

SISTER WIVEZ

by Marta Myers

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Cast of Characters

HONEY: Jeff's first wife, a leader

SWEETIE: Jeff's fourth wife, a bitch

ANGEL: Jeff's fifth wife, a lesbian

CUTIE: Jeff's third wife, a thinker

MUFFIN: Jeff's second wife, an idiot

JEFF: husband to all

BRONK: Jeff's "best friend" and "business partner"

WARREN: Jeff's only son, 7-years-old with a mustache

GOD? / SWAT 1: God but he's chill, NPC Swat Guy

SWAT 2 / RICK: Warren's real father, with a mustache

Place

A commune in rural Utah

Scene Breakdown

SCENE 1: Honey, Sweetie, Angel, Cutie, Muffin, Jeff, Warren

SCENE 2: Honey, Sweetie, Angel, Cutie, Muffin

SCENE 3: Honey, Sweetie, Angel, Cutie, Muffin, Jeff, Warren, Bronk

SCENE 4: Angel, Muffin, Sweetie, GOD?, Jeff OS, Honey OS

SCENE 5: Honey, Sweetie, Muffin, Jeff, Bronk, Warren

SCENE 6: Cutie, Muffin, Warren

SCENE 7: Jeff, Bronk, Sweetie, Honey

SCENE 7.5: Sweetie, Honey, Warren, Angel, Muffin

SCENE 8: Angel, Cutie, Muffin

SCENE 9: Muffin, GOD?, Honey, Sweetie, Bronk, Jeff

SCENE 10: Warren, Cutie

SCENE 11: Honey

SCENE 12: Jeff, God

SCENE 13: Full Cast

SCENE 1

A picturesque kitchen fills the space with a dining table center.

HONEY, with her Utah blonde hair in a traditional FLDS hairstyle, is busy at work, prepping vegetables and humming along with the music softly coming from a radio - "La Mer" by Charles Trenet.

JEFF enters without HONEY noticing, and wraps his arms around her from behind, scaring HONEY. They laugh it off and begin to playfully lip sync the song together. They dance and she melts into him as the song fades.

HONEY

(whining)

Stopp PPP Jeff, I have to get tonight's dinner ready!

JEFF

You work too hard, Honey. Let me spoil you. How about a massage? How about right here on the table-

HONEY

Oh stop!

JEFF

Let me make *you* dinner for once. It's not everyday I've been blessed with the most beautiful bride for ten blissful years!

HONEY

I'd be happy with even a fraction of you for the next ten years... and the next after that, and the next after that...

They resume humming and start dancing together. They look at each other like it's their wedding day.

HONEY (CONT'D)

I love you.

JEFF

Happy anniversary, Honey.

They keep dancing intimately as another woman, SWEETIE enters the kitchen with a tight FLDS braid and a basket of laundry. She sets it on the dining table and begins to sort. JEFF notices and spins HONEY away. She laughs it off and returns to chopping.

JEFF dances over to SWEETIE surprises her with a kiss her on the cheek. She giggles.

SWEETIE

Jeff, you dog!

JEFF

Happy anniversary, Sweetie.

SWEETIE

4 whole years.

JEFF

And just as sweet now as in the beginning.

They canoodle as a third braid-clad woman, ANGEL, enters with some additional clothing to fold. ANGEL notices SWEETIE and JEFF together but doesn't care.

ANGEL

(calling from across the room)

Happy anniversary, Jeff.

Thrilled at the attention, he abandons SWEETIE and runs over to ANGEL for a hug.

JEFF

Happy anniversary, my sweet Angel! 1 year-

She recoils.

ANGEL

Yeah okay, what did we talk about-

JEFF

No casual touching-

ANGEL (CONT'D)

No casual touching, that's right-

JEFF (CONT'D)

But it's our-

Two more women, both pregnant, enter: MUFFIN and CUTIE-

MUFFIN

Happy anniversary!

CUTIE

Happy anniversary!

JEFF

Come here you two! Happy anniversary!

CUTIE

(cooing)

8 years already.

MUFFIN

9 for us!

The women go on either side of him and kiss his cheek. The other girls look on with love, laugh, love.

HONEY

Happy anniversary, Cutie!

CUTIE

Aw, Honey, happy anniversary to you!
 (to Sweetie)
 Happy anniversary Sweetie!

SWEETIE

Back at ya!
 (to Muffin)
 Happy anniversary, Muffin!

MUFFIN

Thank you, Sweetie!
 (to Angel)
 Happy anniversary, Angel!

ANGEL

(flustered)
 Uh- happy anniversary-

ALL WOMEN

Happy anniversary, Jeff!

The women stand in a perfect line beaming at their husband.

JEFF

Just one of you beautiful brides would make me the luckiest man on Earth. Looks like I've got as much luck as the five luckiest men on Earth... at once! Oh, we live a perfect life with our perfect 27 children-

MUFFIN

(re: pregnant)
 Almost 28-

CUTIE

You mean 29!

They all laugh.

JEFF

We live a perfect life with our perfect *almost 29* children on our perfect commune with our perfect garden in the perfect United States of America!

ALL

(hypnotically)
 I pledge Allegiance to the flag
 of the United States of America
 and to the Republic for which it stands,
 one nation under **Jeff**, indivisible,
 with Liberty and Justice for all.

HONEY

(genuinely)
 Perfect!

JEFF

I can't wait to see what my girls are preparing for tonight.

CUTIE

Well then, why don't you hit the road so we can focus!

HONEY

Yeah, then maybe *tonight* we can talk about a 30th child.

SWEETIE

(whorishly)

Or maybe tonight, *we* can talk about a 30th child.

HONEY shoots daggers at SWEETIE, who pretends to not notice.

ANGEL

We will NOT be talking about a 30th child.

JEFF

(chuckling)

Okay okay, I'll skedaddle!

WARREN OS

Daddy?

JEFF'S ears perk up.

JEFF

But not before-

WARREN

Daddy!!!!

WARREN, 7-years-old and sporting a thick mustache, runs on stage and jumps into JEFF'S arms.

JEFF

Hey there, Sport! How is my little guy?

WARREN

Oh, I'm great, Daddy!

JEFF

Taking care of your 26 sisters?

WARREN

Yep! Wait... you mean my almost 28 sisters?

JEFF

How could I forget!

CUTIE and MUFFIN laugh.

WARREN

Daddy, can we play catch today?

