

BRAWL!

By: Connor Ermir Bradshaw

THE CHARACTERS (in order of appearance):

LUCKY. Any race. Identifies as male. Early 20s. A skilled boxer.

DIESEL. Any race. Identifies as male. Late 30s to late 40s. Boxing coach. Spyder's Partner.

COLT. Any race. Identifies as male. Late teens to early 20s. An eager boxer.

SPYDER. Any race. Identifies as male. Late 30s to late 40s. Diesel's partner.

GREENIE. Any race. Identifies as male. Mid 20s. Former boxer. Military veteran.

THE PLACE:

A valley nestled beneath the Mowbray Mountains. A plot of land with a couple of trailers. A 12'x12' ring. The space between a boxing glove and a row of teeth.

A NOTE ON MOVEMENT:

Every boxing match, every sexual encounter in this play – unless explicitly stated otherwise – is a dance. There's a thin line between fighting and loving. The same can be said of a dance and a boxing match. With this in mind, the dances that represent intimacy and the dances that represent fighting should share pieces of visual language.

NOTES ON LANGUAGE:

A // indicates the beginning of overlapping dialogue.

A – indicates the interruption of speech, whether from the character currently speaking or from another character.

The play takes place in rural Tennessee. The dialogue, and its phonetics, reflect this reality.

The play makes use of indents to denote beats and pauses. The further the indent, the longer the intended beat.

“Attention to the meaning of the central male slang term for sexual intercourse—“fuck”— is instructive. To fuck a person is to have sex with them. To fuck someone in another context...means to hurt or cheat a person. And when hurled as a simple insult (“fuck you”) the intent is denigration and the remark is often a prelude to violence or the threat of violence.

Sex in patriarchy is fucking. That we live in a world in which people continue to use the same word for sex and violence, and then resist the notion that sex is routinely violent and claim to be outraged when sex becomes overtly violent, is testament to the power of patriarchy.”

– bell hooks

ACT ONE

MOVEMENT ONE

LUCKY stands in the middle of a boxing ring marked by frayed ropes. A customized license plate that reads "THE PIT" is nailed to one of the boxing ring's posts. We're in The Pit.

COLT lightly bounces on the balls of his feet opposite LUCKY. SPYDER stands by an above ground plastic pool that's next to the boxing ring. SPYDER's left leg is covered in a compression wrap / bandage. He shifts his weight to ease pressure on his leg every now and then.

The rest of the space feels like a trailer park backyard; there's a boxing dummy, white plastic lawn chairs, several coolers, and open beer cans. DIESEL tightens the ropes around the ring.

DIESEL.

I want a clean fuckin' fight! And Colt, if I see you droppin' your left shoulder I'm gonna knock you out myself, aight!? Gotta see improvement!

COLT.

Yessir.

DIESEL.

And 'member what I told ya 'bout your footwork?

COLT.

I'm walkin' on a cloud not wet cement.

DIESEL.

Thas' right!

Now y'all ready?

Aight, meet in the middle so we can get this shit started!

LUCKY and COLT bump fists.

DIESEL.

Aaaaaaannnnndddddd BRAAAAWWWLLELLL!!!

The lights drop, focusing only on COLT and LUCKY.

COLT tentatively slides forward.

LUCKY suddenly grips his waist.

This is a dance.

COLT spins away.

LUCKY advances.

COLT is jittery, attempting to bat away LUCKY's hand.

LUCKY is too quick. He grabs COLT and leads him around the ring.

DIESEL.

Break outta that hold, man!! Break out of it break out of it!!

COLT writhes against LUCKY, who maintains his hold.

DIESEL.

Come on, Colt! Don't get stuck now!!

COLT is frustrated. He breaks free before reengaging LUCKY and guiding him across the ring.

DIESEL.

Thas' right!! Fuckin' keep 'im on the defensive now!

Don't drop yer shoulder!!

COLT maintains control.

LUCKY lets his body go limp in COLT's arms.

COLT falters under this dead weight.

LUCKY scrambles to his feet, reengaging COLT.

COLT drops his shoulder – and his eyeline.

DIESEL.

God fucking dammit!! Don't drop your fucking—

LUCKY quickly seizes COLT's jaw, shoving it to the left.

COLT whips around, as if struck by a punch, spinning out onto the ground.

DIESEL.

I'm callin' it!!

SPYDER enters the ring with an ice pack and two bottles of water, one for LUCKY and one for COLT.

SPYDER.

Drink it slow now.

DIESEL.

Lucky, go shower up.

LUCKY exits.

DIESEL.

I dunno why you're lookin' at me. Ya know what I'm gon' say.

COLT.

Sorry.

DIESEL.

I don't want you to apologize. I want you to fucking fix your bad habits.

Spyder, can you grab 'im an ankle brace? Thought I saw a slight twist at the end there.

SPYDER.

Sure thing.

DIESEL.

They're on the counter. I grabbed 'em 'fore the fight started.

Drink it slow.

COLT drinks the water even slower than he was.

DIESEL stands over him.

MOVEMENT TWO

It's late. COLT and LUCKY are passing a cigarette back and forth. COLT is still wearing the ankle brace. LUCKY takes a long drag.

LUCKY.

These cigs are bunk, man.

COLT.

Blame Spyder.

LUCKY.

You jacked these from Spyder?

COLT.

Can't pay for 'em myself.

LUCKY.

Diesel not put the money in our accounts yet?

COLT.

Fuck no.

LUCKY.

Fuckin' hate Pall Malls.

COLT.

Then don't smoke 'em. Damn.

LUCKY.

I din't say I wasn't gonna smoke it. I just mean like, Dang, Pall Malls suck.

COLT.

I guess.

Here. Finish it.

LUCKY.

Where you goin, Gimpy?

COLT.

Fuck you.

LUCKY.

Wait no but furreal.

COLT.

Gonna run at the track.

LUCKY.

Why?

COLT.

For conditioning.

LUCKY.

Can't run on that bum leg ya got.

COLT.

It's how ya get better. Ya walk it off.

LUCKY.

That's fuckin' stupid.

COLT.

Okay well maybe I'll just chill here.

Luxuriate in our private pool.

LUCKY.

I know for a fact Spyder goes in there an' pisses his Natty Lites away.

COLT.

Mmm gives it some flavor.

C'mon.

LUCKY.

Ehhhhhhh. I dunno.

COLT.

What's so good out there?

LUCKY.

There any more cigs?

COLT.

Should be on my flip flops.

LUCKY.

Dope. Thanks.

COLT.

You seriously just gonna sit there?

LUCKY.

You ever smoke a wet cigarette?

COLT.

You're so fucking lame.

LUCKY.

Says the gimp.

COLT.

Don't let Spyder hear you sayin' that.

LUCKY.

The fuck is Spyder gonna do?

COLT.

I dunno.

LUCKY.

He'd laugh anyway.

He'd totally laugh, dude, come on.

COLT.

I dunno.

LUCKY.

Fuck you. He'd totally laugh. He likes wordplay and shit.

COLT.

You almost done?

LUCKY.

“Smoke them hoes down til they stingers”. In’t that what Wiz Khalifa says to do?

COLT.

I dunno what yer talkin’ about.

LUCKY.

It’s a great song. Yer missin’ out.

COLT.

I’m sure.

LUCKY.

Whatchu think bout this tournament thing?

COLT.

I dunno.

LUCKY.

That your fuckin’ catchphrase or sump’n? “I dunno”. “I dunno”.

If you fucking say // “I dunno” I’m gonna

COLT.

I dunno.

LUCKY throws COLT’s flip flop at him.

LUCKY.

Stupid ass.

No but seriously. This tournament.

COLT.

I’ll answer if ya get in the pool. I’m bored.

LUCKY.

Fine.

COLT.

And bring the basketball hoop over!

LUCKY.

Aight.

Okay. The tournament.

This conversation occurs while the boys play a loose, pool basketball game.

COLT.

We know what the take home could be?

LUCKY.

Gotta be more than...15, right? It's three days.

COLT.

That the total pot?

LUCKY.

Prob'ly. Main card should get at least 10 on its own.

Fuck yeah! One zip.

COLT.

We not playin' Make It Take It?

LUCKY.

Nah. You deserve to get the ball some time.

COLT.

Funny.

LUCKY.

You think it'd be more than ten?

COLT.

Uhhh, I mean, maybe. Depends...on...how...many—

Blocked.

COLT.

Fuck.

Depends on how many entries there'd be.

LUCKY.

You still tryin' ta get into that janky, fake WWE thing?

COLT.

It's a semi-pro circuit, asshole.

It's part of the come up.

LUCKY.

Coulda fooled me.

COLT.

Fuck off.

LUCKY.

You ever think of Diesel as like, our pimp?

COLT.

What the fuck?

LUCKY.

Yeah like. Like we stay here.

We don't get paid directly for our fights.

We don't know how much money's gettin' thrown around.

And everything we do is, like, through Diesel.

Dunk.

LUCKY.

Can't guard me, boy! Two zip.

COLT.

Thas' a bit of a reach.

LUCKY.

Maybe.

COLT.

That'd make us, like, whores.

LUCKY.

Yeah?

COLT.

Yeah.

LUCKY.

I'm a whore. Big whore.

COLT.

Shut up and check me the ball.

LUCKY.

Aight. Prude.

COLT.

Just...gotta...get...to—fuck.

LUCKY.

Blocked, bitch!

COLT.

If my ankle weren't—

LUCKY.

Ay wait, lemme adjust myself here.

LUCKY digs into his shorts.

LUCKY.

You wanna look the other way while I got my dick in my hand?

COLT.

You wanna put your dick away while we're playing basketball?

LUCKY.

Okay all good.

Take your shot.

COLT.

How d'ya know I'm not gonna dunk?

LUCKY.

Because you've tried and failed.

Shoot.

COLT.

Fuck.

LUCKY.

Damn that didn't even hit the backboard.

COLT.

I'll get it.

LUCKY.

Nah I got it.

COLT.

Thanks.

So if you had to guess; how many entries you think'll be there?

LUCKY.

You can have the ball.

COLT.

No. It's your ball.

So how many?

LUCKY.

Least 18.

COLT.

18?

LUCKY.

Yeah. It's the Fourth o' July. M'sure some dad who coaches his son's wrestling team wants to rock some tweaker's shit. Feel like a patriot or whatever.

COLT.

You think there'll be a lotta tweakers at this one?

LUCKY.

How else you s'posed to be 5'8 and 115 pounds?

