

Midnight Brainwash Revival

by

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Characters:

Swagart - Lawyer to Mr. Ridge
Serena - Daughter of Mr. Ridge
Kyrin - Son of Mr. Ridge
Gemma - Partner to Kyrin
Mordecon – A developer
Nova – A wanderer
Amanda – Raymond in drag
Coyote The Trickster
Uncle Hooch - Brother of Mr. Ridge
Kid Mañana - His protege
Vicki Dumkowski - A religious tourist
Ted Dumkowski - Her husband
Karma - Their daughter
Officer Softy - A local highway cop
Trash A trucker
Spam A hitchhiker
Egobooster - Mordecon's motivator
Dr. Fetusburger - Mordecon's doctor
Dutymaker - Mordecon's organizer
Therapist - A therapist
Chillcor agents

Place:

On and around the estate of Mr. Will Ridge, Triple Zero Ranch, near Moab, Utah.

*Act 1, Scene 1 – The Ridge Family Home on Triple Zero Ranch near Moab, Utah.
Enter Swagart, Serena Ridge, Kyrin Ridge, and Gemma.*

Swag

“If I am dead, let life begin again,
And all I loved, what few loved me, repair
Their loss upon my earthly gains, and bring
To Moab new beginnings, for which end
I pass the execution of estate
To my son, Kyrin, and with that, am gone.”

Serena

All to Kyrin?

Swag

All to Kyrin.

Serena

Nothing
Protected in trust?

Swag

Nothing.

Serena

And to me?

Swag

Nothing.

Serena

Nothing?

Swag

As your father’s counsel,
I can attest his anguish at bequeathal,
Yet know he meant to challenge by his will
That Kyrin choose the future of this land,
To preserve or profit by its auction,
Your share of which, Serena, shall suffice.

Serena

Suffice shall not suffice. I offered up
My wild-wanting years to care for him
And this land, an impulsive tenderness
Far dearer to us both than legal tender.

Kyrin

It was not sacrifice, but low-tech fear
To live without his keep that kept you here,
And as for tender, clearly lack of such
Compelled him long ago to hawk his love,
So spare the eulogy.

Serena

The eulogy
I'll spare is on your monotonic soul
That sold itself for fear to sing itself.

Gemma

What say the siblings spare us all their squabbles
And show the dead respect? His dying wish
Is that we sell.

Serena

I see no stipulation
To that regard.

Gemma

Yet wasn't his motto
"Grow or ghost"?

Serena

He never said such to me.

Swag

He said it to me often, and in zeal.

Gemma

Your father was a prudent businessman
Who knew that we develop or we die,
So he handed it to Kyrin, who's shown
Not only absence from, but scoffance for
Such vast commercial potential gimcrackt
On weird nature nostalgia that went out
With hookworm, cursive, and live theater,
A misapportioning he here corrects
Thru punctual enactment of his will:
The selling off of Triple Zero Ranch
And all that pretty green.

Serena

This lying wish
More pays the living than respects the dead.

Enter Mordecon.

Mord

The dead have died. Does that deserve respect?

Gemma

Morty!

Mord

Mordecon.

Kyrin

I'm selling the land.

Serena

Is that the buyer?

Mord

Losers buy, Ms. Ridge.

I eat assets.

*It's a beautiful day in the nimbyhood,
A beautiful day in the cringy,
Won't you be mine, be my strip mine?*

Serena

Is that what you mean to do with my land?

Mord

I mean to turn this desert to dessert,
Aka the Land of Mordeconfections.

Serena

What happens, Kyrin, when father returns?

Mord

Returns?

Kyrin

He is dead.

Serena

No, you want him dead,

But he'll be back to make his home your hell.

Swag

Mr. Ridge was climbing Annapurna
When a blizzard overtook the summit.
No one from his party has transmitted
In seven weeks, and the authorities
Have declared them lost, tho unrecovered.

Mord

If you can't rid yourself of erratic marionettes
Choking on the heuristics of your change
Language, all your pets are accidents.

Serena

Ok.

Gemma

Rest in peace, Big Kicker.

Serena

Lesser men have lived...

Kyrin

On lesser mountains.

Swag

Nay I say; not even your great father
Could survive so chill and crazed a turbine
As our just lord hath sent that awful night.

Serena

Yet O how our great father, yay, shall wail
When thy just lord returns him to behold
The hateful product of his living faith
Declare him dead and tar his sanctuary!

Gemma

It's a rubble dump.

Serena

It's our home. Kyrin?
At Willow Basin Creek, you two would sit
And sing the dusk to sleep. There, to the west,
We'd ride with him to Island in the Sky
And camp beneath the sparkling galaxy.

Down south, near Cove of Caves, would we not spend
Afternoons of arduous intimacy,
Then ramble east to visit hand-in-hand
Our mother's grave up north at Broken Arch,
Still piled with perennials we planted
And watered weeping for a touch detach
Too soon? Ok, Kyrin, you sold your voice
For some art-mart pent-up-house, yet I know
It lives beneath the furbish; sell your home
To him, and it will never sound again.

Mord

Mr. Ridge, please. I came to seal a deal,
Not deal with seals, or whatever that is
Blubbering about beyond my stirrups.

Gemma

Sign that shit. We have a plane.

Serena

What's not plain
Is how succumbing to this toxic slime
Doesn't despoil our native father's love?

Kyrin

Love? You know the how and why of my hate.

Serena

I know that you are prone, because you think
Our mother's death his fault, to coolly loathe
Her final home, and mussing him with it,
All are brutalized by your redemption,
Yet if you still can sense my innocence
Who lived in equal rearing and tumult,
Consider what this all must mean to me:
You fence me from myself by selling it.

Kyrin

This land's the fence that keeps you from yourself.

Serena

So you destroy my life to heal me?

Kyrin

I heal myself by destroying his life.

Mord

Mr. Ridge, family dramas give me shingles,
And you don't want to see me with an itch.

Kyrin

Fine, Serena, you win. Nay nay, but dwell:
If he's not back by New Year's Day, I sell.

Serena

Who gave you life, you give a mere three days?

Kyrin

He took a mere three seconds to make me,
A mere three minutes to disregard me,
A mere thirty three years to entrust me,
So I give him a mere three days to stop me.

Gemma

Three more days in Moab? I'll go schmata!

Swag

My sincere apologies, Mr...

Mord

Nay,
I'll stay in town and savor the childhood.

Gemma

It pleases you to bring your brother pain?

Serena

No, it pains me that you bring him pleasure.

All exit, save Mordecon.

Mord

So, gloomy boy won't sign? Then he shall sing:
Message to the Clan of Lips and Scissors:
"Moab, midnight, New Year's Eve, la bomba!"

Exit Mordecon.

Act 1, Scene 2. Enter Nova on the outskirts of Triple Zero Ranch.

Nova

I am the nightshade,

*Sweet and bitter;
I am the sun drop,
One nite ever;
I'm the wallflower,
Rock slot lover;
I am the chokecherry,
No purpose other
Than holding the soil together,
Than holding the soil together,
So I make the desert bloom,
Pedal bride for dusty groom.*

Enter Coyote to the side.

Coyote

Q'esta? I see a man, but smell a woman.
Must to seek the suckle midst the prickers.

Enter Coyote.

*I'm a cherry, but I'm choked.
I'm agave, but I'm soaked.
I'm a shadow, still I beam.
I'm a whisper loves to scream.*

*Catch me pissin, catch me proud,
Hear my yippin heat the hound,
Catch me trippin with my crew,
Howa hoowa how awoo!*

Coyote jumps at Nova and she pulls a knife.

Nova

Git along, lil doggy.

Coyote

Lil doggy? Ears to the eaves, lil lady, whilst I take you on the zero's gurney thru yusef campbell's soupage. For shippin my prick neath the crick to knock up shrieking squaws, diggin desperados under the wall por mas demasiados, and impersonating everything from president to protozoa, I am wanted dead or dying in 57 states for a crepuscular crime spree longer than a polygamist's honey-do list, so I will not have my genetic mystery smeared with accusations of domestic breeding by the kokopelli kitsch club, and you will address me as that famous friendly fiend, that spoofy spook, that wily rebel caco loco of wilds far and yardish, that mythical trickster Coyote X. La Trans, or my lil doggy will wolf yr lil kitty.

Nova

Coyote?

Coyote

Howl do you do?

Nova

Wow, since I was a grrrrr boy, I've dreamt of meeting you. Grrr.

Coyote

You've dreamt of meeting the grrreat trickster? Grrrapper, eh?

Nova

I can hold my own.

Coyote

Howbout you hold my bone?

Nova grabs Coyote's tail.

Nova

Tail me, and no tail.

Coyote

Tail me, or no tale.

Nova

What tale?

Coyote

A tale that gets you tail.

Nova

Tell me, or I show you.

Coyote

Show me what?

Nova

The tale of tricking the tail off the trickster.

Nova cuts off Coyote's tail.

Coyote

Yow! You got some thrust, for a grrrr boy.

Nova

Grrracias.

Coyote

Limbo under Arches, jetpack over Canyonlands, then meander thru the Maze, and you will find Triple Zero Ranch, whose owner, one Will Ridge, has done a black dahlia in the white himalya, leaving all you see to his son, Kyrin Ridge, who's a grrrr boy, like you - a pup spurns his pop, a homey hates his home, a singrrrrr begrrrudges his grrrandeur - so he's sellin it for gems.

Nova

Sellin it to who?

Coyote

That multinational corruption, that interactive corpse, that half-man half-anti-man erogatory abscess, Mordecon.

Nova

Mordecon? But he'll turn sunsets to subways...

Coyote

Lush ravines to slot machines...

Nova

Nesting sites to testing sites...

Coyote

Abundant willows to redundant zillows...

Nova

It's the end of the world!

Coyote

As we grow it.

Nova

I will stop him.

Coyote

What, by planting grrrrass?

Nova

Yo, you pull tricks, I save sticks. It'll be a piece of organic cake, with your help.

Coyote

Yo, Cooty got no cause but bread and booty. Adiablos, amiga.

Nova

Coyote! Is it that obvious?

Coyote

To human, no. But me smell pebble in skunk butt.

Nova

It's just safer for a grrr boy in these parts.

Coyote

Show yr grrr boy parts and you will save the land.

Nova

What?

Coyote

And when you find Kyrin Ridge, sing him these four lines:

*Buried under Broken Arch
Scrub the scripture on his grave.*

Nova

That was only two.

Coyote

The other two weigh heavy on your chest.

Nova

Coyote, wait!

Coyote

It's the hour tween dog and wolf, when cougar cat seems purple sage, so must
I beg the moon for my disguise. How how hawoo!

Nova

Coyote!

Coyote

Cuidado, bicho raro. If you gamblin down in Moab town, the rules is random,
save these three: the ante is your head, every card is wild, and a full house
beats a loyal rush. O, and when you win, I get my tail.

A howl, a howl,

*A howl to the moon I send!
Nothing's forever
Save now or never,
And no one's as strange as a friend.*

Coyote exits.

Nova

Mordecon buying Triple Zero Ranch?
Over my dead body! An empty threat
Given how my body's mostly deadened.
Yet maybe I'll revive it by reviving
Junior Ridge's love. Yes! I'll change his heart
From grrrreed to grrrratitude. You grrr, boy.

Nova exits.

Act 1, Scene 3. Uncle Hooch's Wowzatorium of Numinous Divinities and Extraterrestrial Recondites, aka The Wonder Hut, down the road from Triple Zero Ranch. Uncle Hooch is napping. Enter Kid Mañana carrying luggage.

Kid

Yo, Uncle Hooch!

Hooch

Pack the hookah, chief. I'm one hit from mamacita!

Kid

Hooch, wake up!

Hooch

Who is it midges me? Be you cat, cop, or calamity, Uncle Hooch is napping, and he will not rouse til he turns a prophet!

Kid

It's me, Kid Manana, and we got customers!

Hooch

Sleep is a shack before the moolah hurricano!

Kid

And look, I bagged their bags.

Hooch

Tight. What's their number?

Kid

What you wanna call em for?

Hooch

How many are there, Kid?

Kid

I counted one, two, three, so like three.

Hooch

They loaded?

Kid

Nah, look: I bagged their bags.

Hooch

I'm askin are they rich?

Kid

They got shoes and a youngin.

Hooch

A she youngin?

Kid

She sho nuf shiz.

Hooch

Wow. Is she legal?

Kid

She looks like she been stateside long as a prom-night ATV lesbian.

Hooch

Why a lesbian?

Kid

Why not a lesbian?

Hooch

Super caliente! So whadda ya think'll grab em?

Kid

I'll be grabbin the youngin with these baby back rib ticklers ri' chere.

Hooch

I mean, are they Jesus jeeks, yoga goofs, Roswell flashionistas, ya know, what's their woowoo?

Kid

I dunno bout that, but my woowoo's on bamboo for the new boo.

Hooch

What's their religion, Kid?

Kid

Well, look: I bagged their bags, and reason was they misst the One-Way Tours to Apocalyptic Rapture Bus, so maybe that.

Hooch

Great. And what's their sexual demographics?

Kid

Nah, they look repuglican.

Hooch

Their unit cubit, Kid, their gender render.

Kid

Um, there's the she teen, a she non teen, and a he dude.

Hooch

Is the non teen a Sistine or a Holstein?

Kid

Ya know what I say.

Hooch

No, whadda you say?

Kid

I forget.

Hooch

Damn, I like the way you don't think, Kid. Now, you got the savior drill?

Kid

No, but I got my We Knife.

Hooch

The skit, Kid.

Kid

O yeah. Got it, and lost it.

Hooch

Kid, you're swifter than a donkey fulla wetbacks grubbin for that greener grass in Brownsville. Improvise!

Kid goes behind the curtain. Enter Ted, Vicki, and Karma Dumkowski.

Vicki

What were ya, boob-ass? Gruntin a pyramid?

Karma

Mom!

Hooch

Bienvenidos, mis benditos!

Vicki

Benvereenos. Habay un telefono?

Ted

What is that?

Hooch

Welcome to Uncle Hooch's Wowzatorium of Numinous Divinities and Extraterrestrial Recondites, aka the Wonder Hut, where what you see is what there be.

Vicki

O thank the universal God for teachin the aliens English. You got a phone?

Hooch

No, but I got the savior.

Ted

You got the savior?

Hooch

Yes, I do, and he told me you's a-comin.

Ted

He did?

Hooch

Art thou not Ted, Vicki, and Karma Dumkowski of Pittsville, Wisconsin?

Ted

He knows our names!

Vicki

But how can the savior be here when we paid to experience his lambiness in Provo?

Hooch

Maybe you misst the bus for a reason.

Vicki

Yeah, like ol' Buffalo Patty Bill takin six bible days on the dumper.

Karma

Mom!

Ted

Doc Eggy told me not to strain on accounta my anal fissures.

Karma

Dad!

Hooch

Friends, ain't we all got the fissures? I'm preachin bout, praise lord, the spiritual fissures. Those soul sores, those holy cracks, those painful nicks and gashes in our lives because we strain? Yay, my begoggled goats, we all got the fissures, but the savior he doth bringeth the preparation, as in H, as in heaven.

Ted

Can we see the savior?

Hooch

Yay, but he hath travelled far and needeth his expenses reimburst.

Vicki

We gave all our cash to the rectum whisperer in Omaha.

Ted

I could sit for a bit.

Hooch

The savior takes all major credit cards.

Vicki

They're in our luggage, and it's on the bus.

Hooch

Tell me the secret code, I'll have the savior fly it in.

Vicki

666.

Ted

We took it as a sign.

Hooch

Yay, it is a sign, and it points to your salvation. So let's get this glory in gear. From Palestine, Texas, one-time motocross almost medalist, now a buckaroo dirtbiker contra Beelzeboob driving a Jehovah Chuparosa Turbo PG-17, here he is, our savior, our independent service provider, Jesus Junior.

Kid Manana comes out from behind the curtain.

Vicki

O beautiful boy!

Ted

That's the savior?

Hooch

Arms out, Kid. Crucifiction style.

Vicki

Touch me, Jesus Junior.

Ted

He's more like Bubba Kush.

Hooch

Mediocrity is next to divinity.

Ted

But where's the naked angels?

Vicki

Dammit, Ted, yr killin my buzz!

Hooch

Hear his message and believe!

Karma

This is like so hello.

Kid

I come in the Great Snatch.

Hooch

For, Kid, for.

Kid

For I come in the Great Snatch.

Hooch

For the Great Snatch.

Kid

For I come in the Great Snatch for the Great Snatch.

Hooch

And what, O savior, is the Great Snatch?

Kid

It is the snatch that is great.

Hooch

Yet is it not when thou snatcheth up thy faithful?

Kid

Yeah, when I snatcheth them.

Hooch

And is it great?

Kid

Yay, tiz groovy great.

Hooch

And once thou snatcheth them, O savior, where dost thou takest them?

Kid

There.

Hooch

There where?

Kid

There there.

Hooch

That's right. To Paradise, behind the curtain.

Kid

Sorry, Hooch. I's blowin major bongs out back the shack.

Vicki

Can I go to paradise with you, O savior?

Kid

Yay, but I shall take the youngest first.

Hooch

No, thou shall take the oldest first.

Kid

Nay, but I shall take the youngest first.

Hooch

Nay, but thou shallt...

Kid

Crosseth me not, crusty man, or I shall smut thee with a plague of anal fritters.

Hooch

The'll be hell to pay in heaven, Kid.

Ted

I'll go first.

Vicki

No! Karma, go to your savior.

Karma

Ew.

Hooch

Did not the good lord sayeth, "Suffer the children cometh unto me?"

Ted

Cometh unto my daughter, Jesus Junior!

Kid

Yay, and I shalleth.

Karma

O my god, this is a total scam!

Vicki/Ted

Bad Karma!

Kid

Silence, for the savior shall spaketh unto her.

*My handle's Kid Manana
I's free born in Tijuana
From a burp and an iguana
In a field of marry wanna
My familiar's the po'ranha
All my chillax in the sauna
At your flora I will fauna
As I please yr pre-madonna
With my ra ra ramayana
Cuz you roll my pair a dice
You get lucky, nice and thrice
Hind the curtain, over there,
Next that rubber prickly pear,
So don't call my stunt a scam
Til you try't, my little lamb,
Cuz I got this, and you got they,
So what you pushin, pause or play?*

Karma

I'll be out back the shack.

