

Fishbowl

by Ignacio Apolo

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Characters

Leto
Fish

Eyes Wide Open

... to watch the scene in the darkness.

There is little light in the school. It is under ground. It is something like a basement, not too dirty, not too dark, but evidently abandoned. It is well locked. Access to it is practically impossible.

We instantly notice how this contrasts with its occupants: two teenage boys in their school uniforms. Fourteen years old, medium height, clean-cut.

One is taller than the other, stronger and more restless. He chews gum and spits expertly. His friend calls him "Leto."

The other one, however, has the face of a fish: open mouth, big round eyes that reveal no expression, cold and pale skin. Indeed, people call him "Fish."

They peek through a hole in one of the sidewalls. Suddenly, they speak.

LETO: You're crazy, Fish. You're really nuts. You can't see anything from here. Let's get the fuck out.

FISH: No, Leto, hold on a second.

LETO: No, Fish. Look what you're making me do. Come on.

FISH: You're a faggot.

LETO: Come on.

FISH: You're such a faggot.

LETO: No, Fishbone, this is dumb. I'm bored. I'm leaving.

FISH: What a faggot! Go away, faggot.

LETO: What did you call me?

FISH: Faggot.

LETO: Who's a faggot?

FISH: You're a faggot.

LETO: I'm a faggot? Me?

FISH: Yeah, you. You suck dick.

LETO: I suck dick?

FISH: Yeah. "Leto sucks Garrone's dick."

LETO: Garrone? Garrone's a faggot.

FISH: You suck his dick.

LETO: Fuck that! Garrone's a faggot. He hangs out with Marinetti, haven't you noticed?

FISH: He gives it to Marinetti.

LETO: Oh come on.

FISH: Yeah, man. Garrone says Marinetti almost sucked him off in the bathroom the other day.

LETO: Who?

FISH: Marinetti went down on Garrone.

LETO: Says who?

FISH: Garrone.

LETO: But Garrone's a moron, man. He's like 30 years old and he's in 9th grade. He's a retard. Don't you see he's always touching himself and drooling?

FISH: Yeah, man. On Tuesday in Math class he whipped it out and started shaking it behind the teacher.

LETO: He whipped it out?

FISH: Yeah.

LETO: Behind Ms. Correa?

FISH: Yeah, behind Correa. He wriggled it.

LETO: Son of a bitch! *(He scratches his pocket and spits)* Ms. Correa is so fucking hot, holy shit!

FISH: He wriggled it like this, man! His dick is this big, I swear to God.

LETO: Stop it, man.

FISH: He banged it against the leg of the desk, like this, boom!

LETO: *(Hits him)* Stop it!

FISH: Garrone's like 30 years old! His dick is this big!

LETO: But he's a faggot.

FISH: Okay, you're right. *(Silence)*

LETO: We should have girls in this fucking school.

FISH: Yeah, man.

LETO: You imagine?

FISH: Yeah, man.

LETO: You could fuck them in the bathroom.

FISH: Yeah, man.

LETO: No. Behind the gym. Or in that little upstairs room, have you seen it? That room's the best. You could fuck her in there.

FISH: Yeah.

LETO: Look, let's say it's a Friday: you take her up there during third period. No, at recess, and you skip Biology. You bring down one of those little mats they keep up there, you lock the door, and nobody messes with you, you know? And then you fuck some little honey. I wouldn't even take her jumper off, you know? Like this: you lift up her skirt, and you slide your hand in, man. And you touch her ass under the jumper. And you open this part up here a little bit, for the tits. With your teeth, man! Like this, grrr!... When you start getting somewhere, you keep going real slow, you stroke her skin, you go like this to her, you whisper stupid stuff in her ear, cuz that way they tell you you're so sweet and all that stuff chicks tell you afterwards

when you're smoking the last puff at the end, you know? Cuz the best thing is the last puff at the end, just relaxing, with the bitch leaning right here on your chest, cuddling with you and telling you she loves you. And you, you're tough, right, so you don't even care, you're thinking about someone else, about the next little honey you'll be fucking on Monday. Or maybe you're thinking of the one you're about to fuck now during lunch, right after the bell rings. Or else you fuck a teacher... Ms. Correa, man! *(Dreamy silence)* See? This is a faggot school: you can't even fuck a girl during recess!

FISH: You're right. *(Pause)* Weren't you going?

LETO: Yeah, man.

FISH: Well, go then.

LETO: Shut up.

FISH: Get out. If you were going.

LETO: Yeah, man, I'm going. I'm tired of this.

FISH: Go.

LETO: I'm going, man. You jerk off way too much.

FISH: Okay then, get out.

Leto hesitates. Suddenly, a woman's footsteps are heard amid the silence. We hear the sound of a door opening. Leto and Fish tense up, frozen in expectation. They gesture to each other to be quiet. We hear the door closing, and then we see some light seep in through a crack in the wall. Fish quietly hurries to the wall and peeks through the crack.

FISH: *(Whispering excitedly)* It's Ms. Correa, man!

LETO: Holy shit! *(He quietly rushes to the wall)* Move.

FISH: Stop, you fucking...

LETO: Asshole!

Leto secures a position. The boys keep absolutely still as we hear a stream of liquid, which suddenly stops. It starts again,

then stops. Now a slight squeaking sound. The boys hold their breath. There are sounds of ruffling, which then stop. The boys take in more air, and they hold on to each other tightly.

Silence.

A footstep. The light on their faces changes.

Footsteps.

A door shuts suddenly. The boys let out all the air they had been holding, and slide down to the floor, still holding each other's arms.

LETO AND FISH: Holy fucking shit, man!

To Think, To Dream, Perhaps To Watch

The wall between the basement and the bathroom. We are separated, waiting. They drink Quik chocolate milk. Fish occasionally peeks through the crack. He looks at his watch. Leto philosophizes.

LETO: You're so motherfucking dumb, Fish. But not the way people say you are. You're dumb in a whole different way, don't get me wrong. Sometimes I think: Why is this guy so dumb? I don't know, man, it's a mystery of nature. Some people are dumb, some are not. It's just the way it is. The other day I was imagining I was born like you. What if, instead of being me, I was you, you know what I mean? I told myself: "Imagine you're Fish. You wake up in the morning, you look at yourself in the bathroom mirror, and your face looks just like Fish's right when he wakes up!" That shit scared me, man...! It was at night, though. Sometimes at night I think all kinds of stupid stuff. You know, when you're sleepy, but you're not? That's when stupid stuff runs through your mind.

FISH: How do you know what my face looks like when I wake up?

LETO: See how dumb you are?

FISH: Did you ever sleep with me?

LETO: Fuckhead.

FISH: I shut you up.

LETO: You what, moron?

FISH: I shut you up, man. End of story.

LETO: Okay. You shut me up, whatever, you shut me up.

FISH: I did...

LETO: *(Yells)* Okay! You shut me up, you shut me up, you shut me up!

FISH: Don't yell, Leto.

