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# The Metal Queen: Kneel Before Her Dark Majesty

## Audition Draft

(c) 2014 Loaded Gun Theory

## Act I Plot

### Scene Music

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### Scene Music

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### Act 1 Scene 1

(We open in a black light blackout. the band opens with a song about robbing houses or sneaking around or something. At first we only see the blue led of a drone looping through the air. Then we see flashlights waving their beams across the stage and brightly colored running shoes illuminated in the black light. We see Gretchen and Diane dressed all in black with black ninja masks. They are putting items into foldable grocery carts like this one -

[http://www.amazon.com/Folding-Shopping-Double-Basket--Capacity/dp/B0000UZ58C/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1397613579&sr=8-1&keywords=folding+grocery+cart](http://www.amazon.com/Folding-Shopping-Double-Basket--Capacity/dp/B0000UZ58C/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1397613579&sr=8-1&keywords=folding+grocery+cart).

They talk in loud whispers. Their light illuminates a large absurdly phallic vase.)

GRETCHEN

Whoa.

DIANE

That is some ugly shit.

GRETCHEN

No, I've seen something like this.

DIANE

You've seen a giant blue penis. You put that in the cart, it's going to break.

GRETCHEN

So I'll wrap it in something.

DIANE

Why? It can't be worth anything.

GRETCHEN

Last I checked, you teach geometry, not art appreciation.

DIANE

Oh, you have a high end art fence now?

GRETCHEN

Somebody'll buy it.

DIANE

Fine. Take your priceless phallus.

(Shines her light on a box of jewelry, holds up a piece.)

Oh, nice.

GRETCHEN

That's so fake.

DIANE

And so totally easy to sell. I can get twenty bucks at a garage sale.

GRETCHEN

(finishes wrapping the ugly vase)

I'm getting real tired of this nickel and dime.....shit.

(GRETCHEN drops off as she finds herself looking into the eye of the drone.)

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Uh, Dee?

DIANE

Yeah?

(DIANE comes to look over at what she's looking at. They pull off their masks to look better)

DIANE (cont'd)

What the hell?

GRETCHEN

We should get out of here.

DIANE

Let's do that.

(GRETCHEN and DIANE grab their shit and scam. Lights up on JASMINE in her room, sitting at her desk, staring in shock at one of her many monitors. She's been watching the whole robbery. The screen is paused on a picture of the women's faces.)

JASMINE

(Laughing joyfully.)

Holy shit. Holly has got to see this.

(she grabs her phone and texts Holly. Mid-phone tapping, she gasps in sudden realization. She looks back and forth between her monitors.)

JASMINE (cont'd)

(mumbling to herself)

Seven-seventeen, two-forty-seven, three-twenty-nine, nine-twelve, eleven-fifty-nine, six-fifty-two.

(While JASMINE is talking, the drone comes sailing back in through her perpetually open window.)

JASMINE

Dronius! I figured it out. I know how we can--

(She is interrupted by the sound of her mother returning home, garage opening or door slamming or some such. She cranks the volume on her computer, bathing the theater in cacophonous, distorted music coming from her low-end computer speakers. She disassembles Dronius into component parts and packs him away. As she's putting him out of sight somewhere, GRETCHEN appears outside her door with a pizza and two diet cokes attached to the six pack ring. GRETCHEN starts to knock, hesitates, takes a deep breath, finally knocks. JASMINE ignores it. GRETCHEN knocks again. JASMINE mimes "What? Can't Hear You Bitch" at the door. GRETCHEN pounds on the door.)

GRETCHEN

Jasmine! Open this door!

(JASMINE still doesn't answer. GRETCHEN pulls a tiny screwdriver from her pocket, unlocks the door, and walks in.)

JASMINE

(shouting over the music)

What are you doing?!

GRETCHEN

(shouting over the music)

I brought dinner!

JASMINE

Get out of my room!

GRETCHEN

(louder, gesturing)

Turn that down!

JASMINE

Get out!

(GRETCHEN tries to walk past, but JASMINE blocks her path. GRETCHEN tries the other way, JASMINE blocks her path again. Frustrated, GRETCHEN shoves the pizza into JASMINE's hands, then brushes past her into the room and turns off the music.)

JASMINE

I was listening to that.

GRETCHEN

I brought dinner.

JASMINE

So go find someplace else to eat it.

GRETCHEN

I would like for us to have dinner together.

JASMINE

What? No. Why? I'd rather just--

GRETCHEN

--eat in your room? Great. I'll join you.

JASMINE

I'm busy.

GRETCHEN

It can wait 10 minutes. It's just dinner. God, Jasmine, why do you have to make everything so hard?

JASMINE

It'd be a lot easier if you'd just leave me alone.

GRETCHEN

Jasmine I brought pizza! And soda! To your room! You didn't have to lift a finger. Now you're gonna sit there and you're gonna eat it and you're gonna like it, whether you want to or not, do you understand me?

JASMINE

Pizza and soda. Really went all out for our first family dinner since dad blew a hole in his skull.

GRETCHEN

Jasmine--

JASMINE

The "unfortunate incident", I mean.

GRETCHEN

Can we just eat?  
(clears a space for them to eat)

JASMINE

Sure. I know I'm always famished after a long day of "shopping."

GRETCHEN

Excuse me?

JASMINE

Nothing.

(They sit and eat in silence for a while.)

GRETCHEN

How was school today?

JASMINE

It fuckin' rocked. How was your day, Mother?

GRETCHEN

It was all right I guess.

JASMINE

Yeah? Enjoying all that alone time? Find anything with which to redecorate our home sweet home?

GRETCHEN

No, I--

JASMINE

Maybe pick up some new jewelry? Guessing you could use a makeover now that you're single and looking to mingle.

GRETCHEN

I actually spent the day going through your father's things.

JASMINE

Selling his shit on eBay, huh? Real classy, Gretch.

(GRETCHEN slams her fists on the table)

GRETCHEN

Jasmine, I'm trying, you know? Could you maybe try to meet me halfway here?

JASMINE

You call this trying? Is this how you tried before? No wonder dad ate a bullet.

GRETCHEN

Jasmine!

JASMINE

You know, maybe if you two had figured all your shit out before you brought another human being into the world, we wouldn't be in this situation, you ever think about that?

GRETCHEN

Every day. Look, marriage is complicated. We thought we were doing the right thing--

JASMINE

Oh yeah, BANG up job, Mom! Everything turned out so great! Lovely shade of red Dad used to paint his precious gun shop.

GRETCHEN

Stop it!

JASMINE

Gretchen's Guns! You ever wonder how many school shootings were sponsored by the little store that your husband so lovingly named after you?

GRETCHEN

Jasmine, the man is dead. Show some decency.

JASMINE

Oh fuck decency. Fuck him, fuck you and fuck this shitty family. Now get out. I said get out!

(GRETCHEN steps outside the door)

GRETCHEN

Jasmine--

(JASMINE slams the door in her face.)

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

We are not finished!

(JASMINE grabs her guitar and flips on her amp. GRETCHEN pulls out her phone and makes a call. Feedback hums from the amp.)

GRETCHEN

It's me. You should come over.

(JASMINE pounds a few super-loud chords).

NO THE SHOP. MEET ME AT THE SHOP. I NEED TO SEE YOU.

(GRETCHEN hangs up. Gives JASMINE's door the finger, then exits. JASMINE continues pounding out chords until it starts to sound like a song. She grabs up her notebook and starts scribbling lyrics madly, obsessed with what she's doing. As she's working on her song, HOLLY enters JASMINE's room, carrying her bass. JASMINE doesn't notice her, she's so absorbed in the lyrics she's writing. HOLLY sneaks up and stands right behind her, and in her most metal voice, screams....)

HOLLY

ICE TROOOOLLLL!!!!

(This startles the shit out of JASMINE.)

HOLLY (cont'd)

(laughing)

Oh my god, I totally Ice Trolled you!

JASMINE

Don't you fucking knock?

HOLLY

Your Mom let me in as she was leaving.

JASMINE

If you ever do that again, I will fucking murder you.

HOLLY

You texted me? All caps? Something about some kickass new drone footage?

JASMINE

I'm not showing you shit.

HOLLY

Oh don't be such a baby. That was a perfectly legal Ice Trolling. Now let's see it.

JASMINE

It's no big deal really.

HOLLY

No big deal?

(reading from phone)

"Holly totes gotta see this crazy shit. Fookin metal as fook"? So? What is it? Oh! Did that old lady down the street host another cockfight tea party?

JASMINE

This is a touch more metal than that.

HOLLY

More metal than a cockfight?

(JASMINE starts the video on her computer. She and HOLLY watch on a monitor.

GRETCHEN and DIANE come back on stage and take their places at the beginning of the

robbery scene and replay it. It's muted now, so we don't hear what they are saying. This happens at the same time as HOLLY and JASMINE's dialogue.)

HOLLY

Holy shit. Are they robbing that house?

JASMINE

They're not cleaning it.

HOLLY

Dude! These are the people that have been doing all those robberies!

JASMINE

They're definitely the people doing this robbery.

HOLLY

We should call the police!

JASMINE

Except they're wearing masks the whole time, so we can't ID them. Plus, this is from like hours ago.

(JASMINE pauses the scene just before GRETCHEN and DIANE take off their masks.)

HOLLY

That's so fucking cool. I wish I had a drone.

(Lights out on robbery).

JASMINE

Where's Abby? I've got a kickass new song for you guys to check out.

HOLLY

Most likely evading her asshole dad yet again.

JASMINE

At least she has a dad.

HOLLY

Are you gonna keep saying shit like that every time I mention a father figure? It's not like I have a dad either.

JASMINE

It's barely been two months since (mimes blowing her brains out). I think I'm still allowed to foster just a touch of resentment.

HOLLY

Okay, fine, sorry.

JASMINE

Whatever, I don't care. I got a song out of it and it fucking rocks and if Abby would ever get here maybe we could play it.

(ABBY bursts in, out of breath)

JASMINE

Abby, nice of you to join us.

ABBY

Sorry. Sorry. I had to sneak out of Bible Study. Rode my bike as fast as I could. Nearly became a hood ornament for this giant truck at the corner of Cherry and--

JASMINE

Okay so did you come here to tell us all about your bike route or to play some fucking drums?

ABBY

Holly texted you had new drone footage?

JASMINE

We just finished watching it. Holly and I. The people that arrived on time.

ABBY

Ok. Shit.

JASMINE

Punctuality matters, people. If we're ever going to be metal gods, we have to quit acting like children.

ABBY

I said I was sorry.

JASMINE

Whatever. I wrote something new. Listen. Try to keep up.

(Everybody takes their places at their instruments. JASMINE picks up her guitar and starts playing DADDY'S SUICIDE GUN.)

JASMINE (cont'd)

BOUGHT FOR PROTECTION  
NOW GRANDMA'S GOT A DEAD SON  
LET ME TELL YOU ALL ABOUT  
DAD'S SUICIDE GUN

(Through the magic of theater, HOLLY and ABBY join in, even though they've never played it before. They totally rock out!)

JASMINE (cont'd)

PUT A HOLE IN HIS FACE  
STUCK A BULLET IN PLACE  
OF WHERE HE USED TO  
KEEP HIS BRAINS

(Song ends.)

HOLLY

Holy shit. That was awesome.

ABBY

Yeah. Was that about your dad?

HOLLY

(to Abby)

What goes through your mind sometimes, Abby?



JASMINE

Let's record it. Right now. Let's make a demo and send it to Nicole Nails at the Metalscape.

HOLLY

Whoa, slow down. We can't even come up with a band name, we're hardly ready to play at the Metalscape.

ABBY

I still think we should call ourselves Death Clown.

HOLLY & JASMINE

No!

JASMINE

Look, the name doesn't matter until we have a gig. Nicole always has local bands play for the big tours that come through the Metalscape and Maiden's Blood is going to be there with Dog Rider in two months. I guarantee you, we could open for them. Us.

