

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

HERA WYNN: Radioactive Skittles presents '*The Stonettes*,' a glowing production. Created and voiced by M.S.T. Price. Guest-starring: Any L. Price.

THE STONETTES CRIB - DAY

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Are we taking Carl's declaration of a turf war seriously? That's a hard no since the Big Dork has nothing on us. Like the size of his dick, he's exaggerated how big of a hold he has on this city.

HERA WYNN: Carl couldn't get it on even if he wanted to. No more 'Bangin' Hooch' for him and clubbing it up with the junkies. Those days are gone. Forgotten history. As far as Big D's concerned, he's left totally impotent.

MORAPHINE: Carl thought there was no way our little 'girly gossip' was going to affect his illicit business. The funny thing about rumors of venereal diseases is that they spread just as fast as the real thing.

PIER - OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

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

[CUE: THE SOUND OF SQUEAKING MICE.]

CHERRIE: Hey, Puget Sound Girls!

CARRIE: Hey, girlfriends.

ALICE DEE: Check it, it's Cherrie and Carrie with the rest of the Belle-*VUE* girls! What a surprise to see you here at the pier!

CHERRIE: Long time no see.

ALICE DEE: I thought you'd be in Seattle riding the S.L.U.T.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: It's not as bad as it sounds. The S.L.U.T. is an improperly named and hilariously abbreviated streetcar which stands for South Lake Union Trolley a.k.a. the S.L.U.T.

ALICE DEE: I meant what I said.

PIER - OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[PIER AMBIENCE AND SQUEAKING OF MICE: CONTINUOUS.]

MORAPHINE: What brings you to the port?

CHERRIE: We've been looking around for you like all day.

ALICE DEE: But, it's only noon...

CARRIE: So, like, we just heard that shady fuggo we bought our party stuff from just came out of prison so we heard his shits no good.

ALICE DEE: Was that before or after you ingested the shit that Big D boofed?

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: What does boofed mean? Simply put, to boofed is to boof. Boofing, a verb, is the act of hiding or smuggling drugs up your ass. But if you have a vag, the most popular way of making drugs disappear is by poofing it. Like "poof" gone.

PIER - OLYMPIA, WA - AFTERNOON

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

[CUE: THE SOUND OF SQUEAKING MICE.]

CHERRIE: I don't, like, wanna talk about it.

CARRIE: Rather not say.

MORAPHINE: See, I keep telling people, you never base the quality of other party brands by their discounts, except for us, I can guarantee you we meet the highest standards. Boofed free.

CHERRIE: Hella true. So, we're like jonesing for some coke and maybe some California Sunshine for the weekend...

HERA WYNN: Sure, spit and die white bitch?

[CHERRIE AND CARRIE GASP.]

[ALL THE BACKGROUND CHATTER ENDS ABRUPTLY.]

MORAPHINE: You know, spit and dies, acid tabs. Coke, white bitch.

CHERRIE: Oh, Sound Girl, you're so funny!

CARRIE: Savage.

HERA WYNN: I thought so too. The usual amount?

CHERRIE: Uh-huh. Think you can hook us up with our usual friends discount?

CARRIE: Fam.

ALICE DEE: Sorry, friend discounts are only for loyal customers.

CARRIE: Uh, We like swear to God, we'll never buy from anyone else again and we'll like totes tell everyone too.

HERA WYNN: Well, we totes appreciate it, girlfriends. Here you go, have fun.

CHERRIE: Totes will. Byee!

CARRIE: Thanks, girlfriends. Byee!

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: It's been a minute since the Belle-*VUE* Girls came crawling back, along with our other customers who had been led astray, and we still haven't seen any movement in Carl's, "Turf War." For those listening who can't see my fingers, I just made air quotes.

MORAPHINE: Yeah, Carl, is still slinging but he's nothing to worry about. The last time I heard, he's doing little pathetic marketing schemes. Just the other night downtown...

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - NIGHT

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN, TRAFFIC, AND SEAGULLS.]

