

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

ALICE DEE: Radioactive Skittles presents '*The Stonettes*,' a glowing production. Created and voiced by MST Price.

THE STONETTES CRIB - DAY

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Who's Big D? He's this dickhead named--

MORAPHINE: Carl, who thinks he can hide behind 'Big D' because it makes him cool or whatever, but inside, he will always be a Carl. And Carl's, as it turns out, are easy to take down. (ANSWERING QUESTION)

Is Carl our competition? (LAUGHING) Good one. Wait! That was an actual question? Competition? Psh! Man, we're out of his league.

HERA WYNN: He was, however, one of the only major 'party suppliers' around when we first moved into town but it didn't take too long to usurp him.

ALICE DEE: It was a Ruse de Guerre. That's French for a ruse of war. It was a quiet, strategic takeover. How did we accomplish that? Easy.

MORAPHINE: Before we could take out 'Big D' we had to wipe the board of all the minor drug dealers in the area. We like to think of ourselves as agents of karma. So the crime always fits the punishment.

HERA WYNN: First on the hit list was Uncle Benny. A forty-something loser who liked to sell drugs to teenagers at parks. Ask Uncle Benny for a candy, and he'd pop you a prescription pill out of a PEZ dispenser for five dollars apiece.

ALICE DEE: To take Uncle Benny out, I mean in competition not to kill, we had Dig-Doug follow him around for a couple of weeks and Dougie found out Benny's a creature of habit who comes down every Tuesday at happy hour to dine at Eat 'Ems the local burger joint which sits across the street from the park he never, never, never ever goes to because, frankly, you don't eat where you shit. That, and Eat 'Em's being a popular burger joint, you will always see a squad car in line at the drive-through.

PARK - OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[WE HEAR LIGHT RAIN AND CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: We just need to get a couple of kiddos alone...

MORAPHINE: How about those teeners over there abusing the playground equipment? You know, like the three climbing up the slides or the two dangling off the sides?

ALICE DEE: No... we're looking for a couple of innocents.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: What I mean by innocent was we needed kids that have learned the no taking candy from strangers rule but don't have sense enough not to buy candy off of strangers. Kids between the age group of 8-12, essentially tweenagers with lunch money and allowance to spare. I know it sounds bad, but let me be clear. No children were harmed, well, intentionally harmed in the making of this bust.

PARK - CONTINUOUS

[PARK SOUNDS AND LIGHT RAIN: CONTINUOUS.]

MORAPHINE: Do you feel weird about doing this?

HERA WYNN: Don't make it sound worse than it is, Moraphine. What better way to take drugs out of the hands of children than by using them?

ALICE DEE: We just need to lure a couple of tweeners over to us... but how do we do this without being creepy...?

MORAPHINE: I, for one, am feeling weird about the rush I'm getting off this.

ALICE DEE: Really? I'm kind of digging it. Is there any group in particular that has caught your eye, Hera?

HERA WYNN: I'm liking the two spazzes on the climbing net.

ALICE DEE: They might do.

MORAPHINE: So, Alice Dee, one more time. What was the plan you came up with?

ALICE DEE: (SCHEMING) Okay, so we divide and conquer. Hera Wynn, you stay on this bench so you can keep an eye on Uncle Benny while creating interest with the spazzes you pointed out. Moraphine, you can take the bench facing the slides so you will be the first thing the kids see when coming down, I'm going to go sit over on that empty swing by the group of kiddies hanging out on the monkey bars. Each of us will take one lollie to suck on as an enticement. Let's see if we can lure the little suckers over with the promise of a lollie.

MORAPHINE: Evil.

HERA WYNN: Genius.

MORAPHINE: Love it. Now hand over my sucker. I got dibs on grape.

[A BAG UNZIPS AND WE HEAR THE CRINKLING OF CANDY WRAPPERS.]

HERA WYNN: Cherry me, please.

ALICE DEE: I got dibs on cotton candy!

[BAG ZIPS SHUT.]

HERA WYNN: Eww.

MORAPHINE: Ugh. You can keep your dibs on that nasty-ass cotton candy.

ALICE DEE: To each their own. Here's your lollie, your lollie, my lollie, and I snagged us three extras for later. (BOTTLED EXCITEMENT) This is going to be so much fun!

[SOUND OF CRINKLING.]

ALICE DEE: I wonder how long it will take...?

[WE HEAR THE RUSH OF CHILDREN AS THEY CROWD AROUND THE TRIPP SISTERS.]

[CHILDREN PANTING.]

