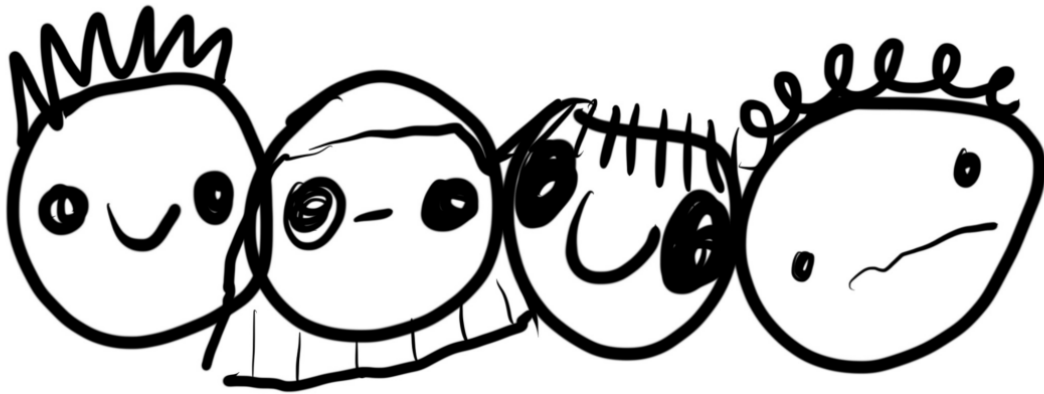


#adulting 2



Here We Go Again

Libretto by Austin Nuckols, Natalie Elder, and Stefan Melnyk

Music by John Ervin Brooks

With additional music by Austin Nuckols

SCENES

ACT 1

Visiting Day

Board Game Night

Backbone of This Apartment

An Exciting Opportunity!

Mac n' Liebested

IKEA Furniture

BDSM

INTERMISSION

ACT 2

Grindr Fugue

In Which Young Tony Applies for a Job

Netflix and Zero Chill

Bucket vs. the Bureaucracy

One They Show

ACT 1

VISITING DAY

(The ROOMMATES emerge from their rooms, or in Bucket's case arrive home after what must have been a fun night.)

ROOMMATES:

*Good morning! Good morning!
Good morning Drew and Bucket
And Ruth and Tony!
Good morning!
Good, good, good morning!*

*Today is the day,
My parents are visiting!
No, my parents are visiting.
Wait, your parents are also visiting?!*

*Today is the day,
Apparently our parents are all visiting!
It's visiting day!
Visiting day!*

TONY:

*My folks are treating us
To boozy brunch.*

RUTH:

*My parental units want to
Bring a light lunch.*

DREW:

*The Doctors Green will be here
For afternoon tea.*

BUCKET:

*My dad answered my text
With a thumbs up emoji!*

ROOMMATES:

*Today is the day,
Apparently our parents are all visiting!
It's visiting day!*

Visiting day!

(TONY'S PARENTS enter.)

TONY:

Mummy! Daddy!

TONY'S PARENTS:

Tony! Tony!

We brought champagne and cheese—

TONY:

And those cute little toasties!

TONY'S PARENTS:

And those cute little toasties,

For our cute little guy!

Darlings, please help yourselves,

Oh, it's so nice to meet you—

BUCKET:

Hi, I'm Bucket!

DREW:

I'm Drew!

RUTH:

Uh, we've met but hi.

TONY'S PARENTS:

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha

Ha ha oh what fun!

ROOMMATES:

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,

Ha ha oh—

TONY'S PARENTS:

—we're done!

And speaking of done,

We have some bad news to present.

Unfortunately, we've decided

To stop paying Tony's rent.

*Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,
Ha ha ha ha, ha!*

TONY:

Mummy? Daddy?

TONY'S PARENTS:

Tony! Baby!

Good luck!

(TONY'S PARENTS leave.)

ROOMMATES:

Today is the day,

Apparently our parents are all visiting!

It's visiting day!

Visiting day!

(RUTH'S PARENTS enter.)

RUTH:

Robert. Charlene.

RUTH'S PARENTS:

Ruthy! Ruthy!

We brought salad and rolls,

And your seventh grade journal—

RUTH:

Why did you read my journal?

RUTH'S PARENTS:

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO HIDE?

Oh, these must be your friends,

It is lovely to meet you—

BUCKET:

Hi, I'm Bucket!

DREW:

I'm Drew!

TONY:

Uh...

RUTH'S PARENTS:

It's our favorite guy!

CHARLENE:

So, Bucket, you have pronouns, right?

BUCKET:

Everyone has pronouns, Charlene.

CHARLENE:

You know what I mean.

I think it's just awesome that you're gay!

ROBERT:

We have lots of gay friends!

RUTH'S PARENTS:

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,

Ha ha ha, ha ha!

ROBERT:

So, Drew, what is it you do?

DREW:

I'm in law school!

CHARLENE:

I always thought Tony would make a great lawyer.

Ruth, maybe you and Tony can live with us to save money while Tony goes to law school!

ALL:

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,

Ha ha ha, ha ha!

Ha!

ROBERT:

You know, Tony, if you're ready to invest in some property, our next door neighbors are about to list their house...

CHARLENE:

I've always wanted to live right next door to

my grandchildren!

RUTH:

*Tony and I broke up because
I'm a lesbian!!!*

CHARLENE:

*Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,
Ha ha ha, ha ha!*

RUTH'S PARENT'S

*Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha, ha ha!
Ha!*

RUTH:

Why are you laughing?

CHARLENE:

Oh, honey. You've always gone through
phases like this!

RUTH:

It's not a phase! You have lots of gay friends!

ROBERT:

Gay friends, darling, not gay daughters!

RUTH:

*Ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Ha!*

(RUTH'S PARENTS leave.)

ROOMMATES:

*Today is the day,
Apparently our parents are all visiting!
It's visiting day!
Visiting day!*

(DREW'S MOTHERS arrive.)

DREW:

The Doctors Green!

DREW'S MOTHERS:

Andrew, baby!

*There was no time to make
anything to bring over,*

DREW:

Oh, I wasn't expecting—

DREW'S MOTHERS:

And we really can't stay.

Are these all your roommates?

There's so many of you.

BUCKET:

Hi, I'm Bucket!

RUTH:

I'm Ruth!

TONY:

I'm Tony!

