

Midnight Brainwash Revival

By Kirk Wood Bromley

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Phase 1, scene 1. Triple Zero ranch, the home of William Ridge.

Swag- “Now 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- Kyrin?

Swag- Kyrin.

Serena- All to him?

Swag- All to him.

Serena- To me?

Swag- Nothing.

Serena- Nothing for everything?

Gemma- Show in Mordecon.

Serena- Who is Mordecon?

Gemma- A friend in real estate.

Serena- This is your hand.

Swag- As your father’s lawyer, I can attest
 His anguish at the choice of bequeathal,
 And though I advocated you, Serena,
 Who so deserves it, having sacrificed
 Your wild-wanting years to care for him
 And all his holdings, he expressed concern
 That your home-bound affection interrupt
 The execution of his deepest wish,
 That all within its natural state be sold
 And developed – his motto, grow or ghost –

So did he side with Kyrin, who has shown
Not only hatred for but absence from
His family-land, hoping disdain convert
Quickly to the enactment of his will,
The selling off of Triple Zero Ranch,
Your share of which, Serena, shall suffice.
It was his dying wish.
This lying wish
More pays the living than respects the dead.

Gemma-
Serena-

Enter Mordecon.

Mord- The dead have died. Does that deserve respect?
Serena- Is this the buyer?
Mord- Poor people buy, Ms. Ridge. I move markets.
Serena- Yet you'll move me not. Kyrin, stop this now.
Mord- I'll move you soon. For now, the land will do.
Swag- And tell us all you plan to do with it.
Mord- Economy in, ecology out.
Serena- O your salt is special.
Mord- You like a lick?
Gemma- Could this pick up a bit? We've got a plane.
Serena- And a plan.
Kyrin- Serena, drop it.
Serena- Kyrin, it is dead.
Mord- And that's as low as anything can drop.
Gemma- I thought so too, before I came to Moab.
Serena- Sell Triple Zero? What are you, on dope?
Gemma- Kyrin is clean.
Serena- Then get your hands off him.
Kyrin- I hate it here, Serena. You know that well.
Serena- I know that well is not your will, that you
 Are prone, because you feel our mother's death,
 Which was accident, an act aggressive,
 To hate all love, and now that father's gone
 I know that you would disappear as well,
 But look at what this property represents
 To me; its sale will turn my well to ill.
Kyrin- This land's the ill keeps you from getting well.
Serena- So you destroy my world to heal me?
Gemma- Kyrin, sign the contract so we can leave.
Serena- What happens, Kyrin, when father returns?
Mord- He's frozen?
Gemma- You could say that.
Kyrin- He is dead.
Serena- He is missing.

Swag- Mr. Ridge was climbing
 Annapurna in the Himalayan range
 When suddenly a blizzard crasht the peak,
 Churning it within so crazed a turbine
 Officials claim no man, nay, not even
 Our great father, his flesh with saving spent,
 Could survive, and the mountain is so fierce
 No rescue team attempts it.

Serena- I have faith
 He will return, yet you who turn his home
 To some lizard's nest, will not survive him.

Swag- He was due home on Christmas, yet they called
 That night and he'd been missing for a day.

Serena- Men less unconquerable have lived a week.

Kyrin- On lesser mountains.

Serena- O how he will wail
 To see the product of his living faith
 Declare him faithless dead who gave you life!

Kyrin- I know he's dead.

Serena- I know you want him dead.

Mord- Mr. Ridge, family dramas give me shingles.

Kyrin- Serena, it's a desert.

Serena- It's our home.
 North, at Broken Arch, you and he 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 crowded stars. Down south,
 At Lockhart Canyon, in our cave, we spent
 Afternoons of awesome intimacy,
 Then rambled east to visit hand-in-hand
 Our mother's grave at Willow Basin Creek,
 Still piled with perennials we planted
 And watered weeping for a touch detach
 Too soon, yet you would feed these memories
 To vultures that will shit them into malls?

Mord- You flatter me.

Kyrin- Serena, you win. But,
 If he's not back by New Year's day, I sell.

Gemma- Kyrin!

Serena- A mere three days?

Kyrin- He took a mere three seconds to conceive me,
 A mere three minutes to think no more of me,
 And then a mere thirty years to accept me;
 So I give him a mere three days to stop me.

Swag- Our apologies, Mordecon. Might you wait?

Mord- I'll stay in town and savor the wildlife.

Gemma- It pleases you to bring your brother pain?
Serena- No, it pains me that you bring him pleasure.
Kyrin- Serena, please.
Serena- Silence, brother.
Gemma- Silence.

All exit, save Mordecon and assistant.

Mord- Message to the Clan of Lips and Scissors:
“Moab, midnight New Year’s Eve, da bomb.”

They exit.

Phase 1, scene 2. Enter Nova, dressed as a man, singing and planting flowers. Coyote follows her, eating the flowers.

Nova- I am the Nightshade,
Sweet and bitter;
I am the Sundrop,
One night ever;
I am the Wallflower,
Slickrock lover;
I am the chokecherry,
No purpose other

Than holding the soil together,
Than gaining my wish from the weather;
So I make the desert bloom,
Petal bride for dusty groom.

Coyote- Que tipo de cosa esta? I see a man, but sniff a woman. I shall find the tulips midst
the pricklers. Howl!

Nova- Who’s there?

Coyote- Friend and fiend.

Nova- Which are you?

Coyote- Which are you?

Nova- Show yourself.

Coyote- Show yourself.

Nova- If echo’s the game, I win with “last to speak is first to lose.”

Coyote- Where’s my flowers?

Nova- Where’s my flowers?

Coyote- And we have a loser! And here’s your prize –regurgitated fiber!

He sings and throws up.

I’m a cherry, watch me choke.

I'm a sundrop, rising dark.
Wallflower, stuck in my throat.
I'm a nightshade, blooming barf.

Nova- Those flowers are poison!
Coyote- Stroke my belly.

She strokes his belly.

Coyote- Pat the butt.

She pats the butt.

Coyote- Mouth-to-mouth.

She gives him mouth-to-mouth.

Nova- Are you okay?
Coyote- I'm great, but I could use a little tongue.

She slaps him.

Coyote- I never met no man who slapt my face.
Nova- I never met no man who ate my flowers.
Coyote- Then, honeysuckly, you ain't met your man.

She pulls a knife on him.

Nova- I've met my man, and I am he.
Coyote- O, I get it now! You smooth for Gemma Concrete, Inc! Pave the arches, fill the canyons, raze the buttes, turn natural parks to amusement parks, nesting sites to testing sites, sunsets into filmsets, damn! This earth was doomed the day it traded greenfields for greenbacks.
Nova- What are you talking about?
Coyote- Muerte Grande, Mucho Yucko, Mordecon.
Nova- Is anyone trying to stop him?
Coyote- Messiah-boppers, terror-hacks, and eco-punks all scurry bout and cry "el fin del mundo!" but none can stop him, 'cept...
Nova- 'Cept?
Coyote- 'Cept he don't buy the ranch.
Nova- What ranch?
Coyote- Triple Zero.
Nova- Where's it at?
Coyote- If I am Moab, then we are my feet, the ranch is my head, and the only drinkable spring is dead-on center.
Nova- Who owns the ranch?

Coyote- He's disappeared (though I got holes to prove he lived), so now it's taken over by a puppy hates his pop, a homey hates his home, a singer hates his voice, O the world will die of a mood.

Nova- How do I stop him?

Coyote- Sing him these four lines:

Coyote sings.

Buried under Broken Arch
Scrub the scripture on his grave.

Coyote- Oy! Esta tiempo a salir!

Nova- Wait! You said four, and that was two.

Coyote- You hold the other two like a weight upon your chest. Muy tarde!

Nova- Amigo, what's your name?

Coyote- What's your name, amiga?

Nova- Is it obvious?

Coyote- To a human, no. But me, I smell a pebble in a skunk's ass.

Nova- How much to keep it hush?

Coyote- If you won't do me, fifty will.

She gives him money.

Coyote- Ahora es necesita que yo escondo en el aire!

Nova- You never told me your name!

Coyote- Some folks calls me I, some folks calls me you, but you can call me anytime, and when you do, I answer quick, adorar mis chucherias, "You've reacht the rebel songdog of the West, or Coyote."

Nova- You're that famous trickster!

Coyote- Hipster!

Nova- You ship your prick beneath the crick and knock up little girls!

Coyote- I am long, they are young, the rest is evolution.

Nova- Survival of the sickest.

Coyote- Caray! Yo pelotudo! It is the hour tween dream and doubt, when cougarcats seem purple sage, and doggy meat is mango sweet, so must I beg the moon for my disguise.

Nova- Coyote, wait!

Coyote- Aya, uno mas – if you gamblin down in Moab, the rules is random, save these three: the ante is your head, every card is wild, and two-of-a-kind beats a full house.

He sings.

A howl, a howl,
A howl to the moon I send!
Nothing's forever

Save now or never,
And nothing's as strange as a friend.

He exits.

Nova- To stop the sale of this ranch, I sing the owner these four lines: Buried under Broken Arch / Scrub's the scripture on his grave. The other two weigh heavy on my chest. This is a riddle. But thought can't loose preconscious knots, and how to trust a trickster? I best move on. But if he tells the truth? O, Nova, not again! You lived two years in a tree, and all you got were tics. You tied yourself to a bulldozer and got bulldozed into jail. You stuck tie-irons before the blade and lost a man his head. Is life worth life? Your effort's wisest planting beauty here beyond society where beauty gets you trouble. I best move on. I am a me so bothered by the she that others see, I wish I weren't a she and amble hiding from myself, but can I hide from stopping what's to ruin that one self that still gives me self, the selfless wilderness? O I must move on, for fighting merely feeds the fight. To save nature, give nature. Peace will grow if planted.

She exits.

Phase 1, scene 3. Uncle Hooch's Hut of Wonders next to the highway that runs past Triple Zero Ranch. Uncle 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 pesters me? Be you cat, cop, calamity, Shaman Hooch is channeling the universal napster, and he shan't get out the hot-tub til he downloads Minglewood.
Kid- Hooch, it's me, Kid Manana!
Hooch- Not now, Kid. I'm turning a profit on the ignorant masses of my mind..
Kid- But we got customers!
Hooch- Sleep is a shack before the mulah hurricano!
Kid- I snagged their luggage.
Hooch- Groovy! What's their number?
Kid- Why you wanna call em for? They're comin down the path.
Hooch- How many, Kid?
Kid- There's only one path to the Hut of Wonders, Hooch.
Hooch- How many customers?
Kid- I counted three, so there must be, like, three.
Hooch- Their demographics?
Kid- Nah, they look republican.
Hooch- Their make-up, Kid.
Kid- O ya. The moms got so much on, she like a birthday clown for the blind.
Hooch- There's a woman?
Kid- And a man and a girl.
Hooch- Super caliente! You the hag, me the teen.

Kid- But, Hooch, I'm twice as young as you.
Hooch- What, so I should trust you with a child? She'll need instruction. You got the drill?
Kid- I got a leatherman.
Hooch- The skit, Kid.
Kid- Cool. Nope, I lost it.
Hooch- Kid, you are swifter than a donkey fulla wetbacks. Improvise.

Kid gets behind the curtain. Enter Ted, Vicki, and Karma Dumbcowsky.

Vicki- What were ya doin, dumbass? Buildin a pooppy pyramid?
Karma- Mom!
Hooch- Bienvenido, mis benditos, to the Wonder Hut, where things is tilty.
Vicki- You got a phone?
Hooch- No, but I got the savior.
Ted- You got the savior?
Karma- Dad!
Hooch- And he told me you'd be comin. You are Ted, Vicki, and Karma Dumbcowsky, of Pittsville, Wisconsin, are you not?
Ted- He knows our names!
Vicki- We were told the savior was in Promo.
Ted- Provo.
Vicki- Stop it, Ted.
Hooch- What false prophet told you that?
Vicki- One-way Tours to Apocalyptic Rapture.
Ted- Rapture.
Vicki- Ted!
Hooch- If the savior's there, why you here?
Ted- Maybe he beckoned us!
Vicki- Talk over me again, Ted, and you will taste my backhand. We were at the rest stop, see, but per the usual, Ol' Buffalo Patty Bill here took six days on the dumper, so the bus and our luggage went on down the road without us.
Ted- Doc Eggy told me not to strain on account 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 bleeding cracks, those painful nicks and gashes in our lives because we strain? Yea, my little goats, we have all got the fissures, but the savior, yea, he bringeth the Preparation, H, for Heaven.
Vicki- Can we see the savior?
Hooch- Yea, but he hath traveled far, so needeth he his expenses reimburst.
Vicki- We gave our money to the minister.
Hooch- The savior takes all major credit cards.
Ted- O we got those!

He gives Hooch his credit cards.

Hooch- From Palestine, Texas, onetime motocross almost medalist, now a buckeroo dirtbiker contra Beelzeboob, driving a Jehovah Tumbleweed Turbo Spirit PG-17, here he is, our savior, our cablebox, our independent service provider, Jesus Junior.

Kid Manana comes out from behind the curtain.

