

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

ALICE DEE: Radioactive Skittles presents '*The Stonettes*,' a glowing production. Created and voiced by M.S.T. Price.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - DAY

[A BONG IS RIPPED.]

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: How's business since we spoke last? Pretty good. Though we have noticed a small decrease in our street sales. Which is odd since doing drugs is like the number one pastime around here. Our online sales, however, are going strong. Most of the orders are fulfilled via our curbside pickup services, which has grown increasingly popular through these times.

ALICE DEE: (ANSWERING QUESTION) How do we fulfill a curbside pickup? Like any retailer would. A customer would place an order from our online 'party supply' store, Dare to Party! Our website is password protected, so only people we vetted are allowed access. When they go to check out, they will be given the option to enter their address or pick up curbside. If they choose curbside, we'll send them the party drop location and set up a time and date. Upon arrival for pickup, they will send us a message to let us know they arrived with a quick description of their car's make and color, along with their confirmation code, so we know what order we will be fulfilling. To be double sure we are delivering to the correct vehicle, at the end of checkout, the customer is given a password, for example... Glow Stick, which we'll ask for before we hand over the goods.

HERA WYNN: (ANSWERING QUESTION) Where does our curbside service take place? Well, (BLEEP) Mart's parking lot. Where else? It's kind of our way of saying fuck you to an inverted totalitarian feeding establishment. Though we don't support (BLEEP) Mart, (BLEEP) Mart unwittingly serves our needs one burnout at a time.

MORAPHINE: (BLEEP) Mart. The home of sketchy people and shady deals.

HERA WYNN: We like to conduct business all the way at the end of the parking lot, which is the ideal place to score.

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

What makes it ideal? Because security is lax. There's not a lot of eyes around since no one wants to hike it all the way to the store's entrance and leave their car vulnerable for break-ins.

Might as well leave your keys in the car with a note that says take me. That's why one of us always has to stick to the minivan.

BLEEP MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, RAIN, SHOPPING CARTS AND CARS ARE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: Pup, sit, stay. Watch the minivan. Good boy.

[CAR DOOR SLAMS.]

ALICE DEE: Do you think Pup will get bored all alone in there?

HERA WYNN: He's a big boy, he can handle himself.

MORAPHINE: I left him a treat on the console, it should take him a while to get through it.

HERA WYNN: You remembered to leave the windows partially down so he doesn't stink up the van, right?

MORAPHINE: Of course.

ALICE DEE: I'm so glad we got him.

HERA WYNN: I know, me too.

MORAPHINE: Totally.

ALICE DEE: Look, guys! The mountain's out!

MORAPHINE: Remember, when we first moved here and it was so cloudy that the first two months we had no idea Mount Rainier even existed?

HERA WYNN: I know, it, like, really popped out of nowhere.

ALICE DEE: How pretty! It makes for a lovely afternoon.

MORAPHINE: Yeah.

HERA WYNN: Okay, time to work ladies. I'll handle the first and second orders. Moraphine, you get the third, they only ordered an ounce of Kratom so see if you can expand their wallets.

MORAPHINE: You know it.

HERA WYNN: Alice, how about you deliver the fourth order? Alice Dee, stop staring at your reflection in that car - you look like you're attempting to carjack.

ALICE DEE: The little sticker is right, the mountain does appear closer in the side mirror.

HERA WYNN: Alice, if you're going to spend that much time staring into a mirror you could at least fix your hair.

MORAPHINE: Maybe, we should all flip our hair a little, you know, to really sell the party girl look.

HERA WYNN: Good thinking.

[MORAPHINE AND HERA FLIP THEIR HAIR.]

MORAPHINE: Am I Good?

HERA WYNN: Yeah, me?

[THUMP!]

HERA WYNN: Alice! Are you alright?

MORAPHINE: Are you okay? What happened?

ALICE DEE: Ow!

HERA WYNN: Why the fuck would you flip your hair so close to a car?!

MORAPHINE: Damn, Alice, you can't afford another concussion. You just recovered from the last one.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: A few months ago she got a concussion while we were pulling the recycling bin to the curb.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - FRONT YARD - DAY

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

HERA WYNN: Ugh! The recycling won't fit all the vodka bottles. Alice, we're going to need you to climb into the recycling bin. Moraphine and I will hold it steady while you jump up and down and try to compress the take-out boxes and beer cans.

ALICE DEE: Why me?