HOLLY

Dude, fuck Maiden's Blood. Fucking lame-ass Black Sabbath rip-off cocksuckers with their vaguely rapey band name. I wanna just wrap that whole band in fucking razor wire and then tie the opposite ends to a pair of tractors and make them drive away from each other until it slices them up like giant bloody hams.

ABBY

Why tractors?

HOLLY

Razor wire? Farms? I don't know. Point is, fuck Maiden's Blood. Dog Rider's okay, I guess. In a pinch.

JASMINE

Look, think about it. We get in front of the kind of crowd that Maiden's Blood can draw, we're fucking going places. You know Hateface and Goblin Bone are playing at the Metalscape tonight?

HOLLY

Fuck, really?

JASMINE

Really. And guess who's opening for them. Stone the Crow.

HOLLY

Oh my god! You are not serious. Fuck Stone the Crow.

ABBY

Are there any bands you like, Holly?

HOLLY

Look, it's not my fault there are only like six or seven heavy metal bands that are actually producing quality heavy metal music. Or maybe eight. Eight and a half.

JASMINE

But this is my point exactly. If Stone the Crow can open for somebody as big as Hateface, there's no reason we can't open for Maiden's Blood.

HOLLY

Except that I want to lock Maiden's Blood in a house and set it on fire. Seriously, how the hell could Nicole Nails let a band as shitty as Stone the Crow set foot on her stage?

ABBY

Dude, her daughter? Seven? She's in my geometry class.

HOLLY

Dude, I know!

ABBY

It's so weird! She's just like sitting right there in front of me and I'm like "but your mom is the Metal Queen!"

JASMINE

The Metal Queen's daughter is learning geometry. That's fascinating.

HOLLY

I was hanging out in my mom's classroom on Meet The Teacher night when they came in together. She introduced herself as Nicole! My mom called her Miss Wordsworth! It was fucking weird, dude!

ABBY

What was she like?

HOLLY

She was just, you know, like a mom with a kid at a school. I wanted to talk to her but my stupid mouth was just like "bah bah bah metal queen bah."

JASMINE

You could've talked to her. She's just a person.

HOLLY

Okay, sure Jasmine, she breathes oxygen and probably eats regular food.

ABBY

Probably doesn't breathe fire.

HOLLY

But she's still the fucking Metal Queen.

ABBY

She's the reason we all got into metal in the first place. Remember?

(Quick flashback! Jasmine's room goes dark, replaced by a metal concert of epic proportions, taking place on a stage somewhere in what looks like Hell. THE METAL QUEEN (bow before her dark majesty!) aka NICOLE stands upon the stage in all of her glory. Her band plays, shredding like mad. JASMINE, HOLLY, and ABBY are all blown backwards--literally--by the intensity of the performance.)

METAL QUEEN

I will ride through Hell to find you!  
I will have my vengeance upon you!  
I will not stop until I have destroyed you!  
And all that you hold dear!

(And just as quickly as it appeared, the concert in Hell disappears and we are back in JASMINE's room.)

ABBY

I could just slip Seven our demo.

HOLLY

Wait a minute! We aren't ready to record any demos. We haven't even practiced since before.....

JASMINE

Since before my dad blew his brains out? Are those the words you're looking for?

HOLLY

Jeez, Jasmine.

JASMINE

I'm really tired of everybody being so fucking weird about it. Everyone at school avoids me. I don't need that shit from you guys too.

HOLLY

Who's avoiding you? We're right here.

JASMINE

You two just come over here to watch drone footage. We hardly ever play anymore.

ABBY

Dude, we just played.

JASMINE

And it was awesome. This is the first time I haven't felt weird or shitty in like forever.

ABBY

Do you want to talk about it?

JASMINE

No, I want to make this fucking demo. I guarantee you, we can get that gig at the Metalscape. We could be fucking huge.

HOLLY

But we have to practice. Like a lot. A lot a lot.

(While HOLLY and ABBY are talking, JASMINE slyly starts recording them. HOLLY and ABBY don't notice.)

ABBY

The Beatles performed at a club in Germany every day for hours when they first started. It's how they got good. They practiced like 10,000 hours.

HOLLY

Oh fuck the Beatles. Fucking losers. Can we just jam some metal already?

JASMINE

Let's do it!

ABBY

One two three four!

(They totally rock out. Lights out.)

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**Scene Music**

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**Scene Music**

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**Scene Music w/in scene-metal queen flashback**

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**Scene Music**

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**Act 1 Scene 2**

(Dark stage. A single gunshot and the lights rise on Gretchen's Guns. Various stolen goods are piled here and there. On one wall, highly visible, is a large blood spatter from when Darren killed himself. DIANE is lying on on the floor, not moving. GRETCHEN is holding a pistol, pointed DIANE's direction. She looks absolutely horrified.)

GRETCHEN

Diane? Are you okay?

(DIANE does not move....and then she does, letting out a loud groan as she rolls over. GRETCHEN is visibly relieved and runs over to DIANE.)

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Oh thank god. Are you hurt?

DIANE

(Pushing herself up one limb at a time, eventually getting to her feet. We see that she's wearing a thick vest.)

That was awesome.

GRETCHEN

I know. God, sometimes it feels so good to just shoot someone, you know?

DIANE

Okay, my turn.

GRETCHEN

Can I go one more time? Please?

DIANE

Hell no, it's my turn. Hand it over.

GRETCHEN

You would deny a poor widow with a psychotic teenage daughter the release of blowing away her best friend?

DIANE

You're sick.

GRETCHEN

Please? You can do me twice too, promise.

DIANE

Pinky swear?

(DIANE holds up her pinky. GRETCHEN hooks her pinky around DIANE's, completing the pinky swear. They walk away from each other to take up their positions on opposite ends of the room, facing each other.)

DIANE

Ready?

GRETCHEN

Do me a favor. Say, "what's for dinner?"

DIANE

Why?

GRETCHEN

Every afternoon, the second he walked in the door, that was the first thing out of Darren's mouth, reliable as clockwork. Drove me out of my goddamn mind.

DIANE

Geez, I need to get myself a housewife.

GRETCHEN

Will you do it?

DIANE

It's your bullet.

(Deepens her voice, grabs her crotch)

What's for dinner?

(GRETCHEN starts to speak, but starts laughing instead).

DIANE

What?

GRETCHEN

You're just too good at that.

DIANE

Impersonating your dead husband?

(GRETCHEN laughs more. DIANE joins in.)

GRETCHEN

I'm going straight to hell.

DIANE

You gonna shoot me or what?

GRETCHEN

(regains composure)

Okay, say it again.

DIANE

(deepens voice again)

What's for dinner?

(GRETCHEN aims, struggles not to laugh).

DIANE (cont'd)

I said, what's for dinner?

GRETCHEN

Lead salad, asshole.

(GRETCHEN shoots DIANE right in the chest. The bullet knocks her backwards, but she manages to stay on her feet, refusing to let it put her on her ass. She roars through the pain.)

DIANE

Oh god! You have got to try this.

(DIANE gingerly eases herself out of the vest and gives it to GRETCHEN, who hands her the pistol in return, then goes about the business of strapping herself in.)

DIANE

I thought you were getting rid of all this stuff.

(DIANE walks over to a table where there sits a bottle of tequila and two shot glasses. She pours a shot for each of them.)

GRETCHEN

I thought I was too. I tried today. I really did. I had a guy from Craigslist all lined up. Had everything boxed up and ready to go. I was on my way to meet up with him at the mall. And then I just couldn't.

DIANE

What? That's insane.

GRETCHEN

I know. Goddamn Darren. If he was going to take the selfish way out he could have at least sold all of this shit before he killed himself.

DIANE

No, I mean, you were going to sell firearms to a guy off Craigslist? At the mall?

GRETCHEN

So? They have a big parking lot.

DIANE

Yeah, and cameras and security. I thought we agreed that's not how we're doing things. There's no talking about our feelings over tequila if we wind up in orange jumpsuits.

GRETCHEN

Darren's shit gets Craigslisted. This shit is separate. Dee, you have got to relax. Cheers.

(They clink their glasses and down their shots. GRETCHEN pours two more.)

DIANE

I'm sorry. I'm just so stressed out. That goddamn debt collector showed up again today. At school this time.

GRETCHEN

Oh my God. What did you do?

DIANE

Nothing. I was at lunch. The secretary covered for me.

GRETCHEN

Does Holly know?

DIANE

Asshole comes pounding on our door at all hours. It's kind of hard to keep pretending it's Jehovah's Witnesses.

(throws back her shot)

Fuck it. Let's do this.

(GRETCHEN downs her shot, slams the glass down, and smacks her vest as she gets in place to be shot and assumes the "I'm about to get shot & I can take it" pose. DIANE gets into shooting position.)

DIANE

Ready bitch?

GRETCHEN

Hit me.

DIANE

Help me get in character. Say, "Excuse me, ma'am, would you be interested in hearing about our low interest payday loans?"

GRETCHEN

Uh, only if you promise not to shoot me in the face.

DIANE

Say, "Our reasonable payment plans can help you get by when you're a little short for the month." Say, "You're three months behind on your payments, but we'd love to extend you another loan." Say, "Open the door, I know you're in there!"

GRETCHEN

(laughing)

Okay, okay! Excuse me, ma'am, would you, uh... our reasonable payment plants can get you three months behind on your payments... (laughs)

DIANE

Good enough.

(BLAMMO. GRETCHEN ends up flat on her back. DIANE goes over to her)

DIANE

You ok?

GRETCHEN

Oh god, that hurts. I don't know if it's from laughing or the bullet.

DIANE

Gonna guess the bullet.

GRETCHEN

Yeah. Definitely the bullet. Shit, that smarts.

DIANE

You wanna figure out what some of this stuff is worth while you get ready for round 2?

GRETCHEN

Round 2?

DIANE

Two shots. You pinky swore.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, I guess we should do that. Who knew there was so much bookkeeping in breaking and entering?

DIANE

Paperwork ruins everything

(GRETCHEN and DIANE start taking inventory of their many stolen goods, which are all laid about on the floor, perhaps on shelves, the counter, wherever. There is also a display case full of ugly little statues, which catches GRETCHEN's interest. She picks up a tablet and starts tapping away at it as she looks at the statues. DIANE picks through a pile of laptops.)

DIANE

Christ, every single one of these things is password protected. I sure as hell hope your fence will buy these.

GRETCHEN

It should be fine.

DIANE

(Slams laptop shut. While she's talking, she plugs in one of the TVs.)

We should probably make sure the rest of this stuff works.

(Sorts through a box of remotes looking for one that will turn the TV on.)

Crap, which of these remotes goes to this thing? We need to make sure we get these things sorted out so we don't look like complete amateurs. Maybe we can color code them or something? Or just duct tape each remote to its device?

(Finds the right remote and gets the TV turned on. It's a blank screen.)

There we go. Christ, when did TVs get so friggin' huge? This thing's a behemoth. Imagine watching porn on this thing. Did we steal any porn?

GRETCHEN

Holy shit.

DIANE

I know, right? This thing's a beast.

GRETCHEN

Dee, we are sitting on a goldmine.

DIANE

A couple more jobs and we might have a decent silver vein going.

GRETCHEN

No, no more jobs. Right now. This second. Look at this.

(Shows her the tablet.)

JoJo-Ninks, series three, second issue Marmie-Boo from nineteen-seventy-two.

DIANE

That thing is ugly.

GRETCHEN

Look what it's worth.

DIANE



Shut the fried green tomatoes.

GRETCHEN

We have three of them.

DIANE

What?!

GRETCHEN

(Leaves tablet with Diane, grabs another statue out of the display case, handling it very carefully)  
And look, first series, original issue. They called this one Jimmy John JooJoo.

DIANE

It's hideous.

GRETCHEN

Uh-huh.

DIANE

And completely racist.

GRETCHEN

Totally.

DIANE

What's it worth?

GRETCHEN

How would you like to pay off your house?

DIANE

What?

GRETCHEN

I'm telling you, there's this whole niche market of JoJo-Ninks collectors out there, and they will pay stupid money for these things.

DIANE

Stupid money?

GRETCHEN

Idiotic! Completely bat shit insane money!