Tweakers are everywhere, Colty Boy. Just cuz' they don't got track marks up an' down their arm doesn't mean they don't tweak. Just means their coaches give 'em the good stuff.

COLT.

I thought tweakin' was a meth thing.

LUCKY.

You think those fuckin' chemical cocktails filled with Tren, Creatine, and HGH don't basically make meth?

COLT.

I dunno.

That feels different.

LUCKY.

Why?

COLT.

That's like... cleaner.

LUCKY.

Then why do so many professional wrestlers fuckin' die in their 40s?

COLT.

That's different. They got, like, brain damage and shit.

LUCKY.

You think downing half a gallon of that shit won't give you brain damage?

COLT.

Not like meth!

LUCKY dunks over COLT.

LUCKY.

We want a skunk rule?

COLT.

Just take your ball back.

Jesus Fuckin' Christ!

LUCKY's made another shot.

LUCKY.

Damn, I shoulda played basketball in high school. Four zip.

Anyway. It's all meth.

Pre-workout can be meth.

Those Pall Malls can be meth.

Anything can be meth.

COLT.

I don't think so.

COLT bricks his shot.

COLT.

Fuck.

LUCKY.

Want the ball back?

COLT.

No. It's yours.

LUCKY.

Okay.

You think they gonna have us fight against each other?

COLT.

How much you weigh right now? Ya feel light.

LUCKY.

I'm a lean, mean, 155.

COLT.
155?

LUCKY.
You think it was more?

COLT.
Less. You barely been eatin' anything.

LUCKY.
Since when?

COLT.
Since like two weeks ago, I dunno.

LUCKY.
Bro, I – LET'S GO! Five zip.
I literally ate four hot dogs at dinner and helped Spyder dust the rest of the corn.

COLT.
Aight.

LUCKY.
Whatta you weigh?

COLT.
145.

LUCKY.
Psshhh, fuckin' ten pounds lighter'n me talking about "You haven't eaten in two weeks".

COLT.
Whatever.
Oh my god, finally! A fuckin' basket. Here, gimme the ball back.
I don't think they'll have us fightin' each other. Not right away.

LUCKY.
You really wanna post up on me right now?

COLT.

Uh-huh.

LUCKY.

You need to cut yer fuckin nails, dude.

COLT.

Shut up.

LUCKY.

Gonna fuckin' claw me to death, damn!

COLT.

Wasn't an issue when you was able to stop me.

LUCKY.

Oh you think I can't stop you right now?

COLT.

Try.

LUCKY.

Oh I don't needa try. I'll...shit.

COLT dunks over LUCKY.

COLT.

I'm a menace in the paint!!

LUCKY.

Yeah alright.

COLT looks at LUCKY, grabs him by the neck, and kisses him. The two slip beneath the surface.

MOVEMENT THREE

SPYDER, COLT, and LUCKY are in a state of hurry / panic / mania. LUCKY is grabbing water bottles. COLT is looking for car keys. SPYDER is on the phone with someone. This scene should feel high-octane and tense, but in the “We’re gonna be late!” kinda way.

COLT.

Where the fuck are the keys?!

SPYDER.

Well shit man, don’tcha think we’d ‘a been there by now if fuckin’ Dale had let us know?!
Stupid fuckin’ Dale!

LUCKY.

You speakin’ to Slim // right now? Or Dale?

SPYDER.

Yeah yeah // I’m speaking to Slim right

LUCKY.

Slim, I swear to fucking God if we lose out on this registration because you got fuckin’ dyslexia!

SPYDER.

Pick up those water bottles, man! And gimme my phone back.

DIESEL.

Who’s got the keys?? We needa // get this shit

COLT.

I’m **looking** for them!

DIESEL.

Where’d ya have ‘em last?

COLT.

That’s the stupidest fucking question ever oh my fucking god!

DIESEL.

Check the counter.

COLT. *[muttering]*

I already checked the counter...

DIESEL.

Imma throw these shoes in the back; need me to grab // that for yeh?

SPYDER.

I got it.

DIESEL.

Jus' looked like you was struggl-

SPYDER.

I got it, Diesel.

DIESEL.

Aight.

LUCKY.

Once I see Slim, I'm gonna punch him as hard as I can in the back of the head.

Fuckin' Donkey Kong his ass.

DIESEL.

Well jus' make sure it's not your right hand.

LUCKY.

Where the fuck is Colt?

DIESEL.

Lookin' for the keys.

LUCKY.

Are ya fuckin' kiddin' me?

DIESEL.

Ay, Spyder, drop that shit in the back of the truck. Lucky, go help Colt.

LUCKY.

Aight.

SPYDER.

Wait didja grab the hand wraps?

DIESEL.

Course I grabbed // the hand wraps.

SPYDER.

I don't see 'em.

DIESEL.

That's because they're in the car // in the cup holder.

SPYDER.

Headin' to the car now.

COLT.

Found the keys!!

DIESEL.

And where were they?

LUCKY.

Who cares just get in the fuckin' truck!

DIESEL.

Got yer boxin' gloves?

LUCKY.

In the bag.

[*To COLT*] Grabbed yours too.

COLT.

Thanks.

DIESEL.

I'm drivin'.

COLT.

Why??

DIESEL.

Because I'm a better driver an' if we get pulled over, y'all can hoof it over to the compound. Gimme the keys. And here. Take your shoes, Colt.

SPYDER.

Y'all are movin' slower than molasses in January!

LUCKY.

He's talkin' to you, Colty Boy!

COLT and LUCKY race offstage. DIESEL quickly grabs another gym shoe and exits right behind.

Stillness.

GREENIE enters. He's holding a duffel bag. He kicks around some beer cans, inspects the basketball hoop.

GREENIE.

Yo! Diesel, you here? Spyder?

GREENIE, ruffles through his backpack, and pulls out a crumpled letter. He places it on the table, surveys his surroundings, and exits.

MOVEMENT FOUR

We are back at The Pit. DIESEL and SPYDER are sitting out by the pool. SPYDER has his leg elevated. DIESEL is jotting down on a notepad with a calculator balanced on his thigh.

DIESEL.

That should get us through uh, through the end of the month. 'Fore the fight anyway.

SPYDER.

Kroeger's got a sale on hot dogs. Buy two packs get one free.

DIESEL.

The Nature Valleys aren't on sale, are they?

SPYDER.

Not from what I saw.

Never know though.

DIESEL.

How bout those, uh, the Ding Dongs? The Hostess cakes.

SPYDER.

I think they got a cycle for those. Like every month or sump'n like that.

DIESEL.

Damn.

SPYDER.

They raised the price of eggs.

DIESEL.

You mentioned that yeah.

How much?

SPYDER.

Fifty cents.

DIESEL sucks his teeth.

SPYDER.

I was talkin' with Bill earlier.

DIESEL.

Yeah?

SPYDER.

Said he probl'y couldn't get us a deal on his corn.

DIESEL.

And why the fuck not? Fuckin' stingy // ass tryna

SPYDER.

Is' the drought. Said he was worried 'bout crop yields this season. Can't keep deals with anyone.

DIESEL.

You tell him that cuts both ways?

SPYDER.

Yeah, I did.

DIESEL.

And?

SPYDER.

Said if he can't pay his bills there's no sense in watchin' fights for free.

DIESEL suddenly tears out the sheet on his notepad, tosses it on the ground, and paces, fiddling with something in his pocket.

DIESEL.

Greenie wrote us.

SPYDER.

What?

DIESEL.

Yeah he uh, he...

DIESEL takes the letter out of his pocket.

DIESEL.
Noticed it when we got back.

SPYDER.
Whas' it say?

DIESEL.
Take it.

SPYDER.
His handwriting fuckin' sucks.

DIESEL.
Yeah that says "discharged".

SPYDER.
Least it wasn't dishonorable.
He at the motel?

DIESEL.
Assume so.

SPYDER.
Aight.
Whatta you wanna do?

DIESEL.
I dunno.

SPYDER.
You was talkin' earlier 'bout tryna recruit soon.

DIESEL.
Yeah.

SPYDER.
Ya think he'd wanna join back up?

DIESEL.
No.

No, if he did, he woulda left some sorta contact info, I figure.

SPYDER.

Maybe.

Course if he didn't wanna join, why leave a note in the first place? Y'know?

DIESEL.

I dunno. I dunno.

Jus' like him to do this sorta shit.

No warning whatsoever before BOOM. Detonated bomb.

SPYDER.

Bombs beep before they detonate.

DIESEL.

Okay fine, he's a fuckin' grenade then.

That work for yeh?

SPYDER.

Colt and Lucky'll know he's back soon enough.

Word spreads.

DIESEL.

M'sure they will.

But if he wanted us to tell 'em, he'da said so in the letter.

This was just him lettin' us know he's back so we don't see him in the candy aisle at Kroeger and think we're seein' a fuckin' ghost.

SPYDER.

We don't gotta tell anyone.

M'sure Colt still knows boys on the wrestling team. I'll ask 'im later this week. Get our little feeder program up and runnin'.

DIESEL.

Okay.

SPYDER looks at the grocery list.

SPYDER.

Ice pops'll be on sale next week.

Disability should be hittin' soon.

DIESEL.

Next 48 hours or so yeah.

SPYDER.

Maybe we can get the ice pops anyway then?

SPYDER turns his body to rephrase his question to DIESEL.

SPYDER.

Maybe we can get—

SPYDER suddenly grimaces, twitching his leg slightly, balling his fists. DIESEL impulsively massages SPYDER's calf, gently.

DIESEL.

Gotta drink more water.

SPYDER.

Maybe.

DIESEL.

No.

You gotta drink more water.

DIESEL reaches into the cooler and hands SPYDER a bottle of water, before lightly massaging his leg.

SPYDER.

Is' the change in barometric pressure.

DIESEL.

Yeah ya keep sayin' that.

SPYDER.

Is' gonna rain.

DIESEL.

Yeah.

SPYDER.

Is' gonna rain heavy.

DIESEL.

Hope yer wrong about that.

Last thing we need after this drought is a fuckin' storm. Flood the valley.

Mudslide everything to fuck.

Maybe I could call the motel.

Just to see, y'know?

See if he's there?

SPYDER.

Ya could.

DIESEL.

I know I *could*. I'm askin' 'cause I wanna know if it'd be right to.

SPYDER.

I don't see a problem with it.

If he wanted to be here in secret, he wouldn'ta left the note.

DIESEL.

