

roxy font

A Modern Folktale
about a girl, a gun
and a somewhat scandalous adventure

by liza lentini

212.592.8960
lizalentini@yahoo.com
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CHARACTERS

ROXY FONT	An innocent woman in her early twenties.
GUY	Our narrator, forties to fifties.
RASCAL	Twenties, good looking.
AUNT BOOTS	Tough, forties to fifties.
QUAILA	Early twenties. Loving but with a hard veneer.
VARIOUS MADAMES	Women aged thirty to fifty.
VARIOUS JOHNS	Men aged thirty to fifty.

SETTING

All over the world. Somewhat present day.

NOTE TO CASTING

It was intended that GUY play the roles of all the “Johns” and AUNT BOOTS play all of the “Madame” parts. You don’t have to do it this way; it’s also possible that another actor and actress play all of the smaller roles.

AT RISE:

GUY, a man in his fifties, sits on a stool stage right. Upstage, in the darkness, are two singular swings. There are some simple cut-outs representing two trailers.

GUY

A couple decades ago or more, God looked down on one not-so-distant trailer park, somewhere smack dab in the middle of some forsaken heartland, and decided that he was going to make for some very special mischief. Now, keep in mind that what we have here is nothing more than a good old fashioned folk tale. And as you know with stories such as these, some pretty unusual things tend to happen.

On one rainy May morning, two babies were born to two different women. The first was a boy, and he was born near perfect except, where his left foot should have been, there was nothing. His mother, poor thing, didn't live to see him and there was no father to speak of, so the little one-footed orphan was immediately bequeathed to the park midwife, a woman known fondly as Aunt Boots. As fate would have it, just three minutes later the woman next door gave birth to a girl. The girl had all the feet required. And then some. Sticking out of her stomach, almost like another self that was never fully formed, was a third. Perhaps a twin, perhaps it was a displacement that belonged to the boy. Either way, the little girl's mother disappeared shortly after viewing her daughter, leaving Aunt Boots to raise the three-footed girl along side the one-footed boy. She named the boy Rascal, since, well—

AUNT BOOTS steps into the scene, her rifle slung over her chest.

BOOTS

That's just what he was, a little rascal.

GUY

And the girl--

BOOTS

Uh . . . Roxy Font.

GUY

The name of a guest on some daytime television talk show. Roxy and Rascal were the best of friends. In every way possible, they complimented each other. Together, they had the world in their hands.

Lights rise on ROXY and RASCAL. They're both in their early to mid-twenties, dressed in bright and disheveled clothing, probably

from the seventies. They are swinging on regular wooden swings, side by side. They could not be more at peace. Once in a while they look over at each other and smile.

GUY

The year doesn't matter so much, nor the place, because Roxy and Rascal were content to live life where the only people they knew were each other. They dreamed of fame and fortune, but never really knew what it meant, as they had little point of reference. In their own special God-forsaken trailer park they were Sonny and Cher, Donny and Marie, Shawn Cassidy and Parker Stevenson. Truly, a complimentary pair. And their days were spent wistfully paging through Teen Beat magazine. In the world of Roxy and Rascal, the biggest news to hit the scene was the marriage of Valerie Bertinelli to Eddie Van Halen. You know what place I speak of. The world of the teenage idol.

RASCAL

Someday Roxy, I'm gonna be a teenage idol.

ROXY

Teenage idol? How're you gonna do that?

RASCAL

I'm gonna wear glittery clothes and hold a microphone and be on the cover of magazines.

ROXY

Wow.

RASCAL

Yeah.

ROXY

Ya know what I'm gonna do someday?

RASCAL

What?

ROXY

I'm gonna get me some money, and I'm gonna get an operation and I'm gonna give you my extra foot.

RASCAL

You are?

ROXY

It belongs to you.

RASCAL

You don't need no operation, you could just be by me forever.

ROXY

Rascal . . .

*RASCAL moves to kiss her, but BOOTS
intervenes with a rifle.*

BOOTS

Hey!

GUY

Now, let me tell you something about Aunt Boots. She'd been married nine times, twice to the same man, but, after realizing her choice was a little hasty, she shot him. And killed him.

BOOTS

(To audience.)

It was self defense.

GUY

It was self defense, of course. But since then she'd never gone anywhere without a gun. And though she loved those kids, she never let them get away with any funny business.

BOOTS

No funny business. Don't make me have to shoot ya now. Say goodnight, Rascal.

RASCAL

'Night.

BOOTS

I need to talk to ya, Roxy Font. Come inside.

ROXY

One minute, Bootsie.

GUY

For as hard as she was, Boots had a soft spot for Roxy Font.

BOOTS

One minute. I need to talk important to ya, now.

ROXY

'Kay.

RASCAL
'Night, Aunt Boots.

BOOTS
'Night, Rascal.

BOOTS exits.

ROXY
If you wanna be a teenage idol, you gotta learn to sing and play the guitar.

RASCAL
I do, don't I!

ROXY
You got a guitar around?

RASCAL
I'll check inside.

ROXY
You can sing, right?

RASCAL
Sure.

ROXY
You get your guitar and tomorrow mornin' we'll have rehearsal.

RASCAL
But what do I sing?

BOOTS
(Off stage.)

Three seconds Roxy!

ROXY
A teen idol song! Somethin'--

BOOTS
Now, Roxy!

RASCAL begins to run off.

Tomorrow...

ROXY

BOOTS enters.

BOOTS

Little Rascal, are you still out here!

RASCAL

(Running out.)
'Night, Roxy!

ROXY

'Night, Ras.

BOOTS

I need to talk to ya, girl. Have a sit down.

ROXY

What is it?

BOOTS

Now, I don't want to alarm you, darlin', but well . . . Your father came 'round the other day.

ROXY

Who?

BOOTS

Your father.

ROXY

Who is he?

BOOTS

Some guy who knew your mother for about fifteen minutes.

ROXY

What'd he want?

BOOTS

He wanted you. I said, you can't have her. She's of age, she's legal to do as she pleases. And he said, well she's my daughter. And I said, she ain't. And we bickered a bit.

ROXY

How'd it turn out?

BOOTS

I shot him. But no big deal, honey, he could still drive when he left.

ROXY

Huh. Do ya think he'll be back?

BOOTS

Hope not. He comes back I'll have to take the law into my own hands. And you know how sticky that can be.

ROXY

Sure.

BOOTS

He's not a nice man. If he ever comes for ya, run like hell.

ROXY

What could he do?

BOOTS

He knows you're special. And he wants to try and make money off of ya.

ROXY

How?

BOOTS

By showin' ya off to people in a not-so-nice way. But I won't let him.

(Beat.)

Wanna play some poker?

ROXY

Okay.

They go inside.

GUY

Boots tried to keep the kids safe and as close to their trailer as possible. She knew not everyone would understand them, and that they wouldn't understand anyone. It was easier when their world was smaller. When you know nothing of the world, it's a pretty great place to be. They had everything right in the palms of their hands.

RASCAL sits with a guitar, and even though it only has two strings on it, he tries to play Ricky Nelson's "Teenage Idol".

RASCAL

(Singing.)

Some people call me a teenage idol . . .

ROXY enters.

ROXY

Hey! Look at you! You're a regular Ricky Nelson.

RASCAL

I practiced all night.

ROXY

Think you need more strings than that.

RASCAL

Yeah. Ya can only go so far with two.

(Pause.)

Hey, I got some really big news. I got a job.

ROXY

You? Where?

RASCAL

Are you sitting down?

(She does.)

The Walmart.

ROXY's jaw drops.

ROXY

The Walmart? Rascal! How did you get that job!?

RASCAL

Aunt Boots knew some people. I'm gonna be the cart collector for nine hours each week!

ROXY

Well, this is cause for celebration! Strike up the band!

RASCAL runs off to retrieve a small kid's record player. He puts on some 45, preferably Shawn Cassidy's "That's Rock and Roll", and they start dancing. There may be something wrong with the record, it's warped or skips or something.

GUY

Now, despite their small peculiarities, Roxy and Rascal loved to dance. One might say that Rascal's lack of appendage was a sincere benefit to his style. Being the industrious sort that he was, he found all sorts of new and interesting ways to compliment his challenge. He didn't always use the foot prosthesis, sometimes he'd strap on a small hand tool, or whatever he could find. And when he was feeling especially sassy, he'd get a bunch of strong vegetables from the garden and they'd dance the night away.

ROXY and RASCAL enter, RASCAL with broccoli, carrots, and an entire cornucopia of veggies in place of his foot. They're dancing some demented pseudo seventies disco.

ROXY

My gosh, baby. You sure do look like Deney Terrio the way you shake your carrot like that.

RASCAL

You ain't so bad yourself.

ROXY

Why if I didn't know better, I'd think you were Davy Jones, in-car-nate.

RASCAL smiles slyly and does some fancy move.

RASCAL

Roxy, I've been thinkin' . . . maybe it's about time we went and got married.

ROXY

Married?

RASCAL

Yup. I got myself a good job now at the Walmart, and . . . Besides, it won't be long now before my talent is recognized and I become the world's most popular teenage idol. So, what d'ya say?

GUY

Now, Roxy wasn't opposed to marriage . . . and Lord knows she loved her Little Rascal more than the Monkees and all the Cassidy brothers combined. But still, there was something holding her back . . .

ROXY

Ras--

RASCAL

Now, I know what you're gonna say. And I'm here to stop ya and tell ya you're wrong. One of the best things about ya Rox, is that ya got somethin' no one else does. Now, I've waited my entire life for ya, and I want ya. I want ya now.

Pause.

ROXY

Then I accept.

RASCAL

Yahoo!

RASCAL picks ROXY up and twirls her around.

ROXY

(Smiles at him.)

I love ya Little Ras.

RASCAL

I love you, Roxy Font.

They kiss sweetly.

GUY

Everyone knows about the improbability of life. Well, one day, fate came knocking on the west side of Trailer Park Lot #17 in the form of an agent. Apparently, he was one of those renegade entertainment visionaries who had been secretly watching Roxy and Ras dancing for months and months and decided that he was going to take Roxy's Little Rascal way far away and make him, you guessed it, the biggest teenage idol since Davy Jones.

(As AGENT.)

Rascal, this could be big, big I tell ya!

RASCAL stands with ROXY.

RASCAL

Well, count me in, Sir. We've been waitin' for this our entire lives.

ROXY

It's a dream come true.

AGENT

Now, wait. If you're comin' you have to come alone, you can't take the woman with you.

ROXY

But we're gettin' married!

AGENT

Married! Oh, that's a disaster! You can't get married! How many teenage idols do you know that are married? No way, no how can you get married. If I thought you two were already married I'd leave right now.

RASCAL

Then I ain't goin'.

AGENT

Rascal--

RASCAL

With all due respect, Sir, no one tells me that I have to live without my Roxy. Anyone that tells me that is not a friend of mine, 'cause that feller sure don't know nothin' about me. Now, I would appreciate it if you would kindly remove yourself from my trailer.

AGENT

Don't be a fool, boy, it's the opportunity of a lifetime.

RASCAL

Well, now sir, I'd be lyin' if I didn't say that this was a dream come true, but I need to tell ya that nothin' can stand between me and my Roxy. Nothin'.

