

OPEN HOUSE

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A Play in Two Acts

By

Richard Bonte

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## SYNOPSIS – OPEN HOUSE

CONTEXT: Today's Alt-Left Political Correctness. Recently, NYU professors declared one of theirs mentally unfit to be a professor because he was too conservative. This play is a reaction against this kind of groupthink, anti-mainstream, Alt-Left Fascism that has invaded the American Press and the Arts.

LOGLINE: A new breed conservative professor of Sociology tries to rent a one-room studio in the place of his birth only to be outbid by two women of mysterious origin.

SYNOPSIS: In the fictitious country of PinkLand, Leviathan Lee, 40, is a strange but conservative professor of Sociology. When he decides to rent an apartment, he is outbid by Professors Dal, 35, and her mother, Rooty Rak, 66, two bizarre women from the equally fictitious country of YakLand. There happens to be a housing shortage and both parties want to live in the sole prized studio on the campus of PinkVille University in the dangerous sanctuary city of PinkVille. Lee feels he deserves the studio because he is a PinkVille native, whereas the Raks feel they deserve it because they are part of the University-run, 'Diversity' affirmative action experiment. The people taking their bids are boyfriend and girlfriend realtors, Jill Smith, 37, and Marshall Ranford, 44. Both Jill and Marshall prefer Lee as a tenant because he is a "Pink" native, like they are, but when Dal seduces Marshall, Marshall convinces Jill to take on the two Raks instead of Lee. Angry about losing this one rental to 'foreigners he hates,' Lee finds out that Marshall is having an affair with Dal; he talks about Marshall's treachery to Jill whom he also fancies for himself. Furious at Marshall for having betrayed her, Jill calls in Lee to plot the removal of the Raks from their studio. However, they are not ready for the surprise the Raks have prepared for them.

## OPEN HOUSE - Cast of Characters

In order of appearance...

JILL: a WOMAN, 37

LEE: a MAN, 40

MRS. RAK: a WOMAN, 66

DAL RAK: a WOMAN, 35

MARSHALL: a MAN, 44

### Scene

All of the action takes place inside and outside a studio for rent on the campus of PinkVille University in the city of PinkVille, a decaying, modern and sprawling sanctuary city in the country of PinkLand—where they speak PinkLish—in the First World.

### Time

The Present

#### Act I

Scene 1: Week One. Early afternoon, walkway 1 and vacant studio: *Lee, Jill, Mrs. Rak, Dal*—pg. 6

Scene 2: Late afternoon, D.R. real estate office: *Marshall, Jill, Dal*—pg. 26

#### Act II

Scene 1: An hour later, True Love Nest Realty: *Jill, Marshall*—pg. 35

Scene 2: Week Two. Studio, *Dal and Mrs. Rak*—pg. 38

Scene 3: True Love Nest Realty: *Jill and Lee*—pg. 45

Scene 4: Walkway 2: *Lee and Marshall*—pg. 47

Scene 5: Week Three. Evening. *Dal, Mrs. Rak, Lee*—pg. 48

Scene 6: PVU main stage lecture class: *Lee, “Students on Soundtrack”*—pg. 51

Scene 7: Week Four. “Hoarder” studio, the whole stage, *Full Cast*—pg. 53

Scene 8: Week Five. “Hoarder” studio apartment, *Lee (off), Dal, Mrs. Rak*—pg. 63  
Scene 9: “Hoarder” apartment: *Dal, Mrs. Rak*—pg. 66  
Scene 10: Walkway 1: *Dal, Mrs. Rak, Marshall*—pg. 70  
Scene 11: True Love Nest Realty: *Lee, Jill*—pg. 73  
Scene 12: Open Stage: *Full Cast*—pg. 76  
Scene 13: Week Six. Studio Apartment: *Jill and Lee; “Alexa” Soundtrack*—pg. 79

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“Political Correctness” is tyranny with a happy face.<sup>1</sup>

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“Don’t Shoot the Messenger”<sup>2</sup>

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“Don’t Shoot the Messenger before someone else does”<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Charlton Heston, Speech on February 23, 2017 at Brandeis University

<sup>2</sup> A common saying

<sup>3</sup> My saying

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Staged reading, Nov. 8, 2019 at SAPS, Sarasota Area Playwrights Society, Sarasota, Florida.

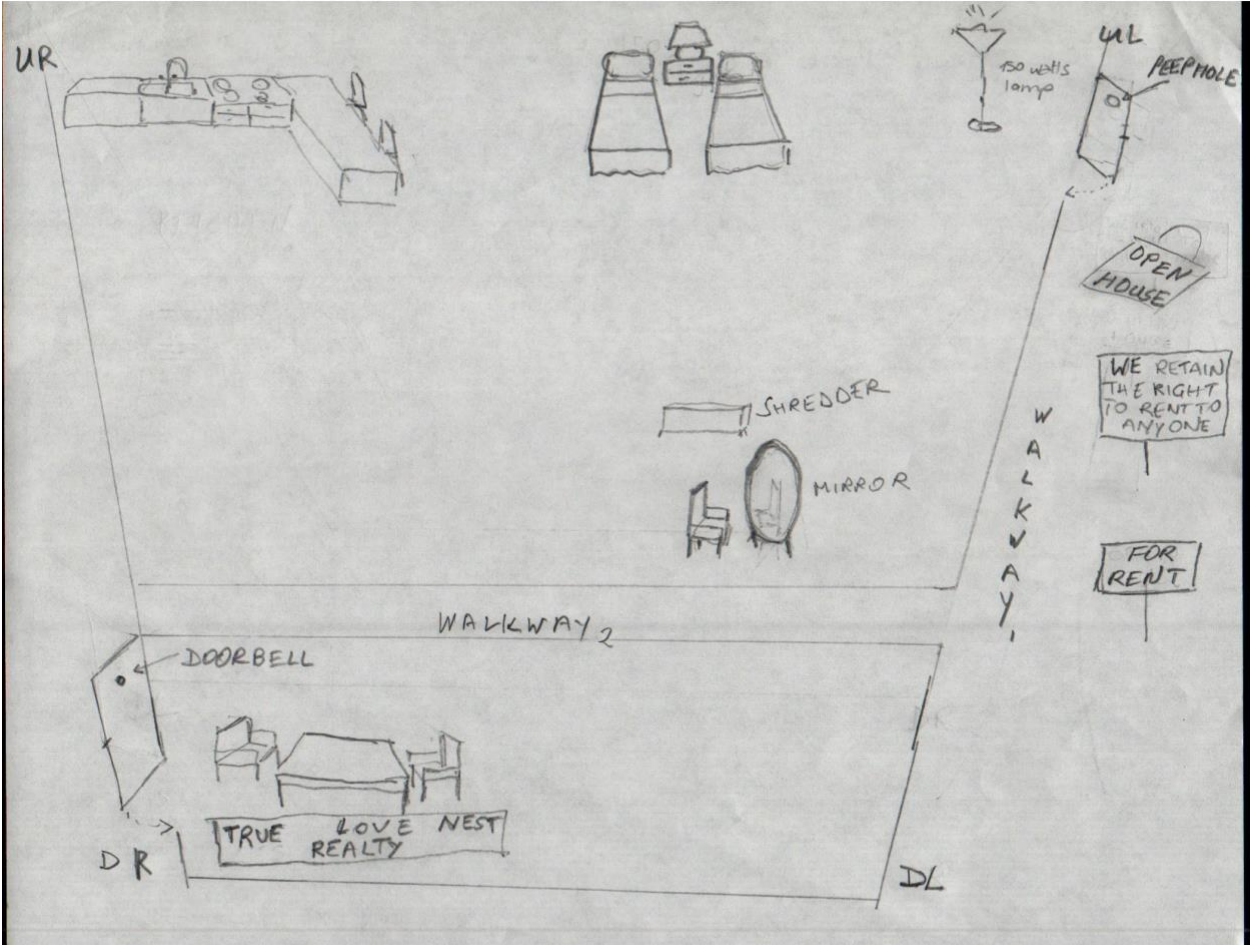
BIOGRAPHY OF WRITER, RICHARD BONTE

Richard Bonte is a Bradenton, Florida resident and a native-born New Yorker. He has lived much of his life in Canada, California and Western Europe. He has worn many hats including playwright (lifelong DGA member), bi-coastal actor, teacher, writer, linguist and phonetician. He has advanced degrees from Berkeley, UCLA and the Sorbonne. Richard has written fifteen novels on Amazon’s Kindle (including ‘Curmudgeonly Yours’ (2017), been given the FAPA (Florida Authors and Publishers Association) 2018 Silver Award for Humor), several plays and screenplays. He has just finished two novels with co-writer, James Crew Allen, one on Covid-19 entitled “The Wuhan Tentacles,” and the second being a Caribbean thriller called “Grand Cayman, Exposed.”

PLAYS	SCREENPLAYS
Ten-Minute Play: “Smarter Than You” (2020)	Screenplay: “Terry’s Upside,” (2019)
Short Play: “Yakery” (2017)	Screenplay: “Waste” (later entitled “Against Nature”) (1995,2020)
Full-length play: “Open House” (1995; 2020)	Unauthorized Speculative Screenplay: “The Lüneburg Variation” (1995) based on the book, “The Lüneburg Variation” by Paolo Maurenzig
One-act play: “A Meets B”; 1986, 2020	Screenplay: “Taken” (re-named “The Queens Mate”) (1992) - *being readapted 2020
Full-length play: “Venom”; (also adapted to French and translated as “Langue de Vipère,”) (1987, 2004, 2018)	
Short Play: “Old Movies” (1990)	
Short Play: “John Hall” (1990)	
One-Minute Play: “Diversity ‘R Us” (2020)	
One-Minute Play: “Joe’s Tattoo Parlor” (2020)	
Ten-Minute Play: “The Empire One-Act” (2020)	

Ten-Minute Play: “Skeletons in the Closet” (2020)	
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**OPEN HOUSE SET**



**A MINIMAL “YAK” TO “PINKLISH” GLOSSARY**

<b><u>YAK</u></b>	<b><u>“PINKLISH”</u></b>
ak	there
aklak	blazing
al	them
ay	oh
chin ring	Hell
daka	pull out
en	not
gota run	explosive device
kumrin	rock
I	it’s
lak	choice
Mi	to
minyin	put
mitak	light
mowyak	death
rak	(n)wire, (v)screw
ro	go
run	bearings
runyan	yourself
sinya	send
taka	ball
un	if
xuurkah	porcupine wig
xuu-yak	cunt
ya	between
yak-nak	lock
Yakkah	Pinko
Yarch	Parch
yigh	intelligent
yun-yun	no
zak	hard place

**ACT I**

**ACT I, SCENE 1**

**SETTING: WEEK ONE**

*STAGE IS ONE LARGE, OPEN AREA. AN UNLIT 150-WATT STANDING LAMP U.L. (UP LEFT) NEAR A DOOR THAT SWINGS OUTWARDS ONTO A SHORT PATH WINDING D.L. (DOWN LEFT) ALONG WALKWAY 1. ON THE PATH STANDING UP LEFT ARE TWO LARGE SIGNS, ONE READING "FOR RENT," AND THE OTHER READING "WARNING: WE RETAIN THE RIGHT TO RENT TO ANYONE". ON DOOR, A SMALL 'PEEPHOLE' ONE CAN TALK THROUGH WHEN DOOR IS CLOSED.*

*U.R. (UP RIGHT), A SMALL KITCHEN.*

**AT RISE:** *BRIGHT LIGHTS ON THIS DOOR AND PATH (WALKWAY 1). THE REST OF THE STAGE IS IN DARKNESS.*

*SUNDAY AFTERNOON. FROM A DISTANCE, SOUND OF STEPS FROM D.L.; JILL, A REAL ESTATE AGENT IN HER LATE THIRTIES, WALKS UP THE PATH, PULLS A SMALL HAMMER OUT OF HER BAG, TACKS A NAIL ON THE FRONT DOOR, AND HANGS AN "OPEN HOUSE" SIGN ON IT. SHE PUTS HER KEYS IN THE LOCK.*

MAN

Open house?

*(JILL SWINGS ROUND TO FIND A MAN ABOUT FORTY STANDING CLOSE TO HER UP LEFT. HE APPROACHES. SHE RETREATS INTO THE OPEN DOOR)*

JILL

You scared me.

MAN

I'm sorry. Open house today?

JILL

Yes, just today. Have you come about this studio?

MAN

I thought there was a housing shortage?

JILL

There is, why?

MAN

Why have an 'Open House' if there's a housing shortage?

JILL

We're actually looking for a suitable tenant for this prime university studio.

MAN

So, you're looking for somebody *suitable*, but there's no housing shortage?

(PAUSE)

Forgive me. I was just mesmerized, watching you hammer that nail onto the door. I know *you're* kind.

JILL

I'll be with you in a moment, ok? I know *your* kind, too.

(*SHE MOVES QUICKLY INSIDE AND  
TRIES TO CLOSE THE DOOR,  
BUT HE HOLDS IT OPEN WITH  
HIS FOOT, AND STANDS THERE*)

Is there something wrong?

MAN

Just that I'm very interested in this studio. I have to get out from where I am.

JILL

Where is that?

MAN

I grew up within the walls.

JILL

Within the walls of this city? So you're a native Pink? From the Zone?

MAN

I grew up within the walls of this sanctuary city. There's no problem with Pinks, is there?

JILL

Can you get your foot away from the door?  
I'll have to see some identification first and then search you.