Vicki- O beautiful boy!
Ted- That's the savior?
Hooch- Posture, Kid.
Vicki- Grope me, Jesus.
Ted- But he's more Joe than Joe!
Hooch- Normalcy is next to divinity.
Ted- Where's the naked angels?
Vicki- Ted, you are killin my buzz!
Hooch- Hear his message and believe!
Karma- This is like hello.
Kid- I come from the Great Hatch.
Hooch- Snatch, Kid, Snatch.
Kid- I come for the Great Snatch.
Hooch- And where is the Great Snatch, O savior?
Kid- There.
Hooch- There where?
Kid- There there.
Hooch- That's right! Behind the curtain!
Kid- Sorry, Hooch. I's blowin some serious bowls out back the shack.
Vicki- Can I go behind the curtain?
Kid- Yea, but I shall take the youngest first.
Hooch- Nay, great one, you shall take the oldest.
Kid- I say that I shall take the youngest.
Hooch- Nay...
Kid- Do not cross me, crusty man, or I shall smut thee with a plague of backache.
Hooch- The'll be hell to pay in heaven, Kid.
Ted- I'll go first.
Vicki- No! Karma, go.
Karma- No way.
Hooch- Did not the good lord sayeth "suffer the children come unto me"?
Ted- Come to my daughter, Jesus Junior.
Kid- Yea, and I shalleth.
Kid- It's a scam!
Vicki- Bad Karma!
Kid- Let me speak with her.

Kid steps up to Karma.

Kid- My name is Kid Manana,

I's born in Tijuana,
From a ho and an iguana,
My locks is marijuana,
My sign is the piranha,
My chill is in the sauna,
At your flora I will fauna
And we'll do what all you wanna,
So 'fore you call my stunt a scam,
Tell me this, my little lamb,
You in the hear, I'm in the say,
So what you pushin, pause or play?

Karma- Mom, Dad, I'll be behind the curtain.

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?
Hooch- Yes, sir, I'll come for you.

Hooch and Vicki go behind the curtain.

Ted- Praise Jesus Junior! He's a-comin for to take me to his playboy mansion in the sky. Double D's everywhere, Budweiser whirlpools, and wo! I bet the Pack win every game! Now, Ted, be not proud. We must on occasion lose to win. And since I've lost me some – my job, my license, half my testicle – it's my turn to win!

Enter Kyrin, Swagart, Gemma.

Swag- I've booked Mr. Mordecon at Amanda's B & B. The hostess is a fine upstanding conservative Mormon lady, and, if I may, a trifle sweet on me.
Gemma- O not again!
Hooch- Destroy the disbelievers, Ted!

Swagart pulls back the curtain.

Hooch- And we're back from Paradise.
Kyrin- Hooch, man, how ya been?
Gemma- Kyrin, please, do not feed the animals! Return their luggage, Hooch.
Hooch- Silence, Broadway Kitschy Witch!
Gemma- Fine. I will photograph your garden.

Hooch gives them their luggage.

Hooch- Dawn comes soon enuf for the workin class.

Gemma- People, go home. This huckster can't inhale but he inflates another lie.
Hooch- Hearken not this heretic!
Kid- And await your savior at the Pump-N-Run.
Karma- Teenradish@earthlink.net.

Ted, Vicki, and Karma exit.

Gemma- Hooch, are you high?
Hooch- Almost two feet above sea level.
Gemma- Smart man, stupid life.
Hooch- Poor woman, wealthy wife.
Gemma- And richer once we sell off Triple Zero.
Hooch- You're selling my home?
Gemma- Out with the old, in with the new.
Hooch- But Serena?
Gemma- She'll grow up.
Hooch- When my dear brother doth descend from wrestlin with the wind, he shall drain your pulp a sumthin fierce for scratchin my family jewels.
Gemma- Your brother's dead.
Hooch- What? I once drove my dunebuggy ten times cross his face (dishes, man, all fights start in dishes), and he just poppt right up and laught "Wilbur, ya 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- Kid, Hooch ain't hip, he's a bum. Follow in his fib and filch you'll end up in the Big House, like the son he found but one bright night to father. Go back to your family.
Kid- I got no family.
Hooch- It's goin round, Kid, but you'll always have the Hoochy.
Kid- Thanks, Wilbur.

Enter Coyote, dresst as secretary.

Secretary- Senor Ridge, Senor Ridge!
Gemma- Who are you?
Sec- Me la secretaria nueva.
Gemma- And?
Sec- Un hombre aqui to mira senor Ridge.
Gemma- What does he want?
Sec- Senor Ridge.
Gemma- Where is he?
Sec- El bibe at the spring.
Gemma- Tell him Mr. Ridge will be right there.
Sec- You funny looking Mr. Ridge.

Gemma- Excuse us.
Sec- Okay, okay. No bust a nut, senior. Ay ay ay. All these city personas moving in, con sus hombres como mujeres y sus mujeres como sus hombres, ay ay ay, Moab used to be such a nice pueblo poco. Senior Ridge?
Gemma- What is it?
Sec- Mi familia, muy poveroso, y gracias mucho si...
Gemma- Aren't you getting paid?
Sec- Why you think I stand here for, madrina?

Gemma gives him money.

Sec- Gracias, senior.

Secretary exits.

Gemma- Three days, Hooch, and the Wonder Hut goes down.
Hooch- Go down on her Wonder Hut and slacken the bridle, Kyrin!
Kyrin- What?
Hooch- I'm askin if your squaw do injun style.
Kyrin- What's that supposed to mean?
Hooch- Does she always use a saddle, boy, a bit, a spur, a whip?
Kyrin- Sorry, Hooch. Ya lost me.

Kyrin and Gemma exit.

Hooch- That Beast from the East brainwasht my nephew sumthin wicked.
Swag- You, senior Come-to-Nada, are the one that's wicked.
Kid- Welcome, wrestling fans, to the Fracas in the Cactus! Today it's Loosy Hoochy takin on the 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- Yea, I am provoked. For bible years, sir, I have turned my other cheek, but the absence of your too-kind brother now thrust 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.
Swag- You, sir, are a bucket of sin, a filter of prurient proclivities, and you stink, sir, of fetid resin, perspiration, and soily sheets. Filthy infant!
Hooch- Don't stick your sensors in my signal if you can't stand the static.
Swag- Your metaphors are so extended, sir, they sag beneath the weight of irrelevance.
Hooch- Your conscience is so distended, sir, your other organs sag for lack of blood.
Kid- Oo, gutbuster!
Swag- Get a job, sir.
Hooch- Why job when I can rob?

He shows Swagart the 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- Want I cut him, Hooch?
Hooch- Not even carp would 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 decent set do spurn you, sir, I witness.
Hooch- You're an eye witness, sir, to nothing but your nostrils.
Swag- It shall be a fine day for this conservative country when you liberals are forever squasht beneath the glory tractors of the right religion.
Hooch- Is that what happened to your face?
Kid- Ouch!
Swag- O that day shall the Civil War be ended.
Hooch- The Civil War is ended, sir. You lost.
Swag- I have lost nothing, sir, but what has lost the lord! You, on the other hoof, are such hoodoo mambojambo, your depravity would imitate the savior! Of my charity, sir, I declare - you need religion.
Hooch- I got a religion – avoiding you.
Kid- Hammerlock chicken-wing nervestrike!
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?
Kid- Suicida deathcrunch neck submission moonsault...
Hooch- Stop that!
Kid- Stop what?
Swag- Nay, I shall not polka to the banjo of the devil. I know my spot in the line of things, and when my spot is mayor of Moab, which this deal 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 will see whose quality of life shall rid 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 this will is one million dollars.
Hooch- Yazoo, Kid! We're flappin Air Force One to Vegas.
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 thoroughly in the red. Well, it is a blessing to see you blush.
Kid- Rally, take down, upset.
Hooch- That ain't true!
Swag- Truth, sir, is now my division.

Swagart exits.

Kid- The flying wallet backbreaker.
Hooch- Ah!
Kid- Chill, Hooch, or we'll get canned for disturbin the peaches again.
Hooch- O had I peaches to disturb! My brother lost, my homeland raped, my share all
shagged by this latterday early worm dork, O I could just choke him on my
water.
Kid- He thinks he's Jesus Junior, Hooch, but yo, we gotta klatch.
Hooch- And that Gemma, Miss Soho So-and-So, Miss Park Avenue Parasite, Miss Phony
Awards...what you say?
Kid- When?
Hooch- Just now.
Kid- Just now I said just now.
Hooch- A moment ago!
Kid- A moment ago's a long way back there, Hooch.
Hooch- Swagart thinks he's Junior Jesus.
Kid- I thought I was Junior Jesus!
Hooch- But thinkin's bein spellt all different.
Kid- Don't ask me bout no spellin, Hooch. All I know is i-o-u, d-u-i, and o-j-x.
Hooch- What's o-j-x?
Kid- I dunno.
Hooch- Kid, your klatch is funkin my eureka.
Kid- O, ya, we gotta klatch!
Hooch- What's that goodbook say? Discredit thy creditors and thou shallt bag thy clams.
Kid- Tits, Hooch, but listen up.
Hooch- You done shot the meth of invention straight on into my medulla.
Kid- Hooch, I love Karma.
Hooch- Kid, she's just a kid.
Kid- I love her, though.
Hooch- Help me get my money, then we talk teenradish.
Kid- I dunno.
Hooch- Why not?
Kid- I dunno.
Hooch- Onward cryptic soldier!

They exit.

Phase 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 rustler ridin rifleshot have any identification?
Trash- No, sir.
Softy- Step out the truck.
Trash- Sorry, Officer Softy, but he's crippled.

Softy- Can he hear?
Trash- Negatory.
Softy- Can he talk?
Trash- Negatory.
Softy- Well, can he see?
Trash- Double negatory...not from either eye.
Softy- Squeaky frijoles, what happened to him?
Trash- That's a story so darn sad, the tears'd carve a culvert down your cheeks.
Softy- You tell the tale, let me arrange the drainage.
Trash- Well, Officer Softy, it goes a bit like this: his mammy was a truckstop stripper named Masectomy Mabel, his daddy was a cowpuncher condemned to floppy boots, so Junior spent his impressable years a-smokin and drinkin just tryin 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 Knievel over Colorado, and I don't mean the river. So Junior, damn near despondent, tried to snub himself by layin under an asphalt roller, and that's where I peeled him up, off the freeway outside Tallahass, but I will cease, as your eyes begin to bubble.

Softy- I understand, save one itsy – why's he got no identification?
Trash- It freaks him out to know that he's himself, so doctor's orders – no identification.
Softy- That is sad.
Trash- Now, can me and my tragic hero get back to truckin these purple mountains?
Softy- The problem bein state law says no hazmats.
Trash- Wo! I seen the signs, but I reckoned that no hazmats meant a general lack a hazmats so my friendly nature said to me "forward, and supplyeth ye them with hazmats." Can't you forgive a good sheraton, sir?
Softy- Shucks, ya'll go on, but zip thru Utah splickety-lit.
Trash- Thank you, Officer Softy.

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

Coyote- Turn that engine off and slip it slowly out the rig.
Trash- Who are you?
Coyote- Sergeant Jumboholster, Federal BS, a subslab of Federal BI.
Softy- Sergeant, I have cleared them thru the state.
Coyote- Officer Shifty, when you speak to Uncle Sam, use a question mark, or I will drive this semi up your colon.
Softy- Yes, sir?
Coyote- Now, extract your greasy cheesesteaks from that aluminum hogey bun else your stufft heads adorn my hunting lodge.
Softy- The passenger's crippled.
Coyote- Guess I'll havta shoot him!

Spam- I can walk!
Softy- O miracle!
Coyote- Your name?
Trash- Trash Trailer.
Coyote- First name last, last name first.
Trash- Trailer, Trash.
Coyote- I know you are, but what am I? Your name?
Spam- Seymour.
Coyote- First or last?
Spam- First and last.
Coyote- Well, that's different. Now, you 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 nothin.
Coyote- "We ain't done nothin." Violation of Utah grammar rules 1 and 2: "Improperly conjugated verbs verbalize conjugal improprieties," and "double negatives negate the positives." Cuff em, Shelfy.
Softy- For what?
Coyote- Drunken jiving.
Softy- They seem rite sober nuf to me.
Coyote- Such is the sickness of the times, Officer Shafty: the most potent and popular narcotics mimic perfectly the symptoms of sobriety. Pocket search!
Spam- We 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 a crunkly singles.
Coyote- I'll take those. Da bomb, okay, but money? Is not money a drug, Officer Slippy? Yea, money is the deadliest of drugs. Arrest these spunkers for possession of money, while I run some backgrounds in my forebrain.

Coyote exits.

Softy- Sorry bout this, fellas, but if FBS says arrest, I best drag you in.
Spam- Booya!

Spam hits Softy.

Trash- Hokeysmokes! You poppt a cop!

Spam- Piggy think he drag me in? Sniff my shit with that two-bit kit? Yo, I will suck your skull dry, cracka, mix myself some insanity salsa, and dip you in your brain. Drag me in? I been in, I bust out, and I ain't goin back.

Trash- You are 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 bacon-brain in the toxic truck.

Trash- Why me?

Trash hauls Softy to the truck.

Spam- Message received, Mordecon. Midnight New Year's Eve, I am blowin up this Moab honky town. Drag me in.

They exit.

Phase 2, scene 1. Mordecon's room at Amanda's B and 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- Make away.

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

Duty- What shall you kill?

Mord- Read my bad list.

Duty- Bacteria.

Mord- Thrive in my colon, you must die.

Duty- All persons not currently living the California lifestyle.

Mord- Die, they all must die.

Duty- Serena Ridge.

Mord- Ah, yes, Serena Ridge. When I was but a Moab mutt, she scorned my juvenile jaws, but now I am a global mastiff, she shall give me love, then she must die. Read my good list.

Duty- Empty, sir.

Mord- Because no one's good to me.

Enter Amanda.

Amanda- Room service.

Mord- And whom have I the pleasure of overtly objectifying?

Amanda- Amanda, sir. I own the B & B. Your carrot juice.

Mordecon drinks it and spits it out.

Mord- Bleck! When was this squeezed?
Amanda- This morning, sir.
Mord- Death! Take it back and bring me fresh!
Amanda- Yes, sir.