MORAPHINE: Whoa!

HERA WYNN: I know.

ALICE DEE: They came from everywhere!

SUCKER 1: (PANTING, THEN QUICKLY RECOVERING) Hi. Do you got any more lollipops?

ALICE DEE: Sorry, we only had these three.

[COLLECTIVE, AWW.]

ALICE DEE: But we can tell you who we got them from.

SUCKER 2: Who?

MORAPHINE: Uncle Benny.

SUCKERS: Uncle Benny?

ALICE DEE: Why you haven't heard of Uncle Benny? He's the local candyman. We may not have any candy to give you but the candyman can. He's got all sorts.

MORAPHINE: And it just so happens that he's sitting over there across the street at the picnic bench outside Eat 'Ems. See that guy dipping his fries in goop at the table one over from the nice policemen?

SUCKER 3: Guy with the man purse?

MORAPHINE: (APPRECIATIVE) Man purse. (BACK TO BUSINESS) Yes. I know for a fact he always keeps his candy in his satchel.

ALICE DEE: He's got lollies, Skittles, M&M's, Tootsie Rolls. Even cotton candy.

MORAPHINE: You name it, he's got it.

HERA WYNN: If you hold out your money, and wave it in his face, and shout out the candy you want, he'll have to give it to you.

SUCKERS: Candy!

[WE HEAR THE KIDS TAKE OFF.]

ALICE DEE: Make sure to always look both ways--! Wow! They're already over there. Damn, those little bastards are fast! (GASPS) Where did he come from? Where did she come from?

MORAPHINE: Hey, kids, what are you two still sticking around here for? Go get some candy.

GIRL: I don't have any money. I don't get an allowance.

BOY: I'm not allowed to cross the street.

ALICE DEE: Well, now I just feel bad. (SOUND OF DISGUST) Pity is such an icky feeling. Make them go away.

HERA WYNN: Listen, kids, we lied. We have a few extra lollipops but didn't have enough to go around so don't tell the others. Alice Dee.

ALICE DEE: But...

HERA WYNN: Alice.

ALICE DEE: (COMPLIANT SIGH) I got orange...

[SOUND OF BAG ZIPPING OPEN AND WRAPPER CRINKLING.]

ALICE DEE: Lemon...

[CRINKLE.]

ALICE DEE: And rasp-

[ABRUPT CRINKLING, THE BAG ZIPS SHUT.]

ALICE DEE: Orange and lemon.

[CRINKLE. CRINKLE.]

ALICE DEE: Good choices.

HERA WYNN: Now take them and run. Hide them from the others.

GIRL/BOY: Thanks!

MORAPHINE: Hey, let's go watch the takedown from the minivan before the little suckers realize there's no actual candy and start pointing us out.

[THREE OF THE MINIVAN'S DOORS ARE HEARD CLOSING.]

TRIPP'S MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

[WINDSHIELD WIPERS AND LIGHT RAIN IS HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

[CAR DINGING.]

ALICE DEE: Perfect, the kids are hounding him! They're waving their monies in his face, pointing at his bag! Uncle Benny's looking stressed. He's abandoning his food and is moving away from the table. Ooh! The po-po is getting curious, they're approaching. Now they're pointing at his bag...

HERA WYNN: I'm surprised the kid's parents haven't realized--? Oh, no, I stand corrected. They're running over to collect their children.

MORAPHINE: Never mind them, watch Benny. He's starting to get squirrely. Why does he keep eyeing the table?

ALICE DEE: Maybe he wants one last fry?

HERA WYNN: No, I think he's calculating his escape route.

ALICE DEE: You think he's going to try to clear the table and book it?

MORAPHINE: No way, an out-of-shape, middle-aged man is going to clear a table, but if he were to try and jump on the table and over he should be able to-- Oh, watch! See? He's going to--

HERA WYNN: Wait? What?!

ALICE DEE: His foot landed in the fry basket! He's skating--!

TRIPP SISTERS: Ooh. Faceplant.

MORAPHINE: I didn't know your body can twist that way. He's like a pretzel.

ALICE DEE: So, when he flopped over and hit his head on the bench and landed on the ground was that ketchup that went flying or...?

HERA WYNN: Blood. Definitely blood... But he's still moving so that's good.

MORAPHINE: Yeah, one of the officers just got done checking his bag and is removing his cuffs so he must be fine. Looks like we won't be seeing you for a while, Uncle Benny.

ALICE DEE: Goodbye, Candyman!

