

Splungo and Spleenky, Best Friends Forever!

A Sopping Wet Farce
By Roan Lucas

SCENE 1

We open up on the SPLUNGIORNO'S (pronounced Splunj-orno, for those who don't speak Italian) TOY EMPORIUM. It's a mystical wonderland of colorful geometry and circus tent aesthetics. Like if Willy Wonka's chocolate factory was made of plastic instead of child murder.

A group of THREE CHILDREN enter. CHILD 1 and CHILD 2 are boys, while CHILD 3 is *so* girl. Some trombone music plays in the background.

CHILD 3

God, I'm soooooooooo bored.

CHILD 2

Me too. I wish there was something else to do besides sit in my boring house drinking boring milk.

CHILD 1

Yeah, I want to do something fun and cool, like blow up a building or enlist in the army.

Suddenly, an ANNOUNCER'S voice. It's got that very radical tone you'd hear in a Hot Wheels type commercial.

ANNOUNCER

Hey kids, looking for something to do that's fun and cool?

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Yeah!

ANNOUNCER

Do you also like milk and maybe other liquids and beverages?

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Yeah, I guess if we have to!

ANNOUNCER

Do you like proving how much of a tough guy you are by doing stuff like blowing up buildings and enlisting in the army?

CHILDREN 1 AND 2

YEAH!

CHILD 3

Uh...

ANNOUNCER

Well do I have the coolest, radicaest, wettest toy for you! Introducing.. SPLUNGO!

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Splungo??

The most radical, cool, hip song plays as we see SPLUNGO projected on the wall. He's a stuffed blue hippo that's absolutely drenched in milk. Like absolutely fucking soaked.

ANNOUNCER

Splungo is the all new toy that lets you roughhouse with your food. Simply pour the contents of your beverage- preferably milk- all over your Splungo, and allow its sick nasty naturally absorbent fabric to soak it all up.

CHILD 1

Oh boy!

CHILD 1 takes Splungo and covers him in milk.

ANNOUNCER

Then, once you've got it all nice and moist, throw it against the wall! Like a wet sack of party, Splungo will slam against that flat surface like the man he is, sending milk everywhere and giving you that RUSH!

CHILD 1 throws Splungo against the wall. It, as expected, makes a wet SPLAT sound.

CHILD 1

Wow! Radical!

ANNOUNCER

Splungo can handle any beverage, any day. Unleash your inner milk beast. Pre-orders are open now!

The song is replaced with a 90s girlpop anthem.

CHILD 3

That's cool and all, but I think it's time for us girls to get our turn. Isn't that right, Spleenky?

CHILD 3 holds up another doll. It looks exactly the same as Splungo, except it's pink and has visible eyelashes.

THE ANNOUNCER now speaks like one of the voice over artists for those girl power NERF commercials.

ANNOUNCER

That's right. The boys have heard their turn. Now it's time for the girls to play. Introducing Spleenky! It's Splungo, for Girls!

CHILD 3

C'mon Spleenky, let's show 'em we can do it just as well as the boys can.

She covers Spleenky in milk, and squeezes it over her head. The milk is squeezed out of Spleenky's wet body and goes everywhere.

ANNOUNCER

Splungo's for splatting, but Spleenky's for drinking. Drench Spleenky in milk, and enjoy a refreshing drink on the go.

CHILD 3

Yeah!

She throws Spleenky on the ground. She SPLATS. The children CHEER!

THE CHILDREN are super impressed, and start playing with their toys as chill, fun music plays in the background.

ANNOUNCER

Splungo and Spleenky! One for the boys, and one for the girls. Coming to toy stores near you-

SPLUNGIORNO

CUT!

The performers stop. Music CUTS.

SPLUNGIORNO (he/him, a lust for power) enters. Like his factory, he's a got a very Wonka-esque aesthetic to him. Big top hat, large frumpy suit. All the works.

SPLUNGIORNO

What the fuck was that?

CHILD 3

Um. It was- it was the script that the person over there gave us.

SPLUNGIORNO

Script? Script? Nuh uh. No, no, no. If this was the fucking script, I would've put it my shredder and sent the pieces to a charity that gives papercuts to orphans because at least then it would be doing more good there than whatever the fuck is going on here. QUINN!

QUINN (they/them, one bad day away from snapping (this is going to be a bad day)) enters.

QUINN

Yes sir?

SPLUNGIORNO

What the hell is this? Half of this ad's runtime is going to Spleenky when it should be going to Splungo. He's our premier toy here. He's the star of the show. Spleenky is an accessory!

QUINN

Well, the ad portion tested well with girls ages seven and up and their mothers. It's good to hear an empowering message specifically targeted at them. There are actually a lot of studies that show how much of a positive effect this can have on young girls' self-esteem-

SPLUNGIORNO

Yes, yes. Amazing. I love supporting the young girls of our nation. HEY YOU! What the fuck is your problem, you little shit?

He points to CHILD 3, who, as a reminder, is the one girl of the group.

CHILD 3

Me?

SPLUNGIORNO

Yes, you! Hey, quick question, just out of curiosity. What the FUCK were you thinking throwing Spleenky on the ground like that? Splungo is for throwing, Spleenky's for drinking. Did you not even read the ad?

CHILD 3

(points to 1 and 2)

I was just doing what they were doing.

SPLUNGIORNO

Well, they had Splungo, and you had Spleenky, and that's not going to change. Do you understand that, or should I send you back your 23-year-old whore of a mother, you walking mistake?

CHILD 3 starts crying, and runs offstage.

QUINN

Wait! Hold on. He- he didn't mean- he didn't... Her parents are definitely going to sue.

SPLUNGIORNO

I'd like to see the fuckers try. Everyone else, out. Now.

The other children exit.

SPLUNGIORNO

I'm going to develop a tumor, Quinn.

QUINN

Please don't, sir. That would be terrible for our stocks.

SPLUNGIORNO

I won't lie to you. Our last toy venture- Roidzy the Bodybuilding Teddy Bear- ate absolute shit. It was a failure of dick-ripping proportions. That's how the toy-making industry works, Quinn. It's a beast in heat, and without warning it will rip you to shreds and spit you out like yesterday's beef jerky. Nobody can see it coming.

QUINN

Well, I did mention maybe once or twice that Roidzy the Bodybuilding Bear may have had a few flaws in its design-

SPLUNGIORNO

However, it is a beast that can be tamed. See, Quinn, I have a very large hat. It's my favorite hat of all time, and my most prized possession. It is my big boss man hat. Do you know why I wear it?

QUINN

Because you're the big boss m-

SPLUNGIORNO

Because I'm the big boss man, Quinnjamin. The alpha. The top dog.

QUINN

Yes, you are an alpha. As you have mentioned on your Facebook, your Instagram, your YouTube channel, your Tinder profile, and your LinkedIn.

SPLUNGIORNO

Well, duh. A man has to make sure everyone on his dating apps knows what he's about.

QUINN

LinkedIn isn't a dating app- are you using LinkedIn as a dating app?

With that, KRYSTAL (she/her, has terf bangs and also ideology) enters, carrying mystical crystals and probably a deck of tarot cards.

KRYSTAL

Beautiful morning, Brother Splungiorno and Sister Quinnberly-

QUINN

Not a sister, nor is that my name.

KRYSTAL

Ah, Sister Quinnberly, may I just say you look heavenly today. Your divine, feminine aura shines brightly, just like your eyes. Would you like for me to perform a mud bath for you? Maybe we can perform some vaginally-centered yoga?

QUINN

No thank you.

KRYSTAL

Perhaps next time, my effervescent little snowflake.

(coldly)

Splungiorno, here's your stupid finance reports. Pig.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jesus, took you long enough. Krystal, gimme our latest stats. How are our investors?

KRYSTAL

Well, I have excellent news. I've been covering our headquarters with malachite, which is said to bring wealth to all those who are near it, and my tarot card reading this morning promised us great material success in the future.

Quinn looks over Krystal's shoulder at the finances.

QUINN

We're down 20%?!

SPLUNGIORNO

WHAT?

KRYSTAL

Oh, yes. That. Well, apparently a popular blog recently made a rather nasty post in regard to your little milky hippo project. They're called "The Hip House." Said Splungo was a messy, no good disaster and referred to Splenky as downright abhorrent.

QUINN takes KRYSTAL's pad, and starts scrolling through it.

QUINN

Oh, come now. I'm sure it can't have been just that one blog post that turned off the investors.

QUINN scrolls through the iPad. They're eyes widen.

QUINN

Oh my God, it was one blog post.

SPLUNGIORNO

God fucking damnit! That Hip House guy. What the hell is his problem? I have not made a single thing that that jealous little shitstain hasn't torn apart! I mean, some of this information isn't even open to the public. How'd he get this?

QUINN

Well, hey! Hey! Maybe we can turn this into a positive. We can read some of Hip House's reviews, look over some of his suggestions, and then based on the critiques make our toy even better for launch. How's that sound?

KRYSTAL

Quinnberly, I love how much of a brave, optimistic, divinely feminine-

QUINN

Don't call me that.

KRYSTAL

Soul you are, but I mostly suspect Hip House made those reviews, not out of genuine critique, but out of misogyny. Notice how he specifically tore into Splenky? Typical man behavior to be offput by a woman's natural, divine femininity. Much like a mother's teat feeding her natural offspring she formed for her heavenly womb, Splenky provides nourishment to children everywhere.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jesus Christ, Krystal. Stop talking about heavenly wombs. Don't you have an Etsy shop to run?

KRYSTAL

Yes, actually. Goodbye, Quinn, my fellow traveler on this road of life. Splungiorno, I hope you and your penis rot in hell.

Krystal exits, gracefully.

SPLUNGIORNO

FUCK! We're FUCKED!

QUINN

Sir, I'm sure it's fine. We can recover from this, I promise.

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinn, I need you to repeat after me.

QUINN

Okay?

SPLUNGIORNO

This launch will not fail.

QUINN

This launch will not fail.

SPLUNGIORNO

We're gonna shoot Splungo and Spleenky directly into infinity!

QUINN

We're gonna shoot Splungo and Spleenky directly into infinity.

SPLUNGIORNO

Well, not infinity. That's too big. We're gonna shoot Splungo and Spleenky into a very, narrowly defined path!

QUINN

We're gonna shoot Splungo and Spleenky into a very, narrowly defined path.

SPLUNGIORNO

And if, by chance, it does happen to fail, I will, alongside by boss, Mr. Splungiorno Feterelli, rip off both my testicles and eat them.

QUINN

And if, by chance, it does happen to fail, I will- wait. Are you suggesting that I commit some sort of... genital seppuku with you?

SPLUNGIORNO

It doesn't seem like that big of a request, Quinnjamin.

QUINN

Okay. Sure. I'll cut off my balls.

SPLUNGIORNO

Good man. This is gonna be great for us. We're gonna really change the world. Here.

He raises the Spleenky up the sky. He gestures over to Quinn, who also picks up a Spleenky.

SPLUNGIORNO

To the future of Splungo!

SPLUNGIORNO squeezes the milk out of Splungiorno directly onto his face.

QUINN

(suffering more than Jesus)

To the future of Splungo.

Quinn squeezes the contents out onto the floor. Splungiorno gives him an expectant look. They sigh, and then squeeze the milk out onto their head.

SCENE 2

We're outside the toy factory. It's equally as much of an explosion of rainbows and madness as the inside. JORTS (he/him, platonic ideal of a himbo) is carrying heavy boxes, because that's sort of what he does.

A woman dressed in gorgeous feathers, a large hat, and a taxidermied animal of some kind. This is SPLEEKINA, but we don't get to know that yet because she's in a very good and also, dare I say, slyful disguise.

She dips and dives around the stage, before sidling up next to JORTS.

JORTS turns around, notices her, turns back around, and then after about three seconds JUMPS in surprise.

JORTS

AH!

SPLEENKINA

Sorry for scaring you there, hot stuff. Say, you look big and masculine and authoritative. I was wondering if you might show a doll like me around. See, I'm looking for the Splungiorno Toy Emporium. You wouldn't happen to know how to find such an establishment, would you?

JORTS

Well, ma'am, you're in luck! This right here happens to be the Splungiorno Toy Emporium.

SPLEENKINA

Oh, excellent. My name is Detective Pussypop. I'm an inspector. Don't ask me for what, because frankly I don't know. I'm just here to inspect. I've got my eyes on this place like a hawk if a hawk had raw, unfiltered sex appeal. Are you following, boy?

JORTS

No, ma'am. Can't say I am.

SPLEENKINA

Good. You're stupid. I like that in a man. Now, I don't suppose that you'll let a doll into this building too easily. Trust me, as a girlboss who knows her way around a pantsuit, current attire ignored, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't used to hearing "No" from beefheads like yourself.

JORTS

Oh, you must be mistaken, ma'am. As you could prolly tell lookin' at my overalls and big ol' buttons, I'm a box carrier. My job is to carry boxes, and then put them places, like I'm doing now. But I guess I could get my keys and letcha into the building-

SPLEENKINA

Hmm, so you won't budge, huh? C'mon, what's a girl gotta do to get onto some private property around here?

JORTS

Don'tcha worry! I can letcha' in just fine. I just gotta find my keys somewhere and we'll be in there easy peesy.

SPLEENKINA

God, you men and your stubbornness. Fine! You got me, alright? You've fucking got me. I'm not an inspector. In truth, I'm the long lost sister to a certain someone named Splungiorno Feterelli. You may have heard of him.

JORTS

Well, I sure have! He's the founder of the company. Got the place named after him and everything-

SPLEENKINA

No, of course you wouldn't know him. You're a simpler, stupider creature. But see, I'm his sister, and we've got a debt to settle. See, we were-

(she stops, dramatically)

Nay, I shan't say anymore- you already know too much. I demand you to allow me passage into this Emporium at once so I can handle this dispute with my kin.

JORTS find the keys. SPLEENKINA pulls out a candy cigarette and starts smoking it.

JORTS

Oh hey! Found the keys!

SPLEENKINA

Jesus fucking Christ, you're really twisting my arm here. But if you must know my business, then fine. Splungiorno may want you to believe that he's a merry-maker- a salesman of wonder and dreams, but that's all a lie! He's a scammer! A liar! A cheap crook. Long ago he took something from me, and now here I stand, twenty years later, ready to take back what's mine.

JORTS

... Thank you for the infodump, ma'am. Here're your keys.

SPLEENKINA

Thank you. Your name, sir.

JORTS

It's Jorts.

SPLEENKINA

How sexy. Tell me, Jorts, have you ever bedded a woman who regularly wears taxidermized animals?

JORTS

No, ma'am. I can't say I have.

SPLEENKINA

And I suppose you never will.

She blows a wall of candied smoke into JORTS' face, and sashays away. JORTS shrugs, and continues moving boxes.

SCENE 3

Splungiorno's office. It has all the whimsy of the rest of his establishment, which is contrasted by the fact that Splungiorno is aggressively pacing back and forth. Quinn stands to the side.

