

# altitude

Written by

daniel prillaman

1/26/22

1315 S Lake Wilmer Dr. Apt 202  
Sandusky, OH. 44870  
434-981-0043

\*The following play is copyrighted material, the sole owner of which is the author, Daniel Prillaman. If you enjoy it, please feel free to share it with whomever you like or leave a recommendation on NPX.

For performance/royalty rights, please contact me at [danielprillaman@gmail.com](mailto:danielprillaman@gmail.com), through the New Play Exchange, or through [www.danielprillaman.com](http://www.danielprillaman.com).

## 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.  
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.

*"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.

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?

DENTON

No.

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

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

46. CASPER

Oh, shit, really? DENTON

Yep. CASPER

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

We haven't seen anyone all day. CASPER

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

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! CASPER

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

Don't tell me to-- CASPER

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? DENTON

... CASPER

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

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

Well, it is. So... DENTON

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

If we get there at all. CASPER

We'll get there. DENTON

Will we? CASPER

Not with that attitude. DENTON

Positive thinking. Goes a long way. Say it with me, "We'll get there."  
You didn't say it with me.

We'll get there. CASPER

We'll get there. Shit, no, with me. (Overlapping, but not in sync) DENTON

What? CASPER

Say it with me. DENTON

We don't have to say it together. CASPER

Yes, we do. DENTON

Why? CASPER

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

That's not true. CASPER

Yes, it is. DENTON

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

Come on. DENTON

No. CASPER

Come ooooooon. DENTON

No! CASPER

Okay. Fine. DENTON

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

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

What are you doing? CASPER

Only thing we can do. DENTON

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).*

Are you fucking serious? CASPER

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

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

Higher. Yes. You got a better suggestion? DENTON

Anything. Anything else. CASPER

Yeah, this sounds more fun. DENTON

... CASPER

You're fucking useless!

Dude. Seriously, enough fucks. DENTON



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  
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! 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?

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)

...

*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.

Uhm, hi.

CASPER

Our car broke down.

Do you have a phone?

Do you...live in the area?

*Beat.*

Do you want a hit?

DENTON

Denton!

CASPER

What?

DENTON

*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.*

*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.*

Thanks.

SHITRAT

*She exits into the cornfield.*

...  
...!

Weird.

What the fuck?!

What the fuck?!

Iowa, man.

No, that's--

...!

That's not--

...

I'm done.

I'm done. Gimme a hit.

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.*

What was that? CASPER

Corn. DENTON

Corn doesn't make sounds, man. CASPER

It can. DENTON

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

Do you see her? DENTON

No. CASPER  
(Looking)

Then she's not watching us. DENTON

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

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

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

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

I'm perfectly relaxed. CASPER

I disagree. DENTON

*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?!

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?

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!

*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!

*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. Ohhhhhh no. Oh no. No 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.

Boys. ABBY

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

Having car trouble, are we? ABBY

Yes. Uh-- CASPER

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. ABBY

Uh, Kansas City. CASPER

You all right, there, handsome? OFFICER G  
(To DENTON)

You betcha, Abby. DENTON  
(Maybe after a stifled cough)

That's what I like to hear. ABBY

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

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

You two gay? ABBY

What? CASPER

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

I hear that. ABBY

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

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.*

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.



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

Okay, so...  
Your car is not starting.

ABBY

...

CASPER

You have insurance?

ABBY

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

CASPER

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

ABBY

I'm sorry.

CASPER

You ever cuss out a cop before?

ABBY

*Beat.*

No.

CASPER

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?

ABBY

Casper.

CASPER

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

ABBY

Yes, Off--.

CASPER

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?

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...

Chop chop.

ABBY  
(Moving to exit)

What?

CASPER

Let's go.

ABBY

Right. Um...

CASPER  
(Following, sort of)

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.*

*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.

What do you feel, Denton?

SHITRAT

DENTON

...