ALICE DEE: (SINGING HAPPILY) *Cha-ching!* 'Cause, the rumor is catch-ing and we're getting all our customers *back... -ing*.

HERA WYNN: Alice, we've talked about this! When we're walking the streets downtown at night, walk like a normal person.

ALICE DEE: But I like dancing to the music in my head.

HERA WYNN: I know you do, but you're not really giving out badass lady drug dealer vibes right now.

[THE PHONE RINGS.]

MORAPHINE: Sup, Dig-Doug.

ALICE DEE: And now our phones are *ring-ing...*

HERA WYNN: At least try not to run into the tourists for god's sake!

ALICE DEE: So, I'll keep on *sing-ing!*

HERA WYNN: If you keep on singing, then I'm going to start smack-ing.

MORAPHINE: Quiet it down, I can't hear Dig-Doug on the phone.

ALICE DEE: (STILL SINGING) Okay, I am stopp-ing. This is the *end-ing*. (RUSHED) Okay, okay, I'm done. I'm done. Just put your hand down, Hera.

MORAPHINE: Dougie, have you been making sure to push the new duckie tabs we just got in?

ALICE DEE: What new tabs?

HERA WYNN: These ones.

ALICE DEE: (SHRIEKING) Oh my God, duckies!

HERA WYNN: Alice Dee, you yelled that way too close to my ear!

MORAPHINE: Your ears? (SNAPPING) I lost hearing in my left! Hold on, Dig-Doug, let me switch you over to the ear I can still hear out of. Sorry, Dig-Doug, you were saying?

ALICE DEE: When did we get the duckies in?

HERA WYNN: On Monday. When I showed them to you last?

ALICE DEE: All I know is I was gone on a free trip till Tuesday.

HERA WYNN: Then the least you can do is leave a note.

ALICE DEE: I, like, would. But I never know how long I'll be gone.

[HERA GROANS IN IRRITATION.]

MORAPHINE: Thanks for the heads up, Dig-Dug. Keep me posted.

ALICE DEE: What did Dougie say?

MORAPHINE: He reported ringing in his ears from your outburst, and my hearing in my left has yet to come back. Thanks for your concern.

HERA WYNN: Mora. Importantly?

MORAPHINE: Importantly, blotters are starting to pop up with popular K-pop bands for about ten dollars a pop.

ALICE DEE: That's a lot of pops! Wait... we've been K-popped?!

MORAPHINE: Looks like it. He's out-selling us in tabs.

HERA WYNN: Whoop-dee-fucking-doo. So, the big dweeb is picking up some of our spare pocket change, no biggie. He's got nothing on us. We can afford the charity.

ALICE DEE: Fuck charity. We can outdo him.

MORAPHINE: You're missing the point, he doesn't need our charity. He's using gimmicks to attract customers.

ALICE DEE: What kind of gimmicks?

MORAPHINE: Promotions. Like buy some ecstasy and get a condom. Buy so many tabs of LSD and get a row of stickers or something lame like that. I don't know the specifics because thanks to you, Alice Dee, Dig-Doug was hard to hear.

HERA WYNN: Promotions? Any dopehead could get that stuff from any one of the corner stores down here.

MORAPHINE: Exactly, which is why we have to take back the market fast.

ALICE DEE: So what dark corner is he selling from now?

MORAPHINE: Not a dark corner, in broad daylight. He's selling over at the Artesian Well. Oh, good, I actually heard that with my left ear.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: What's the Artesian Well? Well, it's a well which comes from... um...

MORAPHINE: An Artesian Aquifer that provides enough pressure for the water to reach the surface which is perfect for a tap.

HERA WYNN: There used to be a park open for the public around the Artesian Well. But, due to violence, it closed and was fenced off. Of course, the violence only moved elsewhere.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - NIGHT

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN, TRAFFIC, AND SEAGULLS.]

HERA WYNN: (SCOFFS) Psch! The well? So he's been reduced to peddling in the teensy area not blocked off with all the other small-time dealers hanging around there? We've got nothing to worry about.

ALICE DEE: Even so, how do we up him?