JEFF

Oh not today, Sport. That's why you have Sparky!

[SOUND: A BARK]

JEFF

So you could do it with him! Doggy style!

WARREN

Dad, you're right! I love playing catch doggy style with Sparky! I love you, Daddy.

JEFF

Okay, Warren, be good today! Help your mom-

ANGEL

And me-

SWEETIE

And me-

MUFFIN

And me-

HONEY

And me!

CUTIE

How's that sound, Bud? You want to help us?

WARREN

Okay Mommy!

JEFF goes down the line, CHASTELY kissing each woman, and Warren, on the lips.

ALL

Bye Daddy!

JEFF exits.

SCENE 2

The women all go back to their tasks - folding clothes, cutting vegetables, etc. They exist harmoniously... mostly.

MUFFIN

Our Jeff had a sparkle in his eye today.

SWEETIE

(sigh)

He loves us so much.

All sigh except ANGEL.

ANGEL

Yeah, Jeff is the best... but there's something about his ... natural odor that makes me feel kind of sick?-

Abruptly-

HONEY

What was that about a 30th child, Sweetie?

SWEETIE

Hm?

HONEY

It's just that I made it clear that I have dibs on bringing Jeff's perfect 30th spawn into this world, and the second I mention it, you throw yourself at him?

SWEETIE

Yeah. What about it.

HONEY

I told Jeff that for our *anniversary* I wanted to conceive our 30th child tonight-

SWEETIE

It's *my* anniversary too! What makes you think you automatically get to conceive tonight?!

ANGEL

If it's any consolation, I will *not* be conceiving tonight-

HONEY

(to Sweetie)

Well let's see... how about seniority!

SWEETIE

I don't think a GERIATRIC pregnancy is what Jeff was thinking for his 30th seed!!!!

ANGEL tries to get in-between them.

ANGEL

Ladies, ladies, we can *all* conceive tonight-

HONEY

(to Sweetie)

I'm going to give him a son!

ANGEL holds HONEY back.

SWEETIE

Oh yeah? How's that been working for you? You're already 9 kids in and... hm... what have you given him? Oh yeah - 9 girls!

HONEY

Like you've given him any sons either! 6 daughters is nothing to brag about!-

MUFFIN

There's no shame in not giving Jeff a son.

SWEETIE

Muffin, you don't know *anything*!!! You've popped out 14 x chromosomes!

MUFFIN

(gesturing to belly)

Almost 16!

WARREN

(to Cutie)

Mommy, why don't they like my sisters?

He runs out of the room crying.

CUTIE

Oh crud.

CUTIE runs after her son.

Nothing cuts tension like HOT GOSSIP. The wives gather around.

ANGEL

Heck, he is SO sensitive.

SWEETIE

You know he gets that from her.

MUFFIN

I heard that Warren isn't even Jeff's.

ANGEL

Where did you hear that?

MUFFIN

Well... I've just been thinking it. But I'm thinking- think about it, Jeff has 27 children between the five of us-

(re: Angel)

-well, the four of us... and except for Warren, all girls, all blonde. What are the odds-

SWEETIE

-that Cutie's a HARLOT-

HONEY

What are the odds that Cutie has been with another man... biblically... and his genes caused an 7-year-old boy to look like a Slavic Tom Selleck?

MUFFIN

But I don't know, I've just been thinking it.

CUTIE enters and everyone abruptly goes back to their tasks.

HONEY

You know what, Angel, you're RIGHT, I
WOULD look better in mauve!

SWEETIE

Voting for the next fire chief is our civic
responsibility, you're so right, Angel.

CUTIE looks at them strangely but doesn't press.

CUTIE

He just needs a minute.

(wiping a tear)

Heck, he's so sensitive.

The other wives agree like they weren't JUST saying that.

They settle back into homemaking.

ANGEL

Do you think Jeff has a favorite?

HONEY

Not this again-

ANGEL

No, like, he can't love all of us the same amount.

SWEETIE

Do *you* think Jeff has a favorite?

ANGEL

I guess I'm just saying, one of us is probably Rachel and four of us are probably Leah... from
the Bible-

SWEETIE

He tells me I'm beautiful everyday.

CUTIE

I gave him a son.

MUFFIN

He did get me a birthday card for my birthday.

HONEY

I am his first wife-

ANGEL

(under her breath)

Yeah, but Rachel was Jacob's second wife.

HONEY is fuming as the other wives laugh under their breath.

[SOUND: DOORBELL]

HONEY

I'll get it.

HONEY leaves and every sighs a breath of relief and huddles around the table.

SWEETIE

Oh geez, she has been just ***hysterical*** since she got off the bottle.

ANGEL

Gosh, we can't say ANYTHING to her.

MUFFIN

She gets meaner everyday - I told her last week I used her underwear when I was out and she looked about ready to slit my throat!

Beat.

SWEETIE

Addiction is of the *devil*.

MUFFIN

I haven't told anyone this but I can still smell it on her breath.

ANGEL

What do you smell?

MUFFIN

(quietly)

Aspartame.

The wives all gasp.

SCENE 3

HONEY enters with BRONK, the neighbor, dressed in nice clothes. Date night clothes.

ALL EXCEPT HONEY

Hi Bronk- our husband Jeff's BEST friend and business partner.

BRONK

Hi Mrs. Jeff.

(going down the line)

Mrs. Jeff. Mrs. Jeff. Mrs. Jeff.

SWEETIE

We haven't seen you since you and Jeff were throwing forks at each other's heads in the kitchen after a week long business trip to Turks and Caicos!

The wives laugh.

MUFFIN

Jeff said you went to live on a farm...

The wives laugh.

BRONK

Is that what they're calling Fire Island these days?
(to the others)

I was just swinging by super quick super casually no expectations to discuss... business matters with Jeff.

SWEETIE

I don't know Bronk, this isn't really the best time - I mean we're planning for five combined anniversary dinners right now-

ANGEL

-and we haven't even started on the roast!

MUFFIN

I have! "Jeff was so insecure that he couldn't keep one wife, that he had to get four backups!"

Beat.

ANGEL

(clarifying)

The pot-roast.

CUTIE

What's so important that you *have* to see him *today*?

BRONK turns slightly and we see he's holding a large heart shaped box and a giant card that says "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY AND SORRY".

BRONK

(suddenly angry)

I NEED HIM OKAY?!?!?

The wives freeze and BRONK laughs it off.