Amanda exits.

Mord- Women, whose active genital display is less dynamic than in the honcho male diddly, are thus more timid or confused, requiring the aggressive stud galoot to initiate data transfer, so do I spit and sneer at this naughty nutcracker, and she, titillated, turns and flashes her cinnamon buttocks at Senor Santa Crack-the-Chimney. Ho ho ho! I know your thoughts before you think them! Mordecon is a flavor packet of masculine MSG. Yet he doubts. Egobooster!

Enter Egobooster.

Ego- Yes, Mordecon, most voluptuous of men?
Mord- Today, I must trap and eat two she-beasts. Boost my ego.
Ego- Mordecon is state-of-the-art sexual machinery, with new improved head and shoulders, bigger bi's and quads, and swivel action autolube thrust hydraulic pelvic joints, for ultimate carnivorous performance.
Mord- O, stop.
Ego- You're a candycane and the world is just kidding.
Mord- But am I sexy on the outside?
Ego- Your 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 wonder "is that man a horse?"
Mord- Nay, I am Captain Megalomammys!
Ego- Then, there is the Cadillac of meats.
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- Sir, it is in your head.
Mord- What, can you see it?
Fetus- I mean it is a paranoid projection.
Mord- Ha! I know my terrible tumor rambles. Growing up in Moab (which I soon shall make a myth), my father mined uranium, and all my toys and bibbys were imbued with radiation, that now this malignant hobo globule careens thru my innards like some mockumentarian searching for America!

Enter Coyote, dressed as a bellhop.

Bell- Is there a Massa Morficon in da hizzouse?
Duty- Who is calling?
Bell- Yo, I is da bellhiphop, so what's it to yas, gee?
Duty- I am Mr. Mordecon's intermediary.
Bell- His inner meaty area? Dag! That's mighty fat like English for his chubby! S'up y'all?
Duty- May I help you?
Bell- Ya, I gots an itch in my inner meaty area, nah diggity mean?
Duty- Leave or I shall eject you.
Bell- O, eject me, hu? If you the inner meaty area, what's that like make me, snub?
Duty- Goodbye.
Bell- If Mastidon don't want Serena, I hose her nappy dugout down myself, ai'te?
Mord- Serena?
Bell- She waitin for ya, snoopy bone, down there in da slobby, and I'm sayin here she's meatloaf like yo mama useta make.
Mord- Tell her...
Bell- Yo yo yo. Da bellhiphop is like yo inner meaty area, slice. Less you work the tip, he don't deliver da juice.

Dutymaker gives him money.

Bell- Best make it quick, cuz with all dis change, I maybe change my mind, cha chinga cha chump.
Mord- Tell her I will be right down.
Bell- Word up! You be rite down. Uh hu, I tell her zactly dat, yo. Missa Mightyjohn be rite down, beeyitche, and when he come back up, like da bellhiphop be rite behind to clean up after him, in your inner meaty area. Yo yo yo! Keep it real, my peeps!

Coyote exits.

Mord- Pardon me, but I must do some investing in revenge.

Mordecon exits singing.

There's a creep in the cellar
And I'm gonna let him in;
There's a hole in his brain
Where his mind shoulda been.

All exit.

Phase 1, scene 2. The lobby of Amanda's B & B. Enter Amanda and Serena.

Serena- I'm looking for Amanda.

Amanda- I am she.
 Serena- My name's Serena Ridge.
 Amanda- O Serena,
 I'm so sorry to hear of your father's death.
 Serena- He is not dead.
 Amanda- But the tv said...
 Serena- Truth has no rival like the morning news.
 Amanda- You think he will return?
 Serena- I know he will.
 Amanda- Then, sister, I'm with you.
 Serena- Well, I just came
 To thank you for your very kind letter,
 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,
 These beautiful flowers, which, had I longed
 To seek their brief and living symbol midst
 My harsh bereavement, would have aptly filled
 The absence in my life, but as I don't,
 Perhaps they're better here, in your lobby,
 To comfort those who are in need of such,
 But know, Amanda, I am truly thankful
 For all your efforts, though their cause be false.
 Amanda- Serena, though I'd love to claim such gifts
 Of solace, as your wound I'd gladly salve,
 And seeing these reminds me I must be
 More sharing of my neighbor empathy
 Since sleeping I could map the hills of grief,
 I sent no letter or flowers to you.
 Serena- The label says Amanda's B & B.
 Amanda- Then you possess a shy admirateur,
 Other than myself I mean.
 Serena- O how strange.
 Amanda- Very, since we possess one guest alone,
 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 going now to squeeze your carrot juice.

Mord- Amanda, that's what all the ladies say,
 But since you're special, let me grind the stalks
 And bear you broth with extra frothy top,
 But hark! She holds my flowers. Do they soothe?

Serena- You sent me these?
 Mord- Guilty of good as charged.
 Do you like them? The foliage represents
 Your woman puffies neath my golden shafts,
 My finest ghost-auteur composed the missive,
 And the paper is enfragranced with perfume
 Concocted of 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 flowers.
 Serena- No, they're perfect!
 Once my father returns, they'll deck your corpse.

Mord- These stigmas on my body? I accept.
 Serena- All that greed accepts is what accepts it,
 But love is commitment beyond return.

Mord- O no, Serena, I know 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 only, dissect that.

Serena- That doesn't interest me.
 Mord- You interest me.

Serena- Your striving is the fuel of my disdain.
 Mord- You don't think I think you know I know you
 O memory's made me lose my place.
 I'm back! As the victim 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 pody scum,
 Yet, Serena, I love you. Call me gay
 Or verminous or hypermucophilic,
 But I would kiss you even with a cold sore.
 See, when my murky tadpole days were first
 Irradiated by your underside,
 You, a shiny swan, I a gawky frog

In potentia, who, crazy zigging
Souse to souse, staring shyly after you,
Your orange rubberish feet, your large bill,
Your pinguid feathers, starving for the chance
To fondle past a guppy's limbless grope,
At last, as summer's metamorfy loomed,
Bravely rose above the surface safety
(O how 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, his slimy body pufft with dreams
Of being bullfrog to your bathing 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," and away
Into some winner's wings you swanny swam,
Leaving me a heap of fractured feelings
Which I but live to heal this way or that.

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 on the jet to perfection.

Serena-

You are on the jet of destruction.

Mord-

O enuf of me. Do tell, Serena,

Your rife becoming since those swampy years,

Inside, that is, as eyeless men can see

Your body is but youthful beauty bloomed.

Serena-

I am what I don't wish to share with you.

Mord-

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

Serena-

I'm sorry, but your health is not my task.

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 the saying, two peeves in a pet,

As one chintzy trauma gives huge account
 Of all we do, like some tectonic tweak
 Can smash metropolises? Your mother's death
 By drowning in your youth so spins your soul
 It raucous roils but tapt by one brief glug.
 Serena- You remember my mother's death?
 Mord- It's a lover's job to know his lover's life.
 Serena- Look, Morty.
 Mord- Mordecon.
 Serena- It's best you stop
 This lover thing.
 Mord- What, have you never loved?
 Serena- I do not wish to speak of that 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.
 Serena- This is inane! I feel nothing for you.
 Genuine love takes more than some invoice
 For services unrendered to be paid.
 Mord- Tell me what love takes?
 Serena- 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- I set the padding close that I don't crash.
 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!
 Our chromosomes confirm compatibility:
 Me Tarzan Syrup, You Pancake Jane. Got milk?
 Serena- I'm not pregnant.
 Mord- If at first you don't succeed...
 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,

Serena- A tumor has me.
 O. 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 oddity.
 Serena- Come on. You don't love me, you love the 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 each other.
 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.
 Serena- I'm leaving.
 Mord- And I'm staying til New Year's Day,
 When yours is mine. Love me, keep it.
 Serena- Loser.

Serena gives him the flower and letter and exits.

Mord- Ick! Was ugliness ever so arrogant? Natural beauty? Dirt, germs, decay. Even
 with breast implants, new skin, and someone else's legs, she would be entirely
 mal à manger. Give me lipoplasty or give me death! Ah! But there's a Realdoll
 just around the corner.

He rings the bell. Amanda enters.

Amanda- You rang?
 Mord- Amanda, sweet, these bulbs are yours,
 A portent of the plucking that's to come.
 My room, carrot juice, freshly squeezed, pronto.

He exits.

Amanda- O I see thru this madman like a mirror!
 A tragedy in a comedy mask,

Up front he smiles, innocent to a fault,
In back he scowls and slurps at evil's trough;
By day he trades what others work to lose,
At night he stuns and taxiderms the earth,
As, dead inside, he needs his outside so,
For even killers love themselves in others.
But to prey on her? O she seems as sad
And gentle as a lonely desert lake,
Which, secretive in dusty cactus squelch,
Created, fed by deepest, purest springs,
Shimmers midst this dull and rocky hostile,
Reflecting yet inverting it for good
By simply (O sweet simple!) being a lake.
Was ever beauty by brutality
So trappt? I must save her! Yet, what am I?
Not a hero. I terrify myself.
My purpose being here is not to be
What I have been; my resolution's made
To not incessantly be on the make,
Having shattered much thrashing to obtain.
But she's in trouble! No. Though clear of goal,
My motive's mud. Yet Mordecon is worse!
Ah, he's no worse than me when I was me,
And I was awful. So, you stoppt yourself,
Now you must stop him. Yet I must be what
I was to gain my will. O, I can't act!
There is in life, 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,
It merely thumps for mother metronome,
All forward action on itself reverbs
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.

He exits.

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

Gemma- O Kyrin, please, stop humming just this once.

Excuse me.

Nova- No need, mam. There's room for all.

Gemma- You're drinking from our spring.
Nova- Your spring?
Gemma- That's right.
Nova- It is nice to meet you, Mother Nature.
Gemma- Are you the man that askt for Mr. Ridge?
Nova- My slogan states "Ask only of thyself."
Gemma- Then why have you come to Triple Zero?
Nova- This is Triple Zero?
Gemma- Right again.
Nova- Are you Mr. Ridge?
Gemma- I will speak for him.
Nova- But you...
Gemma- Desire to know why you are here.
Nova- Coyote.
Kyrin- What? I thought my father shot
Him dead like years ago for poaching sheep!
Nova- A nick, a nick. Besides, that acme-critter,
That hungry-horny, that desert-fish eats lead,
Not to mention very poison flowers.
Gemma- Back to our regular scheduled program.
Unless you have some business with us, sir,
I kindly ask you leave our property.
Nova- From what I hear it won't be yours for long.
Gemma- So right. We're selling. Now, is that an end?
Nova- The end is near if we don't stop the sprawl.
Gemma- I am Mother Sprawl.
Nova- A barren mother.
Gemma- What's your name?
Nova- It's secret.
Gemma- Well, Secret Man,
It is not I, but you, that are barren,
Save your most deadly drive to save what's dead.
Where I reside, there's concrete everywhere,
And, instead of cactus, we have culture.
Sprawl is progress. Stop it, and you stop life.
Nova- You feel the same, sir?
Kyrin- Of course I do.
Nova- I take it then you're not from round these parts.
Gemma- He grew up here, but he has outgrown it.
Nova- How can we outgrow what created us?
Gemma- We pronounce it boring.
Nova- Is it boring
To lay beneath the hustle-bustle stars,
Broodful cliffs of Fable Valley framing
Your view of nature's bright theatrical?
Gemma- Yes, it is.

Nova- Then to wake at dawn and feel
Tomorrow's wind scurrying thru the pines
Revitalizing your historic body?
Gemma- Boring.
Nova- And then to spend the winking day
Tromping down some never-toucht arroyo
Neath eucalyptus shade, and sense the rush
Of life elusive, pure, inveterate...
Gemma- Sir! We have had a death in the family
And would appreciate your leaving now.
Nova- O, I'm very sorry.

Nova exits singing.

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

Kyrin- Wait! I will go with you to the gate.
Gemma- Kyrin!
Kyrin- What?
Gemma- Nothing.

Kyrin and Nova exit.

Gemma- Nice to beat you, sir.

Gemma exits.

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

Coyote- I got the goods.
Hooch- Can I start a tab?
Coyote- The only tab the Druglord keep is who and who ain't paid.
Hooch- Next week...
Coyote- You could be dead, the way things goin.
Hooch- Can you take a credit card?
Coyote- Can you take a tire-iron about the head and neck?
Hooch- Kid, you got some money?
Kid- I got lotsa money, but I gave it to the world.
Hooch- Karma?
Karma- Uh, like, not.
Hooch- Guess I'll have to use my homegrown.
Coyote- Maybe we could swap.
Hooch- I got nothin worth that weed.
Coyote- The Druglord like Teenradish.

Hooch- You know her name?
Coyote- The Druglord gots a nose.
Hooch- But 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 em a couple days to let the hooha wither.
Coyote- New Year's night, the Druglord will return to collect.

Coyote exits.

Kid- How'd ya pay him?
Hooch- I promist him a puppy off the next stray bitch I find.
Kid- Fast thinkin, Wilbur!
Hooch- Call me that again and I will bogart every bong.
Kid- Way unfresh!
Karma- You guys are crazy.
Kid- Least we're not pretty.
Hooch- Children, come in close, and receive thy tutelage.
Kid- Awesome fatty, Hooch!
Hooch- This, by appearance, 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 could make George W. think himself a Latin hunk.
Kid- Rock! What's in it, man?
Hooch- Uncle Hooch's Salad of Grandiloquent Delusions, patent pending, being a mesclun of coca leaf, angel dust, Jamaican tie, peyote buttons, and nutmeg, for that zingy holiday flavor.
Kid- Pass it on!
Hooch- Nay, this bud is not for you. Toot this diet fag.