HERA WYNN: See ya loser! You're going to make a great piece of man candy in prison!

ALICE DEE: You don't think we just traumatized a bunch of kids, right?

MORAPHINE: Traumatized, no. Pissed off because they didn't get any candy, yes. Taught a valuable life lesson about why not to jump on top of a table, for sure.

HERA WYNN: Hey, why are the kids all pointing at the park?

ALICE DEE: Oh shit! They just noticed one of the kids we gave a lollipop to.

MORAPHINE: How'd they spot him from all the way over there?

HERA WYNN: I told him to hide. Not flaunt it at the top of the slide.

MORAPHINE: Uh-oh, they're coming for him.

[SOUND OF CHILDREN SCREAMING.]

ALICE DEE: Poor kid is in a world of his own, sucking on his lollie. He has no idea they're coming for him.

MORAPHINE: He sees them now, but it's too late, kid's mid-slide.

[KID IN THE DISTANCE YELLS, 'CUT HIM OFF!']

HERA WYNN: He's tossed the sucker and is climbing back up.

ALICE DEE: Climb, kid! Climb!

MORAPHINE: Too late, they're on him.

HERA WYNN: And... They caught him by his leg.

[KID HEARD SCREAMING IN THE DISTANCE.]

ALICE DEE: Oh, now they're dragging him around the slide...

MORAPHINE: Out of the sight of parentals. Brutal.

ALICE DEE: See, he should have been like that kid who picked the lollie off the ground and ran.

HERA WYNN: Hopefully the little girl we gave the other one to was smarter.

ALICE DEE: Nope. They just tracked her down by the swings.

[MORE SCREAMING.]

HERA WYNN: Well, we're just going to have to let nature take its course on this one.

MORAPHINE: No good deed goes unpunished.

HERA WYNN: Yep.

ALICE DEE: So, who's next on the list?

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: The list was quite extensive, but we managed to whittle it down. And I gotta say, some of our tactics were pretty creative. Like in the case of Gap.

ALICE DEE: Gap got his name because he 'covers' you during insurance gaps, meaning when your insurance won't cover your unsightly habits he will. He sold mostly prescriptions so we really didn't pay him a lot of attention until he started branching out into our world of selling designer drugs. But his party drugs were nothing more than--

MORAPHINE: Shit. And it gives you the shits since the cheap bastard cuts his drugs, meaning he adds laxative powder to your order to make it look like you're getting the same amount you paid for. We found that out when we sent a sample anonymously to a lab for testing.

ALICE DEE: Aren't most of the drugs we sell already cut with fillers? Sure, but we test our products to ensure our 'party supplies' are of the highest purity and potency available on the market. When you buy from us, you can be safe in the knowledge that our products are free from any additional additives. Which in return, lowers your risk of overdosing.

HERA WYNN: Not only is cutting for the sake of boosting your profits morally objectionable and potentially lethal--depending what a drug is cut with, it can really mess you up. That is why it is really important you know what you're taking and who you're taking it from and why that fucker Gap had to go.

MORAPHINE: Since Gap cuts his shit, I figured we should cut some shit of our own, so we concocted a little something using some household ingredients.

WOODS - NIGHT

[THE SOUND OF CRICKETS, AND TREES BEING BLOWN BY LIGHT WIND/RAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Do you think we made enough fake cocaine?

MORAPHINE: Should be, it's about a nickel's worth of prison time.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Why the fake cocaine? We couldn't justifiably spill real cocaine on a biking trail because like, duh... the environment is already fucked up as it is. So, of course, Moraphine came up with a master plan that's environmentally friendly but equally effective.

MORAPHINE: So the plan was fairly straightforward. We just needed a couple of supplies. Some fake cocaine, three large zipper bags worth, headlamps, and carpet shoes. As in, I glued carpet samples to the soles of our old sneakers to cover our tracks. In terms of execution, it was a walk in the state park. All we had to do was slip into the woods undetected at three in the morning and hike it over to Gap's camp.

WOODS - NIGHT

[FOREST SOUNDS: CONTINUOUS.]

MORAPHINE: Dig-Dug's right, I can see Gap's camp from here, which means he could probably see us if he stumbled out of his tent to take a leak, so dim your headlamps. We should get off here and hike it up that hill over to him. Be careful not to slip on your way up, the carpet shoes don't exactly have grip.

[FOLIAGE RUSTLES AS HERA SLIPS. TWIGS BREAK.]

HERA WYNN: Oww!

MORAPHINE: What did I say?

