

**IN SEARCH OF...
SASQUATCH**

*by
Robert Kerr*

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

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IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

For Dad

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In Search Of... Sasquatch was first produced by Fifth Wall Productions and Flowertown Players in Summerville, S.C., on Sept. 2, 2021, with artistic and technical design (lights, sound, and set) and direction by Jason Olson and costume design by Emma Scott. The stage manager was Megan Pallucio. The cast was as follows:

Stanley Whitaker	Jaime Young
Beverly Whitaker.....	Margaret Nyland
Todd Larson.....	Ian Bonner
Crystal Williams	Emma Scott

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CAST: 2 Women, 2 Men

STANLEY WHITAKER About 60. Race/ethnicity open.

BEVERLY WHITAKER His wife, about 60. Race/ethnicity open.

TODD LARSON 30s. Race/ethnicity open.

CRYSTAL WILLIAMS 30s to 40s. Race/ethnicity open.

SETTING: The living room of Stan and Beverly's home—a small rental house somewhere in the upper Midwest, in an outer-ring suburb, probably not far from the airport. It is decorated for Christmas: a tree with lights, wrapped presents under the tree, some other presents on a table waiting to be wrapped. A comfy chair, a couch and a television. The kitchenette is partially visible offstage. Doors lead outside and to the bedroom. A hallway leads off to the bathroom.

TIME: Shortly before Christmas. Just after sundown until the following dawn.

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ACT 1
SCENE 1

STAN, a man of about 60, sleeps in a comfy chair. From the television, spooky music and ominous narration. A commercial comes on. Stan wakes, picks up remote, changes the channel. A cooking show is heard. He picks up a mug and sips from it. Watches show. Pushes remote: a commercial. Pushes remote: back to the cooking show. He sips from the mug. Watches. Pushes remote: spooky music and ominous narration. Stan sips from the mug, or tries to. Looks into it, annoyed, as if the mug has played a trick on him. He speaks with a Minnesotan or Wisconsin accent.

STAN. *Beverly? ... Bev? ... Beverly? ... (He sets down the remote, sets down the mug, puts a hand on each armrest, starts to push himself up, but grimaces in pain.) Ah jeez. (He sinks back into the chair.) Beverly? ... Mug's empty. ... BEV! ... (He watches TV. His eyes droop. He nods off. He snores. A key in the door. Stan starts awake. The door opens. Behind a couple of grocery bags, BEVERLY enters. She is also about 60, speaks with a Minnesota/Wisconsin accent.)*

BEVERLY. You'll never believe who I run into at the Bunyan Mart.

STAN. Where you been, Beverly? I been calling you.

BEVERLY. I just told you, Stan, the Bunyan Mart. And guess who I run into there.

STAN. Mug's empty.

BEVERLY. What?

STAN. My *mug*. It's *empty*.

BEVERLY. So fill it.

STAN. I can't. My sciatica.

BEVERLY. Don't give me your sciatica.

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STAN. Every time I try to get up, it's like a hot poker down my leg.

BEVERLY. Fine, then. What were you drinking?

STAN. Two percent.

BEVERLY. How about some diet cherry instead?

STAN. Your diet cherry tastes like goat piss.

BEVERLY. You drink so much milk you're gonna turn into a G.D. cow. What's this you're watching?

STAN. In Search Of.

BEVERLY. In search of what?

STAN. Sasquatch. *(Beverly goes to the TV and turns it off.)* Ah, come on. *(Stan turns the TV on with the remote. Beverly turns it off by hand. Stan turns it on, Beverly turns it off.)* ...

BEVERLY. ... *(Stan turns it on, Beverly turns it off.)* You do that again, Stan, I'm gonna shove that clicker down your throat.

STAN. I gotta watch *something!*

BEVERLY. You wanna give me nightmares?

STAN. You don't even believe in Sasquatch.

BEVERLY. It don't matter. That show's gonna seep into my brain and he'll be all over my dreams. *(Beverly goes to kitchenette, continues unpacking groceries.)* So guess who I run into at the Bunyan Mart? ... Stan? You hear me? ... I said guess who I run into at the Bunyan Mart? ... Joanie Larson. Guess what she told me. ... Stan? ... Guess what Joanie Larson told me. ... Don't you wanna know what she—

STAN. Fill my mug, then I'll wanna know. *(Beverly goes to get Stan's mug, takes it back to the kitchenette, opens refrigerator, takes out milk. Stan turns on the TV.)*

BEVERLY. Jeez, Stan, what'd I just say?

STAN. You can't see nothing from in there.

BEVERLY. I can hear it. Mr. Spock's talking about Sasquatch right now.

STAN. So don't listen.

BEVERLY. You want me to dump your two percent down the drain? *(Stan turns off the TV. Beverly fills the mug and walks it over to Stan.)* You hear what Joanie Larson told me, you won't sleep for a month.

STAN. Why'd I wanna hear it then?

BEVERLY. I don't wanna be the only one not sleeping.

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STAN. Jeez, and my sciatica.

BEVERLY. What's your sciatica gotta do with it?

STAN. It's worse I don't get a good night's sleep.

BEVERLY. Stanley Whitaker, you're full of it.

STAN. Is so.

BEVERLY. *Full, of, it.*

STAN. I got it from sitting all day and then I had to lift that one bag.

BEVERLY. I bet you got it on purpose so you could live six months off the disability.

STAN. It was a big bag, Beverly.

BEVERLY. And now you in my hair all day and me waiting on you hand and foot. You're living the life a Riley.

STAN. Jeez, lay *off*, would you? If I could work, I would.

BEVERLY. Whoa, Stan, settle down. I was just—

STAN. Giving me the business? It gets *old*, Bev. I was outta work for five years. That was enough sitting at home being useless for one lifetime.

BEVERLY. I'm sorry, Stan. I was just trying to lighten the mood. I never meant anything by it.

STAN. ... So, you gonna tell me what Joanie Larson told you?

BEVERLY. I thought you didn't wanna know. I thought your sciatica.

STAN. You're gonna tell me sooner or later. Might as well get it over with.

BEVERLY. Okay, but what I'm gonna tell you, you can't tell nobody else.

STAN. Why not?

BEVERLY. It's about... (*Quieter.*) It's about the government.

STAN. Every time I turn around it's you and the G.D. government.

BEVERLY. You should know. You used to work for them.

STAN. I still do.

BEVERLY. This what they pay you for, watching Sasquatch all day?

STAN. I'm on leave.

BEVERLY. Maybe you watch long enough you'll see Sasquatch try to sneak a gun on a plane, and you can call it in. You could make up for that one you missed.

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STAN. Wasn't me that missed it, and you know it. Anyway, you try sitting there eight hours a day five days a week staring at a screen. How long you think it would take before you started going all cross-eyed?

BEVERLY. Calm down. I didn't mean you personally. I meant all you guys at James Buchanan International.

STAN. ... So you gonna tell me this story or not?

BEVERLY. Okay, but first you gotta swear, you won't tell no one else.

STAN. I swear.

BEVERLY. Say what you're swearing to.

STAN. Cross my heart and hope to die, I won't tell nobody what you're about to tell me. So what the heck was Joanie Larson on about?

BEVERLY. You remember her son Todd?

STAN. Course I do. We used to play airplane, for crying out loud.

BEVERLY. So Todd was out driving in Birchwood Falls to this new job he just got, and—

STAN. What job?

BEVERLY. What?

STAN. What new job he just got?

BEVERLY. It don't matter what job.

STAN. You don't know, do you?

BEVERLY. Sure I know.

STAN. Then why not just tell me?

BEVERLY. It slows down the story.

STAN. You're the one slowing it down, not telling me.

BEVERLY. ... Comptroller. All right? So he was out driving to this new job he just got—

STAN. *Comptroller?* You kidding me? All that boy's done since high school is sit all day in his mom's basement, a joystick in one hand and a hash pipe in the other. If you don't know what job, just say so.