LETO: *(Hits him)* You shut me up? *(Hits him again)* You shut me up? *(Again)* You shut me up?

FISH: Nah, I was kidding.

LETO: Okay then... I'm bored. Is what's-her-name coming? Gimme a cigarette.

FISH: Wait, you're not gonna smoke here...

LETO: Give me a fucking break.

FISH: But the smoke's gonna go into the bathroom and they'll bust us.

LETO: *(Looks in his pocket)* I have one left... *(Lights up)*

FISH: Asshole.

LETO: Pussy. *(Smokes voluptuously)* Have you ever smoked? Huh? I mean pot. Have you ever smoked a joint, Fish?

FISH: *(Sits up excitedly, points to the cigarette)* Is that a joint, Leto?

LETO: *(Slaps him)* You idiot! Why are you so dumb? I wish it was pot. *(Takes a puff of the cigarette and passes it to Fish as if it were a joint.)*

FISH: *(Taking the "joint")* Heh heh! *(With stupid laughter, he takes a puff)* Oooooohhh!

LETO: Ooooh what? Gimme that. *(They share it)*... Have you ever smoked?

FISH: Yeah, man.

LETO: With who?

FISH: With... some friends.

LETO: And?

FISH: And... It was cool. Awesome.

LETO: Then next time I'll bring a joint.

FISH: A joint?

LETO: Yeah, some weed.

FISH: But, how are you gonna bring it in? You'll get expelled.

LETO: Next time is grass time.

FISH: No, man. If you smoke it in here, they'll smell it, Leto.

LETO: We'll both smoke. Or are you chickening out?

FISH: No, I'm not! But they'll smell it, and we'll get busted.

LETO: Who's gonna smell it, Fish?

FISH: Ms. Correa, when she comes down to pee.

LETO: Correa smokes too.

FISH: Ms. Correa?

LETO: We'll give her some pot. *(Sits up and talks as he peeks through the hole)* Dude, can you imagine her getting stoned?

FISH: What!

LETO: *(Laughs)* We'll fill up the bathroom with smoke, dude, so she'll get stoned while she's peeing. Can you picture it? Ooohhhh. Man. Ms. Correa, naked, dancing the toilet dance... The three of us, stoned, heh heh, and Ms. Correa butt naked...

(Pause) She's so hot... You never thought we could "give it to her," right?

FISH: Don't be a moron.

LETO: Fuck her till she drops. You and me. Right there in the bathroom, we'll share her, Fishtail.

FISH: No, man... And then what do we do?

LETO: Then we beat her to death. *(Laughs)*

FISH: Yeah, keep laughing...

LETO: I'll do it.

FISH: Yeah, right.

LETO: *(Looks at him for a moment)* I'll do it.

FISH: Okay.

LETO: *(Threatening, somewhat angry)* Not you, cuz you're a faggot. You'll see... *(Looks through the hole)* You'll see.

Silence.

FISH: *(Pointing to the cigarette in Leto's hand)* Gimme. *(Leto hands him the cigarette. Fish finishes it, and puts it out on the floor. Then he begins to wave the smoke around with his hands, trying to clear the air. Silence and stillness. Suddenly, Fish speaks)*

Did you ever do that?

LETO: What?

FISH: Give it to a girl and then beat her up.

LETO: Of course, man.

FISH: Oh... How about a grown up girl?

LETO: It's the same thing.

FISH: Do you like Ms. Correa?

LETO: What kind of question is that, moron? Shut up.

FISH: Would you give it to her?

LETO: I'd better.

FISH: And then?

LETO: Then nothing, Fish, nothing. You're being an idiot. Shut up, I think she's coming.

Noises. Fish sits up.

LETO: It's her, it's her, it's her!

Fish wants to peek through the hole. Leto blocks him. Fish tries to push his way in. Leto finally pushes him violently.

LETO: *(Whispering)* Stay still, you moron!

Fish stands aside, controlling his anger. He stares at Leto. He turns around, grabs the carton of Quik, sits in a corner and drinks.

LETO: You bitch... You'll see...

The Plan

Fish is alone. Lying on his stomach, his head towards the wall to the bathroom. With his eyes closed, he smells through the wall. He touches the wall. He moves sexually against the floor. He breathes heavily. He fills his lungs with the smell of the bathroom. He shakes. He ejaculates. He collapses on the dark floor.

Long pause. Noises.

Fish gets startled, but doesn't move. Leto removes a plank of wood from the outside and begins to enter.

LETO: Oh, you were here. Ha ha... You're always here now, kid! What's up! Wow...the smell keeps getting stronger and stronger, man. *(Looks at Fish, who remains on his stomach)*

What are you doing, Fishbone? *(Fish doesn't answer, doesn't move)* Hey. Dude. *(Kicks him slightly)*

FISH: Leave me alone.

LETO: Leave you what, asshole?

FISH: Go away.

LETO: Go fuck yourself.

Leto takes out a cigarette and lights it. Slowly, Fish begins to watch him.

LETO: You want some? *(Offers it to Fish, who has not moved)* I'm talking to you, Fish. You want some?

FISH: Yeah.

Leto hands him the cigarette. Fish sits up halfway and curls up against the wall. Leto approaches him.

LETO: Did she come in already?

FISH: What?

LETO: Ms. Correa.

FISH: She came in for a little bit.

LETO: And?

FISH: And she left.

LETO: Fuckhead. What did she do?

FISH: She's a slut, man.

LETO: Yeah, man, she's a slut.

FISH: Seriously, man.

LETO: She's a slut.

FISH: Yeah, yeah. Listen: first she cleans everything up, right? She wipes the seat with toilet paper.

LETO: Right.

FISH: But today... you don't even know.

LETO: What happened?

FISH: She was on her period.

LETO: Really?

FISH: Have you ever seen something like that?

LETO: You're crazy, dude!

FISH: You can't even imagine what it was like.

LETO: What did she do? How was it?

FISH: She took out a tampon and put in another one, that slut.

LETO: What a slut!

FISH: She smelled it.

LETO: No.

FISH: It's in the garbage can right there. *(He sniffs around discreetly)*

LETO: And she put in another one? What a fucking slut!

FISH: She touched herself a little.

LETO: No way.

FISH: I swear. She touched herself, like, for a while, man. You missed it.

LETO: I can't believe it.

FISH: She's so horny.

LETO: Yeah she is. Real horny, man. Real horny. And nobody can satisfy her, man.

FISH: How do you know?

LETO: Dude, girls touch themselves when they're not getting "pleasured," all right? That girl's about to burst.

FISH: Poor thing. *(Starts laughing)*

LETO: Exactly, dude. Poor thing. We're just gonna have give it to her. *(Laughs also)*

FISH: Yeah, man.

LETO: We're gonna have to do her all around.

FISH: Yeah, man. From behind too, heh heh hehhhhh....

LETO: Haaa. But me first.

FISH: You first what? Haaa.

LETO: I do her first. That way she'll learn. *(He peeks through the hole)*

FISH: Forget it, she's gone. When do we do her, Leto?