*(HE PRODUCES HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE.  
JILL STUDIES IT AND THEN FRISKS HIM)*

MAN

So this is what it's come to? We natives have to frisk one another?  
*(THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER)*  
I'm not like them, you know?

JILL

You've shown me who you are. You're a native Pink, right?

*(JILL STARES AT HIM BUT THEN MOVES TO THE STANDING LIGHT  
AND TURNS IT ON. THE MAN REMAINS JUST INSIDE THE DOOR.  
THE STAGE LIGHTS COME ON FULL REVEALING AN EMPTY  
ROOM. LIGHTS GO OFF ON THE DOOR AND WALKWAY 1)*

MAN

Oh, of course! I'm sorry. I was worried you'd think I was one of the pushy types you find in these parts. "Come early, put on pressure to wangle the best deal." You know the type? Is this place really a nice place to rent? It seems like it is. All on its own. Right at the entrance of PinkVille U. What kind of people live round here? Certain people, I suppose, but then again, certain people are always pushing and scraping. Certain people, *those* people, you know the kind, not like us, that is...

*(BEAT)*

I feel honored to be here. You've done a wonderful job with the decorating. May I look around?

JILL

Actually, you're just a little bit early.

MAN

Early? Yes, it's ten to one by my watch, though. I'll just stand right here and admire the sunshine from the inside. Great day out, right? Maybe a bit windy, but ten minutes won't kill me. I was passing by, see? All of a sudden, I come by this exquisite studio on the university campus and it's so much better than where I live now!

JILL

This is just one big empty room, Sir.

MAN

No, it's not! Don't say that! Nor is it empty of charm, either.

JILL

Please, come in.

MAN

Thank you, I'll go sit right here.

*(MAN MOVES TO THE CENTER  
OF THE STAGE. PRETENDS TO SIT)*

MAN

This is a very comfortable chair! I'm sorry! I'm doing it again! I'm putting pressure on you.

JILL

From what I can see, you're putting pressure on yourself, on your thighs. Please excuse me while I get a broom.

*(JILL GOES BACKSTAGE AND  
RETURNS WITH A BROOM)*

MAN

That was a joke, right? You like to joke? Except the joke's on you. This room is perfectly clean. Don't think I didn't notice.

JILL

You're going to get tired 'sitting'—if that's what you want to call it—like that.

*(MAN WALKS OVER TO AN IMAGINED  
"BAR AREA" AND PRETENDS  
TO PICK UP A WINE GLASS THAT  
IS DRYING ON AN OVERHEAD RACK.  
OBSERVES THE IMAGINARY GLASS,  
THEN 'CLINKS' IT AND SAYS "DING!")*

MAN

Look. Even the glasses sparkle. Nice quality ones, as well.

JILL

Is that going to be your “bar?”

I’d be careful of those. They’re pure crystal.

*(SHE LAUGHS AS HE PRETENDS TO PUT IT DOWN)*

So, what’s it like being a professor here? Do you have a card?

MAN

Business card? Don’t believe in them. But here’s my faculty card.

*(SHE STUDIES IT CAREFULLY.  
HANDS IT BACK TO HIM)*

JILL

Sociology, huh? Why do you want to move here?

MAN

I’m a full-time, tenured PVU professor living in the Zuuko ghetto with Zuuks? What’s wrong with that picture? Do they love me there?

*(STARES AT HER)*

You’re special, you know that? Most brokers are tough. Hard. You, on the other hand, gave me a seat. I’m grateful for that. I came early and expected to pay the consequences.

*(HE RETURNS TO HIS PRETEND  
SEATING POSITION IN STAGE CENTER.  
SHE SWEEPS AND TIDIES UP)*

And now I can enjoy the nice weather from a seat in the living room.

JILL

Den.

MAN

Oh, of course! With a bar. And there’s a TV here.

*(LOOKS STRAIGHT OUT AT AN IMAGINARY TV.  
PRETENDS TO ZAP A REMOTE CONTROL  
AT IT AND CHANGE CHANNELS)*

MAN (cont.)

Don’t know why I wanted to call it a living room! I grew up in PinkLand. I suppose it’s old-fashioned now, but I wouldn’t want to spoil a nice Pink living room with a TV. Too many people do that. Put their TVs in the living room? No, a real living room is a place to read. Full of bric-a-brac, Tiffany light shades, a plush purple carpet, Chippendale furniture, a swordfish on the wall, you know?

*(JILL PUTS AWAY HER BROOM  
IN THE KITCHEN AND RETURNS)*

JILL  
There, I've finished!

MAN  
We starting the tour?

JILL  
This is it: one large room, you do with it what you want to. You 'imagine' what you want to. You furnish everything. Your kitchen nook is over there with the bathroom.

*(JILL GOES BACKSTAGE AND RETURNS WITH A  
DUSTER. GOES TO WORK DUSTING  
OFF THE STANDING LAMP U.L.  
THAT IS NOW FLICKERING)*

MAN  
What about a garden? That back there, too? And this light here?

JILL  
I'm dusting it.

MAN  
I can see that. But it's flickering. The lamp shouldn't be flickering. May need to fix that. Call the electrician. It's a shame because a standing lamp with a three-way, 150-watt bulb is a good idea. Gives the room a sharp clean line. Clean and personable and –

JILL  
The light?

MAN  
Uncluttered.  
*(PAUSE)*  
But you're not fooling me!

JILL  
What do you mean?

MAN  
I know what you probably told the University: "Leave the lights on; good for business." Right? Come on, you're smiling! Isn't that what you said? Who owns this place? You? The Pinks, or those that should not be named, those whom we dare not mention, yes?  
*(NO ANSWER)*  
I'm sorry. No need to explain. Seriously, uh, Ms. Uh?

JILL

Smith. Jill Smith.

MAN

Smith! Smith? I love it! What a great name! Wonderful! So distinguished, yet simple, so perfect!

JILL

And you are?

MAN

Lee. Leviathan Lee. That's what my parents wanted, so that's what they got.

JILL

Lee?

LEE

No, "Leviathan." Means 'whale'. Basically, I think they were saying they wanted a big man. You know, 'a whale of a man,' physically big? I mean, I have a big heart and all, but I guess I'm only small for a man.

JILL

You're above average.

LEE

Do you mean that? Well, thank you very much. That's one of the nicest things anyone has ever said to me. Anyway, to get back to my parents, I also think they were thinking of themselves when they named me. Parents really don't think of the child when they name him. They think only of themselves; because that's the nature of man and woman, see? They think of how small, puny and aggressive they are, so to compensate, they have to project the opposite onto a poor, defenseless fetus that later becomes their baby. And the baby becomes a boy, and the boy becomes a man.

And, Ms. Smith, I am pleased to say that I am that man. Do you have an intimate friend?

JILL

I'm not sure what you're driving at, Mr. Lee?

LEE

I'm saying there's no need to profile *us*; *we ourselves* have the proper profile.

JILL

Actually, we're not supposed to use the "P" word. I hope you're against profiling?

LEE

For people like us, yes, because we're the same. But other people are not. You don't

LEE (cont.)

want to give others special treatment because of their diverse background, do you?

JILL

There's a lot of demand for this apartment.

LEE

High demand, low supply, is that what you're saying? Do you understand that you and I are cut from the same cloth?

JILL

Mr. Lee, I'm trying to find someone to rent this apartment, so please!

LEE

"Don't waste my time?" Is that what you meant to say? I say you get rid of that *Open House* sign. You don't need it anymore because I'm your man.

JILL

Just like that? You're "my man?"

LEE

Exactly. But I like the sign *We retain the right to rent to anyone*. Of course you do. Who says you have to be an 'equal opportunity' employer? I'm your man.

JILL

What makes you think you're the one, Mr. Lee?

LEE

Call me Leviathan, Miss Jill! Unless of course PinkVille University and the politically correct want you to choose a 'minority' candidate—?

(MARSHALL RANFORD, 44, QUICKLY WALKS  
IN WITH A TOOL BAG, SMILES AT JILL,  
SAYS 'HELLO' TO LEE,  
UNSCREWS THE FLICKERING LIGHT  
BULB AND PULLS OUT A NEW BULB FROM HIS BAG.  
SCREWS IN A NEW, MUCH BRIGHTER BULB.  
THEN, HE EXITS)

JILL

Well, there you go! He must have read your mind!

LEE

Who was that? The handyman?

JILL

That was Marshall. Marshall Ranford.

*(THERE IS NOISE OUTSIDE THE DOOR.  
LIGHTS DIM TO HALF SUDDENLY ON  
LEE AND JILL.*

*SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS COME FULL UP  
ON LEFT SIDE WALKWAY 1 OF STAGE.  
LIGHTS UP ON D.R. OFFICE AREA*

*APPROACHING STEPS.*

*MARSHALL RANFORD WALKS DOWNSTAGE  
ALONG WALKWAY 1.  
TWO WOMEN, ONE IN HER  
MID-SIXTIES AND ANOTHER IN HER  
MID-THIRTIES ARE WALKING UPSTAGE.  
THEY STAND IN FRONT  
OF RANFORD WITHOUT MOVING. BOTH WOMEN ARE  
WEARING 'XUURKAHS' (PORCUPINE WIGS), HAIR  
PIECES WITH POINTY RUBBER QUILLS. THE YOUNGER  
WOMAN STARES BOLDLY AHEAD AND SMILES AT MARSHALL.  
THE OLDER ONE IS WEARING A PINK FACE MASK.*

OLDER WOMAN

Excuse me, sir, are you the janitor? Could you tell me where—

MARSHALL RANFORD

Back there.

*(MARSHALL STANDS ASIDE AND  
LETS THEM PASS. THEN HE CONTINUES  
AND TURNS RIGHT ALONG WALKWAY 2  
INTO THE OFFICE AREA.  
LIGHTS OFF ON THE OFFICE  
AND WALKWAYS.*

*LIGHTS UP ON THE MAIN  
STAGE. JILL AND  
LEE ARE STILL STANDING THERE)*

LEE

Yes, I was saying, call me 'Leviathan.' May I call you 'Jill,' Ms. Smith?

JILL

If I can call you 'Levi?'

LEE

My colleagues in Sociology would say that's politically incorrect.

JILL

Leviathan, if you do rent here, there is one thing you must know: you must abide by the university rules of PinkVille U, the municipal laws of PinkVille and the federal laws of PinkLand. You can't decorate the outside or change the appearance of your front door, or paint it a different color. And the inside—and I can't stress this enough—the interior must respect fire hazard regulations.

LEE

We don't want a messy place.

JILL

May Pinko forbid!

LEE

Who?

JILL

Our God, Pinko? You're not religious? I thought you were a native Pink?

LEE

Just checking on you, Ms. Smith. Making sure *you* knew who Pinko was! YES! I'd love to rent this place. What is it, about fifteen hundred Starrs (\$1500)<sup>4</sup> a month?

JILL

Exactly. And you want to rent the whole apartment sight unseen? You haven't even gone back there to look at it.

LEE

I like you. We're from the same school. I trust you. And to me, trust is very important when buying or renting a house. Wouldn't you agree?

JILL

I'm very happy that you like me, but why don't you make sure, and look back there?

*(DOORBELL RINGS)*

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<sup>4</sup> Starr=the money of PinkLand

LEE  
Uh oh!

JILL  
What's the matter?  
*(JILL GOES TO THE FRONT DOOR)*

LEE  
DON'T GO! It was too good to be true.

*(U.L. LIGHTS UP HALF ON WALKWAY 1.  
THE TWO WOMEN WEARING PORCUPINE HEADDRESSES  
(XUURKHAS) ARE NOW OUTSIDE THE DOOR)*

JILL  
What?

*(BELL RINGS AGAIN.  
JILL GOES TO OPEN THE DOOR)*

LEE  
Don't open it!  
*(JILL HOLDS OFF. TURNS AROUND)*  
Sounds like—no, it couldn't be.

JILL  
Couldn't be what?

LEE  
But then, of course, we're next to— No, no, I can't say it. It's only natural. The overflow from the outer ghetto? You can't blame them. They want a better life. But when in PinkVille, do as we Pinks do, that's what I say. But then they come in. Expect you to abide by *their* rules! Did I say that? Must be my anger again. Eating at me. Day and night, especially the night, it won't let me sleep. I try and try to get away from it but it's still there. Whenever I hear a doorbell or a knock on the door—  
*(NOW A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR)*  
Pinko P! It can't be! That's how they knock, too!

JILL  
How who knocks?

LEE  
I'm sorry. I'm so-o-o sorry! It's just my feelings. I won't let them rule me! No! No big deal. See? That's all it was! Nothing.

*(KNOCK AGAIN)*

JILL  
Be right there!

LEE  
No! Don't answer!

JILL  
Why not?

LEE  
Please, don't go out there!

JILL  
But that's my job. This is an open house.

LEE  
It's not your job to show it to everyone at once. You're talking to me. I'm your client now. How many people can you show it to at once?

JILL  
But this is an open house!

*(JILL OPENS THE DOOR.  
LEE SCURRIES U.R AND THEN BACKSTAGE.  
THE WOMEN FROM BEFORE, MRS. ROOTY RAK,  
WITH HER DAUGHTER, DAL RAK,  
ENTER. THEY ARE WEARING THEIR  
PORCUPINE HEADDRESSES (XUURKHAS)  
BUT MRS. RAK HAS REMOVED  
HER PINK FACE MASK.  
LEE CAN HEAR BUT DOES NOT SEE THEM)*

MRS. RAK  
Oh hallo, open house?

JILL  
Hello? Do you teach at PinkVille University?