Confused.  
What does sibineen mean? (Removing the mask)

What? SHITRAT

Sibineen. DENTON

Sibylline? SHITRAT

Yes. DENTON

Mythology. SHITRAT

No, sibyllneen. DENTON

Greek mythology. SHITRAT

Have you never read mythology? DENTON

I don't have books. SHITRAT

What *do* you do? DENTON

I work. SHITRAT

For fun. DENTON

You burn shit down? DENTON

Not really. SHITRAT

Then what do you do? DENTON

Just...whatever. SHITRAT

What do you like to do?

*Beat.*

I like to smoke.

DENTON

SHITRAT

...

I watch T.V.

DENTON

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.

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

Sick. DENTON

*Beat.*

I'm sorry. SHITRAT

Why? DENTON

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

Yeah. Probably not. Poor dude. DENTON

She's not a cop. SHITRAT

... DENTON  
(Not alarmed, just stoned)

What?

Abby. SHITRAT

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

She's not? DENTON

No. SHITRAT

Why not? DENTON

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

She's not? DENTON

No. SHITRAT

Are you a cop?  
DENTON

No.  
SHITRAT

Woah.  
DENTON

Am I a cop?  
SHITRAT

No.  
DENTON

Woah.  
DENTON

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.  
DENTON

Oh, shit! Um--  
...  
...  
Well, if he's coming back...  
SHITRAT

Yeah, he'll be back.  
DENTON

We just gotta wait.

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?

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.*

*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.*

*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

...

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.*

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.*

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.*

Pour it on him!

ABBY

*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.*

Good god.

ABBY

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

CASPER

What are you going to do to us?

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?

We're being sex trafficked! CASPER

What? ABBY

Oh my god! CASPER

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

I'm being sex trafficked! I'm too young! I'm too old! CASPER  
(Overlapping)

Jesus Christ! No! No! ABBY

My butthole! CASPER

You've got the wrong idea! ABBY

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

I AM NOT SEX TRAFFICKING YOU!! ABBY

... CASPER

You obviously are.

NO! I AM NOT! I swear to everything, I am not. ABBY  
(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.*

*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.*

*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?

Wait...  
DENTON

Where's Casper?

ABBY

...

He's in the trunk.

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.*

*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.*

*The corn rustles.*

Fuck me!

ABBY

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

Prolyly 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?

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.

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

...

Where out west?  
ABBY

...  
SHITRAT

Idaho?  
Why?  
ABBY

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

Far out.  
ABBY

...  
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.

Cool.  
ABBY

...  
SHITRAT

...  
ABBY

Hey.  
SHITRAT

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

The good shit?  
ABBY

Yeah.  
SHITRAT

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.*

The trunk is a magical place.

VOICE

*Small, contained light slowly reveals CASPER.*

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

The trunk is a beautiful place.

VOICE

Oh my god.

CASPER

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.

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 diiiiiick!

CASPER  
Go away.

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.

All the shit. VOICE

Now, if you want my advice-- EVIL CASPER

No. CASPER

Bitch! Let me finish. EVIL CASPER

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

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

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

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

All the weeks. VOICE

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

That's what I was gonna say! EVIL CASPER

What? CASPER

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

Oh. The plot thickens. VOICE

Shut the fuck up!! CASPER/EVIL CASPER

*Beat.*

What do you mean? CASPER



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

...

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.

*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.*

## 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

(Pffing)

...

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

*DENTON stays sideways.*

Yup! Hahaha.  
CASPER

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

Really?  
SHITRAT

Really?  
CASPER

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

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

What time does the wedding start?  
DENTON

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

Oh.  
DENTON

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.

Hey. Mi drugs es su drugs.  
ABBY

I bow to you.  
CASPER

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

Denton. SHITRAT

... DENTON

Dent! ABBY

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

*DENTON thinks.*

*Everyone waits.*

Okay. DENTON

*Everyone extends an arm and thumb.*

What animal would you want to be? DENTON

Dude/Denton. ABBY/SHITRAT

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

Right. Do you want to be an animal? DENTON

*CASPER stays sideways.*

*ABBY turns her thumb down.*

*SHITRAT and DENTON turn their thumbs up.*

Do we keep our current level of intelligence? CASPER

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

Okay. CASPER

*CASPER turns his thumb down.*

Really?! You, like, hate your life. DENTON

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.