BRONK (CONT'D)

I need him... for business stuff - for our business.

Beat.

BRONK (CONT'D)

I'm his business partner.

JEFF enters-

JEFF

(happy go lucky)

Ladies, what's all the commotion-

JEFF stops in his tracks when he spies BRONK-

Jeff- BRONK

Bronk- JEFF

Jeff- BRONK

Bronk- JEFF

Jeff- BRONK

Muffin. MUFFIN

WARREN runs on and jumps onto JEFF-

Daddy!!!! WARREN OS

JEFF, shoving WARREN off of him, doesn't break eye contact with BRONK.

Bronk, you're- JEFF

I'm here- BRONK

Getting ahold of themselves-

For that... uh- JEFF

For the business meeting- BRONK

Right, the business meeting because we're business partners. JEFF

In business together. BRONK

Yes, uh, we're going to need some time alone for our... business meeting... maybe 15 or 20- JEFF

-45 or 50- BRONK

JEFF raises his eyebrows.

Minutes.	JEFF	Minutes.	BRONK (CONT'D)
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WARREN
Wait, Daddy, could I maybe come and learn about the business?

JEFF turns his attention to WARREN.

JEFF
Sport, trust me, this kind of business will come VERY naturally to you.

(to the wives)
If you'll excuse us.

JEFF and BRONK scurry off whispering "I'm sorry's".

WARREN, defeated, crawls under the table.

SWEETIE
Okay, you two, don't be too long!

HONEY
(genuinely)
Jeff is always in the BEST mood when Bronk comes around.

SWEETIE
We're so lucky he has a BEST friend as dedicated as we are to him!

MUFFIN
Now that I'm thinking of it- I'm remembering- I think it was on this day two years ago exactly that he moved next door, quit his job, divorced his wife, and immediately became business partners only behind closed doors with Jeff.

JEFF releases a loud sex grunt from off-stage.

BRONK OS
YEAH RIGHT THERE-

MUFFIN
Aw, best two years ever!

Beat.

HONEY
Well now that he's occupied with his meeting, let's shift into gear! Dinner is in just a few hours... Muffin, you start the roast-

MUFFIN
"Jeff's skin is so milky white, all five of his wives claim to be lactose intolerant!"

HONEY
Sweetie, you do the roast.

SWEETIE
(to the others)

See, hysterical!

SWEETIE grabs a reusable grocery bag and exits. HONEY picks up some sparkly socks from the pile of laundry.

HONEY
Cutie, I need you to press Jeff's special occasion socks-

CUTIE
Do you ever think about what life could look like if we put the energy we use pressing Jeff's socks towards causes like the environment or broadening our education?

Everyone stops. Considers.

ALL EXCEPT CUTIE
(smiling)
No.

HONEY shoves the socks at CUTIE and she leaves, pondering.

HONEY
Angel, can you tidy up
(gesturing)
this.

MUFFIN is left alone, a little left out.

HONEY (CONT'D)
And Muffin can help you.

MUFFIN beams.

SWEETIE enters again, pissed.

SWEETIE
(to herself)
How am I supposed to get the FLIPPING roast when no one puts the keys where the keys have ALWAYS gone.

HONEY grabs the keys clearly on the table.

HONEY
I'll drive.

SWEETIE storms off and HONEY follows.

SCENE 4

MUFFIN and ANGEL remain - they start cleaning.

ANGEL finds herself drawn to MUFFIN, smelling the air by her. MUFFIN politely backs up and continues to clean.

ANGEL does the same but finds herself back over to MUFFIN, like a cartoon character smelling a pie in a windowsill.

MUFFIN rebuffs her again.

ANGEL goes back to her task but is drawn once again, and MUFFIN starts speed walking away.

ANGEL is so hypnotized that she begins chasing her.

They go round and round the table until MUFFIN stops and-

MUFFIN

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-

ANGEL

Woah Muffin, I'm sorry but wow, your natural smell is *amazing* - I can't believe I've never noticed.

MUFFIN

It's okay - My diet mainly consists of small seeds and Liquid IV so this happens more than you'd think.

Beat.

ANGEL

(vulnerable)

Muffin, do you ever think about me?

MUFFIN

Not really... I guess only when I'm with Jeff. In the way that *only a man* and a *woman* can be...

BRONK and JEFF let out loud sex grunts off stage.

JEFF OS

HARDER!

MUFFIN

Do you think of me when *you're* with Jeff? In the way that only a man and woman can be?

ANGEL

Muffin, I am never with Jeff in the way that only a man and woman can be.

HONEY runs back on-

HONEY

Ope, sorry girls, forgot the bags!

SWEETIE runs back on-

SWEETIE

Honey is absolutely unreasonable, can someone please come with before I wring her neck?

MUFFIN

(to Sweetie)

You got it, sir!

MUFFIN grabs her jacket and runs off with HONEY and SWEETIE.

ANGEL sits at the table, putting the last of the laundry into the basket. She's bummed.

Suddenly, a BOOMING voice goes over the loud speaker.

GOD?

MAGDALENA-

ANGEL continues with her task.

GOD? (CONT'D)

MAGDALENA-

ANGEL continues with her task. GOD? clears his throat-

GOD? (CONT'D)

ANGEL-

ANGEL is startled.

ANGEL

God?!

GOD?

MAGDALENA, I SEE YOU'RE STRUGGLING AND I HAVE TO ASK... YOU KNOW YOU'RE GAY RIGHT? LIKE A LESBIAN. I'M JUST CHECKING BECAUSE THIS IS NOT YOUR DIVINE PURPOSE. I CREATED YOU TO MONOPOLIZE THE CARABINER INDUSTRY AND CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT ARTISAN CIDERS AREN'T A SCAM. IT'S JUST LIKE, I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHY YOU'RE HERE BEING THIS GUY'S FIFTH WIFE.

ANGEL

Wait, you're cool with me being a lesbian? I thought that was like the ultimate sin-

GOD?

NO IT'S JUST LIKE, THE MALE LONELINESS EPIDEMIC IS WAY OLDER THAN ANYONE THINKS IT IS AND ALL THOSE ROMAN STRAIGHTIES COULDN'T GET ANY-

ANGEL

Wait God, can I ask you anything?

GOD?

MAGDALENA, MY DMS ARE OPEN.

ANGEL

I guess I'm just wondering... I mean, I know incest is wrong-

GOD?