HERA WYNN: Uh, because last week I jumped into the garbage bin and got garbage juice in my shoes.

ALICE DEE: Why can't Moraphine do it?

MORAPHINE: Because next time's my turn to jump in the garbage. Besides, I just finished a doobie and I shouldn't be operating while inhibited.

ALICE DEE: Guess that's logical.

[ALICE CLIMBS INTO THE BIN AND JUMPS ON VARIOUS BOTTLES AND PLASTICS.]

ALICE DEE: Oh, hey look! It's that dude you guys like, the one who bikes in his short shorts. He's crossing the overhead bridge. I think he might be taking the bike path down through the cul-de-sac.

MORAPHINE: Where? I don't see him. Oh, wait, I see him. Thank god, he doesn't know he's supposed to be wearing leggings under those shorts.

HERA WYNN: Ssh! Here he comes down the bike path--act cool.

HERA/MORA: *Hey.*

[SOUND OF JUMPING.]

[DING! DING! SOUND OF BIKE PASSING.]

ALICE DEE: Wait! You let go of the...!

[CRASH! THUMP!]

[ALICE WHIMPERS AND MOANS.]

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: I blame the bi-weekly recycling pickup, otherwise we wouldn't have to jump into the bin to get all of our recyclables to fit.

BLEEP MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, RAIN, SHOPPING CARTS AND CARS ARE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Ow! My head!

MORAPHINE: Were your pupils dilated this much before?

ALICE DEE: My what? Ow!

MORAPHINE: Wow, you really put a dent in that car's hood. (BREAKTHROUGH) You have a hard head!

HERA WYNN: Nobody saw, it's not that big of a dent, let's just walk away.

MORAPHINE: Hera, I think Alice should probably sit this one out.

HERA WYNN: I think you're right, Mora. Alice, I feel like you should go hang with Pup in the mini for a bit.

ALICE DEE: (PAINED) No, no. This is no more dis-confusing than when I'm on one of my free trips.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: What's a free trip? It's when you're not on acid but you get to relive the experience in what we call in the drug world a 'free trip.'

BLEEP MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

[LIGHT RAIN AND BACKGROUND SOUNDS: CONTINUOUS.]

ALICE DEE: Don't worry you guys, I can handle a headache. (GROAN) It doesn't even hurt that much anymore.

MORAPHINE: Well... I guess there's not any blood.

HERA WYNN: She's not slurring.

MORAPHINE: I think she could walk it off.

ALICE DEE: Yes, yes. I'm fine. Just go.

MORAPHINE: Okay, catch you in a bit.

HERA WYNN: Alice Dee, it's fine if you maybe wanna take a walk around. You know, maybe scout out some new customers. Moraphine and I could handle the deliveries.

ALICE DEE: I'm good, Hera. You just tell me who I'm delivering to.

HERA WYNN: Okay. Alice Dee, you're going to be looking for a gray Subaru with a blue/green/gray Seahawks sticker. Repeat back to me what you're looking for so I know that you're not concussed.

ALICE DEE: A gray Subaru.

HERA WYNN: With a...?

ALICE DEE: Blue/green sports sticker.

HERA WYNN: Perfect. Now go. Why are you still standing there?

ALICE DEE: I'm waiting for you to tell me which order I'll be fulfilling.

HERA WYNN: I already told you, the fourth one. As per usual you will find the baggie with the corresponding order number, number four in your hip bag. If you forget the order again, just pull it up on your phone. Oh, and don't forget to ask them for the password.

ALICE DEE: The password...? Oh, okay, yeah, I-I remember!

ALICE DEE: (SINGING TO HERSELF) I'm looking for a gray Subaru. Gray Subaru, Gray Subaru-Subaru-Subaru! I live in a yellow Subaru! A yellow Subaru-Subaru-Subaru-Subaru. (SPOTTING) A yellow Subaru! With a green/blue/black Sounder's sticker!

ALICE DEE: Hey, girl!

RANDOM PERSON: Hey, girl?!

[BAG UNZIPPING... ORDER IS GRABBED... BAG ZIPS CLOSED.]

ALICE DEE: Here's the goodies, enjoy!

[BAG RUSTLES AS IT IS HANDED OVER.]

RANDOM PERSON: Goodies? (SOUND OF BAG RUSTLING...) Lit!

ALICE DEE: Oh! Thanks for remembering the password. Have a good one! Oh, and don't forget: Dare to Partay!