HERA WYNN: I was being careful! The stupid blackberry thorns caught me by my backpack and pulled me into them.

[WE HEAR HERA WYNN STRUGGLING WITH THE BUSHES.]

[IN PAIN, HERA WYNN SHARPLY SUCKS IN AIR THROUGH HER TEETH.]

HERA WYNN: Aah! Oww! My hair's stuck.

ALICE DEE: Need me to cut you loose?

HERA WYNN: No. (GRUNTING) I think I can yank myself free. Ow, ow, ow. Aah! It's pulling my hair. Alice Dee, your knife.

[A KNIFE CLICKS OPEN.]

HERA WYNN: Go ahead and hack at it.

[SOUND OF BRAMBLE BEING HACKED.]

HERA WYNN: (SHOCKED GASP) Alice, did you just hack my hair?

[LIGHT SOUND OF FAUX COKE SPILLING IN THE BACKGROUND: CONTINUOUS.]

ALICE DEE: You said!

HERA WYNN: I was talking about hacking the branches!

ALICE DEE: Calm down, they were only split ends.

HERA WYNN: They're split now.

ALICE DEE: No, see here. Look, see for yourself.

HERA WYNN: That was a lock of my hair! Give me that! Thanks a lot.

ALICE DEE: Why would you want to keep a lock of your own hair? That's kind of weird.

HERA WYNN: We can't leave any DNA evidence on our coke trail, now can we?

MORAPHINE: Alice, make sure you pocket that clump over there too.

HERA WYNN: (DISTRESSED) Huh?

MORAPHINE: I was just fucking with you, your good.

HERA WYNN: Asshole.

MORAPHINE: (WHISPERING WHILE HERA WYNN CONTINUES TALKING) But, seriously, Alice, pocket the clump.

ALICE DEE: (HUSHED) Oh.

HERA WYNN: Who sets up camp a stone['s] throw away from a fucking trail when you're hiding out from the authorities? Did someone say something?

MORAPHINE: I didn't say anything. Did you say anything, Alice?

ALICE DEE: Nuh-uh.

MORAPHINE: See, no one said anything.

HERA WYNN: (CONTINUING) What is it with these dealers half-assing everything? No wonder we have bad reputations! You never hear about a smart drug dealer.

[CUE: FAUX COKE SPILLING. IT CONTINUES QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: He's probably high.

HERA WYNN: Moraphine's high and you're always tripping.

ALICE DEE: Then he's just plain stupid. Why is he hiding from the cops again?

MORAPHINE: Outstanding warrant, robbed a place, maybe he kept touching himself in public and skipped out on a court appearance. I don't know, who cares? Point is, he's about to get found. Okay, I say we're close enough now to start spilling a line of faux coke. I say we start by spilling a little at a time and then we make the line grow fatter as we go. We should have enough to cover the 15-minute walk back to the trailhead. We'll start with the coke in my bag, then we'll do yours, Alice, and then Hera's if needed.

[SOUND OF A ZIPLOCK OPENING AND ITS CONTENTS BEING SPILLED.]

ALICE DEE: Ooh, can I help pour?

MORAPHINE: Knock yourself out.

[SOUND OF FAUX COKE BEING DUMPED ON THE GROUND.]

MORAPHINE: No, no, no, Alice Dee. You don't want to sprinkle it too evenly. We want to make it look like it was dropped on accident. Like so...

[SOUND OF FAUX COKE BEING LIGHTLY POURED.]

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: Planting evidence is like an art form. You have to be in the moment. If you don't believe it happened, then the cops won't believe it happened. And always, always, make sure you leave nothing that leads back to you.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - DAY

[WE HEAR HOUSE SOUNDS AND A TELEVISION PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

MORAPHINE: (YAWN) So tired. Only got around three hours of sleep.

ALICE DEE: Sounds about right. Should I make the call?

MORAPHINE: I already went ahead and called the non-emergency number and left the cops an anonymous tip about a trail of mysterious white powder.

ALICE DEE: (YAWNING) Cool. How long until they get here?

MORAPHINE: I left the tip around twenty minutes ago, so they should be here in ten. Where's Hera? Did she roll out of bed yet?

HERA WYNN: Alice Dee?!

ALICE DEE: I'm going to go run and set up the lawn chairs.

HERA WYNN: Where's Alice?

MORAPHINE: Setting up the lawn chairs so we can watch the bust go down across the way.

HERA WYNN: Look! Look what she did to my hair! She took off a chunk on both sides.

MORAPHINE: At least she made them almost even.

HERA WYNN: Not. Funny.

