

LUCKY BASTARDS

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September 4, 2008
Vilnius, Lithuania

Characters

Chick

Dude

D and C, the Men in the Superbox

I.

In darkness the bull exhales. It shifts its weight, sixteen hundred pounds on wood floorboards. The rattling of a metal chain - the bull is penned and waiting.

The roar of the crowd, drunk with need, is audible from somewhere far away.

Enter Chick. She looks around excitedly and whispers over her shoulder.

CHICK

Oh, come on! Don't shit your pants. There's nobody in here. It's perfectly safe. Look!

She does a little tap dancing number. The bull nervously moos in darkness. Chick shrugs and freezes. Somewhere from the darkness:

DUDE

Stop it! Are you out of your fucking mind! Get out of there! Let's just get fucking out of here!

CHICK

Oh... So there's a bull somewhere near here. So what? It's a rodeo backstage. What did you expect? Fucking pedigree poodles licking your feet?

DUDE

How would I know what to expect, you stupid cow? I've never been anywhere like this shit before! But I can tell you what I don't expect, if you must know. I definitely don't expect to get trampled even before getting to our seats, right?

CHICK

We don't have any seats! Remember, you daft idiot? We're here undercover... infiltrating the showbiz...

DUDE

Supporting animal slaughter, you mean.

CHICK

Oh, for fuck's sake, man! Don't be such a whim! I bet these animals suffer no more than a tiny scratch here and there. It's the wranglers who put themselves in real danger. Even you cannot shed tears over wranglers, can you?

DUDE

Why not? Wranglers are also human.

The bull shifts its weight.

CHICK

Just stop philosophizing and get your ass in here, will you? You're getting under this beast's skin.

DUDE

I prefer that to getting under its feet.

CHICK

Oh, yes, of course, it's always about you, isn't it? You fucking dimwit! What about me? Have you ever thought about me? 'Cause if it still hasn't dawned upon you, I'm the one standing by a two thousand pound bull while you're winging here like some pathetic miss.

DUDE

Can you see it?

CHICK

What?

DUDE

The bull.

CHICK

No! I'm telling you: it's perfectly safe here. The bull's probably well locked in some special bull cage or something.

DUDE

How do you know its weight then?

CHICK

I don't! It just sounds like it weights a lot.

DUDE

And that's perfectly safe to you, isn't it?

CHICK

Oh, just stop... Look... Darling, could you, please, stop deliberating and come here to me?

DUDE

No! It's not safe. It's not right. It's got nothing to do with me... or you. What's in it for you, anyway?

CHICK

The thrill! The excitement! Don't you follow? It's a show not to be missed. It's an absolute fucking must see. It's making history! Even you don't want to miss that, trust me.

DUDE

But it feels so awkward... so foreign... so not me... us...

CHICK

So that's it then, isn't it? You're not coming. After everything we've been through, you're leaving me here... alone.

DUDE

What do you mean "after everything"? We've just happened to be on the same road for a while.

CHICK

For ages, you ignorant sissy! We've been on the same bloody road for fucking ages! We've been robbed, chased, persecuted. We've been driven apart and pulled together. We've spent lifetimes shoulder to shoulder on that same fucking road.

DUDE

Oh, come on, it's not like it was our choice, is it? It was a mere chance...

CHICK

OK, OK! It was one random fatal fat chance if you like it. Now be brave, take over - fuck off!

Beat. Chick listens in suspense for a moment. Nothing happens. She sighs and starts strolling around in darkness. She stumbles over something.

CHICK

Ouch! Ooh! What the fuck?

Enter Dude running to her rescue.

DUDE

What? What's the matter? Are you hurt?

Chick looks at him for a moment and bursts into laughter.

CHICK

Well, well, well, Orpheus, if you really must know, I hurt my foot into a barrel.

Dude is annoyed and embarrassed. He goes to the barrel and starts carefully examining it.

CHICK

Oh, come on, Einstein! It's just a barrel, not a powder-keg.

Dude ignores her and goes on with his "investigation". He suddenly recoils from the barrel startled.

DUDE
Holy shit!

CHICK
What?

Dude gapes speechlessly and points to the barrel.

CHICK
What?

She goes to the barrel.

DUDE
No! Careful! Watch out! There's... There is somebody in there?

CHICK
What? What are you talking about? This place has really got to you, hasn't it? Man, look at you, you're going mad!

DUDE
I swear to God! I saw two eyes... blinking... right at me... there... through that gap...

CHICK
You really shouldn't misuse God's name like that. You know that, don't you?

DUDE
Oh, shut up! I saw them with my very own eyes. Blinking at me like two huge flashlights at a pitch-black night!

CHICK
Getting poetic, aren't we?

DUDE
Just don't fucking go there! It may be some sort of a set-up...

CHICK (CON'D)
...and paranoid... dear, oh, dear...

She goes to the barrel and tries to see inside of it.

CHICK
Oh my!

DUDE
Told you! Let's get fucking out of here!

CHICK
Who do you think is in there?

DUDE
What do I care? Looks like a woman...

CHICK
Not from where I stand, no.

DUDE
Oh, come on...

CHICK
Come, see for yourself.

Dude hesitates, but his curiosity overcomes his fear. He slowly approaches the barrel and peeps in.

DUDE
Oh!