RANDOM PERSON: I sure will!

[ALICE HUMS HER "YELLOW SUBARU" DITTY AS SHE HEADS BACK TO HERA.]

ALICE DEE: Oh, hey, Hera Wynn!

HERA WYNN: Hey, Alice Dee, that was quick. I'm surprised you found the vehicle so easily. That was a common make and color. So, you remembered to ask for the password?

ALICE DEE: Didn't have to, she told me, lit!

HERA WYNN: Good.

ALICE DEE: Oh, hey, Moraphine!

MORAPHINE: Guys! You'll never believe--!

HERA WYNN: Wait, Alice Dee! Run that by me again?

ALICE DEE: Run what?

HERA WYNN: The password.

ALICE DEE: Lit.

HERA WYNN: (GROANS IN FRUSTRATION) *Nooo!*

MORAPHINE: Uh... that's not the password. Remember, you suggested it and we said no because 'lit' was too easy to guess.

ALICE DEE: That conversation doesn't sound familiar at all.

MORAPHINE: Okay, remember yesterday when Hera suggested we should get old-school-styled garlic knots to go with our pizza, and then you said lit, and then you said lit would make a great password and then I said--

HERA WYNN: Alice, you at least made sure you gave it to the right person?

ALICE DEE: Yeah, to the girl with the green/blue/black Sounder sticker in the yellow Subaru. I even made up a song to remember: Yellow Subaru, yellow Subaru. Yellow Suba-ru. Suba-ru. Suba-ru!

HERA WYNN: Alice, you got everything wrong! It was a freaking gray Subaru with a blue/green/gray Seahawks sticker not a green/blue/black Sounder sticker!

ALICE DEE: I'm not hearing a difference.

MORAPHINE: She wasn't completely wrong, Hera Wynn. It was a Subaru, and, in her defense, we're not into basketball.

HERA WYNN: Football! It's a football team!

MORAPHINE: No need to get all politically correct, Hera Wynn.

HERA WYNN: Take me to her, Alice!

MORAPHINE: Wait, Alice Dee, is that the yellow Subaru that's taking off?

[SOUND OF CAR DRIVING OFF.]

ALICE DEE: Umm...?

HERA WYNN: Not only are we losing sales, but now we're giving shit away for free!

ALICE DEE: I'm sorry, Hera! I thought I could handle it. (HOPEFUL) Look on the bright side, we might have made a new customer!

HERA WYNN: (TALKING IN GENERAL) How?

ALICE DEE: I told her 'Dare to Partay!'

HERA WYNN: No, how could you have let this happen, Alice Dee?! (UPSET) You said you were *fine!*

MORAPHINE: I feel like Alice Dee already explained that part.

HERA WYNN: Do I have to take care of everything myself?! Useless idiots! I swear to god!

MORAPHINE: If I'm such a useless idiot, then I guess I'll just keep my new useless information, which is indeed useful, to myself.

HERA WYNN: You go ahead and do that, Moraphine.

ALICE DEE: I'm sorry, Hera Wynn!

HERA WYNN: You two, do what you want. I'm going to go out there and actually sell drugs. Not just give them away.

ALICE DEE: Oh, man, she's really pissed.

MORAPHINE: Come on, Alice Dee, forget her. She can cover the next couple of transactions. I know what will cheer you up. I heard there's a good (BLEEP) Mart fight about to go down in the south parking lot.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: What's a (BLEEP) Mart fight? Are you kidding me?! (BLEEP) Mart fights are awesome, man! You got bar fights, you got street fights, and then you got (BLEEP) Mart fights. They're better than pay-per-view!

HERA WYNN: What qualifies a fight as a (BLEEP) Mart fight? Listen, if you're left feeling slightly embarrassed/totally disgusted for humanity, yet thoroughly entertained after watching a beat down in a (BLEEP) Mart parking lot. Then you just witnessed a (BLEEP) Mart fight. People fight over the stupidest possible things imaginable.

ALICE DEE: And pretty much anything goes. This one time, we saw this thirty-something mom of four totally stripped down to her waist with a baby attached to her boob, getting Instad from some pervy man child a spot over. Little did he know she's a good multitasker. The second she saw him, she whipped out a big bag of Halloween candy from her cart with her free hand and started clobbering the pervy man child with the bag until it cracked open like a Piñata. I even caught a Kit-Kat down my bra. Hands down, it was the sweetest fight I'd ever seen.

