

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

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

THE STONETTES CRIB - DAY

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: You want to know how are things since the 'Glitter Fairy's' been sprinkling his 'glitter dust' all over our turf? Well you know glitter, it spreads everywhere like herpes.

HERA WYNN: It seems our clientele doesn't give a shit about the quality of their drugs as long as it's cheap and flashy.

ALICE DEE: Lately, walking downtown everyone seems to sparkle. It's like everyone's tasted the rainbow but us.

HERA WYNN: I mean, who cares if the long-term side effects of huffing glitter dust has been yet to be scientifically proven to be harmless? Why would that pose a concern to an individual who has no qualms snorting a rail off of a public toilet tank?

ALICE DEE: I want to freaking sparkle! But no, I can't wear glitter because it might trace back to me in a crime scene... Oh, yeah, and Moraphine says it's bad for the environment. But I mean like seriously, lately what isn't?

MORAPHINE: We're looking at a possible placebo effect. People are swearing by Carl's glitter cocaine.

ALICE DEE: "Glitter dust, for when you want a sweeter high."

MORAPHINE: We have apparently underestimated Carl's marketing capabilities. By how much, well...

TRIPP SISTERS CRIB - KITCHEN - DAY

[SOUND OF PERCOLATOR, TELEVISION AND OTHER HOUSE SOUNDS.]

MORAPHINE: We're losing customers. ~The big Douche is undercutting us. Cereal me.

[SOUND OF BOWL SLIDING AND CEREAL BOX BEING POURED IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: Undercutting us how?

MORAPHINE: Currently group chatting the groupies for answers.
[PHONE DINGS.]

MORAPHINE: Oh, Addy answered back. Undercutting by forty.

HERA WYNN: Forty?

ALICE DEE: Well, that's better than fifty.

[PHONE DINGS.]

MORAPHINE: Great, Pup, chimed in it's actually fifty percent off.

ALICE DEE: Maybe Pup meant up to fifty?

MORAPHINE: Right, maybe he did mean up to fifty instead of fifty percent off. Putting up to something in a sale is where they get you. Totally two different sales.

[TAPING TEXT SOUND. DING. MESSAGE SENT.]

ALICE DEE: Terribly misleading.

[PHONE DINGS.]

HERA WYNN: It makes a huge difference.

[PHONE DINGS.]

MORAPHINE: Pup just messaged, he meant fifty percent off.

ALICE DEE: (GROANING) Aww!

HERA WYNN: (STRIKING THE TABLE A SPOON CLATTERS) The bastard!

MORAPHINE: Don't shoot the messenger, Hera.

HERA WYNN: I was talking about Carl!

ALICE DEE: I feel so purple right now. Can you pass me the milk?

HERA WYNN: You mean, blue like you're feeling down?

ALICE DEE: No, first I thought it was blue, but it really feels like purple. Not like a lavender but more like a mauve. Definitely not a violet.

MORAPHINE: I was feeling pretty lavender up until the group chat, but really there's no reason to feel purple. As long as we have our loyalists we can ride this out.

ALICE DEE: Hey, where's the milk?

HERA WYNN: We're all out.

ALICE DEE: Aww, man!

MORAPHINE: Yep, now I'm definitely feeling violet.

HERA WYNN: Moraphine, I asked you to put milk on the list.

MORAPHINE: No, you didn't!

HERA WYNN: Uh, yeah I did.

MORAPHINE: Did I respond and make eye contact?

HERA WYNN: Yes, you did! Because you responded and made eye contact!

MORAPHINE: Was I squinting? Because that automatically means I was really high and unavailable.

HERA WYNN: You know what, forget it. It looks like we'll be taking the bus because it's beer and cereal day!

ALICE DEE: Beer and Cereal! (QUESTIONING) Beer and cereal? ...Doesn't it seem kind of perverse to pour beer in my kiddie marshmallow frosted unicorn rainbow flakes.

HERA WYNN: Yes, but it's a right kind of wrong.

MORAPHINE: Cross-faded, here I come. Mind grabbing me a raven? I don't want anything too hoppy.

[SOUND OF THE REFRIGERATOR OPENING AND BOTTLES BEING GRABBED.]

HERA WYNN: No problem. It always makes my day when I get to use Mark.

[SOUND OF BOTTLES POPPING OPEN.]