MRS. RAK  
Yes, we do. My name's Rootalova Rak, Ph.D. and this is my daughter, Professor Daluschkalovjututchak Rak.

DAL

But you can call me, “Dal.”

JILL

Pleased to meet you. Jill Smith, “True Love Nest” realtor, in charge of on-campus rentals. You have a slight accent.

MRS. RAK

Ms. Smith, we’re part of the university-wide *Diversity ‘R Us* program, approved by the Dean of PinkVille University. Do you know it?

JILL

You can call me Jill, Mrs. Rak. Yes, I know it. A fine program. Unfortunately, sorry to bother you, university rules, but first, I’ll need to see some identification and then frisk you.

*(DAL AND MRS. RAK  
PRODUCE SOME DOCUMENTS  
THAT JILL LOOKS AT CAREFULLY)*

MRS. RAK

Alright?

JILL

I’m sorry again, but with security like it is nowadays, could you also please spread your arms and legs?

*(JILL PATS THEM DOWN)*

Thank you. Now, please, this way.

MRS. RAK

Of course, security is *so* important today, for all of our sakes.

*(LEE MOVES FROM BACKSTAGE RIGHT TO BACKSTAGE LEFT AND  
STANDS ON WALKWAY 1 OUTSIDE THE DOOR. A SPOTLIGHT  
SHINES BRIEFLY ON HIM AND THEN GOES OUT)*

JILL

Or maybe you’d like me to leave you alone? Get a feeling for the place?

*(LEE CALLS OUT FROM OUTSIDE DOOR)*

LEE

JILL! Could I see you privately for one minute?

DAL

Of course, thank you, Jill. We can show ourselves around.

JILL

Just a minute, Leviathan. I'm busy with these candidates.

*(TO THE RAKS)*

Excuse me. Please make yourselves at home. I'll be right back.

*(MRS. RAK AND DAL DISAPPEAR BACKSTAGE RIGHT)*

JILL

*(OPENS THE DOOR TO LEE)*

What is it, Mr. Lee? Couldn't you see I was busy?

LEE

I have to go, but I need this apartment. Don't I sign a letter of intent to rent?

JILL

*(PULLING A PIECE OF PAPER  
OUT OF HER BAG)*

Here are some standardized forms.

LEE

*(FLIPS TO THE END OF THE  
FORM LETTER AND SIGNS IT  
WITHOUT READING IT)*

And here's my name, phone number and the top price I could pay.

*(PULLS OUT A PIECE OF PAPER.  
GIVES IT TO HER)*

JILL

But it's only a fixed PinkVille sponsored housing rent of fifteen hundred (\$1500) \$tarrs, not eighteen hundred \$tarrs (\$1800) a month.

LEE

It's worth it to me to pay eighteen. But it's your choice. I see you've got other "candidates" in the back room. "Candidates" is much too good a word for those two!

JILL

They seem to be very polite. Anyway, they'll just be two of several candidates for this studio.

LEE

Let me be as frank as I dare since my money does not seem to make any impression on you. I have got to have this place, Ms. Jill. I have GOT to have it. Now, I didn't see them, but I heard those foreign women. They may say they're teachers, but that doesn't mean they are.

JILL

Why do you say that? You have to be a PVU professor to live in this studio. It's right here in front. At the campus entrance. It's part of the university. It *is* the university. I'm only interviewing professors. Foreign or not.

LEE

I'm a full professor, too, right here at PVU, and a native Pink, but right now I'm living in the filthy, disgusting Zuuko ghetto. Can you believe it, a Pink in the Zuuko! Look, I really need this place; I can even go as high as \$2000.

JILL

No, it's not the money. \$1500 is fine. Before I forget, I am required by law to take a photograph of you, for security purposes as well as for our records.

LEE

Hope you're going to profile those other two "candidates" out there as well?

JILL

The policy of the university and True Love Nest Realty is not to profile anybody, Mr. Lee, and please don't use the "P" word unless you mean, "photograph?"

*(JILL PULLS OUT HER SMARTPHONE)*

Cheese!

*(SHE TAKES HIS UNSMILING PICTURE)*

LEE

One last thing?

JILL

Mr. Lee, I have to take care of these people. I told you.

LEE

No, you don't. Just because your name is Smith and you have a Pink-o "everyone's welcome-open borders-Kumbaya" worldview, don't feel you have to take care of people from foreign lands just because they're over here. If the shoe were on the other foot, would they—those horrible people—take care of *us*?

JILL

What makes you think they're horrible?

LEE

*We all* know they are, but everyone's afraid to say it.

JILL

Mr. Lee didn't your mother ever tell you it's not nice to talk like that. I have to do my job. We'll be in touch, one way or the other.

LEE

Oh, of course, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. And it's because you yourself are so nice that it must be difficult for you, doing business in a festering town like this, with all these "people" crawling in from the outside.

MRS. RAK  
*(CALLING OUT)*

Hallo?

JILL

Thank you, Mr. Lee, for coming. I'll be in touch.

*(JILL TRIES TO LEAVE BUT  
LEE HOLDS HER ARM, PULLS OUT AN  
ENVELOPE WITH "\$ BILLS"  
HANGING OUT OF IT AND  
STUFFS IT IN HER HAND)*

LEE

Make sure it's me!

*(HE IMMEDIATELY BACKS OUT THE DOOR,  
WALKS OFF DOWN WALKWAY 1 AND DISAPPEARS  
DOWN LEFT. JILL GOES TO GIVE HIM  
BACK THE MONEY WHEN  
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER  
SUDDENLY APPEAR FROM THE KITCHEN; JILL  
SHOVES THE MONEYED ENVELOPE INTO HER HANDBAG)*

MRS. RAK

I'm sorry. Did I interrupt?

JILL

Oh no, he was just leaving.

*(BEAT)*

So what do you think?

DAL

We think it's brilliant. It's got everything we need.

MRS. RAK

Yes, we like the place very much and we *must* have it.

JILL

Wonderful. For how long?

MRS. RAK

One year for sure, but with a renewable contract.

JILL

That sounds feasible. We've never had a mother-daughter teaching combination at PVU. What do you teach?

DAL

We're Yak professors.

JILL

*Yak?*

MRS. RAK

'Yak' is our native language and culture from YakLand, a country far far away. My daughter teaches the Yak language and I teach Yak literature.

JILL

Interesting. Where are you living now?

DAL

Temporarily in the Yakko.

JILL

But you speak with a Bringlish accent?

DAL

We actually speak more Bringlish than Yak together now. We lived in BrekLand for a long time. We did our doctorates at OxBrek University.

JILL

Must be difficult living in the Yakko?

MRS. RAK

No disrespect intended, but the Yakko is a parking lot for low-class Yaks. I don't want to boast, but we're in another class! As for YakLand, it's in ruins. Cruel strongmen kill women like us just for sport. What a treat to be here in PinkLand!

JILL

That must be terrible over there. But I'm glad you like it here. If you don't mind my asking, how did you get into PinkLand and specifically PinkVille? Why PinkVille U?

MRS. RAK

Because of your magnificent President, Ponald Por. It's true that PinkLand's door is mostly closed to the third world, but he lets in highly skilled Yaks like us. And even as a Pink-Publican he lends bipartisan support to *Diversity 'R Us* that I believe your ASS-9 party put into play. Anyway, is the studio available?

JILL

There is interest in it. But you do know that it costs \$1500 Starrs a month to live here, at the PinkVille Sponsored Housing rate, right?

MRS. RAK

I could even pay more to clinch the rental. Right now.

DAL

And would you have a contract for us to sign?

JILL

I have to inform all prospective renters that PinkVille is a tight first world market, and that we reserve the right to rent to anyone.

MRS. RAK

We do that back home in YakLand, too. Profiling is very important even though that could go against us since we're foreigners in your land!

JILL

I don't like to use the P-word.

DAL

You shouldn't feel bad, Ms. Smith. How could the police even operate if they didn't profile?

JILL

Don't worry, you won't be discriminated against. It's just to keep out the riffraff. There are no other vacancies like this on the university campus.

MRS. RAK

We thoroughly understand!

JILL

I'm just telling you what I tell everyone. Now, I'll also need you to fill out a past rental history as well as enclose income tax forms for the past two years.

*(JILL PULLS OUT A SMARTPHONE FROM HER PURSE)*

And I'll have to trouble you for a photo for our records.

MRS. RAK

With pleasure. Do you have those papers again, Dal?

JILL

Cheese?

*(JILL TAKES QUICK SMILING SHOTS OF THE RAKS.  
DAL OPENS HER PURSE. HANDS DOCUMENTS TO JILL)*

MRS. RAK

There you go, Miss. A pre-filled rental history with accompanying income tax forms translated from High Yak. I feel we're in good hands under your kind of scrutiny.

JILL

Naturally, the final decision rests not on me but on my superior.

DAL

Who might that be, Miss Jill?

JILL

He will choose the tenant or tenants and I have no influence whatsoever over his decision. And obviously, as you know, this "Open House" will last for another two hours.

MRS. RAK

Hopefully, there won't be too many more people and they'll fall for something else.

JILL

There isn't anything else, Ma'am, on PVU campus, I mean.

DAL

Sorry, who did you say your superior was, Jill?

JILL

I'll call you tonight, alright, Ladies?

MRS. RAK

Thank you.

*(LIGHT FADES SLOWLY  
ON MRS. RAK AND DAL  
WHO LEAVE BY WALKWAY 1)*

DAL

She didn't want to tell me the name of her superior. I asked her twice. You're such an apple-polisher, Mum! You were even ready to pay extra to get it!

MRS. RAK

We have no time to dawdle, dear. YAEZ' orders. There's a lot of competition for it. The perfect location! Did you see Jill Smith stuffing money in her bag after that Pink man left? I'm sure he gave it to her. He's probably first on her list now. Can you pop on over, see her on the side? Slip her some cash, you know, there's a good girl?

DAL

I'll make sure I get it, Mum. But you have to know when to walk away. Haven't you ever read, 'The Seal of the Deal,' by President Ponald Por?

*(MRS. RAK AND DAL EXIT THE STAGE. ON SOUNDTRACK, FROM A DISTANCE, NOISE/STEPS OF OTHER PEOPLE APPROACHING ALONG WALKWAY 1 TO SEE THE OPEN HOUSE. HOWEVER, STAGE REMAINS COMPLETELY BLACK. ON SOUNDTRACK, JILL'S RECORDED VOICE SAYING REPEATEDLY, "HAVE YOU COME FOR THE OPEN HOUSE? ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE PVU FACULTY? DO YOU HAVE A FACULTY CARD? ARE YOU A NATIVE PINK? ARE YOU A MINORITY OR MEMBER OF A DEPRESSED COMMUNITY? ARE YOU ASSOCIATED WITH DIVERSITY 'R US?")*

*STEPS AND ASSORTED VOICES OF PROSPECTIVE CLIENTS IN ENTRYWAY. AFTER A WHILE, THESE SOUNDS FADE OFF WHILE D.L. LIGHTS RISE SLOWLY ON D.R. SIDE.)*

**END OF ACT I, SCENE 1**

**ACT I**

**ACT I, SCENE 2**

**SETTING:** LATER SUNDAY AFTERNOON. LIGHTS UP FULLY ON D.R. CORNER OF STAGE. A SMALL REAL ESTATE OFFICE WITH THE DOOR OPEN: TWO CHAIRS, A TABLE, A RECLINER AND A COUCH. ON THE WALL, A LARGE SIGN READING "TRUE LOVE NEST REALTY."

**AT RISE:** JILL SMITH AND MARSHALL RANFORD, 44, HER "SUPERIOR." JILL GIVES MARSHALL TWO PHOTOS BUT HE ONLY GLANCES AT THEM AND THEN PUTS THEM ASIDE.

JILL

*(PICKING UP THE PHOTOS AGAIN)*

You didn't look at these, Marshall. I've narrowed it down to two. This Sociology professor, about forty, and this mother-daughter professor team. Both of them really want the showcase studio.

*(A SPOT FOLLOWS A VERY GLAMOROUS DAL RAK AS SHE TIPTOES FROM D.L. ALONG WALKWAY 2 AND SECRETLY STANDS LISTENING OUTSIDE THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE DOOR)*

MARSHALL

Who do you think is the best?

JILL

I don't like the guy. I would go with the women.

MARSHALL

Why?

JILL

They're fully loaded with "diversity" options. Look.

*(PULLS A 'DIVERSITY 'R US' DIRECTIVE OUT OF HER PURSE)*

MARSHALL  
(*WAVING HIS HAND*)

I'm so sick of these university directives. Where are the women from?

JILL

The Yakko.

MARSHALL

Yaks, from the Yakko? Why don't they just stay there?

JILL

Would you? Would you want to stay there? They want to upscale.

MARSHALL

But why on our PVU campus?

JILL

Wouldn't you want that if you were in their position?

MARSHALL

I would stay in my place. But these people can't do that, can they? They always have to barge into ours. Let me tell you a story. This morning, I happened to be down in the Yakko, walking along, kicking away discarded garbage—

JILL

What were you doing there?

MARSHALL

Shopping for cleaning materials. They're cheaper there. Anyway, this aggressive young guy comes barreling down the road in a gaudy, kitsch convertible you would never see in the Yakko.

JILL

Ok?

MARSHALL

And he's wearing thick glasses and he's in a hurry, so he's more aggressive than usual, and he's driving in the Yakko on a Sunday morning, of all times!

JILL

So?

