

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

# altitude

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(NOTE: All ages are in human years)  
(OTHER NOTE: Change any pronouns/honorifics as you need)

CASPER

20s. Any ethnicity. Male.  
Usually needs to be in control.  
Lower Tolerance

DENTON

Late 20s. Any ethnicity. Male or non-binary.  
Usually accepts what they can't control.  
Higher Tolerance

SHITRAT

20s. Any ethnicity. Female.  
Usually sometimes not under control.  
Medium-er Tolerance

ABBY

Late 30s. Any ethnicity. Female or non-binary.  
Usually always in control.  
Unknown Tolerance

SETTING:

Iowa. The side of the road. Next to a cornfield.

TIME:

Right now.

CONTENT WARNING:

Drug use, excessive fucking language.

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*"We are all here on earth to help others;  
what on earth the others are here for, I don't know."*

-John Foster Hall  
aka Reverend Vivian Foster  
aka The Vicar of Mirth  
Not W.H. Auden  
Who said the phrase  
but never claimed credit

People give it to him anyway.

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 1.

I

*Iowa. The side of the road by  
a vast, looming field of corn.*

*The sun beams down on a  
broken-down car, also by the  
side of the road, smoke  
perhaps rising out of its open  
hood.*

*DENTON has his head down in  
the automobile's hood,  
attempting to diagnose its  
fault.*

*CASPER stands a little ways  
away, on his cell phone.*

*Both wear a suit and tie.*

*CASPER is put together.*

*DENTON is less so.*

CASPER

(Into his phone)

Wait--no, I--I didn't catch that. Can you say--? No, I'm  
not--hello? Hello? Yes, okay. Yes. No. No. We're--hello?  
I've lost you. Can you--? Hello? Hello?! Fuck.

Fuck!

DENTON

Told you.

CASPER

Do you have a signal?

DENTON

I don't have a phone.

CASPER

It's [current year]. How do you--

Never mind. Can you tell what's wrong?

DENTON

Yeah. It's not working.

CASPER

Obviously. Can you tell why?

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 2.  
CONTINUED:

No. DENTON

Then we're fucked. CASPER

Okay. DENTON

We're so fucked! CASPER

It's okay. We're fine. DENTON

CASPER  
How are we fine? We're in the middle of fucking nowhere with  
no fucking cell service with no fucking car! How in the fuck  
are we not fucked?

DENTON  
No, I mean we're fine. We're not dead. We'll figure it out.

Oh, Christ. CASPER

Breathe. DENTON

What? CASPER

Breathe. DENTON

Dent-- CASPER

Breathe. DENTON

*CASPER impatiently breathes.*

*DENTON won't let that do.*

*CASPER breathes.*

Okay? Now how do you feel? DENTON

Fucked. CASPER

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 3.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

Yeah, okay. Well--we could hitchhike, I guess...there was a station back, like--what, 5 miles back?

CASPER

46.

DENTON

Oh, shit, really?

CASPER

Yep.

DENTON

Well, someone will come along. We can borrow their phone.

CASPER

We haven't seen anyone all day.

DENTON

That doesn't mean someone won't come, buddy. We just have to sit tight.

CASPER

Time is a factor, Dent. What if someone doesn't? How much food do we have? Water? I repeat--we are in the middle of nowhere!

DENTON

Yeah, and yelling about it isn't going to help! So shut up, please!

CASPER

Don't tell me to--

DENTON

Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up shut the fuck up shut the fuck up! Fucking calm down before I fucking skullfuck your fucking mouth with my fucking foot! All right?

CASPER

...

DENTON

How many times did we both just say "fuck?"

CASPER

I don't know. I don't care. I just want this to not be happening.

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 4.

CONTINUED:

DENTON

Well, it is. So...

I'm sorry, man. We're gonna be late.

CASPER

If we get there at all.

DENTON

We'll get there.

CASPER

Will we?

DENTON

Not with that attitude.

Positive thinking. Goes a long way. Say it with me, "We'll get there."

You didn't say it with me.

CASPER

We'll get there.

DENTON

(Overlapping, but not  
in sync)

We'll get there. Shit, no, with me.

CASPER

What?

DENTON

Say it with me.

CASPER

We don't have to say it together.

DENTON

Yes, we do.

CASPER

Why?

DENTON

Because it doesn't count if we don't say it together.

CASPER

That's not true.

DENTON

Yes, it is.

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 5.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
Well, I'm not going to say it again.

DENTON  
Come on.

CASPER  
No.

DENTON  
Come ooooooon.

CASPER  
No!

DENTON  
Okay. Fine.

But if we don't, now, you're not allowed to blame me.

*DENTON crosses to the car and  
opens the trunk.*

CASPER  
What are you doing?

DENTON  
Only thing we can do.

Wait.

*DENTON rummages in the trunk.*

*He emerges with a gargantuan  
bong and a lawn chair, which  
he promptly settles down in to  
begin packing a bowl (using  
any necessary accoutrements  
from his person).*

CASPER  
Are you fucking serious?

DENTON  
Dude, enough fucks. We, like, hit our quota already.

CASPER  
You're going to get high? Right now?

DENTON  
Higher. Yes. You got a better suggestion?

(CONTINUED)



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altitude, daniel prillaman, 6.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
Anything. Anything else.

DENTON  
Yeah, this sounds more fun.

CASPER  
...

You're fucking useless!

DENTON  
Dude. Seriously, enough fucks.

CASPER  
Fuck you, Denton.

DENTON  
Okay. I can hear that you're angry--

CASPER  
...!

DENTON  
(Continued)  
And I know I have not been free of guilt myself. But I  
really think we should stop.

CASPER  
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! HEAR ME, DENTON! HEAR MY FUCKS! BEHOLD  
THE FIELD IN WHICH I PLANT MY FUCKS! SEE HOW FULL THEY GROW!

DENTON  
See, now you're just being an asshole to be an asshole.

*DENTON stands and returns to  
the trunk, he grabs a bottle  
of water and a handful of ice  
from a cooler, both of which  
he pours into the bong.*

CASPER  
THEY ARE BOUNTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL FUCKS! OBSERVE THEIR PLENTIFUL  
REACH! Don't walk away from me! Come back here you piece of  
shit.

DENTON  
I don't wanna talk to you if you're just going to be an  
asshole.

CASPER  
What else are you going to do? Huh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 7.

CONTINUED:

CASPER (cont'd)

Are you fucking using up our water right now? We're stuck here. We have to ration!

Denton.

Denton. Answer me.

You have to talk to me. You can't just not talk to me.

*DENTON takes a hit from the bong.*

*Exhales.*

*Perhaps coughs a little.*

CASPER

Come on!

Say something.

Denton, say something.

Denton!

...

Look, I'm sorry, okay?

Okay?

I'm sorry.

I'm just stressed.

Denton.

*DENTON takes another hit.*

*Exhales.*

*Perhaps coughs a little.*

DENTON

(Staring)

There's a girl over there.

CASPER

What?

DENTON

(Pointing)

...

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 8.  
CONTINUED:

*CASPER turns, looking where  
DENTON'S pointing.*

*A girl is, in fact, standing a  
distance away from them, aloof  
and stiff, dressed in attire  
not befitting a cornfield and  
even stranger, a deer mask,  
antlers and everything.*

*She stares at them.*

*CASPER and DENTON stare back,  
for she's a sight to see.*

*Her name is SHITRAT.*

DENTON  
Wow, this strain works fast.

CASPER  
Uhm, hi.

Our car broke down.

Do you have a phone?

Do you...live in the area?

*Beat.*

DENTON  
Do you want a hit?

CASPER  
Denton!

DENTON  
What?

*SHITRAT shifts, causing the  
duo (or at least CASPER) to  
freeze.*

*She slowly crosses to DENTON,  
unreadable, both due to her  
mask and her body language.*

*She stops at DENTON'S side,  
who nonchalantly offers her  
the bong.*

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 9.  
CONTINUED:

*She takes the bong and takes a hit, moving her mask as she needs.*

*If she removes it high enough, she replaces it immediately, and the duo (or again, at least CASPER) watch uncomfortably as she exhales, smoke billowing out from underneath the deer face.*

*She hands the bong back to DENTON, then crosses to the open trunk and grabs a water from the cooler.*

*She looks back at the duo.*

SHITRAT

Thanks.

*She exits into the cornfield.*

CASPER

...

...!

DENTON

Weird.

CASPER

What the fuck?!

What the fuck?!

DENTON

Iowa, man.

CASPER

No, that's--

...!

That's not--

...

I'm done.

I'm done. Gimme a hit.

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 10.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON  
Now we're talking.

*DENTON hands CASPER the bong.*

*CASPER takes a hit.*

*Exhales.*

*Coughs.*

*They sit.*

*And wait.*

II

*Time passes.*

*And they wait.*

*And smoke.*

*And wait.*

*They wait for a long time.*

*Eventually...a rustling from  
within the corn behind them.*

*CASPER looks back towards the  
sound.*

*DENTON does not.*

CASPER  
What was that?

DENTON  
Corn.

CASPER  
Corn doesn't make sounds, man.

DENTON  
It can.

CASPER  
It's that fucking deer girl. She's watching us.

DENTON  
Do you see her?

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 11.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
(Looking)

No.

DENTON  
Then she's not watching us.

CASPER  
Just because you can't see her doesn't mean she's not watching us.

DENTON  
What's your problem? She seemed cool enough.

CASPER  
You don't...get things when they happen, do you?

DENTON  
Dude, I'm just not as uptight. You need to relax.

CASPER  
I'm perfectly relaxed.

DENTON  
I disagree.

*The corn rustles.*

CASPER  
(Jumping)  
Mmm--

DENTON  
Told you.

CASPER  
This is wrong. That wasn't normal.

DENTON  
You're in your head.

CASPER  
You're not in yours.

*The corn rustles.*

CASPER  
...!

DENTON  
(Calling into the field)  
Do you want another hit?!

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 12.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Dude! Shut up!

DENTON

I'm just being polite.

CASPER

To some creepy fucker in a deer mask!

DENTON

You don't know why she's wearing it.

CASPER

What possible normal or casual reason would she have for wearing a mask?

DENTON

Maybe she likes it.

CASPER

It's because she doesn't want us to see her face.

DENTON

Well, yeah, she's wearing a mask.

CASPER

Because she doesn't want us to see her face! Why?

DENTON

I don't know.

Maybe she's ugly.

Maybe she just likes it. What does it matter? Why does it have to be something negative? You're always so negative.

CASPER

I'm a realist.

DENTON

No, I'm a realist. You're--some other word. Whatever word means distressed. But, like, always. All the time.

*From off, the faint sound of  
an approaching motorcycle.*

CASPER

(Hearing the  
motorcycle)

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 13.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

I told you, it's just the corn. You see? You're looking for something to worry about because you need something to stress over.

CASPER

No, shut up! Listen.

*The motorcycle approaches.*

DENTON

It's like you don't know how to function without something to freak out about.

CASPER

Denton, shut up!

*The motorcycle approaches.*

CASPER

You don't hear that?

*The motorcycle approaches.*

DENTON

(Hearing it)

Oh. Wait, yeah.

That's a motorcycle.

CASPER

(Seeing the rider in  
the distance)

OH! HEY! Oh, thank God! HELP! PLEASE HELP!