LETO: *(Still looking through the hole, with an ironic smile)* Whenever you want.

FISH: *(Sits up quickly)* Let's do it. I dare you.

LETO: You dare me to what?

FISH: I dare you to do her.

LETO: What a moron! So she came in already?

FISH: She already left. I dare you to do her.

LETO: Shut up. I'll do her whenever you want. You wanna bet?

FISH: I bet you won't.

LETO: You think I won't? I'll bet you money.

FISH: No, not money. I'll bet you I do her first.

LETO: You? You're not gonna do her, Fish, gimme a break!

FISH: You'll see. I'll do her before you do. I'm gonna beat you to it, Leto. Let's go.

LETO: Go where?

FISH: To the little square by the tracks, Leto. She takes the seven o'clock train. We run over there and give it to her in the square.

LETO: You're crazy.

FISH: You don't dare.

LETO: Don't be an idiot.

FISH: I'll go by myself, then.

LETO: You're not going anywhere!

FISH: You'll miss out, Leto. *(Laughs)* So you're really gonna give it to her?

LETO: Yes, I'll give it to her, you idiot, I'll give it to her!

FISH: You're not gonna give it to her!

LETO: Shut up and let's go. Come on, come on!

FISH: *(Laughs hysterically)* He got feisty, he got feisty!

LETO: *(Pushes him)* Go, go!

FISH: *(Abruptly stops laughing)* But we have to run, okay? I'll beat you. *(Rushes out)*

LETO: *(Suddenly alone, looking at the exit opening)* Fish... *(Hesitates)* Son of a bitch! *(Runs out)*

Agitated Nightfall

Darker. We hear banging noises and running footsteps. Leto and Fish burst in.

LETO: Let go of me!

FISH: Stop!

LETO: Asshole!

They struggle. They push each other. They let go. They fall. Finally exhausted, they lie on the floor in absurd positions.

LETO: Fish, you're fucking nuts. How could you...?

FISH: You smacked her!

LETO: Shut up, moron.

FISH: Why did you hit her?

LETO: You hit her too!

FISH: You started it!

LETO: *(Grabs him and shakes him, desperately)* She was hitting me, you idiot!

FISH: She's a girl...

LETO: So? She started yelling. And you stuck your... I can't believe it.

FISH: Dude... Did you see her?

LETO: Stop it, Fish, stop it.

FISH: But did you see that ass, Leto? Jesus Christ!

LETO: Stop it, Fish, stop it already!

FISH: And... and... sticking my hand up in there, man...

LETO: *(Collapses and holds his head)* I can't believe it.

FISH: She didn't say anything. She liked it.

LETO: *(Yelling)* But she saw me! She looked at me, Fish, she looked me straight in the eye.

FISH: That bitch... We... we... gave it to her.

LETO: She looked at me, she recognized me... and she didn't say a word, Fish.

FISH: I'm seeing her again, man. I got that bitch in here. It's weird when you stick your...

LETO: Shut the fuck up, Fish!

They are silent. For a few seconds, we only hear their breathing.

LETO: *(Quietly)* How could you do something like that...!

FISH: *(Laughs quietly)* We gave it to her.

Nighttime Is So Beautiful and Young

Total darkness.

LETO: You plan on staying here like this?

FISH: Shhh, keep it down.

LETO: Why, man?

FISH: Cuz it's dark.

LETO: Oh! *(Pause)* What does dark have to do with it?

FISH: I don't know.

LETO: *(Lights the lighter, which illuminates Fish's face)* Now tell me what the fuck we're gonna do, all right?! *(Fish blows out the flame)*
Dude!

FISH: Keep it dark.

LETO: Why?

FISH: I'm thinking.

LETO: What does that have to do with it?!

FISH: Just stop it, Leto!

LETO: Shhh, keep it down.

FISH: You're right. *(Silence)*

LETO: Fish, Jesus Christ, it's Friday and they probably locked the school already. What are we gonna do!?

FISH: About what?

LETO: Don't play dumb. About Correa, you stupid fuck. They'll be looking for us. What am I gonna say, huh? Please think about it.

FISH: Then shut up for a second.

LETO: But... I just can't believe it... *(Pause)*

FISH: I know. Gimme the lighter.

LETO: No.

FISH: Give it to me!

LETO: Here, shove it.

FISH: *(Lights it)* I'll be back.

LETO: You're leaving!?! You're leaving!?! Where are you going?

FISH: Stay here.

LETO: No!

FISH: You want to come with me again?

LETO: *(Takes a breath to answer, but stops)* If you go, I go.

FISH: I told you I'll be right back.

LETO: If you go, I go. I'm telling you.

FISH: Go then. If you're going, go. What do I care! *(Exits quickly)*

LETO: Fish. Fish! You idiot. Stop, stop. Moron. Fuckhead...

A noise is heard. We hear Leto move, frightened. Another noise is heard. We hear Leto move. Again. Leto moves. A bang is heard.

LETO: Damn this motherfucker. Jesus! *(Pause)* You're such a dick, Fish. Please tell me, what are we gonna do?

Creed and Resurrection

The scene is lit by two big candles on a candlestick. Fish smiles, Leto looks astonished.

FISH: *(Between the candles, he raises his hands)* Let us pray.

LETO: Stop that, you idiot.

FISH: What's wrong with you? I used to want to be a priest.

LETO: You're so fucking insane. How could you do this?

FISH: It's no big deal.

LETO: Sure. You'll see. You don't think the priest knows exactly how many of these he has?

FISH: This is the light of Christ.

LETO: Shut up, you maniac! You're so...you're out of control!
(Stuttering) Was the school locked?

FISH: I am Resurrection and Life: He who believes in me, shall never die.

LETO: *(Turns his back to him)* You're such an idiot.

FISH: Have no fear, my child. Embrace the cross, and follow me.

LETO: Fuck off.

FISH: Do not blaspheme.

LETO: Don't overdo it!

FISH: *(Singing)* "We cannot walk in hunger under the sun"

LETO: I'm gonna kill you.

FISH: Do you believe in me?

LETO: No!

FISH: Do you believe in God?

LETO: Yes. *(Quickly)* No!

FISH: Yes or no?

LETO: No.

FISH: Come, I'll hear your confession.

LETO: You'll what?

FISH: I'll hear your confession. Tell me your sins.

LETO: Father, I beat the fuck out of Fish for being an idiot.

FISH: What did you do to him?

LETO: I split his mouth open and broke his fingers.

FISH: When?

LETO: The other night.

FISH: Where, my child?

LETO: That, I can't tell you.

FISH: But God sees everything, my child.

LETO: It's a place nobody knows about, me and Fish found it.

FISH: A place of sin.

LETO: No, a place of "fins," ha ha.

FISH: You laugh?

LETO: That was good. Sins – fins, I mean...

FISH: What else, my child?

LETO: Nothing else, Father.

FISH: What else, my child. God sees everything.

LETO: *(Holding back laughter)* I jerk off, Father.

