

Rad as Hell

A full-length play

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PROLOGUE

The stage is dark except for one special, Center Stage. BERT enters in a striped shirt and a yo-yo. He begins to stroll casually across the stage. Light jazz trumpet plays quietly. A VOICE OVER interrupts him.

V.O.

You there! That's right! Where are you going? I'm sure it can wait! Say, have you ever heard of Ska music? (BERT shakes his head). What are you, an idiot?! Just kidding, sport. Lots of people don't know about Ska. Well, this...

3rd WAVE SKA BLASTS through the PA.
BERT ducks for cover. Ska cuts out.

V.O.

... Is Ska! Fun, right? Ska was invented in Jamaica in the 1960's, using a fusion of Caribbean Calypso and American jazz. (Dreadlock wig is put on BERT). The Ska sound is made when the guitar rhythm chops upward on the offbeat of a triplet, and the drums keep an up-tempo, 4/4 time. The horns follow the guitar's offbeat, and the bass-line keeps a 'walkin'! The dawn of the genre in the 60's was the first wave. The second wave occurred in the 70's in Europe, where things got bouncy. Then the 3rd wave swept over the world in the 80's, when more punk rock rhythms and lyrics were incorporated. In other words,

3rd WAVE SKA BLASTS from the PA again. BERT ducks down reflexively before he hesitantly begins to enjoy it. Ska volume decreases.

V.O.

You got it! Now how'd you like to learn to Ska dance, or do you hate joy? I said, do you hate joy?

BERT

N... no.

V.O.

OF COURSE you don't! So, the Ska dance takes its name from that signature guitar rhythm called the skank. The skank is a combination between the running man...

NIKKI enters to do the Running Man.

V.O.

And the Riverdance.

[WHOEVER can give Riverdance a convincing go] enters to demonstrate.

V.O.

With a dash of Crump.

BERT looks around for a Crumper.

BERT

What's a Crump?

V.O.

Crump is uhhh... Tribal-

BIG MATT enters to yell at the booth:

BIG MATT

RACIST!

V.O.

Fine fine fine, it's like... well...

NIKKI and [OTHER ACTOR] stop dancing. NIKKI attempts to Crump with a series of flails, thigh slaps, and stomps. It's aggressive and very unnatural.

V.O.

... Ehhh, let's get back on track. Most importantly, self expression is key to skanking! So let your freak flag fly! Ready? Go!

BLAINE, NIKKI, BIG MATT, TASHA, and

CARL enter as volume increases. They skank and set up SKANKS, a Ska themed bar. BERT exits. After set is ready, lights go out.

ACT 1

SCENE 1 OVER BLACK

A cop car siren fades into the distance. A loud baseball-card-in-the-tire spokes sound flaps out from the darkened stage. Lights come up on SKANKS, a ska-themed bar. Various brass instruments, surf guitars, checker patterns, and fedoras adorn the set. A capsized wheelchair, brought on in the dark, is center stage. A business card flaps in the spokes as a tire spins.

BIG MATT sits at the bar, stage right, facing center-stage. There's a knife in his beer mug.

CARL is soaked in his spilled Margarita, also at the bar. He's soaking the drink up off the bar and ringing the rag back out into his glass. He is drunk.

TASHA stands, up-center, mortified. Blood is splattered on her face and neck. Her glasses are tilted on her face. Blood trails from her face to the floor to the bar.

NIKKI is standing on the bar holding a lighter up to a Molotov Cocktail.

BLAINE stands at the door stage left, looking outside with his hands on his hips. EVERYONE is stunned and catching their breath.

After a long beat...

CARL

Huh. You know what I just thought of? If someone just walked into this bar right now, they wouldn't know what to think!

BLAINE

(Facing the bar) Nikki... NIKKI! I need you to get off the bar and hand me your Molotov Cocktail.

NIKKI

Okay, but if that fucker comes back I'm gonna light his ass up.

BLAINE

It's wine, Nikki, it's not flammable.

NIKKI

Dammit.

NIKKI hands BLAINE the bottle and climbs down.

BIG MATT

Is beer flammable?

BLAINE

No. Tasha!

BIG MATT

Flames are rad.

BLAINE takes the bar rag out of the bottle and throws it at TASHA'S face. It hits her and falls to the ground.

BLAINE (CONT)

Here.

BLAINE hands NIKKI back the bottle.

NIKKI

Just cork it up and put it back up on the shelf.

BLAINE

No, it's uncorked, we bought it. YOU bought it.

CARL

Blaine, lighten up would ya?

BLAINE

Dad, shh. It's the price you pay for being impulsive.
Seriously, you're a spazz.

NIKKI

I have to pay for my incredible protective instincts? Worth every penny, bitch.

BLAINE

It's \$50.

NIKKI

Fuck.

NIKKI gets a giant, styrofoam cup
out from behind the bar and pours.

BIG MATT

What about Daiquiris?

BLAINE

No.

BIG MATT

Can I get another beer? This one has a knife in it, which is sick in a rad way, but also sick in a way that I can't drink this. I got grievances.

CARL

Must be a Bud Knife! Ha-haaaa!

BLAINE

Tasha! Tasha, wipe the blood off your face. There's blood like on your lip and by your eye. It's freaking me out.

CARL

Or how about Bladeweiser? No... Budknifer?

BLAINE picks the cloth up off the floor.

BLAINE

Tasha, I'm going to sit you down and Big Matt is going to wash you, okay?

CARL

Knifenkugel! I like that one!

BLAINE

Dad, shut up!

BLAINE sits TASHA down at a table and tosses BIG MATT the bar rag. BIG MATT spits on it and holds it out in front of him, approaching TASHA.

BIG MATT

Uncle Matty's boutsta get his scrub on!

TASHA

NO! GOD PLEASE, NO!

BERT enters with a clipboard.

BERT

Oh dear God!

CARL

It's not what it looks like! They need to wash her.

TASHA turns toward BERT with her blood splattered face. BERT scribbles something on his clipboard.

NIKKI

Blaine! Clipboard!

BLAINE

Shit. Are you the health inspector?

BERT

Mhmm.

BLAINE

Swell.

BLAINE takes a swig from the wine bottle and refills his dad's Margarita.

BERT walks around inspecting and scribbling. BIG MATT finds a clean rag for TASHA.

BLAINE

I didn't think Toaster could pounce like that. He was like a lion cub on a cricket.

NIKKI

He'd been saving up for one good lunge. Tasha, did you see Bowman get cut? Fucking traitor.

TASHA

I did see, yes.

BIG MATT

Did you see his bone? I thought I saw his bone. Slime, but fuckin' brutal.

CARL

Crap! Blaine! Blaine, is that the health inspector?

BLAINE

Yeah, Dad.

CARL

Oh crap! You're screwed! Blaine! You're gonna, oh! You're just gonna get hosed! He's gonna see the blood on the floor, that wheelchair is a fire hazard!

BLAINE

Calm down.

NIKKI

Calm down, Carl.

CARL

Oh, there's a knife in Big Matt's beer, for Pete's sake!
You're screwed! There's blood! On the flippin' bar for
Christ's sake!

NIKKI

He can hear everything you're saying, Carl.

CARL

He can? ... (Downshifting) Soooo. What's your name there,
Inspector?

BERT

Bert.

CARL

Inspector Bert?

BERT

No.

BLAINE

Tasha are you going to go get Toaster from jail, do we still
have this deal, what the fuck is happening?

TASHA

Bowman tried to fuck us, and he failed, that's all that
happened. Everything still goes. I think.

CARL

See, that's not blood, that's uh. Chili. We make chili in
this a uh blender. Yeah, it's a specialty drink, Inspector
Bert. A umm, Chilirita!

BIG MATT

Fuckinnnnn yes please?

NIKKI

(To TASHA) Yeah, Toaster tried to carve out Bowman's pelvis
with a hunting knife. They're not going to just let someone
pick him up.

BERT'S eyes fall on the knife in
the beer.

BLAINE

Knifenkugel.

CARL laughs hysterically. TASHA gets on her cell. BLAINE'S phone rings. He reads a text. TASHA stares at him intently. BLAINE shakes his head. All during...

NIKKI

If that fucker comes back, I'm going to rip off his pubes and shit in his mouth. You guys will have to hold him down. And then we'll tape his mouth shut, and he will choke to death on my shit. Then we'll cut off that bastard's head, put it in a paper sack, and light it on fire outside of Scotty's apartment. So when that little shitstain opens the door and stomps out the fire, those \$70 moccasins will be covered with his brother's worthless brains, and a mouth load of my shit.

BLAINE

Jesus!

BERT

Is this a crime scene?

CARL

Inspector Bert, are you a Jimmy Buffett fan? Because I know another Parrothead when I see one!

BLAINE

No, Dad. Please sit down and finish your Margarita.

BERT

Whose is that? (Pointing to the wheelchair).

CARL is almost seated before he stumbles over to the wheelchair.

NIKKI

Sit down, Carl!

CARL

It's mine! It's mine. Nope, I walk. This is our spare chair. For if and when our prarprapralegic brethren and sisteren

mishplace their original chair, or you know, if accidents happen. Because accidents happen, Inspector Bert. Accidents do happen.

TASHA

Don't!

CARL tips the chair upright and bangs it on the floor a few times. A storage bag of hallucinogenic mushrooms falls to the floor from under the seat.

CARL

See? Real sturdy, rolls beautifully...

CARL rolls the chair away, uncovering the bag.

BLAINE

Shit.

BERT

Are those hallucinogenic mushrooms?

CARL

No! Are you crazy?

CARL picks up the bag o' shrooms.

BLAINE

Dad! Sit the fuck down! You're a life sore!

CARL

These are just regular mushrooms! That's my theory. No big deal.

NIKKI

Carl!

