

THE HEPATITIS KID

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A Play in One Act

by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

BUGS: The precocious, yet sickly,  
boy  
who dreams of being a private  
eye, rather than selling fish  
with his father.

DAD: A cranky old Scotch and  
cigarettes geezer, who wants  
his son to become a boatswain,  
pronounced literally as boat  
swain

WEENIS: A high school dweeb who is  
witnesses a bizarre animal  
slaying, and seeks the help of  
his friend.

SMOOTHY: A high school schemer, out to  
make a buck at the expense of  
his buddies'.

ROULETTE: The seventeen year old,  
French,  
femme fatale who seeks the  
services of a detective.

DOG: The apparition who haunts the  
fishery, during the wee hours  
of night.

SR. LLAMAS: The hot blooded, Spanish  
teacher who is overly  
concerned with Spanish  
Studies.

DOC: The cranky town doctor, who  
doesn't care for anyone's  
company.

Scene

Dad's Fishery, in some boring town.

Time

Present day.

SETTING: We are in a dim lit, ware-room with a big dirty sign that reads "Dad's Fishery."

AT NIGHT: BUGS, a nerdy, young boy, is asleep in his rickety, old, makeshift bed. His father, DAD, a rickety old seafarin' man, sleeps in his favorite rickety, old chair, a blanket up to his chest and a lit cigarette dangling from his mouth. Next to DAD is a small table. On it, rests a bottle of Scotch, and a pack of cigarettes. One of them smolders in an ashtray among a mountain top of other butts. Suddenly, BUGS begins to shiver. He's fallen ill. His shivering becomes exaggerated as the chills become more severe. He calls out to his dad.

BUGS

Dad! Something's wrong with me!

(DAD doesn't flinch, begins to snore)

BUGS (Continued)

Dad! Get me another blanket! I got the chills!

(DAD keeps snoring. BUGS picks up an empty beer can and lobs it at DAD. It hits him on the head. DAD comes to, a little drunk and disoriented)

DAD

Hoist the mizzenmast! Batten down the hatches!

BUGS

Dad!

(DAD turns to BUGS)

DAD

What?!

BUGS

Gimme your blanket! I'm freezing to death!

DAD

Geez, kid. You don't look so good.

BUGS

Just gimme the blanket.

(DAD throws his blanket to BUGS. BUGS wraps it around his body)

BUGS (Continued)

Thanks, Dad.

DAD

Your welcome. Now, don't bother me. I'm drunk.

(DAD goes back to sleep, and begins to snore. BUGS stops shivering. He begins to

hallucinate. An apparition in the form of a fat, flappy eared DOG, enters the fishery. He goes to BUGS)

DOG  
Help me. Help me.

BUGS  
I must really be sick.

DOG  
Help me. Help me.

BUGS  
Dad! Wake up!

(DAD keeps dozing)

DOG  
Avenge my death.

BUGS  
What?

DOG  
Avenge my death.

BUGS  
What are you? A roadkill or something?

DOG  
I am no roadkill. I was gunned down in the Ag Science wing. I did not receive absolution for sins prior to death. Therefore, I must endure spiritual purgation before I can be admitted to doggy heaven... For now, I am a goblin damned, destined to walk the Earth.

BUGS  
What do you want from me?

(DOG roams around the room speaking in a ghost-like wail)

DOG

Walk the Earth! Walk the Earth!

(DOG goes to the door)

BUGS

Wait!

DOG

Walk the Earth! Walk the Earth!

(DOG exits. BUGS passes out. The golden GONG of morning sounds. as yellow light illuminates the room through the window. DAD continues to snore. BUGS gets out of bed in his goofy pajamas, and goes to the cupboard. He grabs a hoard of junk food for breakfast, He puts the pile of crap down on the table. He pours himself a glass of coke and sits down to eat. He digs in. Suddenly, he doesn't feel so good. He springs out of the chair, goes to the door, and exits)

BUGS

(O.S.)

Blaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

(BUGS pukes his brains out. He enters wiping his mouth off. He goes to the table and chucks all the junk food in the trash. DAD wakes up sniffing around)

DAD

Jesus, kid. You could have at least mopped up your puke.

BUGS

Sorry, Dad.

(BUGS exits momentarily with a mop, then re-enters)

BUGS

All mopped up.

(BUGS sets the mop down and sits  
back down at the table. He lets  
his head hit the tabletop)

DAD

What the hell happened to you?

BUGS

Nothing serious, Dad. Just my allergies.

DAD

Allergies?! Christ, ya look like her mother when she  
was about to pop!... May God rest her soul.

BUGS

Dad... Go back to your bottle.

DAD

Let's call Doc!

BUGS

Doc? You hate that guy.

DAD

Yeah, but he's the only one that'll go fishin' with me  
in this god forsaken town.

(DAD rings up DOC on the phone)

DAD (Continued)

Hey, Doc! Wanna go fishin'?... Ahhh!... Well, can you  
drop by? My kids looks like hell... All right... Bye.

(DAD hangs up the phone)

DAD (Continued)

He said, he'd be right over.

(There's a "knock" at the door)

DAD (Continued)

It's open!

(DOC, a slender, good looking fellow, enters with his medical bag, and stethoscope around his neck. DOG enters behind DOC, unseen or heard for the moment, leans up against the wall, cigarette in mouth)

BUGS

Hi Doc.

(DOC ruffles BUGS' hair)

DOC

Hey, there, Bugsy.

DAD

Hey, Doc! How about a few belts.

DOC

Oh, I never drink during house calls.

DAD

Ahhhh!

DOC

So, what seems to be the problem, Bugs?

BUGS

I ain't feelin' so good.

DAD

Aren't! I aren't feelin' so good!

BUGS

I mean, I aren't feelin' so good.

(DOC opens up his medical bag, and rummages through it)

DOC

Well, then I'll just give you a routine check-up, and see if I can find the problem... We'll have ya fixed up in a jiffy.

DOC (Continued)

What's that smell?



DAD

Aw, my son puked his guts out.

(DOC puts his stethoscope to BUGS' chest)

DOC

You take intravenous drugs?

BUGS

No.

DOC

Have you had sex with any prostitutes who shoot up?

BUGS

No.

DOC

Have you had anal intercourse with any men that shoot up?

BUGS

Gee, no.

DAD

Christ, Doc! My kid may be a wuss, but he's no sissy!

DOG

Aw, shut up old man!

DOC

I have confidence in your son's sexual hygiene. But, I need to know if he's had any kind of intimate contact within the last six months.

DAD

Aw, c'mon, Doc. Kids his age don't get laid.

DOC

I did. Didn't you?

DAD

Ahhh!

BUGS

What's wrong with me, Doc?

(DOC slips a thermometer in BUGS' mouth, puts his fingertips to BUGS' eyelids and gently widens them to get a good look at the whites of his eyes)

DOC

What color are your stools, Bugs?

BUGS

Uh, they've turned white.

DOC

Hmm.

BUGS

What's wrong with my eyes?

DOC

They're jaundiced.

DAD

Jaundiced?

DOC

Yes. The whites of his eyes have a yellowish cast.

DAD

What are ya sayin', Doc?

(DOC removes his fingertips from BUGS' eyelids, takes out the thermometer and looks at it)

DOC

I believe your son has hepatitis.

DAD

Oh, geez. How bad?

DOC

It's a mild case.

BUGS

Am I gonna croak?

DOC

No, Bugs. Just get plenty of rest and drink lots of liquids. And I want you to stay home from school. It's a contagious virus.

BUGS

Is there medicine for it?

DAD

No, kid. You just gotta ride it out.

(DOC turns to DAD)

DOC (Continued)

Have you had hepatitis, Dad?

