

HOMESTUCK[®]

THE FRUITY RUMPUS THEATRE COMPANY



ACT TWO

— SCENE 1 — CATASTROPHE

INT. MARYAM RESIDENCE. EARLY MORNING.

Vriska opens the door. On the porch is a giant stack of presents. Someone taps her twice on the shoulder from behind — she spins around. CRASH. Vriska drops her glass.

ROSE: No, no, no, not you—
JASPROSE: Me!

Rose shrieks. It sounds almost exactly like the true crime documentary from earlier. Kanaya approaches the mud room. June stands up to see what's happening from the living room.

KANAYA: Jasprosesprite Squared
KANAYA: How
KANAYA:
KANAYA: Surprising

She tip toes around the broken glass, being sure to position herself where she can look Jasprose in the eye.

KANAYA: What Brings You To My Home

Jasprose snaps. A chair from the dining room lights up pink and comes to life. It walks up behind Kanaya and pushes her, causing her to fall backwards and take a seat. Magic purple chains restrain her so she can't get up, and bright pink tape appears over her mouth.

VRISKA: D:::: Mom!
ROSE: What the fuck?! You can't do that to her!

The rest of the chairs storm the mudroom and capture Rose and Vriska. Like marching soldiers, they follow Jasprose into the dining room where June is already being held captive.

All the blinds shut. Colorful moving lights illuminate the house. Jasprose stands beneath a spotlight and holds her arms out, the ringmaster of this new circus.

JASPROSE: Welcome to the main show! A round of applause for your lovely hostess who has graciously handed the rest of the night over to me. Bravo for getting us started! Always a wonderful opener!

Jasprose holds out a bouquet of flowers for Kanaya who struggles violently to break free. The flowers explode confetti in her face, giving her pause. Rose and Vriska scream muffled protestations under their tape.

JASPROSE: But now allow me to welcome to the stage the REAL STAR of tonight...
JASPROSE: Rose Lalonde!

A blinding floodlight shines down on Rose. She squints her eyes.

JASPROSE: Starring in some of the earth's favorite roles - wife, mother, lover. This endearing starlet always makes us smile with her magnificent performances of self degradation -- but tonight's will surely be the most spectacular. Tonight, all, you will learn about Rose's most recent exploits that have taken place over this summer, the most disturbing, shocking, scandalizing of all!
JASPROSE: How, critics are asking, does Rose Lalonde continue finding new ways to surprise us every single time?

She winks at us.

Kanaya is standing in the corner of the room rubbing the bridge of her nose. Vriska hovers around her worriedly. She finally throws her arms down and huffs.

KANAYA: I Did Not

Vriska's eyes widen. She steps back and holds her breath. Kanaya laughs abusively, a tad bit unhinged for anyone's liking.

KANAYA: No I Did Not Invite The Human Wrecking Ball Into My Perfectly Manicured Home And If You Ever For A Second Sincerely Believed That I Did Then You Truly Dont Know Me At All

ROSE: You didn't invite me? But the paper was green, and in your handwriting, and signed by you.

JUNE: oh jeez. so i am doubly not supposed to be here? i am so embarrassed, kanaya.

ROSE: Also - what the hell. What is your big problem with me?

Rose goes aggro and stances up to her ex-wife.

KANAYA: Dont Get In My Face

KANAYA: You Want To Know Who Invited You Ill Tell You

VRISKA: Um, Mom. I thought Swifer inviting Rose was supposed to stay a Secret.

Kanaya's gaze whips around to Vriska. Her light flashes for a fraction of a split second, which makes Vriska's blood run cold. In Mother-Child language, Vriska knows this to be the Warning Signal. Both pause. Gears turning. Rose pushes Kanaya aside and interrogates her daughter.

ROSE: Why on Earth is *Swifer* managing the guest list for our family Thanksgiving?

VRISKA: Well, um, she --

VRISKA: I can explain!

KANAYA: Ha Ha Ha Oh Dear

KANAYA: Ohhhhhhhh Dear

Kanaya laughs and claps.

KANAYA: I Think I See What Has Set Off This Unfortunate Chain Of Farcical Misunderstandings

KANAYA: Everyone

KANAYA: Please Take A Seat

KANAYA: I Will Explain Everything

The Lady of the House's guests take their seats, including Jasprose with a drink, all captivated and eased by her knowing, maternal aura.

KANAYA: You See All Loath As I Am To Admit It

KANAYA: I Have Been Under A Tremendous Amount Of Stress

KANAYA: Caring For The Mother Grub Is Of Course A Beautiful Calling And A High Honor And Such But It Is Also Frankly A Complete Logistical Trainwreck

KANAYA: You Have To Consider A Frankly Appalling Number Of Variables And The Fate Of Oh So Many Bouncing Baby Bugs And Well It All Just Gets To Be A Bit Much

KANAYA: And So It Was That Swifer Made Herself Useful As A Sort Of Much-Needed Assistant

Rose is incredulous, unimpressed.

KANAYA: And Well She Was Just So Good At Organizing Things That I Mixed Business With Leisure Which I Know Is Perhaps Not The Most Professional Way To Engage These Sorts Of Things But I Simply Needed A Damn Break

KANAYA: And So It Came To Be That I Enlisted Swifers Assistance In Scheduling My Personal Engagements Alongside My Professional Ones

KANAYA: During The Holidays Everything Must Go Perfectly, And So I Left Those Particulars To The Detail Oriented Swifer

KANAYA: But What I Failed To Account For Was Just How Seriously She Would Take The Management Of My Personal Life And Her Potential To Act On Her Own Assessments Of What Interpersonal Challenges I Must Conquer To Attain Happiness

KANAYA: Such As Making Up With My Ex Wife I Freaking Guess

Kanaya throws her hands up in the air, not understanding how she could have ever been so careless.

KANAYA: So Oops

Vriska is looking at the ground while Rose, suddenly impassioned, stands from her seat.

ROSE: Ha. So you admit, you do care about me. You can't be happy without my permission.

June interjects, blowing an exasperated plume of smoke from her cigarette.

JUNE: rose, don't. if you go down this path you're just going to regret it soon after.
JUNE: trust me.

Kanaya folds her arms, ready to absorb Rose's stupid little tantrum.

ROSE: We aren't talking to Roxy, here, June. This woman is actually cognizant enough to recognize when she's done me dirty. I'd like to hear her admit it --

Jasprose, bored, sensuously gropes Rose's ass just out of view. Rose grimaces, abandoning her train of thought immediately, and looks miserably at the floor, then the ceiling.

JUNE: that's the embarrassment kicking in. randomly berating your ex wife... it never accomplishes all the momentous feats you expect it's going to.

Rose briskly walks over to the long untouched Alternian globe bar in the living room, grabs the first bottle in reach, and promptly pours out two shaky tumblers of straight Two Jakes.

JUNE: uh, rose?

Everyone is aghast.

ROSE: Jasprose, I'm sure you're quite parched after your trip here. Join me?
ROSE: And the rest? What are you taking?
JUNE: wait, rose, it's not THAT embarrassing.
JASPROSE: Oh, yes please.

Jasprose saunters happily over to Rose, accepting the improperly poured wine with a quizzical shrug. Rose promptly lifts her own glass for a toast, which Jasprose obliges before downing the entirety of the glass in one voracious gulp. Rose, for her part, lifts the glass to her face in a shaky pantomime. She touches the slightest molecule of drink with the tippiest tip of her tongue.

VRISKA: I'm Sorry, did you just Dr8nk?

The second she hears the clink, Vriska lunges to her feet with indignance.

JASPROSE: Don't worry sweetheart, Rose never drinks at home.
VRISKA: At home?! Do you two LIVE together!?

Rose grabs Jasprose's cup out of her hand and replaces it with the remainder of the wine, sticking it in her mouth like a bottle for a hungry baby. Jasprose falls onto her back behind the bar, happily sucking away, kicking her feet in the air, not a care in the world. Rose wipes sweat off her brow in relief.

ROSE: Jasprose does often drop by to check on me at home and see how I'm doing. She's a doll, such a sweet kitty. Vriska don't touch that.

Vriska drags Jasprose out from behind the bar by her tail.

VRISKA: You! What8ver you are. Tell me the truth...!!!
VRISKA: Did you make my mom start drinking again?!

Jasprose pulls herself away from the bottle - POP! - with a dirty cheshire grin. She looks past Vriska at Rose, whose eyes are begging her to be on her side, to say something responsible... until she realizes that Jasprose continues to smile her same wicked smile, and that Jasprose, truly allknowing, can not physically be on the side of a bitch who betrays her. Rose's vulnerable eyes become clouded with swirling cumulonimbi of lowly rumbling hate.

JASPROSE: You poor, poor, pitiable thing. Your mother is a slave to libational libido, and for the past two... three... four... ten years? I've been diligently trying to help her stop.

JUNE: wait, seriously? rose, you've been hiding your drinking?

KANAYA: You Said How Many Years

The atmosphere in the room darkens further. The guests create a claustrophobic circle around Rose.

VRISKA: Mom, you can't be serious. This is... So much worse than I thought.

Vriska sits down and puts her head in her hands. Kanaya places a hand on her shoulder, looking at Rose with icy judgement.

JUNE: man... rose... i don't really know what to say. you've seemed dark lately, but...

JUNE: was you asking me out a cry for help?

ROSE: Oh good God.

ROSE: Stop. I don't drink. Cats don't have any object permanence, this drink is the first one I've touched since my-

JASPROSE: Shall we talk about what you like to lap up to help you get to bed every night?

Rose closes her eyes, straining.

ROSE: Yeah, so, I'm an alcoholic. Always have been. Never really stopped.

