

Bender:: You know, a lot of people don't know what's goin' on these days. They see everything as this series of unconnected incidents and things. They don't realize that there's this whole lattice of coincidence that lays on top of everything. I'll give you an example, show you what I mean. Say your thinking about a plate of shrimp and suddenly somebody says "plate" or "plate of shrimp", out of the blue, no explanation. Don't bother lookin' for one either, it's all part of the cosmic unconscious. I'll give you another example, show you what I mean. You know the way everybody's into wierdness these days? Books in all the super markets about Bermuda Triangles, UFO's, how the Myans invented television. The way I see it, it's exactly the same. There ain't no difference between a flying saucer and a time machine. Take South America for example: South America, thousands of people go missing every year. Nobody knows where they go, they just disappear. Where did all these people go?

"..."

I'll tell you where. The past. And where did all these people come from?

How the fuck should I know?

The future. And how did they get there?

"..."

Yeah, you got it. Flying saucers. Which are really time machines. I think a lot about this kind of stuff. I do my best thinking on the bus. That's how come I don't drive, see.

You don't even know how to drive.

I don't want to know. I don't want to learn, see. The more you drive, the less intelligent you become.

Maggie: Begin.

Float. Float up; skies heave and roll with electric waves; trembling hands, vast flickering skin. Turn; roll; turn away, rolling over, east, rewind and pitch west, vault the horizon, a vast fracture, oozing light and silence.

Rewind. Okay. Begin.

Maggie:Dead again.

Submerged to the surface gasping, screaming, repeating the signal, gasping, screaming, repeating the signal-

Maggie: Hello? Who's there?

Rewind. Begin again and begin.

Maggie:To where and with what sound?

Up east and roll back, like the sun in the action of a day, it's recoil leaving only smoke and pin-pricks of light. Bodies scattered, twisted, writhing out the final fetid remains of daylight through open, festering wounds. Dreams cracked open like skulls or coconuts. This violence called sleep, rewinding, repeating relentlessly at the mere roll of a sun, flick of a moon or flutter of an eye.

Maggie:There's a fine twist-

-a tweak of fate, a ripple in the airwaves, a crack in the sky, a screaming closure in the distance, a dripping of light and a last resort-

Maggie: Bye-bye.

Gentlemen, take to your straws, strip to the waist and waste no time, nothing to spare, get on, go on, up against the glacier and spread Gem! Who's leaking splintered glass through his dick? Who's tapping out code through his bladder? There's always someone, some wise guy trying to get one over, trying to get one last shot at the sky, round the moon or a little more, maybe just a little more, a little more left, left over, pitched over, just ballast, rolling. Oh god, I'm gonna be sick.

Maggie:Oh, I like that.

Put in that call! Pull out that bucket! Send out that signal!

Maggie:(giggling)To where and with what sound?

How did she get in here? Who is that?

Maggie: She's an ear!

Oh god, blackout.(long, long pause while dance continues) Splayed over the surface; post vomit, with the weasels, the screamers, the mental patients swaying to the sounds of Dick Clark torn apart; bleeding eyes, bones poking through skin, blood & intestine dripping all over the floor s' okay, it's a no wax jobby; get me a rag, a bucket and a microphone-

Maggie: What happened to the cannibals?

(casual) Oh, Doug Henning took them to the dump to watch the movie of his hysterectomy.

I wanna broadcast a kidnapping. I wanna shove a short wave up the lieutenants ass, I'll tune him in & he'll pop up like a picture book, yeah that'll stir up the tensions down at headquarters. Get me that bucket an let's get the show off the road. Juice the goose! (repeated) Oh baby it's a wild world; spinning on a stem, a stem to a leaf, a leaf to a whim and a whim to the wind. Rewind. Begin & begin again; down to the surface with a signal, a sign and lungs full of stoat. This time we'll make it stick. Roll it over, rewind, pull up on the stick, let's get a little altitude, a little distance. Ah, that's better, there it goes, up and over, over against; that's a planet, up ahead, that whitish glow; an afterworld,

there she goes, or was it after-burn or was it after-birth? Looked like an ear. she's gone again, she's disappeared, lost again in all those wheels, all those after-worlds, burning like a procession of Chicagos in the sky, and at the center? At the center, in all that cinder and smoke; an ear, shriveled and red, upside down, frozen in endless black ice, listening to the long crack of nothing (thermin solo begins)

