

THE LOOK OF HATE

**A Play in One Act
by John Ervin**

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: male, 40. A proud member of the alt-right, his die-hard devotion to Donald Trump is exceeded only by two lifelong passions: collecting and shooting firearms of all shapes and sizes, and amassing and enjoying pornographic movies of all styles and formats.

BIG MITCH: male, 40. A proud member of the LGBT community, his employment and health circumstances are sketchy and he is currently living out of his car. But these situations are alleviated by his gift for networking and partying, and, for the time being, his addiction to crack cocaine.

LAY-Z DUKE: male, 25. A proud dealer of crack cocaine and other illegal substances, his business helps bankroll his ambition to be the best damn club DJ in the industry. Success in the drug market also funds his own estimable collection of high-powered weaponry.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

A modestly spacious one-bedroom apartment in the fictional city of Sugartown, Tennessee. The time is the present.

The stage is dark except for one stage light on the bedroom area. On a mattress lies Johnny Ray Sixpack, 40, wearing only black briefs and black socks. Curled up next to him is Big Mitch, also 40, wearing only white briefs and white socks. He snores loudly.

No sheet covers the two men, but an enormous stain can be seen spread across the mattress beneath them.

To one side of the mattress is a bureau and a gun rack with five semi-automatic rifles. On the other side, facing the audience, is a black football jersey with the number "88" under the name "Sixpack", and an enormous, flattering portrait of Donald Trump.

Johnny Ray Sixpack wakes up with a start. The sound of Big Mitch snoring causes him to look at him, startled. He then looks down at the mattress, and immediately notices the stain they lie on.

Johnny Ray Sixpack lurches out of the bed. Thanks to his wearing only the black briefs and socks, his sweat-coated, circular gut is now painfully evident.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You fuck!

Big Mitch wakes up with a start. Big Mitch looks around, his head bobbing and weaving, his eyes bloodshot, his hair a mess. He then sees Johnny Ray Sixpack standing by the bed, pointing at the stain. Big Mitch rubs his forehead in pain.

BIG MITCH: Wake up ... it's time to drink beer.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What's that stain on my bed?

Big Mitch looks down and examines the stain that covers most of the mattress. Waking slightly, he does a double-take and laughs.

BIG MITCH: Heyyyyyyy ... didn't your Momma tell you to go ... potty ... before bed ... time?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: (*menacing*) Don't you ever mention my Momma. How did you get in my bed? Last thing I remember, you were on my couch in the parlor!

BIG MITCH: Couldn't ... sleep with all those ... stupid guns in there. (*groans*) Now, about that beer ...

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: There's guns in here, too! (*menacing*) And don't call them "stupid!" They have feelings, too, you know!

Johnny Ray Sixpack gestures at the gun rack just over the mattress. Big Mitch looks at it and nods his head. He then looks back at Johnny Ray Sixpack, and smiles, examining his garb.

BIG MITCH: Oh ... then, I guess ... heh ... it has something to do with the way you're dressed ... butter-cheeks.

Johnny Ray Sixpack looks down at his briefs and socks. He drops his mouth open, surprised, and raises his arms upward in confusion. Big Mitch slowly begins to arise from the mattress.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What the - ? Lord! How did this happen? I never sleep in a state of nature - even with people I like!

BIG MITCH: "State of nature!?" What about ... them soiled panties?

Big Mitch belches as he stands up straight, his white briefs clearly soiled. He is roughly the same height as Johnny Ray Sixpack and, likewise, sports an enormous, circular gut. Johnny Ray Sixpack briefly touches his briefs, which are also stained.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Good God. Well - well, they're only soiled 'cause a what you did to me! I mean, my bed! I mean ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack points at Big Mitch as Big Mitch, still staggering, bends down and reaches for his pants and sleeveless T-shirt, piled on the stage by the bed.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Look, let's get one thing straight, here. I don't care how drunk I was last night, I am not now, nor have I ever been, gay!

BIG MITCH: Coulda ... fooled me ... panty-waist.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: All right! I'm gonna take a shower and wash this piss and Lord knows what else you defiled me and my \$100 sheets with. By the time I walk out of the bathroom, I expect you to be gone! Gone! Gone!

Johnny Ray Sixpack turns and stomps off stage left. Big Mitch stumblingly puts on his pants.

BIG MITCH: Situation lookin' any better on that beer ... hole-ass?

The entire stage becomes lit, showing the living room of the apartment. Big Mitch picks up and puts on the sleeveless T-shirt.

Downstage right stands a desk with black leather-bound laptop and black leather chair. Downstage left is a black leather couch in front of a gigantic, flat-screen, high-definition monitor. Within reach stands a black shelf, lined with DVD and Blu-Ray cases.

Toward stage left are two more gun racks, each with ten high-capacity rifles.

Big Mitch walks over to the couch and reclines on it. He picks up a remote and aims it at the TV. It soon plays a porno, already in progress, emitting the groans and grunts of people having sex.

Johnny Ray Sixpack enters stage left. He wears a black terry-cloth bathrobe with the number "88" on one breast. He holds his skivvies and socks in one hand and combs his now wet hair with the other.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You fuck!

Reaching for two rotting tennis shoes on the floor by the couch, Big Mitch smirks at Johnny Ray Sixpack. He puts on the tennies.

BIG MITCH: Johnny Ray Sixpack. Is this how your Momma taught you to say "rise and shine"? Speaking of which, time for me to "wake and bake!"

Finished with putting on the tennies, Big Mitch turns to a black coffee table in front of the couch. He picks up a small glass pipe and a Bic-style lighter. On the table is a plastic bag with three small white rocks. Johnny Ray Sixpack walks across the stage.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Look, I took my shower, so, please, fucking ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack stops again. He watches Big Mitch as he puts the pipe in his mouth and positions the lighter at the other end.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What in the name of the honorable Donald J. Trump is that?

BIG MITCH: *(pipe in mouth)* In the name of getting high - crack.