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: So I named my beer can ring opener after the package thief. I name most of the things I collect after the person I took it from. Helps me to remember the moment.

TRIPP SISTERS CRIB - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

HERA/ALICE/MORAPHINE: Dare to Party!

[BOTTLES ARE CLINKED.]

[THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.]

MORAPHINE: Who would be knocking at the ungodly hour of 12:50? Twelve minutes earlier we could still have been asleep.

ALICE DEE: Might be that little cookie slinger. (KNOCKING AT DOOR) I heard word she's fierce.

MORAPHINE: Hmm... cookies...

ALICE DEE: Pup said she hit up Crystal and Beth's door last week (KNOCKING AT DOOR) and only left with a box out of a dozen.

HERA WYNN: Tough cookie, so we don't open the door for the little girl scout.

ALICE DEE: She's actually not affiliated with the girl Scouts, she buys brand like what you can get at a grocery.

HERA WYNN: Huh, kid after our own heart. That door is definitely staying shut.

[BRIEF SILENCE BROKEN BY...]

MORAPHINE: (OFF SCREEN) Thanks, kid. Have a good one.

[SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR BEING CLOSED.]

HERA WYNN: Alice, when did she even get up? Did you see her get up?

ALICE DEE: No.

MORAPHINE: Alright, I scored us some Mint Thins.

[SOUND OF COOKIE BOXES DROPPING ON THE TABLE.]

HERA WYNN: You realize, Mora, you just bought--!

ALICE DEE: Two... four... six... eight... ten.

HERA WYNN: Ten boxes of knock-off Thin Mint cookies?

MORAPHINE: I knew that, but she said the taste is practically identical to the real thing. Anyway, they were buy four get one free. So obviously I paid for eight and got two free.

ALICE DEE: Why did you get ten of the same flavor?

MORAPHINE: They're Mint Thins, I didn't want to get the fat ones after what happened to Beth.

HERA WYNN: But, why ten?

MORAPHINE: The unaffiliated cookie girl said half of the proceeds go towards raising awareness for Salmon.

HERA WYNN: Whatever. Next time around, that door is staying shut. We have enough causes of our own we need to support. Like raising awareness to the dangers of snorting microplastics.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: What do I mean by that? What I mean is Carl may be cutting his cocaine with edible glitter, but thanks to him coke heads now run the risk of unknowingly ingesting the real thing as we're now seeing a string of emulators cutting their fairy dust with actual freaking glitter. Picture small thin strips of sharp aluminum-coated plastic slicing away the lining of your nasal passages only to travel further up your sinuses. Sounds pleasant, doesn't it? The victims tend to agree as the common side effect of snorting microplastics is severe burning, anguished crying, intense pain, heavy nasal bleeding, and a serious reevaluation of certain life choices. But yet, in spite all of that --

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN, TRAFFIC AND SEAGULLS.]

ALICE DEE: Do we got any of that fairy dust going around? No, but we have scented glow-in-the-dark color-changing glitter putty. You can collect the rainbow. Allow me to demonstrate...

COKE HEAD: But with Glitter Dust I can not only collect the rainbow but be a rainbow?

ALICE DEE: (LISTENING) Uh-huh... valid point, but why snort the rainbow when you can hold the rainbow in the palms of your hand with our color-changing glitter putty?

[SOUND OF ZIPPER OPENING AND RUMMAGING THROUGH BAG.]

ALICE DEE: They come with the purchase of -- sorry, one sec, it's kind of buried in my bag. (LOOKING THEN SOUND OF PAPER BAG)
Here it is. Where'd she go?

MORAPHINE: She crossed the street while you were rummaging through your bag.

ALICE DEE: Damn it, I'm sorry. I'm still a little buzzed from this morning's cereal. I forgot where I put it.

HERA WYNN: It's fine, she clearly wasn't interested. She's gone to chase the end of the rainbow.

ALICE DEE: Oh, hey, potential customer!

D-BAG: Give me all your shit!

MORAPHINE: Are you serious, bro?

D-BAG: Don't make me have to use this?

[KNIFE CLICKS OPEN.]

ALICE DEE: That's such a cute knife!

[CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.]

ALICE DEE: But ours are bigger!

HERA WYNN: Now give us your shit!

D-BAG: Whoa, whoa, look, I'm sorry!

HERA WYNN: Knife on the ground, kick it towards us.