DAD

Hell, yes.

DOC

Well, then you won't be needing gammagobulin shots.

DAD

Hell, no.

DOC

Fine. Then I'll be on my way.

(DOC packs his bags, goes to the door)

DAD

Hey, Doc. You wanna go fishin'?

DOC

Hell, no.

(DOC exits)

DAD

Ahhh!

(BUGS goes to his bed and lies down. DAD turns on his TV, lights a smoke, pours a drink. DOG goes to BUGS. BUGS cannot see him, as his hallucinations have become weaker.)

He barely hears him)

DOG

Hang in there, Bugs. You can solve this crime, easy.  
Do it for me. Do it for yourself.

(BUGS shakes his head, bumps it with  
the palm of his hand, unsure what  
he has heard. DOG goes back to the  
wall puffs on his cigarette. BUGS  
pulls out a rumpled detective  
magazine and begins skimming it)

DAD

You wanna cigarette?

BUGS

No, Dad.

DAD

Scotch?

BUGS

No thanks, Dad.

DAD

Whatta ya readin'?

BUGS

Nothin'.

(DAD spots another detective mag  
hanging out from beneath BUGS'  
matress. He reaches over and  
yanks out the magazine.)

DAD

Ah, Christ. You're readin' that detective crap again!  
I thought I told you to stop buyin' that junk!

BUGS

But, Dad. That's what I wanna be. A detective.

DAD

Kid, I've told you once. I've told you twice. You're  
young and you're dumb. You're a freshman in high  
school for chrissake.

BUGS

But, Dad. That's what I've always wanted to be.

DAD

Aw, c'mon. Why don't you pick somethin' you can fall back on.

BUGS

Like what?

DAD

If ya wanna see the world, get a job as a boat swain.

DOG

Aw, shut up old man.

DAD

Ya getta sail the seven seas, and meet lots of sailors.

BUGS

Oh, yeah. There's nothing like being stranded on a boat for months on end with a buncha horny swabs.

DAD

Ahhh! You'll never find a job as a detective. Nothin' ever happens in this town. So, maybe you catch a guy killin' someone. What kinda life is that?

BUGS

(pronounced "boat-swain")

Dad, I don't wanna be a boat swain.

DAD

Ahhh!

(Suddenly, WEENIS, a scrawny bespectacled dweeb, rushes into the room and closes the door. He looks flustered and out of breath as if he was running from something. DOG exits)

BUGS

Weenis! What's with you?

DAD

Doesn't anybody knock?

(WEENIS goes to BUGS side)

WEENIS

Oh, Bugs. Bugs. You're not gonna believe what I saw.

DAD

How about a few belts, kid?

WEENIS

No thanks, Dad.

BUGS

What'd ya see? What happened?

WEENIS

It was horrible. I was bouncing a ball on the ground near the Ag Science wing. It started getting dark. And so I started walking home. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, this dog came running towards me from the other side of the pasture. And then a man wearing a really scary mask came running after the dog. He wounded it with a gun, and when he caught up to it, he slit it's stomach open with a machetti, and reached inside.

DAD

Jesus Spitfire Christ!

BUGS

Did ya see what he took out?

WEENIS

Yeah... It looked like... condoms, filled with white powder.

BUGS

White powder?

DAD

Drug runners, kid. Drug runners.

WEENIS

Whatta ya mean?

DAD

Ya put the junk in the condom. Tie it up in a knot. Swallow it. Get on the plane. And that's how you smuggle it across the border.

WEENIS

Wow! Do you know how they make it? Huh? Do ya?

DAD

Now, look... kid... I got one lung and a bottle of Scotch. Whatta ya expect from a guy my age?

BUGS

I can't believe it! My first case!

DAD

Aw, geez. Me and my big mouth.

WEENIS

Well, I gotta get goin'. I got homework.

(WEENIS goes to the door)

WEENIS (Continued)

Hey, Bugs. Ya wanna play tomorrow?

