

# **Midnight Brainwash Revival**

**by**

**Kirk Wood Bromley**

## ***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.*

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.  
Swagart - 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.

*He sings.*

*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 yrself of erratic marionettes  
Choking on the heuristics of yr 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 musing 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 childlife.

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 singing and planting flowers 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.*

*Coyote enters to the side.*

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

*Enter Coyote, singing.*

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!*

*He jumps at her 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 girrrrr 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.

*She cuts off his 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. Hooch is napping. Enter Kid Manana, 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 fashionistas, 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 taketh 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 shalt...  
 Kid - Crosseth me not, crusty man, or I shall smut thee with a plague of anal fritters.  
 Hooch - Ther'll be hell to pay in heaven, Kid.  
 Ted - I'll go first.  
 Vicki - No! Karma, go to your savior.  
 Karma - Over my dead body.  
 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.  
 Kar - 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, dressed 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, senor.

*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?

*He 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!

*They exit.*

*Act 1, scene 4. A highway near Moab. Enter Officer Softy, Trash, and Spam (to the side).*

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 charmarlatan, 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, dresst 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 - Hokeysmites, 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.

*They 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, dressed 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 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.

*Mordecon and his assistants sing.*

All -           *The hills are alive  
With the sound of Morty (Mordecon!)  
With songs they have sung  
Since he bought them up  
The hills fill my heart  
With the sound of Morty (Mordecon!)  
My heart wants to sing  
So it don't throw up.*

*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 decimation.  
 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, succeed 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.

*He 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.

*He exits singing.*

*Johnny Friend. I'm 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.*

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 zoombacopter to the Waldorf. Piddly goop coupons! Had I known we were climbing Mt. Ruttid Filth, I'd have worn my smock and flats ensemble.

Nova - Kyrin Ridge?

Gemma - This dust has wrecked 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.

*Nova sings.*

Nova - *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 (dressed 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 toke 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.

*They light up. 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 Kornsop Poonkob, shootin ayahuasca into enucleated eyelids,  
                  sluggin 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.

*He 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.

*They 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 as Yahway, Karma and Kid 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.

Kar/Kid - 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?  
 Kar - 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 (dressed 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 and they sing.*

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 embarrasst.*

*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 (unconscious and bound) in a men's room at a rest stop just outside town.*

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-tipt 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 squeezein howdy-doodo 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 stirs.*

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 teddywedger: 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 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.

*They exit.*

*Act 3, Scene 1. 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't 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 follows after him.*

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

Ama - Crazy Control, this is Crazy, copy.  
 Ther - Crazy, this is Crazy Control, copy.

Ama - Doc, I'm in a massive pickle.  
 Ther - A massive pickle?  
 Ama - 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?  
 Ama - 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?  
 Ama - Damn, doc, did u not play games as a kid?  
 Ther - As a kid I did, but now I'm an adult.  
 Ama - Point well taken.  
 Ther - O, you took my point, did you?  
 Ama - Yep, I took it well.  
 Ther - Where'd you take it?  
 Ama - Into the inner-workings of my self-awareness?  
 Ther - Show me.  
 Ama - Show you what?  
 Ther - The you you cannot show me because it becomes me when you show me.  
 Ama - 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?  
 Ama - Harasshole?  
 Ther - Cleptochondriac.  
 Ama - I like mine better.  
 Ther - Then I guess we've found the problem.  
 Ama - We have?  
 Ther - Autoerotic cleptochondriacism of the harasshole!  
 Ama - 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?  
 Ama - No.  
 Ther - If not the anchor, good luck breaking free.  
 Ama - Ok.  
 Ther - If sparkling ego prosthesis, click "you can cook soup in this man."  
 Ama - Ok.  
 Ther - If destructive to sea life, self-directed child abuse.  
 Ama - Listen, doc...  
 Ther - Say the first word that comes to your mind.  
 Ama - Serena.  
 Ther - I haven't started yet.  
 Ama - Sorry.  
 Ther - No need to apologize.  
 Ama - Sorry.

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

Ama - What?

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

Ama - Serena.

Ther - No, you said what first.

Ama - Serena.

Ther - No, you said what.