[THE KNIFE DROPS THEN SKATES ACROSS THE CONCRETE.]

D-BAG: Keep it, it's yours. I was bluffing. I didn't even know how to use it.

MORAPHINE: Sure you were. Now give us your phone, wallet, turn out your pockets. C'mon, c'mon. We ain't got all day.

ALICE DEE: Very good. Let's take a look at your ID...

[RIFLING THROUGH WALLET.]

ALICE DEE: Nice to meet you Jason of Tumwater. I assume your address is current?

D-BAG: Look I'm harmless--

ALICE DEE: I'll take that as a yes.

D-BAG: --you have my knife, you have my wallet, you know where I live. As you can see, my pockets are empty. What say you let me walk away unharmed?

ALICE DEE: Not so fast. Hera, Mora, I just got a new knife, what do you guys want?

HERA WYNN: Aviators.

DOUCHE: C'mon, I just got those.

ALICE DEE: Funny, she just got those too.

HERA WYNN: How do I look?

ALICE DEE: Fly.

MORAPHINE: Sweet jacket? Is it leather?

D-BAG: (DISGRUNTLED) Vegan.

MORAPHINE: Even better. Thanks, man.

HERA WYNN: Now beat it.

MORAPHINE: Go in peace.

ALICE DEE: Bye, Jason. (TO SISTERS) Why is he walking backwards?

HERA WYNN: Yo, Ass-Face! Forget how to walk?

MORAPHINE: I think he thinks we're going to stab him in the back if he turns around.

HERA WYNN/ALICE DEE: Huh.

MORAPHINE: Hey, someone else is coming.

HERA WYNN: Can we help you?

LADY CUSTOMER: I heard you're selling?

ALICE DEE: Where'd you hear that?

LADY CUSTOMER: Tweaker Taylor.

MORAPHINE: Taylor's cool with us. Whatcha looking for?

LADY CUSTOMER: Got any Krazy Kandy?

MORAPHINE: What?

ALICE DEE: Uh-oh.

LADY CUSTOMER: You know 'Devils Venom.'

MORAPHINE: Excuse me?

HERA WYNN: (AMUSED) Oh, shit man.

LADY CUSTOMER: Synthetic marijuana.

MORAPHINE: Fuck off, you blasphemous K-2 Spice freak!

[AFFRONTED GASP.]

MORAPHINE: Before I shove my foot so far up your--

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Moraphine's a purist. You don't spray insecticide on dried leaves and call it weed much like you wouldn't piss on someone and call it rain.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC.]

MORAPHINE: Sorry, guys for losing us out on a new customer, I don't know what came over me?

ALICE DEE: Don't worry, we've all been there. Especially Hera Wynn.

HERA WYNN: Only when they deserve it. Hey, maybe, this chick will be looking to score actual weed. S'up.

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: (SMACKING LIPS) Hey, you guys selling?

MORAPHINE: (WARY) Depends on what you want?

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: Can I get some butt-awns?

HERA WYNN: What?

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: (CHEWING GUM) Butt-awns.

MORAPHINE: I'm going to need a definition?

ALICE DEE: Oh! You mean like buttons.

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: That's what I said, butt-awns.

HERA WYNN: It's pronounced buh-tnz.

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: Same difference.

MORAPHINE: Oxy--

HERA WYNN: --moron--

MORAPHINE: --codones coming right up. That'll be eighty bucks apiece.

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: Do you like price match, because I heard that guy over by the well is charging sixty?

MORAPHINE: You know what, I'll do better. I'll give it to you for sixty and throw in a box of Mint Thins.

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: Deal. I'll take two, butt-awns.

ALICE DEE: You want that in a bag?

BUBBLE GUM GIRL: (SMACKING MOUTH) Sure, I'll take a little beggie.

HERA WYNN: Here's your-- (EMPHASIZING) Baggie.

ALICE DEE: Remember, Dare to Partay!

MORAPHINE: Ugh! Another Price Matcher!

ALICE DEE: It's like they're trying to push our butt-awns.

HERA WYNN: What do we look like?! Fucking (BLEEP) Mart?!

MORAPHINE: Fucking (BLEEP) Mart and their stupid low prices riding on the backs of underpaid hard-working people.

ALICE DEE: In terms of sales, how are we looking, Mora?

