

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

MORAPHINE: RadioactiveSkittles presents the Stonettes, a glowing production. Created and voiced by MST Price.

THE STONETTES CRIB - DAY

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Hi, the name's Hera Wynn.

ALICE DEE: Alice Dee.

MORAPHINE: Moraphine.

HERA: And we're the Tripp sisters.

MORAPHINE: Drug dealing sisters servicing a modest part of the Evergreen state--

ALICE DEE: --providing party supplies for those who 'dare to party.' The best way of describing us is like I'm a happy pill, and Moraphine's like a chill pill, and Hera Wynns like a total downer. But you know, they're all still fun.

HERA WYNN: We're probably one of the very few lady drug dealers you'll ever hear about.

ALICE DEE: (EXAGGERATED GASP) Lady drug dealers?! I know, right?! What a concept!

MORAPHINE: Let's be honest, the illegal drug trade is considered a man's world-- we can blame outdated views and sexist assumptions for that--yet, it's one woman can excel in if they take advantage of said assumptions.

HERA WYNN: So, let us answer the question on your mind: Why did three girls enter the boys world of drug dealing? Simple.

MORAPHINE: Money.

HERA WYNN: Power.

ALICE DEE: Respect.

HERA WYNN: The boys have it, why not us?

MORAPHINE: To be totally honest, the respect, the power those ideations came later. When we first started, our intentions were purely about the green.

ALICE DEE: We've been dealing psychoactive substances since grade school, I'm talking way back in the early 2000's. We realized a kid could make a quick buck dealing contraband behind the ball wall out of sight of the playground monitors during recesses.

SCHOOLYARD - WASHINGTON STATE - FLASHBACK

[CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

YOUNG ALICE DEE: Candy! Get your candy!

[WE HEAR THE SOUND OF HER SHAKING A HEAVY BAG AND WAVING A PIECE OF CANDY IN THE AIR.]

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Got a quarter place your order!

YOUNG ALICE DEE: Hey, Dougie, you look like you can use some candy. Want some Smarties, smarty?

DOUGIE: Whoa! How'd you get all that candy?

HERA WYNN: Halloween, dummy.

DOUGIE: You got any M&M's?

[RUMMAGING THROUGH BAG.]

YOUNG MORAPHINE: We got M&M's, Kit Kats, Skittles, Gushers, Jolly Ranchers, Mary Jane's you name it we got it. How many do you want?

DOUGIE: Uhhhhh... two M&M's, a box of Duds, a Tootsie, a Smartie, a Roll-Ups, aaand... and a bag of red fishies.

YOUNG MORAPHINE: Red fishies, good choice. That'd be a dollar seventy-five or six quarters. But let's say I make it easy for you, I'll throw in a Double Bubble and we'll round it to two. But 'member, if you get the gum stuck in your hair we're not reliable.

YOUNG HERA WYNN: No, Mora, it's liable.

YOUNG MORAPHINE: That's what I said, dodo!

DOUGIE: But, I don't have any money. (POUTY) My mom packs my lunch.

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Then no candy.

YOUNG ALICE DEE: Come on, Hera, we could extend credit. (BACK TO WORK)
You guys, over there, you want some candy. How's about a Bit-O-Honey, Honeys?!

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Fine, but you have until next Monday.

DOUGIE: How do I get quarters?

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Ask Mommy for milk money.

DOUGIE: But I'm lactose intolerant!

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Not my problem. You want your candy? Then Dig Dug in Mommy's purse and bring me my monies.

DOUGIE: Okay.

[CANDY IS GATHERED.]

YOUNG MORAPHINE: Here's your candy Dougie.

[CANDY IS HANDED OVER.]

DOUGIE: (EXCITED) Thanks.

YOUNG ALICE DEE: 'Member, Dougie, we give some of the bigger kids candy for free so if kids like you don't pay us come next lunchtime this wall behind us will be used to pummel you with balls.

[A CHILD SCREAMS THEN A DODGE BALL IS HEARD SMACKING A WALL IN THE BACKGROUND.]

DOUGIE: Don't worry, I'll pay.

HERA WYNN: You better.

YOUNG ALICE DEE: I got your candy right here!

[WAVES CANDY IN THE AIR.]

YOUNG ALICE DEE: We got something for everybody. How about you, you want some kisses?

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Stop saying it like that, Alice! I told you, you sound like a baby prostitute!

YOUNG ALICE DEE: I don't even know what that is?

YOUNG MORAPHINE: Like a dumb pageant kid but without the tiara.

YOUNG ALICE DEE: Oh. (PAUSE) Candy, get your candy!

YOUNG MORAPHINE: You want it, we got it!

YOUNG HERA WYNN: Bring monies or get lost dummies!

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: From the success of our first venture, our money-making aspirations only grew as we got older. In our high school days, we started selling your class I psychedelics: pot, kratom, shrooms; and amphetamines - your go-to study helpers. Sad to say, we missed the Juuls boom. (PAUSE) Most of our sales were conducted out of the girl's bathroom. Our first office was a broken-down, out-of-service handicap stall.

HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

HERA WYNN: Boo!

[HIGH PITCHED SCREAMS OF SCHOOL GIRLS.]

TEENAGE HERA WYNN: That should keep the freshman clear from here until the next break.

[DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN.]

TEENAGER: Is this the right bathroom?

TEENAGE ALICE DEE: Here for a hit or a shit? Because we're going to have to ask you to use the other bathroom in that case.

TEENAGER: Do you got any of that (WHISPERED) Marijuana?

TEENAGE HERA WYNN: Last stall down.

OUT OF SERVICE HANDICAP STALL - HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

TEENAGE MORAPHINE: Welcome to my office. I hear you're in the market for ganja.

TEENAGER: Huh?

TEENAGE MORAPHINE: Marijuana, man, our own special blend. I give you, The Stonettes. ~I got two types from my mom's garden. One's a Sativa, your pick me up strand, and the other's an Indica, think of it as your nighty night tea.

TEENAGER: Umm... Sativa.

TEENAGER MORAPHINE: Good choice. Here's a free bag of chips for when you get the munchies. (SOUND OF BAG HANDED OVER) That'll be twenty-five.

[CHA-CHING, CASH IS EXCHAGED.]

TEENAGER MORAPHINE: Thanks, nice doing business with ya.

TEENAGER HERA WYNN: Tell your friends.

TEENAGER ALICE DEE: Remember, Dare to Party!

TEENAGE HERA WYNN: (GASP) Shit! Guys, the Principal's heading our way fast! Start stuffing the goods down your bras. Moraphine, get out here!

TEENAGE HERA WYNN: Alice Dee, you got the fail-safe?

TEENAGE ALICE DEE: Yep, got it.

[STALL DOOR CREAKS OPEN. PRINCIPAL STEPS IN.]

PRINCIPAL: What are you three doing in here?

TEENAGE MORAPHINE: Well, Mr. Principal, sir, that's kind of a personal question to ask someone in the bathroom, don't you think?

PRINCIPAL: Let me rephrase, I am hearing reports of you three loitering in the bathroom and scaring the freshman when you should be getting to class before the bell rings.

TEENAGE HERA WYNN: If you must know, we just finished up scrounging around for a quarter to place into the feminine hygiene product dispenser, which if you ask me is an unfair sexist exploitation of women's bodies.

TEENAGE ALICE DEE: And I just got my--

[SCHOOL BELL RINGS.]

TEENAGE ALICE DEE: --period, and these tampon thingy's don't come with instructions so we were trying to figure out which hole to insert this in.

PRINCIPAL: Uh... uh...

[DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN WIDER]

PRINCIPAL: W-Why don't I go get the nurse.

TEENAGE ALICE DEE: Thank you!

[DOOR SHUTS.]

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: After high school, we hit up the party scene where the world of experimentation and drugs exploded open for us, and the psychedelic rainbow we had been riding on melted away into the laser beams of strobe lights. To stay in the money, we expanded our inventory, adding designer drugs such as MDMA, LSD, Ketamine, and Cocaine. We then legitimized our illicit dealings by starting a front company complete with website, and moved out of the small town we grew up in which lacked the proper opportunities a city can offer.

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

(LIGHT LAUGH) Would I mind stating what city that is? Not at all. We reign over the land called "Who the Fuck Cares--"

ALICE DEE: (QUESTIONING) Wait, why do you need to know?

MORAPHINE: As far as our location, all I can tell you is, we service a modest, very rainy part of the Puget Sound area.

HERA WYNN: Moving to the city helped open us up to new customers from the rich to the poor to the college student to the tourist. To put it politely, we own this city.

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

What about the competition? By the time we started unpacking, that was somehow no longer a problem.

MORAPHINE: (CHUCKLING) How that came to be will make for a fun story another time. For now, all you need to know is in their absence we took over as the number one party suppliers in the area. Granted, it was not without effort.

ALICE DEE: Turns out money is an easy thing to obtain. The power and respect on the other hand...

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Hey there, looking to score? I got what you want right here.

CREEP: What can I get for a hundred?

ALICE DEE: I don't know, what do you want?

MORAPHINE: Alice Dee--! That's not what-

CREEP: So, we talking a three-for-one deal or do you come separate?

HERA WYNN: I'm sorry, do we look like cheap whores to you?

CREEPER: Separate then...?

MORAPHINE: Man, your mistaken, we're selling candy.

CREEPER: So which one of youse, Candy?

ALICE DEE: Wait, he thinks...?

HERA WYNN: Listen, asshole--!

MORAPHINE: No man we're talking about--

ALICE DEE: Take your pick, two hundred, cash upfront.

HERA/MORAPHINE: What?!

CREEP: Deal.

[CHA-CHING, CASH EXCHANGES.]

CREEP: Sweet. So we do it in my car?

ALICE DEE: About that, I'm not a prostitute.

HERA WYNN: Yeah, not for sale, fucko!