(Both women start laughing hysterically with excitement. Laughter stops suddenly when GRETCHEN almost drops the statue, but then catches it.)

GRETCHEN

I'm just gonna--

DIANE

--Put that back.

(Gretchen puts it back in the display case)

DIANE

JoJo-Ninks. I've never even heard of these things.

GRETCHEN

My uncle had a massive collection. Kept them locked in a display case. We were never allowed to touch them.

DIANE

Where are they now?

GRETCHEN

He was buried with them.

DIANE

Oh. Too bad.

GRETCHEN

But if we play our cards right, we're talking about a shitload of money. Multiple shitloads, even.

DIANE

Oh my god.

GRETCHEN

We're done, Dee. We did it. I mean, we still have to fence the stuff, but the hard part is over.

DIANE

No more jobs.

GRETCHEN

No more jobs.

(They hug.)

DIANE

Huh. That's too bad.

GRETCHEN

What?

DIANE

I was kind of starting to enjoy it, you know?

GRETCHEN

Enjoy what? Breaking into houses and stealing people's stuff?

DIANE

Yeah! You know, the planning, the codewords, the getaway van! It's fun! Oh and the masks! Tell me you don't love the masks.

GRETCHEN

You are a crazy woman.

DIANE

Well I have good reason to be. Hell, after this past year, I'd say we both do.

GRETCHEN

No shit-

(Gretchen is cut off as Dronius flies into the room, well above their heads. Petrified, GRETCHEN motions toward the drone. DIANE turns, looks up, yelps in startlement.)

DIANE

Oh my god! Is that--?

Uh-huh.  
GRETCHEN

From the other night?  
DIANE

How did it get in here?  
GRETCHEN

I don't--  
DIANE

Did you leave the window open?  
GRETCHEN

It was hot, I--  
DIANE

(JASMINE'S disguised voice comes from the drone, startling both women so that they both scream. The voice sounds creepy and robotic, like some figure out of a heavy metal song, and they most certainly do not recognize it.)

JASMINE  
Gretchen Van Blume and Diane Salinas. I know what you've been doing.

DIANE  
It knows who we are!

GRETCHEN  
And what we've been doing!

JASMINE  
I represent a consortium of criminal masterminds. Your activities of late have caught our notice. We have a job for you. Direct your attention to the television.

(The TV that DIANE turned on earlier goes from a blank screen to footage of the robbery.)

DIANE  
Did that thing--?

GRETCHEN  
Quiet!

(The footage continues playing until the point when both women's faces are visible, at which point it pauses.)

JASMINE  
Obey my instructions and this footage disappears. Disobey me and it will find its way to the authorities.

(Lightning flashes across the TV screen, along with the booming sound of thunder. JASMINE laughs maniacally through Dronius. All of this startles GRETCHEN and DIANE once again. Dronius heads for the exit.)

JASMINE  
You will be receiving further instructions. I'll be in touch.

(Dronius exits. Lights out.)

---

**Scene Music- Jasmine's theme**

---

**Scene music**

---

**Act 1 Scene 3**

(A dark stage. In the darkness, we hear JASMINE'S disguised voice from the other end of a phone line.)

JASMINE

The girl is inside, alone. Her mother will be at work for the next few hours. You get in, you get out, you get the girl to the safe-house, you start the music according to the schedule. Understood?

(Lights rise on GRETCHEN and DIANE standing outside Nicole's house, represented in an empty part of the stage, dressed in their black criminal gear. Gretchen is holding a cell phone on speaker. DIANE has a dolly that has a person-sized box on it. A beat passes as they look at each other.)

GRETCHEN

Understood.

JASMINE

And don't forget the meds. I'll call you when it's done.  
(JASMINE hangs up.)

DIANE

So is he watching us right now?

GRETCHEN

I can only assume.

DIANE

I'm not going in there.

GRETCHEN

We don't exactly have a lot of choice in the matter, Diane.

DIANE

There is someone --maybe a bunch of someones! Watching our every move!

GRETCHEN

Yeah, so they're gonna know if we don't follow their orders and you know what happens then.

DIANE

But this plan doesn't make any sense!

GRETCHEN

Would you keep your voice down?

DIANE

We don't have to do this.

GRETCHEN

I beg to differ. They've got our faces. On tape. Scene of the goddamn crime. Crimes, even!

DIANE

We don't know that. We saw one bit of crappy footage.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, with our faces on it.

DIANE

That's not me on that tape. I mean, sure, I guess maybe it kind of looks like me, sort of, if you look at it the right way--

GRETCHEN

Dee--

DIANE

But it's so grainy, who's to say? And that other woman? Looks nothing like you. Much heavier through the hips.

GRETCHEN

Dee, they've got us, okay?

DIANE

Not if we have an alibi! We could say we were at my house that night. Holly will corroborate. She's an amazing liar.

GRETCHEN

Diane--

DIANE

Jesus Christ, Gretchen, you're a forty-something\* mom! There's no way you're going to jail!  
(\*adjust to fit the age of actress if necessary)

GRETCHEN

There is every way I could go to jail. And you too! We have to do this. Come on, It's just one kidnapping.

DIANE

Just--? This girl is in my class, Gretchen. She's one of the very few not shitty kids I have to deal with every day. She gets straight A's, she's nice, and she actually seems to like geometry. Do you know how rare that is?

GRETCHEN

And we are going to take excellent care of her, okay? It's just for a couple of days. We get through this, we bring the girl home to her mom safe and sound--

DIANE

Who is going to be worried sick!

GRETCHEN

But she'll get through it. Just like the rest of us. After that, we fence the shit, we get our money, you pay your bills and we put our criminal days behind us, not to be spoken of again until we're senile old hags.

DIANE

I can't do this!

(The phone rings, startling them both. GRETCHEN answers it, putting it on speaker.)

GRETCHEN

Hello?

JASMINE

Why are you still outside the house?

(DIANE frantically points, gestures, and mouths words, basically saying something like "Are they listening to us right now?" GRETCHEN responds similarly, basically saying, "I don't know, shut up!")

GRETCHEN

Uh, my partner and I were just going over the plan one more time to make sure we had all our ducks in a row, so to speak.

(Beat.)

JASMINE

Oh, ducks, good. I was worried you might be having second thoughts, which would be a problem since right at this very moment, your teenage daughters are at home. Alone. With nobody there to protect them should a wolf come knocking at the door. And I have a lot of wolves in my employ.

(Pause)

Do the job, or I kill your fucking kids.

(JASMINE hangs up. GRETCHEN and DIANE are in a state of quiet panic for a moment.)

DIANE

I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

GRETCHEN

Ssshh.

(They take deep breaths and calm down a bit. After a moment, DIANE reluctantly pulls her mask down over her face.)

DIANE

Masks.

(GRETCHEN pulls her mask down.)

GRETCHEN

Masks.

(GRETCHEN and DIANE disappear into NICOLE'S house (aka off-stage). We hear sounds of a struggle, a girl scream, etc. They come running back out with a giant box on a dolly. It's obvious there's a person in the box.)

GRETCHEN

Okay, let's get out of here. Did you get the meds?

DIANE

Shit!

(DIANE runs back in. GRETCHEN is left with the box on the front porch. We hear sirens go by, GRETCHEN freaks out accordingly.)

GRETCHEN

Dee. Dee!

(DIANE runs out with the meds, but without her mask.)

GRETCHEN

Where's your mask?!

DIANE

Damn.

(Pulls her mask back on over her face.)

Let's get the hell out of here.

(They exit, pushing the dolly with the box)

---

**Scene Music**

---

**Scene Music into act II**

---

## Act II Plot

### Act 2 Scene 1

(Night time. Dronius floats across the sky, then disappears. A moment later, Nicole appears, walking home after a long night at the Metalscape. She scans the sky, uncertain if she actually saw something or if it's a flashback from the drugs of her metal days. She shrugs and heads home, clearly wiped out. Her phone rings. She answers.)

NICOLE

Yeah.

JASMINE

(Voice heavily disguised.)

We have your daughter.

NICOLE

Excuse me?

JASMINE

She's safe and will remain so as long as you do not contact the authorities.

NICOLE

Who is this?

JASMINE

Look across the street.

(Nicole peers across the street.)

JASMINE

Up. Higher. Next to that tree.

(Dronius comes into view, floating in the air some distance away.)

JASMINE

There I am. And there you are.

NICOLE

Seven, you're supposed to be in bed. I swear to god, I'll pull you out of that robotics class-

JASMINE

This is not Seven. She is in my custody. I assure you, Nicole, you will arrive at your home to find it quite empty.

NICOLE

Who is this?

JASMINE

Don't worry about that. She's safe and being taken care of. You just worry about doing what you have to do.

NICOLE

Which is what exactly?

JASMINE

Go about your business. Act like you haven't got a problem in the world except a kid at home with a fever and a sore throat. Be sure you call her in sick to school. I can get you a doctor's note if you want.

NICOLE

A doctor's note?

JASMINE

That's right. For the next forty-eight hours, you're going to be Nicole Normal, just following routine, doing your thing, and most importantly, not contacting the



authorities. I cannot stress this last point enough, Nicole. I would hate to see anything happen to a young woman of such promise.

NICOLE

If you think you're gonna get any money out of me just because I own a club, think again. It's not exactly Madison fucking Square Garden.

JASMINE

I don't want your money. All I want is forty-eight hours. No cops, no bullshit, and Seven comes back to you in one piece. Simple as that. I'll be watching.

(Jasmine hangs up. Nicole eyes Dronius. She walks towards him, but he floats off.)

NICOLE

Hey! Hey, come back here! Fucker!

(But he's gone. Nicole looks around, but there's not a soul in sight. The thought of her daughter being kidnapped has her so thrown off, it's like she doesn't remember which way her house is. Then something occurs to her. She pulls her phone out of her pocket in such a hurry she almost drops it. She taps at it furiously until she finds what she's looking for, then turns the screen sideways, and watches. The audience does not see the screen at this point, but Nicole is watching security camera footage of the kidnapping. She grows more and more upset.)

NICOLE

Oh you fucking--

(She gasps, totally caught by surprise by what she sees. She taps the phone again and stares at it in disbelief.)

NICOLE

Oh you motherfucker.

(She runs for home.)

---

## Scene Music

---

**Act 2 Scene 2**

## SCENE

(Back to the gun shop. Boards have been nailed over any visible windows. A latch like you would use to lock a gate has been installed on the front door. The valuables have been shoved off to one side or a corner. The display case full of figurines stands against a wall or counter. There is also now a couch.)

(Gretchen and Diane enter, still wearing their black criminal gear and masks. Note that they keep their masks on throughout this scene and anytime they are in the room with Seven unless specifically stated otherwise. They wheel in a dolly upon which rests a large rectangular box, thoroughly taped shut with holes cut out here and there. It's somewhat difficult to navigate through the clutter.)

GRETCHEN

Watch the--

(Diane bumps into the counter, knocks something valuable to the floor. It breaks into pieces)

DIANE

Shit.

GRETCHEN

--counter.

DIANE

Goddammit.

GRETCHEN

Take it over there.

(They wheel the box to where Gretchen indicated, beside the couch. Gretchen produces a padlock from her pocket and secures the door behind them. Nobody gets in or out without the key. Diane produces a pocketknife.)

DIANE

Masks.

(Gretchen raises her mask and picks up the pieces of the broken thing.)

GRETCHEN

Dammit.

DIANE

I'm sorry. I'll clean it up.

GRETCHEN

Let's just open the box.

DIANE

Masks.

GRETCHEN

Masks check.

(Diane whips open the knife and cuts the tape sealing the box. They open the flaps of the box, reach inside, and help Seven sit up. Seven is bound, gagged, and blindfolded. Gretchen kneels down to Seven's eye-level and removes the girl's blindfold. Seven is clearly terrified.)

GRETCHEN

Hi. Whoa, hey, hi. It's okay, relax. You're okay. Nobody's going to hurt you. You're going to be just fine. Now I'm, uh, well I guess introductions are kind of out of the question. We know who you are and you don't need to know who we are, so I guess that covers that.