Kid and Karma go behind the curtain.

Hooch

Sir, you give your women to the truest men in town.

Ted

You'll come for me, right?

Hooch

Yes, sir, I'll come for you.

Hooch and Vicki go behind the curtain.

Ted

Praise Junior Jesus!

*He's a-comin for to take me
To his hodag in the sky,
Where he'll gimme back my wrinklepurse
And serve me hooter pie.*

Enter Kyrin, Swagart, and Gemma.

Swag

I've booked Mr. Mordecon at Amanda's BnB, an exquisite local casita whose charming hostess...

Gemma

Hooch? Not again!

Hooch

Dispel the disbelievers, Ted!

Gemma pulls the curtain aside.

Hooch

And we're back from Paradise.

Kyrin

Hooch, how you been?

Gemma

Kyrin, do not feed the animals. Return their belongings, Hooch.

Hooch

Silence, thou Broadway slander witch!

Gemma

I will not have your criminal activities on my land.

Hooch

Your land?

Gemma

Return their belongings or the Latter Day Narcs get a snap of your "herb garden."

Hooch gives them their luggage.

Ted

Praise Jesus Junior!

Gemma

People, go home. That dankhead can't exhale but he inflates another lie.

Hooch

Hearken not this heretic!

Kid

And await thy savior at the Pump-n-Run.

Ted, Vicki, and Karma exit.

Gemma

Hooch, are you high?

Hooch

Almost two feet above sea level, which beats your twenty heads below she level.

Gemma

Clever man, stupid life.

Hooch

Barren woman, wealthy wife.

Gemma

And richer once we sell off Triple Zero.

Hooch

Yr selling my dwelling? I will...

Kyrin

Hooch, mellow out.

Hooch

How could you do your dear uncle like that?

Gemma

Out with the uncle, in with the chunkle.

She shows her engagement ring.

Hooch

What about Serena?

Gemma

Gee, I guess she'll have to grow up.

Hooch

When my good brother doth descend from wrestlin with the wind, he's gonna crack your gems a-sumthin fierce for hockin my family jewels.

Gemma

Your brother's dead.

Hooch

Scuzi floozy? I once drove my dune buggy ten times over his face (dishes, man, all fights start in dishes), and he just poppt up and laught, "Wilbur, you need new treads."

Kid

Wilbur?

Hooch

Death is allergic to that man.

Gemma

Then death's been taking its meds. Who are you?

Kid

Jesus Junior.

Gemma

Look, Juvenile Goober, Hooch is a bum. Follow in his fib and filch, and you'll end up on meth row like the son he found but one bright night to foster. Go home to your family.

Kid

I got no family.

Hooch

It's goin round, Kid. Kyrin's pickt the Gucci, but you'll always have the Hoochy.

Kid

Thanks, Wilbur.

Enter Coyote, disguised as a secretary.

Coyote

Senor Ridge! Esta un Senor Ridge aqui?

Gemma

Who's asking?

Coyote

Me la secretaria nueva, y yo soy looking por Senor Ridge.

Gemma

Speak to me.

Coyote

You a funny looking Senor Ridge.

Gemma

And you a funny looking secretaria.

Coyote

Ah, you quick for a hick in heels.

Gemma

Make it quick, or you'll feel my heels.

Coyote

Ay ay ay, no bust a nut, senor. All these hectic city personas moving in con hombres como mujeres y mujeres como hombres, ay ay ay. Moab used to be such a nice pueblo pequeño.

Gemma

What is your message for Mr. Ridge?

Coyote

Hay un hombre, tal vez un bad hombre, trespassing on the land.

Gemma

Kyrin, an intruder! I told you we need a wall!

Kyrin

Where is he?

Coyote

And who are you?

Kyrin

Senor Ridge El Real.

Coyote

Oo ya ya, prefiero lo real.

Gemma

Where is the intruder?

Coyote

Alli arriba.

Kyrin

I'll go look.

Gemma

We'll go look.

Kyrin

It's a hard hike, Gemma.

Hooch

No worries. She'll just slither.

Gemma

And when you cross me, I will bite.

Hooch

I've got anti-venom.

Gemma

No, that's uncle-venom, and it repels nephews.

Kyrin

Gemma.

Coyote

Senor Ridge.

Gemma

What?

Coyote

Mi familia, muy poveroso...

Gemma

Learn to move before you ask me to dance.

Kyrin gives him money.

Coyote

Gracias, senior.

Coyote exits.

Gemma

Three days, Hooch, and the Wonder Hut goes down.

Hooch

Can't you go down on her Wonder Hut and rouse some feminine vibrations, Kyrin?

Kyrin

Watch it, Hooch.

Kyrin and Gemma exit.

Hooch

That Beast from the East brainwasht my nephew sumthin wicked.

Swag

You, sir come-to-nada, are the one who's wicked.

Kid

Welcome, wrestling fans, to the fracas in the cactus, where Loosy Hoochy takes on Tightly Whitey!

Hooch

Sorry, sir?

Swag

You heard me, sir.

Hooch

I think you said I come to nothing, which beats you, who's never come at all.

Kid

And there's the bell!

Swag

Yay, I am provoked. For ten tolerant years, sir, I have turned the other cheek, but the absence of your too-kind brother now twists me to the older law, and thus my tablet screedeth, eye for eye and tooth for tooth.

Hooch

Keep your teeth and eyes, sir. My life's too tough, too strobe effect for you to chew or view.

Kid

Oo, and it's a flying fugly face-maker!

Swag

You, sir, are a bucket of sin, a spittoon of fetid proclivities, a filthy harlot-born doobie-wheezing miscreate, and you stink, sir, of smoke, perspiration, and soiled sheets.

Hooch

Don't stick your sensors in my signal if you can't stand the static.

Kid

Zowey, there's a queefnado to the grumpstink!

Swag

Your metaphors are so extended, sir, they sag where they should peak.

Hooch

And your scruples are so distanced, sir, they sag where you should peak.

Kid

Oo, and he finishes with a rollicking sewer shark fappo grundle shredder!

Swag

Get a job, sir.

Hooch

Why job when I can rob?

Hooch shows Swagart the Dumkowski's credit cards.

Swag

I shall alert the authorities!

Hooch

What authorities? In Moab we just cut em up and throw em in the river.

Kid

You want I cut him, Hooch?

Hooch

Not even bottom-feeders wd go for such unseasoned meat.

Swag

O how predictable.

Hooch

Sex is predictable, sir, which is why you're so surprising!

Swag

Pervert species! Honest living, family values, and the principles of common decency defy you, sir, I witness.

Hooch

You're an eye-witness, sir, to nothing but your nose, which you look down at life.

Swag

Nay, I shall be silent now in the clover shroud of Jesus.

Hooch

If Jesus means anything to ya, let it be getting nailed naked.

Swag

O it shall be a great day for this country when you wanton anarchists are forever squasht beneath the glory tractors of right-minded development.

Hooch

Is that how you lost your reproductive structures?

Swag

I have lost nothing, sir, but what has lost the lord. You, on the other hoof, are such hoodoo voodoo mambo jambo, in your depravity you impersonate the savior! For charity, sir, I do declare - you need religion.

Hooch

I got a religion - avoiding you.

Kid

On the ropes.

Hooch

God damn right!

Swag

Use not the lord's name in vain.

Hooch

How else use it but in vain if we call to nothing?

Swag

Nay, I shall not polka to the dither of the devil. I know my spot in the line of things, and when my spot is mayor of Moab, which the sale of Triple Zero shall assure, my quality of life initiative shall rid of you.

Hooch

When your spot is mayor of Moab, sir, I will own Moab, sir, thanks to my inheritance, sir, then we'll see whose koala bear of life shall rid who of who, so spot me that.

Kid

On the mat.

Swag

O, yes, that. As your late brother's counsel, I am pleased to inform you that your share of his will is one million dollars.

Hooch

Yazoo, Kid! We're rich!

Kid

Watch me now, flappin Air Force One to Vegas, wit ma trill honeys twerkin...

Swag

However, as this is one-third of your debt to his estate, off which you have suckt - a tick of mammon - fifty years, you, sir, are two million dollars in arrears, and it is payable within 30 days or what? Eviction, sir. Swift, sweet, saucy eviction. Well, it is a blessing to see you blush.

Kid

Rally, take-down, upset.

Hooch

To your lord I swear, Swagart, if...

Swag

My lord, sir, is the law, and he does not listen.

Swagart exits.

Kid

Leaping wallet backbreaker...

Hooch

Ah!

Kid

Chill, Hooch, or we'll get canned for disturbin the peaches again.

Hooch

O were there peaches to disturb! My brother lost, my homeland raped, my share all shagged by this latter-day dork, O I could just choke him on my water!

Kid

He thinks he's Junior Jesus, but yo, Hooch, we gotta klatch.

Hooch

And that Gemma, Miss Soho Lamprey, Miss Park Avenue Parasite, Miss Phony Awards...what did you just say?

Kid

When?

Hooch

Just now.

Kid

Just now I said just now I said just now...

Hooch

Before that.

Kid

Before that's a long way back there, Hooch.

Hooch

Swagart thinks he's Junior Jesus.

Kid

I thought I was Junior Jesus!

Hooch

What's that good book say? Discredit thy creditors and thou shalt suck thy clams.

Kid

Tits, Hooch, but listen...

Hooch

You done shot the crank of invention straight up my medulla.

Kid

Hooch, I love teenradish.

Hooch

I'm hungry too, Kid, but no trabajo no cerveza.

Kid

Karma. Teenradish is her chat name. I love Karma.

Hooch

First we get my money, then we reap teenradish.

Kid

Yo, I ain't no reapist!

Hooch

Pluck, wangle, savor, Kid.

Kid

Yeah, fet Jesus Junior. I'm the Pluck-a-Wangle Savior!

Hooch

Onward, Cryptic Soldiers!

All exit.

Act 1, scene 4. A highway near Moab. Trash and Spam are sitting in Trash's semi truck. Enter Officer Softy.

Softy

License and registration, please.

Trash

Certainly, Officer Softy.

Softy

Does the wrangler ridin' rifle-shot have any identification?

Trash

No, sir.

Softy

Step out the truck.

Trash steps out the truck.

Softy

You too.

Trash

Sorry, Officer Softy, but he's crippled.

Softy

What happened to him?

Trash

Why, that's a story so darn sad, the tears'd carve a culvert down yr cheeks.

Softy

You spit the saga, let me arrange the drainage.

Trash

Well, it blow a bit like so: his mammy was a truckstop stripper named Massectomy Mabel, and his daddy was a rodeo clown condemned to floppy boots, so Junior spent his impressable years smokin and drinkin just to recover from the shock a bein flasht and puncht at birth. Then, for gas money, his folks hockt him to the Special Olympics, but Junior's too retarded to compete, so they used him as a cone. Now I ain't gotta say how much them cones get knockt about. Anyhoo, Junior run away, started livin in a septic tank, workin as a toothbrush at a downscale kennel, and got mixt up with a no-good Crash Test Dummy strung out thick on milkduds. All was goin tank-sour-tank til Crash Test lost her vitals in a jump for Evil the Navel over Colorado, and I don't mean the river. So Junior, despondent as a sunfish in a po'boy, tried to panini himself by layin under an asphalt roller, and that's where I peeled him up, off a berm in Tallahass, but I will cease, as your cheeks begin to crumble.

Softy

My eyes do rightly bubble, but clarify one itsy: why's he got no identification?

Trash

It spooks him out to know he's himself, so doctor's orders – no identification.

Softy

That is sad.

Trash

Yay tis. Now, can me and my tragic hero keep on truckin?

Softy

Problem is, state law says no hazmats.

Trash

You ain't pulled us over just to push us round?

Softy

Nope, it's the hazmats.

Trash

Well, flush me up my neighbor's wife. I seen the signs but reckoned no hazmats meant a general lack a hazmats up ahead, so my friendly nature promulgoot, "go ye forward and supplyeth them thee with hazmats!" Might you forgive such a good charlatán, Officer Softy?

Softy

Aw shucks, ya'll go on, but zip thru Utah splickety-lit.

Trash

Swanky thanky!

Officer Softy heads back to his car. Enter Coyote, disguised as Sergeant Jumboholster.

Coyote

Kill that engine, boys, and slide it slithy out the rig.

Softy

Who, may I ask, are you?

Coyote

Sergeant Jumboholster, Federal BS.

Softy

Sergeant, I have authorized them to pass thru the state.

Coyote

Officer Slutty, when you speak to Uncle Sam, use a question mark or I will drive this semi up your colon.

Softy

Yes, sir?

Coyote

As for you two micro-vocab soundcloud rapostles, extract them squeaky frijoles from that aluminum pupusa else your stufft heads adorn my huntin lodge.

Softy

The passenger's crippled.

Coyote

Lame horse, eh? Guess I'll havta shoot him!

Spam

I can walk!

Softy

Praise Moroni, it's a miracle!

Coyote

Your name.

Trash

Trash Trailer.

Coyote

First name last, last name first.

Trash

Trailer, Trash.

Coyote

Auto-conscientia in obsequio solum. Your name?

Spam

Spam.

Coyote

First or last?

Spam

First and last.

Coyote

Ah, so we got a pop star on our hands. Pop! Now, you floofy pooftas got three options: First, freedom, which is not an option. Second, I lock your tushies in the utility closet where you perish like a plunger with a crack. Third, you confess.

Trash

We ain't done nuthin!

Coyote

“We ain’t done nuthin.” Violation of Utah Grammar Rules 1 and 2:
“Improperly conjugated verbs verbalize conjugal improprieties” and “double negatives negate the positive.” Cuff em, Shelfy.

Softy

For what?

Coyote

Drunken jiving.

Softy

They seem right sober nuf to me.

Coyote

Such is the sickness of our times, Officer Shafty: the most potent and popular narcotics mimic perfectly the symptoms of abstention. Pocket search!

Softy

You got no probable cause.

Coyote

Watch my wiggly.

Coyote wiggles his finger in front of Spam and Trash’s eyes.

Coyote

Ha! A wobbling of the eyes, indicating attention or intoxication.

Softy searches their pockets.

Softy

Nothin but a bomb and a wad of crunkly bills.

Coyote

I’ll take those. La bomba, bueno. But money? Is not money a drug, Officer Slippy? Yay, money is the deadliest of drugs. Arrest these spunkers for possession of money, while I go cash this background check. Officer Jumboholster, over and out.

Coyote exits.

Softy

Sorry, fellas, but if FBS says arrest, I best drag you in.

Spam

Booya!

Spam knocks Officer Softy out.

Trash

Hokeysmokes, you bonkt a cop!

Spam

Piggy think he drag me in? Sniff my shit with that two-bit kit? Yo, I will suck your skull dry, mix myself some psycho sauce, and dip you in your brain. Drag me in? I been in, I bust out, and I ain't goin back, cuz we're blowin up this Moab cracker town.

Trash

Yr friggin crazy!

Spam

How can I be crazy, Trash, if I just lost my mind? So less you want the Clan of Lips and Scissors to rave in your urethra, put quaggy bacon in the toxic truck. Drag me in?

Trash hauls Softy to the truck.

Spam

Message received, Mordecon. Midnight, New Year's Eve, la bomba.

All exit.

Act 2, scene 1. Mordecon's room at Amanda's B-n-B in Moab. Enter Mordecon.

Mord

Dutymaker!

Enter Dutymaker.

Duty

Yes, Mordecon, most commodified of men?

Mord

I must make my New Year's resolutions.

Duty

My fingers are foaming for your fire.

Mord

One, beat death. Two, get stuff. Three, kill things.

Duty

Same as last year, then?

Mord

No, not the same as last year, because this year is one year later.

Duty

May my genome be k-holed by your crispr whims.

Mord

Yet, have I met my prior resolutions?

Duty

Beat death? Check. Get stuff? Check. Kill things?

Mord

That'll be cash.

Duty

Accepted.

Mord

But this year I must be better, faster, harder.

Duty

How will you beat death better?

Mord

I will beat it with my new charm-optimized smart-mirror facial display that my beating be mas guapo.

Duty

Tanto guapo. But how will you get stuff faster?

Mord

I will grab it with my gripping utensils now featuring hydroponically augmented semi-clairvoyant groperware that my getting be mas eléctrico.

Duty

Static helectricity! Yet kill things harder? You are the wurtzite boron nitride of balletic fail hunting.

Mord

Read my bad list.

Duty

Microbiota.

Mord

Thrive in my colon, you must die.

Duty

All persons not currently living the California lifestyle.

Mord

Die, they must like die.

Duty

Serena Ridge.

Mord

Ah yes, Serena the nutritious breakfast sneereal. When I was but a Moab mutt, she scorned my silky jowls, but now I am a global mastiff, she shall say she loves me, or she must die. Is that not harder?

Duty

Hard as a feedback form at the morgue.

Mord

Ha! If nobody riot's over that one, that's a riot.

Duty

Ok.

Mord

Now, read my good list.

Duty

Empty.

Mord

Because no one's good to me.

Enter Amanda.

Amanda

Room service.

Mord

And whom have I the pleasure of overtly objectifying?

Amanda

I'm Amanda, your humble owner and hostess, and I bring you the fresh carrot persimmon mangosteen jabuticaba rambutan cupuacu paw paw dudhi juice you requested.

Duty

Mmmm, dudhi juice.

Mordecon drinks it and spits it out.

Mord

When was this squeezed?

Amanda

Seconds ago.

Mord

You call that fresh? I call that death. Destroy this paleo pulp, bring the juicer and drupes to my room, and I shall vaso-inject them directly into my fundus.

Amanda

As you wish.

Mord

And remember: if a lot riding on romantic rapprochement between nasty woman and open wound, time to spill the funk.

Amanda

Ok.

Amanda exits.

Mord

You saw that, right? She wants me. This fetching maneuver was brought to you by the remote whisker biscuit moisturizing applicator in my new ocular orbicles. Simple as inter-dimensional insemination. Women, whose passive genital expo is less dynamic than in the honcho male diddly, are thus more timid or confused, requiring the assertive stud galoot to initiate data transfer, so do I spit and sneer at this naughty nutcracker, and she, titillated, turns and flashes her cinnabuns at Senor Santa Cracka-Da-Chimney. Ho ho ho! I know your thoughts before you think them! Mordecon is a flavor packet of masculine MSG in the cheap Chinese takeout life has fortunate cookie become. Yet he doubts. Egobooster!