They light up.

Swag- Whoever you are, I sniff that smoke, and come to confiscate!
Hooch- Act like nothing's happening.
Karma- Like no problem.

Enter Swagart.

Swag- Ha! I shouldst have known! Where there's stink, there is Satan. Sir, no smoking on the grounds of Triple Zero.
Hooch- No one's smoking.
Swag- What's that behind your back?
Hooch- I've wondered all my life, sir, but everytime I turn around it stays behind my back.
Swag- Nay, nambypamby not me, sir. I refer to the object you so perfunctorily passt to your posterior portions during my scolding speech.
Hooch- O, that! Nothing.

Swag- Nothing concealed is something. Display the item, and tell your friends to stop making those faces.
Hooch- But that's their bread-and-butter, sir. Kids make faces to sell to adults who are always losing face.
Swag- Revealeth thou!

Hooch takes out the cigar from behind his back.

Swag- A stimulant!
Hooch- Little does he know.
Swag- You mumbled, sir?
Hooch- I said, give my tweens death-row, cuz we all know where smoking leads: Pimpin Kornsop Poonkob, shootin baby porn into your eyelids, sluggin recycled Valvoline, and livin on mac and cheese.
Swag- Giveth me it!
Hooch- Caution, sir. It's known to leap, lizard-like, into unknowing lips.

Swagart takes the cigar.

Swag- All of you report to my office, and after I've examined this specimen, I shall administer your discipline.
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 toilet.
Swag- My office!
Hooch- Yes, sir.
Swag- Such a nice, innocent youngster...
Karma- Hands off, bible humper.

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

Kid- You think he'll puff it?
Hooch- Swagart sneaks out every night behind the center house and done tickles his tobacco jones. Mira! Like a vagrant on a donut.
Kid- I call roach.
Karma- You're so stupid.
Kid- Stupid for you.
Hooch- Hush!
Swag- Sir? Well, I am alone. And what have we here? Ah, pure Havana! How did that clod of mildew acquisition such a treat?
Kid- My clod of mildew wants your treat.
Kar- Grody.
Hooch- Hush, I said.
Swag- I will smoke it tonight. Yet, it shall wizen. Now it is as fresh as a new playmate.
Hooch- He's losin it.

Kid- I'm losin it over you.
Kar- No, you lost it.
Hooch- Quiet!
Swag- Nay, I best enjoy it now, in revel of this sale, from which will flow, as natural as the letdown from a dam, regional growth, my selection as Mayor, and something more befitting my gifts than a luxury mobile home.

He lights up.

Hooch- O my life for this moment!
Kid- You're my life, you're my moment.
Kar- You're like whatever.
Swag- Now here is such a mind massage, I'll soon be rid the stress of mangy Hooch.
Kid- You want a massage?
Kar- Get away.
Hooch- Shut, or it's a spankin.
Kid- Wanna spank me?
Kar- Tripping.
Hooch- You two lovebirds cut the chirps or I go get my slingshot!
Swag- Yea, the good lord hath, in his endless wisdom, given each man a vice, and mine is smoke. When smoke is in me, I feel turgid, puffy, 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.
Kid- Come hither.
Kar- Get away.
Hooch- Chilluns, begloze the glory! The dummy scint, the dullard sharp, the tight and nosy loose and easy.
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 off behind the barn a-bangin sheep.
Swag- Wow! Have I got big plans for this town! First, we convert City Hall to a Christian Learning Center, where I shall serve as both mayor and pastor. Yea, my title shall be master.
Hooch- Sorry, Swagart, no more public service - you inhaled.
Swag- Our lessons shall include man's distinction from the monkey, the eroticism of abstinence, and wealth as immunity.
Hooch- O the lies that keep America great!
Swag- The wayward youth shall come to me for moral and mental guidance, and for example I shall judge the derelicts! Here's Hooch and his hippy friends now!
Kid- Shikes! He sees us!
Hooch- Wait! The us he sees ain't us.
Swag- Please, Master Swagart, don't jail us for drugs. And here am I, sternly staring down from my great bench, "thou substance-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, adequately chastised, and I head home for the evening, to be greeted by my three obedient wives; Bathsheba, drawing my bath; Jemima, cooking my meal; and Eve, nude in the garden. After our welcome rituals, they prepare my hair and garment for the Jesus Jamboree!

Hooch- O where's my mother now?
Swag- We take my limo to the Arches Auditorium, linger with my fans awhile midst pork-kabobs and gummy bears, then I, MC Swagart, go a-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 gold wigs and orange tights battle the Prince of Negritude with huge jiggling light-sabers.

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

Kid- What's that?
Kar- Follow me, ya doy.
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- Has my Jesus Jamboree converted Hooch?

Enter Kid and Karma.

Kar- The lord is come!
Kid- Come, come.
Kar- It's judgment day!
Kid- Day, day.
Kar- Get right or doom is certain!
Kid- Certain, certain.

They exit.

Swag- The lord is come? Can it be? There have been many natural occurrences of late. Sex and violence and economic recession – that is new. Might not this cataclysm have informed my civic dreams? If we can't trust the children, who can we trust? Ah! The endtimes are upon us! O, my lord, you are come and I accept you. But, your message is get right. O, I am not right!

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

Kar- Hepatitis.
 Kid- Hoky poky.
 Kar- Gingivitis.
 Kid- Stinky soaky.
 Hooch- I am Yahway, cometh to end these things.
 Kid/Kar- Yahway.
 Swag- What is this vision before me? The ancient father and his cherubs dainty? It surges from my craving for redemption. I'll shut my eyes and open them again. Nay! Still present! Art thou, O baffling form, my creator?
 Hooch- I am.
 Swag- What wouldst thou with me?
 Hooch- I demandeth your depression.
 Swag- Sorry, lord?
 Hooch- I demandeth your depression!
 Swag- Dost thou mean confession, lord?
 Hooch- Nay! Some drunk monk made a typo, confession for depression, and ever since thou people have been getting it all wrongeth!
 Swag- Ist the process still the same, my lord?
 Hooch- Ist ist, and proceed.
 Swag- My confession...
 Hooch- My depression!
 Swag- My depression is that I think myself superior to all others. Forgive me, lord!
 Hooch- Forget me, lord!
 Swag- Pardon?
 Hooch- The phrase is forget me, lord. Another error thanks to drink!
 Swag- There's quite a difference betwixt forgive and forget, isn't there, lord?
 Hooch- Use the proper phrase!
 Swag- Forget me, lord.
 Hooch- Thou art forgotten. Continue your depression.
 Swag- I am covetous, lord.
 Hooch- Wretched winner!
 Swag- What?
 Hooch- It is not sinners I hate, but winners.
 Swag- I am no winner, lord.
 Hooch- You can say that againeth.
 Swag- I am no...
 Hooch- Silence, winner!
 Swag- Name the act of contrition.
 Hooch- The act of emission!
 Swag- Another typo, lord?
 Hooch- After his depression, the winner is forgotten if he commits the act of emission.
 Swag- Thy monks are sloppy, lord!
 Hooch- Yea exceeding yea!
 Swag- Be there any other typos I might need to know of, lord?

Hooch- Yea, there art as many typos as thy lewd transgressions, of which thou hast not named the naughtiest!

Swag- Don't make me name it, lord.

Hooch- Name the shame, lame the blame!

Kid - Sayeth Yahway the Huge!

Swag- I have, my lord, toucht myself too much.

Kar- O my god.

Hooch- This is too much information for even the omniscient.

Swag- Forget me, please!

Hooch- Your 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 three.

Kid/Kar- The symbols three!

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 neareth!

Kid/Kar- Neareth, neareth!

Hooch- Find the savior!

Kid/Kar- Savior, savior!

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 has these symbols three. He is the savior! But what? Don't I possess a birthmark, here, on my hip? It's somewhat like a fish, or a squid. A squid's a fish, isn't it? Yes, it is! I possess the first symbol. But the second symbol – a swaying way. Have I a swaying way? I have been known to sway, though it is not my primary ambulatory style. Perhaps it means to hold sway as I do in my community? No, too far fetcht. Ah! Sway is like Swag, and my name, Swagart, taking art as method or way, means I am swaying way, Swagart, my name, swaying way! O! The second symbol! Yet the third symbol- a sense of unky...

Enter Hooch, Kid, and Karma.

Hooch- Swagart, what's on your head?

Swag- Hair, I imagine.

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? Well, one thing leads to another. I'll canonize who gets me to a mirror!
Hooch- Use the birdbath!

As Swagart looks at himself, Kid holds a frisbee up behind his head.

Swag- O my god I am! The son select, the word made flesh, O I am the man! Is there still a halo on my head?
Hooch- Still it looms like fog on a mountain crest.

Enter Coyote (dressed as Ranger Stranger), Ted, Vicki.

Kar- Parent trap!

Karma exits and hides.

Vicki- Please, Ranger Stranger, find my Karma.
Coyote- Not to worry, Ms. Dumbcowski. 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, people. Can't you see the halo on his head?
Ted- No.
Hooch- There, around his scalp, like rainbow blubber encircling thinly shaved pastrami.
Vicki- I think I see it.
Ted- Not a jot!
Vicki- Cross your eyes, slowly shift your vision forward, then staring past the thing at nothing, you'll see it.
Ted- I see it!
Swag- I am the savior!
Vicki- Find my Karma, savior, please!
Swag- I shall do this and more.

Exit Ted, Vicki, Swagart.

Hooch- O awesome possum!
Kid- Karma!
Hooch- I am, to honk my own blowhorn, a frickin shaman!
Kid- Karma, sweetie, come on out.
Hooch- This is better than the time in Morocco when Ginsberg thought me an alien!
Kid- Karma, your folks is gone.
Hooch- Ranger Stranger, you my kind!
Coyote- What's in this cigarette?
Hooch- Exit, Kid.
Kid- But Karma's gone.

Hooch- Some things are better off lost.

Hooch and Kid exit. Karma comes out.

Kar- Who are you?
Coyote- I'm who I need to be.
Kar- Wish I was that.
Coyote- What you need to be?
Kar- A parent to my parents.
Coyote- All it takes is a trick.
Kar- I can barely be myself.
Coyote- That's the trick.
Kar- Moab is like weirdotown.
Coyote- But ain't it beat Wisconsin?

Karma exits.

Coyote- Will Serena, the cute mammal, marry Mordecon, the creepy reptile, and raise a pack of cuddly cobra-zebras? Will Swagart find his Unky in his halo? Will Spam dislodge the game-boy from his brain? Yo, I ain't tellin. My job's to keep you danglin, like a, well, you get the picture.

Phase 2, scene 5. Spam, Trash, and Softy (unconscious and bound) in a men's room at a rest stop on the edge of a lonesome highway.

Spam- Time to play Torture in the Men's Room. Flush!
Trash- No way, Spam. I'm bustin!
Spam- Sorry, bubba. FBS Mechwarrior got your destructostats.
Trash- I's a knuckle you ugly, pinball boy!
Spam- The nanotick your frumpyflippers meet my blaupunkt skin shield, my desert storm ballistic blitz will engage, whirling eboli-tiptt throwzini-blades from my thermostatic thorax, and you shall suffer shoyako shinju monster mince-o-matic!
Trash- Let's just quit the spattin and brawny this spill.
Spam- Crisis only got one anus, Trash.
Trash- And what is that?
Spam- Annihilation.
Trash- I'll annihilation you-n if my nuggets go to lockdown!
Spam- No one's going anywhere, Trash. I am come to push and piddle G-Spot Armageddon, but that Jumboholster took my toy, so howdydoodo talks!
Trash- Dear lordy, where did I go goof? A trucker's bound to peg some game, be punk in drublic, and speed a tad, but I been a good ol' boy most all my miles!
Spam- Look, St. Peterbilt, drop the "my moral diaper's leaking neath this load of twisted crap" minor key, bend your brain over, and absorb the suppository of my instructions!
Trash- But...
Spam- No one's gettin hurt, okay? Just be my man tonight.

Trash- You better get me outta this, Spam.
Spam- My brownhole of birth, Mudflappian Man, is Klaustrophobius. I don't get in what I can't get out.
Trash- So, let's prod some oinky.
Spam- Wake him up. Not like that! Lick his face.
Trash- What?
Spam- I self-destruct on explanation.

Trash licks his face. Softy wakens.

Softy- My honey-glazed is stale!
Spam- Welcome, Rogue Trooper, to the Kiss Psycho Circus. My identity is up to you: Pepperspray Boweevil or Handlotion Hamster. Comprende?
Softy- No.
Spam- Stick your foot in his mouth!
Trash- What?
Spam- It's bonafide polpot torture!
Trash- But...
Spam- You wanna compare our SATs again?
Trash- No.
Spam- Then keep your but outta my verbal intercourse!

Trash sticks his toes in Softy's mouth.

Spam- Now fess up, porkpie teddywedger: where's da bomb?
Trash- How's a man to speak with my foot in his mouth?
Spam- Stare him down until he begs for love.
Trash- Pairdonay moo?
Spam- Get your digit off my button or I'm on your butt, dig it?
Trash- No.
Spam- What I tell you back in Tulsa?
Trash- Lotsa things.
Spam- WideLoad Gorilla cannot take the Darkstone Soul Reaver, so do it, or I'm goin godfather!
Trash- Why I gotta do it?
Spam- It's your initiation to the Clan of Lips and Scissors.
Trash- The What of Whos and Howsers?
Spam- The Clan of Lips and Scissors is a virtual human totempole of like-minded cyber-heroes in the wargasm against the nature-droids of the terrible body-hair movement.
Trash- Do I wanna be in the Clan of Lips and Scissors?
Spam- Would you rather our country be over-run by people with pubic hair?
Trash- I dunno.
Spam- Pubic hair is wrong, Trash! It harbors disease, disguises intentions, and flaunts the aging process!
Trash- Really?