MORAPHINE: Slow. First three weeks of January when everyone's still sticking to their New Years resolution -- I'm going clean up and quit coke -- slow. Except for this time, no one's quit. They just stopped buying ours.

HERA WYNN: Oh! the aggravation!

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: I'm sure you're wondering why not spare ourselves the irritation and join the 'Glitter Fairy' and his 'Band of Feys.' We have our reasons.

ALICE DEE: Our drugs are sold as pure and unadulterated as we got them, and setting aside the morally reprehensible aspect of cutting our cocaine with a product of unknown consequences we're not about to knock off Carl's hustle and give him the satisfaction of knowing he's outselling us. We're better than that.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC.]

ALICE DEE: At least we have our loyalists to stick by us during this dry season.

HERA WYNN: Well, whoop-dee-fucking-doo! Can they make up for our lost sales? I don't think so.

[PHONE DINGS.]

MORAPHINE: Hold up, Dig-Doug texted. Uh-oh...

HERA WYNN: What? What now?

MORAPHINE: We just lost a few of our high ticket coke-heads.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: What was I talking about?! We're dealing with junkies! Their loyalties lie only with their next fix.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - CONTINUOUS

[BACKGROUND SOUNDS CONTINUE.]

HERA WYNN: High ticket as in...

MORAPHINE: Joe Blow.

HERA WYNN: Joe Blow?! He makes up a good percentage of our weekly revenue! God!

ALICE DEE: Who else did we lose?

MORAPHINE: Crack Jack...

HERA WYNN: Damn it!

ALICE DEE: Not Crack Jack!

MORAPHINE: Cola Lola...

HERA WYNN: Shit!

ALICE DEE: Oh, Lola!

MORAPHINE: Candy Spice.

HERA WYNN: Fuck!

ALICE DEE: Not--!

HERA WYNN: Say it and die, Alice!

ALICE DEE: (WHINES) And they called themselves friends!

HERA WYNN: Evidently, we have no friends in this business. Mora, please tell me you got to the end of the list.

MORAPHINE: One more, Bella La Gucci.

ALICE DEE: Bella La Gucci--!

HERA WYNN: Is dead. To. Us!

MORAPHINE: Hera Wynn, dude, take a chill pill.

HERA WYNN: (SLOW ERUPTION) Stop telling me to take a chill pill. Because of you, people keep asking if I sell any!

ALICE DEE: But how can this be?! We have the best drugs in town!

MORAPHINE: Their habits are expensive. They're thinking quantity over quality.

HERA WYNN: Where does that leave us?! We can't wait for them to come around to their senses.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, they're junkies! They take drugs to dull their senses!

HERA WYNN: Well, fuck!

ALICE DEE: What are we going to do?

MORAPHINE: You know what, it's been a day. How about we just catch the next bus, take a ride home, and take the night off to regroup. The groupies can handle the streets.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Our night off consisted of drinking through our supply of beer and most of our vodka. Consequently, we awoke the next day nursing nasty hangovers. If only the day had ended there...

TRIPP SISTER'S CRIB - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

HERA WYNN: What was that ingenious solution we came up with last night to handle the Carl situation?

ALICE DEE: I think we decided to have him whacked and then thrown into the sound.

HERA WYNN: Right.

MORAPHINE: Oh, right. Yeah, let's not do that. Violence begets violence and all that and we don't really want to set a precedence. Nobody wants to go around worrying about having a hit on our heads. Wait, hey... wasn't there something you told me to remember...? Something to do with Scorpio...?

HERA WYNN: Yes. Next Tuesday we're supposed to pick up some more party supplies from him.

MORAPHINE: Tuesdays not good for me, my horoscope said so. Wednesday's fine.

ALICE DEE: What day is it today?

HERA WYNN: Rain day.

[PAUSE TO LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF RAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Oh, right. Then tomorrow we're making that drop by the pier?

HERA WYNN: No, that was today.

MORAPHINE: Can we talk more about this tomorrow it's like... ten o'clock...

HERA WYNN: In the morning.

ALICE DEE: No, it's not. It's eleven fifty in the morning.

MORAPHINE: So I rounded down.

ALICE DEE: By like a lot.

MORAPHINE: Sue me, I'm having time skips.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: Time skips is what we in the community consider a side effect of smoking too much weed. I like to think of it as a fun bonus.