FISH: Do you masturbate, my child?

LETO: Yes, Father.

FISH: Oh, that's good. I mean, that's bad, my child. God can see you.

LETO: So then I'll turn off the lights, Father.

FISH: God can smell you, my child.

LETO: *(Laughing hysterically)* You son of a bi.... Ha! And do you jerk off, Father?

FISH: God questions less, and still he forgives, my child.

LETO: I'll hear your confession now, come on. Do you jerk off, Father?

FISH: Worldly affairs are not foreign to me, my child.

LETO: So which nun do you think about when you jerk off?

FISH: No nun, my child.

LETO: Then who do you think about?

FISH: *(Stretching out his hand)* You, my child, I think of you.
(Touches him)

LETO: *(Taking his hand away violently)* Watch your hands, fucker!

FISH: My child!

LETO: Your child, my ass! Faggot.

FISH: It was a joke.

LETO: Fuck off, faggot.

FISH: Don't get pissed.

LETO: You fucking freak. First you touch the girl, then you touch me. What are you, anyway?

FISH: Okay. *(Blows out the candles)*

LETO: Why did you blow them out? Don't blow them out!

FISH: I'm going to sleep.

LETO: *(Lights the lighter)* To sleep!?! To sleep! But we gotta get out of here...

FISH: You go if you want to.

LETO: *(Lights a candle)* But, Fish...

FISH: Good night.

LETO: Don't.

FISH: Everything's locked. When you start getting sleepy, blow out the candle, it consumes oxygen. *(Lies down by the wall)*

LETO: *(Petrified with terror. Long pause.)* Fish... Are you asleep?

He gets no answer. He goes over to see. He realizes he can't see anything. He goes over to the candles. He kneels down, crosses himself, and prays.

The Night You Love Me

Leto gets up quietly.

FISH: What are you doing?

LETO: Nothing. I'm leaving.

FISH: What do you mean, you're leaving?

LETO: I'm leaving, man. It's late.

FISH: You can't.

LETO: Yes I can.

FISH: You can't.

LETO: Yes I can, man. I'm leaving.

FISH: Get out.

LETO: Why can't I? I'll escape. I'll jump the wall.

FISH: What are you gonna say?

LETO: Nothing, man.

FISH: Well then, go.

LETO: What am I gonna say, Fish?

FISH: Go, man, go.

LETO: But, what do I say if they question me?

FISH: Go...

LETO: And what do I tell them...!?

FISH: You see! You can't leave! You realize, you idiot, that you can't leave!? Fuckhead. Stop bugging me and go back to sleep.

LETO: But we can't stay here like this.

FISH: Then go talk to them...

LETO: But what am I gonna say, you stupid fuck!? What do I tell them?! You fucking asshole!

Tries to hit him, but he breaks down in uncontrollable sobs, feeling impotent. He then throws himself on Fish.

LETO: What are we gonna do? Asshole. I didn't hit her. She hit me. You touched her ass.

FISH: It's alright, Leto, it's alright.

LETO: *(Crying)* And we didn't do anything to her.

FISH: We gave it to her, Leto.

LETO: All you did was touch her ass, that's it...

FISH: *(Furiously)* We gave it to her, Leto, we gave it to her!

LETO: No we didn't!

FISH: *(Pushes him away)* Then go tell them we didn't do anything, go ahead!

LETO: I can't!

FISH: *(Lies down)* Get out of here, let me sleep.

LETO: *(Remains motionless for a while)* I'm staying, Fishbone.

FISH: Okay. Lie down. *(Sighs, with a strange smile)* Good night.

Like Fish in Water -I-

A streak of light comes in through a crack somewhere on the ceiling.

Fish is on his knees, looking up so as to receive the ray of light, in a sort of morning state of ecstasy.

Leto is lying down in the shadows in fetal position. He moans. He tosses and turns.

Fish hears him and smiles.

FISH: *(Singing)*
 "Here comes the sun, la la la la, here comes the sun, and I say it's all right... Little darling, the smiles returning to the faces, Little darling, it seems like years since it's been here... Here comes the sun, here comes the sun, and I say ..."

LETO: You ass-wipe.

FISH: *(Clapping)* Very good!

LETO: I'm cold, you motherfu...

FISH: *(Takes his blazer off and covers him)* You had a restless sleep, Leto.

- LETO: Shut up.
- FISH: Take it easy, Leto. I'm trying to think what we could have for breakfast. *(He rubs his hands together, gets up, moves around exaggeratedly to warm up. Leto covers his head. Fish recites)*
 A delicious early breakfast/ will give you strength and zeal/
 You should pray to the Creator/ to provide your daily meals.
 Work hard, be good, and study/ toil and labor every day/
 For the Good Book says hard workers/ up in Heaven always stay.
- Leto looks at him in disbelief. He has the strange fantasy of having awoken in some underworld dimension, ad inferias, where the absurd Fish will forever recite moral maxims in popular verse.*
- FISH: What are you looking at, Fish? Haaaa...
- LETO: I can't believe it.
- FISH: I called you "Fish", Leto. Haaaa...
- LETO: Are you an idiot?
- FISH: You're not a "morning person", Leto. Did you know that? You get to know people when you live with them.
- LETO: *(Gets up, trying to come back to reality.)* What day is it today? What time is it, man? What happened?
- FISH: It's Saturday. It's a sunny day. It's seven thirty. Yesterday we gave it to Ms. Correa.
- LETO: Today is Saturday.
- FISH: Yes.
- LETO: And what are we doing here, Fish?
- FISH: We're talking, Leto.
- LETO: Fuck you and your fucking bullshit, you fuck.
- FISH: My Dad used to wake up grumpy, too, little darling. It goes away after half an hour. You gotta have breakfast.

LETO: Are we staying in here?

FISH: Surprise! *(He takes out two Tootsie Rolls from his pocket)*
I had two Tootsie Rolls. And that's not all...
(He lifts up a plank of wood in the corner. He takes out a bottle) We can forget about this Quik, haaaa...

LETO: Stop, stop, Fish, stop. Give it a rest. Seriously, man. Are we gonna stay here?

FISH: *(Gives him a serious look. Pause)* Do whatever you want. I'm staying.

LETO: Are you stupid?

FISH: *(Shrugs)* We'll see. *(He sits on the floor and serves breakfast)*

LETO: I'm getting the fuck out of here.

FISH: Tasty Tootsie, Tootsie tasty... Choco-licious. Yum-yum.

LETO: Yum-yum? What a geek!

FISH: Yum.

LETO: Is that really a Tootsie Roll?

FISH: And some Quik.

LETO: Gimme.

FISH: You want yum-yum?

LETO: Gimme a roll, you spaz!

FISH: Sit down. *(Leto sits down)* Are you hungry?

LETO: Gimme it.
(Fish gives him the Tootsie Roll, smiling. He hands him the carton of Quik) Moron.
(They eat and drink)

Like Fish in Water -II-

The streak of light is gone. There is a very even semi-darkness. Leto is opening the entrance. He pokes his head out. He hesitates. He sits down for a moment.