Johnny Ray Sixpack's eyes widen as Big Mitch lights the pipe.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Crack?! Crack?! How long has that been in my \$1500-a-month apartment?

Big Mitch sucks in the hit for a moment before blowing out the smoke, his eyes widening and his face turning red. He speaks in a faster, drug-fueled tone.

BIG MITCH: Since last night, wet-pants. Don't you remember? I came here to smoke this new batch I bought, 'cause I didn't want anyone at Sadie Mae Bonine's party to steal it!

Johnny Ray Sixpack glares at Big Mitch for a long moment, aghast.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Great! First, you soak my \$100 sheets and my \$35 underwear in micturition. Then, you light up a crack pipe on my \$500 couch! Boy, you are gonna leave now before you ruin any more of my beloved shit, for which I slave 60 hours a week as a freelance data analyst and firearms consultant!

BIG MITCH: Got any more facts and figures, Barack Obama?

Big Mitch leans forward and removes one of the two remaining rocks from the bag. Johnny Ray Sixpack likewise leans forward, pointing at Big Mitch with the skivvies and socks.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(menacing)* Don't ever call me that Kenyan Socialist fuck, even in good fun. *(sighs)* So, are you going?

BIG MITCH *(rapidly)* Not until I finish this bag. If I don't get my wake-up-it's-time-to-drink-beer I'm liable to freak out ...

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: "Wake-up-it's-time-to-drink-beer?" Oh, yeah, people kept saying that at the party. God, how annoying! Like "Lock Her Up", "Lock Her Up!" It should be "Kill Her", "Kill Her!"

BIG MITCH (*rapidly, continuing*) ... and then maybe start tearing up this \$500 couch of yours, not to mention all your other "beloved shit." Who knows, I might use one of these guns on the wall - or that big fucker in the cute little case by the desk over there.

Johnny Ray Sixpack turns around to see an enormous portable gun case on the stage by the desk. It is open, an unusually elaborate semi-automatic rifle nestled snugly in it. Johnny Ray Sixpack rattles his head and raises his arms, startled.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Oh, my Lord! My Trooper Thrust Street Sweeper! I never take that out, even for people I like!

Johnny Ray Sixpack hurls his comb, socks and skivvies to the stage and races over to the desk. He bends down and picks up the gun, examining and stroking it with a shake of the head.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Poor, poor Trooper Thrust. I'm so sorry. It's all this fuck's fault.

Big Mitch looks at the audience.

BIG MITCH: It's official. He's crazy.

Big Mitch lights another hit on his pipe. Johnny Ray places the gun in the case and snaps it closed. He picks it up.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Man, I will never go to Sadie Mae Bonine's parties again - good fun as they are! It's bad enough I dishonor the Confederacy breathing the same air as those Bernie-Sanders-suckin' friends of hers, but then I bring one of them home and he turns my house into a crack den!

Johnny Ray Sixpack glares and physically shudders at the sight of Big Mitch holding in the hit.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Good ... God. Maybe it's just as well I have my Trooper Thrust close by. It'll be the most effective way for me to stand my ground, especially when I'm in a state of nature.

Johnny Ray Sixpack puts the gun back in the case. Big Mitch lets out a plume of smoke.

BIG MITCH: The only state of nature you was in was when you made messy in your beddy, like all closet-case Republicans do when they find out they're gay.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I'm not a Republican! I'm an alt-right sovereign citizen!

He gestures at the TV monitor, still emitting sounds of a porno.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: And if five-hundred DVD's, two-hundred Blu-Rays and 1,000 porn streams showcasing the talents of over 2,000 beautiful, acrobatic women doesn't convince you of my heterosexuality, well, nothing can.

BIG MITCH: Where do you find these women - the circus? But you're right ... nothing can.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Lord have mercy!

Johnny Ray Sixpack reaches down and picks up his socks, underwear and comb from the stage. He walks toward the bedroom area.

Big Mitch picks up one of several Blu-Ray cases lying by his side on the couch. He raises it so the label, which displays nothing but the listing "Porn #236", written in felt tip pen.

BIG MITCH: So, Johnny Ray Sixpack, let's discuss the titles you gave these. I don't care for this one you called "Porn #236." But "Porn #185" or, especially, "Porn #69" are very romantic.

Johnny Ray Sixpack stops momentarily as he walks toward the bedroom area. He turns to face Big Mitch while gesturing at the DVD and Blu-Ray cases strewn all over the couch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: It's easier for me to remember these movies by the order I bought them in, than by their original titles. Besides, who cares what they're called, as long as at least one woman gets cum smeared all over her face!

Johnny Ray Sixpack laughs and manages to rub his hands together in glee with the comb and clothing still in them. Big Mitch sneers at him in disgust as he tosses the Blu-Ray case back on the couch.

Johnny Ray Sixpack walks into the bedroom area. Big Mitch leans forward and removes the final rock from the bag.

Johnny Ray Sixpack hurls his garments onto a pile of clothes near the bed. About to remove his bathrobe, he stops and looks paranoid at Big Mitch, then leaves it on. He walks over to the bureau.

BIG MITCH: Seeing what a Trump-smearin' perv you are with all these guns and pornos, I can't see what's the big deal if we were in a collective state of nature last night.

Placing the comb on the bureau, Johnny Ray Sixpack picks up a necklace with a cross. He folds his hands and mouths a prayer, then kisses the cross. He wraps the necklace around his neck.

BIG MITCH: I mean, just because you found your other self, that don't mean you can't still get off on these nurses wearing white mini-dresses, Nurse-Ratched caps and gold high-heels.

Johnny Ray Sixpack opens the top drawer of the bureau and removes some new black underwear and black socks. He awkwardly puts them on under the bathrobe, still looking at Big Mitch with suspicion.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: No, it would not make a difference if I had an "other self." I have nothing but respect for gays - and, especially, lesbians. It's just that I have no desire to defy God's highest commandment.

BIG MITCH: "God's highest commandment?" What are you, a Mormon?