But that dun't mean he wants to join back up, Spyder! I mean, Jesus Christ. There's a difference between acknowledging something and joining in. Maybe he just wanted us to know. Maybe he's sick of joinin' shit. Ever think of that?

No. Course ya din't. Because you don't got the complexity.

SPYDER.

I got plenty a' complexity, Diesel.

DIESEL.

Just finish your water.

SPYDER.

The boy's not even old enough to rent a fuckin' car. Just came back from war. Hand delivered a letter. I dunno how you can look at all that and think he's tryna avoid us or that he's got his shit set.

DIESEL.

I din't say he was! I'm just sayin' that he left and maybe it's good that he did and maybe we don't gotta try and cram this square peg into a round hole. People leave for a reason, man. I don't gotta be all up in someone's business just 'cause they're nearby.

SPYDER.

Yer the one who asked if you should call the motel.

DIESEL.

Yeah and I still don't got my answer.

SPYDER.

I'm gonna get ice pops.

DIESEL.

Colt an' Lucky can go. You don't needa be trudgin' around with this "barometric // pressure" bein' so

SPYDER.

I'm goin'.

I like goin'.

SPYDER slowly, deliberately, gets up and exits. DIESEL leans his head back in his chair and looks into the sky.

DIESEL.

Not a cloud in sight.

MOVEMENT FIVE

It is night once again. LUCKY and GREENIE are standing opposite one another.

GREENIE.

You sure you wanna do this?

LUCKY.

Yeah. Yeah.

GREENIE.

Okay.

GREENIE steps toward LUCKY, touches his hip.

GREENIE.

What about...?

LUCKY.

Not now.

GREENIE.

Okay.

LUCKY moves GREENIE's hand off his hip, grabbing GREENIE's chest.

LUCKY.

What about you?

GREENIE.

Me?

LUCKY.

You got anyone?

GREENIE.

Naw.

I don't got anyone.

LUCKY pushes GREENIE. A dance begins.

LUCKY.
I learnt how'ta lead.

GREENIE.
Yeah?

LUCKY dips GREENIE.

LUCKY.
Yeah.

This dance is slow, measured. Both boys are aware of each other's chests, their limbs, their arms, and how to fit within each other.

LUCKY.
Is' been a while, eh?

GREENIE.
Mhmm keep doin' that.

LUCKY.
You like that?

GREENIE.
Yes. Yeah, keep doin' that.

LUCKY.
'Member when ya use to take the lead?

GREENIE.
Keep goin', baby. I wanna see stars.

LUCKY spins GREENIE again, this time a bit harder.

GREENIE.
Shit.

LUCKY.
You like that?

GREENIE.

Yeah.

More.

LUCKY spins GREENIE again, faster and harder still.

GREENIE.

I'm seein' stars, Lucky.

Keep goin'.

LUCKY.

'member when I used to see stars with you?

GREENIE.

Baby baby. Don't stop don't stop. C'mon I think I'm—

LUCKY spins GREENIE with a hard jerk. GREENIE keeps spinning, on his own. Lights shift. GREENIE is spinning out, more violently now. A high frequency ringing. LUCKY is frozen.

Then: THE LIGHT appears. It approaches GREENIE, who dances away from it. He's scared. THE LIGHT advances on GREENIE, who skitters away. THE LIGHT suddenly stops moving. GREENIE crouches, hides. He murmurs:

GREENIE.

What's that thing they say about stars and dying? And what's that thing they say about stars dying in the sky? And what's that thing they say and what's that thing they say and what's that thing I felt in the mud?

And I could feel my boots pushin' into the mud and I could feel my toes pushing into my boots and I could feel my teeth pushing into my lips and I could feel the mud and all the mud and all the mud and all the mud.

And what's that thing they say about stars? And what's that thing they say about dying? And what's that thing you said about earning your stars and what's that thing you said about waitin' until you earned your stars and what's that thing they say—

THE LIGHT narrows before closing completely. Once it does, GREENIE runs to the spot it occupied, gazing up, as the lighting abruptly returns.

LUCKY.

Shit, man!
Din't think it'd be that quick.
Wanna do me now?

GREENIE.
What do stars mean to you?

LUCKY.
What?

GREENIE.
Like. Like they're just balls of gas, right? Tiny suns.

LUCKY.
I mean probably.
Guess it depends on the kinda star.
Why?

GREENIE.
Nothin' I just.
You learned how to lead.

LUCKY.
Thas' right. Thas' right, baby.
Now lead me.

LUCKY guides GREENIE, places GREENIE's arms around his waist, as the two begin to dance. They are slightly off-balance. Almost not enough to notice. A stepped toe here and there. GREENIE spins LUCKY.

LUCKY.
That's good, baby. Just like that.

GREENIE looks to the sky as he spins LUCKY. The dancing gets worse.

LUCKY.
Harder.

GREENIE tries to spin LUCKY harder, but he's looking at his feet. Are they muddy?

LUCKY.
Harder, baby.

GREENIE tries again.

LUCKY.
The fuck they teach you in the military? C'mon, man!

GREENIE drops his arm and the dance dies. LUCKY stops momentarily.

LUCKY.
Seriously?
Thas' so fucked up.

GREENIE.
I—

LUCKY.
You gotta take the lead, man.
Thas' how this goes.
Innit?

*LUCKY holds GREENIE's arms and spins himself in them. He steps on GREENIE's feet.
GREENIE is looking at the stars. LUCKY throws down GREENIE's arms.*

LUCKY.
Why you doin' this to me?
The fuck did I do!?

GREENIE.
I gotta go.

GREENIE hurriedly starts to dress.

LUCKY.
Fuckin' light in yer boots is what ya are, man. Shit.
Thas' pussy shit!

GREENIE turns on a dime, grabs LUCKY by the face, and leads.

LUCKY.

There we go, baby!

GREENIE is pouring sweat. He spins LUCKY harder.

LUCKY.

I'm on a ride, boy!

GREENIE spins LUCKY again. And again. And again.

LUCKY slips to the ground, spinning out lazily.

LUCKY.

Shit.

That was sump'n.

Thought ya'd lost a step.

LUCKY gets up and kisses GREENIE on the cheek.

LUCKY.

You should come to The Pit. M'sure Diesel an' Spyder'd wanna see ya.

GREENIE.

Aight.

LUCKY.

We good to meet Friday?

GREENIE.

Yeah.

LUCKY.

Aight.

Bye.

LUCKY leaves. GREENIE looks at his feet, the stars, his feet, the stars.

MOVEMENT SIX

DIESEL, SPYDER, COLT, and LUCKY are eating ice pops. Music is playing from a crappy speaker. The aux should cut out every now or then or get static-y.

LUCKY grabs another ice pop and gestures to SPYDER "You want one?". SPYDER shakes his head then changes his mind, grabbing the ice pop from LUCKY. DIESEL gets up from his chair and walks to the cooler, grabbing a few cans of beer, gently plopping them in the laps of COLT, LUCKY, and SPYDER.

SPYDER.

I think ice pops might just be the best dessert in the summer.

DIESEL.

Damn straight.

COLT gets up and turns up the music. As he does, the speaker cuts out.

LUCKY.

Uggghhhhhh! Stupid // Dollar General speaker

SPYDER.

Shhhhhh. Jus' unplug an' plug it back in.

COLT.

That's not working.

SPYDER.

Diesel?

DIESEL.

On it.

Wire's frayed and shit.

Were you jerkin' it around or sump'n?

COLT.

No. I was just tryna turn up the volume.

DIESEL.

Looks like this thing went through a fuckin' blender Jesus Christ. Look at that, man. That wire's totally exposed.

SPYDER.

It happens. Just sit back down.

DIESEL.

Dammit.

COLT.

Sorry.

COLT goes back to his spot, more uneasy now. DIESEL fiddles with the speaker wire.

LUCKY.

Ya need help?

DIESEL.

No. Just drink the beer I got'chu.

After a bit, the music bursts back. Tinny at first, then stronger.

DIESEL.

There we go!! There! We! Go!

DIESEL goes back to his seat, drinks his beer. SPYDER reaches his hand out for another ice pop. LUCKY doesn't see, so COLT walks over to the cooler and grabs an ice pop for SPYDER. LUCKY receives a text. COLT notices LUCKY quickly reach for his phone.

COLT.

Who's that?

LUCKY.

Huh?

COLT.

Who's textin' you?

SPYDER.

Shh // hhh.

COLT.

Would you stop shushin' people? Thas' like, childish. As fuck.

SPYDER.

Just shut up and breathe, man. Take it in.

COLT.

Take what in?

'Squitas are comin' out anyway. Gonna get fuckin' bit.

DIESEL.

Where you goin'?

COLT.

My trailer. Where it's cool.

DIESEL.

Dunno how a trailer that's been sittin' in the sun's gonna be cooler than this.

COLT.

Last I checked it's got AC.

DIESEL.

Oh. Oh right, yeah. AC.

COLT.

What?

DIESEL.

Nothin'.

COLT.

No. No. You're gettin' all pissy.

DIESEL. [*chuckling derisively*]

No no no I just...

I just wasn't sure if we wanted to have a conversation on energy consumption now, since it's comin' up all organic, or if you'd rather talk about it in the mornin'.

SPYDER.
I'm goin' inside.

DIESEL.
You sure you don't wanna stay for this exciting talk?

SPYDER waves this off as he exits.

DIESEL.
You know what? Let's...let's have this conversation later.

COLT.
I'm not gonna sweat all night just because you're fuckin' cheap.

DIESEL.
Hm.
Okay.

COLT.
What?

DIESEL.
You've made yer opinion known. An' I'm acknowledgin' it.

COLT.
Whatever.
You comin, Lucky?

LUCKY. [*Looking up from his phone.*]
Nah...I'm gonna// prob'ly head

COLT.
Who the fuck're you texting?

LUCKY.
Get off my dick, dude.

COLT.
You've been staring at your phone the last ten minutes! Who else is there in this stupid town besides you and me?!

LUCKY.

Diesel, tell Colt to go to his trailer before I kick his ass again.

COLT.

Fuck you.

DIESEL.

Lucky, piss off and get goin' to wherever yer tryna go.

Keys are either on the counter or the TV.

LUCKY.

Aight.

LUCKY exits. COLT stands opposite DIESEL.

COLT.

What?

DIESEL.

This? All 'a this? Only works if we're supportin' each other.

An' right now yer' a liability.

Losin' all yer fuckin' fights 'fore ya get past semis.