AGENT

Here's my card--

RASCAL

I don't need no cards, I don't need nothin' from you. Now, remove yourself before I get real mad and let the dogs loose.

AGENT

(Quietly, to ROXY.)

The train leaves tomorrow at 9:00 am. If you love him at all, you'll make sure he's on that train.

ROXY accepts the card and nods. The AGENT disappears. RASCAL seems perfectly content with his choice.

RASCAL

Well, what d'ya say we go on down to the A&W and get ourselves a couple o' rootbeer floats?

ROXY

Little Ras . . . I think it's time for a talk.

RASCAL

I won't go without ya. I won't.

ROXY sits on her swing.

ROXY

Baby, I've been thinkin' . . . I've lived my whole life with you in the trailer next door. What if we tried to see what it was like to be apart for a little bit.

RASCAL

What are you--

ROXY

(Interrupting.)

Now, now, I'm not sayin' forever or nothin' like that. No, Sir. I can't live without ya, Ras. I just can't. But I feel like it might be kinda neat to see what happens. When you're a teenage idol you're gonna be goin' to all sorts of places all over the world. And I've been thinkin' that that's kind of a pretty important thing.

RASCAL

I don't wanna go without you.

ROXY

We can do it together.

RASCAL

How?

ROXY

Well, not in the usual way, but we'll make sure that at a certain time every night, say eleven o'clock, we think of each other. And we talk to each other. Just like we were leanin' out our trailer windows late at night.

RASCAL

But you won't be there.

ROXY

Oh, I'll be there.

(Pause.)

Swing with me, baby.

RASCAL sits on his swing and swings with ROXY.

ROXY

Close your eyes.

He does. So does she.

ROXY

Can you still see me?

RASCAL

Yes.

ROXY

I can see you, too. What am I thinkin' of?

RASCAL

You're thinkin' about that time we had a pool party for our fifth birthdays. Aunt Boots got us that green plastic pool with pictures of Shazam on it.

ROXY

(Quietly.)

Shazam!

RASCAL

We spent the entire summer in that thing . . .

ROXY

Slept in it . . .

RASCAL

Together . . .

ROXY

I've kept it as my bed ever since.

(Slight pause.)

I sure will miss ya when you're gone.

RASCAL

Tell me what I'm thinkin' about.

ROXY

Me. Drinkin' a rootbeer float.

RASCAL
That's right.

ROXY
You need to go, Rascal. Ya just do.

RASCAL
What about you?

ROXY
I'm gonna go off and be famous, too!

RASCAL
You are!

ROXY
You bet!

RASCAL
What are you gonna do to be famous?

ROXY
Well, I haven't decided yet. But while you're off bein' a teenage idol, I'll work on it. That way when we meet up later on, we'll both have had the same experience.

RASCAL
Well, I never even thought about that.

ROXY
I think it's a rather grand plan myself.

RASCAL
When I get back from bein' all famous, will you marry me then?

ROXY
Course I will!

RASCAL
Just promise me one thing, Roxy. Don't change yourself.

ROXY
What d'ya mean, I'll still be the same--

RASCAL

Ya know what I mean. Now, I know you better'n anyone in the world and I know you been thinkin' 'bout changin' for some time now. I won't have it, Roxy, I won't. You're perfect the way y'are. And if I get wind that you're changin', it'll just break my heart in two.

ROXY

Well, now the same goes for you. You're name ain't Rascal for nothin'.

RASCAL

I'll know what you're thinkin'.

ROXY

I'll know what *you're* thinkin'.

RASCAL

Eleven o'clock, every night.

ROXY

I'll never leave ya, baby. I promise.

RASCAL

Swing higher, Roxy. Higher!

They swing together higher and higher until at last, RASCAL jumps off. ROXY looks to him and stops pumping her swing. They give each other a long, scared look.

ROXY

Run. Don't miss the train.

RASCAL doesn't move.

ROXY

Go on. Get out of here now.

RASCAL

I love you, Roxy Font.

ROXY

I love you, Little Ras.

RASCAL runs out. ROXY sits alone on her swing for a while, half in shock. Gunshots

go off in the distance. BOOTS enters with a smoking rifle.

BOOTS

Where's Rascal?

ROXY

He'll be back.

BOOTS

Good. Roxy, I gotta go away for a little bit.

ROXY

Can I come?

BOOTS

No ya can't. I'll be home before ya know it, girl. Get the Rascal to look after ya. And no funny business.

ROXY

Will ya write me letters?

BOOTS

Can't, darlin'. I just gotta go for a while. And don't ya try and find me neither. Hear?

ROXY

'Kay.

BOOTS

I'll leave ya the pistol. It's good for day travel. Ya know how to use it.

(BOOTS hands ROXY the pistol.)

Anyone's particularly not nice to ya, ya know what to do.

ROXY

Yes, Ma'am.

BOOTS

Remember what I taught ya. Don't play with fire. Always be polite. Look two ways before crossin' the street.

ROXY

I'll remember.

BOOTS

I raised ya to be a lady. I expect no less. How do we feel about rude people?

ROXY

We hate them.

BOOTS

That's right. But you're not like them. You're special, Roxy.

(Beat.)

I ain't never left ya, before. Ya okay with this?

ROXY

Sure. Aunt Boots, are you cryin'?

BOOTS

Naw. I ain't cryin'.

(Beat.)

Come here.

(BOOTS pulls ROXY to her and gives her a giant hug.)

Be a good girl.

BOOTS runs off. ROXY is doubly stunned now.

GUY

And there she was. After living a whole life with her aunt and her sweetheart by her side, she was all alone. She couldn't go into the trailer, there was no one there. She couldn't play outside, there was no Little Rascal. So she tucked the gun into her pants, it was good for day travel, and walked.

ROXY sets out walking in a great big wide circle around the stage, while the trailer park set gets cleared off.

GUY

She walked and walked and walked, she had no idea where she was going. But then she spotted a place to rest under some bright lights.

ROXY

(Sitting down. She looks at her watch.)

11:00! Little Ras! Little Ras! Are you there?

(No answer.)

Little Ras?

RASCAL jumps on stage. The two look out towards the audience when they talk to one another.

RASCAL

Roxy!

ROXY

Oh! I've missed you so much!

RASCAL

I can't stand it, Roxy! When can I see you?

ROXY

Soon, soon I promise. What are you doin'? Where are you?

RASCAL

Well, I'm in New York! And I'm on the twenty-first floor of this huge building! And these people tell me that we're gonna go clothes shoppin' tomorrow and then I'm havin' lunch with some famous people and . . . Oh, Roxy . . . It's all so wild!

ROXY

Wow. Will they make you teenage idol soon?

RASCAL

They say so. What are you doin' right now, Rox?

ROXY

Well, I started my tour, I guess.

RASCAL

Did ya? Where are ya now?

ROXY

Uh . . .

(She looks up at the bright sign overhead.)

The Boom Boom Room.

RASCAL

Where's that?

ROXY

It's East . . . I think . . .

RASCAL

Oh. Well, come on further East and meet me, would ya?

ROXY

Maybe. When you're a teenage idol I'll come. I'll come and bring ya home.

(Beat.)

You can do anything. You'll be great. I know it.

RASCAL

So will you.

ROXY

We'll meet up when we're done doin' what we're supposed to.

RASCAL

Promise?

ROXY

I promise.

(Pause.)

RASCAL

Sing to me, Roxy.

ROXY hums "Daydream Believer".

RASCAL

I love ya, Roxy Font.

ROXY

I love ya, Little Ras.

RASCAL disappears. QUAILA enters the scene. She's a petite, wily, hyper young woman. Attractive and hard, yet vulnerable.

QUAILA

Hey! What're ya doin' out here? You're supposed to be inside!

ROXY

Oh. I didn't know.

QUAILA

Go out back and get changed. They're waitin' for ya. What's your name!

ROXY

Roxy Font.

QUAILA

Aye! You're all named Roxy. No more of this or they'll dock your pay, ya hear?

ROXY

(Shrugs.)

Okay.

ROXY and QUAILA go out back where there are clothes hanging. ROXY gets changed as GUY talks.

GUY

Quaila was, how shall I put it . . . a true pro. She'd been born into the business and knew how to work it in every way imaginable.

(Beat.)

Roxy was the easy going type. She never made much of a fuss. And boy, could she dance.

ROXY appears to us wearing devil ears and a cape, which covers her extra foot. She turns upstage, to her audience and does a little dance. Some '70's song plays very, very loudly. Somehow, she's a natural stripper. In the middle of her danceshe turns her back to the audience and opens her cape. The "club"audience--upstage--goes wild and we hear pre-recorded, very loud, cheers.

GUY

And that was it. That was the beginning and the end of Roxy Font.

QUAILA

(Runs up to ROXY.)

My god, girl! Why didn't ya tell us!

ROXY

Tell ya what?

QUAILA laughs heartily, hands her a stack of cash.

ROXY

Gee, thanks.

QUAILA

You from around here?

ROXY

Well, yeah. But I'm on tour right now.

QUAILA

I bet you are. Where's your crew.

ROXY

Oh, I'm goin' solo.

QUAILA

You makin' good money?

ROXY

I'll say!

QUAILA

You know . . . if ya really wanna make a buck, stay after hours. If ya know what I mean .

..

ROXY

Overtime . . . ?

QUAILA

Right . . . *overtime*.

ROXY

Okay. I'm in. I wanna meet my sweetie in New York City. I decided I can't wait until he's world famous. I need to see him now. Think I could get there by mornin'?

QUAILA

Honey, by the end of the night you'll have more money than you'll know what to do with. We'll be a team, what d'ya say?

ROXY

All right. What's your name?

QUAILA

Quaila. Like the bird with an "ah" on the end of it.

ROXY

Okay, Little Bird. You been in business long?

QUAILA

Long enough, Mamasita. You?

ROXY

Same. But me and my Little Rascal are just now coming into our famousness. I got a little rascal, see, and he's a teenage idol. A superstar, basically.

QUAILA

Well, stick by me kid and I'll make you more famous than the most famous thing you can think of.

ROXY

The Monkees?

QUAILA

Mamasita, you're gonna have the whole world in your hands . . . or at least the best he has to offer.

ROXY

(Hands QUAILA her money.)

I'm not so used to this stuff. Would you mind? I don't come from a place where I've had much use for it and . . . I don't like to have to count it out and hold it and touch it and all, so . . . could you do all that for me? I need someone to do that for me.

QUAILA

I'll be your manager. I'll be in charge of your career. Anything you need, I'm your girl.

(ROXY smiles and nods. QUAILA extends her hand.)

What d'ya say? Partners?

ROXY grabs QUAILA's hand and the two hold onto each other for one solid moment.

GUY

They squeezed hands real tight. And looked right into each other. The little bird, Quaila, was a girl good for her word. And our Roxy Font was someone who didn't know anyone she didn't keep for life.

ROXY and QUAILA turn upstage to find COWBOY, all decked out in the most outrageous cowboy garb. He does a brief disco/cowboy dance move for ROXY and QUAILA to show off his studliness.