CREEP: But you guys were talking about selling Candy?

MORAPHINE: Yes candy as in we sell drugs, man.

CREEPER: My bad. Got me confused, you three selling down here on the corner and shit. Being late in the day. I'll just take my money back then.

ALICE DEE: Hmm... I don't think so.

CREEP: But it was a no sale.

HERA WYNN: What about it?

CREEP: You stole my money?!

HERA WYNN: So?

ALICE DEE: Consider it your idiot tax.

CREEPER: That's fucked up! I'm going to tell--!

MORAPHINE: The cops about how you lost your money trying to buy up a honey? You go ahead and do that.

CREEPER: Fuckin' Bitches man!

MORAPHINE: See, that's where you're mistaken again, there will be (CALLING OUT) No fucking bitches! (LAUGHING TO HERSELF) Fuckin' bitches... Hehehe.

HERA WYNN: Maybe, Jackoff, has a point. It is getting darker, maybe we should leave our 'corner' and go get something to eat, grab some beers, throw in some shots of vodka.

ALICE DEE: And since we'll be using his money it's only fair we make a toast to him.

MORAPHINE: True. How about we hit Jackie's first, get our drinks, and then on our way out grab some fries from Jackie's sidewalk cafe and then hop over next door and grt us a couple of Gyro's?

ALICE DEE: Ooh! Sounds like a plan.

HERA WYNN: Let's cut through this alley.

ALICE DEE: There's a guy passed out over there... maybe we should take the other one?

HERA WYNN: Wait, isn't that, Richard?

ALICE DEE: The Richard who owes us money?

HERA WYNN: The same. Why don't we go over there and give him a little reminder?

MORAPHINE: Hold on, hold on. How about I handle this. (CALLING OUT) Hey, Richard.

RICHARD: What's up.

MORAPHINE: So, I see you've been indulging in a little heroine judging by that needle still sticking out of your arm.

RICHARD: Yeah, so.

MORAPHINE: So, listen man. We haven't received any payment on the drugs we gave you credit for, which we don't normally do but since your cousins with Scorpio, and since he has been a great supplier, we made an exception. And if you're in a tight spot we understand, we'll totally work with you. We have some payment options you can make.

RICHARD: Umm, yeah that's not going to work for me.

MORAPHINE: Well, also in particular cases we've been open to people working off their debt.

RICHARD: No, I mean, I have no plans on paying it off.

MORAPHINE: Well, see not paying off past debts can lead to some seriously bad karma. So, you might want to reconsider your current path and work with me here.

RICHARD: Uh, let me think... not going to happen. See, I don't have to answer to you.

ALICE DEE: So, Richard, can I call you Dickie?

RICHARD: Umm, no.

ALICE DEE: Umm, I think I'm just gonna call you Dickie.

HERA WYNN: Listen Dick. What my sister is getting at is we're giving you one last chance to pay up. Or we're gonna have to take that needle in your arm and shove it so far up your ass you're going to need surgery to retrieve it.

RICHARD: My cousins Scorpio, bitches. I'm untouchable.

ALICE DEE: For the present, but just keep in mind we have an our money-back guarantee policy one that either our associates a.k.a. the Groupies or us will uphold. M-kay?

RICHARD: Whatever.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Who are the groupies? They're our are most loyal friends who we hire as sales associates in exchange for samples of the product and a percentage of the sales. They also take care of our garbage.

MORAPHINE: Gang members? (LIGHT LAUGH) No. They're more like our crew, but we like to defer from those types of labels 'cause they sound so negative. Which is why we prefer to call them our Groupies.

ALICE DEE: Does that happen a lot? You mean men not taking us seriously? Uh, yeah. There's Fuck-for-Brains who assumes wrongly that since we're dealing on the corner we're for sale. There's Dick-Head who thinks he can fuck us over, and then there's the Thieving Prick who thinks he can outright rob us blind...

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

Who am I talking about now? I'm talking about the fucking porch pirate who had been going around our neighborhood stealing our customers 'party supplies.'

HERA WYNN: How did our 'party supplies' keep getting intercepted? Well, for no-contact deliveries we used to drop off our 'party supplies' in people's mailboxes on Sundays... but after a steady rise in thefts and an even steadier rise in nosy neighbors--

MORAPHINE: We had to find other ways to deliver our product. We can thank the My Blocks App, the popular go-to neighborhood networking app for talking shit about neighbors among your neighbors, for making us switch our home delivery tactics.

ALICE DEE: But on the bright side, nobody looks at us twice when we pack all our goodies in a paper bag and drop them off on our customer's porch. The only issue is porch pirates. There's this one guy no one in the neighborhood could catch. He struck us twice within a month.

MORAPHINE: Both times we caught him in action. The first time we were totally unprepared.

ALICE DEE: He ran like a man on fire through the neighborhood and we couldn't catch him because we were wearing these really cute boots we were just breaking in. Otherwise, his ass would have been ours.

RESIDENTIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

[SOUND OF BIRDS AND LIGHT RAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.]

[THE TRIPP SISTERS ARE PURSUING THE PACKAGE THIEF ON FOOT.]

HERA WYNN: (PANTING) Pussy! (PANT) Look at you running like a little bitch (PANT) from three little girls! (PANT) Turn around and face us like a man!

ALICE DEE: (PANTING) Just drop the bag (PANT) and we'll let it go! (SOUND OF JOINT POPPING) Oww, my ankle!

MORAPHINE: (PANTING) We catch you your ass is grass! (PANT) Fuck! My feet feel like they're bleeding! (PANT) You asshole!

HERA WYNN: (STRUGGLING FOR BREATH) You don't know who you're messing with! Ow, ow. (PANT) If these shoes give me a fucking blister, I'll kill you!

MORAPHINE: (OUT OF BREATH) Guys, I'm not going to make it up that hill.

ALICE DEE: (NAUSEOUS) I think I threw up a little in my mouth.

HERA WYNN: (OUT OF BREATH) We can't stop, Moraphine, he's right there! I can almost feel my hands wringing his scrawny neck!

MORAPHINE: (STRUGGLING) He's too far. We gotta stop running.

HERA WYNN: (DEFIANT, BETWEEN A PANT) Never!

MORAPHINE: (CATCHING BREATH) Think about (PANT) the walk back (PANT) in these shoes.

[THE THREE SIGH IN DEFEAT, COMING TO A HALT.]

HERA WYNN: (ON EXHALE) Son of a bitch!

MORAPHINE: (TAKING BREATHS) I gotta take off these boots.

ALICE DEE: (PANTING) I second that.

HERA WYNN: (STARTING TO BREATHE AGAIN) So tossing these! (SIGH) Come on, let's go re-deliver the goods.

ALICE DEE: God damn it! We almost had him. (IN BETWEEN BREATHS) Thieving! Spoiled! Prick!

HERA WYNN: (ON EXHALE, PANTING) Not even close, Alice. Not even close. But when we recount this to the Groupies, that's the story we'll go with.

ALICE DEE: (STRAINING FOR SPEECH) We can't let that twerp get away with it again! ~I'm embarrassed to call myself a drug dealer!

HERA WYNN: (BREATH MOSTLY CAUGHT UP) Say that a little louder, Alice, I don't think the neighbors heard you.

ALICE DEE: Do I have to? I'm still struggling to catch my breath. (PANT) Just kidding.

[SQUELCH!]

MORAPHINE: (CATCHING BREATH) Fuck, man! I stepped in something!

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: The second time we encountered the package thief it was a near miss...

BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

[NEIGHBORHOOD SOUNDS.]

[SOUND OF BUS AND LIGHT RAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.]

[THE TRIPP SISTERS ARE IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE PACKAGE THIEF WHO IS EN ROUTE TO THE BUS STOP.]

[THE BUS PULLS UP ON TIME.]

MORAPHINE: Don't let him on the bus! Don't let him on the bus!

HERA WYNN: Don't even think about getting on the--! Son-of-a-bitch!

ALICE DEE: No, no, no, no! Hold the bus! Hold the bus!

HERA WYNN: (ENRAGED) Fuck!

[THEY COME TO A HALT AT THE SIDE OF THE BUS STOP. THE BUS IS ALREADY WHIRRING AWAY.]

ALICE DEE: Do you think we can get him at the next stop?

MORAPHINE: No, it goes to Lacey! He could get off anywhere!

ALICE DEE: Look at him! That little shit is grinning at us while he eats Old Mrs. Edna's special brownie!

MORAPHINE: Now he's waving at us! Choke and die, man! Choke and die!

HERA WYNN: (THREATENING) I will break. Every fucking finger on that hand!

MORAPHINE: He better hope Karma strikes first before we do.

ALICE DEE: We're so going to get his ass next time!

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Turns out, next time would be a while. He managed to ghost us for a couple of weeks until one day...

PARK - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN, BIRDS AND DRONE FLYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

MORAPHINE: Come on Hera, it's a nice day at the park, enjoy it.

HERA WYNN: It's drizzling.

MORAPHINE: It's Olympia, it's usually drizzling.

ALICE DEE: There's been some nice sunny breaks in between.

HERA WYNN: Am I the only one who is bothered by the fact that the 'package thief' struck us again just this morning and still not one of the Groupies has found anything on that asshole.

ALICE DEE: I know what could take your mind off the package thief! Flying this really cool drone.

[SOUND OF DRONE.]

HERA WYNN: Pass.

MORAPHINE: Chillout, Hera, these things take time. Give the Groupies another day and I'm sure they'll find him. Want a hit off my joint, it'll ease your nerves.

[SOUND OF SMOKING.]

HERA WYNN: (FLATLY) No.

ALICE DEE: I know! Mora, here, take control of the drone. Hera Wynn, open your eyes and close your mouth.

HERA WYNN: Nuh-ah. The last time you told me to open my mouth and close my eyes I was tripping on acid for three days.