ALICE DEE: Moraphine! Hera Wynn!

HERA WYNN: You! Edwina Scissorhands! Look what you did to my hair!

ALICE DEE: (PANICKED) I think we should be more concerned about what I did to your bag!

HERA WYNN: My bag?!

MORAPHINE: Please tell me you didn't puncture the baggie of coke inside.

ALICE DEE: There was a pile of white powder by the entryway so I checked outside and the powder leads from the trailhead, across the overhead bridge, down the bike path, through the cul-de-sac, and straight through our door!

MORAPHINE: There's a line of faux coke leading to our house?!

HERA WYNN: Please tell me no one called the cops.

MORAPHINE: I already did!

HERA WYNN: Damn it!

MORAPHINE: They should be here in five minutes!

HERA WYNN: Okay, okay, we just need to somehow erase the line of faux coke leading from the cul-de-sac back to our house. Any coke left on the bike path is fine because everyone uses it.

MORAPHINE: Should I get the broom?!

HERA WYNN: We don't have one, I accidentally squashed it with the car after we swept out the garage. Hose?

ALICE DEE: Can't, the hose won't reach, it's not long enough.

HERA WYNN: Umm... Leaf blower?

MORAPHINE: We don't own one! Umm... Vacuum.

HERA WYNN: I'll grab it and meet you both outside.

TRIPP SISTERS' YARD - DAY

[WE HEAR BIRDS AND LIGHT RAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Is it plugged into the extension cord?

HERA WYNN: Yep.

MORAPHINE: Give it to me!

HERA WYNN: No, wait!

ALICE DEE: You're supposed to--!

HERA WYNN: It's smoking!

[WE HEAR THE VACUUM TURN ON AND A HARD SUCTIONING AS A ROCK IS SUCKED UP.]

MORAPHINE: Whoa!

[POOF! THE VACUUM COMBUSTS!]

ALICE DEE: Fire! Fire!

HERA/ALICE: Turn it off, turn it off!

MORAPHINE: Holy shit!

[THE VACUUM POWERS DOWN AS IT CATCHES ON FIRE. WE HEAR A ROCK CLATTER AROUND IN THE CANISTER.]

ALICE DEE: Uh... better idea! I'll be right back!

MORAPHINE: Bring the fire extinguisher! (TO HERA) How did this happen?!

HERA WYNN: You're supposed to detach the lift-away canister--otherwise, you vacuum up rocks and kill our vacuum!

MORAPHINE: I didn't know!

HERA WYNN: Because you never vacuum!

MORAPHINE: Fuck!

ALICE DEE: Guys, don't panic! I brought the hand vac!

HERA WYNN: Hand me the extinguisher.

[SOUND OF FIRE BEING EXTINGUISHED.]

MORAPHINE: Alice, start sucking!

[LOW WHIRRING SOUND.]

ALICE DEE: It's not sucking! Someone forgot to charge it!

MORAPHINE: Oh, crap!

ALICE DEE: What are we gonna do?! The police are gonna be here any minute!

MORAPHINE: Uh-uh... If we don't have anything that sucks, then we need something that can blow!

TRIPP SISTERS: Blow dryers!

[WE HEAR THE BLOW DRYERS TURN ON.]

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Thankfully, the blow dryers were all cordless and fully charged.

TRIPP SISTERS' YARD - CONTINUOUS

[BLOW DRYERS IN UNISON.]

ALICE DEE: Blow faster!

HERA WYNN: I'm trying!

MORAPHINE: Mine only has three settings!

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Wasn't too long after we blew the last of the fake coke away from our house that the cops rolled up across the street at the head of the trail bringing with them their loyal K-9, who, as planned, reacted to our fake cocaine, leading the authorities straight back to Gap.

MORAPHINE: How did we manage to hoodwink a well-trained police dog into believing the coke was real? Simple. I cut the faux coke with hemp powder. To the nose of a police dog, hemp powder has the same identical scent to marijuana as they both are derived from the cannabis plant. Now, since weed was legalized in Washington State in 2013, K-9s are now trained only to detect large amounts of weed or, in Gap's case, hemp powder. Sure, when they ran the test on the powder trail, they found out the coke was a fake, but by the time that happened Gap was already being processed for the real drugs they found on him.

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

Who'd that leave next? The biggest douche of them all. Big D.