Spam- So either you visually reroute his genetic scattergram by staring at him until he begs for love, becoming thus a fuscia-belt in the Clan of Lips and Scissors, or those fat, furry pubic mounds are on your – what's that? - head.
Trash- But what's love got to do with it?
Spam- Lovers speak to each other, or so I've heard.
Softy- Now, look here, fellas...
Spam- Shall I bring you with a tickle to the border of the dreamlands?

Trash stares Softy down.

Spam- My confusion is cokehead clear: Mordecon, smelling something natural in this alkaline environ, plans on scorching Moab into a supermodel MUSH wherein shaved humanoids populate the Silicon Sexuality Matrix. Yo, ya with me, Trash?
Trash- Yah, I'm with ya, Spam.
Spam- He beg for love?
Trash- O, yah, he beg real good.
Spam- Welcome to the Clan of Lips and Scissors!
Trash- Thanks, Spam.
Spam- Did your lover share his secret?
Trash- He don't know nothin, Spam.
Spam- I'll cut off his tongue, then he'll talk.

Enter Coyote, dresst as a tourist.

Coyote- Wo! Clear the deck! I gotta wiz so bad they built a boatlaunch round my ears! O yes! Goodbye yellow brick road! When the rain comes! Gimme some water! O yes! Only one thing better than relievin yourself – gettin yourself relieved! Boys, we gonna have us another Grand Canyon! O yes! Strain it, squeeze it, shake it, and you're empty as Madonna. And here come the shivers! Woo! They should charge for that. Time go night-night, baby bear. Oops, watch that zipper! Cut, and it's a wrap. Sorry ya had to see that, boys, but nature wears the pants in this house. Mind if I wash my hands? It's downright hard to steer with your fingers stuck together.
Spam- Go ahead.
Coyote- Incredible country, ain't it?
Spam- Yep.
Coyote- You'd never guess it sits atop the largest nuclear waste site in the world, would ya, now?
Spam- Nope.
Coyote- All some nutjob have to do to cause flagitious havoc is order up da bomb, like from Ol' Cooty's Bombs-We-Deliver (there's a card), drive down deep to the Kokopelli Caves (there's a map), and he could blow the entire state to dumbkingcome (there's a plan).
Spam- Could he now?
Coyote- Course, that would take a wacko of considerable proportions.
Spam- Yes, it would.

Coyote- Well, it's been real nice a-yappin at ya. And don't you worry t'all. One cop in the can is one less on the road. Drive safely now, ya hear!

Coyote exits.

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

They exit.

Phase 3, scene 1. Kyrin and Nova on the edge of Triple Zero.

Nova- Your father must have been quite a woman
To care for such pristine and fragile land.
Kyrin- I was not kin to what my father was.
Nova- You didn't know him?
Kyrin- How to know a no?
Much better knows a chirping bat the crux
Tween true and phantom form, when second source
Trick-echoes in delay, than I knew him.
His intimacy was his mystery.
Nova- Does not his preservation show he loved?
Kyrin- My father loved the calculated chance
Alone to leverage love to grow his hate
For anything defied his preservation.
Nova- Then selling you are buying into him.
Kyrin- There's a line, secret man, between our lives.
Nova- We cross a line to know it.
Kyrin- Yet a line
Becomes by being crosst, so please respect
The line you construct by your crossing.
Nova- I cross the line you draw around this land.
Kyrin- What is that to you?
Nova- What is wet to leaf,
Soil to root, breeze to seed, sun to cycle,
What's anything but that it nourishes
Our link to that one nature gives us now?
Kyrin- The most of now is empty in-between
As nature's web is riddled with dead links.
Nova- Yet can't we patch those links and find new now
By tending to renditions of ourselves
Whereby we know all traits in metaphor
Much as you know your father thru this land?
Kyrin- I know him too well thru it, and to know
Too well is worse than ignorance. His heel
Has stampt its fossil into every butte
That wayward stone now tracks his path. His hand

Has grafted most unnative wildlife
 To hide the waste neath wonder, and his voice
 So bragging booms across these monoliths
 This ecosystem merely echoes him
 That I mistake my silence for his shush.
 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 myself because I'm he.

Nova- How could we speak without our parents' words?
 Kyrin- New languages are buried when we're born.
 Nova- And born again once we bury our parents.
 Kyrin- I want to sell this land to bury him.
 Nova- What does he want from you?
 Kyrin- He wants himself,
 But how can I become who's always been
 Defined as more than I can ever be?

Nova- Tell me of your father and Coyote.
 Kyrin- They lived a private alamo: fence-feuds,
 Bar-fights, rustle-tricks, a game of chicken fed
 By Cooty's costumes and my father's zeal.

Nova- They must have loved each other awful much.
 Kyrin- Much as two ornery, lonely creatures can.
 You always go alone?

Nova- Normally I pack
 Some action with me, but girls catch ideas
 If left out too long, but, heck, you know that.

Kyrin- I've always been a used and clunky car
 That needs a kick to start, and Gemma kicks.
 Before her I was nothing but a grunt
 Scrounging for spells in alphabet city
 And begging coins to fill my veins with death.
 She fixt a fatal wound. I owe her life.

Nova- Debt is not love.
 Kyrin- Watch the line, secret man.
 Nova- Nova. Casanova.
 Kyrin- So, what are you,
 Some gay nightclub dancer?

Nova- You could say that.
 Kyrin- Were you straight, I'd shoot you at my sister,
 Cuz she could really use a Casanova.

Nova- I'm straight as passion's crooked road allows.
 Kyrin- Well, here's the gate.
 Nova- Why is it we must mark
 Our progress by events that prevent it?

Kyrin- Quit droppin general quips on special cases.

Nova- Then I'll drop something special on a case
That's general. I had this friend, a female,
With a mom buggd her much like you your dad,
Only, as you this land, she her body.
The female was, by most accounts, attractive,
And mother wanted her to mold herself
After some unnatural manufacture,
But this model had a brain in her beauty.
So she revolted, dresst the opposite,
And ventured thru the wild world to save
All natural, unmanufactured life,
And thought it right, until she met a man
That she desired to show her beauty to.

Kyrin- What happened?
Nova- It so happened that this man
Despised natural beauty, so she split.
Kyrin- His loss.
Nova- And her gain, as he helpt her see
What made her mother's motives hidden good:
Living is the mastery of mistakes.

Kyrin- My father never made a damn mistake
And if he did, he hid it masterly.

Nova- Well, I should split.
Kyrin- It's probly best you do.
Nova- Tell me about that ballad, Broken Arch?
Kyrin- My father sang it when my mother died
By drowning in the Green River Canyon.

Nova- Sing it for me.
Kyrin- I do not sing.
Nova- Come on.
Kyrin- The line, secret man. I do not sing.
Nova- Buried under Broken Arch
Scrub the scripture on his grave.

Kyrin- Lies the man who dared to march
Cross the bridge that water made.

Nova- There, in that song, is his mistake revealed,
And you can know him thus, his hate to love
Reverted thru the mirror of empathy
In which our parents seem just as people.

Kyrin- You read too much into some fireside song.
Nova- Sing or speak the lines.
Kyrin- Buried under Broken Arch.
Nova- To lay me down forever neath my mission unachieved.
Kyrin- Scrub the scripture on his grave.
Nova- These fleeting scraps of earth all that will ever speak for me.
Kyrin- Lies the man who dared to march.

Nova- And though I bravely walked the span that no one had before.
 Kyrin- Cross the bridge that water made.
 Nova- The route I chose was made of that to which it must return.
 Your father here confesses his whole life
 Was one mistaken, hazardous ambition,
 As all his attempts to limit nature
 Could not stop its grabbing at your mother.
 So is it possible his silent hate
 Was sounded in this song for those he loved
 That you may know in crossing that same bridge
 You too will fall, though gently to his grave,
 Caught by the father that abandoned you.
 Kyrin- I never really thought about the words.
 Nova- The words declare a reverence for this land.
 Kyrin- How can I hate him? You have broken me.
 Nova- Now I am broken too, and must show you
 A thing or two.
 Kyrin- Not now, Casanova.
 I must tell Mordecon I will not sell
 The subject of this song. Aren't you coming?
 Nova- Does Casanova really have a choice?
 Kyrin- You know, maybe my father isn't dead.

They exit.

Phase 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 pickle.
 Ther- In a pickle?
 Ama- Like up shit creek.
 Ther- Up shit creek?
 Ama- Tween a rock and a hard place.
 Ther- Tween a rock and a hard place?
 Ama- Echoes are free, Doc, on any ledge.
 Ther- I find your word-choice very interesting.
 Ama- It ain't my words that got me sweatin bullets.
 Ther- Sweat in bullets?
 Ama- Stop it!
 Ther- Who is speaking?
 Ama- Me, Raymond.
 Ther- Do I have a patient Raymond?
 Ama- Yes.
 Ther- Describe him to me.

Ama- Raymond's just a normal guy with a most abnormal urge.
 Ther- Urge for what?
 Ama- For everything but what he ought.
 Ther- What ought he?
 Ama- Julissa.
 Ther- Julissa?
 Ama- Raymond committed to Julissa, but commitment is a babystep to betrayal.
 Ther- Why betrayal?
 Ama- When someone you love loves you back it makes you think you're lovable so you go round lovin all but what loves you.
 Ther- Love who?
 Ama- Nasal dust, fictive stock, exploitation sites, Raymond loved the lowest cuz it got him high.
 Ther- High?
 Ama- But surfer make own wave soon hit by real one.
 Ther- Very interesting.
 Ama- Stumbling home one dawn from what would get him life in Holland, his gobot brain abuzz with artificial sweetener, he poured himself into the john and there he found Julissa, dead in the tub, like a white dolphin belly up in a tomato soup jacuzzi. A sticky note hung loosely on her cheek: "Where are you, Raymond?" I'm here, Julissa, but where is here? Cuz Raymond, per his therapist's advice, gleaned midst repetitions, is living as Amanda in a small suburb of hell, hiding from himself to save the world, but now this problem.
 Ther- What problem?
 Ama- This woman, Serena, she's really, like, sweet,
 And she's being pursued by the Dog of Deceit,
 But the Dog is really pursuing me,
 And I wanna help, but my want is deadly.
 Ther- Why did Raymond switch to rhyming couplets?
 Ama- I need therapy, Doc, not prosody!
 Ther- Very interesting.
 Ama- Doc!
 Ther- Does Raymond know the word "vernix"?
 Ama- Vernix?
 Ther- It's from Latin, vernix caseosa,
 Or cheesy sheathe, referring to the film
 Of dead, sebaceous cells round the fetus
 Protecting it until unslofft at birth.
 Ama- Very interesting.
 Ther- Til Raymond's done gestating his new self
 In the garb-womb of Amanda, he must not
 Sever his vernix playing the hero.
 Ama- But...
 Ther- Crazy, this is Crazy Control, copy.

Enter Mordecon.

Ama- Yes, sir. I'll be expecting you. Goodbye.

Amanda hangs up.

Ama- It's odd, this job, folks always calling me
And asking if I have a vacancy.

Mord- Amanda, let's get one thing straight – my thing.
The lovefruits in my versace satchel
Generate, when squizzed, 400 million
Harikari pulpids in one gungho.
You, bow wow however, cutely contain
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 though your aircraft carrier turrets
Attack my struggling banzai humanists,
At least one pluckish kamikazi lives,
And he, O intrepid little Bigfoot,
Buggers his schnozz thru your bully-proof crust,
Und von zis dreckensuppen (drumroll please),
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 cattleprod.
Giddy up, my fatty calf!

Ama- O you beast!

Mordecon and Amanda exit.

Phase, 3, Scene 3. Enter Serena on a ledge.

Serena- Father? I need to talk to you. Father?
If ever you will come to me, come now.
Now I need you. Father? Father? Nothing.
You made my body, and it is nothing.
You taught me to speak, and it is nothing.
You gave me life, the drama of nothing.
What am I to make of nothing? Nothing.
Why hope? Its source and end are misery,
So it does nothing, blinding everything,
Yet I would see, and seeing, I see death.
Death, in the sky, free and true and happy,
Calling me to pronounce you, father, dead.
Death, I admit you! Enter me entire,

Frolic in my eyes, repose in my chest,
And stuff my sterile gut with your rich seed,
O father me a family, fertile death!
Death will be your grandest child, father,
And he will carry on your memory,
As only death can give birth to itself.
I lived for you, so you must die for me.
Your will denied me, I deny your will.
You betrayed my birth, I birth your betrayer,
My child, dearest death. Here, upon this ledge,
Like you upon your mountain, I give birth
To death. Your death is mine. Our mother, I,
As to live for your family is to die.

Enter Mordecon chasing Amanda.

Ama- Serena, no!
Mord- Darling, I will save you!

Mordecon pulls her from the ledge.

Serena- Let me go!
Mord- Jump, and I shall follow.
Ama- Serena, don't!
Serena- I'm not going to jump.
Mord- So you'll marry me?
Serena- I will not marry you!
Mord- Then I shall jump!
Serena- No!
Ama- Yes!
Mord- You want me to live.
Serena- I don't know what I want.
Mord- You want me to live, and that's a twin to love.
 I shall be in my suite, changing undies.
 Amanda, here, you droppt your cattleprod.
 Now, please, fetch my carrot juice. Te amo.

Mordecon exits.

Serena- He's sorta 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.

Serena and Amanda exit.