ALICE DEE: You say that like it's a bad thing. Mora?

MORAPHINE: I'm good.

ALICE DEE: More for me.

MORAPHINE: Hera Wynn, how about you give flying a go.

[SOUND OF DRONE GROWS LOUDER.]

ALICE DEE: It's really fun! We can take pictures, live stream.

HERA WYNN: Even better idea, I use the drone to find the asshole, drop it on his head, and put him six feet under.

[SOUND OF DRONE INTENSIFIES THEN CRASHES AND EXPLODES IN AN IMAGINARY CRASH.]

MORAPHINE: Hera, you can't say things like that. It's bad ju-ju.

ALICE DEE: Wait, Moraphine, weren't you the one who told him to 'choke and die'?

MORAPHINE: Yeah, but I got swept up in the moment. Since then I've had to time to reflect. Sending out negative vibes will only attract negative outcomes. So, I'll just let the universe set the balance right.

HERA WYNN: So in that respect, my positive thinking will produce positive outcomes.

MORAPHINE: There you go, you got it.

ALICE DEE: Oh my god. Look over there! Is that the guy?

HERA WYNN: Sure is.

ALICE DEE: He just swiped somebody's package and is strolling off!

MORAPHINE: And sometimes the Universe lets us dish out the Karma, so let's go get that son of a bitch!

ALICE DEE: He's clocked us and he's running!

HERA WYNN: Stop running you, coward!

MORAPHINE: You owe us money!

PACKAGE THIEF: (OVER THE SHOULDER) Fuck you!

HERA/ALICE/MORAPHINE: No, fuck you!

HERA WYNN: Mora, give me the drone.

HERA WYNN: Try out running this! (TO SISTERS) How exactly do I use the controls?

ALICE DEE: Think of it like a Game Boy.

HERA WYNN: Gotcha.

[THE DRONE ASCENDS.]

PACKAGE THIEF: Huh? You bitches are crazy!

ALICE DEE: You're not really going to drop the drone on his head are you?

HERA WYNN: I'm a first-time flier, Alice, I couldn't possibly hit him on purpose.

MORAPHINE: Best we follow after the drone.

HERA WYNN: Sure, it's a nice day for a walk.

MORAPHINE: Alice, call Dig-Doug for backup! (SHOUTING) You owe us four fifty! Throw us your wallet and we'll call it even!

ALICE DEE: Calling Dougie.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Is Dougie the same kid we mentioned we sold candy to back in grade school? Yes, yes he was. He's also the kid we had the older kids pummel with balls for not remembering to Dig Dug the money out of his mommy's purse, but we're long past that. On that day he figured it was better to be in with us than on the outs. Since then he's been our main man.

NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

[WE CONTINUE TO HEAR THE DRONE AND RAIN.]

ALICE DEE: It's ringing. (PAUSE) Hey, Dig-Doug, how's it going? I'm good, how are you--?

HERA WYNN/MORAPHINE: Alice Dee!

ALICE DEE: Oh, sorry to interrupt, Dig-Doug, but the reason I'm calling is because I need you to drop whatever you're doing and get over here because we found the package thief! Where's here? We're just leaving the park by our house. Yeah, that's the one.
(INFORMING HER SISTERS) Dig-Doug's, getting in his car.

HERA WYNN: (SHOUTING) Run like the bitch you are, thief! (WICKEDLY) This is fun. I like how the phone attaches to the control box.

MORAPHINE: Right? Look at the fear in his eyes! This is better than watching TV. We can even record our epic takedown and watch it back with popcorn.

HERA WYNN: (GASPS) That's awesome! How do I do that?

ALICE DEE: Hit the side button. See?

HERA WYNN: Whoa.

ALICE DEE: The package thief is turning left! He's turning left!

HERA WYNN: We see that, Alice!

ALICE DEE: Dougie doesn't know that.

MORAPHINE: You gotta give Dig-Doug the street signs, man.

ALICE DEE: Right, package thief is turning left on 14th street--! Scratch that, he's going right on 15th--! Wow, for a guy with skinny legs, he sure can run fast.

HERA WYNN: He'd have to because he's (SHOUTING) A package thief!

MORAPHINE: (SHOUTING) Hey, package thief! Dude, halt!

ALICE DEE: He's taken the back alley! It'll cut all the way through to... (GASP) he's heading for the bus stop! Hera Wynn, redirect him! Redirect him!

HERA WYNN: I got this.

[BUZZING OF THE DRONE.]

MORAPHINE: He's cutting through yards!

ALICE DEE: Dougie asked, 'What street is he on?'

HERA WYNN: You're the co-pilots, I can't fly and read signs.

ALICE DEE: (TALKING TO DOUGIE) Uh, he might be trying to take refuge at that white church--yeah, that's the one.

MORAPHINE: (SHOUTING) Don't even think about going to church sinner!

HERA WYNN: That boy is going to burst in flames before he steps foot in that place. And... he's turning.