Rose raises her hands in acquiescence, shooting Jasprose a look that pretty clearly communicates intent to maim and mangle.

ROSE: Sorry.

Vriska hurls one of Jasprose's pretty pink presents at the wall and it explodes in a shower of confetti gore.

VRISKA: A One Word 8pology? You owe me, Mom, And June an Explan8tion! We all try So Hard for you and it's like we Don't Even 8xist to you!

ROSE: Honey, I... Listen, it's hereditary. My mom drank, so I do too. What do you want me to say?

VRISKA: I want you to say Why! I don't want you to Hide behind some Old D8d Hag nobody knows Anything about, I want you to take Responsibility for your own actions.

ROSE: I relapsed because of this incredibly stressful Thanksgiving Swifer organized that my wife doesn't even want me at, then.

Vriska bites her knuckles, tears welling in her eyes.

KANAYA: Stop Immediately

KANAYA: It Is Not Swifers Fault

KANAYA: She Was Just Trying Her Best To Support Me Through My Problems

KANAYA: And I Never Should Have Let It Go This Far

ROSE: She's just some stupid secretary, but you went and got her involved with something we could have fixed ourselves. What is the matter with you?

JUNE: oh jeez.

Vriska storms out of the room.

JASPROSE: Spoken like a true belligerent drunk, mi amiga.

Vriska returns with her coat.

VRISKA: I'm going out to 8uy Food.

She hurries out the front door. She gets in the car and wipes all her tears away. Just as she's about to close the door Rose catches up with her, dragging Jasprose by the scruff.

ROSE: Honey, honey don't go yet! Sweetheart, I know you aren't happy with mommy right now but, as long as you're going out you **have** to take Jasprose with you.

VRISKA: ...Why the hell would I do that?

ROSE: Because I am your mother and I am telling you you have to... Vriska, please. This is the one way you can help me right now.

ROSE: Get rid of this thing.

VRISKA: Fine!!!!!!

JASPROSE: Toodle loo. We'll be back in two shakes and a jiffy~.

Jasprose blows a kiss, teleports into the passenger seat, and Vriska takes off.

(BLACKOUT).

—— SCENE 2 ——
LAST MINUTE SHOPPING

INT. TROLL SHOPRITE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Vriska pushes a shopping cart as Jasprose follows by her side. They don't meet each other's eyes. Jasprose is looking around whistling to the tune of "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah". Vrissy is awkwardly drumming her fingers on the cart. She looks depressed.

VRISKA: So --
JASPROSE: So --
VRISKA: Sorry, you go --
JASPROSE: No, you --

...

Vriska coughs.

VRISKA: So.
VRISKA:
VRISKA: Do I have to call you Mom?
JASPROSE: Bahahahahahahaha!

Jasprose slaps the shopping cart and looks at Vriska, expecting to share in a laugh. What she gets is a deadpan face with tired, sunken eyes.

JASPROSE: Oh you were serious.
JASPROSE: Jasprose is fine; Jasprosesprite^2 if you're nasty.
VRISKA: So,
VRISKA: Jasprose.
VRISKA: You and Rose are... Close?
JASPROSE: Thick as thieves.
VRISKA: Huh, I guess I'd heard from mom that she Couldn't Stand You.
JASPROSE: Things change, sweetheart! It's hard to hate someone for long when you have so much in common, and we've always had so much in common seeing as we're, well, us.
JASPROSE: It'd be such a shame if I couldn't get Ol' Rose Prime to appreciate our rare, technicolor tentacled differences.
VRISKA: Um. Okay.
JASPROSE: So... What is it we're on the prowl for tonight? Some fruit?
VRISKA: Yeah, sure. I don't know. I can text you the list.
JASPROSE: List?

Jasprose looks at the contents of their full size cart. All that's in it is an orange, gum, and a wrapper that was there when they got it. They've been walking around the store for 20 minutes now.

JASPROSE: Heh, well, I don't have a phone.
VRISKA: Why not?
JASPROSE: Weeeell, If I want to talk to someone I usually just...

Jasprose inexplicably appears opposite Vriska.

JASPROSE: Pop in!
VRISKA: Gah! Do not Do that!

Jasprose lowers her ears. These kind of juvenile tricks usually cheer Rose right up, why is it not working on Rose Jr?

JASPROSE: Hey. I think you're about to get a phonecall x3.
VRISKA: What?

Vriska's phone starts ringing. She looks back and forth from phone to Jasprose, a little perturbed by all her magical tricks. She picks up regardless.

VRISKA: Hello?
VRISKA: Yiffy!

Vriska lights up, instantly comforted by the voice of her sister and close friend. Jasprose grins and takes the cart from her, which she doesn't notice.

JASPROSE: I'm just going to go prowl the booze section neow~.

Jasprose floats away to give Vriska some space.

VRISKA: Oh my GOD. You have no fucking idea how happy I am to hear from you.
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: Uh, why? 8ecause it's Thanksgiving. And I haven't even heard from you all day!!!!!!! I was, like, worried you'd been lost to foul play at your mom's.
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: Well, good to hear you haven't lost any limbs. ::::)
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: Who, me?
VRISKA: Well, I'm doing just perfect. You know how I like to mog the holidays and everything.

Vriska pulls a can off the shelf and inspects it idly.

VRISKA: We actually just put the pork8east on and are now sitting around the fireplace, exchanging jolly tales.

She holds her phone down and pretends to be speaking to someone in the other room.

VRISKA: *What? Mom? I'm on the phone with Yiffy! I can't right now! Ok! I'll tell her!*
VRISKA: Kanaya says hi.

The worker mopping at the end of the aisle stares at Vriska.

YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: But like I said, mainly I've just been worried a8out you. Every holiday is so hard on you, it really affects me.
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: You act like you don't care, 8ut man, I don't know... with a mom like Jade, it's just. Ugh...
VRISKA: You'd never admit that you truly h8 her, 8ut I can see sometimes how much you want to.
VRISKA: I just want you to know you're so strong, and your 8ig sister loves you. One of these days you're gonna be able to get away from her and do your own thing --
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: "Friendsgiving?" ... Away from Jade? How did you manage That?
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: Oh...! Well, um, text me your new address when you have the chance.

Vriska puts the can back. She stares into the depths of the shelf behind the items. She loudly sighs.

YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: Oh sorry, you heard that?
VRISKA: ...You're right. I am sad.
VRISKA: Sad that my little fucking cute little sister doesn't need me anymore!!!!!!!
VRISKA: That's right, if Jade isn't making your life a living hell I don't get to 8e your shoulder to cry on.
VRISKA: Yiiiiiiiiffyyyyyyyy! ::::'(
YIFFANY: [inaudible]
VRISKA: Lol.
VRISKA: Uh, What. Tavros wants to talk to me? Little creep was listening in on our conversation!
VRISKA: Well, what are you w8ing for?? Put him on!!!!

Tavros gets on the phone. Vriska reflexively adjusts her posture, feet apart and hand on her hip, affecting extreme chad energy.

TAVROS: Hey,
 VRISKA: Happy Thanksgiving, dipshit!!
 TAVROS: Happy Thanksgiving, Vriska,
 TAVROS: Get on FaceTime,
 VRISKA: Um, No. Ew, why??????
 TAVROS: I want to show you, Our Thanksgiving Blast,
 VRISKA: K. I'm answering yours. But you don't get to see mine ;;;)
 TAVROS: Vriska,,,,,,,,

They start a one sided video call: Tavros and Yiffany duck out of Friendsgiving onto a highrise apartment balcony. It's snowing lightly.

VRISKA: So, I heard you ditched the old man this year.
 VRISKA: You've impressed me, Tavros! Respect!!!!
 TAVROS: Well,,,

Yiffany hands Tavros a beer. The two clink their bottles together.

TAVROS: (Oh, thank you,)
 TAVROS: I've been ditching him for, literal years now,
 TAVROS: He's not exactly a hard man to escape, considering,
 VRISKA: Guess it's hard to out dead8eat the dead8eat, huh!

Tavros struggles to unscrew his cap. Yiffany bites the cap off for him.

TAVROS: Yeah,,,
 TAVROS: I actually thought about going this year, but,
 TAVROS: It didn't seem like a good idea to fly out to Bastard Island just for one day,
 TAVROS: Or at all, under any circumstances, really,,,,

An employee appears behind Vriska, startling her.

EMPLOYEE: Ma'am, do you need any help? We close in 15 minutes.

She holds her phone away from her mouth, tightly clutching the microphone and speaker.

VRISKA: NO! NOW GO AWAY, I'M TALKING TO TAVROS!
 TAVROS: What was that,,,
 VRISKA: That was my mom. You know her sense of humor. Or lack thereof. Lol.

Vriska puts a hand to her temple, and mentally domin8s the employee into leaving. Another employee by the door looks at her, incredulous, but runs off after Vriska starts beating her chest triumphantly.

VRISKA: 8uuuuuuuut yeah. Sounds like you're having a great time, and me, an Even
 8etter One.
 VRISKA: Keep up all this "making healthy choices" and "choosing happiness" 8usiness and you
 might even 8est me next year. ;)
 TAVROS: Yeah,,,
 VRISKA: ...
 TAVROS: ,,,
 VRISKA: What?
 TAVROS: I wish you were here,
 VRISKA: !

Jasprose turns the corner with a shopping cart full to the brim with the alcohol section. She notices Vriska blushing on the phone, though, and backs up—sure to not make herself known.

Yiffany disappears from the video call, noticing something and going back inside. Vriska shuffles her feet girlishly. She twirls her hair and looks down sadly. Those sunken, tear stained eyes from before she got on the phone come back. She feels a lump in her throat.