Near the wall of the room is a closet door and a GIANT BOX. Remember these, kids. They're surprise tools that'll help us later.

QUINN

Splungiorno, may I speak to you? Business man to... person also involved in business but certainly not anywhere near the level that you're at.

SPLUNGIORNO

Considering you completed the proper amount of asskissing to talk to me, yes. Yes you can.

QUINN

I feel like not launching Splungo and Spleenky as a joint product would maybe, possibly, slightly hurt the company. We've sunken about sixty-three percent of our budget into testing Spleenky with the FDA because she's technically a food since you drink out of her- anyways, it would be a massive loss if she didn't perform as well. If we want these things-

SPLUNGIORNO

Things?!

QUINN

I'm sorry, sir. I meant, "Valued members of the Splungiorno family."

SPLUNGIORNO

That's what I thought, Quinnjamin.

QUINN

Not my name.

SPLUNGIORNO

God, I don't give a shit, Quinn! Look, who cares if Splungo's the better toy?

QUINN

I didn't say Splungo was the better toy.

SPLUNGIORNO

The point both Splungo and Spleenky have a roll to play in the grand slam plan that is the future of this Toy Emporium. They're perfect, forged in the image of their creator. I am God. Splungo is my Adam. And that stupid, dumb, idiot gay little fruitcake hater blog is my own personal Lucifer!

QUINN

Well, hey. Let's look for constructive criticism here. Maybe the blog, even though they are a stupid, dumb idiot gay little fruitcake-

SPLUNGIORNO

You get it.

QUINN

- has some half-decent critiques! Look, this might be a stupid idea. I'm just spitballing here. Feel free to toss it away if you don't like it-

SPLUNGIORNO

Just spit it out, boy.

QUINN

Not a boy. What if... we took out... the covering it in milk and either slamming it against the wall or drinking it depending on the gender of the toy part?

SPLUNGIORNO

What the FUCK are you talking about, Quinnjamin?

QUINN

I'm so sorry. Please don't fire me.

SPLUNGIORNO

Fire?!

QUINN

What?

SPLUNGIORNO

C'mon. Don't you know I'm deathly allergic to fire? It's the only thing my hat isn't insured against. Look, the milk is the entire point. It is the ethos. The function. I can't believe I have to explain this to you of all people- why the hell is there a box here?

QUINN

I don't know, sir.

SPLUNGIORNO

Okay, well get it out! God, are you stupid?

QUINN

I don't believe so.

SPLUNGIORNO

Liar. Say you're stupid.

QUINN

I'm stupid, sir.

SPLUNGIORNO

Thank you. The box!

QUINN

Yes. It's probably just a mishap with storage. I'll call one of the operators now.

Quinn goes to phone on the desk.

SPLUNGIORNO

Christ, not that phone, Quinnjamin! That's the one I use for important things, like calls to my mother or takeout at that Chinese place I like.

QUINN

Understood, sir.

Quinn takes out one of those vintage clown-faced toy phones out from under the desk and starts dialing.

SPLUNGIORNO

Honestly, I bet you can't even think of a problem with a toy made to be drowned in milk and thrown against the wall or drunk depending on its gender.

QUINN

Well, I can certainly think of a few problems. Now, whether or not I can say them is a different story-

SPLUNGIORNO

That's what I thought! Splungo and Spleenky are flawless. See, Quinnjamin. This is why you wear the frumpy little pantskirt and I wear the big boss man hat. Splungo and Spleenky are gonna be a HIT, and when this is all over, it's gonna be Splungiorno Feterelli standing on top of the toy world.

SPLEENKINA

(off-stage)

Is that so, Splungiorno?

Spotlight on Spleenkina! She's on-stage and ready to slay. A music, like a brassy, instrumental "BWAH" should play here.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jesus fucking Christ.

QUINN

Hi. Who is she?

SPLUNGIORNO

Well, well, well, well. If it isn't Spleenkina, my long-lost sister. So you've finally decided to bring your sorry ass back to my factory. Coming to beg for money after your doll business went belly-up, I presume?

SPLEENKINA

Yes, that's precisely it.

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh. Okay.

A pause.

QUINN

You have a sister-?

SPLUNGIORNO

Focus on the box, Quinnjamin.

QUINN

Sorry, sir.

SPLEENKINA

However, I shall not be begging, dear brother. I believe you may recognize... this?

She SLAMS a notebook covered in pink glitter on the desk, right in front of SPLUNGIORNO.

SPLUNGIORNO

The hell am I looking at?

SPLEENKINA

My dream journal, you walking bottle of silly string. Honestly, one would think you'd recognize it after directly plagiarizing its contents. Picture it. Me. Nineteen-ninety-whatever, at the disastrously ancient age of seven years old. Long past my prime and wondering what to do myself, I sit at the schoolyard and remove my dream journal in my backpack to record a passing thought. "A hippo," I think to myself, "that you pour milk all over, and then you drink the milk out of." That concept became-

She opens the notebook and displays it for all to see. It's a pink hippo with eyelashes drawn in crayon.

SPLEENKINA

SPLEENKY!

QUINN

Spleenky??

SPLUNGIORNO

The box, Quinn! Oh, so what? You have one drawing of Spleenky. Big woop.

SPLEENKINA

Correction. I have the original drawing of Spleenky. Which makes me her sole owner and gives me the rights to sue.

SPLUNGIORNO

Please, as if that would hold up in court. Quinn, would that hold up in court?

QUINN

It would under patent law, sir.

SPLUNGIORNO

Christ, woman! Do you plan on ruining me?

SPLEENKINA

You're more of a clever Trevor than you look, my dear brother. I do plan on ruining you. Unless... I get 50% of all profits from Spleenky and Splungo sales across the board.

SPLUNGIORNO

You're as delusional as you were in the womb, Spleenkina. You mighta' made Spleenky, sure, I'll give you that. But Splungo? That was all me, baby. Before, these hippos were just a new way for kids to drink milk. But now? With Splungo? You can throw 'em against the wall and they make a big SPLAT!

SPLEENKINA

(dripping sarcasm)

Truly an innovator in your field.

SPLUNGIORNO

That's what I've been saying!

SPLEENKINA

Either way, you're selling them as a pair, which means I ought to get a cut of the profits.

QUINN

Sir, if I have permission to speak, her request for a cut isn't unreasonable. Maybe we can concede. I mean, she's your sister-

SPLUNGIORNO

I'm cutting Spleenky.

QUINN

You're what?!

SPLEENKINA

You wouldn't.

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh, I would.

QUINN

But- but all that time and money on product testing and market research and making sure the milk stayed in the stuffed animal and- and- Splungiorno, if we kicked her off the shelf I don't know if we could recover!

SPLEENKINA

Listen to the intern, Splungiorno. You might be able to part with Spleenky, but would you be able to part with the profit?

SPLUNGIORNO

If kicking her off the shelf is what means making you as poor as the dirt on your boot, then so be it.

SPLEENKINA

Please. You don't have the balls.

SPLUNGIORNO

Woman, you don't know the balls I have. You haven't even seen them.

SPLEENKINA

And I thank God everyday for that.

SPLUNGIORNO

Ya' better shut your mouth, or else I'ma smack ya' straight into next week.

QUINN

Oh no! Thursday! I'm so scared.

SPLUNGIORNO

Why, I outta!

SPLUNGIORNO lunges at SPLEENKINA!
The two tussle it out, old-school style. Clothes are torn, hats and shoes are pulled off, clothes are put back in, hats and shoes are also put back on. Somehow, by the end of this fight, the two of them should have swapped outfits. FIGURE IT OUT!

QUINN

Not in the office!

QUINN, meanwhile, speaks on the phone following their chaos. When SPLUNGIORNO and SPLEENKINA knock over a vase, QUINN's there to pick it up. When they bump into a poster, QUINN puts it back on the wall, etc. etc.

As this is happening, the phone starts ringing. QUINN answers.

QUINN

(in a futile attempt to control chaos)

Hi! Hello! This is Quinn, Mr. Feterelli's assistant. I just wanted to call about a box that appeared in Mr. Feterelli's room- I believe it's from your department. I'm not sure how that happened. It's just here. If you could- if you could have someone from your crew come up in here and collect it, that would be very much appreciated. Thank you so much, your dedication to Splungiorno's Toy Emporium is super splunge-tastic- AH!

SPLUNGIORNO knocks directly into QUINN, sending them falling into the closet. The door locks behind them. We hear them KNOCKING on the door.

SPLEENKINA

You're a hack. A buffoon. Head clown at the masturbation circus. Wearing a masturbation hat and a pair of big, oversized masturbation shoes. I'd slap you harder, but I'm afraid it'd shatter your already fragile male ego. You possess the intelligence of a pet rock with none of the charm.

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah, well you're... you're... STUPID!

SPLEENKINA

Oh, what a biting comeback. You know, Splungiorno, I knew you weren't the sharpest knife in the drawer, but I never expected you to show up to the gunfight.

SPLUNGIORNO

Suck my entire penis and balls!

Splungiorno corners Spleenkina.

SPLUNGIORNO

Listen here, woman. I am Splungiorno Feterelli, sole proprietor of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium. *Splungiorno's Toy Emporium*. Not the *Feterelli Family Toy Emporium*. Not the *Spleenkina Toy Emporium*. Not the frilly baby taxidermy ferret and cutesy tootsy red dress Toy Emporium. *Splungiorno's Toy Emporium*. I'm the alpha. The top dog. The one with the big boss man hat. Wanna know why? Coz you don't have the BALLS-

Spleenkina kicks him directly in the nards.

SPLUNGIORNO falls backwards into the box.

SPLEENKINA slams the lid shut. We still hear

SPLUNGIORNO from inside the box, banging to get out.

SPLUNGIORNO

Spleenkina. Spleenkina? Get me out of this box. Spleenkina! Quinn! Somebody!

Just then, JORTS enters.

JORTS

'Yello, Mr. Feterelli! Heard a call about a misplaced box. Sorry 'bout that, it's my fault. I meant to write "ALASKA" on the Send To line, but I think I accidently misspelled it as "123 GIGGLECHUCKLE AVE, SUITE 9, SPLUNGIORNO FETERELLI'S OFFICE."

SPLEENKINA

Common mistake, I'm sure.

JORTS

Yeah, it happens a lot, actually! Anyways, I'll be taking that box off your hands now, Mr. Feterelli.

SPLUNGIORNO screams from inside the box.

SPLEENKINA

Mr. Feterelli? No, no, you're mistaken, I-

She looks in a mirror that's on stage somewhere (FIGURE IT OUT), seeing that she has completely swapped wardrobes with her brother. She pauses. A decision is made.

SPLEENKINA

(mimicking Feterelli)

Yes, boy. I am in fact Mr. Feterelli. That is my name, and as you can see by my very large big man boss hat, I am in charge.

JORTS

Yessir. Pretty sure that's a given, since you're my boss and all.

SPLEENKINA

Indeed. Now, get this package away from me and off to Alaska. I have to... be a man and do... man things. Like have a penis.

JORTS

Yes, sir! That is something that men do sometimes. I'll get this out of your way.

SPLUNGIORNO screams from inside the box.

JORTS

Whoa now! Mr. Feterelli, what the heck's in this thing?

SPLEENKINA

Oh, that? Just a shipment of our most recent product. They're called... Skreenkies. Like Splungo and Spleenky, except they... scream.

JORTS

Welp, that all checks out! I'll be honest, I don't really know what it is we do at this company.

SPLEENKINA

But you work here.

JORTS

Yessir! For over ten years. But I just carry the boxes.

SPLEENKINA

I appreciate the tenacity. Now, please remove this box from my office, and off to- where did you say? Alaska? Alaska. Hell, you know what? Take it even further. Take it to Japan. No. Korea. No. Too far. You know what? Just take the box and dump it in the Pacific Ocean.

JORTS

Well, if you say so, sir! Hum dee dum dee dum...

JORTS picks up the box, and starts dragging it out of the room. SPLUNGIORNO is screaming wildly now, banging against the box.

Just before JORTS is about to leave-

SPLEENKINA

Wait. Ten years... Jorts. How old are you?

JORTS

25, sir!

He leaves for real.

SPLEENKINA

... Hmm. Well, not my labor union, not my problem. Now then!

QUINN breaks free of the closet.

QUINN

Sir, we really need to talk about your bottled sweat collection. I know you think the pheromones will increase your testosterone levels but honestly I think it's just starting to make your clothes smell like- Splenkina?

SPLEENKINA

What? Quinnjamin, you must be deluded. As you can tell by my big man boss hat, I am Splungiorno, sole owner and proprietor of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium.

QUINN

I'm just going to put it on the table that this situation would be a lot less painful for both of us if you stopped bullshitting me and told me why you're wearing Splungiorno's underwear.

SPLEENKINA

What? Underwear. Please, a few articles of clothing were swapped here and there during our scuffle but I heavily doubt I got his undergarments.

She checks her pants.

SPLEENKINA

I stand corrected. How do you know what his undergarments look like? Something risqué, perhaps? An office affair?

QUINN

He invited me to his Turkish oil wrestling match and I'm really trying to get that yearly bonus- you know what? This isn't about me? Why are you dressed up as Splungiorno?

SPLEENKINA

Well, darling, it's quite simple, really. My brother is the owner of this company, and now I wear his big boss man hat, which makes me the current owner.

QUINN opens their company manual.

QUINN

Not how that works. If you see here in the company manual, it very clearly states here in Section 63 that, ahem, "Anyone who happens to be wearing Splungiorno's big boss man and says they are Splungiorno will have full and total control over the company-" You've got to be kidding me.

SPLEENKINA

If he refuses to give me credit for the creation of Spleenky, I'll have to sue. However, I will only be able to sue for half the profits, as Spleenky is only half the product, the other half being Splungo- that no good, worthless pig of a toy. Now, with that in mind, Quinn, tell me what would happen if just Spleenky were to be launched solo, no Splungo attached.

QUINN

Well, by suing and winning the case you would be getting 100% of the profits- no.

SPLEENKINA

Oh yes.

QUINN

You wouldn't!

SPLEENKINA

Oh, but I would!

QUINN

But- the Emporium has already funneled so much money into market research for Splungo! He's- he's lined up to be the mascot of this entire operation. We'll go under!

SPLEENKINA

Then go under for all I care. Certainly not the worst place to be. That was a sex joke. Please laugh.

QUINN

Ha.

SPLEENKINA

You're obedient. I like that in a not-man.

She flips through a phonebook on the desk,
before dialing up. She picks up the phone.

SPLEENKINA

Hello, Toy Production Committee? This is Splungiorno, your boss. I've come to call you about a recent development in the Splungiorno Toy Emporium brand-

Quinn fully tackles her.

QUINN

No! I have had to deal with too many product review forms filled out in crayon for you to come in here and tear everything apart just for a quick buck. What do you even need the money for, anyway? Your entire family's rich.