HERA WYNN: Have we ever been in a (BLEEP) Mart fight? (AMUSED) Uh, no, no, no. We don't partake in (BLEEP) Mart fights. To put it this way, we'd hate to be 'those girls' who got pinched for getting 'stabby' at a fucking (BLEEP) Mart. We just love to watch them.

BLEEP MART - SOUTH PARKING LOT - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, RAIN, SHOPPING CARTS AND CARS ARE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: Guys! Where the fuck were you? I called you both!

MORAPHINE: I thought it'd be obvious that we were by the van.

HERA WYNN: You. Moved It.

ALICE DEE: Sorry, Hera Wynn, we turned off our phones because the show's about to start.

HERA WYNN: We're not in a fucking movie theater! We're in a fucking sketchy parking lot which you just made me hike across! Next time, keep your phones on.

ALICE DEE: Calm down, Hera, it's mid-afternoon. We don't have to worry about the real weirdos coming out until late afternoon.

HERA WYNN: Says you! Some creeper just asked me if I could help him load a mini fridge into his fucking camper! A mini-fridge!

MORAPHINE: Dude, I'm not seeing what's so creepy about that.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, some mini-fridges can be pretty heavy.

HERA WYNN: He didn't seem to have a problem carrying the fridge when he approached me and asked if I could help him load it into the back of his camper by going in first so he could hand it to me.

MORAPHINE: Okay, yeah... that is creepy.

ALICE DEE: Glad you didn't do that.

HERA WYNN: So am I.

MORAPHINE: Sorry, Hera, I would have texted you our location but I thought all my information was useless.

[HERA WYNN GROWLS IN ANGER.]

ALICE DEE: Hey, wait, why are you back so early anyway? I thought you had business to attend.

HERA WYNN: The last two orders were canceled, and one of them was a no-show, so I expect they'll cancel later.

ALICE DEE: Huh? I wonder why that's happening?

MORAPHINE: Ssh! The fight's starting.

[WE HEAR CATS FIGHTING.]

HERA WYNN: Catfight! Bitchen! What did I miss?

ALICE DEE: Well, they were yelling at each other from across the way for a while now, but they have been slowly closing the distance.

HERA WYNN: They're close enough to throw down now.

[CATS ARE HEARD YOWLING.]

MORAPHINE: My money is on Madam Bathrobe since she has a cart.

ALICE DEE: What about Eco Girl? She can use her recyclable grocery bag to beat down Madam Bathrobe.

MORAPHINE: Yeah, but Madam Bathrobe has a cart and she can use it as a battering ram.

HERA WYNN: Plus, her cart's full, so she has more weapons to choose from.

MORAPHINE: Right?

HERA WYNN: So, what's the fight about?

ALICE DEE: Do we care?

HERA WYNN: No.

MORAPHINE: Oh, *oh!* Looks like Eco Girl's going for something in her bag.

ALICE DEE: See? She also has weapons to choose from.

HERA WYNN: Oh! Looks like Madam Bathrobe is arming herself too. She's grabbing a container of those nasty ass sugar cookies, oh no, she's putting it aside for later.

ALICE DEE: Uh oh, Eco Girl is slipping out a carton of farm fresh eggs from her bag. She's opening the carton.

[A WOMAN IS HEARD GRUNTING AS SHE THROWS EGGS. SPLAT!]

HERA WYNN: Madam Bathrobe sure is taking her sweet time to organize her cart. What is that? Like the sixth box of cheap wine she's put aside?

MORAPHINE: Oh my God! Madam Bathrobe! Could you be more anticlimactic?!

[GRUNT. SPLAT!]

ALICE DEE: Yay! My person's winning.

MORAPHINE: Good thing, we didn't put money down on this.

HERA WYNN: I don't know who started this fight but at this point, Madam Bathrobe deserves to get pelted by eggs.

MORAPHINE: I'm embarrassed for you, Madam!

[GRUNT. SPLAT! GROWL.]

ALICE DEE: Aww! How lame. Eco Girl can't aim worth shit.

MORAPHINE: (LAUGHING) Nevermind, I take that back.

HERA WYNN: Check it! Madam Bathrobe has moved out of firing range and she's opening a box of... Oh! She has a box of granola bars. The only thing she could stand to lose.