MARSHALL

So, this guy—he's Yak by the way—is driving behind these two—

JILL

How'd you know he was a Yak?

MARSHALL

How did I know? He had 'Yak' written all over him! The nose, the ears, the squished-up little face and his distorted mouth, that's how you can tell, it's all in the mouth, you know?

JILL

No, I don't.

MARSHALL

So the Yak boy's driving behind these two beefy "maintenance" guys NOT from the Yakko in a dirty white van—and they're driving slowly, and this young guy's honking his horn at them, riding up right behind the beefy white van men, and trying to drive them off the road! HONK! HONK!

JILL

Were the white van men looking for cleaning materials, too? Is that why you're telling me this?

MARSHALL

How the hell would I know? For Pinko's sake, just listen, will you! So, the young Yak's honking and twisting his neck out the window, screaming at them to hurry up, so you know what the beefy guys do?

JILL

Tell me!

MARSHALL

They slow down again, and this pisses the Yak kid with glasses off even more and then they slow down dramatically and now this Alpha male is going nuts, banging on the side of his car, telling them to speed up. "Hurry the Yakkah up!" the Yak screams. So, you know what they do?

JILL

Surprise me!

MARSHALL

They stop suddenly so the Yak kid runs into the back of them. Then, they get out, march over to his car, yank the kid out, pull off his glasses, jump on them, take the kid's car and ram it a few times into the back of theirs until the kid's hood buckles. Then they get back in their car and drive off.

JILL

That all?

MARSHALL

What do you mean, “that all?” That’s how you take care of aggressive Yaks!

JILL

So you’re saying all Yaks are like this big mouth Alpha Yak? Even women?

MARSHALL

Exactly! I’m also saying these Yaks may appear ‘nice,’ but they’re probably pretty hostile.

(MARSHALL PICKS UP THE  
RAKS’ PHOTOGRAPHS AGAIN)

Now, I remember these Yak women before I changed the light bulb! I don’t want them!

JILL

Why don’t you like them?

MARSHALL

They asked me if I was a janitor here. Who the hell are *they* to ask me a question like that? How did they even get in the country? Why doesn’t Zaudi RabLand take them?

JILL

“Zaudi RabLand!” That’s a fascist petrol oligarchy. They hang people like them.

MARSHALL

Exactly! They would definitely *hang* them, but here in PinkLand we’re not even allowed to *discriminate* against them? What’s up with that!

(MARSHALL STUDIES THE PHOTOGRAPHS)

How old do you think the younger one is?

JILL

Forty, easily.

MARSHALL

Miaow! I’d say she’s thirty, tops. She’s very good-looking when you take away her Yak get-up. The mom looks to be mid-sixties. What are their names?

JILL

Professors Rootalova and Dal Rak. I like them. They should have the studio.

MARSHALL  
(HOLDING THE OTHER PHOTO)

And why not this guy, Leviathan Lee? I admit he looks like a fruitcake. But he's obviously a Pink fruitcake, and I'm definitely pro-Pink. We'll give him the rental.

JILL

He's totally Pink, Marshall. So no minority qualifications at all. He's weird, too. Lives in the Zuuko. By himself. Definitely abnormal. Doesn't have the PinkVille U profile. Plus, the university will accuse us of racism if we choose one of our own.

MARSHALL

That's anti-Pink racism.

JILL

That's how it is today. We have to choose these women, Marshall: They're ethnic, they're women; they're Yaks; the mother is a senior, over 65; they live in the Yakko ghetto, protected by PinkVille Sanctuary City laws; PinkLish is not their native tongue; they have almost every minority disadvantage in the *Diversity 'R Us* Directive.

MARSHALL

Thank Pinko that President Por's getting rid of this PC crap.

JILL

He's trying, but PVU and every university out there hate him.

MARSHALL

Especially the radical, fascist Alt-Left.

JILL

And there's another problem with Lee? He's supposedly a *conservative* Sociology instructor, if you can believe *that!*

MARSHALL

Why didn't you tell me right away? We need to put someone like him in there, a conservative Sociology professor. That's it! Simple. Let's definitely put him in.

JILL

You're wrong again, Marshall. Lee's a Pink security risk since most students are leftist, especially in Sociology, and they would definitely rise up against a conservative professor.

MARSHALL

Aren't you allowed to have a point of view in a university? What about PinkLish ability? Do your Yaks even speak PinkLish?

JILL

I'm afraid to admit they speak better than we do. Bringlish accents. They have a rich vocabulary. They use past participles, adverbs and understand the sequence of tenses.

MARSHALL

I don't even know what you're talking about! Where did they learn Bringlish grammar?

JILL

Bringlish classes in YakLand, I guess. The girl spent her formative years in BrekLand. They don't dot their conversation with fillers or clichés, like "uh, like or you know."

MARSHALL

No "likes," no "you knows!" Give me an example of their high-powered Bringlish!

JILL

Well, let's see. Hmmm. Instead of saying, "If I would of knew he was like that, I could of gave it to him hard..."

MARSHALL

That sounds like my friends talking!

JILL

I bet it does. These women would probably say, "Had I known he was like that, I could have given it to him properly," in fancy Bringlish, or High PinkLish.

MARSHALL

Look, I don't want to give this place to these farts. Let's just give Lee the studio. We'll justify it to the university.

JILL

And what about diversity!

MARSHALL

Shit on diversity. Tell "Leviathan" Lee he has it.

JILL

But Marshall!

MARSHALL

Marshall what?

*(MARSHALL GRABS HER AND  
DRAWS HER TO HIM)*

Come here!

JILL

What are you doing?

MARSHALL

I'm groping you.

JILL

Oh, Marshall. Grow up!

MARSHALL

It's growing.

*(HE PULLS HER INTO HIM  
AND CUDDLES HER)*

It's fun working together, isn't it?

JILL

Seems pretty good to me.

*(HE TRIES TO UNDRRESS HER)*

Are you crazy!

MARSHALL

No, I'm sexually niggling you.

*(LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)*

Oh sorry, I forgot. You have to meet "Leviathan." Tell him he's got it.

JILL

You're right.

*(BLOWS HIM A KISS)*

Later?

*(A SPOT COMES UP ON DAL WHO TIPTOES OFFSTAGE  
D.R. JILL LEAVES. THE LIGHT FADES TO BLACK.  
A SPOT COMES UP  
ON JILL WHO WALKS ALONG WALKWAY 2  
AND DISAPPEARS D.L. LIGHT FADES AGAIN)*

*(A MOMENT LATER, DAL KNOCKS ON THE DOOR  
AND WALKS UNANNOUNCED INTO MARSHALL'S  
POOL OF LIGHT D.R. SHE HAS SHED HER  
TYPICAL YAK GARB (INCLUDING HER PORCUPINE  
XUURKHA)*

MARSHALL

Yes? Are you looking for Jill?

DAL

May I come in?

*(SHE, LOOKING VERY GLAMOROUS IN  
HIGH HEELS AND CLEAVAGE;  
ENTERS AND STANDS THERE)*

MARSHALL

Jill's gone out.

DAL

I'm not here to see Miss Smith.

*(MARSHALL STANDS UP AND OFFERS HER A CHAIR)*

MARSHALL

Miss? You have an accent? Where are you from?

DAL

*(IGNORING THE CHAIR)*

My name is Daluschkalovyututchak—that's Da-lusch-ka-LOV-YU-TU-tchak—Rak or 'Dal' for short. I have a Bringlish accent because I grew up in BrekLand. Maybe your girlfriend Jill talked to you about my mother and me? We went to your Open House. We want to rent your front studio on this campus? We are the Yak professors.

*(SHE STANDS VERY CLOSE TO MARSHALL,  
UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE SO THAT HE MOVES  
AWAY. CONSEQUENTLY, SHE MOVES  
EVEN CLOSER TO HIM)*

MARSHALL

Daluschka-love what?

DAL

LOV-YU-TU-tchak. You don't like my perfume? Just call me 'Dal.'

MARSHALL

Oh yes, of course I do. I just –

*(SHE PUTS HER FINGERS ON MARSHALL'S  
LIPS AND RUBS UP AGAINST HIM)*

What are you doing? You're kidding me!

DAL

Shhh! Seek not to understand. Just go with it.

*(THE LIGHT DIMS SLIGHTLY STAGE RIGHT)*

DAL

I want you so much, Marshall.

MARSHALL

You don't even know me. This is sexual aggression.

DAL

I know, right? And what's there to know?

*(DAL STARTS RUBBING HIS BACK  
AND BUTTOCKS AS SHE FOLDS INTO HIM.  
SHE KISSES HIM HUNGRILY  
AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO  
HALF. SHE LOCKS THE DOOR AND  
PULLS OUT THE RECLINER.  
DAL PUSHES HIM BACK ON IT AND  
MOUNTS HIM AS IF HE WERE A HORSE.  
THE LIGHT FADES AND GOES DARK.  
THEN THE 'TRUE LOVE NEST'  
SPOT GOES DARK.  
THE STAGE GOES DARK)*

**END OF ACT I, SCENE 2**

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT II**

**ACT II, SCENE ONE**

**SETTING:** TRUE LOVE NEST

**AT RISE:** LATER SUNDAY  
AFTERNOON.

LIGHTS UP SLOWLY ON WALKWAY 1.  
SOUND OF STEPS AS JILL WALKS  
QUICKLY D.L. A SPOTLIGHT  
FOLLOWS HER AS SHE WALKS D.R.  
ALONG WALKWAY 2 TO 'TRUE LOVE  
NEST'. SHE TRIES THE DOOR, BUT  
IT'S LOCKED. PUTS HER KEY IN THE  
LOCK AND ENTERS. MARSHALL IS  
ALONE INSIDE AND DOZING ON THE  
RECLINER. HE WAKES UP. JILL SITS  
DOWN CLOSE TO HIM AND STROKES  
HIS HAIR.

JILL

Why did you lock the door?

MARSHALL

I called you right away. Tell me you didn't talk to Lee?

JILL

Couldn't find him. What's going on?

MARSHALL

Phew!

JILL

What's this all about? Why did you tell me to come right back?

MARSHALL

Do you love me?

JILL

Of course?

MARSHALL

You sure now?

JILL

Why are you asking me? You okay?

MARSHALL

I love you, too, more than ever.

*(HE PULLS HER CLOSE TO HIM AND  
SHE KISSES HIM BUT THEN PULLS AWAY)*

JILL

You smell different. Why are you telling me this now? What's going on?

MARSHALL

I've had a rethink about Lee. It's hard to judge. You tell me. He's a professor. Of Sociology. A *conservative* professor of Sociology?

JILL

Yes?

MARSHALL

It's a bit suspect. How can you equate conservatism with Sociology?

JILL

Since when have you become an expert on Sociology?

MARSHALL

What did you say the other two are teaching?

JILL

Yak language and literature. Why?

MARSHALL

Yakko language and literature?

JILL

Yak, not Yakko. The Yakko's just a holding ground for Yaks from YakLand.

MARSHALL

Right, and I can see why they want out of this Yakko, okay? These are high-class Yaks, not poor ones. The mother has a lot of money and the daughter looks like she's got a lot of earning power, too, right?

JILL

Wait a minute? That's what I was trying to tell you before.

MARSHALL

Maybe you're right. They teach Yak, right? They're two for the price of one; they're women; they have a lot more minority cards to play than Lee. Like you said before, we could get sued—if they were to be harmed in the Yakko—because they could claim we discriminated against them since they were Yaks and female into the bargain. It wouldn't be a question of being true. It would only be a question of their claiming it to be so.

JILL

Where's this going? I thought you didn't care about Yak culture?

MARSHALL

I saw them once, and I'm just being practical. You were absolutely right before. We have to put them in, instead of Leviathan Lee.

JILL

You've changed, Marshall. You've always been very *im*practical. I totally agree with you, of course, but you've done a complete about-face!

MARSHALL

That's why I called you back so soon. Just tell the women they have the rental, ok? As for Lee, *nyet*.

(BLACKOUT)

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 1**

**ACT II, SCENE 2**

**SETTING:** *WEEK TWO*  
*RAKS' STUDIO APARTMENT*

**AT RISE:**  
*LIGHTS UP. WALKWAY 1.*  
*LOADED DOWN WITH SHOPPING BAGS,*  
*MRS. RAK AND DAL PUT*  
*THEIR KEY IN THE LOCK AND ENTER THEIR*  
*NEW HOME.*  
*AS THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, LIGHTS COME*  
*UP ON THE MAIN STAGE, AND DIM TO HALF*  
*ON WALKWAY 1.*

MRS. RAK

Hold up a minute, Dal, let me catch my breath!

*(THEY PUT DOWN THEIR BAGS. REMOVE*  
*THEIR PINK FACE MASKS AND PORCUPINE*  
*WIGS (XUURKAHS). THERE ARE TWO BEDS AND A NIGHT*  
*TABLE UP CENTER LEFT (U.C.L.),*  
*A CHAIR AND TABLE DOWNSTAGE,*  
*AN EXPOSED KITCHEN SET AND RANGE U.R.)*

Home at last!

DAL

*(TUGGING AT ONE BAG WITHIN ANOTHER ONE.*  
*PULLS OUT A HUGE BOUQUET OF PRETTY,*  
*DRIED FLOWERS. PUTS THEM ON DOWNSTAGE TABLE.)*

Voilà!

MRS. RAK

They're beautiful! *(PAUSE)* And now you're going to tell me how you actually locked down the rental?

DAL

Mauve. Just your color, Mum!

MRS. RAK

We don't have a vase. I asked you a question.

