

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

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

THE STONETTES CRIB - DAY

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: In light of the recent close call, any second thoughts about continuing on this warpath? Sure. When Carl first declared a turf war, we thought, 'well fuck him, he was so over like three years ago, and now we run this city, so what's the little ass wipe going to do? As it turns out, Carl's a passive-aggressive little bitch who can't take a joke. Honestly, landing him in police sights by paying a teenybopper to falsely incriminate him by pretending to return baggies of glitter coke with his old bar's logo printed on acid tabs glued to the front of them was mean. But he's got to admit it was hilarious. Now what he did to us, sending us on a false errand to deliver drugs to the home of an officer whose security measure involves a loud beeping anti-package pirate scale and a big scary collie dog named Flower, was not so funny. So now we're thinking along the lines of--

HERA WYNN: --fuck him if he can't take a joke.

MORAPHINE: If Carl's refusing to roll over and submit--

ALICE DEE: --he's left us no choice but to take him out before he does us in. How? We're currently sifting through our options.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

[WE HEAR CHIMES GENTLY PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

MORAPHINE: Welcome to my sacred space, join my circle. I have Ms. Power Puff packed with my special blend of Chemical X and brain food at the ready. Let's begin.

ALICE DEE: Uh, Hera, can we trade cushions? This one's lumpy.

HERA WYNN: Then why would I want it?

ALICE DEE: The pink one's yours, Moraphine's is green, and the blue one is mine.

MORAPHINE: She's right. You're offsetting the balance.

HERA WYNN: (BEGRUDGINGLY) Fine.

ALICE DEE: Umm, I also wanted that spot.

HERA WYNN: Here you go.

[THWACK! HERA STRIKES ALICE WITH THE PILLOW.]

ALICE DEE: *Oww-ah!* You hit me in the face with the pillow on purpose.

HERA WYNN: Prove it.

ALICE DEE: So was that a no to switching spots...?

HERA WYNN: Yes, that was a fucking no.

ALICE DEE: I was just asking, God.

MORAPHINE: You know, I think I'll start us off with some crystal bowl jams for ambiance--

[WE HEAR MORAPHINE TYPING ON HER PHONE.]

[A CRYSTAL BOWL PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND, REPLACING THE CHIMES.]

MORAPHINE: --to aid us in ushering in the flow of positive energies within this space while dispelling any negative energies...

ALICE DEE: I don't think it's working, Hera Wynn's still here.

[HERA LETS OUT A SOFT GROWL.]

MORAPHINE: And to help us empty our minds...

HERA WYNN: Tell me, Alice Dee, when my mind totally empties, should I expect to hear more of a ringing or more like an echo?

MORAPHINE: So that we may fill them with the energy of creative thinking. Now let's begin. Lighter, please.

[THE BONG IS LIT AND MORAPHINE TAKES A RIP. MORAPHINE EXHALES, THEN COUGHS.]

MORAPHINE: Any ideas on how we go about taking out Carl?

HERA WYNN: I know. Why don't we kidnap his men and beat them up?

ALICE DEE: I like it. For what?

HERA WYNN: For fun, and so that we can get them to reveal what Carl has planned for us. I say we have the Groupies jump two of his men and drop them off at The Farm.

THE FARM - NIGHT

[LIGHT RAIN AND CRICKETS ARE HEARD ALONG WITH THE FLICKERING OF FLUORESCENT LIGHTS.]

[SOUND OF MUFFLED CRIES.]

HERA WYNN: I suggest you stop crying and start answering our questions before my benevolence sours. What is Carl up to?!

[SLAP! THEN A GROAN.]

[MUFFLED CRIES CONTINUE.]

MORAPHINE: You're going to have to tell us eventually, though if I were you, I would start before we turn on the Industrial Bread Mixer. We're not sure what exactly, the blender will do to your hands, but a good guess after skimming the instruction manual's list of warnings is that it won't be pleasant.

ALICE DEE: For God's sakes, that one passed out again. What a baby, I accidentally broke his pinky when I tripped over him in his over-turned chair when plugging in the mixer into the extension cord. I said I was sorry. This shed is too damn cramped. Wakey, wakey.

[SLAP!]

HERA WYNN: Leave him, we'll play with the other one.