DREW'S MOTHERS:

Wow, okay!

Maybe you could afford a bigger place

If you became a doctor instead...

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha,

Ha ha ha ha,

Gotta run.

(DREW'S MOTHERS leave.)

ROOMMATES:

Today is the day!

Apparently our parents are all visiting!

It's—

(Dialogue continues.)

BUCKET:

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha!

No thanks!

ROOMMATES:

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,

Ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha

Ha haaaaaaaaa

BOARD GAME NIGHT

(DREW is setting up an overly-complicated board game.)

DREW:

Bim bom biddly bom bom

Bim bom biddly bom bom

Bim boom.

(TONY enters.)

DREW:

Tony!

Tony.

TONY:

Yesh?

DREW:

Are you ready for board game night?

TONY:

I-

DREW:

-I put it on the calendar.

TONY:

You put it on the calendar?

DREW:

I put it on the calendar!

TONY:

You put it on the calendar!

DREW:

*You can't evade my plans for an evening
of whimsy and rule following forever!*

TONY:

What's the game?

DREW:

Coricurscia:

The Farm of Destiny and Famine.

TONY:

Are there little piggies?

DREW:

There are little piggies!

TONY:

Ooh!

DREW:

Bim bom biddly bom bom,

TONY:

Bim bom biddly bom bom.

BOTH:

Bim bom biddly bom bom,

Bim boom.

(RUTH enters.)

DREW:

Ruth!

Ruth...

RUTH:

Yes?

DREW:

Are you ready for board game night?

RUTH:

You fucker—

DREW:

I put it on the calendar.

TONY:

He put it on the calendar!

RUTH:

*Do we have a calendar?
Fuck, we have a calendar!
I don't have time for this,
I have a date coming over!*

DREW:

Don't forget your contract.

RUTH:

My contract, what?

(DREW pulls out contract and gives to TONY.)

DREW:

Would you do the honors, Tony?

TONY:

*Wherefore as,
Ruth has agreedeth
That Drew shall mcheedeth
From eatethingeth Ruthemutheth's shrimp,*

RUTH:

Oh you fuckers.

TONY

*Ruth shall engage in
A monthly board ragin'
Or Drew—*

DREW:

*—yadda yadda your shrimp will be mine now.
And would you look at that?
The day that it is?
The day that is the day that's today?
It is the...*

TONY:

**gasp*
Thirty-first!*

DREW:

*Which means there are no days left!
It's tonight or the scrimps are mine.*

RUTH:

My date will be here soon!

DREW:

Yummy scrummy!

RUTH:

I'm not doing it.

DREW:

Hello shrimpies!

RUTH:

*No, no, Drew! Not my pet shrimp!
Fine! I'll play your stupid board game!*

(BUCKET enters.)

DREW:

Bucket, are you—

BUCKET:

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Oh there's chips.

(BUCKET sits with them.)

DREW:

Bim bom biddly bom bom,

ROOMMATES:

Bim bom biddly bom bom

Bim bom biddly bom bom

Bim bom biddly bom bom

(A doorbell rings/buzzes.)

(Dialogue continues.)

(TAE enters.)

(Dialogue continues.)

RUTH:

What's the game?

DREW:

Coricurscia:

The Farm of Destiny and Famine.

TONY:

There's lil piggies!

DREW:

There's lil piggies.

TAE:

word.

RUTH:

What are the rules?

TONY:

Do I get to pet my piggies?

DREW:

So,

Here in this game,

We all start with a token

Now, this one's your yoke and

This one is your pail.

See, if you get seven

You'll get your first bunny

But if more than twenty

You'll end up in jail.

TAE:

word.

TONY:

Piggies?

DREW:

You start as a farmer

And then move to vicar,

But slap the card quicker

You'll end up a maid.

*These dice are your health points
And these are your manas.
They're used for bananas,
But apples are sprayed.*

*The first to hit pope
Gets to christen the horses,
Whoever learns morse is
The first to build inns.
Then add up your points
And the sums of their primes
And take out all your crimes
And the highest one wins!*

RUTH, TONY & BUCKET:

*Oh my god.
This fucking game.
Why did I say that I would play?*

(Dialogue continues.)

DREW:

*Divinity tokens
Are how you succeed
If you learn how to read
Then you're already dead.
You'll starve and go broke
If you don't build your fences
De-fencing is fencing
Defenses are, what?
*(He descends into gibberish.)**

RUTH, TONY & BUCKET:

*Did god invent board games
To punish us for masturbation?
No one who plays board games
Has ever had sex.*

DREW:

*So stick with your wickets
And then you'll get—*

RUTH:

*Stop! Stop!
Eat my shrimp
Eat my succulent scamper wampers!
!! Cannot! Do! This!
No one! Can! Do! This!*

Tae, let's go.

TAE:

but—

RUTH:

How could anyone play this stupid game!

DREW:

Coricurscia—

RUTH:

Yes, whatever!

Come on Tae, let's ditch these pussies.

DREW:

But we're—

RUTH:

They're my date Drew!

Huh, the nerve of some people, right Tae!

Who even knows how to play a loser game like this anyways.

TAE:

*You build up your farm,
And you go to the markets.*

DREW:

Get back before dark,

TAE:

It's when wolves will attack.

DREW & TAE:

Use coins to build shelter

Expand out your yard

Use the festival card

To go buy a new yak!

RUTH:

Jesus Fucking Christ!

DREW & TAE:

*When your pigs learn the magic
And cow solves the riddle,
Your personal squid'll
Become the vizier.
Your kingdom expands
as those tokens get flipped
and you unlock the crypt-*

RUTH & TONY:

WHYYYYYYYYYYY???

DREW & TAE:

*And that's how you play
Coricurscia,
The Farm of Destiny and-*

(Dialogue continues.)

BACKBONE OF THIS APARTMENT

RUTH:

*O! I am the backbone of this apartment.
Look upon these travesties,
The wasteland of my peers.
O! I am the backbone of this apartment.
And if ever I did leave, I know
They'd drown in sloppy tears.*

When a dish says:

DISH:

*Wash me!
Wash me!*

RUTH:

I wash it right away!

DISH:

*No you don't!
Wash me!
Wash me!*

RUTH

*Wait!
I have to prove a point
About how no one washes you!*

When the Brita says:

BRITA:

*Fill me!
Fill me!*

RUTH:

I fill it that very day!