DAL

We do now!

*(SHE OPENS ANOTHER BAG AND PULLS OUT*  
*A PINK VASE. ARRANGES THE FLOWERS)*

DAL (cont.)

A pink vase. Just the color to contrast the flowers in.

MRS. RAK

You do have exquisite taste, Dal. Are you going to answer me?

DAL

No, Mum, you have exquisite taste. I'm just confirming it.

(DAL FIDDLES WITH THE VASE AND FLOWERS)

We'll need an altar to showcase them, though.

MRS. RAK

So? Are you going to tell me how you did it?

DAL

If you tell me how nice I've made the room.

MRS. RAK

You've made the room so nice, dear! So??

DAL

"Den," Mum. The real estate lady said it was a "den," not a room.

(BEAT)

I met a guy, Mum.

MRS. RAK

"Guy?" What kind of guy?

DAL

Nice. He's a *nice* guy. His name is Marshall. Looks a bit like Yurak.

MRS. RAK

No guys are 'nice.' What does Marshall want?

DAL

He wants what they all want, Mum. Otherwise he'd be gay. Can't have it both ways.

MRS. RAK

Marshall? Wait a minute! Isn't he the janitor who changed the light bulb?

DAL

He's not the janitor. He's the head of this whole real estate operation here.

MRS. RAK

And what did you *say* to this 'Marshall?'

Mum? DAL

*(BEAT)*

MRS. RAK  
I brought you up never to behave like that where you work.

DAL  
I'm doing what you no longer can...for both of us. You should be happy for me!

MRS. RAK  
*(SLAPS HER)*  
Xuu-yak<sup>5</sup>!

DAL  
*(VEHEMENTLY, IN THE YAK LANGUAGE)*

Ro-ro-runyan-rak!  
RO-RO-RUNYAN-RAK!<sup>6</sup>

*(MRS. RAK SWINGS AT HER AGAIN  
BUT DAL CATCHES HER ARM AND  
PUSHES HER FACE INTO HER MOTHER'S,  
ALMOST SPITTING OUT HER WORDS)*

You're senile! How do you think we got this place? Did you think that Jill bitch was going to give it to us over the other Pinks? Jill herself is a Pink!

MRS. RAK  
I told you, Dal. Our job was just to get the place so we can fulfill our assignment.

DAL  
And *I* got the place.

MRS. RAK  
Yes, by fornicating.

DAL  
Jealous bitch! *Xuu-yak!*

MRS. RAK  
Did you two really have to rub stomachs together?

---

<sup>5</sup> Cunt!

<sup>6</sup> Go screw yourself! Fuck you!

DAL

I don't understand you. YAEZ told us to do it "our way." Like our Pink students do. You should be happy for me "taking it" like you used to do. It feels so good!

MRS. RAK

*(MRS. RAK SLAPS HER DAUGHTER)*

I'm not going to listen to you anymore. Every step you take, everything you do, they're watching us, remember? They must have had a good laugh watching you, watching you "taking it," you filthy trollop!

*(DAL GLANCES UP AND LOOKS  
ABOUT THE CEILING)*

DAL

*(IN A LOUD VOICE TO THE CEILING)*

Well, tooty toot! Un yun-yun lak!<sup>7</sup>

*(TO HER MOTHER)*

UN YUN-YUN LAK!

MRS. RAK

You dirty slut! Look at you; you disgust me in your western garb, dirty garbage seeping out your front door! Don't you realize how lucky we are?

DAL

*Lucky?* We're dirt poor, Mum! People think we're rich! You call us *lucky*!

MRS. RAK

Stupid woman! It could have been much worse, so much worse!

*(DAL STARTS TO CRY)*

Oh, Sweetie, I'm sorry! Don't cry. We always tried to make it right for you, but what could we do? You know I always loved your father, but look what they did to him!

DAL

I know what they did! How could it have been worse? That's why we're here, right?

MRS. RAK

Well, yes and no.

DAL

They gave us no choice—

MRS. RAK

—Listen to me! I wasn't going to tell you, but your father sold us out.

---

<sup>7</sup> As if we had a choice...

DAL

Daddy?

MRS. RAK

He was a lovely man. I know you loved him dearly, as he did you and me. But he ruined our lives when we went back the second time. It was his fault!

DAL

Never say that! It was the Pinks' fault!

MRS. RAK

How do you think the YAEZ agents found us in BrekLand?

DAL

Couldn't have been father. The Pinks' missile finished him off.

MRS. RAK

It's true that from one day to the next, he disappeared from YakLand. But how did they find *us*? They must have got that information from him. For a long time, we were so happy together in the north of BrekLand. Your father used to send us money. He was at the top of his profession, but then the Yaks organized militias to defend themselves against the Pinks. Your father called me and said *he had been ordered to belong to a militia, so he joined the secret police, YAEZ.*

DAL

You mean he *volunteered* for YAEZ?

MRS. RAK

Exactly, and this changed him. What we didn't know is that when you sign with YAEZ, it takes over your whole family. And after the Pinks killed your father, YAEZ sent its agents to protect us in BrekLand. In other words, take us back.

DAL

(*STARTS CRYING AGAIN*)

I remember those agents!

MRS. RAK

Why are you sniveling?

DAL

I am NOT sniveling!

MRS. RAK

Yes, you are. What's going on?

DAL

No sane woman would ever return to those barbarians in that horrible part of the world. But you did. And now I'm going to tell *you* something.

MRS. RAK

What are you going to tell me? Those two YAEZ agents *made* us come back. And they were very nice.

DAL

(*CONTINUES TO CRY*)

They were, at first. Because we cooperated. We trusted them.

MRS. RAK

Naturally. They were envoys and friends of your father.

DAL

Were they his *friends*? When we got back, they took me into a side room. *They said they just wanted to talk to me alone, to get my take on things.* You remember? And some YAEZ soldiers suddenly came in and went off with you to another building, and I was all alone with the two of them?

MRS. RAK

I remember they wanted to debrief us separately. But why did they want to speak to you alone? You were only thirteen. And why are you crying? Did something happen?

DAL

Of course something did!

MRS. RAK

What happened!

DAL

They, they made me, they made me “service them,” like you, like what happened to you and those lorry drivers in BrekLand! And then, and then, they raped me, they raped me-e-e!!!

MRS. RAK

How could they! How could they have! They seemed so nice! If I had known! I would have!— Oh my darling, I'm so sorry, I-I-!

DAL

They raped me! And I was only thirteen!

MRS. RAK

Why didn't you ever tell me?

DAL

They told me they would kill the two of us if I ever did! They put the fear of Yakkah into me. They said He was watching over all of us all the time. But *they* were the ones watching us all the time, and they're watching now!

MRS. RAK

I had no power! I didn't know. Do you understand? Oh, how could I have followed them! They seemed so nice! (*PAUSE*) Were those rapists ever brought to justice?

DAL

They gagged me but they were stupid because as soon as they took the gag off, I started screaming and with that, other YAEZ agents came in and grabbed them and took them out. There was a lot of screaming, swearing on the Head of Yakkah! Under torture, they screamed out that Yakkah was a homosexual and a woman. That's when they were marched out, blindfolded and shot by firing squad.

MRS. RAK

At least there is some justice, especially since we're women, and they spared us!

DAL

But now, Mum, today, what about these Pink students here? Especially the women students? Here in PinkVille University?

MRS. RAK

Don't fret. Everything will work out. It always does.  
What did I tell you about Little Pinks turning into Big Pinks?

*(LIGHTS DIM QUICKLY,  
THEN FADE OUT)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 2**

**ACT II, SCENE 3**

**SETTING:** OFFICE: "TRUE LOVE NEST" REALTY SIGN LIT UP FULL.

**AT RISE:** THE REST OF THE STAGE IS BLACK. JILL AND LEE.

LEE

...So, do I have the rental?

JILL

Well, this is difficult for me to say because you're probably going to be very disappointed—

LEE

Out with it, Jill.

JILL

In a word, no. I'm afraid you don't. Sorry to put it that way. Leviathan?

(BEAT)

Anyway, I was talking to my superior and I presented all the different offers we got for the place that day—you know, it's very popular and you were a finalist—and anyway, he decided to go with another offer. Leviathan?

(SILENCE)

LEE

*I was a finalist? Go with another offer? Your superior?*

JILL

I did my best. You were a finalist. I pushed for you over all the other candidates!

LEE

How hard did you push? And who got it?

JILL

I'm not at liberty to say.

LEE

You'd better tell me because I'm going to find out! And I'm going to find out who your superior is, too.

JILL

Listen, Leviathan, don't be too cute. I may look harmless but I can cause you a lot of trouble if I have to, as can my superior!

LEE

It was a foreigner, right? I'm so sick of these people running roughshod over PinkLand! You know I was counting on that?

JILL

I suspected as much, even though I asked you not to count on it. Yes, they happen to be foreigners. I'm sorry, but that's just the way it is.

*(SHE RETURNS HIS MONEY)*

LEE

Thank you. I just thought that this was it for me? Right now, I'm a full professor renting in the Zuuko ghetto with other Zuuks! Do you know how racist they are against Pinks there? Calling us "Pink-skinned bitches" and using the P word all the time?

JILL

What's that?

LEE

*Porkers!* As if we were all pigs!

JILL

Don't feel sorry for yourself. You'll find another place!

LEE

I am NOT feeling sorry for myself! You're a real estate agent, so you do know this is the only studio for rent on the PinkVille campus! All the other studios are in the outer boroughs of the Muuko, Zuuko, Kuuko or Yakko areas. Why can these foreigners kick us in the balls and we have to take it but when we hit back, they cry foul?

JILL

You should take the high road, Leviathan. We're above treating people from a foreign country that way! It's beneath us.

LEE

*(BEAT)*

I'm going to find out who got it!

*LIGHTS FADE QUICKLY*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 3**

**ACT II, SCENE 4**

**SETTING:** *LIGHTS UP FULL ON THE MAIN STAGE AREA AND U.L. WALKWAY 1.*

**AT RISE:**  
*CENTER STAGE ARE A VASE OF DRIED FLOWERS AND VARIOUS SHOPPING BAGS AND KNICK-KNACKS THROWN CARELESSLY ABOUT.*

*STANDING U.L. ON WALKWAY 1, LEE LISTENS AT THE DOOR. THEN HE MAKES HIS WAY D.L. AND TURNS RIGHT ONTO WALKWAY 2 TO OFFICE.*

*THE OFFICE AREA IS DARK. LEE TURNS AROUND. APPROACHING STEPS.*

*WALKWAY 2 AND OFFICE AREA GO TO HALF-LIGHT. LIGHTS OUT ON THE MAIN STAGE AREA. MARSHALL RANFORD CAN NOW BE SEEN WALKING FROM DOWNSTAGE LEFT TOWARDS THE OFFICE AREA, D.R. ENCOUNTERS LEE WHO IS STANDING OUTSIDE "TRUE LOVE NEST."*

MARSHALL

Excuse me.

*(LEE WON'T MOVE)*

Can I help you?

*(LEE STARES AT MARSHALL BEFORE MOVING TO THE SIDE TO ALLOW MARSHALL TO ENTER OFFICE AREA)*

*(BLACKOUT)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 4**

**ACT II, SCENE 5**

**SETTING: WEEK THREE**

SUNDAY EVENING

*LIGHTS UP ON A NEWLY LAID OUT APARTMENT NOW FULLY OCCUPIED BY THE RAKS. THE REST OF THE STAGE IS DARK.*

**AT RISE:**

*UP CENTER IS A BAY WINDOW IN THREE PARTS FACING UP STAGE. EACH SECTION HAS A LONG CURTAIN AND THERE ARE TWO ENORMOUS STUFFED ROTTWEILER DOGS HOLDING APART THE CURTAINS ON CENTER WINDOW. U.R. IS THE KITCHEN.*

*DAL RAK GOES UPSTAGE AND ADJUSTS ONE ROTTWEILER, TURNING IT AROUND TO FACE OUTSIDE (UPSTAGE). WE CAN ALREADY SEE THE BACK OF THE OTHER ROTTWEILER. A HUGE UNFILLED DESK MIRROR FRAME, MOUNTED ON A LOW TABLE, DRESSED UP AS AN ALTAR, FACES OUT TO SPECTATORS MID-STAGE.*

*BEHIND THE ALTAR, TWO BEANBAGS; MRS. RAK, HER BACK STRAIGHT, IS SEATED IN ONE OF THEM. DAL SITS DOWN IN A SEAT BESIDE HER. SITTING STRAIGHT UP AS WELL, SHE LOOKS OUT THROUGH THE OPEN MIRROR TO THE AUDIENCE.*

MRS. RAK

I want you to stay seated during this ceremony.

DAL

But I had to adjust Wolf. He's not looking out on the street enough to protect us. Too busy checking on us in here.

MRS. RAK

Will you forget about Wolf for a minute and concentrate? You seem to have forgotten why we're here!

DAL

It's Chew. He's doing all the work. He's the only one protecting us!

MRS. RAK

Nobody's protecting us. Don't you understand?

DAL

We're in the hands of Yakkah?

MRS. RAK

Yes, and in our own hands. We're protecting ourselves. This is not a charade.

DAL

So why are we wasting time on this ceremony?

MRS. RAK

Why are you wasting your time on those dogs? Or that man? This ceremony is very important.