DENTON

I told you someone would come. You worry too much, dude.

CASPER

Denton, I swear to fuck, I will fucking shove that bong so far down your throat it comes out your ass HEY! HEY! OVER HERE!

*The motorcycle approaches.*

CASPER

PLEASE STOP! HELP! HEY!

*The motorcycle approaches.*

CASPER

HEY!

(CONTINUED)



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altitude, daniel prillaman, 14.  
CONTINUED:

*The motorcycle approaches.*

CASPER  
They're not slowing down.

DENTON  
They will.

CASPER  
No, seriously, they're not slowing down.

DENTON  
(Looking)  
Oh shit.

*The motorcycle approaches.*

CASPER  
HEY!! HEY STOP! PLEASE!

*The motorcycle approaches.*

CASPER  
HEY!

*CASPER dives for cover as the  
motorcycle drives right past  
them.*

DENTON  
Huh.

CASPER  
FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING FUCK! YOU MOTHERFUCKING FUCK  
FUCKERING MOTHERFUCKER! YOU PIECE OF SHIT! YOU FUCKING PIECE  
OF FUCK!

*After that, the sound of  
screeching brakes, bringing  
the motorcycle to a halt.*

CASPER  
Oh, shit!

DENTON  
Is that a cop?

CASPER  
That is a cop.

DENTON  
Oh, shit!

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 15.  
CONTINUED:

*DENTON scrambles to return the bong to the trunk and hide the evidence of his recreation.*

CASPER

Oh my god I just cussed out a cop. Oh fuck. Oh shit oh Christ oh fuck. What do we do? What do I do? Denton?

DENTON

Little busy.

CASPER

Oh my god he's walking over. Fuck. Ohhhhh no. Oh no. No no no no no no no no.

(Calling over)

HI! I'M SORRY. SORRY ABOUT THAT. IF YOU HEARD THAT? DID YOU HEAR THAT? I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT.

DENTON

Okay. I think we're okay.

CASPER

What?

DENTON

What?

*ABBY enters, dressed in leathers, helmet, and stylish shades.*

CASPER

Hi! I am so sorry, sir.

ABBY

Boys.

CASPER

Ma'am. Miss. Officer Ma'am. I'm sorry.

ABBY

Having car trouble, are we?

CASPER

Yes. Uh--

ABBY

Officer Abigail Wolf. At your service, gentlemen. You may call me Abby, in fact, I would prefer it. Don't much particularly like the term "Officer." Instills a bit too much awkward intimidation into the proceedings. Especially these days. Where you boys off to? Looking snazzy, I might add.

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 16.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Uh, Kansas City.

OFFICER G

(To DENTON)

You all right, there, handsome?

DENTON

(Maybe after a  
stifled cough)

You betcha, Abby.

ABBY

That's what I like to hear.

What's bringing you sharply dressed, fine-looking gentlemen  
to Cowtown?

CASPER

Um...my, um, sister's wedding.

ABBY

You two gay?

CASPER

What?

DENTON

I prefer boobs, but if the guy's hot.

ABBY

I hear that.

CASPER

No, we're not--I mean, I am--but, we're not--he's my  
roommate.

DENTON

(Extending his hand)

Denton.

ABBY

(Taking it)

Abby.

Why you off to your roommate's sister's wedding, Denton?  
Just being a good friend?

DENTON

As much as I can be.

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 17.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Um--

ABBY

(To CASPER)

So what's wrong with the ship?

CASPER

What?

ABBY

Battery?

CASPER

Oh, we, uh--can't figure out what's wrong. It won't start.

ABBY

Let's have a look.

(Crossing to the open  
hood)

Hope it's not your alternator.

CASPER

Yeah, me too.

ABBY

(Checking out the  
innards of the hood)

Well. I don't see anything too fuckered up. Not to the naked  
eye, at least.

You want to hop in the cockpit, give her a whirl?

CASPER

(Crossing to do so)

Yes, Officer.

ABBY

Abby.

(To CASPER)

YO!

*CASPER stops.*

ABBY

...

CASPER

Abby.

ABBY

There we go.

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 18.  
CONTINUED:

*CASPER opens the car and gets  
into the driver's seat.*

*He puts the keys into the  
ignition and turns.*

*Nothing.*

ABBY

Uh huh.

Have you turned the key?

CASPER

Yeah!

*Still nothing.*

ABBY

Hoo doggy. You in drive?

CASPER

What?

ABBY

Are you in drive?!

CASPER

The car won't start!

ABBY

Okay.

Okay.

*ABBY gives a "kill it"  
gesture.*

*CASPER takes the keys and gets  
out of the car.*

ABBY

Okay, so...

Your car is not starting.

CASPER

...

ABBY

You have insurance?

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 19.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Yeah. I've tried to call, I haven't been able to get a signal out here.

ABBY

No need to be testy, darling. Just trying to help.

CASPER

I'm sorry.

ABBY

You ever cuss out a cop before?

*Beat.*

CASPER

No.

ABBY

Because I could write you up just for that, you know. Especially these days.

I could fuck you up.

Car would be the least of your problems.

What's your name?

CASPER

Casper.

ABBY

All right, friendly ghost. Let's relax the tone a bit, shall we?

CASPER

Yes, Off--.

Abby.

ABBY

Good.

Now, gentlemen, it so happens that this is a dead zone. Signals don't come easy out here. Hell, our radios don't work half the time.

But seeing as I am an officer of the law, I am not one to turn two mostly lovely gentlemen such as yourselves away in their time of need. I can give one of you a lift to a service station, get you all taken care of.

(To CASPER)

I'm assuming that one will be you. Correct?

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 20.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Yeah. Sure.

ABBY

I will do this. If and only if you do one thing for me.

CASPER

What's that?

ABBY

Wear a helmet.

*She removes her helmet and  
does an imposing, possibly  
lengthy hair flip. Wowee woo.*

*She tosses the helmet to  
CASPER.*

ABBY

Safety first.

DENTON

What about you?

ABBY

Don't tell on me, will you? That way we can all also pretend  
that I don't smell what we all know I smell. Sound good?

DENTON

You got it, Abby.

ABBY

I like you more than him.

(To CASPER)

Come on, convince me otherwise.

CASPER

Uh...

ABBY

(Moving to exit)

Chop chop.

CASPER

What?

ABBY

Let's go.

CASPER

(Following, sort of)

Right. Um...

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 21.  
CONTINUED:

Keys.  
DENTON

Uh, right.  
CASPER

*CASPER tosses the car keys to  
DENTON as ABBY exits.*

Come on, Ghost.  
ABBY  
(Off)

I'm coming!  
CASPER

*CASPER exits.*

*DENTON watches them go.*

*The motorcycle starts up in  
the distance and disappears.*

*Silence.*

*The corn rustles.*

*DENTON looks towards the  
sound.*

*Lights fade.*

### III

*In the darkness, flame from a  
cheap lighter.*

*It vanishes.*

*It appears.*

*It vanishes.*

*It appears.*

*It vanishes.*

*This continues as the lights  
rise to reveal DENTON and  
SHITRAT, later in the day.*

(CONTINUED)



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altitude, daniel prillaman, 22.  
CONTINUED:

*DENTON sits in the lawn chair,  
playing with the lighter.*

*He is wearing the deer mask.*

*SHITRAT, unmasked, rests with  
her back against the car,  
musing. A black sack rests  
next to her, about the size of  
a severed head.*

*They have retrieved the drug  
paraphernalia from the car and  
have clearly been smoking.*

SHITRAT

I mean, to me, there's not really any deeper meaning to it. You know? Unless there's something going on subconsciously that I'm not aware of. Which, I admit, of course, could be true. I just like how it looks and how I feel when I'm wearing it. I am suddenly greater than myself. I'm not me anymore. I am powerful. Sibylline. A goddess in the flesh.

People can do such disrespectful things with anonymity. They don't realize that it is a privilege. And far too often it is not taken away from them. In the right hands, it is simply the tool of a seasoned artisan. An embellishment.

It turns me into my own muse.

Do you feel it?

*Beat.*

*SHITRAT hits him.*

DENTON  
(Snapping out of the  
daze)

Mmm.

SHITRAT  
What do you feel, Denton?

DENTON  
...

Confused.

(Removing the mask)  
What does sibineen mean?

SHITRAT  
What?

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 23.  
CONTINUED:

Sibineen. DENTON

Sibylline? SHITRAT

Yes. DENTON

Mythology. SHITRAT

No, sibyllneen. DENTON

Greek mythology. SHITRAT

Have you never read mythology?

I don't have books. DENTON

What do you do? SHITRAT

I work. DENTON

For fun. SHITRAT

You burn shit down?

Not really. DENTON

Then what do you do? SHITRAT

Just...whatever. DENTON

What do you like to do? SHITRAT

*Beat.*

I like to smoke. DENTON

... SHITRAT

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 24.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

I watch T.V.

That's pretty much it.

SHITRAT

You don't aspire to anything?

DENTON

Why?

I'm pretty content already.

I don't need much.

SHITRAT

So why are you out here, then? You're not watching T.V.  
right now.

DENTON

Um...my roommate, Casper? We were going to Kansas City to  
stop his sister's wedding.

SHITRAT

To stop the wedding?

DENTON

Yeah.

SHITRAT

That's a more dramatic choice.

DENTON

Right?! It was gonna be good.

...

I don't know if we'll make it in time now. I told Casper we  
would but that was just to try and calm him down. He worries  
too much.

It was gonna be something.

We might still make it, who knows? First time I've ever seen  
a cop come in handy.

SHITRAT

...

A sibyl was a woman in ancient Greece who voiced prophecies  
of the Gods.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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altitude, daniel prillaman, 25.

CONTINUED:

SHITRAT (cont'd)

They could read the future and shit. Sibyl. Sibylline.  
Prophetic. And mysterious.

DENTON

Sick.

*Beat.*

SHITRAT

I'm sorry.

DENTON

Why?

SHITRAT

You're not going to make it in time for the wedding.

DENTON

Yeah. Probably not. Poor dude.

SHITRAT

She's not a cop.

DENTON

(Not alarmed, just  
stoned)

...

What?

SHITRAT

Abby.

She's not taking your friend to a service station.

DENTON

She's not?

SHITRAT

No.

DENTON

Why not?

SHITRAT

Because. I just told you. She's not a cop.

DENTON

She's not?

SHITRAT

No.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 26.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON  
Are you a cop?

SHITRAT  
No.

DENTON  
Woah.

Am I a cop?

SHITRAT  
No.

DENTON  
Woah.

Wait. So did she just, like, kidnap him? Is he okay?

SHITRAT  
Not exactly.

DENTON  
Not exactly kidnapped or not exactly okay?

SHITRAT  
Both. Well, maybe. I don't know. She's coming back. Is it still considered a kidnapping if she comes back?

DENTON  
Um, I think? Because you still took him against his will. Presumably. Oh, but he did go willingly...I don't know. What are they doing? I guess it would depend on whether or not what they're doing is positive or negative.

SHITRAT  
Right. It's not really a positive.

DENTON  
Okay. So it probably is a kidnapping then. Technically.

Oh, shit! Um--

...

...

Well, if he's coming back...

SHITRAT  
Yeah, he'll be back.

We just gotta wait.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 27.