CHICK
Told you!

DUDE
Good one...

CHICK
Hey, let's not get carried away here, shall we?

DUDE
Hey, what if we've got to a wrong backstage? What if they're into some sort of freak shows here?

CHICK
What if they're into some sort of trafficking here, hey?

DUDE
No! You don't think...

Chick gives him a meaningful look.

DUDE (CON'D)
You do, don't you? Oh shit!

Chick grabs Dude by his hand.

CHICK
Come on, let's fucking get out of here.

They both run away.

II.

D. and C. are in their Superbox. The roar of the crowd sometimes gets louder and sometimes it just dies away.

C.

I actually like her. She doesn't seem afraid.

D.

It can't be cheap to pay the bills of a 1700 pound bull.

Suddenly, Chick and Dude tumble into the Superbox.

C.

Hi there.

D.

Who the hell are they?

C.

It's probably the drinks. I remember once ordering drinks here... Took you a while, dude, hey?

DUDE

No... We're not... We were just passing by... Actually, we were just leaving...

CHICK

No!

DUDE

(whispers)

What are you doing?

CHICK

(whispers back)

Can't you see? The show's starting. There's no way I'm going to miss that...

C.

So which one is it: yes or no?

CHICK

It depends.

D.

Youngsters... How hard is it to make up your mind? No stamina whatsoever...

C.

On what?

CHICK

On which one is going to get us stay here and watch the match.

D.

Why can't you watch it from there, like everyone else?

DUDE

'Cause we're not everyone else.

C.

How come?

CHICK

We have no money.

DUDE

No! We're underage, at least, some of us..

CHICK

No, we're not!

D.

So which one is it?

DUDE

It depends..

The roar of the crowd becomes deafening.

CHICK

Look, look here! They're starting! There's the bull. You see?

DUDE

Shit! I can't believe we were standing at an inch from this beast...

D.

You know the bull?

DUDE

Not really..

CHICK

Not personally, he means. But we once were quite close to it.

D.

Be my guests!

Chick steps further into the Superbox and drags Dude after her. He follows reluctantly.

D.

So... what do you think? Is it going to win? How is it?

DUDE

Oh, it looked in perfect shape to me...

CHICK

But one can never tell with bulls. You know what I mean...

D.

Yes. That's right.

C.

Where did you two get here from? You've got weird accents.

DUDE

Oh... We're from far away...

C.

Mexico?

DUDE

No, farther...

D.

Russia???

DUDE

No, farther still.

D. and C. exchange puzzled looks.

C.

What's in it for you then?

DUDE

That's a good question...

Dude looks at Chick, but she is too taken by the show to follow the conversation.

DUDE (CON'D)

Well... the thrill... the excitement... I guess.

C.

You guess?

D.

You definitely chose the right place for that, boy.

DUDE
How's that?

D.
No matter if your guess is right or wrong, at the end of the day nothing changes.

DUDE
It can't be so. It's not logical.

D.
What has guessing got to do with logic? It's a mere chance...

CHICK
Oh, look! Who are they?

C.
Oh these... Rodeo clowns.

CHICK
Female?

D.
Yes.

C.
No.

DUDE
So which one is it?

D.
It depends.

DUDE
On what?

C.
On from which side you look at them.

CHICK
What are they doing?

C.
Turning on the crowd.

CHICK
But it's wrong! They can't do it to these poor women! Can't anyone help them?

D.
Why?

DUDE
Oh, for fuck's sake! Just keep out of it!

CHICK
Look who's talking! Isn't it a bloody human animal gay lesbian children blacks green peace rights activists?

DUDE
What's that got to do with it?

CHICK
Look! They're going to chase them to death.

DUDE
Exactly. Better them than us.

CHICK
You pathetic sleazy hypocrite!

She throws herself at Dude. They start fighting.

C.
Hey, hey! Oy! Stop it! Did you here me? "Stop it NOW!" I said.

D.
Oh, please... like they're going to listen to you.

C.
They'd better!

C. tries to pull Chick and Dude apart and ends up fighting with them.

D.
Security! People! Somebody!

III.

Chick and Dude barefoot sit on a bumpy dusty road. They both are a total mess. The roar of the crowd is heard from far away.

DUDE

They've taken my shoes.

CHICK

I know.

DUDE

They were good shoes.

CHICK

I know.

DUDE

New. Classy. Comfortable.

CHICK

Oh, shut up. You're lucky they left your life for you.

DUDE

I know.

CHICK

It's all my fault. I should have listened to you. I should have left them be. Sorry.

DUDE

No! I'm sorry! They can't walk over people's heads just like that! We had to do something! Take some action!

CHICK

Well... Too late now...

DUDE

Yes.

CHICK

It must be such a grand show, though!

DUDE

I know. Historical.

CHICK

I wonder who's going to win.

DUDE

I've got a feeling we're going to find out, one way or another.

CHICK

I bet we are... one way or another...

DUDE

In the meantime...

CHICK

...it's just the two of us...

DUDE

...shoulder to shoulder...

CHICK

...on this same fucking road.

DUDE

Oh come on then, let's go.

CHICK

Yeah... While we've still got our chance...

Slowly, they stand up leaning on each other and walk away shoulder to shoulder. The roar of the crowd gets weaker and weaker till it completely fades out.

THE END