TAVROS: I'm sorry,,,
 TAVROS: That's,,, Selfish of me,

VRISKA: I wish I was there too.

She speaks softly, like a little girl. It's the only sound she can muster without her voice cracking. They stay on the phone together silently.

Suddenly-CRASH! A frenzied crowd chattering.

YIFFANY: [INAUDIBLE!!!]

VRISKA: Whoa -- what was that?

Yiffany runs back outside and inaudibly alerts Tavros to something. Jasprose POPS UP from the bottom of the screen, standing between Yiffany and Tavros, laughing drunkenly and sipping straight from a bottle of everclear. Her giant shopping cart of booze rolls onto the balcony in the background.

JASPROSE: HA! That is exactly what I was telling her!

JASPROSE: You know Yiffy? For a dog, you're alright in my book!

Yiffany grabs the bottle from Jasprose and throws it off the balcony.

JASPROSE: Oh, hey now don't be like that! It's a JOKE!

JASPROSE: Yeesh, tough crowd!

Jasprose tugs her collar cartoonishly. Vriska drops to the supermarket floor, and huddles against the aisle, holding the phone close to her face.

VRISKA: Hello?? What The FUCK are you doing over there??????

JASPROSE: Oh, Vrissy! I was just introducing myself to your friends. These kids are a hoot and a holler, I'm telling you. I could write a whole book off of the mommy issues ALONE on this balcony!

Jasprose cuts an aside to the audience.

JASPROSE: And baby, I'm the editor in chief of Mommy Issues.

Yiffany screams something so loud it peaks the microphone and doesn't come through.

VRISKA: WHAT? WHAT? Tavros, what did she say?!

TAVROS: Vriska, Jasprose was telling us about her,,,

TAVROS: Uhm,,,,, relationship,,, with Rose,,,

JASPROSE: Tavvy, baby, you say "relationship,,,," like it's so scandalous! There's nothing so odd about it.

VRISKA: Yeah, there's nothing odd about being besties with a Completely Satshit Insane version of yourself. Also, BAD KITTY! BAD. COME BACK TO THE STORE!!!!!!!!!!

TAVROS: I,,,

Yiffany grabs the phone from Tavros.

YIFFANY: vrissy, rose is fucking herself.

(BLACKOUT).

— SCENE 3 —
FRIENDSGIVING

EXT/INT. YIFFANY'S APARTMENT. EARLY EVENING.

Meanwhile, on the balcony. Yiffany holds the phone away from her head, Vriska yelling too loud for the speaker to even transmit.

VRISKA: [INAUDIBLE!!!!!!]

Tavros rubs the back of his neck uncomfortably. Jasprose picks her teeth with a claw.

VRISKA: [INAUDIBLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

Jasprose leans into the phone to talk.

JASPROSE: You heard her right the first time, sugarplum! And I doubt she's going to ever hear again if you keep shrieking like that.

Without comment, Yiffany begins to pummel Jasprose with the phone. Vriska is barely audible over the speaker.

VRISKA: SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU HOMEWRECKING SLUT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jasprose steals the phone from Yiffany's hands before scampering behind Tavros. Yiffany growls, following.

TAVROS: Everyone, I think we,,,

JASPROSE: Meowch! Tavros, be a dear and keep her out of strangling range, will you?

TAVROS: I'm not exactly,,,,,

YIFFANY: tavros.

TAVROS: Okay, I know that my opinions don't exactly matter, but,,,,,

No one's listening to him. Yiffany is chasing Jasprose around him in a desperate scramble, barks and hisses and growls abound. Tavros looks unbothered as they use him as a jungle gym to play tag on/around. Eventually, Jasprose scrambles onto his head, screaming into the phone.

JASPROSE: VRISSY! HELP ME! PUT DOWN YOUR MUTT!!!!

She spikes the phone into Yiffany's face, who falls flat onto the concrete balcony. Then Vriska falls from the sky, landing directly onto Jasprose, who is still on Tavros, who barely budes. Everyone looks at each other, silently, for a beat.

VRISKA: I'M GOING T8 F8CK8NG K8LL Y8U!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The chase resumes, Vriska joining in, the three of them climbing on and around Tavros in a mad dash to kill each other. This is exactly one woman too many for Tavros to handle, and he begins to teeter and stumble. Eventually, he smacks into the balcony door.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE APARTMENT. BY THE CONVERSATION PIT.

A gaggle of strange aliens are having a conversation about some bullshit, the struggle outside inaudible under the strange electronic music about killer animatronics they're listening to.

DR. PER'KY: i was just messing around

PAN'SY: imagine telling her i was just messing around shes already bpd splitting at that point

DR. PER'KY: and now i have no hands no computer no girlfriend no future can someone come and blow my shit smooth off

TACHI: when rose lalonde isnt the biggest fumbler on earth c anymore

PAN'SY: it's per'ky now

DR. PER'KY: for those wondering it doesnt get easier by the way

Tavros's head bangs against the balcony door repeatedly, just loud enough to be audible.

IKAKALAKA: huh? what was that noise
EXCALIBUR: i think tav is locked outside again hold on

One of the aliens crosses the room to open the door. They're immediately thrown aside as the violent struggle stumbles into the room, toppling half the partygoers like dominos as it rages, before eventually collapsing into a cloud of fistcuffs in the center of the room.

VRISKA: YOU D8SGUSTING PERVERT! YOU FREAK OF N8TURE!

Vriska and Yiffany are pummeling Jasprose violently, though it's clear they aren't dealing much damage. The violent frenzy is so opaque that neither the crowd of strangers around them nor the Lalonde sisters themselves notice that Jasprose has long disappeared in a puff of smoke.

VRISKA: N8VER TOUCH ROSE AG8IN YOU -- YOU --
VRISKA: YOU MOM FUCKER!
VRISKA: DIE!!! DIE!!!! DIE!!!!!!!!!! I H8 YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Now all the strangers are watching Vriska and Yiffany unknowingly pummel Tavros, who was trapped beneath Jasprose, while screaming all of these hateful epithets at him. Everyone seems confused by this.

DR. PER'KY: is tavros fucking this girl's mother?
SCISSOR: typical
CALYX: is this some sort of troll sex thing
TACHI: fucking someones mom?
FEDER: oooohhhhhh, so that's what 'kissmismus' means
EXCALIBUR: kesmisis isnt even real quadrants r fake remember

The stupid, vaguely xenophobic banter clears some of the bloodlust from Vriska's eyes, and she can finally see that it's *Tavros* laying beneath her, lightly battered.

VRISKA:
VRISKA: Oh.

More battered by the second, since Yiffany is still pummeling him. Vriska elbows her in the ribs. He blinks up at them from behind broken glasses, and wipes some of the blood from his nose. Only now does Vriska notice that a dozen strangers are looming over her, watching this whole heated exchange, judging *her* for it. She scrambles off of Tavros, mortified.

TAVROS: I'm okay, by the way,,,
TAVROS: In case you were wondering,,,

Yiffany hops to her feet, and helps Tavros up with a firm hand. She even gives him a hearty pat on the back once he's up, handing him a spare pair of glasses from her sylladex. Now that he can see the crowd that's gathered around them, he feels just a tad sheepish about the false accusations Vriska "hurled at him."

TAVROS: Vriska,,, these are my friends,,,
TAVROS: Everyone,,, this is Vriska,

Oh God. Somehow Vriska forgot that "Friendsgiving" would imply Tavros has friends. Or are these Yiffany's friends? She's scanning them all, a mess of hooves and tentacles, aliens of species that she's never had any real contact with. A nervous laugh bubbles out, high and shrill.

VRISKA: Wow, Tavros, these are...!
VRISKA: Uh... Nice to meet you --
PAN'SY: wait is this milk vriska or
CALYX: oh is this your GIRLFRIEND vriska?
SCISSOR: Thats crazy tavros isnt vriska 40?
TAVROS: No,,, this Vriska is,,,,,,

A beat of silence. Tavros loosely hooks Vriska's arm with his own.

TAVROS: My ex-girlfriend,,, the one I've told you all a lot about,,,

TAVROS: Because she's Yiffany's sister,,, and also a dear friend,,,

Another beat of silence. The floodgates open.

FEDER: oh, vrissy! okay that makes more sense
PAN'SY: TAVROS IS FUCKING VRISSY'S MOM???
DR. PER'KY: isnt rose a lesbian
D'TURA: tavros, are you a woman now...?
BUTCH: finally.

The strangers ramble on as a well-oiled harassment machine that makes Vriska nauseous to witness, especially when the subject is her mother's sex life. Tavros seems similarly offput as the accused mother fucker. Yiffany interrupts.

YIFFANY: guys.
YIFFANY: shut the fuck up.

Everyone snaps to attention, dead silent. Vriska's mouth hangs open, awed and disturbed by the respect that her cute little sister commands. Yiffany walks off without further comment, back into the kitchen where a drunken brigade is in the middle of basting a turkey. Once she leaves, everyone in the conversation pit breathes.

DR. PER'KY: thank god lol i thought she was gonna beat my ass
D'TURA: she should.

Vriska, still clinging to Tavros's arm, leans up to whisper in his ear.

VRISKA: How the hell does she have them so whipped?
TAVROS: Well,,, Yiffy and I pay their rent, and for their food,,, their videogames,,, clothes,,, immigration lawyers,,,,
TAVROS: But she's the one that takes care of everything, really,,, I just donated my inheritance,
IKAKALAKA: ackchally we are quite useful around the house too
VRISKA: What? How can she afford all of that??? I thought she worked at an office or some shit?
IKAKALAKA: woah we cant disclose where she works or where she gets the money from thats secret
D'TURA: they have assassins at the ready to get us.
TACHI: dude shes a fucking receptionist
SCISSOR: At raytheon-crocker

Vriska's smile twitches into a grimace. Her gears are turning, wheels are spinning, she cannot process any of this.