FISH: Something wrong?

LETO: No! Nothing's wrong, I'm just thinking!

FISH: Think.

LETO: I'm thinking about what I'm gonna tell them.

FISH: Oh, that.

LETO: I don't know.

FISH: Well then, think. Hurry up, it's cold.

LETO: I don't understand you, man.

FISH: Me?

LETO: Yeah, you, you, you! What do I tell them!

FISH: Right, what do you tell them?

LETO: I don't know, Fish, I don't know. Don't ask me again, please!

FISH: But I haven't asked you anything.

LETO: Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're a motherfucking asshole!

FISH: Tell them that. *(He makes himself comfortable in a corner, satisfied, preparing to take a nap)* Bye. Good luck.

LETO: You're not coming?

FISH: Leto, it's the fourth time you make the same little scene.

LETO: But...

FISH: *(Scratching himself)* You know something's itching me? It started today. There must be bugs here...

- LETO: *(Desperately scratches his whole body)* You idiot, don't tell me that! We gotta go, please, please...
- FISH: That's true, we're gonna have to go anyway.
- LETO: *(Breathes deeply)* Okay, let's go...
- FISH: We'll have to gather supplies. Let's do it over the weekend. We can't go out during the week. *(He scratches himself fiercely)*
- LETO: *(Doesn't acknowledge what he hears. He throws a tantrum, violently shaking his body and his head)*
 You're crazy, Fish!... No, you're not crazy. You're a piece of shit. You're taking revenge. I don't know why. But you're taking revenge. I never messed with you, but you got something against me... You asshole, you probably have lice...
(Continues shaking, then stops)
 Listen, if the guys said something to you, if someone talked some shit, I don't know, whatever... it wasn't me. Besides, I'm with you. You brought me here and..., and..., and I was your friend, I don't know. You...
- They look at each other in silence, seriously. Suddenly, Fish scratches himself.*
- LETO: *(Horried)* Stop it, stop it, motherfucker! I'm leaving. I'm leaving right now! Go fuck yourself. *(He bangs his leg against something)* Ahhh! *(He lies down on the ground, crying in pain)*
- FISH: Bye, Leto. Take care.

Bloody Sunday

Leto walks around the edges of the basement. Fish is sitting down quietly, his eyes wide open. Suddenly, Leto comes towards him and gives him a hard kick.

- FISH: Why are you kicking me, man! *(Leto kicks him again)* Stop!
- LETO: I'm gonna tell them everything.
- FISH: Fine.

LETO: You want me to tell them everything, you little fuck? The headmaster, her, the guys, your parents, I mean, your Mom... You want me to tell them everything?

FISH: Do whatever you want, Leto.

LETO: Tell me, do you want me to tell them?

FISH: If you want to tell them, tell them.

LETO: Sure. Same difference. You don't give a shit. You don't care.

FISH: Think what you want.

LETO: You don't care, you don't care. You're an idiot.

FISH: If you love someone, set them free.

LETO: *(Scared)* Faggot.

FISH: Leto, I'm gonna tell you something: today is Sunday. Tomorrow is Monday.

LETO: Are you fucking with me?

FISH: On Sundays you have dinner with your Dad, right? Hot food. You watch soccer. Tomorrow he wakes you up, you have your coffee with milk, and you have a little smoke when you get off the bus.

LETO: You're sick, Fish.

FISH: You have a Geography test, and you sit next to Perotti. You eat a little sandwich. You play ball. Tomorrow there's gym class.

LETO: So what, fuckhead?

FISH: On Tuesday, you have private English lessons. Instead of going, you steal the money.

LETO: What the fuck are you talking about?

FISH: A month from now, someone finds out, let's say, your Dad. He beats the shit out of you, and he makes you work nights at the store until he forgets about it.

- LETO: You stupid piece of shit, I never steal. Plus I don't have a father.
- FISH: You had one the other day. And he must be looking for you right now.
- LETO: Fuck off, man, nobody's looking for me.
- FISH: Me neither, for real.
- LETO: For real, my ass! You're a retard, you hear me? You are mentally retarded. People are right, you know? Something's wrong with you. You're stupid. Your mommy still wipes your little but, and then slaps a little powder on it, cuz you're a little faggot. What's up with your Dad? Why are you talking about mine, when you don't even know? I bet you steal money. So don't bullshit me, dickhead.
- Silence.*
- FISH: When my Mom's not doing too good, she washes the sheets. They used to always have blood on them before.
- LETO: What's wrong with you?
- FISH: My Mom washes sheets.
- LETO: So?
- Silence.*
- FISH: Please, get out of here. They're waiting for you. Tell them everything.
- LETO: Shut up. Why do you make all that stuff up, man? Huh?
- FISH: I'm not making it up. My mom told me.
- LETO: *(Throws himself on Fish and chokes him)* Why are you lying? What do you know! *(Loosens his hold a little)*
- FISH: You told me.

Leto lets go and Fish goes to the corner. Leto stays center stage, sitting down. He lights a cigarette. Fish watches him.

LETO: Go to sleep. I'm gonna think.

Happiness Is a Woman's Face

Leto is lying down, scratching himself slightly. They both look tired, dirty, and are in a nervous and sloppy state, which will constantly increase. Fish drinks in a new ray of morning light.

LETO: I bet the police are after us already. We're gonna be in the newspaper. It's gonna be the disaster of the century.

FISH: Are you scared?

LETO: No. I don't care anymore... The thing is, they're gonna cut our balls off, man, mark my words.

FISH: Can't be done.

LETO: You don't know shit, Fishbone. You're a fish. End of story.

FISH: Keep it down.

LETO: They'll say we're insane. They'll send us to the mental hospital and they'll cut our balls off so we don't reoffend. Is that the word, "reoffend"?

FISH: I don't know.

LETO: Look who I'm asking! "The Ass-Toucher."

FISH: Shut up.

LETO: The Ms. Correa Ass-Toucher.

FISH: Shithead.

LETO: They're gonna cut off your weeny. Mine too...
(Suddenly, he gets up, terrified) What was that noise?

FISH: *(Closes his eyes under the light)* Nothing.

LETO: *(Calms down)* We won't be able to have any more sex. What am I gonna do if I can't have any more sex? And what will Ms. Correa do without me? *(Giggles)* She's gonna object. She's gonna appeal, no, she's gonna make an urgent plea,

like in the movies... Correa... She must've liked it. I wonder what your thing looks like afterwards. Damn...

FISH: I think they're in the classroom already.

LETO: *(Sits up nervously)* Uhhh... She probably made up all kinds of stuff. I wonder if she talked to the principal. *(Waits)* Do you hear something? What's up? *(Silence)* Fish, seriously, what are we gonna do?

FISH: *(Shrugs)* Wait. *(Takes a deep breath. Closes his eyes under the ray of light. He does not move)*

LETO: *(Bows his head, trembles, hides his face)* It's done.

