DEBORA
You’re back.

BABY
Yeah. I sure am.

DEBORA
Well then you sir are going to be my very last customer, because I am walking out that door in precisely 30 seconds.

BABY
You’re leaving?

DEBORA
Yes sir.

BABY
Can I come with you?

DEBORA
You don’t have work or nothin’?

BABY
Uh, I don’t. I am done with work.

DEBORA
Wow, you seem real happy about that.

BABY
Yeah, I sure am.

Something crashes in the kitchen and Bo says, “God damn it!” in the background.
DEBORA

I don’t blame you. Well, you’re welcome to come with, but I don’t know how exciting you’re gonna find the laundromat.

BABY

Huh?

DEBORA

I gotta run some errands.

BABY

Oh.

DEBORA

But think about what you want, and I will stick around just for you. Coffee?

BABY

Please. Cream and sugar.

*Debora comes back with the coffee.*

DEBORA

Know what you want?

BABY

Your name.

DEBORA

Well you can get that for free.

*Debora picks up Baby’s tape recorder and speaks into it.*

It’s Debby. Debora.

BABY

Oh, like the song.
DEBORA

The Beck one? Yeah. Well except I'm D-e-b-o-r-a, and I think that's just D-e-b-r-a.

BABY

I don't know that one.

DEBORA

Oh, it goes:

*Debora sings into Baby's tape recorder again.*

“It met you at JC Penny. I think your nametag said Jenny.”

BABY

Jenny?

DEBORA

The song's about him wanting to get with Jenny and her sister too who's name is Debra. So it's not even really about me it's about the sister. My sister's name is Mary. She's got all the songs -- 'Mary Mary Where Are You Going To?' 'Proud Mary Keep on Burning.' 'The Wind Cries Mary.' She's got me beat. Again. She's got endless songs. I got one.

BABY

No, you got two.

DEBORA

What's the other one?

BABY

Debra. The song I'm talking about.

DEBORA

Who by?

BABY

Trex.
DEBORA

T. Rex?

BABY

Uh, yeah.

DEBORA

I’ve heard of them but don’t know that one. How’s it go?

*Debora brings tape recorder up to Baby’s face like a mic, putting him on the spot.*

BABY

Oh. “Oh Debora, always look like a zebra.”

DEBORA

A zeb-ra?

BABY

Like a zebra I guess. Yeah.

DEBORA

Well, I’m wearing black and white so you can call me “Dee-bra.”

BABY

I think I actually got ‘Debora’ on here.

*Baby pulls out another iPod. Bedazzled in pink.*

DEBORA

What? How many of those do you have?

BABY

Oh, I got different iPods for different days and moods.
DEBORA

Oh, and you’re in a pink and glittery mood?

BABY

I am now.

DEBORA

What is your name?

BABY

Baby.

DEBORA

Wait, what? Your name’s baby? B-a-b-y, baby?

BABY

Yeah.

DEBORA

Well, then. You have us all beat. Every damn song is about you. We could drive back and forth across the states forever and never run out of “Baby” songs.

BABY

We might run out of gas though.

DEBORA

Did your mom call you “baby” as a kid?

BABY

Sometimes.

DEBORA

She used to work here?
BABY

Sometimes, but, uh, she was a singer, too.

DEBORA

What does she do now?

BABY

Nothing. Uh, I could find “Debora” if you want.

Bo yells to Debora from the kitchen.

BO

Debbie! For cryin’ out loud

DEBORA

Well, uh, play it for me sometime I don’t have to get out of here. Deal?

BABY

Yeah, deal.

DEBORA

Now, you know what you want yet?

BABY

To get out of here.

END SCENE