Usin' up all this damn energy.

Ya know, last night, Spyder was watchin' *Shark Tank* and I learned a bit o' that business jargon.

An' in business, they got a term for you.

Depreciating asset. A poor investment.

Yer' burnin' money we don't got.

An' I dunno how you could feel good about yourself, knowin' everyone around here is sufferin' because **you can't get your fuckin' shoulders set when you're fightin'!**

DIESEL chugs the rest of his beer and tosses the can at COLT's feet.

DIESEL.

Trainin' tomorrow mornin'.

Bright and early.

I'm not gonna hear that AC unit churnin' tonight.

DIESEL exits. COLT exhales deeply, grabs the can, and hurls it as far as he can with a grunt. He then slaps the boxing dummy on his way out of The Pit.

MOVEMENT SEVEN

LUCKY is lying on top of GREENIE in a sort of spooning embrace. LUCKY plays with GREENIE's hands.

LUCKY.

Where's that one from?

GREENIE.

Hmmm, that's from the stupid knife game, y'know.

♪ I got all my fingers // the knife goes chop chop chop ♪

LUCKY.

♪ The knife goes chop chop chop... yeah yeah yeah.

Y'all played that?

GREENIE.

Not much else to do.

LUCKY.

I always thought it'd be, like, active gunfire and explosions 24/7.

GREENIE.

Not 24/7.

LUCKY.

How 'bout that one?

GREENIE.

That's from a fight I had before I skipped town.

GREENIE.

I won.

LUCKY.

'Course ya did.

GREENIE.

What about you?

LUCKY.

Nothin' you ain't seen before.

GREENIE grabs LUCKY's forearm, with a surprising intensity, and inspects it. LUCKY, bewildered, recognizes what GREENIE is doing and pulls his arm away.

LUCKY.

Fuck you, dude.

GREENIE.

Just had to check.

LUCKY.

Y'know, I wasn't the one who tweaked out and started askin' about seein' stars last time.

GREENIE pushes LUCKY off his chest.

LUCKY.

Jesus Christ, dude.

Here's your shirt.

Here.

Here!

GREENIE is clearly still distracted. LUCKY touches GREENIE's shoulder. GREENIE shoots up, turns to LUCKY, and kisses him – hard.

LUCKY.

What're you...?

GREENIE.

Please.

LUCKY steps towards GREENIE. A dance begins. GREENIE leads.

GREENIE.

Just focus on me, okay?

GREENIE leads LUCKY, driving him to the edges of the stage, LUCKY's feet skid as GREENIE is nearly picking him up at this point. These movements are less graceful, more focused on strength. LUCKY breaks away quickly.

LUCKY.

Wait, I thought you'd want // me to

GREENIE.

No talking.

GREENIE closes the distance, wrapping LUCKY in his arms. GREENIE drops LUCKY onto the ground.

GREENIE.

Crawl.

LUCKY crawls up to GREENIE, holding his out hands. GREENIE slaps them away.

GREENIE.

Again.

LUCKY reaches. GREENIE slaps.

GREENIE.

Again.

Reach. Slap.

GREENIE.

Again.

Reach. Slap.

LUCKY reaches again, and GREENIE grabs his hands.

A high frequency ringing.

Then: THE LIGHT appears. It advances, like a wave on the shoreline, trying to catch GREENIE's feet. But it never does. GREENIE backs away a few paces.

GREENIE.

What's that thing they say about stars and dying? And what's that thing they say about stars in the sky?

(That they're already burned out? That they're already dead?)

And what's that thing they say about seeing something that's dead? And what's that thing they say about seeing ghosts?

And what's that thing you said in the mud? And what's that thing you said about can't feeling your feet? And what's that thing you said about please don't forget me? And what's that thing you said about—

And I could feel my boots pushin' into the mud and I could feel my toes pushin' into my boots and I could feel my teeth pushing into my lips and I could feel I could feel I could feel I could feel I could feel I could feel I could feel I could feel

your body sinking into the mud.

THE LIGHT disappears. The high frequency ringing disappears.

LUCKY.

I thought you'd want me to lead. Least a little.

GREENIE.

I thought, um, I thought I'd try sump'n different.

LUCKY.

Well, it didn't work.

GREENIE.

Sorry.

LUCKY.

Did you...?

GREENIE.

No.

LUCKY.

Do you wanna try again?

GREENIE.

Okay.

LUCKY.

You gotta let me lead, though. Aight?

GREENIE nods. LUCKY walks, slowly, over to GREENIE.

LUCKY.

S'just you and me. Okay?

LUCKY begins the dance. It's slow. Gentle. GREENIE missteps and staggers off balance.

GREENIE.

Sorry.

LUCKY.

What for?

LUCKY crosses to GREENIE, holding out his hands.

LUCKY.

Nice and slow.

GREENIE follows LUCKY's lead as the two make their way back to the center. LUCKY sends GREENIE into a tight spin before quickly sliding over to catch him.

LUCKY.

That feel good?

GREENIE.

Mhm.

LUCKY.

Good.

GREENIE and LUCKY continue to dance.

MOVEMENT EIGHT

COLT is warming up, punching the dummy. DIESEL sits in a chair, watching, munching sunflower seeds and spitting the shells.

DIESEL.

Arms up!

Don't drop your eyes!

Yer gettin' stuck in your heels again! Colt you gotta—hey! Pay attention! See how I'm pivotin' right now? I'm swingin' my right while pivotin' over the left. If you go counter-clockwise, you gon' end up droppin' this elbow, see? And then? Yer exposed. Go again.

Don't forget everythin' else I told ya though!

C'mon, man!

Don't look down at yer feet! You'll get clocked if ya do that!

DIESEL leaves.

COLT keeps going.

DIESEL then re-emerges holding a bucket of faded tennis balls.

COLT stops.

DIESEL.

Don't stop!

I'm gon' force you to keep yer eyes up.

Dodge these.

DIESEL starts lobbing tennis balls at COLT.

COLT stops punching and focuses on evading the tennis balls.

DIESEL.

Keep your fuckin' hands up! Get in position to fight!

Bat 'em away if ya have to!

Throw two jabs!

Jab!

Jab!

Jab!

Dodge!

Jab!

Jab!

Jab!

Dodge!

COLT.

Jesus, man! Gimme // a minute

DIESEL.

Arms up!

COLT.

Diesel! Stop // you gotta

DIESEL.

You think yer opponent's gonna stop // because ya ask him to!

COLT.

Please, Diesel!

DIESEL.

Get yer' fuckin' // hands up, Colt!

COLT.

Stop it, man!

Lights adjust.

COLT grabs DIESEL's arm and attempts to hurl him across the stage.

DIESEL is too quick.

COLT is too slow.

DIESEL dodges COLT and grips his face, cupping his ears.

A high frequency tone.

COLT falls down.

COLT.

You need fuckin' help!

DIESEL.

Who the fuck do you think you are, fucking comin' at me like that?

COLT.

I can't fucking hear!

DIESEL.

Yes, you can. Yer ears are just ringin' cause I popped you good.

COLT.

What the fuck was that supposed to do?!

DIESEL.

Teach ya reflexes.

Not my fault you move like ya got lead in yer socks.

COLT.

That ain't fair! I just // got

DIESEL.

Fights ain't fair!

You wanna fight so bad, but you don't know the first thing about these semi-pro circuits you're jonesin' to fuckin' sell your soul to!

They'll break your brain down like a beer can until you won't be able to tie yer fuckin' shoes.

You'll be a senile 30 year-old, you stupid fuck. Your jaw'll be wired shut and people'll need to feed you applesauce through a fuckin' straw.

You don't know shit, boy.

You just know you wanna punch shit. And that don't make you special.

You wanna get brain damage? Save yourself the time and lemme roll over your head with my truck.

DIESEL picks up the last tennis ball, tossing it in his bucket. He misses.

DIESEL.

Shit.

DIESEL looks down at COLT who's opening and shutting his jaw with his eyes scrunched shut. The tone still plays.

DIESEL goes to the cooler and pulls out a water bottle and a granola bar.

DIESEL.

Here.

COLT.

I don't want it.

DIESEL.

Not a request.

Drink it slow. You don't gotta eat the bar now, but you worked up a sweat and you'll need some carbs.

COLT.

You coulda just said you was angry about the fuckin' AC.

Ya hear me?

You coulda just said you was angry about the **fuckin' AC**.

Ya din't have to...to fuckin'...

DIESEL.

The granola bar is peanut butter n' chocolate.

I know you liked those las' time I bought 'em.

Spyder says it's gonna rain soon. Yer free to come in and eat breakfast with us, but I got the sense // that you

COLT.

I'll be outta yer hair soon.

DIESEL.

Just don't wantcha gettin' wet on my accord.

Door's unlocked if ya change yer mind. Otherwise you can head to yer trailer.

DIESEL exits.

COLT keeps plugging and unplugging his ears to see if he can hear the high frequency tone. He can. COLT looks up at the sky, closes his eyes.

MOVEMENT NINE

It's later in the afternoon. SPYDER is sitting out by the pool. COLT enters.

SPYDER.

Noticed ya din't eat breakfast or nothin'.

COLT.

I had a granola bar.

SPYDER.

Thas' not breakfast.

COLT.

I'm tryna cut right now.

SPYDER.

Doesn't mean ya can't eat breakfast.

COLT.

That's exactly what it means, Spyder.

You seen // my hand wraps?

SPYDER.

S'not good to deprive // yer body of nutrition.

COLT.

I left 'em right here. You didn't // move 'em didja?

SPYDER.

Gonna waste away.

COLT.

Jesus fuckin'...

I'll look for 'em myself. Just sit out by that pool, I don't give a fuck.

SPYDER.

Yer only sayin' that because yer hungry.

Like Snickers, y'know?

COLT lets out a long, exasperated sigh.

SPYDER.

You and Lucky don't wanna // spar or nothin'?

COLT.

Oh my god can't you just—
Stop talking.

Where the fuck did I leave 'em?

SPYDER.

Might be in the truck.

COLT.

Fine, I'll go check the truck.

SPYDER.

Can't. Diesel's out pickin' up the disability. Won't be back for another 30 at least.

COLT.

Then why'd ya suggest I check the truck in the first place?

SPYDER.

'Cuz you were mutterin' to yourself.
And 'cuz they might be there.

COLT.

Fuck it. I'll just go bare knuckle.

SPYDER.

Gonna hurt yourself.

COLT.