MORAPHINE: (SHOUTING) Good choice.

ALICE DEE: We really put the fear of God in him.

[THE THREE LAUGH.]

MORAPHINE: So, how far out is Dig-Doug?

ALICE DEE: Dig-Doug's heading up the hill by the water tower. He's only a couple of minutes out!

MORAPHINE: My turn to play!

HERA WYNN: Hands off! My turns not over!

MORAPHINE: (REALIZATION DAWNING) But... I'm not going to get a turn.

HERA WYNN: (STRAINED, FIGHTING) No, I just got it! Let go!

MORAPHINE: (STRAINED) When we bought this we said we would share!

HERA WYNN: (STRUGGLING) We will when my turn is over!

MORAPHINE: (GIVING UP THE FIGHT) Then when's my turn?

HERA WYNN: After I'm done torturing him!

MORAPHINE: (FIGHTING AGAIN) I wanna mess with him too, he made me step in dog shit!

HERA WYNN: (FIGHTING BACK) Wait, your turn!

[A SLAP FIGHT ENSUES.]

HERA WYNN: (EXAGGERATED) Ow-ah! Stop smacking my hands!

[SMACK!]

MORAPHINE: You stop smacking my hands!

ALICE DEE: Guys!

[SMACK! SMACK!]

ALICE DEE: He wants us to fight! (FIGHTING CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND AS SHE SPEAKS INTO THE PHONE) No, not you, Dougie. Hera and Mora are fighting for control of the drone. (LISTENING THEN LAUGHING) I know Right?

HERA WYNN: Hippies are supposed to be peaceful!

MORAPHINE: I'm a relaxed hippie!

[SMACK.]

HERA WYNN: Oww! Did you just turn your ring around to hit me with your mood stone?! Look, my hand is starting to bruise!

MORAPHINE: Good!

ALICE DEE: Me next! For the drone, not for the fighting.

HERA WYNN: (NONCHALANTLY) Here you go, Alice!

ALICE DEE: Alright!

MORAPHINE: Alice Dee, it was my turn!

ALICE DEE: (INNOCENTLY) I never heard that.

MORAPHINE: Uh.

ALICE DEE: Here, Hera Wynn, take my phone and let Dig-Doug know where to go. The thief's by... Wait! Where'd he go?

MORAPHINE: Oh shit, we lost him!

HERA WYNN: Great going, moron, if it wasn't for you distracting me we wouldn't have lost him.

MORAPHINE: (TITTERING) Karma. Oh, wait.

HERA WYNN: Where'd you go, motherfucker? There! There he is!

ALICE DEE: I see him, I see him! I do see the little pussy! What a loser, he's trying to duck behind a trash bin.

HERA WYNN: Pathetic! (SHOUTING) We can see you, asshole! (TO ALICE) I need a location here, Alice.

ALICE DEE: He's heading for the apartment complex!

MORAPHINE: Watch out, Alice Dee, he's getting cagey. Look at him swing at the drone with the stolen package!

HERA WYNN: Give us a second here, Dig-Doug. Asshole's trying to pull a King-Kong and knock the drone out of the sky while hanging off one of those wooden bear sculptures in front of the apartments. (MOCKINGLY) Listen to him grunt.

[DRONE MANEUVERS AS PACKAGE THIEF GRUNTS SWINGING AT IT ENRAGED.]

HERA WYNN: (TO THE THIEF) Is the Neanderthal getting angry?

MORAPHINE: The package is airborne!

[THE PACKAGE FLIES, THUMP!]

ALICE DEE: Oh, no he hit the drone. We're in a spin! We're in a spin!

[ALICE SCREAMS IN TERROR.]

MORAPHINE: Here, give me the controls, I'll straighten it out. There. Fuckin' A, we lost him!

HERA WYNN: Dig-Doug, we lost sight of the target.

MORAPHINE: Ascending higher to get an aerial view.

ALICE DEE: We got eyes on him!

HERA WYNN: Location?

MORAPHINE: He's heading down the street in the direction of the water tower!

HERA WYNN: Dig-Doug, you catch that? Great, we'll meet you there.

ALICE DEE: (SHOUTING) We can do this all day!

MORAPHINE: (SHOUTING) Oh, crap! Recording sucked up our battery! The drone is signaling it's about to go back home!

PACKAGE THIEF: (OVER DRONE'S VIDEO) Hah!

[THE THREE OF THEM GASP IN SHOCK.]

PACKAGE THIEF: (OVER DRONE'S VIDEO) Suck it, bitches!

HERA WYNN: Did you really feel the need to shout that, Moraphine?

MORAPHINE: Oops.

ALICE DEE: Damn you fancy drone and your short-lived battery life!

HERA WYNN: (GASP) Did he just grab himself? Now he's flipping us off! Definitely breaking his hand.

MORAPHINE: Oh, look at that (FLIPPING THE BIRD, SHOUTING) My birdies can fly too!

ALICE DEE: Eww! Don't look, he's mooning us!

[GROANS OF DISGUST.]