SPLEENKINA

Rich? Ha! Perhaps in some bygone era, but the Feterelli name has lost its luster. I assumed you would know that, considering how close you are to my brother.

QUINN

Man, I don't know y'all like that.

SPLEENKINA

Well, you really ought to. We're quite the interesting bunch. Could've been bigger than the Kardashians, if I had half the brain to make a sex tape when I was younger. Stupid, Spleenkina. Stupid!

QUINN

Is there a point to this?

SPLEENKINA

What I'm saying is that I'm broke, and I need this money. See, it's all part of my very elaborate and very tragic backstory.

She sighs wistfully. QUINN spots the phone behind her. They start moving to it.

QUINN

Uh, what ever happened to your wealth, if you don't mind me asking? It seems like such a long, complicated, long, emphasis on long story.

SPLEENKINA

Oh, well, I'd love to tell you!

QUINN attempts to sneak their way over to the phone, but is routinely stopped by SPLEENKINA, who is routinely pulling them every which way during her dramatic reenactment of these events. FIGURE IT OUT.

SPLEENKINA

I was in the dollmaking business. The cute ones, with the porcelain cheeks. Button nose. Eyes that follow you. Little voice boxes that went “Mommy, mommy” and gave millions of little girls psychosexual complexes well into adulthood. Yes, I’m talking those dolls. However, we hit a snag. Got complaints from numerous parents saying our dolls were morbid, deranged, that their eyes followed you were you walked, that they had too much teeth inside their tiny, tiny mouths.

QUINN

Exactly how many teeth is ‘too much?’

SPLEENKINA

If it was up to me, infinity. The parents told us that our dolls could only be loved by weird little freaks. Now, tell me Quinn, what do you do when you are told that your product can only be loved by weird little freaks?

QUINN

Well, ideally, you redesign the doll and hope it reaches a wider audience.

SPLEENKINA

No, BooBoo the Fool. You start marketing to weird little freaks. We started pumping out doll after doll, tailor made just for demented sickos ages seven and up. Dolls with menstrual cramps, dolls with foot piercings, dolls with too many teeth- but not where they should be. We were a hit. Absolutely sweeping the nation. Little girls who like to play “messy divorce” and “mommy’s first lobotomy” with their dolls couldn’t get enough of us. But alas, we were nothing but a trend, and trends move fast in freak spaces. Dolls were out. Modified furbies chewing on small, plastic babies were in. We just couldn’t compete.

QUINN

Sorry, modified furbies doing what?

SPLEENKINA

Modified furbies eating plastic babies. God, do you even work in the toy industry?

QUINN

Yes, regretfully.

SPLEENKINA

Listen, Quinny. Can I call you Quinny? You’re Quinny now. Quinny, you must understand that I am simply lustful for this cash. I’m an anti-capitalist.

Believe in the revolution and all that. Can you hear the people sing? Well I can. But at the same time I'm also pro-money because I need the funds to grow my business and make my stake. It's very challenging being a woman in the workforce, something I'm sure you can probably understand. Or maybe not? I'm not entirely sure what the deal with your gender is so I'm going to project my own experiences onto you.

QUINN

Yeah, that's fine. Do whatever you need-

Quinn finally gets to the phone and presses the dial button.

QUINN

Hello, security? I have an incident happening here in the office-

SPLEENKINA

Oh, you cheeky little cheekster! Don't you know it's rude to interrupt a woman while she's trauma dumping?

SPLEENKINA does a high kick and sends the rotary toy phone flying from QUINN's hands. It's very Ms. Piggy in nature.

QUINN chases after the phone, but SPLEENKINA beats them to it.

QUINN

No! Wait. It's 2024. Why the hell am I using a rotary phone?

QUINN pulls out their cellphone and starts texting.

QUINN

"Hi. Hello. This is Quinn, Splungiorno's assistant. There is an imposter pretending to be Splungiorno and sink the company's profits. DO NOT LISTEN TO HER" And SENT!

SPLEENKINA

NO!

QUINN shows SPLEENKINA their phone.

QUINN

It was an honorable attempt, Spleenkina, but the Splungiorno Toy Emporium security team has been alerted. I presume that they'll be coming to collect you any minute-

DING.

QUINN'S PHONE

New comment posted on "The Hip House." Awaiting mod approval.

SPLEENKINA

... What was that?

QUINN

My phone.

SPLEENKINA

No, but what was that message?

SPLEENKINA grabs the phone from their hands.

QUINN

Wait. No, don't. Hey, I need that back-

SPLEENKINA

Someone commented on your blog... The Hip House? You run The Hip House?

QUINN

No. You're thinking of someone else.

SPLEENKINA

The toy review blog?

QUINN

I'm holding the login for a friend.

SPLEENKINA

The same toy review blog that has been tearing Splungiorno Toy Emporium's products apart for the better part of last year?

QUINN

My phone was hacked.

SPLEENKINA

Well, I'm sure that HR will be happy to hear that their CEO's assistant is one and the same as one of the company's biggest critics. I mean, look at this. "Splungo and Spleenky are the perfect present to get your child this holiday season, if you happen to be a parent who doesn't value hygiene or, I don't know, your basic sanity. These things- as I will not give them the dignity of being called 'toys'- should have been scrapped whatever hellish design room they crawled out of Satan's asshole from." And here I thought you were the quiet one.

QUINN

Look, it started out as a place I could vent, but then it got big and- and- you know what? I don't have to explain anything to you. It's my personal business

SPLEENKINA

Yes, I'm sure it'll be personal business nce I tell the entire company that their hard work that you have been managing has, at the same time, been getting torn down on your little side project blog.

QUINN

... What the hell do you want from me?

SPLEENKINA

First, I want you to text that security personnel on your phone that you made a mistake and you're terribly sorry for wasting their time. Then, you're going to sit down, shut up, and let me do what I will with the company, all while you act like everything is completely fine all while going about your normal duties as Splungiorno's- now moi's- assistant.

QUINN

Your just as vile as your brother.

SPLEENKINA

And ten times smarter. Remember that.

QUINN

You won't get away with this. Nobody will be fooled by your disguise.

SPLEENKINA

Really now? The box boy seemed convinced.

QUINN

Yeah, that's Jorts. Trust me, nobody else here is going to believe that you're actually-

KRYSTAL enters, and doesn't notice that
SPLEENKINA is not Splungiorno.

KRYSTAL

Good afternoon, Brother Feterelli.

SPLEENKINA

Hello... you.

KRYSTAL

It's Krystal, Financial Officer, Spiritual Investigator, and the only Real Feminist Left. Of course, I wouldn't expect you to remember that. Men have been proven to have a significantly worse memory than women. They need to reserve the space in their brains for all the testosterone and misogyny.

SPLEENKINA

Ah, yes. That's why I didn't know your name, because of all the... woman-hating?

KRYSTAL

So he admits it. Typical. Anyhow, I just came to bring you some very exciting news. Well, I personally think it's the work of the devil, but I'm sure you'd love it.

QUINN

Krystal, this really isn't the best time-

KRYSTAL

Support for Splungo is going through the roof- specifically with men ages 30+ with a conservative-leaning political background.

SPLEENKINA

Wh- why do a bunch of conservative geriatrics care about your- *my* toy company?

QUINN

Over 30 is geriatric?

SPLEENKINA

In this industry? Yes, honey.

KRYSTAL

This may surprise you, but as it turns out conservative men over the age of 30 have a vested interest in products designed specifically for children. I believe it's because they want to make sure it's free of wokeness. An absolutely insane philosophy, in my opinion. I blame it on a lack of astrology in their lives and a crippling porn addiction.

QUINN

Everything you say is *this* close to being incomprehensible.

KRYSTAL

Here, watch this video.

KRYSTAL touches a button on her tablet, and JOSH JORDAN (he/him, as seen on Man Logic podcast) enters.

JOSH

Hey, what is up bros? I'm Josh Jordan, and welcome back to the Man Logic, where we dish out real facts and logic, and we're also MEN. Today I'm coming to talk to you about a hot new toy that just got leaked to Twitter: Splungo. Now, what I like about this toy is that it really allows for men to be men again, you know? None of that liberal bullshit about being nonbinary and having a good relationship with your kids. Splungo is someone who gets the struggle of being a man in America. You cover him milk (AKA liberal tears) and throw him against the wall (AKA Biden's America). That's what it's like, bro. I'm telling you dads out there, buy a Splungo for your son. Hell, buy a Splungo for yourself. Alright that's it for today. Remember to buy my merch-

KRYSTAL turns the video off.

SPLEENKINA

... Well, I can't say I *wouldn't*.

KRYSTAL

What was that?

SPLEENKINA

Nothing.

QUINN

So, Krystal-

KRYSTAL

Yes, Quinmberly?

QUINN

Not my name. What you're saying is that because of Splungo's newfound popularity, if Splungiorno wanted to pull Splungo from the market right now, the board wouldn't allow him?

KRYSTAL

If my energy-reading is to be trusted, I would say that yes, that's a correct assessment.

QUINN

(making eye contact with
SPLEENKINA)

Good to know.

KRYSTAL

Though can I just say that I find it rather ridiculous that the masculine half of our toy pair is the one basking in the media spotlight. Really, I think it should be Spleenky, and just Spleenky.

SPLEENKINA

Preach, sister!

KRYSTAL

That's what I thought, moid. See, what you could never understand is that Spleenky really allows for women to be women again. None of this misogynistic nonsense about inclusive healthcare terminology or having pronouns. Spleenky is someone who gets the struggle of being a woman in America. You cover her in gross milk (AKA the transgender agenda), and then she expels the milk from her skin (AKA the nurturing and motherly womb that every single woman biologically has within her).

SPLEENKINA

Okay. Hmm. Well. Maybe stop preaching, love.

KRYSTAL

What was that?

SPLEENKINA

What was what?

KRYSTAL

The way you said that. “Love.” Say it again.

SPLEENKINA

“Love?”

KRYSTAL

Hmm. How awfully effeminate for you, Splungiorno. Something’s off in the air. The testosterone balance of the room is in shambles. You are appropriating the natural speech patterns of the feminine, and yet you wear a large hat and a bowtie.

SPLEENKINA

Well, you see. The reason for that is-

KRYSTAL

I will be getting to the bottom of this in due time, Splungiorno. In the meantime, straighten your back and act like the moid you are. Pig.

KRYSTAL exits, slowly.

SPLEENKINA

Damnit!

QUINN

So, looks like you won’t be killing Splungo anytime soon.

SPLEENKINA

God, what do you care? You hate the little bastard just as much as I do.

QUINN

Because, despite my personal vent blog that nobody should be looking at, I know some Dollar Bin crap like Splungo and Spleenky are going to sell on the market. I mean, we’ve got the anti-woke audience. That’s like, half the people consuming children’s media nowadays.

SPLEENKINA

So why root for it then, if you know it’s ‘Dollar bin crap.’

QUINN

Because I like having a job and paying my bills, and without this position I’m pretty much out of luck there. Why am I even explaining this to you? You wouldn’t get it.

SPLEENKINA

Heavens, of course not! That's why I'm trying to blow this whole operation up and make off with the check so I don't have to live like you.

QUINN

Wow, thanks.

SPLEENKINA

You're so welcome, darling. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be going to have a meeting with the Board of Directors. I'm sure I can use my womanly persuasions to convince them to pull Splungo despite his new traditionalist support.

QUINN

You're not a woman right now.

SPLEENKINA

God FUCKING damnit. Fine, I'll use my... Man persuasion. Christ, you always have to make things so complicated.

SPLEENKINA exits. QUINN listens to make sure she's gone, then-

QUINN

Alright, I don't know how much longer that whole manosphere thing is going to hold together before they get bored and go back to complaining about a cartoon bunny missing her tits. Splungiorno, I'm coming to find you, wherever you are.

QUINN exits.

SCENE 4

We find ourselves deep within the recesses of SPLUNGIORNO'S TOY EMPORIUM. Vibes are exactly the same, except someone decided to turn the lights down to an ominous dimness.

JORTS enters, carrying a box that contains none other than SPLUNGIORNO, who is still screaming.

JORTS

Welp, Nice knowing you, box, but it's time for us to say goodbye. I'm gonna miss ya', little buddy.

SPLUNGIORNO

(inside box)

JORTS, GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

JORTS

Wow, it's almost like I can hear ya' calling out my name! Which isn't good. I should prolly take my meds.

SPLUNGIORNO

(inside box)

NO. DON'T TAKE YOUR MEDS. THERE'S A MAN IN HERE.

JORTS

Well, yanno, I think there's a bit of humanity in every box. That's why I became a box carrier.

SPLUNGIORNO

(inside box)

LET ME OUT AND I WILL PAY YOU DOUBLE WHAT YOU MAKE RIGHT NOW!

JORTS

Aw, you don't gotta do all that. I do this for the simple joy of carrying boxes, and 'sides, zero doubled is still zero. At least, I think that's true. I never went to math class.

SPLUNGIORNO tears himself out of the box.

SPLUNGIORNO

WE DON'T PAY YOU? JESUS CHRIST, THE UNION'S GONNA FUCK ME SIDEWAYS!

JORTS

Don't worry! I ain't in a union!

SPLUNGIORNO

Thank GOD.

JORTS

Wait a minute. A lady Mr. Feterelli! What're you doing in a box? Did Mr. Feterelli give birth to you asexually? Or maybe through mitosis?

SPLUNGIORNO

How the hell do you know what mitosis is if you haven't taken a math class?

JORTS

I watch a lotta nature documentaries.

SPLUNGIORNO

Good. Watching a lion hunt down a zebra puts hair on your chest. What the hell did you mean- 'lady Mr. Feterelli?

JORTS

Well, it's just your dressed in that real pretty outfit, and like they say, it's the clothes that make the man. Woman? Man?

(a spark of genius inspiration)

Moman.

SPLUNGIORNO

Every word that comes out of your mouth makes me just a bit more pissed off than I was before. Wait a minute.

(feels his head)

Where's my hat? Where's my big boss man hat? And why am I in this pussied up dress? Where the hell is Spleenkina? Did she tell you to ship me to Alaska?

JORTS

Spleenkina? Well, I don't know a Spleenkina, but I do know that it was Mr. Splungiorno Feterelli that told me to ship you to Alaska. Well, really he told me to dump this box somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, but I could never do that to one of my babies.

SPLUNGIORNO

But I never- Jorts. Was this Splungiorno wearing my big boss man hat?

JORTS

Of course, silly goose! After all, whoever has the big boss man hat has sole control of the company.

SPLUNGIORNO

GodDAMNIT, that bitch is impersonating me! She's gonna run this company into the ground with her... her... COOTIES! Jorts, quickly. Where the hell am I and how do I get out?

JORTS

Well, Mrs. Mr. Feterelli. We just so happen to be in the basement of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium, or as some of us employees playfully call it, The Torture Labyrinth. Ain't it a beaut? Mazes and mazes of boiler rooms and fire hazards as far as the eye can see.