Ama - Serena.

Ther - That's it. I'm hanging up.

Ama - Hello?

Ther - Hello.

Ama - 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.

Ama - Could I please tell you about my current predicament?

Ther - What am I, yr therapist?

Ama - 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.

Ama - 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?

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

Ther - You need prosody, not therapy.

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

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

Ama - Good one, doc.

Ther - Good one? Do you not remember when your mother barkt at you for pooping on your cat?

Ama - No.

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

Ama - Doc, this woman...

Ther - Julissa?

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

Ther - Why'd you go there so slow?

Ama - Stop.

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

Ama - 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”?

Ama - Julissa! No! I’m here! Wake up! Julissa!

Ther - New phone, who dis?

Ama - 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.

Ama - Ok.

Ther - O hey, I forgot to ask – how’s your vernix?

Ama - My what?

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

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

Ther - Is that what you think?

Ama - 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.

Ama - But Doc...

Ther - Build Amandahenge! Build Amandahenge!

*Enter Mordecon, singing.*

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.*

Ama - 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?

Ama - O you beast!

*Mordecon & Amanda exit.*

*Act, 3, Scene 3. Enter Serena on 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.*

Ama -           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!  
Ama -        Serena, no!  
Serena -       I'm not going to jump.  
Mord -        So you'll marry me?  
Serena -       No.  
Mord -        Then I will jump.  
Serena -       No!  
Ama -        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, febrezing Monsieur Thong.  
Amanda, here, you droppt your Wonder Wand.

*He gives the Wonder Wand to Amanda.*

Mord -        *Serena, te amo, te amo,*  
*Which in our tongues means I like your taco,*  
*Serena, cástate conmigo,*

*Which in our tongues means eat my burrito,  
Serena, se mio para siempre,  
Which in our tongues means mi guacamole es tu guacamole,  
Serena, tengamos muchos hijos,  
Which in our tongues means mangos, mangos, 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?  
Ama - Stunning is a word that comes to mind.  
Serena - I really need a chug and chat.  
Ama - Let's hit the Horny Toad.

*They 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!"  
T/V - Necrophilia, savior!  
Swag - Re-nay, for my name shall be Manrise, and it meaneth waxing machismo.  
T/V - 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 whipp); 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 (dressed 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 wakens.*

Coyote - He is da savior!

T/V - 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 thyselves!

*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 eccentric 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.*

Coy - 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. Stuffed with certain delusions, propped on shaky grounds, craving instant eternity, each is totally self-detached, a long lineage of moments, and the only link is circumfluous 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. Mordecon, Egobooster, and Dutymaker are on stage.*

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 goes to get 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 Ridge and Nova.*

Dutymaker - 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.*

Mord - *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 you,  
Such socio-critical emotional intelligence!  
Hey, let's go hit people with our baby shoes.  
They got the night, but we got the sweats.*

*They exit.*

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

Ama - You know what you need, girlfriend? A man.

Ser - 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.

Ama - There's a new man in town.

Ser - Is he single?

Ama - He is singular.

Ser - Tag me, Amanda.

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

Ser - Wrapping perks the present.

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

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

Ama - Good, cuz he likes wenches with big wrenches.

Ser - Does he call women "wenches"?

Ama - No, my bad,  
But if that's your brew, he's got fuggle hops.

Ser - Is he smart?  
Ama - He's so smart it's like scary.  
Ser - Scary sexy or scary please shut up?  
Ama - He doses both with dashing discretion.  
Ser - I dunno. He sounds a little creepy.  
Ama - 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.  
Ser - How's he dress?  
Ama - Funny.  
Ser - Funny like fancy?  
Ama - Yes, but fancy with five scoops of funny.  
Ser - I like a man well-dressed.  
Ama - But a man in a dress?  
Ser - Why not? We can share clothes.  
Ama - At least he won't  
Put you to sleep, by which I do not mean  
Like one puts a dog to sleep.  
Ser - I'd hope not.  
Ama - That's a solid: he's not homicidal.  
Ser - Your praise is two-timing my suspicion.  
Ama - 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.  
Ser - True that; I've got blunders by the bullion.  
Ama - Then you're perfect for his imperfections.  
Ser - But is he interested in the long term?  
Ama - Is *vernix caseosa* long enough?  
Ser - Vernix Caseosa? Sounds Slovakian.  
Ama - Check!  
Ser - So, are you vouching for him, or not?  
Ama - Yes and no, which is to say, no and yes.  
Ser - Set it up, and need be, I'll knock it down.  
Ama - Are you ready for the reveal?  
Ser - Right now?  
Ama - If now ain't right then what you wrong it for?  
Ser - Bring him on, girlfriend!  
Ama - Yo, I'm takin him out!  
Ser - No, I'm takin him...