BUGS

Naw. I'm sick. But, lemme know if ya hear anything else about that dog.

WEENIS

We'll do. See ya.

(A few moments pass. There's a "knock" at the door)

ROULETTE (O.S.)

Hello? Hello?

BUGS

Come in.

(ROULETTE, a teenage French girl who dresses like she's thirty, enters. She wears a sultry red dress, purse, pearls, and bracelets. Her golden locks hang down one side of her face. She wears heavy eyeliner, bright red lipstick, and smokes a cigarette through a holder. DAD's eyeballs nearly pop out of his head)

DAD

Holy smokaroonies!

BUGS

Wow! Whatta dame! Please. Have a seat.

(ROULETTE speaks with a thick,  
French accent)

ROULETTE

No zank you. I prefer to stand. You are Bugs, no?

BUGS

That's me.

(BUGS whips out a pad and pencil)

BUGS (Continued)

Your name?

ROULETTE

My name is Roulette. I am zee most beautiful girl in  
zee whole school.

(BUGS scribbles on the pad)

DAD

How old are ya, kid?

ROULETTE

I am zeventeen.

DAD

Zoinks! Ya look like twenty-seven!

ROULETTE

I've been around zee block a few times.

DAD

Aren't you a bit young to be dressin' like that?

ROULETTE

Now, look here dawling. I didn't come here to get zee  
third degree from some feeshy old man, like yourzself.

DAD

Ahhh!



BUGS

What can I do for you Roulette?

ROULETTE

Oh, I am in zee most difficult zituation.

BUGS

Just the facts, mam.

ROULETTE

I am in need of one of those, how do you say, pazzaports. My poodle has drowned, and I must get home.

DAD

What is this? Dead dog week?

BUGS

Pipe down, will ya?

DAD

Ahhh!

(ROULETTE goes to BUGS bedside)

ROULETTE

Can you help me, Bugs? Can you help me? Please zay yes.

BUGS

Gosh. Where am I gonna get a passport?... I know! I'll call Smoothy! He'll know what to do!

DAD

Do... Do you know Smoothy?

ROULETTE

I've zeen him around campus. But, I do not know him.

(BUGS rings up SMOOTHY on the phone)

BUGS

Hey, Smoothy... How's your printing press lookin' these days?... Yeah, well I'm at home with Roulette... That's right. The one who looks like she's twenty-seven... She needs a passport... Whatta ya say... All right... See ya in a bit.

(BUGS hangs up the phone)

BUGS (Continued)

He said he'd be right over.

ROULETTE

Oh, zank you, Bugs! Zank you!

(kissing his cheeks)

Mwa! Mwa! Mwa!

BUGS

I wouldn't do that if I were you. I've got hepatitis.  
It's contagious.

ROULETTE

And so is love. Mwa! Mwa! Mwa!

DAD

Hey, how about a smooch for me?

ROULETTE

Shut up, you feeshy old man.

DAD

Ahhh!

(There's a "knock" at the door)

BUGS

Come in!

(SMOOTHY, a punk in a ratty  
trenchcoat, five o'clock shadow,  
and "Shit Happens" baseball cap,  
enters. He gives ROULETTE the  
once over)

SMOOTHY

Wow! Look at those meat and potatoes! I'm Smoothy.

ROULETTE

I am not meat and potatoes, you zilly boy. I am  
Roulette. Zee most beautiful girl in zee whole school.

SMOOTHY

I know. I seen ya around.

BUGS

Show her what you got, Smoothy.

(SMOOTHY opens his trenchcoat.  
It's wall to wall fake ID's and  
certificates)

SMOOTHY

What's your pleasure? Bounty Hunter? Scuba Diver?  
Ordained Minister? Rifle expert? Marine Recon? Buy  
two ID's and receive a certificate absolutely free.  
High School Diploma? Doctorate of Gerintology?  
Battalion Chief Promotion Award? Citation of Heroism?  
Fire Fighter of the Year? I'll even throw in a coupla  
whittling knives.