SPLUNGIORNO

Fire - fire hazards? What do you mean? Jorts, we can't have fires in here. Make this place OSHA compliant. NOW!

JORTS

Why should I? You ain't my boss.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jorts, I swear to GOD, I'm gonna kick your balls so hard you experience reverse-puberty-

SPLUNGIORNO goes to punch JORTS, who lightly shoves him in turn. SPLUNGIORNO collapses to the floor, sobbing.

SPLUNGIORNO

OW! That really hurt.

JORTS

I'm so sorry! I only meant to lightly shove ya'. My mama always told me there are only two sins for a man in this world - knowing what 'periwinkle' means and hitting a lady.

SPLUNGIORNO

For the last time, I ain't a- uuugh.

SPLUNGIORNO, pained, slowly gets up and starts walking.

SPLUNGIORNO

I gotta get back to my office and give her a piece of my mind.

JORTS

Oh! Oh! If ya' need, I could carry ya'. My Mama always told me if a woman asks you to carry her through a dangerous labyrinthian structure with no rest or breaks, you gotta be a gentleman and dang done do it.

SPLUNGIORNO

Wow, those exact words?

JORTS

She was a woman who appreciated specificity.

SPLUNGIORNO

Well, alright. As long as you remember that I ain't not woman.

JORTS

Oh, I'm sorry, sir, but my Mama only told me to do that for ladies. If you're a man, you're on your own.

SPLUNGIORNO

What?! Listen, bud, if you think I'm gonna give up my virile manhood just so I can straddle your strong, muscular back to get my sweet, seductively effeminate body to safety, then you got another thing coming, buster!

Suddenly, a SHRILL, HIGH LAUGHTER, sick with GLEE.

SPLUNGIORNO

The hell was that?

JORTS

Oh, that was The Clown!

SPLUNGIORNO

The what-who-what now?

JORTS

Oh, y'know. The clown living in the basement of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium that all the workers live in fear of? The one that eats rats and black mold?

SPLUNGIORNO

Huh, I was wondering why we never had any issues with those in spite of me never hiring a janitor.

JORTS

Y'know, there's been talks about boarding them on as a full-time employee. They're a real good worker, 'cept for the fact that they're always lighting folks on fire.

SPLUNGIORO

They're WHAT?

JORTS

Most people think they should be arrested for it, but I really see it as a harmless prank.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jorts, buddy, pal. You gotta help me. I can't get set on fire. Think of what it'll do to my image? Alpha dogs don't burn, Jorts!

JORTS

Well, I'd love to, but like I said! I can only help ya' if you're a lady!

SPLUNGIORNO

(taking a moment to consider whether or
not his masculinity is more important
than not being on fire)

Now why would you assume I ain't a lady? I love doing woman things. Like having a vagina.

JORTS

That is a thing women do sometimes! Hop on, Mrs. Mr. Splungiorno!

SPLUNGIORNO hops on JORTS' back, and
the two start their perilous climb towards the
heavens.

SCENE 5

The Board of Directors. All BOARD voices are
done through the god mic.

BOARD MEMBER 1

All hail, The Board of Directors.

Spotlight on SPLEENKINA, still dressed as Splungiorno. She looks up to the harsh light, shielding her eyes.

BOARD MEMBER 1

I said hail!

SPLEENKINA

Oh yes. Hail to you, my board of directors.

BOARD MEMBER 2

Speak now, Splungiorno. Why have you come to see us?

SPLEENKINA

Well, see, it's about a certain toy we have coming out soon. Toys, really. Spleenky and Splungo.

BOARD MEMBER 3

Splungo and Spleenky-

SPLEENKINA

Yes, God. Sure. Splungo and Spleenky. Well, old chaps, I've sat upon my throne of bullshit up in my office and given the two of them a good thinking over, and after lengthy consideration I have to admit that I believe Spleenky to be the superior toy.

BOARD MEMBER 1

YOU WHAT?

SPLEENKINA

And furthermore, we ought to shelve Splungo entirely.

BOARD MEMBER 2

You're INSANE!

BOARD MEMBER 3

Absolutely mad!

BOARD MEMBER 1

Completely hysterical!

SPLEENKINA

No, no. Listen, boys- I have some very good points. But you must understand that I have some very sound and logical reasoning behind-

BOARD MEMBER 1

Are you seeing how well Splungo is trending with the adult males who spend way too much time on 4chan?

BOARD MEMBER 2

He's going to be huge! Absolutely change the game! We'll finally have a toy that appeals to chads and incels alike!

BOARD MEMBER 3

I'll fucking kill you if you take away Splungo from me. KILL YOU.

SPLEENKINA

(aside)

Ugh, this isn't working. I don't know what to do! God, what would Splungiorno do?

SPLEENKINA adjusts her big man boss hat.

SPLEENKINA

LISTEN UP, GENTLEMAN. I am Splungiorno, the sole CEO and proprietor of this establishment. I am wearing a big hat and I expect you all to answer to me as such.

BOARD MEMBER 1

What a masculine aura!

BOARD MEMBER 2

What a nice hat!

BOARD MEMBER 3

His dominating persona comforts, angers, sedates, and arouses me all at the same time!

SPLEENKINA

Now, I know how much we love Splungo here. I most of all. However, you must understand that the key to our success is...

(a dramatic pause)

Innovation.

BOARD MEMBER 1

Ooo, I like that word.

BOARD MEMBER 2

Tell us more.

SPLEENKINA

Splungo is fine, sure. You toss him at a wall and he makes a big splat. Sure, it's humorous. But haven't we ascended beyond "humor?" Aren't we better? More evolved? Spleenky is the toy of tomorrow. She's empathetic. Soft. Caring. Nurturing when we need it the most. So let's toss aside the Splungo ways of old, and welcome in the new age! The future is now, and the future is Spleenky.

BOARD MEMBER 3

Wow.

BOARD MEMBER 1

Show-stopping.

BOARD MEMBER 2

That was so good I need to bite something!

BOARD MEMBER 1

Alright. We'll pull Splungo.

SPLEENKINA

Yes!

BOARD MEMBER 2

IF!

BOARD MEMBER 3

You prove that Spleenky has an audience.

BOARD MEMBER 1

We need to make sure this thing SELLS.

BOARD MEMBER 2

Makes a PROFIT.

BOARD MEMBER 3

PEGS the MARKET!

SPLEENKINA

Well, if there's one thing I'm an expert in, it's pegging.

(pause.)

With my PENIS. That I was BORN WITH. I will make sure Spleenkina has her market.
Good day, gentlemen.

SPLEENKINA makes her exit.

SCENE 6

The Torture Labyrinth. An exhausted
SPLUNGIORNO, carried by an only somewhat
exhausted JORTS, climbs the stairs.

SPLUNGIORNO

How much... longer... till we... get there.

JORTS

Ma'am, I gotta say, real curious how you're the tired one when I've been doing all the walking.

SPLUNGIORNO

Aye, I got a womanly sense of empathy. Can't you move any faster? This is taking forever, and I don't want that clown catching us.

JORTS

'Fraid not, ma'am. Not without breakin my knee caps, at least.

SPLUNGIORNO

I can pay the hospital bill. Giddy up!

QUINN, from above, enters. They look around.

QUINN

Splungiorno! Splungiorno, where are you? Oh God, Jorts didn't actually ship you to Alaska, did he?

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinn! Quinn! By Me, I am happy to hear that voice.

SPLUNGIORNO struggles to get off of JORTS' back, fully pushing the man over. He runs up the steps, yelling for Quinn.

SPLUNGIORNO

QUINNJAMIN! QUINNJAMIN! I'm trapped down here with a failure of an employee who won't even break his knee caps to help his boss make a profit!

JORTS

I'm sorry, ma'am.

QUINN

First off, not my name. Second off, where are you?

SPLUNGIORNO

Downstairs! Please, I don't want to be burned alive by a clown!

QUINN

Wait, are you with Jorts? Okay. I'm coming down-

QUINN trips and falls down the stairs, landing right next to JORTS. FIGURE IT OUT!

JORTS

Hi Quinn!

QUINN

(so, so pained)

Hi Jorts.

SPLUNGIORNO

Christ, man up and grow a spine, Quinnjamin. We aren't soccer players. I need a progress report, stat. Where's Spleenkina, and what is she doing?

QUINN

Okay. I'm going to say this as delicately as possible, so please don't get mad.

QUINN gets up, and whispers something into SPLUNGIORNO's ear.

SPLUNGIORNO
SHE'S KILLING SPLUNGO? AND YOU DIDN'T STOP HER?

QUINN
What did you want me to do?

SPLUNGIORNO
Oh, gosh golly Quinnberly. I don't know, let me think about that. Well, just off the top of the dome, you could've told everyone she was faker than my mother's tits!

QUINN
T.M.I.!

SPLUNGIORNO
Why didn't you stop her? Huh? What, you on her side? You wanna get on the Spleenkina train? You wanna go choo-choo in her caboose? You wanna ride her like you rode me?

QUINN
Phrasing! And no, I'm not on her side at all. I swear.

SPLUNGIORNO
What're you hiding, Quinnberly?

QUINN
That is not-

JORTS
Stop FIGHTING!

JORTS does a whole karate chop, seperating the two of them.

JORTS
Well, can I just say, I am real disappointed in the two of you. Mrs. Mr. Splungiorno, have some class. And Quinn! Listen bud, I get that you don't got a gender, so you may not know how this works, but you never, ever raise your voice at a lady.

QUINN
That's not how being nonbinary works... you know what? Never mind. Also, lady?

JORTS
Uh huh! Mrs. Mr. Splungiorno here is a sensitive type. She can't handle all this stress!

SPLUNGIORNO

Shut the fuck up, Jorts! The adults are talking.

JORTS

Oh, dang! Guess I was wrong. Welp, I guess if you're not gonna be all proper and lady-like, then you oughtta be able to walk the stairs yourself. I'll see ya around, Mrs. Mr. Splungiorno!

SPLUNGIORNO

Did I say shut the fuck up? I meant... uh... Shut the front door so we can dish out some girl gossip! Quinnberly, baby, my sweet little googoo bear...

QUINN

Not a fan of this!

SPLUNGIORNO

Is there anything else I should know about in regards to the state of Splungo and Spleenky?

QUINN

Um. Splungo recently got like, a big alt-right manosphere following.

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinnjamin. Quinnjamin. Quinnjamin. Do you know what this means?

QUINN

We have a lot of PR work to do?

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh, baby, it's already done for us! This is GREAT! By Lord, I knew those bootlickers would be coming through. Number one rule of finance, Quinny - you gotta follow the money, and the money always leads to hate groups.

A long, long beat.

QUINN

Alright, we need to get back to the surface.

SPLUNGIORNO

And take Spleenky off the market!

QUINN

What?! No!

SPLUNGIORNO

Yes! C'mon Quinn, use that gnoggin of yours. If Spleenky gets released, that gives Spleenkina the right to sue my hat off. I'd be broke, I tell ya', broke!

QUINN

But we've already put so much time and effort into Spleenky, pulling her now would be a frankly inconceivable net loss for the company as a whole.

SPLUNGIORNO

No, no. Don't you get it? It's not about the money.

QUINN

What do you mean its not the money? It's always about the money with you!

SPLUNGIORNO

Bah, you don't get it. Money is just a means to an end, and that end... is WINNING.

QUINN

Do you really hate your sister so much that you're willing to sink everything we've worked on just to win some stupid rivalry?

SPLUNGIORNO

Are you talking back to your superior, Quiniberly?

QUINN

Not my name!

Suddenly, we hear... A LAUGHTER. Far away yet impossibly close.

QUINN

What was that?

JORTS

The Clown...

QUINN

The what now?

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh, we gotta move! I ain't getting grilled today! Giddy up, boy!

He slaps JORTS' ass, and JORTS runs through the Labyrinth.

QUINN

Wait! I'm still here!

QUINN looks around, confused and worried.

SPLUNGIORNO

You'll find a way out, Quinnjamin! Just pull yourself up by the bootstraps.

QUINN

But! But! I don't- I wear sneakers!

SPLUNGIORNO

Not my problem! I gotta get to Spleenkina. Best of luck!

QUINN

But- but-

QUINN sighs. Suddenly, we hear the CLOWN'S laugh again. Scary.

QUINN

Not. A. FAN!

QUINN starts booking it.

SCENE 8

We return to SPLEENKINA. She's talking a RANDOM WOMAN.

SPLEENKINA

Hello, ladies, may I offer you a hippo you can cover in milk and drink from later in these trying times?

WOMAN

PERVERT!

WOMAN slaps her across the face.

SPLEENKINA

My, my, a cold reception! Ugh. I'm lacking all my key assets here. My womanly charm, my womanly persuasion, my womanly... tits? How am I supposed to relate to other people dressed like this?

KRYSTAL

You don't.

KRYSTAL is suddenly behind SPLEENKINA.
She jumps.

SPLEENKINA

Ah! Krystal- how did you get there?

KRYSTAL

I'm everywhere. Splungiorno, may I grace you with some advice?

SPLEENKINA

I suppose.

KRYSTAL

A wise choice. You're obviously a capitalist scumbag and absolutely reek of corporate bro-poisoning-

SPLEENKINA

Ugh, I know, right?

KRYSTAL

But if there's one thing I can give you credit for, it's that you know the natural way of the world. Or at least, I thought you did. See, women are bred to be child raisers and caregivers. We have an empathetic, healing aura about us that keeps us pure and the foundation of society. Men, meanwhile, are hunters. You're not built to socialize. You're built to kill.

SPLEENKINA

Well, I'm afraid I can't kill my way into making Splenky the next Coachella.

KRYSTAL

Sure you can. You just need to find the right audience.

SPLEENKINA

Easier said than done.

KRYSTAL

True, though perhaps is someone around who could help you with that. I don't know. It's just a possibility.

SPLEENKINA

Are you implying that you'd like to help me-?

KRYSTAL

Well, if you're asking- begging even- then yes, I would simply love to help! See, I'm involved in a great deal of online womyn's rights movements, which is very fulfilling and good for the soul and makes me feel like I'm a part of something- blah, blah, blah, blah. Etc. However, lately I have been feeling a certain... lacking amongst my fellow womyn. We need a central figure- someone to unite us. If you wanted, Spleenky could be that. She could be the It Girl of Radical Feminism.

SPLEENKINA

That sounds... nice. Though I have some concerns.

KRYSTAL

Please, go ahead.

SPLEENKINA

It's just... your particular brand of feminism. I'm not sure if it entirely aligns with my own political sensibilities?

A solid beat.

KRYSTAL

Oh, really Are you as a man trying to tell me how I, a womyn, should practice feminism? You're criticizing me? Is that's what's happening here? How misogynistic. I'm going to beat you with hammers, Splungiorno. I'm going to kill you. I'm going to rip your hair out and feed it to my cats- not my dogs, because dogs have a masculine energy I don't like. But my cats. You're dead. You're fucking DEAD, Splungiorno.