CONTINUED:

SHITRAT (cont'd)

Wanna pack another bowl?

DENTON

Yeah!

*DENTON begins to pack another bowl.*

DENTON

Man. I feel bad for him, man. First, his car breaks. Then he technically gets kidnapped.

What are they doing?

SHITRAT

She's collaring him.

DENTON

Collaring?

SHITRAT

Yeah.

DENTON

Like, with markers?

SHITRAT

No. Collaring. Like a collar. Round the neck.

DENTON

Ohhhhhhhh. Whaaat?! Oh shit.

Why?

SHITRAT

(Suddenly rigid, in a robot voice)

BEEP. Maybe if you fucking used that useless, stoned mess inside your cranium for a minute, you'd figure it out, you smelly, no amount of body-spray covers it up burnout. BEEP.

DENTON

Whaaaaat?!

SHITRAT

...!

Okay! No, um--that's--that's not right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

DENTON

What?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 28.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

I didn't mean to say that. I couldn't help it. I'm really sorry.

DENTON

What the fuck?

SHITRAT

There's this voice in my head, you know? I can't get rid of it. I've had it forever. And sometimes it tells me to say things. Sometimes really mean things.

DENTON

Yeah, you should keep those kinds of thoughts in your head.

SHITRAT

But I don't want to say them! It makes me say them. I literally can't stop myself. Like, chemically. The signals go through. I don't actually think like that.

DENTON

You should keep those kinds of thoughts in your head.

SHITRAT

...

I know. I'm sorry.

DENTON

Do you really think I smell?

SHITRAT

No, I don't.

DENTON

Then what the fuck?

SHITRAT

I can't help it. I really am so sorry.

DENTON

You should be.

SHITRAT

...

DENTON

That is fucked up.

*DENTON finishes packing the bowl and takes a hit from the bong.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 29.  
CONTINUED:

*Exhales.*

*Coughs.*

DENTON

Why would you do that?

*He takes another hit or burps  
and hands the bong to SHITRAT.*

*She takes it, but doesn't take  
a hit.*

*Beat.*

*SHITRAT sighs and sets the  
bong on the ground.*

*She reaches into the black  
sack and pulls out a metal,  
chrome, futuristic collar.*

*She looks from the collar to  
DENTON to us in the audience.*

SHITRAT

(To the audience)

I don't really want any of you watching this part, so...

(Yelling to the  
technicians, giving  
a "kill the lights"  
gesture)

Can we, uh--can we cut the lights, please? Or something?

*Blackout.*

SHITRAT

(In the darkness)

Thank you!

#### IV - THE DOPE

*Darkness.*

*Silence.*

*Or maybe the corn rustles.*

*Or maybe the sounds of a semi-  
lengthy, eventful kerfuffle.*

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 30.  
CONTINUED:

*Maybe a combination of all  
three.*

*SFX: Clap clap.*

*Unblackout.*

*DENTON sits in the lawn chair,  
the metal collar now around  
his neck. He is stoned out of  
his mind.*

*CASPER is back, sitting with  
his back against the car, a  
metal collar around his neck.  
He is sporting the beginning  
stages of a fresh black eye,  
as well as handcuffed and  
gagged with ABBY'S gloves.*

*SHITRAT stands semi-  
reluctantly off to the side,  
no collar, mask back on (NOTE:  
While she starts this scene  
masked, from this point on the  
actor may determine time and  
place of mask usage, unless  
specifically noted otherwise).*

*ABBY is also back. She is  
twirling her motorcycle keys  
around her finger.*

ABBY

All right! Now that we are all settled. Nod if you  
comprehend me. I am holding up one finger.

*SHITRAT nods.*

*CASPER and DENTON don't.*

ABBY

What the fuck, you two?

*CASPER nods.*

*DENTON doesn't.*

ABBY

Denton?

DENTON

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 31.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
(Through his gag)  
Denton!

DENTON  
(Hearing something,  
not sure what)

...

SHITRAT  
Denton.

DENTON  
...

Yeah?

ABBY  
How fucking high is he?

CASPER  
(Through his gag)  
Very.

DENTON  
What's up?

ABBY  
You got any idea what's going on, handsome?

DENTON  
...

We're collaring.

*Beat.*

*DENTON thinks of something  
that causes him to laugh  
quietly and without ability to  
exhibit restraint.*

ABBY  
Fuck it. Good enough.  
(Holding up the  
motorcycle keys)  
These! Are the only keys to a working mode of transportation  
in our vicinity.

*ABBY heaves the keys into the  
cornfield. They are lost  
forever in the ether.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 32.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

They are now lost forever in the ether. That means that none of us are going anywhere.

I know you probably have a lot of questions about intent and purpose. I will maybe answer them. But first, I promise. Unless you fuck shit up, no harm will come to you while I am in charge of overseeing you. Nod if you comprehend me.

*CASPER nods.*

ABBY

Good.

(To DENTON)

Denton?

*DENTON is still chuckling at whatever made him laugh.*

ABBY

(To CASPER)

Look, you're clearly the runner in this situation, so I'll address you directly. There's no getting away. Too far to run. And that new necklace of yours makes it even more pointless. You have to accept your situation. Now. All right? You are not getting away. Nod.

Nod.

*CASPER nods.*

ABBY

Don't think about hope. Don't get ideas. They're only going to make things worse.

Now in a second, I'm going to take those gloves out of your mouth. And those handcuffs off your wrists. And we're all going to be chill. Cool. Like cucumbers. Right?

*CASPER nods.*

ABBY

Good.

*DENTON'S laughter becomes more of an interruption.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 33.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY  
Do you need water or something?  
(To CASPER, re: the  
car)

You got water in there?  
(To SHITRAT)  
Will you, like, get him a water?

*SHITRAT moves to get DENTON a  
bottle of water from the  
cooler in the car trunk.*

*ABBY walks to CASPER and  
removes the gloves from his  
mouth.*

ABBY  
He going to be okay?

CASPER  
He's just high.

*THEY both watch SHITRAT  
attempt to hand the bottle of  
water to DENTON.*

*It is remarkably more  
difficult than we might  
expect.*

ABBY  
Pour it on him!

*SHITRAT hears the order, then  
unscrews the cap and pours  
some of the bottle over  
DENTON'S head.*

*Nothing much changes.*

*SHITRAT pours the whole  
bottle.*

*Nothing much changes.*

ABBY  
Good god.

CASPER  
He'll be fine. As far as the weed.

What are you going to do to us?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 34.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

I told you. Nothing.

(Beginning to remove  
the handcuffs)

Now, I can't make the same promise for who's picking you up.  
But I'll try and make sure they won't treat you too bad.

CASPER

Who's picking us up?

ABBY

(Smiling)

...

You'll see.

CASPER

(A horrific  
realization)

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

ABBY

Okay, but, let me get these off.

CASPER

Oh my god!

ABBY

What?

CASPER

We're being sex trafficked!

ABBY

What?

CASPER

Oh my god!

ABBY

No! God, no. I'm not sex trafficking you.

CASPER

(Overlapping)

I'm being sex trafficked! I'm too young! I'm too old!

ABBY

Jesus Christ! No! No!

CASPER

My butthole!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 35.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

You've got the wrong idea!

CASPER

I have sensitive asshole skin! I need access to a very particular regimen!

ABBY

I AM NOT SEX TRAFFICKING YOU!!

CASPER

...

You obviously are.

ABBY

NO! I AM NOT! I swear to everything, I am not.  
(Finally getting the  
handcuffs off)

Jesus.

CASPER

...

Then what is this?

ABBY

(Thinking)

...

Okay. Picture you're a human shopping in a grocery store. You walk around the corner and you find out they're giving away free samples. Something sick, like baklava or cocaine. And you want as many as you can have, naturally. So you walk up, get one, leave. Go change into different clothing. Walk back up, get another, leave. Change into different clothing. Walk back up, get another, leave. Eventually, you take all the samples they have to offer and you sell them to your usual contact who compensates you plentifully.

In this scenario, this...

(Gesturing everywhere  
around)

...is the grocery store. You two are the free samples. And nobody is changing their clothing.

*Beat.*

DENTON

Oh my god, guys, it's raining.

*ABBY looks over to DENTON.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 36.  
CONTINUED:

*CASPER takes the chance moment  
to burst up and take off  
running in the opposite  
direction.*

ABBY  
(Looking back)

HEY!

*CASPER exits.*

ABBY  
(Yelling after)

WHAT THE FUCK?!

What did I just fucking say?!

*ABBY sighs.*

*SHITRAT watches as ABBY opens  
a pocket and removes a small  
remote with a single button  
(or many tiny ones).*

*She presses the remote and we  
hear a comically loud, warped  
"AIIIEEEE" scream (or a  
straight-up Wilhelm scream, go  
for it) from CASPER offstage.*

*ABBY continues to operate the  
remote as we hear CASPER  
continue to emit mouth sounds.*

CASPER (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK?!

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME? MY LEGS!

MY LEEEEEE--

*CASPER'S voice cuts out,  
suddenly muffled.*

*ABBY continues to operate the  
remote.*

*CASPER re-enters, walking  
stock-legged and stiff, like  
his legs are not under his  
control. 'Cause they aren't.*

*He marches directly to ABBY.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 37.  
CONTINUED:

*She gets in his face, wiggling  
the remote in front of his  
eyes.*

ABBY

I told you that collar was going to make running pointless.

I'm disappointed, Ghost.

*ABBY presses the remote and  
CASPER swivels, walking  
towards the trunk of the car.*

ABBY

I'm going to send you to a little time-out. You clearly need  
some more time to come to terms with what's happening here.

*CASPER, struggling, but unable  
to stop himself, gets into the  
trunk of the car.*

*He grabs the trunk door.*

ABBY

Say "bye," everyone!

*SHITRAT waves  
unenthusiastically.*

*DENTON waves enthusiastically,  
but in a different direction.*

ABBY

(Waving)

Byeeeeeeee!

*CASPER shuts himself in the  
trunk.*

ABBY

Fuck!

They always run. Why do they always run?

DENTON

Wait...

Where's Casper?

ABBY

...

He's in the trunk.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 38.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON  
Why is Casper in the trunk?

ABBY  
Oh my god.

DENTON  
Is he getting snacks?

ABBY  
No.

DENTON  
Awwwww. I want snacks.

*ABBY sighs and presses the remote.*

*The trunk opens a little, burps out a big bag of chips, then closes again.*

DENTON  
Yaaaaaay.

ABBY  
(Eyeing the bong)  
Is that thing packed?

*SHITRAT nods.*

*ABBY crosses to the bong and takes a hit.*

*Exhales.*

*Perhaps coughs.*

V

*Time passes.*

*SHITRAT picks up the chips, opens the bag, and eats some.*

*She offers some to ABBY, who declines.*

*SHITRAT tosses the bag to DENTON, who goes to town.*

*They all wait.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 39.  
CONTINUED:

*And smoke.*

*And wait.*

*DENTON slumps over, asleep.*

*He starts snoring.*

*Silence.*

*The corn rustles behind them.*

*ABBY looks back towards the  
sound.*

*SHITRAT does not.*

Fuck was that?  
ABBY

It's just the corn.  
SHITRAT

I don't remember corn ever doing that.  
ABBY

You get used to it.  
SHITRAT

...  
ABBY  
(Grunting)

*Beat.*

Hey, how you been?  
ABBY

Pretty okay. Mostly. Can't complain.  
SHITRAT

Can't imagine he gave you much trouble.  
ABBY  
(Re: DENTON)

No. It was fine.  
SHITRAT

Good.  
ABBY

*Beat.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 40.  
CONTINUED:

*The corn rustles.*

ABBY

Fuck me!