BEVERLY. ... I don't know what job. You happy? So Todd was driving to his new job—what job I don't know—when all of a sudden he had to take a whiz, *bam*, right that second. So there he is, with all of them new office parks out there, the ones look all alike, you drive by and you don't even notice them 'cause it looks like all they got in there is telemarketers selling french fry baskets or... *(During the above, Stan has turned the TV*

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back on and muted the sound.) You wanna hear the story, or you wanna ogle Sasquatch?

STAN. I turned the sound off.

BEVERLY. What'd I just say?

STAN. Something about french fry baskets.

BEVERLY. So Todd pulls into one of them office parks and goes into the first building he sees. And right away he gets a funny feeling about this place, 'cause the halls are like a maze, and no furniture in any of the offices, and not a soul in sight. That is, until he comes to this door, and through a window in the door he can see a cubicle. And in this cubicle are two guys, side by side, each one wearing a headset and his hand on a joystick, and like five screens in front of them. And one of them screens showed a view from the air, like the camera was following this van driving down some road. And the guy on the left moved his arm, and it was like the camera was diving down, getting closer to that van. And the other guy, the guy on the right, pushed a button, and the whole screen flashed white. When the white faded away there was the van, lying on its side, with smoke billowing out. And then this guy climbs out, and he's brushing himself with his hands, like he's trying to brush the fire off his clothes, you know? And then Todd heard somebody yell Hey! So he just started booking it and turning corners until he found a door out. He got back in his car and sped off with four or five guys running after him. And then he went home to Joanie and when he was done telling her this story, he said Goodbye, I don't know when I'll see you again. Then he took off, and Joanie ain't seen him since. *(Stan turns off the television.)* Well, that got your attention.

STAN. Where'd you say this was?

BEVERLY. Birchwood Falls.

STAN. Huh.

BEVERLY. What you thinking there, Stanley?

STAN. It's a big stinking pile of B.S., is what. I mean, think about it. Would someplace running drone attacks on Whatchamacallit-stan really have such crappy security somebody like Todd Larson could just blunder in?

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BEVERLY. It's not any worse than the airport. You'll let any idiot with an AK-47 sneak it through in his carry-on.

STAN. How many times I gotta tell you, Bev? It wasn't me.

BEVERLY. I know it wasn't you. I just hope they find whatever moron was responsible and can him.

STAN. They probably never will. They don't got no record who was on that lane when the weapon got through.

BEVERLY. How can that be?

STAN. The hard drive failed and they lost all the logs. Pffft. Kaput.

BEVERLY. Well, ain't that convenient.

STAN. Convenient or not, that's what I heard. Anyway, my point was, it's awfully far-fetched somebody like Todd Larson could just blunder in on something like that.

BEVERLY. You think the far-fetched part is Todd walking in on them and not the fact somebody's running drone attacks outta some office park in Birchwood Falls? *(Stan shrugs.)* You *know* something. You know something you're not telling. I never said nothing about no drone attacks, but you knew right away that's what it was.

STAN. Ain't it obvious?

BEVERLY. I'm a nurse in the ER. I didn't know til Joanie explained it to me. But you work for the Airport Security and Safety Agency, which is part of the Homeland Protection Authority, and I bet *they* know exactly where every drone joint in the country is.

STAN. I screen *bags*, Beverly. That kind of thing's way above my pay grade.

BEVERLY. I tell you they're running drones practically out of our backyard, and you don't even bat an eye.

STAN. That's 'cause the whole thing's a big load of B.S. Which is a good thing, 'cause if I really believed what you just told me, I'd be in one hell of a position.

BEVERLY. Why? 'Cause you used to work for ASSA?

STAN. Number one, it's A.S.S.A., not "ass-ah." Number two, I'm on medical leave, so I do too still work for them.

BEVERLY. Oh, right. You're keeping an eye out in case the Loch Ness Monster's got an underwear bomb.

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STAN. I'm just saying, I believed a single word of what you just told me, I'd be duty bound to report it.

BEVERLY. You would not.

STAN. I swore an oath, Bev. I'd have to, I didn't know the whole thing's a load of B.S.

BEVERLY. This is Todd Larson we're talking about. You used to sneak him near beers on the Fourth of July when he was twelve years old. He stayed in our house for two weeks after his dad died. He called you Uncle Stan 'til he was a junior in high school.

STAN. Jeez, Bev, calm down. I just told you, far as I'm concerned it's all baloney, so there ain't nothing to tell anyway. So where is he now?

BEVERLY. Nobody knows. His phone goes straight to voice mail. Joanie thinks he turned it off so they can't track it. If he's smart, he woulda chucked it by now. 'Cause a the video.

STAN. What video?

BEVERLY. When he saw what was going on, he whipped out his phone and videoed the whole thing. Joanie said he said he wanted to prove to himself later he wasn't just having a flashback from all the acid he done when he was younger. She said it was kind of hard to make out on that tiny screen, but once Todd told her what was going on she could see it clear as day. You still think it's B.S. now?

STAN. ...

BEVERLY. I *got* you, Stan.

STAN. He coulda faked that video. Or he coulda just downloaded it from the Internet. You know, I bet that's what he did. He downloaded it, said it was his, and made up a whole story to go with it.

BEVERLY. What for?

STAN. For fun. Just like he did when he was a kid, remember? He'd always go around telling everyone about some story he said he just read in the Star-Herald or saw on TV. He'd spin it out for ten minutes, and every question you asked he'd have an answer for, and he just looked so dang earnest that even though you knew it was just a load of horse doo, you'd half believe it anyway.

BEVERLY. I'd forgot about them stories. Remember the one about the tractor runs on lemonade?

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STAN. Or the one about the weatherman and the dwarf?

BEVERLY. Or the priest joined the bullfrog and the reindeer in marriage? Wait. That one was true.

STAN. It didn't come true 'til three years later.

BEVERLY. But it *did* come true.

STAN. But when he told it, it was complete B.S. Just like every other one of his stories.

BEVERLY. And poor Joanie'd fall for it every time, hook, line, and lure.

STAN. And now she's fallen for it again. Mark my words, three days from now he's gonna turn up again, and they'll both have a good laugh.

BEVERLY. You're probably right.

STAN. You look like I just told you there ain't no Santa Claus.

BEVERLY. It was kind of exciting, thinking maybe it was true.

STAN. Can I go back to my show now?

BEVERLY. You don't wanna miss it if the Abominable Snowman's got a box cutter in his shoe. *(Stan turns on the TV. Closing credits.)*

STAN. Ah jeez, you made me miss the end. *(The phone rings. Beverly answers.)*

BEVERLY. Hello? ... Hey, there, Barry. ... Oh, you know, hanging in there. ... Yeah, he's right here. *(To Stan.)* It's Barry. From the airport.

STAN. I know where Barry's from. The heck is he calling for?

BEVERLY. Dunno. You wanna talk to him?

STAN. Yeah, sure, why not? *(Beverly holds the phone out towards Stan, but does not move toward him.)* You gonna bring me that phone or what?

BEVERLY. 'Cause why? Your sciatica?

STAN. It's like a hot poker, Bev. You gonna bring me that phone, or you gonna make Barry wait all night? *(Beverly crosses, gives phone to Stan.)* You were the one had sciatica, I woulda brung you the phone right away.

BEVERLY. You're welcome, Stan. *(Beverly returns to the kitchenette and continues to put away groceries.)*

STAN. Hey, Barry, what's up? ... Really? What? ... Come again? ...