DIANE

Why don't we get her out of the box?

GRETCHEN

Right. Okay, you get that arm.

(Seven's ankles are bound, so she needs help standing. Gretchen and Diane each take an arm and help her to the couch.)

GRETCHEN

There we go. Now, this will be your bed for the next couple of nights. You're just going to be with us for a short while. You'll be well taken care of. I have a teenager myself, so I'm familiar with your needs.

DIANE

Hey! Psst! Personal details?

GRETCHEN

Lots of people have teenagers. That's hardly much of a clue.

DIANE

Knowing it wasn't Colonel Mustard isn't much of a clue until you find out it wasn't Professor Plum, Miss White, Mrs. Peacock, or, or, god, I'm drawing a blank. Not Miss Scarlet, the other one.

SEVEN

(Unintelligible under her gag)

Mr. Green.

GRETCHEN

(Back to Seven. Points to rooms as she talks)

As I was saying, while you are with us, you will be confined to the space between this room and the bathroom down this hallway. When you need to use the bathroom, you will be accompanied. We will afford you as much privacy as possible, but we must ask that you keep the door open. And don't bother with the windows because they've all been boarded over and the doors have all been locked from the inside. There is no way in or out except with us. Do I make myself clear?

(Seven just stares at her.)

GRETCHEN

Now then, I'm going to take your gag off. You're not going to scream, are you?

(Seven shakes her head. Gretchen removes the gag from Seven's mouth.)

SEVEN

Mr. Green.

GRETCHEN

What?

DIANE

Mr. Green! That's it. Thank you, sweetie. Hey, maybe we can play Clue later if you're up--

(Seven lets forth with an earth-shattering eardrum piercing scream. The sound knocks Gretchen back on her heels. Diane covers her ears, as does the audience. Something

falls off the wall or a shelf and breaks.  
Gretchen slaps a hand over Seven's mouth.)

GRETCHEN

To clarify my previous statement, we do not *want* to hurt you, but if you do anything like that again, I might just break your fingers. Understand?

(Seven nods.)

DIANE

Okay, let's all just try to relax.

(Gretchen's phone buzzes. She checks it.)

GRETCHEN

Music time.

(Gretchen gets her bag and pulls out an mp3 player with a docking station and some speakers. She sets it up on a table. Diane approaches Seven.)

DIANE

Are you hungry? Can I get you something to eat? Something to drink? We made sure the fridge is fully stocked!

SEVEN

Scotch.

DIANE

How about milk?

SEVEN

No, I'm--actually, yeah, milk would be great.

(Diane fetches a glass of milk. Seven drinks it down. Gretchen finishes getting the mp3 player set up, then stands by with one hand on the play button, another holding her phone as she watches for the exact moment to start it.)

GRETCHEN

Five, four, three, two, one.

(Gretchen hits play. Heavy metal comes blaring through the speakers, startling Diane and Seven.)

DIANE

Gah! A little warning next time?

GRETCHEN

Sorry!

(Seven finishes her milk, then does that blood-curdling scream thing again. Everyone covers their ears. Something else falls off of a wall or a shelf.)

GRETCHEN

Stop that!

DIANE

Turn it off!

GRETCHEN

We're supposed to keep it playing no matter what!

DIANE

Somebody's going to hear this racket and call the police!

GRETCHEN

(to Seven)

Stop screaming! Stop it! Stop! Stop!

(Gretchen hauls off and slaps the shit out of her. The screaming stops.)

GRETCHEN

Oh my god. I am so sorry.

SEVEN

(hands Diane her glass)

Could I have some more milk, please?

(Diane takes her glass and goes for more milk.)

SEVEN (con.)

(to Gretchen)

When my mom finds you, she's going to eat you.

---

**Scene Music needed. MP3 player tune, going into scene change.**

---

### Act 2 Scene 3

(Early the next morning. Nicole chomps on an apple while she loads her pistol. She takes a long look around. Satisfied there are no drones in sight, she holsters the gun and exits.)

(Gretchen's Guns, around the same time of morning. Seven is on the couch, blindfolded. Gretchen is dozing in a chair. Diane enters and shakes Gretchen, speaking quietly so as not to wake Seven.)

DIANE

Hey, Gee. Hey.

GRETCHEN

Hmm?

DIANE

I have to go.

GRETCHEN

Okay. Wait, what? Where are you going?

DIANE

Just home, real quick. I have to get H. off to school.

GRETCHEN

You're coming back, right?

DIANE

Of course, I'll be right back! I gotta call for a sub, and I could really use a shower.

GRETCHEN

You can shower here.

DIANE

That shower's disgusting.

GRETCHEN

Oh come on.

DIANE

I'll be so quick, I promise. I just feel so gross. I feel like I'm covered in a layer of grime.

GRETCHEN

Unbelievable.

(The alarm on Gretchen's phone goes off, a nice pleasant early morning ringtone. Gretchen checks it.)

GRETCHEN (cont'd)

Her meds!

DIANE

Oh right.

(Diane pulls the medicine bottle from her pocket and hands it to Gretchen.)

I'll get some water.

(Diane fetches a glass of water.)

GRETCHEN

(reading from bottle)

Take one by mouth every...okay. Masks.

DIANE

Masks check.

(They pull their masks back on. Gretchen goes over to Seven and gently nudges her and helps her out of the blindfold.)

GRETCHEN

Seven. Seven, hey, medicine time. Here, sit up.

(They help her sit up. Gretchen opens the bottle, retrieves one pill, and holds it in her palm out to Seven. Diane hands her a glass of water. Seven takes the water, stares sleepily at the pill.)

SEVEN

That's not mine.

GRETCHEN

What?

SEVEN

Those are my mom's.

(Gretchen checks the bottle.)

GRETCHEN

Shit!

DIANE

What?

GRETCHEN

(holds bottle up to Diane.)

Read that. What does that say?

DIANE

Nicole--shit.

GRETCHEN

Uh-huh. Did you forget her name?



DIANE

It was dark! I saw a bottle! I grabbed it!

GRETCHEN

You couldn't take two seconds to read the label?

DIANE

There were sirens coming!

GRETCHEN

Those were fire trucks! We practiced this! Slow whines are fire and ambulance, fast whines are cops.

DIANE

Then why didn't you say so at the time?

GRETCHEN

(To Seven)

What medication do you take?

SEVEN

I don't know what it's called.

GRETCHEN

What does it look like?

SEVEN

Yellow?

DIANE

What's it for?

SEVEN

So I don't die.

GRETCHEN

Are you serious?

(Seven breaks into tears.)

SEVEN

I don't want to die.

DIANE

Oh god. Oh god.

(Gretchen grabs Diane and pulls her off to where Seven can't see them.)

GRETCHEN

(To Seven)

Stay there.

(To Diane)

Come here.

(Gretchen pulls her mask off.)

GRETCHEN

Do you believe her?

(Diane pulls her mask off.)

DIANE

You think she's lying?

GRETCHEN

I sure hope so, because if not, one of us has to go back to that house.

DIANE

Oh shit, please be lying.

GRETCHEN

She's gotta be.

DIANE

You think?

GRETCHEN

Does that sound real to you?

(They listen to Seven cry for a moment.)

DIANE

I don't know. Fuck.

GRETCHEN

Let's just keep a close eye on her. If she starts going downhill, we'll figure something out.

DIANE

Figure what out? Are we supposed to break into that house again?

GRETCHEN

Give me an alternative. I'm all ears, Dee, let's hear it.

DIANE

I already went back once. Next time it's your turn.

GRETCHEN

We'll figure that out when--

(Her phone goes off again. She checks it.)

GRETCHEN

Time to start the music.

DIANE

Then I'm definitely going.

GRETCHEN

Get her breakfast first, okay? Masks.

DIANE

Yeah yeah.

(They pull their masks back on and walk back through the room. GRETCHEN goes to the stereo, DIANE goes to SEVEN)

DIANE

Okay, so for breakfast, we've got cereal, I could make you some oatmeal.

SEVEN

Do I know you?

DIANE

No.

SEVEN

You seem really familiar.

DIANE

(Disguising her voice. From here on, she does so anytime she talks to Seven, maybe forgetting occasionally)

Look, kid, just tell me what you want to eat. We've got cereal, we've got--

SEVEN

What kind of cereal?

DIANE

Uh, Lucky Charms, Frosted Flakes--

SEVEN

Lucky Charms. With Frosted Flakes. Mixed together. And a glass of milk.

DIANE

Okay.

SEVEN

Cool voice disguise.

(DIANE ignores her and goes behind the counter to get the cereal. GRETCHEN goes to the mp3 player)

GRETCHEN

Promise me you won't start screaming this time.

(Seven shrugs. Gretchen starts the mp3 player and, you guessed it, it plays metal.)

GRETCHEN

Well, the instructions didn't say I had to play it loud, so...

(Turns the volume down.)

SEVEN

Instructions?

GRETCHEN

Our instructions. For you. For this.

SEVEN

Who gave them to you?

(DIANE brings Seven a bowl of cereal and a glass of milk.)

DIANE

(to GRETCHEN)

She's fed. Let me out.

GRETCHEN

Remember, no shower. And come right back.

DIANE

Fine.

(Gretchen unlocks the door and lets Diane out. Diane exits.)

SEVEN

Is your friend going to get my medication?

GRETCHEN

Uh, not just yet.

SEVEN

So you're just going to let me die here? Tied up on this couch? I kinda doubt that was in your instructions.

GRETCHEN

You're not going to die.

(Seven takes a loud chomp of cereal and chugs the milk.)

SEVEN

How do you know?

---

## Scene Music

---

## Act 2 Scene 4

(The Salinas household the next morning.  
Holly is eating a breakfast bar and standing outside Diane's room.)

HOLLY

(Calling into DIANE'S room)

Mom?

(Diane walks up and stands beside HOLLY, still wearing her black criminal garb and a pair of sunglasses, looking disheveled from a mostly sleepless night.)

DIANE

Hey, Holl. Are you ready for school?

HOLLY

Were you outside? I thought you were in your room.

DIANE

I just had to, uh, check something in the back. Where are your shoes?

HOLLY

I didn't see you go out the door.

DIANE

Well I did.

HOLLY

Are you going to school like that? You look like a criminal.

DIANE

Holly, you dress in all black all the time and I don't say a word. You wear these black t-shirts with pictures of bloody skeletons stabbing baby monster things and blood and gore and all kinds of godawful bodily trauma and I don't say a damn thing, do I?

HOLLY

I own no such tee-shirt--

DIANE

You know what I mean!

HOLLY

Sorry.

DIANE

I'm not going to school today. I don't feel good.

HOLLY

Okay, well I can walk--

DIANE

No! I'll drive you.

HOLLY

Mom, it's just a few blocks, I can walk it.

DIANE

I don't need your backtalk, Holly! I said I would drive you! Now get your shoes on!

(Wham! Wham! Wham! There is a loud knock on their offstage front door from KEN. Both Diane and HOLLY instinctively hit the deck.)

KEN

(offstage)

Anybody home?

(pause)

Come on Ms. Salinas, I know you're in there.

(pounds on the door again.)

You can't hide forever you know. You can't just borrow money and expect to never pay it back.

(another pause.)

I'll be back.

(HOLLY and DIANE remain on the floor for a moment or two longer. Then finally get up.)

DIANE

Did he come by last night while I wasn't here?

(Holly nods, doesn't look at her mother.  
Holly goes about the business of putting  
on her shoes, clearly bothered by what  
just happened.)

DIANE

Well if he comes by and I'm not here--

HOLLY

Don't answer the door. I know, mom.

DIANE

Holly--

HOLLY

Are we gonna be homeless?

DIANE

What? No--

HOLLY

No? Really? Because this man comes to our house multiple  
times a day. God, how much do you owe?

DIANE

It's not my fault--

HOLLY

I didn't ask whose fault it was! I just want to know when  
I'm gonna be able to answer the fucking door without  
having to worry that it's some bill collector here to  
haul you off to jail.

DIANE

Language.

HOLLY

Really?

DIANE

Holly, nobody's going to jail.

