

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER:
THE HOLY MUG OF GROG

A Play by Jeremy Gable

“THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER: THE HOLY MUG OF GROG” made its world premiere on December 5th, 2008 at the Hunger Artists Theater Company in Fullerton, CA (Jeremy Gable, Artistic Director; Anthony Galleran, Managing Directors). The production was directed by Katie Chidester. The set design is by Andrew Vonderschmitt. The sound design was by Christina Acero. The costume design was by Margaret McGurr. The cast was as follows:

NARRATOR	Leonard Joseph Dunham
TRAVIS GREENWELL	Garrett McDonald
SYLVIA SYLVSTAJGA	Jessica Lynch
SHAMUS	Topher Mauerhan
BONNIE	Amber Scott
PASTAFARIAN #1	Duncan Hutchinson
PASTAFARIAN #2	Kaitlyn Tice
PASTAFARIAN #3	Anthony Galleran
PASTAFARIAN #4	Scott Keister
PASTAFARIAN #5	Maile Walker
BOBBY HENDERSON	Jeremy Gable

CAST OF CHARACTERS

NARRATOR, male, just like it sounds

TRAVIS GREENWELL, male, ambivalent and lovable

SYLVIA SYLVSTAJGA, female, exotic and intelligent

SHAMUS, male, a pirate

BONNIE, female, a pirate

PASTAFARIAN #1, male

Norman
Male Pilot
Steve
Plumber

PASTAFARIAN #2, female

Apostle
Stewardess

PASTAFARIAN #3, male

Customer
Dr. Chidester

PASTAFARIAN #4, male

Midget
Hooded Figure
Chauffeur
Didactic Figure

PASTAFARIAN #5, female

Smelly Customer
Female Pilot
Guard

BOBBY HENDERSON, male, Flying Spaghetti Monsterism prophet

THE FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER, a deity

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER:
THE HOLY MUG OF GROG

(In the darkness:)

VOICE-OVER

Ladies and gentlemen, the play you are about to see is presented in widescreen, Technicolor and 3-D. To anybody sitting in the first five rows: You may get wet. Viewer discretion is advised.

(Lights up on an empty stage. Ominous music is playing)

In the beginning of time, the Flying Spaghetti Monster created mountains...

(A magical sound plays)

...trees...

(A magical sound plays)

...and a midget.

(The MIDGET appears, looking at the vast expanse before him)

MIDGET

Where all the women at?

VOICE-OVER

And from that glorious moment, we have asked of ourselves and of our benevolent deity a number of perplexing questions: Why are we here? Where do we go when we die? What is our purpose?

MIDGET

And what's that smell?

VOICE-OVER

But above all, one question remains unknown: How do we know all this religious shit is true?

MIDGET

Hey, that's right! How do we know I'm not a myth? There's no evidence that I really existed.

VOICE-OVER

But there is.

MIDGET

Oh. Go on.

VOICE-OVER

There is an artifact that has been preserved over time, proving the existence of the first human on earth.

MIDGET

It's not my porn collection, right?

VOICE-OVER

Just before the death of the midget, he gathered his apostles for The Last Barbecue.
(The MIDGET stands before a tiny grill)

MIDGET

Wieners are almost ready!

(He turns toward the audience, holding a mug of beer)

To all of my friends, I have asked you here today for a special reason. Soon, I will join the earth from whence I came. I know that one of you has betrayed me.

(One APOSTLE enters)

APOSTLE

It's true! I said those cookies were gluten free! And they weren't!

(He exits, cackling demonically)

MIDGET

So before I die of heart failure and disrupted bowels, I give you these last two gifts.

(He goes to the barbecue and holds out a hot dog)

First, eat this. This is my wiener.

(No response)

Anyone? No?

(No response)

Okay, maybe later.

(He holds up the mug)

And drink this. This is a collection of my bodily fluids.

(An outpour of disgust from voices off-stage)

Oh, c'mon, it's a metaphor!

(An outpour of "Oh"s and "I see"s)

It's just beer.

(An outpour of cheers)

But I ask that we have this drink in remembrance of He who brought us into this world, and He who will be guiding me to the afterlife. Bottoms up!

(He lifts the mug to his lips and freezes, mid-drink)

VOICE-OVER

And since then, historians the world over have been searching for this Holy Mug of Grog. Will this ancient artifact ever be discovered? Or will it simply be a forgotten relic, never

VOICE-OVER
(CON'T)

to be unearthed from its slumber? Will the guardians assigned to protect this priceless piece of history uphold their...Okay, seriously, who wrote this shit, Peter Jackson?
(The NARRATOR enters, holding a copy of the speech)

NARRATOR

This is worse than Dean Koontz.