VRISKA: Wow. I didn't know that. That's so.
VRISKA: Adult. And professional! Of her. And n8rmal? She's. She's s8ch a...
VRISKA: She's n8rmal...!!!
TAVROS: Yeah, she's really grown up --

Vriska practically shoves Tavros into one of these aliens, whatever their names are, and stumbles off with as much faux normalcy as she can muster.

VRISKA: I'm gonna get a drink, do you want anything? No? Your loss!

MEANWHILE, AT THE DRINKS TABLE.

Vriska finally catches her breath now that she's escaped, and starts searching the table for a distraction from the Hell she's in. She soon realizes that this party is only stocking alcohol. Is that why everyone else is getting along so well? Is it worth breaking 25 years of sobriety just to ease one social interaction? Should she just cut her losses, do a Troll Irish goodbye?

She's mulling it over when suddenly a voice calls from the punch bowl.

JASPROSE: And here I thought bringing you to a Friendsgiving with some kids your own age would beat having to talk to all of us middle aged lesbians...
JASPROSE: Why are you here, instead of talking to them?

Suddenly, the spotlights are on Vriska and the drinks table, and the rest of the party dissolves into darkness. The phantasmic reflection of Jasprose talks up to her from the punch bowl.

VRISKA: Why??? You want to know WHY??????
VRISKA: YOU LET THEM KNOW THAT YOU'RE --

Vriska realizes that she's yelling at the top of her lungs in the direction of some bottles. She whips her head around, scanning to see if anyone noticed, but with the hanging darkness, the only person watching is the catgirl in the punch bowl. She whispers instead.

VRISKA: (That you're fucking my mom...!)
VRISKA: (If you wanted me to have fun here why would you tell Tavros and Yiffy that?!)
JASPROSE: Because they asked!
VRISKA: (No8ody Fucking Asked You That.)
JASPROSE: We were making small talk! Catching up! And Tavros asked what I've been doing lately!
JASPROSE: How could I ignore such a purrfect setup?
VRISKA: (And you told the Truth?? Are you fucking MENTAL?????)
JASPROSE: I'm a borderline demonic, trickster-esque figure.
JASPROSE: I would NEVER lie about who I am.

A beat of silence. Vriska can't argue with that. Despite everything, the indignance bubbles away.

VRISKA: (I just... can't 8elieve you're fucking her. That's so disgusting.)
JASPROSE: Really? Haven't you ever thought about fucking the other Vriska?
VRISKA: (WHAT?! No!)
VRISKA: (May8e. Every8ody experiments with certain thoughts when they're younger, OKAY?!)
VRISKA: (Doesn't mean you have to act on them.)

Vriska. Vriska. Vriska. The name swirls in her head. Does it even sound like her name anymore? Has it ever? The silence lingers.

JASPROSE: Well you're certainly not getting any younger, but if you're feeling so antisocial, I can warp you home in the flick of a wrist!
VRISKA: (No.)
VRISKA: (No, if I can 8arely talk to *you* right now, I can't talk to Rose. Not like this.)
JASPROSE: Then what do you want, Vriska?

Vriska's head hangs. The humiliation of today weighs on her, heavy and unbearable. All she can do is laugh.

VRISKA: I don't know... To not feel like a Complete L8ser?
VRISKA: Look at me. I fucked up Thanksgiving, and now I've fucked up Friendsgiving too. In front of fucking Tavros!
VRISKA: Fucking Tavros!! What's Wrong With Me???
JASPROSE: Nothing that can't be fixed.

Suddenly, Jasprose's trickster grin rises from the liquid. Her eyes glow ominously in the dark. Vriska stumbles backward.

JASPROSE: Remember, Vriska: This is Thanksgiving.
JASPROSE: Don't you want to win?

(BLACKOUT).

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CONVERSATION PIT.

All of the strange aliens crowd around Yiffany's iconic Hisense 116UX 116-Inch RGB-MiniLED TV to watch Tavros play Fortnak, talking about more bullshit. The air is easy, comfortable, as if the earlier unpleasantness had never even happened.

FEDER: my men hate is a C
EXCALIBUR: feder my brody youre straight get the male love to F right now
FEDER: i have an artist's eye for anatomy and beauty
PAN'SY: feder is true straight

Tachi throws a fraternal arm around Feder. In the background, Vriska stumbles into the room, clearly inebriated.

TACHI: excalibur male love includes like... love of the boys!
TACHI: love of broing out!
TACHI: there are MANY straight men with male love very high
TACHI: or, well. they think theyre straight

In her struggle to navigate across the room, Vriska trips over a wrinkle in the rug and smashes her face into the wall. None of the aliens notice this, even as she giggles obnoxiously.

D'TURA: that's kinda fucking disgusting, man.
TACHI: is anyone here not disgusted by men
EXCALIBUR: i mean anyone on the planet attracted to men is disgusted by them
SCISSOR: i don't know if i'm disgusted persay more like they don't register to me as anything.
DR. PER'KY: an ideal man is one you dont know very well
PAN'SY: men should be lobotomized and castrated and locked in a dark windowless place for 20 hours a day
VRISKA: Do you guoys serpiously not like maen?

The banter grinds to a halt. Did they forget Vriska was here? Tavros looks over his shoulder. There Vriska is, standing behind the couch with a thick cerulean blush and a dopey, fanged grin. She sways to the sound of beloved cartoon characters being gunned down as if it's music.

VRISKA: That's fuckign Wild...
IKAKALAKA: im watchin da fuckin gaaaame
VRISKA: Wamen??? Pffft. They're foucking USELESS. Total fucking Disasters.
VRISKA: If they're not insane drunggen SLUTZ, thy're some sort of constant Victim of God (AND Jesus) that can't DO ANYTHING THEMSELVES. It's so Fucking AANNPOYING!!!!!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: Vriska,,, you're back --

Excalibur and Pan'sy, each sitting on one of Tavros's sides, perform the rare double nut tap technique the moment his guard is dropped. He almost doubles over, too distracted to notice Vriska has stepped around the couch to slip into his lap until it's already happened.

VRISKA: Sooooo yeh. My Men Love is proouuu8a8ly, like, A++.
VRISKA: 8ut I guess yuo wouldn't know anythiong a8out liking men, would you Tavvy...? No, 8ecause you liek them Soft and Feminineme...

Excalibur and Pan'sy start laughing. Loud. No one else joins them.

EXCALIBUR: soft and feminine is what we are i guess
PAN'SY: soft and masc
D'TURA: you tried to kill dr. per'ky three times today, man.
EXCALIBUR: am i not soft enough to yaaaa

Excalibur pokes at D'tura with his foot annoyingly. Next to them, Vriska is sweating profusely. She's pinching at Tavros's nose, trying to pull his eyes off of the match so he can Look At Her. He ignores her valiantly.

VRISKA: Tavvy...?
TAVROS: Vriska, I,
FEDER: look out, troll goku on your left
VRISKA: Tavpy, what're they talking a8out???

On the screen, Tavros gets eliminated by FartmanBeyond. The aliens all groan. Vriska doesn't notice, too busy whipping her head around like a cornered animal.

IKAKALAKA: oh my god bruh
BUTCH: COME ON.

Suddenly Vriska straddles Tavros, grabbing him by the collar with both hands. She shakes him violently. He avoids eye contact.

VRISKA: TARVEY, ARE YOU GAY??????????
EXCALIBUR: nah hes just a nymph chas-
D'TURA: don't.
TAVROS: Vriska,,, is this,,, a good time for us to be talking about this?

She says nothing. It's getting stuffy in this room. Sweat troubles Tavros's brow.

TAVROS: I've,
TAVROS: I've experimented,,, with some friends,,, who may or may not be in this room, and
may or may not be watching us very intently as we have this conversation,,,
TAVROS: And I,,,

Tavros blinks, confused. Why is his face wet? He looks up at Vriska, finally *looks* at her, and realizes that she's crying all over him. Her fangs trouble her lips, visibly on the precipice of losing it all.

VRISKA: Tavrous?
VRISKA: You've... You've8e 8een daetitng?

He nods, hesitant.

VRISKA: You -- Uou've 8en dating... men?

His brows trouble. He glances around the room at all the silent stares from his companions. Who among them did he "experiment" with? How many of them are even men? Vriska's drunken mind can't even process the questions, and subsequently they all fade from her view. All she can see is Tavros.

VRISKA: Ta8ros.
VRISKA: Tavros, don't you remem8er when we were 14...? Right after my Hiveculling Dance? We spent so long under those 8leachers, playing truth or dare with all of those prep school FREAKS... Do you rem8er what you saed to me? When we weres leaving?
VRISKA: When you ashhed if I wanted a r8de home?
TAVROS: Vriska, we shouldn't --
VRISKA: You said you shtole your stuuuupid father's stuuuup8d car, and thas you'd drive me home even though it was lllllllllike, totally illegal, and really stupid, 8ut we were out soooo past our curfews, and stupid gaycel Harry Andershon didn't have a car, so someone had to drive me home so I'd 8e Safe, from my Enemines,
VRISKA: And yoo kished me, in the 8ack of your car... Not like those STUPID 8a8y h8 kisses we used to do, 8ut a real kiss. A real, real movie kiss.
VRISKA: And we kept going, and kept going, and you... and you pulled down my little Pantys and took my virginity, right there, like the SHITTY fucking kismesis you were, so SOFT and GENTLE and VULNERA8LE an STRANGELY MASCULINE?
VRISKA: Like you were a whoooooole man even as a stupid lameass teen with your Stupid Little Stutter and your 8ig Ass 8ottlecap Glasses...
VRISKA: I didn't tell 8NYONE. Not you, not Ruthie, not Harry Anderson. 8ut I fell in LOVE with you. I fell in love with you, you stupid little... You were the only man I ever let touch me. Ever. No one else since we...
VRISKA: You're all I've ever had. You're all I WANT to have. Yu're all I --

Vriska has been staring at him, unblinking, as the words spill out of her mouth. But she pauses, squeezes her eyes closed, and collects her thoughts for an unbearably long few seconds.