HOLLY

But you've been telling me not to worry for months!  
Literally! Months!

DIANE

I know. And you don't need to.

HOLLY

Well it's kinda hard not to worry when your own mother is telling you to hide every time somebody knocks at the front door.

DIANE

Holly, I've got something in the works that is going to resolve this whole awful mess. I promise.

HOLLY

Don't do that, mom, don't promise things.

DIANE

I do! I promise! I swear to God--

HOLLY

God is a liar.

DIANE

Then I swear to your precious Metal Queen. I'm going to fix all of this.

HOLLY

Technically, you should spill blood when you make an oath to the Metal Queen.

DIANE

Too bad I faint at the sight of blood.

HOLLY

And you promise no more payday loans?

DIANE

Oh god. Never again.

HOLLY

I mean it. Obey me or suffer!

(Gasps, starts singing, metal style)

Obey me! Or suffer!

Obey me! Or suffer!

Obey me! Or suffer!

Obey me! Or diiiiiieeeee!

(Back to regular voice.)

Mom! That's totally a song!

DIANE

That's....really good. Okay, get your bag. Let's, uh, let's go out the back door. I parked a street over.

---

## Scene Music

---

## Act 2 Scene 5



(Back at the gun shop. Seven and Gretchen are hunched over a Clue game board. Gretchen is dressed in her black burglar attire, complete with mask. Seven is still bound, but not gagged, and free enough to play the game and drink her milk. Gretchen ponders her move. Seven acts like her stomach hurts.)

GRETCHEN

You okay?

SEVEN

Stomach is killing me. This is what happens when I don't take my meds on time. And if I don't take them at all...

GRETCHEN

What?

SEVEN

I bet that mask is really uncomfortable. It's gotta be really itchy under there. Making it hard to concentrate.

GRETCHEN

Hush.

SEVEN

I think I know who done it...

GRETCHEN

It's not your turn.

SEVEN

You must have seriously resilient skin. Hey, did you know I was in a music video once?

GRETCHEN

Yeah?

SEVEN

Yeah! It was for that band Gwar. They shot it at my mom's club.

GRETCHEN

Sounds fun.

SEVEN

I know, right? I was about ten. They dressed me up like this gross deformed dwarf with a great big mask. It took like three people to take it off and put it back on again, so I just had to leave it on all day. It wasn't so bad at first, but then it started to get all itchy and hot and I had sweat pouring into my eyes, but I couldn't wipe them. Then I started squirming and the director started yelling at me and my mom flipped out and punched the dude in the throat and everybody started freaking out. That's when the claustrophobia set in. I tried to get the mask off but I couldn't and I panicked and

puke all in the mask but the puke had nowhere to go so I was just trapped in this mask with this load of vomit.

(GRETCHEN can't take it anymore. She gets up and walks away.)

GRETCHEN

Excuse me for a second!

SEVEN

It's all in the video! It was crazy! Hey, what about the rest of the game? You're in the library, did you want to make an accusation?

(As soon as she's out of sight of Seven she tears off her mask and breathes a sigh of relief.)

DIANE

Where's your mask?

GRETCHEN

I just needed some air.

DIANE

How's she doing?

GRETCHEN

Fine, I guess. All she wants to do is drink milk and play Clue. She said her stomach hurts.

(Music unexpectedly blasts from the mp3 player.)

DIANE

I hate this music. After this is over, let's finally take that camping trip we've been talking about.

GRETCHEN

After this is over, I may be ready to live in a Yurt in the middle of nowhere.

DIANE

Or the loony bin.

SEVEN

Could I get some more milk?

DIANE

I'll get it.

(DIANE pulls on her mask. She fetches Seven a glass of milk and brings it to her.)

DIANE

How are you feeling?

SEVEN

Did you get my medication?

DIANE

No.

SEVEN

Are you going to?

DIANE

I--

(Seven groans clutches her stomach in pain, then chugs the glass of milk.)

DIANE

My god. Do you have a calcium deficiency or something?

SEVEN

I don't know. But it's the only thing that takes the pain away, at least for a second.

(Seven gets up and rushes for the bathroom, offstage.)

I have to go to the bathroom.

(DIANE follows, GRETCHEN enters and follows DIANE. Sounds from the bathroom are rather gross.)

DIANE

We have to get her medicine.

GRETCHEN

Say you come home one night to find that Holly's been kidnapped. Do you go to work the next day? No, you're too sick with worry. There is someone at that house.

DIANE

We can't just leave her like this!

GRETCHEN

Why not? She has an upset stomach. It's probably nerves.

DIANE

Let's just go over there, make sure nobody's home--

GRETCHEN

"We?" You got a frog in your pocket? Somebody has to stay

here with her.

DIANE

Okay, well, I went back last time so--

GRETCHEN

I'm not going anywhere.

DIANE

It's your turn.

GRETCHEN

I don't think either one of us should go. It's too risky.

SEVEN

I just puked blood.

DIANE

What?

(Diane charges into the bathroom, comes right back out again and heads for the door. Gretchen follows.)

DIANE

Oh Jesus. I'm going.

GRETCHEN

It's just a little puke.

DIANE

Composed mostly of blood! There is blood in that toilet bowl and it came out of her mouth! That's typically a bad sign.

(Gretchen grabs Diane's hand)

GRETCHEN

Just be careful, okay?

DIANE

Careful, sure, right.

(Diane pulls off her mask and exits. From the bathroom, we hear Seven puke again.)

---

## Act 2 Scene 6

(Outside the high school. HOLLY and ABBY are hanging out. At

some point during their conversation, Ken walks up and just stands there listening and leering at them.)

HOLLY

Honestly, guitar solos kind of make me want to go on a killing spree. I mean, I know that's heresy and all, but--

ABBY

But there are totally some good ones.

HOLLY

But does anybody actually listen to them? It's not like you can mosh to a solo.

ABBY

Well it's cool when they make 'em go--

(imitates wailing guitar sounds very loudly, startling HOLLY)

you know? But when it's just--

(imitates superfast guitar solo, again loudly)

I sort of tune out, you know? Now a good drum solo, on the other hand.

HOLLY

Oh god.

ABBY

What?

HOLLY

Drum solo? That's about as useful as a vagina on my hand.

ABBY

You could probably come up with some uses for that.

HOLLY

Shit, where the hell is Jasmine. Is she sick today?

ABBY

She wasn't in government this morning.

HOLLY

(looking at her phone)

She hasn't texted me.

(saying words as she types them into her phone)

Where are you ugly hooker face?

ABBY

Do you think she's okay? That song about her dad was kind of intense.

HOLLY

Dude, she's just processing. And honestly, she's lucky, you know? If we were something lame like a fucking folk band or some faux-metal alt bullshit, there's no way she'd be able to translate the whole thing with her dad into art. You wanna talk about self-inflicted gunshot wounds? You need fuckin' metal.

(By this point, KEN is blatantly leering at them. HOLLY has her back to him).

HOLLY (cont'd)

What?

(ABBY motions to KEN. HOLLY turns around in time to see him light his cigarette, doing his damndest to look cool.)

HOLLY

Can I help you?

KEN

So you gals like metal, huh?

HOLLY

Uh, yeah, sure pops. Hail Satan, you know?

(Abby displays the devil horns with the same nonchalant whatever attitude as if she were giving him the finger.)

KEN

Hail Satan. I like that.

(With his coolest flourish that he clearly expects to wow them, KEN offers them each a cigarette. They laugh at him.)

HOLLY

What decade you think this is, man? Only people that smoke anymore are fatasses and senior citizens.

ABBY

And prisoners.

HOLLY

And soldiers.

ABBY

And cancer patients. Because why not, right?

HOLLY

Hey, did you practice that whole....?

(mocking his cigarette flourish)

ABBY

There was probably a time when that worked.

KEN

Hey! These things are like ten bucks a pack these days. I think I'm being awful generous to have y'all crackin' wise at my expense.

ABBY

So why don't you just give us a dollar?

HOLLY

Gasp! A whole dollar!

KEN

From what I hear, some folks can use all the dollars they can get their hands on, ain't that right?

HOLLY

(realizes who this is)

Abby, come on. Let's get to class.

ABBY

But we--

HOLLY

Come on.

(HOLLY pulls ABBY toward the exit).

KEN

Aw now don't go runnin' off. I didn't mean to scare you. Come on, I got my 'Vette parked down the street--

(ABBY rounds on him)

ABBY

I will figure out something bad to do to a person and I will do it to you. Stay away from us.

(ABBY and HOLLY exit).

KEN

Well go on then! Fuckin' lame bitches. Said I had a 'Vette.

(NICOLE enters from the opposite direction that HOLLY and ABBY exited and pulls out a vape. She takes an angry inhale.)

NICOLE

Fuck. Fuck fuck shit.

KEN

(very much caught off guard)

Holy shit.

NICOLE

Oh god, not today.

KEN

You're fuckin' Nicole Nails! The fuckin' Metal Queen! Holy shit!

NICOLE

Yeah, and I'm a little busy at the moment so--

KEN

I'm your biggest fuckin' fan, man! I saw you in ninety-two at the Meadows, in ninety-three at the Bowl, again in ninety-three back at the Meadows, no wait, that would've been at the Megapark. Or was it at the Victory? Do you remember? Then I was in jail from ninety-four to ninety-seven on some fucking bullshit--

(Nicole walks off.)

KEN

Hey where you going? I'm still talking to you!

(Ken throws her pen at Nicole. Maybe it hits her, maybe it doesn't, but it does get her attention and piss her off mightily. Nicole turns around and charges Ken.)

NICOLE

Listen you fucking waste of space, I'm trying to find my kid's teacher, so if you don't mind--

KEN

The school's that way.

NICOLE

I just came from there. She's not in today and the bitches in the front office kindly denied my request for her home address.

KEN

It's not, by chance, Diane Salinas is it?

NICOLE

So what if it is?

KEN

You telling me Diane Salinas isn't here today?

NICOLE

What's it to you?

KEN

Motherfucker. Fuckin' bitch is a teacher and she can't even bother to come to school.

NICOLE

Wait, who the hell are you?

KEN

(offering his hand)

Name's Ken, did three in the pen, woulda been two, but I broke a dude's shin.

(Nicole shakes Ken's hand.)

NICOLE

An ex-con and a poet. Why might you be on the hunt for the local geometry teacher?

KEN



Why're you?

NICOLE

She's got something of mine.

KEN

Yeah, well, she's got something of my employer's, namely a bunch of their dollars she ain't paid 'em back.

NICOLE

And you thought you'd show up here and maybe she'd write you a check?

KEN

Well she wasn't at home and even when she is she never answers the door--

NICOLE

You know her address?

KEN

(Slaps the papers in his hand)

It's printed at the top of every page of my contract. It ain't far from here.

NICOLE

Then that's where we're going. Come on. I'll drive.

KEN

But she ain't there.

NICOLE

Well she's not here and she's gotta come home sometime. You carrying?

KEN

You mean am I in possession of a firearm?

(while saying this next line, he reveals the gun holstered under his vest)

No ma'am, as a convicted felon, I have forfeited my right to carry a firearm on my person.

NICOLE

And aren't we all that much safer for it? Let's boogie.

(They head for the exit).

KEN

So the Metal Queen sends her kid to public school, huh?

---

### Scene Jen & Nicole Music

---

### Act 2 Scene 7

(Lights up on Diane and Gretchen. Diane is at her home, and Gretchen is still at the gun shop, watching Seven in the bathroom. Diane is calling Gretchen as the scene opens. Gretchen pulls her mask up and answers, close to frantic. She repeatedly looks back in the bathroom at Seven.)

GRETCHEN

Did you get the meds?

DIANE

Yeah, I got 'em.

GRETCHEN

Oh thank god. Wait, you're not talking and driving are you?

DIANE

No. You know I don't do that.

GRETCHEN

Because it's dangerous, and illegal. And we do not need you getting pulled over.

DIANE

I'm not gonna get pulled over. I'm at home.

GRETCHEN

Dee. What are you doing at home?

DIANE

I'll be so quick, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

I need you here. Do you understand me? This is a two person job. Three or four actually.