From another drawer he removes a pair of military camouflage pants and, again, quickly if awkwardly puts them on under his robe.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: No, I'm a real Christian. And not only is this a rare Sunday morning I couldn't make it to church, I also had a front row seat at Tennessee's first execution by firing squad in years, which I also missed on account a you!

BIG MITCH: I'm flattered. Was you gonna be on the firing squad?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: No, damn it, though, Lord knows, I tried to get on it. Oh, well, at least my six-year online petition campaign led to some good, clean, fun justice - American-style!

Johnny Ray Sixpack laughs as he whips off his robe and throws it on the laundry pile. He opens another drawer filled with folded shirts, all black. He picks out one T-shirt and puts it on, making sure to drape the necklace and cross over the neckline.

He walks over to the mattress. Tucking in the shirt, he stops to examine the stain on the sheet covering it. He turns to the portrait of Donald Trump and raises his arms in supplication.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: He did this to my sheets, not me! Right, boss?

He bends down and wrenches the sheet and the padding off of the mattress. He examines the bare mattress intently, sniffing the air just above it. He stands upright, relieved.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Lucky for you, thanks to the water-proof coating on my \$800 mattress, it appears to be untouched by your micturition.

BIG MITCH: Oh, good. So, it was just your micturition?

Johnny Ray Sixpack sits down on the bare mattress and reaches for a pair of black military boots lying nearby.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You are a man full of hate! Offense intended.

BIG MITCH: Considering what you did to your water-proof sheets, we know what you're full of! Offense intended.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You know, you might want to go to church. Or, at least, join AA, or NA. Or better yet ...

Slowly arising from the mattress, Johnny Ray Sixpack looks upward and raises his arms to the sky. A chorus of angels can be heard on the theater sound system.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: ... the N ... R ...

Big Mitch cuts Johnny Ray Sixpack and the angels off as he gets up from the couch and walks toward stage left.

BIG MITCH: Heyyyyyy, no way, Johnny Ray! I won't have nothing to do with men-children that gotta shoot Super Chunk Street Cleaners to make up for being, uh, short-changed! You're gonna end up getting your junk blown off by something in this bunker. What do you need high-powered weapons for, anyway?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: (*ominous*) Something I should have done a long time ago. (*pause*) Anyhow, perhaps I will die at the point of a treasure from my collection, which I invested over \$500,000 -

BIG MITCH: Cut the inventory! I'm heading into your kitchen for that beer you failed to room-service me, Donald Jerkoff Trump.

Big Mitch exits stage left.

Johnny Ray Sixpack shakes his fist as he walks over to the bureau.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: (*menacing*) Don't ever mock the greatest American President since Jefferson Davis. (*pause*) Anyhow, even if I do meet my heavenly reward after being kissed by a firearm, it'll be defending myself, or another decent American, from pathetic, Godless and incontinent vegans like you.

Reaching the bureau, he lifts up a folded pair of sunglasses, which are large enough and thick enough to resemble those worn by Arnold Schwarzeneger in "The Terminator." He unfolds them and slides them on. He walks over to the sheets and picks them up.

Johnny Ray Sixpack walks into the living room area, the pile of bed sheets he carries covering his T-shirt. He looks at Big Mitch as he enters stage left hoisting a full, uncapped beer bottle.

BIG MITCH: What kinda Bible-Bambi-'n-Thumper only has one beer in his fridge?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What kinda pasty freeloader drinks the other five Nurembräu beers and complains about only having one left?

Big Mitch sits on the couch. He takes a swig from the Nurembräu while examining the sunglasses on Johnny Ray Sixpack's face.

BIG MITCH: Oh, yeah. You were wearing those sunglasses all last night during the party. You got a problem with your eyes?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Yes, they're sensitive to earth-mothers. Look, I don't know about any crack houses in the neighborhood. I do know there's some honky-tonks nearby where you and other Hillary crybabies can wail about that beautiful election and drink yourselves to death, thus saving me the trouble of exterminating -

BIG MITCH: What ... is that on your shirt?

Johnny Ray Sixpack, beaming, moves the sheets out of the way of his T-shirt. Against a black background is a white swastika and a silhouette of Hitler over the words "Der Böss" in Germanic font.

BIG MITCH: Oh ... my ... God. I made it with a Nazi last night!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I'm not a Nazi. I'm an alt-right sovereign citizen with a jug half-full view of life. The swastika has been used for over 3,000 years to represent life, sun, power and luck.

BIG MITCH: Yeah, they was real lucky in Charlottesville!

Johnny Ray Sixpack gestures to himself as he smirks.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Jug half-full.

He points at Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Jug half-empty. (*annoyed, stomping his feet*) And we didn't "make it" last night!

BIG MITCH: But you did "make it" with your Daddy, when you was Little Johnny Ray Sixpack?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: (*menacing*) Don't ever mock my Daddy, Joseph Sixpack! He raised me with discipline, devotion, not to mention, toilet training. If it wasn't for our hunting trips in the Great Smoky Mountains, I never would have become the tireless advocate for firearms enthusiasts and sportsmen everywhere I am today.

BIG MITCH: I suppose you and him also watched pornos together.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: No, actually, that was my Momma, Norma Ray Sixpack.

Big Mitch, surprised, nearly spits out the beer he swigs. Johnny Ray Sixpack looks upward, smiling nostalgically.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I'll never forget my twelfth birthday, when she gave me a VHS videocassette of "Sex Axe." (pause) That's "Axe" ... with an "X!" (laughs)

BIG MITCH: Don't you mean, "Porn #1?" (belches)

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: (sighs) Look, I'm gonna take my sovereign sheets to the laundry room and pray your piss gets eliminated. When I get back, you better be -

BIG MITCH: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Gone, gone, gone.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: First sensible thing you've said all day. And if I find anything missing, I don't care how much it costs, I will track you down and make you deader than Nancy Pelosi should be!

BIG MITCH: Pipe down, Adolf. Don't lubricate your lederhosen. I got no use for guns or straight porn.