CARL

For the chili-ritas! See!

CARL eats a few caps. TASHA jumps up and snatches the bag from CARL. BLAINE pins CARL to a chair and

tries to get the shrooms out of his mouth, but it's too late. NIKKI refills her cup.

BLAINE
Goddammit, Dad!

TASHA
Son of a bitch!

BERT goes for the door. TASHA jumps in front of him. CARL chugs his Margarita to get the shroom taste out of his mouth.

BLAINE
Dad!

CARL
Yucky.

BERT
If you detain me it's a felony!

CARL
Those mushrooms taste like your mother's asshole.

BLAINE
Fuck! Jesus! OH my GOD! NO! NO!

NIKKI
Why? Why would you fucking say that?

BERT
Let me through!

TASHA
I can't. I can't have you shut us down. Give us 48 hours.

BIG MATT pours some vodka out on the bloody bar rag. He sneaks up behind BERT. NIKKI gestures for BLAINE to stop him. BLAINE refuses.

BERT
There's nothing you can do about that. The best thing you can

do right now is cut your losses and let me through.

BIG MATT smothers BERT until he's limp. BIG MATT gets BERT into the wheelchair. CARL puts his head down into his folded arms on the table.

TASHA

Okay. Cool. Thanks, Big Matt. So how does this help us?

BIG MATT

Did I just kill a man? Oh balls! Did I just kill the Inspector?

TASHA

No, sweetie, it's fine. He'll be fine. I gotta get to Toaster and figure out what he wants to do.

BIG MATT

I just killed a man! Blaine! I love Skanks! I couldn't see him shut it down, man! I love Skanks!

BIG MATT hugs BLAINE. TASHA exits.

BLAINE

I know buddy, we all love Skanks. Let's sit down, you want a beer, Big Matt?

BIG MATT

Mhmm. Beer's rad. Can I have a blanket?

BLAINE

No, I don't have a blanket.

BIG MATT

What about from your bed upstairs?

BLAINE

Well, do you want a beer or a blanket?

BIG MATT

Beer.

BLAINE sits BIG MATT in a chair and gets him a beer.

NIKKI

What did TASHA text you?

BLAINE

Let them shut you down for 48 hours, we'll clear out.

NIKKI

Sketchy bitch. She's probably got the tiles laced with crack. Talking her money was the dumbest thing we could've done.

BLAINE

We needed it. I've skanked away my life savings.

NIKKI

Shoul've seen it coming. Anyone related to Scotty is prone to epic fuck-uppery. Last time I accept help from an ex.

BLAINE

Scotty wasn't your ex at the time.

NIKKI

He should've been. Cheating dickhole.

BLAINE

I don't think you're giving me enough failure credit here. Skanks is my abomination. Fucking Ska?

NIKKI

No, fuck that, the theme is not the issue, especially as Ska is at the dawn of a resurgence. 4th wave, man!

BLAINE

4th Wave? Streetlight Manifesto was our only hope and they broke up.

NIKKI

But they paved the way for the next wave. It keeps coming back and it's far from over. Why do I have to have this conversation with you? With you, Blaine? You see a cripple stab a guy and all of the sudden you're... what? What is this?

BLAINE

Dude, that's what this whole fucking place has done to me. This whole bar- that cripple stabbing was just a culmination.

I haven't liked Ska for months. I'm not a punk anymore. I just wanted a place where weirdos could hang out, drink, and be stupid. And dance. Such a pure dream. But I turn that shit on my stereo and it sounds like fucking highway traffic- just chaotic honking. It sucks to me.

NIKKI

Naw, that's not it. You're still a punk, you're going through a passion drought. But just because you're passion's hemorrhaged doesn't make you a grown-up. This is midlife bullshit. Like do you think that... Let's say your dad bought a Cheeseburger and Paradise restaurant and it absolutely ruined him, do you think he'd disown Buffett?

BLAINE

Hell no, but my dad's a child.

NIKKI

Here's the fucking point, Blaine, we're all children. Passion or not, so you might as well have it.

BLAINE

Don't you see what it does to a person though? Look at him! Look at my dad. Direct result of passion. And it's not as if it's a choice... is it? Seriously, is it?

NIKKI

It's a decision to want passion. What's Carl's deal today anyway? I didn't even think he was a drinker, as long as I've known him.

BLAINE

He's not. He drinks about one day a year. He and my mom got married in June, and every year for their anniversary, they go to JC Penny and buy each other a shirt. During this time of the year, JCP puts out all their Hawaiian shirts. Those and the warm weather, up against the reminder of his marital constraints get my dad thinking about Summers out of college, his jeep, and Jimmy mother-fucking Buffett. He finds a bar, gets wasted on two and a half Margaritas and reminisces. He chose my bar this time, so I guess that's his way of showing his support. I'm thankful. I just wish he didn't fuck everything up. Like father, like son.

NIKKI

God-damn, dude. If this is what your pure dream turns you into, wake the fuck up. When you're 52, I'd much rather see you pass out in a bar wearing a Hawaiian shirt on a Jimmy Buffett high- or shroom high, whatever- than see you pissing and moaning about not liking shit. Your sadness is grossing me out. Don't you still want a place for the weirdos or do you hate us now too?

BLAINE

It doesn't fucking matter. Skanks is dying, appropriately, whether I want it to or not.

NIKKI

Just give people half a fucking chance to find it, Blaine, this is a beautiful thing. I mean if these assholes don't shut us down or kill us. Let's just come clean and let the lore be part of our fabric. Toaster's in jail. Bowman's not going to try and rob us anymore because we're going to cleanse Skanks of everything Toaster and Tasha- also Toaster might've killed Bowman, I don't know. So then we just have to kill Scotty and reboot. Sell out with me, Blaine.

NIKKI

Maybe I shouldn't be so serious, telling you that everything sucks... No, Nikki. I just wanna move on. I just want to learn from this tumorous suck-hole. And move on.

TOASTER enters crawling, sucking air, cuffs dangling from a wrist. He pulls BERT out of his chair to floor. BERT lifts his head groggily to see TOASTER roll out through the exit.

Beat.

CARL wakes.

CARL

I LIKE MINE WITH LETTUCE AND TOMATA! HEINZ 57 AND FRENCH FRIED POTATA! BIG KOSHER PICKLE AND A COLD DRAUGHT BEER (Stands), WELL GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY WHICH WAY DO I STEER FOR MY!CHEESEBURGER AND PARADISE! PARADISE! MAKING THE BEST OF EVERY VIRTUE AND VICE! CHESEBURGA N' PARADAHHHH!

CARL screams his song as he grabs the knife from the beer glass and exits.

BLAINE

Dad! Nononono!

NIKKI

Carl, stop!

CARL turns and points the knife at them.

CARL

Worth every damned bit of sacrifice. (Exiting) CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE! PARADISE!

SCENE 2 SCOTTY'S APARTMENT

BOWMAN shoves TASHA into the apartment. SCOTTY'S noodling on a guitar. BOWMAN holds a gun in one hand and the bag o' shrooms in the other. He's wearing a hospital bracelet and bandages on his upper thigh.

SCOTTY

Anyone see you?

BOWMAN

Nope, snagged her right outside of Skanks.

SCOTTY

Here's the deal, Tasha. We know you've stashed gear all over that fag bar. You just have Blaine or Nikki bring it all here, and we will let you uhhh not get shot.

TASHA

Phone's in my pocket.

BOWMAN

Go ahead.

TASHA gets out her phone and dials.

TASHA

Blaine? I need a favor or Bowman's going to kill me... Sorry.

TOASTER wheels up to the apartment entrance. He takes off the chair arm, pulls a baggy of coke out of his chair, and puts it in front of the door. TOASTER knocks and rolls into the door's profile.

TASHA

He snagged me as soon as I left. I don't know, he probably just got away, low security at the hospital- will you fucking listen? So, you know all that weed and those pills in your bar? They want those. All of them. Scotty's apartment. Please. Oh, god let's see...

BOWMAN answers the door, confused. He bends down to pick it up the coke and TOASTER attacks with a headlock, taking BOWMAN down.

TASHA

Under the bar, the empty moonshine jars, behind the seventh brick from the Specials poster, under the floor lamps, beneath the sink... no, I didn't make a map!

TOASTER flings a leg over BOWMAN'S neck and throttles upward choking BOWMAN keeps trying to point the gun up at TOASTER'S head. TOASTER holds it away from him. BOWMAN struggles frantically, running out of air. He puts the gun up to TOASTER'S leg and shoots. A bullet punctures through the leg and BOWMAN'S own head.

TOASTER

You dumbass.

SCOTTY

Bowman? Who's there, man?

SCOTTY goes to check out the commotion as TOASTER rolls out of view down the hallway a bit. SCOTTY sees BOWMAN'S corpse.

SCOTTY

The fuck?

TASHA

Die, prick!

TASHA jumps on SCOTTY'S back to apply a sleeper hold. SCOTTY swings her into a wall. TASHA falls to the floor, dazed. TOASTER charges SCOTTY and punches him in the gut. SCOTTY keels over. TOASTER takes him down with a headlock then throttles SCOTTY from behind with his leg. SCOTTY goes limp. TASHA stands and stumbles to the doorway.

TASHA

You okay?

TOASTER

I can't feel my legs.

TASHA

Never gets fucking old for you, does it?

TOASTER

Get me a shirt from his room, I gotta wrap this shit.

TASHA exits to do that. TOASTER collects the gun. TASHA returns with the shirt. TOASTER wraps his leg and gets back in his chair.

TOASTER

Let's get these cocksuckers in the room. Wheel me over, I'll pick them up, and then just pull us in.

They do that.

TOASTER

Now we just sit and wait for our gear to arrive. You good?