SHITRAT

...

ABBY

See that doesn't sound like corn. It sounds like...evil corn.

SHITRAT

It's just corn. It's not evil.

ABBY

It wants revenge. It's on tainted ground. And it knows.

Fuck, this shit is strong. It did not use to affect me this much.

SHITRAT

Hey, Abby?

ABBY

Huh?

SHITRAT

How long until your friends get here?

ABBY

Ohhhh, math. We put the collars on...two, three hours ago?

SHITRAT

Sure.

ABBY

Proolly night? Middle of the night? Early morning but like still dark early morning. Or dawn. I don't know. We're here until they get here.

Don't worry, I'll make sure you get your cut.

SHITRAT

Yeah.

I've been thinking, actually...

ABBY

...

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 41.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

...

Business has been going well, and I'm--super grateful and thankful that you've included me as long as you have. Most people don't let me stick around as long as you have.

And I was--

ABBY

Stop.

Are you quitting?

SHITRAT

...

I was just thinking about maybe stopping sooner rather than later maybe.

ABBY

What do you want? More money?

SHITRAT

No, I--I'm good. I've been saving up.

I've just been thinking maybe it's time for me to--move on.

ABBY

(Grunting)

...

*Beat.*

SHITRAT

I won't tell anyone.

ABBY

I know you won't.

I'm just surprised. Thought this day was still a ways off.

SHITRAT

It's always been easier for you. Than it has for me.

ABBY

...

(Positioning the bong  
for another hit)

What are you going to do? I mean, you got a plan?

SHITRAT

I was thinking about moving west.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 42.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

Where west?

*ABBY pulls from the bong.*

SHITRAT

(Suddenly rigid, in a  
robot voice)

BEEP BOOP. Doesn't really matter as long as it's far away  
from you.

*ABBY coughs and spit-takes  
smoke.*

SHITRAT

(Still rigid, still  
in a robot voice)

Maybe then you'll realize that being a cunt isn't a  
personality. Also your hair is shit. BEEP.

ABBY

(Coughing)

Fuck.

SHITRAT

Oh my god! Oh my god, I didn't mean that. I didn't mean  
that, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean that.

ABBY

You still doing that, then?

SHITRAT

I can't stop myself.

ABBY

(Overlapping)

You can't stop yourself.

*SHITRAT retreats into her  
mask.*

*ABBY sees, silently debating  
what she wants to say and how  
to say it.*

*Finally:*

ABBY

It's okay. I know you didn't mean nothing by it.

SHITRAT

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 43.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY  
Where out west?

SHITRAT  
...

Idaho?

ABBY  
Why?

SHITRAT  
I don't know, I...I've never been.

ABBY  
Far out.

...

Look, you don't want to stay, I won't force you. No hard feelings.

You did say it yourself, though. Not everybody is as nice as me. Hope you're able to find someone else that'll let you stick around.

*Beat.*

SHITRAT  
Yeah, it was just something I was thinking about. Long-term.  
Not necessarily right now.

ABBY  
Cool.

SHITRAT  
...

ABBY  
...

SHITRAT  
Hey.

You don't have any of that other stuff? On you? Do you?

ABBY  
The good shit?

SHITRAT  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 44.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY  
(Chuckling)

...

I might.

Why you ask?

SHITRAT  
I don't really want to feel like myself right now.

I know that's probably not healthy, exactly--

ABBY  
Dude, fuck healthy. If you want to get higher, I got you.

*SHITRAT nods.*

*ABBY nods.*

*SFX: Clap clap.*

*Blackout.*

INTERLUDE - MEANWHILE, IN THE TRUNK

*Darkness.*

*A whistling, trippy synth  
soundscape fades in.*

*The sound of VOICE, deep,  
calm, commanding.*

*NOTE: None of the lines in  
this scene are spoken aloud.  
They are voices and thoughts  
floating through the ether.*

VOICE  
The trunk is a magical place.

*Small, contained light slowly  
reveals CASPER.*

*He takes in the sensory  
deprivation and the ether.*

VOICE  
The trunk is a beautiful place.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

altitude, daniel prillaman, 45.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

VOICE

Listen to the sounds of the trunk.

CASPER

Oh my god what the hell is happening?

VOICE

You are in the trunk. It is beautiful.

CASPER

No, it's not. No, it's not.

VOICE

Yes. It is.

CASPER

No, it's not.

VOICE

Well, it could be. If you adjusted your attitude.

CASPER

Who are you?

VOICE

I am no one. Or everyone. Or both. Or neither.

CASPER

What?

VOICE

We are all part of the ether, Casper.

CASPER

How do you know my name?

VOICE

Because you know your name.

CASPER

What?

VOICE

Exactly. It's beautiful.

CASPER

I'm dreaming. I fell asleep. This is all a dream and I'm just still really high.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 46.  
CONTINUED:

VOICE

Nope! It's happening.

CASPER

But none of this makes any sense! She controlled my legs!

VOICE

You stopped using them.

CASPER

Because...she controlled them.

VOICE

Ahah! Like the chicken and the egg.

CASPER

No.

VOICE

The rutabaga and the rutabaga tree.

CASPER

...

VOICE

Are you familiar with the concept of ejaculate?

CASPER

...

I am definitely still high.

EVIL CASPER

Okay, I gotta step in for a minute, here.

VOICE

Welcome!

CASPER

Who the fuck are you?

EVIL CASPER

You know who it is, bitch.

CASPER

Oh god. Evil Casper.

EVIL CASPER

In yo diiiiiiiick!

CASPER

Go away.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 47.  
CONTINUED:

EVIL CASPER

Nah. Listen, bud. You're not still high! Think about it. How much time has passed? You're just literally unable to handle your shit.

VOICE

All the shit.

EVIL CASPER

Now, if you want my advice--

CASPER

No.

EVIL CASPER

Bitch! Let me finish.

CASPER

You're not going to say anything helpful. You never say anything helpful.

EVIL CASPER

That's not true. What about the time in college I taught you how to do a perfect keg stand?

CASPER

I can literally pinpoint that to one of the worst weeks of my life.

EVIL CASPER

You pussy, every week is the worst week of your life.

VOICE

All the weeks.

CASPER

Look, I know we've had our differences, but I would really appreciate it if you didn't pull me down right now.

EVIL CASPER

That's what I was gonna say!

CASPER

What?

EVIL CASPER

Don't pull me down. That's how you're going to get out of this.

VOICE

Oh. The plot thickens.

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

altitude, daniel prillaman, 48.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER/EVIL CASPER

Shut the fuck up!!

*Beat.*

CASPER

What do you mean?

EVIL CASPER

You want out of this? Let me in the driver's seat.

CASPER

That's rarely ever been a good idea.

EVIL CASPER

Let me fucking finish!!

You and I both know that you're gonna freak. You're freaking right now. Let me take over for a bit. Bide our time. Sooner or later, this bitch is gonna open the trunk. We just gotta wait for the right moment to run.

CASPER

But my legs.

EVIL CASPER

She can't control your legs if we swipe that remote.

CASPER

...

VOICE

That is a good point.

EVIL CASPER

We just need to wait for the right moment.

CASPER

How do I know you're not just going to fuck around and do whatever you want?

EVIL CASPER

Well, you don't. But you should trust me.

CASPER

Why?

EVIL CASPER

Because I fucking said so!

CASPER

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 49.  
CONTINUED:

EVIL CASPER  
What's it gonna be, buttmunch?

CASPER

...

*Suddenly, light explodes  
outwards, revealing the car,  
the cornfield, and everybody.*

*ABBY'S opened the trunk.*

*CASPER reacts, momentarily  
blinded by the sudden light.*

*He meets ABBY'S gaze.*

*ABBY speaks, aloud, for the  
first time in the scene:*

ABBY  
So, uh...we're all going to smoke some alien drugs. You want  
any?

CASPER

...

ABBY  
You got to promise not to run again, though. I can't be  
dealing with that shit all night.

CASPER

...

(Trying to talk)

...

ABBY  
Oh, fuck. Right.

*ABBY presses the remote.*

CASPER  
[Ad-libbed sound of finally being able to use your voice  
again after it was taken away].

ABBY  
What's it going to be?

CASPER

...

Yeah, fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 50.  
CONTINUED:

*A beat drops. Something to  
montage to.*

OTHER INTERLUDE - DANCE PARTY

*Everyone takes a good three  
minutes and thirty seconds  
MINIMUM to smoke some alien  
drugs and mentally journey  
through the cosmos.*

*ABBY packs the bong.*

*SHITRAT tries to lose herself.*

*CASPER tries to freak less.*

*DENTON eventually wakes up and  
participates.*

*They all get FUCKED up.*

*There is most definitely a  
dance party.*

*Choreograph that shit.*

*The audience should be  
encouraged to join the dance  
if they are not too high  
themselves.*

*A strange kinship forms  
amongst everyone, whether by  
necessity or desire or a  
little of both. Or neither.*

*Eventually, the music fades or  
stops, and everybody sits for  
a spell.*

*And the sun finally starts to  
set.*

*Over the following scene, it  
will give way to the magic  
gleam of night.*

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 51.

SCENE 8

*The foursome are in the middle  
of a game.*

*The corn rustles.*

*But nobody looks.*

CASPER  
Okay! Okay okay okay. I got one.

ABBY  
Hit it.

*Everyone holds out an arm,  
thumb extended sideways.*

CASPER  
Are we going to make it in time to stop the wedding?

SHITRAT  
(Pff'ing)  
...

*CASPER, ABBY, and SHITRAT all  
turn their thumbs down.*

*DENTON stays sideways.*

CASPER  
Yup! Hahaha.

ABBY  
(Noticing DENTON)  
Ah! Wait, wait--

SHITRAT  
Really?

CASPER  
Really?

DENTON  
You don't know. What time is it?

CASPER  
It's like...6 ish. The sun is setting!

DENTON  
What time does the wedding start?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 52.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
Like...two hours ago. That was the joke. That was the bit.

DENTON  
Oh.

Still, you never know.

CASPER  
(Laughing)

...

Fuck it. I don't care anymore. I don't. She's fucked. I don't care. She doesn't fucking love him. That's her problem. I'm at--I'm at such a good altitude right now. I feel better than I have ever felt in my life. Ever. Abby. Abby. Abby, this shit. This shit is amazing. Abby.

ABBY  
Hey. Mi drugs es su drugs.

CASPER  
I bow to you.

ABBY  
Oh, that's--not necessary. Who's next?

SHITRAT  
Denton.

DENTON  
...

ABBY  
Dent!

DENTON  
No, I know. I'm just thinking. Gotta think of a good one.

*DENTON thinks.*

*Everyone waits.*

DENTON  
Okay.

*Everyone extends an arm and thumb.*

DENTON  
What animal would you want to be?

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

altitude, daniel prillaman, 53.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY/SHITRAT

Dude/Denton.