Johnny Ray Sixpack walks toward stage right. Big Mitch returns his attention to the monitor. He smiles and points at it.

BIG MITCH: Heyyyyyyy!

Johnny Ray Sixpack stops and looks at Big Mitch.

BIG MITCH: That's like the "Sex Axe, with an X", I used on you!

Johnny Ray Sixpack snarls and clenches his fist while still holding the laundry. He then rolls his eyes, sighs, and unclenches his fist and slumps in resignation. He stomps off stage right.

The stage lights go down.

The stage lights go up.

Johnny Ray Sixpack enters stage right to find Big Mitch on the couch, watching a new Blu-Ray, one that sounds like a snuff film.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You fuck! I thought I told you to ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack looks at the TV. It unleashes an audio mash-up of farm animals and heavy machinery, along with screaming from an actress who sounds as if she is being stabbed repeatedly.

Big Mitch, still seated on the couch, shakes his head at Johnny Ray Sixpack while pointing at the monitor. The screaming, stabbing, machinery and animal noises continue apace.

BIG MITCH: Johnny Ray Sixpack, is this some high-quality animation, or is this girl actually getting - *(looking at TV)* heyyyyyy, what's Mr. Ed doing to that blonde?

Johnny Ray Sixpack marches over to the coffee table and picks up the remote. He points it at the monitor, immediately ending the audio mash-up and opening the disc drawer.

Big Mitch smirks and finishes the beer as Johnny Ray Sixpack angrily removes the disc from the player drawer and closes it.

BIG MITCH: Isn't stuff like this against the law, not to mention the Geneva Convention?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Out!

BIG MITCH: And risk having me tell the cops about this one - *(reading Blu-Ray case)* "Porn #88?" What is it with you and the number 88? It's on every wall in this apartment, and that kitchen magnet on the fridge!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Let's just say that it's a number that's brought me life, sun, power and luck ... like the swastika. Out!

BIG MITCH: Heyyyyyy, I guess I should tell the FBI about this. Or, better yet, the ATFA! Not to mention PETA!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Give me that case or I will "open carry" you out of here in a way even you will not like! Out!

Big Mitch hands the Blu-Ray case to Johnny Ray Sixpack. Putting the disc back in the case and walking towards the desk, Johnny Ray Sixpack looks upward.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: God? Why are you testing me today? I never take out "Porn #88", even for people I like!

BIG MITCH: Well, you better like me, or I'm gonna tell the FBI, PETA, ATFA, FEMA and ICE about the freak who gets into -

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You do that and I'll tell them all about what you get into! Out!

Johnny Ray Sixpack reaches the desk and lifts up the laptop, sliding a small mail-slot-sized key out from under it.

BIG MITCH: *(sighs)* Fine. The worst that'll happen to me is I'll get twenty-eight days in rehab, while you, heh, you'll get eighty-eight years in a super-max. *(pause)* And, man, are those big, fat white nationalists gonna read you some hurtin' bedtime stories every night of those years! Of course, you may not mind, since they'll be Republican Trump-fudge-packers, like you.

Johnny Ray Sixpack looks at Big Mitch. His forehead begins to sweat profusely as he betrays a worried expression that is visible even through his sunglasses.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I told you, I'm not a Republican, I'm an alt-right ... *(voice breaking)* sovereign citizen.

Big Mitch laughs. He watches in curiosity as Johnny Ray Sixpack uses the key to open one drawer and places the disc in it. He shuts the drawer closed and locks it.

BIG MITCH: Johnny Ray Sixpack! A secure, locked drawer? That disc must be a total cop-magnet. Where did you get that movie, anyway, at one of your psycho gun shows?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: It was filmed as a personal favor to me on Sadie Mae Bonine's farm by a director whose work I revere, if you really must know.

Lifting up the laptop and sliding the key back under it, Johnny Ray Sixpack notes Big Mitch rubbing his hands mischievously.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What?

BIG MITCH: Talk about a #MeToo moment - Tennessee-style!

Big Mitch laughs. Glaring at him, Johnny Ray Sixpack reaches for the Trooper Thrust case and clicks it open.

BIG MITCH: When the Feds find out about the animal-cruelty and international-trade laws you violated on Sadie Mae Bonine's farm -

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Enough! What do you want? Money? No, what does a handout-whore like you need with money? You want more crack! That's clearly the only reason you're giving me this blackmail shit over a classic of adult cinema you know damn well is good.

He removes the Trooper Thrust from the case and cocks it. This time, Big Mitch looks heavenward and raises his arms joyfully.

BIG MITCH: He's seen the light! But we gotta make this a party.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: A party?! I am not inviting those latte-lapping friends of yours and Sadie Mae Bonine's to my sovereign -

BIG MITCH: No, no. I think it's time you got deflowered, in crack.

Big Mitch shakes the empty crack bag. Johnny Ray Sixpack gasps.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Are you out of what is left of your mind? I'd rather put my Trooper Thrust to my head and pull the trigger.

BIG MITCH: Okay. Get out your phone and we can make that a double-feature Blu-Ray along with "Porn #88."

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Why is it so fucking important for me to defile my essence with this stuff? Anyway, aren't opioids and heroin what you welfare-goobers live 'n die for?

BIG MITCH: Opioids?! Heroin?! That's for kids!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: And crack is for adults?! By the way, how old are you, boy?

BIG MITCH: I'm forty, if you really must know.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Of course. Typical tender, fluffy snowflake who refuses to grow up.

BIG MITCH: Well, how old are you, girl?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Forty-one ... on April 20th!

Johnny Ray Sixpack, grinning, points with his thumb at the portrait of Hitler on his T-shirt.

BIG MITCH: Ohhhh ... *(snaps fingers)* that's why you shaved your pubic hairs in the shape of Hitler's mustache!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I didn't shave them! The doctors did when they operated on my - wait! How do you know what my pubic hairs look like? *(resigned)* Never mind, don't tell me. Okay. I'll smoke one rock - or whatever you call it - but only if it increases the increasingly remote chance of you leaving me in -

Whooping, Big Mitch leaps off the couch and bounds to the desk.