TASHA

I guess. It'll take them a couple of hours. I had the place packed to the rafters. Are the cops looking for you?

TOASTER

They probably haven't even left the station, too busy covering their balls. Letting a cripple escape will not exactly shine in the paperwork.

TOASTER checks the chamber.

TASHA

Fuckin' Bowman. I knew he was a rat cock. I think his blood's still scabbed to my glasses.

TOASTER

You know if you would've remembered my knife, he wouldn't have been able to kidnap you like a fucking toddler.

TASHA

Guns beat knives, retard!

TOASTER

Not if the shooter's a complete pussy. He couldn't shoot me when I was handle-deep in his damned leg meat earlier today. Jesus, Tasha, grow a pair.

TASHA

Can I borrow your pair? You're not using them.

TOASTER

Bitch, you watch your mouth before I go handle-deep in your ass.

TASHA

The health inspector showed up today, speaking of pains in the ass.

TOASTER

Also speaking of ass pain, you're shitting me.

TASHA

Nope. Poor, little prick was quivering. One of the regulars

sedated him so he wouldn't shut down Skanks.

TOASTER

So ow does that make sense?

TASHA

I don't think Big Matt thought it through. Still, can't blame him.

TOASTER

What?

TASHA

(Picking up the guitar) I like Skanks. All that Ska shit reminds me of high school. My first beer, dancing on my math teacher's desk, driving around not giving a fuck.

TOASTER

High school was hell for me.

TASHA

It was hell for everyone, don't be special.

TOASTER

You play that thing?

TASHA

Hell yeah.

TASHA shreds. She does NOT know how to play.

TASHA

No.

TOASTER

Here, I'll teach you real music. (TASHA hands TOASTER the axe). Come behind me. Hold your middle finger and ring finger here. That's E minor. Now you're ready for the blues, ready?

TOASTER strums a simple, choppy blues riff.

TOASTER

I only know one chord! (dunDUN DUNdun) A chord I abuse

(dunDUN DUNdun) Ska is fucking dead! (dunDUN DUNdun) It's the E minor blues (dunDUN DUNdun). Now you.

TASHA

In a room with two dead guys (dunDUN DUNdun) Guitar and some shrooms (dunDUN DUNdun) A cripple with a gun! (dunDUN DUNdun) I got the E minor blues! (dunDUN DUNdun)

TOASTER stops playing.

TOASTER

Jesus, is that your singing voice?

TASHA

It's my smooth, smoky blues voice.

TOASTER

You sound like Tom Waits giving a blowjob.

TASHA

Yup, this is what you do. If there's a glimmer of fun- a fucking smidgen of positivity, you have to piss on it.

TOASTER

Tasha, I was fucking with you. I was having fun, god-damn.

TASHA

Saying shit like that isn't fun.

TOASTER

Well... You sounded like Cookie Monster throating an eggbeater.

TASHA

Hey, when do you plan on trying to kill yourself again? I volunteer my services.

TOASTER

You were so happy a second ago before you knew I still don't give a shit about you.

TASHA

You can't even kill yourself without help, you worthless shitstain.

And if you didn't give a shit about me, you wouldn't have followed us here. Why the fuck are you trying to hurt me?

TOASTER

I was following my stash, Tasha. We fucked this up forever ago. Now you're a business tool and that is all. Lately, though you're more of a fucking liability.

CARL

(From off-stage, distantly stumbling toward the stage) Blaine is the light of my life, Scotty! You son of a bitch! I don't know what you did, but you're going to have the Parrot King to answer to, mother fucker!

TASHA

Great.

TOASTER

What the fuck is that?

TASHA

Blaine's dad. Dosed some shrooms and lost his shit.

TOASTER takes aim at the door.

TASHA

Really.

TOASTER

What?

CARL

Where are you Scotty?! Tasha! Bowman! I know you're here somewhere! Toaster, you too, you little mermaid, I followed all a' ya!

TOASTER cocks the gun. CARL enters the hallway outside SCOTTY'S apartment.

CARL

My son had a dream to open up a trombone bar, and I may not have helped because it's a stupid idea, but all of that changes now!

TOASTER

We're fucked. He just put us at the scene, a hundred people must've heard him.

CARL

(Finding the bag of coke just outside of SCOTTY'S apartment)
What's this? Little bag of magic.

TASHA

Except that he's rolling out of his mind! Toaster!

CARL

Viva Margaritaville!

CARL stumbles into SCOTTY'S
apartment, knife raised. TASHA
grabs for the gun. CARL kneels next
to dead SCOTTY as they grapple.

CARL

Scotty! You're already dead! I must've already killed you...
Is this the future???

TOASTER

Is that my knife?

CARL

I need your future chair, mermaid, I don't belong here! Trade
me!

CARL sets the knife on the floor
and throws TOASTER from his chair
as he's still grappling with TASHA.
CARL sits in the wheelchair.

CARL

I gotta get this thing up to 85!

CARL exits in the chair. TOASTER
relinquishes the gun and sits back
on his elbows.

TOASTER

Fuck it. Do it.

TASHA

Do what? I'm a pussy remember?

TOASTER picks up the knife.

TOASTER

In that case...

TASHA

Why the hell are you so set on one of us dying today?

TOASTER

How long did you say you knew Blaine and Nikki?

TASHA

Since High school. I never meant to fuck them over like this. I wanted somewhere to stash our gear and help Skanks get out of the red. It was mutual- charitable.

TOASTER

How long?

TASHA

Nine years, ten years. We hung out in high school, I told you.

TOASTER

You know the longest I've ever known someone? Bowman. Three weeks. Never even met his cousin till a couple days ago. Point being, if I disappear, it won't matter. To anyone. But it's your get out of Shit City free card. Take the stash, sell it, and start over.

TASHA

Is that why you've been treating me like this? So I'll leave? Now you think killing you is going to make everything easy? Jesus. You DO love me. In an obnoxious kind of way.

TOASTER

So let me love you and kill me. I'm the only thing he can use against you, and you're the only thing he can use against me. And he will.

TASHA

Toaster, I'm not talking to the cops.

TOASTER

Not talking about the fucking cops... where you think all those drugs came from?

TASHA

Where?

TOASTER

You don't know for a reason. Now how many cuts is it going to take until you kill me?

TASHA

Fuck you. You're not deciding shit for me.

TASHA turns to exit.

TOASTER

The fuck are you going?

TASHA

I'm gonna save Skanks.

TASHA throws the gun in TOASTER's lap and exits.

SCOTTY sits up.

SCOTTY

E minor blues, dude? What the fuck?

TOASTER

It worked.

SCOTTY

How so?

TOASTER

She didn't shoot me.

SCOTTY

Ugh, the back of my neck still smells like your balls.

TOASTER

Thought that was your breath.

SCOTTY

Fuck you. Sorry about my cousin, man. That was out of control, I'm sorry.

TOASTER

Happens.

SCOTTY

Was a dick move. Well, Yoda, let's get to it.

TOASTER

No, no-no. Don't do that, I'm not down with that marsupial shit.

SCOTTY

Should I find a wheelbarrow?

TOASTER

Psh, for my dick.

SCOTTY

Come on, man, just to the car.

TOASTER

Goddammit. Your spine is going to smell like my ball sweat until you die, Scotty.

SCOTTY

Yeah, that's just how this day is going.

SCOTTY lifts TOASTER onto his back.

SCOTTY

You good?

TOASTER

Tallyho, bitch!

They exit.

SCENE 3 SKANKS

BIG MATT and BERT are eating pizza in fedoras, doing a slow, contented shuffle to some soft Ska music. NIKKI and TASHA, enter as the music fades out. They each carry a duffel bag filled with drugs.

NIKKI

Okay, so why should we not take this to the cops?

TASHA

Then they'll shut down Skanks for good, and we don't want that.

NIKKI

Why? That doesn't make sense! If we come clean-

TASHA

Trust me, Nikki, I've seen it a thousand times. The news gets out, and any thug just assumes they can stash their shit here, it gets saturated, and the cops turn it into a state run donut shop by daylight.

NIKKI

Gross, fine. So what do we do?

TASHA

Is that the health inspector?

NIKKI

Inspector Bert, yeah. He and Big Matt really clicked.

BERT

I listened to this music in high school! And Big Matt bought me my first beer! I'm wasted!

TASHA

Are you still going to shut them down?

BERT

Oh, absolutely, which is a bummer, but until then!

NIKKI

Wait, that's your first drink?

BERT

Ww- No! God no. This is my third. I've never drank before in my life. See, my father was an alcoholic. ... Oh God...

TASHA

We're going to give these back to whomever they came from. They're gonna come looking, for sure. Then we'll just have to

worry about Bert.

BERT
MY LIFE IS A LIE!

NIKKI
Cool, it looks like Big Matt's making some leeway there.
Tasha. Something's been bugging me. What made you come back
for us? I thought we treated you like shit back in the day.

TASHA
Even worse, you ignored me, Nikki.

NIKKI
Look, we were assholes, we-

TASHA
Everyone was. It's okay. Everyone's an asshole when they're
trying to figure out who they are. And I never really did, so
I kind of sank to the bottom. I really want to save Skanks
because... I don't know. It's just something I want. I want
this place to make it, and I've never really wanted anything,
so... It feels like a second chance kind of. Like going back
to high school I guess.

NIKKI
God, I wish Blaine still felt that way. What the fuck's
gotten into him?

TASHA
People are assholes when they're trying to figure out who
they are.

NIKKI
Yeah. Or maybe he's just an asshole.

TASHA
You think he's found his dad yet?

NIKKI
I'm about to call him.

TASHA
Are you gonna tell him the plan?

NIKKI

No. I don't think he's interested. I'm done trying to wring passion out of that bastard.

TASHA

You can do this without him you know.