You're kidding. How the heck they do that? *(Alarmed, Stan looks around to see where Beverly is. He sees she is still in the kitchenette. He lowers his voice for the rest of the call.)* You said it was a done deal. You said that drive was wiped clean and without them logs the investigation would blow

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over and I could go back to work. What kind of IT guy are you, you can't even delete a file so it stays gone? ... This is my dang *job* we're talking about here. You know what, Bare? I want them hockey tickets back. You told me it was a done deal, but now it's not, so you owe me them tickets back. ... That's right, the whole dang season. And another thing, if I'm going down, there ain't no way I'm going down alone. ... Barry? Bare? Bare. Bare. Bare. Stop crying, okay? Pull yourself together. I didn't mean it. Let's hug it out, okay? I'm hugging you right now, through the phone. All better? ... Now, how long you think we got before they reconstruct them logs? ... Okay, Bare, here's the deal. Between now and start of business tomorrow, you and me are gonna put on our thinking caps, turn them up as high as they'll go, and come up with a way outta this. ... Yes. ... Yes. ... Yes, it's gonna be all right. And you know what? You come up with something, you can keep them tickets. ... That's right, the whole season. You'll've earned them. Talk to you soon. *(Stan lowers the phone and stares into space. The phone emits an off-hook warning. Beverly comes into the living room, takes the phone from Stan, and hangs it up.)*

BEVERLY. You all right, Stan? You look like you just seen your own ghost.

STAN. I'm fine.

BEVERLY. What'd Barry want?

STAN. He, uh... Work stuff.

BEVERLY. You were talking awful quiet.

STAN. It was classified.

BEVERLY. ...

STAN. I'm telling you, it was *classified*.

BEVERLY. Whatever you say. *(Beverly exits to the kitchenette.)*

STAN. *(To himself, once Beverly is gone.)* All right, thinking cap. *(Continues muttering to himself until a light bulb goes off.)* That just might work. *(Calling off.)* Say, Beverly?

BEVERLY. *(Off.)* That's my name, Stan. Don't use it up.

STAN. How long before you go in for your shift?

BEVERLY. *(Off.)* Another hour. Why?

STAN. Did you get the double-quilt? The T.P., at the Bunyan Mart?

BEVERLY. *(Off.)* You didn't ask.

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STAN. Coulda swore I did. We only got one roll left.

BEVERLY. *(Entering from kitchenette.)* Ah, jeez, Stan. I woulda known, I woulda got some. Now I'm supposed to drive twenty minutes to the Bunyan Mart to get some more?

STAN. If you don't gotta go in for another hour you got time.

BEVERLY. How about I go to the Grab-N-Go and get the T.P. there? It's five minutes away.

STAN. They don't got the double-quilt. They just got the cheap stuff.

BEVERLY. You gonna wipe yourself with it or sleep on it?

STAN. The cheap stuff's like rubbing yourself with sandpaper. Forget it. I'll use a towel.

BEVERLY. You win. I'll get the dang double-quilt. Anything else we need?

STAN. Some double-A's.

BEVERLY. I just got you a thirty-two pack last week. Don't tell me you burned through them already.

STAN. I'm on my last couple batteries and the tape's starting to slow down. Come on, Bev. I don't got my Walkman, I get all backed up.

BEVERLY. A pack a double-quilt and a pack a double-A's. Anything else?

STAN. How about some rocky road?

BEVERLY. Maybe if they got the low-fat.

STAN. Hey, Bev?

BEVERLY. You want me to get your double-quilt or not?

STAN. I don't know what I'd do without you.

BEVERLY. Probably expire in that chair watching Sasquatch is what.

STAN. Love you, Bev.

BEVERLY. Love you, too. *(Beverly exits.)*

STAN. *(Off, the sound of a car starting and driving away.)*

(With great apparent effort and pain, Stan stands up. He hobbles over to the window. He looks every which way out through the window. Satisfied that Beverly is gone, he drops the act. He walks, quickly and without pain, over to the phone, dials a number, and puts the phone to his ear.) Hey, Barry? It's me. ... I think I might. You remember that woman from the Office of Internal Investigation, the one come in and did the inquiry? You

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got her number? ... I know she's nuts, but she might be able to help us. ... I don't think I should say. ... 'Cause you ain't got the clearance. ... Just trust me. Once I talk to her, she'll put things right. She'll call off the investigation, and nobody'll ever know you tried trashing them logs. ... Okay, hit me. *(Listens, writes down number.)* Thank you so much, Bare. I'll let you know. Bye now. *(Stan hangs up. He checks the clock. He picks up the phone, reads number off pad as he dials.)* Ms. Williams, this is Lane Agent Stanley Whitaker from James Buchanan International Airport. You may remember you, uh, interviewed me during the recent investigation there. Anyway, I'm calling 'cause I got some information on another situation even worse than what went down at James Buchanan. *(SOMEONE OR SOMETHING passes the window, unnoticed by Stan.)* This ain't a secure line, so I don't wanna go into too much detail. Let's just say it has to do with a breach at the new black site just opened up in Birchwood Falls. *(Someone or Something passes the window again. This time Stan catches it out of the corner of his eye.)* So, uh, please give me a call back at my home number. But if my wife picks up, don't talk to her. If she knew I was coming to you with this, she'd kill me. Stanley Whitaker, signing off. *(Stan hangs up. Someone or Something appears in window, shades his/its eyes to peer into the living room. It appears to be some sort of FURRY HOMINID. It sees Stan. It raps on the window.)* AH! *(The Furry Hominid waves.)* Shoo! Shoo! *(The Furry Hominid gestures toward the door.)* No way I'm letting you in! Now shoo! *(Stan throws the pen and pad at the window. The Furry Hominid steps away from window, startled.)* ... *(The Furry Hominid appears in the window again.)* I told you! Shoo! Get outta here! *(During the above, Stan takes off one slipper, throws it at the window, and then the other. The second slipper strikes the window. The Furry Hominid flees. Stan waits a moment, and then picks up the phone and dials.)* Come on, Bev. Pick up. Bev, it's Stan. I hope to God you get this. Whatever you do, do not come home. Stay away 'til I give you the all-clear. He's real, and he's here. *(Blackout.)*

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SCENE 2

A while later. Stan kneels at the window, keeping watch, a colander on his head and an old-fashioned waffle iron in his hand. Perhaps we can see that some cupboard doors in the kitchenette have been removed. The sound of a key in the door.

STAN. Bev? Ah jeez. GET IN! HURRY UP! GET INSIDE! *(The door opens. Beverly enters with bags.)*

BEVERLY. The heck are you on about?

STAN. He's still out there.

BEVERLY. Who's still out there?

STAN. Didn't you get my message?

BEVERLY. Yeah.

STAN. I told you to stay away.

BEVERLY. When?

STAN. In that message you just said you heard.

BEVERLY. I said it I got it. I didn't say I listened.

STAN. You coulda gotten killed.

BEVERLY. By what? It's quiet as a graveyard out there. Anyway, they were outta the rocky road, so instead I got... The heck are you doing with that colander on your head?

STAN. He was trying to get in. I chased him away, but he could come back any time.

BEVERLY. You mean Vin Simpson's Doberman? That dog ain't given us any trouble since that time I kicked him in the nuts.

STAN. It wasn't Vin Simpson's Doberman. It was...

BEVERLY. It was what?

STAN. First you gotta promise.

BEVERLY. Promise what?

STAN. You won't laugh.

BEVERLY. I promise I won't laugh.

STAN. And promise you won't say, "Stanley Whitaker, you're crazy."

BEVERLY. All right.

STAN. And promise you won't take away the remote.

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BEVERLY. ... Don't tell me you saw Sasquatch.

STAN. Remember what you promised. *(A smile starts to spread over Beverly's face. She stops herself just as she starts to laugh.)*

BEVERLY. *(Stopping herself.)* Stanley Whitaker, you're... *(Beverly goes to the side table, takes the remote.)*

STAN. Bev, you promised!

BEVERLY. Not to not taking the dang remote. Sasquatch, Stanley? You been on some pain pills I don't know about?

STAN. I seen him with my own two eyes! Right in that window! I chased him away, and I been keeping watch, and he's been lurking in them bushes ever since. Go look yourself, you don't believe me. *(Beverly goes toward the window, trips over the waffle iron. She picks it up.)*

BEVERLY. Were you gonna invite him in for waffles?