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

Swag- Gather round, my chubs, for we must make the cult of me.
Ted/Vicki- Alleluiah!
Swag- Necrophilia.
Ted- What?
Swag- Use the proper phrase!
Vicki- Necrophilia, Jesus!
Swag- Nay, my name is Manrise, and it meaneth waxing machismo.
Vicki- Necrophilia, Manrise.
Swag- My symbol is the squid, my dogma the swaying way, and thou art my unkys.
Ted- Question, Manrise.
Swag- Raise your hand.
Ted- What is unky?
Swag- Question thou me?
Vicki- Punish him, Manrise!
Swag- Yea, I shall. Revelations 21, 19 – 20. “And the wall of the city (I am the city, I am the wall), were garnisht with precious stones (my punishments are precious): There was jasper (jasper, being hard and red, signifieth thy buttocks whipp); there was saphire (a soft, yellow stone, signifying thy broken pride); there was chalcedony (a stone unknown to me, signifying thy alienation); there was emerald (this signifieth thy moneys, which passeth unto me); and there was sardonyx (a long word, signifying in reverse your new name, Tinyman), yet let me abandon these fruitless rubrics and escort you, Womanthing, to my chamber of revelations, where you 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.

Ted- Where’s my Karma, Manrise?
Swag- Where’s my camera, Manrise.

Enter Coyote (dressed as religious fanatic) with a falsely dead Karma in his arms.

Coyote- Help! Help! Da Beast killt da Beauty!!

He lays Karma down.

Ted- O my Karma!
Coyote- It take a savior raise her from the dead!
Vicki- Raise her, Manrise!
Swag- Yea, I shall.
Coyote- Get back!
Swag- Revelations 10, 1 – 3. “And I saw a mighty angel (that angel am I), come down from heaven (from heaven I come, or Moab, or whatever you will), clothed with a cloud (my suit is of substance nimbulus), and his feet were as 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 stool I call the earth), and he cried “Dead Beauty rise!”

Karma wakens.

Coyote- He is da savior!
Ted- Necrophilia, Manrise!

Enter Hooch and Kid.

Kid- Karma, honey, what up?
Hooch- Mellow, Kid, my back is breakin me.
Swag- Now shall I take these women twi, 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!
Coyote- She’s got super-powers to spot the devil’s disguise!
Swag- Conceal thyselves!

Enter Gemma.

Gemma- Swagart?
Karma- It’s da Beast.
Gemma- Must be a goose honking at the sky, or a sterile donkey bemoaning its fate, or a slimy bullfrog belling beneath a mobile home. Ah! Why must the finest 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. Get me out of America and back to New York City! Everything’s deliverable, right of way is my way, and nature comes with an optional service plan. Soon, soon, when the land is sold, but now to dear tai chi. Stress egest, stress assuage.
Karma- See her move like lurching mantis bobbling headless beetle. She da beast.
Vicki- Protect me, Manrise!

Swagart jumps out.

Swag- Cease thy sexy dance, thou Beast!
Gemma- Excuse me, Swagart?
Swag- O thou art past excuse, thou serpent sack, thou eccentricifical worm mannikin, 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 get Swagart stoned?

Hooch- Yah, and this is just a play and we're all awful actors, right?
Karma- She da Beast!
Gemma- Kyrin will hear of this.
Karma- Stop da Beast!
Ted- I pop her like Lombardi.

Ted tackles her.

Karma- Cage her in da Kokopelli caves!
Hooch- Hold a minute! Why you take her there?
Coyote- So we can beat her!
All- Beat da Beast!
Hooch- Stop! Okay, Swagart, I got you stoned. It's all a ruse to get my cash. You're not the savior; you're just extra Swagart.
Karma- Da Beast is speaking thru him!
All- Beat da Beast!
Hooch- Wait! Tell em, Kid.
Kid- Karma?
Karma- I go with Manrise.
Kid- Sorry, Hooch. I'm with Karma.
All- Beat da Beast!

All exit, save Hooch.

Hooch- Damn, such freaky actions tweak a man all philosophic! How swift the plains of the human mind spread the flame of belief. We bi-peds is a mighty desperate thing. Stufft with certain delusions, proppt on unstable grounds, craving endless explosions, your human is a lineage of moments, each totally self-detacht, and the only link is circumfluitious absence. Disruption is our element, all, all is error! O brother, you done left a rich mistake! I best get help.

Hooch exits. Enter Coyote.

Coy- Help in Moab? That's like seekin style in San Francisco. In Moab, the hand that feeds ya bites ya. It's dusty here for a reason – lotsa death. Don't never come down Moab way, I tell ya. Them canyons is deep, them rivers is dry, and just when you start thinkin you cool, Coyote turn up da heat.

Phase 4, scene 1. Mordecon's room at Amanda's B & B.

Mord- Dutymaker!

Enter Dutymaker.

Duty- Yes, Mordecon, most presumptuous of men?
Mord- When will this land be my land?

Duty- Tonight at midnight.
Mord- Egobooster!

Enter Egobooster.

Ego- Yes, Mordecon, most polygamous of men?
Mord- Tonight 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 Gitchagimnee.
Mord- Fetusburger!

Enter Dr. Fetusburger.

Fetus- Yes, Mordecon, most longevitous of men?
Mord- My tumor is talking.

Kyrin and Nova knock.

Mord- It's trying to escape.

Dutymaker opens the door.

Kyrin- Mordecon, I will not sell the land.
Mord- But you gave me your word.
Kyrin- I lent you my word, and now I want it back.
Mord- My love for Serena is sincere.
Kyrin- You love Serena?
Mord- Ah, I see. We must play at Arabs. Sit, please, and smoke the shisha in my house
 of hair. Honorable prince Abdul Kyrin Abdul Kyrin Abdul of Moababad, it is
 true, I love Serena, she whose womb is rich as OPEC upstream, yet knowing a
 brother holds a firm ambivalence to his sister's sex, being to him woman not
 woman, free not free, desirous undesirous, feeling a fetish for her like clash with
 the the taboo toward his like, I shall not speak of her camel lips in a screaming
 spittle storm, but merely say I wish to wed and bed your sister.
Kyrin- Does she know that?
Mord- I asked her yesterday.
Kyrin- What did she say?
Mord- She's thinking, but she'll stop.
Kyrin- Something's wrong with you.
Mord- I love your sister.
Kyrin- You love what she has.
Mord- You love what she hasn't.
Kyrin- Well, I'm not selling.
Mord- Do not renege on me.
Kyrin- Is that a threat?

Mord- O, no, it's all that I will leave of you
When I am done extracting your good word
From your bad meat. I'll peel and press your flesh
To paper, then to ink I'll brew your blood,
And using your last rib for tip, I'll etch
"Do not renege on me" across the blank
That all may read the reason for your healp.

Kyrin- Maybe this is a bad idea.
Nova- He doesn't scare ya, does he?
Kyrin- What, him? No.
Nova- Don't you have a posse in New York?
Kyrin- O, yah. My New York posse.
Nova- I'm right behind ya.
Kyrin- Mordecon, I've got this New York posse,
And, if you threaten me again, they will
Come over to your place and shoot their mouths off.

Mord- Mr. Ridge, have you ever dreaming dasht
Naked thru a twist of cackling briars,
The prey of every diapered, frowning clown,
As milksnake-headed condors bray above
To beak your scrumptuous puss, and outward looking
To the droll horizon for some help, you see
So plainly lain in colored corn and thigh
Of wasted moose, the term 'dehumanize,'
There, where pygmies thought their maker lofty?
I am the Scribbler, sir. Do not renege on me!

Enter Hooch.

Hooch- Someone oughta fix that fence; it lacks for gettin-thru. Feedings and sanitations,
sir. The handle's Hooch, demotivational guru. I'd slip you a card, but I gambled
away the deck. Well, what a satisfying schmazz. Aloha, cheek-to-cheek, and a
multinational grin, for I must now swap some mutuals con mi gente. Kyrin,
Swagart's flippt. He claims he's the messiah, gathers round him those obnoxious
tourists snuck behind my trailer, and they, in tribe mysterical, have hoosegowed
Gemma in the Kokopelli caves.

Kyrin- What?
Hooch- Follow me.
Kyrin- The deal's off, Morty.

Kyrin, Nova, Hooch exit.

Mord- Mordecon! Welcome to Delectable Dishes of Death. I'm Chef Wanton
Destruction, and today we will be making my Four Horsemen Salad. First, the
greens: wack, wack, the world's my weed. Next, the toppings: crispy Buddhist
flesh, heart of Hutu daughter, tongue of ghetto poet, and a sprig of Siberian

eyelash. Splash on some high-fat sewage dressing, fork and tongs, churn and stretch, chew, drop, choke, spit, and scorch the earth in acid vomit.

Enter Coyote as Tour Guide and Spam.

Coyote- On your left is the lair of pernicious Mordecon, an entirely germ-free, user-hostile, amoral habitat, known by local schoolgirls as the Heebyjeeby Hive. No pictures, please. Photography angers the animals.

Coyote exits.

Spam- Que pasa, Muerte Grande?
Mord- Wo! Codeword?
Spam- Chemolithoautotrophichyperthermophiles.
Mord- You owe me a handjob.
Spam- How suz?
Mord- I self-destruct on explanation.
Spam- So what's the wrap, plastic man?
Mord- I got a dirty town to wipe.
Spam- Coolamatic! I just met this piss of a dude who claims there's some serious seismic chakras in the bedrock under Moab, so if we stick a trigger deep and tight in the Kokopelli cave, this whole pubic region will explode.
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 hexadranothorizine, and a rubber Reagan mask.
Duty- Yes, sir.
Mord- And send a note to Serena, inviting her to the cave.
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.

Spam and Dutymaker exit, as Mordecon exits singing.

I'm a-goin down to Florida
To poddy-train the Chairman Mao;
Then I'm grindin me a whitecastle slider
Outta India's sacred cow.

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

Ama- Crazy, this is Crazy Control, copy.
Ser- Crazy Control, this is Crazy, copy.
Ama- Here's what I think, girlfriend: you need a man.

Ser- There are no men in Moab.
Ama- I know one.
Ser- But is he single?
Ama- He is singular.
Ser- Really? What's he like?
Ama- O, high maintenance.
Ser- I've lotsa practice fixing men.
Ama- And he'd love you to fix him.
Ser- So tell me more of Mr. Singular.
Ama- He's very interesting and very scary.
Ser- Perhaps he's simply hard to understand.
Ama- What's hard to understand about a creep?
He creeps into your life, acts all creepy,
Then creeps away, like the frickin creep he is.
Ser- Creepy's kinda cute. Poison toads fascinate
Past the friendly frog. Danger vivifies
As closest to death is closest to life.
Give me a man full of shocking surprise
And I will feel the fear that teaches peace.
Ama- You think so?
Ser- Totally.
Ama- He has got some cash,
But O a man with money's like free booze:
It goes from fun to weird to wrong to dead
So fast, you have your honeymoon in court.
Ser- Why should I love a man? Cuz he looks good?
My looking good is what will make love last.
Cuz he's nice? Nice never survives the night.
O, maybe I should love him for his mind?
He will not mind me once he has my love.
But love his money, you are money love,
As one man's riches is all men's desire.
Ama- This man, Serena, dresses sorta funny.
Ser- I like a man well-dressed.
Ama- But a man in a dress?
Ser- Marriage will reform him.
Ama- All marriage will reform
Is his gut, your ass, and the backdoor key.
Trust me, Serena, homeboy's never home.
Ser- Am I some invalid to monitor?
A man that's too much there must be pushed back,
And with the push he pulls at someone else,
But he that's too much gone must be pulled back,
And in the pull's a freshening of the push.
Ama- O you are perfect for his imperfections!
Ser- So, bring him on.

Ama- Why not?
Ser- Why not?
Ama- Why not?

Enter Dutymaker and Coyote (dressed as a lascivious drunk).

Coyote- Anybody lookin for their father?
Ser- Yes.
Coyote- Is he tall, dark, and handsome?
Ser- Yes.
Coyote- Is he rugged, wise, and tender?
Ser- Yes.
Coyote- Does he climb every mountain?
Ser- Yes.
Coyote- Come to daddy!
Ser- There's been a mistake!
Coyote- Ain't you Serena Rut?
Ser- Serena Ridge.
Coyote- Anybody lookin for their father?

Coyote exits.

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

Serena reads.

I wait in Kokopelli caves enwombed
To meet 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- Amanda, is Mr. Singular Mordecon?
Ama- What?
Ser- I will come.

Dutymaker exits.

Ama- You're going to the cave?
Ser- You convinced me.
Ama- But I didn't mean him!
Ser- O stop.
Ama- Serena, there are better men!
Ser- So, bring him on.

Ama- Just wait, and he will come.
 Ser- Wait, Amanda? I am fat with waiting.
 I've waited for my mother to float up;
 I've waited for my brother to grow up;
 I've waited for my father to show up;
 I've waited for a man to pick me up,
 And I have nothing, but you've set me straight:
 Love will fly the higher the less we wait.

Ama- He doesn't love you.
 Ser- He's loved me for years.
 Ama- But he's not right.
 Ser- Who's right has done me wrong.
 Ama- It's still too early.
 Ser- No, it's way too late.
 The day of my potential darkens now,
 The glare of youth diminishing, 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 me?
 Duty- You love Serena, don't you?
 Ama- Why, yes.
 Duty- Then be a man, not Amanda.
 Ama- You know about me?

Duty- I know she needs your help.
Ama- I tried.
Duty- Mordecon means to murder her.
Ama- He what?
Duty- Take this knife.
Ama- Might I get your name?
Duty- Dutymaker. I make duties. Now go!

Both exit. Enter Coyote.

