

Lloyd/Llwyd

The Second Llwyd is Silent

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CHARACTERS:*Lloyd**Llloyd**Millie**Marge***LOCATIONS:***A mall complex—mini-world enclosure—with a motel, big box stores, a Wendy's and strip mall businesses. It is sat in the middle of the giant parking lot.***NOTES:***Locations need not appear hyper-realistic and may be suggested simply through gestures, lighting, cardboard cutouts, and what-have-you to allow for nimble, porous transitions.**Lloyd and Llloyd should find as many opportunities to enter and exit as it makes sense in the text or stretched just past some-or-all sense. Discover the pattern and rhythm in rehearsal.**I encourage using a menu of industrial sounds that I have indicated throughout the script, and it's ideal if they are performed live by the performers using whatever tools at their disposal (i.e. singing, whistling, instruments), though prerecorded sounds work too.**~~Strikethrough lines~~ are spoken but they should feel forbidden, nonetheless.***BLURB:***Marge and Millie's lives revolve around the mall past its prime, landing at a dead end. They wonder how they let themselves get abandoned here. Lloyd and Llloyd turn up to disrupt their reality and reveal that everyone is honest, but no one is telling the truth. Can we fix things by shopping? Is this diamond real? Why do we want? Will anyone ever save us? How about a trip to Paris? God, is that you? Or is it a coupon for a new life? Lloyd/Llloyd loops in agony while playfully scratching all your secret itches.*

Year-Round Christmas Store

Marge and Millie smoke cigarettes in a mall parking lot outside a year-round Christmas store.

Marge:
How long do we have to work?

Millie:
Oh, you know, for eternity.
Want to go inside the Christmas store?

Marge:
I don't think they're hiring.

Millie:
No to browse.
Window shop.
Peruse the holiday wares.

Marge:
With what money?

Millie:
You don't need money to window browse.

Marge:
Yeah, WE DO.
Gas money.
Or bus fare.
You don't drive anyway.
It's always me drivin'—

Millie:
Will you switch shifts with me next Saturday?
I'll take a weekday.

Marge:
Why?

Millie:
I got plans.

Marge:
With whom?

Millie:
None of yours!

Marge:
Oooh...you got a date?
Come on.
Out with it.

Millie:
Anyway...
Will you switch?

Marge:
Only if you tell me why.

Millie:
No.

Marge:
No?
No?
Why no?
Find your own way home then.

Millie:
This is emotional blackmail, Marge.

Marge:
It is not.
You're being fuckin weird.

Millie:
Whatever. I'll ask someone else.

Marge:
TELL ME!

Millie:
I'm going to just hang out.

Marge:
Eww...
With him?
But we hate him.

Millie:
Yeah. But he pays
attention to me
and for my milkshakes.
(beat)
Why must you

breathe so violently?
 Like your breath is like always in my breath
 Like we just breathe the same stale air
 Sometimes I just
 I want to
 breathe new fucking air
 air from someplace foreign!

Marge:
 Oh, I'm sorry.
 Sorry for breathing around you so much
 I will never breathe around you again, ok?
(beat)
 What!?! Stop looking at me.

Millie:
 Will you wax my kitty kat?

Marge:
 I don't know if I can do it without breathing!

Millie:
 I'm sorry—

Marge:
 Is this for your date?

Millie:
 Can you just do it and not ask me questions?
 I can tell you about it after

Marge:
 Why after?

Millie:
 It's bad luck
 So will you? Pleeeeease?

Marge:
 Ok. Fine.

They enter the year-round Christmas store. The smells of cinnamon cloves, dried orange peels, industrial hot glue, and metallic spray-paint clobber their nostrils.

Marge:
 It's sensory
 over
 LOAF

shit

LOAD

Sensory OverLOAD in here.

Millie:

Sparkly!

projections of other people's

joy and good tidings

X-mas tunes

licking our brains

Marge:

I fucking hate Christmas

Like if I was Scrooge

No ghostly rigmarole could EVER

Cure my hatred for Christmas

Disgusting YULETIDES

He spits on the ground!

Marge:

I wouldn't change

I wouldn't, like, care about the poor

Me hoarding my gold coins,

picking my teeth with a platinum blade

Swallow miseries and riches

even after I die

Millie sees Lnyd off stage staring at Marge. She tries to hide how weird it feels.

Millie:

Ok, but you can still enjoy Christmas lights

And like, look at the expensive nutcrackers.

miniature Christmas villages



Come on, you like it a little.

Who doesn't love fake glitter snow?

Marge:

I'm only here because of you

I hate Christmas

 It's the most suicidal time of the year 

Millie:

It's not summertime?

I read somewhere that

Summer attracts the most suicides

Marge:

Either way.... people expect you to be
happy during Christmas, summer
tomato-to-MAH-to
And it is this expectation that crushes any happiness

Millie:

Anyway, we deserve better than this.
We deserve our own dreams outside of God's gaze

Marge:

Yeah! God!
You really suck, God!
this monotony you're putting us through? Stinks!
Can Marge and me have something else to do?
How about we go on a ferry and solve a mystery for once?

Millie:

Instead we are stuck in this nightmare town
A town that looks like all the other nightmares

Marge:

But we do have a Hibachi grille and buffet.
Not all nightmares have that.

Millie:

What if God just smites us down right now

Marge:

Hot.

Millie:

God just smites us in the middle of the Christmas store
That'd be such a relief!

Marge:

Truly.

Millie:

A massacre in miniature Christmas town,
the railroads get derailed
The Christmas lights get lodged in eyeballs
All the people on the baby ice rink die in a melted lake of fire
Demons rise up from the ground and eat their souls.

Marge:

God, I'm tired of being sentient.

Lwyd somehow creeps on to the stage, like a dot of blood from one corner of the stage that eventually overtakes the visual plane.

Marge:

Omg. OH MY GOD

These candles

They aren't real!

They are battery powered.

They look so real.

How extraordinary!

I'm getting them for the bathroom.

I'll put them on the windowsill.

And at night the windowpane will fog up with the cold

Except for the divine halo surrounding the electric candle

Millie:

OH JUST LIKE LIKE LIKE

that scene in *Doctor Zhivago*

leading up to eruption of the bloody revolution

You know, as a kid at my apartment complex

I used to pretend I was a

Tsarist bourgeoisie noblewoman

escaping the Bolsheviks in the winter.

(quoting Pasha from Dr. Zhivago)

"There'll be no more "peaceful" demonstrations.

There were women and children, Lara,

and they rode them down. Starving women asking for bread.

Up on Tamskaya Avenue, the pigs

were eating and drinking and dancing!"

How I long to be a pig on Tamskaya Avenue!

Eating and Drinking and Dancing!

I'd pretend the apartment speed limit sign

indicated the distance to Moscow

And when the Bolsheviks came,

How I ran through kilometers of

dirty snow in the hopes of seeing my Yuri again!

Poetry and Beauty are not bourgeoisie indulgences!

Marge steals the electric candles by putting them in her bra.

Millie:

Ooh! Parisian Christmas Ash Tray.

Oh my god

Why is this piece of shit \$65?

Marge:
 Shut up and put it in my bra.
 Looks classy. Feels classy.

Focus shifts to Llwyd, sort of like Rod Serling's Twilight Zone intro, but don't, like, feel pressured to do a Rod Serling impersonation.

Llwyd:
 Dears,
 I watch
 And I see

Millie:
 You didn't see shit

Llwyd:
 I see
 how hard
 things are for you and how you

Marge and Millie:
 Huh?

Llwyd:
 Struggle with things beyond your control
 LIKE [SILENCE or the sound of a factory whistle]
 AND [SILENCE or the sound of a metal clanking]
 AND OF COURSE [SILENCE or the sound of water splashing]
 But remember:
 there's always Romance
 Steaming at the buffet table
 A Romance that doesn't make you
 Do your turn for the dishes or
 reflect on your attachment style
 A Romance that doesn't care about your IBS
 because it's too beautiful to know such dirty worldly things
 It's above that, just near un-haveable, unapproachable
 But you get to choose what you can almost have
 All without any cost to you or inconvenience or incontinence.
 Thank you for coming, and I hope you dream about coming again.

Millie:
 Um, Marge, this is Llwyd.

Inside Marge's Toyota Tercel at a Parking Lot

Millie:
Do you want a fry?

Marge:
Sure.

Millie:
I like to squirt the ketchup in the mouth and—

Marge:
Okaaaay, gross.

Millie:
And then put the fry in my mouth—

Marge:
Instead of dipping it?

Millie:
Yeah. It's hard to dip in the car. Easy to dip in the mouth.

Marge:
When is he coming out?

Millie:
Any minute.

Marge:
I don't like being here so late at night.

Millie:
Don't worry, there's cameras. Up there.

Marge:
So? They only capture the ~~violence...they don't prevent it.~~

Millie:
The morning security guy talked to me
said 'Hiya, Millie. You good?'
and I was like
How does he know me?
What if he watches me on the cameras?
Do you think it means he's in love with me?

Marge:
Creepy if he's ugly.

Kind of romantic if he's hawt?

Millie:

Do you get the classical station on here?

She fiddles with the radio dials. Static.

Millie:

And it's so cold. Really feels like we're on the way to Moscow

Marge:

Fucking heater is broken.

What if we just leave, like now?

Millie:

The smoke looks cool up against
the street light lamp. Streetlamp?

No, parking lot lamp.

Notice how all the lights in town are like an
orangey peachy color?

Why not some pastel neon colors
pink mint green, purple, turquoise gold?

Like why this pukey orange haze?

Marge:

So, you learn anything new about him
or was it the same hims or different versions of hims?

...

So?

Things not go well with him?

Millie:

There is no him

Or any of hims

There are no things!

Stop saying thingssss

With that kind of voice:

“meh meh meh meh”

Marge:

I think he's coming.

Millie:

I don't think so....he's taller than that right?

Marge:

It's him.

Millie:
Is it the security guard?

Marge:
AH! Why is he just s--

Lloyd gets in the back seat.

Lloyd:
Ooh, can I get some of them fries?

Millie:
Uh, sure

Lloyd:
Obliged.

Marge:
What took so long?

Lloyd:
Cleaned up a nasty spill in there.

Millie:
It doesn't even look open.

Lloyd:
Clogged toilet.
Corn on the cob.
A whole cob. Not pretty.
Not pretty at all.
So, we going or what?

Marge:
You're not coming.

Lloyd:
Oh c'mon! You can't go slippin' and slidin' without me!

Marge and Millie:
Sure can.