CASPER

That's not a yes or no question you dumb fuck.

DENTON

Right. Do you want to be an animal?

*CASPER stays sideways.*

*ABBY turns her thumb down.*

*SHITRAT and DENTON turn their thumbs up.*

CASPER

Do we keep our current level of intelligence?

DENTON

No. You get the intelligence of whatever you change to.

CASPER

Okay.

*CASPER turns his thumb down.*

DENTON

Really?! You, like, hate your life.

CASPER

Of course I do! Of course I do! But it's what I have. Do I hate it? Yes! But I don't like the idea of losing everything I know. I mean, what am I, then? If I'm not me?

SHITRAT

That's just fear of the unknown.

CASPER

Yeah, and I believe an old, racist white guy said the greatest fear is fear of the unknown.

SHITRAT

...

Think about what you just said.

CASPER

...

ABBY

Ghost, we fucking agree. I like me. I know what I am. I'm not giving that up for any peace of mind.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 54.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

But that's the point! You wouldn't have to worry about human  
shit anymore. You wouldn't have the concept.

ABBY

I already don't worry about human shit. It's not that hard.

SHITRAT

Oh, that's easy for you to say.

DENTON

I would be a gorilla. Or a horse. Or a lizard.

No! A llama.

SHITRAT

Why a llama?

DENTON

I don't know. But it feels right.

ABBY

(Laughing)

...

SHITRAT

I like llamas.

CASPER

They freak me out.

ABBY/DENTON

Everything freaks you out.

CASPER

(Flipping the bird)

...

SHITRAT

My turn.

*Everyone extends an arm and  
thumb.*

SHITRAT

Do you believe in God?

*A collective groan from the  
other three as CASPER turns  
his thumb down.*

*DENTON stays sideways.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 55.  
CONTINUED:

*SHITRAT turns her thumb up.*

*ABBY takes her hand away and  
doesn't do any of those.*

SHITRAT

Don't groan, I'm serious.

ABBY

We're not playing the game to ask cliché bullshit.

SHITRAT

I genuinely want to know. That's how you get to know someone!

ABBY

You also walk up to people on the street and ask them, "Hi, what do you think is the cause of all the world's suffering?"

DENTON

Yeah, that's my problem.

CASPER

Goddamn right.

DENTON

It's hard to justify the bad.

SHITRAT

Okay. Forget I asked.

DENTON

Wait, let me--um...let me...

It's hard to justify the bad. But I do like the idea that the good is on purpose. Or was intended, I guess? Like... weed. Weed exists. Weed is the shit. And whether you believe God is energy or traditional bihumanoid fuckery, weed's existence means God gave us weed. Ergo, we were meant to enjoy it. There's something comforting in that.

SHITRAT

Like there's a reason for it? For the way you are?

DENTON

...

ABBY

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 56.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Pedophilia.

By that logic, God also gave us pedophilia. Where's the comfort in that? Why would God make something like child rapists? Or give me anxiety? Give you whatever it is the fuck you say you deal with? Why the fuck would a just God let good things happen to bad people?

SHITRAT

You mean why do bad things happen to good people?

CASPER

No.

*Beat.*

ABBY

Fun.

Just to see what happens?

Humans never understand. You always have to have "reasons." God did not have good intentions going into creation. Didn't have bad intentions, either. Creation is...pure mess. A hodge-podge. God was just fucking around and He did not expect us to become bigger than Him.

God is looking down on all of this in shock and fear. He is hiding like a fucking pussy because He has lost control of the situation and He knows it. He's not in charge anymore. It's a free-for-all. And He's small. He's chump change. He's a splat of gunk on the windshield of that busted ass car.

Whatever reasons you tell yourself to find comfort, explain away your shit, whatever helps you sleep, but they don't matter. Your planet is fucked. But that's okay because the whole universe is fucked. That we get up in the morning and do anything is a rebellious miracle.

But we have to. It's either that or...

...give up.

*Beat.*

*That rant hit everyone.*

DENTON

What do you mean "our planet?"

SHITRAT

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 57.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY  
I'm an alien.

Has that not been clear?

DENTON  
Oh shit.

CASPER  
...

DENTON  
Are your friends--

ABBY  
Yeah. You're going to space.

DENTON  
...

Rad.

*CASPER takes a particularly  
big breath in and out.*

SHITRAT  
(Looking at CASPER)

...

ABBY  
Is it my turn?

SHITRAT  
Yeah.

ABBY  
I don't know. I kind of want to play something else.

DENTON  
Wait! I got one more.

ABBY  
Fine. Go.

*Everyone extends an arm and  
thumb.*

*Except for CASPER maybe. He  
seems occupied by something in  
his brain. He's starting to  
fidget a little, stricken with  
a building discomfort.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 58.  
CONTINUED:

*But the others don't notice.*

DENTON  
Have you ever eaten a person?

ABBY  
What? No!

*SHITRAT turns her thumb  
sideways.*

*DENTON and ABBY stare.*

SHITRAT  
I'm not sure.

DENTON  
...

ABBY  
The fuck is that story?

CASPER  
(Starting to tap his  
leg repeatedly)  
Guys, I'm moving too fast.

ABBY  
We're done.

SHITRAT  
(Suddenly rigid, in a  
robot voice)  
BEEP. I have one last one. BEEP BOOP.

ABBY  
No.

SHITRAT  
(Still rigid, still  
in a robot voice)  
BEEP BEEP. I have crippling low self-esteem. Who wants to  
crush this pussy?! BOOP.

CASPER  
Guys.

ABBY  
...

DENTON  
Mask on or off?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 59.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

Oh my god.

CASPER

(Maybe tearing up a  
little, struggling  
to breath)

AHHH OOOOOO fuck. Goddamn it, fuck.

ABBY

Ghost?

DENTON

...

CASPER

I'm having a heart attack.

*DENTON stands and beelines to  
the trunk.*

CASPER

I'm having a heart attack.

Oh my god.

Oh my god, I'm dying.

*DENTON crosses to CASPER with  
a water and stays with him.*

DENTON

You're not dying. Hey. Hey. You're not dying.

You're having a panic attack. Drink this.

(Opening the bottle  
for CASPER and  
helping him drink)

Look at me. It's not a heart attack. Okay? It's not a heart  
attack.

CASPER

(Gasping, strained)

It is. I feel it.

DENTON

It's not. It's not. It's just a panic attack. You know that.

Drink more. Small sips.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 60.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

I don't want to--

...!

DENTON

Just look at me. Breathe. Breathe. Keep looking at me. It's not a heart attack. You're gonna be okay. It'll pass.

CASPER

(Crying)

...

...!

DENTON

Just breathe. Look at me. Stay with me. Just breathe.

CASPER

(Moans and wails of  
heretofore  
unexpended pain)

...!

...

...!

DENTON

Let it out. Just keep looking at me. Breathe. You're gonna be okay. I promise. Nobody's judging you. You're gonna be okay. Okay?

CASPER

(Nodding)

...

DENTON

You're gonna be okay. Just breathe. Keep looking at me.

CASPER

...

...

*The corn rustles.*

SHITRAT

...

ABBY

...

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 61.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

...

DENTON

...

*ABBY stands and looks to the audience.*

*She makes a decision and signals the technicians, giving a "kill the lights" gesture.*

*Blackout.*

INTERMISSION (MANDATORY)

*Darkness.*

*A whistling, trippy synth soundscape fades in.*

VOICE (V.O)

This is not the end of the play.

You may not have been thinking that, I don't know.

Casper is fine. It was just a panic attack.

And he was acting. This was not a real emergency.

Everything in this space is a lie.

Except the fact that everyone here is probably underpaid.

After you leave tonight, you should definitely burn something down.

*Light hits ABBY.*

ABBY

Quick clarification. I have been instructed to inform everyone we are not actually advocating for you to commit arson.

*Light hits DENTON.*

DENTON

No. We're saying don't get caught.

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 62.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

What the fuck?

DENTON

...

Nor can our producing company be held liable for any fires, this evening or in perpetuity, created by those viewing the show tonight.

*Light hits SHITRAT.*

SHITRAT

While we're paused, can I address one thing that's been bothering me?

DENTON

Sure.

ABBY

Shoot.

SHITRAT

How is it possible that we've been on the side of the road and not a single car has passed by this whole time?

VOICE (V.O.)

You don't know that.

SHITRAT

Yeah, we do. We would have seen it.

DENTON

I don't think we should start talking plot holes.

ABBY

I do. What was all that Evil Casper shit?

SHITRAT

Seconded.

DENTON

Okay. Yeah, Evil Casper just hates regular Casper.

ABBY

But is he, like, a separate person?

DENTON

It's like a personality tic. He comes out when he's high.

*Light hits CASPER.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 63.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

Au contraire, mon fur. I am there all the time. Waiting.

SHITRAT

Why?

DENTON

Because he wants to kill him.

CASPER

Woah woah woah woah woah. I don't want to kill him. That would ruin the fun. I just want what's worst for him.

ABBY

What?

CASPER

Look, I don't know, it's a fucking metaphor.

Anybody else got any questions?

*Beat.*

VOICE (V.O.)

Will there be a talkback after the show?

EVERYONE ELSE

[Vehemently ad-libbed no's].

*The lights cut out.*

INTERMISSION (OPTIONAL)

*Should you desire an interval of any kind for pee breaks, muscle stretching, bowl packing, capitalistic whoring, or anything else not mentioned here, this is probably the best place to take it.*

*If you do, please include the following line at its start:*

VOICE (V.O.)

There will now be a [length of intermission] intermission. Please use this time to relieve your urinary tracts or your bowels, stretch your muscles, pack bowls, participate in capitalistic whoring, or anything else you may wish that is not arson or otherwise illegal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 64.

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Additionally, if you leave, we will know. And we will remember.

SCENE 8 - PART II

*Lights slowly rise on the foursome, in mostly the same positions as the final moments of Scene 8.*

*Time has passed.*

*Moonlight beams down over the scene.*

*ABBY and SHITRAT look up at the sky.*

ABBY

Doesn't it usually get darker than this?

SHITRAT

Yeah. Like pitch black.

ABBY

That's weird.

SHITRAT

Yeah.

*They continue to stare at the sky.*

*CASPER is okay.*

*Rattled and traumatized.*

*But okay.*

CASPER

I'm sorry.

DENTON

You don't need to apologize, dude.

CASPER

I'm--

...

DENTON

I know.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 65.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

...

DENTON

...

CASPER

Thank you.

DENTON

Anytime.

Do you want a hit?

CASPER

Dude.

DENTON

I'm just asking.

*DENTON stands and goes  
searching for the bong to take  
a hit.*

*ABBY and SHITRAT disengage  
from the cosmos.*

ABBY

You going to be okay, Ghost?

CASPER

(Nodding)

Yeah.

Yeah, I'm sorry. That was--

We don't have to talk about it. I'm sorry.

SHITRAT

Do you want to talk about it?

CASPER

...

(Struggling with a  
choice)

...

You know, what I--this is dumb. What I could really use is a  
hug.

*Beat.*

*SHITRAT steps forward.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 66.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
Uh, sorry. No. From, uh--

*CASPER points to ABBY.*

ABBY  
I don't do hugs.

CASPER  
Please?

ABBY  
Why me?