...negative bleed across the spectrum...sidereal screaming, she's comin' in boys, it won't be long - pass out the shovels and dig if you can stand it, invert the tower of Babel, rewind the tapes, play it back to the ground, make the dirt sing, bury the sky, rip its tongue from its lungs! Let the sirens wail! We'll fill our ears with wax till our skulls burn like corposants; we'll dig in and bury that screaming in the bowels of this mute & dusty ball! A hole in one! Juice the goose! The channels are blown apart, the pits are full, they'll be spitting flesh soon. Hang on, it's gonna be a crash landing! Break out the mops, roll up the carpets, heave out the Elvis records, strap on the ear muffs! This is it, true north screaming south! Pull down the moon and turn off the lights! I can't see! Total blindness! What a tune! (BOOM!!!)

Maggie:(very quiet) The sky is all different to what anyone of this world thinks today.

What? no no the holes have been paved over with flesh and hung in the sky, they're bouncing like yo-yos, she's riddled with holes, she's bleedin' bad, she's comin' down Sweet cannibal meat! Yes! Hello Auckland, New Zealand! Look out for that moon, she's coming in fast & low & looking none too sweet!

Maggie:What did she say? I don't remember, I can't recall.

She's gettin' away! She's poked a hole in the radio an' is makin' fast! Turn up the volume an' change the station! Man the pumps with a skeleton crew! Tune up a fork and stick it in her ass! We'll see if she's tender enough... blue moon, you saw me standing alone....

Maggie: Where are you going? Where is she going? Don't leave me! No! Wait, she hasn't arrived, she's not coming. I'm not waiting. I'm waiting. I can't remember.

Hello? Hello? Lieutenant, I'd like to broadcast a kidnapping damm, the lines dead, for that matter, so are the boys down at headquarters, somebody get me a tooth-pick, looks like we'll have to go it alone. Don't give up, it's just the infinite, a little interference, just rewind-

Other Alice: Begin. Begin again.

That's it! You got it! What? Hello? Lieutenant ? You motherfucker, I said, rewind! I thought you were dead. We've got a serious situation, a kidnapping, this is no time- hang on, hang on, the telephones' ringin'; is that my mother on the phone?

Other Alice: Begin. Begin again.

Hello? Mother? Yes, I did take a bath- hello? Hello? Mother? Lieutenant? Dammit, rewind! This is a hold-up! Back it up! Hit pause and stand back! She's gonna blow! Hello? Who is this?

Other Alice: this is a kidnapping

Hunker-down boys, this is gonna be a long transmission, the bitch slipped me a mickey, popped it right up the shaft, I think I'm gonna pass out - roll out the carpets, unplug the phone... send out that signal and get us into the wind, look out for the corpses, it's gonna be a nasty ride...

Other Alice: a kidnapping, an escape, knowledge slipped through a hole...

No. The holes are plugged, the hatches are battened, there's no more bleeding in the sky. Dammit, a loop, ... my ears are burning, rewind, rewind, beat the drum, drop the moon, get me outta here... lieutenant, you bastard, you set me up, I'll get you...

Other Alice: slipped through a hole, into a mouth, rolling over a tongue, up against teeth, seething, hissing, a snake writhing from it's skin, out of a mouth and into sunlight ...a knowledge, trembling eyes, awakening mouths, voices at the movies, in the dark... and a hand reaches out...

Oh shit...

The Blues

Lt.: Malcome Wilbur Bender, private dick.

How the hell did you get in here?

Lt.: Easy. Just slipped in through a tiny hole... a pin prick in the sky.

Oh yeah? You got a warrant to come through that pin prick?

Lt.: Nope but I got one to pick up a prick. Looks like you're my date tonight Malcome.

Thanks but I've already got plans.

Lt.: Gee, that's too bad. I guess you'll have to cancel. You and I are going to the movies.

The movies?

Lt.: I hear it's a good one. A thriller with Tele Savalis as a retired private detective caught up in a kidnapping.

Sounds good lieutenant but I'll have to take a rain check, I've got a kidnapping of my own-

Lt.: A kidnapping? Or is it murder?

What?

Lt.: You heard me.

What do you know about this?

Lt.: Just what I pick up at the movies. A few flickers in the dark can tell you a lot. A sloppy private dick can tell you more.

So you've heard the tapes?