[WE HEAR SCREAMING.]

[A BREAD MIXER TURNS ON, AND ITS PITCH RISES, CARRYING US OVER INTO CHIMES THAT COME TO AN ABRUPT STOP AS WE TRANSITION INTO A SINGING BOWL.]

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

[A CRYSTAL BOWL PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND: CONTINUOUS.]

MORAPHINE: Problem. I don't think we would need all of the theatrics when we could get them to talk under a minute under threat of bodily harm.

ALICE DEE: (RIPS FROM THE BONG... COUGHS) Also, after we figure out his plan--what would we do then? We set them free, they tell Carl. We keep them, we tip him off. Then there's the whole feeding and watering them.

MORAPHINE: It'd be a whole thing.

ALICE DEE: And I'm not really into the whole idea of sharing this bag of cheesy puffs with anyone else.

[HERA TAKES A HIT FROM THE BONG.]

HERA WYNN: (CHOKING ON SMOKE) We have cheesies? I want.

[CRINKLING OF PLASTIC BEING TORN OPEN.]

[CRUNCH. MUNCHING IS HEARD.]

MORAPHINE: What we need to do is think more along the lines of destroying his street cred. Think about it, we destroyed his credibility in the eyes of the Oly community, ensuring he would no longer be able to deal in clubs and bars. Now, all we have to do is make it impossible for him to show his face on the streets, therefore putting him out of business. Suggestions?

ALICE DEE: Don't stores usually do like, that big final sale where they markdown all the prices because they're closing their store for good? (HERA WYNN IS HEARD TAKING ANOTHER HIT) It's called uh... well, you know.

HERA WYNN: (EXHALING SMOKE) No, we don't know.

ALICE DEE: You know.

MORAPHINE: No, we really don't know.

ALICE DEE: The sale it's like... (SIGH) Okay, you know how you dip that wand thingy in that plastic thingy filled with soap, right?

MORAPHINE: You mean the bottle.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, yeah, and then you like take out the wand thingy and you blow out and then it makes bubbles. Bubble sale. (HERA WYNN TAKES ANOTHER HIT IN THE BACKGROUND) We should get bubbles.

HERA WYNN: Bubble sale?

MORAPHINE: Oh, you mean a blowout sale!

ALICE DEE: Yes! You blow-- (INHALING WE HEAR A BONG BEING RIPPED) (EXHALE)--out. A blowout.

HERA WYNN: I might be high, but that was one hell of a bunny trail you lead us on, Alice.

ALICE DEE: (ALICE RIPS FROM THE BONG, THEN EXHALES) Check out my smoke ring! No! Don't poke it, Hera. Aww.

HERA WYNN: (EVIL LAUGHTER) Heh, heh, heh.

MORAPHINE: So... how exactly would we get him to throw a blowout sale?

ALICE DEE: We don't. We can throw one for him once we steal his phones and send out a mass message to all his contacts.

MORAPHINE: You know, there has been a string of phone thefts over by the transit center, what's one more?

ALICE DEE: Exactly. Let me paint the picture--

INTERCITY TRANSIT CENTER - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[WE HEAR THE TRANSIT CENTER, THE SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Carl has just approached the transit center. Earbuds are in, coffee cup is in hand; the phone is in his pocket.

MORAPHINE: Right on time for the morning commute.

ALICE DEE: He's walked up to his bus stop; he's sitting down at the bench. He's pulling out his phone... He's setting it on his knee... He's sticking the coffee cup between his legs...

HERA WYNN: Kill the play-by-place, Alice. We are literally seeing everything you're seeing.

MORAPHINE: And now he's glued to his screen. His biggest vice will be his device.

HERA WYNN: You would think with the recent robberies that have been plaguing commuters he would really consider being more aware of his surroundings.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, like he would have noticed us seated on the bench behind the bushes or even Mark approaching on the left.

MORAPHINE: Mark's coming in fast!

ALICE DEE: Mark's snatched the phone and he's running!

CARL: (ANGRY) The fuck?!

HERA WYNN: Carl just sprung up in chase!

[CARL CRIES OUT IN PAIN AND FURY!]

CARL: (PANICKING) H-hot! Hot! Hot!