SPLEENKINA

(slightly delayed)

No. No. I'm sorry. No. No. No. I didn't mean that. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I won't do it again. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. No. No. I'm sorry. Please don't hit me I don't want to get fed to your cats. No. No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

SPLEENKINA

Apologies. I'm not used to being barred from having an opinion on such a matter.

KRYSTAL

Anyway, I would be happy to share Spleenky with my contacts. Try to get some buzz going. Really get Spleenky on the market. Pleasure doing business with you, Splungiorno.

KRYSTAL is about to exit, when
SPLUNGIORNO, bursts in on JORTS-back.

SPLUNGIORNO

Stop right there!

SPLEENKINA

My, my, what a surprise! And here I thought I had given you the cold shoulder.

Everyone is confused.

SPLEENKINA

By shipping you to Alaska, where it is cold.

ALL

Ooooooh.

SPLEENKINA

You know, it was a little esoteric. I'll take that.

SPLUNGIORNO

Cut the shit, Spleenkina. Git! Git!

He shoves JORTS off of him, and marches over to SPLEENKINA.

SPLUNGIORNO

You're gonna confess what you did and give me back my big boss man hat back or I swear to GOD I will / beat you into next Sunday.

SPLEENKINA

Why, I have no earthly idea what you could be talking about, dear. I am Splungiorno Feterelli, owner of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium and sole proprietor of this establishment. If you'd like, you're welcome to schedule an appointment, but I ought to warn you that I am a very busy man.

SPLUNGIORNO grabs SPLEENKINA by the collar of her coat.

SPLUNGIORNO

You're a little worm woman, you know that? A worm woman! Worming her way into the belly of my company and eating at the scraps. But the jig is up. I'm here. Nobody's buying your impostering ass anymore.

SPLEENKINA

Is that so?

JORTS pulls SPLUNGIORNO back, while KRYSTAL walks up and slaps SPLEENKINA.

SPLUNGIORNO

LET GO OF ME! LET GO OF ME!

SPLEENKINA

OW! What was that for?

JORTS

Now, Mr. Ms. Splungiorno, is that how we ask for something we want?

SPLUNGIORNO

When you're as loaded as me? Yes!

KRYSTAL

NEVER touch a woman like that. NEVER.

SPLEENKINA

She was touching me!

SPLUNGIORNO

Out of my way, Jorts! That's my outfit and she's squandering it on her lithe, feminine body.

JORTS picks SPLUNGIORNO up. He bangs at his back.

JORTS

Well, if that's the case, then you outta be more respectful. My Mama always said that a lady knew how to-

SPLUNGIORNO

GOD! I ain't a lady, Jorts!

KRYSTAL

Babe, girlie, my fellow goddess. Never doubt your natural, pure womanhood just because someone hurt you, okay? You are strong in your spirit, and strong in your femininity.

SPLUNGIORNO

Krystal, dear God, it's me, Splungiorno.

KRYSTAL

No, you're something better than Splungiorno. You're a woman.

SPLEENKINA

Preach, sister!

KRYSTAL

It is NOT your turn to talk.

SPLEENKINA

I'm sorry.

SPLUNGIORNO

Please, Krystal, I know you've got some kinda... aura sensory mumbo jumbo liberal magycks in ya'. Can't you read me and see that I'm the real Splungiorno?

KRYSTAL

Mmm, no. I'm getting a very strong feminine presence from you. I mean, just look at that outfit. I mean, if you were to be a man walking around in this gorgeous divine dress, I would have to kill you. Kill you.

SPLUNGIORNO

Okay. Never mind then.

KRYSTAL

Besides, you seem to have a small nose- a very womanly trait. Of course, I could measure your bones just to make sure.

SPLEENKINA

Are you implying that women can't have big noses? Seems somewhat limiting, no?

KRYSTAL

Hmm, so I see that you're attempting to have me self-reflect and reconsider the greater morality of my actions, but I... don't do that. I'll be back with my phrenology kit.

KRYSTAL exits.

SPLUNGIORNO

Thank you! Finally, someone who knows how to do some proper fren-fre-frempol-

SPLEENKINA

Even if you are proven as the real Splungiorno, it doesn't change the fact that you were too late. Krystal is sending Spleenky to infinity. Well, not infinity. It's a very pre-determined path. But still! Spleenky is going to the seed the sews your destruction, and once it grows I shall be the one to reap that sweet, sweet reward. Money.

SPLUNGIORNO

You don't believe in money.

SPLEENKINA

True. But I do believe in winning, which is why everyone should say Yes to Girl and pre-order Spleenky now!

JORTS

Okie dokie! Already done.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jorts! What?

JORTS

What? Look, I might be just some humdrum, overall-wearing box carrier, but I know when a slogan is catchy. I want to say Yes to Girl!

SPLEENKINA

Ugh, Jorts. I could almost kiss you right now!

She holds JORTS' head, gingerly.

SPLEENKINA

You are the Last Real Feminist.

JORTS

(eyes full of wonder)

I am?

KRYSTAL enters.

KRYSTAL

(sing-songy)

Everyone line up and I'll determine whether or not you have a male or female bone structure~

SPLUNGIORNO

Shut the fuck up, Krystal.

KRYSTAL

Yes! Unleash that powerful, female spirit.

SPLEENKINA

Please. The only powerful, female spirit being released today is the bottles I'll be popping after Spleenky toakes over the world.

SPLUNGIORNO

Fine. You wanna go? Let's go. Me and the alt-right chuds jacking off to Splungo are going to rip ya' apart and spit out your bones, and you wanna know why? Coz' I'm. The Alpha. Dog.

SPLEENKINA

Please, dressed like that?

SPLUNGIORNO

These are your clothes!

SPLEENKINA

Yes, and we all now know who wore it best. Very well! I suppose we'll see who comes out on top- Splungo or Spleenky. Winner takes all-

SPLUNGIORNO

- And may the best man win.

The two roughly shake hands.

SCENE 9

JOSH JORDAN and KRYSTAL walk out on stage.

KRYSTAL

Greetings, females.

JOSH

Wassup, alphas

KRYSTAL AND JOSH

I've got word of the hottest new toy on the market- someone that really gets us-

JOSH

Our primal, masculine urges.

KRYSTAL

Our sacred, womanly intuition.

JOSH

Introducing..

KRYSTAL

Spleenky!

JOSH

And Splungo!

A repetitive, hypnotic house beat plays. Their performance is very drag show-esque, and, if we want to get fun with it, perhaps they're lip syncing to pre-recorded lyrics.

JOSH: *Feeling distant?*

KRYSTAL: *Feeling alone?*

JOSH: *Feeling lost?*

KRYSTAL: *No way home?*

JOSH: *Need something to hold?*

KRYSTAL: *Something to feel?*

JOSH AND KRYSTAL: *Try Splungo / Try Spleenky!*

And seal the deal.

JOSH: *They've got you confused.*

KRYSTAL: *They aren't making sense!*

JOSH: *Sexual truth.*

KRYSTAL: *Put in past-tense.*

JOSH: *We know what's facts.*

KRYSTAL: *We know what's right.*

JOSH AND KRYSTAL: *And Splungo / And Spleenky*

Will fight the good fight!

(CHORUS)

JOSH AND KRYSTAL: *Take back what they took from you*

Your right to be biologically true

KRYSTAL: *Be pure!*

JOSH: *Be strong!*

JOSH AND KRYSTAL: *But don't take too long.*

Coz' Splungo / Coz' Spleenky

Is waiting for you!

KRYSTAL: *Be a goddess.*

JOSH: *Be a soldier.*

KRYSTAL: *You know you're only getting older*

JOSH: *Time is running.*

KRYSTAL: *Time goes fast.*

JOSH: *Come with us and live in the past.*

KRYSTAL: *Close your ears.*

JOSH: *Shut your eyes.*

KRYSTAL: *And don't ever give into their lies.*

JOSH: *Just trust Splungo.*

KRYSTAL: *Just trust Spleenky.*

KRYSTAL AND JOSH: *No more worry, no more thinky!*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

JOSH AND KRYSTAL: *Take back what they took from you*

Your right to keep you as you

KRYSTAL: *You're trapped*

JOSH: *That's great!*

JOSH AND KRYSTAL: *The infinite is only bait*

Coz' Splungo / Coz' Spleenky

Only know hate

As the song continues, we are somehow given the implication that Spleenky and Splungo are getting more popular. Projectors in the background show numbers rising, social media posts, etc. Perhaps we get some of our cast to pantomime it blowing up social media. Figure it out. This all culminates in -

SCENE 10

The basement stairs. QUINN is still on their way up after being abandoned by SPLUNGIORNO.

QUINN stares at their phone, reading a news article.

QUINN

Splungo and Spleenky are officially declared as *hate symbols* by the Anti-Defamation League??

They collapse to their knees.

END OF ACT THE FIRST ONE

ACT THE SECOND ONE

SCENE 1

We're in the basement.

QUINN

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon-

They pull out their phone, before dialing a number.

A FEW RINGS.

SPLUNGIORNO (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached the phone of Splungiorno Feterelli. If you need assistance, fuck off and go bother my assistant, Quinnjamin. God. These fucking guys.

BEEEP. QUINN slumps even further.

Suddenly, a sick, shrill laughter! Quinn whips around.

QUINN

I swear, this is really not the time-

A flash of light. At the very top of the stairs THE CLOWN (ageless, any pronouns, dressed like a sexy Arlecchino) stands.

The Clown's movements are disjointed but intentional. It moves about the space with no real regard for silly things like "physics."

THE CLOWN

Betwixt the halls of cajoling, a clown
 Birthed o' fetid fancies n' staled stations
 Since rudely ripped from a disjointed ground
 Brought to bring man's tears and stern elations

My heart's on you, Quinn-jamin and -berly
 I sense to thou, the Plastic King's to blame
 For I reflect thou and thou reflect me
 From in thine eyes thoust know, we are the same

QUINN

Wh- Oh my God. You're the guy who keeps setting people on fire.

THE CLOWN

I am he and she is me. Who are you?
 A rotted up corpse of what-shall-to-do
 Thine rage festers- a wyrm eaten by a worm.
 Will thoust de-leash thine beast or let it burn?

QUINN

Listen, I can't do whatever... this is right now, so if you could just move out of the way
 and let me up these stairs it would be much apprecia-

THE CLOWN

What is it thoust desire, Quinn?

QUINN

What?

THE CLOWN

In thine heart, thine mind, thine soul, most foretold
 Speaketh to thine wish 'n bendeth the fold

QUINN

Well, if you absolutely have to know what I desire most, it's for you to leave! I need to
 get to Splungiorno so I can stop him from killing half our profits because a blood-feud he
 has with his sister over a drawing of stuffed hippos covered in milk they made twenty-
 five years ago.

THE CLOWN

... Holy shit dude.

QUINN

Yeah.

THE CLOWN

That's really stupid.

QUINN

What the hell is your rhythm scheme?

THE CLOWN

Nothing of consistency, nor of sense
That's why I set fire to mine own licks
A blaze eating ego's self so intense
Reaching up skirts to pants to thighs to di-

QUINN attempts to push by.

QUINN

Yeah, awesome. Look, I'm sure that you've got a- a great future in experimental theater. I would like to get by you, if I could-

THE CLOWN firmly stops them.

THE CLOWN

You're the owner of the Hip House.

QUINN

How do you know that?

THE CLOWN

I've got ears and eyes and teeth everywhere
My stomach clamors for mold and rat
But when a secret comes upon my stare
I lick it up till I'm jolly n' fat

QUINN

Okay, so you're a stalker. We've got a stalker in a building. Great. Awesome. Just one more thing-

THE CLOWN

Not stalker mine friend, but a reminder
 Of what lies beyond the bichrome veil
 Now I ask again, and do not bind 'er
 Tell me your wish, and weave to thine own tale

QUINN

Fine? Do you want to know what I want? I want this to be over. I moved to this city at twenty-two years old with nothing but an oversized suitcase that went all the way up to my chest and I was so excited coz' I was a young go-getter breaking into the big, exciting world of toy-making. But here I am, five years into a job licking the boot of some narcissistic, self-obsessed man-baby who doesn't even make good toys! And to make everything even worse, he's going to cut half of our next big launch just to win some stupid argument and- and- God. It's so dumb. It's all so, so, so dumb. And I'm trapped here, and I can't leave, and I don't want to do this anymore and I want to be free. Okay? I want to be free.

THE CLOWN

Your wish is my command.

THE CLOWN rushes QUINN, and grabs their face.

THE CLOWN

(very quickly)

Did you know? While it may appear docile while resting, hippos are actually one of the deadliest land mammals in the world. About 500 people die of hippo attacks per year, a shockingly high number considering just how remote they tend to be in compared to civilization. More importantly, they are extremely territorial, and will hunt and kill any outsider unfortunate enough to step into their territory. You Quinn, are a fish licking the shit and parasites of the water. A cleaner. A symbiotic life-form. A barbel burned by biology, and now you've got a little problem. Everything is your problem. It's all you. All you. All you. All...

THE CLOWN takes QUINN's face, and kisses them passionately. It should be kind of hot if you're a freak like that. Their lips part.

THE CLOWN

You're at the cusp of infinity! Keep going! Never stop!

THE CLOWN leaps away, doing little dances as she does so. QUINN is left baffle and confused.

QUINN

Hey, what did you mean ‘thine regrets?’ Clown. Clown!

Silence.

QUINN

(mumbling to herself)

Hello? Am I cursed? Did you put a curse on me? A clown curse? Am I clown cursed? Are you going to answer me?

(a deep breath in)

I LOVE MY LIFE!

Quinn continues marching up the stairs.

SCENE 2

We’re back to SPLUNGIORNO’S TOY EMPORIUM, the factory floor. SPLEENKINA paces, while JORTS leans against something (figure it out), reading *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir.

SPLEENKINA

Balls. Ballocks. Bungee jumping. Beans. Blubbers. Bangers. BALLS!

JORTS

Ya’ seem frustrated, Mr. Splungiorno.

SPLEENKINA

Your observations are as astute as your jawline is chiseled, Jorts. Have you seen the news? Spleenky, my baby

(very quickly)

- and path to recieving a large sum of money but that’s neither here nor there-

(regular speed)

Declared a hate symbol! Here, read this. “Soon-to-be-released children’s toy, Spleenky, becomes an international symbol for the TERF movement, and proof of the beauty of biological womanhood.” She’s a felt hippo covered in milk!

There's nothing biological woman about her. Honestly, this whole plan Krystal concocted is quickly devolving into marketing madness.

JORTS

Well, ain't that a real shame! Sure is a terrible thing to have your lil' critter up there with the Nazis and that one frog everyone was up in arms about a few years back.

SPLEENKINA

You're right. I can't stand for this. I'll have Krystal call all this off and we'll start from Ground Zero. I know my Spleenky, and she can shine without underhanded tactics.

SPLUNGIORNO enters cackling.

SPLUNGIORNO

BALLS, MOTHERFUCKERS! Guess who got to hate symbol status?