VRISKA: Tavross... I l8ve you.

She kisses him. Tavros's jaw is ever so slightly slack, eyes wide as saucers from the shock. Even after she breaks the kiss, he says nothing.

VRISKA: Tavros, please.

Vriska leans in to press her face against his throat. Even if he's shocked stiff like a deer caught in the headlights, she can still feel his pulse racing against her lips.

VRISKA: Tavros, say it 8ack. Please.

VRISKA: I... Please?

VRISKA: Tavvy...?

Tavros glances around the room. All eyes are on him. He hasn't moved a muscle since this started, but soon he's pressing his hands to her hips and trying to gently guide her off of his lap.

TAVROS: I think,,,

TAVROS: We should maybe,,, talk about this later,,, when you're feeling,,,

TAVROS: Better.

Vriska can take a hint. She stumbles backward, trying to save face.

VRISKA: Haaaaaaaaaaaa... Hahahahahaha...!!!

VRISKA: That was a funny prank right?

She stumbles to her feet, everyone is in silence staring at her. Like *she's* the freak?!

VRISKA: Why aren't any of you LAUGHING? At my amazing JOKE?

VRISKA: CAN NONE OF YOU WOKIES TAKE A JOKE!?!?!?

VRISKA: WELL, HERE'S SOME MORE JOKES FOR YA,

She rips the plug out of the PS8. Everyone is shouting, incredulous. In the chaos, Tavros gets up to try and stop her, but Vriska backs away to evade him... accidentally bumping into Uncle Gamzee's urn.

VRISKA: Oop --

It topples over and Shatters. Tavros sucks in his teeth, but there's no time to really worry about it because Vriska is on the other side of the room.

TAVROS: Vriska stop!

VRISKA: Sorry! One of your Gender Friends can Clean That Shit up!

She uncrosses her arms and slaps Dirk's urn off its pedestal and it shatters all over the floor and into the food. Tavros runs tracking footsteps over it, chasing Vriska. He grabs her waist.

VRISKA: Oh, NOW you wanna fuck me!?

She pushes him away, and he falls backwards into the urn of The Hound.

When Tavros was a boy, he was horribly abused by his three parents: one got him drunk, one gave him psychosexual problems, and the last got him drunk as well. Three parents, and not one shared with him a shred of humanity. The only light in his life was his pet dog, simply named The Hound due to Tavros's strict parents forbidding him a name or identity, lest their son get attached. But that didn't keep Tavros from bonding with The Hound like a brother, the first true family he ever had. The Hound protected Tavros from danger, calmed him when he was angry, and comforted him when he was sad.

One day, Jane was forcing Tavros to supervise as she shopped at Prospitian Victoria's Carapacian Secret for various 1950s buxom bras, so he may give his opinion on which was most fabulous. Knowing Mother, if his attention ever strayed for but a second, she would become intensely angry and lash out at him and all others. Sensing this, The Hound began to growl at the terrible Mistress of the House, such was his unparalleled empathy for the suffering of man. Yet this was against his training! The animal's loyalty proved too much... and it cost him his life. Jane rolled up a Prospitian Victoria's Carapacian Secret magazine and whacked the Hound on the head, not realizing her own godlike strength. Tavros still remembers the way his throat burned from the screams as he watched the Hound fall limp to the floor, the light leaving his eyes.

TAVROS: No,, no no,,,
TAVROS: NOOOOOOOOOO!

Tavros roids out. A terrifying vein pops out of his blood red face as he screams. He falls to his knees, and slams his fists against the floorboards once, twice, three times, and then punches a hole straight through. He's having a realistic panic attack.

YIFFANY: tavros?
TAVROS: OHHHHHH MY THE HOUND,,, I FEEL TOO MUCH,, I FEEL TOO MUCH,,,,,
TAVROS: WHY DID I EVER LET MY BITCH MOTHER LAY HANDS ON YOUU,,,,????

Yiffany rushes in and puts her hands on Tavros' shoulders to help him calm down. She doesn't even look at Vriska.

YIFFANY: yeah. you need to leave right now.

Vriska can't quite put her finger on it, but she has a feeling she messed something up. Why is the whole house mad as hell? She eyes the punch.

VRISKA: JASPROOOOOOOOSE!
YIFFANY: ???
VRISKA: 8LOW THIS WHOLE SHIT UP!!!!!!
JASPROSE: Affirmative, commander!

Jasprose rises from the punch bowl like an ancient pharaoh's soggy curse. She snaps her fingers, and the room sparkles full of bright purple balloons, which expand and expand until they explode into a colorful burst of glitter, instantly ruining all the food. The turkey, nicely plated on a silver platter, swells and stretches until its skin rips, and it erupts with hot pink paint.

YIFFANY: ?!

Jasprose dive bombs the frenzied crowd and grabs Vriska under her arms, flying them out through the balcony. Oh, and she also explodes Dave's urn.

VRISKA: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
VRISKA: LOOOOOOOOSERS!!!!!!!!!!

Yiffany and Tavros stand on the balcony, watching them go.

YIFFANY: ...
YIFFANY: FUCK YOU.

(BLACKOUT).

— SCENE 4 —
THE OLD BAMBOO

Vriska and Jasprose frolic through the city, drunk and giddy. The streets are flooded with loving families trying to steal a view of the nighttime Troll Macy's Thanksgiving Parade.

VRISKA: Hahahahha! HAHAHAHA!
VRISKA: Friendsgiving???? Yiffy??? TAVROS???
VRISKA: FUCK EM! WHO NEEDS EM!!!!
JASPROSE: Absolutely. And Thanksgiving? With ROSE?
JASPROSE: Why, I'd rather blow my cotton candy brains out!
VRISKA: Right??? Loike... What has that woman ever given us? Life?
VRISKA: Our Live's are Shit.
JASPROSE: She's nothing but a complete disappointment, meow. The worst partner a cat could ask for.
JASPROSE: Did you know that she forgets our anniversary... EVERY. SINGLE. MONTH.
VRISKA: Yeah! She forgot my 8irthday when I was 7. Must've had a little...

Vriska motions drinking.

VRISKA: One too many...!
JASPROSE: What?
JASPROSE: OH, wait, Rose is definitely an alcoholic! I forgot that. Yeah. Yes!
VRISKA: You know, I heard once you guys almost lost The Game 8ecause of her.
JASPROSE: Oh, you don't even know the half of it! Stupid, stupid, started teen drinking, she practically lost her clairvoyance because she was too stupid!
JASPROSE: She watched a clown abuse an undisable girl, never told Kanaya she loved her, then died a slow and painful death. Game Over.
VRISKA: Wowww. She doesn't care how many people she fucks over.
VRISKA: Didn't her 8rofter AND her father commit... you know?
VRISKA: I mean... WHAT did she SAY to them?????
JASPROSE: I KNOW!!! SHE'S A MONSTER.
VRISKA: We're too good for Mom anyways, isn't that right Mom?

Vriska does not notice the Freudian slip, but fortunately Jasprose is no longer paying attention to her whatsoever. She's distracted by the tantalizing smells of Street Food, and floats along the stink lines to find its origins...

JASPROSE: Mrrrrp. What sort of delectable delicacy doth my sensitive feline nose detect...?

She spots it: a grubsicle stand with an incomprehensibly long line of starving customers extending down the block.

GRUBMONGER: Sh∞! Sh∞! Away with y∞!
GRUBMONGER: Can't y∞ see there's a line?
JASPROSE: Gasp! The indignity! I am not just any customer, I am a God! I helped rebuild this waterlogged world into the fool's paradise it is today!
GRUBMONGER: Yeah yeah, I hear this shit from every Times^2 huckster in a mascot costume. Get to the back of the line!
JASPROSE: You little --

The gruff owner sprays Jasprose with a bottle. Jasprose hisses, and scrambles back to where Vriska is drunkenly spinning in circles with a man in a Jasprose mascot costume.

VRISKA: Heheheh!!!!
JASPROSE: Vrissy...
VRISKA: Hehehehehehehehehe!!!!
JASPROSE: Vrissy.
VRISKA: Hehehehehehehehehehehehehehe!!!!!! Weeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!

Jasprose snaps. The Jasprose-mascot costume bursts into a cloud of foam, foam head landing perfectly in Jasprose-real's palm, the underpaid worker beneath scrambling away. Vriska tries to turn around and face Jasprose but stumbles, and falls face-first onto the city street.

VRISKA: Oh! There you are! Heh.

Jasprose does not help her up. Vriska rolls onto her side, drawing shapes into the dirt, playing it cool.

VRISKA: Ayyyyy. How's it going...!
JASPROSE: Vrissy, I need you to destroy my enemies.
VRISKA: What?

Jasprose grabs Vriska by the shoulders, dragging her onto her feet. Then she spins her around until she's facing the grubmonger, meters upon meters of customers away. Somehow the line has barely moved.

JASPROSE: That man has humiliated me. I would destroy him myself, but he has taken advantage of my one weakness...
VRISKA: Uh, the gru8sicle guy? We literally have some in the fridge at home --

Jasprose shakes her fist at the heavens, and Vriska copies it instinctively.