Lt.: Heard the tapes. Seen the tapes. Rewound the tapes and then some.

And?

Lt.: And we've got you splattered all over the tapes. Top notch triple x and the money shot.

I don't know what tapes your talking about but-

Lt.: Sure, sure you don't. You know, you really ought to be more careful. Your pure reception. An easy target. I bet you thought you'd actually get away with it didn't you?

So I was right... I'm the target, the set up man... Well, lieutenant, if it's a fall guy your lookin for, you've come to the wrong man.

Lt.: Malcome, taking a corpse to the movies is not my idea of a fun date but then, neither are you... Now we can either do this the easy way or-

Or what?

Lt.: Or we can get the electric babies involved.

Very clever lieutenant. You walk, you talk, why I bet you can even crawl on your belly like a reptile.

Lt.: Okay, suit yourself. Why here comes one of the little buzzing bundles of joy right now. Kids are so cute, don't you think?

You rotten bastard. You won't get away with this.

Lt.: Maybe not but, I'll get away with you. Oh look, he's trying to talk to you. I think he really likes you.

Arrrgghhhh...

Lt.: Isn't that adorable. He wants to disembowel you. I think he's hungry.

Arrghhh... okay! Okay! Call him off! I'll talk!

Lt.: No my friend, you listen.

Whatever you want! Just get rid of the torture tot!

Lt.: You're really fond of them aren't you? If you want, we could have them imbued within.

Very funny...

Lt.: I'm glad you think so. You never had a very good sense of humor.

Okay, so you've had your little joke. Where's the punch line?

Lt.: Right in front of me. Now we know you've been broadcasting. We know you've been operating out of certain less than wholesome holes. We've been at the movies, hearing voices.

I thought you keystone boys were only in silent pictures. When'd you start doin' talkies?

Lt.: We've been monitoring the airwaves. The first transmission we picked up, we traced to one of your filthy holes. A man and a woman. They were doing some song and dance number. It wasn't very good. But it got me suspicious. We kept going to the movies. We kept listening. One night we took a long walk on the beach. The moon was full. The tide was high, waves rolled up on the beach and we got our feet wet. That's when we got our first solid lead.

What? The water was cold?

Lt.: As a matter of fact, it was kind of warm. A comet streaked through the sky. I didn't know why but I knew it was a clue. We shadowed the comet. It beat a path due south and disappeared somewhere below Orion. There were a lot of stars hanging in the sky that night. It was hard to tell exactly where it slipped through. We thought we'd lost it when suddenly it appeared again, making fast for dawn. We cornered it just before it slipped out of the bowl.

Okay, so you busted a comet. Congratulations. You know I'm not in that racket. So what? What are you getting at?

Lt.: That's right Bender. Play dumb. Just roll over and play dead.

Who's playing, lieutenant?

Lt.: We knew the comet did its work in the sky and we knew about Lucy and the other guy. But we didn't know about Alice.

Alice?

Lt.: So then we knew you had an accomplice.

An accomplice?

Lt.: Alice. Sure, make out like you never heard of her. But we decided to go ask Alice. Just a few questions, a little inquiry into a few well placed holes. We traced her to 246 Karangahape Rd, over a Mr. J. Bells Slay Shop, Auckland, New Zealand. You look surprised. Bender in a bind? Keep it up, Bender, it gets better. We sent a couple of boys over to pick her up but she wasn't there. All they found was a mag-pie cage with a hole at the top and a note inside.

Look, Lieutenant, this transmission is really excellent but maybe we ought to cut our losses, skip the truth and move on. I don't have time for this birdsong of yours. I've got serious interference in my low-band transmissions and I gotta pick-up my dry cleaning-

Lt.: Oh, I think you'll want to hear where we did find Alice.

Let me guess, you chased her down a rabbit hole.

Lt.: No, actually, she was having herself a little face down skinny dip off the Rocky Nook lighthouse.

Thanks, I didn't know that. I'll make a mental note.

Lt.: Yeah, sure. Any time. You would've loved to see the way her ass gleamed each time the search light caught it. Really lovely. But what am I telling you for? You know all this already.

I don't know anything, except that you can't swim. Floaters are your business and I think a person should keep his business to himself.

Lt.: Don't you think its only right for us to pay you a little courtesy call, seeing as you keep sending business our way?

Look, I had nothing to do with it.