MORAPHINE: Simple. We'll annihilate his ass through clever marketing strategies and charm.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: And we got our chance at (BLEEP) Mart.

BLEEP MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

HERA WYNN: Guys, guys! There's this killer fight going down at the south end of the parking lot! We have to see this!

ALICE DEE: South end? Is that where the fight over the last bag of Hot Wings is taking place?

HERA WYNN: This one's even better!

MORAPHINE: Better than Hot Wings? I heard someone's missing teeth.

HERA WYNN: No listen! This married man just bumped into his side piece who he found fucking his wife's boyfriend in their Volkswagen while his wife watched on.

ALICE DEE: No way! How large is this van?

MORAPHINE: Where'd you hear about this, Hera Wynn?

HERA WYNN: The screaming match between husband and wife carried all the way over to where I was selling. Now get your asses in the minivan or we're going to miss the blood bath.

[SOUND OF VAN DOORS SHUTTING, ENGINE TURNING ON AND REVVING.]

BLEEP MART - SOUTH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

[BACKGROUND SOUNDS CONTINUE WITH CAR SOUNDS AND WINDSHIELD WIPERS.]

HERA WYNN: The fight was beginning somewhere over here. Keep your eyes out for a group of people.

MORAPHINE: I see the Volkswagen, but where are the adulterers?

ALICE DEE: Over there with Carl!

HERA/MORA: Carl?

ALICE DEE: Eww. He's the sidepiece?

HERA WYNN: Why the fuck is Carl selling on the south end of (BLEEP) Mart? We own this fucking parking lot.

MORAPHINE: That ingenious bastard! He's using their lover's spat to his own advantage. He's probably trying to push them some Stacy and MJ to diffuse the situation.

ALICE DEE: Stacy and MJ...? That'd make one... two... six of them! (GASP) That would make them a sextuple! Wait, when did Carl become a pimp?

HERA WYNN: Keep up, Alice Dee. He's trying to sell them drugs out of the back of his trunk, not people! (RATIONALIZING) Whatever, it's cool. There's three of us and only one of him. We'll send his ass slinking back to the artesian well where he belongs.

ALICE DEE: Hold up, he broke up a (BLEEP) Mart fight for a sale?! But, that's not the way of (BLEEP) Mart! A peaceful resolution to a (BLEEP) Mart fight is like a violation of nature! These unhallowed grounds cry out for blood, damn it!

HERA WYNN: Nature be damned. We're going to go outsell that bastard, come on.

CARL: (IN THE DISTANCE) Better to bed than wed, as I always say.

JERRY: Uhh... Uh-huh.

[CARL LAUGHING.]

CARL: (UPON SEEING THE TRIPP SISTERS) Well, if it isn't a visit from the Tripp sisters. A little late to the party, ladies. I'm helping my freaky friends at the moment but I'll be with you in just a few because as you can see, I'm busy. (BACK TO BUSINESS) So, listen to Big D, Jerry. I hear you're the one hesitant about this little ménageàtrois turning into a ménageàquatre so it's your call, but I'm telling ya, a love drug is a solution to your problem.

MORAPHINE: He's right, Jerry.

JERRY: Oh.

CARL: Huh?

MORAPHINE: A solution to your problem is a peacemaker and I happen to have some on hand, in this bag. I was saving this stuff for personal use later, but what the hell? I'm feeling generous.

CARL: Bup, bup, bup. This is a closed sale, sweetheart. Now Jerry and friends, buy some from me, and I'll throw in a row of scratch-and-sniff stickers.

MÉNAGE À TROIS: Hmmm?

HERA WYNN: Those are still a thing?

ALICE DEE: Scratch and sniffs? You got any buttery popcorn-scented stickers?!

HERA WYNN: Why? You buying?

ALICE DEE: I was just curious. Damn.

CARL: As it just so happens, I do have buttery popcorn scratch-and-sniffs. Here's a sticker on the house, Jerry. Go ahead, give it a scratch.

JERRY: Hmm.