(He throws the speech away and notices the audience)

Oh, shit! Hey, everyone!

(He approaches a podium emblazoned with the letters "WWFSMD?")

I would like to thank you all for coming out tonight. As I'm sure you all know, I ran for President of the United States several years ago, until I was uncovered in a highly publicized scandal involving a game show host, a bottle of Courvoisier and a rather unfortunate toilet plunger. I will not divulge the details here, as I'm sure you have all seen the YouTube video. In any case, that event has given me the time for my other passion: Touring the nation representing alternative religions through dramatic presentations. We'd like to thank this fine warehouse space of a theater for letting us host this event, and apologize for the mess that we left in their dressing room when one of our actors got a little too excited. So, without further ado...

(He refers to notecards)

Welcome to our show, entitled "Flying Spaghetti Monster: The Holy Mug Of Grog". It's a thrilling adventure filled with suspense, intrigue, fantasy and many other Spielbergian traits.

(TRAVIS enters, playing a Nintendo DS. He leans against the set)

But before we start our tale, we must introduce...our hero.

(The NARRATOR turns and sees TRAVIS)

What are you doing?

TRAVIS

Just hangin'.

NARRATOR

You should be getting into character.

TRAVIS

Already there. The guy plays Nintendo DS now.

NARRATOR

You can't rewrite the script!

TRAVIS

Too late.

NARRATOR

I...Fine.

(He turns to the audience)

Our hero, believe it or not. Travis Greenwell. Travis doesn't know it yet, but he is about to be plunged into the world of Flying Spaghetti Monsterism, the world's fastest growing religion. And as Travis quickly found out, unless you're a flamboyant evangelist hack, the religion business pays shit. But Travis holds firm to his beliefs, or lack thereof, with determination, intelligence and courage.

TRAVIS

(Shaking his DS)

Goddamn Bowser!

NARRATOR

We join Travis on a day that is going to change his life...forever!

(A moment passes. Nothing happens)

I'm done talking for now, by the way.

(TRAVIS shakes the DS)

TRAVIS

Dammit! Don't freeze on me! I'm not done paying you off yet! Do you know how embarrassing it is to finance a Nintendo DS?

(He closes the DS)

Stupid Mario! Stupid debt! Stupid...stupid life!

(His watch alarm goes off)

Oh, damn. Time for work.

(From his back pockets, he produces a Subway cap and apron. A Subway sign is hung behind him. SYLVIA enters. She speaks with an accent that is not quite French, not quite English, not quite German, not quite Hungarian. In fact, that accent just might change slightly from scene to scene)

SYLVIA

Hello, Travees.

TRAVIS

Hey, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

How vas yur veekend?

TRAVIS

Not bad, not bad. I got to World Eight-Four on Mario, which was, ya know, pretty awesome. But then it turns out I needed the Wing Cap to get to the castle, so I had to go back to World Five to get the Wing Cap, which meant defeating the Hammer Brothers when I had only seventy-two coins instead of the eighty that I needed.

SYLVIA

Oh.

TRAVIS

So that pretty much took up my entire weekend.

SYLVIA

Vat is thees Mario?

(He looks at the DS. Important music plays)

TRAVIS

Perhaps the greatest human being who ever lived. An ordinary man who made extraordinary change. One day, he was an insignificant Italian plumber. The next, he turns out to be the only man who can save the kingdom. The world needs another Mario. If only I could be such a man.

(The important music is interrupted by NORMAN, the Subway supervisor)

NORMAN

Travis! You're late again!

TRAVIS

I know, Norman, I was just--

NORMAN

Having another religious debate? What part of "God created the heavens and the earth" are you having trouble understanding?

TRAVIS

But there are a million different beliefs out there.

NORMAN

I don't care about a million different beliefs, Travis. I care about the thirty-seven different sandwiches that you should be making right now. So help me, I will kick you out on the street so fast you'll think your ass was a football and your face was made of pavement!

SYLVIA

You wouldn't dare! Not when you have ze best sandwich maker thees Subway has ever had.

NORMAN

And you! You keep sticking up for your boyfriend here, I'll have you sent back to France!

SYLVIA

He's not my...

(She looks at TRAVIS, saying sadly:)

...boyfriend. And I'm not from France!