Lloyd:
Mills, Mills ole gal! Tell your friend it's alright.

Marge:
Just give them to me goddamit. Hello? The keys?

He hands her a set of keys.

Marge:
These aren't mine.

Millie:
These aren't mine.

Lloyd:
These aren't mine.

Millie:
Why did we wait for you if you don't have our keys?

Lloyd:
Why don't I just call a car for us?

Marge:
But I can't get into my apartment.

Lloyd:
I'll call a locksmith.

Marge:
That's expensive. You work retail. I mean we all work retail.

Millie:
That costs like \$200, a day and a half worth of work,
minimum wage and you gonna really spring for that?
Do you even have \$200?

Lloyd:
Well, it's my fault for making you wait. I got it.

Marge:
You sure?

Millie:
Um, Marge...

Marge:
I'd just like to get home.

Lloyd:
I'd like to get you home.

Marge:
Eww. No. No.

Lloyd:
No-No-No. I meant literally just get you home.

Marge:
Fine.

Lloyd:
Let me just go inside the store and give the car service a ring-a-ding-ding.

Millie:
(She whistles like it's expensive)
Car service?

Marge:
Can't you use your cell?

Lloyd:
Don't got one.
Yeah, people look at you like
you're Ted Kaczynski
if you ain't got a mobile these days

Lloyd:
You know, Kaczynski, the Unabomber?

He isolated in the woods & wrote a manifesto railing
against technology and sent bombs to people

He was also a baby genius and a victim of a horrible
CIA psych experiment at Harvard

Really makes you think about nature vs nurture

Lloyd:
but ya know...
I like my freedom, sort of like old Ted, I guess.
Ok, be back in two ticks and an inhale.

He exits.

Millie:
That wasn't him.

Marge:
What do you mean? Do you mean that wasn't *like* him?

Marge and Millie:
.....Yeah, yeah we know the Unabomber

we know...
Oh my gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah

(heavy exhales)

Oh yeah, I think I saw that in a
documentary. No it was a limited series.
Uh-huh.

Millie:
No, that's not him.

Marge:
Not who?

Millie:
That's not Llwyd.

Marge:
Wait, what?

Millie:
The Llwyd I know is.... I don't know...a little uglier.

Marge:
He's not cute.

Millie:
Which one? That one or the one I'm talking about?

Marge:
Dude, I'm tired. What are you—

Millie:
Maybe I accidentally called the wrong Llwyd.

Marge:
You would do that.

Llwyd gets in the back seat.

Llwyd:
Here you go. Your keys.

Marge:
You don't have my keys.

Llwyd:
Sure I do. See? Name keychain right here says: M-A-R-G-E.

Millie:
You said you were going to call a car service. And a locksmith.

Llwyd:
And why the hell would I do that?
Who am I, Andrew Carnegie?

Just start the car.

Marge:
It works! These are my keys, and I'm going to go home!

Llwyd:
Glad to be of service.

Marge:
Oh yeah...um thanks.

Llwyd:
See ya later.

Millie:
Oh you don't need a ride?

Marge:
Mill, shut--

Llwyd:
Nah, I still got some clean-up to do?

Millie:
Oh right. Corn on the cob.

Llwyd:
haha. I don't get it.

Marge:
Why did you say you were going to call a car service?

Llwyd:
Ladies...too much cannabis.... not good for the mental faculties. Goodnight.

Marge:
And what happens next defies all logic, reason, or astrology. I drive out of the parking lot and the rest of this anecdote does not reflect badly upon my driving because I am a really good driver...anyway I get near the entrance when POP! The back tire exhales air and makes a flapping noise like real bad, dry sex.

Millie:
I stop and Marge begins screaming in frustration. Then this giant sedan pulls up toward us, headlights beaming into our eyes. Lloyd! LLOYD! Exits out of an enormous Crown Victoria. He's wearing a chauffeur uniform and knocks on my window. I get anxiety gas. He motions for me to roll down the window—

Marge:
No, don't!

Millie:
And I don't even though my farts are deadly.
Marge's hands grip the wheel till her fat veins pop out
And then get this....
All of the car's like doors and windows start opening and closing—

We hear sounds of the windows and doors opening and closing. They watch the windows do this.

Marge:
I'm not touching it!

Millie:
Opening and closing....
AND it's all just like controlled by Lloyd's mind and mind alone.

Lloyd:
Good evening, ladies.
I understand you are in need of transportation?
Seems your tired old steed is in disrepair.
Allow me to open the car door for you, ladies—
WITH MY MIND ALONE!

Millie:
MOMMY....

Marge:
Are you a ~~good Lloyd~~ or a ~~bad Lloyd~~?

Lloyd:
Do not be frightened.
I was called upon to drive you home at no extra cost to you.
By a friend who's been watching you from over there,
Who says there's strange sights to behold in the parking lot
So maybe you oughta get home.

Marge:
Millie? Thoughts?

Millie:
No.

Marge:
I say why not? When's the last time you got to ride a limo? Prom?

Fan Gurrls

Inside a giant box store, like a Target? Marge stacks boxed tower fans.

Marge:
Look, I found a twenty by the men's restroom

Millie:
Nice

Marge:
Din din on me

Millie:
What can we even get with a 20 these days?

Marge:
You know, I don't have to buy you nothin'

Millie:
I didn't mean nothin' by it, honest.
Thanks, Margie. I'd love dinner on you
What time do you gotta leave?

Marge:
In a few.

Millie:
Your interview, where is it?

Marge:
It's like 10 miles away

Millie:
That's so far

Marge:
Like 15 to 20 minutes
Does my breath smell like cigarettes?

Millie:
Kinda
You really want another job?

Marge:
What I want is
Six months of savings
That's what financial literacy experts say

Marge:

I have tried, you know.
I keep paying my credit card bill
Ten years on
Every time I log in, I owe more
This bill lives off of me

Millie:

It's not like a tree is going to grow out
of an abandoned electric fan in the forest, right?

Marge:

I overdrew my checking so
I did a cash advance on my credit card to pay rent
I know, I know...fucking stupid

Millie:

millions of cars from past decades
Crushed in a junkyard
And none of this shit is ever going away

Marge:

And I was still short for rent
So I called my ma.
*"Marge, honey. You keep asking for more and more dough.
So, you doing the dope now? You a druggie or what?"*

Millie:

We will run out of space one day, right? We gotta be running out.

Marge:

"What the fuck, MA!
I wish I had money for drugs right now, MA"

Millie:

We can't afford kids...so this will be our legacy
a mille-feuille of crushed junk cars and electric fans

Marge:

I don't know why I can't get my shit together
And this bill is living off of me

Millie:

Or is the world just like, vaster than I can even perceive?
Like so much bigger, it might as well be infinite?

Marge:

I keep getting jobs, more jobs

But they all pay nothing or never enough

Millie:

hidden caverns, the deep sea, underground caverns
suckling all our nestled junky junk

Marge:

I'm supposed to be having the time of my life
Dancing on top a barrel at the club where drinks are \$18,
That's more than 1 hour of work
expensive to be broke
All I know for certain is this bill's
gonna grow and grow
bigger than me even
growing off me till I die

Millie:

Wish I could go
out to a French champagne brunch JUST ONCE
look at the check total after
And go, "\$75 per person?"

Marge and Millie:

"Oh, that's not that bad.
Let me get this one guys. On me."

Fifty tower fans turn on and blow wind at the girls. They shiver. From a ceiling vent or a slit in the wall, Lloyd and Llywd look at the women. The women don't see them.

Lloyd:

Her?

Llywd:

No her.

Lloyd:

The one wearing the [*name an article of clothing that Marge is wearing*]?

Llywd:

Why do you say that?

Lloyd:

You keep looking at her

Llywd:

I surveil equitably

Lloyd:
The hell you do

Llwyd smacks Lloyd.

Lloyd:
Daaaang. Touchy, touchy.
No, but I think you can do it

Llwyd:
Do what?

Lloyd:
You know, your specialty.

Llwyd:
Yeah, but is that too expected?
Or should I try to stretch myself
And focus on the one with [*name an article of clothing that Millie is wearing or her hair color*]?

Lloyd:
Is it cool if I take her?
I think we're a better match.

Llwyd:
Tsk tsk... keep it profesh now
You know you aren't allowed to have favorites

Lloyd:
It's not favorites if we
We match based on our strengths

The men hug. They assess. They hug again. They assess. Hug again. Better.

Marge and Millie's Motel-Hotel Room

There are two cleaning carts somewhere in the room. Marge is doing bicep curls and Millie is ironing a piece of toast on an ironing board

Millie:

Madam, your piece of ironing-board toast is ready

Marge:

A little crispier, s'il vous plait.

Millie:

I thought you liked it just
lightly
toasted.

Marge:

I can still see the mold.
At least burn that shit off.

Millie:

Oui, ma dame.
We make do with what we have

Marge:

God. I feel fucking stronger.
Do I look stronger to you?
I feel fucking stronger.

Millie:

Mmmhmm.

Llwyd: *(from under the bed)*

Hello!

Millie:

We're not ready for you.

Llwyd: *(from under the bed)*

Sorry.

Marge:

The nerve of this fucking guy.

Millie:

What a bore. You're a bore, Lloyd!
Don't forget to do the inventory.

Lloyd: *(from under the bed)*

So what else we got here?

Mini fridge with 5 creamers and bagel bites—expired. Ok.

A coffee maker on top of it with disposable paper cups
sugar, creamer, stirrers.

Small tiny soap wrapped in thin waxy paper.

Tiny bottles of shampoo and conditioner.

2 glasses in the bathroom wearing little paper hats.

~~A shower cap~~

1 pubic hair in the corner.

~~A robe~~

~~A blow dryer in a bag~~

Towels.

Toilet paper.

A shower mat that's turned gray.

2 twin beds.

Filmy sheets, spectrally filthy.

A remote control with fingerprints, not mine, not ours and a TV.

~~A bible.~~

~~Hotel stationary~~

Thermostat

Millie:

Here, crispy enough for yah?

Marge:

Just a touch more!

Millie:

See? Aren't you so glad

you got a flat tire and missed your interview?

Lloyd laughs quietly.

Millie:

There's no mall like this one. Can't believe you wanted to leave.

Now you get to stay and have fun with me.

Marge:

You're burning it!

Gonna set off the alarm!

Millie:

But have you ever had a fireman come?

Marge:

Huh?

Millie:

To your door?

Has a fireman ever come to your door because the fire alarm's gone off?