JASPROSE: It isn't about the grubsicle! It's about the humiliation! The DEGRADATION! And not even the fun sort, no siree!
VRISKA: Dude?
JASPROSE: He thinks that we're just one of these commoners, these faceless masses, that we don't deserve thanks!
JASPROSE: On the day of giving thanks to ***us***!

Jasprose lowers herself, speaking with a soft determination that rattles around in Vriska's brain.

JASPROSE: You're my almost-daughter. Show them what happens when you spurn a Lalonde.

Vriska looks hesitant, but she weighs her options. On one hand, she doesn't give a fuck about any of this, but on the other hand, this is the closest to Rose's approval that she's gotten in years. Her mind is made up.

VRISKA: Uh. Lol. Okay.
VRISKA: He won't let you cut in line? Check This Shit Out.

Vriska puts both hands to her temples, and with a flash of cerulean, the crowd parts like Moses cutting through the Red Sea. Jasprose nods to herself with something akin to approval, and the two of them saunter up to the grubsicle stand.

VRISKA: Sup.
JASPROSE: Remember me, sir? Oh, of course you do. I'm just another mascot, aren't I?

Jasprose places the severed mascot head into the grubmonger's hands. He trembles, sweating profusely.

JASPROSE: I imagine this is sufficient payment for two grubsicles.
VRISKA: Make mine an au8urn!

He throws the mascot head to the ground, backing away terrified. He trips backward, back hitting a wall, and he scrambles to sit up against it.

GRUBMONGER: Y∞...! What are you y∞...???

Vriska and Jasprose loom, casting long shadows over the cart. Then Vriska smacks her head in realization.

VRISKA: W888888888888. Why do we even Need to Pay?

Vriska stomps, shattering the breaks from the grubsicle cart, and without missing a beat Jasprose grabs the handles.

GRUBMONGER: No! No, that's all I own! Please, please stop!
VRISKA: Happy Thanksgiving!

Vriska and Jasprose traipse off with the cart, waving as they go. They run, cackling between bites of their grubsicles, before Vriska slows, distracted.

VRISKA: W8... that... that song...

A cheery bass bounces down the street, over a throng of people jumping at the end of the block. Vriska's face is frozen as she tries to place it, absently pushing the cart forward to get closer.

VRISKA: I know... That song...

A float breaches the corner, and the whirling of wooden sticks becomes visible.

No. The sticks... They're... Bamboo...

VRISKA: FUCK!!!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: IS EVERYONE HAVING A 8ETTER THANKSGIVING THAN ME?????????
VRISKA: Ughhh they're even letting him dance Dick's part With Dick??????????
VRISKA: FUCKKKKKKKK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
JASPROSE: What're they doing?
VRISKA: They're doing the iconic Me Ol' 8am8oo dance from Chitty Chitty 8ang 8ang!
VRISKA: 8ecause Apparently my Life Doesn't Matter to ANYONE anymore.
JASPROSE: Aw, forget about their gay little dances!
JASPROSE: Or better yet:

Jasprose pops in front of Vriska, pinching the air to make it look like she's holding the float off in the distance between her claws.

JASPROSE: Remember that you don't need anyone to LET you dance Dick's part!

Vriska wobbles for a moment, uncomprehending, until a wide grin splits her face. Her fangs peek out.

VRISKA: Mom... You Get Me.
VRISKA: I'll show you all a fucking dance number!

The lively dance troupe and male-mother and son and Dick Van Dyke trio float down the street as Vriska puts her hands to her temples, hijacking the Dick. The spry old man freezes for a moment, and then continues through the second chorus of Me Ol' Bamboo. Jasprose whoops and claps as the old puppet dances around, albeit sloppier than before.

VRISKA: This... shit... is... easy!!!!!!!!!!

Vriska, still drunk on both the alcohol and the mischief, struggles to keep up with the quickly paced, explosive moves that are required for a dance that epic. As the chorus ends and the next section begins, Vriska's grin twists into a grimace.

VRISKA: This part... I didn't... I didn't practice this part enough!
VRISKA: After the second chorus... it's so fucking hard to keep track...
VRISKA: Dick's fully integr8d into the dance troupe... he's no longer lagging... he has to be on 8eat... HE -- HIS LINES!
VRISKA: A fl-flyer in an "aerioplane"...

On the float, the circle of dancers surrounding Dick Van Dyke and Harry call back "He steers it with a stick!" Vriska nods frantically, remembering the words.

VRISKA: He does...
VRISKA: A collier in the pits o' Wales...

The faux-hesitancy of the original performance serves Vriska well, and none of the other dancers seem to notice anything awry with their Dick. Harry, next to him, has his chest puffed and is confidently bellowing the words, completely in his element.

VRISKA: That's r8ght!
HARRY: that's right!

Vriska lets out a sigh of relief as Dick's lines end. So locked into the performance, she also lets it out of Dick's mouth. Harry looks up curiously at his idol, surprised at his reaction to the least intensive part of the routine. Vriska reflexively meets his gaze through Dick's eyes.

VRISKA: ...
HARRY: ...

Harry has not known Dick Van Dyke for very long. But he has danced with him. He has danced with him through the screen for his entire life. He knows all the dances. All the moves. All the songs. He. Knows. Dick. And he sees in his eyes something else. Someone else. Someone just as familiar.

HARRY: vrissy...?
VRISKA: !

They barely snap back into the moment in time for the dancers around them to finish their line with a "HEY!" and slide the bamboo under their feet. They both barely clear the first pass of the rods, shaken from the getting caught and the catching. As Harry jumps over the next pass, Vriska feels the bamboo catch Dick's ankle.

JASPROSE: You guys are shucking and even dare I say jiving a storm up there!

Jasprose, back from buying a grubstick from herself, had leaned into Vriska's ear to yell her compliments to the scene. Vriska jumps, completely shocked out of her already waning control. Dick Van Dyke, the ever consummate professional, continues to never miss his line even as he tumbles backwards.

DICK VAN DYKE: Go... DAFT!

Dick Van Dyke shatters completely across the float as onlookers and gods alike scream in horror. The carnage that builds is almost magnificent, ol' bamboo and dancers equally flying through the air.

HARRY: DICK!
ROXY: DICK!

Bamboo splinters and Dick shards fly through the air. As Harry leaps, far too late, Dick's rod explodes at just the right, devastating angle towards Harry.

HARRY: AHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
ROXY: AHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Vriska and Jasprose watch, frozen, as the float continues around the corner at the end of the street. A fresh wave of screaming kicks up. Terrified onlookers rush from the parade, clearing the immediate area. Jasprose and Vriska flee into a dark alleyway.

JASPROSE: I guess that's why you better never bother with the ol' bamboo.
VRISKA: OH MY GOD.
JASPROSE: Well, that was fun! What are we getting into next? Oh oh look, a mom pushing a stroller --
VRISKA: OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD, HARRY.
VRISKA: DID YOU SEE THAT? MOM, I THINK SOME OF DICK VAN DYKE SHOT INTO HIS EYE --
JASPROSE: Yeah! Hahaha, that was so funny.
VRISKA: OH MY GOD...? YOU -- YOU'RE LAUGHING? MY HIGH SCHOOL BOYFRIEND MIGHT BE **DEAD**!!!!!!
VRISKA: YOU'RE NOT FUNNY INSANE... YOU'RE ACTUALLY FUCKING CRAZY!!!!!!!!!!

Vriska drops to her knees and cowers clutching her head.

VRISKA: FUCK!! NO, NO, NO, I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE MY MOM!!!!!!!!!!
JASPROSE: But what choice do we have, Vriska? Look at the cloth were cut from. We're both victims of the Lalonde Force, a cosmic constant which you've only just begun to tap into.
VRISKA: I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE SHE WOULD BLIND HER FRIENDS?????
JASPROSE: Hah! Yeah, probably not. I guess we're even worse!
VRISKA: I'M A FUCKING MONSTER!!!

JASPROSE: Vrissy!
VRISKA: I'M SO FUCKING DRUNK... AND STUPID!!!
VRISKA: WHY ARE WE SO FUCKED UP????
JASPROSE: Vriska.
VRISKA: MOM IS GOING TO END UP DEAD IN A FUCKING DITCH WITH A BOTTLE IN HER HANDS AND NOW I AM TOO!!
VRISKA: AND NO ONES EVEN GONNA CARE BECAUSE WE'RE SO FUCKED!
JASPROSE: Girl, be calm.

Jasprose cups Vriska's face.

JASPROSE: You're so damn gullible for a Lalonde!
JASPROSE: Is that a Maryam trait, or a Serket one?
VRISKA: ... What?
JASPROSE: Rose hasn't had a drop of alcohol in years!
JASPROSE: It's so boring, honestly. No matter how hard I try, she just refuses to fall off of that wagon! Not that I necessarily mind, it's more margaritas for me, but it's certainly a buzzkill.
JASPROSE: I was just fucking with her!

Vriska just stares at her in slack jawed, drunken disbelief.

JASPROSE: Meow. :3

Suddenly, Vriska pushes Jasprose away and vomits onto the grass. Jasprose makes a face.

VRISKA: I wanna go home Jasprose. I want to go home *right now*! I WANT MY MOMMMMMMIIIIEEEESSSS!!!
JASPROSE: Okie doke. All you had to do was click your heels three times --

Jasprose raises her big stupid magic wand. Just then, like 50 police officers shine their light on the two of them in the alleyway. Like 100 cops, like a Blues Brothers amount of cops.