NORMAN

Well...wherever you're from...that's where you'll go.

TRAVIS

It's okay, Norman. I'll be on time from now on.

NORMAN

Good. No more discussing religion in the workplace. This isn't In-N-Out Burger. One more religious debate and Corporate will stab me in the back. Now get to toasting those meatball sandwiches, or we'll be serving Travis Ball sandwiches.

(NORMAN exits)

TRAVIS

That wouldn't be tasty at all.

SYLVIA

Don't let Norman get you down, Travees. I think he iz vhat we would call in my homeland a "vantip le poonch".

TRAVIS

What does that mean?

SYLVIA

Roughly, an assface.

(A CUSTOMER enters, reading a newspaper)

CUSTOMER

A meatball sandwich, my good man!

(CUSTOMER opens the newspaper)

D'you hear about this? The American Academy of Religion's holding some summit in San Diego, and they're going to be discussing this religion based off some flying pasta thingy. Seriously, what will they think of next?

TRAVIS

Who's to say that someone thought it up?

CUSTOMER

What're you sayin', boy?

TRAVIS

Who's to say the flying pasta thingy isn't real?

CUSTOMER

How about a man by the name of Jesus Christ?

TRAVIS

Well, do you really know Jesus exists?

CUSTOMER

Of course. I saw the movie. Does this flying linguini thing have a movie?

TRAVIS

Well, no but...Speed Racer had a movie.

CUSTOMER

Yeah, but I never saw it.

TRAVIS

Exactly, no one did. See, Jesus Christ might be like "Speed Racer". Since no one has seen it, how can you say it really exists?

CUSTOMER

Wow. Maybe you're right. I need to go rethink my life.
(The CUSTOMER exits)

TRAVIS

(Shouting after the CUSTOMER)

You don't want your sandwich? I added extra marinara!
(The CUSTOMER is gone)

Dammit, that's another sale that I lost!

SYLVIA

At zees rate, you vill be fired!
(NORMAN re-enters, looking perplexed)

TRAVIS

Norman, I'm really sorry, I can explain. The guy was talking about the religious summit in San Diego, and I couldn't help myself. I really don't want Corporate to stab you in the back.

(NORMAN falls to the floor, revealing a knife, an arrow, a tomahawk and a pair of chopsticks stuck into his back)

TRAVIS
(CON'T)

Damn, they work fast!

SYLVIA

Zat seems a little extreme.

TRAVIS

My God! He was stabbed, like, twenty-seven times. That's definitely excessive.

SYLVIA

Would Corporate really kill Norman?

TRAVIS

Maybe if we were at McDonald's. But Subway? There's something else going on. You stay here. I'm going to see if the killer is still in this restaurant.

(TRAVIS runs out. The lights go out. TRAVIS re-enters, using his Nintendo DS as a flashlight)

Helloooo. Psycho killerrrr. Are you still heeere? Please don't staaaaaab meeeee.

(He swings his DS to the back of the stage, where it settles on a HOODED FIGURE. The figure disappears as quickly as it appeared)

Whoa! Where'd you go? Hello?

(He swings his DS around again, settling on SYLVIA standing next to him. He screams)

SYLVIA

Oh, Travis, I deed not mean to frighten you! There vas a very smelly man who came in vanting a turkey club, and vee are out of ze turkey.

(She opens up her cell phone and uses the light as a flashlight)

Why are zee lights off?

TRAVIS

I don't know. I...don't...know.

SYLVIA

You still don't know where ze switch is, do you?

TRAVIS

I certainly don't. Just get the turkey and then go back out front. There's nothing to see here.

(As he says that, SYLVIA shines her cell phone to the back wall. The words "TRUTH IS TURKEY", illuminated by a cell phone light, appear behind Travis)

"Truth ees turkey."
 SYLVIA

That's the spirit.
 TRAVIS

No! Behind you!
 SYLVIA

My God! Truth *ees* turkey!
 TRAVIS

Vat does it mean?
 SYLVIA

You got me.
 TRAVIS

Perhaps it means zat vee should look in ze turkey for ze truth!
 SYLVIA

But the truth to what? The truth...to what?
 TRAVIS
 (A box simply labeled "Turkey" is thrown in from off-stage)

Vell...open it.
 SYLVIA

Why do I have to?
 TRAVIS

It is your destiny. You have ze sharp keys.
 SYLVIA

Right.
 TRAVIS
 (He cuts open the tape on the box with his keys and pulls out a long knife)

My God! No turkey. Just this.