BRITA:

*I'm thirsty.
Fill me!
Fill me!*

RUTH:

I'll get to it!

BRITA:

Bwita thiwwsty.

RUTH:

Woah, okay, fine. *(She fills it)*

There you go.

BRITA:

Mm. Yummy yummy!

RUTH:

*I bear the weight of civilization,
And I cannot overstate,
That if I were to break,
Our world would crumble.
Yes, I require vindication!
But you know what? I can wait.
Because, as you all know,
I am so humble.*

BRITA:

Bwita thiwwsty unhhhhhhhhh

RUTH:

I just filled you.

O! I am the backbone, of this—

BRITA:

THIWWWSTY!!! UNHHHH UNHHHH
PANT PANT UNHHHHHH

RUTH:

Would you shut up?! *(She fills it again.)*

*O! I am the backbone of this apartment.
Atlas holding up the globe
Of... laundry, and such chores.
O! I am the mighty mother gaia
I bring life, and I bring order,
They should thank me on all fours!
When the houseplants say:*

PLANTS:

(are dead)

RUTH:

Ahem.

When the houseplants say:

PLANTS:

(are still dead)

RUTH:

Oh. Uh...

When the—

Uh...

When the...

Hmm. Oh!

When the clothes say:

CLOTHES:

Fold me!

Fold me!

RUTH:

As you can see I don't delay!

When the floor says:

FLOOR:

Sweep me!

Sweep me!

RUTH:

I—

BRITA:

Fill me!

Fill me!

RUTH:

Oh fuck off!

BRITA:

Bwita thiwwsy

Bwita thiwwwwsty!!

AAAAAAAAAA

RUTH:

Shut! The! Fuck! Up!

Shut! The! Fuck! Up!

BRITA:

Yes! Yes! More! More!

Yes! Yes! More! More!

(Dialogue continues. DREW enters.)

DREW:

O! I am the backbone of this apartment!

AN EXCITING OPPORTUNITY

TONY

Hey, guys! I have a really exciting opportunity I want to share with you today.

BUCKET

Tony. We talked about this, buddy. No capitalism in the house.

TONY

Fine...How was your day, Drew?

DREW

Pretty good, thanks for asking. How was yours?

TONY

Great! ... because I just signed up for this amazing business opportunity!

BUCKET

Tony!

TONY

Come on, how is this any different from OnlyFans?

RUTH

Because I'm not taking advantage of people by selling them unrealistic expectations.

DREW

Uh... I'm on your side here, Ruth, but isn't that basically OnlyFans' business model? Luring individuals with the promise of big paychecks to increase engagement on their site, when realistically most won't make a return on their investment of time?

RUTH

I suppose you are an expert... 'ProBoner69.'

DREW

How dare-- I just needed some extra cash for my bar prep course.

BUCKET

If you two are breaking the 'no capitalism in the house' rule, it's only fair that you listen to Tony's weird cult shit. If you need me, I'll be in my room. Perusing Drew's OnlyFans page.

RUTH

Enjoy the Judge Judy drag boudoir pictures!

TONY

Ahem.

DREW

Okay, fine, what are you selling? Cutlery? Jewelry? Shampoo?

TONY

No, no, nothing like that. We sell friendship!

RUTH

Why would anyone pay to be friends with you?

TONY

Because then they get paid to be friends with other people!

RUTH & DREW

What?

TONY

You have to buy in with the person who onboarded you first, right?

DREW

See, that's where I'm stuck...

TONY

And you can just have your own friends, but the real money is in making more friends and onboarding them! You get back in touch with people you haven't talked to in years and pitch them this exciting friendship opportunity! Your friendship dividends go to the moon! But I haven't even gotten to the best part yet!

RUTH

Oh god...

TONY

Your new friends start onboarding their friends for you. Now you're a friendship manager, and as soon as your sub-friends start onboarding people, your friendship profits grow exponentially!

DREW

And you don't think commodifying that friendship compromises it a little?

TONY

It just makes it better! Now everyone below you has an incentive to make more friends to make their money back!

RUTH

Tony, you realize this isn't a sustainable model, right?

TONY

The script from Friend4Life said you would say that!

RUTH & DREW

Oh great...

TONY

And it suggests a fun friendship activity!

RUTH

Absolutely not.

TONY

Pleeeease?

RUTH & DREW

No.

TONY

The Friend4Life script says there's a fun visual gag at the end!

RUTH

Ugh, fine.

TONY

Drew?

DREW

I guess, okay.

TONY

Hooray! Okay, so Drew, get on your hands and knees!

DREW

How many times do I have to say that was just for OnlyFans!

TONY

No, that's the first step of the friendship activity.

DREW

Oh...okay.

TONY

Now Ruth, get on your hands and knees next to him.

RUTH

Um...okay.

TONY

And now I...

TONY

(cont') We did it!

DREW

I don't get the visual gag.

RUTH

Maybe we just need to see it from another perspective.

DREW

My knees are killing me.

TONY

Mine are fine!

DREW

You know, this would be a lot more comfortable if we had more people below us.

RUTH

Right? Just three would do it.

MAC N' LIEBESTOD

(DREW is by the stove with a pot and a box of MAC N' CHEESE.)

DREW:

Mac and cheese...

In a box...

Three A.M.

Mac and cheese!

Mac and cheese!

BUCKET:

Drew, what are you doing?

DREW:

Making mac and cheese.

BUCKET:

Aren't you lactose intolerant?

DREW:

Aren't you shut the fuck up?

(BUCKET exits.)

Mac and cheese,

You will ruin me.

Mac and cheese,

I must toss you away.

If I turn back now I can survive!

Mac and cheese.

Mac and cheese.

MAC:

Drew!

Listen to your heart.

So what I make you fart?

Think of bathing in my

Ooey, gooey,

And creamy cheese... product stuff

Fuck your tummy ache

Mmm, I like it rough.

Drew!

Listen to your soul.

DREW:

Yummy!

MAC:

Make yourself a bowl.

That's right, lose all control!

DREW:

Mac and cheese...

MAC:

Yes!

DREW:

In a box...

MAC:

I'm all box baby.

DREW:

I should not give in.

MAC:

Give in.

DREW:

I must not give in.

I must not!

MAC:

Give in!