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.

Everything freaks you out. ABBY/DENTON

... CASPER  
(Flipping the bird)

My turn. SHITRAT

*Everyone extends an arm and thumb.*

Do you believe in God? SHITRAT

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

*DENTON stays sideways.*

*SHITRAT turns her thumb up.*

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

Don't groan, I'm serious. SHITRAT

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

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

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?" ABBY

Yeah, that's my problem. DENTON

Goddamn right. CASPER

It's hard to justify the bad. DENTON

Okay. Forget I asked. SHITRAT

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

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

...

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  
...

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.*

*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?

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.

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

...

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.

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.*

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.

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?

Yeah. Like pitch black.

SHITRAT

That's weird.

ABBY

Yeah.

SHITRAT

*They continue to stare at the sky.*

*CASPER is okay.*

*Rattled and traumatized.*

*But okay.*

I'm sorry.

CASPER

You don't need to apologize, dude.

DENTON

I'm--

CASPER

...

I know.

DENTON

...

CASPER

...

DENTON

Thank you.

CASPER

Anytime.

DENTON

Do you want a hit?

Dude.

CASPER

I'm just asking.

DENTON

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



*ABBY and SHITRAT disengage from the cosmos.*

You going to be okay, Ghost?

ABBY

Yeah.

CASPER  
(Nodding)

Yeah, I'm sorry. That was--

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

Do you want to talk about it?

SHITRAT

...

CASPER  
(Struggling with a choice)

...

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

*Beat.*

*SHITRAT steps forward.*

Uh, sorry. No. From, uh--

CASPER

*CASPER points to ABBY.*

I don't do hugs.

ABBY

Please?

CASPER

Why me?

ABBY

Yeah? What's...?

SHITRAT

There's nothing wrong with you.

CASPER

So why me?

ABBY

Just give him the hug.

DENTON

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.

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.

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.

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.*

WAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

DENTON

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

*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.*

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

altitude, daniel prillaman, 68.

*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.*

OH FUCK!

CASPER

COME ON!!

ABBY

*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.*

*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:*

SHITRAT

Denton!

Denton!

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

*She picks it up.*

*Feels it.*

*She sniffs it closely.*



*Beat.*

Why did I do that?

SHITRAT

*SHITRAT moves on.*

*In another part of the field:*

Shitrat!!

ABBY

Denton!!

*In another part of the field:*

*DENTON parts some corn, revealing a  
MAN.*

Woah! Who are you?

DENTON

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

MAN

*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:*

Denton!!

SHITRAT

Denton!! Say something!

*The corn rustles.*

*SHITRAT looks towards the sound.*

*Beat.*

*The corn rustles.*

*SHITRAT moves on.*

*In another part of the field:*

Not for nothing, but...  
CASPER

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.*

[Ad-libbed curse].  
CASPER

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)

...!  
...!  
...!  
(Flipping the bird)

What's that?  
ABBY

...!  
CASPER

Sorry, I couldn't hear you.  
ABBY

*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.

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.*

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.*

Why do you wear this thing?  
DENTON

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

Right. Sibineen.  
DENTON

Sibylline.  
SHITRAT

Yes.  
DENTON

What do you feel, Denton?  
SHITRAT

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

...

What?  
SHITRAT

...  
DENTON

What?

SHITRAT  
(Chuckles)

...

What?  
DENTON

I don't think it's your fault.  
SHITRAT

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

Thanks.  
DENTON

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.

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.*

It's just the corn. DENTON

It *is* just the corn. SHITRAT

Kiiiiiiiss. CORN (V.O.)

The fuck? DENTON  
(Hearing it)

Kiiiiiiiiiiiss. CORN (V.O.)