*(MRS. RAK GETS UP, FETCHES TWO ENORMOUS  
YELLOW CANDLES FROM THE KITCHEN,  
AND  
INSERTS THEM INTO GAUDY KITSCH-LIKE  
CANDLE HOLDERS ALREADY ON THE ALTAR)*

Ay yigh yigh! Ak!<sup>8</sup>

*(SHE PROCLAIMS AS SHE INSERTS ONE  
CANDLE IN THE HOLDER)*

Ay yigh yigh! Ak! Ak!

*(INSERTS THE OTHER CANDLE)*

DAL AND MRS. RAK

*(TOGETHER)*

Ay yigh yigh! Ak! Ay yigh yigh! Ak! Ak!

*(STAGE IS VERY DARK NOW)*

---

<sup>8</sup> Oh Hail, Most Intelligent One!

DAL

I can see us walking down Al Mowyak Alley, Mum.

MRS. RAK

You're hallucinating! Never say that!

DAL

Why? Aren't we in the twilight zone?

MRS. RAK

At least you've been able to enjoy yourself somewhat.

DAL

Al yigh yigh zak lak I kumrin ya!<sup>9</sup>

MRS. RAK

Al yigh yigh zak lak I kumrin ya!<sup>10</sup>

DAL AND MRS. RAK

Ay! Yigh yigh! Ak! Ak!<sup>11</sup>

*(BLACKOUT)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 5**

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<sup>9</sup> We're between a rock and a hard place.

<sup>10</sup> We're between a rock and a hard place.

<sup>11</sup> Oh Hail, Most Intelligent One

**ACT II, SCENE 6****SETTING:** LEE'S LECTURE CLASS**AT RISE:**

HALF-LIGHT U.R. ON LEE WHO WHEELS OUT A LECTERN AND SMALL TABLE FROM BACKSTAGE. HE PULLS OUT SOME PAPERS AND PLACES THEM ON TOP OF THE LECTERN. HE PUTS NOTHING ON THE TABLE. THE LECTERN IS ANGLED OFF AT THREE QUARTERS TO THE AUDIENCE. THE REST OF THE STAGE NOW GOES BLACK AS A SPOTLIGHT SHINES DOWN UPON HIM AND THE LECTERN. HALF-LIGHT UP ON THE AUDIENCE AS THEY BECOME LEE'S "STUDENT LECTURE CLASS."

LEE

(LECTURING)

"Today, we are going to talk about a subject dear to my heart called, *The Naïve Pink Response to Foreign Threats within our Borders*. I have noticed that the national press is very hard on conservative thought and I am hoping that people like yourselves—the most intelligent and gifted members of our Pink community—

(LEE IS INTERRUPTED BY CANNED APPLAUSE AND A LOT OF BOOS ON SOUNDTRACK)

Thank you for the applause but I heard a few boos there. Is it because I called you 'Pink'? Because that's what you are. Pinks live in PinkLand. Please don't boo your own kind. Or is it because I mentioned, "conservative thought?"

(THE BOOS OVERRIDE THE APPLAUSE NOW)

You know, I bet if I were to say something even more conservative to your leftist ears you would shout me down?

(MORE CANNED BOOS)

Thank you for the boos. Very fascistic of you. I will jump to the end of my lecture since your minds are obviously completely closed to other points of view. Sad to speak of university students this way. Maybe this story will jar your young closed minds into action? It is not my story, nor is it original. In fact, President Por read it to all of us once. It is a modern fable.

(BOOS. CRIES OF "DOWN WITH POR!  
NOT MY POR! NEVER POR!  
FASCIST CONSERVATIVE! HOT PINK  
FASCIST!" ON SOUNDTRACK)

LEE (CONT.)

**SHUT UP AND LISTEN!!**

*(THE STUDENTS ARE JOLTED OUT OF THEIR RUDE BEHAVIOR BY LEE'S PEREMPTORY TONE. HE PULLS OUT A FAT BLACK RUBBER SERPENT FROM HIS BRIEFCASE AND CURLS IT ON THE TABLE. TWO SEPARATE SPOTLIGHTS ON BOTH THIS SERPENT AND LEVIATHAN LEE. THE SOUNDTRACK GOES SILENT AND LEE BEGINS)*

This is called, "The Serpent."

"Once upon a time, there was a group of gentle, kind students. One of them, a gentle, kind girl called Mary found a serpent lying in the grass bleeding to death. And she took the serpent home, cuddled it, fed it and nursed it back to health so that it turned into one big healthy serpent.

And then suddenly, ferociously, the serpent rose up and bit her. She cried out, 'Why did you do that, Serpent? Now I'm going to die!' In desperation, she called one of her friends.

And the other gentle, kind students ran to her home to help Mary. They had to break into her house. However, it was too late because the poison had already run through Mary's veins. Mary went into convulsions and died.

'Why did you do that, Serpent? You killed gentle, kind Mary!' the gentle, kind students asked.

The serpent laughed and sneered, 'What did she expect? She knew I was a serpent!'"

*(SILENCE ON THE SOUNDTRACK. THEN A FEMALE STUDENT SCREECHES OUT, "PROFESSOR LEE, YOU'RE A FASCIST ALT-RIGHT PINK! WHO IS THE 'SERPENT?' YOU'RE THE SERPENT, PROFESSOR LEE?" OTHER BOOS FOLLOW. THEN, THE STUDENTS CHANT, "WE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE WO-O-OR-RLD!" THIS CHANT PLAYS OVER AND OVER ON A CONTINUOUS LOOP. LIGHT AND SOUND SLOWLY FADE AWAY)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 6**

**ACT II**

**SCENE 7: WEEK FOUR**

**SETTING:** RAKS "HOARDER" STUDIO

**AT RISE:** MRS. RAK IS SLEEPING ON A SMALL RECLINER UP CENTER. SHE IS SURROUNDED BY HER OWN CLOTHES HANGING ON TWO LONG, PORTABLE HANGERS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE RECLINER.

DAL, THE HOARDER, DRAGS A RUG IN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR U.L. SHE PILES IT ON TOP OF ANOTHER ONE UPSTAGE CENTER.

THE STUDIO IS COMPLETELY FILLED UP. DAL TRIPS OVER A SET OF WEIGHTS THAT SHE'S LEFT BY THE DOOR.

MRS. RAK  
(WAKING UP)

What are you doing?

DAL

It's just a little thing I wanted to buy.

MRS. RAK

Little thing? That's another rug! What about the one you have there? This is only the fourth week. We're not going to be here forever, you know?

DAL

No one wants me to buy anything. No one wants me to have a life. You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna take a baseball bat and smash everyone's face in. Everybody's tryin' to steal from me, everyone's tryin' to Pink me over! Yak 'em, that's what I say! Or else I'm gonna take a bat and break their Pinkin' legs!

MRS. RAK

My darling, the other day you asked me if we were in the twilight zone. Yes we are, but we still have a job to do. Don't be delusional. I love you. You know that. Come here, my baby. We only have each other.

*(SHE TAKES DAL'S HEAD IN HER HANDS  
AND HUGS HER CLOSE. LIGHT FADES ON DAL  
AND MRS. RAK.*

*SPOTS UP ON LEE AND MARSHALL.  
EACH IN THEIR OWN LIGHT AND STANDING  
ON WALKWAY 2, LEE AND MARSHALL STARE  
AT EACH OTHER)*

MARSHALL

What are you doing around here all the time!

*(LEE JUST STARES AT MARSHALL WHO  
STARES BACK, THEN CROSSES ALONG WALKWAY 2  
IN FRONT OF LEE AND TURNS LEFT ONTO  
WALKWAY 1. HE THEN WALKS U.L. TOWARDS  
THE RAKS' DOMAIN. THE SPOT FOLLOWS MARSHALL.  
SPOT FADES ON LEE)*

*(THE FOLLOWING SCENES TAKE PLACE ON  
THE LEFT AND RIGHT OF THE STAGE  
WITH ALTERNATING LIGHTING)*

**UP LEFT**

*(MARSHALL IS POISED TO KNOCK ON DAL'S DOOR WHEN HE LOOKS AROUND. HE SEES NO ONE, BUT LEE IS WATCHING FROM THE SHADOWS.*

*MARSHALL KNOCKS.*

*DAL, DRESSED IN A LONG SATIN SLIP, IS WAITING THERE HOLDING HER TWO STUFFED DOGS.*

*SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND STARES AT HIM. SHE BARKS LOUDLY AT HIM, BUT HE EMBRACES HER AND HER DOGS. HE CLOSES THE DOOR WITH HIS FOOT AT THE SAME TIME.*

*A SPOT NOW COMES UP ON LEE WHO IS STANDING OUTSIDE DAL'S DOOR, U.L. LEE LISTENS A MOMENT AT THE DOOR*

*THE U.L. AREA GOES DARK.)*

**DOWN RIGHT**

*(A SPOT FOLLOWS LEE AS HE RETURNS BACK D.L. AND MOVES ACROSS WALKWAY 2 TO "TRUE LOVE NEST," D.R LEE RINGS BELL. A LIGHT COMES UP ON JILL WHO OPENS THE DOOR)*

**JILL**

Mr. Lee? What brings you back again?

**LEE**

Hello, Jill. May I come in?

**DOWN RIGHT**

JILL  
What can I do for you?

LEE  
I'll tell you inside.

JILL  
You can't tell me here?

LEE  
Inside is better.

JILL  
If it's to do with  
the rental, I'm afraid that  
we've made our decision  
there. You know that.

*(SHE TURNS AROUND,  
BUT LEE FOLLOWS  
HER IN AND QUICKLY  
CLOSES THE DOOR)*

LEE  
Who's the "we?"

JILL  
I'm sorry?

LEE  
You said there was a  
"we" involved in this  
decision. Your  
"Superior?" I haven't  
met him. Who's the  
significant other?

JILL  
I didn't mention any  
"significant other."

**DOWN RIGHT**

LEE

But there is one, isn't there? That's what you've been trying to tell me the whole time?

JILL

Mr. Lee, please. Have a seat. Marshall will be back soon, and he'll be able to explain things a little better.

LEE

So, Marshall the janitor's your significant other? "Marshall?" You work together like husband and wife. This is a real mom and pop operation, isn't it? Where's pop?

JILL

Do you always insult people who are nice to you?

LEE

All the time. But I do it directly. Most people avoid conflict to your face but stir it up behind your back. Where's pop?

JILL

Marshall just stepped out for a minute.

*(HALF-LIGHT COMES UP ON  
MIDDLE AREA OF STAGE WHERE  
MRS. RAK IS STILL NAPPING  
UNDER MANY CLOTHES PILED HIGH ON A CHAIR.  
POTTED PLANTS NOW LITTER THE WHOLE  
MIDDLE AREA. CLUTTER EVERYWHERE.  
U.L. OF MRS. RAK,  
AN ORIENTAL "YAK" ROOM DIVIDER,  
PARTIALLY HIDING DAL'S BED)*

**UP LEFT**

*MARSHALL  
IS NOW LYING WITH DAL.  
STUFFED DOGS 'WOLF' AND  
'CHEW' STAND LIKE A DOUBLE  
CERBERUS VISIBLE TO THE  
AUDIENCE AT THE FOOT OF  
THEIR BED. LIGHT FADES.  
LIGHT COMES UP DOWN RIGHT.*

**DOWN RIGHT**

LEE  
Oh yeah? Where to?

JILL  
He'll be back soon.

LEE  
Is that what he said? "Soon?"

JILL  
Yes.  
*(JILL GOES AND SITS DOWN IN  
FRONT OF HER COMPUTER)*  
There's a magazine there, if you'd like  
to read something.

LEE  
Only into your soul.

*(JILL CHECKS HER DESK)*

JILL  
You didn't make an appointment with  
him, did you?

*UP LEFT*

*DOWN RIGHT*

LEE

I don't know him. But if it's the guy I just saw, it looks like he's kept an *outside appointment*, doesn't it?

JILL

How so?

LEE

An *outside rendezvous* in PinkVille University, yes?

JILL

What are you insinuating?

LEE

No comment.

*LIGHTS FULL UP.  
DAL'S STUFFED DOGS BEGIN  
TO BOB UP AND DOWN  
GROTESQUELY  
TO THE MOVEMENT  
ON THE BED. DAL BEGINS TO  
"BARK" WITH PLEASURE.  
MRS. RAK APPEARS HOLDING  
HER EAR UP AGAINST THE  
DIVIDER.  
DAL'S BARKS HAVE GROWN  
LOUDER. MARSHALL PULLS HIS  
HEAD AWAY AND LOOKS AT HER  
STRANGELY.*

*LIGHTS FADE*

DAL

Oh, don't stop!

(GASPING)

Come on, Yurak, pant and bark!

MARSHALL

Who's Yurak?

*UP LEFT*

MRS. RAK  
(*TO HERSELF*)

She always preferred dogs to men!

DAL

I mean, “Marshall!”

MARSHALL

Who’s Yurak?

DAL

He’s nobody now, but he’s the  
reason I’m here. Never mind him.  
Ram me with your runnion hard,  
honey! Ram me good!

(*LIGHTS DIM ON THEM*)

*DOWN RIGHT*

(*LIGHTS UP ON LEE*)

LEE (cont.)

Look, I’m a busy man. I’ve got  
projects to complete. I can’t sit around  
and watch you type all day. Does this  
Marshall have a cell phone?

JILL

He does, actually.

LEE

Well, then. Why don’t you call him  
up? See what he’s up to?

JILL

Excuse me? Is this any of your  
business?

LEE

And you really don’t want to know  
which client? Or do you know already?

JILL

Mr. Lee, what are you implying?