You know:

wheee-yoooo

wheee-yooooo

wheee-yoooooo

wheee-yoooooooooooo

wheee-yoooooooooooooooooooo

Marge:

My father came

He was a fireman

And he came whenever we burnt the popcorn

Millie:

Cuz he lived at your house

He didn't come because of a fire

In this instance it he ain't an all-American hero

Cuz he just was living there

Marge:

Just answering your questions.

Millie:

All I am saying is no fireman ever came to save me from burnt toast, ok?

Lloyd enters.

Lloyd:

I'd come save you.

Even if I wasn't working in your precinct

In your county or your state

Even if the ole faithful firehouse dog was puking blood

Why I'd abandon him in a sec NO HESITATION to

come gallop hurtle pelt ram hotfoot it to you

And why, if the ole firetruck stopped working,

why I'd kick it and set it on fire

Then I'd gallop,

jog,

run,

scamper

more running

And, if my leg broke on that run

Why, I'd tie my shoelaces to the back of a, of er, um—

What's that pipe at the back of a car called?

It's like a chimney but horizontal?

Marge:
 What'd' ya know? My father called it a car chimney too!

Lloyd:
 Yeah, I'd lasso one of them babies
 And why I'd will it to
 drag me
 bring me
 lug, pull, and tow my poor ole mangled body
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA the way back to you

Millie:
 You aren't a fireman, though, Lloyd.

Lloyd:
 For you
 I'd become one
 Why I'd do all that for ya
 just need to do a rewind
 and do the first step:
 become a fire muhn
 Like I said
 For you
 Why I'd do what was needed

Marge:
 Enough, get out. Too many people in this room.

Lloyd exits or vaporizes. Llwyd rolls out from under the bed.

Llwyd:
 Question for you. Can you see pictures in your mind's eye?

Marge:
 What? What the hell—

Llwyd:
 Some people haven't any imagery in their mind's eye.
 Can you imagine not being able to conjure pictures behind your face? Faces?

Millie
 Ok, Llwyd. Shut up or read the bible!

Llwyd:
 In cases such as these,
 when summoning a dream for example,
 is the distortion in the dream or in the recalling of the dream
 Or is it all just text in their mind's eye? No pictures?

Marge:
SHUT UP OR READ THE BIBLE

Llwyd rolls back under the bed.

Llwyd:
Ok Psalm 112:10
The wicked will see it and be vexed,
. . .
He will gnash his teeth

and melt away.
The desire of the wicked will perish.
Smells like freesia and ginger soap
. . .
the outer darkness.
. . .
.....spectrally filthy
. . .
but the sons of the kingdom will be cast out into
weeping and gnashing of teeth.”
2 pubic hairs
. . .
A hotel monogrammed robe
A blow dryer
. . .
Toilet paper with the end folded in
. . .
“cut him in pieces and assign him
a place with the hypocrites.”
that mini fridge with five creamers
. . .
But for who?
not mine, not ours
But for who?
not mine, not ours
But for who?

Lights shift and Llwyd is somehow at the front door.

Llwyd:
Well, break time’s over gals. You coming?

Marge:
In a minute, we got tidying to do.

Millie and Millie:
. . .
I just need to rewind and do the first step

become a fire
. . .
Smells like freesia and ginger soap
I’m already cast out into
. . .
2 king beds with starched sheets and a shower
cap
. . .
in that place there will be
. . .
weeping and gnashing of teeth
. . .
in the corner
. . .
in a velvet bag
. . .
to a point
. . .
where my life is cramped
. . .
not mine, not ours
But for who?
not mine, not ours
But for who?

Lwyd gives a hand salute and rolls out.

Millie:

Why was he here again?

He doesn't need to come every time there's smoke

Marge

He'd come to gallop hurtle pelt ram hotfoot it

Millie:

Drag me

Bring me

Marge:

Lug me

Pull me

to the parking lot fire

the site of

Millie:

Our very own fire?

At a Wendy's Drive Through

Marge:
Lloyd
Lloyd
LLOOOOOOOOYD
Pull in here

Lloyd:
Chauffeur Lloyd.
At your service
And who's excited for some nuggies?
Me!
Yes
Trembling with excitement

Marge:
Eww, please don't tremble in my car
You're not the Lloyd I thought you'd be

Lloyd:
Why's that?

Millie:
You're... ~~a little uglier.~~
~~not cute.~~

Lloyd:
C'MON, I'm Plenty Cute

Marge:
Guys
Shut up
What do you want?

Millie:
~~Did I call the wrong Lloyd?~~

Marge:
~~You would do that.~~

Millie:
The biggest nugget meal they got
And five honey mustards

Lloyd:
Puttin' on nugget belts, puttin' on nuggie belts
Ladies, round our guts, with all of them deep fried things

You know what?
 Chauffeur Lloyd doesn't like this
 What if we go to Souplantation instead?

Marge:
 Those shut down ages ago!

Millie:
 Uh, for good reason.

Lloyd:
 What they no longer exist?!

Millie:
 It doesn't even look open.
 Yoo hoo!
 Yoo hoo!
 Yoo hooooooo!

Lloyd:
 a ring-a-ding-ding ding
 a ring-a-ding-ding ding
 a ring-a---

Millie:
 Let's just go to [REDACTED] instead.

Marge:
 No, you know what. We are getting WENDY'S.
 DO YOU KNOW WHY
 I love their nuggets?

Millie:
 Oh no, not this shit again—

Lloyd:
 No, why? Tell-me-tell-me-tell-me.

Marge:
 Birgitta, my coworker at the childcare I worked at years ago
 SHE is the one who told me about 'em
 I didn't even know they even had 'em
 That's how strong [REDACTED] fast-food supremacy is
 She had some for lunch and offered me one
 I think it tasted so good
 But maybe because SHE—
 Anyway, all the children loved her
 Because she was so gentle, kind, and strong

And she was against the Iraq War
 She had this cropped, silvery blonde hair and grey blue eyes
 One shift this ghostly toddler named Rasmus
 gets dropped off late by his mee-maw
 He was real annoying
 Kind of racist too...Yeah...kids can be racist.
 He only let the white teachers change him or pick him up
 So his dumb grandma sets him down for drop off
 And he just stands there
 not moving
 staring or concentrating hard
 leaning on a cubby.
 Then all of a sudden, explosive chartreuse gummy viscosity
 comes just waterfallin' outta his pant leg [*she makes waterfall sounds*]
 pools onto the childcare carpet.
 A real crying diarrhea geyser in our midst
 Grandma's over here being fucking useless
 screaming and pacing back and forth
 "Oh god, what do we do? What do we do?!"
 Nothing is what Grandma does
 Meanwhile Birgitta goes over to Rasmus real gentle like
 "It's ok, Rasmus, it's ok"
 Does a real elegant airlift to the changing table
 Ever so gently
 Comforts him
 Ever so lovingly
 Calms him
 After humiliation
 he lives
 he feels
 he learns
 resilience or something like that.
 Maybe I shouldn't pair nuggets with this story?
 Anyway, she, Birgitta, eventually
 quit the childcare became an EMT.
 She's probably out there
 lovingly saving the lives of idiots
 So handsomely
 So dashingly
 So gently

Millie:

If I have to hear about this fucking Birgitta one more—

Marge:

Oh, that's the day we discovered Rasmus's lethal dairy allergy
 Like his skin would break out into hives if milk touched it
 Anaphylactic shock and the whole nine yards

So we had to like strap him into a chair
 Like a fucking baby Hannibal Lector during meals
[makes three teeth sucking sounds]
 All the other toddlers are throwing around milk like it's a wet t-shirt contest
 Poor lil guy had to drink soy milk and eat the vilest soy cheese slices
 Nondairy cheese has really come a long way now.
 Back then was like the Soviet Union black-market in terms of nondairy choices
 Poor lil guy...all that cardboard soy cheese he ate
 thinking it was good cuz it's all he knew
 Poor lil guy

Lloyd:
 I thought Rasmus was racist.

Marge:
 I can still empathize with racists.
 Especially if they are toddlers.

Llwyd:
(through the intercom)
Thank you for your patience
jhlkjhlkjhlkjrlkekekkek
Sorry. Saw that you've been waiting quite a while
Only one working here, I am
Dealing with a
jhlkjhlkjhlkjrlkekekkek
Clogged toilet. Corn on the cob. A whole cob.
But the wait is over, gang
Your order is up at window three
You want ketchup?

Millie:
 We didn't order yet?

Llwyd:
Ok, so you don't want the order?

Marge:
 WE
 DID
 NOT
 ORDER
 YET!

Llwyd:
Sorry, what? Do you want—

Lloyd:
Let us order please

Llwyd:
Ok, if you're not gonna order—

Lloyd starts violently chewing on seatbelt.

Marge:
Lloyd! Stop that!
Leave it!
LEAVE IT!
I said LEAVE IT!

Millie:
Stop it! STOP IT! GET HIM!

Marge:
Fuck shit hell, Lloyd.
Drop it!
DROP IT!
SHITLLOYD

Lloyd:
BUT It feels so good
On my sharp bits
against my soft gums.

Millie:
Hey Hey Hey
Lloyd
Lloyd
Lloyd
Hey

Llwyd: *(to a coworker)*
Brub, I don't know what the fuck is going on
Some weirdos
If you aren't gonna order can you move along?

Marge:
LISTEN LLOYD
CALM DOWN
CALM DOWN

Marge slaps Lloyd hard. He releases the seatbelt.

Millie:
HOLY SHIT!

Lloyd:
Madam, my attention now belongs to you.

Marge:
Would you rather have meat loaf for hands or
chicken nuggets for testicles that make sweet and sour sperm?

Lloyd and Llwyd:
Ooh, that's a tough one.

Millie:
A cognitive reasoning test? At dinner time? By god.

Lloyd:
I'd like to keep the use of my hands,
but the sauce will
probably hurt the inside of my penis
when it you know...
ejaculates
the sour side of things

Millie:
Ewww.

Lloyd:
What?

Marge:
The sound of the word

Millie:
Ejack...
Ugh....

Lloyd:
LATE
That's what it's called
It's the medically accurate term

Marge:
Don't say it
Don't
It leaves an ugly feeling in the brain
DON'T

Lloyd and Llwyd:
 Ejaculate.
 Ejaculate
 I don't think it sounds that vile
 Ejaculate

Marge:
 STOP
 Absolutely vile
 VILE VILE VILE
 UGHHHHHHHHHH

Llwyd:
*the sour jizz would deter me from, you know,
 that ole yank-yank magic
 and that's kind of tragic.
 So you guys want to order anything after all?
 Gee, you look awful beautiful in the moonlight, Marge.*

Marge:
 Oh, yeah sure, parking lot lighting is real flattering
 What ails your brain, man?