Oh no. If only someone had told me I could get hurt boxing, I mighta decided to do sump'n totally different.

COLT goes to the boxing dummy and throws a couple jab combos.

COLT. *[muttering]*

I'm walkin' on a cloud not wet cement.

Cloud. Not wet cement.

SPYDER.

Don't worry about droppin' yer shoulder. You don't gotta keep it hiked up that high.
Just stay loose.

Thas' why yer shoulder's been botherin' ya. Yer tensin' it all the time.

COLT.

I don't need ya coachin' me.

SPYDER.

Aight.

After a beat, COLT relaxes his shoulders and shakes himself loose. SPYDER notices.

COLT. *[muttering]*

Walkin' on a cloud not wet cement.

SPYDER.

Doesn't need to be that hard, y'know?
Boxing. S'about listenin' to yer body.

COLT.

I don't need ya coachin' // me, Spyder.

SPYDER.

I'm just sayin'.

COLT.

Well I'm just sayin' I don't need ya coachin' me!

COLT throws a punch and grimaces. He's about to throw another one when:

SPYDER.

S'about listening to what yer body's tellin' you, Colt!

COLT.

Okay! I don't know what...I dunno why ya keep sayin' that!
Just lemme. Lemme focus.
Jesus.

Cloud. Not wet cement. Cloud. Not wet cement. Cloud. Not cement.

COLT executes a few more punch combos, wincing as he does. SPYDER looks on.

COLT.

I can feel ya watchin' me, Spyder!

SPYDER.

Well goddamn, what else am I s'posed to look at? The fuckin' pool water?

COLT.

Yeah maybe!

Just stop fuckin' starin' at me! Do sump'n else!

SPYDER gets up and walks by COLT, who instinctively flinches. SPYDER pats him affectionately on the neck and exits.

COLT winds up to throw more punches, drops his hands, and stands still.

MOVEMENT TEN

COLT and LUCKY are sitting out by The Pit. LUCKY is smoking a cigarette, lying on his back in the center. COLT is leaning on one of the poles that the rope is tied to, occasionally swaying around it.

LUCKY.
Whatchu thinkin'?

COLT.
Whatta you mean?

LUCKY.
I dunno. Been swayin' back n' forth for like five minutes now. Seems like ya wanna say sump'n.

COLT.
I don't.

LUCKY.
Okay.

LUCKY flicks the butt towards COLT, who has his back turned.

COLT.
What the fuck?

LUCKY.
Daaang, Spyder was right. You are in a pissy mood.

COLT.
Yeah I hear tellin' people that makes it go away real quick.

LUCKY.
Yeah well. I don't gotta get pissy too, ya know?
Like, osmosis.

COLT.
What?

LUCKY.

Yeah like uh, your pissy particles could get sucked up into my not-pissy vibe. And if that happens, *like osmosis* // I'm sayin' I

COLT.

Dude you can just walk. You don't gotta be here right now.

LUCKY.

Guess you're right about that one, Colty Boy.

Maybe I'll just keep on walkin'.

Hm? Just walk all the way up outta this town.

Would you like that? Would you like it if I stranded you with Diesel and Spyder?

I been thinkin' about it. Been thinkin' about LA. Palm trees and shit.

It's a different kinda heat there, ya know? It's the typa heat people pay to be in. Not like whatever we got here.

So. Would you?

COLT.

I wouldn't have to stay if ya left. I could leave, too.

LUCKY.

Yer practically zip tied to the county line. You couldn't leave.

COLT.

I'm not zip tied // to anything.

LUCKY.

Where'd ya even go? Like. If ya had the freedom.

Because I feel like you'd be paralyzed by choice. Or you'd be like one of them house cats that always wants to go outside but the second they do, they run back in.

COLT.

You're an asshole.

LUCKY.

I'm just sayin'! Don't be annoyed about it! We've all got our quirks or whatever.

COLT.

You're an asshole.

LUCKY.

Yeah yeah.
C'mon. Where would ya go?

COLT.
Somewhere cold.

LUCKY.
Yer just sayin' that because I said I'd go to LA and yer // tryna be controversial

COLT.
I'm not sayin' it because of you!
I'm sayin' it 'cuz I wanna see snow.

LUCKY.
Seriously? You wanna see snow?

COLT.
Yeah.

LUCKY.
Why?

COLT.
'Cuz I don't see it here.

LUCKY.
Thas' not true. We got some a few // years back.

COLT.
Yeah, like a dusting. It melted soon as it hit the ground.

LUCKY.
Right.
Okay.
You wanna fuck off somewhere cold and build a snowman.
I din't know that.
So why don'tcha just go?

COLT.
What?

LUCKY.

Yeah. Why don't you just go and fuck snow or whatever?

COLT.

Because I don't wanna go right now.

LUCKY.

Mmmm.

Because yer zip tied to the county line.

COLT.

Fuck off.

COLT gets ready to leave.

LUCKY.

Hey c'mon. Don't leave because I'm being a dick. I'm just. I'm just fuckin' with you.

C'mon. Don't leave.

Thank you.

Now.

Why haven't ya traveled? S'not like ya gotta go far to see snow.

COLT.

I dunno.

LUCKY.

You dunno?

COLT.

I dunno.

We got a life here. There's a routine.

LUCKY.

Oh yeah for sure. Where else could you eat shitty frozen pizzas or step on people's sweaty socks all the time?

COLT.

I like pizza Fridays.

LUCKY.

Aim higher, dude! I mean, fuck.

This shit is depressing and you should be able to see that!

Like. I've always felt like I could leave at any time, y'know? Like there's a string pullin' me along. And that one day is' just gonna pull me to somewhere // brand new and full of

COLT.

I know about yer fuckin' string, Lucky. You've told me. Many times.

LUCKY.

I don't // think it's been that

COLT.

Many many times, Lucky.

I get it. The string's gonna pull you some day and yer just gonna suddenly leave.

LUCKY.

And you don't feel like that?

COLT.

No.

LUCKY.

Because of frozen pizza.

COLT.

No.

LUCKY stares at COLT. His phone buzzes. COLT notices.

COLT.

Who the fuck're you textin'?

LUCKY.

Frozen pizza delivery man.

COLT.

Seriously.

LUCKY.

I'm bein' serious. He's got a // massive order for you

COLT.

You been actin' real fuckin' weird lately. Sneakin' around. Gettin' all these texts.

Whatchu get yourself into?

LUCKY.

Hm.

Yer' a little clingy, you know that?

Like uh, past couple weeks you been...been flexin' this grip on me.

Holdin' on for dear life.

We aren't whatcha think we are.

You know that. Don'tcha?

COLT.

Fuck you.

LUCKY.

Yeah okay.

COLT.

No, fuck you!

You don't get to treat me like that. I know you. You know me.

You don't **get** to just fuckin' discard me.

LUCKY.

Colty Boy.

You don't know what the fuck yer' talkin' about.

COLT.

Yeah, I do.

LUCKY.

No. You don't.

Shit.

You know where I'm goin' right now?

Do ya?

COLT.

I got an idea.

LUCKY.

Please share.

COLT.

Yer gonna...yer gonna go fuck some high school burnout or sump'n. Score some percs, right?
Go on a lil' bender.

LUCKY.

No. No.

No, Colty Boy // I'm about to

COLT.

Stop **fuckin'** callin' me that.

LUCKY.

Colt.

I'm gonna meet up with Greenie.

Thas' where I'm goin'.

And is' where I been goin'.

COLT.

He's not back from his tour.

LUCKY.

You don't know me.

COLT.

He's not back from his tour.

LUCKY.

You don't believe that.

Wanna hear how long he's been back?

COLT.

Fuck you.

LUCKY.

Fuck me?

Man, what'd you think we was gonna do? You an' me.

Get a bigger shitty trailer. Move to a bigger shithole town. An' just...what? Eat shitty frozen pizza and fall asleep watchin' dumbass spaghetti westerns every night? Buy some scratch-offs and fantasize about winnin' big every Monday?

Fuck a frozen pizza and fuck whatever you got goin' through your head. You got no idea who I am or what I want.

COLT lunges towards LUCKY.

LUCKY dodges.

A dance begins.

LUCKY.

You don't wanna do this.

COLT lunges towards LUCKY.

LUCKY dodges.

LUCKY.

Colt.

I'm not gonna fuckin' hit you, man.

COLT lunges towards LUCKY.

LUCKY dodges.

LUCKY.

You better calm down.

Lunge. Dodge.

LUCKY.

Colt, you gotta stop now! Yer' not gonna win.

Seriously. Stop.

Don't make me fuckin' hurt you.

Lunge. Dodge.

COLT ends up in the dirt.

LUCKY.

Fuckin' stop!

COLT.

This isn't just up to you! Don'tcha get that?!

You don't get to just fuckin' walk out!

We're not like that!

LUCKY.

Yes.

We are.

LUCKY turns his back on COLT.

COLT stands still before suddenly grabbing LUCKY and tossing him into the dirt. It's carnal.

LUCKY lies in the dirt.

*COLT straddles LUCKY and grips his head, like how you do when you want to pop a balloon or when you just **need** someone to listen.*

COLT.

Who the fuck do you think you are?! Huh?! You ain't shit! You hear me?! You ain't nothin'!

You're a fuckin' nobody! You're just a fuckin' nobody!

COLT grips harder.

LUCKY reaches up towards COLT's face.

COLT deflates and lets LUCKY go. There's no more fight in him.

LUCKY drops his arms.

COLT slouches back on his knees.

LUCKY rolls over. He doesn't look at COLT.

BLACKOUT.

ACT TWO

MOVEMENT ELEVEN

SPYDER is sitting in a lawn chair as DIESEL massages his leg. It's late at night. This is a routine.

DIESEL.
It's pretty bad tonight.

SPYDER.
Yeah.

DIESEL.
I said you gotta be drinkin' more // water on a regular

SPYDER.
I am drinkin' water.
S'just gettin' worse is all.

DIESEL.
Is that all?

SPYDER.
Yeah.
I mean, is' the fuckin' air pressure.
But you don't like hearin' that.

DIESEL.
Haven't seen ya doin' any 'a that aqua therapy lately. You just been soakin'// and avoidin'

SPYDER.
I don't wanna refill it every time.

DIESEL.
Well you don't gotta refill it **every** time.

SPYDER.
Yeah, I do.
Is' unsanitary otherwise.

DIESEL.

Oh.

Well if you say so.

SPYDER.

Gimme my damn leg back.