TRIPP SISTERS: Ooh!

MORAPHINE: Coffee to the crotch! If his balls didn't shrink before, they did now.

CARL: (SHOUTING) Are you fucking kidding me?! You are dead! You don't know who the fuck you just messed with!

[HERA LAUGHS.]

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

[WE HEAR THE CRYSTAL BOWL SINGING AND THE SOUND OF SNACKING.]

HERA WYNN: (HOLDING IN SMOKE) Hold up! Hold up! (COUGHING) I like where this scheme is going--but how will Mark know if he's grabbing Carls' personal phone or his burner within that minute window between passing and phone snatching?

ALICE DEE: Good point.

INTERCITY TRANSIT CENTER - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[WE HEAR THE TRANSIT CENTER IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE CRY OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN, AND TRAFFIC.]

HERA WYNN: Okay, the second phone's coming out!

ALICE DEE: Wow, Carl really doesn't learn. If he wasn't too busy rage texting his friends he would have noticed Mark just circled back around and is coming back for...

CARL: (SHOUTING) Dude?! Again?! Do you know who I am?!

MORAPHINE: (LAUGHING) Yeah, the guy with no phones.

CARL: Motherfucker! You are dead! You hear me?! You. Are. Dead!

HERA WYNN: Ha, Ha. Good show, let's go meet up with Mark at Sylvester Park.

CARL: (DISTANCE) Son of a bitch!

SYLVESTER PARK - DAY

[PARK SOUNDS, BIRDS, AND LIGHT RAIN.]

[WE HEAR THE RINGING OF A BELL FROM A NEARBY BIKE. WHO'S RIDING THE BIKE BUT...]

CONSCIOUS: Yo! Ice cream, get some.

HERA WYNN: Well, I see Conscious is enjoying her new trike.

MORAPHINE: Hmm, I wonder if she has any ice cream sandwiches?

ALICE DEE: Ooh. Wait, no. Frozen dairy later. Mark's waiting for us under the gazebo!

MORAPHINE: Hey, Mark, great work out there!

MARK: Glad to be of service.

ALICE DEE: Phones, please. Thank you.

MORAPHINE: Here's your cut.

[CASH IS EXCHANGED.]

MARK: Sweet. Anything else?

HERA WYNN: That'd be all. (PAUSE)...(DISMISSIVE) You can go now.

MARK: Oh, uh, okay. I think I'll go for a run. See ya.

ALICE DEE: Bye! Mora, take the other phone.

MORAPHINE: Groovy, my very own nuclear launch key.

TRIPP SISTERS CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

[A CRYSTAL BOWL CONTINUES PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND. THE SOUND OF MUNCHING IS ALSO HEARD.]

[MORAPHINE RIPS FROM A BONG.]

HERA WYNN: Wait, wait, wait. Why does Mora also need a phone if we'll have all we need on the burner?

MORAPHINE: (COUGHING) To inform Carl's mommy and his relatives what a naughty boy he is. Who knows, he might have a beef with one of his cousins and they might want to turn him in. Alice, please continue leading us on our group-guided visualization journey.

SYLVESTER PARK - DAY

[PARK SOUNDS, BIRDS, AND LIGHT RAIN.]

ALICE DEE: Now commencing mass messaging. Big D's: Blowout Sale! Everything sixty percent off!

[SOUND OF TYPING.]

HERA WYNN: Why stop at sixty?

MORAPHINE: 'Cause, it's more believable than seventy.

ALICE DEE: I think we could get away with an extra ten percent off their entire purchase for online sales.

MORAPHINE: As it was asked, so shall it be.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

[WE HEAR THE SHARP SOUND OF CHIMES STOPPING ABRUPTLY. THE CRYSTAL BOWL RESUMES PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

[SOUND OF MUNCHING: CONTINUOUS.]

MORAPHINE: Wait?! Online sales? How would we manage to hack into his website?

ALICE DEE: No need. We lie. No online sales plus mad customers equal no customers plus sad Carl.

HERA WYNN: (HIGH AND AMUSED) I'm confused, but I like sad Carl, so carry on, Alice.

SYLVESTER PARK - DAY

[PARK SOUNDS, BIRDS, AND LIGHT RAIN.]