Lloyd:
 I've many ailments but
 But ThankFully not
 the worst ailment of all

Millie and Marge:
 Can you not?

Lloyd:
 Can I not say? The worst ailment of all would be—

Millie and Marge:
 EW, GROSS. Shut up.

Lloyd:
 Your absence is the greatest ailment of them all

Llwyd:
*(through the intercom)
 Jhbkjhbkbjkrkekekkek
 Anw that's sweet fellas, real sweet.
 I just watched a video of a celebrity talking
 About the time in life he daydreams about the most:
 his son's childhood. Said it real wistful like.
 Wishes he could live in the house with
 Jhbkjhbkbjkrkekekkek
 clones of his son at every age
 like from eight to twenty-two
 because he was **quote** a really cool kid **unquote** and
 he MISSES all the versions of his son
 while loving his present form obviously*

Jhbkjhbkbjkrkekekkek
Suppose most folks'd find this
Real NutWarming
But I am just seething with jealousy, you know what I mean?
Jhbkjhbkbjkrkekekkek
Though...hub.....I guess what he is kinda saying is that
To love means you're always accompanied by grief
of what can be no more
like a river's just running right under it all
Boy, I don't know if I can handle that.
Jhbkjhbkbjkrkekekkek
So...do you kids want to order nothin' or what?
The kids meal toy is real good this quarter. A collectible even.
It's a John Maynard Keynes action figure

Millie:
 But is he hot?

Llwyd:
The world economy sure thinks so.
complete with a champagne bottle
with which you can
bit a peasant or christen a ship.

Marge:
 Hey speaker box, what's your name?
 You got a sexy voice.
 Feel like you could do voiceovers.
 Make a lot of money outside of this mall,
 like an unlimited amount of money.
 Do you do podcasts?
 Make plosive sounds into a microphone?
 Bet you'd get at least one Marge to subscribe?

Llwyd:
Uh...please don't do that
I am at work
I have a job to do
A duty in fact
And I....and I...

Marge:
 And you...and you...?
 What? What is your name?
 Tell me your name...

Millie:
 But like how hot is he?

a plague upon your malls

Lloyd:
Am I the, you know, or you?

Llwyd:
Think you're the plague of fantasies.

Lloyd:
I entice with future perfection.

Llwyd:
Uh-huh. Spectrally and concretely out of reach.

Lloyd:
I show you perfection.

Llwyd:
Only in its future form.

Lloyd:
And what, you're Zen, all in the present?

Llwyd:
Time is whatever.

Lloyd:
So, just enjoy not getting it.

Llwyd:
Enjoy the future enjoyment.

Lloyd:
Wouldn't it be nice to enjoy it now?

Llwyd:
Not getting it is sweeter.

Lloyd:
A pleasurable cock block.

Llwyd:
jizz jizz

Lloyd:
squirt squirt

Llwyd:
pump pump

Lloyd:
queef queef
thrust thru—

Llwyd:
AND! HOLD IT! HOLD that desire. HOOOOLD IT!

Lloyd:
Uh, too much.

Llwyd:
got boring?

Llwyd:
lil bit.

Lloyd:
um...hey

Llwyd:
yep?

Lloyd:
Does horniness run the whole economy?
Like the wanting? And whose desires determine it?

Llwyd:
So what if they delight in fantasies?
And their inner lives are a form of dissociation?
Or a lack of a life to begin with?

Lloyd:
Do you really delight in it fully?
Or only half delight it?
Do you really REALLY enjoy it?

Llwyd:
I'm useful too, if that's what you're.... I save us a lot of—

Lloyd:
of time. Yeah, you're efficient.

Llwyd:
Just want them to be happy. Or try to be happy!

Lloyd:
Forget troubles. Fantasize deliciously. Escape.

Llwyd:
Edging for life. Just out of reach but happy that it is.

Lloyd:
But see, you can't escape, not really?
We peddle in delusion, huh?

Llwyd:
I don't like to take sides ever.

Lloyd:
Neutral as Switzerland can be.

Llwyd:
Except nazis.

Lloyd:
Always with the nazis. Whatchu mean?

Llwyd:
Money laundering. War crimes.

Lloyd:
Oh that.

Llwyd:
Yeah, that.

Lloyd:
See this is why I don't think you really enjoy what you're selling.

Llwyd:
Okaaaaay,
I don't know why we can't keep this profesh, my man?

Millie enters their inner sanctum. She is wearing a prom dress or is it a wedding dress?

Millie:
LLOYD!
I NEED TO TALK TO YOU LLOYD.
Scram, Llwyd!

Llwyd looks at Lloyd who shrugs at him. Llwyd exits dragging his feet. Lloyd sighs heavily.

Lloyd:
What is it Millie?

Millie:
You haven't paid attention to me all day
and for the first time in my life
I feel world-weary
I've been so busy
working my ass off
no time to be bored
or even imagine what it's like to be idle
I'm too busy looking at things I can't have all day
But with you...it's like you've take a giant oar
And swirled up the illusions on the surface of my mind!
You've made space for new reflections
Now I'm bored with ALL THIS
because the newness is so much better
Than what I've got going on right now
I only want to keep seeing and just almost
I just wanna fist my dreams, you know?

Lloyd:
I know.
I'm just really good at what I do, you know?

Millie:
Making me want you?!

Lloyd:
What-um-no-why-um-huh?
I'd never ever consider such a thing
I'm a professional
I live by a code, an employee handbook, and a gospel of prosperity.

Millie:
Take me to prom
Or marry me! I don't care.

Lloyd:
I'm afraid I can't.

Millie:
Oh, so you caaaaaan't.
You're unable to complete a task.
Or follow direction
You're not qualified.
not train certified in best practices

You're not experienced enough
You have gaps in your resume

Lloyd:
THE HELL I DO

He kisses Millie so that the wind is knocked out of her. Lights out.

the secret ingredient is resentment

In a Motel-Hotel room. Marge is cleaning while Millie lays in a crumpled bed, vaping.

Millie:
Marge?

Marge:
Millie?

Millie:
How much dust mite excrement
do you think we've inhaled here

Marge:
God, I wish I brought my fucking headphones.

Millie:
Do you resent me?

Marge:
Sometimes.

Millie:
About what?

Marge:
You first.

Millie:
OH...do you...

Marge:
have an idea of how I resent you?

Millie:
Yeah, sure.

Marge:
Ok, then. Spit it out.

Millie:
You resent driving me to work every day.
Did I get it right?

Marge:
Oh, I didn't think of that.
Oh yeah. Guess I do, a smidge.

Millie:
 Damn it
 Just added onto it
 By accident
 Well, what were you gonna say?
 OK! Go on now about how you resent me and the like.

Marge:
 Oh...um.
 You do this a lot:
 "Oh how I long to go to Gay Paree
 Eat Croissants
 Fondle haute couture

Millie:
 That sure does sound nice, don't it?

Marge:
 BUT my question remains:
 WITH WHAT MONEY?

Millie
 You worry about money too much
 You 'spect me to be
 I dunno
 More pitiful sad sack-o-shit like
 hinging on pathetic

Marge:
 Glad-handing all over the mall, like you're Thatcher
 it's embarrassing

Millie:
 The only Iron Lady I know is Eiffel Mademoiselle!

Marge:
 It's a real burden on my psyche to notice
 that other people resent you
 AND you don't know it!
 I RESENT THIS!

Millie:
 So, what? You want me in gray rags and
 dirt crusted misery-stained tears
 I think you know why I resent you now.
 You won't let me DARE to DREAM!
 Goodbye, Marge. Stingy bitch!

Millie wheels her cleaning cart towards the door.

Marge:

Millie!

THE BRASSO

Millie:

You're always taking my Brasso

Marge:

Bitch, your bottle is like four years old.

I have to use a pen to unclog it cuz you never clean the brass!

I'm the only one who does,

Which is why I'm always out of Brasso.

And by the way, you're gonna have to take the bus home tomorrow

Millie:

But I'm the only one closing tomorrow!

You know I hate locking up the money and counting

And the bus is gonna take two hours because—

Marge:

Put your big panties on and deal.

I ain't your mommy anymore!

Millie:

Never said you were.

It's scary at night, Marge.

Marge:

Nope. Ain't your chauffeur.

Save up for your own car.

Millie:

You didn't save up for your own car!

Your daddy gave you that car.

Bootstrap pullin' my ass!

Where you gonna be?

Marge:

I don't have to tell you shit!

Just like you didn't have to tell me about Lloyd.

Marge bumps Millie's cart out of the way and exits while vaping.

Millie:

But I'll be so scared, Marge!

Get out of here, by bus

Millie waits at a bus stop with an orange streetlight looming above, which next to the side of the mall with a big fan. She is bored and stares off into space. She is cold and hungry. She looks for a snack in her purse. All she finds are crumbs. She checks the time and is upset. A bus finally approaches. But it doesn't see her and so doesn't stop.

Millie:

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?

I'm RIGHT HERE WAIT!!!

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIITTTT*TTT*TTT!!!!

The bus drives off. Lloyd drives by and rolls down the window. He just looks at for a really long time. He rolls up the window and drives off. She looks at the car strangely. She waits. Lloyd drives by again and opens the passenger door. She stares at it. And waves him off. He reluctantly drives away very slowly. The fan at the side of the building for a pneumatic tube system starts blowing hot heavy air at Millie. Her belongings: bag, Tupperware for lunch fly all over the parking lot. She runs after everything. And she just sits down on the ground. Crying quietly.

Millie:

MARGE HAS FORSAKEN ME!

WHY! MARGE? That BITCH.

Go ahead and get a sixth job in a different mall.

Hope every time you try to sit down the auto flush splashes your ass

FUCK IT! I AM WALKING HOME

Lloyd:

nonononononononononononononononno

Lloyd speeds to her to stop her from going any farther as the speaker plays an ice-cream man tune. He opens the door with his mind. She gets in. Her stomach makes gremlin noises.

Millie:

I need to go to the doctor.

Have you ever been to a doctor?

Lloyd:

Oh so many times. What is wrong, sweet pet?

Millie:

Stomach issues.

We don't have health insurance.

Lloyd:

Do you know Doctor Schabusiness?

She's absolutely the best Nationally

In the colorectal field

Do you know her?

You simply must.

Millie:

I've not had that pleasure.
Does she take charity care?

Lloyd laughs for a long time until he realizes he doesn't remember why he laughed in the first place.