NIKKI

Fucking duh, Tasha. It's not the business partner aspect I'm pissed off about. I'm losing a damned friend.

BLAINE enters.

BLAINE

Nothing. Not at home, I can't find him on the street. I got the cops looking for him. Shit.

NIKKI

He'll turn up.

BLAINE

How's it going, Big Matt?

BIG MATT

Hi Blaine! Uh, kind of bad.

BERT

Who am I? Fucking NO ONE, that's who!

BIG MATT

Inspector No One. It's radical to be an inspector. Dudes, isn't that radical?

NIKKI

'Atta boy, Big Matt.

TASHA'S phone rings.

TASHA

Hello? Yeah, our venues getting shut down. Health code violations... We have it ready. Look, I'm really sorry this didn't work out. Sure, we'll do that. Bye. (Click) Okay, good. Our guy's already coming to pick it up. Toaster must have told him. Seems weird that he would just tell him. Doesn't it?

NIKKI

Yeah, I don't feel good about him.

BLAINE

What are you doing? Why aren't you turning the drugs into the cops?

NIKKI

You care?

BLAINE

I'm curious. Let me be clear about something, Nikki. Just because I don't care about this bar, which was a huge mistake, that doesn't mean I don't care about you, which might also be a huge mistake.

NIKKI

...The fuck does that mean?

BLAINE

It means my life would be much easier and more enjoyable if I didn't give a shit about you.

TASHA

You are the worst at caring about people.

BLAINE

Fine.

TASHA

It's like you spent all those years trying not to care about shit, so you'd be cool, and it's just turned you into this confused prick.

BLAINE

Oh this would be about high school for you, wouldn't it, Casper?

TASHA

Fuck you.

BLAINE

Whatever.

NIKKI

No she's right, Blaine, fuck you.

BLAINE

Whatever!

BERT

This clipboard is who I am! This clipboard!

NIKKI

Inspector Bert needs a shot.

ALL take a shot. Ska comes on.
Everyone dances, except BLAINE.
SCOTTY enters, disguised as a
Texan; cowboy hat, sunglasses,
handlebar moustache, denim, fake
gut. Music stops.

SCOTTY

Now ya'll listen up! How-do! Name's Wade Rider Davis, and I
believe ya'll have something that belongs to me.

NIKKI

Yeah, dude, it's all in the bags.

SCOTTY

Dude? Let me get something square, Missy. I expect a- uh-
monocle of respect! In your tone an whatnot!

NIKKI

Modicum?

SCOTTY

Who?

NIKKI

Modicum of respect? Modicum? Right? Modicum?

ALL

(Mumbling confirmation) Modicum, yeah.

SCOTTY

Whatever! I'm Texan! Good day! I'm out!

SCOTTY grabs the drugs and leaves.

BIG MATT

Whoohoo! Drug free's the way to be!

TASHA

That was easy.

NIKKI

Yeah... "I'm out"?

BLAINE

Good for you guys. Bert, you still shutting it down?

BERT

Well, let me check with God really quick. (Looks at the clipboard). Yeah. Yap. Uhhh... ok. And behold! Inspector Bert came down from the mountain! And after reflecting upon his alcoholic father, who oppressed every seedling of personality that would have otherwise sprouted, and after a lifetime of criticicicism, criticicizing, and being criticicized! "That's not how you fold a shirt. You signaled too early. The peanut butter lid was too loose," and after seeing the blood on the floor and on the bar and in the goddamned drinks themselves, from the very knife with which the blood was drawn! And after Big Matt checked his blood sugar and gave himself an insulin shot IN HIS ASS, and got some on me- he GOT SOME ON ME! The dead-eyed, strangling soul of my father has made my brain his birdhouse, and my eyes like tracheoles, sucking in unfiltered flaws on which it is my life purpose to shit! The tablet of truth, representing my very soul, speakith thus: Yeah! You all are thoroughly fucked.

BLAINE

Inspector Bert has spoken.

BIG MATT

Pontificating is generally lame, but that was rad as it was sad as fuck. Slime, brother Bert. Slime. (They hug).

BLAINE

Nice try, gang. I'm going to go look for my dad some more.

WADE enters. He wears a cowboy hat, denim, and a handlebar mustache.

WADE

Hold on there, partner. Why don't you pop a squat for a spell, pop your heals out your boots and give everything a

good stretch.

BLAINE

Shit. Doesn't this guy look like a less fake version of the dude who just took our drugs?

WADE

Just shut yer yap for a nod or two. Now I have a \$2,000 wallet, made from an endangered reptile I forget the name of. Which is to say, I had something rare and beautiful die so that I may put receipts in and sit on it. Which is again to say, I ain't got no qualms with killin'. As a matter of fact, within that wallet there's a razor thin, metallic business card that I slide across the necks of strangers who yawn while I'm talkin', so you can imagine what I do to my enemies. The name on that business card reads Wade Rider Davis. That's my name. Now, I have sojourned Northward to establish a very liberal and liberalizing pharmaceutical trade. However, if the facts are genuine, it appears this shan't be one such a trade-post as we'd first concurred. True, though neither ink nor paper were roped into this particular jam-bo-ree, I feel our contract was more on the level of a spit n' shake, which I still find equally binding. After all, what is a man if he ain't his word? Therefore-

BLAINE

What the fuck is happening?

WADE punches BLAINE in the stomach.

WADE

Therefore I have come to collect my product. Now what was that, son?

NIKKI

Hey! What? What was your name, uh, sir?

WADE

You may refer to me as Wade Rider Davis, Davis comma Wade, Rider Davis, Davis comma Rider, or any combination there within.

BLAINE

Was there a Wave-rider in there somewhere?

WADE smacks BLAINE'S head on the table.

TASHA

And from where, uh Wade, did you say you have... Sojourner?

WADE

Texas.

BLAINE

Austin?

WADE smacks BLAINE'S head on the table again.

NIKKI

Oh shit! "I'm out"! That was Scotty!

WADE

Young lady, I'd thank you kindly to mind the coarse language in my presence.

TASHA

We don't have your product, Wade, please listen. They just left!

WADE

Pardon?

TASHA

Scotty's dead! Unless... that bastard! Sorry! Sorry. He... Scotty, he's working for Toaster, your contact, Scotty pretended to be you! He walked in, took your product, and left! Just now, I swear to God.

WADE puts two chairs next to each other in front of a table. He sits on the table and pulls a pistol from his belt.

WADE

I pride myself in conjuring tortures of an artisanal variety. I invented a torture on the way here, having a lot of time to myself in the truck. I'm tickled to get to use it. I don't have a name for it just yet. Lazy Stirrups maybe. Why don't you come over here, son, and get on your knees. If you

hesitate whatsoever, I will put a bullet in the side of your retarded head.

BLAINE gets on his knees in between the two chairs. He's kneeling before WADE at gunpoint.

WADE
'Atta boy, now put each of your mitts on the seats of them chairs there, son.

BLAINE does.

WADE
Grand!

WADE puts one boot on each hand and begins to undo his belt.

NIKKI
Please, it's the truth he was just here!

WADE
(Cocking the gun at NIKKI) Next words out of anyone's mouth ought to be the truth I reckon. Now, son, you're gonna suck my pecker, and if at any point you stop, I'm gonna stand up, thus crushing your hands beneath my gator skins. When you exclaim, giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up, I will set back down so that you amy put my cock back in your mouth. This shall continue until I hear something I believe. I shall commence by crushing your hand bones into powder with my heels in three...

BLAINE
Fuck! Anybody?

WADE
Two!

BLAINE
Jesus, I see the head!

WADE
One!

BERT

Reach for the skyyyyy! That's a Toy Story reference. I'm the Health Inspector n' I can testify! This bar has been robbed!

BERT holds the clipboard high over his head. WADE waves him over.

WADE
Son, how in Sam Hill are you the Health Inspector? You are three sheets to the god-dang wind!

BERT
First time drinking, a' thank you. Read the report and you'll get why.

WADE
"Blood on the floor... On bar... on clientele... knife in beer mug..."

BERT
Knifenkugel! Just got it!

BIG MATT laughs hysterically as he, too, just got it.

WADE
Identification, please.

BERT
Certainly.

BERT gives WADE his Health Inspector badge.

BERT
Can I... can I have my clipboard back?

WADE
When I'm good and ready, you piss-stained weasel!

TASHA
He was dressed like you, the robber was. Cowboy hat and uh... well he had a cowboy hat.

WADE releases BLAINE, and hands BERT back the clipboard.

WADE

You lost my product?

NIKKI

It was taken from us... uh, Comma Raider, sir. We're not responsible-

WADE

The hell you ain't! You'll have till tomorrow to get my product back. Every day additionally will cost you one life from someone in your party, starting with you. (Pointing to BLAINE).

BLAINE

Hey!

WADE

Followed by the weasel.

BERT vomits behind the bar.

WADE

Now, will ya'll need my resourcefulness in tracking down our thief?

NIKKI

No. I think we know.

TASHA

Yeah.

WADE

Then I will bid thee adieu, and we shall be in touch.

WADE exits.

BERT

You're all my bitches!

BLAINE

This is bullshit! I'm going to find my dad and we are going to get the fuck out of here. And I am NOT going to have a fucking change of heart to come back and save you in the end. I'm NOT. Swear to God.

NIKKI

Dick. We should've let that hick mouth-fuck you to death.

TASHA

Be that as it may, we got a heist to do. Blaine, we'll look for your dad when we're on the way to Scotty's. You're in this, like it or fucking not.

NIKKI

Fine... we'll take my car, it seats eight. But don't say heist.

BIG MATT

Why?

NIKKI

It's cheesy.

TASHA

Fine, then let's go steal back our drugs according to a series of plans with roles assigned-

NIKKI

FINE! Fuck it. Let's go heisting.