ROULETTE

I do not care about your zilly ID's and your zilly  
diplomas. All I care about is my, how you say, French  
pazzaport.

SMOOTHY

Well, why didn't you say so? How many ya need, lady?

ROULETTE

I will need, how you say, two. I will be traveling  
with my lover.

SMOOTHY

Cash or credit?

ROULETTE

Cash.

(SMOOTHY writes up a receipt in  
his receipt book)

SMOOTHY

Let's see. Two French Passports... And I'll throw in  
the whittling knives.

ROULETTE

Whatever... How much?

SMOOTHY

That comes to a grand total of five hundred dollars.

DAD

Jesus, kid! She's only a senior in high school!  
Where's she gonna get that kinda money?!

(ROULETTE lays five hundred dollars  
in cash on the table)

DAD

Jesus, kid! Where'd ya get that kinda money?!

ROULETTE

None of your beeznus, feeshy old man.

(SMOOTHY snatches up the cash  
and counts it)

SMOOTHY

One hundred... Two hundred... Three hundred... Four  
hundred hundred... It's all here! Of course, that  
doesn't include photos.

ROULETTE

I'll take care of that.

SMOOTHY

In that case, you can pick up your passports tomorrow.  
Meet me behind Seven-Eleven around nine a.m.

ROULETTE

Fine.

SMOOTHY

Here's your receipt.

(SMOOTHY hands over the receipt)

ROULETTE

Zank you, zilly boy.

SMOOTHY

My pleasure.

(ROULETTE goes to the door)

ROULETTE

And don't be late, or I'll get beechy.

SMOOTHY

We'll do.

(ROULETTE exits)

DAD

I don't get it kid.

SMOOTHY

What's that, Dad?

DAD

A nice guy like you, droppin' outta high school so he can make fake ID's and certificates. Why don't ya getta job you can fall back on?

SMOOTHY

Like what?

DAD

I dunno.

(BUGS and SMOOTHY look at each other)

BUGS/SMOOTHY

Boat swaining.

DAD

Ahhh!

SMOOTHY

Well, I gotta go. I wanna get those passports printed up, before my mom gets home.

(SMOOTHY goes to the door)

BUGS

All right, Smoothy. And thanks.

DAD

So, long, kid.

SMOOTHY

Aloha.

(SMOOTHY exits. DOG enters, leans against the wall with a beer. BUGS goes to the fridge and gets a bottle of mineral water. He takes a few chugs. DOG goes behind BUGS, spreads his arms)

DOG

Avenge my death! Avenge my death!

(BUGS spins around and looks right into the face of DOG, but he doesn't see him. DOG belches right in BUGS face, but BUGS sees, smells, or hears nothing. DOG goes to DAD and belches in his face. DOG goes back to the wall)

DAD

Feelin' all right, kid?

(BUGS lays down on his bed)

BUGS

I'm just dehydrated. That's all.

DAD

Feel delirious?

BUGS

Yeah. Things are gettin' kinda blurry. I remember when bein' sick used to be fun.

DAD

Have some Scotch.

(BUGS looks at DAD's Scotch bottle and gets nauseous. He goes to a waste basket and pukes)

BUGS

Blaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

DAD

Wanna cigarette?

BUGS

Dad... will ya shut up?

DOG

Yeah. Leave the kid alone, you old fart and a half.

DAD

Ahhh!

(There's a "knock" at the door)

BUGS

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

Sr. Llamas!

BUGS

It's open.

(SR. LLAMAS, a hot blooded Spanish teacher wearing a flashy Chollo outfit, enters. He speaks with a thick, Latin, accent. DOG belches in SR. LLAMAS' face. He doesn't acknowledge the DOG's presence. DOG exits)

SR. LLAMAS

Hola, Bugs!