DREW:

I will...

MAC:

Shhhhhhh...

DREW:

Mac and cheese...

MAC:

*Mac and cheese.
There, I've got you.
Listen to dat gas.*

DREW:

Mac and cheese...

MAC:

*Baby
I'll destroy dat ass.*

DREW:

Yes daddy.

BOTH:

*We both know where this is ending:
Spending-*

MAC:

One tryst full of-

DREW:

Fist after fist full of-

BOTH:

Horny cheese.

DREW:

*Who cares how
Much I'll be shitting
As long as I'm fitting
Your slop in my face?*

MAC:

*Drown in my dairy
I'm your faustian fairy!
Your lover!*

DREW:

*Mon cherie
Yet deepest disgrace!*

(DREW'S INTESTINES enter in horror.)

MAC:

Drew!

Listen to my kiss.

Jete off the precipice.

One final night of tragic bliss.

INTESTINES:

NOOOO!!!!!!

DREW:

Here comes the ballet.

(A ballet. INTESTINES perishes.)

CHORUS:

Ooh.

Ooh.

DREW:

No!

No!

Listen to my plea,

Intestines!

Don't you dare fail me!

CHORUS:

Ooh.

Ooh.

(INTESTINES dies. MAC leaves.)

CHORUS:

Poop.

Poop.

DREW:

No! Don't leave me!

MAC:

Oh Drew, I'll be leaving you all night.

IKEA FURNITURE

(RUTH and TONY have a box.)

RUTH & TONY:

*Look at our little hammers,
Outfitted in our jammers,
Looking so dandy.
To construct our bedside shelvies
Like little keebler elvies
We are so handy.*

RUTH:

He's got a screwdriver!

TONY:

That's why they call me Mister Screw!

BOTH:

*Woohoo!
Woohoo!*

RUTH:

I've got whatever this thing is!

TONY:

That's why they call her something else!

BOTH:

*Something else!
Something else!*

*'Cause we are handy,
There's nothing we can't build up.
We've chopped and schlopped and drilled up
something probably sometime!
We're handy pandy randy bandy
Dandy bandy randy pandy
Handy, handy,
Handy!*

(Dialogue continues. Dark IKEA manual enters.)

RUTH:

Step one!

IKEA:

Ph'nglui!

RUTH:

So the first step is—

IKEA:

Ph'nglui!

TONY:

Ha ha ha! :)

RUTH:

Oh goddess mothers, give me strength.

IKEA:

Ph'nglui—

RUTH:

I know! I know! I see it! But what is this part?

Is it like a... a knob or something?

TONY:

Do you need a screwdriver?

RUTH:

No, I just need to understand what--

IKEA:

Ph'nglui!

RUTH:

Yes thing gooey or whatever it means!

TONY:

Is it a code?

RUTH:

Yes Tony, it's *definitely* a secret spooky code that we have to solve.

(IKEA dumps items from box.)

IKEA:

Ph'nglui!

RUTH:

Oh, that was step one.
Take things out of the box.

TONY:

Ha ha ha!! :)

RUTH:

Step two!

IKEA:

Mglw'nafh.

(RUTH does it wrong.)

IKEA:

Mglw'nafh.

(Dialogue continues.)

(TONY reads from the manual.)

TONY:

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh ikea
Brk'ln wgah'nagl fhtagn.

RUTH:

What?

TONY:

*Ph'nglui mglw'nafh ikea
Brk'ln wgah'nagl fhtagn.*

IKEA:

*Ph'nglui mglw'nafh ikea
Brk'ln wgah'nagl fhtagn.*

RUTH:

Tony...?

(CULTISTS chant.)

TONY:

*It was here before us,
It shall outlive us all.
Those who read its words
Must listen to its call.
To read the text alone
Is enough to drive men mad.
It shall appear before us
In all our nightmares clad.*

CULTISTS & TONY:

*IKEA! IKEA! IKEA! IKEA!
IKEA! IKEA! IKEA! IKEA!
IKEA!*

RUTH:

*Why? Why does something so simple
have to hurt so much?*

CULTISTS:

*It does not care.
It does not feel.
Ikea has awakened.
It always was,
And always will.
Ikea has awakened.*

(RUTH throws a board at IKEA. TONY is broken.)

IKEA:

*What hands have I, that I should cause such pain?
What tongue have I, that speaks a sea of screams?
Thy furniture shall never be complete.*

BDSM

(A party begins.)

Movement 1.

BUCKET:

Hoes!

HOES:

BDSM!

BUCKET:

Hoes!

HOES:

BDSM!

BUCKET:

Hoes?

HOES:

BDSM?

BUCKET:

Gather all ye grubby hoes!

ALL:

BDSM!

Here we stand on hole-y ground.

BDSM!

Each with orifice to pound.

A night of torrid sin,

A night of vice and skin.

We burn to,

We yearn to

Begin!

It's time for:

BDSM!

Leave your coyness at the door.

BDSM!

Leave your clothes upon the floor.

A SINGLE HOE:

...Woo!

BUCKET:

Now repeat the refrain

Of the rule to which we must abide:

HOES:

Here's the refrain

Of the rule to which we must abide:

BUCKET:

Safe, and sane,

And consensual shall be our guide.

HOES:

Safe, and sane,

And consensual shall be our guide.

Know a no is a no

Know when to stop and to go

And so we

Go on the train

Of the fun fair fornication ride.

Night hear out our call:

This scrappy bacchanal

Shall be the cure

To lives demure.

And we'll transcend

A chastely rule,

And can pretend

That we are cool.

So gather

And lather,

With nethers

In leathers.

Our hearts are full,

Our holes are not.

So cut the bull,

And let's get fucking hot!

BDSM!

All can share their godless kinks.

BDSM!

Butches, to bears, to tiny twink.

A night of sweet release,

For all us silly geese!

We're ready!

We're ready!

For bondage, discipline,

And dominance, submission

Sadism and masochism

BDSM!

BDSM!

BDSM!

BDSM!

BDSM time

Tonight!

Movement 2.

(RUTH steps forward.)

RUTH:

I'm ready! I'm ready!

For lesbian sex!

I have learned everything

There is to know!

I've read all the articles,

Studied the specs,

Now off to find a real lesbian

That I can show!

BUCKET:

Ruth, what are you wearing?