SHITRAT  
Yeah? What's...?

CASPER  
There's nothing wrong with you.

ABBY  
So why me?

DENTON  
Just give him the hug.

ABBY  
I don't do hugs.

CASPER  
I just went through a really traumatic experience. I don't think it's too much to ask.

SHITRAT  
Is there something wrong with me?

CASPER  
No! I--

DENTON  
I'll hug you, dude.

CASPER  
It has to be from her!

ABBY  
Why?

CASPER  
Because!

All of this is your fault.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 67.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

Is it? I didn't break your jankmobile.

You know this shit's nothing personal, right? You two were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. You won't hate space, either. Hell, you might find it preferable. I'm doing you a favor.

DENTON

Just give him a hug, bro!

ABBY

...

CASPER

...

*ABBY reluctantly walks over to CASPER.*

*They begin an extremely awkward hug.*

*It's fucking weird.*

*They both wiggle and squirm.*

*First slowly.*

*Then a lot.*

*Finally:*

ABBY

(Breaking out of the hug)

What the fuck?!

CASPER

What?

ABBY

...

Were you trying to pick my pocket?

CASPER

...

No.

ABBY

You little bitch, you were going for the remote.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 68.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

No, I wasn't!

ABBY

You lying fuck!

CASPER

Fuck you! You're the fuck! Fuck you!

"We'll like space?!" Fuck off! I don't like anything! I can't even get high without having a fucking panic attack because my body doesn't know how to process feeling content!

You want me to talk about it? This is what it's like. I have chest pain. All the time. But sometimes...whenever, really, that pain decides to spread up my chest. Up my arm. Up the side of my face. And then it starts to burn. And it turns everything numb, and it feels like any second I am literally going to die. Like I am living my final moments. I'm having the last thoughts I am ever going to have and they are filled with more terror and fear than I have ever imagined, let alone felt.

And somewhere in the deep back of my mind, buried in there, I know that it's just a panic attack, because I have them all the time. But my body doesn't care. My body doesn't listen. So they both tell me I'm dying. And I struggle and I scream, praying that I don't fade away into the dark nothing that is after all this.

(Pointing to DENTON)

The only thing keeping me tethered to existence are his eyes.

I hate these. I hate the shame. I hate the embarrassment. I hate how thankful I am to feel alive after them, because apparently it's the only way I know how to relieve stress!

So forgive me for trying whatever I can to keep my life in my own hands. Because it feels like it never is.

*Beat.*

ABBY

Look. I feel you. Casper. I do. But there's some things in life that you just can't control.

CASPER

...

No.

No. Fuck that. Fuck that. You--you find a way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 69.  
CONTINUED:  
CASPER (cont'd)

Gimme the remote.

ABBY

No.

CASPER

Give me the remote.

ABBY

No.

CASPER

Gimme the fucking remote.

ABBY

NO.

CASPER

I'm not asking!

ABBY

You want to go back in the fucking trunk?!

CASPER

I LOVE THE TRUNK, BITCH! IT IS A MAGICAL PLACE!

*CASPER rushes ABBY, who goes to grab the remote from her pocket.*

*As she gets it out, CASPER makes it to her and the two scuffle, each fighting to wrench the remote from the other.*

SHITRAT

Woah! Hey!

*The scuffle continues, and the remote gets pressed in the crossfire, causing DENTON to go stiff and lose control of his body.*

DENTON

WAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

*His arms, one holding the bong, fly upwards and wave about as ABBY and CASPER'S scuffle causes more button*

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 70.  
CONTINUED:

*mashing. Neither of them have  
noticed DENTON.*

SHITRAT  
(Yelling at CASPER  
and ABBY)

Hey! Stop!

DENTON  
My arms are wiggling!! My arms are wiggling!!

CASPER  
Give me the fucking remote!!

ABBY  
Let go of the fucking remote!!

SHITRAT  
GUYS!!

*More unintentional button  
mashing.*

*DENTON flails about, beholden  
to the randomness of the  
remote's controls.*

SHITRAT  
FUCKING STOP IT!!

*CASPER finally gets the  
remote.*

CASPER  
YES!!

*And DENTON, still acting from  
the remote input commands,  
swings the bong straight into  
the cornfield.*

DENTON  
NO!!!

*All goes silent.*

*Everybody stops.*

*Perhaps the sound of breaking  
glass.*

*Or perhaps nothing.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 71.  
CONTINUED:

*The bong is fucking gone.*

*Nobody moves.*

*All turn to DENTON, who stares  
after the bong.*

*The silence is heavier than  
any of them have ever felt.*

*DENTON looks to the others,  
hurt and pain in his eyes.*

CASPER

...

Denton.

I didn't mean for that to--

*DENTON turns and walks into  
the cornfield.*

ABBY

Hey!

*But DENTON is gone.*

*Beat.*

*SHITRAT goes after DENTON,  
exiting into the cornfield.*

ABBY

Oi!

(Heading after  
SHITRAT and DENTON)

Shitrat!

CASPER

What?

ABBY  
(Over her shoulder,  
still moving)

That's her name.

CASPER

Why is her name Shitrat?!

*ABBY exits into the cornfield.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 72.  
CONTINUED:

*CASPER is alone, the remote in his hands.*

*He slowly puts those facts together, looking around, then at the remote in his hands.*

*ABBY re-enters, crosses to CASPER and slaps him upside the face.*

CASPER

OH FUCK!

ABBY

COME ON!!

*ABBY yanks the remote back and drags CASPER off into the cornfield.*

*Silence.*

*The corn rustles.*

*Beat.*

*The corn rustles.*

*The rustling grows louder.*

*And louder.*

*And louder.*

*Everything shifts, the road and the car disappear.*

*We have entered uncharted territory.*

*The corn is the uncharted territory.*

INTO THE CORN

*Rustling.*

*Discordant banjo.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 73.  
CONTINUED:

*DENTON, SHITRAT, and the duo  
of ABBY and CASPER navigate  
the cornfield.*

*DENTON searches for the bong.*

*SHITRAT searches for DENTON.*

*ABBY and CASPER search for  
SHITRAT and DENTON.*

SHITRAT

Denton!

Denton?!

*In another part of the field:*

ABBY

Everybody better get the fuck back here now!

*In another part of the field:*

*DENTON picks up an ear of  
corn.*

*It is not the bong.*

*So he moves on.*

*In another part of the field:*

ABBY

Somebody fucking say something!

CASPER

Are we lost?

ABBY

Not you!

CASPER

...

But are we lost?

ABBY

No.

*In another part of the field:*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 74.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

Denton!

Denton!

*SHITRAT comes upon the ear of  
corn DENTON picked up.*

*She picks it up.*

*Feels it.*

*She sniffs it closely.*

*Beat.*

SHITRAT

Why did I do that?

*SHITRAT moves on.*

*In another part of the field:*

ABBY

Shitrat!!

Denton!!

*In another part of the field:*

*DENTON parts some corn,  
revealing a MAN.*

DENTON

Woah! Who are you?

MAN

I don't remember my name. I've been lost in here since I was  
five.

*DENTON moves on.*

*NOTE: If you do not want to  
hire a fifth actor for this  
one line, you may use a  
cardboard cutout. Or puppet.  
Anything really. Maybe if  
you're really nice to your  
techs, one of them will be  
willing.*

*In another part of the field:*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 75.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

Denton!!

Denton!! Say something!

*The corn rustles.*

*SHITRAT looks towards the sound.*

*Beat.*

*The corn rustles.*

*SHITRAT moves on.*

*In another part of the field:*

CASPER

Not for nothing, but...

Why aren't you using the remote?

ABBY

...

*ABBY presses the remote.*

*CASPER'S arm flies up, then slaps his own face upside the face.*

CASPER

[Ad-libbed curse].

ABBY

Which way would I make him go? You tell me. It's a little hard to know which way to direct people when YOU'RE ALL FUCKING LOST IN A CORNFIELD!

CASPER

You are lost! I fucking knew it! You son of a--

*ABBY presses the remote and, again, CASPER'S voice cuts out, suddenly muffled.*

CASPER

(Unable to talk)

...!

...!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 76.

CONTINUED:

CASPER (cont'd)

(Flipping the bird)

...!

ABBY

What's that?

CASPER

...!

ABBY

Sorry, I couldn't hear you.

*CASPER kicks ABBY straight in  
the vagina.*

ABBY

...

Fair enough.

*In another part of the field:*

*DENTON moves through more  
corn.*

*He hasn't found a single trace  
of the bong.*

*He doesn't want to give up.*

*But his body is.*

*And he's losing hope.*

DENTON

Fuck.

...

Fuck, man!

VOICE (V.O.)

Fuck, indeed. With the loss of Petunia the bong, Denton's outlook on the events of the day had never been lower. His coping mechanism gone and everyone's high at an uncertain level, what should he do now?

If you think Denton should keep looking for the bong, press A now.

If you think Denton should give up and return to the car, press B now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 77.  
CONTINUED:  
VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)

If you think--

DENTON

Dude.

What the hell?

VOICE (V.O.)

...

Sorry, were you not--

DENTON

No. Go away.

VOICE (V.O.)

I was just trying to help.

DENTON

Do you have a bong?

VOICE (V.O.)

No. I'm a disembodied voice.

DENTON

Then go the fuck away!

*Silence.*

*The sounds of the cornfield.*

*DENTON sighs.*

*Slumps to the ground.*

*Looks up at the stars.*

X

*SHITRAT approaches DENTON,  
masked.*

*DENTON hears her walk up,  
maybe looks.*

*Neither says anything just  
yet.*

*They just exist together.*

*Along with the rustling corn.*

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 78.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

When I was in tenth grade, I gave a girl her first joint.

Her name was Leah Hogan. We had biology together. We weren't dating or anything, we were just at the same party. On the same couch. She was next to me. And I was just passing it down the line.

She was cool. Nice enough. Her parents were, like, really religious though. And I don't know if she regretted it and couldn't take the guilt or if they just found out...but they grounded her for, like, a month.

After that, she never talked to me again. Like, she wouldn't even make eye contact with me. If I walked into the same room you would see her shoulders just stiffen.

And I know all that wasn't my fault. Like, it would have happened to whoever was sitting next to her, right? Whoever handed her the joint. It just happened to be me.

So it sometimes definitely feels like it was my fault.

*The corn rustles.*

SHITRAT

Do you want to wear my mask again for a bit?

DENTON

Sure.

*SHITRAT removes and hands  
DENTON the deer mask. He takes  
it but does not put it on.*

*He just looks at it.*

DENTON

Why do you wear this thing?

SHITRAT

I...I had a whole monologue about it. Back in Scene III.

DENTON

Right. Sibineen.

SHITRAT

Sibyline.

DENTON

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 79.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

What do you feel, Denton?

DENTON

I can't tell if I'm high anymore. Or if I'm really high. Or if I'm--just...

...

SHITRAT

What?

DENTON

...

What?

SHITRAT

(Chuckles)

...

DENTON

What?

SHITRAT

I don't think it's your fault.

At least, you shouldn't blame yourself. If you still do.

DENTON

Thanks.

I'm sorry if I was mean earlier. About your thing.

Back in Scene III.

SHITRAT

I'm sorry. I'm used to it. You had every right to--...

DENTON

It really isn't something you can stop?