STAN. I was gonna brain him, he tried to come inside.

BEVERLY. That was supposed to be our present to Lou and Darlene. *(Looking out window.)* I don't see a dang thing.

STAN. He's out there. I saw him, I swear to God.

BEVERLY. *(Heading to kitchenette.)* They didn't have no more rocky road, so I got you the tin roof sundae. Stan? You hear me?

STAN. I'm trying to keep watch here.

BEVERLY. Goddamnit, Stan! The heck happened to my cupboard doors?

STAN. I needed a barricade.

BEVERLY. Against Sasquatch?

STAN. I had to board up the bedroom window. I didn't want him coming in the back way while I was watching the front door.

BEVERLY. You did all this with your sciatica?

STAN. My life was in danger, so it triggered my endorphins.

BEVERLY. Your life is gonna really be in danger, you don't put these doors back where they belong. *(Beverly puts away groceries. Stan is suddenly uncomfortable.)*

STAN. Ah jeez. *(Stan looks back and forth between the front door and the bathroom door.)* Hey, Bev, did you get the double-quilt?

BEVERLY. I sure did.

STAN. And the double-A's?

BEVERLY. I just better not be going back for more a week from now.

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STAN. Can I have them? I gotta go.

BEVERLY. I thought you were keeping watch.

STAN. Either you can give me the T.P. and the double-A's now, or you can wash the mess outta my drawers later.

BEVERLY. The stuff that comes outta your mouth. Here you go. *(Stan tries to put the colander on Beverly's head.)* The heck you think you're doing?

STAN. Somebody's gotta stand guard. Sasquatch tries to come in, you hit him with the waffle maker. Go for the head.

BEVERLY. Fine. I see him, I'll do that. *(Stan walks toward the bathroom. He walks without difficulty for a couple steps, remembers, and then suddenly starts hobbling. Beverly notices this.)* Hey, Stan?

STAN. What?

BEVERLY. ... Nothing.

STAN. Jeez. I'm about to explode here. *(Stan exits. Beverly looks around. She starts to straighten things up. She finds the pen and pad on the floor, where Stanley left them. She picks them up. She glances at the pad. She looks more closely.)*

BEVERLY. Stan? STAN!

STAN. *(Off.)* WHAT?

BEVERLY. DID SOMEBODY CALL?

STAN. *(Off.)* WHEN?

BEVERLY. WHEN I WAS OUT!

STAN. *(Off.)* NO!

BEVERLY. THEN WHAT'S THIS NUMBER? ... YOU WROTE A NUMBER DOWN! A PHONE NUMBER! WHOSE IS IT?

STAN. *(Off.)* I'M KIND OF BUSY IN HERE!

BEVERLY. STAN?

STAN. *(Off.)* I SAID I'M BUSY! *(Beverly looks at the paper, looks off after Stan, looks back at paper. Movement in window. The Furry Hominid appears, shielding its eyes to look inside. Beverly turns toward window. As she does so, the Furry Hominid steps out of sight. Beverly cautiously approaches the window. She looks outside. She sees nothing. She takes the colander back toward the kitchenette. The doorbell rings. She freezes.)*

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

BEVERLY. STAN? ... YOU GOT THEM HEADPHONES ON? ...

STAN? ... (*Doorbell rings again. To herself.*) Frigging Sasquatch. (*Beverly crosses to door, opens it, revealing the Furry Hominid.*) Oh, jeez. STA— (*The Furry Hominid clamps a hand over Beverly's mouth. She tries to cry out, but her voice is muffled. She twists and turns, but the Furry Hominid has a firm hold on her. Though her voice is muffled, it sounds as though Beverly is cursing out the Furry Hominid. As she struggles, Beverly manages to move herself and the Furry Hominid toward the waffle iron. She chomps down on the Furry Hominid's hand. The Furry Hominid cries out and releases her. Beverly picks up the waffle iron and brandishes it. The Furry Hominid speaks with a Minnesotan or Wisconsin accent.*)

FURRY HOMINID. Don't hit me! Please don't hit me!

BEVERLY. You can talk?

FURRY HOMINID. Course I can. It's me, Mrs. Whitaker. (*The Furry Hominid removes his mask, revealing himself to be TODD, a guy in his late 30s.*)

BEVERLY. Todd? Oh, my God, Todd! The heck are you doing here? Are you okay? Did I hurt you?

TODD. My hand's kind of sore.

BEVERLY. Let me see. I didn't break the skin, but it's kind of red. You want some ice?

TODD. No, Mrs. Whitaker, thanks, but I—

BEVERLY. You at least want a topical antibiotic. That was a heck of a thing you done to your mom.

TODD. What thing? (*Todd sets the mask down on Stan's chair. Beverly tends to Todd's bite wound. During the following, with increasing frequency, Todd occasionally scratches different parts of his body.*)

BEVERLY. I run into her at the Bunyan Mart, and she told me what all you told her—about you driving in Birchwood Falls, pulling into the office park to take a whiz, taking a video of what was going on there, and now you got the government on your tail. Shame on you.

TODD. Shame on me?

BEVERLY. You know how easy she falls for your stories. And you got some nerve, showing up here after—

TODD. It ain't one of my stories. It really happened.

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BEVERLY. You say that every time, and every time—

TODD. (*Taking out his phone.*) Just watch this and see if you still think it's one of my stories.

BEVERLY. Oh, come on.

TODD. Watch it, you'll see.

BEVERLY. (*Staring at the phone.*) ... Oh my God.

TODD. Now he's coming outta the van. Watch for the flash.

BEVERLY. ... Oh my *God*.

TODD. You think I'd show my mom something as terrible as this, I was just playing a joke?

BEVERLY. You should call her. She's been crapping tacks wondering where you got to.

TODD. I'm trying to make a clean getaway.

BEVERLY. In that getup? You had Stan convinced you were Sasquatch.

TODD. It worked! Sasquatch is exactly what I was going for. See, this was a Chewbacca costume my mom made for me one Halloween. I took the bandolier thing off, but I was afraid it still looked too much like Chewbacca.

BEVERLY. You're not worried somebody sees Sasquatch prancing through their yard, they're gonna call the police?

TODD. It don't matter. No law enforcement officer in the country is allowed to hurt, kill or capture a Sasquatch. They're just supposed to let it go on its way.

BEVERLY. What for?

TODD. It's on the endangered list.

BEVERLY. Where do you get this stuff?

TODD. The Internet.

BEVERLY. Figures. (*Finishes bandaging Todd's hand.*) Now you gotta change this bandage twice a day, and when you do, put this cream on it. And if it starts to get pustulous, you see a doctor right away. (*Offstage, Stan groans.*)

TODD. The heck is that?

BEVERLY. Just one a Stan's B.M.'s. Jeez, Todd, of all the places you coulda gone, why here? We ain't even seen you in fifteen years.

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TODD. I remembered all them times I went to your house on Glen Orchard, and you giving me candy when Mom wasn't looking, and Mr. Whitaker picking me up to play airplane. I guess your house always seemed like... a safe haven.

BEVERLY. This ain't exactly a safe haven for you right now, what with Stan's job.

TODD. You mean boat insurance?

BEVERLY. He ain't sold boat insurance for eight years. You think we'd be living in this rat-trap the middle of nowhere, he still was? When the economy went blooey, the agency went under. Stan was outta work for almost five years. It was real hard on him—weeks'd go by, he wouldn't even get outta bed. It was like something in him broke, and he ain't been the same since. But then an old Army buddy got him a job with the Airport Safety and Security Administration.

TODD. Wait, he works for ASSA?

BEVERLY. When Stan's around, don't say "ASSA," say A-S-S-A. He's been sensitive about it since people started calling him an ASSA-hole.

TODD. But isn't ASSA part of the Homeland Protection Authority?

BEVERLY. That's exactly my point. This is the last place you shoulda come, you got a video of a drone strike on your phone. If the people Stan works for find out, I don't even wanna—

TODD. Hold on... a drone strike? That's what you thought it was? That's frigging hilarious.