The corn is telling us to kiss. SHITRAT

Do it now. CORN (V.O.)

Woah. DENTON

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

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

Yeah? SHITRAT

Was that real? Or was that your thing? DENTON

Um, that was my thing. Yeah. SHITRAT

... DENTON

But I would kiss. If you want. SHITRAT

I would not be against that.

Okay. Neither would I. DENTON

CORN (V.O.)

Yeeeeeeeeeees.

*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:*

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.

...

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?

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.*

Sure, Ghost. ABBY

... CASPER

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

*Beat.*

Kiiiiiiiss. CORN (V.O.)

*ABBY and CASPER both look towards the sound.*

*Beat.*

Did you--? CASPER

Was that the fucking corn? ABBY

Kiiiiiiiiiiiss. CORN (V.O.)

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

Do it now. CORN (V.O.)

*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.*

Booooooooo. CORN (V.O.)

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
Kiiisss.	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

Ohhhhh. DENTON

What word did I spell?

KISS! CORN (V.O.)

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

Awwwwww. CORN (V.O.)

Okay. You start. SHITRAT

S. DENTON

I. SHITRAT

B. DENTON

I. SHITRAT

Uhhh. DENTON

N. SHITRAT

...

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. DENTON

SHITRAT

...

Sibyline.

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

Sibyline?

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?

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 heeeeeeead.

*Beat.*

SHITRAT

What?

DENTON

(To CORN)

Did you say, "Open her head?"

CORN (V.O.)

Yes. Open her heeeeeeead.

SHITRAT

...

You mean metaphorically, right?

CORN (V.O.)

No. Literalllllly. Open her heeeeead.

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?!

(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 iiiit.

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?

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.*

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.*

What is this? DENTON

Everythiiiiing. CORN (V.O.)

What is it? SHITRAT

*DENTON closes SHITRAT'S head.*

Woah. That felt--woah. SHITRAT

Look at this. DENTON  
(Handing SHITRAT the chip)

This was in my head? SHITRAT

Yeah. DENTON

There's a button on it. SHITRAT

Don't touch that button. VOICE (V.O.)

Oh no, what now? DENTON

If you touch that button, everything will be ruined. VOICE (V.O.)

I really thought we were coming down. DENTON

Right? Me too. SHITRAT

Don't listeen to that voooooice. Listen to cooorn. CORN (V.O.)

Way too many voices. DENTON

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.*

*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.*

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

...

...

...!

*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!

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.*

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!

What?  
ABBY

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

I don't know, I--  
ABBY

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.  
SHITRAT

What other explanation is there?!  
ABBY

...  
SHITRAT

I could have had a normal life!!  
ABBY

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

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

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

Because you're my friend?  
ABBY

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!

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

...

(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.

(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 discomfort].

DENTON  
Do you feel lighter?

CASPER  
What?

DENTON  
I feel lighter.

CASPER  
Oh my god, you're floating.

*He is.*

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?

Because we're going to die!

CASPER

You think?

DENTON

*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.*

You don't think?

CASPER

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.

What?

CASPER

*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 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.*

*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?

...  
...  
Nope.  
No?  
No. Okay.  
Okay?  
What part of this aren't you getting?  
*SHITRAT removes her head.*  
Why?  
Because it feels better.  
...  
It does. Doesn't it?  
Wait.  
So what do we do now?  
*Beat.*  
Kiiiiiss.  
No, corn.  
Awwwww. Go eat food then.  
[Ad-libbed agreement].

ABBY  
CASPER  
ABBY  
CASPER  
ABBY  
CASPER  
SHITRAT  
CASPER  
ABBY  
DENTON  
(Removing his head)  
CORN (V.O.)  
EVERYONE BUT CORN  
CORN (V.O.)  
EVERYONE BUT CORN

I digest food.

SHITRAT

I could still go for mozz sticks.

ABBY

Who has the keys?

SHITRAT  
(Crossing to the car)

*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.