QUAILA

Now remember, honey, you don't have to go with no man that you don't want to. And you don't have to do nothin' you don't wanna do. Only go with a guy if he's good, clean and safe. All right? You understand?

ROXY

Good. Clean. Safe. Got it.

QUAILA

What d'ya thinka this one?

ROXY

I think I'm ready to dance.

ROXY joins the COWBOY in an explicit sex dance. There's gyrating, flipping, and lots of moves that would indicate sex. ROXY's having a grand time. Music plays very loudly.

GUY

Now, don't get her wrong. Roxy Font was a nice girl. And before she met the Cowboy, she knew nothing of dancing in this sort of way. But she had been raised to appreciate a good time, closeness and love. The life's work of a girl like Quaila had about as much stigma to our Roxy as Rascal's job at Walmart. She just didn't know. She had been raised a nice girl. Her Aunt Boots saw to that. Yes, sir . . . she was raised by her Aunt Boots all right.

Pooped, ROXY and the COWBOY lay to rest.

COWBOY

You laugh too much. Has anyone ever told you that?

ROXY

(Innocently.)

No.

(Beat.)

But my Aunt Boots used to say that--

COWBOY

I ain't interested.

ROXY

Oh. Well we can talk about whatever ya want--

COWBOY

I don't wanna talk.

ROXY

Ya don't wanna talk? Don't ya wanna know somethin' about me?

COWBOY

I know all I need to know.

ROXY

How can that be, when you've only known me for all of ten minutes?

COWBOY

Ten minutes? You're crazy, honey, it's been at least a half hour.

ROXY

Oh, no. It's definitely been ten. I should know, I was watchin' the clock the whole time.

Angrily, COWBOY makes some spastic, violent move.

COWBOY

Get over here.

ROXY

What for?

COWBOY

Now!

ROXY goes over and stands before him.

COWBOY

Kneel.

She does and without warning, he grabs her head and pushes it against his crotch, holding it there. There is a silence, ROXY is very still. After a moment, ROXY bursts out in hearty laughter.

COWBOY

Just what are you laughin' at?

ROXY

This ain't such a fun game, Mister. I can't nearly breathe!

He pulls her head away and starts to adjust his clothes, getting dressed.

COWBOY

Freak.

Long pause.

ROXY

What'd you say?

COWBOY

You heard me.

ROXY

Why would you say that to me?

COWBOY

Look in the mirror.

Pause.

ROXY

In all my years of bein' alive I don't think anyone has ever called me that. Why would you say it if you know it might hurt my feelings?

COWBOY

Maybe I don't care about you.

He adjusts his cowboy hat in a mirror.

ROXY

I guess I'm just spoiled. My whole life has been spent with the same little rascal who loved every little inch of me, and I mean all the extras, too. He loved me for bein' different. But it's people like you who make me feel like I gotta change. And I just hate feelin' like that. It's the worst feelin' in the world. I guess, seein' as how you ain't my little rascal, I shouldn't expect much.

(ROXY calmly gets out her gun.)

Still, I'd expect better manners than that from a cowboy.

*She shoots him. He falls over, dead.
ROXY goes over to the television and*

turns it on. We can hear the beginning theme song to "The Monkees". ROXY settles down to watch. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a little packet of Corn Nuts and munches away.

TELEVISION

"Here we come . . . walking down the street . . . "

ROXY

(Not looking at him.)

Hey . . . you all right to drive back there?

The COWBOY's dead. ROXY doesn't really care. There is a bang on the door.

QUAILA

Roxy? Roxy, you in there!

ROXY

I'm watchin' my show, can ya come back in a half hour?

QUAILA

Roxy, let me in--

ROXY, not taking her eyes off the television, opens the door for QUAILA. QUAILA is shocked and alarmed by what's happened.

QUAILA

Roxy, what happened? Roxy!

ROXY

He wasn't a very good person.

(Looking at the television.)

Hey! I seen this one!

QUAILA shuts the television off.

QUAILA

Roxy . . . help me to understand what happened here.

ROXY

We don't like him.

QUAILA

Didn't, Roxy. He's dead.

ROXY

Can we talk about this after the Monkees?

QUAILA

You gotta get out of here. Now.

(She pulls the COWBOY's wallet out of his pants.)

Here. Here's some money. You'll catch the next train out.

ROXY

I was gonna meet my Little Ras.

QUAILA

Your what? Honey, you're a killer. There ain't no one you gotta meet right now.

ROXY

But I do--

QUAILA

Mamasita, anyone you meet now will be an accomplice. Do you know what that means?
It means you could ruin their lives.

ROXY

But . . . he's gonna be a teenage idol.

QUAILA

Right. So, you take this money, go buy a train ticket . . .

ROXY

Where?

QUAILA

The train station.

ROXY

Where's that?

QUAILA

Where's the train station? We'll get you a cab--

ROXY grabs a hold of QUAILA's arm.

ROXY

He wasn't nice, Quaila. He really, really wasn't. He did somethin' real mean. I just couldn't stand the thought that he might go away and be mean to some other girl. I know that people are good. I've known only good my whole life. So why should this guy be allowed to run around spreadin' bad stuff all over good girls like you and me?

GUY

And if there's one thing the little bird knew about, it was the kind of men-folk classically known as the not-very-nice, the wrong-doers, the mean people. By the time the little bird had miraculously made it though her girlhood to catch up with the likes of our Roxy Font, she'd met many a mean man in her life. And boy had she been wronged. More than even she knew, at this point in our story.

QUAILA

Come with me.

QUAILA takes ROXY's hand. They look at one another.

GUY

The little bird wouldn't leave her Roxy Font all alone. Nothing was said, but they made a pact. And Quaila was going to make good on it. They took a train going west.

The Monkees' "Last Train to Clarksville" plays as ROXY and QUAILA get on the train.

ROXY

Rascal . . . Rascal!

GUY

It's 11:00.

ROXY

Rascal!

She focuses real hard. RASCAL pops on stage. He now has big hair.

RASCAL

I'm sorry, sugar, I couldn't hear ya. There's lots goin' on over here. People came over to give me a make over.

ROXY

Make over? What're they gonna make ya into?

RASCAL

Well, I'm gonna get me some new clothin' and they got some lady here showin' me howta walk like a teenage idol and I got some nice man who's gonna teach me howta talk like one, too.

(Beat.)

ROXY

What happened to your hair?

RASCAL

Ya like it?

ROXY

It's awfully . . . high.

RASCAL

(Pleased.)

Yeah.

(Beat.)

You havin' fun, Roxy?

ROXY

I'm havin' a blast.

RASCAL

What's the funnest thing you've done so far?

ROXY

I made a new friend. She's a pretty little bird and--

RASCAL

Aw, honey, I'm sorry . . . I gotta go. They're callin' me. Hey! Guess what I'm doin' tomorrow! I'm cuttin'a record! Ain't that somethin'? Me! My own record!

ROXY

You'll be a teenage idol in no time.

RASCAL

I wanna have my best girl by my side when I do. What d'ya say?

ROXY

I'm comin' as soon as I can.

RASCAL

Well, make “soon as you can” sooner, okay?

ROXY

I love ya, little Ras.

RASCAL

Ya know I love ya, Roxy Font.

ROXY

Now go off and be famous.

RASCAL blows her a kiss and runs off. A train whistle blows. The train comes to a screeching halt.

GUY

(As the conductor.)

Nevada!

QUAILA

This is us, Roxy. How're you holdin' up?

ROXY

'Kay. Where are we?

QUAILA

My old stompin' ground. Miss Kitty's Ranch. Nevada.

MISS KITTY runs up to greet them. She's a flamboyant, Southern madame.

MISS KITTY

Quaila! My girl!

(She gives QUAILA a huge hug and kiss.)

How long has it been? How long?

(To ROXY.)

I raised her from a tiny seedling to the gorgeous flower she is now. Taught her everything she knows, everything. What are you doing these days, girl?

QUAILA

I'm a manager now.

MISS KITTY

Who are you managing?

QUAILA

This one.

QUAILA points to ROXY who has found her way to a tree swing out back.

MISS KITTY

Why her?

QUAILA

She's special.

MISS KITTY

All girls are special. She's just a regular girl.

QUAILA

Roxy Font's anything but a regular girl, believe me.

MISS KITTY

That's Roxy Font?

QUAILA

You know her?

MISS KITTY

Know her? She's all over the news! I got about a dozen phone calls today from guys wanting to know how they could find her!

QUAILA

Do they know . . . ?

MISS KITTY

Yeah. She killed a cowboy. But I guess she did some stripping gig where guys went just hog wild for her and now everyone wants a piece. She's a bit of a trend, you know. You'd better get her to work before the fad's over, you know what I mean?

QUAILA

Think we can get to work right away?

MISS KITTY

Sure! I'm telling you, any man I call will run here and pay double just to see her, never mind touch her.

QUAILA

We need some cash. Fast.

MISS KITTY

Well, you know me, sugar. I'm always willing to oblige.

(Beat.)

Go freshen up. I'll get on the phone. You working yourself, Quaila? Want me to call your old regulars?

QUAILA

Why not. For old time's sake.

MISS KITTY

Good! Glad your back, girl. I sure did miss you!

MISS KITTY flutters off. ROXY swings tiredly.

ROXY

Rascal? Rascal? Are you there? Ras . . . it's so dark. I don't know where I am. Do you know where you are?

QUAILA approaches her carefully.

QUAILA

Who are you talkin' to?

ROXY

My little Rascal. I talk to him every night at 11:00. But tonight he's not answering me.

QUAILA

Maybe it's a time zone thing.

ROXY

He's a teenage idol. He's famous.

QUAILA

Would you like to be famous, Mamasita?

GUY

Clearly, Roxy Font was already on her way to becoming very, very famous. But famous to Roxy and famous to most people were not at all the same thing. Our Roxy felt more famous dancing back home with her little Rascal than she did at this point in our story having the entire country know her name. But, sadly, there was no going back now.

ROXY

I just wanna get back to my little Rascal. We were raised together, ya know. Perfectly matched. We've always been kinda famous, but this is our first time apart.

QUAILA

Does he mind that you do this kind of work?

ROXY

Why should he? He's working and I'm working.

QUAILA

He must be quite a guy.

ROXY

He's the only guy. He's my Rascal.

(Beat.)

When do you think he won't be an accomplice anymore and I can go see him?

QUAILA

Wait it out a few days and we'll know more. I promise I'll find out for you.

(Beat.)

You seem a little melancholy. Are you gonna be all right?

ROXY

What's melancholy?

QUAILA

It means sad.

ROXY

Sad? Naw. I ain't sad. I just miss my boy, that's all.

QUAILA

Well, if you're feelin' lonely . . . you got some guys who wanna meet you tonight. Do you wanna meet them?

ROXY

Why do they wanna meet *me*?

QUAILA

Because . . . they heard that you were a really good dancer. Do you want to dance with them?

ROXY

More dancin'? Sure. I can do that.

QUAILA

Good. Give me your face. You're a mess.

ROXY allows QUAILA to wipe the dirt off of her face like a child.

ROXY

Then will you bring me back to my little Rascal?

QUAILA

You dance all night long and I will personally bring you back to your little rascal.