Zere is grease all over ze blade.
 SYLVIA

Goddamn Carl!
 TRAVIS

(He goes to wipe it off)

SYLVIA

No, stop! Zees vas not Carl!

(She takes the knife from him and holds it up to the light)

See? Ze grease has been put into writing.

TRAVIS

My God! The grease is the word!

(He reads from the knife blade:)

"This is not Carl." Well, good to know. "I have a rhyme for you...
Don't look to the sink,
The tub's also gone..."

(He turns over the knife and looks at the other side of the blade)

If you need a drink,
Look to Brother John."

(He looks up)

What does that mean?

SYLVIA

I do not know zees Brother John.

TRAVIS

Not the sink, not the tub...You know what, I bet whoever wrote this is full of--

SYLVIA

Sheet!

TRAVIS

What?

SYLVIA

Full of sheet! What is full of sheet?

TRAVIS

A Republican?

SYLVIA

A toilet! Ze John! To ze bathroom!

(She exits)

TRAVIS

Wait, to the...? Ewwww.

(Lights up on a toilet. SYLVIA is kneeling next to it. TRAVIS walks in)

SYLVIA

Zere's something stuck in there. You need to fish it out.

TRAVIS

Okay, seriously, why do I have to do everything right now?

SYLVIA

Oh, for the love of...

(She sticks her hand in the toilet bowl. The sound of water swishing around. TRAVIS gets physically ill)

Boys with their stupid leetle...Oh, almost got it...

(She pulls out a plastic Easter egg)

Happy Easter, Travees!

TRAVIS

My God! What's in it?

SYLVIA

Let's find out...together.

(They both grab hold of the egg and open it. A rolled-up piece of paper is in it. They unroll the piece of paper, which is unusually long)

Vat does it say?

TRAVIS

Let's see..."Travis, this is Norman..."

(Spotlight on NORMAN, who recites his letter as TRAVIS reads)

NORMAN

If you are reading this then that means that you found the easter egg that I placed in the toilet thanks to the clue that I wrote on the knife blade using turkey grease, which you found thanks to the message that I wrote in invisible ink on the wall of the stockroom. I do not have much more time on this earth due to my being stabbed twenty-seven times in the back, as well as the incredible amount of time it took to set up all of these clues. I admit that the Easter egg in the toilet was a bit much, but the loss of blood and lack of resources left me with no other choice. I mean, what do you expect, I'm working on the fly here. What would you do in this situation? You try getting across an important message in an indiscreet way! Jerk! Anyway, Travis, I apologize for my behavior as your manager these past nine months. But now it is time for me to come clean. You can put away your religious debates. The Flying Spaghetti Monster exists, and I know how you can prove it. The reason I could not tell you this before is because I was hired to

NORMAN
(CON'T)

protect you. You see, Travis, it is believed that you are Chosen One, the one the prophecy told us of, and if anybody found out, then you would be in grave danger. Well, guess what? Someone found out! So you're in grave danger! Congratulations! Now it's time to begin the next step of your journey. We were going to wait a little while since, let's face it, you still have some personality quirks you have to work through."

(TRAVIS looks up)

TRAVIS

Wait, what personality quirks?

(He goes back to reading)

NORMAN

"Mainly, your odor and your annoying giggle."

(TRAVIS looks up)

TRAVIS

Oh.

(He goes back to reading)

NORMAN

"To give you a bit of history, there was a museum in Tuscany featuring many of His Noodlyness' most famous relics. But they were lost in an event called The Great Big Burning Thing Of 1342 (this was before they came up with a word for 'fire'). However, it is believed that in the aftermath of the Great Big Burning Thing, one artifact remained: A mug full of beer that the world's first midget drank at The Last Barbecue moments before his death. It has since been known as The Holy Mug Of Grog, and has been sought through the ages. It is believed to be held by a radical sect of Flying Spaghetti Monsterism somewhere in Tuscany, and it's up to you to get that Mug back to where it belongs. Your first stop will be Philadelphia. Go to the Liberty Bell and await further instructions. It would also be a good idea to bring Sylvia, as journeys of self-discovery and historical importance are always easier when you bring a cute girl along. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to make sure my last dying moment is within your eyesight. All part of the plan. Go forth, my friend, and may your quest be a successful one. Sincerely, Norman. P.S. I read on the Internet that you poop your pants when you die. Could you make sure to clean me up before you go? That's just embarrassing. Thanks, buddy!"