SPLEENKINA

Oh, of course you would be happy about this.

SPLUNGIORNO

Clocked me right, Sister. Read this: "Soon-to-be-released toy, Splungo, becomes overnight symbol for the Men's Rights Movement, and proof of the natural superiority of the masculine form." God, can you think of all the free press this is gonna get me? Splungo's hitting the charts with a SLAT!

SPLEENKINA

By the Lord, have you given any thought to the greater ramifications? Spleenky and Splungo will be the faces of sexism and transphobia for generations to come.

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah, that sounds like a somebody who isn't me problem. Hate crimes for life!

SPLEENKINA

I can't. I just can't. I'm dropping out. There are more ethical ways to promote my toy.

SPLUNGIORNO

Sure, leave me, and only me, with practically the entirety of Middle America in my pocket. I'll be sure to thank you when you're washing my very tiny yet spacious car.

SPLEENKINA

That's a clown car. You just described a clown car. Do you drive a clown car?

SPLUNGIORNO

It's STYLISH, okay?!

SPLEENKINA

I'm calling Krystal and we're shutting this down. There's plenty of people who would love to buy an ethically-sourced toy without the incentive of some ridiculous, misinformed culture war promoting a set of hateful politics.

SPLEENKINA opens her phone.

SPLUNGIORNO

Okay, but is there?

SPLEENKINA pauses.

SPLUNGIORNO

Hey, don't let me stop you. Give the right-wing over to me. I'm sure you'll be able to pull an ol' Bernie and win with the power of peace, love, and free healthcare.

SPLEENKINA slowly shuts her phone.

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah, that's what I thought.

SPLEENKINA

One day you'll be judged for everything you've done.

SPLUNGIORNO

You and me both, sister.

QUINN runs in and collapses center-stage.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jesus Christ. Quinnjamin, you look like hell.

QUINN

(out of breath)

The- the Clown. The Clown cursed me... and I escaped the Maze and I need- I need to tell you that- that-

SPLEENKINA

My god, are you asthmatic?

QUINN

Yeah, but that's my business. I need to tell you that- that- you should keep the Spleenkies and Splungoes. Coz'-coz' our profits... our profits go up with two toys... and down with just one. So... so for the sake of the company, we should do... do two toys.

SPLEENKINA

The only profit I care about is the one he doesn't make. I don't give a rat's ass about the company.

SPLUNGIORNO

And I hope you die!

EVERYONE

WHOA!

SPLUNGIORNO

What? It's true!

QUINN

Hey, look. This might be a long-shot, but maybe we can all have a little chat and try to sort out our differences to make sure the company doesn't tank and we don't lose our jobs?

SPLUNGIORNO

NO!

SPLEENKINA

NO!

QUINN

Well, I gave it the ol' college try.

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinnjamin, move it. You're with me. We've got a big day planned. First up, we've got an interview with Parlor Kids(TM), then we have an exclusive talk at the "We Burn Books,"-store, and after that I've been invited to be on seventy-two-

(he gets a text and checks his phone)

Seventy-three podcasts hosted by identical white men with beards and baseball caps.

QUINN

Uh, you know, as a queer person I would rather not-

SPLEENKINA

Actually, Quinn will be coming with me. I've just got word from Krystal that I'll be attending "Woman+, a No-Male Conversational Dialogue Conversation for Women and the Nonbinary People We Consider to Be Women." Technically speaking individuals on the genderqueer spectrum are permitted to be a part of the discussion as long they don't speak or have facial hair, so I would love to have your... unique perspective on the panel.

QUINN

If you wanna tokenize me, you can just say that.

SPLEENKINA

Oh, thank God. Yes, I would love to tokenize you.

SPLUNGIORNO

Whoa, whoa, hold the phone. Go find your own personal assistant, bub. Quinnjamin's mine.

SPLEENKINA

Well, I say we leave it to them to decide. Though, I should say that if Quinn refuses to be my partner in this particular venture I cannot be held responsible for what I say or don't say about their online habits.

QUINN

Uh- I don't- I don't-

SPLUNGIORNO

You'll do anything to steal away my employees, won't you, woman? Trying to expose Quinn's porn habits-

QUINN

Why is that the first thing you thought of??

SPLUNGIORNO

- and making Jorts read- read- Jorts, what the hell are you reading?

JORTS

The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir! If Other Splungiorno said I'm the Last Real Feminist, then I figured I'd better start acting like it!

SPLUNGIORNO

See, you've corrupted him! His young, innocent mind tarnished by your communism!

JORTS

I'm twenty-five.

SPLEENKINA

Please, your employees have every right to go wherever they so please. If they happen to find me a bit more persuasive, then it is what it is. And porn habits? Please, Splungiorno. You underestimate me. What I have is significantly more juicy.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jesus, Quinnjamin, the hell did she get on you?

QUINN

(choosing career over dignity, as always)

... Yeah, she found my porn.

SPLUNGIORNO

I KNEW IT!

SPLEENKINA

Quinn will follow me if they're smart. As for Jorts, darling, do whatever your heart compels you. I have full belief that you will make the right choice, you beautiful, beautiful soul.

JORTS

Okie dokie!

SPLUNGIORNO

Jorts, forget everything she said and take me to my Parlor Kids(TM) interview.

JORTS

Okie dokie! Hop on, Ms. Mr. Splungiorno.

SPLUNGIORNO hops on JORTS' back, and rides off-stage. SPLEENKINA exits too, to the other side of the stage.

SPLUNGIORNO

C'mon, Quinn. Let's get a move-on.

SPLEENKINA

Quinn, I'll see you at the conference.

They both leave. QUINN looks back and forth.

QUINN

Uh- uh- uh- uh-

They go back and forth, before eventually running off-stage, preferably in a direction that neither SPLEENKINA or SPLUNGIORNO went but if that's not possible, have them follow SPLUNGIORNO.

SCENE 3

We arrive at Woman+, a No-Male Conversational Dialogue Conversation for Women and the Nonbinary People We Consider to Be Women. SPLEENKINA stands backstage with KRYSTAL. She hands her some note-cards

KRYSTAL

Here are your talking points. Make sure to emphasize the part about Splenky's spiritual vasectomy. God, can you believe this? "Woman+" I swear, this need to be inclusive is going to be the death of the movement.

SPLEENKINA

Well, I think it's rather nice to acknowledge the existence of those outside the gender binary. I mean, letting them speak is one thing, but it's nice to say, "Hey, you exist!"

KRYSTAL

God, typical opinion for someone of your bone structure.

SPLEENKINA

Okay, we need to stop with the phrenology.

QUINN enters, out-of-breath.

QUINN

Hi! I'm here, I'm here.

SPLEENKINA

Ah! Quinn. Good. For a moment here, I thought you were going to side with Splungiorno.

QUINN

Nope. Entirely and 100% loyal to you, Spleenkina, mostly because I'm being blackmailed.

SPLEENKINA

Hey! Whatever gets the job done. Alright, shh. Panel's about to start. And remember. Nonbinary individuals are not allowed to speak at this panel.

QUINN

Wait, Spleenkina-

SPLEENKINA

Shh!

SPLEENKINA, KRYSTAL, and QUINN leave to go sit at the panel. There's a table and some chairs. FIGURE IT OUT!

KRYSTAL

Hello, Woman+, a No-Male Conversational Dialogue Conversation for Women and the Nonbinary People We Consider to Be Women! Thank you all so much for bringing your gorgeous, natural selves here. And to those of you who did not, go burn under a thousand suns. We have a special guest with us today. Splungiorno?

SPLEENKINA

Hello, everyone! I'm Splungiorno Feterelli, sole owner and proprietor of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium. So wonderful to be here. I've come to talk to you about new radfem icon, Spleenky.

(she reads over her cards)

Spleenky is, um, someone who embodies the natural, feminine spirit. She's a girl's girl. A pop star. An icon. Divinely feminine, and has... had a spiritual vasectomy from the patriotic gaze. Alright, this all feels a little ridiculous.

KRYSTAL

Keep reading.

SPLEENKINA

Alright, alright. We all need Spleenky to remind us who we are as women, and-

RADFEM 1 (preferably in the audience) stands up.

RADFEM 1

I'm sorry, but who are you to tell us who we are as women?

SPLEENKINA

I'm sorry?

RADFEM 1

Just seems funny that you would think you, a man, who is not even supposed to be at this panel, is telling us who we are as women.

SPLEENKINA

Well, you see, there's, um, Krystal, help me.

KRYSTAL

I'm sorry, but as a person who is of divine feminine origins, I must side with my fellow women during this. You are the enemy.

SPLEENKINA

What, no! I'm not the enemy. I, uh, look. I'm trustworthy! A male feminist! I made this toy out of love and care for women and femininity-

RADFEM 2

Oh, so you're a pervert?

SPLEENKINA

No!

RADFEM 1

Sounds like pervert talk to me.

SPLEENKINA

I'm not a pervert! My loves-

RADFEM 2

Don't call us 'loves.'

SPLEENKINA

Darlings.

RADFEM 1

Even grosser!

SPLEENKINA

FRIENDS AND EQUALS.

RADFEM 1

We're not your friends!

SPLEENKINA

Fine. Assholes, listen up. Because, the twist is, I'm not actually a man! I'm a woman, crossdressing as her brother in order to usurp his company and steal the money away so that I, a woman may I remind you, may start my own ethical toy company. There! How's that for feminist?

A heavy pause.

RADFEM 1

So he's a transgender woman!

SPLEENKINA

How did you get that from anything I just said?

KRYSTAL

Well now. I've had my suspicions for a while, Splungiorno, but this proves it. Nobody wearing such a gaudy hat could ever be a natural woman. Ladies! You know what to do.

THE RADFEMS get up, and walk onto the stage. Them and KRYSTAL all pull out large, cartoon mallets.

SPLEENKINA

... What are those for?

KRYSTAL

We cannot tolerate any defiling of the divine feminine, especially from someone of the male species. My goddesses, if you see this miserable bepenised individual do anything remotely feminine, then deliver him a swift reprimand from Lady Justice's hammer.

THE RADFEMS call out a battle cry.

SPLEENKINA

(speaking as herself)

I'm a cisgender woman dressing as a man and saying that she is a man. What do you all think a transgender woman is?

RADFEM 1

A man, and a pervert!

RADFEM 2

Both of which you are!

They hit SPLEENKINA with the mallet. It genuinely looks very painful.

SPLEENKINA

Ow! What was that for?

KRYSTAL

You moved your hands in a very girlish way. That's appropriation.

RADFEM 1

This lil' "drag show" you're doing is a mockery of the female form.

SPLEENKINA

I'm not in drag! I mean, yes, I am in drag, but it's in the opposite direction. Please, you have to believe me.

They smack SPLEENKINA on the head again.

RADFEM 2

Begging for your life? How womanly of you. Act like the masculine scum you are and grow a spine, pervert.

They smack SPLEENKINA with the hammer again. She collapses.

SPLEENKINA

I'm not a pervert! Please, I don't like being called that word. It's very hurtful. Almost as bad as the hammers. Quinn, please, be a friend. Vouch for me.

(QUINN shrugs, unable to talk.)

Goddamnit, I forgot the rules of the panel.

RADFEM 1

Wow, way to play the victim.

RADFEM 2

Just another female experience that you're appropriating!

SPLEENKINA

Quinn, please. I'm liberal, but I'm nowhere near these levels of batshit. Help me out here.

QUINN

(quietly)

I'm not allowed to do anything.

SPLEENKINA

Why?

QUINN

Because they'll beat me with hammers.

SPLEENKINA

Please, just try. They'll murder me, Quinn. Murder me! And do you know how happy that would make Splungiorno? I can't even bear the thought of it.

QUINN gets between SPLEENKINA and the RADFEMS. A moment of silence for our brave soldier.

QUINN

Hey. Hi. Hello. Hi. I'm so sorry, but I'm a little bit confused. I think my friend here has made it very clear about her biological gender and how she's currently crossdressing as a man.

RADFEM 1

Who the hell are you?

QUINN

My name's Quinnberly. I'm a woman. Hi.

SPLEENKINA

Oh, are you being genuine? Do you not go by they/them anymore?

QUINN

Spleenkina, now is *not* the time to be a good ally.

RADFEM 2

They're a member of the trans militia! Get them!

RADFEM 1

WAIT! Are you AFAB or AMAB?

QUINN

... AFAB?

The Radfems are immediately sympathetic.

RADFEM 1

Oh, you poor, lost sweet little baby.

RADFEM 2

So lost and confused. Here, let us take care of you. We'll teach you how to love yourself and your clitoris again.

QUINN

Oh, gross. You know what? I'd rather deal with the sledgehammers. I'm AMAB.

RADFEM 1

KILL HIM!

THE RADFEMS ready their weapons, and wack QUINN in the leg. It genuinely injures them. SPLEENKINA grabs onto QUINN.

SPLEENKINA

Quinn, darling, we must go. They've gone mad!

QUINN

Ow! My leg, my leg!

SPLEENKINA

Quinn, love, you need to forget about your own problems right now and focus on the bigger picture. We need to move.

SPLEENKINA takes QUINN's hand and flees the scene. They're chased away by the RADFEMS.

RADFEM 2

Get outta here! Go home!

RADFEM 1

Yeah, take your pervert ass somewhere else!

They high five, before taking their places back in the stands.

KRYSTAL

Wow, that was really incredible. I'm so happy we have this community that can band together and create a place of safe acceptance and tolerance for women everywhere. Join me in half an hour for a panel on State-Sanctioned Facial Recognition Software and how it can help you be a Political Lesbian.

SCENE 4

JOSH JOHNSON, in the flesh, sits on one end of the stage, with a microphone set up.

JOSH

Hey alphas, I'm Josh Johnson, and welcome back to Man Think, where Men... Think. We're coming in hot today with Splungiorno Feterelli from Splungiorno's Toy Emporium on his hit new toy, Splungo.

SPLUNGIORNO enters, riding atop of JORTS. JORTS is now reading "Hood Feminism: Notes from the Women That a Movement Forgot" by Mikki Kendall. We hear some scattered applause, which are quickly silenced by a few whispers. "Is that a chick," etc. Etc.

SPLUNGIORNO

Hi, hello, hi. It's me, Splungiorno Feterelli. Let me get myself settled here.

He hops of JORTS and sits down. JORTS leans against the wall, buried in his book.

JOSH

So, can I just say- fucking Love. Splungo. That sickening splat of milk being thrown against a wall really takes me back to an era before #MeToo.

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah, yeah. Absolutely. That was the goal, from Day 1. Uh huh.

JOSH

Now, one thing I'm noticing about you that I didn't realize before is that you're... a woman.

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah, yeah, absolutely- wait, huh?

JOSH

Well, it's pretty obvious. Trust me, I'm an ace at picking up whenever somebody is transgendering around. You're a bonified natural woman, alright.

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh, come on! Sure, I got the dress and everything, but you've got eyes. Look at the face! The body hair!