BEVERLY. Neither of us was laughing two minutes ago.

TODD. *Drones?* Being run outta Birchwood *Falls*?

BEVERLY. You just showed it me, on your dang phone.

TODD. That was a *videogame*. About drones. You thought it was real?

BEVERLY. It sure as heck *looked* real.

TODD. That's why that game's gonna kick ass. See, it wasn't some drone facility I walked in on, it was a video game company. They were testing this game out. And it looked so awesome I took out my phone and started filming.

BEVERLY. You come busting in here like you got the government on your tail over a G.D. *videogame*?

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TODD. It's not just any videogame. It's from the people who do that carjacking game. They treat their intellectual property like state secrets, so they get their hands on me, there's no telling what they'll do.

BEVERLY. Your mom didn't think it was no video game.

TODD. I guess when I told her, I was so freaked out I was raving like a madman, and she misunderstood me. But yeah, it was just a game.

BEVERLY. You sure?

TODD. I think I'd know. I was there.

BEVERLY. Well, that's a relief.

TODD. (*Itching furiously.*) It feels like a nest of red ants got into this suit.

BEVERLY. Let's get you out of it then. Ugh, you even smell like Sasquatch. When's the last time you washed this thing?

TODD. Halloween. When I was sixteen.

BEVERLY. Let's just hope it's not some flesh-eating fungus or... (*Beverly has unzipped Todd. He steps out of the suit, dressed only in his underwear. Averting her eyes.*) Jeez, could you be wearing any less under there?

Maybe you should put it back on.

TODD. Not if there's some flesh-eating fungus in there.

BEVERLY. Fine, you can borrow something of Stan's, and when he's done in there we'll tell him what really happened. He'll be relieved. He said I'd put him in a tough position when I told him, what with his job and all.

TODD. Wait. You *told* him?

BEVERLY. We been married thirty years. I couldn't *not* tell him.

TODD. You told a guy works for Homeland Protection I'm running around with a video of a drone strike on my phone?

BEVERLY. How was I supposed to know you'd come *here*? Anyway, you ain't even on the run from the government, just some flipping video game company. Soon as Stan's done in there, we'll clear it up.

TODD. No, Mrs. Whitaker. He can't know I was here. You see, a lot of times these video game companies got a contract with the military to let them use their computer code in training simulators, so technically it could be classified information. Did he tell anyone else after you told him?

BEVERLY. I don't think so.

TODD. Did he call anybody?

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BEVERLY. Now that you mention it, there was this phone number he wrote down while I was at the store, but he wouldn't tell me whose it was. *(Beverly gets the notepad, goes to the phone, dials.)* It's ringing. I got her voice mail.

TODD. Who is it? Are they saying who they are?

BEVERLY. I can't hear if you keep— Wait. Crystal Williams. She's with... Crimony. *(She hangs up the phone and backs away.)* This ain't good.

TODD. Who's she with?

BEVERLY. You ever heard of the Office of Internal Investigation?

TODD. I don't think so.

BEVERLY. Whenever there's a security breach at a sensitive location, they're the ones go in and investigate. Remember last month when that AK-47 got through the checkpoint at the airport? Stan said the Office of Internal Investigation was all over them after that. And when they question you, Stan says, they don't do good cop/bad cop. It's bad cop/bad cop all the way. There was this one lady made Stan break down and cry. I think that's her.

TODD. I gotta get outta here.

BEVERLY. Not in your undies. Go in the bedroom, find something in Stan's closet, climb out the window, and get the heck away before Stan knows you were ever here.

TODD. Thanks, Mrs. Whitaker.

BEVERLY. Good luck. *(Todd exits to the bedroom. Beverly picks up the notepad, thinks for a moment, and goes to the phone.)* Hiya, there, Crystal. You don't know me, but you spoke to my husband, Stanley Whitaker. I mean, you probably did. I think. I don't know. Or maybe not. But anyway, in case you did, and in case he told you something about a guy named Todd Larson having to pee, and an office park, and him walking in on people running drone attacks outta Birchwood Falls, it was all a big mix-up. They were just testing a videogame. That's all. False alarm. But if it turns out my husband didn't call you, ignore everything I just said and have a good day. *(Thinking of something just as she's about to hang up.)* Oh, and if it turns out that that video game company's got a contract with the Pentagon or whoever, you don't gotta worry about that video Todd

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took. He's erasing it from his phone right now. He's standing right in front of me, and I can see him doing it. Going, going... gone. Take care. *(Todd returns, still in his underwear.)*

TODD. Hey, uh, Mrs. Whitaker, two problems.

BEVERLY. I thought I told you to put something on.

TODD. That's one problem. None of Mr. Whitaker's stuff fits me.

BEVERLY. Take something of mine, then. Then out the window.

TODD. That's the other problem. The window's boarded up.

BEVERLY. Shoot, I forgot. When Stan thought you were Sasquatch, he tore up the kitchen and— *(Offstage, a crash.)*

BEVERLY AND TODD. ...

STAN. *(Off.)* BEVERLY! I BROKE THE THING!

BEVERLY. WHAT THING?

STAN. *(Off.)* THE TOWEL THING, THE THING YOU PUT THE TOWELS ON! I WAS TRYING TO STAND UP, AND WHEN I GRABBED HOLD OF IT, IT BROKE! I CAN'T GET UP!

BEVERLY. JUST A MINUTE! *(To Todd.)* I'll stall him as long as I can. But you gotta get outta here.

STAN. *(Off.)* BEVERLY, I'M ON THE FLOOR IN HERE!

TODD. You think I got time to—

BEVERLY. You probably got just enough time to get dressed and skedaddle. Got it?

STAN. *(Off.)* I'M COVERED IN TOWELS AND PIECES OF THE DANG WALL!

BEVERLY. I'M COMING! JEEZ! Now, Todd, you keep yourself safe, you hear? And when this all blows over give me a call so we can catch up. It's been too long.

TODD. I'll do that. Thanks, Mrs. Whitaker.

BEVERLY. Don't mention it. *(Beverly and Todd hug. Beverly goes. Todd waits, listens. Off, indistinct noises and conversation as Beverly helps Stan. Satisfied Beverly and Stan are occupied, Todd manipulates the phone. He keeps an eye on it as he goes to Stan and Beverly's land line and dials a number.)*

TODD. Hey, this is Sasquatch. I'm at the rendezvous point, but there's gonna have to be a change in plans. It ain't safe for us to meet here, so

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instead of handing the phone over in person, I'm gonna e-mail you the video. Once you got it you can post it like we talked about. In the meantime, I'm gonna go underground, but I'll call again in a few days. Peace out. *(Commotion and indistinct conversation from offstage. Todd looks at the phone. Whispering, to the phone.)* Jeez, come on! *(Todd looks back and forth between the phone and the bathroom door. He looks around, sees the gifts waiting to be wrapped. He puts the phone, still powered on, into one of the boxes, hastily wraps the box, slaps a bow on it, and puts it under the tree. Off, flushing. Todd sees the Sasquatch suit lying out in the open. Hastily, he gathers up the suit, starts off, realizes he's missing something, comes back and looks around. Off, a door opens.)*

BEVERLY. *(Off.)* Didn't I tell you, Stan? You can't just nail the towel thing into the wall. You gotta anchor it to the dang stud.

STAN. *(Off.)* Just help me through the door, will you? *(Todd gives up searching and runs off to the bedroom. Beverly looks in to make sure the coast is clear.)* Bev?

BEVERLY. Coming. Jeez. *(Beverly exits, then returns a moment later, supporting Stan on her arm.)*

STAN. You're sure he's gone?

BEVERLY. I told you, Vin Simpson's Doberman chased him out from behind that hedge, all the way to the frontage road, and then around the corner. Don't worry, Stan, your Sasquatch ain't coming back.

STAN. So you admit it was him!