TRIPP SISTER'S CRIB - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HERA WYNN: So what? You travel back in time now?

MORAPHINE: No, I'm just baked! Can't we just chill and dispatch a groupie?

HERA WYNN: We have to keep a presence on the streets if we want to take back our turf. We're drug dealers, it's in our job description!

MORAPHINE: (DESPERATE) Come on, Hera, it's rain day.

HERA WYNN: So? Every day is rain day.

[CUE BACKGROUND RAIN.]

[THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.]

HERA WYNN/ Moraphine: Oww!

Moraphine: My head feels like it's going to explode!

HERA WYNN: Alice, can you get that? My head is pounding, almost as hard as they're hitting the door!

ALICE DEE: Sure.

HERA WYNN: Where is the hair of the dog that bit me? Where is the hair!

MORAPHINE: Please, tone it down, Hera. And we drank all the beer.

HERA WYNN: Damn! Then what are we going to pour into our cereal?

MORAPHINE: We have no choice but to eat it dry.

HERA WYNN: But all we have are wheat nuts?

MORAPHINE: I guess we could soak them in a little water so we don't crack a tooth? Sweeten it with some honey.

HERA WYNN: Don't be ridiculous, we still have some vodka chilling in the freezer. We'll soak the wheat nuts with that and then we'll make a grocery list for Pup to pick up.
(FRONT DOOR CLOSSES. CALLING OUT TO ALICE) Alice, who was that?

ALICE DEE: Don't hate me but I bought a little more than I should have.

MORAPHINE: Bought what? And how much more?

HERA WYNN: What are you even talking about?

ALICE DEE: The little cookie slinger said she needed to sell fifty so she can meet her goal.

HERA WYNN: Fifty?! Oh, I feel sick!

MORAPHINE: For 12 bucks a box. That's like... (CALCULATING) six hundred dollars!

HERA WYNN: (GASP IN DISBELIEF) Why would you spend that much on knock-off cookies?!

ALICE: I didn't know the price. I wasn't carrying any cash so I just asked if she would take card. And she just took my card and tapped it on her machine so there wasn't anything to sign. I asked for a receipt but she said I should have asked earlier because she already skipped the prompt.

HERA WYNN: Call her back and return them now!

ALICE DEE: But, she said no take-backs.

MORAPHINE: Damn it, looks like we're locked in.

HERA WYNN: What are you eight?! She doesn't get a choice. She's taking them back.

ALICE DEE: That's the thing, the second the card went through she phoned her mom who rolled up in a van and delivered all fifty boxes on the front porch.

MORAPHINE: Okay, this is bad, but it's not terrible.

HERA WYNN: (INTERJECTING) By what standards is this not terrible?! Oh my head.
(WHINES)

MORAPHINE: Did you at least get my Mint Thins?

HERA WYNN: (SCOFFS) Uh! Priorities!

MORAPHINE: I need sustenance! I'm looking at vodka-soaked wheat nuts as my only breakfast option because you made me sacrifice all my Mint Thins as a sale tool.

HERA WYNN: Well, thanks for your noble sacrifice.

MORAPHINE: You're welcome.

ALICE DEE: Sorry, Moraphine, she was all out of every cookie except lemon thins.

MORAPHINE: Aww, man! Just my luck!

HERA WYNN: Lemon! She just tricked you into buying the one flavor nobody wants!
(GROANING) Why is this happening?!

MORAPHINE: Stay calm, half the proceeds are going towards raising awareness for Salmon. A good charitable deed worthy of a tax break from the universe.

[THE SOUND OF A BOX OF COOKIES.]

ALICE DEE: Salmon? She told me a quarter of the proceeds were going towards the disabled children's art program?

MORAPHINE: Alright, even better. Two worthy causes.

HERA WYNN: Enh! Wrong answer!

MORAPHINE: (GROANS) Ugh. Can you get any louder Hera?

HERA WYNN: (SIGH) Yeah, I know I hurt my own head. Don't you see? The only donation you made was to her pocket.

MORAPHINE: That little bull shitter's been feeding us lies! (SHAKING COOKIE BOX) Delicious lies!

ALICE DEE: Man, we're lucky she's a child because if she was our age and in our line of work we wouldn't stand a chance.

HERA WYNN: So, not only are we getting outsold by Carl we are now getting scammed by a child?!

MORAPHINE: Odd turn of events, am I right?

