

Scrap-Metal Jesus

INT-EMPTY WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

[Explosion. Police sirens rattle room. FRANK TRAUTMAN scrambles through a window and tumbles to the floor. TRACY HITLER hurries through the door, slams it, and then lays against it, panting.]

TRACY

Fucking cops!

[He looks at Frank rising off floor and extends a hand.]

Hey! Tracy Hitler. Nice ta meet ya.

FRANK

Frank Trautman-Jeezus! Tracy Hitler?!

TRACY

Yeah. I know. Tracy's a girl's name.

FRANK

No. I mean, uh-Hitler? You know-

[He mimics Nazi salute and mustache.]

Hitler?

TRACY

[Apologetic]

Oh! I'm not related to that one.

FRANK

Well. I know that. Or hoped so, anyway. But, I mean...ya haven't thought about changing it?

TRACY

[Becoming indignant]

The Hitlers have proudly carried this moniker since the 15th century—

FRANK

Yeah. Yeah. But don't you think that, you know—he—someone—kinda spoiled it—?

TRACY

What? Throw away a perfectly proud family tradition just because, unfortunately, one bad egg had the coincidence of sharing the same surname?

FRANK

[Waving him off in disgusted disbelief]

Bad egg?...

[Returning]

Okay. So what, your ancestors just went about Austria writing bank checks and repaying student loans for the last sixty years constantly, if not smugly, reassuring everyone,

[In faux high-class demure]

"Oh no, no. Heavens forbid. We're not those Hitlers."

TRACY

I should say not! We're Belgian.

FRANK

Sorry. Sorry. My mistake. You're of the Belgian Hitlers.

TRACY

Brussels.

FRANK

Brussels.

TRACY

Oh, yea. We're dairi-ers- Diari-ists? Dairi-ites? Dairi-

FRANK

Eh?

TRACY

Hitler's Fine Cheeses since 1783.

FRANK

Uh-huh. I see.

TRACY

[Nods]

Diari-ians

FRANK

[Waves hands]

Okay. Fine. Cheese. No. Not fine. In any case, why then, do you have to burst into here and announce that you are, in fact, a Hitler?

TRACY

I don't get you.

FRANK

Okay. Okay. Now, watch. I'm you and you're me. Let's come in again.

[They exit, Frank via the window, Tracy, the door. After a few seconds, they scramble through again as before, places switched.]

Fucking cops!

[Tracy gets off the floor and extends a hand.]

TRACY

Hi. I'm Frank Tra-

FRANK

[Interrupting]

Hi. I'm Tracy.

TRACY

I don't get it.

FRANK

Tracy. I'm Tracy. Just call me Tracy. Period.

TRACY

But now I sound like a have a girl's name.

FRANK

So? Better to have a girl's name than a genocidal maniac's name. I can, after all, see that you are not a girl-

TRACY

Yeah, but-

FRANK

What I can't tell, nor do I now wonder about is whether, oh I don't know, whether or not maybe your dad killed five million Jews or something.

TRACY

Six million. Besides, we're Belgian.

FRANK

Yeah, I know. Brussels. Cheese-

TRACY

Fine cheeses.

FRANK

Fine cheeses. But I'm talking about first impressions-

TRACY

Also. He wouldn't be my father anyway. I'm not that old. More like my grandfather, great grandfather, more likely.

FRANK

And, of course, your grandfather was too busy making cheese—

TRACY

Fine cheeses.

FRANK

Fine cheeses...since 1783—?

TRACY

Yes. Well, not him personally—

FRANK

[Continuing]

And was thus completely ignorant of the entire World War II slash
Holocaust-thing?

TRACY

No, of course not. But it's just a name after all.

[Tracy sits and considers philosophically]

Besides, suppose I that I am Hitler's son. So what? I should atone
for the sins of my father. As if I could help it? Come one, dude.

Do you owe all the Negroes forty acres and a mule because of
slavery?

FRANK

Either way. The Trautmans didn't come to the US until—

TRACY

What's that? What's your name?

FRANK

Trautman.

TRACY

Like in Trautman & Trautman Attorneys?

FRANK

Yeah, so? My fath-

TRACY

Fascist.

[Tracy growls and rolls over to sleep. Frank drops his arms, tired of debate, and looks around the room. The sirens return anew.]

FRANK

Fucking cops!

[Frank pulls a fifth of whiskey out of his jacket and drinks.]

Fucking cops...

TRACY

[Jumping up at the sirens, then noticing Frank, nods]

Always time for the ole hammer-juice, eh?

FRANK

Fuck you, Hitler.

[Frank drinks and turns. Meanwhile, Tracy pulls out a few capsules and sets about grinding and snorting them up. Frank turns back to see.]