Enter Egobooster.

Ego

Yes, Mordecon, most voluptuous of men?

Mord

Today I must pollinate two petulant pistils in style. Boost my ego.

Ego

Mordecon is state-of-the-art sexual machinerrhea, with new or removed musculature, more expressive surface tensions, and swivel action auto-lube thrust hydraulic pelvic joints, for ultimate carnivorous performance.

Mord

O, stop.

All

You're candy and we're only kidding.

Mord

But am I sexy on the outside?

Ego

Mordecon's foof is a bounteous bush where Baywatch babes do snag their suits.

Mord

My foof is from the finest infant farm in India.

Ego

Women see your mighty chest and scream, "mount me, hyper horse!"

Mord

Nay, I am Captain Megalomammies!

Ego

Then, there is the MOAB of meats.

Mord

Some have codpiece. Me have whole cod.

Ego

Dot enorme!

Mord

Being large is my way of saying thank you to the world.

All

No, thank you!

Mord

Dr. Fetusburger!

Enter Dr. Fetusburger.

Fetus

Yes, Mordecon, most immune of men?

Mord

My tumor is moving again.

Fetus

It's in your head.

Mord

Can you see it?

Fetus

I mean it is a paranoid refraction.

Mord

An adenoid impaction? Call Chillcor!

Fetus

You have a phantom lump!

Mord

Ha! It is the phantom of my father. Growing up in Moab, Daddy Keg Bongs mined uranium (O fatal futzing in the firmament!), so all my toys and bibbys were imbued with radiation, that now this malignant hobo globule rambles thru my innards like some mockumentarian searching for America!

Enter Coyote, disguised as Da Bell Hiphop.

Bell

Be there a Massa Morficon in da hizzouse?

Mord

Sterility alert!

Duty

Who is calling?

Bell

Yo, I's da bell hiphop, so what's it to ya, g?

Duty

I am Mr. Mordecon's intermediary.

Bell

His inner meaty area? Dag! That's mighty fat like zinglish for his chubby.
S'up yall?

Duty

May I help you?

Bell

Yeah, I gots a tingle in my inner meaty area, nah diggity?

Duty

Leave, or we will eject you.

Bell

O, eject me, huh? If you da inner meaty area, what's that like make me, snub?

Duty

Goodbye.

Bell

Word! If Mojo Mastidon don't want Serena, I hose her nappy dugout down
myself, a'ite?

Mord

Serena?

Bell

She waitin for ya, snoopy bone, down there in the slobby, and I'm sayin she
meatloaf like yo mama useta make.

Mord

My mother never made me meatloaf.

Bell

O yes she diz.

Mord

Tell Serena...

Bell

Yo yo yo. Da bell hiphop like yo inner meaty area, slice. Less you work the
tip, he ain't noodge the messich.

Dutymaker gives him money.

Bell

Best make it quick, cuz wit all dis change, I maybe change my mind, cha chinga chump.

Mord

If this is the house and this is the steeple, strident crabby people.

Bell

Okizzle.

Mord

Tell her I will be right down.

Bell

Word up! You be rite down. Uhhu, I tell her zakly dat. Morpho Mightygobs be rite down, beeyitche, and when he come back up, da bell hip hop be rite behind to clean up after im, in yo inner meaty area. Yo yo yo, keep it real, ma peeps.

Coyote exits.

Mord

I must do some investing in revenge.

His assistants sing.

*The hills are alive
With the sound of Morty*

Mord

Mordecon!

*With songs they have sung
Since he bought them up
The hills fill my heart
With the sound of Morty*

Mord

Mordecon!

*My heart wants to sing
So it won't throw up.*

All exit.

Act 2, scene 2. The lobby of Amanda's B & B. Enter Amanda and Serena.

Serena

Are you Aman...?

Amanda

Duh.

Serena

I'm Serena Ridge.

Amanda

O Serena! I mean, O Serena, not O Serena, but O Serena, I'm so sorry to hear of your father's death.

Serena

He isn't dead.

Amanda

But the TV...

Serena

Truth has no rival like the morning news.

Amanda

You are so right, I mean, not right for me, but right, you know, like in, or rather, for yourself, i.e. per se. You think he's coming back?

Serena

I know he is.

Amanda

Then I'm with you, on the synthetic knol of platonic infallibility, that is.

Serena

I've come to thank you for your sympathy card,
Which, had my father died, would have spoken
So intimate with how I might have felt,
It could have much consoled me, had I mourned,
And seeing as I have no cause for grief,
This lovely bouquet - which, had I needed
To seek its brief and living symbol midst
My harsh bereavement, which I do not feel,
Would have apt adorned an awful absence

That being not needs no adorning apt -
Perhaps it's better here, in your lobby,
To comfort those of a valid anguish.

Amanda

Serena, tho I'd love to claim such gifts
Of solace, I sent none of this to you.

Serena

The label says Amanda's B&B.

Amanda

Then you possess a shy admirateur,
Other than myself, that is.

Serena

O how strange.

Amanda

Very, since I've currently but one guest,
A Mr. Mordecon, and tween us girls,
He's not the wolf to pet Red Riding Hoods.

Serena

O no, these cannot be from Mordecon,
As he and I enjoy each other's pain.

Enter Mordecon.

Mord

I do enjoy your pain, as it portends
Capacity for bliss.

Amanda

Forgive me, sir.
I'm off to procure your juicer and drupes.

Mord

Amanda, that's what all the ladies say,
But since you're special, take time off today,
And under it I bet you find my heart,
Pungent with the sound of spare delicious.
But hark! She fondles my bulbs. Do they soothe?

Serena

These are from you?

Mord

Guilty of good as charged.
Te gusta, no?

Serena

No.

Mord

If strangers give you flowers,
Make strangers.

Serena

Ok.

Mord

I roused a sweeter rose
By spritzing them with my signature scent,
“Speedball Rooster,” an addictive extract
Concocted from my branded body smells.

Serena

Amanda, please excuse us.

Amanda

Ring my bell.

Amanda steps around the corner.

Mord

Serena, I am sick with sympathy.

Serena

The river of your sympathy is stancht
With the formaldehyde of avarice.

Mord

You dislike the arrangement?

Serena

No, it's perfect
To deck your corpse once my father returns.

Mord

These stigmas on my physique? Acepto,
For I, Serena, know well what it is

To long to hug in love a torso flown.

Serena

Your every connotation is dissection.

Mord

For love of she whose hatred makes me love
What makes me hateful to her; dissect that.

Serena

That doesn't interest me.

Mord

You interest me.

Serena

There's something sticking out of your neck.

Mord

Look, a schlook!

Serena looks.

Mord

Get back into my system
Thou noxious cellular monstrosity!
Sorry, just conferencing with my aura.

Serena

What's a schlook?

Mord

It's what you get when you cross
A looker with a schmuck, hint hint.

Serena

Schlook, don't touch.

Mord

Serena, as the victim
Stupid to her fate yet knows the slasher
That benihanas cross her face is dumb,
Nay, careless of her careful drive to live,
Sauteeing dreadful death with deathful dread,
I know you rate me with the pondy scum,
Yet, Serena, I love you. Call me gay

Or verminous or hypermucophilic,
But I would kiss you even with a cold sore.
O, do you remember when we were young,
Lost somewhere between diapers and dentures,
Years ago, when my murky tadpole days
Were first irradiated by your bottom;
You, a shiny swan, I a gawky frogling
In potentia, crazy sexy ziggling
Souse to souse, staring shyly after you -
Your orange rubber feet, your bony bill,
Your pinguid plumage, starving for the chance
To grovel past a guppy's limbless grope -
How I, as summer's metamorfy loomed,
Bravely rose above the surface safety
(But O I hated bright and brutal spring
When all the bigger fish would cruise and gloat
Their disco rituals of spray and spawn
While blandly nibbling on my scrambling kin),
And did, my slimy body pufft with dreams
Of being bullfrog to your buoyant bounty,
(Dream, amphibian, dream, and you shall fly!)
Then mutter, as a mute at music groans,
"Serena, will you go with me?" and you,
Your voice midst booming jeers, lookt down and crooled,
"I do not go with losers," then away
Into some stronger wings you swoony swam,
So leaving me, well, feeling like a schlook.

Serena

Morty Contraveno?

Mord

Mordecon.

Serena

You don't look like yourself at all.

Mord

I'm not.

Serena

But such a change!

Mord

From gangly mudhole newt
To the six billion dollar salamander.

Serena

I'm sorry that I called you loser.

Mord

No!

You put me in a hybrid to perfection.

Serena

You are in a hearse to destruction.

Mord

But enuf of me. Do tell, Serena,
Your rife becoming since those swampy years,
Inside, that is, as eyeless men could see
Outside you are the duck my dreams designed.

Serena

I am what I will never share with you.

Mord

Will she who's hope hide from he who's hopeless?

Serena

I'm sorry, but your hope is not my job.

Mord

And there alone you're wrong, there you destroy
To contradict the screen of innate justice
Now flashes "She Who Hurt Is She Must Heal."

Serena

All I did was call you loser.

Mord

All you did?
Serena, don't you see that you and I
Are, what's that saying, two peeves in a pet?
Can't some chintzy trauma give huge account
Of all we do, as one tectonic twitch
Pompeis metropolises? Your mother's death
By drowning in your youth so spins your soul
It raucous roils but tappt by one brief glug.

Serena

You remember my mother's death?

Mord

A lover's job's to live his lover's life.

Serena

Look, Morty.

Mord

Mordecon.

Serena

How bout you stop
This lover thing?

Mord

What, have you never loved?

Serena

I'd really rather not go there with you.

Mord

How many lines we have for circling no;
Then let me start a scratch for yes: love me.

Serena

Now that is funny.

Mord

Good! To laugh's to love.

Serena

Stop that.

Mord

You're right. Love's no laughing matter;
Take a drag. It's giggle gas.

He offers her a hit of laughing gas.

Serena

No, thank you.

Mord

My love will fill you with baby chipmunks!

Serena

This is inane. I feel nothing for you.
Genuine love takes more than some invoice
For flattery unrendered to be paid up.

Mord

So tell me what loves takes.

Serena

Well, it takes time,
Desire, common tastes, emotion, respect,
And, where possible, a lack of hatred.

Mord

Why set the bar so high you'll never clear?

Serena

Why set it so low there's no need to jump?

Mord

If a goose walks into a bar, the bar says you should duck next time.

Serena

Ok.

Mord

You say what love takes, I say what love gives:
Our children playing on your family land.

Serena

Did you just say our children?

Mord

As did you.

Serena

That makes me sick.

Mord

Ah, pregnant already!
This Sneaky Daddy Spritzer really works!
Me Tarzan Syrup, you Waffle Jane. Got ilk?

Serena

I'm not pregnant.

Mord

No need to cry, my love.
If at first you don't succeed, suck seed again.

Serena

Morty.

Mord

Mordecon.

Serena

I see right thru you.

Mord

Thru what part of me?

Serena

Your true intention.

Mord

Forgive me. I thought you saw my tumor.

Serena

You have a tumor?

Mord

Or should I say
A tumor...no, yes,
I have a tumor.

Serena

I'm so sorry. Where is it?

Mord

It moves.

Serena

A moving tumor?

Mord

Does it not move you?

Serena

Yes.

Mord

Well, then.

Serena

Yes, well.

Mord

It's not my only physical fabergé.

Serena

I can see, but your love is for my land.

Mord

You think I want this brown and arid bleck?
No, I want you, to love me, and you will,
Not now, and probably never, but you will,
And once we've built and bred together here
Upon our land, and call it what you want,
A sham, a heist, a home, I do not care
As long as we can care for one another.
Aren't we both lonely, aging, craving love?

Serena

No, I have my father and my brother.

Mord

Your brother's cut you out. And your father...

Serena

Nothing. You say nothing of him.

Mord

Nothing should be said of nothing.

Serena

I'm gone.

Mord

And I am here til New Year's Day,
When yours is mine. Love me, keep it.

Serena

Loser.

Serena gives him the flowers and letter and exits.

Mord

Scalding senile freckle halva, was ugliness ever so arrogant? Natural beauty? Sag, decay, and barf. Even with breast replacements, full body botox, and arthroscopic fleshlight reupholstering, she'd still be totally schlecht zu essen. Give me lipoplasty or give me legally mandated lipoplasty! Ah, but there's a real doll round the corner.

Mordecon rings the bell. Amanda enters.

Amanda

You rang?

Mord

Amanda, sweet, these bulbs are for you,
A portent of the pedizzle to come.
My shakti suite, juicer and drupes, pronto.

*Johnny Friend. I'm your friendly Johnny Friend.
You don't know where my friendly Johnny ends.
You're thick to where that bendy swami tends.
But I'm your friend, your Johnny Friend.*

Mordecon exits.

Amanda

O I see thru this madman like a mirror.
A tragedy in a comedy mask,
Up front he grins, virtuous to a fault,
In back he snorts and slurps at evil's trough.
By day he trades what others' work creates,
At night he stuns and taxiderms the earth,
As dead inside he needs his outer so,
For even killers love themselves in all.
But prey on Serena? She is as sweet
And gentle as a lonely desert seep
Secreted midst the dusty sucking squelch,
Yet as it's fed by deepest, purest springs
Shimmers round the rocky hostile cliffs
Reflecting yet inverting them to life
By being for a bit just such a seep.
Was ever beauty by brutality
So trappt? I must save her! Yet, what am I?
Not a hero, but a her...less my O!
My purpose being here is not to be
What I have been; to gear my whip in drag
So's not to be a drag on those who'd skip
The whip; yay, my stout resolution's made

To not incessantly be on the make,
Having shattered much thrashing to obtain.
But she's in danger! No. Though clear of goal,
My motive's mud. No more than Mudecon!
No more no worse than I when I was me,
And I was awful. So, you stoppt yourself,
Stop him. To do so I must re-be what
I was to gain my will for what I would,
And yet my will re-freed could make of me
What I must not be. O I cannot act!
There is in us, you see, a kind of mind
So broke with paying back defaulted thoughts,
A hand so limp with gripping, O a heart
So spastic, so irregular, so beaten
With beating out some random, randy beat,
It haggled thumps for mother metronome,
All forward action on itself reverbed
Nostalgic thru the twisted loop of being
Where what it will must pass thru what it was
To find the thing it is beyond itself,
As it itself is what is wrong with it,
And such a mind, a hand, a heart have I.
Must call therapist. Must call therapist.

Amanda exits.

Act 2, Scene 3. A spring on Triple Zero Ranch. Nova is drinking. Enter Gemma and Kyrin.

Gemma

Kyrin Ridge, you wait for me, or I will rightswipe Mordecon and straddle his zoombicopter to the Waldorf. Piddly goop coupons! Had I known we were climbing Mt. Rutted Filth, I'd have worn my smock and flats ensemble.

Nova

Kyrin Ridge?

Gemma

This dust has wreaked Hoboken on my hair!

Nova

And his poodle.

Gemma

And the sun! Wutch a get for Xmas, girl? O, carcinoma.

Nova

Yes, indeed, the sun is hot in Moab.

Kyrin

Look at that view.

Gemma

And just think, when we own the lot, it'll have an elevator.

Nova

An elevator negates its elevation, as effort is the essence of achievement.

Gemma

Kyrin, help! A marauding alien bandito!

Nova

I mean no harm, mam, and I'm as native as the wind.

Gemma

We didn't order any wind for our land, thank you.

Nova

Your land? Nice to meet you, Mother Nature.

Gemma

More like Mother Nutcutter.

Nova

A barren mother.

Gemma

That's it. Give me your name.

Nova

First the land, now my name? Lady, you should learn the diff tween up-for-sale and down-the-dumps.

Gemma

What are you, Shithole's resident smart-ass?

Nova

What are you, Mordecon's resident suck-ass?

Gemma

I am now alerting the border posse. No service? Kyrin, this is anarchy in the not ok!

Kyrin

Gemma, relax. What's your name, man?

Nova

It's a secret, man.

Gemma

Well, Secret Man,
The diff tween up-for-sale and down-the-dumps
Is up to me, not some down-and-outer,
And it is you, not I, that am barren,
Save your insolvent drive to save what's dead.
As for my sucking Mordecon's crapshoot,
Why not, if it balloons me in the Koons,
Cuz where I'm from, it's all been Mordeconed,
So instead of cactus, we have culture,
With stuff, ya know, that's like fashionable
And progressive, so yeah, I mean to profit
Off this dump, so suck it, crispy pupfish.

Nova

You feel the same, man?

Kyrin

Sure.

Nova

I take it then you're not from round this region.

Gemma

He grew up here, but he's outgrown it; inspiro for your dimorphic fungus phase.

Nova

Can we outgrow what grew us?

Gemma

Wow, that's deep. Deep as an inappropriate Anasazi appropriation wormhole to Pink Jeep Vortex Selfie Tours. But let me pull you out of yourself before you muck it up: in advanced societies, we outgrow what grew us by pronouncing it passé.

Nova

Is it passé to lay beneath the hustle-bustle stars, broodful cliffs of Fable Valley framing nature's bright theatrical?

Gemma

Oui.

Nova

Passé to wake at dawn to an ancient breath among the stones revitalizing your forgotten body?

Gemma

Passé beaucoup.

Nova

Passé to spend the day searching some furtive arroyo for the rush of life elusive, pure, inveterate?

Gemma

Aussi passé que la nature!

Nova

And is it passé to lay again, exhausted and enlivened, upon some shimmering slab, and feel the whirlwind of time remaking you in ever-broadening ringlets of intimate freedom? If that's passé, pass the past.

Gemma

FYI, Secret Man, we have had a death in the family and would appreciate your departure so we can complete the grieving process.

Nova

I heard so, and am sorry. I will leave.

*Buried under Broken Arch,
Scrub the scripture on his grave.*

Kyrin

Wait. I will walk you to the gate.

Gemma

And what about me?

Kyrin

Tell Mordecon to build an elevator.

Kyrin and Nova exit.