ROXY hugs QUAILA, who is noticeably moved by the affection.

QUAILA

Let me tell you one thing; you don't need to be shooting anymore. Understand? No more. We need to hang low for a while. We need to just let this whole thing blow over. When it does--

ROXY

Then I can go home. Right?

QUAILA

We'll see how it goes.

ROXY

Oh, but I gotta go home. Ya see, me and my Rascal are in love. And we're getting married some day. And when he's done being famous we're gonna go back to our trailer and be together, like we were before. So, maybe in a few days this all will blow over and I can go home. Okay?

QUAILA

(In admiration.)

Does he love you, this Rascal?

ROXY

He tells me all the time.

QUAILA

All it takes is one day to change your life, Mamasita. One day. You've changed your life today. The entire country knows what you've done. Do you understand that?

ROXY

Oh, yes! And won't my Rascal be pleased that I'm now famous! I'm finished with what I needed to do. Now I can go home.

A new JOHN approaches QUAILA and ROXY.

JOHN

I'm looking for Roxy Font.

ROXY

I'm Roxy Font.

QUAILA

Roxy--

JOHN

I got you for one hour. And I paid good money. Are you worth it?

QUAILA

You can't have her. Let's go, Roxy.

He blocks their way.

JOHN

Hold it, little one. How about I have you for an appetizer and Roxy here for dessert.

QUAILA

I know you. You don't remember me, but I know you. You can't have her and sure as hell can't have me again.

JOHN

We'll see about that.

He pulls out some big rubber gloves out of his back pocket and puts them on.

JOHN

Like I said. I'll have you first and Roxy Font for dessert.

He grabs QUAILA and holds her so can't get away.

ROXY

Let her go.

JOHN

Are you gonna take her place, Roxy? Are you gonna . . . let me s-s-s see it . . . ?

He is overwhelmed with strange excitement. He looks to ROXY, but squeezes QUAILA so hard that she squeals. He drops her on the ground. ROXY moves to help her.

ROXY

You all right, Quaila?

JOHN

Don't move!

(He starts doing some really strange and spastic dance around ROXY.)

Show me . . . Show me . . .

ROXY

Show you what?

JOHN

The f-f-f-foot . . . the foot . . .

Confused, ROXY begins to unbutton her shirt.

QUAILA

He'll hurt you, Roxy! Don't do it! He'll hurt you!

JOHN

Shut up or you know what'll happen! Show me now, Roxy! Now!!!

ROXY

You be nice.

JOHN

(Panting.)

I'll be nice.

ROXY

You be nice to my friend.

JOHN

I'll be nice. Anything you want . . . Show me . . . please . . .

ROXY begins to unbutton her shirt.

QUAILA

No, Roxy! No!

(The JOHN runs over to QUAILA, grabs her by the hair
and drags her across the stage.)

ROXY

I told you to be nice. I told you.

*ROXY raises her gun and aims it at
the back of his head.*

QUAILA

No, Roxy! No!!!

*The gun fires. The JOHN falls to the
ground. A cop comes in and carries
QUAILA off.*

ROXY

Quaila!

QUAILA

Roxy!

*ROXY aims to shoot, but she's out of
bullets.*

ROXY

Rascal! Rascal!

RASCAL

Hi, this is Rascal and you've reached my voice mail. If this is business related, try my agent. If you're big enough, you'll have that number. If you're not, then you probably have no business calling in the first place. If you're a friend, leave a message and I'll get back to you when I can. Ready? Go! Beeeeeep!

ROXY

Help me!!!

*Cell bars slam down loudly on
ROXY.*

GUY

Now, sometimes things aren't always as they appear. True, Roxy killed a man who just happened to be the Chief of Police, and most of America looked upon the killing of such a man as a not-so-right thing to do. But as we know, our Roxy has some pretty dumb luck. And this time was no exception. The boys back at the police station insisted on keeping her around, as opposed to sending her off to some high security-type prison. They put her in a cell, and from 10:00-2:00 every day the general public could pay \$5 a head just to come in to see her. No touching, just looking. People came from all over to see the three-footed girl from nowhere that could, according to legend, excite men to death. This didn't really bother Roxy too much. The boys at the station grew to really love her. And she them.

*ROXY is sitting in her cell with her
feet up, very comfortable.*

ROXY

Hi, Bill! Got any good doughnuts today? Hey, Rick! Have ya found that missin' kid yet?

GUY

And once in a while she reflected upon her loved ones.

ROXY

I wonder whatever happened to Aunt Boots?

GUY

But since she didn't see any disparity in her situation, she was pretty content to stay in the cell and listen to music or watch television.

TELEVISION

"Here we come . . . walking down the street . . . "

GUY

She often wondered what had become of her little bird Quaila and her Rascal. Even though she'd not heard from Rascal in so very long, every night at 11:00 she called for him. And one night, completely by surprise...

ROXY

Little Ras? Little Ras? Where are you?

*RASCAL appears. He moves in a
gyrating motion, though very slowly.
"Teenage Idol" is playing in the
background, but it's warped.*

ROXY

Little Ras? Is that you?

RASCAL

I recognize the voice, but I can't make out the . . . Oh, yeah! Roxy! How ya been?

ROXY

Fine. How you been? You're lookin' a little . . . warped.

RASCAL

Nothin' warped about this guy. I'm a bright shinin' star.

ROXY

Wow. You're really a teenage idol now. When do ya think you'll be ready to go back home?

RASCAL

Home is feelin' good, baby. And I'm home now.

ROXY

Little Ras--

RASCAL

My friends call me Rascal. Rascal Jones.

ROXY

Why do they call you that?

RASCAL

That's my name. My name of fame. That's the name they know me of all over the world.

ROXY

Well . . . can you stop moving like that for a minute?

RASCAL

Can't stop, baby. Can't stop.

ROXY

We need to talk. Alone.

RASCAL

There is no alone anymore, baby. That's what it means to be a teen idol. You are always doing a service to your fans. You don't want me to disappoint my fans do you?

ROXY

No . . . But I need to--

RASCAL

Tell me in two seconds or less what you're doing with your life, Roxy Font.

ROXY

I . . . I . . . I'm on tour. Like you, Rascal.

RASCAL

Cool. Cool. Well, maybe sometime our tours will intersect and, you know, we'll meet.

ROXY

Little Ras . . . Ya still like tree swings, don'cha?

RASCAL

Rascal Jones don't do such things.

ROXY

My Rascal does.

RASCAL

The world keeps goin' 'round, you know what I mean? Try and keep up!

(He disappears. ROXY turns away to look out the window.
QUAILA sneaks up on her. ROXY's eye catches the TV.)

ROXY

Hey . . . I seen this one . . .

QUAILA

(Whispering.)

Roxy!

ROXY

Quaila? I didn't even recognize you! You look so, different!

QUAILA

Yeah, well. I just got out.

ROXY

Outta where?

QUAILA

Jail, Mamasita. Like you.

ROXY

What were you in jail for, you didn't kill anybody, did you?

QUAILA

No. That's your job. They got me on other things. Things from a long time ago. But it don't matter, 'cause I'm out now and I'm here to take you with me!

ROXY

I'm sorry but I can't go. I'm kinda locked in here.

QUAILA holds up the key.

ROXY

How'd ya get that?

QUAILA

The key guy is an old client of mine. So I paid him a surprise visit, for old time's sake. He's an old timer, so he needs a lot of sleep, if ya know what I mean.

*She unlocks the cell for ROXY.
QUAILA rushes into ROXY and the
two give each other the biggest hug.
They hold for a minute.*

ROXY

Little bird . . . you've gotten so skinny.

QUAILA

Well . . . what are they feedin' you to keep you so plump?

ROXY

McDonald's, mostly . . .

QUAILA coughs harshly.

ROXY

Are you okay? Here. Would you like some Evian?

QUAILA

No.

(Beat.)

It sure is good to see you, Roxy Font.

ROXY

It's good to see you, too.

QUAILA

Let's get you outta here.

ROXY

Where are we gonna go?

QUAILA

I don't know. Someplace where you can be safe.

ROXY

I want to find Rascal.

QUAILA

I think you'd better lay low for a little while, Roxy.

ROXY

Well . . . let me at least say goodbye to my guys--

QUAILA

No! Roxy, you can't let them know you're leaving.

ROXY

Well, I can't just--

QUAILA

It would hurt them too much. They'd be very sad. You don't want to do that, do you?

ROXY

No. I suppose not.

QUAILA

Good. Now let's get you outta here.

TELEVISION

We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special music bulletin. The newest pop sensation known as Rascal Jones is reportedly starting his world tour off in Japan. Ticket sales have never been higher in pop history!

ROXY

That's my Rascal!

TELEVISION

To keep up his swinging image, Rascal has been trying to keep his romantic life top secret. But sources say that he is seriously linked to pop starlet Ginger. The two were seen coming off Rascal's private jet yesterday morning in Okinawa. That's Japan for all you Rascal fans that don't know your geography. Now, back to the Monkees.

ROXY

I need to go to Japan.

QUAILA

Yes. You do.

(She hands ROXY a paper bag.)

Here's all the money I have. Catch the first flight over there under my name. Don't use your own name anymore, Roxy. You need to be very careful, you hear?

ROXY

Aren't you gonna come?

QUAILA

I'm a little tired these days, Roxy. Besides, there's only enough money for one.

ROXY

Where will you go?

QUAILA

You know me. I always have a place to be. Now, I'm going to make a few phone calls and let some friends know that you're coming. They'll look out for you and help you when you need it.

(She hands her a piece of paper.)

This is a good place to start. Now listen to me, Roxy. Listen. No more killing. No more. You gotta lay low. Make a fresh start. It'll hurt your insides, you know what I mean? Do you?

QUAILA breaks out in a fit of coughing.

ROXY

I'll come back. As soon as I find my Rascal, I'll come back for you.

They hug.

QUAILA

I will find you. You're never alone. Wherever you are, I'll find you. I promise.

GUY

Something had happened to the little bird while she and Roxy were apart. Her weakness had made her see things more clearly. Roxy, the world, and everything about herself. While Roxy was the one to do the killing, Quaila was the one who'd wanted to every single second of her life. In that very moment, the little bird loved the three-footed girl. She envied her innocence, she admired her strength. And they said goodbye. For now.

QUAILA

Oh, Roxy . . .

(She holds out a paper bag lunch.)

Bologna on white. In case you get hungry.

*ROXY accepts the bag, touched.
QUAILA exits.*

GUY

And Roxy Font somehow managed to get herself to Japan.

Japanese music plays. ROXY is very excited.

ROXY

Rascal? Rascal, I'm here! I came all the way to Japan just to see you! Rascal?

(Pause.)

Rascal!!!

RASCAL appears. He looks slightly put out by her shouting. He wears sunglasses and seems to have trouble keeping his head up.

RASCAL

Roxy . . . don't ever do that to me again.

ROXY

Congratulations on your famousness!

RASCAL

(Pulls out a bottle of pills and throws a few in his mouth.)

Yeah. Right.

ROXY

Are you okay? You don't look so good.

RASCAL

I'm fine, I'm fine . . . It's just all so fast, you know . . . It's all so fast. My doctor prescribed me these pills to help me stay awake. It's just not all it's cracked up to be, you know?