ANGEL (CONT'D)

WOAH WOAH WOAH, WHERE ARE WE GOING-

No, I mean - LET ME FINISH -

ANGEL (CONT'D)

-is Muffin my sister, like technically? Because we're sister wives. Like, in a lesbian way, is that a sin?

GOD?

MAGGIE I KNOW YOU'RE IN KIND OF THIS WEIRD CULT SITUATION RIGHT NOW BUT USE YOUR BRAIN THAT WAS DESIGNED TO MONOPOLIZE AN ENTIRE HARDWARE INDUSTRY.

ANGEL is thinking.

GOD? (CONT'D)

NO, SHE IS NOT YOUR SISTER. OBVIOUSLY. GO FORTH.

GOD?'s presence dissipates.

ANGEL aka MAGDALENA sits for a moment considering and grabs the laundry. With a new pep in her step, she walks off.

SCENE 5

A moment with the empty stage.

The table cloth lifts from under.

An aghast WARREN appears. Home Alone style.

[SOUND: DOG YELP]

SWEETIE screams from offstage.

He squirms back under the table as he hears the front door open.

HONEY

FLIP.

HONEY and SWEETIE, bloodied, scramble onto the stage holding either side of an object in a gory sheet. MUFFIN, in shock, follows and watches in horror.

SWEETIE

Where do we put him?!?!?

HONEY

(calmly)

Throw him on the table.

SWEETIE

STOP BEING HYSTERICAL THIS IS SO LIKE YOU-

SWEETIE begins to vomit but pulls it together.

She starts sobbing.

HONEY slaps her.

HONEY

Get a GRIP. Dinner is in TWO hours. And we STILL need a ROAST.

MUFFIN, still in shock and not moving her eyes from the sheet:

MUFFIN

Jeff's penis is so small-...

She goes back to being catatonic.

SWEETIE

Well we would *have* one if you would CHECK YOUR SIDE VIEW MIRROR. UGH, we don't have anything to EAT-

They freeze.

Look at each other.

Look at the body.

Look back at each other.

HONEY

We shouldn't.

SWEETIE

We *couldn't*.

Stare down.

HONEY

No one will know.

SWEETIE

He might even taste... good.

HONEY

The store is SO far away.

SWEETIE

There is **ZERO** chance we'd get back in time-

I mean he's already dead. HONEY

Why let *all* this meat go to waste? SWEETIE

In this *economy*??? HONEY

This is *good* for the... environment! SWEETIE

Cage-free- HONEY

It's settled. SWEETIE

We're doing it. HONEY

We're going to... SWEETIE

...eat... HONEY

...Sparky... MUFFIN

They all three look at each other.

Beat.

HONEY and SWEETIE run offstage in opposite directions to LOUDLY vomit. MUFFIN can't stop looking at SPARKY on the table.

This is the right decision. HONEY

They vomit again before shuffling back on, tail between their legs.

Honey! JEFF OS

JEFF and BRONK are giggling off stage.

Baby! No- stop! JEFF OS (CONT'D)

JEFF giggles on stage. He adjusts his balls.

Bronk and I are aaaaabsolutely FAMISHED from *all* that business talk. JEFF

HONEY and SWEETIE throw themselves in front of the table.

HONEY
(smiling)
What are you hungry for?

JEFF
Well, I was hoping for dinner-

SWEETIE
(roaring)
IT'S NOT READY.

JEFF looks puzzled.

HONEY
It will just be two more hours, Jeffy. Sweetie will bring you and Bronk some snacks, how about that-

SWEETIE
WE KILLED-
HONEY (CONT'D)
-Muffin will bring you some snacks-

HONEY (CONT'D)
Right Muffin?

Her eyes still haven't left the body. But she slow nods.

JEFF
Well hurry up now - I'm so hungry I could eat a-

SWEETIE
DOG-

JEFF
-horse...

Shoving him out the door:

HONEY
Ha-ha! Love you Jeff! Okay, leave! Now! Muah!

HONEY looks at SWEETIE and MUFFIN bewildered.

SWEETIE
Okay PSYCHOPATH. Geez, Honey, you were acting INSANE... are you back on the bottle?

HONEY grabs a plate of snacks for JEFF and BRONK shoves them into MUFFIN'S hands.

She leaves without a word.

SWEETIE (CONT'D)

Typical Honey! *Hysterical* as always!!!!

SWEETIE grabs the body.

SWEETIE (CONT'D)

We can't just leave him here!

WARREN once again lifts the table cloth. Revealing the wet, bloodshot eyes of a boy who has just heard his mom's sister wives just hit his beloved dog with their car:

SCENE 6

CUTIE OS

Warren?!

WARREN hides back under the table.

CUTIE runs on.

CUTIE

Warren?

She sees a shocked MUFFIN.

CUTIE (CONT'D)

Muffin, have you seen Warren? I can't find him journaling OR by our weeping well.

MUFFIN

No... but do you ever think about death and your own mortality and the inevitable blackness that will take over your consciousness for eternity beyond this life?

CUTIE

Oh this. I remember when Warren was small. He had *all* the same questions. What is the meaning of life? *Who's my real dad?* What does it mean to have a soul?

MUFFIN

Did you say real dad-

CUTIE

Because he's such an insightful young man, I didn't think I had all the answers-

MUFFIN

You didn't have the answer to who his real dad was-

CUTIE

But I pondered and searched and prayed and found that there is no meaning to life, no one has a soul, and there is no higher power who loves you. Hell is our life on Earth and then we cease to exist. :)

MUFFIN

Oh wow, did you tell Warren that?

CUTIE

No, I told him Jeff is his father and that I love living on a commune with four other women that my husband is *freaking* so that he continues to have the will to live.

Beat.

MUFFIN

Are we in a cult?

CUTIE

I think we *are* in a cult.

MUFFIN

(considering)

Okay... cults are... *good* then?

CUTIE

(matter-o-fact)

Cults target vulnerable people who want to belong-

MUFFIN

(thinks)

I want to belong.

CUTIE

I... don't?

MUFFIN

Couldn't you just... leave?

CUTIE

Leave Jeff?

MUFFIN

Yeah leave Jeff. And us? And Warren-

CUTIE

Not Warren-

MUFFIN

Not Warren.

She winks.

CUTIE suddenly has a REALLY DRAMATIC BRAIN BLAST

CUTIE

I need to talk to Angel!