Gemma

Kyrin! Kyrin Ridge! If you leave me alone up here, I will...ah, venomous airborne invertebrate! Kyrin! Help! That's it! I'm changing my ticket and leaving tonight! Ouch! Kyrin, I've been skewered by a giant cactus dagger! I'm bleeding! OMG, I'm going to die. I can't even see our house from here. Rattlesnake! Ok, stick that looks like rattlesnake, but still, stick that looks like rattlesnake! Why must everything in this odious sand hassle cause pernicious physical perforation? Kyrin, I'm scared. Don't you care? Kissy Kyrin the Cuddle-Me Cozy? Kyrin? Never date a farm boy; he'll always pick it over you.

She exits.

Act 2, Scene 4. Triple Zero Ranch. Enter Hooch, Kid, Karma, and Coyote (disguised as the Druglord).

Coyote

This here's Frontyard Stripper Pole. It'll skin you so high, your neighbors' head'll spin. Mildly Brain-Sprained Hitman - slows you with the lows so it can pop you in the topper. And this is her bimbo highness of unhinginess, Stinkbird Okkt. One whiff and it's eternal cirque du octuple shaman egg.

Kid

Bleezy chubascos!

Hooch

Can I start a tab?

Coyote

What, like I tab you in the neck?

Hooch

Next week...

Coyote

You be dead, the way things goin.

Hooch

Can you take a credit card?

Coyote

Can you take a shovel to the ethmoid?

Hooch

Kid, you got any change?

Kid

I got lotsa change, but I gave it to creation.

Hooch

Karma?

Karma

Dream on.

Hooch

Guess I'll have to use my homegrown shake.

Coyote

Maybe we can swing a trade.

Hooch

All I got worth that weed is this land, which I need the weed to get.

Kid

It's like a catch scooby doo.

Karma

Gommo.

Coyote

Druglord like Teenradish.

Hooch

Ah, man, the Kid's an awful crush.

Coyote

You want some cheeba from the tree that gave Shakespeare his schtick?

Hooch

She's yours, but give him a couple days to let the hoochas wither.

Coyote

Midnight, New Year's Eve, the Druglord collects.

Coyote exits.

Kid

How'd ya pay him, Wilbur?

Hooch

Call me that again, and I bogart every blunt.

Kid

Hyper not happening!

Karma

You dudes are dopey.

Kid

Least we're not pretty.

Hooch

Children, come in close and receive thy tutelage.

Kid

Radical fatty, Hooch.

Hooch

This, by all appearances, is a perfectly proper gringo cigar, but within the scurfy tissues of its puritan puffing phallus is compacted such a killer clat of dopes, one toké will make a khaki Mormon think himself a Latin hunk.

Kid

Rock like a schlock jock!

Karma

What's in it?

Hooch

Uncle Hooch's Cytocephalic Salad of Grandiloquent Delusions, being a savory mesclun of peyote buttons, angel dust, Jamaican tie, and nutmeg, for that zesty holiday zing.

Kid

Inepterrific.

Karma

Spark it up.

Hooch

Nay, this bud is not for you. For I happen to know that Swagart has a secret fetish for the stogie, so I'm going to slip this into his yearny mouf and get rich off the havoc it sachets.

Karma

Grooder.

Kid

But what about the children?

Hooch

You may toot la diet fag.

Hooch lights the spliff. Enter Swagart to the side.

Swag

Whoever you are, I sniff that smoke and come to confiscate!

Hooch

Act like nothin's doin.

Karma

No problema.

Enter Swagart.

Swag

Ha! I shouldst have known. Where there's stink, there is Satan. No smoking, sir, on the grounds of Triple Zero.

Hooch

No one's smoking, sir.

Swag

Then whence the smoke?

Hooch

No tellin, sir. Can't see thru the smoke.

Swag

What, may I ask, is so funny?

Hooch

Sofany. Let's see. How one feels after being on the sofa all one's life?

Swag

Ah! What's that behind your back?

Hooch

I've wondered that all my life, sir, but every time I turn around, it stays behind my back.

Swag

Nay, wambyscamby not me. I refer to the illicit object you so perfunctorily passt to your posterior portions during my opening argument.

Hooch

O, that. That's nothing.

Swag

Nothing concealed is something. Display the item, and tell your dependents to stop making those faces.

Hooch

But that's their nature, sir. Kids make faces to sell to adults who are always losing face.

Swag

I have never lost a face in my life, so tell them to stop!

Hooch

Stop making faces, kids. Society's running a surplus.

Swag

Now revealeth thou thy contraband!

Hooch takes the spliff out from behind his back.

Swag

A stimulant!

Hooch

Little does he know.

Swag

You mumbled, sir?

Hooch

I said, save these tweens from skidmark row, cuz we all know where smokin leads: First they're lightin up, then next thing ya know they're pimpin Korn sop Poonkob, shootin ayahuasca into enucleated eyelids, slugin recycled Valvoline, and livin on mac and skeaze.

Swag

Giveth it me!

Hooch

Yes, sir.

Swagart takes the spliff.

Swag

I want all of you to report to my office, and once I've examined this specimen,
I shall pronounce your sentence.

Hooch

He won't be able to pronounce his own name.

Swag

Sorry, sir?

Hooch

Thank you, sir.

Swag

My office!

Hooch

Yes, sir, but it's hard to go, since I heard that's the tastiest butt this side of
Castro's commode.

Swag

My office!

Hooch

Yes, sir.

Swag

You, my dear, are much too innocent...

Karma

Hands off, bible humper.

Hooch, Kid, and Karma exit and hide to the side.

Kid

You think he'll take it, Hooch?

Hooch

Swagart sneaks out every sabbath behind his camper and tickles his tobacco
jones.

Karma

Mira!

Hooch

Like a vagrant on a voodoo bubble.

Kid

I call roach.

Karma

Get a life.

Kid

I got a life, and it's you.

Hooch

Hush!

Swag

Sir? Well, well, I am alone. And what have we here? Ah, pure Havana! How did that clod of mildew acquisition such a treat?

Kid

You're my clod of mildew treat.

Karma

Whatever.

Hooch

I said hush!

Swag

I will savor it this evening. Yet, it shall stale. Now it is as fresh as a new playmate.

Kid

Mmmm, fresh playmate. Sound familiar?

Karma

You are trippin.

Kid

Trippin on your mañana peel.

Karma

Gag.

Swag

Nay, I best enjoy it now, in revel of the sale to Mordecon, from which will flow, as natural as the letdown from a dam, my selection as mayor, hitherto unattainable female attentions, and something more befitting my gifts than a thrice tired mobile home.

Swagart lights the cigar.

Hooch

O this is the puff of legend!

Swag

Now here is such a mind massage, I'll soon be rid the stress of that mangy Hooch.

Kid

Want a massage?

Hooch

Shush, or it's a spanking!

Karma

Want a spanking?

Hooch

Dammit, you two lovebirds cut the chirps or I go get my slingshot!

Swag

Yay, the good lord, in his endless wisdom, hath given each man a vice, and mine is smoke. When smoke is in me, I feel puffy, turgid, rich. When smoke escapes me, I am a dangerous dragon roaring for his pig knuckles! And when smoke lingers about me, I feel its foggy worship, like a tiny genie in a string bikini gesturing come hither.

Hooch

Chilluns, begloze the glory. The dummy skint, the dullard sharp, the tight and nosey loose and easy, yay, behold the wonders of the weed.

Swag

I am quite affected by this blend. Perhaps I drew too deeply in my pre-deal zeal. Such changes, such sensations. Ah! The good lord is my shepherd and he shall not let me stray!

Hooch

Thy shepherd, you stooge, is Smokey the Where.

Swag

Wow, have I got big plans for this town! First, we transform City Hall into a Christian Conversion Center, where I shall serve as both mayor and pastor. Yay, my title shall be master.

Hooch

Sorry, Swaggy. No more public service. You inhaled.

Swag

The wayward youth shall come to me for moral and carnal guidance, and per exemplum, I shall judge the derelicts. Here's Hooch and his hippy bubs now.

Kid

Shikes, he sees us!

Hooch

Wait. The us he sees is him.

Swag

Please, Master Swagart, don't jail us for drugs! And here am I, sternly staring down from my faux mahogany bench, "thou yolo-infested transients, I sentence thee to the slammer!"

Hooch

We'll see who's gettin slammed, you salt lake goomba.

Swag

Away they go in chains, sufficiently chastised, as I head home for the evening, to be greeted by my three obedient wives: Jemimah, browning my cakes; Bathsheba, drawing my bath; and Eve, nude in the garden. After our welcome rituals, they prepare my quaff and garment for the Jesus Jamboree!

Hooch

Ha! Are you getting this, Kid?

Kid

Nah, I'm gettin thises.

Karma

No, yr hittin misses.

Swag

First, we take my limo to the Arches Auditorium where I linger with my fans over pork-kabobs and gummy bears, then I, MC Swagart, go prancing onto stage for my Teen Mania Ministry! After a rousing lecture on the evils of art, science, and all things alternative, my Christian rock band, Nebuchadnezzar's Nightmare, plays Cocaine, ironically. Beside me, scantily-clad dancing angels

celebrate my organizational skills, as above us, in glowing cages, muscular gladiators in orange tights battle the Prince of Negritude with huge jiggling purple light sabers!

Hooch

It is done. His brain is now a county fair of swirling fatty acids. Ready, children, to do as planned?

Kid

Sure, but what's the plan?

Hooch

Just follow your karma.

Kid

Like spring follows summer.

Hooch jumps out.

Hooch

Swagart, man, you were right! I shoulda confesst my wrongs! O, forgive me!

Hooch exits.

Swag

What is this? Has my Jesus Jamboree converted Hooch?

Enter Kid and Karma.

Karma

The lord is come!

Kid

Come, come.

Karma

The apocalypse!

Kid

Lips, lips.

Karma

Get right or meet thy doom!

Kid

Oom, oom.

Kid and Karma exit.

Swag

The lord is come? Can it be? There have been strange occurrences of late.
Sex, violence, recession. Ah! The end-times are upon us! O, my lord, you are
come, and I accept you! But your message is get right, and O I am not right!

Enter Hooch dressed as Yahway, Karma and Kid dressed as Angels.

Karma

Hepatitis!

Kid

Hokey pokey!

Karma

Gingivitis!

Kid

Kinky jokey!

Hooch

I am Yahway, come to end these things.

Kid/Kar

Yah way.

Swag

What is this vision before me? The ancient father and his cherubs dainty? It
surgeth from my craving for redemption. I'll shut my eyes and then open them
again. Nay! Still present! Art thou, O baffling form, my creator?

Hooch

I ameth.

Swag

O what wouldst thou with me?

Hooch

I demandeth thy depression!

Swag

Sorry, lord?

Hooch

I said, I demandeth thy depression!

Swag

Dost thou mean confession, lord?

Hooch

Nay!

Kid/Kar

Yah nay.

Hooch

Some drunk monk made a typo, confession for depression, and thou people hath been getting it all wrongeth ever sinceth!

Swag

Ist the process yet the same, my lord?

Hooch

Ist ist.

Swag

My confession...

Hooch

My depression...

Swag

My depression is that I am proud. Forgive me, lord!

Hooch

Forget me, lord!

Swag

Pardon?

Hooch

The phrase is forget me, lord. Another error thanketh to drink!

Swag

There's quite a difference between forgive and forget, isn't there, lord?

Hooch

Use the proper phrase!

Swag

Forget me, lord.

Hooch

You are forgotten. Continue thy depression.

Swag

I am covetous, lord.

Hooch

Wretched winner!

Swag

Come again, lord?

Hooch

Why should I come again? I am come! Willst thou inconvenience thy lord by asking him to come again?

Kid/Kar

So unchilleth.

Swag

I mean, lord, that you said “wretched winner,” when I believe you mean “wretched sinner.”

Hooch

It is not sinners I hate, but winners.

Swag

Well, I am no winner, lord.

Hooch

Thou canst sayeth that again.

Swag

I am no winner, lord.

Kid/Kar

Sayeth it again!

Swag

I am no...

Hooch

Silence, winner!

Swag

Name the act of contrition.

Hooch

The act of emission.

Swag

Another typo, lord?

Hooch

Yay, there art as many typos as thy gross transgressions, of which thou hast not named the naughtiest!

Swag

Don't make me name it, lord.

Karma

Ooze the shame, lose the blame!

Kid

Sayeth Yahway the Yuge.

Swag

I have, my lord, touched myself.

Hooch

This is tmi for even the omniscient.

Swag

Forget me, please!

Hooch

Thy depression is itself the act of emission. Thou art forgotten for winning.

Swag

Thank you, lord.

Hooch

Now shall I name the chosen one!

Swag

And I shall follow him!

Hooch

Swallow him.

Swag

Swallow him.

Hooch

Thou shalt know him by his symbols twee!

Kid/Kar

The symbols twee!

Hooch

A fish-shaped birthmark, a swaying way, and a sense of unky.

Swag

I hear, O lord, but what is unky?

Hooch

The end is nigh!

Kid/Kar

Igh, igh...

Hooch

Find the savior!

Kid/Kar

Or, or...

Hooch

Fish-shaped birthmark, swaying way, and a sense of unky.

Kid/Kar

Unky, unky.

They exit.

Swag

Lord, O lord? I must find the man who bears these symbols twee. He is the savior! A fish-shaped birth...wait a second. I have a birthmark, here, on my hip. And it's somewhat like a fish, or a squid. A squid's a fish, isn't it? Yes, it is! I bear the first symbol! But the second symbol. A swaying way. Have I a swaying way? I have been known to sway, tho it is not my primary ambulatory style. Perhaps it means to hold sway in my community? No, that's stretching things. Ah! Sway is like swag, and my name, Swagart, taking art as method or way, means I am swaying way, my name, Swagart, swaying way, yes! The second symbol! But the third symbol - a sense of unky.

Enter Hooch, Kid, and Karma.

Hooch

Swagart, man, what's that on your head?

Swag

Hair, perhaps?

Karma

Wo, it's a halo!

Swag

There's a halo on my head?

Kid

Lead us, O savior!

Swag

Can this be true? My mother always said that I was special, but a halo on my head? Fetch me a mirror!

Hooch

Use the birdbath.

As Swagart looks at himself in the birdbath, Kid holds a frisbee behind his head.

Swag

O my god, I am god. The son select, the word made flesh, O I am the man! Is there still a halo on my head?

Enter Coyote (disguised as Ranger Arranger), Ted, and Vicki.

Kid

Run, it's the rents!

Karma hides.

Vicki

Please, Ranger Arranger, find our Karma!

Coyote

Not to worry, Ms. Dumkowski. She's probably been skinned, which means a real strong scent.

Ted

O savior, have you seen our Karma?

Swag

Nay, I am the savior!

Hooch

Corporate restructuring, sheeple. He is the savior.

Swag

Can't you see the halo on my head?

Ted

No.

Hooch

There, around his scalp, like iridescent blubber circling thinly shaved pastrami.

Vicki

Nope.

Kid

Just do like I do every day - daze your eyes, stare past whatever, and you'll see it.

Ted

Wo, I see it!

Vicki

Me too!

Swag

I am the savior.

Ted

Find our Karma, savior.

Vicki

Please!

Swag

Yay, I shall do this and more.

Exit Swagart, Ted, and Vicki.

Hooch

Fantastický! This is better than that time I got Ginsberg crowned the King of May in Praha.

Kid

Karma, come on out, don't make me pout.

Hooch

Not to honk my own blow horn, but I am frickin Shaman Uncommon.

Kid

Karma, baby, I'm hurtin for your flirtin.

Hooch

Swagart's as stoned as a Katahdin cairn.

Coyote

Stoned on what?

Hooch

Life, Ranger Arranger. Kid, exit.

Kid

But Karma's gone.

Hooch

Then the bad seeds are burnt, and you in some hotty.

Hooch and Kid exit.

Coyote

Where's my Karma?

Karma enters.

Karma

*Yeah life wd be money
If I had no parents,
That pair of neurotics
That only impairs us.
They bore me? That bores me.
I'm like so embarrassst.
Yeah life wd be money
If I had no parents.*

Coyote

Yeah life wd be money

*If I had some parents,
Their time-tested wisdom
Imparting me guidance.
The source is the surge,
And freedom's a fence,
Yeah life wd be money
If I had some parents.*

Karma

*Yeah life wd be bitchin
Less butt-sniffin boys;
They enter erect
But soon drop to all fours.
Will you be my mommy?
Can I break all your toys?
Yeah life wd be bitchin
Less these butt-sniffin boys.*

Coyote

*Yeah life wd be bitchin
If I got more butt sniffin.
Tho butt's what we're wantin,
It's all ors and ifn.
My soul's in my ass
And it's ripe for a whiffin!
Yeah life wd be bitchin
If my butt got more sniffin.*

Karma

*O life wd be awesome
Was I more than I am.
I dream and it happens,
I dance and they drum,
Some model named Mimi,
She-Ninja Succumb,
O life wd be awesome
Was I more than I am.*

Coyote

*O life wd be awesome
Was I just who I am.
One heart in the harrow,
One take for the um.
I'd know what I felt
And I'd feel what I strum.
O life wd be awesome*

Was I just who I am.

Both

*Maybe I need someone just like me
To help me be what I can't be,
We'd stage our cozy comedy
And wash our brains of tragedy!*

Coyote

*Come along, lil woggy,
To Cooty's bazaar.*

Karma

*Can I be what you am
And you be what I are?*

Coyote

*Yo, mixing ourselves,
All lit on the lam,
We'll find know-how in wishin
And self in a scam.*

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 5. Enter Spam, Trash, and Softy, who is unconscious and bound, in the men's room at a rest stop outside Moab.

Spam

Time to play torture in the men's room. Flush!

Trash

You said we was chuckin him off.

Spam

I changed my tune cuz you wouldn't krump.

Trash

No way, Spam. I'm out.

Spam

Sorry, Trash, but FBS has your stats, so you best hang tight and embrace my mechwarrior wumpus.

Trash

I'll knuckle you boogawoof, sci-hi boy.

Spam

The nano-sec yr frumpy flippers meet this blaupunkt skin shield, my desert storm ballistic blitz will engage whirling ebola-tippt throwzini blades from my thermostatic thorax, and you shall suffer shoyako shinju monster mince-o-matic.

Trash

They'll fry our chicken nuggies to a char!