I can do this part.

DIESEL.

You can?

SPYDER.

Yeah.

Hand me the Vaseline.

SPYDER takes a large scoop of Vaseline and plops it on his thigh, trying to work it in and get further down his leg. He can't. He grows agitated. He grabs another scoop as DIESEL watches, silently.

SPYDER.

Just...

DIESEL grabs SPYDER's hand, taking the excess Vaseline, and massages his leg.

On a different part of the stage, LUCKY and GREENIE are passing a cigarette back and forth. GREENIE takes a long drag.

GREENIE.

S'weird to be smokin' these.

LUCKY.

Sorry they're bunk.

GREENIE.

Nah.

S'just weird is all.

LUCKY.

Whas' weird about it?

GREENIE.

Forgot the smell. Brings me back.

LUCKY.

Do ya like bein' back?

GREENIE.

I dunno. S'weird.

Do ya like bein' here?

LUCKY.

Sometimes.

GREENIE.

And that keeps ya here? "Sometimes" is enough for you?

LUCKY.

Could be.

Nobody likes where they are all the time.

You planning on leavin' soon or sump'n? With this feelin' weird or whatever?

GREENIE.

I don't got any plans in me.

I just end up places, y'know. Then I end up somewhere else.

LUCKY.

I get that.

Sometimes I feel like I got a string attached to me. Pullin' me along. And that one day I'm just gonna feel a yank and end up somewhere totally different.

GREENIE.

Yeah.

Yeah, but you ain't ever left. You been here your whole life.

LUCKY.

Right. But, like, you can still—you can still feel it. Y'know?

GREENIE.

Yeah. Yeah, if ya know ya know.

GREENIE and LUCKY pass the cigarette between them.

Back to SPYDER and DIESEL. SPYDER drops his leg off of DIESEL's lap.

DIESEL.

I'm not done yet.

What? Yer starin' off into space whatta ya thinkin'?

SPYDER.

Dun't matter.

DIESEL.

Matters to me.

SPYDER.

No it don't.

DIESEL.

Why you say that?

Huh? Why you sayin' that?

SPYDER.

'Cuz that's how I feel.

DIESEL.

Well don't feel that way.

You don't got any reason to feel that way. Not with me.

SPYDER.

I got plenty o' reason to feel that way with you, D.

DIESEL.

Could ya please prop yer leg up so I can finish?

Spyder.

Spyder, prop yer fuckin' leg up.

Whatta you doin'? What're you tryna // do right now?

SPYDER.

He's gone somewhere. And we don't got a fuckin' clue where or how or why. All we got is Lucky fuckin' stammering all over himself spewin' some bullshit about a fight they had.

And we're just sittin' here. Like nothin's changed. Like Colt's just gonna walk on by and grab his granola bar any second.

DIESEL.

He's his own man.

SPYDER.

He's a boy, Diesel. A goddamn teenager.

Din't even grab his phone charger. Thas' how much of a hurry he was in.

DIESEL.

Whatta you want me to say? Seriously. What the fuck you want me to say?

Because I'll say this: it's startin' to feel like anything I say is gonna be wrong to you, and that yer just lookin' for a reason to be mad at me.

So lemme do sump'n for ya. Let me help ya here: I release you of that burden. You don't gotta find a reason to be mad at me. You can just be mad at me. But don't be actin' all passive aggressive and start insinuatn' shit. Because that's how *I* start gettin' angry.

I don't got my hands up any of these boys' asses like some fuckin' puppet master. They do what they want. When they're here, they follow my rules. But they don't gotta stay here. I don't take no fuckin' prisoners.

Now. Could you please prop yer leg up? I din't finish and I don't wanna hear you bitch and moan about yer leg tonight.

SPYDER.

I don't want you touchin' me right now.

Back to LUCKY and GREENIE.

LUCKY.

When did you know you was comin' back here? Like when did you realize that's where you was being pulled to?

GREENIE.

When I was flown back from...

I was the only one on my flight. And at the station, they had a buncha personnel who shared options with me. VA benefits. Counselors. Reintegration plans. But I just needed to get out. It was like bein' suffocated.

A high frequency tone starts softly playing.

GREENIE.

So I just left. Started takin' different Greyhound buses to different places. I'd just wait at the station until the next bus came. Din't care where it was goin'.

But I guess I did because I ended up further and further south.

There was one that took me to Chattanooga, and I just hitchhiked back here.

LUCKY.

Dang.

GREENIE.

Yeah.

So that's it. Nothin' else to tell.

The high frequency tone stops.

GREENIE.

We just gonna smoke these all night or did you wanna do somethin'?

LUCKY.

Nah, we can...we can have some fun. Did you // wanna try to

GREENIE.

Why don't you get started on your own? I wanna watch.

LUCKY.

Yeah. Yeah okay. Sounds good.

LUCKY starts moving around. It's sensual. He occasionally makes his way to GREENIE before dancing away. After some time, GREENIE joins in.

A dance begins.

LUCKY grins, lightly circling GREENIE on his toes. GREENIE lolls his head back, stretching.

LUCKY.

Don't get too rough.

GREENIE reaches out, gripping LUCKY's back, pulling him in. LUCKY goes in for the kiss, but GREENIE grabs his face and pushes his head down into the dirt.

GREENIE.
Crawl for me.

LUCKY crawls, somewhat hesitantly.

GREENIE.
Lower.

LUCKY drags his belly along the dirt of The Pit.

GREENIE.
Up.

LUCKY stands up. GREENIE roughly pulls LUCKY close before spinning him out into a series of turns.

LUCKY.
Jesus. That was // um, that was

GREENIE.
I didn't say to stop. Keep goin'.

LUCKY spins.

The high frequency tone returns. LUCKY spins. THE LIGHT appears near GREENIE, but it doesn't touch him. It doesn't move. GREENIE doesn't move, either.

GREENIE.
What's that thing they say about stars and dying? And what's that thing they say about stars being dead in the sky? And what's that thing they say about the light leaving your eyes? And what's that thing they say about don't go into the light?

And what's that thing you said in the mud? What's that thing you said about please don't forget me?

And what's that thing you said about asking for your mama and what's that thing you said about wanting to see your mama again and what's that thing you said about I miss my mama please mama I wish you were here?

And what's that thing you said about please don't leave me behind and what's that thing they say about leave no man behind and what's that thing you said in the mud?

And all I could see was mud and all I could feel was mud and everything was mud and mud and mud and mud and mud and mud mud mud mud mud mud mud mud mud

THE LIGHT inches toward GREENIE, who hesitates before stepping away from it. After some time, THE LIGHT narrows and disappears.

LUCKY stops spinning.

LUCKY.

Okay, what's goin on?

GREENIE.

What?

LUCKY.

You keep doing this thing where you, like, disappear.

Or, like, you look at me like you don't know me.

And it's not bad. Like we're both getting off but like.

Sometimes it's like you don't even recognize me. Or like I don't recognize you.

Like we're strangers or sump'n.

GREENIE.

I dunno what you're talkin' about.

LUCKY.

It din't used to be that way.

I'd remember that.

GREENIE.

Shit changes. People change, I dunno.

LUCKY.

I know but like...

GREENIE.

What're you bringin' this up for?

LUCKY.

I dunno.

GREENIE.

Then I dunno how to answer.

LUCKY.

Are ya plannin' to leave?

GREENIE.

I already told ya I don't got any plans in me.

LUCKY.

Thas' not an answer.

GREENIE.

Yeah, it is.

S'just not the answer you were lookin' for.

GREENIE exits. LUCKY is left alone. Back to DIESEL and SPYDER.

DIESEL.

Can you please prop yer leg up?

SPYDER.

I already said I don't want you touchin' me right now. And I mean it, D.

Don't fuckin' touch me.

I promise I won't bitch and moan about my leg tonight. It'll // be fine.

DIESEL.

I don't actually care about yer bitchin' and moanin'. It's fine.

SPYDER.

Then what do ya care about?

Hm. Can't even say.

SPYDER quickly wraps his leg. DIESEL watches. SPYDER gingerly gets up and leaves.

DIESEL is left alone.

DIESEL is left alone. LUCKY is left alone. BLACKOUT.

MOVEMENT TWELVE

It's daytime. LUCKY is standing out by The Pit and feigns some punching combos as DIESEL looks on. DIESEL stands by SPYDER, who is sitting in the pool. DIESEL looks at his watch.

DIESEL.

Where the hell is Sleepin' Beauty?

LUCKY.

I dunno.

SPYDER.

Figured he'da learnt tah wake up early by now.

DIESEL.

If he doesn't come out in a bit, I'll grab 'im.

Lucky, you know these fighters gon' come at ya with all the force in the world. Like fuckin' trees. But you just gotta dance around 'em; aight? Tire 'em out.

Don't worry 'bout throwin' a punch. Even redwoods fall after they're winded.

LUCKY.

Aight.

DIESEL.

Gotta get out the pool in 10 minutes!

SPYDER.

I got my own timer, Diesel.

DIESEL.

Is' hotter than the devil's taint out here, goddamn.

Hand me that water, Lucky.

Thanks.

LUCKY.

Can we sit for a sec?

DIESEL.

Sure. Sure.

LUCKY and DIESEL sit. DIESEL chugs his bottle, crinkling it up and tossing it into SPYDER's pool. If he makes it, DIESEL will say:

DIESEL.

Larry Bird can suck my fuckin' balls!

If he misses it, DIESEL will say:

DIESEL.

Wind took it.

Regardless of what happens, SPYDER will remain calm and luxuriate.

SPYDER.

Nothin' you say or do is gonna make this less relaxin' for me. I might as well be in a fuckin' Tahitian spa.

DIESEL.

Eight minutes!

SPYDER.

'Ccordin' to my count, I got eight and a half!

GREENIE slinks in.

DIESEL.

There she is!! What took ya so long?

GREENIE. [*mumbling*]

Couldn't find my shoes.

DIESEL.

Whas' that?

GREENIE.

Couldn't find my shoes.

DIESEL.

Ah. Well.

Happy to see ya improvised.

DIESEL gestures to GREENIE's flip flops.

DIESEL.

There's still some breakfast sausage in the kitchen. Can't say it'll be fresh now. Been out for a good hour.

GREENIE.

That's fine. Not hungry.

DIESEL.

Get some water at least. Here.

Betcha din't have a cooler full a' water and beer at the motel, did yeh?

GREENIE.

I mean. There was a vending machine, so.