[WE HEAR BOTH WOMEN GRUNTING AS THEY CONTINUE TO THROW EGGS/GRANOLA BARS AT EACH OTHER.]

MORAPHINE: Ha, look at Madam Bathrobe! She can throw! Yes!

[ANGRY BREATHING TURNS TO GROWLING.]

ALICE DEE: Eco Girl is moving in... Oh, damn! She actually egged her! Eco Girl egged her! Did you see that you guys? Madam Bathrobe took an egg to the boob. That's gotta hurt!

[ANGRY GROWLING TURNS INTO AN ANIMALISTIC YOWL.]

MORAPHINE: Shit! Eco Girl's out of eggs and Madam Bathrobe's looking pissed...

[WE HEAR THE BOX OF GRANOLA BARS HIT THE GROUND.]

MORAPHINE: Madam's thrown down the box of granolas.

ALICE DEE: Eco Girl's reaching back into her bag...

MORAPHINE: Cart's back in play, Eco Girl better watch out.

ALICE DEE: Eco Girl's pulling out an eggplant?! What kind of weapon is that?

[WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A SHOPPING CART PICKING UP SPEED.]

HERA WYNN: Madam Bathrobe is making a run at her! Madam's going to ram her with the cart! Do you think Eco Girl is going to be able to get out of the--?

MORAPHINE: Madam Bathrobe overshot! *Nooo!*

[SMACK! GROAN.]

TRIPP SISTERS: *Ohhhh!*

MORAPHINE: Did you see that?! Eco Girl just clubbed her in the face with the eggplant! She's beating her down!

[GRUNTING AND WHACKING CONTINUE.]

ALICE DEE: Beat her! Beat her ass!

HERA WYNN: Damn, we should have brought some popcorn. We got ourselves a good one.

MORAPHINE: Way ahead of you, I sent Pup out on a snack run. Anyway, he should be back any minute with the goods. Looking pretty useful now, huh, Hera?

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: W-w-wait. You thought Pup was our dog? What kind of asshole leaves their dog in the car in a sketchy parking lot? Phsh. (MOMENT OF THOUGHT) Oh, I guess I can see how you made that mistake.

MORAPHINE: No, Pup's our Groupie-in-training since he hasn't exactly been house-trained in a matter of speaking. He was Dig-Doug's little friend, and then he started following us around, always eager to serve, which is why us Top Bitches decided on a consensus to give him a shot at learning the ins and outs of the drug biz.

ALICE DEE: So for now, he's like our unpaid intern. Which basically means he's our little bitch, which is why we call him Pup.

BLEEP MART - SOUTH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

[LIGHT RAIN AND BACKGROUND SOUNDS: CONTINUOUS.]

HERA WYNN: Wait, you sent Pup on a snack run into (BLEEP) Mart?

MORAPHINE: Chillout, Hera. I told Pup we'll pay him when he gets back. That way we'll be lining his pockets and not the fat man's.

ALICE DEE: Oh, hey! There's, Pup!

MORAPHINE: Hey, Pup, you got the goods?

PUP: Sure do! I got your three boxes of malt balls...

[SOUND OF MALT BALLS.]

MORAPHINE: (SIDE WHISPER WHILE PUP CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND) Alice, did he just pull my malt balls out from down his pants?

PUP: ...three Slurpees, and three bags of freshly popped popcorn.

ALICE DEE: Glad I didn't ask him for a Churro.

MORAPHINE: Whatever happened to using a grocery bag?

PUP: No worries, Hera Wynn, I remembered that speech you gave me about not supporting Evil Corps and I felt you, so I took a five-finger discount.

HERA WYNN: Not what I was getting at, but thanks. And for future reference, I don't ever want to hear, "I felt you and five-finger discount," directed at me again, get me?

PUP: Heard that. So...

[CATS ARE HEARD FIGHTING IN THE BACKGROUND: CONTINUOUS.]

PUP: What are they fighting about?

HERA WYNN: Does it matter?

PUP: True that. So...

MORAPHINE: You want to know where the unattended cart is, huh?

ALICE DEE: Rolled somewhere down that way.

PUP: Sweet, free groceries. Do you need anything else ladies?

HERA WYNN: Think you can discount me some tampons?

PUP: Umm... Okay.

HERA WYNN: (LIGHT LAUGH) I'm just fucking with you, you can go.

PUP: Cool, I'm gonna go grab me some free groceries and finish off the doobie y'all left me. See ya!