LEE

We’re in PinkVille—to work—  
right? That’s why you and Marshall

**UP LEFT**

*(MARSHALL'S CELL PHONE RINGS. ALWAYS RIDING DAL, HE FUMBLES IN HIS JACKET. TRIES TO SHUT OFF THE RINGING PHONE BUT PUSHES THE 'ANSWER' BUTTON BY MISTAKE)*

DAL  
Marshall, put down that phone!

MARSHALL  
I'm trying to shut it off, Dal!

*(HE SHUTS OFF HIS PHONE. DAL CONTINUES TO MOVE UNDER MARSHALL.)*

**DOWN RIGHT**

LEE (cont.)  
are here. That's why I am here. But we're not alone, get it? Have you ever thought that maybe Marshall's got "Yakko fever," that one of *them*—of whom we shall not speak—has gotten to him? I told you, you should have rented to me!

JILL  
So, you ARE telling me something?

LEE  
Perhaps.

*(JILL PICKS UP HER PHONE. COMPOSES A NUMBER. THE PHONE RINGS IN MARSHALL'S JACKET ON THE BED)*

JILL  
*(INTO PHONE)*  
"Dal!!" Marshall, where are you?

LEE  
And what is his answer?

*UP LEFT*

MRS. RAK  
(*TO HERSELF*)  
The little tart! And they answer  
their phones in the middle of it  
today!

MARSHALL  
*QUICKLY PULLS UP HIS  
PANTS AND PUTS ON HIS  
JACKET.  
HE RUNS OUT, NOT NOTICING  
THE WATCH HE'S DROPPED ON  
THE FLOOR.*

*DOWN RIGHT*

JILL  
He hung up.

LEE  
And?

JILL  
The bastard hung up!

LEE  
What bastard? Who's "Dal?"

JILL  
Mr. Lee, would you mind your own  
business and get out of here!

*(LEE SLINKS OUT)*

*LEE RUNS OFF.*

*(LEE AND  
MARSHALL MISS EACH OTHER AND SPEED  
OFF, LEE EXITING U.L. AND MARSHALL  
EXITING D.L.)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 7**

**ACT II**

**SCENE 8: WEEK FIVE**

**SETTING:** *HALF-LIGHTS ON CENTER STAGE WHERE MRS. RAK IS TIDYING UP. THERE ARE CLOTHES, SHOES, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, PLANTS, WIRES, EVERYWHERE.*

**AT RISE:** *FULL LIGHTS ON WALKWAY 1 WHERE DAL, ENTERING THE STUDIO AND CARRYING A WICKER BASKET, IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND HER.*

*LEE POPS UP FROM THE SIDE AND WALKS IN FRONT OF THE OPEN DOOR. DAL JUMPS, AND CLOSSES THE DOOR IN HIS FACE. MRS. RAK JUMPS UP.*

MRS. RAK

Who was that?

DAL

Our colleague: that conservative Sociology professor.

MRS. RAK

*(DIGGING IN DAL'S BASKET)*

Did he notice what you have in your basket?

DAL

It's covered up.

MRS. RAK

He can screw up everything.

DAL

That we haven't already screwed up?

*(MRS. RAK ROLLS HER EYES)*

Do you ever have second thoughts, Mum?

MRS. RAK

How could I? But I don't like the way you've been carrying on.

DAL

I honor Yurak, A-jak and Lun-yak.

MRS. RAK

What about your father, Durak? He was a noble warrior.

DAL

We must finish the job.

*(SHE OPENS PEEPHOLE AND LOOKS OUT)*

You still love me, right?

MRS. RAK

Did he go?

DAL

*(NODS YES)*

Come on, Mum.

*(SHE MOTIONS TO THE BASKET)*

MRS. RAK

We're only pawns.

DAL

Living, breathing pawns. What's there to look forward to?

MRS. RAK

*(SHE MOTIONS TO THE BASKET)*

There's everything to look forward to. Have you checked it?

DAL

It's all there.

MRS. RAK

We'll feel better later.

DAL

I know. But we still love each other, right, Mum?

MRS. RAK

Of course, my baby, of course!

*(LIGHTS BRIEFLY FADE TO BLACK.*

*LIGHTS BACK ON FULL.  
MRS. RAK AND DAL ARE SITTING AT A  
TABLE UPSTAGE CENTER WITH  
THEIR BACKS TO THE AUDIENCE.  
DOWNSTAGE ARE BOTH STUFFED DOGS.*

*“WOLF” AND “CHEW” ARE FACING THE  
AUDIENCE. THERE ARE BOXES  
ON BOTH SIDES OF THE  
TABLE.  
BOTH WOMEN ARE WORKING  
AWAY)*

MRS. RAK

Al minyin-rak?<sup>12</sup>

DAL

Daka minyin-al got arun yak-nak.<sup>13</sup>

*(LIGHT BEGINS TO FADE)*

Mi taka run minyin?<sup>14</sup>

*(LIGHT CONTINUES  
TO FADE)*

MRS. RAK

Al sinya mi chin ring aklak.<sup>15</sup>

*(LIGHT FADES TO BLACK)*

Al sinya mi chin ring aklak.<sup>16</sup>

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 8**

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<sup>12</sup> Did you put the wire in?

<sup>13</sup> I pulled out the pin and set the lock.

<sup>14</sup> Did you put in the ball bearings?

<sup>15</sup> Send them to blazing hell.

<sup>16</sup> Send them to blazing hell.

**ACT II**

**SCENE 9**

**AT RISE:** *TWO HOURS LATER. LIGHTS UP FULL ON MAIN ROOM. IT IS STILL PACKED WITH CLUTTER. LIGHTS UP ON WALKWAY 1. REST OF STAGE IS DARK.*

*DAL, U.L. TRIES TO PUSH IN FRONT DOOR WITH TWO LARGE, GAUDY PAINTINGS AND A SMALL LOAD OF GROCERIES BUT SHE CAN'T GET THROUGH. A SET OF WEIGHTS, AN OLD CHEST, RUGS AND OTHER OBJECTS ARE NOW BLOCKING THE DOOR. SHE PUSHES HER WAY IN AS MRS. RAK FIGHTS THROUGH THE DEBRIS FROM D.R. THEY MEET AT THE FRONT DOOR.*

MRS. RAK

How was your shopping, dear?

DAL

The first time I've felt alive in a long time.

MRS. RAK

I'm so happy to hear that! Did you bring me something to eat?

DAL

You like these two paintings, Mum?

MRS. RAK

No.

*(MRS. RAK GRABS HER GROCERY BAG AND PULLS OUT TWO LARGE BAGS OF LICORICE, A CHEESECAKE, TWO APPLES, DOG FOOD, SOME CHEESE AND A LOAF OF BREAD)*

This is our dinner?

DAL

I'm on a diet.

MRS. RAK

What kind? Cheesecake?

DAL

I bought apples and cheese, too!

MRS. RAK

*(GRABBING THE LICORICE AND CHEESECAKE)*

And this is what you expect your old lady to eat?

DAL

I'll get it ready.

*(DAL FIGHTS HER WAY THROUGH THE MESS  
TO THE KITCHEN AREA.*

*MRS. RAK TRIPS OVER SOME CLOTHES  
BUT MANAGES TO CLUTCH ONTO HER DAUGHTER)*

MRS. RAK

Anything else?

DAL

What do you mean? Dog food?

MRS. RAK

No. Anything new to tell me?

*(DAL SHAKES OFF HER MOTHER, GOES TO THE BACKSTAGE  
KITCHEN, TAKES A PLATE AND KNIFE AND BEGINS  
SLICING AN APPLE.*

*DOORBELL RINGS. DAL DISAPPEARS.*

*MRS. RAK*

*STUMBLES THROUGH THE CLUTTER  
TO GET TO THE RINGING DOORBELL.*

*JILL IS TRYING TO PEEK THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE.*

*SHE STARTS HAMMERING ON THE DOOR.*

*MRS. RAK TRIPS OVER DAL'S WEIGHTS)*

MRS. RAK

I'm coming! Xuu-yak!<sup>17</sup>

*(OPENS DOOR)*

Oh hallo, Mrs. Smith.

---

<sup>17</sup> Cunt!

JILL

Hello, Mrs. Rak. Where's your daughter?

MRS. RAK

Yes, please come in.

*(THEY MAKE THEIR WAY AROUND THE CLUTTER TO A SMALL AREA OF MRS. RAK'S BED. SHE KNOCKS SOME CLUTTER OFF THE BED TO MAKE ROOM FOR JILL. JILL NOTICES A WATCH FALL. IT IS MARSHALL'S. SHE SURREPTITIOUSLY PICKS IT UP AS SHE SITS OFF TO THE SIDE. MRS. RAK SITS AS WELL)*

JILL

So? Is she here?

MRS. RAK

Why? Is there a problem, Mrs. Smith?

JILL

*(BRANDISHING MARSHALL'S WATCH AS SHE JUMPS UP)*

What's this, Mrs. Rak? WHAT'S THIS!

MRS. RAK

I don't know!

JILL

It's Marshall's watch, Mrs. Rak! That's what it is! My boyfriend's watch on your daughter's bed! WHERE IS YOUR SLUT!

*(SHE POCKETS THE WATCH)*

MRS. RAK

Who are you calling a slut, you two-faced tart!

*(DAL SURGES FROM BACK STAGE, SLAPPING JILL AND PULLING HER HAIR)*

DAL

You want to know where I am? I'm in your face, you bitch! XUU-YAK! Slut bitch! XUU-YAK!! Sl-u—u—u-t!!

JILL

Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

*(DAL BEATS UP SAVAGELY ON JILL WHO  
COLLAPSES AS THE STAGE GOES DARK)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 9**

**ACT II**

**SCENE 10**

***AT RISE: A FEW HOURS LATER.  
LIGHTS UP ON WALKWAY 1 OUTSIDE  
STUDIO. REST OF STAGE BLACKED  
OUT. DAL, MRS. RAK AND MARSHALL  
WERE JUST LEAVING THEIR STUDIO...***

DAL

It wasn't our fault! Just self-defense.

MARSHALL

Is Jill ok? Is she in there?

DAL

No, the firemen came first, took her to the hospital. They told me she's fine now. Just a few bruises where I punched her and knocked her out.

MARSHALL

Knocked her out!

MRS. RAK

*(BRANDISHES A LONG HUNTING KNIFE)*

She almost took my daughter's head off with this!

MARSHALL

Where did she get that!

DAL

That's what we want to know!

*(PULLS DOWN HER BLOUSE SLIGHTLY  
TO EXPOSE HER NECK. THERE IS A BIG  
WHITE BANDAGE ON IT, STAINED WITH BLOOD)*

Look what your girlfriend did to me!

MARSHALL

For Pinko's sake!

MRS. RAK

You should be happy we're not Pink. Otherwise we'd be suing you two and "True Love Nest" for this. Pinks are always suing each other!

MARSHALL

Where is she now?

MRS. RAK

She should be in jail for what she did!

DAL

Come on, Mum, leave me alone with Marshall for five minutes. I'll meet you over at the Police Department.

(MRS. RAK LEAVES THEM AND  
EXITS D.L.)

MARSHALL

Are you ok?

DAL

Thanks, Marshall, I'm fine. And don't worry about Jill. PinkVille General Hospital assured me she was fine too.

MARSHALL

Is that where she is? I feel terrible she cut you up like that.

DAL

It's a four-inch cut. Sliced me right open. Otherwise, she would have decapitated me. Spent the evening being stitched up.

*(SHE STROKES HIS HAIR)*

And all because of you, you Pink lover, you!

MARSHALL

That's a knife to hunt bears with!

DAL

Well, that's what you are, right?

*(SMILES. STROKES HIS FACE AGAIN)*

I'm sorry, sweetie, but I have to join my mother. Can you meet me tomorrow morning? 10 am, don't be late! Meet me at the lectern. Let things calm down. We'll work this all out. Don't worry! Pinkray Lecture Hall near your office? 10 am!

*(DAL GIVES HIM A LONG KISS  
AND THEN LIMPS OFF,  
HOLDING HER NECK D.L.)*

**(BLACKOUT)**

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 10**

**ACT II**

**SCENE 11**

**SETTING:** *TRUE LOVE NEST REALTY LIGHTS OFF ON MAIN ROOM. LIGHTS UP ON OFFICE AREA.*

**AT RISE:** *JILL IS LYING BACK ON THE OFFICE RECLINER SHAKING. SHE HAS BANDAGES ON HER FACE; HER CLOTHES ARE TORN. LEE IS PERCHED OVER HER, APPLYING A BIG ICE PACK TO HER HEAD AND TENDERLY STROKING HER HEAD, TRYING TO CALM HER DOWN.*

LEE

There, there, breathe, you're going to be ok.

*(JILL TAKES A BIG BREATH. CALMS DOWN)*

JILL

Thanks for coming to see me. I didn't know who to call!

LEE

Feel better? Now, don't move. Just tell me what happened next?

JILL

I remember Dal Rak grabbing my hair out by the roots. Look how red my scalp is next to this large bump.

*(SHE PUTS HER HAND ON HIS. MOVES HER ICE PACK SLIGHTLY; SHOWS HIM HER SCALP)*

And the next thing I recall is waking up on the walkway outside their door when the firemen picked me up and gave me oxygen. And then the hospital. And then they brought me down to the police station and I was charged with assault and battery!

LEE

YOU? Assault and battery! What did those witches say?

JILL

They weren't there! Apparently, they had messed up the studio, taken pictures of their mess and said I had done it. The mother says I sliced her daughter's neck open with a hunting knife and wanted to decapitate her. I don't have a knife; must be theirs! Then they left a letter and the pictures on my body and went to see the Dean of PVU.