MUFFIN

(taken aback)

Why Angel-

CUTIE

Angel wants to leave too! I know it! She hates Jeff! Always talking about how he smells weird! HA HA! We could leave tonight! After everyone has dinner! Oh my gosh I need to start packing - Warren won't leave without Sparky but we could make it work - me, Warren, Angel, and Sparky - FREAK, Muffin you're brilliant-

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Nooooooooo, I think you're imagining that haha I think Angel loves it here wants to stay forever how can you leave during dinner when Jeff *only has five wives* ANGEL LOVES HOW JEFF SMELLS STOP

Pause, they're both surprised she said that because it's objectively untrue.

CUTIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to leave Jeff! And the commune! CULTS ARE BAD!!!! Ha! And Angel will come with me! She'll leave this place FOREVER-
(Woohoo!!!)

As CUTIE runs off to find ANGEL, MUFFIN is catatonic again-

CUTIE VO

(echoing)

"LEAVE THIS PLACE FOREVER"
"LEAVE THIS PLACE FOREVER"
"LEAVE THIS PLACE FOREVER"

MUFFIN

(demonic)

NOOOOOOOO.

MUFFIN throws the plate of snacks down and follows CUTIE.

SCENE 7

[SOUND: FURNITURE CRASHING]

JEFF and BRONK stumble on making out crazy town. On the table, on the floor, weird positions, arms are everywhere, if you can think it- they're doing it.

BRONK

I hate you!

BRONK slaps JEFF!

BRONK (CONT'D)

How could you!

BRONK slaps JEFF!

BRONK (CONT'D)

What am I to you!

BRONK slaps JEFF!

JEFF

Baby, we'll figure it out!

BRONK

No, I need an answer now! I've waited too long!

He pulls out a comically large document that says "DIVORCE PAPERS 1/5"

JEFF

Baby, think about what that'll do to our business! People talk. What are our customers going to think of a deadbeat dad to 27 almost 29 children?

BRONK

Jeff, the customers aren't real! The business is just our cover so we can fuck!

JEFF

Ugh! There you go again! Belittling the role play! You know what the role play means to me!

JEFF pulls off "DIVORCE PAPERS 1/5", then behind it is "DIVORCE PAPERS 2/5", then "DIVORCE PAPERS 3/5", then "DIVORCE PAPERS 4/5", then "DIVORCE PAPERS 5/5". They all fall to the floor.

BRONK slaps JEFF!

BRONK

Jeff, it's me or them!

JEFF

HONEY OS

(sexy)
You know how am ultimatum revs my engine!

I told you we couldn't prepare him in the back yard, there is zero counter space-

BRONK and JEFF make out again as HONEY and SWEETIE, axe in hand, walk on, tag teaming the bloodied sheet.

SWEETIE

(Swinging the axe around)

There you go again absolutely HYSTERICAL ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Everyone freezes.

JEFF points at the dog.

HONEY points at BRONK'S boner.

BRONK points at the axe.

SWEETIE points at all the divorce papers.

Everyone puts their hands up surrendering.

The dog drops to the ground.

They all look at the dog.

Then back to each other.

Beat.

JEFF

Can't wait for dinner, Honey!

JEFF and BRONK run out.

SWEETIE kicks around the divorce papers.

SWEETIE

(scoff)

He stills wants dinner?!

HONEY lifts the dog onto the table and stands DS of the table. She opens the sheet and reacts to the horrible stench.

HONEY

If we're going to do it, let's roll up our sleeves and get to work-

SWEETIE

Do I even need to say it-

(stage whisper)

HYSTERICAL.

Ignoring her-

HONEY

Axe.

SWEETIE

HERE?

HONEY

Where else? Jeff needs dinner.

(surgeon)

Axe.

SWEETIE stands to her right and hands her the axe. HONEY raises her arms high and brings the axe down on the dog.

A GEYSER OF BLOOD SPEWS ALL OVER SWEETIE AND HONEY.

They turn around drenched.

SWEETIE screams.

You're OUT OF CONTROL. SWEETIE

Gut scooper- HONEY

This is sick- SWEETIE

SWEETIE hands her a scoop from a jack-o-lantern kit. HONEY reaches into the carcass and pulls out a bunch of guts.

Bowl. HONEY

She empties her hands and dives back in pulling out more.

Bowl. HONEY (CONT'D)

She drops the guts in the bowl then-

Wait- HONEY (CONT'D)

She pulls something out.

Wishbone! Make a wish. HONEY (CONT'D)

The women grab either side and pull.

SWEETIE wins.

What did you wish for? HONEY (CONT'D)

SWEETIE
(genuinely)
That you can overcome your addiction and return to society.

ANGEL OS
Honey?! I have great news! God just told me I can be the leading manufacturer for rock climbing equipment!

CRAP. HONEY

They fold the dead dog up in the table cloth at record speed.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Count of three, we'll toss him under.

They each grab an end-

SWEETIE

1...

HONEY

2...

SWEETIE

Th-

-and lift the table cloth to try to hide it when WARREN sees HONEY covered in blood and SCREAMS.

HONEY

Warren!

She shoves her side of the dead dog at SWEETIE.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Warren, how long have you been under the table?!

WARREN

I guess... my whole life I've felt like I was under the table. And no one cared enough to look.

HONEY is gesturing for SWEETIE to move the dog somewhere out of sight.

HONEY

(distracting him)

Oh Warren, I care! Of course I care!

She's pointing to SWEETIE to go SL. Right as SWEETIE takes the hint-

ANGEL

(entering SL, on cloud 9)

I just saw a rainbow! That's God's promise that it's okay to be gay!

SWEETIE barrels around to run off with the HEAVY dog SR when-

MUFFIN

(entering SR)

ANGEL, CUTIE HAS LEPROSY AND IF YOU'RE WITHIN 25 FEET OF HER YOU WILL DIE AND IT WILL HURT.

SWEETIE is pushed back again, with nowhere to go-

HONEY sweetly and swiftly brings WARREN out from under the table and downstage into a hug.

SWEETIE chucks the dog under the table and collapses.

ANGEL notices all the blood on her sister wives.

ANGEL

Did your periods sync?

HONEY

Let's all take a moment to totally forget what's right in front of our eyes and focus on sad sad sad Warren!

WARREN

Yeah, I was just saying that I don't feel valued for my contributions to our family and haven't seen my mom in such a long time that it feels like she's trying to leave the commune without me.

He sighs.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I wish everyone here would say three nice things about me.