BIG MITCH: Where's your phone, sugar-tits! I know a killer dealer. He was at Sadie Mae Bonine's party last night, with his boy Billy Bob Bush.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: My phone?! Don't you have his number on your ... No, let me guess. You don't have a smartphone, or a flip phone, or even a landline, 'cause you probably don't have a job!

BIG MITCH: "Officer, I'd like to report a pervert who wears Hitler T-shirts and made a film on a local farm where a girl got - "

Johnny Ray Sixpack picks up a smartphone from the desk and tosses it to Big Mitch, who catches it. Big Mitch paces the room as he taps the screen. Johnny Ray Sixpack remains at the desk, stroking the Trooper Thrust while again talking to it.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Well, Trooper Thrust, here I am, making a crack deal and sanitizing sheets of urine, when I should be doing something constructive ... like using you to shoot butter sculptures of Barack Hussein Obama at Sugartown Ridge.

The stage lights go down.

The stage lights go up.

Johnny Ray Sixpack remains at the desk, looking at his now open laptop and taking periodic sips from a plastic bottle of soda.

On the couch slouches Lay-Z Duke, a ghostly pale, scrawny man of 25 who, despite the heat, wears an oversized coat and skinny jeans, a hoodie and sunglasses obscuring his face. Next to him sits Big Mitch, who lights a sample crack hit on his pipe.

Lay-Z Duke watches the TV with a smirk and an easygoing nod of the head. From the continuing drone of grunts and creepy synthesizer music, it is playing a more traditional porno than "#88." Looking at Johnny Ray Sixpack, he points at the screen.

LAY-Z DUKE: Damn! This chick must've done time in the circus!

Johnny Ray Sixpack looks up over at the monitor. He beams proudly.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Ah, yes, "Porn #101." That actress, Porn Star #75, is prominently featured in no less than three categories on my spread-sheet.

LAY-Z DUKE: *(pause)* Uhh, did you say ... spread-sheet?

Big Mitch, blowing out the hit, looks up with dread. Johnny Ray Sixpack barely contains his joy as he gestures at the laptop.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: It's for a presentation I'm giving at the White House next month! It's based on over 2,000 movies, with eighty-eight categories for 138 Porn Stars' specialties: "Expeditious Smearing of Cum", "Tasteful Use of Food", and as you're witnessing now, "God-fearin' Use of - "

BIG MITCH: "- of a Trooper Thrust?"

Lay-Z Duke snaps his fingers and points at Johnny Ray Sixpack's rifle, visible in the open case at Johnny Ray Sixpack's feet.

LAY-Z DUKE: That's what that is. That's a Trooper Thrust Street Sweeper! Like the one used by that creep who killed all those kids at Sugartown High!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: (*solemn*) An unfortunate incident ... but a small price to pay for freedom.

As Lay-Z Duke and Big Mitch look at one another in astonishment, Johnny Ray Sixpack looks with interest at Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: So ... you know about guns?

Grinning, Lay-Z Duke gets up off the couch and ambles toward Johnny Ray Sixpack. Big Mitch looks at Lay-Z Duke, appalled.

LAY-Z DUKE: Are you kidding? I got an AK-103, an RPKS-74 and a PKT Machine Gun with experimental self-loading carbine.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Not bad!

LAY-Z DUKE: Mind if I test-drive that honey?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I don't usually let other men touch her ... but, since you believe in what should be the First Amendment, why not?

Johnny Ray Sixpack reaches down and takes the gun out of the case. He hands it to Lay-Z Duke. Lay-Z Duke examines the gun, careful to aim it at the stage, as Johnny Ray Sixpack gestures at Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Feel free to try her out on this Diaper Democrat.

BIG MITCH: (*mocking*) I'm not a Democrat, I'm an "alt-right sovereign citizen!" God, Lay-Z Duke, I can't believe you get into the same dick-less gun shit as this closet cocksucker.

LAY-Z DUKE: I'm sorry you feel that way, Big Mitch. But, you see, the only reason I deal is so I can get some extra money for my arsenal. That's my real pride and joy.

Lay-Z Duke hands Johnny Ray Sixpack back the weapon. He unzips and opens his coat, pulling open the right side to reveal a handgun in a holster wrapped around his chest.

LAY-Z DUKE: Besides, in this business, you gotta be protected like James Fuck-'Em-In-The-Head Bond!

Big Mitch shakes his head, dismayed. Johnny Ray Sixpack nods his head, impressed, while putting the rifle back in the case.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: If only more urban, government-dependent drug dealers had as much sense as you ... may ... have.

Lay-Z Duke laughs and zips his coat back up. He gestures at Johnny Ray Sixpack while addressing Big Mitch.

LAY-Z DUKE: He should do a podcast. Or, better yet, AM radio.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I am on AM radio, which will never die. I tell it like it is on WANK, Friday mornings at nine.

LAY-Z DUKE: Too early for my blood. That's my Sabbath.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You're Jewish?!

LAY-Z DUKE: Hell, no. I'm sleepin' in after my Thursday night DJ hump at Sugar Daddy's. *(to Big Mitch)* I gotta shit. So, let's see, it's gonna be eighty-five for the load.

BIG MITCH: Cool, I'll take it all. *(singsong)* Oh, Sugar Daddy.

Lay-Z Duke looks at Johnny Ray Sixpack, slightly surprised. Johnny Ray Sixpack, sighing, digs into his pants and pulls out his wallet. He removes several bills, which he slaps into Lay-Z Duke's hand. He quickly counts the wad, then nods his head, impressed.

LAY-Z DUKE: Eighty-eight bucks! Nice! You should stop by my place and check out my firearms collection, see if it's up to tits.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Even if it is lacking the necessities, I'll be happy to come over and give you a professional assessment.

BIG MITCH: Leave him alone, Lay-Z Duke! He's mine!