RUTH:

Tra la, la la!

Tra la, la la!

BUCKET:

Ruth, you're overbearing.

TAE:

Tra la, la la!

Tra la, la la!

BUCKET:

See your nostrils flaring!

RUTH:

Thanks so much for sharing.

BUCKET:

Fine, let's go,

It's time to fly,

RUTH, BUCKET & TAE:

And give a lesbian try!

I'm/she's ready! I'm/she's ready!

For lesbian sex!

So slap on a strap on

And pop out that puss.

I'll/you'll stick it or flick it,

It's not too complex.

Time to show lesbians everywhere

I'm/she's not a wuss.

TONY:

It's my time to—

BUCKET:

No.

DREW:

It's my time to—

BUCKET:

No.

RUTH:

It's my time to shine!

BUCKET:

Yes.

RUTH

Shine!

Ah—

RUTH, BUCKET & TAE:

Let's make our parts combine!

(DREW interrupts.)

DREW:

I'm ready! I'm ready!

For homo gay sex!

RUTH:

This is my homo time.

Go suck a trout.

DREW:

They'll succumb and they'll cum

To my smarts and my peccs.

TAE:

Yo, chill out everyone.

DREW & RUTH:

Tae, please choke me out!

BUCKET & TONY:

Well isn't this endearing?

DREW & RUTH:

Tra la, la la!

Tra la, la la!

BUCKET & TONY:

To see three queerdos queering.

DREW & RUTH:

Tra la, la la!

Tra la, la la!

BUCKET & TONY:

Should we be interfering?

DREW & RUTH:

I'll rip out your earring!

BUCKET:

*Calm your tits,
No need to shout!*

BUCKET, RUTH, DREW & TAE:

Let's just all make out!

*Let's make out,
Let's make out,
Let's make out.*

*Kissy time,
Kissy time,
Kissy time!*

(TONY falls repeatedly. DREW and RUTH accidentally kiss in the dark.)

Movement 3.

(TONY steps forward.)

TONY:

*Sad little Tony boy.
Having sex
In a mopey way.
No soul
Has touched my casserole.
It's made with Chex!
I worked all day!*

SOME OTHER HOE:

Who the fuck brings casserole to an orgy??

TONY:

Don't any of you want my tasty nourishment?

BUCKET:

*Sad little Tony boy.
See them pass
By your stupid spread.
Stop making*

*Us try your baking.
You suck ass.
Try eating ass instead.*

TONY:

*I don't ask for much.
I don't ask for anything.
All I really want...
All I really, really need...
All that I desire,
All I really crave
The only thing I really need is for
Absolutely everyone to completely and
uncritically adore every facet of my personality
at all times, most important currently being my
culinary acumen, and to find me the most
desirable person in existence.*

*Oh
Sad little Tony boy.
Spurned and panned.
Now I'm left with, what?
Hot sex with bitches?
My family's riches?
And?
This mopey nut.*

HOES:

*Nobody wants
Casserole
At orgies
Tony.*

A HOE:

Wow you're really nailing the masochism part.

TONY:

Oh, thank you! I've been practicing.

Movement 4.

(The party is in full swing.)

DREW:

*Why am I alone?
I'm hot. Let's bone!*

HOES:

BDSM!

DREW:

Should I

Be lying prone?

RUTH:

Why do I not mate?

My puss tastes great!

Or do I look

Too straight?

DREW:

Why am I alone?

Where's my bone?

RUTH:

Why do I not mate?

I taste great.

TONY:

Why do all the gays

Hate my casserole?

Please eat my casserole!

DREW:

Fuck me,

Please somebody fuck me,

You know I'm the hottest at the party.

DREW & RUTH:

Please somebody want me,

Anybody want me,

I know I'm the hottest at the party

DREW, RUTH & TONY:

Please somebody need me,

Anybody need me,

Cause I am the hottest at the party.

ALL:

Please somebody love me,

Anybody love me,

*Tell me I'm the hottest at the party.
Please somebody fuck me,
Please somebody fuck me,
You know I'm the hottest at the party.
(Continues.)*

DREW:

*Fuck me, want me hot.
Need me, love me not.
BDSM sucks!
It sucks!
I'm the—*

ALL:

*Hotty thotty
At the party.*

BUCKET:

Fucking here and there,

HOES:

BDSM!

BUCKET:

Fucking everywhere!

HOES:

BDSM!

RUTH, TONY & DREW:

God we hate all this!

HOES & BUCKET:

*Let's go Bucket!
Lick it suck it!
Fuck us!*

ALL:

*BDSM!
BDSM!
BDSM!
BDSM!
BDSM!
BDSM!*

BUCKET:

All my hoes!

HOES:

BDSM!

BDSM!

BDSM!

ALL:

Hoes!

ACT 2

GRINDR FUGUE

(DREW sits in his room on his phone.)

GRINDR CHORUS:

hey.

hey.

hey, what's up.

hey.

into?

what brings u on?

what brings u on?

hey.

into?

into?

hey.

what size are ur feet?

what size are ur feet?

big dick DL

can u send a pic?

can u send a pick?

HORNY!

tap equals block.

HORNY!

breed me in the Applebees!

TONY:

hey, what's up?

(Dialogue.)

DREW:

Scruff it is then.

GRINDR CHORUS:

woof.

woof.

hey, what's up?

woof.

looking for daddy tops.

*masc 4 masc no femmes.
i'm very masc daddy looking
for twink to top.
looking for–*

TONY:

*Looking for puppies!
Who's got puppies!*

(Dialogue.)

DREW:

Whatever, uh, Hornet.

GRINDR CHORUS:

*hey.
what's up.
horny DL.*

TONY:

Who wants to keep bees?

DREW:

Uh, Growlr!

GRINDR CHORUS:

*hey
woof
what's up
big daddy bear
woof daddy bear*

TONY:

Who wants to see the zoo?

(GRINDR CHORUS continues as:)

DREW:

Chappy?

TONY:

Hey!

DREW:

Squirt?

TONY:

Hey!

DREW:

Twitter?

TONY:

Hey!

DREW:

Craigslist?????

TONY:

Hey!

GRINDR CHORUS:

hey.

hey.

DREW:

Dear daddy God, why doth thou
persecute me? Free me from this
heterosexual goblin's curse!

GRINDR CHORUS:

what's up

big dick

u got pics?

what's up

hey.