Pause.

ROXY

Let's go home. Things ain't working out as I'd hoped. Let's forget about it all. Let's go back to the trailer, let's go back to Aunt Boots and the old record player and the two stringed guitar and everythin' that was really not teen idol-like and forget about the tour and forget about bein' famous and just be like we were before all this. What d'ya say?

Long Pause.

RASCAL

I think you should do that, Roxy. I really do. Go home.

ROXY

No. The two of us, together.

RASCAL

You should go. I mean it. But I can't go with you.

ROXY

Well . . . I don't wanna go without you.

RASCAL

Well . . . I've had a long talk with my therapist and she thinks that what you and I have here is what's called a co-dependent relationship. Do you know what that is? It means we rely on each other in unnatural ways. It's *unnatural*, Roxy. And that's not good. She said the best thing to do is to stay apart and be on our own for a while. You can't rely on me this way, Roxy. It's unnatural and it's *unhealthy*. I think we should take a break and re-evaluate our relationship.

ROXY

I love you. That's not unnatural is it? You're my best friend. I don't wanna live without you. Is that really so unhealthy?

RASCAL

Yes. It is.

ROXY

Oh. Well I don't think that's true. I won't think that's true. What's happened to you, Little Ras? I don't remember you bein' this way at all. What's happened?

RASCAL

I'm famous now, Roxy. I have responsibilities.

ROXY

I wanna go home.

RASCAL

There is no more home, Roxy.

ROXY

You're wrong. This ain't you talkin'. This is someone else.

RASCAL

No, you're wrong. You just don't understand.

ROXY

I wanna go home!

RASCAL

Then go!

(Long pause.)

You're my Roxy. There's no one else like you.

ROXY

I still love you, Little Ras.

RASCAL

Say goodbye, Roxy Font.

RASCAL disappears.

ROXY

I wanna go home.

She pulls out the piece of paper that QUAILA gave her. While she's reading it, a sign comes down that reads "Image Girls".

ROXY

Wow!

(She looks at the sign that reads "Image". She tries to sound it out as if it were a foreign language.)

Immmaahgggggaaaah. Huh. Wonder what that means in Japanese language.

IMAGE GIRL appears. She's a sexy, scantily clad Japanese girl. She wears a concert T-shirt that has RASCAL's face on it and says "Rascal" in big letters on the back.

ROXY

Hello. I'm looking for--

IMAGE GIRL doesn't speak. She just moves her hands around in a mysterious way.

ROXY

Hey. Wow. You don't talk? Well, I don't talk with my hands like that. Okay if I just use my mouth, like usual?

IMAGE GIRL smiles.

ROXY

Listen, my friend Quaila said she'd let you know I was coming. My name is Roxy Font--

IMAGE GIRL bows to ROXY.

ROXY

I ain't a queen or nothin'. I said I was Roxy Font.

IMAGE GIRL bows again. ROXY bows back.

ROXY

Well . . . anyway. I'm kinda in a bind. Let's just say there was a bit of a mix-up and now I kinda need to get to Tel Aviv or someplace near the Midwest, so could you possibly give me a job or a closet or somethin' where I might be able to have a dance with someone and make a few bucks to get outta here?

IMAGE GIRL does this beautiful elaborate dance for ROXY. At the end of the dance, she bows and welcomes ROXY into her home.

ROXY

(Impressed.)

Thank you.

*ROXY enters and disappears.
IMAGE GIRL puts up a sign that
reads "Roxy Font".*

GUY

They came from all over. Just to see Roxy Font. Pretty soon she had enough money to get her back home.

*ROXY is adjusting her kimono when
a young man appears who is the
dead ringer of RASCAL. He's
dressed like a clean cut college
student.*

GREG

Excuse me, are you Roxy Font?

ROXY turns around and is stunned.

ROXY

Oh, my . . .

GREG

I called . . .

(He swallows, he is very nervous.)

I'm Greg.

ROXY

I'm . . .

GREG

I know who you are.

(Pause.)

Is there something I should do?

ROXY

Sit down. Please.

GREG sits.

ROXY

What . . . what did you come for?

GREG

What do you *do*? God! That probably sounded really stupid. I know what *you* do, *I've* just never done this before. I'm sorry. I'm a little nervous.

ROXY

Me, too.

GREG

Good.

There's a long awkward pause.

ROXY

I'm sorry . . . I can't . . . I can't take you.

GREG

Oh! I'm so sorry! Did I do something? God! I'm sorry! Okay, okay . . . I understand--

ROXY

I don't think you do. At one time I had a little rascal back home . . . but no more. I used to think I was doin' this for him and me, but now I think I'm doin' it for just me an that just ain't enough to keep me goin'. I know I ain't the same as everyone else and that was okay as long as my little rascal was around. But he ain't around no more. And you remind me of him.

ROXY puts her head down and cries. GREG doesn't know what to do. He goes to her and puts his hand on her shoulder. She allows him to comfort her. He hugs her. There is silence for a moment.

ROXY

I'm sorry. I'm just really missin' my friend.

GREG

I know how that feels. When I went away to school I left my girlfriend behind.

ROXY

Did ya? Are you two still in love?

GREG

I'm not sure. It's hard, you know. People change. People grow up.

ROXY

Did ya ever think that there was a time when ya couldn't picture your life without her?

GREG

Sure. Sometimes I still feel that.

ROXY

Then how come you're not sure if ya still love her?

GREG

Oh, I know I still love her . . . I don't think she still loves me.

ROXY

(She'd never considered this.)

Why would you say that?

GREG

I asked her to marry me. And she really wanted to wait until we finished school. But, I'm in Arizona and she's up in Buffalo, so it's really tough to see each other and . . . I guess something changed. I don't know . . .

ROXY

I see . . .

GREG

Is it possible that your friend is confused?

ROXY

I never thought about it.

(Pause.)

GREG

Are you gonna shoot me?

ROXY

What do you mean?

GREG

I know you shoot your customers . . . are you gonna shoot me?

ROXY

What do ya think I shoot just anybody? I ain't crazy, darlin', I just hate rude people.

GREG

Was I rude in any way?

ROXY

You were a peach.

GREG

You're really nice. That's one thing I didn't hear about you.

ROXY

I don't think too many people know me.

GREG

That's too bad.

ROXY

Yeah. I guess.

GREG

I guess I should go.

(He takes some money out of his pocket.)

Here's--

ROXY

Put your money away. I don't take money anymore.

GREG

You don't?

ROXY

I'm retired. As of now.

GREG

Wow. Wait'll the guys hear about this. We'd all been following your "career" for such a long time and when we heard you were in town at the same time as Rascal Jones, well . . . we spent every single penny we had just to get here.

ROXY

I hope it was worth the trip.

GREG

You bet.

(He stands to leave.)

It was nice meeting you, Roxy.

ROXY

Thank you.

ROXY watches GREG exit. A DOCTOR comes in, wheeling in a table. He is Japanese and only speaks Japanese. The language, however, would be better represented by gibberish. No one should really know what he's saying except for ROXY. What is listed here are merely his intentions.

ROXY
Hello?

DR.
Hello! You must be Roxy Font!

ROXY
Yeah. I'm Roxy.

DR.
(He gestures to the table.)
Why don't you have a seat up here on the table--

ROXY
Can I have one minute? Please?

DR.
Sure.

The DOCTOR turns his back to give ROXY some privacy.

ROXY
Little Ras? Little Ras . . . are you there? Oh, please . . . please talk to me. I need ya real bad right now. Please talk to me.

RASCAL
Hi!

ROXY
Rascal--

RASCAL
This is Rascal. You've reached my voicemail. Leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Thanks! Beep!

ROXY
Rascal, it's Roxy. Roxy Font. I'm needin' ya real bad.

DR.
(Turns to ROXY.)
Are you ready?

ROXY
I guess I'm ready . . . yeah.

DR.
Why don't you sit up here so I can have a look.

*ROXY sits up on the examining table
with her back to the audience. She
unbuttons her dress.*

DR.
I understand you have a--

She opens her shirt.

DR.
Well, I'll be . . .

ROXY
Do you think you can help me?

DR.
How do you mean?

ROXY
I wanna get my foot taken off. Can you do it?

DR.
Yes. I can.

ROXY
Good.

DR.
But I won't.

ROXY

Why won't you?

DR.

You're Roxy Font. I don't want to be responsible for taking your trademark away from you. Besides, think of all the men that'd be disappointed. I'd be out of business!

ROXY

I think you heard somethin' wrong somewhere's. I don't have a trademark. And besides, if I'm in here wanting to get an operation, no one's gonna blame you. I hardly think it'd wreck your business any.

DR.

Wait'll I tell my buddies about this . . . Roxy Font in my office!

ROXY

I'm not sure if you should be gloatin' about me bein' here, Mister.

DR.

I have a friend who went to see you

ROXY

Oh. Who's your friend? Is past tense now, or . . .

DR.

He's one of the ones who got away, obviously.

ROXY

Oh, wow. Good for him.

DR.

And he says that his night with you was worth the risk. He says you're amazing.

ROXY

Oh. Well, that's very generous of him. Tell him I said hi.

DR.

Hey, while you're here . . .

He leans in to ROXY and raises his eyebrows.

RASCAL

Roxy?

Little Ras-- ROXY

I heard it was an emergency. What happened? RASCAL

Well-- ROXY

Where are you? RASCAL

I'm at a doctor's office-- ROXY

Are you sick? RASCAL

No, I just . . . ROXY

Roxy . . . I can't hear you . . . my cell phone's breaking up . . . RASCAL

Little Ras . . . don't go, please . . . ROXY

I have to go, Roxy-- RASCAL

No! ROXY

I'm gonna leave tomorrow-- RASCAL

No! ROXY

I'll be pretty tough to reach-- RASCAL

Rascal! ROXY

RASCAL

You can call my agent--

ROXY

Rascal! Rascal!

(Pause.)

DR.

(Lusting after ROXY.)

Well, Roxy? How 'bout it?

*Blackout. Gunshot. Lights up on
GUY.*

GUY

With the money she'd saved from not having the operation, Roxy set on home. There was becoming more and more space between Rascal and Roxy. Roxy was starting to learn about Rascal's life from the tabloids.

ROXY

Rascal Jones is Elvis reincarnated!

GUY

When she called, he just wouldn't answer.

ROXY

Little Ras? Are you there?

GUY

It was obvious, he was moving farther and farther away. One day, when Roxy was reading the tabloids . . .

ROXY

Rascal Jones to marry . . . Who's that girl! Rascal! Rascal! Rascal, you better answer me, this is an emergency!

RASCAL

Roxy . . .

ROXY

I'm readin' all sorts of things in the papers. Tell me they're not true.

RASCAL

They're not true.

ROXY

I knew it.

RASCAL

Don't believe everythin' you read, Roxy. I'm not Elvis.

ROXY

Okay. And this girl . . . and the other girls in the pictures . . . they ain't real either, right?

RASCAL

I . . . I really can't talk about this right now--

ROXY

NOW, RASCAL! YOU WILL TALK ABOUT THIS *NOW*!

Pause.

