIST!

(Lizzy picks the Kalashnikov up off the floor.)

GRUB Yooo...

MAGDA Okay, time to calm down.

ELISA Put the gun down.

GRUB I don't want to die *again!*

DEX Put the gun down, Miss Mexican.

ELISA Put it down.

CHRYSTAL Please?
 My subscription is almost expired and I don't know if I can afford to
 die again.

MAGDA Put. The Gun. Down.

LIZZY No.

(Darkness. The machine gun rattles. Light: everyone is dead, except for Magda. And Lizzy, of course.)

MAGDA Oh God... Oh God...
 Why am I still alive?

LIZZY I don't condone violence against health-care professionals.

(Lizzy hangs the Kalashnikov around her neck and leaves.)

MAGDA Oh God...
 Guys?!
 Is anybody still alive?
 Hello?!
 I'll save you!!

(In a panic, Magda start resuscitating people, to no effect other than Magda getting covered in blood.)

MAGDA Don't give up!!
 Don't go toward the light!!
 Stay with me!
 Stay with Magda!!
 FIGHT!!

(Nobody's fighting, because they're dead. Magda collapses onto one of the corpse's chest. Don enters.)

DON Yo. What, uhm... what happened here?

MAGDA WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?

DON Yeah... yeah, I guess it's pretty obvious.

(Magda sits down and starts crying.)

DON What's wrong?

MAGDA They're dead.

DON Yeah, that's a bummer.
 But, you know...
 I mean...
 They'll be back tomorrow.
 If they want to.
 And the day after tomorrow, and the day after that...

MAGDA That's not the point.
 This place can be so many things.
 But it's... *this*.
 Do you understand that?

DON Hmm.
 Good question.

MAGDA No, you don't understand it at all.
 You're just here to pick up chicks or whatever you call it.
 You're just as bad.
 This is a really ugly place.

I just want to help people.
But I'm no good at it.
I just don't know where to start.

DON I saved a guinea pig once.

MAGDA What?

DON In real life.
There was a guinea pig sitting in the road.
I think it belonged to the boy next door.
A car was approaching.
I leapt onto the road, on front of that guinea pig, and I yelled: 'Stop!'
The car drove right into me.
Three bone fractures.
I've had a pin in my leg ever since.
But that guinea pig is still alive.

MAGDA Right.

DON Yeah.

MAGDA I'm paralyzed from the waist down.

DON Shit.

MAGDA Yeah.
Have been since I was three.
Fell down the stairs.

DON That sucks.

MAGDA You get used to it.

DON Really?

MAGDA Once something is the way it is, that's just the way it is.
I think you can live with anything.

DON Hmm, yeah.
(thinks for a bit) I cried during Toy Story 3.

MAGDA Sorry, what?

DON Oh, right, I thought we were doing confessions.
Like, sharing secret shit about ourselves and such.
I cried during Toy Story 3.

MAGDA Oh.

DON Yeah.

(Beat.)

MAGDA Come on, let's go.

DON Where to?

MAGDA Dunno. Go for a walk or something.

DON Cool.

(Don and Magda look around. They leave together.)

Thirteen

(Hubert enters; regards the massacre.)

HUBERT All of them dead, all of them dead.
All of them someone else, but equally as dead as they would have
been, had they just been themselves.
What a waste, what a waste.

*(With a sigh he throws down his mop; this is above his pay grade. He sits down at the edge
of the stage, takes out an apple and takes a bite.)*

HUBERT Hubert has always been himself.
But is Hubert rewarded for that?
Does anyone ever say: 'Damn, Hubert, look at you being your fine
self?'
Nope, no one ever says that.

(The voice beams down from the ceiling.)

VOICE DON'T YOU HAVE A JOB TO DO, HUBERT?

HUBERT Yeah, yeah, I'm doing it.
(softly) Asshole.

VOICE EXCUSE ME?

HUBERT Nothing, nothing.

(Hubert starts mopping the floor.)

HUBERT Hubert will clean everything up.
It's not like Hubert doesn't have any feelings.
Like he doesn't get a little bit sad, every time he's wringing the
blood from his mop.
No, Hubert is made of stone.
Hubert is made of granite.
(sighs) Hubert should've stayed in school.

(Darkness.)

THE END