Lt.: Now, we couldn't just let your friend Alice float around out there, naked and dead in jelly fish infested waters, so we brought her in. The charges were minor; public death and nudity.

Public death and nudity? What kind of charges are those? I suppose you read this poor bitch her rights too, „You have the right to remain silent, etc, etc%.

Lt.: Alice was involved in a very peculiar death. An illegal death. We didn't have the evidence to charge her with criminal death so we brought her in on minor charges. We put her under the hot lights and questioned her. She smelled bad. Real bad. We new we wouldn't get much out of her but I smelled a rat. If she was linked to you, the longer we held her, the more you'd squirm. Seems to have worked, your squirming nicely. Even worms have their special talents.

Look, lieutenant, you and your creep show are giving me the heebeegeebees. You said you had some information for me. Why don't you cut the crap and get to the point.

Lt.: The point? Oh yes, you would be interested in that sort of thing, wouldn't you? I wonder if you can handle it, Bender? Personally, I don't think you can. I told you our boys found a note in that mag-pie cage, well we found an identical one tattooed on the inside of her upper lip, which she sung right through my mouth during the interrogation. We've got it on tape. She said, „Everything is different to what anyone of this world thinks today. The sky is all different.%

The sky is all different...

Bender has a bad dream...

Lt.? Other Alice: Yes, all different. Not what you expected, aye? Never is, is it? Not at the heart of the Bender. I'll tell you something, a little secret, just between me an' you. The Lieutenant is all different too... very different. You don't look so good... a little green. What's the matter? Maybe you can see heaven spinning through certain holes...through pin-pricks in a pin wheel sky. Do you see that, Bender? Does it make you nauseous? Oh, but maybe it's me? Maybe I come out like the moon, in peculiar skies, running green or, maybe I'm just floating, all jelly-fish and hair... There is no live world this side of the sky. You ought to know that. Just you and your last, vast hallucination. Just you & the bender. The loudest, sadest silence you've ever known, unreeling

through your reeling mind, past the close-up of blanched skin and parted, lip-stick lips... beyond the swell of the music, the final fade and roll of the credits. This is your cherry, your glory, your last breath, the struggle and failure to say... to say what? To say anything, to transmit and be received and even, by chance and luck, to be understood. But it all comes down too soon, like an iron fist. Blackout. Sweet. But it goes on past the blackout, it keeps working on you, keeps howling through you. You want to keep saying how but, where did everybody go? No one is listening... just you, me and the dead, all deaf and mute, down in the bunker, in the wet dark. Can you hear the whistle of the bombs falling? That sweet screaming in the air...But where are the explosions? Shouldn't there be explosions? Not this time. There's nothing so warm and reassuring. Just you and I, Bender; a scream and its silence. It's that simple and that inevitable. Don't you like this film? I think you do...I think you have to, don't you? You enjoy voices in the dark. But, whose voices are they? Are they yours? They don't sound like you but they say things like you and then, what do you sound like anyway? Can all those voices be your own? Or maybe you can't tell... in your skin or out? Or whose skin is that flickering before you? Beneath you? Inside you or outside you? Say bye-bye Bender. Bye-bye...

Meanwhile, back at the office

Alice: Bender? Honey? Wake up! Wake up! Your having a bad dream.

Back off! I'll kill you- what? Alice? Is that you? I-

Alice: Of course it's me. Who did you think? You were having a nightmare. Have you-

Where's the lieutenant? Where is that Bastard? Is he here? Has he been here?

Alice: Honey, its me, Alice. It's only me. There's no one else-

Where's the lieutenant? He was just here.

Alice: Well, there's no one here now. Just you and me.

What? Say, what are you doing here, Alice? It's Saturday

Alice: I thought you were out of town on a case, that kidnapping thing. I was on my way down to Rocky Nook for an evening stroll. I thought I'd stop in, feed the birds and check the messages. You scared the day-lights out of me. I nearly-say, what are you doing here? I thought-

Nevermind, Alice. Thanks for checking up on the place.

Alice: Oh, no problem. Are you okay? You don't look so good Have you been drinking?

Yeah- I mean no. I'm fine. Just tired this case is and the, ah, well, the cops have been jumping down my throat on this one. They've been on me every chance they get. Listen, everything is fine. Why don't you go home.

Alice: Are you staying?