HERA WYNN: At the height of his reign, Carl was a twenty-seven-year-old entrepreneur. Due to his illicit dealings, he was able to open a dive bar downtown called 'Bangin' Hooch.' Naturally, Carl split his time between harassing single women at the bar--which he himself operated and

partying it up at the local clubs with his pal Roofie. You know, the date rape drug. So we had to do what any self-respecting drug ladies would do. Remove them off the lists.

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

How you ask? Well, it was a dive bar. If you could catch a disease, you could catch a Mickie. All we had to do, was pick a booth in the corner with a great view of the bar and the other tables. Sip our beers, courtesy of Carl's sexist pretty girl discount, and wait for the random single lady who was going to be the victim to Big D's advances and whose drink we were going to spike.

BAR 'BANGIN' HOOCH' - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA - NIGHT

[SOUND OF CHATTER, GLASSES, BOTTLES CLATTERING, AND VARIOUS BAR SOUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: (MID-SIP) Hmm. Single chick in the cut-off Sleater-Kinney band tee approaching the bar.

ALICE DEE: Carl's taken notice.

MORAPHINE: What's he doing with his eyes?

HERA WYNN: (SCOFFS) I think he's going for a smolder?

MORAPHINE: Those are his bedroom eyes?

ALICE DEE: But he's not blinking. I wish he would stop. It's making me uncomfortable for Ms. Sleater-Kinney.

MORAPHINE: She doesn't seem to have a problem as she's taking a seat at the bar. That won't pose an issue for you, right, Hera Wynn? When you go to spike her drink with all those potential witnesses seated around?

HERA WYNN: Not at all. Wasn't a problem when I spiked both of your beers just now with table salt.

MORAPHINE: Damn, you're good.

ALICE DEE: (SIPPING) Whoa, impressive. (LIPS SMACK) Mmm, and salty.

HERA WYNN: All in the wrist.

ALICE DEE: Uh-oh.

HERA WYNN: No.

MORAPHINE: Aww, man!

ALICE DEE: Blue Curaçao is in play.

MORAPHINE: Looks like she ordered a Blue Hawaii.

ALICE DEE: What shit luck.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Why is it shit luck? Well, Rohypnol pills since the '90s have been sold as a light green pill with a blue core. Once the core is dissolved in a light-colored liquid it will make the drink blue. To circumvent this problem, most people use the same knockoff die-free Rohypnol. The same generic stuff Carl uses. For our plan to work, Mickie needed to witness her drink change color to make for a better performance and a pleasing aesthetic. So we opted for the true blue-dyed Rohypnol.

BAR 'BANGIN' HOOCH' - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA - CONTINUOUS

[BAR AMBIENCE CONTINUES.]

HERA WYNN: Great, now we have to figure out how to detract Carl's attention from her to someone else.

MORAPHINE: I think our someone else just entered. Miss Sheer Slip is sure to get his attention.

ALICE DEE: She sure got my attention! (OVERLY ENTHUSIASTIC) She's hot and single, can I mickie her?!

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Just to be clear, when I say I want to mickey her, I mean I am going to plop a pill in her drink, but I don't plan on drugging her. I'm going to stop her from drinking the laced alcoholic beverage and blame Carl for spiking it. Then I'll come out on top as the Woman of the Hour. Win, win. Except you know, Carl loses, but I win.

BAR 'BANGIN' HOOCH' - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA - CONTINUOUS

[BAR AMBIENCE: CONTINUOUS.]

HERA WYNN: Your enthusiasm concerns me, but sure.

ALICE DEE: Awesome!

HERA WYNN: Tuck the pill in your sleeve and when you are ready just flick. (DISTRACTED)
Eww, what a sleazeball. Carls, lifting his shirt to fan himself to show off his abs. Or, the lack thereof, to Ms. Sheer Slip while still chatting up Ms. Sleater-Kinney.

MORAPHINE: He may be playing the field, but Ms. Sheer Slip is coming out of the left.

ALICE DEE: Damn, she's with Ms. Sleater-Kinney. Ah, well...

MORAPHINE: Oh, look, there's another single lady coming in. Status on Carl's rebound?

ALICE DEE: He's barely paying attention, he's too busy watching Ms. Sleater-Kinney and Ms. Sheer Slip making out.

HERA WYNN: Let's just see what she's ordering anyway.

ALICE DEE: She's ordering... a bottled beer. Ugh, I'm getting bored.

HERA WYNN: How am I supposed to drop a Mickie down the neck of a beer bottle? That's it! If the next potential Mickie fizzes out, I'm spiking my own drink.

ALICE DEE: Whoa, Hera, let's not get rash. I won't make a liable witness on the stand and we all know it.