Lloyd:

I knew she was the best when
She asked me to turn on my right side
So she could examine my anal fissure, you see.
And heavens!
What do I see but all these
awards, accolades, and acknowledgments hanging on her wall
truly impressive!

“Best Doctor in the County, **City, State**” etc. etc. etc.

I suspect that's why she has patients turn
Towards the wall with
all the awards, accolades, and acknowledgments
Must be a kind of reassurance
Your ass out all vulnerable—
toilet paper bits hanging, hairs awry
proof positive on the wall that

an **acclaimed doctor**

has been entrusted with your ass care
My secluded spiral has never been in such excellent health.

Millie:

Maybe you could help ME out with something
buddy ole pal, Llwyd.

Llwyd pops his head up from the back seat.

Llwyd:

Who me?
How did you know I was here?

Millie:

I know if I see one of you
The other one is never far away

Lloyd makes rapid neck slitting gestures at Lloyd.

Llwyd:

Um.... uh....um....

Millie:

You saw how smart she is
 You saw how hard working she is
 But she doesn't always smart work
 I mean work smart
 She don't wanna listen to me
 You saw how she shoos me away like a trick-o-treater
 Maybe YOU can help me
 You know, reach her full potential
 Make use of her capacities and the like
 Encourage her to—

More rapid neck slitting and mouthing of No from Lloyd.

Millie:

Just help old Marge out, will ya?

Lloyd:

Oh, yeah we are already doing that see
 And you don't, you don't
 Millie, I think WE got this under control and WE—



Millie:

SHUT THE FUCK UP LLOYD
 I'm TALKING TO LLWYD OVER HERE
 AND YOU YAPPING BY MY EAR
 WHY I CAN'T EVEN HEAR IN
 MY OWN HEAD WHAT I WANT TO SAY
 NEXT BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL

She mimics Lloyd's voice. This can be a scary accurate impersonation or something really far off like an angry goose in beat. Lloyd is activated and aroused.

Lloyd:

Millie oh Millie

 "I could change my life to better suit your mood" 

Millie begins seducing Lloyd. Everything must be consensual. It can be without touching. Or with touching.

Millie:

Lloyd.
 Show me how you do that thing you do...
 You know what you've been doing....
 And what Llwyd has been doing.
 How you do them ALLLLL together.
 Show me?

Lloyd: *(referring to himself)*

Lloyd is terrified.

He has never been the target of desire at work.

Or anywhere else.

Lloyd doesn't know how to receive this need

He only knows how to stoke desire in others

For things, other than him

not him, oh never him.

They are now in COMPLETE DARKNESS. He shows her what she asks to see.

Millie:

Ohhh...

And then what?

Ohhhhhhh.

And then....

I'm an oxygen bubble in an artery. Floating.

Without consciousness. Belonging without any justification.

Nobody asks me why do you want to be an oxygen bubble?

I just am. Where do I see myself in five years?

Get the fuck out of here.

I'm just floating in your blood, what's up?

My dumb ass thought my dreams were dead planets

glowing from afar

But it's not true. They live! They LIVE!

What? Why do you look so coldly at me?

Lloyd:

I couldn't connect with the emotional flourishes of your story

Not your fault though.

If I have a cold, I can't taste the food.

Doesn't mean the food needs bettering

Just can't taste the story

Llwyd:

Yeah

Lloyd:

not that the story was bad

Llwyd:

yeah.

Millie:

there's like nothing here.

Lloyd:
That's not exactly true is it? You're here.

Some silence.

Millie:
Lloyd?

Lloyd and Llwyd:
Yeah?

Millie:
Oh thank god.
can you just stay with me a minute?

Lloyd:
You got attached to me huh?

Llwyd:
And me? Right? I'm included?

Lloyd:
Aw shucks.

Millie:
I can't see anything clearly enough to do them?

Llwyd:
I'm confused. It's what you wanted to see?

Millie:
I know I said what I said...but it's different to actually experience it.

Lloyd:
So you want it to be like before?

Millie:
No... that doesn't feel right either, right?
I said this is what I want. So I should want this, right?

Llwyd:
Whatever you want.

Millie:
Fuck, that's not very helpful.
What do you want?

Llwyd:
I don't want or not want.

Lloyd:
I want you to want what you want.

Millie:
But you didn't say it'd be like this? Feel like this?
No guard rails, no walls, no escalators or stairs or floors.
Is this what you want too?

Llwyd:
To be honest I don't even
know if I really want anything.

Millie:
Llwyd, go away. I need to talk to Lloyd.

*Lights up on Llwyd sadly staring at Lloyd and Millie making out. Lloyd shoos Llwyd away with his hand. He exits.
Spotlight on the duo. Lights out.*

Lights up on Marge pacing while filing her nails. She has had too many blended coffee drinks. Llwyd watches her.

Marge:
And after I get my associate's I can get my bachelor's
Maybe I get a job, say a career even
Health benefits package
I can finally get my meds!

Lloyd:
Your yearnings, how they run deep!
Say it! Conjure it, Marge!
Make me SEE IT, burn me cut me with your—

Marge:
cute nails clickity clackity clack clack on my keyboard
my very own desk with my pimped-out Stanley cup
or whatever high status water vessel is IN VOGUE at the moment
Just gotta get out of here!

Lloyd:
Marge, dream your dream!

Marge:
I'll never finish school while working here!

Millie:
Yeah. Ten years on you still haven't finished.

So you go and then what...study?
 Take tests?
 Carry books in a stupid backpack?
 Take ketchup and sugar packets from the cafeteria?
 And condoms from the health center?

Marge:
 There's more to school than free condom-condiments, slut.

Millie:
 Besides school's too expensive

Lloyd:
 The mall has an excellent tuition reimbursement program

Millie: *(scoffing)*
 Ya hafta have the tuition money upfront dumbass

Marge:
 I'll take out a loan!

Lloyd: *(whispering)*
Millie, I thought you were going to help my cause!

Millie:
 With your credit! What a laugh!
 And then what?
 Work and work and work and work
 For all that interest accrual?
 Work and study till you're nothing but a pixelated face on
 Evite paperless post fb event pages for your memorial
 at a fucking Family Fun Center

Lloyd: *(whispering)*
 Millie, I'm afraid we aren't synergizing.
 I wish you the best in all your future endeavors.

Millie: *(whispering)*
 Dummy.
 I'm creating resistance so that
 she finds your ideas irresistible
 Nothing makes Marge want to do something
 Like me telling her not to do it!
 Trust me, it's working.

Marge pushes Millie so she hits her ass on the floor. Marge then embraces Lloyd like he's the only one who's ever understood her. She dips him backwards in a real deal type of Hollywood kiss. Millie gives a big thumbs up and a wink at Lloyd. She exits.

Back in the Parking Lot or Paris the Birth of the Mall

Marge:
He's afraid of shopping carts.

Millie:
Why?

Marge:
I think he got run over by one?

Millie:
How do you get run over by a shopping cart?
You'd really have to want it to happen

Marge:
I think he was a baby at the time.

Millie:
What a dumb baby.

Marge:
So, he shouldn't come around.

Llwyd:
What's up, my B-E-T-C-H-E-S?!
Har har
Did you like my impersonation of a total bro bro?
How are my B-I-T-C-E-S
No Wait. H. I forgot the H
How are my B-I-T-C-H-Z
Wait hold on,
I need to mark each letter
With my fingers
Otherwise, I lose track
How are my B-T-C-H-E-S?!
Oh come on
I don't mean that you are actually
BEE-TChESSSS
I was playing a character?
Role playing?
Douching it up
Oh marge and millie
So beautiful but so dumb

Millie:
I'll kill him.

Lloyd:
Come on ladies. Let's go to France.

Marge:
Lloyd, rain check on France,
We got shifts at the mall.

Llwyd:
Ladies, without Paris, France
there would be NO MALL

Lloyd:
Llwyd's right.

Llwyd:
Nineteenth century Paris
From dirty outdoor arcades to gemmy enclosed department stores
architect Baron Haussmann hired by Napoleon III

Lloyd:
Nephew of the first Napoleon.
So he's a NAPO baby

Should there be a high-hat clang and a failed comedy sound here, like a trombone?

wah,

wah,

wah

Llwyd:
At Napo the third's direction
Haussman, prefect of Seine
He widened city streets and boulevards
city renovation for military security forces to move quicker

Lloyd:
And why is that? Lloyd Lloyd Lloyd

Lloyd:
Many working poors
Complainy-McComplainy
'Our crops failed!
We are starving!
Everything costs too much!
Waaaaah! Waaaah! Waaaaah!
So they blocked up the weirdly uneven and skinny rue Saint-Martin and rue Saint-Denis.
And so Napo the Third said
Bigger streets means we can deploy the military boytoys to

Lloyd:
End peasant revolts faster than a hot pocket will cook

Llwyd:
They didn't have microwaves or hot pockets
So not exactly historically accurate
Whatever
Now with these larger streets
better traffic flow and less overcrowding
Made way for future chrome wheels and 250 horsepower
And HARK! Behold!
the department stores
Safe, controlled areas of commerce
So the department stores ascend!
goodbye dirty outdoor arcade!
Hello come inside
'glittering decor, goods on offer, and diversion' one stop shops
Enclosed emporia unified in a single architectural form.
Grow upwards floor by floor
and sideways building by building
But in a Regularized, Reasoned, and Restrained manner
More block, more street till we are all-all-mall, y'all
Big box and parking lot sewing pattern
Easy to cut and paste onto the world over and over and over¹
This is what Paris has given TO YOU.

Marge:
I worked with a girl who went to Paris and
she said they don't ever pick up their dog shit there
totally ruined her Airforce one knockoffs.

Lloyd:
You ever try French cigarettes? In France?
high-quality premium tobacco leaf
You can only get them DUTY FREE here.

Millie:
I've never been to the airport.

Marge:
Been there for a job interview
TWO job interviews actually:
Dunkin's and Sbarro's

¹ Pg. 51-52 Target Markets—International Terrorism Meets Global Capitalism in the Mall

Lloyd:
Why don't we go there now?

Millie:
I'm not hungry.

Llwyd:
No. To Paris, France.

Millie:
Are you paying for us to go, Lloyd?

Lloyd:
Sure, why not.
Well no. But I can certainly inspire you to go.

Marge:
Inspiration ain't paying for nothin'

Llwyd:
Pedal to the metal
Pull up them bootstraps

Marge:
Listen they are up to my TITS already.
We aren't ever gonna get out of here!

Lloyd: (*to Llwyd*)
You are very bad at this.