BERT

Yeah!

BLAINE

Dumb.

SCENE 4 (SCENE IS SPLIT INTO THIRDS) NIKKI'S CAR IS STAGE RIGHT, CEREAL WAREHOUSE WITH SEVERAL BOXES IS STAGE LEFT,
SCOTTY'S APARTMENT IS CENTER STAGE.

In Scotty's apartment, BOWMAN'S body is crammed in the couch, under the cushions. His cowboy hat and mustache are on the couch. NIKKI and TASHA are getting BIG MATT dressed in cowboy attire outside of Nikki's car. BLAINE is at the wheel, and BERT is riding passenger.

SCOTTY has the gun aimed at the doorway. TOASTER is putting drugs from the duffle bags into the cereal boxes, and into a larger box.

TOASTER

Putting the shrooms in with the Lucky Charms isn't too obvious is it?

SCOTTY

No it's a good coding system.

BERT

So what are you going to do if you're getting out of the bar business?

SCOTTY

Shrooms in Lucky Charms, Coke in the Coco Puffs...

BLAINE

I have a few ideas. I might come out with a line of energy drinks. I got a shit ton of names picked out.

SCOTTY

Ex in the Fruity Pebbles, Heroin in the Golden Grams...

BLAINE

Brace, Jack-up, STUNTS- that's all in caps...

SCOTTY

Special K in the Special K... That one IS pretty obvious.

TOASTER

Doesn't matter. Nobody will be looking in the defect boxes.

BLAINE

Fortify, but that sounds like a Christian energy drink, don't you think? Fortify?

SCOTTY

And nobody will care when they disappear.

BIG MATT

Alright, so what should I say?

TASHA

Just tell them you want the product back.

BERT

I don't think drinks have religions.

BLAINE

I disagree, I think you can assign a religion to everything, including and especially beverages.

TASHA

Tell them your clients have a deadline. Got it?

BERT

What would Mountain Dew be?

BLAINE

Southern Baptist... But not like a practicing Southern Baptist.

BIG MATT

Can I say, "What in TARRRRNATAION!?"

NIKKI

No, Big Matt. Product. Clients. Deadline.

BERT

Well, I think there's more to energy drink production than the names.

TOASTER

When's your boss get in?

SCOTTY

An hour. Plenty of time. What do you think'll happen to Nikki and them?

BIG MATT

What if it comes up in conversation?

NIKKI

No, there will be no conversations.

BLAINE

I think a good life strategy, Bert, is to pour everything you

have into something you love. But what happens when you wake up one day, and you just don't love that thing anymore?

TOASTER

Wade Davis is a psychopath. They're probably all dead. Hopefully Tasha's been getting my texts and she made it out of there. Dumb bitch.

BIG MATT

What if I, like, sneak it in at the end?

TASHA

No, Big Matt! Let's go!

NIKKI, TASHA, and BIG MATT head over to the hallway outside of Scotty's apartment.

BLAINE

You don't have anything, and you don't love anything. You're fucked. I don't know what I'm going to do. Everything's been a waste, I gotta start over, but I don't even know what I like.

BIG MATT

One other thing besides what in Tarnation. They have a gun. What if they shoot me with it?

NIKKI

Tell them they won't even make it to the car unless your team sees you get in your truck with those bags in 30 seconds. Then everyone walks clean.

BLAINE

I don't even know what I like. I'm a fucking child.

BERT

Is this cup-holder big enough to vomit in?

BLAINE

No, Bert, open the door.

TASHA

Take me as a hostage! Toaster doesn't want to hurt me.

NIKKI

Oh that's good! I'm going to wait in the car with Blaine and Bert. The trunk will be popped. Throw something out the window if there's a problem.

NIKKI exits back into the car.

BIG MATT
Ready?

TASHA
Go.

BIG MATT kicks in the door.

BIG MATT
What in TARRRRNATION!!?

BLAINE
Everything cool?

NIKKI
We'll see, thanks for expressing interest.

BLAINE
Why is your car so fucking big? It's like a fucking school bus.

NIKKI
If my mom's old car was actually a school bus, I would've taken that for free too.

BIG MATT
(Pointing to BOWMAN, dead under the couch cushions) Dead guy.

BLAINE
What religion do you think Jones Soda is?

TASHA
Goddammit, Big Matt. Okay, it doesn't look like they're stashing here.

NIKKI
I don't know, like... Neo Buddhist.

BLAINE
Yeah.

TASHA

Toaster's blown all his locations, so it's gotta be somewhere Scotty knows. (Dials a cell phone. NIKKI answers). They're not here. Hey where does Scotty work?

NIKKI

Kelloggs factory, the warehouse part. Is his badge on that end table?

TASHA

No, do you see his car in the lot?

NIKKI

No. Let's head out, they're probably stuffing cereal boxes as we speak.

TASHA

Okay, on our way. (Hangs up). Come on.

BIG MATT

Can I keep my cowboy stuff on?

TASHA

Sure.

BIG MATT and TASHA exit the apartment, leaving the door open, and get back in the car. BLAINE pantomimes driving to the Kelloggs warehouse.

SCOTTY

Are you done yet? I'm gettin' shaky. I gotta smoke or eat or something.

TOASTER

It's a lot of drugs man, chill the fuck out.

SCOTTY

Let me help you with the last few boxes, bro.

TOASTER

No, you keep your gun on the door and blow the head off of whoever opens it.

SCOTTY

UGH. Whatever.

SCOTTY attempts to keep the gun aimed at the door with one hand while opening and eating a box of cereal with the other.

CARL pushes the wheel chair into Scotty's apartment.

CARL

Hello? I believe this wheelchair belongs to someone who lives here? I wish to return it and uh... honestly I'm still very intoxicated, but less so than earlier. So if you happen to be in front of me, talking to me right now, just know that I see you as a man lying beneath the couch cushions. So I'm just going to leave this here- (BLAINE gets out his phone and dials. CARL'S cell rings). Hello?

BLAINE

Jesus, Dad, where the fuck are you?

CARL

Son! Blaine, oh my goodness! You know, I was slipped a Mary Jane brownie back in college, but that doesn't even compare to-

BLAINE

WHERE. ARE. YOU.

CARL

I'm at- oh neat! Cowboy stuff!

CARL puts down the phone to put on the hat and mustache from the couch.

BLAINE

Dad! Hello?

TASHA

We're here. Big Matt, you good?

BIG MATT

Yeah. Don't worry about that gun business. I was thinking about it, and I can just Street Fighter my way out of it, if it comes down to it. Fuckin' HODUUUKEN! HODUUUKEN!

BIG MATT leads TASHA to outside the warehouse door at fake gunpoint.

TASHA
You remember your line?

BLAINE
DAD!? Cowboy stuff, what the fuck? Cowboy stuff?

BIG MATT
Product, client, deadline. Hoduken. Got it.

TASHA
No what-in-tarnation's.

BIG MATT
Wait. What?

WADE enters the hallway outside Scotty's apartment, aiming at CARL'S head.

BIG MATT enters the warehouse with TASHA, his hostage, in front of him.

BIG MATT
What in the SAM HILL!?

Blackout. GUNSHOT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT 2

SCENE 1. POLICE STATION

Blood-splattered, hung-over, hot messed BERT sits at a cop's desk, facing the audience, staring dead eyed into space. The cop is beyond

the fourth wall.

BERT

Um...

Ska song comes on in full force. At the downbeat, ALL enter and skank to the song. TOASTER's in the wheelchair. WADE has his pistol pointed toward the heavens. CARL has the knife. BERT remains stationary at the desk. After 90 seconds, the song is cut off abruptly. ALL scatter to an exit. BERT stays.

BERT

Sorry what? Oh, the warehouse. Yeah, I was in the car, in the passenger seat still. Still drunk. I just wanted to go to sleep... Yes. Blaine was at the wheel. And Tasha... You know. Sometimes I get called out to inspect a Chuck E. Cheese's or a Macdonald's Playplace. I'll have to comb through the ballpits fore diapers, retainers, spider egg sacks, diabetic needles... A dead snake a couple of times. Orlando. I found a catheter once, but that was in a bathroom. I have to crawl through the sky tubes on a bed bug safari or a lice hunt, testing everything for fecal matter along the way. One time, when it was still Showbiz Pizza, I found an outbreak of a parasite called cryptosporidiosis, street name, Crypto. Under the microscope they look like little snails with fangs. They cause relentless diarrhea and vomiting. Guess how I know. Last year, I was called down to Chicago because a toddler found a condom in the ballpit of a Playplace. Used. The mother reported it after she noticed her toddler... chewing. True stories. And it's days like that, officer, when I don't think this job could be any worse. But last night... Well, last night was about on par. Anyway, we heard a gunshot.

Lights go down on the desk. BERT moves it off as he exits.

A light comes up on the warehouse and Scotty's apartment. BIG MATT is on the warehouse floor, motionless.

SCOTTY is also on the floor behinds

some tipped over boxes.

TASHA is kneeling next to BIG MATT.

TOASTER crouches over SCOTTY with his knife, bloodied, in his hand.

BLAINE stands in the parking lot, between the two sets, on the phone.

WADE has his pistol aimed at CARL, who cowers on the floor.

BLAINE

Dad!

CARL

Don't shoot!

TASHA

Toaster, what the fuck!?

WADE

So you're my imposter, eh, coward? Look at me!

TOASTER

(To TASHA) I thought you were Wade, I told Scotty to... well shit. I thought he shot you.

CARL

I'm not! I just found these here, please- look! They probably belong to this guy! (Gesturing to BOWMAN, dead in the couch).

BLAINE

Dad! Pick up the phone goddammit!

TASHA

No, I'm fine, but Big Matt is fucking dead. He had nothing to do with this, asshole!