MORAPHINE: Guys, the couple moved on to a table and Carl's eyeing Skirt-and-Blazer.

HERA WYNN: I thought she came in with the guy in the suit?

MORAPHINE: Clearly not, Big D's rebounding hard.

HERA WYNN: What's she drinking?

ALICE DEE: A martini.

HERA WYNN: Nice and clear, that will do.

MORAPHINE: He's polishing a new glass.

ALICE DEE: He didn't polish our glasses. Dick.

HERA WYNN: He's pouring the martini... and he's hand delivering. Yes!

ALICE DEE: Looks like we finally found our Mickie!

[CELEBRATORY CLINK OF GLASSES.]

MORAPHINE: Oh, no, snafu! She's waving him off. Hold on...

[WE HEAR CARL LAUGHING.]

CARL: Pretty girl discount, for a pretty girl. Enjoy.

MORAPHINE: He's not taking no for an answer. Oh, good. He's setting the glass down, in case she changes her mind.

HERA WYNN: His inability to respect the word no is only going to sell this thing.

ALICE DEE: Look at him grinning stupidly to himself as he leaves. So hopeful. So pathetic. So over.

HERA WYNN: We're up Moraphine, time for a little gaslighting. Alice, do you and distract Carl.

ALICE DEE: Happily.

[SOUND OF MICKIE SIPPING.]

MORAPHINE: (CLEARS THROAT) Umm, hi. I don't know, uh, I don't know how to say this, so I'm going to just come out and say it, my sister and I saw--

HERA WYNN: Your drink's spiked.

[SOUND OF MICKIE CHOKING ON HER DRINK AND SPITTING IT OUT.]

MICKIE: (SPUTTERING) Wa-uh-What? The one I've been drinking--?

HERA WYNN: No, no, no. Not that one.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: About that time I waved my hand over her glass and dropped the roofie in.

BAR 'BANGIN' HOOCH' - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA - CONTINUOUS

[BAR AMBIENCE: CONTINUOUS.]

[PLOP OF PILL IN LIQUID.]

HERA WYNN: No, no, this glass. The one the bartender just brought over. I saw him drop something in as he was carrying it to the table.

MORAPHINE: Look, your drink's turning blue!

MICKIE: Oh my God! That's why he was being so pushy! I told him I didn't want a second martini, but he kept insisting I take it because it was part of some sexist pretty girl discount.

MORAPHINE: (DISGUSTED) What a pig.

MICKIE: He kept gesturing to my glass...

HERA WYNN: That's when I saw him drop the pill in.

MICKIE: Yeah, now that I think back, I'm pretty sure I saw him do it. What do I do?

HERA WYNN: What you do is stay here, call the cops, and tell them what happened. Do it discreetly, so the A-hole doesn't have a chance to run.

MICKIE: I'll do that right now. I can't thank you two enough.

HERA WYNN: No thanks necessary. Moraphine, text Dig-Doug we're ready to roll, and let's grab Alice. (DISTRACTED) Ooh! I see an uncleared empty table with two sets of shot glasses. I'm going to bag us souvenirs. Be right back.

MORAPHINE: (SPEAKING ALOUD.) Ready to roll.

[PHONE BEEPS. MESSAGE SENT.]

MORAPHINE: (GRABBING ALICE) Alice!

ALICE DEE: (MID CONVERSATION.) One sec. --pretty brand new here. So, Carl, could I get a shot of Adios Motherfucker?

CARL: Huh? Oh, yeah, sure.

HERA WYNN: Ha, ha, ha. All set.

[PHONE DINGS TWICE.]

MORAPHINE: Alice, time to vamoose. Our rides here.

ALICE DEE: Ready.

CARL: What about your drink?

ALICE DEE: It's for you. (ALICE'S HAND SLAPS THE BAR TOP) Keep the change.

MORAPHINE: Why'd you give him a twenty, man? He's going away, he won't need it.

ALICE DEE: No worries, it was the first bill I pulled out of the tip jar.

HERA WYNN: Nice touch.

[SOUND OF DOOR OPENING. LIGHT RAIN.]

[SIRENS.]

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Big D went away for a couple [of] years as, weirdly, there were no working cameras in Bangin' Hooch, and it helped that Mickie swore she saw him spike her drink.

MORAPHINE: Didn't take him long to figure out who sent him behind bars after we took up the territory, which is why every so often, he'd send a member of his crew to intimidate us in a sad attempt to retake the streets. We took care of them easily. Some we turned, and the others... Well... they just went missing...