LEE  
The Dean?

JILL  
And told him some bull crap story about *how I had attacked them* and suggested he call the cops—which he did—and the Dean confirmed THEIR story!

LEE  
No!

JILL  
And so, the police brought me first to the hospital and then back here and now I'm subject to arrest if I leave PinkVille.

LEE  
Why isn't Marshall here with you?

JILL  
He sent me a text. Swallowed their whole story and told me he was leaving me and going with her. Didn't even come to the hospital to see me. I hate him!

LEE  
The man's a shit bum. He's weak!

JILL  
Terrible. I couldn't believe how they invented this story and Marshall confirmed it and now I've become this "racist bitch!"

LEE  
I told you, anyone who criticizes a minority member today is a 'racist'. The new "R-word."

JILL  
Anyway, their place is a disaster zone. A total fire hazard. I want them out!

LEE  
I warned you. For years now, our kind has been putting up with their kind. Foreigners! A constant stream of them! Our stores are filled with *their* shit products! Where's the money going to? They're in our best universities, flooding in by plane and through the southern border. These Raks are just illegal aliens and you guys chose them because PVU has a left-wing quota system.

JILL  
Listen, I also found this. Marshall's watch.

*(PULLS THE WATCH OUT OF HER PURSE)*

LEE

Where?

JILL

In the mess by the bitch's bed. I want to kill him!

LEE

I'm going to take him out! But first we're going to file a police report, you and me. And then I'm going to throw all their crap out on the street and change the locks. And you're going to spend a few days in bed with ice packs, and I'm going to cook for you and pamper you and make sure everything is perfect. I told you this Marshall was no goddamn good. But I'm sorry I had to be the whistleblower. Especially since I wanted you to look at *me*, without my saying anything bad about him, just look at me for myself, but how could I get your attention and forget about Marshall, because I'm just a geek professor, and a conservative one at that, and I say silly things and then regret saying them afterwards, and how could I tell you without making it look like—

*(JILL REACHES UP AND YANKS HIS  
HEAD DOWN AS HER LIPS MEET HIS.  
THEY LINGER FOR AWHILE.  
THEN SHE PUSHES HIM AWAY)*

JILL

You talk too much!

**BLACKOUT**

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 11**

**ACT II – SCENE 12**

**SETTING:** *OPEN STAGE*

**AT RISE:** *ALL THE CLUTTER IS GONE.  
DAL AND ROOTY RAK ARRIVE WITH  
TWO ENORMOUS BACK PACKS EACH.*

DAL RAK

Where's Marshall? I want him to hear our lecture.

*(THEY EACH SET ONE BAG ON THE FRONT  
OF THE STAGE AND LEAVE THE OTHER BEHIND THEM.  
THEY PULL OUT CLOTHES WILLY-NILLY FROM  
THE DOWNSTAGE BAGS)*

MRS. RAK

Don't worry, darling. We'll all be together!

DAL

He's late.

MRS. RAK

We won't start without him. It'll be liberating. I love you, Sweetness.

DAL

Me too, Mum. Let's wear our "Pink" masks.

MRS. RAK

The pinky "Pig" ones, right?

*(BLACKOUT. TWO LECTERNS ARE  
ROLLED ONTO THE STAGE.  
BOTH DAL AND ROOTY RAK  
FINISH CHANGING THEIR CLOTHES UPSTAGE.  
SET A CELL PHONE ON EACH LECTERN.  
THE HALF-LIGHT FOR 'LECTURES' COMES BACK ON)*

MRS. RAK

Here come our students.

*(A SOUNDTRACK STARTS UP  
WITH THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS  
OF EAGER STUDENTS ENTERING)*

DAL

It's a shame about them.

MRS. RAK

Of course it's not.

*(THE LECTURE HALL. GENERAL SOUNDTRACK OF ANIMATED NOISE, VOICES OF MANY STUDENTS AS THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES. DAL AND ROOTY RAK DON THEIR UPSTAGE BACKPACKS AND EMERGE FROM BEHIND THE LECTERNS AND FACE AUDIENCE (THE STUDENTS). THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ARE WEARING SHORT WHITE MINISKIRTS, RED XUURKAHS (PORCUPINE HEADDRESSES) AND PINK PIG MASKS WITH EXTRA LONG SNOUTS. A SPOTLIGHT ON THEM.*

*A HUSHED GASP FROM THE SOUNDTRACK. SOME NERVOUS COUGHING AND GIGGLES. SILENCE)*

MRS. RAK

*(TO DAL)*

It's time.

DAL

I'm not speaking without Marshall.

MRS. RAK

*(PULLING HER BY THE EAR)*

Oh yes you are!

*(ANOTHER HUSHED GASP BY THE STUDENTS)*

DAL

Stop it, Mum! You're embarrassing me!

*(MRS. RAK LETS GO)*

Alright. Who goes first then?

MRS. RAK

We speak together, remember? 1-2-3...

*(DAL AND MRS. RAK SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME TO THE STUDENTS (AUDIENCE))*

Students, today we're going to speak to you entirely in Yak.

DAL  
*(LOOKING AROUND FRANTICALLY)*

Where is he!

MRS. RAK  
*(HISSING)*

It's too late now!

*(CONFUSED NOISE FROM STUDENTS  
ON SOUNDTRACK. MARSHALL RUNS  
ON STAGE)*

MARSHALL

Sorry to be late!

DAL

Stand by me, baby!

*(DAL GRASPS HIS HAND, AND  
PULLS HIM CLOSE TO HER. GRABS HER CELL PHONE)*

MRS. RAK  
*(GRABBING HER CELL PHONE)*

Marshall? Can you count to three in Yak?

*(TO THE STUDENTS (AUDIENCE))*

Let's count to three in Yak!

*(MARSHALL SENSES A TRAP)*

MARSHALL

Wait a minute! What are you doing!

DAL, ROOTY RAK AND THE STUDENTS ON SOUNDTRACK  
*(SIMULTANEOUSLY)*

Ekko, dekkko, TREKKO!! YAKKAHH-YIGH!!!

*(BOTH LADIES TRIGGER THEIR CELL PHONES.  
BLACKOUT. SOUNDTRACK: A LOUD  
EXPLOSION.*

*VISUAL: A BLINDING RED LIGHT.  
STROBE LIGHT ON FALLING DEBRIS  
STUDENTS SCREAMING,  
SOUNDS OF AGONY,  
THEN 5 SECONDS OF SILENCE)*

*(LIGHTS UP SLOWLY. MARSHALL HAS COLLAPSED)*

*ON DAL AND ROOTY RAK. THEY'RE  
ALL CRUMPLED IN A HEAP)*

*(JILL AND LEE ARRIVE D.L.)*

JILL

Marshall! Marshall! Marsh-a-a-l-l-l! MARSH-A—A-L-L-L!!

*(JILL GOES TO PICK UP MARSHALL  
BUT LEE PULLS HER BACK. SHE FOLDS  
INTO LEE'S ARMS. LIGHTS FADE OUT SLOWLY)*

**END OF ACT II, SCENE 12**

**ACT II - SCENE 13**

**SETTING:** *WEEK SIX. STRONG WHITE LIGHT; CENTER STAGE, AN AMAZON “ALEXA” HUB SITTING ON A TABLE; TWO CHAIRS; A SMALL COOLER; A PILE OF ITEMS FOR THE KITCHEN, CLEAN LAUNDRY, CUPS, GLASSES, AND FOOD.*

**AT RISE:** *SILENCE. JILL AND LEE GOING BACK AND FORTH TO THE KITCHEN, PUTTING THINGS IN ORDER. LEE PICKS OUT TWO CHAMPAGNE FLUTES AND A BOTTLE OF MOËT CHANDON FROM THE COOLER. NODS AT JILL. THEY SIT AT THE TABLE, AND LEE UNCORKS THE CHAMPAGNE, FILLS THE FLUTES AND RAISES HIS GLASS TO JILL.*

To us!

LEE

Thank you, Leviathan. To us!

JILL

This is what I always wanted. With you!

(THEY DRINK AND HOLD HANDS.  
LEE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

It’s that time. ALEXA, play the latest “YAEZ Liberation Army of YakLand” news.

**“ALEXA” SOUNDTRACK**

“HERE’S WHAT I FOUND: IN A COMMUNIQUÉ TRANSLATED INTO PINKLISH FROM THE PINKVILLE CABLE NEWS OFFICE, “YAEZ,” OR THE LIBERATION ARMY OF YAKLAND, SAID THE FOLLOWING:

“IN THE SACRED NAME OF YAKKAH THE MAGNIFICENT, YAKKAH THE INTELLIGENT ONE, WE, THE HONORABLE YAEZ WARRIORS OF YAKLAND HAVE CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE NOBLE SACRIFICE OF FEMALE COMBATANTS DALUSCHKALOVJUTUTCHAK AND ROOTALOVA RAK IN THE ONGOING DECIMATION OF THE APOSTATE REPUBLIC OF PINKLAND.”

“ALEXA” SOUNDTRACK (cont.)

TODAY, PINKVILLE CABLE NEWS HAS ALSO LEARNED THAT IN LIGHT OF LAST WEEK’S PVU BOMBING IN WHICH SIXTY-TWO PINK STUDENTS AND A REAL ESTATE AGENT DIED—AND EIGHTY-ONE WERE BADLY MAIMED—SUICIDE BOMBERS DAL AND ROOTY RAK WERE NOT ONLY DESPERATE, POOR WOMEN PRETENDING TO BE RICH, THEY WERE ALSO THE *MANIPULATED VICTIMS* OF YAEZ.

ACCORDING TO PINK SOURCES ON THE GROUND IN YAKLAND, CAPTURED YAEZ WARRIOR “YAKHAD” YANN—SO-CALLED BECAUSE THE BREKLAND-BRED NATIVE SPOKE BRINGLISH WITH A BREK ACCENT AND WAGED “YAKHAD” AGAINST THE WEST—ADMITTED UNDER FORCEFUL PINK QUESTIONING THAT HE HAD BRUTALLY DECAPITATED DAL RAK’S HUSBAND YURAK AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN, ONLY TO BLAME THEIR DEATHS ON PINKLAND BOMBERS FLYING OVERHEAD. IGNORANT OF THIS KEY FACT AND VOWING REVENGE ON ANY WESTERN TARGET, THE YAK MOTHER AND DAUGHTER PROFESSORS WILLINGLY INFILTRATED PINKVILLE UNIVERSITY AND BLEW THEMSELVES UP.

PRESIDENT POR SAID THAT HE WOULD EXTRADITE YAKHAD YANN TO BREKLAND ASAP IF, IN EXCHANGE, HE WERE ALLOWED TO QUOTE, “BOMB THE HELL OUT OF YAKLAND,” BY THE LEADERS OF THE DOMINANT ASS-9 PARTY.”

LEE

ALEXA, STOP!

Jill, notice after all this they still slanted the news to the left? The Raks were the “manipulated victims” of YakLand’s YAEZ police! Right!

JILL

No compassion? Don’t be that guy, Lee.

LEE

How about compassion for the victims?

JILL

The Raks felt obligated to do what they did! Suppose our Pink Army told you the Kuunuudian Mounted Police up north had killed your father, your wife and two children. And they offered to have you infiltrate the Mounted Police and blow them all up. You probably would have done the same thing.

LEE

Probably. Even though suicide is the coward’s way out. Nevertheless, these weak women took all my naïve and Alt-left brainwashed students with them. And your

LEE (cont.)

Marshall. And all because the Ass-9 party allowed thousands of Yak refugees into the country after YAEZ crashed planes into New Pink. But I'm not going to sit back and say, "I told you so."

JILL

(PAUSE)

The silver lining? We're moving in together here.

LEE

Come here, my little "Ass-9" Por-hater!

(GIVES HER A BIG HUG)

Who will I teach now?

JILL

Mostly Pink students. President Por has deported all the Yaks and blocked any other foreigners from coming in.

(BEAT)

I've been thinking, Leviathan. Why do we hate them so much?

LEE

*You* used to love them, remember? The question is, why do *they* hate *us*?

JILL

No, I think we hate them more.

LEE

I love you, Jill, but you still don't get it, do you? *They* hate *us*.

JILL

So, you're saying we hate them because they hate us? Why *do* they hate us?

LEE

To start with, you have to ask what a Yak is.

JILL

I'm game. What's a Yak?

LEE

My dad used to say a Yak was the worst thing one could be.

JILL

Hah! Come on, Leviathan, what *is* a Yak?

LEE  
You want to know? Really?

JILL  
Really.

LEE  
It's very simple.

JILL  
I'm listening.

LEE  
A Yak is the other guy.

JILL  
"The other guy?" Come on. Is that all?

LEE  
That's a lot right there. And there's something else.

JILL  
Tell me!

LEE  
It's not a very nice thing to say. It's a bit primitive. And it's simple, really, very simple.

JILL  
Tell me!

LEE  
Yaks are just people from other tribes.

JILL  
Come again?

LEE  
That's it. They're from other tribes and want what we have.

JILL  
So that's their tribe? "Want what we have?"

LEE  
Exactly! They want what we have! Understand? WE HAVE!

No, I don't. "We have?"

JILL

Yes. That's our tribe, "We have." We have? WE HAVE! YOU SEE?

LEE

No, I don't.

JILL

They have not!

LEE

**BLACKOUT**  
**END OF ACT II, SCENE 13**  
**END OF PLAY**