WADE

Who's hollering there from the phone?

CARL

My son.

WADE

Give him to me.

TOASTER

Wait, so where's Wade?

BLAINE

Dad! (BLAINE growls in frustration as he enters the warehouse. He sees BIG MATT on the floor).

WADE

You there, son?

BLAINE

Jesus Christ. Big Matt?

TASHA

I'm sorry.

WADE

Answer me boy!

BLAINE

Dad?

WADE

Negative, son, I got your father here at gunpoint in cowboy attire.

BLAINE

Wade? Where are you?

BIG MATT

(Sitting up) HODUUKEN! Ow! My neck! My ears and my neck!

TOASTER

Fuck me! Jesus.

TASHA

Shit, we thought you were dead.

WADE

I believe we are in the apartment of a dead man, if I were to venture. Are you that twerp from the bar earlier?

BLAINE

Yeah. Toaster, he's got my dad at gunpoint, we need the drugs back.

TASHA

What?

WADE

You got my product there, boy?

TOASTER

(To TASHA) You should've just fucking left.

WADE

Son, is there going to be a gunshot punctuating this pow-wow or a gosh-damned accord?

BLAINE

We have your stuff, we have it. Don't shoot my dad, he's baked.

CARL

WWWWWWOWZERS! It's back again!

Sirens are heard in the distance.

WADE

Bring my product to the bar in thirty minutes or those stirrups of mine might get lazy again. You hear me, boy?
(Click) Get in that there wheelin' chair, pilgrim, we're rolling out.

CARL sits in the wheelchair. WADE wheels him out, they exit.

BIG MATT

I want my tombstone to read "He died as he lived: Radly." But if all the text gets expensive, just put "Slime".

TASHA

You're fine, Big Matt, you were just grazed.

BLAINE

We have thirty minutes to be back at Skanks with Wade's drugs. Toaster?

TOASTER drags himself to sit up

against the box of drugs, holding
his knife at the ready.

TOASTER

You got the gun. Come and get um', bitches.

TASHA

Seriously?

TOASTER

His dad's going to die, Tasha.

TASHA

So drop the knife and give us the drugs.

BLAINE

Jesus.

BIG MATT

Can I wait in the car?

BLAINE

Sure, buddy.

BIG MATT exits.

BLAINE

Give me the gun.

TASHA

No.

TOASTER

You know whose pussy I'd like to eat?

BLAINE

Now.

TASHA

No. Toaster-

TOASTER

Gwyneth Paltrow's. Oh, I'd go shoulder deep in that gash.

BLAINE

Is there something I can throw at him?

TOASTER

I would revers-birth that shit.

TASHA

Toaster, you're just going to end up hurting me, no one's shooting you!

TOASTER

I would eat Paltrow patch inside out. I'd wear it like a ski mask-

BLAINE

Shoot him! Shoot him in the mouth!

TOASTER

With her ovaries flopping around on the sides of my head like Jar-Jar Binks ears.

BLAINE

New plan: Shoot me.

BLAINE'S phone rings. BIG MATT
reenters.

TOASTER

I'd be picking those golden pubes out of my teeth for weeks.

BIG MATT

I couldn't find the car.

BLAINE

(Answering the phone) Nikki, hi, everything's... fucking
WHAT???

TOASTER

I'd make like a pubic yarn-ball, for my kitten. I call that
the circle of pussy. Do I need to expound upon this?

BLAINE

Nikki stole the car!

TASHA

It's her car.

BLAINE

Nikki, Wade has my dad, he's going to kill him if we don't...
how the fuck do YOU have my dad?

TASHA

What???

BIG MATT

(Noticing the abounding cereal) Aw, do they have Apple Jacks?

BLAINE

Why the hell did you leave to begin with? Whatever, fine,
just come get us. (Hangs up). She hit Wade while he was
filling his truck up. They have my dad, they're coming to get
us.

TOASTER

He's not dead you know. Wade Rider's a cowboy robot. He's the
redneck Satan. Nothing short of a bullet to the brain is
going to take him down. You still need his product or he's
going to kill you all. Tonight.

BIG MATT

Cowboy robot? That sounds bombastic as shit!

TASHA

Bullet to his brain sounds better.

BLAINE

I agree. Fuck you, Toaster.

BIG MATT

Do you guys remember Battle Bots? Those were slime as fuck!

BLAINE, TASHA, and BIG MATT exit.

TOASTER

You're all going to die you know! Pubic yarn-ball! Shoulder
deep in Paltrow gash! PUBIC YARN-BAAAAAALL!

SCENE 3. GAS STATION PARKING LOT

Toaster's wheelchair faces WADE,
center stage. WADE is still on the
ground after being it by Nikki's
car. WADE struggles to sit up

without the use of his legs.

WADE

Everything you do in life, you're entering into a contract. Everything is an exchange of goods or favors, with friends, enemies, strangers, even life itself. Everyone of us is in someone's pocket, who's in someone else's pocket, who's eventually in the pocket of fortune. I am in the pocket of fortune, but more so, I am in the pocket of death. What's the difference? Death has spared me to fortune, though fortune has delivered me unto death. Profusely! Again and again! So the difference? I do not know. A pocket is a pocket.

(Dead) BOWMAN enters and sits in the chair.

BOWMAN

At least fortune left you a wheelchair.

WADE

Moron, I have a vehicle, I need not your uh...

BOWMAN

They slashed your tires, Yosemite.

WADE

Are you yankin' my leg, son?

BOWMAN

Lieutenant Dan, you ain't got no legs. They cracked your hip bones with a car, slashed your tires, stole your hostage, and left you on the pavement with a concussion, hallucinating ghosts and mumbling about pockets. But you do have this wheelchair, if you want it. It would, however, be putting you back in the pocket of fortune, to inevitably deliver you once again into the pocket of death. It's Pocket Pong.

WADE

Are you that corpse from the couch?

BOWMAN

Totes! Good memory. It's crazy what sensory stuff flairs up in a concussion, right?

WADE takes his gun out of his belt.
It's in pieces.

BOWMAN

Oof. Bet that was expensive. Come on, partner, take the chair. Fortune owes you.

WADE

The hell it does! I ain't taken no low-hangin' serendipitous scrotal fruit for nothin'!

BOWMAN

Well, reconsider before you slither, but while you're thinking (someone hands SCOTTY a guitar from offstage) I'll be singing!

(SONG: POCKET IN THE PANTS OF LIFE)

Oh, when you shake a hand
The hand of another man,
You enter into a contract, that's right!
And if screwed is what you got
Don't get your dick in a knot.
Just ride along in the pocket of the pants of life!
Well, if you get run down
Left bleeding out on the ground,
You accept the bones you're thrown, by Christ!
Think you're fucked, you ain't!
So take the fork out of your taint,
And ride along in the pocket of the pants of life!
Oh the denim may get tight
They may not fit quite right
But do a dance, you're in the pants of life!
Oh the ass might rip right out.
They may smell like sauerkraut,
But skip and prance, in the goddamned pants of life!
You can pout and fret
In the pocket of death
You've got testicle breath
Or you can wee! Like France in the lovely pants of life!
Oh the denim may get tight
They may not fit quite right
But do a dance, you're in the pants of life!
Oh the ass might rip right out.
They may smell like sauerkraut,
But skip and prance, in the goddamned pants of life!
Ride along in the pocket of the pants of life!

WADE

I have never accepted the feeble atrocities of luck. I have

always-

SCOTTY

You ain't got nothin' to prove to this hallucination, Honey!
Go'n get in the goddamned chair!

WADE

I'm gonna get my product back. Then I'm gonna bleed them all
dry.

SCOTTY

Ride along in the pockets of the pants of life!

SCENE 4.5 NIKKI'S CAR

BERT, BLAINE, NIKKI, TASHA, BIG
MATT, and CARL are on their way to
SKANKS. BIG MATT is rewrapping his
neck. The SKANKS set is being
brought in around them.

BIG MATT

Sorry about bleeding on your face there, Bert, I didn't know
I was still flowing. Not rad of me.

BERT

Not rad at all, Big Matt! Not rad at all!

BIG MATT

Easy, sir. I expressed my apologies.

BERT

It's fine. Whatever. Bound to happen. So what... what are
you? You're what? Just trying to live radly?

BIG MATT

Living radly will certainly be the title of my memoir, thank
you!

BERT

So, what is rad?

BIG MATT is overwhelmed by the
question or more so the quantity of
response.

BIG MATT

So many things, Bert! Okay? Neon and black, roller-blades, comic books, fucking kickflips, alt furn, occasionally zippers-

BERT

Wait, what's alt furn?

BIG MATT

Alternative furniture. You know like beanbags or inflatables. Like a sweetie comes in and you say, "Hey, Sweetie, pop a squat on my dope alt furn." And she'll be like, "Sliiiime."

BERT

Slime?

BIG MATT

Slime is rad as fuck.

BERT

Okay, so like sex? Is sex rad?

BIG MATT

Sex is rad, making love is not. Respect the taxonomy.

BERT

What about getting some?

BIG MATT

Rad.

BLAINE

What about coitus?

BIG MATT

No!

NIKKI

Genital concourse?

BIG MATT

No, dammit! Well, maybe the concourse part. Pizza, drumsticks, fireworks... uh, said kickflips... beers, lizards...

BERT

Stars?

BIG MATT

Stars? Hell yeah.

BERT

Stars are slime?

BIG MATT

Sluck.

BERT

Sluck?

BIG MATT

Slime as fuck. Abbreviations are rad.

SCENE 4. SKANKS

BERT, BLAINE, NIKKI, TASHA, BIG MATT, and CARL enter.

TASHA

Okay, Blaine, lay your dad down somewhere low. Bert, keep an eye on the door. I'll check the gun and get ready for Wade. Nikki and Big Matt, stay low and to the sides.