Llwyd:
I know, I know!
I was just I trying something different.
Why can't I be the experimental one for once?
"Just play the hits!" I'm not a robot.

Lloyd:
Maybe not now.
But Paris in the near future?
Isn't that worth living for? A future Paris?
Flaky croissants and stylish people who hate
you!



Lloyd:
Have a reason to live, goddamit!
Dream on it, ok M&M?

Millie:
Ok, let's go to France.

Lloyd:
That's it! That's the ticket.

Llwyd:
God, you're good. You're really good, man.

Millie:
Then what happens next defies—you know— logic, reason, or astrology!
So, Marge pulls out a small box cutter from her coat.
She stabs Llwyd and Lloyd in the neck.
Each stab is punctuated by his giggling.
Stab. Giggle. Stab. Giggle.
Blue liquid squirts out of his neck.
Stab. Giggle. Squirt. Stab. Giggle. Squirt. Stab. Giggle. Squirt.

Marge:
 WE ARE NEVER **EVER** 
 GOING TO PARIS
 DO YOU HEAR ME?!
 NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!

Llwyd:
Marge

Marge:
Yes, Llwyd.

Llwyd:
I love this about you.

Marge:
This?

Llwyd:
Yes, this.

Marge:
What's this?

Llwyd:
Your like, passion. Ferocity.
Your knowledge of vascular medicine.
Your waxy forehead
Are my reasons for pursuing this relationship with you

Marge:
RELATIONSHIP? DUDE, what?

Llwyd:
I like you
I like you because

Because because because
you have very low body odor.

Llwyd and Marge move so close together till they are almost kissing. Marge exits abruptly.

Millie:
Aw Llwyd.
Think the time is now.
You should shoot your shot man.

Llwyd:
Who?
Me?
Madame. I know not of what to shoot.

Millie:
Marge, dummy.

Lights down on the Lloyd, Llwyd and Millie. Lights on Marge.

Llwyd:
Didn't you say you wanted to finish your associates?
You only have a few more years
before your productivity is [*makes a throat slitting sound and gesture*]
Marge?

Marge:
I do miss the surprise hurling of
raw anonymous desire
shock-feel in my lower belly

Llwyd:
Feel what you yet haven't felt, Marge
Courage. How does an eagle know it won't crash into the river rocks?
When it soars the skies with king salmon in her beak.

Marge:
But at the same time
It's also SO GREAT to
walk around ugly and unafraid at night
Man and men, rat and rat colony all
avoid your path!
You're already where you want to be.
Don't need more than this.
Remember that you dumb bitch.

From a high place, like through a window in the ceiling, Llwyd drops down a very, very long sock puppet hand down from the ceiling to hold Marge's hand. She reluctantly takes it.

Llwyd:
embrace your ambition now
let yourself be bombarded by the sublime now to enjoy later
SO, how about it, Marge?

He lowers a Swarovski Crystal encrusted Stanley cup on fishing line into her hands. She nearly faints. She drinks from the cup. Sound of toilets flushing fade into a blackout.

Real Career Girls

In the public restroom at the mall. Millie is at the mirror and sink.

Millie:

I'm looking out the window of my parents' house
and some weird shit is floating up in the sky
Looks like one of those octopus sausages that you see on bento TikTok
Sausages with one end cut into slits so they fan out
You know, so they look like tentacles.

(makes an octopus figure with her hands)

But there were three giant ones flying over my town
Like is it an alien invasion
or the rapture, or what?

They float over my shitty neighbor's house.

He totally had parties during lockdown. Asshole.

Then I look down

and I'm holding this bloody tendon thing?

Or it could be a small intestine?

and it's like kinda firm and kinda slippery

Beached-dolphin-decay feels, ya know?

Half alive, half decomposed

How do I have this? Like, what did I do to get it?

Did I HURT some one??

What if I ran someone over with Marge's car?

I drive it even though I don't know how?

What if I just left someone bleeding

and moaning on the side of the road

And instead of calling for help

Or taking them to the hospital

I yank on their small intestine

out of their leaking body

and pull it all the way across the road.

So any cars coming up on the road would

have to do The Limbo to pass under

or snap some flesh rope to get through

Why would I take a chunk of human guts?

WHY THE FUCK WOULD I DO THAT?

Is this evidence for a crime I can't remember?

I want to like, hide.

But no one knows yet that I have it. Yet.

So maybe I don't like, have to hide?

But I guess I want to hide

From myself? From everything?

I feel hunted. But it's only me, hunting myself?

I get tired of holding the bloody thing so,

I put it in my pocket.

And I go to make myself a sandwich

because I hadn't eaten all day
Miracle whip and 2 kraft singles
With a Clausen pickle. It's the best.
But the thing, it starts leaking through my pocket
And it's kind of writhing, like someone gave it a jump
Woke it up

Marge speaks from a toilet stall.

Marge:
That is the craziest fucking dream—

Millie:
I know, right?
And the craziest part is—

Marge:
Wait
Can I say something?
What if we got better jobs?
Like...like...desk jobs.

Millie:
....

Marge:
HELLO? Millie? Did this bitch leave?

Millie:
See, I'm not that into humiliation.
And with cleaning, we can just do our own thing

Marge:
We might get tips for helping people

Millie:
Don't make me laugh
People who go to strip mall motels don't tip

Marge:
What's with you? You're usually the one dreamin' and schemin'
Don't you want to progress?

Millie:
Not really.
I don't want to do anything.

Millie:
I just want to inherit free stuff from ancestors
and told I'm great by society by just existing.

Marge:
We'll wear cute white button ups and
click clack on keyboards like real career girls

Marge emerges from the stall.

Marge:
I really think this is the start of a new beginning.
I can see her. Hear her. Feel her.
The FUTURE.
Millie?

Millie:
Yeah.

Marge:
Llwyd said he could
Get us both desk jobs
At the hotel

Millie:
Motel

Marge:
It's a hotel now

Millie
No it's a
Whatever, hotel motel

Marge:
HOLIDAY INN
sorry I felt compelled

Millie:
Okokokokokokokokok
Gotta go pee too.

Millie goes into the stall and pees.

Marge:
We can pretend that we are clients
At the hotel, pretend that we're in Paris
You love that pretending stuff

Marge checks her teeth and washes her hands. she tries to get the stupid automatic sink and dryer to work with little success.

Millie:
 You know what?
 The bitch at the Hallmark Store snitched on me
 For going fifteen minutes over my break
 Now the fucking manager is on my case again

Marge:
 Huh. Do you know anyone who has been stabbed in the back? Like literally-actually?

Millie:
 Uh, Julius Caesar?
(In a Jeopardy! Style Intonation) Who is Julius Caesar?

Marge:
 Did they ever catch the guy who did it?

Millie:
 Well, I mean, there were like 15 of them

What if Marge mispronounces Caesar and says KEEZER instead?

Marge:
 WHAT?
 15 people stabbed Julius Caesar?

Millie:
 15 senators

Marge:
 WILD to be stabbed by 15 people?
 Imagine Mitch McConnell stabbing someone

Millie:
 He's not dead yet?
 His neck flap is the harbinger society's collapse

Marge:
 And more importantly why does nobody stab—

Millie:
 SSSHH!!
 They might be, you know.

Marge:
 And why knives?

Millie:
 Well if you're going to kill Julius Caesar good idea to bring a knife each

Marge:
Dang, your flow is strong.

Millie:
Yeah, and I'm hydrated???

Marge:
Man 15 knives
Do you think his guts came out of his back?

Millie:
Gross, I don't know

Marge:
Ok so like did roman senators
Typically bring their knives to work
or only for special occasions

Millie:
Of course it's a special occasion.
An assassination is special.
You're overthinking it.
Knives kill; it's a good idea to bring them to a killing

Marge:
Did Roman senators always pack their knives
like in a lunch pail for work, or
in a toga holster or what have you?
Shit. Did they have pockets?
Can't believe you're making me geek out on Roman senate dress.

Millie lets out a fart.

Millie:
Sorry-sorry!

She flushes the toilet and the sounds of the flush merge with a babbling brook and steam from a factory.

Millie:
Holy shit.
There is like menstrual blood
on the stall like at MY EYE level

Marge:
Gross

Millie:
Someone has a projectile vag. You wanna come see?

Marge:
Nope.

Millie:
I think it's saying something
Come here and look!

Millie opens the stall. Marge reluctantly goes in. The stall door closes. A neon light emanates from the top of the stall.

Millie:
read the menstrual blood, Marge!

Marge:
Um. *[reading]*
*"You can order a coffin online
A burger, a vibrator, hemorrhoid ointment,
de-lousing shampoo, a gold leaf donut
You can order anything
Anything you want, if you can press a button, you can...."*

Millie:
So true. So easy to order deliver.
A cheeseburger.
A pizza.

Marge:
Why can't I order my life the way I want it?
I sure could use a Twix bar right now
Michael Pollan said I can eat whatever I want
as long as I make the Twix from **scratch** myself
Grow wheat
Mill flour
Extract sperm from a bull
Impregnate the sow
Milk those udders raw
Go to the tropics for the cocoa
Harvest the cane for the caramel

Millie:
How tedious
I'd rather get killed on the way to the store
Why can't we just order what we want?
I say just order the Twix bar

Marge:
Sure, we'll enjoy it for one glorious moment

But then the Twix wrapper'll
end up in some poor manatee's throat.
decomposing never-ever.
And it'll be my fault.
I can't just order what I want!

Millie:
Let's just order what we want.

Llwyd:
DING DONG!
DING DONG

Marge:
What is it?

Llwyd:
Did somebody order a pizza?
Eh?
And a pallet of party size Twix bars?
Eh? EHHHHHHH?
On your **last** night of freedom,
you should have
a little **fun**.

Marge:
How did you know I wanted a pizza before I told you?
Are you like **READING MY PRIVATE FUCKING MIND?**

Millie:
Um..

Marge:
We got perfectly good bagel bites in the minifridge.
I never buy fresh pizza. Are you nuts?
This is a real-deal treat, Mills. **THANK YOU, BABE!**

Llwyd:
Just need your John Hancock,
Your signature, right here madame!

Millie:
He's looking at you like he really knows you.

Marge:
I don't really know anyone except you...

Millie:
 But do you know him
 Have you known him carnally?

Lloyd bursts in!