LAY-Z DUKE: Really? Damn, I gotta say he is pretty damn fine for a National Socialist.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(pause, astonished)* You're gay?!

LAY-Z DUKE: With pride and joy. In fact, me and my boy Billy Bob Bush are hitchin' it next month at Sadie Mae Bonine's farm. All my customers are invited, so you can come, too. And, Big Mitch, here, is gonna be my best man!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Lord have mercy. Look, I have nothing but respect for gays, and especially -

BIG MITCH: Oh, does he respect us! Just last night, he -

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Shut your mouth! *(to Lay-Z Duke)* Look, aren't those other rights we gave you people enough? Why do you have to mess with the sanctity of fucking marriage ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack again lifts up the laptop and slides out the key. He quickly unlocks the safety drawer, opens it and, reaching in, removes an Eagle Scout merit badge. He displays the badge before the stunned, slack-jawed Lay-Z Duke and Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: ... or, God help us, my beloved Boy Scouts?

Big Mitch looks at the audience.

BIG MITCH: Still crazy ... and still not willing to admit he's -

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Say it loud and you're dead and proud!

LAY-Z DUKE: It's okay, Big Mitch. I'm not gonna fuck a customer who shoots loads on time. *(to Johnny Ray Sixpack)* But, like it or not, me and my boy Billy Bob Bush can get fuckin' married, so ...

Lay-Z Duke again unzips his jacket and opens it to show his gun to Johnny Ray Sixpack. He nods his head respectfully.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: My hearty congrats to you and your boy, Billy Bob Bush. *(pondering)* Where have I heard that name before? *(pause)* Anyway, you should come to the gun shows I give monthly symposiums at. We need more people like you ... you know, for diversity.

LAY-Z DUKE: What? There aren't enough white guys?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You're white?!

LAY-Z DUKE: Later, Big Mitch.

Lay-Z Duke zips up his jacket again and saunters toward stage right. He pauses to examine Johnny Ray Sixpack's T-shirt.

LAY-Z DUKE: I know a guy with a shirt like that. I'll tell him to look you up, now that his execution by firing squad just got commuted, and he's gettin' sprung from Tennessee State. Shalom.

Lay-Z Duke exits stage right. In his own state of utter shock, Johnny Ray Sixpack places the merit badge back in the drawer, closes and locks it, and slides the key back under the laptop.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Savages! How can they commute an execution like that? Who cares if he's innocent? I put in a lot of work turning his execution by firing squad from a dream to a reality!

BIG MITCH: Oh, shut up, you whiny executioner. Let's begin the best new thing in your life - heh-heh, at least since last night.

Johnny Ray Sixpack swivels in the desk chair and points at Big Mitch, who fixes a hit from the new batch in his crack pipe.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Look, you can make jokes about us, uh ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack looks around the apartment in a paranoid way.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: ... pursuing alternative life-styles in front of me, but don't ever make them in front of other people! (*petrified*) If word gets out, I'll be the laughingstock of the entire firearms community!

BIG MITCH: Sorry to blow your "life-style cover", Stormy Daniels.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Don't ever bring that slut's name up in this house. Besides, on my spread-sheet, she's "Porn Star #24."

BIG MITCH: Time to lose your virginity, "Sovereign Citizen #0."

Johnny Ray Sixpack, sighing and slumping as if about to start a laborious task, gets up and walks sullenly over to the couch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Do I need to do this? My Momma's comin' over for our regular Sunday chicken dinner and porn-sampling! Tonight, we're gonna preview that movie starring Ivanka and her Dad!

BIG MITCH: Again with your Momma! With devotion like that, you are gay enough to launch Sugartown's version of Cirque du Soleil!

Johnny Ray Sixpack flops down on the couch and points at the pipe.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Give me that damn thing and let's get this over with!

Big Mitch hands Johnny Ray Sixpack the pipe and lighter.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: So, how do you do this?

BIG MITCH: Light it like a pot pipe. You have smoked pot, right?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Yes, I've smoked pot. *(sadly)* Once.

Johnny Ray Sixpack puts the pipe in his mouth and lights it. As soon as he finishes lighting, he sucks in a hit. He removes the pipe from his mouth, and begins coughing, smoke wafting about. He continues coughing as he hands Big Mitch the pipe and lighter.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(coughing)* Good ... God ... how can you ... snowflake drug addicts ... take this stuff?

BIG MITCH: Well, for one thing, us snowflakes hold it in for more than one second.

Johnny Ray Sixpack, still coughing, staggers up off the couch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(coughing)* My sovereign sheets ... must at last be dry by now. Is there any hope ... by the time I get back up here that ... you won't still be fouling up my home?

BIG MITCH: Johnny Ray Sixpack, there is a chance. Thanks for buying the crack. And say "hi" to your Momma for me ... (*chuckling*) if you can say anything at all.

Johnny Ray Sixpack clutches his throat and continues coughing as he stumbles off stage right.

The stage lights go down.

The stage lights go up.

Johnny Ray Sixpack enters stage right, carrying clean, folded sheets. He looks around the stage, which is completely empty of occupants. The TV is still on, but no movie currently plays. He looks at the Trooper Thrust and smiles.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Well, Trooper Thrust ... shall we dance?

Johnny Ray Sixpack walks over to his laptop and clicks on his music playlist. It immediately unleashes a German anthem like "Deutschland über Alles" through two desktop speakers.

He laughs and marches over to the bedroom area. Once there, he salutes, in American military style, the portrait of Donald Trump.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Today Sugartown, Tomorrow the World - right, boss?

Johnny Ray Sixpack gleefully steps over the mattress and spreads open the sheets. He bends forward to tuck the sheets under the mattress. As he does, Big Mitch enters stage left. He walks up to Johnny Ray Sixpack and stops, placing his fists on his own hips.

BIG MITCH: Hospital corners, maggot-puke!

Standing up straight, Johnny Ray Sixpack turns around. Wide-eyed, snarling and shaking, he raises his fist at Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Where the hell did you come from?