BIG MATT goes to look for a CD to play behind the bar.

BERT stands watch at the door.

TASHA pours her and BIG MATT a beer, sits on the bar, and checks the gun.

NIKKI sits center stage.

BLAINE helps CARL into Skanks, propped up on his shoulder. He helps CARL lie down against the bar.

BLAINE

Here you go, Dad, A nice, sturdy wedge is what you need.

CARL

I got a case of the dizzies you wouldn't believe, Mr. Blaine.

BLAINE

I would actually. There. Stabilize. Just be in one fucking place for a bit, yeah?

CARL gives BLAINE a thumbs up.

BLAINE

All right.

BLAINE crosses to stand across from
NIKKI.

NIKKI

Now what do you think of my big ass car?

BLAINE

Why did you leave us?

NIKKI

You left first, why did you leave?

BLAINE

What, when I heard the gunshot? Because I try to take interest in the fucking lives of others.

NIKKI

No, earlier.

BLAINE

Oh, when I left to look for my brain-fried father as he roamed the streets with a knife?

NIKKI

You're full of shit. This is the perfect out for you isn't it? This situation arises, so instead of saying, hey, I'm a pretentious cock so bye, you can just scurry away with your hands over you balls, and no one has the right to be pissed at you. Certainly, fuck that. Why, Blaine? Why are you ditching me?

BLAINE

Because everything I loved suddenly became a giant, chocolate cluster fuck.

BIG MATT

Racist!

BLAINE

No, Big Matt. Two-toned army.

BIG MATT

Second Wave, mother-fucker, amen! Just checkin'!

BLAINE

(To Nikki) And maybe you don't get that, so whatever. Go ahead and love the same shit forever, good for you. But don't try to deflect the fire from your neglectful ass. Talk about ditching people! You left us in a warehouse with two armed psychopaths. Just drove off into fucking night! What? Was it a revenge thing because you're pissed at me? You heard a gunshot and thought good and left, found my dad, felt bad, and came back?

NIKKI

First of all, Blaine, I'm not pissed, I'm fucking livid. And I didn't...

BIG MATT finds the CD he wants and puts it in the player.

NIKKI

I heard the gunshot and...

A Ska song blares through the PA system while BIG MATT skanks. TASHA turns it down.

NIKKI

I heard a gunshot, and the possibility of you being dead became super real to me. I couldn't deal with it, dude. I freaked out. I'm pissed, yeah, but I mean... you're my best friend and shit, so I freaked out I'm sorry.

BLAINE

We needed you to stay in that parking lot.

NIKKI

Yeah I know, but you're my best friend and shit.

BLAINE

You said that. Nikki, you're inability to deal with shit almost cost us our lives, your immaturity is making you into an asshole.

NIKKI

And you've been an asshole for years, but I still hang out with your pathetic ass!

BLAINE

I didn't ask you to!

NIKKI

Goddamn right you didn't! I wanted to! You're such a pretentious cock! I actually wanted to follow you into this, follow you right into the fucking ground, if that's where it went!

BLAINE

Is that why you left us in a warehouse to die?

NIKKI

Hey, I found your dad, didn't I?

BLAINE

Yeah. And as soon as Tasha puts a bullet through Walker Testicle Ranger's head, I'm taking him and we're leaving this shit farm, forever.

NIKKI

I'm sure he'll be really proud of you too. It's good to know that our friendship was summed up in your appeal to a musical genre.

BIG MATT turns the music back up loud as NIKKI and BLAINE stare at each other on the verge of tears. BIG MATT does a contented shuffle over to BERT. TASHA turns it down again. BLAINE hits the bottle behind the bar. NIKKI puts her head down.

BLAINE

How many bullets do you have?

TASHA

Cheap bastard left me with one shot.

BLAINE

That's all we need right?

TASHA

If I don't miss.

BLAINE

So don't miss.

TASHA

Okay, thanks.

BIG MATT

Sorry for bleeding on you. I should've left the bandage on.

BERT

Yeah. Generally, if you get shot, leave the bandage on for a while.

BIG MATT

True that. Do you want a rag? For your face?

BERT

I have a feeling I'm better off waiting until the end of the night. Thanks anyway.

BIG MATT

Please don't shut down Skanks upon the basis of it being bio threat. Have you, for instance, considered its more redeeming factors? I'm thinking of one specifically-

BERT

Radness isn't on the assessment, Big Matt. I'm sorry, but I have to. It's my job, and apparently people's lives depend on it.

BIG MATT

What do you mean?

BERT

Knifenkugel.

BIG MATT

Hhahahaha!... Oh. Fine. Damn. Well, where should we hang out then?

BERT

I don't know. Why don't you ask your friends?

BIG MATT

Yeah, I'm asking you. Where should we go?

BERT

You- you're- what?

BIG MATT

I'm saying where do you wanna go to hang out man? You're radish, I want to introduce you to people. You get it.

BERT

People. No. I uh...

BIG MATT

Bert, come on, bring your identity tablet if you want, but we should hang out. Did you used to watch cartoons in the 90's?

BERT

Uh.

BIG MATT

You know that turtle on Rocko's Modern Life?

BERT

Filbert.

BIG MATT

Yeah! You're like Filbert! We should call you Filbert...Bert.

BERT

You're kind of like Heifer.

BIG MATT

HOLY SHIT! I'm EXACTLY like Heifer! (Laughs hysterically).

BERT

Oh! Uh! Tasha! Incoming!

TASHA

Everybody move out of the way and get behind something!

BLAINE dives behind the bar. BERT ducks under the table. NIKKI flips her table and ducks behind it. BIG MATT presses his body up against the wall. The door opens. TASHA shoots, aiming high, not accounting for the wheelchair. She shoots off WADE'S hat as he enters.

BLAINE

You get him?

WADE

No, son, you smug son-of-a-bitch, she didn't get him. She got my hat though. And my gun and my pelvis are both in states of fracture, rendering me void of instruments of death as well as torture, i.e. Lazy Stirrups. Which is sad, 'cause that one's a goodie. As my life has once again proven to deprive me of death itself, I have prepared yet another accord. Where's the crippled fella who dealt me into this bile storm to begin with?

TASHA

We left him at the Kelloggs warehouse with your product... It's not too late, we could-

WADE

No matter. I'll just kill him last. So are we gonna make this a chase situation or a dignity situation?

TASHA

Dammit, Bert, why didn't you say he was in a wheelchair?

WADE

Bert? (Finds BERT under the table) Ah, the weasel! I'll start with you!

WADE grabs BERT by the neck and pulls him out from under the table.

BIG MATT

HODUUKEN!

BIG MATT lifts WADE out of the chair. WADE punches BIG MATT in the

face. TASHA rushes in to join as WADE, BIG MATT, and BERT fall. WADE shoves the wheelchair in the way. TASHA gets hit and falls. BLAINE and NIKKI run to attack. BLAINE gets punched. NIKKI goes for a head kick. WADE catches her foot, she trips and falls. TASHA gets a hit in and hurts her wrist. She lifts a bar stool over her head.

TASHA (OVERLAPPING)

Move! Everyone move! Goddammit, move out of my way!

BIG MATT (OVERLAPPING)

Punch him! Everyone punch his face! Punch him to death! Punch his blood out!

BERT kicks backward from the rumble, still on the floor. BIG MATT and BLAINE hover over WADE, fists cocked.

CARL

I LIKE MINE WITH LETTUCE N' TOMATA! HEINZ 57 AND FRENCH FRIED POTATA!-

ALL freeze to look at CARL who humps the air as he sings.

CARL

BIG KOSHER AND COLD DRAUGHT BEER! WELL GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY, WHICH WAY DO I STEER FOR MY- CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE! Cheesegurber... cheeseburg.. burger n'... para... (snores).

WADE

I love that song!

CARL

(Sitting up) Was that out loud?

WADE

Son-a-bitch, I knew there was something mildly tolerable about you.

NIKKI wriggles free. WADE starts to

crawl toward CARL.

WADE

I saw him back when his band was still the Coral Reefers,
back in 1974.

CARL

After A1A?

WADE

A1A and Livin' and Dyin' in 3/4 Time.

TASHA winds up with the chair.
Everyone holds up their hands,
mouthing, "No-no-no-no." TASHA is
confused. They motion for her to
put the chair down.

CARL lies on his belly, propped up
on his elbows to mirror WADE'S
posture. WADE stops crawling about
a foot from CARL, propped up on his
elbows as well.

WADE

We road-tripped to Nashville, me and my woman, just to see
Jimmy. He put on a dang fine show, that man. His music, his
whole persona just exudes a...

CARL

Freedom! I completely agree, 100%! He gets it, ya know? He
just gets it!

During their chat, NIKKI, BLAINE,
BIG MATT, BERT, and TASHA have a
pantomimed conversation about what
to do. TASHA suggests BERT bash
WADE with his clipboard. BERT
refuses. BLAINE finds the rag and
vodka and hands them to BIG MATT.
BIG MATT is apprehensive.

CARL

I saw him in college, during my summer off, and you know,
there's just something timeless about it. Like those memories
are perfectly capsulated by Jimmy's music.

WADE

Exactly! And I'll tell you what, the pot this cat had could trip an ox, I jest not!

BIG MATT hands the rag and vodka to BLAINE refusing in fear. BLAINE waves everyone into a half-huddle for a mass round of Rock-Paper Scissors. They play a round and realize nobody can really win. They all lose and are frustrated.

WADE

Buffett's weed is what got me into the game.

CARL

Wait, how did you get Jimmy Buffett's weed?

WADE

Spent the rest of my gas money for a bud from one of his roadies. I lost my woman, started growing, moved the market to Texas. You know, somewhere along the way, I really lost the love for it. The music.