RASCAL

Roxy . . . you don't know what it's like bein' famous. It ain't all it's cracked up to be. People always wantin' to touch you and find out personal stuff about you. Everybody wants a piece of you. Do you understand?

ROXY

Oh, yeah.

RASCAL

Well, my publicist told me that it would be a good idea if I . . . if I hang out with a certain crowd. The crowd that a teenage idol would hang out with.

ROXY

Oh, sure! I understand! It's like play acting. Well, that's all right, Little Ras. That don't change who you are, it's only pretend!

RASCAL

At first, yeah. But, I got real close with these people real fast. Has that ever happened with you? You get real close with people real fast?

ROXY

Um . . .

RASCAL

What I'm tryin' to say, Roxy, is that I think I finally found my people. I found my crowd. We're all on the same level. They're all famous, like me. We have a lot in common. We're all best friends now.

ROXY

Well . . . I sure am glad you're makin' friends, Little Ras. I really am.

RASCAL

I know this is hard. I know you're lonely. Sometimes I wish that I weren't the famous one, that I was like you and that you were like me. That way you'd be able to get the attention I do.

ROXY

I do all right.

RASCAL

You're a special girl, Roxy Font. I wish ya all the best.

ROXY

I wanna get married.

RASCAL

I don't think ya heard me right--

ROXY

I'm on my way home now. And I want you to meet me there.

RASCAL

Roxy! How can I make you understand?

(Pause. He recites the following like a dramatic spoken word performance.)

I wanna be free.

Breaking up is hard to do.

There must be 50 ways to leave your lover.

Two out of three ain't bad.

Against all odds.

Total eclipse of the--

Take another little piece of my heart.

Bye, bye love.

Bye, bye, bye.

Don't speak.

Pictures of you.

All by myself.

I will survive.

Alone again...naturally.

ROXY

(Long pause.)

If I didn't know better, I'd think you were tellin' me goodbye.

RASCAL

Goodbye, but only for now. Maybe some day we'll meet up again. Maybe not. But you've been an important person in my life. You're my Roxy! And I have no regrets.

ROXY

Me neither.

RASCAL

So, what do you say we shake hands and resolve to just be friends.

ROXY

I sent you away. I could have had you, but I said no because I didn't think it woulda been good for you. So I sent you away to be a teenage idol, because I loved you. And you promised that we'd never leave each other. But I guess ya can't keep promises like that, can you. I guess we couldn't have known then. Huh. Is this what you want, Little Ras? Cause if it is, I'm happy to do it. Cause I love you that much.

(Pause.)

RASCAL

(Extends his hand, he's having a hard time.)

Let's not say goodbye . . . Let's say we'll talk real soon.

ROXY

Whatever ya want.

They shake.

RASCAL

I wish ya knew what it was like to be a teenage idol. I wish ya knew the pressure and responsibility.

ROXY

Little Ras . . . I need to ask you somethin'. If I were . . . If I only had two feet like everyone else, would that change anything?

RASCAL

If you had two feet like everyone else, then you wouldn't be my better half. You wouldn't be Roxy Font.

(His beeper goes off.)

I gotta go, Roxy. They're callin' me.

ROXY

I love you, Little Ras.

RASCAL

Take care, Roxy Font.

He exits.

ROXY

We'll talk soon. We'll talk soon . . .

GUY

And before she knew it, Roxy Font had found her way home. But trailer park Lot #17 had become completely barren. There were no more trailers, no more people, nothing remaining of the life Roxy and Rascal had grown up knowing as their own private little world. Even the swings were gone.

QUAILA approaches ROXY, disguised as a john. She's perfectly slimy and scheezy. ROXY has no idea it's her.

QUAILA

Hey . . . Hey!

ROXY

Yeah?

QUAILA

I know you.

ROXY

Do you?

QUAILA

You're that famous tart who kills guys, ain't ya?

ROXY

Tart?

QUAILA

What d'ya say I take you on, eh? How much?

ROXY

Sorry I can't help ya. I'm retired now.

QUAILA

What'll it take for you to kill me . . . eh, baby? Do I have to hit 'cha? Call ya names?

ROXY

It won't take nothin'. I told ya, I'm retired.

QUAILA

What's got ya down?

ROXY

This . . . this used to be my home. My Aunt Boots used to live here, right here in this very spot. We used to live here, and . . .

(She turns to where RASCAL's trailer would be.)

My Little Rascal used to be here. But I guess that was a while back now.

QUAILA

I know somethin' that will make you feel better. Dance with me, baby . . . Will ya just dance with me?

ROXY

If ya don't mind, I'm feelin' a bit melancholy and wanna be alone for a while.

QUAILA

One dance. I came such a long way just to see ya. And you're such a pretty girl.

QUAILA holds out her hand for ROXY to take. With genuine fondness for this stranger, ROXY accepts. Some slow music plays and they dance.

GUY

And Roxy and the little bird danced. And for the first time in too long, Roxy Font, without even knowing it, was loved.

They stop and look at one another. QUAILA takes ROXY's face in her hands and moves, very slowly, to kiss her. Before she actually completes the task, ROXY interrupts her.

ROXY

Quaila!

QUAILA, awkwardly acts as though it was a joke all along.

QUAILA

Oh . . . Oh! Ha, ha! I got you! I got *you*, Roxy Font!

QUAILA whips off her disguise.

ROXY

Oooh, boy! I sure am glad to see you! Where have you been? How did you find me?

QUAILA

I have special Roxy radar.

(Beat.)

How was Japan? Did you leave a body count behind?

ROXY

Body count? There were about thirty-six of them.

QUAILA

Mamasita, thirty-six!

ROXY

Give or take one or two.

QUAILA

How'd you do it? The usual way?

ROXY

They couldn't drive, if that's what you mean.

QUAILA

We really gotta get outta here. Now.

ROXY

Me and Rascal used to play right on this spot. Right on this spot right here there was a swing, two swings, and we would stay out all night and talk about how we were gonna get married and . . . and . . .

(Pause.)

How will he find me? He was gonna come back for me, but now he won't know where to find me . . .

QUAILA

I guess you didn't see him in Japan, huh?

ROXY

Not exactly.

QUAILA

(Carefully.)

Baby, let me tell you somethin' about your Rascal. I saw him.

ROXY

You saw him? You saw my Rascal? Where?

QUAILA

Some friends flew me to Paris for a visit and we all went out to a big . . . party. And . . . at the party, I saw Rascal.

ROXY

(Cluelessly.)

Did you talk to him? Did he look good? Did he say anything about me?

QUAILA

I didn't really talk to him because he was so *busy*. It was very *busy* party . . . ya know what I mean, baby?

ROXY

I think so.

QUAILA

Honey, you're Rascal ain't never comin' home. I don't know what he's told you. I don't know what he *tells* you, but he ain't never comin' home.

ROXY

You're wrong.

QUAILA

No.

ROXY

He's working hard, he's . . . it's tough bein' famous. He's gotta practice and . . . and *work*. That's what he was doin', right? Workin'?

QUAILA

Have you noticed anything different about your Rascal? Has he been real tired and forgetful? Does he . . . does he just *nod off* at times when he just shouldn't be fallin' asleep?

ROXY thinks about this. She doesn't want to answer these questions.

ROXY

He's gonna come back for me. He said so.

QUAILA

Roxy, honey, you don't want him to come back. He don't look good. He got the poison in him now--

ROXY

He's gonna be a big teenage idol and then come back for me--

QUAILA

Listen, I think he's sick. He looks real bad. I think it's serious--

ROXY

You don't know him like I do. You don't!

QUAILA

(Sympathetically.)

Okay. We don't have to talk about it ever again. Just remember what I told you, okay?

ROXY

He'll come back for me.

QUAILA

All right. Maybe he will.

(Pause.)

Roxy, I need to talk to you about somethin' pretty serious. It's about me. I don't think Rascal's the only one who's sick. I'm sick, too.

ROXY

You ain't sick, Quaila.

QUAILA

I got a cough. And my energy ain't what it used to be. And, well, I've been in this business for a real long time. Ever since I was a little baby. And I knew, in the back of my mind, that someday it might happen and now, I think it's happening.

ROXY

You ain't sick, Quaila. You just ain't.

QUAILA

Roxy, things happen. Look around you. Just months ago you used to wake up in the same nice, warm trailer that you had woken up in every morning for your entire life and now some events have occurred that have made it absolutely impossible for that to happen ever again for the rest of your life. Your world is never going to be the same. And you can never go home again. Home doesn't exist like it did before. Things happen, that really change your life. Big things. Look at Rascal--

ROXY

I know things happen, but they always happen for the best. Don't you think?

QUAILA

Roxy . . . I'm asking you to help me. If I ever need it.

ROXY

I'll give you whatever you need, whenever you say. You're my friend.

QUAILA

Anything?

ROXY

Anything.

QUAILIA

Even if it's something ya don't wanna do? Even if it's something that scares you?

ROXY

Then I would do it anyway. Because you asked me to.

QUAILA

You promise?

ROXY

Yes, little bird. I promise.

QUAILA

Thank you.

(Beat.)

So, what's this I hear about an early retirement?

ROXY

That's it, Quaila. I'm through.

QUAILA

Roxy . . . I'm all for giving it up. I really am. But I gotta tell ya what happened when you were in Japan--

ROXY

No. Nothing can change my mind. It's over.

GUY

And she meant it, too. And she probably would've quit if only crisis didn't strike.

(Beat.)

Aunt Boots was in trouble. It seems that she had a disagreement with some local lobbyist about gun control. Aunt Boots made sure that he wasn't okay to drive home. Nobody really knows what happened and nobody ever really will. All we know is that--

BOOTS

It was self defense.

GUY

And that she shot him at close range.

BOOTS

I don't care what you say, I am maintainin' my innocence.

GUY

Which cost her a small fortune in bail money just to be released while she awaited trial. Quaila, of course, sent word that they would send the money right out. But that meant--

ROXY

Quaila . . . I'm famous.

QUAILA

What?

ROXY

I just decided that I'm famous.

QUAILA

Roxy, you're not famous, you're what they call in-famous.

ROXY

What does that mean?

QUAILA

It means that you're famous in a special kinda way.

ROXY

Whatever. I'm famous. And we need to start actin' like famous people act.

QUAILA

What's that like?

ROXY

I'm gonna spruce up the act.

GUY

This was it. The Roxy Font World Tour. Quaila mapped out the whole route so that Roxy hit the biggest naughty hot-spots all over the world. She had silks and sparkles and new dances and great music. Everything was perfect. Everywhere she went all over the world she was greeted like royalty with red carpets, trumpets blared and men flocked by the thousands. What money didn't go back into the tour, Roxy sent home to Aunt Boots. Roxy's money and connections helped make Aunt Boots a free bird once again, and Roxy set her up with a nice house and everything she'd need to live comfortably. Quaila was doing a great job at managing Roxy's career until she made one bad deal.

QUAILA

Oops.

GUY

And accidentally sold Roxy to an eccentric Russian Czar who was obsessed with the three-footed legacy. Before she knew it, Roxy was living in Russia. But as usual, she somehow lost her little bird in the move. And Roxy and Quaila were separated once again.