HERA WYNN: You two keep away from that door. The next time she comes around I'm dealing with her.

ALICE DEE: Fair. So... lemon cookies for breakfast?

HERA WYNN: Apparently.

MORAPHINE: Anything but vodka-infused wheat nuts.

HERA WYNN: Speak for yourself.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: What did we do with the fifty boxes of lemon thins? We ate as much as we could stand--

MORAPHINE: Ugh! So many cookies.

HERA WYNN: -- we saved a few for the next Groupie meeting, and with the rest, we had ourselves a little 'baked' sale.

ALICE DEE: Buy an ounce of weed and get a stack of our delicious Lemon Skinny's, each delicately wrapped and tied up with a pretty bow. Grandma's recipe.

MORAPHINE: Technically not a lie, the box said it's made from someone's Grandma.

HERA WYNN: Most importantly, all profits went to a worthy cause, ours. By throwing our little 'baked' sale, we managed to not only break even after a few sales, but we made a nice profit despite the many price matches requested. Did it make us even with the kid? Hell no. Did we see the kid again? You bet.

TRIPP SISTERS FRONT DOOR - MORNING

[KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR. DOOR OPENS.]

HERA WYNN: Who goes?!

GIRL SCOUT: Hi, I'm...

HERA WYNN: Not interested.

[DOOR CLOSES.]

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: She returned again.

TRIPP SISTERS FRONT DOOR - MORNING

[KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.]

HERA WYNN: Yes?

GIRL SCOUT: Hi, I was hoping to speak to the nice girl I spoke to last time.

HERA WYNN: I'm sorry but she's not available to play today.

GIRL SCOUT: Where is the other girl, the hippie, can I talk to her?

HERA WYNN: She's unavailable either.

GIRL SCOUT: How about tomorrow?

HERA WYNN: Actually what I meant to say was you're taking advantage of my sisters and they no longer want to play your games. Bye-bye, now.

[DOOR SHUTS.]

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: And again.

TRIPP SISTER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

[HOUSE NOISES, DISTANT SOUND OF RAIN AND TELEVISION PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: (PANTING AND OUT OF BREATH) No one get that!

ALICE DEE: Get what?

[KNOCK ON DOOR.]

MORAPHINE: Not a problem, I wasn't planning to move from this couch anyway.

HERA WYNN: That's my new little friend.

ALICE DEE: Or Pup dropping off our groceries since it's later in the day.

HERA WYNN: No, it's the kid.

ALICE DEE: Why are you so out of breath?

HERA WYNN: I was delivering a special brownie -- give me a second here -- (CATCHING BREATH) To old Mrs. Edna when I spotted the girl scout who saw me and peeled out on her bike. I ran down a couple of back alleys and through the back door, just so I could get here first.

[KNOCKS GROW LOUDER.]

HERA WYNN: (INHALE, EXHALE) Now if you'll excuse me. (UNDER BREATH) Oh fuck.

MORAPHINE: Hey, Alice, what do you get when you mix Hera Wynn and Girl Scout cookies?

ALICE DEE: What?

MORAPHINE: (LAUGHING) A-bombed.

ALICE DEE: (LAUGH) That's what you get when, you mix Heroin with marijuana, good one.

MORAPHINE: I thought so.

[KNOCKING TURNS INTO BANGING.]

TRIPP SISTERS FRONT DOOR - DAY

[SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING.]

GIRL SCOUT: (SURPRISED) You again? But you were all the way across...? How did you...?

HERA WYNN: Don't know what you're talking about, I've been here the whole time.

GIRL SCOUT: Who are you?

HERA WYNN: The original girl scout. Now if you'll excuse me.

[WE HEAR A THUNK!]

GIRL SCOUT: Hold up, I have lemon cookies.

HERA WYNN: Did you just stick your foot in my door so I can't close it?

GIRL SCOUT: Or your closing the door on my foot and I'm liable to sue.

HERA WYNN: What did you say your name was?

GIRL SCOUT: I didn't but the names, "Conscious."

HERA WYNN: Conscious?

GIRL SCOUT: My parents wanted me to be self-aware.

HERA WYNN: Then I assume you're aware that you're annoying and what you're doing is wrong?!

GIRL SCOUT: Noted. So you going to buy my lemon cookies or not? My foot's starting to throb.

HERA WYNN: I don't like your freaking lemon cookies.