[SOUND OF MALT BALL BOX.]

ALICE DEE: Aww, my malt balls are all melted.

MORAPHINE: Gross his body temp must have warmed them.

HERA WYNN: Stop complaining, they were free.

ALICE DEE: Well, at least they were still in the box.

MORAPHINE: Don't make me gag, Alice.

[WE HEAR WOMEN FIGHTING AND THE LANDING OF BLOWS.]

MORAPHINE: Oh, yes! The fight has been taken to the ground! Madam Bathrobe's on top of Eco Lady and she's beating her with her own eco-friendly bag. Not so friendly now!

ALICE DEE: People are starting to step in. I'm calling it.

HERA WYNN: Took long enough. Time to go ladies.

ALICE DEE: What luck!

PIER - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

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

HERA WYNN: What fucking luck! Someone canceled on us again! First yesterday afternoon and now this evening? What the hell is happening?

ALICE DEE: Yeah, but, yesterday came before today so I think that should be expected.

HERA WYNN: Gee, Alice Dee, what a concept.

ALICE DEE: Oh, look, a fish just jumped out of the water!

HERA WYNN: (BRISK) Fascinating. (BACK TO BUSINESS) Maybe we're the victims of budget cuts? But where did all the junkies go?!

ALICE DEE: Cheah! Talk about mixed-up priorities. Look, there's another one!

HERA WYNN: We are walking around the pier, there's always fish! And pay attention! We need to get to the bottom of this.

MORAPHINE: I don't know. Maybe we collected bad karma somehow?

HERA WYNN: How?

ALICE DEE: Moraphine could have refrained from taking that one guy's glasses after she kicked the crap out of him.

MORAPHINE: I didn't know they were prescription[s] at the time. All I knew was they were cool, and they still are now that I popped the lenses out. Plus, he grabbed my ass. He'll think twice next time.

ALICE DEE: Oh, yeah.

MORAPHINE: Maybe, Alice Dee, it was the time we took the bus, and you were standing next to that guy, and he wouldn't stop talking, and he had really rank breath and you offered him a mint, but you offered it from the wrong tin. Which we found out later, while we were watching the news, remember, and it turns out he got all whacked out on ecstasy and got arrested for walking up to random people in the park and touching them.

ALICE DEE: Okay, that could be why, but that was a total accident. The universe is very understanding, Moraphine. I should know, she talks to me all the time on my free trips.

HERA WYNN: But then again, it turned out he was already a registered sex offender, so it was only a matter of time before he struck again.

MORAPHINE: True.

ALICE DEE: What about when Hera...?

[PAUSE.]

HERA WYNN: Finish the sentence, Alice Dee.

ALICE DEE: I can't, there's too many to pick from.

HERA WYNN: (PIQUED) Nice. (BACK TO THE CONVO) Okay, but why are we paying anything? We basically work on the side of karma. Nobody got served anything they didn't already deserve.

MORAPHINE: You got a point there. (COY) Hmm, I wonder what it could be...

ALICE DEE: Hey, look! It's the Belle-*VUE* girls!

HERA WYNN: Good eye, Alice.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Bellevue girls? Oh... you mean to say the Belle-*VUE* girls. You have to say the 'vue' part like you're saying a fancy word and you must tilt your head up like you're disgusted by everything and everyone because you have money. It's safe to say we hate them but we, like, love their money so they're redeemable. The Belle-*VUE* girls are a group of six to eight interchangeable superficial bitches who walk around like they have giant pine trees shoved up their asses. Every once in a while, they feel the need to come down from the city of Bellevue to grace us with their presence and snot up the place.

MORAPHINE: (PINCHING NOSE) And they always talk like this. (SPEAKING NORMALIY) I swear to God, they all sound like the same person. And talking with them is exhausting, though we only speak with the two main bitches Cherrie and Carrie while the rest of them hang in the back like a pack of squeaking mice with sinus issues.

HERA WYNN: But you know, those snobby bitches are always loaded and looking to score so we like to keep friendly.

PIER - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - CONTINUOUS

[LIGHT RAIN AND PIER AMBIENCE CONTINUES TO PLAY.]

HERA WYNN: Let's head over.

ALICE DEE: Hopefully they are ready to partay! Hey, Belle-*VUE*, girls!

[CUE: THE SOUND OF SQUEAKING MICE.]