Spam

No one's gettin fried, you 18-squealer. I am come to push and piddle G-Spot Armageddon, but that Jumboholster took la bomba, so I'm squeezin howdy-doody til he talks.

Trash

Dear Lordy, where did I go goof? A trucker's bound to peg some game, get punk in drublic, and speed a tad, but I been a good boy most my miles!

Spam

Look, St. Peterbilt. Drop the "my moral diaper can't hold this twisted crap" slob story.

Trash

What?

Spam

Put your trust in Spam, bend your brain over, and invaginate the suppository of my superior mission, else I'll take you with a tickle to the border of the screamlands.

Trash

You swear you'll get us outta this fartjitsu geocache?

Spam

My brown-dwarf of birth, Mudflappian Man, is Klaustrophobius. I don't get in what I can't get out. So just be my man tonight and help me roast these oinky ribs.

Trash

He's wakin up.

Softy wakes up.

Softy

My honey glazed is stale!

Spam

Welcome, Rogue Trooper, to the Kiss Psycho Circus. Here's your zoid options: Handlotion Hamster or Pepperspray Boweevil. Comprende?

Softy

No.

Spam

Trash, lick his gums.

Trash

S'wut?

Spam

I self-destruct on explanation!

Trash licks Softy's gums.

Spam

Donde es la bomba?

Softy

No speaka Spanish.

Spam

Trash, stick your naked toes in his mouth.

Trash

What?

Spam

It's bonafide pol pot pedi-torture, Trash!

Trash

But..

Spam

You wanna compare our SATs again?

Trash

No.

Spam

Then keep your anti outta my thesis!

Trash sticks his toes in Softy's mouth.

Spam

Now fess up, porkpie teddywedge: donde es la bomba?

Trash

How's he s'posta speak with my toes in his mouth?

Spam

Clearly, soulja Softy is one tough crack to nut.

Trash

I ain't sure he knows what you want outta him, cuz I sure don't, and my head ain't fulla stinky trucker stubs.

Spam

O yeah?

Trash

O yeah.

Spam

Well, if I share the secret torture, you'll have to join the clan.

Trash

Yo, I believe in the rainbow coalition.

Spam

I mean the CLS.

Trash

The Combustible Liquid Safestat?

Spam

No, Trash. The Clan of Lips and Scissors.

Trash

What's that? A mustache-cuttin club?

Spam

The Clan of Lips and Scissors is a virtual totem pole of like-minded cyber studs fighting frontline clacko in the wargasm against the nature droids of the terrible body hair movement.

Trash

So?

Spam

So, yo, joe blow, mow yo' low fro.

Trash

Do I wanna be in the Clan of Lips and Scissors?

Spam

Would you rather our planet be over-run by people with pubic hair?

Trash

I dunno.

Spam

Pubic hair is wrong, Trash.

Trash

It is?

Spam

Those seemingly innocent fur heaps harbor tardigrades, disguise intentions, and flaunt the aging process!

Trash

I guess that's one way of mistakin it.

Spam

Shall I therefore share the secret torture of the Clan of Lips and Scissors?

Trash

Sure.

Spam

Nurse him at your nipple.

Trash

Pardonay moo?

Spam

Be a man, embrace the clan!

Trash

Now look here...

Spam

Drop the dupe, join the group.

Trash

I will not...

Spam

Tired of teething fuzzy gizzards? Join the Clan of Lips and Scissors.

Trash

Dammit, Spam...

Spam

Do it, or we science bowl.

Softy

Boys, howbout...

Trash breastfeeds Softy.

Spam

The tot has left the wok. FBS is Federal Bureau of Stubble, so we're looking at a mob of unshaven mystical naturists whose sole intent is the preservation of things as they are, and Grand Blaster Mordecon, sniffing something organic in this alkaline environ, wants me to use la bomba to scorch Moab into an interactive MUSH wherein fully shaved inhumanoids can build the Silicone Sexuality Matrix, thereby once and for all eradicating anyone with a yen for shaggy giblets. Yo, ya with me, Trash?

Trash

Nah, I'm with Softy.

Spam

He latch on?

Trash

Like a sorority leech.

Spam

He suck?

Trash

Like a fine pinot lager.

Spam

He swallow?

Trash

Like an ossifrage at a dino dig.

Spam

Welcome to the Clan of Lips and Scissors.

Trash

Thanks, Spam.

Spam

He tell ya where la bomba be?

Trash

Nope, he too busy nookin.

Spam

Where'd Jumboholster put la bomba?

Softy

I got no idea.

Spam

Maybe you'll talk if I bite off your tongue.

Enter Coyote disguised as the Mobile Bromer.

Coyote

Clear the deckage, dudes! I gotta wiz so bad they built a boat launch round my ears. O yeah. Gimme some water! When the rain comes! Goodbye, yellow crick road. Wo, I ain't seen so much trickle down since the gipper got the dipper. I'm like carvin a new Gland Canyon here. And in come the shivers. Hibbidy wibbidy jibbidy. Man, they should charge for that. Time go nite nite, baby bop. Watch that zipper. Cut, and it's a tap. Sorry your sight sockets had to gargle them frijoles, but those jumbo dewes run thru me like a Bulldog tackleback thru a Bryn Mawr glory hole. Yo, where's the spicy pub mix so I can wash my hands? Wouldn't be so sloppy without my totally tremendous tufts of pubic fluff. Gorgeous country, ain't it, bruh?

Spam

Yep.

Coyote

It's like you'd never guess it sits atop the largest nuclear waste site in the world, right?

Spam

Nope.

Coyote

All some nut job gotta do to cause flagitious havoc is order up la bomba from Ol' Cooty's Bombas-We-Deliver (here's a card), drive over to the Cove of Caves (here's a map), and he could blow the whole state to dumbkingcome (here's a bro bump).

Spam

That wd take a windshield of considerably inverted tinting.

Coyote

You know it, dude. Well, it's been way awesome jumpy jawin with ya. And don'cha worry bout me. One cop in the can is one less on the road, so we tite. Swerve safely now, ya hear!

Coyote exits.

Spam

Strap Softy in the sleeper, Trash. I got a bad idea.

All exit.

Act 3, Scene 1. Enter Kyrin and Nova on Triple Zero Ranch.

Kyrin

Coyote sang you "Under Broken Arch"?
I thought my father shot that scatarian
Dead like years ago for liftin livestock.

Nova

The trickster never kicks.

Kyrin

Damn, I tell you,
Those two fight stimulators sure could feud,
All tangled in their private Alamo
Tween Cooty's get-ups and my father's props.

Nova

They must have loved each other awful much.

Kyrin

I never knew it til my old man yelled
Into the hills after lobbing twenty rounds
Toward some county chicken coop inspector
Turned out to be Coyote in a suit,
"Some day your costume's gonna cost u me,"

And from the hills barkt back purrrr affection.

Nova

Your raging dad was quite a loving mom
To keep such pristine, vital habitat.

Kyrin

I was not kin to what my father was.
Far better reads a chirping bat the crux
Tween true and phantom form when second source
Slap echoes in delay than I knew him.
Seemed he was only close to the mystery
His lack of closeness to anything else
Save himself made us think he knew beyond
What any other sharing creature could,
Tho lately I've been thinking we were trickt,
And he wasn't even close to himself,
And the mystery he held was in our heads,
And he was just a scent mark of Coyote.

Nova

Troving for the fam's a kind of closeness.

Kyrin

Only fam to trove for was my sister,
And she did anything he told her to,
So, now he's gone, she wants me for him,
But I'm not, and I won't, so I'm selling.

Nova

Then his biggest mistake's empowering you,
And you should love him for that imperfection.

Kyrin

There's a line, Secret Man, between our lives,
And you mistake our closeness crossing it.

Nova

There's a land, Kyrin Ridge, belongs to all,
And you mistake our distance paving it.

Kyrin

There may be such a land, but it ain't mine.

Nova

What's anything but how it nourishes

Our link to nature's never-ending now?

Kyrin

The most of now is empty in-between,
And nature's web is riddled with dead links.

Nova

Our link to nature is only as dead
As thriving our denial that its truth
Elicits those essential metaphors
Whereby we think and dream and know ourselves,
Much as you imbibe your absent father
Thru these ferric arches' windswept foramen.

Kyrin

I know him too well thru them, and to know
Too well hits lower than nescience. His heel
Has stamp'd its imprint into every butte
That wayward stones now track the trek; his hand
Has hid this waste neath wonder; and his voice
So bragging booms across these monoliths
This ecosystem merely echoes him
That I mistake its silence for his shush
And live again a wound I would decamp.
To the one precluded his attentions,
These parts are too imparted with his parting,
Possessed of his obsessions, hot with him,
Constructing to a destructive degree
A place where I'm the loss I cannot be.

Nova

You speak your mind with its despoiler's words.

Kyrin

Yeah, that's why I'm selling - to bury him
And finally walk above what's held me down.

Nova

Yet bury him alive?

Kyrin

My dad is dead.

Nova

He's unaccounted for, which, if that's dead,
Means you have yet to live, and if you sell

The land he loved, you inter his fervor
That round us now in animacy thrives.

Kyrin

I like you, Secret Man. You remind me
Of what I might have been without Gemma,
But that, so therefore you, ain't how it is.

Nova

To each his own, or in your case, his owned.

Kyrin

I've always been a used and clunky car
That needs a kick to start, and Gemma kicks.
Before her I was just some Moldy Peach
In Alphabet City, bangin my dull ax
For a fatal fix, then she lifted me
Into her loft, dredged me out the due hole,
And puncht me upright, so to each his owe.

Nova

Debt is not love.

Kyrin

The line, Secret Man.

Nova

The name's Nova. Short for Casanova.

Kyrin

What, so you're like some gay nightclub dancer
Who gets his backroom practice huggin trees?

Nova

I'm straight as passion's crooked road allows.

Kyrin

Then I should shoot you straight at my sister
Cuz she could really use a Casanova.

Nova

I'd rather you just shoot me at myself,
Cuz I could really use a Casanova.

Kyrin

Here's the gate; what say I shoot you thru it.

Nova

What's with that ballad, Under Broken Arch?

Kyrin

My father sang it, and sang it only,
Most every day after my mother died.

Nova

How'd she go?

Kyrin

Flash flood, Green River Canyon,
Swimming alone, as was her wake and shake.

Nova

For her then, just one favor 'fore I go:
Sing me the rest of "Under Broken Arch."

Kyrin

I don't sing.

Nova

Come on.

Kyrin

The line, Secret Man.

Nova

Buried under Broken Arch,
Scrub the scripture on his grave...

Kyrin

Lies the man who dared to march
Across the bridge that water made.

Nova

Is someone buried under Broken Arch?

Kyrin

My mother.

Nova

Why scrub the scripture?

Kyrin

Scrub brush,
Like tumbleweeds. That's her only tombstone.
I always hated that.

Nova

Bet she loves it.

Kyrin

I always knew the bridge that water made
Was Broken Arch.

Nova

Made to best its maker.

Kyrin

But then it's like "his grave" and "lies the man."

Nova

Might it not be your father speaks to you
By singing to himself? Perhaps these lines
Urge you to cross the line between your lives
And venture out across the Broken Arch,
Which, if this range is paved, will be annulled,
And what have you to fear, for if you fall,
You fall into your mother, and her grave
Alone is where your family can be found,
Caught by the creator they've transcended
By keeping her descendancy zoetic
In this conservancy's secure ascendance.

Kyrin

There's other words.

Nova

Sing, or speak, them to me.

Kyrin

Sorry, I got a date with Mordecon.
That's the gate, so go on.

Nova

What if I don't?

Kyrin

Gemma will get crackin.

Nova

Ain't no woman scare me save the looker
Inside me whisp'rin, "he just lookt at me."

Kyrin

Let Gemma see you after I said git,
It's you'll be buried under Broken Arch.

Kyrin exits.

Nova

In finding you, I've died to what I've been,
So let my burial in love begin.

Nova exits.

Act 3, scene 2. Amanda's B & B. Enter Amanda on the phone with her therapist.

Amanda

Crazy Control, this is Crazy, copy.

Ther

Crazy, this is Crazy Control, copy.

Amanda

Doc, I'm in a massive pickle.

Ther

A massive pickle?

Amanda

Yeah, like when you're sweating sausage between two allied adversaries
tossing a ball back and forth...

Ther

So yr sausage is tossing sweat out of adversarial balls allied to both back and
forth?

Amanda

No, doc, I'm hustling skin between them trying to touch somebody's bag
without getting tagged by anybody's ball.

Ther

O, so somebody's ball is hustling yr bag so you can avoid getting touched by
anybody's skin tag?

Amanda

Damn, doc, did u not play games as a kid?

Ther

As a kid I did, but now I'm an adult.

Amanda

Point well taken.

Ther

O, you took my point, did you?

Amanda

Yep, I took it well.

Ther

Where'd you take it?

Amanda

Into the inner-workings of my self-awareness?

Ther

Show me.

Amanda

Show you what?

Ther

The you you cannot show me because it becomes me when you show me.

Amanda

I'm trying.

Ther

There's a word for taking something from someone into a place you're unable to show them. Do you know what it is?

Amanda

Harasshole?

Ther

Cleptochondriac.

Amanda

I like mine better.

Ther

Then I guess we've found the problem.

Amanda

We have?

Ther

Autoerotic cleptochondriacism of the harasshole!

Amanda

Doc, can I tell you why I called?

Ther

At the Center for Libidinal Supervision, or CLS, we believe the patient always calls so we can sludge-nudge their smudge-judge with our grudge-judging bludgeon sponge. Are you fudging?

Amanda

No.

Ther

If not the anchor, good luck breaking free.

Amanda

Ok.

Ther

If sparkling ego prosthesis, click "you can cook soup in this man."

Amanda

Ok.

Ther

If destructive to sea life, self-directed child abuse.

Amanda

Listen, doc...

Ther

Say the first word that comes to your mind.

Amanda

Serena.

Ther

I haven't started yet.

Amanda

Sorry.

Ther

No need to apologize.

Amanda

Sorry.

Ther

Wire-mesh remote control wunderkind rubbing anti-giggle cream on his genital crisis.

Amanda

What?

Ther

What's the first word that comes into your mind when I say that?

Amanda

Serena.

Ther

No, you said what first.

Amanda

Serena.

Ther

No, you said what.

Amanda

Serena.

Ther

That's it. I'm hanging up.

Amanda

Hello?

Ther

Hello.

Amanda

What happened to hanging up?

Ther

I quickly realized that not hanging up on you actually scores me more hangings-up cuz you got so many hangups we call you a telemarketer's nightmare.

Amanda

Could I please tell you about my current predicament?

Ther

What am I, yr therapist?

Amanda

Yes, at least I thought so.

Ther

Thotso! It's you! Hey, Minnie, I found the missing Marx Brother! So, Thotso, be honest: they said comedy, you heard comity, so after the slightest insult, you quit.

Amanda

Doc, I've met a woman who's really sweet,
And I kinda sorta like her maybe,
But she's being chased by this sleazy creep
Who's chasing another woman, namely me.

Ther

Why this sudden shift to rhyming couplets?

Amanda

I dunno, maybe I want Amanda and Serena to rhyme as a couple.

Ther

You need prosody, not therapy.

Amanda

So I don't have a future as a poet.

Ther

That's like saying you don't have a bark as a cat.

Amanda

Good one, doc.

Ther

Good one? Do you not remember when your mother barked at you for pooping on your cat?

Amanda

No.

Ther

Then it wasn't all that good, was it?

Amanda

Doc, this woman...

Ther

Julissa?

Amanda

O man, why'd you go there so fast?

Ther

Why'd you go there so slow?

Amanda

Stop.

Ther

Why did you take so long to get home that night?

Amanda

Doc, please, no...

Ther

Why did you stumble into your bathroom at 6 am to discover your love of seven years bled to death in the tub like a cuddle fish belly up in a tomato juice jacuzzi with a sticky note stapled to her cheek that read, "I know where you were"?

Amanda

Julissa! No! I'm here! Wake up! Julissa!

Ther

New phone, who dis?

Amanda

This is Raymond hiding as Amanda in a small suburb of hell per his therapist's advice to destroy the toxic masculinity that murdered dear Julissa!

Ther

If bygones are bygones, neurons are pylons.

Amanda

Ok.

Ther

O hey, I forgot to ask – how's your vernix?

Amanda

My what?

Ther

Your vernix caseosa, or cheesy sheathe, the film of dead sebaceous cells surrounding the fetus til slofft at birth.

Amanda

Gee, I dunno how it is, cuz I slofft it at birth.

Ther

Is that what you think?

Amanda

No, but I know that's not what you think.

Ther

Until Raymond is done re-gestating into a non-cheating member of the cheating sex via the floral print garb-womb of Amanda, he must not rip his vernix stuffing the meat in the hero.

Amanda

But Doc...

Ther

Build Amandahenge! Build Amandahenge!

Enter Mordecon.

Mord

Isn't everything dwug induced?

Isn't all sex incest?

Aren't the things you stand for just things for you to sit on?

If we don't know each other, isn't that probably best?

I ask you, my love, the hard questions,

To put you in my happy place,

*Cuz you're flighty for a sticker collection
But perfect for an air force base.*

Amanda

Sorry, but we're full.

Amanda hangs up.

Amanda

It's odd, this job, people always calling
And asking if I have a vacancy.

Mord

Amanda, let's get one thing straight – my thing.
The love fruits in my Versace satchel
Generate, when mlurmed, 300 million
Harikari pulpids in one gungadin.
You, bow wow however, cutely contain
A mere 400 albuminal mojo packets,
Proving (ruby vroom!) I outnumber you.
Thus, more precious and scarce, your oogs resist
My goober assault, yet, the fight is futile,
For tho your aircraft carrier turrets
Attack my struggling banzai humanists,
At least one pluckish kamikaze lives,
And he, O intrepid little bigfoot,
Buggers his schnozz thru your bully-proof crust,
Und von zis drecken wundersuppen (drumroll plz),
The miracle of life, i.e. more me.
But that is not the point, I am the point,
So I point at you, as a dog who dreams
In technicolor, with this, my Wonder Wand.
Excited delirium, my dear?

Amanda

O you beast!

All exit.

Act, 3, Scene 3. Enter Serena on a ledge over Broken Arch.