BIG MITCH: The latrine, Commandant. I was cleaning out the Analplatz for our next rally.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What does it take to clean a vermin like you out of my life?

BIG MITCH: Sorry, Field Marshall, but I can't leave until you accept what you are.

Big Mitch turns and walks into the living room area. Johnny Ray Sixpack, craning his neck forward, his gaze even more accusatory, follows him. He stalks him like a hound as Big Mitch heads quickly toward the laptop.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: What do you mean, "accept what I am?"

BIG MITCH: Sorry, I don't dig theme music for tiki-torch marches.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Halt! That leather laptop cost me \$60,000!

Big Mitch taps on the keyboard, turning off the anthem. He then walks over to the coffee table and picks up the remote.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Again. What do you mean, "accept what I am?"

BIG MITCH: Well, let's just say, when you wear a MAGA hat it means ... "Make America Something-Else-With-a-G Again."

Big Mitch laughs as he aims the remote at the player and causes the disc drawer to open. Johnny Ray Sixpack winces as he briefly touches his mid-section. He turns and steps toward stage left, as Big Mitch picks out another Blu-Ray case from the shelf.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Great! Now, I have to go to the bathroom! Okay, look, if you must continuously watch my DVD's and Blu-Ray's, borrow them! And if you can illegally divert my porn streams to your home ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack stops and nods his head in realization.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Ohhhh. Now, I get it. That's why you won't leave my apartment. You don't have a home. And I bet you don't have a car, you scooter-riding swine!

BIG MITCH: I, too, have a home and a car. Admittedly, they're one and the same ... you closet-hidin' Nazi shhhviiiiine!

Johnny Ray Sixpack sighs as he continues toward stage left.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Let's be clear, to save you further pathetic labeling, I only belong to one organization ...

Johnny Ray Sixpack looks heavenward as he is just about to exit stage left. The angels can be heard on the theater sound system.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: ... the N ... R ...

The angels slow down as if on a vinyl record being turned off with the needle still playing on it. Johnny Ray Sixpack once again stops and, turning to Big Mitch, adopts a sickened expression.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Ewwwww.

Big Mitch aims the remote at the monitor, turning on the newest Blu-Ray, which emits synthesizer music. Big Mitch turns to see Johnny Ray Sixpack, still standing at the edge of the stage.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I installed a \$1500 public-restroom-strength air-freshener in this bathroom - and it smells like a snowflake died in it! What did you consume last night?

BIG MITCH: Oh, beer, pizza ... you.

Big Mitch laughs as Johnny Ray Sixpack stomps off stage left. Big Mitch sits on the couch, just as audio of grunts and groans and more creepy synthesizers can be heard from the television.

BIG MITCH: Johnny Blu-Ray Sixpack, why are all of your Porn Stars dead-looking blondes with blue eye shadow and purple lipstick?

Big Mitch removes another rock from the bag and puts it in the pipe. As he does, his eyes are caught by something on the screen. He shakes his head in amazement.

BIG MITCH: Is it me, or are these two girls forming the number "88" on the floor of that meat-packing plant?

Johnny Ray Sixpack enters stage left, his left arm extended forward in a Sieg Heil salute, as he sprays the pit with an aerosol deodorant can. Big Mitch regards him with a double take.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Now, if you had done to my sovereign sheets what you did in the bathroom, I would not only have shot you, but skinned you alive.

BIG MITCH: Kinky. So, after you eat fried chicken and watch skin-discs with your Momma, do you and she kidnap anemic blondes and force them to make more movies, set in mortuaries, or something?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(inspired)* That's not a bad idea. *(annoyed)* And for the last time, you hush about my Momma, or skin will roll!

Finished spraying his other arm pit, Johnny Ray Sixpack marches toward his desk and slams the aerosol can on it. Sitting down at the desk, he gives Big Mitch an exasperated look. Big Mitch, putting another rock in the pipe, looks back at him, perplexed.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Look, I bought you your crack, you drank up every single one of my Nurembräu beers, I smoked one rock, and I will not have sex - or whatever you people call it - with you.

BIG MITCH: Are you coming to a point, Johnny Ray Sixpack? And, remember, you are one of "you people."

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: In the name of Theodore Anthony Nugent, what could possibly keep you staying where you are clearly not welcome?

Big Mitch leans forward and picks up the crack pipe and bag.

BIG MITCH: You experiencing another one of these golden nuggets.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Lord have mercy! Why? Didn't you see how I hated it? Besides, don't you cracker-heads like to keep all your "nuggets" for yourselves?

BIG MITCH: Either you smoke another rock, or I'm texting the CIA about "Porn Heil-Hitler." Now, it's time to ... come to Jesus.

The angels rev back up on the theater sound system as if a vinyl record were being cranked up again with the needle still on it. Johnny Ray Sixpack angrily grabs the barrel of his Trooper Thrust to wield it like a golf club against Big Mitch.

Thinking better of it, he puts down the gun, slumps his shoulders in defeat and gets up from the desk chair. Big Mitch holds the crack pipe and lighter with the expression of Jesus offering alms to the poor. Johnny Ray Sixpack takes both items. The angels fade.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: If I end up at Mirror Lake Recovery Center, you are paying for my cuck-group therapy.

Johnny Ray Sixpack places the pipe in his mouth and lights it.

BIG MITCH: Now, make sure you really hold it in, for a minute or so, this time ... you know, snowflake-style.

Johnny Ray Sixpack holds in the hit for several moments, and then blows it out. He rattles his head spasmodically. His face turns red and sweaty as he hands Big Mitch the paraphernalia.

BIG MITCH: Man, you're sweating like a pig. Let's see your eyes.

Johnny Ray Sixpack removes his sunglasses, to reveal unusually dilated eyes with black circles around them. Big Mitch laughs and claps his hands, as Johnny Ray Sixpack puts the sunglasses back on and wipes his brow of sweat. Big Mitch raises his arms heavenward.