TASHA suggests BLAINE choke WADE from behind. She demonstrates an effective choke on him. BLAINE is disgusted, but a little impressed. BLAINE tells TASHA to demonstrate the choke on BIG MATT. BIG MATT almost passes out, and gives TASHA a high-five. BIG MATT suggests BLAINE go for a neck break, instead. NIKKI suggests a lateral technique combined with the vodka rag. TASHA is firm in her choke hold opinion. They have BERT stand stationary to test out their respective approaches. BERT cries silently.

CARL

How is that possible? Buffett's music symbolizes the best times of my life.

WADE

Mine too, partner. It just dissipated.

BLAINE starts listening in on their conversation.

WADE

I got buried in all this pressure. You know, it ain't easy slingin' green, that's what they always told me. Being a Parrothead just felt like I was being something I was, but could never be again. But you know what it was? I wouldn't let myself like anything. Felt like I'd owe life something if I got any enjoyment out of it.

BLAINE

Would you go back?

NIKKI

Excuse me, what the fuck are you doing?

BLAINE

Just, just if you could choose, would you do this life again or... listen to more Jimmy Buffett?

WADE

Son, I'm richer than a gosh-damn pharaoh and have every chemical known to man at my fingertips. But with that said, my hips broken, my gun's broken, my phone's broken, and I haven't heard Cheeseburger in Paradise in twenty-two years. I think your dad's got the right idea. Goes to show after all these years, you should do what makes you happy, even if you look stupid doin' it.

CARL

Thanks, Mr. Wade. Wow, thank you.

BLAINE

But what if you don't know what you like doing?

WADE

Then you'll never look stupid, but... (inflective) who gives a shit?

BIG MATT charges WADE.

BIG MATT

WOLFIOOO!!!

BLAINE restrains BIG MATT.

BLAINE

No, Big Matt! No. It's fine, change of plans.

NIKKI

Do you still want to kill us?

WADE

Well, rats, darlin', it's a bit difficult to put any of you out when you got me thinkin' a' Margaritaville!

TASHA

Shit, this fucker can slither.

TOASTER enters, crawling. He pulls himself up into his chair. He's carrying his knife.

TASHA

Give Wade his gear, Toaster. You can end this.

TOASTER

Oh, so we're all friends now?

WADE

Not all of us we ain't.

TOASTER

Wade, I tried to call you. I was gonna tell you I had your gear. Make a chase out of it. Save the lives of... you all. But it looks like it worked out of everyone, except for you, Wade. You look like shit. I'm one to talk, I know. You know, as I was crawling along the stove-hot glass-paved asphalt on the way over here, I go to thinking. I've been trying to fuck you over ALL DAY LONG. This was never about any of these assholes. This was about us, and who deserves what. Me, the fuck-up invalid, who's been literally crawling around the fucking city all day, bleeding for a bit of fortune. Or you, the big ass Texan fortune magnet doing nothing for the same. I'd assumed like a fucking fool that someone here would have killed you by now, but since no one else has the balls...

TOASTER charges at WADE. Everyone

cries out in protest. (Toaster! No! Stop! Don't do it!) BLAINE gets an arm around TOASTER and stops him, getting cut in the process. BLAINE releases TOASTER in pain. CARL rises.

CARL

Hey, punk!

CARL lunges at TOASTER. WADE catches CARL by the back of his pants or shirt and pulls him back before TOASTER can slice him. TASHA pulls TOASTER back. BIG MATT bites TOASTER'S hand and takes his knife. TASHA kicks the wheelchair toward the door.

TASHA

If I ever see you again, I'll kill you.

WADE

Same goes for me.

TOASTER

You are a fucking riot, Tasha! I've been trying to get you to kill me all day.

TASHA

If you couldn't fuck everyone over and get rich, you valued your own death over Carl's life, and that makes you a fucking toxic parasite. We're done. No more of this guns and knives bullshit. It's just done.

TOASTER

Okay. Well, I have some drugs to sell alone then. I love the shit out of you, you know.

TASHA

Jesus.

TOASTER

Night, kiddos.

WADE

Hey Toaster! We'll be seein' ya.

TOASTER exits.

BIG MATT
You going after him, Wade?

WADE
No this trip, big fella. I'll heal up for a couple months.
Then I'll come back, put a crowbar in his spokes and Lazy
Stirrups all night long. You alright there, kid?

CARL
Blaine, you need a doctor, son!

BLAINE
Sounds good.

ALL head for the exit. BLAINE stops
and turns.

BLAINE
You guys want some rum?

ALL agree, go to the bar, and start
pouring. BERT sets a chair down,
center stage. The police station
desk is brought in and set in front
of him and BERT sits. A special
comes up on BERT, lights lower on
set as the bar is decorated for
Scene 5.

BERT
So basically... he's this turtle who works in a comic book
shop, and he has two catch phrases; One is when he's striving
to maintain the quality of his comics and he says, uh, "Turn
the page, wash your hands, turn the page, wash your hands."
Okay? And the second catchphrase is when Filbert is flipped
onto his back- because he's somewhat of a punching bag of
life, if I were to get poetic- But, so, he rocks back and
forth, saying, "I'm nauseous. I'm nauseous. I'm nauseous."
It's so comical! So comical. Uh... Oh, charges? For... what,
the cloth over the mouth? No, it's fine. Is there anything
else, now? I'm a little tired, and I have a report to write.

The desk is taken off stage.

SCENE 5. SKANKS

The bar is decorated with island stuff. Cups and bottles are spread

out on the bar and tables. There's a banner over the bar that reads, "JIMMY BUFFETT NIGHT. First Friday of every month. \$2 Margaritas and Daiquiris." Jimmy's music plinks faintly along in the background. BLAINE is wiping down the bar.

CARL is waving at people at the door.

NIKKI is throwing bottles and cups in a trash bag.

TASHA is finishing a fruity drink at the bar with BIG MATT, who's wearing a coconut bra.

CARL

Whoohoo! See you all in a month! (Closing the door) What a night! What a great idea, son, just a stupendous, stupendous job!

BLAINE

Thanks, Dad, yeah we did alright.

TASHA

So that's it for you?

BLAINE

Yeah. For all of us I'm thinking.

There's a knock at the door.

CARL

We're closed!

BERT

Health inspector!

BIG MATT

Bert! (BIG MATT answers the door). You missed it, buddy!
Jimmy Buffett night! So lame it's full-circle-rad!

BERT

That's okay. I'm just dropping off your report.

BERT hands the report to NIKKI.

BIG MATT

You want a Corona?

BERT

Skanks is closed, Big Matt. But do you want to get some clean Mexican food? I know a place. Oldest Mexican place in town, like 35 years.

BLAINE

Wow, that's like 100 in Mexican Restaurant years.

BIG MATT

Racist! Yeah. Cool, Bert, uh... (BIG MATT turns to BLAINE, NIKKI, TASHA, and BERT. BIG MATT salutes) Guys. Thanks for all the... uh (choking up).
You're the raddest bitches I've ever known. So just... thank you. Next round's on me, guys. Later.

BERT

(Exiting with BIG MATT) You say rad a lot.

BIG MATT

I'm trying to quit.

BLAINE

Well... liquor's better proud than stored.

NIKKI

Put that back on the shelf.

BLAINE

What?

NIKKI

He fucking passed us!

BIG MATT reenters in a flurry.

BIG MATT

He meant Skanks is closed for the night! SKANKS LIVES!
WHOOOO! RAD! RADRADRADRAD! Okay, Mexican food.

BIG MATT exits again.

BLAINE

Well shit. That's great! Huh.

NIKKI

Are you still selling your half?

BLAINE

Actually I'm giving it away.

NIKKI

Sorry?

BLAINE

To Tasha.

TASHA

What's this now?

BLAINE

I'm giving you my half of the bar. You're always too deep in any particular situation to realize how selfless and helpful you are. I mean... you're helpful. Who does that? You're not afraid to make decisions no one else wants to make, you act under pressure. Tasha, you're kind of perfect for this. If it's cool with Nikki.

NIKKI

Fuckin' eh, absolutely. Tasha?

TASHA

Oh my God, I'm gonna cry. Um... yes. Shit yeah!

BLAINE

Sweet. Dad, can you take Tasha to the office closet to do the paperwork.

CARL

Now?

BLAINE

Yeah.

CARL

Life in the fast lane, I love it!

CARL and TASHA exit.

NIKKI

Look, Blaine. We've been through a shit-pocalypse lately, and I get that you don't want to do this anymore. Actually, what you just did for Tasha? Fucking awesome. But, like... whatever you figure out that like or don't like and want to do and don't want to do... ugh. Can you just... fucking... not leave?

BLAINE

Dude, it's not like I don't like Skanks. I'm proud of this place. It's going to bring a lot of weirdos together, and you and Tasha are going to be amazing.

NIKKI

Okay. Thanks. I get it.

BLAINE

What sucks is you're going to be so swept up in being deified by weirdos, that you're not even going to notice me begging for attention every fucking second.

NIKKI

Dammit, are you leaving or not?

BLAINE

You're my best friend and shit. I'm not going anywhere.

NIKKI

Oh, fuck you.

They embrace. TASHA and CARL reenter.

BLAINE

I'm so sorry. I'm a fucking mess.

TASHA

I'm sorry I'm basically a fucking child.

BLAINE

It's cool, I'm that too. Hey Dad.

CARL

Yah!

BLAINE

Did you know Jimmy Buffett owns Krispy Kreme Donuts?

CARL

... ARE YOU SERIOUS???

TASHA turns up some Ska. Tables are moved out of the way. ALL enter for the final dance number. They dance in a half-circle, each taking the center, two at a time for their dance (bows).

END.