SPYDER.

Daaang.

DIESEL.

Seven minutes!

SPYDER.

Seven and a half!

DIESEL.

I uh, I just been trainin' Lucky for the tournament next week.

You wanna spar?

GREENIE.

Uh...

I don't got the right shoes.

DIESEL.

You can wear mine.

Here.

DIESEL takes off his shoes, handing them to GREENIE.

DIESEL.

There's some man musk for ya.

GREENIE.

Thanks.

DIESEL.

Yeah get those sneaks on, Greenie.

Hell, if yer good enough, maybe we can get Slim to enter you in the tourney.

Sound fair?

GREENIE.

Sounds fair.

DIESEL.

Mmmm music to my fuckin' ears.

Aight, step into the ring, boys.

GREENIE and LUCKY stand opposite each other. DIESEL grabs boxing gloves for the two.

DIESEL.

Greenie, if you can focus yer energy on throwin' hard punches, Lucky'll be able to focus on dodgin'.

'Member, half these fighters are high school dropouts. They know three words: Me. Punch. Hard.

Got it?

Y'all got stamina on yer side.

And all it takes is one big win, boys.

Get yer mouthguards in. An' put on the headgear.

LUCKY shakes himself loose. GREENIE fiddles with his gloves and headgear.

DIESEL.

This'll be quick 'cause I don't want y'all dehydrated. I'm thinkin' two rounds, minute and a half each.

GREENIE.

Sounds good.

LUCKY.

Works for me.

DIESEL.

Great.

Spyder!

SPYDER.

Diesel, I still got five minutes to soak and I ain't gettin' out a second 'fore then!

DIESEL.

Call the fight from over there then.

SPYDER.

Aight!

Fighters shake hands!!

GREENIE and LUCKY shake hands.

SPYDER.

Now.

Let's.

BRAAAAAAWWWLLLL!!

A dance begins. LUCKY bobs on his feet.

DIESEL.

Don't be afraid to strike, Greenie! Gotta be aggressive, les' go!

Something is wrong.

GREENIE is practically flat-footed. He breathes heavily.

LUCKY closes in, grabbing GREENIE's hand, pulling him in close before attempting to dip him.

GREENIE wriggles away.

DIESEL.

Lucky, close in on 'im, c'mon! He's goadin' ya!

LUCKY advances toward GREENIE.

GREENIE backs away.

DIESEL.

Greenie! Get on the offensive! An' don't worry 'bout being technical! Jus' strike hard!

*GREENIE hits his head with his gloves, psyching himself up, then lowers into a boxing stance.
LUCKY steps back.*

Something is definitely wrong.

DIESEL.

Don't git caught on yer heels now!

*GREENIE advances toward LUCKY. A switch has been flipped.
LUCKY dodges, looking towards DIESEL for advice.
DIESEL claps loudly.*

DIESEL.

Good dodge good dodge!

*GREENIE advances, attempting to corner LUCKY.
LUCKY slips away.
GREENIE advances, trapping LUCKY in a tight hold.
LUCKY writhes but can't get out.
GREENIE roughly spins him.
LUCKY stays on his feet, gasping.*

DIESEL.

20 seconds!! Scamper away, Lucky! Keep yer eyes up!

*GREENIE walks toward LUCKY, hands up.
LUCKY retreats, buying himself time.
GREENIE advances toward LUCKY.
LUCKY attempts to dip GREENIE.
GREENIE doesn't move. He's like a redwood tree. He looks into LUCKY's eyes.
LUCKY is defenseless.
GREENIE grabs LUCKY's throat.*

DIESEL.

Thas' time!!

LUCKY quickly backs away from GREENIE. DIESEL ducks under the rope, entering The Pit.

LUCKY.

What // the fuck?!

DIESEL. [*to GREENIE*]

Shit, man! I din't know // you still got it

LUCKY.

What the fuck is your fuckin' problem?!

Hey!

LUCKY shoves an unsuspecting DIESEL.

DIESEL.

What // the fuck is your

LUCKY.

Why the **fuck** din't you call it when he was // usin' those moves?!

DIESEL.

Who the **fuck** do you think you are?! Don't you **ever** touch me again.

Back. The fuck. Up.

LUCKY rips his gloves and headgear off, chucking them on the ground.

LUCKY.

Yer' a fuckin' psychopath.

GREENIE has remained still, slowly rubbing his eyes. SPYDER gets out of the pool to intercept LUCKY.

SPYDER.

Ay ay ay. Wait just // a minute, aight?

LUCKY.

Fuck off, Spyder. You saw that shit.

SPYDER.

Jus' sit down, man! No sense in runnin' away now. C'mon c'mon c'mon.

Thas' it, easy. Easy. Is' all good.

SPYDER slowly, gently guides LUCKY into one of the lawn chairs. DIESEL picks up the boxing gloves and headgear and slaps them against his thigh to get the dirt off.

SPYDER. *[to LUCKY]*
Shoulda been called, I know.

LUCKY.
'Cept we got a fuckin' **psychopath** runnin' the fight!
No. No, wasn't even a fight. It was s'posed to be a fuckin' sparring match!

DIESEL.
How easy I gotta make it for you, huh?! I told you what Greenie was doin' and you still couldn't dodge right!

LUCKY.
Half his fuckin' moves are // banned, man!

DIESEL.
You think there won't be a dirty call here 'n there??

LUCKY.
'Course there will be! But there shouldn't be a dirty call in my own **fucking** home!
Stop fuckin' touchin' me, Spyder.

LUCKY instinctively shoves SPYDER back, who falls off balance into the dirt.

LUCKY.
I'm sorry. // I'm sorry, Spy

DIESEL.
Get off him.

DIESEL quickly jogs to SPYDER as LUCKY backs away. DIESEL is about to grab SPYDER and pull him up, but SPYDER waves him off. The air is thick with anger and fear.

SPYDER.
You oughta head out for a bit, Lucky. Just cool off.

LUCKY quickly exits. DIESEL stares after him, then, upon seeing the boxing dummy, levels it with one powerful punch. GREENIE remains planted.

DIESEL.
Greenie!

GREENIE slowly turns his head to DIESEL.

DIESEL.
Go to yer trailer. We'll talk later.

GREENIE, somewhat mechanically, exits. He doesn't remove his gloves or headgear, as if he's in a daze. DIESEL directs his attention to SPYDER.

DIESEL.
You okay?

SPYDER.
I'm fine.

DIESEL.
Here // lemme get your leg up

SPYDER.
Stop stop **stop**.
Stop, Diesel.
I can do this myself.

SPYDER turns away from DIESEL, and grabs a new athletic tape roll from a nearby medical kit. DIESEL watches this whole routine. SPYDER snips the tape and looks for his compression sleeve.

DIESEL watches.

SPYDER finds the sleeve, stretches his arm to grab it. Can't reach. SPYDER clenches his fists and exhales. DIESEL, after a beat, grabs the sleeve and hands it to SPYDER before exiting. SPYDER throws the sleeve back to where it was. He sighs and looks up at the sky.

MOVEMENT THIRTEEN

SPYDER, DIESEL, LUCKY, and GREENIE are sitting outside and eating ice pops. Music is playing from a crappy speaker. The aux should cut out every now or then or get static-y.

GREENIE grabs another ice pop and gestures to SPYDER "You want one?". SPYDER shakes his head. LUCKY is leaned back with his eyes closed, faintly mimicking the drums to the beat of the song that's playing. GREENIE lies beside the cooler on a towel, shielding his eyes from the sun. DIESEL gets up from his chair and walks to the cooler, grabbing a few cans of beer, gently plopping them in the laps of GREENIE, LUCKY, and SPYDER. Exactly like the scene earlier.

DIESEL.

Spyder.

Ice pops. Best dessert in the summer, right?

SPYDER.

Yeah.

LUCKY gets up and turns up the music. As he does, the speaker cuts out.

GREENIE.

Stupid // Dollar General speaker

SPYDER.

Jus' unplug an' plug it back in.

LUCKY.

Thas' not working.

SPYDER.

Diesel?

DIESEL.

Yep.

DIESEL goes to the speaker.

DIESEL.

Wire's frayed and shit.

Were you jerkin' it around or sump'n?

LUCKY.

No. S'been like that.

DIESEL.

Mmm.

Dunno 'bout that.

Just, go set down.

LUCKY sits down next to GREENIE.

DIESEL.

Why haven't we fixed this good and right?

SPYDER.

Takes time.

GREENIE shifts in his spot.

SPYDER.

So was it the heat you was missin' Greenie? S'that what pulled ya back?

GREENIE.

Uhhh, nah. I think...I think I just kinda got started travelin' and ended up here.

Is it the heat that keeps you here, Spyder?

SPYDER.

No.

GREENIE.

What is it then?

The sound from the speaker comes back, tinny at first, then stronger.

DIESEL.

There we go!! There! We! Go!

DIESEL grooves his way back to his group.

DIESEL.

Aight.

At the risk of, uh, of harshin' this little vibe, we oughta discuss sump'n real quick.

So.

Spyder and I spoke to Dale and Slim.

An', because Slim fucked up registration so royally, they let us enter Greenie into the tournament late.

In Colt's spot.

So thas' the plan now. Sound good?

GREENIE.

Yessir.

DIESEL.

Lucky?

LUCKY.

Yeah. Yeah works for me too.

DIESEL.

Great. Great.

Happy to hear y'all can adapt. Thas' good.

Spyder, yer' beer's lookin' a little empty.

SPYDER.

I think I needa head in actually.

This humidity in't good for my leg.

DIESEL.

The fuck you talkin' about? Humidity here hasn't // changed for

SPYDER.

It's *my* fuckin' leg, Diesel.

DIESEL.

Shit okay.

Yeah, go in then.

Shit.

What 'bout you two? Speaker's workin' again. Still got plenty a' beer and ice pops.

LUCKY.

I think Greenie and I // was gonna actually

GREENIE.

I ain't got no place to be.

DIESEL.

I mean, hey, if y'all got plans...

GREENIE.

Nah.

LUCKY rolls on his side, away from GREENIE.

DIESEL.

Great. Great.

The cicadas trumpet. The speaker plays.

MOVEMENT FOURTEEN

LUCKY is warming up and punching the boxing dummy, feigning certain moves. DIESEL sits in a chair, watching, munching sunflower seeds and spitting the shells.

DIESEL.

Fight's happenin' this Saturday and yer standin' like you wanna get bent like a fuckin' paperclip. Gotta keep loose! All in the knees. You know this shit! C'mon. Throw a combo.