We hear footsteps, then a door opening. Tension. The door closes. Leto spies and turns around immediately. He's out of control. He calls Fish, who goes over to him. They look through the hole. Fish gets startled. They hold each other, trying to regain control. We hear a stream of liquid. The boys get desperate. We hear some ruffling, and the toilet flushing. Pause. Leto is going to scream, but Fish stops him. Footsteps. The door closes. The boys fall to the ground.

LETO: What a bitch, what a bitch, what a fucking bitch!

FISH: *(Shocked)* It can't be...

LETO: *(Punching the floor)* How can it be? *(He's red with anger)* Did you see that? She came to the bathroom. She didn't do anything. Nothing happened? I don't get it, Fish. I'm gonna kill her. *(He punches the wall)* We have to kill her.

FISH: *(Holding back an impulse)* Yeah, yeah, she came, I saw her. I don't know, she started...she...uh... *(Runs to the corner and throws up)*

LETO: *(Pulling his hair)* But, what happened? What happened? *(Falls to the ground and cries)*

Loving Is Giving Yourself to Others

A little later. Leto is upset. Fish is recovering.

- LETO: I'm leaving now! I'm gonna kill her. I'm gonna give them all an excuse to hunt me down, those motherfuckers. So, "nothing happened here"? I'm gonna kill her...
- FISH: *(Scratching his nose with the back of his hand, like a puppy)* What are you gonna do?
- LETO: I don't know, man, I don't know! This is your fault! Now you stay here, you idiot, don't even think of leaving!
- FISH: I want to go with you.
- LETO: No way you're coming with me! What for? What are you gonna do? Touch her ass again?
- FISH: What about you, what are you gonna do? You're gonna hit her again?
- LETO: I'm not doing anything, okay?! I didn't hit her; I'm turning you in to the police, you fucking psycho! You touched her ass and locked me up in here!
- FISH: You hit her! We both gave it to her!
- LETO: We didn't "give it to her", you moron! You touched her ass! You touched her ass! You lifted up her miniskirt and touched her ass! Did you like it? Huh? Did you? I was going to stop you, you fucking moron! You're so stupid! The girl hit me, you retard!
- FISH: *(Pinching his nose with alternating hands)* We fucked her, Leto. Don't deny it. We both fucked her.
- LETO: *(Lunging at him)* We didn't fuck her!! Drop it!
- FISH: *(They struggle)* We fucked her!
- LETO: You're such a faggot, Fish, you're a faggot! You touched her ass, that's all you did, Fish! You're a fucking fag, and here I am listening to you, what an idiot!
- FISH: You're a bigger a faggot than me! You like to hit people.

LETO: She hit me!

FISH: She's a girl.

LETO: She's a motherfucking slut. That chick is so horny! Why didn't you fuck her? We could've ended it then and there.

FISH: Why didn't you fuck her? Cause she hit you?

LETO: It didn't go there!

FISH: You see you're a fag! You're the biggest faggot, Leto! I gave it to her and you didn't, you fag. You didn't fuck her.

LETO: You wanna see? Motherfucker, you wanna see?! *(Grabs him. Fish bites him. Leto dominates him)* You wanna see how I fuck everything, little faggot? *(He forces Fish into position, and grabs his ass)* You're gonna give me your ass, now. Come on, come on, come on!

FISH: Stop it, Leto, what are you doing? Let go of me, Leto!

LETO: Don't you like it, faggy? You touched Ms. Correa's ass, but you don't like yours being touched? Let me do it, baby. *(He bends him over and moves on top of him, as in a rape)* I'll give it to you, Fish, I'll give it to you!

FISH: *(Crying)* Leto, don't! Leto! *(Falls face down on the ground, bites his own arm and gives in)*

LETO: I'll give it to you. I'll give it to you. *(He pulls down Fish's clothes quickly, and ejaculates)* I'll give it to you.

Good Decisions

Fish is curled up in a corner. Almost motionless, he licks the bite wound on his arm. Leto is on the opposite end. His head hangs low, and he looks up from time to time to watch Fish.

LETO: I don't want to live anymore, Fish, forgive me. I feel like going far away. *(Pause)* I don't want to... now I don't want to go back. You know what I mean? *(Pause)* I know you know. You're not stupid, Fish, seriously, I mean it. The guys say that stuff because they don't know shit.

FISH: Shhh...

LETO: Fish... Fishbone. You'll never forgive me for what I did to you. What do you want me to do? You want me to leave? What do you want? Tell me, and I swear on my life I'll do it.

(Silence)

You're gonna stay here, Fish? You're not going back? *(Pause)* Shit. *(Pause)* You're right, Fishbone, you know? You're right. I'm a fucking idiot, I don't know... Now I really feel like staying here, but I don't deserve it. I don't know what happened, you know, but I think I won't be the same anymore... I don't know. Now you don't want me to stay, and I don't want to leave... *(Pause)* I can come back, maybe, if you ask me to. I won't tell them anything, I swear. Forgive me. Yell at me. Cuss me out. Punch me. Do something, please, Fish. *(Pause)* Fish, I never... No, no, no! It's all that fucking bitch Correa's fault! But she'll see what's coming to her. Man, I swear she'll see. We'll see if she's still so relaxed, fucking bitch. *(Pause)* Well. *(Gets up)* Fish, tell me you're gonna be okay... I can help you if you want... You won't talk to me? *(Pause)* I swear I don't know what the fuck I'm gonna do. But everything's messed up, man. *(He approaches him to say goodbye)*

FISH: Don't touch me, Leto. Get out of here.

LETO: *(Turns around)* That bitch is gonna pay.
(Exits)

Eye for an Eye

Fish is alone in the dark lair. He suddenly gets tense. He lifts up his head. He sniffs the air, as though he could smell something. Quietly and quickly he grabs a stick. He hides in the corner, invisible. Noises. Leto enters slowly, his back to Fish's hiding place.

LETO: Fish... Where are you? It's me...

He cannot finish his sentence. A violent blow to the head takes him down.

Your Whole Life Ahead of You

Leto's head is bandaged with a rag. He trembles softly, and cannot finish some phrases.

LETO: *(Smiles)* You killed me, Fish.

FISH: I said I was sorry, forgive me. Please, I don't know...

LETO: It doesn't matter, Fish. I'm joking. *(He smiles, but his smile is cut off by a moan)* Uh...

FISH: Does it hurt?

LETO: No... I just can't laugh, but it's okay, I guess... You're the one who should forgive me, Fish. I came in without warning... Heh... But nobody followed me, heh heh... If you only knew, Fishbone! *(He laughs, but immediately doubles over in intense pain)*

FISH: Leto... You have to... I don't know. A doctor. *(Leto looks at him and smiles, in expectant silence)* What?

LETO: Surprise, Fish, surprise... I'm not going back. This time, I really did it.

FISH: Did what?