*Enter Dutymaker.*

Duty - Serena Ridge?  
Ser - Yes?  
Duty - Note from Mordecon.

*He hands her a note.*

Ser - "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."  
Ama - O that schmuckity schmuck schmuck schmuckity schmuck!  
Ser - Is Vernix Caseosa Mordecon?  
Ama - Am I a man?  
Ser - Duh. Tell him I will come.

*Dutymaker exits.*

Ama - You're mating with Mordecon in a cave?  
Ser - Ok, so I'm a little bit batty,  
But you're the one who hung me upside down.  
Ama - Mordecon is not Mr. Singular.  
Ser - O, and who is, you?  
Ama - I do fit the bill.  
Ser - 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.  
Ama - I've got good meat.  
Ser - Then why the pricey sauce?  
Ama - You get what you pay for.  
Ser - And I can pay  
For everything once I got Mordecon.  
Ama - Then I'll sell the BnB and we'll buy...  
Ser - An acre of my Rancho Mucho dreams.  
Sorry, Amanda, but this man is my land.  
Ama - Serena, wait!  
Ser - 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.  
Ama - He doesn't love you.  
Ser - He's loved me since grade school.  
Ama - He's a bad man!  
Ser - So maybe I like em bad.  
Ama - It's just too soon.

Ser - 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?  
Ama- Serena, you're not going!  
Ser- I am gone.  
Midnight is near, and with it a new year,  
But nothing will be new. My home is here.

*Serena exits.*

Ama- Must call therapist. Must call therapist.

*Enter Dutymaker.*

Duty - You must find yourself, not phone your shrink.  
Ama - Pardon?  
Duty - You love Serena, don't you?  
Ama - Perchanceably.  
Duty - Then let your Raymond shine.  
Ama - You know about me?  
Duty - I know she needs your help.  
Ama - Hey, I tried.  
Duty - Mordecon means to murder her.  
Ama - He what?  
Duty - Use this knife; it's alloy's toxic  
To amalgamen.

*Dutymaker gives him a knife.*

Ama - Might I get your name?  
Duty - Dutymaker. I make duties. Now go!

*They exit.*

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

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, dresst 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.*

Cooty - 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 the feeder, not the 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 scam. Meet me at the airstrip, 11:30 sharp, and we'll jet my Gulpstream past the thunderzone.  
Spam - Gagagoogoo.

*Mordecon sings.*

*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.*

*They 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 cont 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 small-time 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!  
Kar - Da beast, da beast!

*Enter Coyote dresst as Yahway.*

Coyote - Yay, I have come!

Swag - Help us, Mighty Lord...  
Coyote - Mighty Bored!  
Swag - Help us, Mighty Bored, slay da beast!  
Coyote - Yay, 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.

*She 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?

*He 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 a 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 tryin to 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.*

Ser- 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!  
 Ser -         Is that you, Morty?  
 Mord -        Mordecon,  
                   For everything is in a name. A rose  
                   Would not smell as sweet were it called stinky.

Ser - I like Morty.  
Mord - I hate Morty.  
Ser - Ok, Mordecon.  
Mord - Your heart is leaping like a lemur  
Burned alive for Chinese aphrodisiacs.  
Ser - Yes.  
Mord - Yes what?  
Ser - Yes to marriage.  
Mord - No, say I love you.  
Ser - 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 skeleton  
Sawing bikini zoombas down the rift,  
We must kick the can when we can. Say it.  
Ser - I'll say this: give me mine, I'll give you yours.  
Mord - Yours is mine, mine is mine, say I love you.  
Ser - Shouldn't I feel it when I say it?  
Mord - Feelings are for schlooks. Say it, and turn me  
From loser to lover.  
Ser - Someday perhaps.