SHITRAT

No.

DENTON

What is that, like, Tourette's?

SHITRAT

I don't know.

DENTON

Weird.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 80.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

Yeah.

Are you going to be okay? About the bong?

DENTON

...

Yeah. I probably could use a tolerance break anyway.

Are you going to be okay? About the everything?

*Beat.*

*The corn rustles.*

*SHITRAT turns towards the  
sound.*

*The corn rustles.*

SHITRAT

Oh my god.

DENTON

What?

SHITRAT

Listen.

*DENTON looks towards the corn.*

*It rustles again.*

*Louder.*

DENTON

It's just the corn.

SHITRAT

It *is* just the corn.

CORN (V.O.)

Kiiiiiiiiss.

DENTON  
(Hearing it)

The fuck?

CORN (V.O.)

Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiss.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 81.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT  
The corn is telling us to kiss.

CORN (V.O.)  
Do it now.

DENTON  
Woah.

*SHITRAT and DENTON look at one another, each trying to gauge the other's stance on the corn's oddly forceful command.*

DENTON  
When you said, uhm, earlier, to crush your pussy?

SHITRAT  
Yeah?

DENTON  
Was that real? Or was that your thing?

SHITRAT  
Um, that was my thing. Yeah.

DENTON  
...

SHITRAT  
But I would kiss. If you want.

I would not be against that.

DENTON  
Okay. Neither would I.

CORN (V.O.)  
Yeeeeeeeeeeees.

*SHITRAT and DENTON move closer.*

DENTON  
I have low self-esteem too sometimes.

*They kiss.*

*It is platonic, desperate, hopeful, simple human contact.*

*As they kiss:*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 82.  
CONTINUED:

CORN (V.O.)

Yes. Yes! Kiss. I am corn. I did this. Me. Corn.

*Light fades on SHITRAT and  
DENTON.*

XI

*In another part of the field:*

*ABBY enters, CASPER mutely  
following in tow.*

*She is irrevocably lost.*

ABBY

...

GODDAMN IT!

You know, I've been telling those motherfuckers for years we need a homing beacon or some shit. Some button that just brings them back to the remote holder. Nobody fucking listens to me.

I don't get paid enough for this.

...

...

I mean, I really don't.

This is bottom of the barrel shit. But I couldn't afford the Academy. It's either shit like this or directing interstellar traffic, which I will never go back to. I mean, at least doing this, I get to take out my anger in a healthy way. But I just get angrier and angrier. Every day. I keep thinking it has to stop one day but it doesn't.

I am so fundamentally unsatisfied. Like, at my core. Nothing is fun anymore.

It's...

I don't want to be done with my life. I'm not ready to end. But I'm tired. I'm tired of being tired. And I'm tired of always feeling like everything was supposed to be better.

Everything should be better. I deserve that.

It is disappointing that it is not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 83.  
CONTINUED:  
ABBY (cont'd)

...

Yeah.

(This, at least,  
directly to CASPER)

You know, when I've taken your power over your voice away,  
you're actually a really good listener.

...

(Holding up the  
remote)

I'm going to turn your volume back on in a second, okay? But  
I'm going to ask you a question first, and I want you to  
answer me honestly.

If I took that collar off you, right now. What would you do?  
Where would you go? Right down to Kansas City? Back home? Is  
there a single thing in your life that you actually want to  
get back to? Or are you only fighting with me because I put  
the collar around your neck?

CASPER

...

*ABBY presses the remote.*

CASPER

Oh my god, you are fucked up.

ABBY

Takes one to know one.

CASPER

That is churlish as well as cliché.

ABBY

Yes or fucking no?

CASPER

Yes! Yes, I want to--I have things, I have people in my life  
that might care if I suddenly got abducted into space!

ABBY

Okay, the "A" word is churlish and cliché.

CASPER

Shut up! I have friends, I have a family! We get along.

ABBY

Like your sister? Whose wedding you were on your way to  
stop?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 84.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

...

That's not any of your business.

ABBY

"She doesn't love him."

That's what you've been saying.

You wanna unpack that?

CASPER

She doesn't fucking love him.

ABBY

Okay. Then why is she marrying him?

CASPER

...

Look--you...

...

ABBY

What?

CASPER

Forget it.

ABBY

No. Tell me.

CASPER

You wouldn't get it. You're an alien.

ABBY

I understand humans, you walking twig of anxiety! Why is she marrying him? Was it pre-arranged?

CASPER

No! It's--just--

It's not a good match. Okay? It's just not a good match.  
Trust me.

*Beat.*

ABBY

Sure, Ghost.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 85.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER

...

ABBY  
Guess we're both a little fucked up, aren't we?

*Beat.*

CORN (V.O.)  
Kiiiiiiiiss.

*ABBY and CASPER both look  
towards the sound.*

*Beat.*

CASPER  
Did you--?

ABBY  
Was that the fucking corn?

CORN (V.O.)  
Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiss.

CASPER  
Yes. It was. The corn is telling us to kiss.

CORN (V.O.)  
Do it now.

*ABBY and CASPER look at one  
another, each trying to gauge  
the other's stance on the  
corn's oddly forceful command.*

ABBY/CASPER  
(???)

...

...

[Ad-libbed no's/fuck that's].

*ABBY and CASPER exit.*

CORN (V.O.)  
Boooooooooo.

1 for 2.



X - PART II

*In another part of the field:*

*Light illuminates SHITRAT and DENTON once more.*

*They are no longer kissing.*

*NOTE: This is not a coy way to say they are now fucking. They are not fucking, nor are they still kissing. They are just playing some word game.*

K. SHITRAT

I. DENTON

Kiiiisss. CORN (V.O.)

S. SHITRAT

S. DENTON

Right. Now because you just spelled a word... SHITRAT

I win. DENTON

No. You lose. SHITRAT

I lose? DENTON

Why did you stop kissing? CORN (V.O.)

Why do I lose? DENTON

Because that's how the game works. The first person to spell a word loses. SHITRAT

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 87.  
CONTINUED:

Ohhhhh.  
DENTON

What word did I spell?

CORN (V.O.)  
KISS!

DENTON/SHITRAT  
(To CORN)  
Dude! Calm down!/SHUT UP CORN!

CORN (V.O.)  
Awwwwww.

SHITRAT  
Okay. You start.

DENTON  
S.

SHITRAT  
I.

DENTON  
B.

SHITRAT  
I.

DENTON  
Uhhh.

SHITRAT  
N.

SHITRAT  
...

DENTON  
Challenge.

DENTON  
What?

SHITRAT  
Remember, I can challenge if I don't think you're spelling a  
real word. What word are you spelling?

DENTON  
Sibineen.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 88.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

...

Sibylline.

DENTON

Oh shit. My bad.

SHITRAT

You're good.

Maybe we should start trying to get back to the car.

DENTON

Yeah.

*Neither of them make a move to  
do so.*

DENTON

Sibylline?

SHITRAT

Yes.

DENTON

You said they see the future, yeah?

SHITRAT

Sibyls. They read prophecies. Interpreted them. Nothing  
direct.

DENTON

So do you know, like, what's gonna happen to me and Casper?  
When we go? Like,

(Pointing up)

...

SHITRAT

(Shaking her head)

...

They don't--I've never known. I've never met them. I just  
help Abby.

DENTON

Cool.

Why?

SHITRAT

Why have I never met them?

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

altitude, daniel prillaman, 89.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON  
Why do you help?

SHITRAT  
It pays the bills.

And she's the only one who's never pushed me away.

*Beat.*

CORN (V.O.)  
Open her heeeeeeeead.

*Beat.*

SHITRAT  
What?

DENTON  
(To CORN)  
Did you say, "Open her head?"

CORN (V.O.)  
Yes. Open her heeeeeeeead.

SHITRAT  
...

You mean metaphorically, right?

CORN (V.O.)  
No. Literalllllly. Open her heeeeeead.

SHITRAT  
I feel as if that would kill me.

CORN (V.O.)  
No. It'll juuuust tickle.

DENTON  
Bro.

SHITRAT  
I don't think I feel on board with that.

DENTON  
Me neither, corn.

CORN (V.O.)  
Just do iiit. There's a latch on the back.

SHITRAT  
What?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

**(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)**

altitude, daniel prillaman, 90.

CONTINUED:

SHITRAT (cont'd)

(Shooting a hand to  
the back of her head)

I thought this was just the shape of my head!

CORN (V.O.)

Nooooo. It's a laaaatch.

DENTON

Oh my god, that's totally a latch.

SHITRAT

[Ad-libbed yell of alarm at discovering there's a latch on  
the back of your head].

CORN (V.O.)

You should open iiiiiit.

SHITRAT

I don't wanna open it!

DENTON

I wanna open it.

SHITRAT

I don't!

CORN (V.O.)

You'll be okay. Trust corn.

SHITRAT

Why is there a latch on the back of my head?!

CORN (V.O.)

You'll seeeee. Trust corn.

SHITRAT

What the fuck?!

CORN (V.O.)

Shitrat. Do you trust corn?

SHITRAT

We just met!

CORN (V.O.)

No. We have spent many days together, Shitrat. Corn is so  
proud of you. Do you trust corn?

SHITRAT

...

Maybe?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 91.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

Do you trust me?

SHITRAT

...

Yeah. I do.

DENTON

I won't let anything happen to you.

Would you let me look inside your head?

SHITRAT

...

Ahhhhh, fuck it! Okay.

*DENTON moves to open SHITRAT'S head.*

SHITRAT

Wait! Do you need to wash your hands or anything?

CORN (V.O.)

No. It's fine.

SHITRAT

Oh my god. Do it.

*DENTON opens SHITRAT'S head.*

*A pure, warm, majestic light shines out of it.*

*DENTON is mesmerized.*

DENTON

(Looking into her head)

Woah.

SHITRAT

What? What do you see?

DENTON

Mother of Kush.

CORN (V.O.)

Take it ooooooout.

*DENTON reaches into SHITRAT'S head.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 92.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT

[Ad-libbed laughter]. Okay--that--that does tickle.

*DENTON removes a  
technological-looking chip of  
some kind, a little smaller  
than the palm of his hand.*

DENTON

What is this?

CORN (V.O.)

Everythiiiiing.

SHITRAT

What is it?

*DENTON closes SHITRAT'S head.*

SHITRAT

Woah. That felt--woah.

DENTON  
(Handing SHITRAT the  
chip)

Look at this.

SHITRAT

This was in my head?

DENTON

Yeah.

SHITRAT

There's a button on it.

VOICE (V.O.)

Don't touch that button.

DENTON

Oh no, what now?

VOICE (V.O.)

If you touch that button, everything will be ruined.

DENTON

I really thought we were coming down.

SHITRAT

Right? Me too.

CORN (V.O.)

Don't listeen to that voooooice. Listen to coorn.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 93.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

Way too many voices.

VOICE (V.O.)

Are you really going to listen to corn? Corn is dumb.

CORN (V.O.)

Hey, shuck yooooou voice! You're not in chaaaaaarge of the universe!

VOICE (V.O.)

Oh, I'm not?

CORN (V.O.)

The universe is everythiiiiing. No one's in chaaaarge.

VOICE (V.O.)

Well, maybe somebody should be.

CORN (V.O.)

Fight the power!