[EVIL LAUGHTER...]

HERA WYNN: How about throwing in a buy-one-get-one with a purchase of glow blow?

[SOUND OF TYPING.]

ALICE DEE: Ideas on the promo code?

HERA WYNN: Blow me.

ALICE DEE: Well, damn, I was just asking a question sicko.

HERA WYNN: And I was just answering your freaking question. The promo code should be: Blow Me.

ALICE DEE: Oh. Good one!

HERA WYNN: Bite me.

[TYPING CONTINUES.]

ALICE DEE: No, I think we're good with 'blow me.'

HERA WYNN: Okay. To be sure, you don't think Carl's little band of fuckwits will question a generous, albeit, outrageous sale?

ALICE DEE: They might, but they won't be able to get a hold of Carl to confirm, and they'll be either forced to fulfill the promise or piss off customers.

MORAPHINE: Plus, with their phones blowing up, Carl won't be able to get a hold of them either. By the time the glitter dust clears, there's no way he'll be able to recover the losses.

ALICE DEE: All set on my end.

MORAPHINE: Missiles are hot and ready to launch. Just waiting for the countdown.

ALICE DEE: Hera?

HERA WYNN: Just send the freaking message!

ALICE DEE: And... now! (PHONES ARE PRESSED IN SYNCHRONICITY) Damn.

MORAPHINE: Oh, man!

HERA WYNN: What?!

ALICE DEE: It's asking for a four to eight-character password.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

[CHIMES ABRUPTLY STOP AND THE CRYSTAL BOWL CONTINUES PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: (COUGH) Well, shit, that plan's not going to work.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, your right. We should really consider getting a hacker on retainer. (GASP) We should have the Groupies pick one up for us at the Geek store!

HERA WYNN: We're so doing that!

ALICE DEE: What do you think, Moraphine? Moraphine?

[HERA WYNN TAKES A RIP FROM THE BONG.]

MORAPHINE: Guys! I was observing the way of the lava lamp when I was struck by--! Wait, let me check something on the web first. I'll get back to you.

[SOUND OF MORA TYPING ON HER PHONE.]

ALICE DEE: Okay...? Hera Wynn, can you pass me the bong?

HERA WYNN: I'm still puffing.

ALICE DEE: But, that's your third puff.

HERA WYNN: So what are you...? Like a narc?

ALICE DEE: No, but it's puff, puff, pass. Not puff, puff, puff.

MORAPHINE: Weediquette man, them are the rules.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: Define weediquette? Weed etiquette is the sacred, unspoken code that stoners abide by. Not following the rules of sharing and caring can get your ass kicked out of the smoking circle.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - MORAPHINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

[CRYSTAL BOWL PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND: CONTINUOUS.]

HERA WYNN: But Mora takes a puff-puff every time she passes between me and you?

MORAPHINE: Perk of sitting in the center of the smoke circle.

ALICE DEE: If circles go around, then how are you at the center? Wait, this blog says the bong's supposed to travel to the left of the circle...

HERA WYNN: Does Moraphine sit on my left or my right?

ALICE DEE: How do we tell? We're in a circle?

HERA WYNN: Try making an L with your hands, and the one facing the right way should be on the left.

ALICE DEE: Mine both make L's.

HERA WYNN: (LAUGHS) That doesn't look right.

ALICE DEE: There must be something wrong with my hands! Maybe that's why I'm clumsy, I was born with two left hands!

MORAPHINE: Anyways, as I was sitting here meditating by the glow of the lava lamp it got me thinking... glow-in-the-dark glitter cocaine!

ALICE DEE: Wait, you want to sell blow that glows?

MORAPHINE: No, Carl will when we switch his out with ours.

HERA WYNN: (LAUGHS) Teensy-tiny issue. Drug dealing is a shady business which involves dealing a lot at night. Won't he tell, like, when it glows? In the dark. Like at night?

MORAPHINE: That's the thing, while you two were conversing, I was searching on my phone for edible glitter, and guess what I found?

ALICE DEE: Edible glitter?

MORAPHINE: Well, yes, but what I was getting at was glitter that will only glow under black lighting. And what type of lighting is common down in bars and clubs?

HERA WYNN: Black-lighting?