And what, pray tell, are you doing?

TRACY

[Almost proud]

I'm fixin' on crushin' up these Ritalin and snortin'em.

[He begins.]

FRANK

Ritalin?

TRACY

[Inspecting powder]

Well, maybe they're Percocets.

[Snorts.]

Or Loritabs.

[Snorts again.]

In any case, unlike you, I thought I should make myself more—eh,
aware. Under the circumstances, that is.

[Frank grunts, and swigs the bottle. A siren passes, lighting the
room. Tracy jumps up.]

See? Ready for anything.

FRANK

[Thumbs nose]

Check the sink, Hitler.

TRACY

[Wiping powder from nose]

That's Mr. Hitler to-

[Then, realizing how stupid the rebuttal is:]

Jackass.

[Sirens]

Fucking cops.

[Frank pats him on the back, then thrusts his hands in his pockets.]

FRANK

Well, we agree on that, anyway.

[Frank mills around then peeks out window looking for the cops.]

Well. A-hem. So as to play devil's advocate: Why, pray tell, are the blues after you, man?

TRACY

Bullshit, man.

FRANK

Yeah? What bullshit?

TRACY

I've just been killin' babies is all.

FRANK

Killing babies!?

TRACY

No, no. It's not all like that. They don't go to hell, ya see?

FRANK

Oh?

TRACY

Babies are too young to sin..

FRANK

Sooooo....?

TRACY

So I am sending them to heaven. FOR-ever!

FRANK

By killing'em?

[TRACY nods]

Babies?

TRACY

Yeah, well. I won't kill a man.

FRANK

No?

TRACY

Jeezus! If I murdered some innocent, unsuspecting guy, what hell, would I be putting him through? Unprepared to die? No-way. St. Peter, Yahweh, Christ, Vishnu, Job, Jehovah, whatever! Those dudes know all about a victim's soul. More than I could. Think of the afterlife.

FRANK

But, by killing babies: Whoosh! Straight to the good hereafter?
That is to say: Only the young die good?

TRACY

[Smiles]

EX-act-ly

FRANK

OK, Brain-boy. Howabout you, I don't know, just kill nobody?

TRACY

[Frowns and slumps]

Do nothing? You just don't get it, doya? Drunkie!

FRANK

[Sneers back]

Guess not, Baby-killer!

[Drinks]

Guess not.

[Frank walks off, then returns angrily]

Ok, again, How-a-bout, Don't kill NO-body!?

TRACY

You are so friggin' naïve.

[Tracy smiles and pulls out some more pills and a water bottle to slurp them down]

FRANK

[Stumped]

Naïve backward is Evian! Hah!

TRACY

[Rising and dusting from of pants]

Well, its simple 1. It's good for the babies to never know anything but the glory of heaven, and B.

[Quiet]

I am trying to make my place.

FRANK

Your place?

TRACY

Yeah. My place in history.

FRANK

OK.

TRACY

You've already pointed out my handicap!

FRANK

Handicap?

TRACY

The OTHER Hitler? Come on! You think I don't have that looming
over me all the time?

FRANK

Didn't think of it. I guess ALL Hitlers must strive for some sick
notoriety, if they ever want to be THE Hitler..

TRACY

Like FDR.

FRANK

[Nods as if this tidbit will solve everything]

Like FDR...?

TRACY

He had to take on the Depression AND the Nazis to be THE
Roosevelt.

FRANK

[Under breath, walking away, not wanting to argue politics too]

So who is THE Bush? Better to finish or start a war?

[Then aloud, returning]

And so to be The Hitler, you will kill, oh, over 5 million

TRACY

6 million

FRANK

6 million babies to be THE Hitler.

TRACY

[Matter-of-factly]

With babies, public outcry oughtta be bigger. I figger it won't
take quite that many. Maybe...

[Thinks]

A sixth. Yea. About 1/6 the Holocaust should do'er up nicely.

FRANK

Sounds about right, I guess. Well, let's hope so, anyway. For the
babies sake.

TRACY

NO.

FRANK

No?

[Thinks]

Ohhhh, right. They're going to heaven.

TRACY

But lets its that few for the parent's sake.

FRANK

Oh?

TRACY

I am sending babies away from their parents.

[Tranquil]

To heaven.

FRANK

Yes, right. Lucky dead babies.

[Frank makes himself comfortable on the ground away from Tracy, backstage. Than rolls over anew:]

But, I've just gotta ask, how many have you—?

TRACY

How many have I—

[Draws finger across throat; Frank nods.]

9,999

FRANK

[Blasé]

Oh. Great. So, one more?

TRACY

[Smiles]

One more.

[Tracy pulls out a hunting knife, darts over and stabs Frank in the stomach, then runs off stage.]