LETO: I did it, look. *(Takes out a roll of bills from his pocket)* I took everything, Fishbone. I listened to you and I stole all my father's money, so we can get the fuck out of... aaaahhhhhh... *(He doubles over and takes a while to control himself)* Here. You keep it. *(Hands him the money)*

FISH: Go away?

LETO: Yeah, Fish. Listen to me... *(He breathes and tries hard to control himself)* I think Ms. Correa talked to them in private... I don't know what they're gonna do, but they won't see us anymore... We'll send her a letter: "You wanna come?" *(Laughs, but is cut off by pain)* We're leaving... *(He fades into a slight faint)*

Fish gets up. He walks slowly, trying to digest something transcendental by standing up. Leto seems to be asleep.

FISH: I brought you some water, Leto. *(Brings him a can)* It's water from the bathroom. We could make a little fire to heat things up here; of course, you don't know, those pieces of wood over there... Here, don't move, I'll give it to you. *(Gives him water to drink, sip by painful sip. Leto wakes up)*

LETO: I had to do it. It felt good. But listen to what I'm gonna tell you: that money is for both of us. When it gets really late, we'll go to the bus station, we'll go away. Aren't you gonna thank me?

FISH: Thanks, Leto.

LETO: Okay. Let me sleep for a while and then we'll go.

Fish lets him be. He walks away. He takes out the bills and looks at them. He speaks to Leto, who doesn't hear him.

FISH: Leto, now it's for real. We're gonna send a letter to Ms. Correa, you're right. *(Smiles)* Who knows, maybe she'll come with us... Yeah. We could make a little fire, to heat things up here.

He lights the lighter and burns the bills. Then he approaches Leto, and holds his head.

FISH: Does it hurt? *(Firmly touches the bandage)* Does it hurt? *(Leto moans. Fish presses the bandage, his eyes wide open. Leto is out of it)* Does it hurt a lot? *(Leto answers with a soft moan)* A lot? *(Leto is but a single sharp note, barely audible)* I think it's serious... *(Leto lifts his hands up to Fish, but can't reach. Fish finally holds back. He lets go)* Take two aspirin. You'll be fine. *(He gets up)* We'll have to get organized. *(Smiles)* Today we begin a new phase in our life together, Leto darling.

Fish stares at him for a while. Leto suddenly comes to and looks at him. He closes his eyes and holds his hand out to him.

LETO: Fish... Fish... Hold my hand.

Fish comes close, still standing, stretches his arm out and lets Leto hold his hand. Leto is frozen in a pale smile. Fish comes one step closer and lifts his eyes up to the ceiling. He gently rests Leto's wounded head on his stomach. He sighs. He caresses him.

Images

I

Fish is on his knees, below the ray of light that seeps in at an angle.

Leto sleeps, covered by both blazers.

The ray of light curves, changes from white to almost pink, and then fades out.

II

They are completely filthy. Leto is facing the audience, sitting still, with his eyes enormously open.

Fish is behind him, caressing Leto's shoulders, combing back Leto's hair with his hands.

Leto doesn't move. Fish wrings out a soaked dirty rag, and ties it around Leto's head.

Leto closes his eyes. Fish adjusts the rag. Leto lets out a horrible scream, and faints in Fish's arms.

Fish holds him from behind; he rips his shirt in a delirious effort; hooks an arm around his neck and almost chokes him.

III

Leto is alone. He walks very slowly, holding onto the walls of the basement so as not to fall.

At the entrance, we see a piece of wood moving. Fish pokes his head in, with animal eyes, and a growling expression. He sniffs the air; hunched over, he comes in; he covers the hole.

Pressed tightly against his chest is a garbage bag filled with things he has collected. He holds something else in his hand.

Leto falls to the ground. Fish watches him, and furtively goes to the corner.

Perishable Goods

Fish is very busy. Leto is sitting down, unable to move.

LETO: I'm doing great, Fishy.

FISH: *(Groans)* Don't call me "Fishy".

LETO: You know the difference between a fish and a fishy?

FISH: Yeah.

LETO: Okay, what is it?

FISH: I don't know.

LETO: Come on, what is it?

FISH: The fish is bigger.

LETO: No, dumb-ass! You see you don't know anything?

FISH: No, I don't know anything.

LETO: Dude: the fish is alive in the water... but if it starts smelling fishy, it means you've already fished it, and it's dead.

FISH: Ah.

LETO: When did they fish you?

FISH: In first grade.

LETO: *(Laughs)* It was a joke, man.

FISH: Sure, a joke. They've called me "Fish" since first grade.

LETO: Okay, don't get upset. How's it going? Tell me.

FISH: Shut up.

LETO: Come on, Fish, don't get upset... I'm hungry.

FISH: *(Looks at his work)* She's like me, I'm gonna give her a name.

LETO: Who?

FISH: This one. I'm gonna name her: "Pidgie", because I she was dead when I found her. The ones that fly are Pidgeons. These are "Pidgies."

LETO: What do you think she died of, Fish?

FISH: *(Thinks)* Froze to death.

LETO: She probably got some disease. A virus. A bacteria.

FISH: Okay, shut up. We won't eat this shit anymore.

LETO: Why don't you use some of the money? We have enough anyway.

FISH: Yeah, that's better. *(Goes to him, breaks something apart in his hand and slowly feeds him)* Eat.

LETO: It's gross.

FISH: Yeah. It's perishable goods.

LETO: *(Laughs and spits as he speaks)* Per...isshhhha...ble.

FISH: *(Growls and gathers pieces of meat)* Eat, you bastard!

LETO: It's delicious.

FISH: Yes it is. Here. *(Gives him a piece and then goes off to eat, watching Leto)*

LETO: With this food, I'll get healthy again. We're late.

FISH: Yep.

LETO: Sorry for the delay, Fish-eye. I don't know what came over me.

FISH: My name is Julio.

LETO: Julio. I know. Wasn't it Julian?

FISH: No. Julio. But I've been Fish all my life.

LETO: You're definitely "Fish," man. "Fishy" is perishable. *(Laughs convulsively)*

Non-Perishable Goods

Fish enters, dragging Leto into the lair. He drops him on the floor. Leto is doubled over, trying to control his pain.

- LETO: Listen, Fishbone, maybe if I eat some more I'll get totally cured...
- FISH: Totally cured. No way. You're all messed up, Leto. You're not gonna eat anything. You have to eat little by little. You have to store up.
- LETO: But, Fish, I think I'm sick, you know?
- FISH: Why did you go out there?
- LETO: I got a bag, didn't you see it?
- FISH: Everything's rotten. *(Pointing)* There's what you found. I don't fucking believe you. *(Pause)* You wanted to go off by yourself again.
- LETO: *(Teary-eyed)* No! I felt like seeing...
- FISH: Shut up! *(Offers him an open can)* Drink some water.
- LETO: *(Goes over to him, hunched over, and grabs the water. He drinks very little. He gets closer)* If I eat a...
- FISH: *(Suddenly, with bloodshot eyes, he shrieks, shows his teeth, and defends his supplies by clawing at the air)* We have to save our supplies.
- LETO: *(Falls to the ground)* Fish, it hurts.
- FISH: Like a fish in water.
- LETO: *(Smiles)* Fishes, colorful little fishes...
- FISH: Everything perishes. Except for non-perishable goods.
- LETO: When are we eating?
- FISH: When you went out, you had something to eat.
- LETO: No I didn't!