DIANE

I just need to wash so badly. I don't remember the last time I went this long without bathing. I'll be so quick.

GRETCHEN

You cannot be quick. You don't have it in you. We've missed movies waiting for you to get ready.

DIANE

I won't put on makeup. Or wash my hair even. I'll just get it wet.

GRETCHEN

Can't you just come back, now?

DIANE

I'll be back before you know it.

GRETCHEN

Fine. Just a shower. In and out.

DIANE

In and out. Totally!

(Gretchen gets a call on her other line.)

GRETCHEN

I gotta go. In and out!

DIANE

That's the plan!

(Gretchen answers her other line. Jasmine appears in her room. [a] Lights out on Diane's house.)

GRETCHEN

Hello?

JASMINE

How are things?

GRETCHEN

Uh, fine.

JASMINE

Did you give the girl her medicine?

GRETCHEN

Yep. Taken care of.

JASMINE

Is my playlist still going?

GRETCHEN

Yeah, still going strong.

JASMINE

You like it?

GRETCHEN

Not especially, but I'm sure my daughter would love it.

JASMINE

Some of it, sure. Some of it might be a bit cloying for her taste. What does the girl think?

GRETCHEN

She hasn't expressed an opinion one way or the other.

JASMINE

What's the expression on her face?

GRETCHEN

She's in the bathroom at the moment, so I don't--

JASMINE

Why is she in the bathroom?

(SEVEN pukes)

GRETCHEN

Because that's where the toilet is.

JASMINE

Can she hear the music from there? It is very important that she be able to hear it.

GRETCHEN

She can hear it just fine.

JASMINE

What song is it on?

(GRETCHEN checks the display on the mp3 player.)

GRETCHEN

Uh, "Marsupial Death Cannon?" By Bloody Godfinger?

JASMINE

Perfect. I'll check back later.

(JASMINE hangs up. SEVEN comes out of the bathroom. GRETCHEN yanks her mask back down. SEVEN looks terrible.)

GRETCHEN

Are you okay?

SEVEN

I left a pretty bad mess in there, but you kidnapped me, so...

GRETCHEN

Why don't you lay down?

(As she's walking toward the chair, SEVEN takes another drink of her milk. Not watching where she's going, she bumps into a table or something and knocks some valuable stolen good onto the floor. It falls to the ground and breaks.)

GRETCHEN

Oh goddammit, would you watch where you're going please?

SEVEN

Sorry.

(GRETCHEN picks up the broken pieces and looks frustrated. SEVEN reads the expression on her face, and like some asshole cat, she bats several more expensive stolen goods onto the floor.)

GRETCHEN

What are you doing?!

(SEVEN knocks over a few more. GRETCHEN is horrified.)

GRETCHEN

Stop it! Stop it!

(GRETCHEN charges after SEVEN and chases her around the room in order to physically make her stop. SEVEN grabs an especially old

looking, seemingly expensive bottle of Scotch and prepares to throw it at a big screen TV. GRETCHEN stops.)

SEVEN

Get back.

GRETCHEN

Listen, little girl--

SEVEN

I said get back!

GRETCHEN

Go ahead. I don't even drink scotch.

SEVEN

Maybe not. But I bet this bottle would fetch a pretty penny on eBay. And that screen must be 52". Electronics, jewelry, expensive booze, you're selling this shit aren't you?

GRETCHEN

You have no idea what you're talking about.

(SEVEN eyes the nearby glass display case that's filled with the Jo-Jo Ninks figurines. GRETCHEN sees her eyeing it, reacts in horror.)

GRETCHEN

No!

(It's a quick race to the display case and SEVEN wins it. She puts her hands on it, ready to push it over, and glares at GRETCHEN, just daring her to take another step.)

GRETCHEN

Don't you dare.

SEVEN

Let me go.

GRETCHEN

You've drank a lot of milk. You'll have to pee some time.

(SEVEN pisses her pants, sighs with relief. GRETCHEN is horrified.)

SEVEN

All taken care of.

[a]Or does she? Do we just hear her voice?

---

### Scene Seven breaks shit music

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### Act 2 Scene 8

(As the Showering/Masturbation music comes to a climax we see KEN and NICOLE entering DIANE's bedroom, either through a window or just the door. KEN immediately

starts rifling through jewelry on DIANE's dresser. The music ends with the squeak of hot water being turned off. NICOLE and KEN both stare at the door, expectantly. A moment later, DIANE emerges holding a dildo.)

DIANE

Whoa! What the hell?

NICOLE

Ms. Salinas. So sorry. Did I startle you?

DIANE

What are you--?

NICOLE

You may not remember me. My daughter, Seven, is in one of your classes. I'm Nicole.

(Realizing that she might have been caught Diane's tone softens and she tries to play sick.)

DIANE

Oh right. Hi.

NICOLE

I went by the school, but they said you weren't in.

DIANE

Right. I'm not feeling well today. This shower is the farthest I've gotten from the bed.

NICOLE

(looking at DIANE's dildo)

There's something going around.

DIANE

Yeah, I got this whole stomach ache--

NICOLE

Sore throat--

DIANE

Sinus thing.

NICOLE

Yeah.

DIANE

Yeah.

NICOLE

Well, sorry to hear you're not feeling well.

DIANE

Thank you.

NICOLE

I just need a few minutes of your time. See, my daughter's having some real problems with your class.

DIANE

Well, I'd be happy to schedule a conference with you to discuss--

NICOLE

See, the thing is, her problem is, she can't come to class right now.

(Shows DIANE the screen of her phone)

Because somebody fucking kidnapped her.

(Pulls out her gun)

DIANE

Oh my god.

NICOLE

That teddy bear on the shelf? The one you looked right at the second time you went in? Got a security camera in its tummy. Should've left your mask on.

DIANE

I can explain. She's safe. Totally safe.

NICOLE

Where is she?

DIANE

My friend's shop.

NICOLE

What friend? I want a name.

KEN

What kind of shop?

DIANE

Gun shop. Gretchen's Guns. Gretchen is my friend.

(KEN pockets some jewelry.)

DIANE

Hey, what are you doing?

(NICOLE shoves the gun in her face to regain her attention. KEN continues rifling through drawers, pulling out clothes, looking for valuables)

NICOLE

One problem at a time, princess. You're gonna take me to this gun shop, you understand? And I swear to you, if she is any more damaged than the last time I saw her, holy fucking shit will you be in for a world of pain.

DIANE

She's safe, I promise. I even made her breakfast this morning.

NICOLE

What'd you make?

DIANE

Cereal.

NICOLE

That's not making. That's just pouring shit in a bowl.

DIANE

She ate it.

NICOLE

That's because we don't do processed foods at our house! You might as well have fed her a box of sugar cubes!

DIANE

The milk was organic.

NICOLE

You put milk on it?

DIANE

Yes, and she drank two great big glasses of it, which really impressed me because I've never been able to get my daughter to drink milk, not even when she was little, so, you know, kudos to you for that.

(KEN pulls a slinky piece of lingerie out of a drawer)

KEN

Well well well, might be feeling a little hot for teacher if you know what I mean.

(Stuffs it in his pocket)

DIANE

Hey, put that back!

NICOLE

(NICOLE grinds the gun into her ear.)

Focus. Now then--

KEN

Excuse me.

(Reaches between them, takes the dildo from DIANE, examines it real quick)

NICOLE

Do you mind?

KEN

Dammit.

(Gives dildo back, goes back to looking around the room)

NICOLE

Now where is this shop?



DIANE

On Westchester. I was there but I had to leave to go back to--well, I guess I was going back to your house. That's kind of funny if you think about it. See, we were supposed to grab Seven's medication--that's such an interesting name, is that like--? Anyway, we accidentally grabbed yours instead, so I had to go back and just hope you weren't there, which you weren't. Because you were here.

NICOLE

You took my medication? [\[a\]\[b\]](#)

DIANE

Yeah, but I--

NICOLE

Hand it over.

DIANE

Yours or--?

NICOLE

Yes, mine!

DIANE

I left it at your house.

NICOLE

Why the hell did you do that?

DIANE

Because I thought maybe you'd want it. Clearly I was right. Seven's is right there.

(Diane points to the bottle next to her cell phone.)

NICOLE

Wonderful.

KEN

Here you go.

(KEN picks up the bottle to hand it to NICOLE and pockets DIANE's cell phone in one fluid movement.)

DIANE

Hey! That's my phone!

KEN

(mocking) "That's my phone.." Fuckin flip phone? Can't get dick for this, man. Ain't you got anything of value around this shit heap?

DIANE

You can't just come in here and--

KEN

Oh but I can, see? The folks you took out that loan with a while back? They contracted me to “recover” what you owe ‘em. ‘Cept you ain’t got shit worth shit, do ya? Even your dildo’s a fuckin’ knockoff.

(Notices a picture of HOLLY on the dresser)

NICOLE

Hey, you can have her when I’m done with her.

KEN

(Picking up the picture, grinning at it)

That’s all right, your majesty. Think I just found what I’m looking for.

(Starts taking picture out of frame)

DIANE

That frame is from Target.

(KEN drops the frame and holds up the picture of HOLLY)

KEN

Ain’t talkin’ about the frame. Met this little cutie down at the high school earlier today. Girl got a mouth on her. People I work for got clients’ll pay top dollar for a sassy young mouth like that.

DIANE

You sick fucker.

KEN

(heading for the exit)

She’s all yours, your highness. I gotta go clean out my trunk before school lets out.

(With a scream, DIANE charges KEN and pops him with the dildo, maybe more than once. KEN manages to get away from her. Enraged, he pulls his gun and points it at DIANE to shoot.)

KEN

Fucking bitch!

(But NICOLE shoots first. KEN is dead. Beat.)

NICOLE

Get dressed.

[a]What is Nicole's medication for? Anger management?

[b]I always imagined it was anxiety medication, although I don't know why. It's just the hole my brain filled in.

**Scene Music needed into Act III**

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**Scene Music needed.**

---

**Scene Music**

---

# Act III Plot

## Act 3 Scene 1

(Back at the gun shop. Still masked GRETCHEN and still-sick SEVEN are still in the midst of their showdown over the display case. The mp3 player is still pumping out the metal jams. SEVEN looks sicker than before. Throughout the scene, she clutches her stomach, farts, looks like she's going to hurl, etc.)

GRETCHEN

Look, kid, I have very specific instructions to take good care of you. Nobody is going to hurt you.

SEVEN

Letting me die here counts as hurting me, ninja bitch.

GRETCHEN

My partner will be back any minute with your medication--

SEVEN

You've been saying that for like an hour! Where is she, huh? Maybe something happened to her. Maybe she came to her senses. She could be turning you in right now.

GRETCHEN

That's not really an option for her.

SEVEN

Maybe you should go get my medication. Your partner is not coming back.

GRETCHEN

Yes she is.

SEVEN

Just unlock the door and let me go.

GRETCHEN

You're in no condition to walk anywhere.

SEVEN

So just blindfold me and drive me somewhere and leave me. I wouldn't be able to tell anybody anything except that you have a penchant for racist little figurines and your toilet doesn't flush very well.

GRETCHEN

That's not going to happen, sweetheart. I'm sorry.

(SEVEN grabs one of the aforementioned racist little figurines from the display and holds it up, ready to throw.)

GRETCHEN

Whoa! Whoa! Hold on just a second! That's worth a lot of money!

SEVEN

So let me go and maybe I won't smash it to pieces.

GRETCHEN

I can't! Wait!

SEVEN

It's not like we have any money! What do you want?

GRETCHEN

I don't know, okay! I'm as much of a victim of this as you are!

SEVEN

Oh fuck you!

GRETCHEN

No!

(SEVEN hurls the figurine at the wall and grabs another one.)

SEVEN

And I'm breaking another one every ten seconds until you get me out of here!

(Gretchen and Seven shout these next two lines over each other.)

GRETCHEN

Don't! Please, I am pleading with you. Please! Stop! I'm begging you!

SEVEN

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one!

(SEVEN smashes the figurine.)