Lloyd: (Sings *You Don't Know Me*)
 "You give your hand to me
 And then you say, "Hello"
 And I can hardly speak
 My heart is beating so
 And anyone can tell
 You think you know me well
 Well, you don't know me no
 No, you don't know the one
 Who dreams of you each night
 And longs to kiss your lips
 And longs to hold you tight"

MARGE AND MILLIE:
 AAHHHHHHH

Marge:
 Oh my god
 This is so **fucking** cute
 Did you get me
 A singing telegram?
 That is just **fucking** adorable-sweet-thoughtful-AND-CUTE
Is it my birthday?
 A pizza, Twix, and a singing telegram!

Millie:
 Um. Yeah.
 Anything for my number one bitch!

Marge:
 Awww, you really are my number one bitch!
 If you weren't around to hold a mirror up to my misery
 Why I'd just

Marge and Millie
Kill myself!
I don't want to live!
What?
Me neither!
Gee, I talk about killing myself a lot.

Marge:
Why didn't you flag that for me?

Millie:
You kind of numbed me to it.

We hear a factory whistle that merges with the honks of a Model-T.

Newport, RI

Llwyd pulls up in a sparkling new Model T. He honks at the Marge and Millie.

Llwyd:
Girls, we haven't got all day.
Chop chop! Efficiency.

Millie:
You're not even dressed for clamming.

Llwyd:
I'm going to a gilded age party later

Marge:
Do you even
Have you even
Ever had a clam?
What's a gilded age party?

Llwyd:
Seriously, darlings?
I'm wearing a seersucker suit
And a straw hat
like the Newport gentry
Petroleum choo choo magnate
Proletariat exits and valet de chambre drippings
wicker covered WCs on every floor
If you work real hard
Marge, yes I'm talking to you
You can work real hard
Go back to school
Get your associates!
Get yourself a real job
At a desk.
At the mall.

Marge:
Why I don't know the first thing about desks!

Llwyd:
Nothing is stopping you from learning.

The lights shift. Perhaps the sound of a spinning Jenny loom sound fills the silence.

Llwyd:
That's all well and good girls
Girls,
Girls,
Girls,
Girls
Have you

Where is
How did I

When did I

Oh here it is
It's here now

My true love's portrait
I need it before any great
journey

You know she looks like you

Marge:
Who me?

Millie:
Surely not me.

Llwyd:
My true love, my energy source
Watch over me, my one true love
As we make an arduous journey in search of

Marge and Millie
Clams.

.

Clams.

.

And more clams.

Llwyd:
Sustenance and networking

Marge and Millie:
Putrefying

Millie:
Did you dress up for us?

Marge:
That's all well and good girls
Girls,
Girls,
Girls,
Girls

Why Yes, I Have

Here, it's here

Now, it's now

Proletariat exits and valet de
chambre drippings
wicker covered WCs on every
floor

Millie
That's all well and good girls
Girls,
Girls,
Girls,
Girls

Why Yes, I Have

Here it's here

Now, it's now

Proletariat exits and valet de
chambre drippings
wicker covered WCs on every
floor

Llwyd:
For the clams
And
for you

Millie:
Will you actually dig
Or just watch us dig

Llwyd:
Dig what?

Marge:
The clams, Rockefeller

Llwyd:
Who is
RockerFrrrer
Do I know him?

Marge:
He's in one of his fits

Llwyd:
Maybe you're in a fit

Millie:
Now don't get excited
Don't get in a lather

Marge:
This is not the way to the ocean
This is not
The way
TO CLAMSSSSS

Millie:
Lloyd, dear
Lloyd, honey
Lloyd, sweetgums
Where the fuck are you driving us to

Llwyd:
I don't like clams

Millie:
Then why is he
wearing a seersucker suit

And a straw hat
 like the Newport People of gentle birth,
 Oilman railroad industrialist style
 wicker covered toilet on every floor
 Servant entrances and chauffeur grease

Llwyd:
 Because you are coming to the gilded age party with me, BTCHZ!
 Sorry. You can't go in your uniforms.
 Try these gowns.

Llwyd hands the women dresses to wear. They try them on.

Llwyd:
 I like that
 I like that very much

Millie:
 It's CUTE. WE are so CUTE!

Marge:
 I kind of smell like seafood. Fresh seafood. But still seafood.

Llwyd:
 Come come come come
 Quickly my quails!

Suddenly they are in the Newport Mansions Gift Shop. Llwyd exits. Marge screams!

Millie:
 What is it?! WHAT IS IT MARGE?

Marge:
 OH MY GOD
 LOOKING AT THIS FUCKING CUTE
VOTES FOR WOMEN Themed TEA SET?
 I'll drink my English Breakfast
 out of this cup 'n saucer like a slutty lil Suffragette

Millie:
 What a time for feminism.

Sounds creep in for the rest of the scene.. select from a menu of sounds to punctuate the scene: steam, a spinning jenny loom, and metal clanking.

Marge:

LOOK at all these books

“Newport in Flower”

“Newport Ghosts”

“Trees of Newport”

Millie:

Awww, a gilded age travel mug! Cutecutecute.

And a bottle opener covered in nautical rope???

Oh, I get it.... because they own yachts here!

Marge:

“Lost Newport”

“The Newport Experience”

“A Guide to Burial Grounds in Newport”

“Wicked Newport”

Millie:

“Murder at Elm House: A Gilded Newport Mystery”

“Murder at Rough Point: A Gilded Newport Mystery”

“Murder at The Breakers: a Gild—”

A sound of a boisterous factory whistle. Llwyd and Lloyd reenter. They speak simultaneously but not in perfect unison; one is slightly a beat behind the other.

Llwyd and Lloyd:

BREAK OVER

Oh just wake up! Wake up!

WAKE UP!

Millie:

Fuck! Our break is over, isn't it?

Llwyd and Lloyd:

Don't forget to clock in and out

during breaks

This is your final warning

And remember:

There are awards for performance this quarter

And for reduction in

Shrinkage, Store sheft. I mean Store Theft,

Theft via Sweethearting

Payroll Fraud by way of

Buddy Punching slash falsified work hours

Millie:

EEE EEE EEE

Marge:
Ugh stop

Millie
EEE EEE EEE
EEE EEE EEE
EEE EEE EEE

Marge:
Fucking stop
It's like super dysregulating

Millie:
EEE Sorry EEE I EEE
Cant' EEE help EEE It. EEE
EEE work EEE feels EEE like EEE
stuck EEE in EEE ER EEE lobby
EEE for EEE hours EEE wearing
EEE neck EEE brace EEE Needing EEE to
EEE take EEE a EEE piss
EEE with EEE no EEE privacy

Marge:
What's all the EEE EEE EEE about?

Millie:
EEE EEE EEE
Never EEE EEE EEE stops
EEE EEE EEE, ok?
EEE EEE EEE never
EEE EEE EEE stops

All the Lloyds

Llwyd from some elevated space or maybe he is speaking through an old-fashioned boxing announcer mic.

Llwyd:
 MASCULINE DING DONG
 MASCULINE DING DONG
 MASCULINE DING DONG

Marge:
 What now?

Llwyd:
 M&M: shoddy job cleaning the men's room
 Someone complained about maggots
 Just writhing on the floor
 Your dumbass names were the last to clean—

The sound of their house collapsing. The girls react to the sound.

Marge:
 Get a load of this stuffed shirt—

Llwyd:
 I'm not fecking finished!

Millie:
 "I'm not FECKIN' finished!"
 Come on man, it's the young lady's birthday

Llwyd:
 celebrating births, a useless ritual?
 Besides, there's all this stock you haven't unboxed and shelved
 You need to get BACK HERE
 So that you can afford to sleep
 DOWN THERE

Millie:
 I never want to go to work
 I want people to work for me!

Lloyd:
 That's cute, Millie. Real cute.

Millie:
 What you think it won't-can't happen?

The Valley

Millie stands at a hotel front desk staring off into space. She looks disheveled and her white uniform shirt is very wrinkled. Marge is doing something on the computer and fanning herself. They are both sweating profusely.

Millie:

This is your dream?

Marge:

Yeah, desk job at a newly remodeled Hotel of the Mall!

Millie:

Remodeled? THEY JUST SWAPPED THE “M” for a “H” on signage. Shit.

We got desk jobs and we’re still standing

And your back still hurts

They’re too cheap to provide us anti-fatigue mats

my neck is a cane handle looking at this laptop

With cleaning we can sit on the beds sometimes.

And now we can’t vape anymore

Marge:

It’s also a \$2 per hour increase

Millie:

\$2 dollar menu living! So much yay.

The phone rings. Marge picks it up. Lights up on Lhwyd on the phone. We can’t hear what Lhwyd says, but we see his mouth move.

Marge:

Hello, thank you for calling The Valley Hotel.

Oh, hi **[REDACTED]**.

Uh-huh.

...

Uh-huh.

Um...

You want me to

Do you want to

Oh no?

Um..

Ok.

Marge hangs up the phone. Lights out on Lhwyd.

Marge:

Millie.

Millie:
Yeah.

Marge:
Um, [REDACTED] wants you to iron your shirt

Millie:
What?

Marge:
said your shirt is too wrinkled

Millie:
Where am I supposed to—

Marge:
said to go into one of the rooms
And use an iron

Millie looks at the camera pointed at the front desk.

Millie:
They're watching us?

Marge:
Mhmm. Why you shouldn't pick your scalp nuggets here.
They're always watching.

Millie:
Can they hear us?

Marge:
I don't think so?

Millie:
I can't fucking believe this fascism!

She smiles into the camera and waves.

Marge and Millie:
Fucking bitches.

Marge:
Yeah. There's an iron hanging on the hook on the bathroom door.
Room 404 is free.

Millie moans and exits. The phone rings at the front desk and Marge answers. Lights up on Lhwyd on the phone.

Marge:
Hello, thank you for calling The Valley Hotel. Marge speaking.

Llwyd:
Hi, Marge.
I'm in room 403
And our air conditioner isn't working

Marge:
I'm so sorry about that
Could you please tell me
what does the control panel says?

Llwyd:
red blinking ERROR

Marge:
May I please call you back?

Llwyd:
Sure. But hurry. I'm very, very hot.
It's July after all. July on the east coast.
July on the east coast 95 degrees with 75 percent humidity
Impossible to sleep!
Got a thyroid Ish—can't regulate my temp
Satan is choking me out
and it's not consensual!

Marge tries not to giggle.

Marge:
I understand. I'll get back to you. Thank you.

She hangs up. The phone rings again. Marge picks up. We hear strange squelching and squirting noises coming from the receiver.

Marge:
Good evening, The Valley Hotel.
Oh, I'm so sorry to hear about that.
You aren't the only one who's called about the AC.
I'll find a solution ASAP. Thank you for your patience. Goodbye.