GIRL SCOUT: In that case, I have butterscotch.

HERA WYNN: I don't like butterscotch.

GIRL SCOUT: But, I have peanut butter.

HERA WYNN: I'm allergic to peanut butter do you want me to die?

GIRL SCOUT: Well, I have cinnamon?

HERA WYNN: No, No, and No.

GIRL SCOUT: Mint Thins?

HERA WYNN: I don't want any of your freaking cookies, kid!

GIRL SCOUT: I have candy. What about some Gummy Bears?

HERA WYNN: I don't have any cash.

GIRL SCOUT: I take Pay-Mate.

HERA WYNN: Fine, I'll make you a deal. I will buy one bag of Gummy Bears and a box of Mint Thins if you don't show your cute little face around here anymore.

GIRL SCOUT: How about I make you a deal. Every box of cookies you buy will be the equivalent of how many weeks I'll stay away.

HERA WYNN: Deal.

CONSCIOUS: Nice doing--

[FRONT DOOR SLAMS SHUT.]

TRIPP SISTER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MORAPHINE: Why do you have a bag of candy and two boxes of Mint Thins?

HERA WYNN: These are bargain cookies. Two boxes for two weeks of her not coming around. I bought us time.

[KNOCK AT DOOR.]

ALICE DEE: Seems she's a compulsive liar.

HERA WYNN: Ugh! I'll handle this.

MORAPHINE: Not really seeing how you got this handled.

ALICE DEE: Want to go watch?

MORAPHINE: Wouldn't miss it.

TRIPP SISTERS FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

[FRONT DOOR OPENS.]

HERA WYNN: (SNAPPING) What?! (RELAXED) Oh, Pup, it's you.

MORAPHINE: Aww, man.

ALICE DEE: What a letdown.

PUP: (ENTHUSIASTIC) Hi.

ALICE DEE: Why are you smiling so big?

MORAPHINE: You're kind of creeping me out.

PUP: Sorry.

MORAPHINE: You're still doing it.

HERA WYNN: Why are you only wearing an undershirt? What happened to your shirt? I thought we discussed dress code at our last meeting. Remember, we want to sell drugs, not look like we're selling drugs.

PUP: (UPBEAT, UNPERTURBED) I found a stray kitty-cat on the side of the road and I wrapped it in my flannel. It's asleep in the passenger seat of my truck if you want to come see.

ALICE DEE: (GUSHING) A little-bitty kitty! Boy or girl?

PUP: (SWEETLY) Girl, I think. I like little girls. Once I put these groceries away for you you can come and meet her?

HERA WYNN: Say, Pup, you don't happen to own a pair of khakis do you?

PUP: Sure do, why?

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Let's just say Pup was dressed for the occasion in his white undershirt, khakis, and sociable smile when little Conscious came around after the two weeks were up.

TRIPP SISTERS FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

[AS DOOR'S OPENING...]

CONSCIOUS: Should I put you down for another two--

[ABRUPT HORRIFIED GASP!]

PUP: (CREEPY) Well, hello there. Aren't you a pretty little girl, so little. Don't you look cute in that dress? I bet you got something sweet for me.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Picture Danny Elfman, the lead singer in Oingo Boingo, dressed in the band's music video "I love Little Girls" and that's what Pup looked like down to the undershirt and khakis.

HERA WYNN: Needless to say, Conscious hasn't been seen anywhere near our street and Pup now has a new founded aversion to both Oingo Boingo and unaffiliated or affiliated Girl Scout cookies

MORAPHINE: Were we just feuding with the cookie slinger to keep from dealing with the bigger issue on hand? Maybe.

HERA WYNN: Did it make me feel any better defeating the kid? Yes, yes it did.

ALICE DEE: Any regrets for possibly scarring a child for life? Hmm... none that I can say.

MORAPHINE: Regrets? Eating all those cookies.

ALICE DEE: Disclosure: eating two boxes of Lemon thins all to yourself doesn't make you thin, it does quite the opposite in fact.

MORAPHINE: Suffice to say, we'll all be wearing overalls for the next two weeks.

ALICE DEE: Was that all that we learned? No. Thanks to Conscious we realized that we have been playing Carl's game all along when we really should have been playing by our own. The big difference is, we don't play by any rules, we like to make them up as we go.

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]

[OUTRO]