Mordecon pulls a knife.

Mord - Enough's been said, so time to talk.  
Ser - Loser.

*Enter Amanda.*

Ama - 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.  
Ama - I am not Amanda. I am Raymond.

*Amanda pulls off her wig.*

Mord - I knew that.  
Ser - Yeah, so did I.

*They 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.

*They 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 obostratum. 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...

*He dies.*

Therapist - Creepy, this is Creepy Control...

*Raymond smashes his phone. He undies.*

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.

*He dies. 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!

*They 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 shallt 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?  
 Hoo - 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, 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?  
Coy - I am Strange Bozon, and I built la bomba.  
Kyrin - So defuse it.  
Coy - 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.*

Coy - 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?  
Coy - 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?  
Coy - Simple. You must sing.  
Kyrin - I can't sing.  
Gemma - You can sing.  
Ray - I can sing.  
Coy - He must sing.  
Kyrin - I don't sing.  
All - Sing!

*Kyrin sings.*

*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!  
Coy - That's cuz his singing recharged it.  
Kyrin - You said it would defuse it.  
Coy - I said recharge, you heard defuse.  
Nova - O come on. Recharge don't sound nuthin like defuse.  
Coy - And Strange Bozon don't sound nuthin like Coyote.

*He exits.*

Kid - I hate to notdog the rapture, but 5, 4...  
All - 3, 2, 1.

*Enter Coyote.*

Coy - Happy New Year!  
Serena - It didn't go off.  
Coy - 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.

*He 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.  
 Ser - What would you hear?  
 Kyrin - Your sense of what's to do with all we have.  
 Ser - Can I, who have nothing, determine all?  
 Kyrin - If I, who have all, desire it of you.  
 Ser - The cut in our desires is so old  
 We too mistake it for our origin.  
 Kyrin - Our origin is gone.  
 Ser - Then what to say?  
 Kyrin - What you, as our new origin, would do.  
 Ser - 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?  
 Ser - Or, what's the same, replaced.  
 Kyrin - What of these wild mementos of his will?  
 Ser - They must remain exactly as they are,  
 But I must change, so they are yours to choose.  
 Kyrin - Where will you go?  
 Ser - 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.  
 Ser - 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 crankt, 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 panopies 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.  
 Ser - 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.  
 Ser- 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...

Kar - What?  
 Kid - Are down for slurpin guava in Oaxaca?  
 Kar - 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, dressed as the Drug Lord, gun in hand.*

Drug - The Drug Lord doth returneth to collecteth.  
 Hooch - Collecteth what?  
 Drug - 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. They are in the mouth of the cave.*

Kid - Look, smoke signals!  
 Ray - What's it say?

Hooch - Send more smoke.  
Nova - No, I think it says leave my land.  
Kyr - It says sing or die.  
Serena - It says what?  
Kyr - 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?  
Coy - A trickster's greatest trick is the truth.  
Nova - So make it stop, and you get your tail.  
Coy - Yo, you got yours, so gimme mine.

*The tail is shot out of Nova's hand.*

Ser - Kyrin, is it him?  
Kyr - 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, picks up his hat and puts it on, and pulls out a joint and lights it up, and all three are summarily shot off.*

Coyote - Voices in the air, people!

*They sing.*

*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 Prella Pecelli  
Board ops ~ Carolyn Jones / Nina Gapinski  
Publicity ~ Publicity Outfitters

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 on 12/29, 12/30, and 12/31/99)  
Spam – Bill Coelius (Kirk Bromley on 12/29, 12/30, and 12/31/99)

Amanda – Darius Stone  
Egobooster – Patricia Kelley  
Dr. Fetusburger – Patricia Kelley  
Mordecon’s lawyer – Bob Laine  
Dr. Orenstein – Bob Laine  
Dutymaker – Jessica Chandlee Smith  
Chillcor agents – Chad Gracia & Howard Thoresen  
Instantaneous Emanation – Jennifer Hope Kroll