MORAPHINE: You are correct. So when Carl's goons go hustling down in the bars and clubs--

ALICE DEE: --they're going to be lit!

MORAPHINE: Beaming any undercover cops in their direction.

HERA WYNN: Forget about them, like, being all glowy. They're going to be like... toxic and shit. Like what's that word...?

MORAPHINE: Radioactive?

HERA WYNN: You like found my word. (Light laugh.) So, how do you think we should like do the switch?

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: The switch was easy. We just ordered from the same company Carl got his edible glitter from, emptied out the containers, and replaced the stuff with Glow Dust which just so happened to be offered in a large variety of colors. We printed out a new packaging label

with Carl's address, slapped it on the box, and had a Groupie make the drop. How did we know which company Carl got his edible glitter from? Well, I think it's safe to say Carl, or username Bangin' C, gets his 5-star rated stuff from the online Olympian-based Unicorn Feed Company. Did we think he'd be suspicious when receiving a shipment he didn't order? No. Chances were he'd assume he forgot about the order. Either way, we were betting he'd want to keep it. And keep it, he did.

TRIPP SISTERS' CRIB - KITCHEN - DAY

[SOUND OF PERCOLATOR, TELEVISION, AND OTHER HOUSE SOUNDS PLAY IN THE BACKGROUND.]

[SOUND OF EATING, CEREAL POURING.]

MORAPHINE: The fuck, Alice? Did you just dump a whole bottle of glitter into your Rainbow Flakes?

ALICE DEE: How else are we going to get rid of all the edible glitter we switched Carl's Glitter Dust out with? Besides, it makes the milk taste even more colorful, it's like there's a rave going on in my mouth.

MORAPHINE: Well, then, pass me some blue. Hera?

HERA WYNN: Thanks, but I think I'll pass on the tooth decay. Oh! (SPOON CLATTERS)
Guess who made the Olympic Pen headlines!

ALICE DEE: No way!

MORAPHINE: Not surprised, the plan was fool-proof. Now gimme.

HERA WYNN: Rude! My phone, my read.

MORAPHINE: My plan, my read.

[HERA WYNN GROWLS, THEN SMACKS THE TABLE.]

ALICE DEE: Read it out loud!

MORAPHINE: Ahem! Blow that Glows! Newest drug that trend gets dealers and users lit up, leading to multiple arrests.

ALICE DEE: That headline really grabs your attention.

MORAPHINE: Couldn't of wrote it better ourselves.

HERA WYNN: Read on!

MORAPHINE: Can't. That's as far as they'll let me unless we want to fork out fifteen ninety-nine a month for a digital subscription.

ALICE DEE: What a rip-off! They want to charge us for a story we made happen?!

MORAPHINE: So it seems.

HERA WYNN: Phone, thank you. Fuck it, we'll pick up a newspaper downtown.

[PHONE DINGS.]

HERA WYNN: Huh? How did I get a text from an unknown number on my personal?

ALICE DEE: What's it say?

HERA WYNN: You bitches are dead. Signed, D.

MORAPHINE: Oh, really?

ALICE DEE: Looks like Carl also saw the news.

HERA WYNN: I think I might have the proper response. I'm thinking... Dear Fuck Face...

[WE HEAR TYPING ON THE PHONE.]

ALICE DEE: ...We win boardwalk.

MORAPHINE: Peace out, bitch.

HERA WYNN: Short and sweet but to the point. Last look over before I push send?

MORAPHINE: Should the 'f in fuck and face be capitalized? Or, should you all caps 'fuck face?'

HERA WYNN: I don't know.

ALICE DEE: Better go with all caps. Three exclamations after win. One for each of us.

[PHONE DINGS.]

HERA WYNN: Sent.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Coming from a man who has nothing to lose, are we making light of his death threat? Nobody's getting shot. We can safely chalk it down to big talk from an overly excited little man-boy who's hiding behind his little screen.

(PAUSE FOR QUESTION)

What now? Now we get shit-faced.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

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

MORAPHINE: Alright! Guess whose back from the dead? Bella La Gucci! She just placed a tall order online. Dig-Doug's filling it as we speak.

HERA WYNN: (OBNOXIOUS, DRUNK) WOO! DARE TO PARTAY!