Coy- Since most of you are falling asleep, I'll give the ending away so you can go and get good drunk. Everyone's in the cave, da bomb blows up, and everyone dies. The End. But here's a bonus track - far in the future, anthropologists uncover the mass grave, and in a very important academic journal, they declare: "This primitive tribe worshipped the god, Coyote, whose beauty, wit, and prowess were so great, his people would sit for hours in dark rooms listening to him babble. Gladly, we have moved beyond such popular delusions."

Phase 4, scene 3. Trash and Spam in the Kokopelli cave. Trash is singing.

Trash- Dumb-ass trucker
And a loud-mouth hitch
Haul'n hazmats
Down a blacktar pitch,
Get near cufft
By a highway clown;
Things gettin rough
In Softy's Moab town.

Softy- Trash, good buddy?
Trash- What?
Softy- Why we underground?
Trash- Ask that wigger Spam.
Softy- Trash?
Trash- What?
Softy- Why you mind him?
Trash- Cuz he's got ideas.
Softy- Trash?
Trash- Cheezits, piggyman! You got more imperogatives than both Trash Juniors.
Softy- Spam is blowin up Moab.
Trash- No he ain't.
Softy- Then why's he want da bomb?
Trash- Cuz he lost his teddy bear.
Softy- Untie me, Trash, and I won't tell.
Trash- Hooha!
Softy- Ain't I begged your love?

Trash- Don't mention that!

Enter Coyote (dressed as Ol' Cooty).

Cooty- Bombs-we-deliver!
Trash- You Ol' Cooty?
Cooty- I'm Ol' and I'm Cooty, so one plus one makes me.
Trash- The dude with the loot is on his way.
Cooty- I've some soggy in a flask, if ya suck.
Trash- Straight up, wobbly down!
Cooty- So what you plan on doin with da bomb?
Softy- Blowin up Moab.
Trash- We're makin a movie.
Cooty- What's it called?
Softy- Blowin up Moab.
Trash- The Movie.
Cooty- So what's it bout?
Softy- Blowin up Moab.
Trash- In a movie.
Cooty- What you play?
Trash- The victim.
Cooty- Who's the bad guy?
Trash- O, you'll meet him soon.
Cooty- And what's the tied up fella doin, sides tryin to tell me sumthin?
Trash- He plays a cop.
Softy- I am a cop.
Cooty- You get the bad guy?
Softy- No, cuz he tied me up and stuck me in a cave!
Cooty- Well, hoojiggy, you boys need a hero!
Softy- Ya, we know.
Cooty- The cop could whisper the plan to someone.
Softy- Like you?
Cooty- Daggy! I accept. And don't you fret, cuz I was a virile lesbian in my day. Once, I played Prince Hammy, but my soloquies was cut. Now that's a clever director!
Softy- No "private moments," get it?
Softy- I'm thinkin this ain't a happy movie.

Enter Spam and Mordecon.

Mord- Makes me awful happy.
Spam- Here's da loot, Ol Cooty, gimme da bomb.
Cooty- You authorized?
Spam- Cash don't ask.
Cooty- Keep clear of pets and kids.
Spam- Da bomb, or else!

Cooty gives him the bomb.

Cooty- I will not act under such conditions!

Coyote exits.

Trash- Spam, who is this?

Spam- The Tycoon of Tantrums, the Generator of Hurricanes, The CEO of DOA, the VIP of RIP, Doyen of Doom, the Grand Wiz of Lips and Sciz, macho Mordecon.

Trash- What he ever do?

Spam- Mordecon created scarcity.

Trash- Why's he here?

Spam- He's helpin us blow 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 Clannys must breastfeed upon the boss.

Trash- I will do no such thing!

Mord- Senor Trash, have I told you what the Clan can do for you?

Trash- No.

Mord- Through our policy of TQM, or Terribly Questionable Management, we offer a salary in accordance with your crimes, instant promotion to Butthole Surfer, a fully insured body transplant, and all religious holidays off, including Caligula's birthday.

Trash- Spam, why we gotta blow up Moab?

Spam- Cuz it's there.

Trash- You said no one's gettin hurt.

Spam- Bombs don't kill people; people kill people.

Mord- And thank God, else there'd be too many people.

Spam- Tie da bomb to Softy.

Trash- Spam, I don't wanna take out Softy.

Spam- You gettin soft on me?

Trash- No.

Spam- You love him, don't you, Trash?

Trash- No.

Spam- You want his dirty yodelpatch to sprout your scampy punkins.

Trash- What you talkin, man?

Spam- I'm talkin man-love, Trash. If my father taught me anything, it's man must not love man, and this, like all jingo of unconsciousness nouveau, is proven by analogy to computers. Chip-innards 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.
Trash- Ain't that what you doin with da bomb?
Spam- Don't twist my plot, Trash, cuz I'm a long story made short.
Mord- And I'm a two-dimensional solid with one foot in the mouth of law.
Spam- Tie the bomb to Softy.
Mord- Or you beg for my love.

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 zip my learjet past the thunderzone.
Spam- Gagagoogoo.

Mordecon exits singing.

All the sailors who were junkies,
All went sailing out to sea,
And the white man sold qualudes to the monkeys,
And they all died high up in the trees!

All exit.

Phase 4, scene 4. Swagart, Gemma, Kid, Karma, Ted and Vicki in Kokopelli Caves.

Swag- This cave be thy grave, thou Beast!
Gemma- Swagart, let me go!
Swag- Thy words but fertilize the crop confusion.
Gemma- Kid, tell him the truth!
Kid- What, that you da Beast?
Gemma- I am not!
Karma- Didst thou not eat thy mother to be born? Dost thou not forget thy dreams? Art thou not a fashion-fascist? Yea, thou art da beast!

Enter Kyrin, Nova, Hooch.

Kyrin- Swagart, what in hell?
Swag- Hell is bust, and demons flood the market.
Kyrin- Undo her!
Swag- She is undone, as art thou with spritzing the spurcitous thief of scrupulosity.
Kyrin- I'll take you out.

Kyrin goes at him. Kid pulls his leatherman.

Kid- Yo, I take you out!
Hooch- Kid! It's just a joke!
Kid- But it's me and Karma's joke!

Hooch- These thoughts are a major contact buzz!
Kyrin- Listen, Kid.
Kid- No more Kid, no more Manana. Once I was lost, but now I'm just blind.
Hooch- What about the next-day Nino and his Hoochy Koochy?
Kid- All you got me, Hooch, was way off-track! But Karma's set me straight.
Hooch- This child chews my heart and spits the juices in my face.
Kar- Manrise, like, da Beast?
Swag- Tie them up, and we shall pray for guidance.

They tie them up and step aside.

Nova- If this is life on Triple Zero, maybe you should sell.
Gemma- Maybe you should sell? Kyrin?
Kyrin- Silence.
Gemma- Where have you been all day?
Kyrin- Talking with Secret Man.
Nova- And telling Mordecon he isn't selling.
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's 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 abnormality.
Kyrin- Hooch told me you were here.
Gemma- Hooch slippt dope on Swagart.
Hooch- Stress on "slippt." It slippt out my hand into Swagart's drooling maw.
Gemma- And before I met you, Kyrin, you were a junior Hooch. Singin in subways, livin off pity, chasing dreams you hadn't the chops to catch.
Nova- You sang in subways?
Kyrin- There is a gag-order on my past!
Gemma- Then silence be conclusion to my screams: do my bid or bid me adieu.
Kyrin- I will sell the land.
Nova- But your father...

Coyote, dresst as Yahway, leads the cult onto the stage.

Coy- And I, the Mighty Bored, say Teenradish and da Beast shall femfight to the death!
Swag- Thy will be done!

They grab Gemma.

Kyrin- Swagart, you are fired!
Swag- We're all fired at midnight.

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

Coyote- Is everybody havin a blast?
Nova- Coyote?
Coyote- Callate!
Hooch- Cooty, man, long see no time!
Kyrin- That's Coyote?
Coyote- Nay, I am thy father!
Kyrin- Untie us, please!
Coyote- That'll cost ya.
Kyrin- My wallet's in my pocket.
Coyote- Not no more.

Coyote takes Kyrin's wallet.

Kyrin- Let's go.
Coyote- They only listen to us.
Hooch- Yes! The ancient pop and his cherubs twi!

Hooch takes Yahway and angel costumes from Coyote.

Coyote- I will be the angel on your left.
Kyrin- Casanova?
Nova- Sorry, but I'm over playin God.

Kyrin and Hooch exit with Yahway and angel costumes.

Nova- He's going to sell. I have failed.
Coyote- But Fluke, you still have your secret weapon.
Nova- What is that?
Coyote- Yourself
Nova- Ah, Cooty, I'm afraid to be myself
Due all to what the world might do to me.
Coyote- You are the world you fear, so be yourself
And you will fascinate who once you feared.
You cannot urge the truth and also lie.
You cannot hide from chance while seeking chance.
You want to get the hero and save the land?
Be yourself, Fluke, be yourself.
Nova- So long, Secret Man!
Echo- So long, Secret Man!

She takes off her man clothes.

Coyote- Hello, sexy ooman!
Nova- Coyote, stop!
Coyote- I will restrain myself, if you wear this,
And make yourself the angel on the left.

He gives her the angel costume.

Nova- But you just said...
Coyote- Be yourself, but be my sucker first

Nova exits.

Coyote- What will I be next? A deepsea skydiver? A surgeon with a twitch? The man with the rubber-stamp hands? Maybe I'll just be me - vague, obstreperous, recondite, wayward, quaint, irrepressible me. Nah! What's the thrill in that? Me is meager, measly, meak. Me gusta mucho you. You is unanimous, ubiquitous, euphorious! I love you. So watch yourself, cuz I am you. What will I be next?

He exits.

Phase 5, scene 1. Spam, Trash, and Softy in the Kokopelli caves.

Spam- The ticker's set for midnight, so lock him in the truck.
Softy- Fellas, this ain't friendly-like.
Spam- Yo, friends is for the rich. To the truck, Trash!
Trash- Why we torch my truck, Spam?
Spam- Cuz it's a link in the combustive chain, poop-fudge.
Trash- Ya, but it's my truck.
Spam- It's scrap on wheels, Trash, and I will jackal when it flush.
Trash- Don't you badtalk Sissy.
Spam- Sissy? Yo, I will badtalk Sissy, and, if unsatisfied, I will forkfuck Sissy, cuz Sissy is a ten-ton tuna tin with a crockpot a crusht critters on her grill and a kitschy 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- You 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 bunny stuck between your cheek and gum.
Spam- I yap to cover up your country muzak!
Trash- Country is my soul!
Spam- Your soul's a hokey cliché wonk of repetitive maudlin schmaltz!

Enter Coyote in a hat that is red on one side and green on the other and walks between them.

Coyote- Hola!

Coyote exits.

Trash- Weren't that Ol Cooty in a red hat?
Spam- That hat was green, chumpslice.

Trash- Red.
Spam- Green.
Trash- No way! I ain't bendin over in this shower, Spam. That hat was my ass-meat after a cross-continental, the asphalt after a school-bus accident, and your boy-balloons after a prison party. That hat was the epifany of red.
Spam- You sayin I see things ain't there?
Trash- Let's poll the audience. Yo, Softy, you're in law-enforcement. Ever hear a the Clan of Lips and Scissors?
Softy- Nope.
Trash- Ever laid eyes on a Silicone Sensual Mistress?
Softy- Negative.
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 Deathmetal headbang time!
Softy- Fellas, could you smooth the fuss? Da bomb!
Spam- Die, cowpokemon!
Trash- Touch him and I flip.
Spam- You backseat drivin me?
Trash- The wheel's in my mouth.
Spam- Beg for my love.
Trash- You got no love to give.
Spam- Lyin piece a trash!
Trash- Junky chunk a spam!

They fight and kill each other.

Softy- Fellas? You okay? Howbout takin off da bomb? Fellas? Damn me, Jesus. Dead as left-out bread. One more hour, we'll all be toast. Help!

Softy exits.

Phase 5, scene 2. Enter Serena in the Kokopelli Caves.

Ser- Was that a help? O I should leave, but stay.
These caves give endless reverb roundabout,
Help could be yelp, sos yes O yes,
As kids still use these dark, dripping dungeons
For covert thrills, as I once 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
Lost control, yet of him I know nothing!
And so? 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.
Yet might my want to his unwanted blind?
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'm about to be.
How know what binding to the unknown brings?
Yet I know some of him, and hate it. Good!
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,
Offtrail 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. He is odd,
But standard stupefies. No risk, no rush.
What's to lose if winning gets me nothing?
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 finish? Breathe.

Enter Mordecon.

Mord- What ho! She breathes the air into her chest.
 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.
Ser- Morty, is that you?
Mord- It is Mordecon,
 For everything is in a name. A rose
 Would not smell as sweet were it called stinky.
Ser- I'm sorry.
Mord- Is not sorrow also love?
Ser- I can speak of acceptance, not of love,
 Though that I cling to truth shows how I hope.

Mord- Truth is tedious. Cling to me. Your heart
 Is jumping like a lemur being burned
 Alive for Chinese aphrodisiacs.
 Is that not love?

Ser- If love's an unknown fear.
 Mord- Fear is fun! As we connubically jaunt
 Across the heat-stroke single-partner waste-worth,
 Only fear will furnish electrolytes,
 So say it.

Ser- Yes.
 Mord- Yes what?
 Ser- Yes to marriage.
 Mord- But I mean, say I love you.
 Ser- O I can't,
 But soon perhaps I will.

Mord- What's soon to me?
 Soon I will be slurping banana slugs
 Thru a dixie straw on virtual sofas.
 Soon I'll be a thong in south Miami.
 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 swear upon my father's grave...
 Mord- O do not swear by that!
 Your father's grave's a freezer, so he might
 Come back, and then your word would be but merd.