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

Do I care to elaborate? Nah, man, I'll leave it up to your imagination.

ALICE DEE: In less than six months, we had all the players cleared away. I almost felt bad, almost, but then I thought about how one would rarely think about flicking away a pissant off the dinner table, and when it comes down to it that's just what Big D is. Just a regular piss-ant.

HERA WYNN: Couldn't there have been an easier way to take out our competition? Cheah. Sure we could have left anonymous tips to the police department about their whereabouts and shady activities, but here's the thing about being a fellow drug dealer. We don't rat on each other. Instead, we set each other up to fail. Which is not only expected but encouraged.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - NIGHT

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC.]

HERA WYNN: Look at that pathetic loser slinging crack in the dark in a back alley by the dumpster outside his old bar. Sad.

CARL: (TO DRUGIE) Good doing business with ya. Come on back if you like the taste of Big D.

MORAPHINE: Like, did Carl just proposition him?

HERA WYNN: Gross, I think he just did. How unprofessional.

ALICE DEE: I see he's retired from bangin' hooch.

CUSTOMER: Dude.

CARL: Fuck those bitches, man, I didn't--

MORAPHINE: Anyway, tweaker dude, I wouldn't take that if I were you.

HERA WYNN: Unless you're cool with catching a venereal disease.

CUSTOMER: What?

CARL: What the fuck!

MORAPHINE: You see, our friend Carl just got out of prison like a day ago, you know, so like where did he get the goods so fast?

ALICE DEE: Like, I think he might have pulled it out of his person.

CARL: I don't know who the fuck Carl is but--

ALICE DEE: That is exactly where he pulled it out of.

CUSTOMER: Gross. No deal, man.

CARL: Hey, wait! It's all bullshit!

MORAPHINE: Is it, Carl? Is it really?

CARL: Well, isn't it the Tripp Sisters? Been looking forward to this moment, meeting face to face with the three people who fucked up my life. Correct me if I'm wrong, because I only got this information second-hand from some of my friends you had both terrorized and brutalized.

HERA WYNN: Sounds about right.

CARL: You must be Hera Wynn, I can tell by the unveiled metaphorical spoon hanging from your choker. Your Moraphine, the smell weed of is a dead giveaway. And, you with the feign innocence and the weird high voice, must be Alice Dee.

HERA WYNN: Great deduction, Carl.

CARL: Hey, hey, hey! Carl died when you sent him to prison, the name's Big D.

MORAPHINE: Like what exactly does the D stand for?

HERA WYNN: Dumbass?

ALICE DEE: Dipshit?

MORAPHINE: Douchebag?

HERA WYNN: No, that's right. It stands for dickhead. So what exactly are you here for, dickhead?

CARL: I'm here to take back what's mine.

HERA WYNN: Oh, you mean our territory?

MORAPHINE: So you're here to start a pissing contest?

ALICE DEE: You're going to need a bigger D.

CARL: What the fuck did I ever do to you bitches?! You robbed me of my liquor license, my joint. You got me barred from the clubs and pubs downtown! Why?! Why?!

HERA WYNN: You had the deed to boardwalk--

MORAPHINE: And we didn't feel like paying rent--

ALICE DEE: So we took it. Basic monopoly. Added plus, we got to sweep your friend Roofie from off the board.

CARL: Let me get you bitches straight. You came after me because I dealt roofies, yet you spiked some chick's drink, convincing that crazy bitch that I did it, and then sometime later, you hypocrites roofied one of my men?!

ALICE DEE: A good salesman always tries his product.

CARL: So you mug him and leave him stranded in Iowa!

MORAPHINE: (LIGHT LAUGH) Right, I wondered where he ended up.

CARL: Whatever. Consider this your cease and desist notice, from here on out this is Big D's territory. Comprende?

HERA WYNN: Listen, butt fuck, no one cares.

ALICE DEE: If I see your blue candy cross mi camino--

MORAPHINE: It's not going to be all good man.

HERA WYNN: Get us, bitch?

CARL: We'll see who's the bitch, bitch, after I own your asses. Let the turf war begin!

[THE TRIPP SISTERS LAUGH IN DERISION.]

HERA WYNN: We'll drink to that!

MORAPHINE: Did he just seriously storm off?

ALICE DEE: What a douche. (PAUSE FOR THOUGHT) So, a round of Adios Motherfuckers?!

HERA WYNN: Let's make them shots, and we'll use his glasses.

MORAPHINE: Read my mind.

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]

[OUTRO]