Serena

Father? Are you there? No. Well, just as well,
For my echo, which cheats on me to seem
Like someone else is more true blue to me
Than you, you who rustled away the ranch

Whence all my life I deavoured to be true
To you, to us, to this cheating father
And his man cave in the wild blue yonder.
So now, thru this ruse, I am my father.
I love you, Serena! I will never
Betray you! The home we reared together
Will be yours forever! Ah, there you are,
The lie I tell myself so I can live
Now you have died denying me my due.
Yet there's moisture in the aftergone mirage,
Which we know in our no to be nothing,
Like you, father. Look, you made my body,
And it is nothing. You taught me to speak,
And it is nothing. And you gave me love,
And here it is – a lifetime of action,
Character, scenery, poetry, striving,
Duds, dreads, dreams – accoutrements abundant
Outfitting that great drama of nothing,
The desiccant father/daughter romcom.
Yet not nothing, for there is always that
This frauding present absent father proves:
Death is dreaming me, and I feel him stir.
What is it, father lover death, you wish?
All of me? O you awful tempting mutant.
Go on, then. Giddy up, and I'll admit you.
Enter me entire, shimmer out my eyes,
Lick my thirsty lips, rumble in my lap,
Invade my every cell and surging stuff
My sterile insides with yr fatal seed,
O father me a family, fertile death!
For that will be yr grandest child, father,
And he will carry on your memory,
As death alone can bear itself in death.
I lived for you, but you have died to me,
So I shall die to show myself still true
To he whose will declares, deny my will.
You birthed me, you betrayed me, so I birth
Yr betrayer, here, upon our mountain,
Amidst our land of love, your mother, I,
For to live for your family is to die.

Enter Mordecon chasing Amanda.

Amanda
Serena!

Mord

Deareth dearest, doth not doest thine dyeth!

Mordecon pulls Serena from the ledge.

Serena

Let me go!

Mord

Jump, and I will follow!

Amanda

Serena, no!

Serena

I'm not going to jump.

Mord

So you'll marry me?

Serena

No.

Mord

Then I will jump.

Serena

No!

Amanda

Yes!

Mord

You want me to live.

Serena

I didn't say that.

Mord

You want me to live, and that's a twin to love.
I'll be in my suite, febreezing Monsieur Thong.
Amanda, here, you droppt your Wonder Wand.

Mordecon gives the Wonder Wand to Amanda.

Mord

*Serena, te amo mas que el queso
Which in your tongues mean mi guagua es grueso,
Serena, te amo mas que la huaca
Which in your tongues mean mi cacao no es la caca
Serena, te amo mas que los bigotes
En las privadas mas adoradas de los sacerdotes
Serena, te amo mas que los fangos
Which in your tongues mean mis mamarrachos son sus mangos!*

Mord

Recuerda esto bien, mi fresca:
If looking in the wrong place for love,
Looking in the right place for drugs.

Serena

Ok.

Mordecon exits.

Serena

He's kind of stunning, isn't he?

Amanda

Stunning is a word that comes to mind.

Serena

I really need a chug and chat.

Amanda

Let's hit the Horny Toad.

All exit.

Act 3, Scene 4. Triple Zero Ranch. Enter Swagart, Vicki, Ted.

Swag

Gather round, my slippery chubs, for we must craft the Cult of Me.

Ted/Vicki

Alleluiah, savior!

Swag

Nay, we shall say necrophilia.

Ted/Vicki

Alleluiah, necrophilia!

Swag

Nay, say, “necrophilia, savior!”

Ted/Vicki

Necrophilia, savior!

Swag

Re-nay, for my name shall be Manrise, and it meaneth waxing machismo.

Ted/Vicki

Necrophilia, Manrise!

Swag

My symbol is the squid, my dogma the swaying way, and thou art my unkys.

Ted

Question, Manrise.

Swag

Raise your hand. Yes?

Ted

What is unky?

Swag

Question thou me?

Vicki

Punish him, Manrise!

Swag

Yay, I shall. Revelations 21, 19-20: “And the wall of the city (I am the city, I am the wall) was garnisht with all manner of precious stones (my stones are precious, hence too my smotings): there was jasper (jasper, being hard and red, signifieth thy buttocks whippit); there was sapphire (a soft, yellow stone, signifying thy broken pride); there was emerald (this signifieth thy moneys, which passeth verily unto me); and there was chalcedony (a long word, signifying in sinister reverso thy new name, Tiny Man); and there was sardonyx (a stone unknown to me, signifying thy ignorance).” Yet let us abandon these fruitless rubrics and escort Womanthing to my chamber of revelations, where she shall fondle my squid in a swaying way that we may people our future planet with myriad fresh and fanciful unkys.

Swagart and Vicki go to exit. Enter Coyote (disguised as Local Yokel) with a falsely dead Karma in his arms.

Coyote

Help, da beast killt da beauty!

He lays Karma down.

Vicki

O my Karma!

Coyote

It take a savior to raise her from the dead!

Ted

Raise her, Manrise!

Swag

Yay, I shall.

Coyote

Give him room, people!

Swag

Revelations 10, 1-3, “And I saw a mighty angel (that angel am I, mighty in my manly) come down from heaven (from heaven I come, or Moab, or what you will), clothed in a cloud (my suit is of substance nimbus), and his feet were on fire (my feet are on fire) and he set his right foot upon the sea (this patch of dirt I call the sea) and his left foot upon the earth (this scrap of trash I call the earth) and he cried “Dead Beauty, rise!”

Karma wakes up.

Coyote

He is da savior!

Ted/Vicki

Reverse Necrophilia, Manrise!

Enter Hooch and Kid.

Kid

Karma, baby, wizzup?

Hooch

Mellow, Kid. My back is breakin me.

Swag

Now shall I take these loosely related females, Womanthing and Teenradish, as my mute of mating hares with special hutching in my sheets.

Gemma calls from the side.

Gemma

Swagart?

Karma

It's da beast!

Swag

Conceal thyselfes!

Enter Gemma.

Gemma

Swagart, you there?

Karma

She da beast.

Gemma

Swagart! Hello? Anyone! I am dying here! Must have been the locals mating with their pets. Why must the smartest boys come from the dumbest towns? Moab is like serious whatever. You have to go out to get anything, everyone knows each other, and at night it's like dark. Help! Water! Lipstick! Range Rover! Siri! Ok, Gemma, relax. Set your intentions, breathe, and papakasana.

Gemma does yoga.

Karma

See her move like toon boom mantis lunching beloved area man. She da beast.

Vicki

Protect me, Manrise!

Swagart jumps out.

Swag

Cease thy pagan hambone, thou evil churchmite!

Gemma

Swagart, thank god you found me.

Swag

Speak not of God, thou serpent sack, thou eccentricfical worm manikin, thou defecating millipede of noxious fumages!

Gemma

You blow the bottle, Swagart?

Swag

Nay, thou noisy fornicator, thou crinkly cancer teat, I suck not Satan's leche.

Gemma

Hooch, did you slip acid on Swagart?

Hooch

I'd sooner waste a tab on him than waste my land on you.

Gemma

So what the yeet? You family dollar door-holders act like you've never seen a dying fashion icon before. Kyrin will hear of this.

Karma

Fell da beast!

Ted tackles Gemma.

Karma

Cage her in the Cove of Caves!

Hooch

Stop! Why you takin her there? That place is endless, and few who go in get out.

Coyote

So we can beat her!

All

Beat da beast!

Hooch

Stop! Ok, Swagart, I got you stoned. It's all a ruse to score my cash. You're not the savior, you're just extra Swagart. But beatin folks in the Cove of Caves, that's a good plan for a bad trip.

Karma

Da beast is speaking thru him!

All

Beat da beast!

Hooch

Tell em, Kid.

Kid

Tell em what?

Hooch

What we did, with the joint, Yahway, unky unky.

Kid

I'm with Karma, Hooch.

Gemma

You poodoos let me go, or I will...

Coyote gags her.

Coyote

Only poo we do is you.

All

Beat da beast!

All exit, save Hooch.

Hooch

Damn! How swiftly the dry plains of the human mind spread the baleful flames of belief. We bipeds are a mighty desperate genus. Stufft with certain delusions, proppt on shaky grounds, craving instant eternity, each is totally self-detacht, a long lineage of moments, and the only link is circumfluitous absence. Disruption is our essence; all, all is error! O brother, thou hast left a rich mistake. I best get help.

Hooch exits.

Act 4, scene 1. Mordecon's room at Amanda's B & B. Enter Mordecon and Dutymaker.

Mord

Egobooster!

Enter Egobooster.

Ego

Yes, Mordecon, most polygamous of men?

Mord

Tonite I shall mount Amanda like an electrode-addled lobster repeatedly thwacking a plastic decoy in some pentagon experiment on aquatic sexual weaponry. Boost my ego.

Ego

You are the big lake they call Glitchagoody.

Kyrin Ridge and Nova knock on the door. Dutymaker exits to answer it.

Mord

Dr. Fetusburger!

Enter Dr. Fetusburger.

Fetus

Yes, Mordecon, most longevitous of men?

Mord

My tumor is frantically rapping on the knockers of my integra!

Dutymaker enters with Kyrin and Nova.

Duty

Mordecon, most forward of men, Kyrin Ridge and Secret Man.

Mord

Hmmm, Kyrin Ridge and Secret Man. I love guessing games, so let me guess. You are Secret Man.

Nova

Yep.

Mord

Ha! You had one job to do, and I took it. Now, Mr. Ridge, what can I do for you that requires nothing of me?

Nova

He's come to say he will not sell the land.

Kyrin

Wo wo wo...

Mord

But you gave me your word, and I put it in my neck to keep my tumor company, and now they're making babies with names like Dystrophic Competer Chimp and Hyposensitive Sensitivity Snob.

Kyrin

Ok.

Nova

But the deal's off.

Mord

Secret Man, more secret. Mr. Ridge, my love for Serena is sincere.

Kyrin

Your love for Serena?

Mord

Ah, I see. We must adlib Arabia. Please, sit, and smoke the shisha in my house of hair. Move, you pinoy slugs! Camel urine hummus pops for my beloved guests! Honorable Prince Abdul Kyrin Abdul Kyrin Abdul of Moababad, it is true, I love your sister, the menial but expensive Serenalamaminalaminalamba, she whose upstream womb is as prolific as OPEC crude, Allah be challah, yet knowing a brother holds extensive ambivalent assets in his xx sibling's procreative mini-mart, feeling a temptation for her like clash with a taboo toward his like, I shall not speak of her oryx lips in a screaming spittle storm, but merely say I wish to wed and bed your bloodwoman.

Kyrin

Does she know this?

Mord

I proposed yesterday.

Kyrin

And she said?

Mord

She's thinking, but she'll stop.

Kyrin

Is something wrong with you?

Mord

If loving your sister is wrong, I am augmentin for neoplasm.

Kyrin

You love what she has.

Mord

You love what she hasn't, and that is sibling piracy.

Kyrin

I'm not selling.

Mord

Mr. Ridge, do not renege on me.

Kyrin

Is that a threat?

Mord

No, it's a threet.

Kyrin

A threet?

Mord

Mr. Ridge, have you ever dreaming dasht
Naked thru a twist of cackling briars,
The prey of sixteen diapered, frowning clowns,
As milk snake-headed condors bray above
To beak your scrumptuous puss, and scouring
The droll horizon for a cab, you see
So plainly lain in colored corn and thigh
Of moose, the message "Breach me and I freak,"
There, where pygmies thought their maker lofty?
I am the Scribbler, sir, and when you are dead,
That very phrase I'll etch into your flesh,
So must "ea" denote a long, hard e,
Else all will read it "Brech me and I frek,"
Making your death both meaningless and dumb.

Enter Hooch.

Hooch

Sorry I'm late, but that fence needs fixin as it lacks for gettin-thru. Feedings and sanitations, sir. The handle's Hooch, Demotivational Guru to the Infinitesimal Stars. I'd hand you a card, but I gambled away the deck. Well, what a satisfying schmazz. Aloha, cheek-to-cheek, and a paranational grin, for I must now swap some mutuals con mi gente. Kyrin, Swagart's flippt. He calls himself Savior Manrise, gathers round him those obnoxious tourists snuck

behind my curtain, and they, in tribe maniacal, have hoosegowed Gemma in the Cove of Caves.

Kyrin

The deal's off, Morty.

Kyrin, Nova, and Hooch exit.

Mord

Mordecon!

Enter Spam.

Spam

All hail, Muerte Grande!

Mord

Wo. Codeword?

Spam

Chemolithoautotrophichyperthermophiles.

Mord

You owe me a handjob.

Spam

Para qué?

Mord

I self-destruct on explanation.

Spam

So what's the crisis, boss?

Mord

I got a dirty town to wipe.

Spam

Yeah, well I just met this piss of a dude says there's some serious seismic chakras in the bedrock under Moab, so if we stick la bomba in the Cove of Caves, this whole pubic region will go glabrous.

Mord

That's a bad idea.

Spam

It's what I'm good at.

Mord

Dutymaker, pack my strap-on velveeta vagina, three vials of hexadranothorazine, and a rubber Reagan mask.

Duty

Yes, sir.

Mord

And send one of my pre-written love limericks to Serena, inviting her to the Cove of Caves.

Duty

Yes, sir.

Mord

I don't just play the devil's advocate.

Duty

Yes, sir.

Mord

Muerte Poco, after you.

Spam

Bad news first.

They sing.

*You and me, we're the terrible two's,
Paypal in the jazz, kama sutra for rapists,
We make pollution so we can make the news,
Yeah we're the latest in group tantrum fallacious.
We're the terrible two's, me and yous,
Such socio-critical emotional intelligence!
Hey, let's go hit people with our baby shoes.
They got the night, but we got the sweats.*

All exit.

Act 4, scene 2. The Horny Toad, a bar in Moab. Enter Serena and Amanda.

Amanda

You know what you need, girlfriend? A man.

Serena

Sister, there are no more men in Moab
Than doctors in the back of some old chevy.
There's drunks that say they're men, but their best line,
"Can I buy you one?" is Liquorish for
"Can I roll by you on my way to one?"
There's filthy pickup trucks that ride like men,
But get pickt up, you're just more junk in the bed.
Most boys think they're men, but that meaty tuck
Is an AK rupauling an IQ:
Charisma nerve with no unique talent.
And sure, some hot husbands catch the hanker
From trying to live off fake wedding cake,
But there's a word for digested sugar,
And it ain't Schadenfreudewerdenfrau.
Nope, no men in Moab, save mi papi,
Who's absent Moab and no man no more.

Amanda

There's a new man in town.

Serena

Is he single?

Amanda

He is singular.

Serena

Tag me, Amanda.

Amanda

Well, he's very handsome, but he hides it.

Serena

Wrapping perks the present.

Amanda

Say the present's
Low on macho and high on maintenance?

Serena

I prefer to fix em 'fore I (*dolphin squeaks*)
Cuz then they click the way I want em to.

Amanda

Good, cuz he likes wenches with big wrenches.

Serena

Does he call women “wenches”?

Amanda

No, my bad,
But if that’s your brew, he’s got fuggle hops.

Serena

Is he smart?

Amanda

He’s so smart it’s like scary.

Serena

Scary sexy or scary please shut up?

Amanda

He doses both with dashing discretion.

Serena

I dunno. He sounds a little creepy.

Amanda

Hey, sometimes creepy can be kinda cute,
Like poison toads pique past the friendly frog.
Bespoke my man full of shock and spasm,
Cuz hedging weird is edging augasm.

Serena

How’s he dress?

Amanda

Funny.

Serena

Funny like fancy?

Amanda

Yes, but fancy with five scoops of funny.

Serena

I like a man well-dresst.

Amanda

But a man in a dress?

Serena

Why not? We can share clothes.

Amanda

At least he won't
Put you to sleep, by which I do not mean
Like one puts a dog to sleep.

Serena

I'd hope not.

Amanda

That's a solid: he's not homicidal.

Serena

Your praise is two-timing my suspicion.

Amanda

This man's so safe, there's no combination
Could unlock his past, which, were it opened
Would contain mistakes, which no past is past.

Serena

True that; I've got blunders by the bullion.

Amanda

Then you're perfect for his imperfections.

Serena

But is he interested in the long term?

Amanda

Is *vernix caseosa* long enough?

Serena

Vernix Caseosa? Sounds Slovakian.

Amanda

Check!

Serena

So, are you vouching for him, or not?

Amanda

Yes and no, which is to say, no and yes.

Serena

Set it up, and need be, I'll knock it down.

Amanda

Are you ready for the reveal?

Serena

Right now?

Amanda

If now ain't right then what you wrong it for?

Serena

Bring him on, girlfriend!

Amanda

Yo, I'm takin him out!

Serena

No, I'm takin him...

Enter Dutymaker.

Duty

Serena Ridge?

Serena

Yes?

Duty

Note from Mordecon.

He hands her a note.

Serena

"I wait in the Cove of Caves enwombed
To spark my love and hear its echoes boom
The rush of our new child's urgent heart,
Two beats in one that we may never part."

Amanda

O that schmuckity schmuck schmuck schmuckity schmuck!

Serena

Is Vernix Caseosa Mordecon?

Amanda

Am I a man?

Serena

Duh. Tell him I will come.

Dutymaker exits.

Amanda

You're mating with Mordecon in a cave?

Serena

Ok, so I'm a little bit batty,
But you're the one who hung me upside down.

Amanda

Mordecon is not Mr. Singular.

Serena

O, and who is, you?

Amanda

I do fit the bill.

Serena

I ordered a man, so if you're the bill,
There's an item here I didn't request,
And Mordecon might have extra toppings,
But they're free, he's rich, and the meat is good.

Amanda

I've got good meat.

Serena

Then why the pricey sauce?

Amanda

You get what you pay for.

Serena

And I can pay
For everything once I got Mordecon.

Amanda

Then I'll sell the BnB and we'll buy...

Serena

One half acre of my Rancho Mucho dreams.
Sorry, Amanda, but this man is my land.

Amanda

Serena, wait!

Serena

Wait? I am my father's feather,
And all this wait has dragged me near to grave.
I've waited for my mother to float up;
I've waited for my brother to grow up;
I've waited for my daddy to show up;
I've waited for an hombre to beau up,
Still I have nothing, yet you've set me straight:
Love flies us higher the less we wait.

Amanda

He doesn't love you.