JOSH

No, no. Trust me. We here at Man Think are very good at telling someone's natural sex. It's one of the Think Pillars we pride ourselves on

SPLUNGIORNO

You what about me screams "Woman" to you?

JOSH

Well, first off, look at this silly frumpy girly girl attire you're wearing. Also, you kinda talk like you might be from up-state New York, and that's a very feminine trait to me, like ordering desert or giving live birth.

SPLUNGIORNO

AY! I would never order desert, and don't you forget it, bub. Hit me with a question!

JOSH

Alrighty. So, Ms. Feterelli, I'm curious. Splungo is such a strong, masculine force and a role model to boys everywhere. Where did the inspiration to make this lil' man's man come from?

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh, easy. See, Splungo was originally conceptualized when I was just a little boy-

JOSH

Cool, cool. Another question. How do you stop Splungo from getting too political when you, yourself, are a woman?

SPLUNGIORNO

Yanno, Josh. Call me a constitutional traditionalist, but I don't see how being a women and politics go together.

JOSH

Oh, yeah, duh. But, y'know, I mean...

(gestures vaguely at SPLUNGIORNO)

A female CEO? Feels unrealistic. Forced diversity.

SPLUNGIORNO

Huh?

JOSH

Look, we just have one question for you. And- and please, answer honestly. Is your company woke?

SPLUNGIORNO

I... I don't know how to answer that.

JOSH

Okay, let me rephrase that.

JOSH pulls out a gun.

SPLUNGIORNO

JESUS CHRIST!

JOSH

Is your company woke? Answer right fucking now.

Just then, QUINN enters, limping.

QUINN

SPLUNGIORNO! SPLUNGIORNO! I'm here, I'm- Is that a gun?!

JOSH

Who is that? Are they woke?

SPLUNGIORNO

No, no. That's just Quinnjamin. Quinnjamin, tell him you're not woke!

QUINN

I'm not woke!

SPLUNGIORNO

And I ain't either! Dead asleep over here. Honk shoo, honk shoo, mimimi!

JOSH

Lit.

(he puts the gun away)

So, I've noticed that Splungo- he's a bit of a revolutionary. So many toys nowadays are concerned with fitting an agenda, but Splungo's all natural.

SPLUNGIORNO

I'm glad you noticed that. Splungiorno's Toy Emporium never believed in supporting any agendas. We're dedicated to making toys the ol'-fashioned way, without any of The Culture getting in the way.

JOSH

Yeah, yeah. Totally. I mean, you don't wanna be getting woke, right?

(very intensely)

Right?

SPLUNGIORNO

Absolutely!

(To QUINN, intensely)

Quinn, get under my chair.

QUINN

What?

SPLUNGIORNO

If he catches a sniff of your pride flag-ass, he's gonna go ballistic. Hide under my chair.

QUINN

Wh- wh-? Ugh!

QUINN slides under SPLUNGIORNO's chair.

JOSH snaps back to attention.

JOSH

Sorry, just started thinking about guns and got so horned up I blacked out for a few seconds.

SPLUNGIORNO

Happens to the best of us. Now, as I was saying, the story of Splungiorno's Toy Emporium starts off small. I woke up one day-

JOSH

WOKE?

He pulls out his gun, waving it wildly. Everyone panics.

SPLUNGIORNO

I got out of bed one day and I- I had a dream to start the world's biggest toy- Put that thing away!

JOSH

Don't tell me what to do, woman!

SPLUNGIORNO

Sit down! Sit down! Drop the gun!

JOSH

Second Amendment Rights!

He fires five shots into the air. QUINN leaps out from underneath the chair.

QUINN

(as though they were calming down a horse)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, can we all just... calm down for two seconds? Would that be okay? Could we do that?

JOSH

You got the wokeness. Look at you. Wearing that skirt that's also pants. Are you a boy or a girl? Answer right fucking now!

QUINN

I'm Quinn! I really wish I wasn't Quinn right now, but I am. And I would like you to drop the gun, please.

JOSH

(takes a moment, collects himself)

You're right, you're right. I'm too hot right now. Too razzed. It's just- it's everywhere. You can't escape the wokeness nowadays. Everywhere you look, it's two dudes kissing and Black Girl Magic. An infinite kaleidoscope of bullshit. It sucks.

QUINN

I'm sure that's... very hard for you.

JOSH

It is! Thank you for understanding! You're like, a really good listener, you know that?

QUINN

I do know that, thank you.

JOSH

I think I'm in love with you.

QUINN

Okay!

SPLUNGIORNO

Hey, hi, hello. It's me, Splungiorno Feterelli. Can we please talk about Splungo? Can we do that? Splungo?

JOSH

God, what is with you? Yapping up a storm over here. Graduate of Yap University. Cum Loud.

QUINN

That's not how you say that.

SPLUNGIORNO

Alright, you know what? I didn't come here to be disrespected! I am a respected businessman and you're gonna treat me as such.

JOSH

Whoa, someone's getting emotional. #WomanMoment, ammiright?

SPLUNGIORNO

I'm better than this. C'mon, Jorts.

JORTS

Hold on. Let me finish this dissertation on reproductive rights, specifically in how it pertains to Black, inner-city AFAB individuals.

JOSH

... What the fuck are you reading?

QUINN

Jorts, don't.

JORTS

Hood Feminism: Notes from the Women White Feminists Forgot by Mikki Kendall! Simone de Beauvoir provided a very useful basis for analyzing structural misogyny, but I figured if I'm really going to be The Last Real Feminist, I need to consider a more intersectional perspective.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jorts!

JORTS

It's really got me thinking. There are so many restrictions placed on us from birth. Race, class, gender, sexuality. Perhaps we need to break down these barriers and reach for a path of ultimate unity.

JOSH

Intersectional?! Unity?! That's it!

(He pulls out- you guessed it- his gun)

I'll kill you. I'll kill all of you. You're not infecting my studio with your wokeness!

He fires his gun, which has a lot more than six chambers because it keeps on firing.
SPLUNGIORNO ducks under his chair, and crawls over to JORTS.

SPLUNGIORNO

Giddy-up, bud! We gotta move!

JORTS

That seems dangerous, Mr. Mrs. Splungiorno!

SPLUNGIORNO

Does it look like I give a shit? Move! Move!

SPLUNGIORNO hops on JORTS and gallops away.

QUINN

Wait!

QUINN starts to move.

JOSH

STOP! Are you that freak's assistant?

QUINN

Yes, but I really wish I wasn't.

JOSH

Hmm. I'll let you leave because you arouse me and I need some time to unpack that. But tell your boss that she won't get away with this. I'll find her and put a bullet in her head for making my stuffed hippopotamus WOKE! Now GO!

QUINN runs, as he shoots off some more rounds.

JOSH

(pauses, then returns to the mic)

Well, Man Think, that excludes our very exclusive interview with Splungiorno Feterelli. Now for a message from a sponsor, Dude-oderant. Finally, a deoderant for men.

SCENE 5

SPLEENKINA and SPLUNGIORNO, riding on JORTS, return to the floor of SPLUNGIORNO'S TOY EMPORIUM.

SPLEENKINA
SPLUNGIORNO! We need to swap clothes - Oh.

SPLUNGIORNO
SPLEENKINA! We need to swap clothes - Oh.

SPLUNGIORNO shoves JORTS away. He's currently reading Karl Marx's work, and actually looks kinda pissed that he's being mistreated.

SPLUNGIORNO
They were so fucked to me, Spleenkina. So fucked! Josh Johnson kept talking down to me like I was a lowly little worm and interrupting me after everything I said- it sucked!

SPLEENKINA
Please, you think you have it bad? I say one effeminate thing and suddenly I'm a pervert.

SPLUNGIORNO
You gotta give me my suit back.

SPLEENKINA
Only if you give me my dress.

SPLUNGIORNO
Deal!

It should be noted that SPLUNGIORNO and SPLEENKINA are now in a mixture of each other's outfits.

SPLEENKINA
Wait. I want to keep the hat.

SPLUNGIORNO
What?! No! It's my big boss man hat! Mine!

SPLEENKINA

Well, I've grown quite attached to it. So I would like it.

SPLUNGIORNO

Over my dead, hatless body.

They play tug-of-war with the hat. Enter
QUINN, limping

QUINN

Splungiorno, Spleenkina-

SPLUNGIORNO

Damnit, Quinnjamin, shut up! Daddy's getting his hat back.

JORTS

Hey now! Hey now!

JORTS goes over to tend to QUINN's leg.

JORTS

OSHA policy states that all factory operations must stop if there is an injury within the workspace.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jorts, how the hell do you know about workplace violations?

JORTS

Well, y'know, I was reading over some feminist readings, and they started talking a whole lot about liberation, not just for women but for all peoples under the oppressive system of capitalism. So I did some light reading through Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto, which was nice because it provided a basic framework for more progressive economic policies, but it felt as though there were a lot of blank spots that Marx was missing in his work, so I decided to study up on the current state of worker's rights and how-

SPLUNGIORNO

God. Shut up! Shut up! You're so fucking- JUST SHUT UP! SHUT UP!!

A pause.

JORTS

I don't have to be treated like this.

JORTS exits. SPLUNGIORNO and
SPLEENKINA go back to fighting for the hat.

SPLUNGIORNO

Jesus Christ. And you'd think he's the one that got shot by Josh Johnson, ammiright, Quinny-boy?

SPLEENKINA

Josh Johnson? No! Quinn's wounds were directly caused by them helping yours truly at the Woman+ Conversation.

SPLUNGIORNO

What do you mean, Woman+? Quinnjamin was helping me at my interview.

SPLEENKINA

Well, that's impossible! Because they were helping me with my interview.

Pause. A realization from the boh of them. They
both slowly turn to look at QUINN.

QUINN

Well, see, the thing about that is... Haha. Ha. Um...

SPLEENKINA

You backstabbing little weasel! I'll ruin you, Quinn! Ruin you!

SPLUNGIORNO

Ay, back off. Quinnjamin's loyal to me. Saved me from the wrath of Josh Johnson when I was in some hot woke water.

SPLEENKINA

Oh, is that it then? So you came to the Woman+ panel to sabotage me?

QUINN

No! No, I didn't. Spleenkina, you have to trust me.

SPLEENKINA

I did trust you, Quinn. Trusted you to have some common sense. Well then, I think that Splungiorno would like to know that his little Quinnjamin has been keeping a few secrets from him as well, for they are the mind behind... The Hip House.

A pause. Dead silence.

SPLUNGIORNO

... The Hip House?

QUINN

Uh...

SPLUNGIORNO

You mean the blog that's been ruining my life? The one's that spitting out critique after critique of every toy I've made for the past year? The blog that tanked Splungo's profits and got my ass into this mess? *That* Hip House?

QUINN

I think you should remember that we've had a great working relationship up to this point.

SPLUNGIORNO

I'll kill you, Quinnjamin! I'll kill you dead!

SPLUNGIORNO chases QUINN.

SPLEENKINA takes the chance to grab the hat.

SPLEENKINA

Ah ha!

JOSH JOHNSON breaks in, guns blazing.

JOSH

Where's Splungiorno?

SPLEENKINA

Oh, he's right there, chasing his assistant like a dog.

JOSH points his gun at SPLEENKINA.

JOSH

Nuh uh, you aren't tricking me again, bitch. I can smell the wokeness radiating off of you. Your life ends now.

JOSH is pushed over by QUINN, and then pushed over by SPLUNGIORNO.

SPLUNGIORNO

I'm gonna take your head and shove it up your ass, Quinnjamin!

QUINN

That's fine as long as you don't fire me!

SPLUNGIORNO

Fire?!

QUINN narrowly avoids getting tackled by SPLUNGIORNO, who instead rams JOSH JOHNSON.

JOSH

(he sees SPLUNGIORNO, and SPLEENKINA)

What? Why the hell are there two Splungiornos? And they're dressed a little bit like men? But also a bit like women?

(He shoots the ceiling)

This is making me sexually confused and I don't like it!

SPLEENKINA

Put that thing down!

SPLEENKINA wrestles JOSH for the gun. QUINN tries to break them up while simultaneously not getting shot and also fending off SPLUNGIORNO.

QUINN

This might be a long-shot but is there any chance we could all sit down and have a nice, civil conversation-?

SPLUNGIORNO

I'll be civil when you're in hell, Quinnjamin!

KRYSTAL enters.

KRYSTAL

Well, Splungiorno, that was an absolute failure-

She GASPS, seeing SPLUNGIORNO and SPLEENKINA.

KRYSTAL

What is this? You're- Splungiorno, you're wearing womanly clothing! And this other Splungiorno is also wearing womanly clothing! I knew it! I knew you were a pervert!

JOSH

Are you a pervert?

SPLEENKINA

I'm not a pervert!

QUINN

She's not a pervert!

KRYSTAL

I don't need you speaking over woman's issues, Quinnjamin.

QUINN

I thought I was Quinnberly to you!

KRYSTAL

Not when you're defending these sickos. That's it. I've rested on my laurels for too long. I'm using my healing feminine energy and ridding this place of the pestilence of man!

KRYSTAL grabs a giant cartoon mallet and starts smashing stuff.

QUINN

That is not healing feminine energy!

KRYSTAL

Girlhood is a spectrum!!

The Splungiorno Toy Emporium is torn apart by the fight. QUINN desperately tries to calm everyone down.

QUINN

Everyone, everyone, please!

SPLUNGIORNO

You betrayed me, Quinnberly! When I needed you the most, you betrayed me! You're no better than Spleenkina.

SPLEENKINA

Me? They're no better than you for being a liar!

She punches JOSH in the face and pulls the gun on SPLUNGIORNO.

JOSH

No. The Feminist Agenda!

SPLEENKINA

Alright, listen everyone! I have the gun and the big man boss hat which makes me the big man boss, alright?!

SPLEENKINA is bonked on the head by KRYSTAL. She falls.

KRYSTAL

NO! We are not conflating a phallic object with a symbol of power.

SPLEENKINA

The hat is barely even phallic!

SPLUNGIORNO leaps for the hat. The two continue fighting for it.

SPLUNGIORNO

Let go!

SPLEENKINA

I had it first!

JOSH attempts to join the fight for the gun, but SPLEENKINA pushes him down. QUINN attempts to break up the two to similar results.

JORTS enters, carrying a sign that reads “NO EMPLOYMENT WITHOUT ENJOYMENT.” He’s followed by 3 other FACTORY WORKERS.

JORTS AND WORKERS

What do we want? Basic respect! When do we want it? Now!

QUINN

Jorts, what are you doing?

JORTS

We’re forming a union, Quinn! No longer will we be held under the thumb of our oppressors! You outta join us. The revolution starts with you!

SPLUNGIORNO

No. The revolution ends with me!

He whacks SPLEENKINA, and grabs the hat and the gun. He then leaps over to QUINN. QUINN attempts to run, but their leg gives out. They’re cornered. Chaos continues to ensue around them.