TONY:

Hey.

Hey.

(Dialogue continues.)

IN WHICH YOUNG TONY APPLIES FOR A JOB

(TONY and RUTH are in the apartment.)

(Dialogue.)

TONY:

It's very discouraging!

*I send my application
And I get– nothing.
It's nothing but frustration
Just to get– nothing.
I know you're right, I should,
Doesn't have to be that good.
I... really need a win,
I know my resume is thin
But god I swear this job hunt's
Gonna do me in!*

*If I get a job and if I
Overcome my fear then please will
Everyone stop yelling at me?
Deal? We all good?
Okay then, here goes!*

NOTHINGS:

*Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing!
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing!
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing!*

RUTH:

Tony, it's not that complicated!

*Just be yourself and then I swear
You'll get– something.
Spontaneous and daring
And you'll get– something.
Yeah, you could be a star,*

Let's see what you've got so far...

*Just be yourself but better,
Write a smarter cover letter
And maybe you'll seem
A little less bizarre!*

*If you get a job and if you
Overcome your fear I promise
I'll stop yelling at you so much,
Deal? We all good?
Okay then, let's go!*

(DREW enters.)

DREW:

*Just go door to door and
Show them some initiative,
Impress them and you'll get a j-*

*(TONY, RUTH and DREW
argue as the NOTHINGS
continue their song.)*

(RUTH and DREW exit.)

TONY:

*It doesn't feel that different
Now I've got- something.
Thought something would get better
But there's just- nothing.
At last I got a job,
I don't feel like such a slob!
My feelings are so mixed,
All the complaining should be nixed,
Today I finally got a job and now it's fixed...*

Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing...

Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing...

NOTHINGS:

*Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing!*

*Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing!
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing,
Nothing!
Nothing!
Nothing!
Nothing!
Nothing!*

NETFLIX AND ZERO CHILL

RUTH

Hey, Tony. What do you wanna watch on Netflix tonight? It's your turn to pick.

TONY

Ooh... not sure.

RUTH

Well, are you in the mood for a comedy or a drama?

TONY

Um...

RUTH

Movie? TV show? Animated series?

TONY

Hmmm...

RUTH

Slow-burn thriller? Fast-paced action flick? Quirky supernatural throwback?

TONY

So many choices!

RUTH

How buff do you like your leading ladies? I prefer mine fully-muscled...

TONY

I just don't know!

RUTH

Tony, you have to make a decision quickly or else the trailers will--

BIG MALE ENERGY

Now streaming on Netflix...

RUTH

Goddamnit, Tony, you've released the Big Male Energy!

BIG MALE ENERGY

A Netflix Production...

RUTH

Wait... none of the buttons are working... you try.

BIG MALE ENERGY

Produced by Netflix Studios...

RUTH

Why are none of the buttons working?!

BIG MALE ENERGY

A Netflix Original Series...

TONY

It's mesmerizing, Ruth. Cannot. Resist. Big Male Energy.

RUTH

Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

BIG MALE ENERGY

What Am I Thinking?! Here is...The Host!

HOST

Welcome to What Am I Thinking?!, the game show where you guess what I'm thinking!

RUTH

This is going to be awful.

TONY

The Host is a national treasure!

HOST

May I introduce: Contestant Number One!

ONE

Hi, I'm Contestant Number One! My interests are--

HOST

--irrelevant! May I also introduce: Contestant Number Two!

BUCKET

Hi, I'm Contestant Number Two!

RUTH

Holy shit, is that Bucket?!

BUCKET

Hey, guys.

RUTH

What are you doing in the TV?

HOST

Contestant Number Two, tell us, do you have hobbies? beloved pets? superpowers?

BUCKET

I mean...I--

HOST

Forget them all! You're playing What Am I Thinking?!

BUCKET

I...okay...

HOST

Are you ready to play!

ONE/BUCKET

Yes!!

HOST

The grand prize is a domestic healthcare system of faultless efficiency to which the citizenry happily contribute with the understanding that the good of oneself is intimately bound to the good of one's broader society.

ONE

Wow...

BUCKET

I mean, yes...we def want that...

HOST

And all you have to do to get it is correctly answer this one question: What. Am. I. Thinking?!
Contestant Number One:

ONE

Is it elephants?

HOST

Nope!

TONY

Heh. Elephants.

RUTH

Ugh.

HOST

Contestant Number Two:

BUCKET

Is it the sun?

HOST

Nope!

RUTH

Ugh. I hate this so much.

TONY

What? Why? I love it!

ONE

Wait, how are we supposed to win?

BUCKET

It's impossible to guess what you're thinking!

HOST

No, just astronomically unlikely! And there's still everything to play for!

RUTH

See? It just perpetuates the idea that good things come from the generosity of the powerful when really they're just holding it hostage. I swear, it's like a fucking disease.

BIG MALE ENERGY

Now, I know what you're thinking: you're thinking this show just perpetuates the idea that good things come from the generosity of the powerful when really they're just holding it hostage. An idea like a contagion. A disease.

RUTH

What the fuck.

BIG MALE ENERGY

And the thing is...you're right, Ruth.

RUTH

What the FUCK.

BIG MALE ENERGY

It is like a disease. And here is...The Host!

RUTH

Tony. Give me the remote.

TONY

NO.

RUTH

Give. Me. The. Fucking. Remote.

TONY

I wanted to watch that...

RUTH

No.

TONY

Ooh! I know what I want to watch!

RUTH

Finally.

TONY

Wall Street!

RUTH

It's not on here.

HOST

At least...that's what she's thinking!

RUTH

AAAAAAGGGHHHH!!!!

BUCKET VS. THE BUREAUCRACY

(BUCKET enters and runs into DREW.)

DREW:

SHIT! Sorry, Bucket.
What's all this?

BUCKET

*I have a:
Letter from my therapist,
An order from the court,
A brand new card from S.S.A.,
And grabbed a new passport,
Changed my name at Planet Fitness,
Chase, and Capital One,
Three electric bills,
And then I'm almost done
Affirming my identity
With a license from the DMV...
So I can finally, officially, legally be
Bucket!*

DREW:

Bucket! I am so happy for you!

But why are all of these important
documents out on the table, where
they could get lost or damaged?

BUCKET:

Where am I supposed to put things?