HERA WYNN: Ew!

[THE THIEF LAUGHS.]

MORAPHINE: That's it, I'm going to kill him.

[SOUND OF THE DRONE ON ITS TARGET'S PATH.]

[A MAN CALLS OUT FROM THE DISTANCE...]

DIG-DOUG: Hey, you!

ALICE DEE: Dig-Doug's pulling up behind him in the van.

PACKAGE THIEF: Sup, buddy! (SNIFFS) You need something?

ALICE DEE: Pants are back up, we can look now. Let's go meet up with Dig-Doug.

MORAPHINE: In a minute.

HERA WYNN: Moraphine, you might want to slow the drone down, your going to hit him for real.

MORAPHINE: That's the point.

HERA WYNN: What?

ALICE DEE: What?

HERA WYNN: Seriously, slow down.

MORAPHINE: No.

ALICE DEE: Pull up, you're going to hit him!

MORAPHINE: I'm coming for you! (WARCRY) Aahhh!

ALICE DEE: (SHOUTING) Duck, thief!

PACKAGE THIEF: Huh? Ahhh! Uh.

[SOUND OF A THUD THEN GROAN.]

[THE DRONE FLIES UP.]

DIG-DOUG: Lights out, bitch!

HERA WYNN: Damn, Moraphine, I didn't think you'd pull up.

MORAPHINE: Neither did he. Now let's head over.

ALICE DEE: Nice sucker punch, Dougie!

DIG-DOUG: Thanks.

HERA WYNN: (DOWN TO BUSINESS) Dig-Doug, pass me his wallet.

[PACKAGE THIEF GROANS. SOUND OF WALLET BEING RIFFLED THROUGH.]

HERA WYNN: (READING LICENSE) Hmm, your driver's license photo really captured your douchey-ness. Mark is it? Who's the bitch, now, Mark?

[PAUSE]

[SLAP!]

DIG-DOUG: She asked you a question.

MARK: Still you (SPITS).

ALICE DEE: Wrong answer. Dig-Doug.

[SLAP!]

MORAPHINE: Damn, Dig-Doug, I felt that one.

HERA WYNN: That'll be enough for now. I want him awake for what's going to happen next.

MARK: Who are you three?

HERA WYNN: Hera Wynn.

ALICE DEE: Alice Dee.

MORAPHINE: Moraphine.

HERA WYNN: The Hard Ass Mothers you just fucked with.

DIG-DOUG: So, you want me to fuck him up or throw him in the Sound?

HERA WYNN: Both sound nice.

MORAPHINE: I say we can either fuck him up or throw him in the Sound. We can't do both. The Pacific doesn't need any more bodies polluting it.

MARK: Look, I'm sorry!

ALICE DEE: Can't we just fuck him up a little bit?

MARK: Do I get a choice?

HERA WYNN: No, Mark, you don't. Dig-Doug, break his offending hand which I believe is his left and then throw him in the Sound. He's been running for a while, I bet he'd like to cool off.

MARK: Hold on, I'll pay you!

MORAPHINE: With what?

ALICE DEE: We just took your wallet.

DIG-DOUG: How do you want me to break his hand?

HERA WYNN: I always wanted to find out what would happen to someone's hand if it was stuck in an industrial-sized bread mixer, another day perhaps. Until then, the van door will do nicely.

MARK: Wait! Wait! Hold up! Hold up! Here's your bag. It's all there, untouched. Drive me home, I can get you what I owe you with interest.

[PAPER BAG IS HANDED OVER THEN OPENED.]

ALICE DEE: That's not even our baggie, clepto!

[RIGHT BAG IS HANDED OVER.]

MARK: Right, right, right. It was in this pocket. Here, take it.

MORAPHINE: Well, thanks.

MARK: We're square, right?

HERA WYNN: Not even close.

ALICE DEE: But we will be.

MORAPHINE: Dig-Doug, could you please drag him around the other side of the van. So he's hidden from view of the road. We don't want anybody to see this next part, thanks man.

MARK: Wait, wait!

ALICE DEE: Hold off, Dig-Doug.

MARK: (SIGH OF RELIEF) Thank you.

ALICE DEE: Hera Wynn, I thought you said you wanted to 'break every fucking finger on his hand?'

MARK: What?!

HERA WYNN: I did but we're like set for breaking his hand right here.

MARK: What say you don't break my hand and I appeal to your better nature?

MORAPHINE: Tough luck, man, we have no better nature.

HERA WYNN: Moraphine, turn the drone's camera off.

MORAPHINE: The recording ended a while ago, we were watching on live-view. ~Anyway, the drone's already on its way home.

ALICE DEE: I didn't see it leave when did that happen?

MORAPHINE: Shortly after almost making contact with Mark's skull.

ALICE DEE: Wait, so you didn't pull up on purpose--?

HERA WYNN: Who cares? Dig-Doug, proceed.

MARK: Whoa, you're joking right.

HERA WYNN: Am I?

MORAPHINE: Are we?