GRETCHEN

You little bitch!

(GRETCHEN advances on her. SEVEN puts her hands on the display case as if to push it over. GRETCHEN halts.)

SEVEN

Or I could just destroy them all at once if you prefer.

GRETCHEN

Then you have nothing to threaten me with.

SEVEN

And what have you got?

(GRETCHEN chances a step forward, SEVEN gives the display case a rattle. GRETCHEN puts her hands up.)

GRETCHEN

Okay! Okay.

SEVEN

You're letting me go?

GRETCHEN

Yes, just please don't break any more.

SEVEN

Open the door. I said open the--ugh!

(Severe stomach pain hits SEVEN, she clutches her stomach.)

GRETCHEN

Are you--?

(SEVEN throws up.)

GRETCHEN

Oh my god!

(SEVEN crumples to the ground in agony.)

GRETCHEN

Are you okay?

SEVEN

It hurts so much.

(GRETCHEN whips out her phone and calls DIANE. It rings, rings, rings, voicemail picks up.)

GRETCHEN

Fuck! Hey, D, this is your, uh, associate, call me back as soon as you get this. Mild, possibly severe, situation going on and, uh--

(SEVEN yaks again.)

GRETCHEN

Oh Jesus. I could really use you at the moment, get back here ASAP!

(GRETCHEN hangs up.)

SEVEN

Need to go to the hospital.

GRETCHEN

Okay, uh, let's just--

SEVEN

I'm dying!

GRETCHEN

You're not dying, it's probably just stress.

SEVEN

Please, just take me to the hospital. You can leave me at the curb.

(GRETCHEN dials another number. JASMINE answers, voice disguised.)

JASMINE

What?

GRETCHEN

It's me, uh, we've got a situation.

JASMINE

Can you describe the situation?

GRETCHEN

Do you have any details about this girl's medical condition or what her medication is for?

JASMINE

It doesn't say on the bottle?

GRETCHEN

It might.

JASMINE

You forgot the medication?

GRETCHEN

No, we--

JASMINE

The instructions were very clear: take the medicine bottle from the cabinet in the hallway.

GRETCHEN

We did exactly what you said, but you neglected to tell us that there would be more than one bottle of medication.

JASMINE

So? You can't read?

GRETCHEN

This girl is very sick.

JASMINE

Then one of you needs to go back to her house and get her medicine.

GRETCHEN

My partner already left to do that and she's not back, and I'm worried this kid's not gonna make it.

JASMINE

Then you need to go.

GRETCHEN

I can't leave her alone like this.

JASMINE

Cuff her to something. I'll send one of my...people over to the girl's house to make sure it's empty.

GRETCHEN

What? Wait, if you've got people, why don't you just have them go get the meds--

JASMINE

I don't have to answer your fucking questions, okay? You do what I say when I say it how I say to do it. That's how this goes. If you'd done that in the first place, we wouldn't be having this conversation. If she dies the blood is on your hands.

(GRETCHEN considers this a moment.)

GRETCHEN

You're absolutely right.

## JASMINE

Of course I am, now--

(GRETCHEN hangs up and pockets her phone. She goes to the mp3 player and turns off the music, then goes to help SEVEN.)

## GRETCHEN

Okay, let's get you cleaned up. We're going to the hospital.

(GRETCHEN's phone starts to ring again as she gets SEVEN cleaned up and ready to go. She ignores it.)

---

**Scene Music**

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**Act 3 Scene 2**

(The front door of JASMINE'S house. HOLLY and ABBY roll up on their bikes, drop them, and approach home/room. HOLLY begins yelling toward Jasmine's room, ABBY keeps an eye out.)

## ABBY

We could've waited until after school.

## HOLLY

Don't you have enough perfect attendance awards?

(yells again)

Jasmine! Hey!

(to ABBY)

Normally when she's sick, she texts me like a fiend. Every time she yaks, I know about it.

## ABBY

She never texts me.

## HOLLY

I've known her longer.

## ABBY

Jasmine has never texted me, come to think of it.

(ABBY takes out her phone and looks at her texts.)

## HOLLY

Jasmine! Open the fucking door before I burn your house down!

## ABBY

Okay, I was wrong. She's texted me three times and they all say exactly the same thing. "Do you know where Holly is? She's not answering my texts."

## HOLLY

And yet here I am on her fucking doorstep and she can't be bothered to answer.

## ABBY

Hey, look! I think that's Dronius.

(HOLLY points up into the air where a drone suddenly appears, heading away from the house as if it's just departed through JASMINE'S window.

(HOLLY yells louder)

HOLLY

Jasmine, open the goddamn door! I know you're in there! I saw your fucking drone! God, nobody tells anybody anything anymore. It's all just secrets and vague tweets.

ABBY

I tell you stuff.

HOLLY

Jasmine!

ABBY

We should follow it!

HOLLY

What?

ABBY

The drone! We can totally photobomb Jas's surveillance!

(ABBY runs to her bike.)

HOLLY

Jasmine!

ABBY

Dude, let's go!

(ABBY wheels off, chasing after the drone.)

HOLLY

Jasmine! I fucking hate you!

(Turns to go to her bike, but then suddenly, there's JASMINE, talking on the phone. She grabs HOLLY'S arm and pulls her into her room. JASMINE appears to be tweaked out, like someone who has taken uppers to stay awake for a long time. While JASMINE is talking, she walks back to her bedroom with HOLLY following behind her.)

JASMINE

It is your fault if she dies, not mine. The instructions were very clear. (beat) Of course I am, now-- Hello?

(JASMINE looks at the phone as she's been hung up on)

HOLLY

Who are you talking to, Jasmine?

JASMINE

Hello?! Fucking bitch hung up on me!  
(Calls back)

HOLLY

Who was that?



JASMINE

What time is it? Shouldn't you be in class? Did you skip school?

HOLLY

Why aren't you answering my texts? Are you sick? You kinda look like shit.

JASMINE

Voicemail?! Seriously? Fucking voicemail?!

(hurls the phone)

HOLLY

Dude, what are you on?

JASMINE

I figured it out, Holly.

HOLLY

Figured what out? I saw Dronius leaving, where's he going?

JASMINE

That was Dronius two, actually. Or three, no, wait, yeah, two. Though technically Dronius one is Dronius two since the first Dronius one went swimming in the lake a few weeks back, but whatever. I should give them different names.

HOLLY

But where was he going?

JASMINE

Holly, you remember how I told you we should enter our demo to open for Maiden's Blood this summer?

HOLLY

Yeah, and you remember how I told you that Maiden's Blood needs to drive their tour bus off a cliff?

JASMINE

But I figured it out, Holly. We're as good as in! I cracked the fucking code. Seven-seventeen, two-forty-seven, three-twenty-nine, nine-twelve--

HOLLY

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what are you babbling about?!

JASMINE

The Metal Queen. Her daughter holds the key!

(JASMINE drags HOLLY over to her bank of monitors and points to one.)

I've been watching Seven. Listen.

(JASMINE turns up the volume. Through her speakers comes the sound of not really great metal music.)

HOLLY

Your drones can hear people's headphones?

JASMINE

My drones can do anything. I created them.

HOLLY

This sounds familiar. Who is this?

JASMINE

Oh just some shit band called Stone The Crow.

HOLLY

Whoa, what? This is that crappy band that opened for Hateface and Goblin Bone?

JASMINE

One and the same.

(JASMINE clicks around on her computer as she talks, jumping through to each bit of footage where she spied on SEVEN listening to this band.)

And if we skip around a bit here, we see that little Seven also partook of Stone The Crow's musical stylings at seven-seventeen, two-forty-seven, three-twenty-nine, nine-twelve, eleven-fifty-nine, and six-fifty-two. All within a forty-eight hour period that occurred exactly fifty-seven days prior to their appearance at the Metalscape opening for Goblin Bone and Hateface.

HOLLY

So?

JASMINE

So, every opening band for every major touring act that's come through the Metalscape for the last six months has been chosen by Seven! Her mom just gives her a bunch of music and lets her pick. And I figured out how she does it! Whichever band she listens to at these times on these dates is the one she picks!

HOLLY

Why would she do it that way?

JASMINE

Because she doesn't realize she's doing it, idiot! She thinks she's picking the best band, but the data, ha! The data says otherwise. I promise you, Seven had far better bands to choose from than these losers.

(HOLLY laughs at her.)

JASMINE

I know, right?!

HOLLY

That's the most ridiculous idea I've ever heard!

JASMINE

What? No, you clearly don't understand--

HOLLY

No, I understand the words coming out of your mouth and what they mean all working in combination with one another, and it's ridiculous.

JASMINE

Yeah? Well, Maiden's Blood's tour with Dog Rider stops at the Metalscape in fifty-seven days and we're opening for them. I made sure of it.

HOLLY

And how did you do that?

JASMINE

I took measures. Don't worry about it.

HOLLY

Jasmine, Maiden's Blood is an embarrassment to metal and I have no interest in being associated with them in any way, shape or form.

JASMINE

They draw a crowd, Holly. Bigger fucking crowd than we've ever played for.

HOLLY

Yeah, crowd of drunk stupid assholes.

JASMINE

We play metal! That's our core audience!

HOLLY

I am not playing that show. You need to come down off of whatever the fuck it is you're on and--

JASMINE

I just orchestrated and executed a brilliant fucking plan after months of meticulous research and analysis. Now you are playing that fucking show! You're gonna play it and you're gonna like it and you're gonna fucking thank me, whether you like it or not, do you understand me?

HOLLY

Dude, you sound exactly like your mom right now.

(JASMINE attacks HOLLY. They fight.)

JASMINE

I did this--all of this, for you!

HOLLY

Did what?

JASMINE

I had Seven kidnapped.

HOLLY

What?! Shut your lying mouth.

JASMINE

Look me in the eye, Holly, and tell me if I'm bullshitting.

HOLLY

Oh my god. Jasmine--

JASMINE

It's simple. We keep her in a remote location for just a couple of days and make sure she hears our demo at all the right times and boom. We're in.

HOLLY

Jasmine, this is insane. What remote location? Where the hell is she?

JASMINE

With my mom at my dad's old gun shop.

HOLLY

Your mom?!

JASMINE

Yeah. Oh, well, and your mom too. See, okay, back up. They're the ones behind all the robberies that have been happening lately. And as it turns out, they're actually kind of good at it, so I just kinda repurposed their skills, you know?

HOLLY

You got my mom involved in this bullshit?!

JASMINE

What was I supposed to do? Kidnap her myself?

HOLLY

You are the shittiest fucking friend!

(Holly runs off)

JASMINE

Where are you going?

HOLLY

To bail my mom out of this fucked up situation you've gotten her into.

(And Holly's gone)

JASMINE

You're fucking welcome! Snatch!

(Jasmine pops another pill and washes it down with a swallow of soda. She glances at her monitors and sees something that makes her do a spit take.)

Abby!

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### Scene Music needed

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### Act 3 Scene 3

(DRONIUS enters, floats across the stage, and exits. A moment later, ABBY enters on her bike, huffing and puffing after him.)

ABBY

Dronius! Hey! Dronius! Booga-booga-booga! Photobooooooooomb!

(And she exits.)

(Back at the gun shop. Seven is cleaned up, sitting on the couch. The padlock has been removed from the entrance door. Gretchen, masked, enters with a bucket and a towel, ready to go.)

GRETCHEN

Okay, here's this in case you need to yak on the way to the hospital. Are you sure you can make it in if I drop you at the curb?

SEVEN

Pretty sure.

(The door opens and unmasked DIANE enters, pushing the dolly from earlier, on which rests a rolled-up rug, inside of which is the dead body of KEN. The top of his head can be seen poking out of one end. DIANE is wearing her "There's Someone Behind Me With A Gun" expression.)

GRETCHEN

Thank god, where have you been? Where's your mask?!

SEVEN

Miss Salinas?

GRETCHEN

What the hell is this?

(NICOLE enters behind DIANE, gun ready.)

NICOLE

That's good right there.

(DIANE stands the dolly up and the rug falls to the ground.)

SEVEN

Mom?