BEVERLY. I'm not admitting nothing.

STAN. But you just called him Sasquatch.

BEVERLY. There ain't no such thing!

STAN. What was it then?

BEVERLY. Probably just some kid in a Chewbacca suit.

STAN. What's Chewbacca gotta do with anything?

BEVERLY. I could see how you could get the two mixed up.

STAN. They don't look nothing alike. Chewbacca's got that bandolier thing over his shoulder. Sasquatch goes around buck naked.

BEVERLY. Well, whatever it was, it's gone now and it's never coming back. Vin Simpson's Doberman's probably turned him into Hamburger Helper by now.

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STAN. Still, I'm keeping an eye out in case he comes back.

BEVERLY. You do that, it makes you feel better.

STAN. Don't patronize me. *(Stan limps over to the comfy chair.)*

BEVERLY. Hey, Stan? How's that sciatica? Any better?

STAN. If anything, it's worse. I'm starting to feel it in my other leg, too.

BEVERLY. Is that right.

STAN. You got something to say, just say it.

BEVERLY. ... Ah, shoot. I'm gonna be late for my shift.

STAN. *(Settling into chair.)* Where's the remote?

BEVERLY. You're probably sitting on it. *(While Beverly prepares to leave, Stan feels around underneath him with both hands. He finds something with his right hand, brings it up. It is the remote. He turns on the television: spooky music and ominous narration. Stan finds something with his left hand and brings it up. It is Todd's Chewbacca mask. He looks at it.)*

STAN. ... *(Stan stuffs the mask back where he found it.)* Say, Bev? Who was it you were talking to?

BEVERLY. When?

STAN. When I was on the can. I was in there, and you were out here, and you were talking to somebody.

BEVERLY. You had your Walkman on. You couldn't hear a dang thing.

STAN. The side ran out, and while I was flipping the tape I heard you talking to somebody.

BEVERLY. Oh, that. I was talking to the TV.

STAN. You were talking to the TV.

BEVERLY. Talking *back* to the TV. It was that channel you like, with all them blowhards going on about their made-up war on Christmas. I hear them going on like that, I gotta answer back. It don't matter to me, the clerk at Bunyan Mart says happy holidays or Merry Christmas. They can wish me Joyful Ramadan for all I—

STAN. You didn't sound like you were talking back. You were talking real quiet, like you didn't want me to hear.

BEVERLY. I was embarrassed I was letting them morons get to me. I'd love to spend all night yapping with you, but I gotta beat the traffic.

STAN. When I was on the can, did Sasquatch get in here?

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BEVERLY. Course not. He did, you woulda known.

STAN. (*Producing the mask.*) Then what's this doing in my chair?

BEVERLY. ...

STAN. ...

BEVERLY. Oh, right. He dropped it. I mean, he didn't get in, but he tried. Just before he got to the door, Vin Simpson's Doberman came outta nowhere, knocked him down, tore off his mask and chased him off. I figured I better hold onto it. As evidence.

STAN. So you knew all along it was just some kid in a suit?

BEVERLY. Course I did. I mean, *Sasquatch*. Come on.

STAN. We just spent ten minutes arguing whether or not it was really Sasquatch. You coulda settled it in two seconds, you just showed me this mask.

BEVERLY. You bet I coulda. But I wanted to spare you the humiliation, you looking like a fool, mistaking some kid in a suit for Sasquatch.

STAN. Is there something you're not telling me?

BEVERLY. What? No. No.

STAN. You're acting awful shifty, telling me you were talking back to the TV—which I never heard you do in your life—

BEVERLY. There's a first time for everything.

STAN. And all along you coulda proved it wasn't Sasquatch, but you didn't.

BEVERLY. I told you, I was trying to—

STAN. And now you're getting all indignant. You are hiding something.

BEVERLY. You wanna talk about hiding things, how about you tell me why you been faking your sciatica these past two weeks?

STAN. I am not faking.

BEVERLY. I'm a nurse, Stan. I know a malingerer when I see one. And what're you doing calling up that Crystal Williams from the O.I.I.?

STAN. What would I call her for?

BEVERLY. You tell me. I found her number. I thought you musta taken a message for me while I was picking up your G.D. T.P., so I called that number, and that woman's voice mail picked up. You said you never wanted nothing to do with them people ever again.

STAN. That's right, I—

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BEVERLY. Then what are you doing with her dang *number*? Did you tell her about Todd?

STAN. What?

BEVERLY. Did you, tell her, about, Todd?

STAN. What makes you think I did?

BEVERLY. The fact you're not just coming out and saying you didn't.

STAN. You know I'd be obligated to report it if I took it at all seriously.

BEVERLY. Do you? Take it seriously?

STAN. Drones? Being run outta Birchwood Falls? What do you think?

BEVERLY. ... I don't know what to think anymore. I thought I knew you, Stan.

STAN. You do know me, Beverly.

BEVERLY. Three times I asked you did you turn Todd in. Not once did you say no. I just thank God you don't know where he is. I'm going to work now.

STAN. So go already.

BEVERLY. Like I was waiting for your blessing.

STAN. Wait, Bev?

BEVERLY. *What, Stan?*

STAN. Love you.

BEVERLY. ...

STAN. I said, Love you, Bev. I don't know what I'd do without you.

BEVERLY. ... *(Sighs.)* Love you too, Stan. *(Beverly goes.)*

STAN. *(Stan goes to the window to make sure Beverly is gone. He picks up the notepad and goes to the phone.)* Ms. Williams? Stan Whitaker again. I just wanted you to know, my wife's gonna be out the rest of the night, so you can call anytime and I'll pass on the information I got. Stanley Whitaker, signing off. *(Stan hangs up. He goes back to the comfy chair. He turns on the television.)* *(Stan nods off. He starts to snore. A moment. Todd emerges from the bedroom, dressed in a kimono. He crosses quietly toward the front door, keeping an eye on Stan. Stan snores. Todd starts to approach the coat rack. Stan's breath catches. He stirs. Todd freezes. Stan resumes snoring. Just as Todd is about to take a coat, the doorbell rings.)*

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TODD. MOTHER OF— *(Todd clamps his hand over his mouth. Stan stirs.)*

STAN. *(Sleepily.)* I'll turn it off when I go to bed. *(Todd dashes off to the bedroom. Stan snores. The doorbell rings, over and over. Stan bolts awake. As Stan looks around, orienting himself, there is pounding on the door along with the doorbell.)*

WOMAN. *(Off. Speaks with no particular regional accent.)* HEY! HEY! OPEN UP IN THERE!

STAN. WHO IS IT?

WOMAN. *(Off.)* JEHOVAH'S FREAKING WITNESSES! WHO DO YOU THINK? CRYSTAL WILLIAMS, OFFICE OF INTERNAL INVESTIGATION!

STAN. ... JUST A SEC! *(Stan jumps out of his chair and hurries toward the door.)*

CRYSTAL. *(Off.)* I'M FREEZING MY ASS OFF OUT HERE! *(Stan reaches the door and looks through the peephole.)*

STAN. JUST ONE SEC, OKAY? *(Stan looks in the mirror next to the door, straightens his clothes, and does a quick spit comb. Meanwhile, the pounding on the door starts up again. Stan puts his hand on the doorknob and waits until there is a pause in the pounding. He opens the door, revealing CRYSTAL, in her 30s or 40s. She pounds at the air, not realizing the door has opened. The momentum from this gesture sends her pitching forward into the room. She careens around, knocking things over as she tries to right herself. She trips over the couch, tumbles, and somehow ends up seated upright in Stan's comfy chair.)*

CRYSTAL. *(Slurring her words.)* Don't mind if I do.

STAN. If you what?

CRYSTAL. Have a seat.

STAN. Oh, of course. Make yourself comfortable, Ms. Williams. Can I get you something to drink?

CRYSTAL. *(Words in bold are meant to be mispronounced as written.)* God, I thought you'd never ask. How about a **whiksey** sour?