ROXY and the CZAR are at a dinner table. ROXY is gnawing on a leg of mutton, or some big piece of meat, wearing a velvet robe and a pretty tiara, which is probably cocked strangely on her head. The CZAR is a solemn, serious, and very boring man. He watches ROXY eat for a while before he speaks.

CZAR

You eat with such precision. Anyone can see that you are a woman of much depth. The way your teeth so innocently touch the meat, the way your lips wrap around the bone . . . You are everything they said you would be, Madame Font. You are a killer in the sweetest sense.

ROXY

(With her mouth full.)
You got any ketchup?

CZAR

No questions, please. I'd like to just sit here and watch you suckle that flesh.

ROXY

Czar . . . you gotta help me.

CZAR

Anything, anything!

ROXY

I got this little bird, uh, friend. Her name's Quaila. We got separated. I think she might be in these here parts. Ya seen a girl like that around? Name's Quaila, like Quail with an "ah" on the end?

CZAR

I know no other woman but you--

ROXY

Yeah, I know, but my friend's missin' and if I don't find her soon I'm gonna be darn right sad.

CZAR

No! Not that!

ROXY

Yeah. That.

CZAR

I will put out a search. I will, as you say, summon the dogs.

ROXY

Fine. Whatever.

CZAR

(Calls off.)
Rudolf! Misha! Danshka!

ROXY

Sound more like reindeer to me . . .

CZAR

Put out an all out search for a woman named Quaila! She belongs to my Roxy!

ROXY

She don't really *belong* . . .

CZAR

Onward! Find her! The ones who do not find her will be punished greatly!

(He turns to ROXY.)

They will find your friend.

ROXY

Thanks.

CZAR

Roxy, have you thought about my proposition?

ROXY

Ya know . . .

(She picks something out of her teeth.)

I have. And, ya have a nice house and you're basically a pretty nice fella, but I have to say that I really can't marry ya right now.

CZAR

You will.

ROXY

No, see . . . I won't. I'm kinda already spoken for.

(Pause.)

Look Mr. Czar, I don't mean to be disrespectful or nothin', seein' as how you took me into your home and fed me and gave me pretty things, but I can't marry you. I promised someone else I'd marry him.

CZAR

Fine. You will marry me first then I will let you marry him. I am willing to share you.

ROXY

It don't work that way. See, I got this Little Rascal back home--

CZAR

Rascal? I know of him. Big teenage idol, where you come from.

ROXY

You've heard of Rascal? That's amazing!

CZAR

He will not marry you. He just got married to some strumpet named Ginger.

ROXY

Who told you that?

CZAR

The National Enquirer.

*ROXY becomes quietly, almost
maniacally, enraged.*

ROXY

Well, you're wrong. Little Ras has been my best friend since we were born. And we're gonna get married just as soon as I get away from you.

*Suddenly, QUAILA appears in the
doorway. She wears tattered clothes
and looks very worn.*

ROXY

Quaila! What's happened to you!

CZAR

Is that your girl? Now you must marry me, Roxy. I do favor for you, you do for me.

ROXY

(Puts her robe around QUAILA.)

What's happened to you?

QUAILA

I've been in the dungeon all this time. Rudolf just brought me up because he said that you requested to see me. Why didn't you bring me up sooner, Roxy?

ROXY

I'm so sorry, Quaila. I didn't know.

*QUAILA goes into a coughing fit.
ROXY turns to the CZAR, furious.*

ROXY

What do you think you're doin' leavin' a poor girl in the cold like that? Can't you see she's sick?

CZAR

I didn't know she was sick or I wouldn't have bought her. So I kept her with the rest of the weak and wounded in the dungeon for the servants to play with. Honestly Roxy, had I known she was yours I never--

ROXY

It don't matter! You done me wrong either way!

CZAR

Send her away. You and I have matters to discuss.

ROXY

You go away! She stays with me.

CZAR

I don't like your words, Roxy.

ROXY

Well, I don't like you.

CZAR

(Calling off.)

Misha! Come! Roxy needs a little adjustment!

(To ROXY.)

Misha will show you how to be respectful.

ROXY

Believe you me, Mister . . . I know what respect is. And I know that you ain't worth it.

(She pulls out and cocks her gun. The CZAR is frozen with fear.)

This is for what you said about Rascal, what you did to my Quaila, and for all your bad manners. Besides, you can't even dance.

(She aims to shoot, gunshot. Blackout. Pause. Then, in the blackout.)

QUAILA

Roxy . . . where do we go now?

Lights up.

GUY

Killing a Czar is no small thing. Roxy and Quaila had to get out of Russia. So they went to the next logical locale: Amsterdam. Now, one might think that Roxy and Quaila would have to hide their faces after the past few weeks, but the Red Light district welcomed them with open arms, even renaming the block after our Roxy Font. During the next few months, some things changed in the world. Roxy spent most of her time taking care of Quaila, and, of course, tending to business. She could be choosy about who she saw, and what clients she would take, and her price was extraordinarily high. She wanted her little bird to stay around as long as she could keep her. And yes, every once in a while, while she was sitting in the glass window waiting for a client, she would look around a hope her Little Rascal would appear before her. And one day, after a very long while had passed, he did.

RASCAL

Hi, Roxy.

ROXY

Little Ras? Is that you?

GUY

Finally. In the flesh.

RASCAL

It's me. I read about you in the paper. You're a real star.

ROXY

I don't know about that, but . . . I'm famous now. Just like you.

(Beat.)

How's you're wife?

RASCAL

Oh, she's doin' great . . . We're not together anymore. Our divorce was finalized a few months back.

ROXY

Oh. Y'all just got married, seems like.

RASCAL

We did. It just didn't work out.

(Beat.)

It's so good to see you, Roxy.

ROXY

Well, hey come in, sit down.

RASCAL

I can't stay. I came to ask you for a favor.

ROXY

Sure.

(Pause.)

RASCAL

I need to borrow some money.

ROXY

Sure . . . What d'ya need?

RASCAL

Five hundred thousand dollars.

ROXY

Oh.

RASCAL

See, uh . . . I owe a friend a little bit of money and, uh, he really needs to get paid.

ROXY

I really don't know if I have that, Rascal.

RASCAL

Sure ya do, Roxy. You're Roxy Font. You make that much money in a week. I need it bad, Roxy. I really, really do.

ROXY

Do you still like to swing, Little Ras?

RASCAL

I haven't in a really long time.

ROXY

I'll make a deal with you . . . if you swing on my tree swing out back for one full hour, I will give you the money.

RASCAL

I'll pay you back every penny--

ROXY

You don't have to. You'll have earned it.

Pause. RASCAL looks at ROXY, then walks up to the swing, sits down and starts weakly swinging. ROXY gets on her knees and watches him.

ROXY

Close your eyes.

He does. So does she.

ROXY

Can you still see me?

RASCAL

Yes.

ROXY

I can see you, too. What am I thinkin' of?

RASCAL

You're thinkin' about that time we had a pool party for our fifth birthdays. Aunt Boots got us that green plastic pool with pictures of Shazam on it.

ROXY

(Quietly.)

Shazam!

RASCAL

We spent the entire summer in that thing . . .

ROXY

Slept in it . . .

RASCAL

Together . . .

ROXY

I'd kept it as my bed ever since.

(Slight pause.)

Tell me what I'm thinkin' about.

RASCAL

Me. Drinkin' a rootbeer float.

ROXY

That's right.

GUY

Rascal sat on that swing for exactly one hour . . . and Roxy watched. At the end of the hour, he got up, she gave him the money...

ROXY hands RASCAL a large bag of money. He gives her a kiss on the cheek and exits.

GUY

And he left. And she never heard from him again after that.

(Beat.)

It was around this time that Roxy got a call from Aunt Boots.

ROXY

Aunt Boots? Is that you?

AUNT BOOTS

Roxy Font? You eatin' all right?

ROXY

Aunt Boots I was readin' the papers and I thought I saw a picture of you and a little story about you shootin' a man. Was it you or another Aunt Boots?

AUNT BOOTS

Don't believe everythin' you read, Roxy Font. It was self defense.

ROXY

Well, I know, but...seems like they gotcha under a pretty tight lock in the meantime.

AUNT BOOTS

Yeah. And the worst part is I got a cravin' for a corn dog like it's nobody's business. Mind bringin' one by, Roxy Font?

GUY

So Roxy cancelled her afternoon appointments and went to visit Aunt Boots in jail.

AUNT BOOTS

Tell me, what've you been doin' with yourself, girl?

ROXY

Not much.

AUNT BOOTS

You takin' good care of yourself?

ROXY

Tryin' to.

AUNT BOOTS

Ya ever hear from Rascal?

ROXY

Every now and again. He's awfully busy bein' famous and all.

AUNT BOOTS

Now listen here, Roxy Font. I don't want you gettin' down on yourself on accounta no man. Ya hear me? Now, I love that Little Rascal, I'm the closest thing that boy ever had to a mother, but I always knew that there was somethin' mischievous about him. You got something he didn't get. You know what that was?

ROXY

A foot?

AUNT BOOTS

That too. But I'm talkin' about smarts.

ROXY

Ya think I'm smart, Aunt Boots.

AUNT BOOTS

I know it, honey.

ROXY

Wow . . .

AUNT BOOTS

Now, our little family was never much for book learnin', this is true. But that don't determine what a smart person is. Hell, you could go out ad read a buncha books and look as smart as the rest of 'em. But you got something smart inside. Somethin' real special. That boy never had it. Part of me never woulda let him outta that trailer if I had the choice, but I guess life just ain't that way.

ROXY

What happened with this guy you killed outta self defense, Aunt Boots?

AUNT BOOTS

He came to my house. He asked me for somethin'. I wouldn't give it. So he attacked me. And I was forced to defend myself.

ROXY

I understand.

AUNT BOOTS

I don't know if you do, Roxy. This man . . . this man that I killed . . . was your father. He came back to find ya. I knew he would sooner or later. He came back again tryin' to find ya 'cause he wanted to take you away and try and make money offa ya. I defended myself against him once before, only difference was . . .

ROXY

He could drive himself home.

AUNT BOOTS

Exactly.

(Beat.)

I never wanted that for ya, Roxy. I never wanted that. I wanted you to live a safe and happy life, where no one made ya feel like ya weren't special in a good way. And I never wanted anyone to only wanna be around ya for your spare foot. And I certainly never wanted anyone to pay to be your friend. Or to touch you.

(Beat.)

I read about *you* in the paper, too. Have been for a while.

(Beat.)

Do you know exactly what it is you're doin', girl? Do ya?

(No response.)

If this is the life you choose, I will have to give ya my blessin' because I love ya and you're an adult and goodness knows I'm not one for the standard con-vention-ality of livin'. I'm proud of ya for bein' able to express yourself. That's a good thing. But sometimes it's good to re-evaluate. Think long term. Ya can find a nice boy and get married and not kill people ever again. Ya know that, don'cha?

GUY

All this was a little confusing to our Roxy. She couldn't understand why her Aunt Boots, who'd known her since birth, would make such suggestions as these. After all, she was just a girl in the world trying to be happy. And as far as her future went, she'd already found a nice boy and was planning to get married as soon as possible. Didn't Aunt Boots know all this?