Serena

He's loved me since grade school.

Amanda

He's a bad man!

Serena

So maybe I like em bad.

Amanda

It's just too soon.

Serena

O no, it's way too late.
The day of my potential darkens now,
The glare of youth diminishes, wild pinks
In transformation fade, and I perceive
No history but hope, no light but night,
Wherein I stumble to some crumbling shelf
And feel my father's corpse. But do I cry
And clutch it? No, for need has fostered dearth,
Gratitude despite, fondness disesteem,
As even in this sightless time I see
How little I have seen, what nothing shows.
Absence stares at me, so I shut my eyes,

And there it is, my body beckoning
To sorb its procreative emptiness.
I ache for family. Why to others all,
Yet none to me, save astounding silence?

Amanda

Serena, you're not going!

Serena

I am gone.
Midnight is near, and with it a new year,
But nothing will be new. My home is here.

Serena exits.

Amanda

Must call therapist. Must call therapist.

Enter Dutymaker.

Duty

You must find yourself, not phone your shrink.

Amanda

Pardon?

Duty

You love Serena, don't you?

Amanda

Perchancably.

Duty

Then let your Raymond shine.

Amanda

You know about me?

Duty

I know she needs your help.

Amanda

Hey, I tried.

Duty

Mordecon means to murder her.

Amanda

He what?

Duty

Use this knife; its alloy's toxic
To amalgamen.

Dutymaker gives him a knife.

Amanda

Might I get your name?

Duty

Dutymaker. I make duties. Now go!

All exit.

Act 4, scene 3. Trash and Softy in the Cove of Caves.

Trash

*Dumbass trucker and a loudmouth hitch
Haulin hazmats down a black tar pitch
Get near bust by the FBS
Now they're wedged like cheese
In that Moab cracker mess.*

Softy

Trash, good buddy?

Trash

What?

Softy

Why we in a cave?

Trash

Ask that wigger, Spam.

Softy

Trash?

Trash

What?

Softy

Why you mind him?

Trash

Cuz he got ideas.

Softy

Trash?

Trash

Fuego cheezits, piggy man. You got more imperogatives than both Trash Juniors!

Softy

Spam means on blowin up Moab.

Trash

No, he don't.

Softy

Then why's he want la bomba?

Trash

Cuz Jumboholster tooken his away!

Softy

Untie me, Trash, and I won't tell.

Trash

Hooha hooey haha!

Softy

Ain't I nookt at your bosom?

Trash

Don't you speaka that!

Enter Coyote, disguised as Ol' Cooty.

Coyote

Bombas-We-Deliver.

Trash

You Ol' Cooty?

Coyote

I got cooties and I'm old, so bad plus badder makes me.

Trash

The dude with the loot is on his way.

Coyote

I've some sloppy in a flask, if ya suck.

Trash

Straight up, wobbly down!

Coyote

What you plan on doin with la bomba?

Softy

Blowin up Moab.

Trash

We're makin a movie.

Coyote

What's it about?

Softy

Blowin up Moab.

Trash

In a movie.

Coyote

What's it called?

Softy

Blowin up Moab.

Trash

The movie.

Coyote

Don't seem like a happy movie.

Enter Spam and Mordecon.

Mord

It makes me awful happy.

Spam

Here's the loot, Ol Cooty, now gimme la bomba.

Coyote gives him the bomb.

Coyote

Cash don't ask.

Coyote exits.

Trash

Spam, who is that?

Spam

That is the Tycoon of Terrestrial Tantrums, the CEO of DOA, the Grand Wiz of Lips and Sciz, Mordecon.

Trash

Why's he here?

Spam

Cuz we're blowin up Moab.

Softy

What I say?

Mord

You need my foot in your mouth.

Mordecon sticks his foot in Softy's mouth.

Spam

Suck his nipple, Trash.

Trash

Say what?

Spam

All clannies must breastfeed on the boss.

Trash

I'm da feeder, not da feeded.

Mord

Senor Trash, have I touched on what the CLS can do for you? Through our policy of TQM, or Terribly Questionable Management, we offer a salary in accordance with your crimes, instant promotion to Butthole Surfer, a partially

insured full body transplant, and all religious holidays off, including Caligula's non-circumcision day.

Trash

Ain't that like every day?

Spam

I told you he was fattening cognitively.

Mord

So you on the Badway or off off Broadway?

Trash

But why we gotta blow up Moab?

Spam

Cuz it's there.

Trash

But people will get killt!

Spam

Bombs don't kill people; people kill people.

Mord

And I'm a people person.

Spam

Strap Softy to la bomba.

Softy

O come on.

Mord

Come on what?

Trash

What Softy do?

Spam

You gettin soft on me?

Trash

No.

Spam

You love him, don't you, Trash?

Trash

No.

Spam

You want his dirty yodel patch to sprout your scampy punkins.

Trash

Come again?

Mord

Don't mind if I do.

Spam

I'm talkin man-love, Trash. Just cuz he spooned your idle brides don't make him your burly baby. If keepin shit professional's taught me anything, it's man must not love man, and this, like all jingo of unconsciousness nouveau, is proven by analogy to computers. Chips throb in a loop of ones and zeros, shaft and space, something nothing, man woman, yo! And the moment yes meets yes without that natural no-no buffer, it's system error, crashing, crashing...

Mord

Ungentlemen, my toes are getting pruny.

Spam

Strap Softy to la bomba and stick em deeper down that shaft.

Mord

Or you'll taste the hairy logic of a pubofluffaphobe.

Trash takes Softy and the bomb away.

Mord

I've some serenity to squelch before we scram. Meet me at the airstrip, 11:30 sharp, and we'll jet my Gulpstream past the thunderzone.

Spam

Gagagoogoo.

They sing.

*Some wonder, where's your mind?
Hey, it's runnin all the time,
But that don't mean I gotta chase it,
It's all yours if you can place it,*

I'm too busy gettin me down the mine.

All exit.

Act 4, scene 4. Swagart, Gemma, Kid, Karma, Ted and Vicki in the Cove of Caves.

Swag

This cave be thy grave, thou psychotic foreign bioturbationist!

Vicki

Ah, I touched da beast.

Swag

Her shrewd ooze hath fertilized the crop confusion in thy soul.

Karma

She is possesst!

Enter Kyrin, Nova, and Hooch.

Kyrin

Swagart, what in hell?

Swag

Hell is bust, and demons flood the market!

Kyrin

Undo her now.

Swag

She is undone, as art thou with spritzing the spurcitous thief of scrupulosity.

Ted

Rip da beast from my wife, Manrise!

Kyrin

Then I will take you out.

Kyrin goes at Swagart. Kid pulls his knife.

Kid

Yo, I take you out.

Nova pulls her knife.

Nova

Only take out here is your McNuthin in a body bag.

Swag

Out, demon, out!

Hooch

Kid, it's a prank.

Kid

Ain't no prank tween me and Karma.

Hooch

This is a major contact buzz.

Kid

I'm in contact with my love.

Kyrin

Listen, kid.

Kid

No more Kid, no more Mañana.

Hooch

What about the next-day Niño and his Hoochy Koochy?

Kid

All you got me, Hooch, was seedy shake. But Karma's got the sweet sticky buds.

Hooch

Seedy shake? This child chews my heart and spits the juices in my face.

Kyrin ungags Gemma.

Gemma

Where the fritzing fitbit have you been?

Nova

Telling Mordecon he won't sell.

Gemma

O, this is precious kack! While I'm lamb-basted by the moral militia, you get yin-yanged by an eco freak. Voila, my vacation!

Hooch

Careful, Kyrin. She da beast.

Gemma

And you, Hooch, are a has-been wanna-be, a smalltime schmactor, a sad and lonely transient but successful in delusions, or, as your brother said, a chromosomal calamity.

Kyrin

Hooch told me you were here.

Gemma

Hooch did this to Swagart.

Hooch

My blunts are so fly, they can leap, lizard-like, into unasking lips.

Gemma

Look at him, Kyrin. He's you before me. Singin in the subway, livin off pity, chasin dreams you hadn't the chops to catch.

Nova

You sang in the subway?

Kyrin

There is a gag order on my past!

Gemma

Then silence be conclusion to my screams: do my bid, or bid me adieu.

Ted

She's drooling purple drank!

Karma

Da beast, da beast!

Enter Coyote dressed as Yahway.

Coyote

Yay, I have come!

Swag

Help us, Mighty Lord...

Coyote

Mighty Bored!

Swag

Help us, Mighty Bored, slay da beast!

Coyote

Yayeth, I shalleth. Go deeper into the cave, deeper, deeper, and there at midnight the beast shall belly up.

Swag

Thank you, Mighty Bored!

Kyrin

Swagart, you are fired.

Swag

We're all fired at midnight.

Exit Kid, Karma, Swagart, Gemma, Ted, and Vicki.

Coyote

Everyone lovin the show?

Nova

Coyote?

Coyote

Callate!

Kyrin

That's Coyote?

Coyote

Nay, I am thy father.

Kyrin

So fix this.

Coyote

No, you fix this.

Coyote hands Kyrin the Yahway costume, Hooch an angel costume, and Nova an angel costume.

Hooch

Yes, the ancient pop and his cherubs dainty!

Kyrin

Let's go.

Nova

Are you selling?

Kyrin

Gemma said...

Nova

Then I'm leaving.

Kyrin and Hooch exit.

Nova

I have failed.

Coyote

But Fluke, use the source.

Nova

What's the source?

Coyote

Yourself.

Nova

I'm too selfish to be myself.

Coyote

Just try it, Fluke, and maybe you'll be like it.

Nova

So long, Secret Man.

Echo

So long, Secret Man.

Nova takes off her man clothes and puts on the angel costume.

Coyote

Hello, sexy ooman!

Nova

Coyote, back!

Coyote

You do you, Fluke.

Nova exits.

Coyote

How flex next? Deepsea skydiver? Twitchy surgeon? The man with the rubberstamp hands? Or maybe I'll just be me – vague, obstreperous, wayward, quaint, irrepressible me. Nah, there's no free in me. Me is meager, measly, meak. But you is unanimous, ubiquitous, universal. Me gusta mucho you. So watch yourself, cuz I'm Ya'll Way. How flex next?

Coyote exits.

Act 5, scene 1. Spam, Trash, and Softy in the Cove of Caves.

Spam

The ticker's set for midnight.

Softy

Now, fellas...

Spam

Trash, go get your truck.

Trash

My truck?

Spam

Softy sparks the truck sparks the mother of all bombs, and this mighty mallet of MOAB smashes that pesky Moab mosquito, just like that.

Trash

But why we gotta torch my truck?

Spam

Cuz it's scrap on wheels, and I will jackal when it flush.

Trash

Don't you bad-talk Sissy.

Spam

Yo, I will bad-talk Sissy, and if unsatisfied, I will fork-fuck Sissy, cuz Sissy is a ten-ton tuna tin with a crockpot o' crusht critters on her grill and a chintzy landscape cross her kidneys, a'ight?

Trash

That landscape is my home, Spam.

Spam

Then you emerged from an abortive artistic effort, retro-spawn.

Trash

Know what, Spam? I'm startin to wish I never pickt you up.

Spam

That's blue collar, baby. Always tryna change the past.

Trash

There's like an energizer hyena stuck between yr cheek and gum.

Spam

I'd shut up if you'd stop playin country.

Trash

Don't you touch my music.

Spam

Your music is a hokey cliché wonk of repetitive maudlin schmaltz.

Enter Coyote in a hat that's red on one side and green on the other.

Coyote

Hola, shamigos!

Coyote exits.

Trash

Weren't that Ol Cooty in a red hat?

Spam

That was Ol Cooty, but that hat was green, chump slice.

Trash

That hat was red.

Spam

No, that hat was green.

Trash

Um, sorry, Spam, but I ain't bendin over in this shower. That hat was red as my butt-meat after a cross-continental and as red as your boy balloons after a prison party. That hat was the episiotomy of red.

Spam

You sayin I see things ain't there?

Trash

Gee, I dunno. Let's poll the audience. Yo, Softy, you're in law enforcement.
Ever hear of the Clan of Lips and Scissors?

Softy

Nope.

Trash

Ever laid eyes on a Silicone Sensual Mistress?

Softy

Negatory.

Trash

Is pubic hair an indicator of criminal tendencies?

Softy

Not on my patrol.

Trash

That hat was red, and that's my final answer.

Spam

It's death metal headbang time!

Softy

Could you two mescaleros grade the gravel? La bomba!

Spam

Die, cowpokemon!

Trash

You touch him, and I tweak.

Spam

You backseat drivin me?

Trash

The wheel's in my hand.

Spam

It's time you entered the Clan for real.

Trash

Like how?

Spam

Like shave your pubes.

Trash

Criminy, Spam! Get over it! Ain't nuthin wrong with a little hair down there.

Spam

Forbidden!

Trash

In fact, I like a little belly beard on my baby.

Spam

Impermissible!

Trash

O how I love to wallow thru them wishbone whiskers!

Spam

Shave yourself or die!

Softy

Shave your goldarn pubes!

Trash

Better yet, howbout I pluck one out and plant it in your throat?

Spam

Why you filthy piece a trash!

Trash

Why you junky chunk a spam!

They fight and kill each other.

Softy

Fellas? You ok? Howbout takin off la bomba? Dead as left-out bread. One more hour, and we'll all be toast. Help!

Softy exits.

Act 5, scene 2. Enter Serena in the Cove of Caves.

Serena

Was that a help I hear? O go, but stay.
These caves give endless reverb roundabout;
Help could be yelp, S.O.S. yes O yes,
As kids still use these dark, dripping dungeons
For covert thrills, as once I did, I do.
No doubt, Serena. Let enigma growl.
Your fear wed you to an unfair father,
Your conscience stole your joy, and your control
Has lost control and kept you from all gain.
But marry Morty? I don't even know him!
So what? I cannot know my want until
I know my other's want, but who knows that?
In all the universe, there's no event
More puzzling than the couple of two beings,
As structural simplicity allows
For substantive complexity to boom.
He could be crazy, cruel, he could be what?
He, like all, is infinite potential,
Nor am I so perintimate with me
That I know just what I may truly be.
How know what binding to the unknown brings?
Embrace disgust, inquire resistance, grow
In counterpoise, and thru thanatos thrive
In fecund clash! Are we both not human,
Both share in sentiments beyond our wills,
Desire what our mother did, or didn't,
Off-trail the feral arc of consciousness
That walks us each upon the leash of hope
To what we were? Am I all that to say
I am not that? I'm nothing, or I'm not.
So ought I, as my father, climb the slope
Of slippery supposition, die or do,
That as gust to wind, awe the instant life,
Fernlet in the canopy, I can fit
To any pliant form, for less the wind
Of trust the world would wither. No risk, no rush.
What's to lose if winning gets me nothing?
Am I not lonely, aging, craving love?
He loves me. I'd be wrong to not the same.
If all I gain is hollow expectation,
An empty dream's more than an empty day.
My heart is racing. To what ribbon? Breathe.

Enter Mordecon.

Mord

Ya ho! She breathes the air into her lungs.
But O were I a virus in that air
That I might lodge into her bronchial tubes
And rouse up mucus that she choke and die.
Ya ho!

Serena

Is that you, Morty?

Mord

Mordecon,
For everything is in a name. A rose
Would not smell as sweet were it called stinky.

Serena

I like Morty.

Mord

I hate Morty.

Serena

Ok, Mordecon.

Mord

Your heart is leaping like a lemur
Burned alive for Chinese aphrodisiacs.

Serena

Yes.

Mord

Yes what?

Serena

Yes to marriage.

Mord

No, say I love you.

Serena

I can't, but soon.

Mord

What's soon to me?

Soon I will be slurping banana slugs
Thru a dixie straw in cyber-brothels.
Soon I'll be a Frankenfish in Myrtle Beach.
I soon will be a cartoon of myself.
Just like magic shows can really drag
Without the skinny suited skeletor
Sawing bikini zoombas down the rift,
We must kick the can when we can. Say it.

Serena

I'll say this: give me mine, I'll give you yours.

Mord

Yours is mine, mine is mine, say I love you.

Serena

Shouldn't I feel it when I say it?

Mord

Feelings are for schlooks. Say it, and turn me
From loser to lover.

Serena

Someday perhaps.

Mordecon pulls a knife.

Mord

Enough's been said, so time to talk.

Serena

Loser.

Enter Amanda.

Amanda

Games up, Mordecon. Drop the bit and hit the floor.

Mord

Amanda, I understand that my multicultural oils beckon you to explore the outer fringes of abstract expressionist discharge, but I am currently otherwise occupied, so please, wait for me at your B & B and soon Chief Plenty Coos will infect your hive-mind proto-potato with more rhythmic stubble gum than a reconstituted trisexual nonosaurus.

Amanda

I am not Amanda. I am Raymond.

Amanda pulls off her wig.

Mord

I knew that.

Serena

Yeah, so did I.

Raymond and Mordecon fight.

Mord

Why do you spar for this subpar heifer?

Ray

Because I love her.

Mord

But she has natural breasts and pubic hair.

Ray

I'll let that go, but you ain't so lucky.

Raymond and Mordecon fight. Raymond stabs Mordecon.

Mord

Ah, Raymond, you have poked me. Where's my *What To Expect When You're Dissected*? Papa! I am amorphophallus obcranium. See ya later, incubator. Are you my tumor? O errant cell, sing your last:

If history sucks, at least herstory gets a hicky.

If lonely, phony.

If body hair wrongly arranged, arguing constantly.

If dead to me, you're family.

Can I get an ok for my corral? Fine, I'll take complaints over rice. Ah, I'm fucking dead! Ha. You think my pelvis has left the gilding? I am the silence over food, the tension between the lines, the stink in the wall. Serena, drop your panty shield and board my sacred vessel for the voyage beyond cumbersome conditionals. Last chance for daddy jam! Creepy Control, this is Creepy, ca ca ca ca...

Mordecon dies.

Ther

Creepy, this is Creepy Control...

Raymond smashes his phone. Mordecon comes back to life.

Mord

*Bouncy girl, bouncy girl,
Bouncy bouncy girl,
Bouncy bouncy
Bouncy bouncy girl.*

Hold me, you sweet malignant growth. O hokey death. I am a knob. I will return.

Mordecon dies and his Chillcor Bioextension Beeper goes off.