The phone receiver spits out liquid onto her face which she wipes off furiously. The other phone lines light up and ring, never stopping. Marge starts groaning.

Millie is in a dirty hotel room 404. She looks at the sheets. There is red liquid drying on the bed sheets. She looks up and there is red liquid on the ceiling. She starts vaping.

Millie:

Looks like someone had fun in here
 And we don't ever wash these comforters
 Hotel management says it's too expensive
 to wash all these heavy ass comforters.
 Our hotel doesn't even have the same number
 as the Hilton but they still won't wash 'em.
 Wait...what if the Hilton doesn't wash their comforters either?
 Years of other peoples' skin flakes and liquids
 are baked into these sheets all across the nation
 and consequently the world
 How about that for a nasty rough puff pastry
 Always use sheets as a barrier!
 Cuz we wash the sheets, thank god
 Oh, and we don't disinfect the glasses in the bathrooms
 Just wipe the fingerprints down with a paper towel
 Humiliation paid at \$16 an hour
 Why do I have to iron my stupid shirt?

Millie takes off her shirt and stands in her bra. She looks for the iron, finds it and plugs it in. The iron plays a cheerful ditty, then a long broadcast alert tone chimes. Lloyd's voice emanates from the iron through the holes.

Lloyd as Iron:

Are you mad at me?

Millie:

And why would I be mad at you?

Lloyd as Iron:

*I don't know you just like
 Stopped flirting with me
 Like cold turkey hot potato*

Millie:

Um, that's not really
 my um perception of the—

Lights up on Marge calling Millie on her cell.

Millie:

Hold on.
 Yep.

Marge:

What the fuck is going on with the AC?

Millie:

Did you know that the UK doesn't have much of an AC culture

Marge:

MILLIE FUCKING FOCUS

Millie:

Oh yeah, our HVAC is fucked.

It's gonna cost like \$120k for management to fix it.

So ain't getting fixed. Never never? Never NEVER.

Marge:

A guest said Satan is choking him out.

Like, what??

Millie:

There's some fans in the basement

Marge:

Fans aren't going to do anything except swish the hot air around this brick death trap

Millie:

Go to the roof and turn off the HVAC

Wait 20 minutes and turn it back on.

Sometimes this works.

Marge:

Phones are ringing off the hook. Can you go? Please?

Millie:

Ugh...fine. After I iron my shirt.

Millie vapes. The iron begins steaming on its own, water dripping down the iron sizzling. Sounds of Lloyd crying.

Millie:

OH shut up

I don't fucking feel sorry for you!

Marge:

What?

The front desk phone rings.

Marge:

Gotta go.

She picks up the phone, it's Llwyd.

Marge:

Good evening, The Valley Hotel. How may I help you?

Llwyd:

So listen, Marge, the air conditioner isn't working in my room.

Marge groans for a really long time with her hand over the receiver.

Llwyd:

Do you know I collected about
4oz of my sweat water
in this godforsaken room?
What can you do to rectify that?
Marge, Marge, Marge.
Sweet little Marge, Marge, Marge

Marge:

Ewww
I can't.

She hangs up and wretches. Millie holds up Lloyd as Iron.

Lloyd as Iron:

I need you, Millie.

Millie:

I know, you sneaky sneak.
real slick, how you make me
think I don't need you
while I set up my whole life
obligating myself utterly unto you.
Real ghoulish behavior.

Lloyd as Iron hisses and cries. The phone rings again.

Marge:

For fucks sake

Marge picks up and hangs up before Llwyd can say anything.

Lloyd as Iron:

*You know this, you understand it
Yet-yet-yet you still feel like you want me?
You need me and give up any fighting.
Isn't that right?
You give right up.*

Marge and Millie screams. Millie takes the iron and presses it deep into a service until it leaves a deep imprint and produces screams of agony and ecstasy. The phone rings. Lloyd as Iron and Marge Scream. Ring. Lloyd as Iron and Marge Scream.

Later. Up on the roof, Millie is panting and sweating through her newly ironed shirt. Her yellow pit stains glow under the city lights. She listens to Marge's distant screams. Millie turns off the HVAC. She sits down on the roof and vapes.

Millie:

And now we wait.

She looks up at the night sky. She stands up. Does she see the octopus floating in the sky again? She can't tell.

At the basement of the hotel. It's creepy, dusty, and dark filled with outdated furniture and lost-and-found detritus. Marge screams when she sees the boxes of the unassembled fans. She has no idea how to assemble a fan. She looks at a manual. It's more complicated than she thought. She begins to cry. She calls Millie.

Lights up on Millie holding a phone on the other part of the stage looking at Marge. Marge does not look at her.

Marge:

Bro, the basement looks like
A spot the mob uses to take out low-level snitches.
Look at the hotel's Instagram
and you might think, 'oh cool! A hipster boutique hotel'

Millie:

Motel
hotel holiday inn

Marge:

BUT IT'S A HELL HOLE
one guest a month
shits in the corner
real classy joint

Marge stifles her cries. The Lloyds enter and make soft "EEE EEE EEE" sounds in a rhythmic manner, like a chorus of medical equipment in an emergency room.

Millie:

...Are you crying, dumbass?

Marge:

What? NO. Shut up and
tell me where the screwdrivers are.

Millie:

What for?

Marge:

So I can shove it into my fucking temple!

Millie:

Whoah,
 whoah,
 whoah

Marge:

Need one to assemble all
fifty tower fans still in boxes and
the phone is ringing off the hook for the next 7 hours
I'm fine. I can do this. I can do this.

Marge:

A German couple didn't even
say thank you when I comped them,
which is like being cussed out in German.
You know how polite those fuckers are!

Millie:

Management wants the building to be condemned
so they won't have to pay for any repairs

(beat)

MARGE! Let's go to Paris with the Lloyds.
Before you say, "With what money?"
Remember: you're going to be in debt the rest of your life
Might as well go to Paris now

Lloyds enter. They make

Marge:

Mills, you're freaking me out right now

Millie:

We can go eat fRawGraw
And CrAwSAwnts
Wear CHAN-EL
And GOOEY-RLang
Be chic Pret a portier

Marge:

If you desert me with 50 tower fans I'll never fucking forgive you

Millie:

That's your choice, Mon Cherie!
Off to gay paree I go!

Llwyd and Lloyd:

And we say: Welcome in French.

Millie and the Lloyds exit here, leaving Marge by herself onstage for a spell.

Marge:

Millie—wait. I'm scared.
Millie?

Show Her

At the mall food court. Sounds of a wok firing and French fries deep frying. Terrible speaker quality from various phones play audio garbage. Marge resentfully chews her three entrée Panda Express combo meal. The Lloyds try to play checkers.

Millie:
Hello Marge.
Lloyd.
Llwyd.
I'm back from Paris.

Marge
You just went to that dumb
French Lotion store

Lloyd:
L'Occitane en Provence
(*pronounced lowk·see·taan. AN PRO-VANS*)

Llwyd:
Only 8 hours and 8 minutes
away from Paris!

Llwyd and Lloyd:
But only five stores down from ME

Millie:
Come, come with me
I must show you how our world has improved
Please don't eat or drink, I'm speaking

Marge:
I'm moving out after I get home.
You left me high and dry

Millie:
Let me show you something
Before you say something you regret
Lloyds....

The Lloyds gently pull Marge up by her arms

Marge:
I'm NOT done eating
You gonna pay for my Panda Express, motherfuckers?
That's a three-entree combo
Saving half for dinner!

Millie:
 Stop shouting Marge
 Stop shouting
 Indoor voices
 Indoor vo—Shhhhhhhh shhhhhh

Marge:
 FUCK OFF, MILLIE
 FUCK YOU—

Very loud mall music plays. It could be Muzak, it could be Justin Timberlake's music from when everyone ignored his red flags or some other tune. But it should be very loud until it stops.

Marge:
 I hate that song!

Millie:
 I know, baby, I know.

Llwyd:
 Darling do come on.

Marge makes a run for it trying to open the door to one of the stores. Then another. They're all locked. She tries again. And Again.

Millie:
 Ahem. Clap once if you can hear me!

The Lloyds clap. Marge freezes.

Millie:
 Show her Lloyd.
 Show her Llwyd.
 Show her what you showed me.

Lloyd:
 The new post office
 And remodeled fulfillment center

Llwyd:
 Military recruitment kiosk
 Through which you can earn college credit
 Ooohhh.... you'd love that Marge, buttercup.

Complete darkness envelopes the gang.

Lloyd:
And the new Olympic sized ice-skating rink

Llwyd:
We are skating now
Hold my hand Marge
So you don't fall

Marge:
I can't see anything!

Lloyd:
And the new Imax theater
And we got a Pinkberry and a boba shop
With the puffy fish ice cream
And a public notary. Taxes. Immigration services.

Marge:
I can't feel your hand! I can't see shit!

Llwyd:
I'm right here. Take my hand.
There...isn't that nice?

Marge:
Why is it so dark?

Lloyd:
You ordered the abyss of freedom.

Lights up on The Lloyds tying Marge to a chair.

Marge:
Millie, I'm scared.

She is gagged. Millie leads the next lines with the Lloyds trailing slightly one or two beats behind.

Millie, Lloyd, and Llwyd:
I'm an oxygen bubble in an artery. Floating.
Without consciousness.
Belonging without any justification.
jhlkjhlkjhlkjrlkekekkek
I can't see where I
see myself in five years?
Just floating in someone else's blood stream
Jhlkjhlkjhlkjrlkekekkek

Millie:

Oh god what I thought were my dreams
 are *just-just-just* the
jhlkjhlkjhlkjrkekekkek
 glow of long-gone planetary carcasses

Marge lets out a groan. Lloyd and Llyyd join her groan until it crescendos. Focus shifts to Millie and lights down on everyone else.

Millie:

So I see a mom out at the courtyard park of a large apartment complex
 A beautiful young mom, the mother is
 She fiddles with a remote
 And her little baby in thick curly pigtails
 rides a floating disk, maybe an exersaucer
 I'm too far awry to know for sure
 Mom finally pushes the right button
 and the disk thing lights right up
 Pastel neon colors pink mint green, purple, turquoise gold
 Flashing beautiful in a ring, moving, spinning round
 how lucky that child is
 I imagined if I was that baby
 Tonight would be the best night of my fucking life
 riding a spinning neon rainbow
 with your mother nearby
 The most beautiful sight you'll ever dream
 Because she loves you and because
 She can portal you into a new cloudscape
 With a
 Push
 Of
 A
 Button
 And
 A
 Trip
 To
 The
 Mall.

End of Play?