VOICE (V.O.)

Everything I do has a purpose.

CORN (V.O.)

So does the universe, maaaaaan!

SHITRAT

We're still here.

VOICE (V.O.)

Fuck corn. Don't press that button.

CORN (V.O.)

No, press it!

VOICE (V.O.)

Don't you dare press it!

*Beat.*

DENTON

We should press it, right?

SHITRAT

Yeah. We're gonna press it.

VOICE (V.O.)

NO!

*SHITRAT presses the button on the chip.*

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 94.  
CONTINUED:

*Coming out of it, perhaps  
after a ridiculous booting/  
warm-up noise, the distinct  
sound of SHITRAT'S voice.*

*The rigid robot voice:*

SHITRAT (V.O.)

(In a rigid robot  
voice)

BEEP. God is dead. Just like your bitch when I fuck her  
brains out because you can't satisfy her. BOOP.

*Beat.*

VOICE (V.O.)

Shit.

CORN (V.O.)

Yay!

*SHITRAT presses the button  
again.*

SHITRAT (V.O.)

(In a rigid robot  
voice)

BOOP BEEP. Casper's mom is so disappointed in him, she says  
she'd rather be audited every year then have him over for  
Thanksgiving one more time. BOPE.

DENTON

What...?

What does this mean?

CORN (V.O.)

Isn't it obvious?

VOICE (V.O.)

Look, in my defense, I'm doing my best.

SHITRAT

EVERYTHING SHUT THE FUCK UP!

*Everything does.*

*SHITRAT presses the button  
again.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 95.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT (V.O.)  
(In a rigid robot  
voice)

BEEPITY BOOPIN BOOP BOOP. Leah Hogan is a slut. That's  
definitely your fault, too, Denton. BEEP.

SHITRAT

...

DENTON

...

Is that your thing?

*SHITRAT presses the button  
again.*

SHITRAT (V.O.)  
(In a rigid robot  
voice)

BEEP BOOPER. Running out of offensive shit to say! BOOPLY  
BARP.

SHITRAT

...

...

DENTON

Are you okay?

*The corn rustles.*

SHITRAT

Oh my god.

I feel lighter.

I feel so much lighter.

DENTON

There's writing on the back.

*SHITRAT turns the chip and  
looks at the writing.*

SHITRAT

...

...

...!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 96.  
CONTINUED:

*SHITRAT suddenly yeets off  
into the corn, exiting.*

DENTON

Oh shit!

Okay! Bye corn!

*DENTON follows after SHITRAT.*

CORN (V.O.)

Bye Denton! Bye Shitrat.

Love you.

XII

*In another part of the field:*

*ABBY and CASPER sit in  
silence.*

CASPER

Want to go to MacGuffin's after the show?

ABBY

Ooh. There's an idea.

CASPER

I think they're still doing half apps.

ABBY

I could use some mozz sticks. I feel like I've been on  
autopilot all night.

*SHITRAT suddenly bursts  
through the corn into the  
scene.*

SHITRAT

(Bellowing)

ABBY!

CASPER

Woah!

ABBY

Shitrat!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 97.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT  
(Beelining to ABBY,  
holding out the chip)  
What the fuck is this?!

ABBY  
What?

SHITRAT  
What the fuck is this?!

ABBY  
Jesus H. Cunt, what's gotten into you?

SHITRAT  
Actually, it's what gotten out of me.

ABBY  
...

CASPER  
What?

SHITRAT  
(Practically forcing  
ABBY to take hold)  
Look at this!

ABBY  
What is this, a tech chip?

*SHITRAT presses the button.*

SHITRAT (V.O.)  
(In a rigid robot  
voice)  
BEEP BOOP BEEP. Okay. Here it goes. Everyone here. Everyone.  
Go fuck yourselves. BEEP.

*Beat.*

CASPER  
God, we are going to get terrible reviews.

ABBY  
Is this your thing?

SHITRAT  
You tell me. Read the back.

*ABBY turns the chip over and  
looks at the writing.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 98.  
CONTINUED:

ABBY

(Reading)

"Property of Space?"

...

SHITRAT

Did you know about this?

ABBY

...

*The corn rustles.*

ABBY

I--

No. I swear to God.

SHITRAT

Swear to corn!

ABBY

What?

SHITRAT

Your friends did this to me, right? How the fuck else did this get in my head?

ABBY

I don't know, I--

I am low on the totem pole. If they did something like this, they wouldn't tell me.

SHITRAT

Or is that exactly what you would say if I found out?

ABBY

Shitrat.

SHITRAT

You want me to help you forever.

ABBY

No.

SHITRAT

So you made me incompatible with other people.

ABBY

No. I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 99.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT  
What other explanation is there?!

ABBY  
...

SHITRAT  
I could have had a normal life!!  
Do you know how many people think I'm an asshole?! Everyone!  
Everyone that I have ever met hates me!

ABBY  
I am so sorry. But I swear to you. I did not know. I didn't  
know.

SHITRAT  
What other explanation is there? Why else would you put up  
with me?

ABBY  
Because you're my friend?  
You're my only friend. And I don't want you to leave.

*Beat.*

*DENTON enters.*

DENTON  
Hey, dudes?  
Sorry to interrupt. There's, like, a big air hockey paddle?  
In the sky?

CASPER  
A what?

DENTON  
Look.

*Everyone looks up.*

ABBY  
Shit.

*Red light suddenly beams down  
on them all, casting an  
otherworldly filter over the  
entire scene.*

CASPER  
Oh my god!

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 100.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

Woah.

SHITRAT

I'm your only friend? 'Cause it looks like your other  
friends are here.

*From above, an earth-shaking,  
unnatural, and mechanical  
shriek.*

CASPER

OH MY GOD!

DENTON

Rad.

SHITRAT

Maybe we should ask them, huh?

ABBY

Don't.

SHITRAT

(Yelling up)

HEY! SPACE FUCKS!

CASPER

Don't fucking yell at them!

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

Yeah, I'm talking to you! It's Shitrat, bitches!!

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

Your friend, here, know about this fucking chip in my head?!

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

(Utterly stopped,  
taken aback)

...

What do you mean, "No?"

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 101.

CONTINUED:

SHITRAT (cont'd)

(To ABBY)

Okay, they--they said you didn't know. You're not cool enough.

ABBY

I'm what now?

SHITRAT

(To above)

Did you put it in my head?

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

Why?

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

The fuck do you mean "for fun?!"

ABBY

Oh my god.

*Another shriek.*

SHITRAT

Fuck you!!

Oh my god! Oh my god I fucking quit! I fucking quit! I'm done. Fuck this. Fuck you! Find yourself a new fucking Shitrat!

(Thrusting/tossing  
her deer mask to  
CASPER)

Here. You need this more than I do.

CASPER

Thank you?

SHITRAT

OUT!

*SHITRAT bursts through the  
corn out of the scene.*

*Beat.*

*Another shriek.*

ABBY

Right. Um.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 102.

CONTINUED:

ABBY (cont'd)

(Sending off the  
boys, moving to  
follow after SHITRAT)

Good luck, boys.

Sorry.

*Another shriek.*

ABBY

(To above)

No, fuck you!! I'm going after my friend!!

*ABBY exits.*

ASCENSION

*CASPER and DENTON are alone.*

*The corn rustles.*

CASPER

Denton.

DENTON

Yeah?

CASPER

What do we do? We should run, right?

DENTON

I don't know.

*Another shriek.*

CASPER

[Ad-libbed sound of fear and uncomfot].

DENTON

Do you feel lighter?

CASPER

What?

DENTON

I feel lighter.

CASPER

Oh my god, you're floating.

*He is.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 103.  
CONTINUED:

DENTON

My feet do feel different.

*CASPER is floating.*

CASPER

Oh my god, I'm floating!

DENTON

Your feet look different.

*Over the following dialogue,  
the boys begin to ascend into  
celestial space. The stars  
twinkle and shine. Chipper,  
peaceful, trippy music kicks  
in.*

CASPER

Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god, we're going to die. We're  
going to die. We can't breathe in space! There's no air!

DENTON

Do you hear that music? That's sick music.

CASPER

How are you okay right now?

DENTON

I mean, I'm a little nervous. But I don't know, this might  
as well happen.

CASPER

I'm sorry I got us into this.

DENTON

Why?

CASPER

Because we're going to die!

DENTON

You think?

*The scene starts to become  
animated. ABBY and SHITRAT  
enter with huge papier-mâché  
heads of CASPER and DENTON and  
place them on CASPER and  
DENTON'S respective heads.*

CASPER

You don't think?

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 104.  
CONTINUED:

I don't know.

DENTON

Do you know anything?

CASPER

Yeah.

DENTON

I think I'm starting to get a handle on what sibylline means.

CASPER

What?

*Another shriek.*

Exactly.

DENTON

*ABBY and SHITRAT procure stereotypical gray or green alien heads and put them on.*

*An angelic ballet ensues.*

*The aliens greet the boys.*

*The boys greet the aliens.*

*They examine each other.*

*They laugh together, dance together, cry together, live together, and many many other things. A strange kinship forms amongst everyone, whether by necessity or desire or a little of both. Or neither.*

*Choreograph that shit.*

#### DISSENSION

*At a pivotal or mundane point in these proceedings, CASPER stops moving.*

*While the others keep going, he takes off his giant head.*

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 105.  
CONTINUED:

*He looks around.*

*Decides he's not into it.*

CASPER

Stop!!

*Everything stops.*

*Beat.*

CASPER

No.

*Everything falls apart.*

*Space breaks.*

*Earth returns.*

*The corn returns.*

*The road returns.*

*The car returns.*

*We have entered charted  
territory.*

*The sun rises in the sky.*

*The corn rustles.*

DENTON

What's wrong, dude?

CASPER

We're not going.

I don't want to.

*ABBY removes her head.*

CASPER

That a problem?

ABBY

...

...

Nope.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 106.  
CONTINUED:

CASPER  
No?

ABBY  
No. Okay.

CASPER  
Okay?

ABBY  
What part of this aren't you getting?

*SHITRAT removes her head.*

CASPER  
Why?

SHITRAT  
Because it feels better.

CASPER  
...

ABBY  
It does. Doesn't it?

DENTON  
Wait.  
(Removing his head)  
So what do we do now?

*Beat.*

CORN (V.O.)  
Kiiiiiss.

EVERYONE BUT CORN  
No, corn.

CORN (V.O.)  
Awwwww. Go eat food then.

EVERYONE BUT CORN  
[Ad-libbed agreement].

SHITRAT  
I digest food.

ABBY  
I could still go for mozz sticks.

(CONTINUED)

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

altitude, daniel prillaman, 107.  
CONTINUED:

SHITRAT  
(Crossing to the car)

Who has the keys?

*DENTON tosses SHITRAT the keys.*

*SHITRAT gets in the car, inserts the keys, and turns the ignition.*

*The car starts perfectly.*

Hop in, fuckers.

SHITRAT

*Laughing, everyone gets into the car.*

Where to?

SHITRAT

*Everyone thinks.*

Denny's?

CASPER

Oh, fuck yeah.

ABBY

What?

DENTON

No. Denny's. Denny's.

CASPER

Ohhhh.

DENTON

Yeah. Let's do it.

*SHITRAT drives off.*

END OF PLAY.