MORAPHINE: Wow, those retro stickers are cool, man, but we got some stuff to stimulate all your senses. Check it, here's the freebies you get with the purchase of our 'party favor.'

ALICE DEE: We got old-school candy, the non-drug kind. Not only can you sniff it, if so inclined, but it fizzes in your mouth. We're talking '90s throwback. Instant, sugar high.

CARL: If it's candy you want, I got dipsticks that changes color in your mouth.

MÉNAGE À TROIS: (EXCLAMATION OF ADMIRATION) Ooh!

ALICE DEE: Keep your dipsticks, dipshit. We got poppin' candy too. It's like fireworks in your mouth, it'll blow your mind! You haven't lived until you tasted blue.

MÉNAGE À TROIS: (EXCLAMATION OF ADMIRATION) Ooh!

CARL: I-I-I've got super stretch toys. Stress relief and a good high--guaranteed.

HERA WYNN: We've got throwback toys too, scented glitter putty.

MENAGE A TROIS: (EXCLAMATION OF ADMIRATION) Wow!

CARL: Huh. Glitter...

ALICE DEE: Yeah, that's right, glitter.

HERA WYNN: We have a limited supply, only four left. Get one with the purchase of two ecstasy pills. And don't worry about not getting your favorite color. They're color-changing, plus they glow in the dark.

JERRY: (GASP) Awesome!

ALICE DEE: So for a putty each, because it's not fun if you have to share, that'd be... eight pills.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: How much does a pill regularly go for? Fifteen to twenty-five depending on the quality. How much do we normally charge? Twenty-five. What did we charge the foursome? Thirty-five a pill.

HERA WYNN: If we were going to have to go out of our way to find glow-in-the-dark color-changing scented freaking putty you better fucking believe we were going to get our money's worth.

ALICE DEE: We might have upped our prices--but we sweetened the deal with candy.

BLEEP MART - SOUTH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

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

ALICE DEE: Oh, and disclaimer, the fruity scents are misleading. Although they smell really good, the taste is horrible and you could, like, totally choke and expire. That'd be like a total trip killer. So don't put them in your mouths.

JERRY: Okay.

CARL: Well-well, you're going to want some weed to go with that and I'm having a sale. I'll give you 15 percent off an ounce and I'll throw in a sucker to help ward off cottonmouth.

MÉNAGE À TROIS: (THINKING IT OVER) Hmm...?

HERA WYNN: Yeah, that's great and all, Carl, but we forget to mention that for every ounce of weed purchased--

MORAPHINE: You'll get a five-dollar gift card to your choice of eaterie downtown.

JERRY: Alright!

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: So we charged them five, maybe eight more than we usually do for our grass. Nothing's free.

BLEEP MART - SOUTH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

[BACKGROUND SOUNDS CONTINUE.]

MORAPHINE: That's right! When you buy from us, not only are you supporting our local business 'Dare to Party, ' but those local eateries who have been hit hard through these dark and difficult times.

MÉNAGE À TROIS: Oh!

JERRY: I only carry about fifty in cash. Do you take card?

MORAPHINE: Of course, we do, Jerry.

JERRY: Sweet!

MORAPHINE: Alice.

ALICE DEE: Walk, with me, Jerry. Bring your, uh, partners with you.

CARL: What!? Just like that! You've been played! Their shits inflated, I would have actually given you a great deal!

MORAPHINE: Rejected by a fourgie, that's got to hurt your manhood.

CARL: I had an in until you bitches cock blocked me!

HERA WYNN: Did you, Carl, did you? Because all I'm hearing are excuses as to why you can't perform.

MORAPHINE: Don't feel too bad, Carl. Not everyone can leave their customers feeling satisfied. Maybe, it's not in you.

CARL: Oh, it's in me.

MORAPHINE: Psch! You just--

CARL: Shut up, I heard that! Consider it on.

MORAPHINE: Yeah, okay.

CARL: Whatever! Fuck you bitches, Big D's out!

HERA WYNN: Might I suggest a Viagra next time?! I'd hate for you to embarrass yourself, again!