Well, I-

Alice: Why don't you come down to Rocky Nook with me. We'll take a walk. Relax,

get your mind off things.

No, I I've got to run down a few leads, go over some files Say, Alice?

Alice: Yeah?

Maybe you shouldn't go to Rocky Nook. I mean alone. You never know what kind of creeps are-

Alice: That's sweet of you to be concerned, Bender. But I go there all the time. I'm a big girl, I can handle a flasher or two. Infact, it would be a nice change of pace. Besides, my escort just turned me down.

But wouldn't you rather see a movie or get a drink at-

Alice: No. I'd rather take a walk, if you don't mind. Why the sudden interest in what I do with my weekends?

Well I just suggestions, Alice. I'm not trying to pry. You do what you want. I just think it's dangerous for a woman to be wandering around Rocky Nook alone.

Alice: Then come with me.

I-

Alice: Okay, then, bye.

Uh, Alice okay Were there any messages?

Alice: Just one. It was from the lieutenant, something about Kojack I don't know, I didn't listen to the whole thing. It's on the machine. Don't stay too late, Bender. I think you've been working too hard. See you Monday. (exits)

Shit. No, I'm just paranoid. I let that cop crawl under my skin. She'll be fine. She goes there every weekend. What could happen? Nothing, that's what could happen. Nothing ever happens. (pause,reconsiders) I'd better go keep an eye on her. I'll just- (hits play on message machine)

Tape: Hello, Bender. It's the Lieutenant here. Just calling to tell you how much I enjoyed our little get together. I hope you enjoyed the movie. Tele Savalis and Karl Malden make a great team, don't you think? Just like you and me. I'm Tele and your Karl ha,ha,ha we should be in pictures, don't you think? But then, you are, aren't you. Yup, your gonna be a star Ccause I'm gonna make you a star no rush, of course, just take your time. I'll be waiting the camera is all set up, ready to roll. Your gonna love the next scene, it's all about a kidnapping but I got run. Have a nice time down at Rocky Nook. Oh yeah, don't forget to rewind the tape. Bye.

Smart-ass, mother what a two-bit creep he's got the wireless on me. How the hell? He must have slipped something into my drink. I couldn't have been that drunk. Let him listen. All he's gonna hear from me is alotta top forty ass gas Jesus, I gotta catch Alice.

Tape: Good, you rewound. But you missed again. Your aim is all off. What's the matter? Why so shakey? Keep it together, Bender. Don't have another bad dream. (hangs up)

That fucker never gives up.

Other Alice: never gives up

Hello? Oh christ. My nerves are shot. I need a drink. Just one and then I'll get down to the water. (drinks) Oh, that's better what the hell is he upto? I'm gonna have to watch my back here, switch frequencies and limit broadcasts. He knows something but he doesn't know enough and he'll be back. This time I'll be ready. (telephone rings) Hello. Yah, this is he

Satan / Other Alice: Isn't the sea lovely tonight, Bender?

Who is this?

Satan / Other Alice: That's not important.

Who is this?

Satan / Other Alice: What's important is the sea, that you have to understand, the way it runs down and over, meeting the sky, always at infinity what's happening there, Bender?

Okay, Lieutenant. Your joke is over.

Satan / Other Alice: Don't worry about the lieutenant his transmissions are weak, he's desperate he's just trying to take advantage of your broad spectrum.

Listen, Buddy, I've got a trace on you.

Satan / Other Alice: Mmmmm, a trace on a trace, that's interesting what do you think you'll get from that? A whisper, maybe or maybe you're expecting something more or less substantial. Good luck. (hangs up)

Hello? Shit. A trace on a trace

(blackout or some such contrivance, we hear the sound of surf, faint sounds of morse code)

Down by the Sea

Other Alice: Can you see, Venus? Come on, Bender, I know it's you.

But-

Other Alice: You've been standing in the bushes watching me all night. You told me there were creeps down here. You didn't say you were one of them.

Oh, I, uh, just, you know, got a little worried I wasn't spying, really, I-

Other Alice: You're a spook, Bender. Spying is what you do. It's just your not very good at it.

Gee, Alice, that's not a very nice thing to say.

Other Alice: It's the truth, ain't it?

Alice, I was just worried about you. Something's up. I'm not sure what, exactly

but I think you might be in danger.

Other Alice: I think your spooked. I think you drunk.