(SEVEN yaks into her bucket.)

NICOLE

Oh my god, Seven!

(to DIANE.)

You, over there with her.

(DIANE hurries over to GRETCHEN. NICOLE goes to SEVEN.)

NICOLE

Jesus. What happened to you?

GRETCHEN

Ma'am, I swear--

NICOLE

Shut your fucking mouth before I stuff a gun in it. And take off that stupid fucking mask. I want to see your face before I disembowel you.

(GRETCHEN reluctantly removes the mask.)

What did you do to her?

SEVEN

I drank milk.

NICOLE

You made her drink milk?

GRETCHEN

We didn't make her do anything. She asked for it. She drank an entire gallon in barely an hour.

NICOLE

She's lactose intolerant, you evil fucks.

(SEVEN laughs. Realization dawns on GRETCHEN and DIANE.)

DIANE

Why you little...that's rather clever, actually.

NICOLE

(Handing SEVEN her meds)

Here, Sev, take one of your pills. Try not to throw it up, okay?

GRETCHEN

(indicating dead body)

Hold on, can we--what is that?

NICOLE

That's Ken. Ken is no more. Your friend the geometry teacher gave him the cock slap to end all cock slaps. Drove his nose right through his fucking brain.

DIANE

Hold on, that is not what happened at all! If you go to the police, I will--

NICOLE

The police? Oh sweetheart, you wish I was going to the police. My heyday may be over, but I am still the motherfucking Metal Queen and queens have minions that obey their every command. Rest assured, the two of you will be dealt with without the aid of the authorities.

(NICOLE takes her phone out and dials.)

SEVEN

Mom, we can't keep solving our problems this way.

NICOLE

Hush, Sev.

DIANE

Miss Wordsworth, please, you have your daughter. You can just take her and go and we can forget this whole terrible thing happened.

NICOLE

Just walk out of here like none of this happened, huh? Bring my kid to school tomorrow and let her sit in your classroom like you didn't break into my house and drag her off into the night? Oh no, dear. You're done with.

GRETCHEN

Please, I am begging you. Call the police if you have to, but please don't kill us.

NICOLE

(Speaking into the phone)

Heya Mara. I need you and the minions.

DIANE

Mrs. Wordsworth, please!

NICOLE

Yeah, I need you and Lees for a thing.

GRETCHEN

Listen to us!

NICOLE

Bring the truck.

DIANE

We have kids!

GRETCHEN

Please! We were forced to do this!

NICOLE

And a whole lot of trash bags. Oh and the Rancor. Bring the Rancor.

SEVEN

Mother!

NICOLE

Yep, it's one of those. We're at--hold on, what's the address here?

(Boom! Something outside blows a hole right through the fucking wall and in flies a drone, a scarier-looking one than before. JASMINE'S disguised voice booms from the the drone.)

GRETCHEN

This is who made us do this!

NICOLE

That fucking thing!

JASMINE

Did I not give you specific instructions? Did I not warn you that there would be consequences for disobedience? What is she doing here?

GRETCHEN

She's here to take her daughter home. We're not doing this anymore.

JASMINE

You will go to prison, do you understand me?! And when you get out, you will have to live in a halfway house, and, and, and your children will be scarred for life!

GRETCHEN

My kid's already plenty scarred, thank you very much.

(ABBY comes running in through the hole that DRONIUS left in the wall. )

ABBY

Photobooooomb!

(Startled, NICOLE swings around and fires at ABBY. ABBY screams and hits the deck.)

GRETCHEN

Oh my god! Abby?

ABBY

I'm sorry! Don't kill me!

DIANE

You should be in school!

ABBY

Miss Van Blume? Miss Salinas?

(gasps)

Miss Nails?

JASMINE

I have people en route to your daughter's school as we speak. I can make sure you never see them again.

DIANE

Oh my god.

GRETCHEN

What people, huh? So far all we've seen are your stupid flying robots! Why make us do all this if you've got people? We clearly don't know what we're doing.

ABBY

Well, it's no big deal. They're not there.

GRETCHEN

What?

ABBY

Yeah. Jasmine's at home flying that thing. Jasmine! Hey! Over here!

JASMINE

Silence, girl! I will have you murdered!

GRETCHEN

(to ABBY)

What?!

ABBY

That's Jasmine's drone. You knew she had a drone, right?

GRETCHEN

That's--? Wait, but...

NICOLE

Who's Jasmine?

GRETCHEN

My kid.

NICOLE

Your--?

(laughs)

Wow.



DIANE

(realization dawns)

Oh my god! I told you that girl needed counseling. Clearly I was right!

GRETCHEN

Hey! How do you know your kid isn't in on this too?

DIANE

Because my kid is at school like she's supposed to be.

(HOLLY enters through the hole in the wall.)

HOLLY

Hey, whoa, wow, what's--?

(spots the METAL QUEEN, gasps in astonishment, kneels before her dark majesty.)

The Metal Queen, kneel before her dark majesty.

NICOLE

Heya.

GRETCHEN

You were saying?

DIANE

Holly! Get up!

HOLLY

Mom, are you alright?

DIANE

Are you involved in this?

HOLLY

(looking around)

No, Jasmine just told me about it. Hey Seven.

SEVEN

Hey.

JASMINE

Silence! All of you!

GRETCHEN

Oh shut up, Jasmine! This is over, do you understand me?

JASMINE

Nothing is over! You will do as I say! You will carry out my orders!

(GRETCHEN grabs some kind of long stick or pole or a broom or an old gun-shaped sign from the store's glory days or something.)

GRETCHEN

I'm getting rid of all your computers, starting with this thing!

JASMINE

(JASMINE comes running in through the hole in the wall. She is carrying a tablet or a remote control, whatever she was driving the drone with.)

No, don't! Mom!

(GRETCHEN smacks the drone and it falls to the ground. Maybe she gives it another whack or two. A beat passes. GRETCHEN turns to JASMINE.)

JASMINE

What the fuck? You kill everything I care about.

GRETCHEN

What?

JASMINE

You killed dad, now you're killing my drones?

GRETCHEN

I killed your dad? The man who stuck a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger? That's the guy I killed? Jasmine-

(Gretchen begins to move toward Jasmine, arms open as if she's offering a hug. Jasmine backs away)

JASMINE

Stay away from me!

GRETCHEN

Jasmine--

JASMINE

Say you killed dad.

GRETCHEN

I'm not going to say that.

JASMINE

Say it! Say you killed your husband!

GRETCHEN

I did not kill your father.

JASMINE

That's not what I told you to say!

GRETCHEN

Jasmine, your dad was a very sad man with a lot of guns. That's about as much explanation as we're ever going to get. The sooner you make peace with that fact, the sooner you can start putting that brain of yours to good use instead of pulling crazy stunts like this.

JASMINE

I said stay away!

DIANE

Watch out!

(In her panic to get away, JASMINE runs into the display case and knocks it over. We hear everything inside shatter as it hits the ground. DIANE lets out an anguished wail. GRETCHEN hurries to inspect the damage. She picks up a chunk of broken statue.)

DIANE

Is it...?

(GRETCHEN nods.)

DIANE

All of it?

(GRETCHEN nods. DIANE'S angry tears start flowing. She advances towards JASMINE, looking at her with an expression of pure hatred. JASMINE is terrified.)

JASMINE

I'm sorry.

DIANE

Why?!

JASMINE

I'm sorry!

DIANE

Fuck your sorry!

(Kicking the shit out of JEN'S dead body)

Your sorry doesn't pay my fucking bills!

(The effort exhausts DIANE and she crumples in a sobbing panting heap.)

DIANE

What am I going to do?

NICOLE

If I may?

(to JASMINE)

So this is all your doing, huh?

(JASMINE nods)

Impressive. Did I hear right, your dad offed himself?

(JASMINE nods. NICOLE Indicates blood spatter on the wall.)

So I guess that's him.

(JASMINE nods.)

Uh-huh. Well, if nothing else, at least he found someplace outside of the home to do it. That's something. My dad chose the basement of our house to make his exit, the middle of one cold winter night. The shot woke me up. I got up out of my bed, put on my Winnie the Pooh slippers, slipped on my rainbow unicorn robe, made my way downstairs. I was just a kid, but somehow I just knew what I was gonna find. And sure enough, there he was, laid out on the floor, pretty much like I imagine your dad was right about here.

(Indicates spot on the floor in front of the blood spatter.)

Blood and brains splattered all over the wall behind him. I remember thinking it looked like a baby with three heads.

HOLLY

Is that what "Three Headed Baby" is about? Sorry, I know we're having a moment.

ABBY

Oh my god, yes!

NICOLE

You called it.

HOLLY & ABBY

THREE-HEADED BABY, WHAT DID YOU SEE?

DIANE

Girls!

HOLLY

Sorry.

ABBY

Sorry.

NICOLE

(Examines blood spatter like it's a work of art in a museum.)

This reminds me more of like a, I don't know, some kind of bird?

GRETCHEN

I always thought it looked like a butterfly.

ABBY

I see a phoenix, rising out of the ashes, you know?

HOLLY

Or a dragon?

SEVEN

I've been staring at it all morning and it is definitely a pterodactyl.

NICOLE

Okay, I think we're all agreed it has wings.

(There's a bit of tense laughter at this.)

(JASMINE laughs and then breaks down in tears. Gretchen hugs Jasmine tight and tries to comfort her daughter. Embrace should continue for as long as actors and director deem necessary)

JASMINE

This was a really stupid idea, wasn't it?

GRETCHEN

Actually, I'm kind of proud of you.

JASMINE, HOLLY, ABBY

Really?!

JASMINE

But you called it a crazy stunt.

GRETCHEN

Batshit crazy. I can't condone your methods, hell I'm still not sure why you even did this, but it was a helluva thing to pull off.

JASMINE

Yeah?

GRETCHEN

Yeah. Worthy of respect. Just don't ever, EVER do something like this again.

HOLLY

Sorry Ms. Van B, motherly pride aside and all, but Jasmine was right. This was the stupidest idea she's ever--

(turns to SEVEN)

Hey, Seven, yes or no, did you pick Stone the Crow to open for Hateface?

SEVEN

What?

HOLLY

(to JASMINE)

Boom! Told you!

NICOLE

I picked that band.

HOLLY

You did?

NICOLE

Stone the Crow fuckin' rules.

HOLLY

Oh. Oh no.

NICOLE

Wait, is that what this is about? You thought--?

(Laughs her ass off.)

JASMINE

I'm such an idiot.

NICOLE

Hooboy, that's rich.

GRETCHEN

(Indicating JEN)

Okay, so what about this?

NICOLE

Okay, here's what's gonna happen.

(Offers GRETCHEN a dollar bill.)

You're gonna sell me this place. As is. I've been looking for a spot to open a new club. I think this'll do nicely.

GRETCHEN

A dollar?

NICOLE

You can keep the change.

(GRETCHEN takes the buck. NICOLE immediately starts transforming the gun shop into the bar so by the end of the scene, when the girls play, it is the METALSCAPE 2)

GRETCHEN

(indicating KEN)

So what about...?

NICOLE

Like I said before, I got people. This scum's as good as never born.

DIANE

All that work for a dollar. What am I going to do?

GRETCHEN

We could exhume the JoJo Ninks figurines from my Uncle's grave.

DIANE

Seriously what am I going to do?

HOLLY

It's gonna be okay, mom.

JASMINE

You could move in with us.

DIANE

Really? That would kind of solve everything.

GRETCHEN

Yeah. Yes!

JASMINE

We'll be the craziest family on our street.

ABBY

Possibly the whole town.

GRETCHEN

Maybe we can make this family thing work.

JASMINE

(smiles) Yeah, maybe we can.

DIANE

I'm willing to give it a shot.

HOLLY

I call top bunk!

(The Gun Shop is quickly and magically transformed into the METALSCAPE 2. The lights change to Metalscape lighting, rather than going full black and a sign, which is hanging on the counter to the gunshop, is quickly turned around to reveal the METALSCAPE 2 logo. The girls quickly get their instruments and play the final song.)

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### **Scene Music**

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