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: So, it turns out Big D's not so lame... at least when properly provoked. We found that out at our local college when we went to sprinkle our 'party supplies' over at the campus one evening.

COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

[SOUND OF BACKGROUND CHATTER AND LIGHT RAIN.]

ALICE DEE: Geoducks? Umm... I'm afraid I don't have any geoduck tabs--

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Goey-duck spelt like Geo-duck, is a local clam which remarkably resembles a giant penis. Don't believe me, Google it. You'd be surprised how many people around here would request to have a giant penis clam printed on blotter paper.

COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

[CAMPUS AMBIENCE CONTINUES.]

ALICE DEE: --but we did get in tabs with adorable little duckies. They are so cute I could just eat them all up, but then I'd like totally overdose so I don't recommend doing that.

COLLEGE STUDENT: I'd like a row.

[CHA-CHING.]

ALICE DEE: Awesome, here you go. Remember, 'Dare to Partay!' (TO SISTERS) Hey, guys! I'm all out of tabs.

HERA WYNN: At this rate, we should be sold out in time before the colony of nudists gather in the woods to bask under the moonlight. Speaking of which, someone please remind me I need to refill my pepper spray canister when we get home.

MORAPHINE: Hi, there.

COLLEGE STUDENT: Got any blow?

MORAPHINE: Do I have coke? I sure do my good greener. They come in refillable vials. They're our part in reducing the carbon print, Alice.

ALICE DEE: They come in holographic vials so you can collect the rainbow.

MORAPHINE: We even offer a discount for refills to help reduce plastic in the environment.

COLLEGE STUDENT: Sounds good. How much?

MORAPHINE: Fifteen a vial.

COLLEGE STUDENT: I'll take two.

[CHA-CHING.]

MORAPHINE: Nice doing business with ya. 'Member, Dare to Party.

CARL: (laughing) Heyyy, that's cool.

ALICE DEE: Well, hello there, Carl.

HERA WYNN: Who let a sleaze like you on the campus?

CARL: I just passed a colony of nudists on the path up here, this place doesn't exactly screen.

MORAPHINE: Oh, man! I'm still traumatized from their last yoga practice.

ALICE DEE: So many naked bodies.

MORAPHINE: Anyway, good luck trying to peddle your K-Pop here. Everyone knows it's indie region.

CARL: Not here for that. I'm here, to make the big money.

HERA WYNN: Aww, did you bring your toys? Because like back in grade school, you're going to quickly find out no one wants to play with you.

CARL: Ha, ha. Ha. ha. I'm over it. I'm thinking next-level shit. Behold, Glitter Dust! Collect the rainbow.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Wow!

ALICE DEE: (GASP IN AWE) Glitter cocaine?! You can literally collect the rainbow, snort the rainbow, and be a rainbow!

CARL: What she said!

HERA WYNN: So what?! You're the fucking Glitter Fairy now?

CARL: That's right folks, rub me two Franklins and get your Glitter Dust!

CROWD: Oooh!

MORAPHINE: What the fuck...?

HERA WYNN: Are you stupid?! You literally cut your shit with glitter? The plastic is going to get stuck up sinuses.

MORAPHINE: That'd be like, snorting salt!

CARL: Heyyy, relax. It's edible glitter powder.

MORAPHINE: But, that's...

HERA WYNN: Unethical.

CARL: Probably won't do as much harm as regular cocaine. Besides, I thought you girls would like my Glitter Dust. Since you're the ones who gave me the idea with your silly little putty. To say thanks, I got you each a little token.

ALICE DEE: Blotter art?

MORAPHINE: This better be a Geoduck.

CARL: Eat a d--!

[THUMP! CARL LETS OUT A HIGH-PITCHED GIRLISH SHRIEK.]

COLLEGE CAMPUS - WOODS - NIGHT

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

MORAPHINE: Damn, Hera! You showed a lot of restraint back there. I'm impressed.

ALICE DEE: I thought for sure we were going to be escorted from campus.