LUCKY punches the dummy with a flurry of moves.

DIESEL.

You was completely knocked off yer game by Greenie.

So, we gotta make sure yer stayin' agile, aight?

None a' these fighters'll be as well conditioned as you. Thas' yer fuckin' advantage. The second you lose yer fuckin' head in that ring yer gonna get clocked and fucked!

LUCKY.

I get it.

DIESEL.

Dun't look like you get it.

LUCKY.

I'm not a fuckin' problem, aight? I more than pay my way here. 'Specially with all these janky extra fights you and Dale throw together whenever he's runnin' out of whatever smack he shoots up now.

DIESEL.

Thas' quite the accusation.

LUCKY.

No it isn't.

We done here?

DIESEL sizes up LUCKY.

DIESEL.

Get in the ring.

LUCKY.

Why?

DIESEL.

Because as long as yer sleepin' in my fuckin' trailer, usin' my AC, eatin' my food, and smokin' my cigs, you do what I say.

Get in the ring.

LUCKY gets in the ring, slowly.

LUCKY.

Now what?

DIESEL.

We're sparrin'.

LUCKY.

What?

DIESEL.

You heard me.

You think yer' not a fuckin' problem. Let's test that theory.

LUCKY. [*chuckling*]

Aight, man.

But don't act like I ain't seen you and Spyder fuckin' wipe out a dozen Krispy Kremes every weekend.

S'like a ritual by now.

DIESEL.

Suit up.

LUCKY throws on headgear. DIESEL grabs gloves and headgear from another bag. COLT's bag. DIESEL notices LUCKY's stare.

DIESEL.

Mine're inside.

LUCKY.

Whatever.

He's not here to complain about you usin' 'em.

DIESEL.

No. No he's not.

I'm settin' a timer with my phone. Once it goes off, we can go over what you did wrong.

LUCKY.

Yeah okay.

Whenever yer ready.

DIESEL slaps his gloves together loudly, goading LUCKY. A dance begins.

DIESEL.

I'm gon' talk to you durin' this! So you best be payin' attention!

LUCKY.

Dunno how I could // space out durin'

DIESEL grabs LUCKY and pushes him backward.

DIESEL.

Like a fuckin' paperclip!

DIESEL is lighter on his feet than you'd think. He bounces steadily. He knows what to do.

LUCKY advances on DIESEL.

DIESEL bobs and weaves out of the way, quickly circling LUCKY, pushing him forward.

LUCKY staggers once again, losing his balance.

DIESEL.

You keep those knees locked in a fight and yer' gonna fuckin' tear yer ACL!

LUCKY.

Shut up!

LUCKY quickly crosses to DIESEL, grabbing onto his shirt.

DIESEL grips LUCKY's wrists, pulls them up, and twists.

LUCKY crumples to the ground.

DIESEL stands over him.

LUCKY staggers to his feet, retreating.

DIESEL descends, grabbing LUCKY's back, spinning and shoving him across the ring.

LUCKY was not ready for this.

DIESEL.

Get yer' fuckin' hands up!

DIESEL closes in on LUCKY again, wrapping him in a headlock before spinning him out.

LUCKY scampers away.

DIESEL advances and pushes LUCKY.

LUCKY staggers backward, off balance.

DIESEL quickly cuts off LUCKY's path and literally starts pushing him around the ring.

LUCKY pinballs around the ring.

DIESEL anticipates LUCKY's movements and continues to shove and push him around the ring.

The timer goes off.

The music pulses and the lights start flashing, strobing.

DIESEL.

They'll break your brain down like a beer can until you won't be able to tie yer fuckin' shoes!

LUCKY falls.

LUCKY.

The timer's—

DIESEL pulls LUCKY up to his knees.

LUCKY. *[gasping]*

The phone...is' time...is' time...

DIESEL.

You think yer opponent's gonna stop // because ya ask him to!

LUCKY.

Please, Diesel!

DIESEL hurls LUCKY to the side.

LUCKY is in the dirt.

DIESEL grabs LUCKY's leg, dragging him in the dirt.

LUCKY is covered in dirt.

LUCKY. *[weakly]*
Diesel. Please.

DIESEL.
Get yer' fuckin' hands up!

*DIESEL pulls LUCKY up by his arms again. He looks into LUCKY's eyes.
LUCKY's head lolls to the side.
DIESEL spits.
LUCKY can't even get away.
DIESEL spits again.
LUCKY takes it.
DIESEL grabs LUCKY's armpits, picks him up, and slams him into the dirt.
LUCKY is in the dirt.
DIESEL leans over and grips LUCKY's head, like how you do when you want to pop a balloon
or when you just **need** someone to listen.*

DIESEL.
Why the fuck don't you listen to me?! Why can't anyone here just fucking listen to me!? Huh?!
Huh?! What the fuck do I gotta do!? What the fuck do I gotta do to make you hear me?! What
the fuck I gotta do, huh?! Huh?!? Answer me!!

*The music and lighting is an avalanche. No. A mudslide. Out of nowhere, SPYDER comes
barrelling through, scooping DIESEL up off of LUCKY, and drives him into the dirt. **This is not
a dance.***

SPYDER punches.

And punches.

And punches.

*Everything is blinding. The sound. The lights. SPYDER is yelling something as he straddles
DIESEL. LUCKY rolls over to his side. DIESEL holds his hands up to block SPYDER's attack, to
no avail. SPYDER's leg is unwrapped and raw. DIESEL tries to flip SPYDER off his torso, to no
avail.*

*LUCKY stumbles to his feet. The bass from the music morphs into a thunder. He screams. But we
can't hear. We just see his mouth open. Straining. The music starts to morph into a high
frequency tone as the lights dim.*

MOVEMENT FIFTEEN

GREENIE is alone onstage. It is late. He stares up at the stars. THE LIGHT appears once again. GREENIE starts a loose dance. THE LIGHT joins. GREENIE moves to the left. THE LIGHT follows, but it never touches him.

GREENIE.

I remember the IED.

GREENIE steps. THE LIGHT follows.

GREENIE.

I remember your body flying into the air.

GREENIE steps. THE LIGHT follows.

GREENIE.

I remember your body sinking into the mud.

GREENIE steps. THE LIGHT follows.

GREENIE.

I remember the light falling out of your eyes.

Step. Follow.

GREENIE.

I remember the mud crawling up my boots.

Step. Follow.

GREENIE.

I remember the mud crawling over your legs and chest.

Step. Follow.

GREENIE.

I remember you kept saying...

Step. Follow.

GREENIE.

I wanna see my mama I just wanna see my mama please let me see my mama please tell my mama

THE LIGHT stops following GREENIE's lead. It darts to another part of the stage. GREENIE is alone and in the dark.

GREENIE.

I remember what they said about seeing ghosts. I remember what they said about needing time to process. I remember what they said about seeing ghosts. I remember what they said about seeing a specialist. I remember what they said about seeing ghosts. I remember what they said about don't go into the light.

THE LIGHT darts to another part of the stage. GREENIE stays planted.

GREENIE.

I remember what I read about the stars. I remember what I read about the stars in the sky being dead. I remember what I read about the stars in the sky being dead by the time we look at 'em.

THE LIGHT darts again. GREENIE stays planted.

GREENIE.

I remember what they said about seeing ghosts. And isn't seeing stars and ghosts the same? And isn't seeing two dead things the same?

THE LIGHT darts again. GREENIE stays planted.

GREENIE.

What's that thing they say about don't go into the light?

And why can't I go into the light and you finally looked peaceful when you went into the light and you finally looked peaceful when the light left your eyes and why can't I go into the light?

THE LIGHT moves to the middle of the stage, unmoving. GREENIE looks up. Looks out. He tentatively walks to the LIGHT.

He gingerly, cautiously, sticks a hand in. THE LIGHT begins to widen. GREENIE gradually walks his full body into the LIGHT. Its warmth. THE LIGHT widens further to fit all of GREENIE. GREENIE looks up at it. He grins.

GREENIE.
I remember you.

BLACKOUT.

EPILOGUE

We are in The Pit. Everything is as it was. The pool is half-filled. Tepid. The boxing dummy is positioned near The Pit. Coolers are strewn about with opened and unopened beer. Sneakers and gym gear litter the yard. Chairs are arranged around a table with a pack of cigarettes, some lighters, and some notebooks for budgeting.

Then: GREENIE, LUCKY, DIESEL, SPYDER, and COLT enter. Everyone gets into the ring, save for GREENIE who stands outside. The four dance, in a loose, ballet-like style.

After some time, LUCKY and DIESEL swing COLT around the ring. He collapses to the ground before GREENIE pulls him out by his legs, rolling him offstage.

GREENIE enters. The routine adjusts. LUCKY takes COLT's role and GREENIE takes LUCKY's. DIESEL then swings LUCKY around the ring. He rolls out. The routine adjusts.

The remaining fighters (SPYDER, GREENIE, and DIESEL) slink to the outskirts of the ring. GREENIE then enters the center. THE LIGHT chases him around the ring until, finally, GREENIE walks into THE LIGHT. BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP: Only DIESEL and SPYDER remain. The routine adjusts. DIESEL and SPYDER embrace, tightly winding in a series of spins and quick footwork. SPYDER then, after some time, swings an unsuspecting DIESEL, who is looking for something/someone. But SPYDER does not swing or roll DIESEL out of the ring. With DIESEL in the dirt, SPYDER moves to his partner. He kisses him on the head before stepping out of the ring. DIESEL remains alone. He rolls up on his back. Voiceovers run concurrently.

DIESEL V.O.

Not a cloud in sight.

Yeah ya keep sayin' that.

Not a cloud in sight.

Yeah ya keep sayin' that.

Not a cloud in sight Not a cloud in sight Not a
cloud in sight Not a cloud in sight Not a cloud
in sight Not a cloud in sight Not a cloud in
sight Not a cloud in sight

SPYDER V.O.

Is' gonna rain.

Is' the change in barometric pressure.

Is' gonna rain.

Is' the change in barometric pressure.

Is' gonna rain Is' gonna rain Is' gonna rain Is'

gonna rain Is' gonna rain Is' gonna rain

Is' gonna rain Is' gonna rain Is' gonna rain

Is' gonna rain

The voiceovers stop. The music disappears. DIESEL gets up, stares out, then up at the sky.

DIESEL.

Not a cloud in sight.

A mudslide.

END OF PLAY