Beeper

I am a Chillcor Bioextension Beeper. My client, Mortimer Contraveno, is legally dead. In minutes, Chillcor agents will heliport to your location to move his body to cryogenic deep freeze and eventual resurrection. Federal regulations prohibit tampering with or disabling this device or the deceased. Your cooperation is appropriated.

Ray

That's my life. Kill a man, he still ain't dead.

Serena

Cut off his head.

Ray

But the beeper...

Serena

Think of all that will be razed should he rise again!

Ray

Let's drag him to the light.

Serena

Thank you, Raymond.

Beeper

Do not tamper! Do not tamper!

Raymond and Serena exit with the body.

Act 5, Scene 3. The Cove of Caves. Enter Swagart, Gemma, Kid, Karma, Ted, Vicki.

Swag

I have successfully exorcised Womanthing, so now we must adorn da beast with sundries of succubi in preparation for her extirpation.

Vicki

I'll doll her up like a meatpack slut!

Swag

Tinyman, you will call the femfight.

Ted

Welcome, throwdown fans, to the Slobberknocker in the Slickrock. In this corner, we have Da Beast of Beluga on Bonespoons, the Amazon HQ in your Boho Ghetto Bazaar, Little Miss Coin-Bore Badunkadunk, Gemma the Gentrificator! And in this corner, we have Manrise...

Swag

Nay, Teenradish shall slay da beast. I shall superintend from a vested distance.

Karma

Cooty, where you at?

Enter Kyrin (dressed as Yahway), Hooch (dressed as an angel), and Nova (dressed as an angel).

Hooch

Enteritis.

Nova

Wacky backy.

Hooch

Cringivitis.

Nova

Simulacky.

Kyrin

I am Yahway, come to end these things.

Swag

Welcome, Bored.

Kyrin

What art thou doing, thou cuneus-tatted wretch?

Swag

I am slaying da beast.

Kyrin

I said break da lease.

Swag

Break da lease?

Kyrin

Yay, thou must break da lease, for thou shalt have no other lords than me, including landlords.

Swag

Just savior sayin, lord, but thine monks needeth an intervention.

Kyrin

Why thinketh thou art my savior?

Hooch

The symbols twee.

Kyr/Nova

The symbols whu?

Swag

A fish-shaped birthmark, a swaying way...

Hooch

And a sense of unky.

Swag

O, yes, the unky.

Kyrin

Havest thou the unky?

Swag

I possess a sense of it, my Bored.

Kyrin

Nameth then thine unky.

Swag

My sense of it does not relate to what it is exactly.

Kyrin

Thou art not my savior!

Karma

Then he is da beast.

Kid

Nay, if I've been awake in class, which is open to disfunction, he is da lease.

Ted/Vicki

Break da lease, break da lease!

Swag

Wait! I am developing a sense of unky!

Kyrin

What is thine unky?

Swag

The underappreciated adipose reserves around my mons pubis?

Kid

Wo, cage da grease.

Kyrin

Nay, thou art not my savior.

Swag

My visible frustration when trying to communicate?

Kyrin

Nay!

Swag

My big toe, which is really my third littlest toe?

Kyrin

Nay!

Vicki

But if he is not thine savior, O Bored, who is?

Kyrin

He who slayeth Mordecon is my savior.

Enter Raymond with Mordecon's head in his hand and Serena.

Ray

You're probably wondering why there's a head in my hand.

Enter Softy with a bomb locked to his body.

Softy

You're probably wondering why there's a bomb on my body.

Kid

The ticker's set for midnight, which is like way sooner than awesome.

Hooch

Run!

Everyone starts to exit.

Kyrin

Wait! We have to save Moab.

Hooch

There ain't a single wacko in this bug-butt town that ain't on some kinda death romp, so who are we to piss on the pyro? Run!

Kyrin

Then what about Triple Zero?

Hooch

Ever seen a desert after gettin blown up? It's a desert! Run!

Kyrin

We must defuse the bomb.

Enter Coyote, disguised as Strange Bozon.

Coyote

Did someone say defuse?

Hooch

No, they said diffuse, as in move outward, and you know me – always swallowing orders.

Hooch exits.

Serena

Who are you?

Coyote

I am Strange Bozon, and I built la bomba.

Kyrin

So defuse it.

Coyote

He who has the symbols twee
Alone can turn la bomba key.

Ray

What are the symbols twee?

Nova

A fish-shaped birthmark.

Kid

A swaying way.

Swag

And a sense of unky.

Karma ungags Gemma.

Gemma

Kyrin has a fish-shaped birthmark!

Kyrin

Not really.

Gemma

Show it to him!

Kyrin shows his birthmark.

Coyote

The first symbol!

Ted

But what about a swaying way?

Serena

I've always found his walk oddly straightish.

Kyrin

Yo, I can sway.

Gemma

Sway harder!

Nova

Fine, he's a little stiff, but does he not now hold sway over the land?

Coyote

The second symbol!

Swag

But what in living hell is a sense of unky?

Softy

Can someone please defuse la bomba!

Kyrin

How do I do it, Strange Bozon?

Coyote

Simple. You must sing.

Kyrin

I can't sing.

Gemma

You can sing.

Ray

I can sing.

Coyote

He must sing.

Kyrin

I don't sing.

All

Sing!

Kyrin

What will not wandering find,

*Sleep in shine, work in rest,
Need slips away
And we soar for a day,
What will not wandering find
For a rush thru the devious west?*

*What will not settling find,
Sense in surge, calm on a crest,
Need slips away
And we sit for a day,
What will not settling find
For a home in the glorious west.*

*What will not hungering find
Sky for a swim
Dust for a nest
That we may cry
Our mother must die
What will not hungering find
For a scrap in the ravenous west.*

*Buried under Broken Arch,
Scrub the scripture on his grave,
Lies the man who dared to march
Across the bridge that water made.*

Softy

It's still tickin!

Coyote

That's cuz his singing recharged it.

Kyrin

You said it would defuse it.

Coyote

I said recharge, you heard defuse.

Nova

O come on. Recharge don't sound nuthin like defuse.

Coyote

And Strange Bozon don't sound nuthin like Coyote.

Coyote exits.

Kid

I hate to notdog the rapture, but 5, 4...

All

3, 2, 1.

Enter Coyote.

Coyote

Happy New Year!

Serena

It didn't go off.

Coyote

Then what do you call this?

Coyote goes off with the bomb.

Swag

Are we in heaven?

Kyrin

Better, Swagart. We're in Moab.

Swag

O what a great disappointment.

Enter Chillcor Agents.

Agent 1

Freeze.

Kyrin

Who are you?

Agent 2

We are agents of CLS.

Agent 1

Chillcor Life-Extension Services.

Agent 2

Somewhere in this cave is a bio-extension beeper belonging to one Mortimer Contraveno.

Agent 1

Where's the body?

Serena

Ask Morty...

Ray

Mortified.

Serena

If one dumb bunny chasing another down a hole is the beginning of a transformative psychedelic journey...

Ray

Where's my Wonder Wand?

Serena

Ha! The Chillcor Killcorps!

Agent 2

Is the brain in tact?

Ray

Was it ever?

The Chillcor agents take the head.

Agent 1

He shall rise again.

Agent 2

Chillcor.

Agent 1

Cheap.

Agent 2

Safe.

Both

Forever.

Exit Chillcor agents. Gemma and Softy are untied.

Kid

Coma stash, Officer Soggy?

Softy

I have lived with death and died for life;
I have seen selfishness and sacrifice;
I have nursed upon the bad and good;
Silenced by it all, I can but spread the word.

Softy exits.

Ted

Vicki?

Vicki

Ted?

Ted

Duped again.

Vicki

It's such a dumper bein a Dumbcowski.

Ted

You feel like quittin'?

Vicki

Given a total lack of options, no.

Ted

Me neither.

Vicki

How bout you, Karma?

Ted

We can't go nowhere without our kar kar.

Karma

Can we spend more time stayin at home steada goin to heaven?

Ted/Vicki

Fam slam!

Gemma

It's New Year's Day, Kyrin, and Big Kicker's kicked, so what's it be?

Kyrin

Serena, quell the lull.

Serena

What would you hear?

Kyrin

Your sense of what's to do with all we have.

Serena

Can I, who have nothing, determine all?

Kyrin

If I, who have all, desire it of you.

Serena

The cut in our desires is so old
We too mistake it for our origin.

Kyrin

Our origin is gone.

Serena

Then what to say?

Kyrin

What you, as our new origin, would do.

Serena

I would do silence, distant, dead silence,
Which in its will its counter-will displays,
Like some unconscious protest that demands
Conscious organizing by the bereft
To make of being its remembrance.
Yet how to grow unless we can forget
The conflict makes us desperate for resolve?
I think the source of all I've thought so far
Is lost, not to return, so what to think
But that in thinking sourceless I am free?

Kyrin

Not to return?

Serena

Or, what's the same, replaced.

Kyrin

What of these wild mementos of his will?

Serena

They must remain exactly as they are,
But I must change, so they are yours to choose.

Kyrin

Where will you go?

Serena

I have a friend, Amanda,
Who could in sleep map out the hills of grief,
So would I follow her to some new place,
If she can stand the burden of nothing.

Ray

Well, I can't speak for her, but I have heard
Her man-side shout, "Nothing satisfies me,"
So nothing ought to be a welcome burden.

Serena

Creepy, this is Crazy.

Ray

At least we've lost control.

Kyrin

Then as it all began, so does it end,
Yet I am changed from when my choice arose:
This crash course on confusion's taught me well
That there's no hiding from your past as we
Save our own past possess no place to hide;
That paternity does not a patent grant;
And when we look in nature's eyes, we see
The reflection that shows us as we are,
For from its sight our seeing has emerged
Thru long eons of groveling in the grey
To now this vibrant wonderland perceive.
What once I dreaded, I so now desire;
Where once my father was, here now am I.
I'll keep, and live upon, the land he loved.

Gemma

Well, my bidet ain't spritzin for that shit.
It's love matures the man into the child,
But you've got issues I'm too barren to raise.

Perhaps yr beauty lives, but I'm da beast.

She exits.

Kyrin

The New Year brings me land and loneliness.

Nova

Then revelation be my resolution.

She takes off the angel costume.

Kyrin

Coyote? This costume is your finest.

Nova

This costume will cost you and me it all.

Kyrin

My father always said the tricky dog
Could shower with the girls if he wisht,
But you've outdone my wildest boyhood dreams.

Nova

I use this outfit rarely, as it stuns
The game I'd play with.

Kyrin

I say use it lots
And let the world be stunned into more play.

Nova

The world too often plays its very worst.

Kyrin

This is its best, for nature craves such craft.

Nova

Yet my nature now craves I craft the truth:
I am not Coyote.

Kyrin

Says Coyote.

Nova

I am, and I am not, Casanova.

Kyrin

Casanova split.

Nova

That he return a she.

Kyrin

Prove it.

Nova

I'll cross the line between our lives
If you will help me mend the Broken Arch.

Kyrin

I got the casa.

Nova

I got the nova.

Kyrin

Just promise me one thing – you're not Coyote.

Nova

Coyote is what makes us all Coyote,
Cuz only he may say what he is not,
And that is nothing he would ever say.

Enter Hooch.

Hooch

Ah, what futile loops I've loped! Where's la bomba?

Kyrin

The first was a ruse, but real ones buried all around.

Serena

Death, its headphones cranked, is comin round the bend.

Hooch

So let it come. This little play on life,
Too long for comedy, too trite for tears,
Spits out its final phase and closes down.
My dumpling days are dried up now. No more
Am I a vehicle to special sauce.
But O what I have seen, what felt, what done!

The panoplies of earth, the heedless shifts
Of glare and gloom, the smilings and the scowls,
All the trinkets useless and necessary,
Harmless stunts and gags, all the action,
All the waiting, visions beyond belief,
But O why remember what won't return?
Embrace the abyss. I am fusing now
Into that morbid, all-enclosing membrane
Whence there is no option of osmosis,
So let me prep to face the final ooze.
Do not think me bad, but curiously off;
Not lazy, but ungainfully employed;
I was not great, perhaps, but I felt great,
So henceforth let the following be law:
In our word-juggling language "Hooch" shall mean
A charming mix of honesty and cunning,
"Takin it easy" shall be "Hoochin it,"
And Moab shall be known as Hoochyville.
Now burn my better statements in your brain,
For I tried O but O but O...but shut.
Flap your last, you rebel lips. Bar time has come.
Goodbye people, goodbye earth, goodbye air,
Goodbye me, goodbye words, hello nothing.

All

Kaboom!

Hooch

This mortal pang is overhyped,
Or I've survived the Ranch Apocalypse!

Kyrin

Your shell's survived, but your soul has perisht,
So out you go, alive but dead to me.

Serena

Kyrin, please.

Kyrin

Ah, what is he, Serena?
A con, a coward, a squatter, a thief,
Whose screwy skits bout near destroyed us all.

Hooch

There lies the family in a dump with sabertooths and typewriters.

Serena

I haven't seen you, Unky, all this while.

Swag

Unky?

Kid

The third symbol, yo.

Ted/Vicki

Necrophilia, Manrise!

Serena

What have you been up to?

Hooch

Same as you, sweetpea. Tryna shark my share.

Kyrin

Go on, ya greedy slouch.

Serena

Please, Kyrin, stop.

Hooch may cause havoc, but there was a time

He taught us what our parents never would:

To jump a bike, to cook fresh caramels,

To ditch Sunday school, to spit and to sing.

What fun is living without huckster Hooch?

Hooch

What ya say, Little Kicker?

Kyrin

I say you

The hemlock nearly wasted my whole herd,

But you're still my favorite crazy uncle,

So'f you can take to callin Little Big,

You'n the kid can stay.

Hooch

Over a wet spliff!

There's gangsta ice tween Hoochy and the Kid.

Kid

Cheezy, Hooch, I'm blushin that disrespect,

But I found love, so me and Karma...

Karma

What?

Kid

Are down for slurpin guava in Oaxaca?

Karma

I'm goin with my folks, and so should you.

Kid

Hooch all the folk I got, and he just basht our harmonica.

Hooch

Guava in Oaxaca?

We'll take your wheels.

Kid

I got no wheels. I know! We'll take your wheels.

Hooch

I got no wheels.

Kid

Exitus interruptus.

Hooch

Hey, Swaggy, do a favor for a friend?

Swag

I will not lend you my automobile.

Hooch

I sayeth not lend, but rent, for a cigar.

Swag

Well, I will drive you, as your chaperone.

Kid

Toadrip!

Enter Coyote, disguised as the Drug Lord, gun in hand.

Coyote

The Drug Lord doth returneth to collecteth.

Hooch

Collecteth what?

Coyote

You promised me Teenradish
In exchange for bequeathin thee thine blunt,
And you don't wanna warreth with the Drug Lord.

Shots are fired from a nearby ridge. The gun is shot out of Coyote's hand and his hat is shot off.

Kid

Look, smoke signals!

Ray

What's it say?

Hooch

Send more smoke.

Nova

No, I think it says leave my land.

Kyrin

It says sing or die.

Serena

It says what?

Kyrin

Tell em, Drug Lord.

Coyote

Only one man round these parts shoot so straight and talk so strange, but that man is dead.

Shots are fired into the ground.

Swag

Not dead enough!

Nova

Coyote, is this for real?

Coyote

A trickster's greatest trick is the truth.

Nova

So make it stop, and you get your tail.

Coyote

Yo, you got yours, so gimme mine.

The tail is shot out of Nova's hand.

Serena

Kyrin, is it him?

Kyrin

I dunno, but he's sayin sing or die, and given he's got the gun, we best oblige.

Coyote picks up his tail and puts it on, and it is shot off. Then he picks up his hat and puts it on, and it is shot off. Then he pulls out a joint and lights it up, and it is shot out of his mouth.

Coyote

Voices in the air, people!

*Before this world came to be,
Everything was nothing,
Then someone sang a song about it,
O there was singing.*

*From the singing came abundance,
And everything was rushing,
Happy songs were sung about it,
O all were singing.*

*From abundance came contention,
And everything was dying,
Desperate songs were sung about it,
O few were singing.*

*From contention came extinction,
And everything was nothing,
There ain't even songs about it,
O none were singing.*

*From extinction came revival,
And everything was living,
Loving songs were sung about it,
O such a singing.*

Shots are fired and all exit.

THE END

First produced in 1999 at The Kraine Theater in NYC.

Director ~ Howard Thoresen
Producer/Literary Consultant ~ Chad Gracia
Sets ~ Joshua Spafford
Costumes ~ Karen Flood
Lights ~ Reid Farrington
Composer / Sound Design ~ Jessica Grace Wing
Stage Manager ~ Carolyn Jones
Musician ~ Danny Kenworth
Graphic Design ~ Noah Scalin
Props ~ Alexandra Farkas
Assistant to the Set Designer ~ Nina Gapinski
Assistant to the Lighting Designer ~ Morgan von Prelle Pecelli
Board Ops ~ Carolyn Jones / Nina Gapinski

Cast:

Swagart ~ Matthew Maher
Serena Ridge ~Jeni Henaghan
Gemma ~ Sarah K. Lippmann
Mordecon ~ Joshua Spafford
Kyrin Ridge ~ Matt Daniels
Nova ~ Lara Macgregor
Coyote ~ Hank Wagner
Kid Mañana ~ Matt Oberg
Uncle Hooch ~ Al Benditt
Vicki Dumbcowski ~ Patricia Kelley
Ted Dumbcowski ~ Bob Laine
Karma Dumbcowski ~ Jessica Chandlee Smith
Officer Softy ~ Jason Pendergraft
Trash ~ Robbie Coelius, Tom Epstein
Spam ~ Bill Coelius, Kirk Wood Bromley
Amanda ~ Darius Stone
Egobooster ~ Patricia Kelley
Dr. Fetusburger ~ Patricia Kelley
Therapist ~ Bob Laine
Dutymaker ~ Jessica Chandlee Smith
Chillcor agents ~ Chad Gracia & Howard Thoresen
Instantaneous Emanation – Jennifer Hope Kroll

Cover photo by Wendy K. Yalom of Stephen Jacob (left) as Mordecon and Alexander Lewis as Egobooster from FoolsFury's 2001 San Francisco production directed by Ben Yalom.