ALICE DEE: Yay! The last of our high-ticket (WHISPERS) cokeheads (LOUD AGAIN) have returned.

HERA WYNN: Oh, no! Looks like there's no one left to believe in the Glitter Fairy or his Merry Band of Feys anymore! Only thing left for Big D and his bells to do is wither up and die!

MORAPHINE: Heh, heh, bells. Wait, if the Glitter Fairy's our nemesis, then what does that make us?

ALICE DEE: Mischievous Little Sprites.

MORAPHINE: Ha-ha, (HICCUPS) I like it... Mis-(HICCUPS)-chievious... Hold up, isn't it pronounced (HICCUPS) mischievous?

HERA WYNN: Which bar are we hitting up next?

ALICE DEE: Skittle Martinis!

[PROTESTERS IN THE DISTANCE SHOUT 'SAVE THE WHALES!']

MORAPHINE: Uh... considering we're driving home, maybe we should go somewhere to sober up a little. Maybe grab some pizza, play some video games...

ALICE DEE: Puck-man!

HERA WYNN: Boo!

ALICE DEE: No, yeah, boo! You suck!

MORAPHINE: We can take some growlers home.

HERA WYNN: Yes!

ALICE DEE: Yay! (HICCUP) You no longer suck.

HERA WYNN: Hey, to avoid being swept up by the protesters, why don't we cut down that alley? The pizza shop should be on the other side.

ALICE DEE: Okey-dokey.

[THE PROTESTERS GROW LOUDER.]

MORAPHINE: (GROAN, LIPS SMACK) Anybody else having trouble saying adios to that sickly-sweet motherfucker we just drank?

[MORAPHINE GAGS.]

HERA WYNN: (GAGGING) Yup.

ALICE DEE: No regrets here, the shots were in honor of--

CARL: You three!

ALICE DEE: Oh, wow, there's the motherfucker now!

MORAPHINE: Mom was right, it's not safe to walk down dark alleys at night. There's no telling what creep you'll run into.

CARL: You three!

ALICE DEE: Funny, we were just talking shit about you.

HERA WYNN: I guess we gotten to the part where I tell you to: Eat a Geoduck!
(PRONOUNCED: GOEY-DUCK)

CARL: You three jealous bitches--!

HERA WYNN: Jealous? Please, how can we be jealous of anything as pathetic as you?

MORAPHINE: Nevertheless, what would we have to be jealous about? Unless... Was it you who made the headlines? 'Cause man, you made the front page, and I got to say, I'm quite impressed.

HERA WYNN: I don't know. Personally, I think it takes a special kind of dumbass.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, you're not going to recover from that one. But you know what you could do, you can throw a big Blowout sale! You might just break even.

CARL: You know what!

ALICE DEE: What?

CARL: I'll tell you what!

HERA WYNN: Yeah?

MORAPHINE: We're listening?

CARL: You three can blow me!

ALICE DEE: (HICCUP) Are we done now?

CARL: Are you three drunk?

ALICE DEE: Like a monk.

MORAPHINE: Shamelessly.

HERA WYNN: You are familiar with bars, right? The place where one would go to celebrate a downfall of one's foe?

CARL: That's great! Drink it up, bitches. You'll sober up when you've realized what you've done!

HERA WYNN: Hmm... are you referring to us taking back *our* customers?

CARL: The customers you stole from me in the first place?! Those customers?!

MORAPHINE: We can't help it that we're addictive.

CARL: You guys took everything from me and now (LAUGH) you're about to--!

ALICE DEE: (PANICKED) Oh, look, look!

CARL: What? What?

ALICE DEE: It's a flying fuck! I think that's the one we don't give.

CARL: Well you better start giving a fuck! Because...

HERA WYNN: What? You'll kill us? We already got that memo.

CARL: W-wait! What? Kill you? That's a bit extreme.

HERA WYNN: What?

CARL: Me, what?! You, what?!

HERA WYNN: I say again, what?!

CARL: Hey, hey, hey! Enough of this back-and-forth bullshit.

HERA WYNN: I know you're prone to talking out of your ass, so I suppose it could have been a drunken butt dial, but to be sure let me refresh your memory. 'You bitches are dead -D.'