BUGS

Hola, Sr. Llamas.

(SR. LLAMAS turns to DAD)

SR. LLAMAS

Hola! I am Sr. Llamas!

DAD

Ya look kinda faggy.

SR. LLAMAS

I can assure you. I am no fag. I am Sr. Llamas. Spanish teacher, and tutor.

BUGS

What are ya gonna tutor me about today, Sr. Llamas?

SR. LLAMAS

I'm afraid there will be no lesson today, Bugs. I must take my Cordoba into the shop. Someone poked a hole in the seat of my car, made from the finest blend of Corinthian leather. Have you ever felt Corinthian leather, Bugs?

BUGS

Heck, no.

SR. LLAMAS

Well, when you have, you will understand my concern.

BUGS

Do you want me to review anything?

SR. LLAMAS

Remember to roll your R's, and watch all the episodes of Fantasy Island.

(BUGS mimics SR. LLAMAS)

BUGS

Smiles, everyone! Smiles!

SR. LLAMAS

That's it. You're doing just fine. And now, I must go. Adios muchachos.

BUGS

Adios, Sr. Llamas.

(SR. LLAMAS exits)

SR. LLAMAS

(O.S.)

Smiles, everyone! Smiles!

DAD

That's your Spanish teacher?

BUGS

Yeah.

DAD

Whatta fag.

BUGS

I'm takin' a nap.

(BUGS grabs a bottle of sleeping pills. He reads off the instructions)

BUGS (Continued)

Take deeze, and doze.

(BUGS takes a whole handful, chews, and swallows. He conks out immediately.)



DAD nods off in front of the TV. DOG enters, goes to BUGS.)

DOG

Avenge my death! Avenge my death!

(DOG exits. There's a "knock" at the door)

BUGS

Who is it?

WEENIS

Weenis! Lemme in!

BUGS

It's open.

(WEENIS enters with a gunshot wound, blood all over his shirt and arm. He carries something wrapped in newspaper)

BUGS

Wow! A real gunshot wound!

DAD

Watch where you're bleedin'.

WEENIS

Have I got somethin' to show you.

(WEENIS unwraps the newspaper, exposing a condom filled with white powder)

BUGS

Wow! A condom fulla dope! How'd ya get it?!

WEENIS

I was bouncing my ball near the Ag Science wing, when I stumbled upon a batcha dogs locked up in the barn. That's where I found this.

BUGS

Who shot ya?

WEENIS

I'll give ya a hint. He's tall dark, and loves  
Corinthian leather.

BUGS

Llamas!

WEENIS

That's right.

BUGS

Did he see ya?

WEENIS

Naw. I was lurking in the shadows. And he was there  
with some French chick.

BUGS

Roulette! So, that's why she wanted the passports.  
They're gonna smuggle dogs fulla dope outta the  
country. And she's sleeping with Llamas. Whatta slut.

WEENIS

They won't get far if we turn over the evidence to the  
police, now.

DAD

Lemme see that thing.

(DAD grabs the condom full of dope,  
opens it, and puts a smudge on his  
tongue)

DAD (Continued)

Yep. That's heroin, all right. It's the good stuff.

(DAD eats some more heroin. He  
hands the condom to BUGS)

DAD (Continued)

Here, kid. If your gonna be a detective, you might as  
well learn what heroin tastes like.

(BUGS puts a wad in his mouth)

BUGS

Have they stashed all the heroin, yet?

WEENIS

Yep. All of it's inside the dogs.

DAD

Then how did you get this stuff?

WEENIS

One of the dogs dropped a stool too early.

(BUGS and DAD spit heroin all over the place. BUGS throws the condom into WEENIS' face)

BUGS

Thanks a lot, Weenis!

DAD

Stupid kid!

(Suddenly, SMOOTHY barges in. His face and clothing have powder burns all over them as if he was in an explosion. He plops down at the table)

BUGS

What happened to you?

SMOOTHY.