ALICE DEE: (CONFUSED) Were we? ...I was for it.

HERA WYNN: Oh, I am definitely for it.

ALICE DEE: Ooh! Yay! Remember not to swing the door too hard, Dougie, we don't wanna lob his hand off. That'd be really messy.

MARK: (STRUGGLING) Wait, no!

MORAPHINE: Remember, to keep your hand inside the vehicle at all times.

HERA WYNN: We'd hate for you to lose a finger.

MARK: No, please! Mercy!

HERA WYNN: Hold up, hold up.

MARK: Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

HERA WYNN: Mark, is that a bottle opener ring you're wearing?

MARK: Take it! Take it! It's all yours.

HERA WYNN: Lit. Proceed, Dig-Doug.

MARK: Nooo, please! Don't do this!

HERA WYNN: Scream and the next thing to get stuck in between the door is your neck.

[MARK'S HAND IS POSITIONED INSIDE THE DOOR. THE VAN DOOR SLAMS SHUT!]

[MARK LETS OUT A MUFFLED SCREAM.]

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: With our blessing, word spread fairly quickly around the thief community about what happens to those who take things that aren't theirs. We haven't had a problem with our delivery services since, nor has anybody on our block had a package stolen.

HERA WYNN: According to the My Block App threads, they think the package thief may have relocated. Surprisingly, not one of the posts mentioned any suspicious drone activity so once again we have flown under the radar.

MORAPHINE: What was in the bag? Shrooms. Sure it grows everywhere here, but it's the principle of the matter. And what counts most is the message we send.

HERA WYNN: Speaking of sending messages, we still have to catch up with our dear friend Dick.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - EVENING

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Hi there, Dickie. Nice to see you all sober.

RICHARD: It's Richard, just Richard.

MORAPHINE: Whatever you say, Dick.

HERA WYNN: I thought you'd be smarter than to hang around in the same alley knowing you owe us money.

RICHARD: What can I say? I like the mural. At any rate, I'm not afraid of three little girls.

ALICE DEE: Oh, but you will be, because guess what?

MORAPHINE: We're firm believers of the Rule of Three, a spiritual tenet which states whatever energy you dish out good/bad you get back in three. (PAUSE) One.

ALICE DEE: Two.

HERA WYNN: Three.

RICHARD: You're forgetting. I'm untouchable, my cousin's Scorpio.

ALICE DEE: About that, we don't need Scorpio's permission to fuck you up.

MORAPHINE: But since he's a nice guy and a great supplier we gave him a heads up.

HERA WYNN: And the funny thing is, he is getting so sick of your aunt complaining to him about your nasty habit and since you're refusing to sober up he was more than happy to hear that we planned on teaching you a lesson. In fact, he gave us his blessing.

MORAPHINE: He said something about 'fuck him up,' but don't seriously 'fuck' him up.

ALICE DEE: And that's a gray area we can work with.

[BLOWS ARE LANDED, AND GRUNTS ARE HEARD.]

HERA WYNN: (PANTING, SIGH) So, Jackie's Sidewalk Cafe?

MORAPHINE: As long as we get a boat of chili cheese fries, kicking ass really works up an appetite.

ALICE DEE: Ooh, ooh! Let's pick up some milkshakes too. Thanks, Dickie, you can keep your wallet.

[THE WALLET SLAPS THE PAVEMENT.]

[DICKIE GROANS IN ANSWER.]

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AND THEN...]

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - NIGHT

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC IN THE BACKGROUND.]

MORAPHINE: (INHALE. IN HEAVEN) Mmm. These fries smell sooo good. Let's hurry and get to the car before they cool off.

[COLLECTIVE GASPS.]

COP: Ladies.

HERA/ALICE/MORAPHINE: Evening, Officer.

COP: What are you three ladies doing--?

HERA/ALICE/MORAPHINE: Uh...?

COP: --buying a boat of French fries?

HERA/ALICE/MORAPHINE: Oh.

COP: Everyone knows the tater tots are the best. If you haven't tried them already, you should try them.

MORAPHINE: We'll do that.

HERA WYNN: Definitely will.

ALICE DEE: Thanks for the tip.

COP: One last piece of advice. I suggest taking those fries to go. It's getting late, and the streets get dangerous around this time of night. We've been getting a lot of reports of Heroin, Moraphine, and LSD activity in this area.

ALICE DEE: Wow, that's weird because we...

MORAPHINE: Have not heard that...

HERA WYNN: Just wow.

ALICE DEE: You're talking about the...

COP: Drugs.

HERA/ALICE/MORAPHINE: Ahh.

COP: As I mentioned, this is not a safe place for three nice girls to be out at this time of night. Take care.

MORAPHINE: You too.

ALICE DEE: Bye!

HERA WYNN: You have a good night officer!

MORAPHINE: Holy shit that was close.

HERA WYNN: No, fuck. My boobs are sweating.

ALICE DEE: Well, that could have really fucked up our first season. We just got this show and everything!

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]
[OUTRO]