HERA WYNN: That's because I noticed the campus security guard coming so I had to settle.
(SUDDEN WARNING) Nudist on your left, Mora.

[SOUND OF NUDIST POPPING OUT FROM A BUSH.]

MORAPHINE: Hey, man! Watch it!

NUDIST: Oops. Sorry.

MORAPHINE: (DISGUSTED) Ugh! The woods are crawling with them.

ALICE DEE: The trees are thinning, we should be nearing the end of the path. The parking lot should be just up ahead.

HERA WYNN: Still, keep an eye out for naked stragglers. Most of them should be gathered back at the yoga circle by now. At least, that's what I hope they were gathered for.

ALICE DEE: Fuck, Hera Wynn, you don't need your pepper spray! All we need to do is drop them like you did, Carl.

MORAPHINE: You kicked him so fast and swift, I didn't know what happened until he dropped.

HERA WYNN: Neither did he.

ALICE DEE: His voice was higher than mine. I heard someone try to ask him if he needed help but he was unintelligible.

HERA WYNN: Yeah. Well. At least now that his dicks inflamed, he's living up to his name.

MORAPHINE: (LAUGHING) Another reason to be glad we have vag's.

HERA WYNN: Hey, did you see how fast it took for that crowd to swarm him and rob him of his Glitter Dust? Think it poses a serious threat?

MORAPHINE: No need to worry, he's charging what? Thirty more than us for cocaine cut with edible glitter. Who's going to want to pay more for less of a high? I dare him to outsell us.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: So, you know what they say about being careful with what you put out in the universe? Well, let me tell ya.

ALICE DEE: We forgot to account for those functioning on basic: 'brain on drugs' logic, and that's speaking from experience.

HERA WYNN: So now we're stuck competing against a fad. And, which clients of ours are gargantuan mindless faddies?

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC.]

ALICE DEE: Belle-*VUE*-wans! Twelve 'o clock!

HERA WYNN: What? Where?

ALICE DEE: Over there! The Artesian well! Carl's office.

MORAPHINE: Alice Dee, that's your six.

ALICE DEE: But it's twelve noon?

MORAPHINE: No, that's not how it works.

ALICE DEE: Oh. There's Carl holding a large wad of cash. I think they just saw us. Cherrie just instructed the others to hide their party supplies.

MORAPHINE: Let's approach.

HERA WYNN: Want to bet they're hiding Glitter Dust?

ALICE DEE: Not much of a bet, they all have glitter plastered to their caked-on faces.

ARTESIAN WELL - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA - DAY

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

[CUE: SOUND OF SQUEAKING MICE.]

HERA WYNN: Hey, Belle-*VUE* girls! Cherrie, Carrie. Others.

CARL: *Heyyyy!* Isn't it the Tripp sisters?

HERA WYNN: Well, if it isn't the little prick.

CARL: (IN BACKGROUND) I get it. Clever comeback.

CHERRIE: Like, oh my gosh! It's the Pugent Sound Girls!

CARRIE: O.M.G., the Pugent Sound Girls without the Sound. Funny running into you here. No lie, we totally didn't expect to see you here.

HERA WYNN: Anyway, what were you guys hiding in your purses just now?

CARRIE: Nothing...

MORAPHINE: Are you sure? Because you were all doing it.

ALICE DEE: Does it have something to do with the slut dust under your noses?

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: What's slut dust? The glitter strippers usually put on their bodies. I thought the term was appropriate for the context of the situation.

ARTESIAN WELL - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - CONTINUOUS

[BACKGROUND SOUNDS CONTINUE.]

CHERRIE: Uh...

CARRIE: Um...

CARL: (*Redirecting*) Heyyy, hooo! Unveiled insult! And wrong. The correct term is Glitter Dust.

ALICE DEE: Is it just me, or is his voice a little higher?

MORAPHINE: I thought so too.

ALICE DEE: Speaking of little pricks... How's it hanging, Carl?

CARL: I'm hanging just fine, thanks for the concern.

MORAPHINE: That's funny, that's not what we heard. We heard you lost a testicle.