STAN. A what?

CRYSTAL. A **whissey scour**.

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STAN. Um, we got two percent and diet cherry. And I think some apple juice. And I guess water.

CRYSTAL. Thass all you've got?

STAN. Yeah. Sorry.

CRYSTAL. Why'd you get my hopes up, then? Forget it. Let's get this thing started. *(Crystal starts to dig in her bag. During the following, she takes items out one by one. She examines each one and, deciding it's not what she's looking for, sets it on the table.)*

STAN. Say, uh, Ms. Williams?

CRYSTAL. Yeah?

STAN. Don't take this the wrong way, but are you... have you been...

CRYSTAL. Spit it out already.

STAN. Are you feeling all right?

CRYSTAL. No! I mean, yes. Yes. I'm **ferfectly pine**.

STAN. You sure? 'Cause you seem a little—

CRYSTAL. *I am not drunk!* How many times do I have to say it? Ask me the capital of Tennessee.

STAN. I never—

CRYSTAL. The capital. Of Tennessee. Ask me.

STAN. ... What's the capital of Tennessee?

CRYSTAL.

STAN. Ms. Williams—

CRYSTAL. That's not fair! *Nobody* knows the capital of Tennessee, even when they're sober. Which I am. I just have a... What's the word?

STAN. Um, cold?

CRYSTAL. Condition! It's called von Hofferstoffer syndrome.

STAN. Oh, wow, I'm... I'm so sorry.

CRYSTAL. God, relax! It's not fatal. I'm just telling you, because if you happen to notice that I'm slurring my words or I look a little unsteady on my feet, it's not because I got some really bad news this morning, so I've been in some skeevy bar all day, trying to ignore my phone—which won't stop ringing—and knocking back **whiksey** sour after **whissey scour**, hoping it'll make the balding guy in the corner with the ponytail and the centaur tattoo attractive enough so I'll be able to follow him into the back of his van, only to find out when I get there that I've completely misread

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the situation and what he really wants is to sell me some frigging *coke*. That's what it might look like, but really it's my von Hafferpaffer syndrome. CHATTANOOGA!

STAN. What?

CRYSTAL. The capital! Of freaking Tennessee! I told you I'm not drunk. Now why am I here again? Oh, *right*. (*Going through her bag again.*) I just need my whadaycallit, my little write-y thing. And my write-y-on-y thing. And my record-y thing. (*Crystal's cell phone, which is among the things she has taken out of her purse, rings. She holds the phone very close to her face to read the number. She sets it back down without answering it. The cell phone continues to ring.*)

STAN. If you wanna answer that, I don't—

CRYSTAL. I told you, it's *nobody*. (*Crystal turns her bag upside-down and shakes it. She considers the mess for a moment. She starts putting things back in the purse one by one. At some point the phone stops ringing. She zips up her bag. She has cleared everything off except for a notepad, a writing instrument, and a small electronic recorder. She holds the recorder very close to her face, finds the button and switches it on. Into recorder.*) Case number B-R-six-seven... something-something-three-two. Crystal Williams, Office of **Eternal Ingestion**, conducting a follow-up interview with Lane Agent... What's your name again?

STAN. Stanley Whitaker.

CRYSTAL. Lane Agent Stanley **Whickatter** of James Buchanan International Airport at his home, December the Seventeenth, five forty-eight p.m. All right, start talking.

STAN. Where do you want me to start?

CRYSTAL. (*Consulting her notes.*) How about you tell me about... **Lodd Tarson**.

STAN. You mean Todd Larson?

CRYSTAL. Thass what I said.

STAN. How do you know about Todd?

CRYSTAL. You called me, remember? Or are *you* drunk?

STAN. No, but—

CRYSTAL. And don't tell me you've got von Poppertot's syndrome. Thass *my* excuse.

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STAN. I just don't remember mentioning his name. Matter of fact, I remember going outta my way not to mention it 'cause I wasn't on a secure line. How'd you know I was calling about him?

CRYSTAL. I didn't come here to discuss who knows what and how they know and why. I'm not a freaking **metasiphycian**. Just tell me why you called me here.

STAN. Okay, but before I tell you, I just wanna make sure of something. I want it noted in my file that I was the one uncovered this breach. I want it highlighted or a little star put next to it, in case my alertness or competence is ever called into question.

CRYSTAL. You're saying you want this to cancel out the other incident I was **vingesticating**?

STAN. Not that I had anything to do with that, but—

CRYSTAL. *(Brandishing recorder.)* Iss been noted. On here.

STAN. I want you to write it down, too. Otherwise I'm not telling you nothing.

CRYSTAL. ... *(Crystal opens her notepad. She uncaps her writing instrument—which turns out to be a tube of lipstick.)*

STAN. Would you like a pen?

CRYSTAL. Thissis fine.

STAN. We got a whole mug full of pens right over—

CRYSTAL. Thissis *fine*. So tell me about Rod.

STAN. You mean Todd?

CRYSTAL. Thass what I said. *(During the following, Crystal uses the lipstick to take notes.)*

STAN. Earlier today it came to my attention that an individual by the name of Todd Larson gained access to that black site just opened up in Birchwood Falls, used his phone to take a video of the operations, and fled the scene.

CRYSTAL. Wait. How do *you* know about the black site in **Birfwood Challs**?

STAN. I heard about it at work. I guess word kind of filtered down from Homeland Protection. I mean, you already knew about it, right?

CRYSTAL. I'm not the one on trial here.

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

STAN. But you took my call serious enough to... Wait, are you saying *I'm* on trial?

CRYSTAL. That **merains** to be seen. Have you seen this video?

STAN. Not personally.

CRYSTAL. Then how do you know about it?

STAN. My wife told me.

CRYSTAL. And who have you told?

STAN. Nobody.

CRYSTAL. You told *me*.

STAN. I thought that went without saying.

CRYSTAL. There's a **sexpression**, Mr. **Whippenbacher**. Loose **ships shrink slips**. I need to know, are you part of the problem, or part of the **shol...** the **sush...** the—

STAN. I'm part of the solution.

CRYSTAL. Don't interrupt me. I need to know how big this is. I need to know who this guy's **ashossioates** are.

STAN. His what?

CRYSTAL. His **sussochiates**. His **cullbabitators**. His **con-cospirators**.

STAN. Like who he's working with?

CRYSTAL. Am I speaking Tagalog here? *Yes*, who he's working with.

STAN. Well, uh, that I'm afraid I don't know.

CRYSTAL. Mr. Hatmaker, it's just you and me here, right?

STAN. Yeah.

CRYSTAL. You said your wife's at work?

STAN. Uh-huh.

CRYSTAL. So you can tell me anything, and nobody ever has to know you're the one who told me. All right?

STAN. Yes. Wait. I mean no. I said I wanted it *noted* I'm the one told you all this.

CRYSTAL. But you didn't want your wife to know you called me.

STAN. Well, yeah, but—

CRYSTAL. You said if she knew you were talking to me, she'd kill you.

STAN. Not "*kill me*" kill me. She'd probably make me sleep on the couch 'til she forgot why she was mad in the first place.

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

CRYSTAL. You're not helping me here. I need to know everyone who's involved. So far all I've got is this Tom Garson—

STAN. Todd Larson.

CRYSTAL. —and your wife.

STAN. And that's all I... Wait. Beverly?

CRYSTAL. Who's Beverly?

STAN. My wife. She ain't involved. She's the one told me about Todd in the first place.

CRYSTAL. And how does she know?

STAN. Joanie told her.

CRYSTAL. *(Writing with lipstick.)* Jooooaaniece... Who's that?

STAN. Todd's mom. *(Crystal's cell phone rings. She holds the phone very close to her face to read the number.)*

CRYSTAL. Stupid telemarketers. I've got all the fry baskets I need. *(She sets it back down without answering it. The cell phone continues to ring. Stan peers at the phone's display. Crystal moves the phone out of his line of sight. The phone stops ringing. Reading from her notes.)* So your wife's working with **Tobb** and **Joachim**.