Someone blew up the lab in my basement. My mom's gonna kill me when she finds out.

DAD

I warned ya kid. I warned ya.

SMOOTHY

Who would do such a thing?

BUGS

Llamas and Roulette. Weenis got some of their heroin. They both know we can blow their whole operation wide open.

(BUGS lights up a cigarette)

BUGS (Continued)

Oh, no!

WEENIS

What is it?

BUGS

We have a gig tonight!

DAD

Gig?! What gig?!

SMOOTHY

Jams for Nuns. We promised we'd play a few tunes for their orphanage.

DAD

Ya never told me about this.

BUGS

Well, Dad. I kinda wanted to keep it a secret. I'm tryin' to pay off a loan.

DAD

Loan?! What loan?!

BUGS

Well, Dad. I spent all my book and scan-tron money on subscriptions to Detective Fella.

DAD

Christ, almighty. Your first case and your already in the hole. Why didn't ya come to me?

BUGS

Heck, Dad. How much can a guy borrow from the salary of a retired boat swain?

DAD

Ahhh!

WEENIS

How can we play tonight? We haven't rehearsed in weeks.

BUGS

The show must go on.

WEENIS

Well, I can't play piano. My arthritis is acting up again. Look at my fingers.

(WEENIS holds up one hand. His fingers are all crooked)

BUGS

How about you, Smoothy? Can you play drums?

SMOOTHY

Sure. All I need is a few belts.

DAD

Hey! A drinkin' man. Here. Take a swiga this.

(DAD hands the bottle to SMOOTHY.  
He takes a huge gulp)

BUGS

We still need a piano player. Why don't you play, Dad?

DAD

Oh, no! Oh, no! You're not suckin' me into this.

BUGS

Please? For your sick 'ol son?

DAD

Now, look... kid... I got one lung and a bottle of Scotch. Whatta ya expect from a guy my age?

SMOOTHY

C'mon, Dad. You're the hippest.

WEENIS

Yeah. All the nuns dig ya.

DAD

Really?... Naw! I ain't doin' it.

(BUGS gets out of bed. He puts on a coat over his pajamas)

BUGS

Ward Cleaver woulda said yes.

(Beat)

DAD

All right! All right!

(DAD gets out of his chair)

DAD (Continued)

Let's get the hell outta here.

BUGS

Thanks Dad.

DAD

Ahhh! Who's drivin'?

SMOOTHY

I got my mom's Cadillac.

DAD

You're old enough to drive?

SMOOTHY

No. But, I still got the Cadillac.

DAD

Ahhh!

(Everyone exits. The lighting becomes cheesy as the guys re-enter into the lounge. The sign on the wall reads "Nuns' Lounge." DAD goes to the piano. SMOOTHY sits at the drums. WEENIS picks up an electric bass. BUGS takes the mike. Everyone looks like absolute hell. DAD is drunk. SMOOTHY is trashed. WEENIS is anemic. They both have caught hepatitis from BUGS, so they appear delirious. BUGS himself looks like shit, sicker than ever, as he wobbles in front of the mike)

DAD (Continued)

You kids don't look so hot.

SMOOTHY

I'm gonna be sick.

WEENIS

Me too.

DAD

How about that, kid. You gave your friends hepatitis.

(BUGS just looks past the mike  
with zombie eyes, trying to keep  
his balance)

DAD (Continued)

Hey, kid? You all right?

BUGS

Peachy, Dad. Just Peachy.

DAD

Are we gonna rehearse, or what?

BUGS

Yeah... Sure... Let's take it from the top.

(DAD plays the intro to the  
Carpenter's tune "Close to You."  
SMOOTHY and WEENIS swagger through  
the number, while BUGS can barely  
sing the song)

BUGS

(Singing)

Why da' ba' sudd-ly appear, Ev-ry ti' you a' near?  
Jus' li' me, they lo' to be clo' to you. On the day  
tha' you wa' bo', the ange' got together, and deci' to  
crea' a dre' come true, so they spr' suh' in your  
hair, and huh,  
huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huuuuh...