POLICE: PUT YOUR FUCKING HANDS IN THE AIR. PRESIDENT PEIXES HAS ORDERED YOUR ARREST FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG MEMORIAL FLOAT, AND FOR THE MURDER OF DICK VAN DYKE.

Vriska and Jasprose look at each other like "Oh shit, what are we gonna do?"

JASPROSE: Vriska, I already have 2 strikes. I can't go back to jail. <:3

Vriska is genuinely betrayed.

VRISKA: Mom...? You're... leaving me?
JASPROSE: It's your time now, look at how you've grown. You don't need me anymore.

Jasprose smiles maternally. She zips her onesie all the way around her body and disappears herself from the scene. Vriska shits bricks.

POLICE: OPEN FIRE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(BLACKOUT).

—— SCENE 5 ——
IT DOESN'T GET EASIER

Kanaya stares at her phone with her back to her guests. She reads a text sent at 6am this morning from a contact labeled “Love <3”. The contact picture is Swifer.

Dear Kanaya,

Mornin' ma'am, and a happy Thanksgivin' to you <3 You'll find attached to this text message the 225 page document we went over in painstaking' detail all night long. Your entire evenin' has done been proofed and planned twenty times over. That is a Swifer Guarantee! Forgive me if it's presumptuous to ask, but please don't worry about a darn tootin' thing. If a single hair's out of place tonight, ma'am, I will take full responsibility! I just hate to see you all worked up, ma'am - I mean, worked up in a bad way. I don't mind the other way if you forgive my mentionin' it, ma'am. I'll be over at 5:15pm on the dot with my iconic mashed potatoes. And when the big day is through I can't wait to cradle you to sleep in my arms, ma'am.

Love,
Swifer Eggmop

The time on her phone is 4:45pm.

ROSE: Hey, what are you looking at?

Kanaya screams and jumps.

KANAYA: I Was Checking On Vriska

KANAYA: But I Have No Idea Where She Is

KANAYA: So Thanks For That

ROSE: Right, because I'm to blame for orchestrating the grand disaster that ran her off.

ROSE: I'm sorry honey, but that was you and your negligence. You're sending your secretary to fulfill your familial duties now? You know who does that?

ROSE: Men.

ROSE: Men do that, Kanaya.

KANAYA: Men Also Drink Themselves Into An Early Grave If I Have My Earth Lore Straight

ROSE: Be realistic.

ROSE: If that bullet wasn't enough to kill me, do you really expect alcohol to finish the job?

ROSE: Please.

KANAYA: Id Posit That The Alcohol Could Kill Your Brain But Its Becoming Quite Clear That Already Happened About A Decade Ago

Kanaya rolls her eyes and brushes past Rose into the dining room, where a glowing feast is neatly set on the table. Plates are set for 4. June sits at the table actually eating.

KANAYA: Thank You For Getting Started Without Us June But I Really Should Just Put All This Away Now

JUNE: i'm so sorry. i get really hungry when i'm stressed.

JUNE: did you guys make any mashed potatoes, by the way? sorry.

She gnaws on a turkey leg. Kanaya nervously looks at the clock and taps her foot.

KANAYA: Vriska Isnt Coming Home So Lets Just Say The Partys Over

KANAYA: Its Been Fun Everyone

KANAYA: Please Go Home

JUNE: oh... home.

JUNE: to my apartment where i live. alone.

JUNE: or to my family! who i ditched this thanksgiving... for some reason...

June gulps.

ROSE: I don't know June, somehow being uninvited makes refusing to leave all the more exciting, no?

Rose plops onto the couch and kicks her feet up. June lights an oafish cigarette.

KANAYA: Get Your Feet Off My Coffee Table
JUNE: hey, do you two ever watch the parade?
KANAYA: Stop Smoking In My House
KANAYA: Get Out The Two Of You
KANAYA: Just Get Out
ROSE: Fine.

Rose gets up, steals some chips, grabs her keys. Kanaya checks the clock, relieved. 5:00pm, she's saved.

ROSE: You heard her, June. We're banned for life. Let's go.
JUNE: dont tell me you two haven't seen the parade!!

Kanaya's relief melts into frustration.

KANAYA: June Just
JUNE: no!

They both stare at June, stunned silent.

JUNE: you can not leave this house this mad at each other! i can't let that happen!
JUNE: they say you should never go to bed angry and im pretty sure the same applies to
thanks giving with your ex wife!

June takes one of Kanaya's hands, and one of Rose's hands, and brings them together. A gentle breeze whips around them, stirring the priceless drapery hung around the room.

JUNE: rose, kanaya, dont you remember how you two used to be? when the two of you
were like,
JUNE: lesbian and sarcastic and... wholesome???
JUNE: and now look at you! you're all so... rude! and emotional!
JUNE: this whole day is clearly happening so that both of you could get all of this junk
off of your chests and everything can go back to normal! to get it all out in the open!
JUNE: because it's so obvious we are all holding in some big secret! i mean, rose's
drinking? whatever it is kanaya's hiding from us really poorly? the pink rose that was here
earlier i guess?
JUNE: this day has been so god damn awkward, and challenging, and meaningful! and that's
what thanks giving is ABOUT!

June grabs the remote and turns on the parade

JUNE: so we're all going to sit down on this fancy couch and watch tv and see this through
until whatever character growth that needs to happen, happens!

Kanaya feels bad. Somehow, June hit the nail on the head in terms of the exact goals "Swifer" had set up for her for tonight. She's supposed to open up to her family about her life. Her new life. She can't worry about keeping secrets forever, it's no way to live.

Both Kanaya and Rose sit down in opposite spots in the living room with exhausted heaving sighs, at this point in the day used to being held hostage by a madwoman.

KANAYA: Fine
KANAYA: If You Insist

Kanaya speaks on autopilot as she sends a string of text messages to Swifer:

GA: Hi Are You On Your Way
GA: If You Get Here Would You Mind Coming Around The Back And Not Knocking
GA: It Might Take Me A Few Minutes Slash Up To An Hour To Let You In
GA: Im Not Hiding You Or Anything Its Just That Im Running A Little Behind Schedule But I Am Going To Tell Them
GA: Im Just Having Trouble Recalling The Contents Of Any Of The 10 Scripts We Wrote To Go Over This If The Words Didnt Come To Me Naturally
GA: But Its Okay Do Not Worry It Will Be Done And You Will Not Have To Wait Outside In The Freezing Winter Cold While My Ex Wife Frolicks Around My Home
GA: Not For That Long Anyways

The receipts appear. Swifer has read them. Kanaya puts her phone down anxiously. Even if Swifer's mad, at least she got the message. Swifer never denies a request.

KANAYA: So What Is This Parade All About
JUNE: uhhhh kanaya? it's THE thanks giving parade. it's like the entire point of the holiday! the glue holding it all together!
JUNE: i always made sure that harry anderson and i would wake up early, plant our asses on the couch, and watch the whole thing while roxy was out doing some last minute shopping.
JUNE: because obviously there's *always* last minute shopping with roxy.
JUNE: he was a pretty good wife most of the time, but he really sucked at that stuff! but that made it more special, i guess? like it was our thing. just harry anderson and me.
JUNE: sitting around, waiting for roxy to get home, talking about all the cool floats he was missing out on...
JUNE: betting on which balloons will pop this year...
JUNE: watching the consorts go flying off because they don't weigh enough...
JUNE: sometimes i'd even whip up some wind to watch them flap around! you wouldn't believe how much harry anderson used to laugh, and laugh, and laugh.

The others sit there in aggravated boredom as June puffs her cigarette, nostalgia veering into where-did-it-all-go-wrong anxiety.

ROSE: You have the right idea, June.
ROSE: Spending the holidays with the stillborn family inside your decade-old memories does beat having to come all the way in person, only to find that it's...

Rose waves her hand out at all of "this."

JUNE: sigh. it's true. babies are just so much easier to relate to.
ROSE: Not even going to say anything.
JUNE: but the moral of the story is that TV brings families together, so shut up and watch!

Suddenly, the parade broadcast is interrupted by a news bulletin.

BREAKING NEWS: Disaster at the parade. The parade has been blown up and I'm hearing word that the iconic demigod Harry Anderson Egbert has just lost his eye to anomalous shards flying through the air in the disaster!

June's jaw drops.

JUNE: WHAT! OH MY GOD, MY SON!
KANAYA: !!!
ROSE: ???

June clutches her head—then frantically she gathers all of her strewn belongings and puts her heels back on. The news bulletin plays as Kanaya jumps to her feet and aids in rushing her guests out of the door.

KANAYA: Oh My God Thats Great

KANAYA: I Mean Horrible

KANAYA: Now We Have Nothing To Watch And No Further Reason To Be Around Each Other So If You My Lovely Guests Would Gather Your Things Get Out Of Your Seats

Kanaya violently pulls Rose out of her chair by the arm.

KANAYA: And Be On Your Way

She sloppily texts Swifer a correction message:

GA: Hi. disregard Everything I Sai''4d Befoure

No read receipt appears. She puts her phone away too quickly to see. She wraps June and Rose's scarves around their necks and gives them each a European kiss-kiss on the cheek, opens the door and sends them out on their way—where Rose walks headfirst into Swifer!

SWIFER: Youch!

Kanaya yelps the loudest. Swifter and Rose both rub their heads.

JUNE: i have to go right now.

June slips past everybody clutching her blue hermès handbag with eggshell accents and the last we hear of her is the fast clicking of heels moving down the street.

SWIFER: Huh. Why's she in such a hurry?

The moment Swifer gets an eyeful of Kanaya she smiles like a fool and walks right in like she owns the place. She gives her a kiss. A real one, not a European one. Kanaya can't help but reciprocate, closing her eyes romantically. Swifer turns immediately to Rose and gives her a firm, enthusiastic, neverending handshake.