DREW:

Ideally, you'd have a fireproof lock box.

BUCKET

*Just like your
Butt plug box,
Your butt plug box.*

DREW:

Wait, what?

BUCKET:

*The one you hide
Under the bathroom sink!*

BUCKET:

I don't have a—

DREW:

Shit, you found my—

BOTH:

*Butt plug box!
My/your butt plug box.*

DREW:

I should move that.

BUCKET:

Huh. You think?

DREW:

Here, I have a spare folder you can use.
Better than nothing, right?

BUCKET:

Cool, thanks!
Oh, here, you gave me two.

DREW:

Wow, I'm glad you caught that!
This bad boy has my term paper in it.
Good luck at the DMV!

BUCKET:

*You mean, "good luck at the DMV's website!"
'Cause we live in the fucking future!*

DREW:

Okay, sure.
"Good luck at the DMV's website!"

(DREW exits.)

BUCKET:

I have a:

Folder for my paperwork,

My laptop's full of charge.

First I'm filling out a form,

Then I'm living large!

*(A Physical Manifestation of the Department of Motor Vehicles
appears. [PMDMV])*

BUCKET:

Google "DMV."

PMDMV:

Google "DMV."

BUCKET:

This page looks like a scam...

PMDMV:

Yeah watch out for the scams!

BUCKET:

Does this look right to you?

Nevermind.

BOTH:

Here I am!

BUCKET:

Can I upload an application?

PMDMV:

No uploads!

BUCKET:

Okay, how 'bout I save this form?

PMDMV:

No downloads.

BUCKET:

I guess I could make an appointment?

PMDMV:

Umm...

Yeah, actually that sounds fine?

BUCKET:

Load the 'schedule' page,

PMDMV:

Load the 'schedule page,

BUCKET:

Fill all the little blanks.

PMDMV:

Those cutesy widdle bwanks!

BUCKET:

Now I can submit!

Wait, what the fuck?

PMDMV:

Ha ha ha ha!

No thanks!

BUCKET:

Can you please take my information?

PMDMV:

Don't wanna.

BUCKET:

Okay, how 'bout we try again?

PMDMV:

Not gonna.

BUCKET:

I guess I could call up the office?

PMDMV:

Well I guess you could fucking try!

(BUCKET calls the DMV office.)

(PMDMV talks through the call menu.)

BUCKET:

Uh, okay, guess I'm pressing two.

PMDMV:

Fine. Have fun on hold, asshole.

Boop boop ba da

Boo doo wah, ba doo doo

La la la, la la la.

FUCK YOU!!!!!!

Boop boop ba da

Boo doo wah, ba doo doo

La la la, la la la.

FUC-

(RUTH picks up the phone.)

RUTH:

Unfortunately for me

You've reached the D.M.V.

Ruth speaking,

What do you want?

(Dialogue continues.)

RUTH:

Why are you calling?

BUCKET:

I have a:

Letter from my therapist,

An order from the court,

A brand new card from S.S.A.,

And grabbed a new passport,

Changed my name at Planet Fitness,

Chase, and Capital One,

Three electric bills,

And then I'm almost done

Affirming my identity

With a license from the DMV...

So I can finally, officially, legally be

Bucket!

RUTH:

Bucket I am so happy for you!

(Dialogue continues. RUTH hangs up.)

BUCKET:

I have a:

Letter from my therapist

Who I should probably call.

A brand new card from S.S.A. and...

Four Pall Malls.

But I must conquer the D.M.V.

So I can finally, officially, legally be

Bucket!

(The scene changes to the D.M.V.)

CHORUS:

D-M-V-re!

D-M-V-la!

D-M-V-re!

D-M-V-la!

Ah!

Ah!

(PMDMV hands BUCKET a number.)

PMDMV:

Good luck, E72.

(BUCKET sits next to VEGETABLE LADY.)

BUCKET:

Wow, you smell like boiled vegetables.

VEGETABLE LADY:

Thank you, dear.

PMDMV:

A45 to window three.

B22 to window four.

BUCKET:

How long have you been waiting?

VEGETABLE LADY:

Since V-Day.

BUCKET:

Valentine's Day?!

VEGETABLE LADY:

Victory-in-Europe Day.

BUCKET:

Holy fuck, I am going to die here!

VEGETABLE LADY:

Have some broccoli dear!

PMDMV:

C32 to window six.

D101 to window ten.

(PMDMV shoves a phone at BUCKET's face.)

PMDMV:

The phone is for you, E72.

BUCKET:

Hello?

TONY:

Hello? Hello?

BUCKET:

Tony?

TONY:

Bucket?

I didn't know you worked

At the DMV!

BUCKET:

I don't. By any chance

Did you press three?

TONY:

Yes! I would like

One appointment please!

BUCKET:

Have you tried the broken website?

TONY:

There's a website?

BUCKET:

Yes, it's broken.

TONY:

Then why are you there?

BUCKET:

*I have a—
Eh you don't care.*

TONY:

*That's probably true.
Bye bye!*

(BUCKET hands the phone back to PMDMV.)

VEGETABLE LADY:

Have a turnip dear!

PMDMV:

E71 to window eight.

BUCKET:

*Wait, is it almost my turn?
Is it almost my turn?*

PMDMV:

*E72...
3. Sorry
E73 to window ten.*

BUCKET:

Motherfucker...

(TONY runs in.)

TONY:

I'm E73!

E73 is me!

BUCKET:

Tony, how did you get here so fast?

And why are they seeing you first?

TONY:

I scheduled an appointment on the website!

BUCKET:

But the website is broken.

TONY:

Oh. Well, see you later!

BUCKET:

Holy fuck, I am going to die here!

VEGETABLE LADY:

Have a carrot, dear!

BUCKET:

No thank you!

I do not want the boiled vegetables!

PMDMV:

A2 to window five!

A2 to window five!

VEGETABLE LADY:

A2?

A2?

I am A2!

I am A2!

I am—

(VEGETABLE LADY collapses on the ground.)

BUCKET:

Holy fuck, she is going to die here!

Someone call 9-1-1!

VEGETABLE LADY:

Let it be, dear... my number is up.

BUCKET:

Do you have any family, is there
someone I should contact?

VEGETABLE LADY:

I have only my boiled vegetables.
Please... accept my most
prized possession.