STAN. She ain't working with nobody.

CRYSTAL. Why are you protecting her?

STAN. I'm not. I just know for a fact that Bev ain't seen Todd in at least fifteen years.

CRYSTAL. She saw him this afternoon.

STAN. There ain't no way.

CRYSTAL. *(Picking up and manipulating her phone.)* This is your home number, right?

STAN. Uh-huh.

CRYSTAL. I got a message from this number twenty minutes ago. *(Crystal hands the phone to Stan. He listens.)*

STAN. *(Handing the phone back.)* That's impossible. I been home all day. If Todd was here, I woulda known.

CRYSTAL. Then why would your wife say she was looking right at Toby—

STAN. Todd.

CRYSTAL. —if he weren't here?

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

STAN. I don't know. Unless... *Dang* it. That musta been it. There was a few minutes there when he mighta been here without my knowing. When I was on the can. See, when I'm in there with the door closed and my Walkman on, a G.D. bomb could go off out here and I wouldn't know.

CRYSTAL. Wait, you wear a Walkman in the bathroom?

STAN. If I can hear myself, things start getting congested, you know? So, see, there was a bit after Beverly came home when I was in there with my Walkman on, and Todd coulda snuck in here and I never woulda heard.

CRYSTAL. (*Writing furiously with lipstick.*) "Start... getting... congested..."

STAN. *Sasquatch!*

CRYSTAL. What?

STAN. He *was* here!

CRYSTAL. **Kaskwatch?**

STAN. Yeah. Except it wasn't Sasquatch, it was *Todd*. Don't you see? That's why Bev was going on and on about Chewbacca. Because it was *Todd*. In *disguise*.

CRYSTAL. (*Trying to keep up.*) What does **Bewchacka** have to do with anything?

STAN. Look, here's the mask. And Bev was being all sneaky, like she was covering for somebody. (*Looks around, then whispers.*) Maybe he's still here.

CRYSTAL. (*Whispering.*) **Cockswash?**

STAN. (*Whispering.*) No, Todd.

CRYSTAL. (*Whispering.*) Where?

STAN. (*Whispering.*) Maybe the bedroom. Maybe the john. (*Crystal starts slowly and unsteadily approaching the bathroom.*) Wait. We shouldn't corner him. He might be dangerous. You should call for backup.

CRYSTAL. (*Whispering.*) I've got all the backup I need right here. (*Crystal reaches to her hip, finds nothing there, feels around, finds nothing. Going to purse.*) I mean, I've got all the backup I need right here. (*Feels around, fails to find what she's looking for, dumps contents of purse out, picks through them.*) Damn it. I must have left it in the car. Don't let him **ascbond**. (*Crystal exits outside. Stan edges close to the bathroom door, opens it, peeks inside. Meanwhile, the bedroom door quietly opens*

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

and Todd, with one of Beverly's scarves tied around his head, peeks into the living room. Stan steps away from the bathroom. Todd withdraws into the bedroom, leaving the door ajar. Stan notices the bedroom door is open. He approaches the bedroom door, reaches for the handle and starts to pull it shut. Just as he is about to close the door, the door is yanked open, pulling Stan into the bedroom. Off, Todd yells aggressively and Stan cries out in surprise. Off, a crash. Todd emerges, dressed in one of Beverly's nurse's uniforms, still with the scarf wrapped around his head, and dashes for the door outside. Stan follows and tackles Todd. They wrestle, like four-year-olds, until Stan gains the upper hand and pins Todd's arms to the floor.)

TODD. I never saw nothing. I swear. I never saw noplac they were running any drones, and I never took no video on my phone, either. I made it all up.

STAN. You what?

TODD. My mom made me go out and get this asinine telemarketing job out in Birchwood Falls. I thought I was gonna literally die from boredom, so I decided to skip out and get stoned instead. But I guess my boss called my house to see where I was, and my mom answered, because when I got home she was ready to throw me out on the street. So I panicked, and that story was what came outta my mouth.

STAN. Are you serious?

TODD. Yeah. And once I told my mom that story, I had to follow through, you know? I said I had to lie low until the heat died down, and then I booked it outta there.

STAN. And the first place you come is *here*?

TODD. You and Mrs. Whitaker have always been so nice to me. I was hoping you'd let me stay here long enough to make the story look real.

STAN. This new job was in Birchwood Falls?

TODD. Yeah. So?

STAN. It ain't got nothing to do with the new black site just opened up out there?

TODD. Black what?

STAN. That secret facility nobody's supposed to know about.

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

TODD. I don't know what you're talking about. I just made up some stupid story, and now it's spun all outta control. I never woulda come here if I'd known you worked for ASSA—I mean A.S.S.A. But I swear on my dad's grave I'm not what that lady from the O.I.I. thinks I am. Please, Mr. Whitaker, just let me go.

STAN. That would be aiding and abetting.

TODD. That lady thinks I'm a freaking terrorist. She gets her hands on me, I'm gonna just disappear. You used to sneak me near beers, remember? And you told me how to wash out the sheets after I had nocturnal emissions so my mom wouldn't find out. We played airplane, Mr. Whitaker. Remember? *Airplane.*

STAN. ... First you gotta do one thing. Punch me in the face.

TODD. What? No! Why?

STAN. I can't let you go without a fight.

TODD. Just thinking about violence makes me wanna throw up.

STAN. How many people have you killed in your dang videogames?

TODD. But that's just pretend.

STAN. Well, you'll just be *pretending* to beat me up.

TODD. Okay, I'll try. *(Stan lets Todd up. Todd makes a fist, starts to raise it. He appears to be feeling ill.)*

STAN. Think of me as that ape in Donkey Kong. *(Todd cocks his fist. He lowers it.)* Ah, jeez. *(Stan grabs Todd's fist and uses it to punch himself in the eye.)* CRAP!

TODD. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

STAN. Go! Just go! Shoo! Shoo! *(Todd runs out. Stan looks out the door, careful not to get too close. Satisfied Todd is gone, Stan musses up his hair and clothes, and arranges himself on the floor as though he's just been overpowered.)*

CRYSTAL. *(Off.)* HEY! HEY HEY HEY! FREEZE!

TODD. *(Off.)* I'M UNARMED! I'M UNARMED!

CRYSTAL. *(Off.)* GET BACK INSIDE! *(Stan stirs, as though to go look, but thinks better of it and settles back down. Todd steps into the room, followed by Crystal, who has a gun pointed at him.)* You had one job: Make sure Nurse Ratched didn't make a break for it.

IN SEARCH OF... SASQUATCH

STAN. I tried to stop him, but he rushed right at me, and *pop!*, right in the eye!

CRYSTAL. Come here.

STAN. What for?

CRYSTAL. Just do it. (*Stan goes to stand next to Crystal. She keeps the gun pointed at Todd as she looks closely at Stan's face. She jabs a finger in his bruised eye.*)

STAN. OW! What the heck?

CRYSTAL. I'm trying to figure out if you're with me.

STAN. I'm with you.

CRYSTAL. But are you with me all the way? To the end of the line?

STAN. What line are you talking about?

CRYSTAL. Now that we've got Mr. Barton—

STAN. Larson.

CRYSTAL. —Carson in custody, I'm going to conduct an **ingerrotation**. I want answers, and I'm going to do whatever it takes. I need to know if you're on board.

TODD. Near beers, Mr. Whitaker! Remember!

CRYSTAL. **Norence Flightengale!** I said no talking!

TODD. Sticky sheets.

CRYSTAL. Zip it.

TODD. *Airplane! (Crystal pistol-whips Todd across the face. He falls to the floor. He does not move.)*

STAN AND CRYSTAL. ...

CRYSTAL. Thass more like it. Mr. **Titwicker?**

STAN. I'm on board.

CRYSTAL. All right, then. Lower that window shade, and **less** begin.
(*Blackout.*)

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