FISH: You're rotting away, Leto.

LETO: No. I didn't get to any... I drank water. I brought you the bag.

FISH: I'm going to throw it all out. It was open. Everything's perished. *(Leto throws up)* Everything. You waste everything, Leto. We won't get very far like that.

LETO: I feel better.

FISH: *(Exhales through his nose)* What did you eat, onion sauce?

LETO: I'm hungry, Fish. *(Finds something)* Oh, look! Bread! *(Picks it up. Fish lunges at him, shrieking like an animal, and snatches the piece of bread from his hand. Leto collapses)*

FISH: *(Smells the bread, looks at it, approaches Leto)* Bread, Leto. It's good. *(He breaks it up and feeds the pieces to Leto)* Here, Leto. It'll do you good. *(Holds him in his lap and feeds him)* We can't save the bread, you know? We have to eat it, or it'll go bad. But everything else, we save. Okay, Leto?

LETO: Yeah, Fishbone. Thanks.

FISH: Yum-yum, open up.

LETO: Yum-yum-yum.

FISH: Motherfucker.

LETO: Yum-yum-yum.

FISH: What were you up to? Did you want to see her? Were you remembering Ms. Correa, when we watched her take a leak? Ms. Correa is "history," Leto. You smacked her. You don't like her, neither do I. You wanted something else, and you got it, right? You want it again? You have to get strong, you can't perish, little buddy... *(Looks at him closely. Growls. Drags him to the hole where they used to spy on Ms. Correa)* You don't believe me. Wait for her, see if she comes. You'll see, you'll see...
(He laughs as he chews, and he imitates the sound of a stream of liquid with his mouth)

How Could I Live without You

Leto is on the floor, covered, delirious. Fish is dirty, disheveled, and spies with squinted eyes through the crack of light. He chews on the remains of something with his teeth, and scratches himself. Leto speaks with his eyes closed, facing a wall.

LETO: Why don't they come and get us? They're not looking for us, baby, they're not looking for us, baby, they're not looking for us, baby. It doesn't matter, baby, it doesn't matter, baby, it doesn't matter. Baby, baaaabyyyyyy, time for your milk! Chocolate milk, Dad, Daddy, I want chocolate milk. *(He heaves and throws up a little. He sits up slightly)* Fishbone. Fish!

FISH: *(Bloodshot eyes, teeth, turns around)* Grrrrshhhh! Shut up!

LETO: *(Spits a little)* Come here... *(Fish approaches him)* Here, look. *(Fish grabs a bag and cleans everything up)* My nose isn't bleeding, Fishbone, see? Let me see... *(He tries to touch the bag. He gets growled and clawed at)* I just wanted to see, Fish. *(He bends down, exhausted)* I just wanted to see.

FISH: *(Laughs softly, smells the bag)* Happy are those who don't have to see to believe, heh heh heh... *(Hunched over, he walks to the crack)* Food, food, food for the birdie. Birdie food. *(Long pause)*
Leto, did you fall asleep? Leto. You fell asleep. You sleep all day, Leto. What a waste of time. You don't eat anything I give you, you spend all day lying there, little Leto, what am I gonna do with you? You throw up everything I give you. You'll be sorry. You'll come begging someday. And I won't give you any, Leto. But I love you, Leto. You don't believe me. I never, ever in my life loved anyone like I love you, Leto.
Gggggg.

Leto moves in his sleep. It seems like he is going to get up. Fish runs to him and hits him on the head. Leto faints. Fish turns around. Suddenly, he sniffs the air and looks up. He goes to the wall; he sniffs it.

FISH: They're coming, Leto. I can feel them. Finally. It won't take them long. They're not as stupid as that slut, Leto. They want to punish you, but I won't let them. They're coming. How long did it take them? Too long. Your Dad will get here first, I told

you, and he'll give you a beating, but he'll be sorry.

(He laughs)

And the money? No! Ms. Correa's husband will be the one. Did you know she was married? They're newlyweds. Why didn't you ask her before you smacked her? I asked her afterwards, but she didn't say anything...

Grabs a bloodstained rag.

Mom's the one who's gonna have to work. Mom will wash us and powder us... How did you know about the powder? The sheets were stained with blood, Leto. They're coming. Mom is in the front, by herself, and behind her is, let's say, your Dad and that husband guy.

He gets what's left of candle and lights it.

I saved it for this day. You have nothing to say? Did the cat catch your tongue? Okay, Leto. You're right. We shouldn't have done anything. We should've held out and we would've been happy. Girls always ruin everything. I had a prepared little present for you... Listen to me, you don't say those things, you "do them." No, don't ask me. It'll be my first time.

He becomes tense. He sniffs around.

They're coming.

He walks over to Leto and brings him towards him. He blows out the candle.

Life

(Continued) Fish holds Leto, who is barely breathing. He rummages through his hair. Once in a while, he picks a louse and eats it.

FISH: You're so heavy, Leto! Move, come on. Move a little.
(Looks up suddenly. Looks back at Leto)
 Leto, did I ever tell you that you smell really good? *(He dares)*

Love... I'm ashamed. Beautiful. Faggot. *(He covers Leto's nose for a second. Leto convulses slightly. Fish removes his hand)*

I'm talking to you. *(Suddenly looks up again. He wants to hear, he growls, he becomes tense)*

Something's happening...

(Looks back at Leto)

Leto boy, something's happening. I hear noises. We can't go on like this, baby. We were meant to be. Like good buddies, baby. Baby! *(Sticks his nails into Leto's ears)*

Can you hear me?

(He puts his fingers to his mouth and eats the earwax)

I hear little noises. Leto. Leto boy.

Love of my life, perishable love, life, life, life.

(He covers Leto's nose and mouth. Leto convulses for a few seconds. Fish repeats "life, life, life", until Leto stops moving)

Life. Here's my little present.

(He bites him. Hard. He takes bites out of Leto's body. He eats.)

At that moment, we hear a violent blow on the roof and see a vertical ray of light appear onstage.

We hear men yelling up above.

Fish shrieks and covers himself.

Another blow, and another ray of light.

Fish lets go of Leto's body and begins to run around like a rat in a cage, from side to side, shrieking.

We hear people calling out, quick steps on the roof, and the pounding multiplies.

More and more rays of light continue to invade the stage, as if the sky were plummeting down onto the old darkness.

A ray of light, then another, then another.

Fish can no longer hide, he trembles, he curls up and lets out his last pathetic shriek.

Suddenly, he stops.

He looks straight up.

*He lets his arms fall to his sides...opens his eyes widely...
Blood flows from his mouth, and a fixed, mute smile appears
on his face, one of sheer happiness.*

The End