(VEGETABLE LADY hands BUCKET her number.)

BUCKET:

Your... your place in line?

VEGETABLE LADY:

Go now... and live the life...
I never got to have...

(She dies.)

PMDMV:

*A2 to window five?
Last call!*

BUCKET:

A2 is dead. I am A2 now.

PMDMV:

Right this way.

BUCKET:

*I have a:
Mushy, boiled carrot,
And this number from a friend.
Yes, after far too many years,
Our wait's come to an end!
I am affirming my identity
With a license from the D.M.V.
So I can finally, officially, legally be
Bucket!*

(BUCKET approaches the DMV window.)

BUCKET:

How are you today?

PMDMV:

What is it you want?

BUCKET:

I'm here to change my name!

PMDMV:

You're here to change your name?

BUCKET:

Is this the right place?

PMDMV:

No, it's not.

BUCKET:

Oh, okay.

Can you point me in a direction?

PMDMV:

Not my job.

BUCKET:

Could you give me a little hint?

PMDMV:

Not my job.

BUCKET:

I'm not leaving 'till you help me.

PMDMV:

Fine.

Window ten.

BUCKET:

Window ten, window ten,

Window ten!

AGHHHHHHH

(BUCKET moves to window ten.)

PMDMV:

What's the matter?

BUCKET:

Can I change my name?

PMDMV:

Can you change your name?

BUCKET:

Wait, is this window ten?

PMDMV:

Yes, this is window ten.

BUCKET:

Is this the right place?

PMDMV:

No it's not!

BUCKET:

Not again.

Can you point me in a direction?

PMDMV:

Not my job.

BUCKET:

Could you give me a little hint?

PMDMV:

Not my job.

BUCKET:

What exactly is it that you do here?

PMDMV:

This is the Window For People Who
Need To Yell At Someone Today.

BUCKET:

Oh. Where is the window for
changing the name on my license?

PMDMV:

Window eight!

BUCKET:

*Window eight, window eight,
Window eight!*

(BUCKET moves to window eight.)

PMDMV:

Hello, what can I do for you today?

BUCKET:

Am... am I dreaming?

PMDMV:

So... what can I do for you today?

BUCKET:

I am here to change my name!

PMDMV:

*Sweetie, I am so happy for you!
Can I see your current license?
Ah, I see you don't like—*

CHORUS:

Deadname redacted!

BUCKET:

No, I don't like—

CHORUS:

Deadname redacted!

PMDMV:

What is your new name, —?

CHORUS:

Deadname redacted!

BUCKET:

Bucket!

PMDMV:

Do you have all your paperwork, Bucket?

BUCKET:

Do I have all my paperwork?

Yes, I have all my paperwork!

CHORUS:

Yes they have all their paperwork!

Yes they have, yes they have,

Yes they have all their work!

BUCKET:

I have a:

Letter from my therapist,

An order from the court,

CHORUS:

Order from the court!

BUCKET:

A brand new card from S.S.A.,

And grabbed a new passport,

CHORUS:

A new passport!

BUCKET:

Changed my name at Planet Fitness,

BUCKET / CHORUS:

Chase, and Capital One,

BUCKET:

Three electric bills,

And then I'm almost done

CHORUS:

Affirming their identity

With a license from the DMV...

BUCKET / CHORUS:

*So I/they can
Finally, officially*

BUCKET:

*Even when we're texting,
'Specially when we're sexting.*

CHORUS:

Romantically, platonically,

BUCKET / CHORUS:

*Vengefully, spitefully,
Happily, legally be...*

I'll/They'll finally be...

(BUCKET reads from their folder.)

CHORUS:

*E72 to window eight!
E72 to window eight!*

ONE THEY SHOW

ROOMMATES:

We

Actually showed up to this thing,

We're such supportive friends!

Supportive friends!

Sure, we're all jaded,

And very cross-faded,

But we promised we'd stay

Until the show ends!

We actually showed up to this thing,

Because you are our pal!

What a pal!

Rather than napping,

We're all out here clapping,

'Cause we're trying to boost

Your fragile morale!

Look on the bright side,

It's just us and your mom,

Which means only five people

Will know when you bomb!

We actually showed up to this thing,

We hope that you'll do well!

Super well!

You have ambitions,

But we have suspicions

That your one-person, late-night,

Self-produced show

Will be hell...

(TAE performs.)

BUCKET:

Oh... no... baby...

They look...

DREW:

Sweaty.

RUTH:

Already!

BUCKET:

This is...

DREW:

Uncomfortable?

RUTH:

Questionable?

TONY:

Bad!

BUCKET / DREW / RUTH:

Shhhh!

(TAE performs.)

BUCKET:

Oh... no... baby...

They sound...

DREW:

Awf—

RUTH:

Smile, they're looking!

BUCKET:

This is...

DREW:

Mis—

RUTH:

Smile, they're looking!

DREW:

*If I shift down in my seat,
maybe they won't see—*

TONY:

They're pointing at you, Drew!

BUCKET / DREW / RUTH:

Shhhh!

(TAE performs.)

DREW & TONY:

*If I go to the bathroom and don't come back,
Do you think they would notice I'm gone?*

BUCKET & RUTH:

*Look at their poor mother,
Who's trying not to yawn.*

DREW & TONY:

*Nevermind,
The Uber fares are too damn high!*

BUCKET & RUTH:

*Even the drummer's giving
Major side eye.*

THE ROOMMATES:

Oh!

*I can't believe we showed up to this thing,
Lord, why did we show up to this thing?*

We actually showed up to this thing,

A choice we now regret.

Such regret!

What were you thinking?

We wish we were drinking!

This is one night we'll all

Wish we could forget—

(TAE enters. Dialogue continues.)

RUTH:

I used to think you were hot.

DREW:

I used to think you were hot.

BUCKET:

I used to think you were hot.

ALL 3:

But you're not.

I used to think you were hot, you were hot,

But now I know you are not, you are not.

I used to think you were hot, you were hot,

But now I know you are not, you are not.

(cont.)

TONY:

I didn't

I couldn't

I never thought you were hot

Cause you're not.

ROOMMATES:

I/they used to think you were hot, you were hot,

But now I/they know you are not, you are not.

I/they used to think you were hot, you were hot,

But now I/they know you are not, you are not.

I/they used to think you were hot,

But you're not!