Pause.

ROXY

Will they let you out on bail?

AUNT BOOTS

Not this time, I'm afraid.

ROXY

I'm sorry, Bootsie.

AUNT BOOTS

Oh . . . jail ain't so bad. I got my own private cell. And I know mosta the people in here, so when they let us out to walk in the afternoon I got folks to chat with.

ROXY

Aunt Boots . . . why do you shoot so many men?

AUNT BOOTS

I told you. Self defense.

ROXY

What does that mean?

AUNT BOOTS

Any man who won't accept you for who you are. Because that man doesn't deserve to live. That's why I shoot so many men.

(Beat.)

Why do you?

Pause.

ROXY

Same reason I guess.

*Pause. They just sit there for a while,
until lights fade on AUNT BOOTS
and rise on QUAILA.*

GUY

When Roxy left Aunt Boots to get back to work, Quaila was waiting for her in a way she never had before.

ROXY

Hello, little bird.

QUAILA

Hello, Roxy.

ROXY

How's it been since I was gone?

QUAILA

Quiet.

ROXY

So . . . I thought I might get back to work tomorrow. What does the day look like?

(Pause.)

Quaila?

(No response.)

Quaila?

Pause.

QUAILA

You don't have any bookings for tomorrow. Or the next day, or the next.

ROXY

Why not?

QUAILA

Cause I haven't been taking them.

ROXY

Why?

QUAILA

Cause I got some news while you were gone.

Pause.

ROXY

Rascal.

QUAILA

He's dead, Roxy. The papers say he OD'ed--

ROXY

(Shocked.)

He didn't say goodbye . . .

QUAILA

It's true.

ROXY

It ain't true, Quaila.

QUAILA

Roxy. It is.

ROXY

No. You don't understand. Rascal woulda said goodbye to me. I know it.

QUAILA

He's dead, Roxy. He's dead.

ROXY

He wanted to be free. Like the waves out on the blue sea . . .

QUAILA

Well, he's free now. Which is more than I can say for myself.

(Pause.)

Roxy, I have a very important favor to ask you. I went to the doctor's 'cause of this bad cough and all and we both know I can't nearly get myself out of bed these days and...the doctor told me that I got the virus. I've had it for a while. I'm getting ready to die.

(Pause.)

Roxy? Are you there?

ROXY

How long do ya got to live, Quaila?

QUAILA

I ain't livin' now.

ROXY

You were always right there by me, from the very beginnin'. You were the one who made what I am. I'll do anything you want, Quaila. I'll stick by you now. I don't got much money left, but anything you want that I can give, is yours. Name it.

QUAILA

You got your gun on ya?

(Pause.)

ROXY

No.

QUAILA

I ain't livin', Roxy. Either you can watch me die slow, or you can watch me die quick. You said you'd give me anything I wanted. You promised.

ROXY

How am I supposed to do this?

ROXY follows QUAILA's instructions.

QUAILA

Just pick up your gun, same as always. Point it at me. And pull the trigger.

ROXY can't pull the trigger.

ROXY

Help me, Quaila. I can't.

QUAILA

What if you knew that every day I was just going to get sicker and sicker? And that the only happiness in my life came from the promise that one day it would be all over. Would you do it then?

ROXY

I . . . no . . .

QUAILA

I think you would. I'm asking you for one thing. Just this one thing. I've been loyal to you.

She tries humming "Daydream Believer" slowing and quietly. It sounds more like a hymn than a pop song. ROXY raises her gun and cocks it during the next verse.

QUAILA

You don't need to kill 'em anymore, Roxy. You're your own girl now. You belong to no one else. Rascal's gone, Boots is gone, and even though I'll be gone, I'll be with you more than ever. No one can take that away from you.

(Pause. She continues hauntingly singing. When QUAILA stops, ROXY adjusts herself to fire.)

I love you, Roxy Font.

Blackout. Gunshot. Silence for a long time.

GUY

And just like that. She was gone. The little bird had finally flown away.

(Beat.)

Her Aunt Boots had tried to keep her safe and as close to home as possible. She knew not everyone would understand her, and that she wouldn't understand anyone. And now that she had been all over the world, had seen love and death and sights unimaginable, where do you think our heroine ended up now that she was finally all alone? Is it true that out of blue comes green? That every cloud has a shiny inside? And that in every old, dry garden there's a bright bud waiting for the first sign of spring?

In the darkness we hear a music box. Lights rise on ROXY, holding the music box, sitting on a chair in a dingy little cat house somewhere in the South. SELENE comes in and interrupts her. ROXY's energy is very somber. SELENE is your typical, cheap Southern madame.

SELENE

You got any references?

ROXY

Huh?

SELENE

You wanna work here you gotta have references.

ROXY

No. I don't got any references. But I'm a hard worker. And I like people.

SELENE

This ain't The Gap, girl. I'm sorry, but--

SELENE turns to leave.

ROXY

Wait!

ROXY unbuttons her shirt to reveal her foot. SELENE is so taken aback, that she has to sit down.

SELENE

It's you.

ROXY

Will you hire me?

SELENE

You . . .

ROXY

Roxy. Roxy Font.

SELENE

You are the answer to my prayers.

ROXY

Will you give me a job?

SELENE

Are you kidding? Roxy! You'll be my star! Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?

ROXY nods.

SELENE

Priscilla! Priscilla! We got a celebrity! Fix up the chicken and biscuits! Now!

(She turns her attention back to ROXY.)

Sit, Roxy! Sit!

ROXY

Thank you.

SELENE

Where are you coming from? Don't tell me - Amsterdam. How did you like it there, darlin'?

ROXY

It's a real special kinda place. They got lots of nice--

SELENE

You've basically been all around the world haven't you?

ROXY

Yes, Ma'am. I have.

SELENE

Not bad for a little girl from some trailer park in the middle of nowhere!

ROXY's distracted by the music box again.

SELENE

Tell me, Roxy. What made you chose me? What did I do to be so lucky as to be graced with the presence of Roxy Font!

ROXY

(Pause.)

I couldn't go home . . .

SELENE

Oh! The food!

SELENE runs out of the room. ROXY looks out the window. SELENE arrives with a huge mound of food.

SELENE

Eat up girl! You're gonna need your strength.

ROXY

You got a swing set out there!

ROXY begins to run out of the house.

SELENE

Wait! You can use it, but not right now. Someone's usin' it tonight. Eat somethin', girl.

ROXY sits down and picks at her food.

SELENE

Tell me. When would you like to start?

ROXY

Well, if it's all right with you I'd like to finish my dinner, Miss Saline.

SELENE

Selene. Of course, honey. I wasn't talkin' about tonight. I mean to put you up and get yourself well rested--

ROXY

I'd like to start workin' right away.

SELENE

Are you sure?

ROXY

Quite. Thank you.

Beat.

SELENE

Wow! You're a regular celebrity in this business. I've heard so much about your adventures and all the famous men you've, well . . . you've . . . *met*. Tell me somethin' about yourself.

ROXY

I won't do it with animals. And I hate two guys at once. Other than that I'm flexible.

SELENE

Why can't the police catch you?

ROXY

I dunno. Guess they're not that interested in catchin' me. I keep tryin' to find them and just when I think I have, they disappear. They keep sayin' that about *me*, but I'm convinced it's them who keep runnin'. Ain't too many Roxy Fonts around these days, ya know.

SELENE

Why did you come back to America? It's much easier to be on the make overseas.

ROXY

Maybe that's the reason I came back. I been runnin' a long time. That music box there, can I keep it in my room?

SELENE

Sure.

(Beat.)

Why did you kill all those men, Roxy?

ROXY

These are good dumplin's, Miss Saline.

SELENE

From the looks of you, you couldn't even hurt a fly.

ROXY

Sure would like to get out on that swing set out there. Ya think maybe I could go on it, just for a minute?

SELENE

We might be able to arrange that.

ROXY

I used to have a friend who liked to swing . . .

SELENE

Well . . . seems like you might wanna be alone--

ROXY

I don't wanna be alone. Please sit here with me.

SELENE

All right. For a little bit.

They're quiet for a moment while ROXY eats.

ROXY

Wanna know why I came here? I wanted to come here 'cause it was close to home. And I figured it was an appropriate place for me to end my tour.

SELENE

Oh, I forgot. That's what you call it...*your tour*...

ROXY

Do me a favor and forget everything you read. Okay? I just want someone to talk to.

SELENE

Okay.

ROXY

I went on tour for a buncha different reasons, the reasons seemed to change as time went on, ya know? I wanted to get some money for my operation, and for Aunt Boots and my Rascal and to keep my Quaila alive, and to get away from the law and all that. I also went on tour, of course, to be famous.

SELENE

And this is the end of the tour.

ROXY

Yes. This is it.

SELENE

So, when's the operation?

ROXY

I don't know if I want it now. I really don't.

(Beat.)

I used to think it was for my little rascal back home, but now . . .

(Long pause.)

Sure would like to get on that swing set out there, just for a few minutes.

SELENE

Well, I guess you're almost startin' all over again, ain't ya, Roxy?

ROXY

Guess so.

SELENE

Well, you'll always have a home here. With or without the extra foot.

ROXY

Thank you, Ma'am.

Pause.

SELENE

Well, it's time for me to tend to my girls. You take the room at the top of the stairs on the left.

(She hands her a key.)

You can start work tomorrow if you like.

ROXY

Fine. Thank you.

SELENE

Good night, Roxy.

ROXY

'Night. Oh, Miss Saline?

SELENE

Yes, darlin'.

ROXY

You ain't gonna turn me in are ya?

SELENE

No, honey.

ROXY

Why not?

SELENE

'Cause I'm a business woman.

SELENE exits. ROXY sits for a while alone. She goes to the music box, opens it and lets it play.

GUY

Roxy never went back to work that night. In fact, she was never seen or heard from again. Some say she went back to Amsterdam, and to this day keeps a storefront in the Red Light District. Some say she lives with her Aunt Boots in some shack in the deep South. Some say she went back on tour - but where? Then there are the stories only told around campfires, late at night. In one scenario, a bunch of school children in Nevada are playing with a dog. Suddenly, the dog starts sniffing, and eventually digging. He digs and digs and digs until he comes across, you guessed it, a foot. The kids were alarmed. They, of course, did not immediately make the connection and somehow managed to get the foot back to their parents, who knew exactly who it belonged to. But then again, that's only a story.

ROXY, facing the audience, does not notice the lights come up on the swing in the background. On it, sits RASCAL, in the same civilian clothing that he wore when she knew him.

GUY

What remains, amongst the rumors and myths, is the fact that this tale, regardless of how true in fact, is really just a love story.

RASCAL

Roxy?

ROXY turns to him, pauses, and then slowly walks towards him. When she reaches the swing, she sits on his lap, and holds on to him endearingly. He

begins swinging with ROXY on his lap.

GUY

And even the strangest of fairy tales deserves a happy ending.

ROXY

I love ya, Little Ras.

RASCAL

I love you Roxy Font.

GUY

The end.

*They are allowed a moment of
silence before "Daydream Believer"
fades up as the lights dim to black.*

END OF PLAY