SWIFER: Long time no see, ma'am! Sorry I'm so late and or early. I dropped my phone in the iconic East Troll River Tar Pit on the way here and the screen went so dark I can't make heads or tails of my text messages, let alone the time.

KANAYA:

KANAYA:

KANAYA: Swifer

KANAYA: Youre Perfectly On Time

KANAYA: Of Course

Why did Kanaya expect any different? She shuffles pensively, avoiding eye contact with Swifer.

ROSE: What... are you paying your secretary to do exactly? She's like 20 years younger than you, you immoral pervert.

Rose shuts the door behind Swifer menacingly.

SWIFER: Now if I may interject ma'am, Miss Maryam here is NOT of immoral character in the slightest and I am 29 years old.

SWIFER: She's a kind and gentle woman who deserves your utmost respect.

ROSE: How much does she pay you to get her off!? This power imbalance! This... systemic harassment!!!!

SWIFER: ...Ah, I see. Kanaya, you weren't able to tell them were you.

Kanaya looks down, ashamed of her weakness.

SWIFER: That's okay! Let's do it together.

Swifer stands side by side with Kanaya and holds her shaking hand. All color has left her, she looks like she's about to pass out.

SWIFER: When I worked for Kanaya she paid me handsomely my every due owed. But I don't accept her money no more,
ROSE: Kanaya, I cannot believe this depravity. You've -- you've turned your own employee into some live-in sex pig!
SWIFER: Because we fell in love. I am ma'am's girlfriend.
KANAYA: Its
KANAYA: True

Kanaya clutches Swifer's hand, trembling, unable to make eye contact.

KANAYA: I Love Her
KANAYA: Very Much

Silence. Rose quadruple takes.

ROSE: Sorry, what did you say?
SWIFER: MA'AM, WE'RE IN LOVE.

Rose walks around the living room aimlessly, in a daze.

ROSE: What? Kanaya, what did she say?
KANAYA: She Said That We Are In Love
ROSE: What... Huh...?

Rose looks at Kanaya.

ROSE: Where am I... Who are you?

Rose walks up to Swifer.

ROSE: Did someone send you here to kill me? Do you have a gun?
KANAYA: Rose Thats Enough !

Kanaya takes a deep, stuttering breath, lets go of Swifer's hand and steps forward.

KANAYA: I Have A New Girlfriend !!
KANAYA: For The First Time Since Our Divorce !!
KANAYA: And In Fact She Is Technically Only The Second Girlfriend I Have Ever Had Despite My Old Sweeps
KANAYA: And Even Though That Is Kind Of Sad To Admit
KANAYA: I Am Proud Of Myself For It !!!
KANAYA: And I Am Not Sorry

Rose shoves Kanaya.

SWIFER: WHOA BUDDY.
KANAYA: Ack
ROSE: No!

Rose stomps her foot like a petulant baby.

ROSE: No!

She stomps it three more times.

ROSE: You can't... do that! You invited me here! You married me! You can't just turn around and...!
ROSE: You ARE sorry. Say you're sorry!
KANAYA: I

KANAYA: Im Sorry

Swifer looks hella confused.

ROSE: Whyyyyyy are you doing this to me?!

KANAYA: Rose Im Sorry

KANAYA: I Am So So Sorry

Something breaks.

ROSE: MY... MOM DIED.

KANAYA: !!!

Rose sinks to the floor. She's reduced to literal kicking and screaming.

ROSE: MY MOM, KANAYA! I LOST MY WORLD!

ROSE: AND YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF ME!!

KANAYA: Rose I Am So

SWIFER: She said that she ain't sorry.

Swifer joins hands with Kanaya again. Kanaya is surprised to still have her on her side. She feels grounded.

SWIFER: You can't force her to feel something that she don't feel.

KANAYA: ... Thank You Swifer

Kanaya sniffs and Swifer wipes a tear out of her eye. The two of them look down at Rose as she throws her tantrum. They give the air of patient parents with a difficult baby. Yep, this is Rose's rock bottom. Eventually the tantrum turns into a quiet desperate sobbing. It's super awkward.

The news, still playing in the background, fills the dead air very clearly.

BREAKING NEWS: Suspect in the Thanksgiving Parade Eye Explosion have been identified as JASPROSESPRITE^2 and VRISKA MARYAM-LALONDE.

Kanaya and Swifer snap toward the TV, shocked. Rose lags behind, but comes to her senses and turns as well.

BREAKING NEWS: The Troll Macy's Thanksgiving Day Troll Parade has deployed its private military to track them down at all costs. They've been ordered to shoot on sight.

Kanaya looks back at Rose—unsure of whether to bring her or not in her split second decision.

Swifer takes Rose's hand and helps her off the ground.

SWIFER: Come on ma'ams! We better take my car, the feds don't know that my plates are associated with the Maryams.

ROSE: Uh --

KANAYA: Hurry Up Our Daughter Is Going To Be Killed !

Swifer lets go of Rose's hand and takes Kanaya's instead. She quickly leads them both outside and piles them into her car. Kanaya sits in the passenger seat next to Swifer while Rose is crowded in the back next to a drooling troll grub placed on some loose newspaper.

SWIFER: Sorry 'bout the mess, I transport stuff to and fro the caverns in this ole thing all the time. She hasn't failed me yet!

Swifer pats her car and starts the engine. The car keeps making the seatbelt warning beeps.

KANAYA: Put On Your Seatbelt

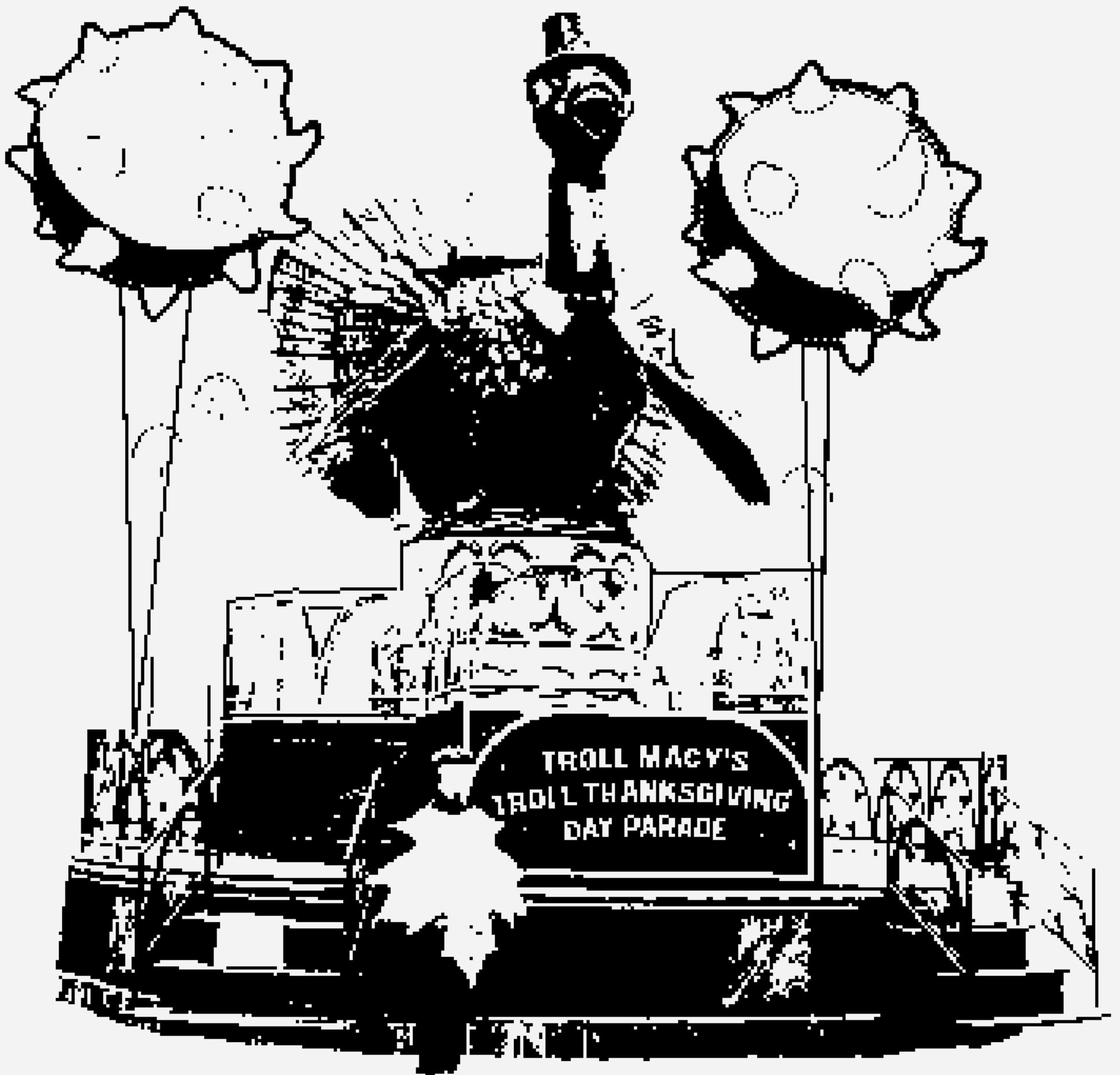
Rose does as Kanaya says.

SWIFER: It'll be ok. I love you.
KANAYA: I Love You As Well

Kanaya and Swifer kiss. Rose wants to scream but nothing comes out. Her body won't move. Her eyes are hollow, as is her soul. Swifer takes off.

(BLACKOUT).

——— END of ACT 2 ———



To Be Continued...