BELLE-*VUE* GIRLS: Huh?

ALICE DEE: I mean, Bellevue girls.

CHERRIE: (NASALLY IN UNISON) Like, oh my God, it's the Puget Sound Girls!

CARRIE: Like, it's so good to see you. Too bad we didn't run in earlier. We could have hanged. But, like, now we have to go because we're in a hurry.

CHERRIE: So, sad! We'll catch up next time. Kay, *byee!*

ALICE DEE: What about your party fix?

CHERRIE: Actually... we're already fixed up, but maybe next time. Kay, byee!

ALICE DEE: Fixed up?

HERA WYNN: By who?

MORAPHINE: (CASUALLY) Huh.

CARRIE: This new guy offered us all a pretty girl discount. Even Kathy.

KATHY: Huh?

CARRIE: No offense, girl.

ALICE DEE: Pretty girl discount, I get those all the time. Who did you say you bought from?

CHERRIE: We didn't.

ALICE DEE: Do you remember what he looks like?

CARRIE: Not really.

HERA WYNN: Look, Cherrie.

CHERRIE: Yeah, girl?

HERA WYNN: Carrie.

CARRIE: Uh-huh?

HERA WYNN: I'm going to need you to put your pretty heads together and think really hard. So I'm going to need you six in the back to *shut it!*

[BACKGROUND CHATTER ABRUPTLY STOPS.]

HERA WYNN: (SWEETLY) Thank you.

CHERRIE: (WHINY) But, like, I don't remember!

CARRIE: It's too hard! Thinking is giving me a headache!

ALICE DEE: Was he cute?

CARRIE: Oh, God no.

CHERRIE: Total Fuggo.

CARRIE: He's totes got the ugly.

[MICE SQUEAKING IN THE BACKGROUND RESUMES.]

ALICE DEE: So you do remember.

CHERRIE: Oh, funny, I guess so.

CARRIE: Guy, acted like he was hot shit, but he wasn't.

HERA WYNN: So do you remember his name?

CARRIE: It was something stupid...

MORAPHINE: Like Big D?

CHERRIE: Big D? Right, let's be honest, he's more like an A cup.

CARRIE: Totally. Did you see the size of his hands?

CHERRIE: Right?! Kathy's man hands are so much bigger.

KATHY: Bitches, you talking about me?

CARRIE: Bitch, you're paranoid. Excuse her.

HERA WYNN: Hold up, that little prick is walking free?

CARRIE: I guess so. So, like... are we done here...?

HERA WYNN: Yes.

CHERRIE/CARRIE: Okay, byee!

HERA WYNN: Those cheap-ass whores!

ALICE DEE: I know! What happened to customer loyalty?

HERA WYNN: I can't believe they would spread their fingers to take just anyone's joint!
(PAUSE) Wait a second, Moraphine, you seem awfully quiet for someone who's gone ballistic in the past when finding out we lost a customer to a dispensary. Why is it this time when you found out we are losing customers to some loser selling second-rate crap over our dank weed you're suddenly very indifferent? What gives?

MORAPHINE: I already knew there was another player. Dig-Doug gave me a ring yesterday while we were doing curbside and informed me.

HERA WYNN: What?! I asked you last night while you were brushing your teeth if you had any important updates, and you answered me back with a mouthful of toothpaste 'mmm-hmm,' and you're telling me you were lying? Why didn't you tell us?!

MORAPHINE: I would have told you but I thought all my information is useless.

HERA WYNN: You're letting us take a pay cut just so you could throw my words back at me?!

MORAPHINE: Yes I did, and maybe next time you'll watch who you call useless.

HERA WYNN: Fine! I'm fucking sorry for calling you both useless, happy now?!

MORAPHINE: Elated.

ALICE DEE: You called me useless? I don't remember that.

MORAPHINE: Maybe, because you slammed your forehead into that car.

ALICE DEE: Oh, yeah. I would have let that comment go, but I appreciate it. While we're apologizing, I'm sorry I called you a bitch.

HERA WYNN: Uhh. You never called me a bitch, Alice Dee.

ALICE DEE: Oh, maybe I said that to my inside voice. Well, I'm sorry for thinking it.

HERA WYNN: Uh... apology not accepted. Now, why is he out, Moraphine?

MORAPHINE: Got off for good behavior.

HERA WYNN: (SHOUTING) Fucking, Carl!

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]

[OUTRO]