





























































































































































































































MARLOWE

Oh yeah?

DANNY

Sure. You can learn a lot about a person by what they throw out.

MARLOWE

I wonder in a thousand years what they'll think of us...

Danny pulls the brake. Hiss.

Marlowe starts to exit the truck. She pauses  
halfway out.

Around her, the orchestra of the city comes to  
life in harmonious cacophony. Everything  
becomes louder. Brighter.

Marlowe looks back at Danny, a glint in her eye  
and sunlight in her hair.

*She is luminous.*

MARLOWE

Let's go chase some trash.

BLACKOUT.  
END OF PLAY.