BIG MITCH: Hallelujah! This is one Nazi who can get high!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I'm not a Nazi ... I'm an alt-right sovereign citizen ... and I feel ... allllllt-right!

Big Mitch laughs as he loads another rock in the pipe. Johnny Ray Sixpack stumbles about, continuing to wipe the sweat off his face.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Yeah! That's got a real kick to it! That ... oh, man! Last time it didn't ... but this hit! Yeah! You know, Big Mitch, I think you might be onto something!

BIG MITCH: This hit must have been the charm. That's the first time you've called me by my name.

Big Mitch puts the pipe in his mouth and lights it. Johnny Ray Sixpack walks over to the desk and sits down on the chair. He picks up the Trooper Thrust and cocks it.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I ought to go over to some big gathering of liberals and feminists with my Trooper Thrust and do something ... I should've done a long time ago.

Johnny Ray Sixpack jumps out of the desk chair and twirls about, gleefully pointing the the rifle at various parts of the stage.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Before that, I'll practice at that gun range over on Sugartown Ridge, and finally shoot that pomegranate in the fridge that's shaped like Michael Moore's head! Whoo, Daddy!

BIG MITCH: Oh, is that what that was with the baseball cap and glasses? Before you do that, though, why don't you see what it's like doing something else on crack, on our sovereign sheets.

Snarling, Johnny Ray Sixpack stops twirling about the stage and aims the Trooper Thrust at Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Damn it, I told you! I'm not gay and I only have sex with women! Or, I would, if I met anyone or anything that would have sex with me. My God, even strippers won't lap-dance for me, no matter how much cash I wave as they walk by!

Big Mitch looks at the audience. He looks at Johnny Ray Sixpack.

BIG MITCH: Look at it this way. Why can't you just accept responsibility for messing our nuptial bed and being LGBT? Your pin-up, Trump, got into wet-work with them Russian prostitutes.

Johnny Ray Sixpack, hoisting the Trooper Thrust, the sweat glistening on his face, stomps toward Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(menacing)* Don't ever mock the greatest American President since Vladimir Putin! Now, give me another hit of the best thing since they invented porn!

BIG MITCH: I've seen people get hooked on this stuff after several hits, but not after two! Man, you changed your opinion about crack as fast as Mike Pence will about wearing a girdle and corset.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: *(menacing)* Don't ever mock the greatest Vice President since Dan Quayle. Now give me the damn pipe!

Big Mitch quickly reaches into the bag and pulls out another rock, which he places into the pipe. Johnny Ray Sixpack snaps his fingers. Big Mitch hands him the pipe. He snaps his fingers again.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Light! Light!

BIG MITCH: Man, what a bitch you've turned into ... which is really cool!

Big Mitch picks up the lighter off the table and hands it to Johnny Ray Sixpack, who walks over to the desk and rests the rifle on the chair. Still sweating, he puts the pipe in his mouth and lights it frantically.

BIG MITCH: Man, you're turning into a worse addict than me ... which is also really cool!

Johnny Ray Sixpack holds in the hit for a few moments before blowing out the smoke. He shakes his head and emits even more sweat than before. Growling, he stomps over to Big Mitch.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Don't call me an addict! That's as bad as being called a Muslim! Or an immigrant! Or somebody who believes in climate change!

BIG MITCH: Is there anything you have something good to say about?

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Yes! Crack!

Johnny Ray Sixpack, his hair electrified, sunglasses dripping perspiration, clothes sopping wet, holds the crack pipe and lighter before Big Mitch in a demanding fashion.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Give me another.

BIG MITCH: Are you serious? Even I don't smoke 'em that -

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Then, you're a frail Socialist who can't handle drugs as good as me! Fork over that bag - boy!

Johnny Ray Sixpack lunges for the bag on the table. Big Mitch grabs the bag and shoves it into the crotch area of his pants.

BIG MITCH: You gotta earn it - girl! Now, let's get back into your bedroom and watch you spread those sheets and I'll give you another piece o' Great Smoky Mountain.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: God damn it! I've had all I can take from you, you kale-eatin' freeloader! Now, give me another rock!

BIG MITCH: Only if you and me did what we did last night. Them's the rules, bitch.

Johnny Ray Sixpack rushes back to the desk and slams the pipe and lighter on it. He picks up the Trooper Thrust and points it at Big Mitch. Big Mitch's eyes widen, with anger as much as with fear.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: You fuck! I let you stay at my place and you pay me back by pissing on my sheets and holding out on me!

BIG MITCH: You fuck! Not only are you afraid to admit that you're gay, but that you pissed on your own damn sheets! Man, that is it!

Big Mitch leaps up off the couch and stomps toward stage right.

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Where are you going?

BIG MITCH: Doing what you wanted me to do from the start, I'm leaving! I'm not wasting any more of my precious stash on a -

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Which I paid for, you would-be Mexican!

Johnny Ray Sixpack grabs Big Mitch by the shoulder and shoves him back toward the couch. But Big Mitch catches himself, and remains standing, glaring at Johnny Ray Sixpack in full-fledged horror. Johnny Ray Sixpack aims the gun at him again.

BIG MITCH: Fuckin' A! You ought to be locked up with R. Kelly!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: Give me that crack! I paid for it! I want it all and I want it now!

BIG MITCH: Not a chance, you closet-case Republican!

JOHNNY RAY SIXPACK: I'm not a Republican! I'm an alt-right sovereign citizen with a jug-half full view of life - faggot!

Completely enraged, Big Mitch lunges toward Johnny Ray and grabs him by the throat, strangling him. Johnny Ray Sixpack manages to also grab Big Mitch by the throat and strangle him with one hand, while clinging to the Trooper Thrust with the other.

The men continue throttling each other as they fall to the stage with a crash, the Trooper Thrust wedged between them.

The stage lights go down.

The sound of the two men wrestling and choking one another continues for another moment. Then, several rounds of automatic rifle fire ring out. After that, all is dead silence.

END OF PLAY