Ser- He won't come back.
 Mord- I'll send Dutymaker
 Up the mountain to sever his head,
 Then you may swear by him!

Ser- I'll skip the swear,
 And say this: give me mine, I'll give you yours.

Mord- Yours is mine, mine is yours, say I love you.
 Ser- I can't.
 Mord- Say the special words!
 Ser- It's too soon.
 Mord- Too soon to swoon?
 Ser- I swoon.
 Mord- Then love.
 Ser- Morty.
 Mord- Mordecon.
 Ser- I like Morty.
 Mord- I hate Morty.
 Ser- But Morty is the man I want.

Mord- I see your point, Serena, so see mine.

Mordecon pulls out a knife.

Ser- O lethal hope!

Mord- What?

Ser- I love you, Morty.

Mord- For your sincerity, I give you death.

Enter Amanda.

Ama- Game's up, Mordecon. Drop the bit and hit the floor.

Mord- I'll hit your pelvic floor in a bit, randy Mandy.

Ama- I am not Amanda. I am Raymond!

Amanda becomes Raymond.

Mord- I knew that.

They fight.

Mord- Do you actually love this woman?

Ray- Yes.

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- O, Raymond, yes! You've poked me! How ironic. Anyone got a fag? Last words, terrible tumor! I am amorphophallus titanum! Mordecon is my host upon this unplanned planet. But he is dying, so I must seek new snack! See ya later, incubator. I'm fuckin dead! Ah! You think I've left the building?

He sings.

Bouncy girl, bouncy girl,

Bouncy bouncy girl,

Bouncy bouncy

Bouncy bouncy girl.

Mord- I am the stink in the fridge, the discomfort in the cab, the crackle in the line, I'm all you can't explain! Serena, drop your panty shields and board my klingon vessel! Last chance for daddy jam! Terrible tumor, hold me! O hokey death. I am a nob. 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 remove his body to cryogenic deepfreeze and eventual resurrection. Federal regulations prohibit tampering with or disabling this device or the deceased. Your cooperation is appreciated.

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

Ser- Cut off his head.

Ray- But the beeper said....

Ser- I do not want this man to live again.

Ray- Let's drag him to the light.

Ser- Thank you, Raymond.

Beeper- Do not tamper! Do not tamper!

They exit with the body.

Phase 5, scene 3. Deep in the Kokopelli Caves. Enter Swagart, Gemma, Kid, Karma, Ted, Vicki.

Swag- Tinyman, gag da beast.

Gemma- Swagart, this is your brain on drugs!

They gag her.

Swag- Womanthing, adorn da beast with sundries of succubi.

Vicki- I'll paint her up like a meatpack slut.

Swag- Kidbeing, you will referee the femfight.

Kid- Cool. What?

Swag- Teenradish, you must slay da beast.

Karma- Coyote, where are you?

Swag- Tinyman, announce my coming.

Ted- Are you ready, wrestling fans, for the end of the world?

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

Kyrin- Enteritis.

Nova- Wacky backy.

Kyrin- Baseballitis.

Nova- Me Coyote.

Hooch- I am Yahway, come to end these things.

Swag- Welcome, Bored.

Hooch- What art thou doing, wretch?

Swag- I slay da beast.

Hooch- I said slay da beef.

Swag- Slay da beef?

Hooch- Ah those drunken monks!

Swag- Yet dost the savior not slay da beast?

Hooch- What maketh ye think thou art the savior?
Swag- The symbols three.
Kyrin/Nova- The symbols three!
Swag- A fish-shaped birthmark, a swaying way...
Hooch- And a sense of Unky.
Swag- O, yes, the Unky.
Hooch- Dost thou possess a sense of Unky?
Swag- I possess a sense of it.
Hooch- What is Unky?
Swag- My sense of it does not relate to what it is exactly.
Kyrin- Thou art not the savior!
Swag- O, forget me, Bored!
Hooch- You are forgotten.
Kyrin- Why has thou bound and gagged this woman?
Swag- Because she is the beast.
Hooch- Thou art twice mistaken!
Swag- She is not the beast?
Hooch- Nay!
Swag- Who is?
Kyrin- Mordecon!
Swag- Mordecon, the beast?
Hooch- He who slayeth Mordecon, he is my savior!

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

Ray- You're probly wondering why there's a head in my hand.

Enter Softy (with bomb tied to him).

Softy- You're probly wondering why there's a bomb on my body.
Kyrin- Run! I will handle this.
Serena- I'm with you.
Ray- I'm with her.
Nova- I'm with him.
Hooch- I'm with me.

Hooch exits. The cult goes to the side.

Kyrin- How do I defuse da bomb?

Enter Coyote (dressed as Strange Bozon)

Coy- Someone say defuse?
Kyrin- Who are you?
Coy- To you, Strange Bozon. To you, Ranger Stranger. To you, Secretario. To you, Tattoo. To you, Ol Cooty.

Softy- He built da bomb!
 Kyrin- I'd think you were Coyote were he not here next to me.
 Coy- Riddles three must you solve, then I defuse da bomb.
 Kyrin- Speak.
 Coy- What's there before birth, renews thru repetition, improves thru mutation, defines everything, yet cannot be defined?
 Ray- Life.
 Coy- Getting warm. Riddle next. What's wise cuz it's dumb, true cuz it's false, blind so it can see, a comfort to the sad, and a torment to the satisfied?
 Kyrin- Hope.
 Coy- Getting hot. Riddle last. What's meaner than Mordecon, gooder than Amanda, your father needs it, Hooch has it, and it will outlast the universe?
 Ser- Nothing.
 Coy- Yes! And for nothing, you get nothing.

Coyote goes to exit.

Nova- Defuse da bomb!
 Coy- Silly angel. Solvin riddles don't defuse da bomb.
 Kyrin- What else can we do?
 Coy- There is one thing.
 Kyrin- Name it, and it's done.
 Coy- You must sing.
 Kyrin- I can't sing.
 Nova- I can sing.
 Coy- He must sing.
 Softy- Sing!
 Kyrin- Fine, I'll 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.

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- Silly Softy. Singin songs don't defuse da bomb.

Coyote exits.

Softy- Go.
Kyrin- Go.
Ser- Go.
Ray- No.
Nova- Midnight is upon us.
Swag- O, my Bored, I am coming!

Enter Coyote.

Coyote- Happy New Year!
Kyrin- It didn't go off.
Coyote- Silly hero. Only happy endings defuse da bomb.

Coyote grabs bomb and exits.

Swag- Am I in paradise?
Kyrin- Close, Swagart. You're in Moab.
Swag- O what a great disappointment!

Enter Chillcor agents.

1- Freeze.
Kyrin- Who are you?
2- We are Chillcor agents. Somewhere in this cave there is a
bioextension beeper belonging to a Mortimer Contraveno.
1- Where's the body?
Serena- Ask his head.
Ray- Ha! The Chillor Killcorps!
2- Is the brain in tact?
Serena- Was it ever?

The Chillcor agents take the head.

1- He shall rise again.
2- Chillcor. Cheap, safe, forever.

Exit Chillcor agents. Gemma and Softy are untied.

Ser- Are you alright, Officer Softy?
Softy- I have begged for love and been given life;
I have seen selfishness and sacrifice;
I have sucked the toes of bad and good;
I've no vocation but to spread the word.

He exits.

Ted- Vicki?
Vicki- Ted?
Ted- Duped again.
Vicki- It's such a downer being a Dumbcowski.
Ted- You feel like quittin'?
Vicki- No.
Ted- Me neither.
Vicki- Where's my Karma?
Ted- Probly at the station.
Vicki- Let's round her up and head on home.
Ted- I felt it good this time.
Vicki- Next time for certain, maybe.

They exit.

Gemma- Kyrin, I am leaving this horrid cave
To find another buyer for the land.
Kyrin- Gemma, stop. Serena, no more silence.
Ser- The clash I feel can barely fit to speech.
What would you hear?
Kyrin- Your sense of what's to do.
Ser- Ought I, who have nothing, determine all?
Kyrin- If I, who have all, desire it of you.
Ser- The breach in our desires is so old
We too mistake it for our origin.
Kyrin- Then thru our common origin decide.
Ser- There enters silence, distant, dead silence
Which in its will its counterwill 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 gone, 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 are they yours to care.

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 male-side shout, "Nothing satisfies me,"
 So nothing ought to be a welcome burden.

Ser- Save this – she has been claimed by Mordecon.
 Kyrin- Who will return.

Ray- Let me handle Morty.
 Ser- Crazy, this is Crazy.
 Ray- Over and out.

Gemma- Serena, I am pleased you have matured;
 Now, Kyrin, can we go and sell the land?

Nova- Where will Coyote live?
 Kyrin- When will he die
 And quit it with the self-concealing cause?

Nova- If you desire him dead, then I reveal
 The self that is my cause, and quit you all.

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- Aya! Use it more
 And let the world be stunned if that's its wish.

Nova- The world often wishes its own worst.
 Ser- This is its best, for nature craves such craft.
 Nova- Yet such craftiness defies my nature;
 I am no member of the dog family.

Ray- The only dog you'll know is being dogged.
 Nova- I am not Coyote.
 Kyrin- Says Coyote.
 Nova- I am, though I am not, Casanova.
 Kyrin- Sorry, but I saw Casanova split.
 Nova- Leaving never rules out returning changed.
 Kyrin- Prove it.

Nova- Gemma finds the desert boring,
Your father stamp his fossil on these stones,
Serena really needs a Casanova
Who has a friend who met a man she hoped
To show her natural beauty to, but he
And his New York posse now seem intent
On drawing a line tween everybody's lives,
So Secret Man, now unsecret woman,
Informed of the vitality of self
By so much selfishness, is movin on.

Kyrin- If you are Casanova...

Nova- Call me Nova.

Kyrin- Then, Nova, I ask you to judge the land.

Nova- It is not mine to judge.

Kyrin- Your great concern
Makes it yours more than anyone alive.

Nova- Then I recuse the verdict back to Gemma,
Who, unless she wants it, will prevent it.

Gemma- My only wish has been to sell the land,
And now I see it wasn't for the money,
But to be rid of that past part of you
I could not understand or even like.
So, Kyrin, keep the land, but don't keep me.
Don't beg me less you covet what I have.
My friend, you possess some buried issues
That I'm too barren or busy to raise.
Maybe Nova can help, but I'm da beast.

She exits.

Kyrin- Then as it all began so does it end,
With my decision on my father's land.
I've learned in this crash course on confusion
That there's no hiding from your past, as we
Save our own past possess no place to hide.
And just cuz something made you doesn't mean
It owns the patent on what you would make.
And finally, when we look in nature's eyes
We see the thing that sees us as we are,
For from its brain our seeing has emerged
Thru long eons of grovelling thru the grey,
To now this vibrant wonderland perceive.
What once I dreaded, now I desire.
Where once my father was, there now I am.
Yet going it alone when it alone
Is all about doing it together

Seems half-done. So, in the New Year spirit,
I make my resolution not to sell
If she who taught me care will stay awhile.
Nova- You bring the casa, I'll bring the Nova.
Kyrin- Yet promise me one thing – you're not Coyote.
Nova- That Coyote is makes all Coyote,
As only he may say who he is not,
And that is nothing he would ever say.

Enter Hooch.

Hooch- Ah! What futile loops I've loped! Where's da bomb?
Kyrin- Beneath us, ticking faintly, near explosion.
Hooch- No begging, no screaming, no haggling?
Kyrin- Death, its headphones crankt, is comin round the bend.
Hooch- So let it come. This little play of life,
Too long for comedy, too trite for tears,
Spits out its final phase and closes down.
Dry out, you dumpling days. I'll no more be
A loaded vehicle to special sauce.
But O what I have seen, what felt, what done!
The earthen panoplies in heedless shifts
Of glare and gloom, the smiling neath the scowls,
Visions past belief, highs, plateaus, and lows,
Both useless and vital, the jackass stunts
And gags, all the action, all the waiting,
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 soil, goodbye air,
Goodbye me, goodbye words, hello nothing.
All- Kaboom!
Hooch- This mortal pang is over-hyped

Or I survived the Ranch Apocalypse!
 Kyrin- Your shell's survived, but your soul has not,
 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 crazy skits near-like 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?
 Ser- Tell me, what have you been up to?
 Hooch- Same as you, sweetpea. Tryin to shark my share.
 Kyrin- Go on, ya greedy slouch.
 Ser- Please, Kyrin, stop.
 Hooch may cause havoc, but he is the cause
 We ever learned what parents rarely teach:
 To jump a bike, to cook fresh caramels,
 To ditch on church, to spit and to sing.
 What fun is life without that huckster Hooch?
 Kyrin- He can stay on one condition.
 Hooch- Name it.
 Kyrin- Drive the Kid back home.
 Hooch- Over a wet spliff!
 There's gangsta ice tween Hoochy and the Kid.
 Kid- Geezy, Hooch, I am blushin that disrespect,
 But it was love, though now she's gone, I'm yours,
 If you'll take me.
 Hooch- Ah, grudges is for family.
 Let's get you home.
 Kid- Awesome!
 Hooch- 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 and serve as chaperone.
 Kid- Toadrip!

Enter Coyote.

Coyote- Help, I'm shot!
 Nova- Are you okay?
 Coyote- Rub my belly!
 Nova- A nick, a nick.

Kyrin- Who shot you?
Coyote- Old man Ridge.
Ser- My father?
Coyote- He's back there on the porch.
Kyrin- Coyote, is this real?
Coyote- A trickster's greatest trick is the truth.

All exit, save Coyote. Enter Karma. 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.

Coyote and Karma exit.

THE END