QUINN

Sir. Sir, we can talk this out. Please . I’m hurt. I’m tired. I can’t- I can’t do this anymore.

SPLUNGIORNO

Nah uh. You fucked up, Quinn. Thought you could keep your little secret away from me, huh? Well, guess what, buddy. It’s over for you. Lights out for Quinnjamin.

QUINN

My name’s Quinn.

SPLUNGIORNO

You think I give a flying, flipping fuck what you call yourself, boy? When you're here, you're mine. I'm the alpha. I'm the hawk. I wear the hat. And you were in good with me, Quinn, but then you fucked it up. And for what? For some clicks? For shits and giggles?

QUINN

I was just trying to express- to express that-

SPLUNGIORNO

Express what? Express fucking what, Quinnjamin?

QUINN

THAT SPLUNGO IS A BAD TOY, SPLUNGIORNO!

It all stops. QUINN is center-stage. Spotlight on them.

QUINN

What... where... what...

From up above and down below, THE CLOWN appears. QUINN is stunned speechless.

THE CLOWN

My heart's on you, Quinn-jamin and -berly
The whole Plastic Kingdom is naught but waste
For I reflect thou and thou reflect me
A spring's spurt of freedom you can almost taste-

THE CLOWN suddenly starts coughing.

QUINN

Uh...

THE CLOWN

(with realism)

Oh. Sorry. Had something in my throat. Hey, what's up?

QUINN

Not much. Just... seconds away from being shot by my boss.

That's cool. I'm just gonna, uh-

THE CLOWN

THE CLOWN starts pouring gasoline all over the stage. Just absolutely smothering.

Hey. That's um-

QUINN

Oh. Sorry, is this cool?

THE CLOWN

No. Not really.

QUINN

Okay.

THE CLOWN

THE CLOWN keeps doing it.

THE CLOWN

You know, I- I really empathize with you. Shit's a difficult situation. Seems like you've got a lot of people trying to tell you who you are- what to be.

QUINN

I mean, that's having a job.

THE CLOWN

Doesn't have to be. I mean, I'm kinda doing my own thing. Using any pronouns. Living in the basement. Eating rats and black mold. That could be you.

QUINN

I don't want that to be me!

THE CLOWN

Great! Don't let it be! You're fucking Quinn. And nothing can tell you otherwise. Not Splungiorno. Not Spleenkina. Not your fucking pantsuit. You are- you are on the cusp of infinity. All you have to do is take the leap.

QUINN

I don't know what that means.

THE CLOWN

I have a question. Right now, you are at gunpoint. You are mere seconds away from annihilation of the self. The person who is Quinn will cease to exist if that gun goes off.

(THE CLOWN produces a Splungo)

All for a toy hippo that you cover in milk and throw against the wall or drink from, depending on said hippo's gender. So, I guess the question is... Would you die for Splungo and Spleenky?

QUINN really considers this.

QUINN

I... I-

THE CLOWN

Would you die for Splungo and Spleenky?

QUINN

I- I wouldn't! I won't! I will not die for Splungo and Spleenky!

THE CLOWN

Why?

QUINN

Because they're stupid and bad and poorly made and arbitrarily gendered and unhygienic and I can- I can do more than this. I can be more than this. You're fucking right. I'm at the cusp of infinity and all I have to do is take the fucking leap.

THE CLOWN

God, you're so hot when you talk like that.

THE CLOWN kisses QUINN on the lips. This time, QUINN grabs THE CLOWN and pulls them into a full-on makeout session.

THE CLOWN

(in iambic pentameter)

"I wish for my life," thou spoketh to me
A feud locked between pink n' blue, her and his
But my boiled egg, you'll set yourself free

THE CLOWN hands QUINN the match. They look to THE CLOWN. THE CLOWN nods.

QUINN drops the match.

THE CLOWN

O! And the gender of the baby is...!

LIGHTS UP, but make 'em red. Splungiorno's Toy Emporium is on FIRE. THE CLOWN exits, dancing clowningly.

SPLUNGIORNO

What the FUCK?

SPLEENKINA

Fire!

SPLUNGIORNO

Fire?!

JORTS

Alrighty, everyone, please exit the building in a tight, orderly fa-

SPLUNGIORNO pushes JORTS over in his panic.

SPLUNGIORNO

I can't be here. My hat isn't insured! My everything isn't insured! Oh God! Oh Christ! QUINN!

QUINN doesn't move. They simply stand in the middle of the fire. They spread their arms.

The room and the walls and the world and most importantly, most importantly of all, everyone's clothing catches fire. The characters run around the stage, stop drop and roll, do whatever they can to extinguish the flame. Except for QUINN. QUINN doesn't move.

SPLUNGIORNO

My hat!

SPLEENKINA

My dress!

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinn, do something. Fix this! Make this better! Quinn!

SPLUNGIORNO grabs QUINN, who doesn't move. They sway in the flames, allowing their and everyone else's clothes to be burnt away.

The characters speak, though not in unison.

SPLUNGIORNO

No. This is everything I have. This is all that I am. I need to cling onto this. I need to ground myself in something. I need to feel like a person. Damnit, Quinn. You can't do this. I've been so good to you. All of us have been so good to you. And this is how you repay us? By burning us? You can't take away my hat. You can't take away me.

SPLEENKINA

No. This is everything I have. This is all that I am. I need to cling onto this. I need to ground myself in something. I need to feel like a person. Damnit, Quinn. You can't do this. I've been so good to you. All of us have been so good to you. And this is how you repay us? By burning us? You can't take away my dress. You can't take away me.

They repeat this as-

KRYSTAL

I'm being stripped bare. Assaulted. Perverted. When I look down at my body, I see flesh and bone and meat the same as all else- but how could that be? I'm a divinity. An exception to the rule. My blood flows better than the rest. My body was constructed in the image of a higher power. And yet I look around, I am greeted by these mirrors. I am the other and the other is me. You can't do this to me, Quinn. I'm supposed to be better. I'm supposed to be a Goddess.

JOSH

I'm being stripped bare. Assaulted. Perverted. When I look down at my body, I see flesh and bone and meat the same as all else- but how could that be? I'm a divinity. An exception to the rule. My blood flows better than the rest. My body was constructed in the image of a higher power. And yet I look around, I am greeted by these mirrors. I am the other and the other is me. You can't do this to me, Quinn. I'm supposed to be better. I'm supposed to be a God.

They repeat this as-

JORTS

I think I'm becoming something different. I think I'm expanding past what I was supposed to be. My clothes always felt too tight, and I thought that's because I was strong. My muscles tore each time I walked. But now I feel like I've eaten something I wasn't supposed to and someone big is upset with me. Will this make me happy? Will this knowledge set me free? I don't know. I'm scared. I'm ready.

Their voices all muddle into a confusion.
Absolute chaos. Their clothes are burnt away.
QUINN SCREAMS. The ceiling collapses.
Everything goes to black.

QUINN

(from the darkness)

You know. They say the clothes make the man. Woman. Man. Woman.

(a spark of genius)

Moman.

SCENE 6

The metaphorical smoke clears. The factory is in ruins. Show that on stage however you like.

QUINN, SPLUNGIORNO, SPLEENKINA, JORTS, KRYSTAL, and JOSH all rise from the ashes that were once Splungiorno's Toy Emporium. They're no longer wearing costumes. Are they naked? Maybe! I'm not going to tell you how to live your life.

Like their clothes, the comedic hyperbole of the show has also been burnt away. The following should be done as dead realism. Are the actors playing characters anymore? Were they ever playing characters? Is it the natural state of the social animal to play a character? Don't ask me. You think I'm smart? I wrote this fucking play for Christ's sake.

SPLUNGIORNO

No no no no no my factory my money my Splungos this is I'm I'm proper pissed is what I am I'm

He stops.

SPLUNGIORNO

I should be pissed why am I not pissed what what is coming out of my mouth

SPLEENKINA

Words are coming out of your mouth

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah yeah but something's off something isn't right

(without any SPLUNGIORNO-ness)

Ima smack you into next week see I'm missing something there's no there's no punch

SPLEENKINA

Let me try

(without any SPLEENKINA-ness)

You're a clown a clown at the masturbation circus doing masturbation things oh you know what I can hear it there's something wrong

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinn Quinn Quinn wake up Quinn

QUINN

Hello

SPLUNGIORNO

Quinn my hat and my suit and my my everything is missing I'm missing where did I go

QUINN

Well who is "you"

SPLUNGIORNO

I'm *Splugorno* I'm *Splengeeno* I'm *Spazorno* what the hell why can't I say my name I'm [NAME OF ACTOR PLAYING SPLUNGIORNO]

QUINN

Whoa okay hi I'm Quinn or [NAME OF ACTOR PLAYING QUINN] I'm not really sure right now

SPLUNGIORNO

What the hell happened

QUINN

Um the fire I think I think everything went into the fire and now we're all that's left

SPLUNGIORNO

No but I don't want to be left I mean I do want to be left but I'd like my hat and my suit and my *Splunjerny*-ness back I told you I was allergic to fire goddamnit I don't have anything else

QUINN

That sounds like a problem for you to figure out

SPLEENKINA

Quinn cut it out and make us us again

QUINN

I don't think I know how to I think what happened happened and now we can all go home

SPLUNGIORNO

But but my factory and everything else and all these *Splurngos* I mean look at all these *Splungs* why can't I say *Splungo* right what is wrong with me

QUINN

Well it's a bad word and it sounds bad and it sounds like

SPLUNGIORNO

Like a joke

QUINN

Yeah everything here sounds like a joke everything here is stupid

SPLUNGIORNO

Hey don't say that about *Splunjo Splungy* is a good toy he's a good man I love him and he's everything to me and I like him a lot and and and and

QUINN

Splungiorno stop please this is embarrassing he's not a good toy and he'll never be a good toy and you've wasted a lot of time on something that isn't good and you should feel bad I should feel bad we should feel bad

SPLUNGIORNO

Oh God

QUINN

Spleenkina is *Splungo* stupid

SPLEENKINA

I well I mean yeah yeah it is pretty stupid *Sleenky* isn't stupid though right

QUINN

Spleenky is also pretty stupid

SPLEENKINA

Fuck.

QUINN

Yeah.

SPLUNGIORNO

What am I doing with my life

QUINN

I don't know but whatever it is you should both feel bad because what you did was bad you've both done a bad thing

KRYSTAL and JOSH stand up.

KRYSTAL

You just hate the divine feminine spirit of- of- what is going on why am I talking like this

JOSH

Yeah I had the same question as the feminazi my words feel weird in my face

KRYSTAL

They aren't coming naturally to me because because

JOSH

Oh my God I remember

KRYSTAL

Quinn Quinn burned down the whole factory and burned everything up and now we're wrong and bad and naked

JOSH

We're perverts

KRYSTAL

We're fucking perverts why do I feel bad saying perverts I shouldn't feel bad

SPLEENKINA

It's not a very nice thing to call someone

KRYSTAL

Don't tell me that I like that word it protects me from bad things like like Goddamnit Quinn you know what I was being nice about your alternative lifestyle I was being kind and loving about the way you chose to be because I believed deep down you were like me you understand the struggles of womanhood and were just led astray but now get it you're a man and you're always going to be a man

QUINN punches KRYSTAL in the face. She goes down.

JOSH

Hey you can't do that you're a fucking freak you know that a stupid sexy violent freak see this is the problem with the left this is why the suicide rate is 40%

QUINN then punches JOSH in the face. He goes down. Lights out for both of them.

QUINN

Sorry I can't use my words and wit anymore sometimes I just have to hit someone

SPLEENKINA

I respect that

SPLUNGIORNO

Yeah fair enough

QUINN

Listen you two I feel like you're actually kind of similar and everything burning down and also me being naked has made me realize that this whole rivalry has been very silly so maybe just like calm down?

SPLUNGIORNO

IIII

QUINN

You what

SPLUNGIORNO

I don't know maybe you're right

QUINN

I know I am go home spend some time with the people you love don't trap yourself into being Splungiorno and Spleenkina just be you

A pause.

SPLEENKINA

Hey do you want to go back to my place maybe we could rent a movie or something and hang out

SPLUNGIORNO

You know yeah okay I might be down for that

SPLEENKINA

Cool should we get rid of these guys?

QUINN

Yeah sure take them as you leave

SPLUNGIORNO drags JOSH off-stage.
SPLEENKINA drags KRYSTAL. They exit.

JORTS

So who are you

QUINN

Maybe Quinn maybe [THE ACTOR PLAYING QUINN] I don't really know right now and I think it's okay I don't think that's something I need to know

JORTS

Wow I never thought about it like that

QUINN

Who are you

JORTS

I don't know what should I be

QUINN

You don't have to have me tell you that you can be anyone

JORTS

Can I be Splungiorno

QUINN

I don't see why not

JORTS

Can I be Spleenkina

QUINN

Sure of course but maybe don't be those guys because they're kind of the worst

JORTS

Well then what should I be

QUINN

I don't think I can tell you that I don't think anyone can tell you that

JORTS

Okay I think I want to make a toy

QUINN

Yeah?

JORTS

A toy that's fun for everyone and people like it and the people making it are paid good and everyone feels like they can be themselves around it

Okay QUINN

And there's no milk there's no milk at all JORTS

Thank God QUINN

Do you wanna help we could make something new something original something really cool something... JORTS
Infinite.

You know what I think I'm good but I'll be rooting for you the whole way QUINN

Alrighty JORTS

Alrighty QUINN

QUINN nods. JORTS pulls them into a hug, then exits. They exit too.

SCENE 7

We're back to form, baby! Let the goofs get goofy!

CHILD 1, CHILD 2, and CHILD 3 enter.

God, I'm soooooo bored. CHILD 3

Me too. I wish there was something fun for all of us to do in equal measure, without restriction or complication. CHILD 2

CHILD 1

Yeah, I wanna do something cool, like use active listening or respect people's pronouns.

ANNOUNCER

Hey kids! Do you want something to do that's totally fun and cool?

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Yeah!

ANNOUNCER

Do you want to play without boundaries restricting your activities based on something as arbitrary as your assigned sex at birth?

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Yeah!

ANNOUNCER

Well, do I have the perfect toy for you! Introducing... Screenky! The world's first ever nonbinary stuffed hippo!

CHILD 1

Radical! But what do we do with Screenky?

ANNOUNCER

That's entirely up to you! There are no rules when it comes to Screenky. Cover them in milk or don't! The world, and by extension, this hippo, is your oyster.

CHILD 2

Awesome! I love having freedom of expression!

CHILD 3

This hippo contains multitudes, just like me!

ANNOUNCER

Experience infinite identity with Screenky, the hot new toy from a guy maybe named Jorts! Coming soon!

THE CHILDREN pose. JORTS and QUINN enter. JORTS wears a mixture of SPLUNGIORNO and SPLEENKINA's outfits. QUINN is still naked.

So. What'd'ya think?

JORTS

Well...

QUINN

It's a start.

(genuinely)

END.