[CARL BURSTS OUT IN NERDY LAUGHTER.]

HERA WYNN: What the fuck's so funny?

CARL: I didn't write that.

ALICE DEE: Oh, yeah? Then who did?

CARL: I don't know. Maybe, Dina might.

MORAPHINE: You're shitting me.

CARL: Un-uh. Nope.

HERA WYNN: Fuck.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Whose Dinamite?

ALICE DEE: Dinamite's an infamous lady drug boss--who've you probably never heard of because she's a lady--who rules over an impressively large section of Pierce County. Known for being a highly explosive character with an insatiable appetite for revenge, she earned herself the name Dinamite--like the explosive--although spelt D-i-n-a-m-i-t-e, it's pronounced more like Dina *might*. As in --

MORAPHINE: --you never know what Dina might do! Like Dina might stab you fifteen times (THE SOUND OF RAPID STABBING) in broad daylight at a park and leave you to bleed out behind a natural mound, a stone throw away from the walking path. Dina might drop you off unconscious at the local shelter with your head stuck inside the cage of a Chihuahua named Chupacabra,(GROWLING) who eats your face! (THE SOUND OF A DOG ATTACKING) Man, I heard one time at a (BLEEP) Mart she was waiting for this parking space, and a guy with a large truck snaked it only to find it was a tight squeeze, so he tried to back out, but Dinamite blocked him in. Then she pulled out one of those mini-fridge bottles of vodka and Molotoved his ass. (THE SOUND OF A CAR GOING UP IN FLAMES)

HERA WYNN: She's also rumored to be behind a string of execution-type killings in the area.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - CONTINUOUS

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

MORAPHINE: Dinamite?! She was on the top of our 'Don't Fuck With' list!

HERA WYNN: Oh, fuck!

ALICE DEE: We should really print that list out and stick it on the fridge.

MORAPHINE: For sure.

HERA WYNN: That's perfect, Alice Dee, so in case the cops raid our place, our enemies will be sure to thank us for handing the police over a list of known connections.

CARL: Oh, now, look who's starting to give a fuck!

MORAPHINE: Why would Dinamite be working with a loser like you?

CARL: I cut some deals in jail when you three got me put away. Dinamite wanted to expand her territory into Oly and she knew I had the marketing skills to do it.

MORAPHINE: Hmm... still not seeing how we're connected in all of this?

CARL: Picture hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of blow no longer sellable because you three and your short-sighted prank made it fucking glow.

ALICE DEE: Oh, look, another flying--!

MORAPHINE: No, no. Not now, Alice Dee. This fuck we actually give.

CARL: Nice to see you're sober.

ALICE DEE: So, okay, we know Carl's screwed but maybe if we explain to Dinamite it was all an accident, she might forgive us?

HERA WYNN: After the text we sent her?

ALICE DEE: Maybe, it wasn't so bad?

CARL: Knowing you three, it's bad. Which is why I'm proposing a truce, and the joining of forces to take Dinamite down.

ALICE DEE: You want us to become frenemies?

CARL: I wouldn't use that word but sure.

HERA WYNN: So what then? Like associates?

MORAPHINE: Are we talking canned, maim, or kill?

CARL: I would bypass the maiming part because that will only piss her off more. If we can get her canned, her record should be enough to get her away for good, but then there's no telling what damage she can do inside, but if you option to kill her, I won't get in your way.

HERA WYNN: I see, so you want us to do the dirty work so your hands can stay clean? I don't think so.

CARL: Canned then?

HERA WYNN: Unh, huh... Or, we three stay low while you do you, so when she's done tearing into your ass, she might have calmed down enough to cut a deal with us. Because from what you told us, now that you're fired, there may be a job opening for the role of marketing specialists under her employment. Who can say no to a team of like-minded female entrepreneurs?

MORAPHINE: Fist bump.

HERA WYNN: Girl power.

ALICE DEE: Look, look!

CARL: I'm not fucking falling for it!

ALICE DEE: No! Patrol car! Six o'clock!

[WHOOOP-WHOOOP! GOES THE POLICE SIREN.]

CARL: Shit! Play it cool. Lean against the building and act like we're on a smoke break.