CARL: (IN THE BACKGROUND) The fuck!

MORAPHINE: You see, Cherrie...

CHERRIE: Yeah, girl?

MORAPHINE: Carrie...

CARRIE: Uh-huh?

MORAPHINE: Others. Carl had a little accident over at the college--

CARL: It was an intentional assault carried out by that one--!

HERA WYNN: That would be me.

CHERRIE: Shocker.

MORAPHINE: Which left his 'Little D' very much inflamed. So much so, he's been left a little lopsided.

CARRIE: For reals? Nasty.

CHERRIE: Eww. TMI.

CARL: *Heyyy.* That was just a rumor they started! The doctors were able to save it!

MORAPHINE: So they saved it, but did they keep it from shrinking?

ALICE DEE: That's the real question.

CARRIE: True that.

CARL: For your information, all my parts are functioning perfectly normal. Not that it's any of your business.

CHERRIE: That's not exactly an answer.

ALICE DEE: I'm guessing that's a yes to the shrinkage...

HERA WYNN: At least that's what he'll tell his next girlfriend.

[TITTERS FROM THE BELLE-VUE GIRLS.]

[CARL FAKE LAUGHS LOUDLY.]

CARL: Whatever.

CARRIE: Uh... Big yikes!

MORAPHINE: (TO BELLE-VUE GIRLS) So... you ladies are cool with buying boofed glitter cocaine?

CARL: More lies!

CHERRIE: Yeah, so about that.... Someone explained to us the process of boofing, and they like said the drugs are usually wrapped like in plastic or a balloon before it's boofed--so it's, like, totally fine.

CARRIE: So, technically, hygienic.

CARL: (REPEATING) So, technically, hygienic.

TRIPP SISTERS: Eww.

CHERRIE: And like anyways, the cocaine is like super shiny--we couldn't resist.

MORAPHINE: But, he's cutting it with glitter. Which means he's charging you more for less.

CARRIE: Yeah. But, girl. It's glitter!

CHERRIE: And like the snow came in my favorite color, sparkle!

ALICE DEE: (GASP) Oh! Sparkle is my favorite color, too.

CHERRIE: Like right?!

HERA WYNN: (LOSING IT) Sparkle, is not a fucking color!

CARRIE: Totes is. It's on my makeup palette between silver and shimmer.

CARL: (REITERATING) Silver and shimmer.

HERA WYNN: Funny, I thought it'd be between the shades orange and pasty. Color me wrong.

CARRIE: Uh, shade.

CHERRIE: But like so true.

CARRIE: Uh, rude. I'm sensing a lot of negative energy coming from this direction.

MORAPHINE: That's just Hera's aura.

HERA WYNN: Get your man hands, out of my fucking aura.

[BELLE-VUE-WANS GASP.]

MORAPHINE: Btw, she meant to say manned hands. Right, Hera Wynn?

HERA WYNN: (AFTER A STRAINED SILENCE) What she said.

CARRIE: I'm high-key, shook.

CHERRIE: (AWKWARD) Ah... well, we have places to be other than here, so... *Byee!*

CARRIE: See ya.

CARL: Always a pleasure doing business with you ladies. Remember, *you like what you taste!* *Come back to big D!* All right, you take care. (TURNING TO THE TRIPP SISTERS) Well, well, well. Look who's taking it in the ass! From someone who couldn't get it on!

HERA WYNN: Ooh. Brave words for a little man. Want to say that again a little closer?

CARL: Go ahead! I'm wearing a cup.

HERA WYNN: I'm up for the challenge. I bet I could help you see 'sparkles.'

ALICE DEE: He's not worth it, Hera Wynn. Let's bounce.

CARL: Peace, bitches!

MORAPHINE: (FIRING BACK) You know what? You may have come up with a stupid fad, Carl, but like the word fad, you only need an e to make it fade, and we're the big E.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: Granted, the definition for fad means a craze will be short-lived, but he got the gist. Come next week, we'll all see.

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]

[OUTRO]