HONEY

That's a great idea, Warren. We might not be your moms, but we are *trustworthy*, *kind*, and *caring* adults who love you and can absolutely-

WARREN

I said three nice things about me not three nice things about yourself.

MUFFIN

I'll go- Warren I've noticed your hands are small, which is good for finding things, your hair is dark, which means you're more likely to get a 7% match on your 401k, and your brain is not fully formed, which means you're the smartest you're ever going to be.

She smiles.

ANGEL

And you're empathetic-

SWEETIE

(hidden behind a cough)

-sensitive-

HONEY

And loving-

MUFFIN

And you look like you could move things with your mind.

WARREN

Jeez! Thank you Honey, Muffin, Angel, and Sweetie. Can I call you all Mom since I think mine is leaving me for a worldly life away from the commune?

ALL

Of course!

They group hug.

WARREN

Can I help cook for dinner? I'm getting really good with not itching my butt when I'm touching raw meat-

SWEETIE

No!

HONEY

No!

WARREN looks beat.

SWEETIE (CONT'D)

Butttttt... you can help Honey and me source some herbs for the garnish-

WARREN

Yippee!

They exit, nervously looking under the table as they do.

SCENE 8

ANGEL

Ugh, they always leave a mess for me to clean up.

CUTIE runs in.

CUTIE

Angel! I've been looking for you everywhere! We're in a CULT! Commune is a smart word for CULT! We would know that if we weren't forced to press Jeff's socks and could focus our energy on more important issues like the environment or broadening our education!

(beat)

We're getting out of here! You and me! I know you hate it here too! I think it's maybe because you "munch box"... but that's between you and God-

ANGEL

He's actually really chill with it-

CUTIE

Whatever! Are you in! We'll leave tonight! You and me! And Warren! And Sparky!

ANGEL

Oh Warren thinks you're ditching him - maybe you should let him know-

CUTIE

Isn't this the greatest idea! And we have Muffin to thank for it!

ANGEL looks at MUFFIN. Betrayed.

ANGEL

Muffin... you said that? You want me to leave?

MUFFIN

No- Well yeah I said it, I - Cutie has leprosy, remember?! 25 FEET!

ANGEL is destroyed.

ANGEL

Yeah, fine. Let's leave tonight. After dinner.

CUTIE gives her a genuine hug and on the verge of tears-

CUTIE

I'm going to let a man put it up my butt once we're out of this hell hole.

CUTIE grabs ANGEL and drags her off.

SCENE 9

MUFFIN huffs and puffs and sits in a chair. Why can't she be smarter. :(

Suddenly, a familiar voice BOOMS throughout the room.

GOD?

SARAH-

MUFFIN continues to sulk.

GOD? (CONT'D)

SARAH-

MUFFIN continues to sulk. GOD? clears his throat.

GOD? (CONT'D)

MUFFIN-

MUFFIN

The tv is really loud.

GOD?

NO SARAH, IT'S ME, GOD.

MUFFIN

Oh hey God, I was waiting to ask you this when I died but since you're here, what's really underneath the Denver airport?

GOD?

SARAH IM SORRY TO SAY BUT MY SCHEDULE IS PRETTY BOOKED, I JUST CAME DOWN TO HAVE A QUICK CHAT ABOUT LESBIANS.

MUFFIN

You mean that it's the ultimate sin, even if when I see Angel my peepaw gets all itchy?

GOD?

NO SARAH, IM HERE TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR PEEPAW GETTING ALL ITCHY IS EXACTLY THE RIGHT THING FOR YOU. WAIT HOLD ON-

MUFFIN freezes. Not noticing her, HONEY and SWEETIE run back in and grab the body from under the table.

HONEY

(to Warren OS)

Okay Warren, no more three more nice things.

SWEETIE

We've said all the nice things we have about you!

They shove the body in the oven.

HONEY

Good enough-

SWEETIE

(genuinely)

We did it!

They hold hands and squeal and celebrate before scurrying out.

MUFFIN

God! The coast is clear!

GOD?

SARAH, IF GETTING YOUR PEEPAW ITCHED IS WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY, WHO AM I TO STAND IN THE WAY.

MUFFIN

Gosh, God! Thanks! Since when have you been so cool with gay women?

GOD?

I LOVED RENEE RAPP'S NEW ALBUM.

MUFFIN

Totally. I get it.

GOD?

AND SARAH-

MUFFIN

Yeah?

GOD?

IN 2004, AMERICAN PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH EXPANDED HIS \$21 TRILLION UNDERGROUND BUNKER SYSTEM FOR THE RICH AND POWERFUL TO THE SPACE BELOW THE DENVER AIRPORT.

GOD?'S presence dissipates.

MUFFIN

Darn, I just thought it was extra bathrooms.

BRONK and JEFF enter arguing, not noticing MUFFIN. She stays.

That's it. I'm LEAVING. BRONK

Please Baby! JEFF

Hiding me behind closed doors- BRONK

He slaps JEFF and pulls out crumpled up papers-

-trashing your divorce papers- BRONK (CONT'D)

He slaps JEFF.

Tanking our BUSINESS- BRONK (CONT'D)

JEFF
(just as angry)
Oh GREAT so NOW you're into the role play-

BRONK
I love you, Jeff. Why can't you love me!

JEFF
A man's love can only be spread so thin! And mine is spread 32 almost 34 ways!

BRONK
I can't do this anymore.

BRONK turns to leave.

BRONK (CONT'D)
I'll be expecting your resignation from the company in the next calendar week.

JEFF, defeated, sits. He notices MUFFIN.

JEFF
Muffin, what do you do when you love someone so much you can't give them what they deserve?

MUFFIN
Is this about me?

JEFF
No.

MUFFIN
Honey?

JEFF
No.

Sweetie? MUFFIN

No. JEFF

Cutie? MUFFIN

No. JEFF

...Angel? MUFFIN

No. JEFF

Hm. Are you going to kill Warren? MUFFIN

No. JEFF

I think if you love someone you have to be okay with integrating them into your life. MUFFIN

Like marry them? JEFF

If you're not happy with five marriages and 27 almost 29 children, maybe this time don't marry them and see what happens. MUFFIN

Don't marry them- JEFF

Yeah don't marry them- MUFFIN

Muffin, you are wise beyond your years. JEFF

Thank you, in high school my counselor didn't realize that I just signed up for pottery class for all seven periods for four years. MUFFIN

Is that where all those mugs came from? JEFF

Beat.