Alice? How can you say that? You're supposed to be-

Other Alice: What? What? A scared little girl? A trembling flower? Come off it, Bender.

Okay, Alice. Fine. Have it your way. I'm just looking out for you. To tell you the truth, I'm worried. Something's going down and-

Other Alice: Going down?

Right.

Other Alice: That's true, Bender. Always true. What's different now?

What's different is that your involved. This kidnapping thing, I think you may be a target.

Other Alice: Yes.

Yes? You know

Other Alice: I don't know anything. You can't see Venus tonight

You've got to tell me what you know, Alice. It's important.

Other Alice: I can't tell you. You couldn't nevermind. Like I told you, I don't know anything. (pause) Look at the way the sea runs down and over and meets the sky as far as the eye can see I look out there and I wonder, what is that? That place where the sky and sea meet? I sometimes think it's heaven. A place you can never reach. An impossible destination

Yeah, nice view. I know you like it here but maybe we should go. We can catch the seven o' clock show if we-

Other Alice: I don't want to go to the movies. I don't want to hear that. Look, maybe you should go. I'll be fine.

Don't want to hear what? What did you mean by that?

Other Alice: Nothing it's just that well, sitting there in the dark, hearing all that talk, those voices I feel so lonely. I'd rather be here, alone. I don't feel lonely at all. Not here. Not lonely at all.

Alice, it's just a movie, entertainment, just to get your mind off things-

Other Alice: No. That's not Go. Go to the movies. Go alone. Go now.

Alice, I'm not leaving until you tell me what's going on.

Other Alice: You know, Bender. You know. I don't have to say anything. It's all there. It's all in you, it's all already happening. The sky is all different now.

What? What did you say?

Other Alice: The sky is different to what anyone of this world thinks today.

That's what the Lieutenant said. That's what he said you said when-

Other Alice: He's lying.

What?

Other Alice: I said he's lying.

So you do know! You know something or you couldn't have known he's lying.

Other Alice: Sure. I know something. I know your being played-

Alice, I know you. I know this isn't you

Other Alice: You know so little how can I? Come here Bender. Come close. I want to show you something. Don't be afraid. You want a drink don't you? Your making a little prayer for the brief protection of oblivion. It's sweet. It's pathetic. Come here.

(hesitant, deeply reluctant) Alice what are you

Other Alice: Come here. I'll show you.

Alice, stop it. Your joking. I-we can't &Mac246; you I thought

Other Alice: Mmmmmmm you think and then it melts you don't think. You think you think. You want move toward light or darkness but you can't decide. You can barely disguise the two and while you desire them both so you occupy a different place, terror. And that doesn't move and doesn't think. So I'll show you something, so you'll know

No. I'll have to-

Other Alice: Mmmmmmm good, do.

What?

Other Alice: Violence, is what you meant.

No. I-

Other Alice: All jelly-fish and hair too terrible, you understand. I remain loyal. This was always it. Difficult flesh

Meanwhile, back at the office

Alice: Bendy? Honey? Wake up! Wake up! Your having a bad dream.

Back off! I'll kill you- what? Alice? Is that you? I-

Alice: Of course it's me. Who did you think? You were having a nightmare. Have you-

Stop. Get away! I told you I don't want to-

Alice: Have you been drinking? It's only 9am. I just got here. Were you out all night?

No. I was I was well, I was working. The kidnapping thing.

Alice: Sure. Well, did you learn anything? Say, I was wondering, who's been kidnapped anyway? Is it someone famous?

I can't say anything about it. It's very sensitive

Alice: Oh, come on, you know I can keep a secret.

Would you believe me if I said it was god?

Alice: Don't even try to be funny. It never works. The reason you're a detective is that your not funny. So who is it? Is there a big ransom.

No ransom at all

Alice: So it's political. Let me guess &Mac246; the King of Sweeden?

And the reason you're my secretary is you're not funny.

Alice: Suite your self. Well, I've got work to do. I'll be-

Alice? Where were you this weekend? I mean, what did you do? Did you have a nice weekend?

Alice: Well, I took mother to see a movie sure, it was fine. (turns to leave)

Uh, sweet-heart? No calls this morning, please.

Alice: Sure. You're out.

Yeah, out.

Alice: Hey, wait a minute what about our relationship?

What?

Alice: What about our relationship?

FUCK THAT.

Roll Credits

..... go back