(Suddenly, a "gunshot" goes off  
BUGS takes a bullet in the arm.  
He grabs his arm, falls to the  
ground)

DAD

What the hell?

( SR. LLAMAS enters, holding a gun  
in his hand. He's also got hepatitis.  
He wipes sweat from his face with a  
handkerchief)

SR. LLAMAS

Stay where you are! Now, I'm sick too! Do not make me angry! You would not like me when I'm angry!

DAD

What's the big idea?! Why'd ya shoot my kid?!

SR. LLAMAS

That is the price he pays for meddling in my affairs! Now, Weenis, kindly hand over my heroin!

WEENIS

We ate it all.

SR. LLAMAS

Fools! That condom alone could have brought me a million dollars worth of pure Corinthian leather! Have you ever felt Corinthian leather?

WEENIS

No.

SR. LLAMAS

Well, when you have, you will understand my concern!... It's okay, Roulette! You can come out, now!

(ROULETTE enters, holding a gun)

ROULETTE

Hello, zilly boys.

BUGS

What a sucker I've been!

ROULETTE

You are a zucker. You've all been zuckers.

(DOC enters from behind SR. LLAMAS and ROULETTE)

DOC

Don't anybody move, or I'll blow your ass away! Drop the guns!

(SR. LLAMAS and ROULETTE drop their guns)



BUGS

Doc?! What are you doin' here?!

DOC

I'm not really a doctor. I'm FBI.

(DOC flashes his badge)

DOC (Continued)

I've been on the Llamas trail for six months. Thanks to you kids, I've finally got my man.

SR. LLAMAS

I'm ruined! Ruined! All I ever wanted was to retire early with mi muchacha, mi amor Roulette.

DOC

Yeah, well now your gonna retire to a nice quiet cell... with a special bunkbed made of Corinthian leather.

SR. LLAMAS

What about Roulette? What will become of her?

(ROULETTE flashes her badge)

ROULETTE

Zilly, zilly man. I am FBI also.

SR. LLAMAS

How?! I don't understand?

ROULETTE

I was recruited by zee Dean of Students.

SR. LLAMAS

I can't believe it! Stabbed in the back by another teacher!

ROULETTE

Oh, I am not a teacher. I am one of zee students.

SR. LLAMAS

Oh, no!

DOC

Oh, yes. You've committed statutory rape. That outta get you another ten years, easy.

(SR. LLAMAS begins to sob like a baby, as DOC hauls him off)

DOC (Continued)

Good work, boys.

BUGS

Anytime, Doc.

(DOC exits with SR. LLAMAS)

ROULETTE

It's like I always zay... Ezee come, ezee go... You know?

BUGS

Well, Dad. I bet you're pretty damn proud of me. I got sick to my stomach, loaded on heroin, shot at, lost a little blood, and I still came out ahead.

DAD

Not bad for a little kid. Pardon me... man.

(Suddenly, SR. LLAMAS rushes back in. He's been shot in the leg, bleeding badly. DOG enters, rushing behind SR. LLAMAS)

SR. LLAMAS

Help! Help!

DAD

What the hell is this?!

SR. LLAMAS

Doc! Doc! He's stolen the dogs, and the heroin!

(SR. LLAMAS goes to BUGS and grabs him by the collar)

SR. LLAMAS (Continued)

Help me! You must help me! I'll cut you in on the deal!

BUGS

To be honest with you, Sr. Llamas, I'm sick of your  
shit.

SR. LLAMAS

Sick of my shit?! Sick of my shit?!

LLAMAS/DOG

What kind of detective are you?!

BUGS

I'm not a detective.

(BUGS looks out at the distance)

BUGS (Continued)

I'm a boat swain.

(LIGHTS FADE)

END OF PLAY