Can I ask you a question? MUFFIN

Shoot. JEFF

MUFFIN
Why did you marry Angel last year?

JEFF
For more children... and she smells so good.

MUFFIN
(lightbulb)
She *does* smell good... I love Angel.

JEFF
Me too.

MUFFIN
(sincerely, like a friend)
I love you, Jeff.

JEFF
I love you too, Sarah.

They hug and exit together-

MUFFIN
Hey who's your Rachel-

JEFF
Honey-

MUFFIN
Really-!

SCENE 10

WARREN wanders on SL singing to himself-

CUTIE enters SR with a giant duffle bag and suitcase in worldly clothes.

WARREN looks at the baggage.

WARREN
Mommy?

CUTIE
Warren! I've been looking for you everywhere! We're in a CULT. Pack your backpack- We're leaving! Tonight! **I made a call to get us out of here-**

WARREN
Wait... I can come with you?

CUTIE
Of course you're coming Warren- and Sparky!

WARREN
Uh-

He looks to the oven.

WARREN (CONT'D)
And my sisters?

CUTIE
Don't worry about them,
(Gesturing down to her pregnant belly)
we'll send this one back too-

WARREN
What about Honey and Sweetie and Muffin and Angel?

CUTIE
Angel too!

WARREN
What about the others?

CUTIE
Forget them! Son, we're leaving them behind and never coming back!

Everything freezes-

CUTIE VO
(echoing)
"NEVER COMING BACK"
"NEVER COMING BACK"
"NEVER COMING BACK"

WARREN runs off stage sobbing. CUTIE chases after him and runs into HONEY on the way out.

CUTIE
Frick, he is so sensitive!

SCENE 11

HONEY checks on the roast. She nods her head in approval. She can finally BREATHE.

She looks around. Cautiously.

She looks off SL.

Then SR.

When the coast is clear, she climbs on top of the counter and pulls out a can of DIET COKE from behind the fridge.

She sits down at the table and politely opens it.

She starts with a sip.

HONEY

Oh my goshhhhhh-

She keeps drinking getting more and more ravenous as she does. Gulp gulp gulp!!!

SWEETIE OS

Honey! Now that the roast is out of the way, I thought it might be fun for us to fold the napkins like our interpretations of the Freemason compass to see which better aligns with the commune's philosophy!-

Sweetie enters SL with some table linens and is stopped in her tracks at the sight in front of her

HONEY

(enjoying her ambrosa)

YES FUCK!!!!!!!!!!

SWEETIE

I KNEW it!!!! Just when we were starting to become frien- ugh! I was right, you are not FIT to birth Jeff's 30th child! Don't expect me to keep your dirty secret!

(She goes to leave)

AND don't expect me to try to get you to stop!

(She goes to leave)

IT'S BETTER FOR ME THIS WAY.

Honey has become a sort of animal, not even fully comprehending what Sweetie is saying to her, too fully engrossed by the DC in front of her.

Sweetie storms off.

SCENE 12

Lights black out except one spotlight.

JEFF enters.

He pulls up a stool.

JEFF

(slam poetry)

When you have one child you're no longer allowed to dream. When you have 27, the dreams are just starting.

I grew up dreaming of lots of wives

Striving for a hive

Pining for 29 little high fives

Then one day
 I got the wives
 I got the fives
 But I guess I'm having a hard time
 Forming my words to de-scribe
 All the other dreams I need to have to sur-vive.

1.

I want to be a rapper
 On Sound Cloud
 But make it big
 Bring in dummy thick crowds

2.

Sourdough starter that eats a man
 That's my plan
 So big it eats a man
 Within a ten minute span
 It eats a man

3.

Really dramatic pause

Long walk
 Long talk
 With my *best* friend, Bronk
 My business partner, Bronk
 My late night lover, Bronk
 I tell Bronk
 I want his cock
 A life with him and his cock
 A life with him, my wives, my kids - my "flock"
 ...
 And his cock
 I love Bronk.

He bows his head down. Finished.

Lights down. JEFF exits.

SCENE 13

*Lights back up. The kitchen and dining area are spick and span. Almost eerily.
 Music starts playing - "Close to You" by the Carpenters.*

*SWEETIE comes out, spick and span, new all white outfit. Just as she takes the
 "roast" out of the oven-*

*ANGEL enters, covertly sliding a duffle bag behind a chair, in a butch all white
 outfit, setting the beautiful table. Oh no she forgot the glasses-*

*MUFFIN, in an all white outfit, enters with them. She and ANGEL accidentally
 knock hands.*

They shudder.

CUTIE, wearing a half-assed attempt of white over her worldly clothes, arranges the sides on the table.

All the wives sit as the music fades out.

JEFF enters, wearing all white with a tin foil hat.

The women stand up when he enters the room and adorn their own tin foil hats.

WIVES

Happy anniversary, Jeff. I love you, Jeff.

JEFF

My beautiful brides. Happy anniversary. Let's pray-

They grab hands around the table and close their eyes.

ALL

(tune of Happy Birthday)

We are all wed to Jeff
We are grateful he helped
Us belong and find purpose
We are all wed to Jeff

ALL (CONT'D)

Amen.

Beat.

JEFF

Muffin-

MUFFIN

Here.

She sits.

JEFF

Cutie-

CUTIE

Here.

She sits.

JEFF

Angel-

ANGEL

Here.

She sits.

Sweetie- JEFF

Here. SWEETIE

She sits.

Honey- JEFF

Nothing.

Honey? JEFF (CONT'D)

SWEETIE
(seductively)
She's not here, Jeff and I think that speaks for itself. Here, please, carve the roast I fixed for you on *our* anniversary.

JEFF
Sweetie, this is - wow. Exquisite. Thank you. Maybe it *is* time we try for the compound's 30th child-

From under the table-

HONEY
NOOOOOOOO!

HONEY slithers out surrounded by 100 empty cans of Diet Coke. She's BUTT ASS NAKED.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Sweetie, you fucking cunt liarrrrrrrr! I made the roast! **I always make the roast!!!**

SWEETIE
I've been saying it, she's *hysterical-*

HONEY ATTACKS SWEETIE and knocks her onto the ground-

HONEY
YOU WILL NEVER GIVE HIM A SON YOU DON'T HAVE THE GENES-

SWEETIE
GET OFF ME YOU'LL DAMAGE MY PERFECT UTERUS-

BRONK enters quickly with his head down-

BRONK
Jeff, you forgot your poppers-

Notices everyone-

BRONK (CONT'D)
Your... uh... business poppers.