HERA WYNN: You know what, I think I came up with a way to lure out Dinamite. Feel free to play along. So long, limp dick.

CARL: What are you...?

HERA WYNN: (LOUDLY) Ewwah! I don't want to feel your thingy!

CARL: Oh! Shit! (IN BACKGROUND) Hold on. Hold on. *No-no-no-no-no!*

MORAPHINE: Help! Dude's, like, touching himself in front of us!

[THE POLICE CAR DOOR SHUTS.]

FEMALE OFFICER: Hey, what's going on down there?

CARL: Hey, hey, hey! Shh! Cut that shit out!

ALICE DEE: My virgin eye--!

[CARL LETS OUT A SHARP PUFF OF BREATH.]

[WE HEAR ALICE INHALE DEEPLY AND THEN CHOKE. THE SISTERS START HACKING.]

MORAPHINE: (SPUTTERING DUST) What, the fuck man?

HERA WYNN: (ENRAGED, SNIFFING) Did you just glitter bomb us?

CARL: Who looks like a fairy now? Looks like we're all getting popped.

FEMALE OFFICER: What are you guys doing down in the alley?!

ALICE DEE: The mini's just parked around the corner, we can make it if we run now!

CARL: Hey, hey. Take me with you, or I'll tell her the coke I have on me--was bought from you three.

HERA WYNN: You wouldn't.

CARL: Oh, I would.

FEMALE OFFICER: I'm talking to you!

MORAPHINE: Guys, guys! We don't have time to argue. Let's just take him. If Whoa-man sees us covered in dust, our coke or not, she'll have more than enough probable cause to search us and take us in.

HERA WYNN: You--! (GROWLS) Fine. Keep up or get lost.

CARL: Deal.

[THE FOURSOME BOOK IT, THE OFFICER PURSUES.]

FEMALE OFFICER: (KEYS JANGLING) Don't run! Freeze!

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Doesn't running from an officer of the law only raise suspicion of wrongdoing? It might, but she knows, and we know that if we can get to the minivan before she has a chance to search us, then by law she can't pursue us nor call it in.

PARKING LOT - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - MOMENTS LATER

[DOWNTOWN NOISES AND A SOUND OF PURSUIT.]

HERA WYNN: I'm driving! Everyone else get in the back!

FEMALE OFFICER: Stop! Halt!

[BEEP. THE MINIVAN UNLOCKS.]

CARL: (TRIUMPANT) Hahaha!

FEMALE OFFICER: Step away from the vehicle!

[WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE SIDE DOORS ROLLING OPEN.]

[THE SISTERS CLAMORING IN, THEN...]

ALICE DEE: We made it!

CARL: Wait! Wait! Hold the door open! Make roo--!

[THUNK! A BODY DROPS, HARD.]

HERA WYNN: What the hell was that?!

MORAPHINE: Dude, Carl overshoot! He caught too much air and leaped headfirst into the door frame. He's out cold.

ALICE DEE: For a Glitter Fairy, he sure sucks at flying! (GASP) The bluecoat is coming! The bluecoat is coming!

[IGNITION STARTS.]

FEMALE OFFICER: Exit the vehicle!

[CARL LETS OUT A SOFT GROAN.]

HERA WYNN: Are Carl's legs in the way of the tires?

CARL: (SLURRED) Wait...

MORAPHINE: Negative.

HERA WYNN: Then shut the fucking door!

CARL: (SLURRED) We had a deal!

[THE DOOR ROLLS SHUT.]

[TIRES SQUEAL AS THE SISTERS PEEL OUT.]

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]

[OUTRO]

[CREDITS]

HERA WYNN: This has been a Radioactive Skittles 'Glowing' Production. As an independent podcast production company, one-hundred-percent self-funded by yours truly, we need--

MORAPHINE: --you, our Groupie's support to keep the show running.

ALICE DEE: Which you can do by donating, becoming a patron on Patreon, buying merch at radioactiveskittles.com, rating and reviewing the show on your favorite app, and by telling friends about the show.

MORAPHINE: 'Cause, you know, good karma. Don't forget to subscribe to get alerts on season two and check back for updates on radioactiveskittles.com.

HERA WYNN: Thanks for listening, and remember...

TRIPP SISTERS: Dare to Party!