JEFF
Bronk-

BRONK
Jeff-

JEFF
Bronk, I love you.

BRONK freezes in utter disbelief.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I love you and I want you to forgive me. I want you to be a part of our family.

BRONK
What?

WIVES
What?!

CUTIE
(getting up)
You know what, this is wonderful timing. We're actually heading out. Angel and I. And Warren! Bronk is welcome to make himself at home on my cot.
(to BRONK)
The bed bugs won't jab you if you completely avoid antiperspirants.

JEFF
You're leaving?

CUTIE
Jeff, you are *in* a CULT. *That's* what a commune is!

JEFF
Oh, I always thought I *ran* the cult.

WARREN runs in with an empty backpack.

WARREN
Mommy, I'm not going! You can't take me from my family! You recently became all hot and bothered about what the world thinks we are - a "cult". But mommy I think we're a "family". After a short Google search I learned that cults "target" vulnerable people looking for a sense of belonging - but Mommy! What's so bad about belonging!?
I haven't seen you all day but you know who I have seen? My other mommies:
Mommy Sweetie said 146 nice things about me.
Mommy Honey found me under the table.
Mommy Muffin told me I can read minds.
Mommy Angel gave me this!

He holds up a carabiner.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I don't know what it is.

Why would I leave the mommies who love me most?

Mommy, we can't do it alone. We need our friends, our family, our *sister wives*.

CUTIE

Oh Warren, I'm so sorry! I was blaming the commune for all my problems. The truth is, I can contribute to saving the environment from here by using paper straws-

WARREN

-what's a "straw"-

CUTIE

I can further my education online! Maybe we can even introduce a democratic process to the commune, setting up frequent free and fair elections up for our children, our children's children, and polygamist generations to come.

(to Warren)

There's no reason to pull you from the life you know and love. I'm sorry.

They hug.

WARREN

Mommy Angel, what about you?

ANGEL thinks. She's still torn.

ANGEL

(she holds up a caribiner)

I was supposed to have a meeting with Lowes for international distribution...

MUFFIN makes a decision to take charge. She marches up to ANGEL and plants one on her.

A quick decision is made-

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Nevermind, I'll stay.

MUFFIN and ANGEL smile, holding hands. ANGEL looks up-

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Thanks, God.

GOD?

LET'S GO LESBIANS.

HONEY stands with a napkin over her now. As she's kicking the cans back under the table, everyone slowly looks over to her, becoming aware that she is nude.

HONEY

I need everyone to stop worrying about me-

SWEETIE

Here we go again...

HONEY

-my hysterics have nothing to do with my addiction and everything to do with my *bad personality*.

Muffin takes her hand.

MUFFIN

And we're here to enable you.

(to Sweetie)

All of us.

SWEETIE

Fine. I'm sorry, Honey. I love your bad personality.

ALL

We all do!

Beat.

JEFF

My five beautiful brides, let's jumpstart this democratic process by voting on Bronk's addition to the family. I would like to propose the following: Bronk joins our family on a trial basis, no immediate marriage

(winks at Muffin)

But the opportunity for it down the road if it feels right. All in favor say "Jeff".

ALL

Jeff!

MUFFIN

Oh, I would like to propose a massage train once a week. All in favor say Jeff.

ALL

Jeff!

HONEY

I would like to propose Bronk, our new brother boyfriend, as an additional spawner of seed, giving both Sweetie and I the opportunity to birth the 30th child.

SWEETIE

May the best swimmer win! All in favor say Jeff-

ALL

Jeff!

The women shake hands.

-A WINDOW BREAKS AND SMOKE FILLS THE ROOM-

SWAT 1
GET ON THE GROUND!

SWAT 2
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD-

PANDEMONIUM. Eyes burning, people screaming. The SWAT TEAM rounds them into a line on the ground.

SWAT 1
Everyone SHUT UP. We got an anonymous tip that 5 women are being held hostage by a dangerous cult leader-

JEFF
(politely)
Oh that's me-
He raises his hand to shake hands.

SWAT 1
Well you seem perfectly pleasant.
He puts his gun down.

SWAT 2
Was this a joke? Who called this in?
Silence. Then-

CUTIE
It was me. I... uh... lied?

SWAT 2
Eden?

CUTIE
Rick?

RICK
Eden, my god... it's been what? 7, 8 years? I think about that night together all the time. I never heard from you, I never knew what happened-

RICK, who has a dark mustache, looks at WARREN.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh my God, is this... My son.
He goes to WARREN and grabs his face.

WARREN
Daddy...?

RICK

I've always wanted to be a dad. Playing catch, teaching him to drive, showing him how to cat call - "hey there, Jugs"

WARREN

(entranced)

-jugs-

RICK

(to Cutie)

Am I his father?

CUTIE

(looking at JEFF, who is hurt)

I... uh...

Cutie shifts uncomfortably.

WARREN

-you know what? I've *always* wanted two dads!

WARREN gets an idea. He runs over to BRONK-

WARREN (CONT'D)

I meant, I've always wanted *three* dads.

He holds BRONK'S hand and smiles at his other two dads. Everyone is touched.

ANGEL

Well this is a *real* Mamma Mia situation-

SWAT 1

Okay so NO ONE is trying to leave the cult.

They all look around.

HONEY

No, I think we're good.

SWAT 1

Okay great, come on, Rick. Sorry about the smoke, folks!

ALL CULT MEMBERS

WAIT.

(SWAT 1 and RICK pause)

WE SAW YOU FROM ACROSS THE BAR AND REALLY DIG YOUR VIBE. WANT TO STAY FOR DINNER?

RICK and SWAT 1 look at each other.

Beat.

SWAT 1

Yeah, alright.

JEFF

Let's pray once more for good measure.

ALL

(the tune of the Star Spangled Banner)

And the rocket's red Jeff, the bomb bursting in Jeff,
Gave proof through the Jeff that our flag was still Jeff,
O say does that Jeff-spangled banner yet Jeff
O'er the land of the Jeff and the home of the-

MUFFIN and CUTIE scream! Two babies pop out from their dresses.

WARREN

God bless us, everyone!

ALL

JEFF!

JEFF

Amen.

Lights out.

[MUSIC: "POWER" BY THE TEMPTATIONS]