(TRAVIS looks up)

TRAVIS

So...that happened.

SYLVIA

Are we going on this journey then, Travees?

TRAVIS

It looks like we have no choice. After all, Norman had the keys to the safe, and we're out of twenties.

SYLVIA

To Philadelphia?

TRAVIS

To Philadelphia!

(They skip off, arm-in-arm, past a SMELLY CUSTOMER)

SMELLY CUSTOMER

What about my turkey club?

(Lights up on a cardboard cutout of the Liberty Bell. On it is a crack and an inscription reading "Pass and Stow, Philad, MDCCLIII". "Streets Of Philadelphia" by Bruce Springsteen plays in the \ background. TRAVIS and SYLVIA enter, looking around)

TRAVIS

Wow, there's much more to Philadelphia than that Tom Hanks movie.

SYLVIA

It truly is ze City of Brozerly Love. Hello, sir!

PHILADELPHIAN

(Off-Stage)

Go eat a cheese steak!

SYLVIA

Thank you, I will! So, we're at ze Liberty Bell. What happens next?

TRAVIS

Hey, maybe we can ask this person here. He seems pretty friendly.
(The HOODED FIGURE enters)

SYLVIA

I don't know about this, Travees.

TRAVIS

No, it'll be fine. Hey, sir! Sir! We're on a holy quest, and we were wondering if you knew anything about a Holy Mug Of Grog.

(When the HOODED FIGURE speaks, it has an eerie sound, almost like a record playing backwards)

HOODED FIGURE

But of course. Just follow me and I will take you to it.

SYLVIA

Travees, I really don't think we should.

HOODED FIGURE

Don't listen to the lady. You want the Mug, don't you?

TRAVIS

But I thought it was supposed to be in Tuscany.

HOODED FIGURE

Tuscany, you say?

TRAVIS

(Turning to SYLVIA:)

I probably shouldn't have said that, huh?

(He turns back to find the HOODED FIGURE holding a knife to him)

HOODED FIGURE

You will need to come with me now, Travis Greenwell. Your days of searching for the Holy Mug Of Grog are numbered.

TRAVIS

But they've only numbered one so far!

HOODED FIGURE

Time to go!

SHAMUS

(Off-Stage)

Hey!

(BONNIE and SHAMUS, decked in pirate gear, enter, brandishing swords. Those who saw the first show will go apeshit. Those who didn't will still go apeshit at the sight of two awesome pirates)

Why don't ye pick on someone your own genre?

BONNIE

Silly hooded figures. Always bringing a knife to a sword fight.

HOODED FIGURE

This does not end here!

(The HOODED FIGURE runs out)

BONNIE

That's how we do it in the Two-One-Five!

SHAMUS

Well put.

BONNIE

Many thanks.

TRAVIS

Are you two who I'm supposed to be meeting?

BONNIE

We are indeed. The names are Bonnie and Shamus, two of the last known pirates on earth.

SHAMUS

We pillage, we plunder, we rifle and loot--

BONNIE

Oh, shut it! And since Pirates are the Flying Spaghetti Monster's Chosen People, we are naturally the ones to help you on your quest.

TRAVIS

Well, Bonnie and Shamus, this is Sylvia, former co-worker and future co-explorer.

SYLVIA

Pleased to meet ze both of you!

BONNIE

Is that a German accent on ye, girl?

SHAMUS

Oh, you know what I always say: The English are nice, so are the French. But it's always a German I take as a wench.

SYLVIA

I'm not German.

SHAMUS

Oh good. Nazi bastards!

TRAVIS

So wait, who was that guy?

SHAMUS

We know not. All we know is that yer in grave danger, Travis. Weird things are happening. Clouds are formin'. Weather's gettin' colder. I feel there's a great change on the horizon.

BONNIE

Oh, ye say that every time yer herpes acts up.

SHAMUS

Oh, my dear Bonnie, this is no venereal disease. This is a revolution.

BONNIE

Yeah, a revolution of your genitals.

SHAMUS

That one cuts deep.

BONNIE

Regardless, there is something happening, Travis. We see these hooded figures everywhere we go. There's talk of the Holy Mug Of Grog's location being discovered. In the last few years, Flying Spaghetti Monsterism has had a renaissance, and those who are have been holding the Mug hostage are getting mighty nervous.

SHAMUS

I prefer the term "pissing their jammies".

BONNIE

Word has been going around that you are the true prophet of Flying Spaghetti Monsterism, and a great many people would do anything in their power to destroy ye. Ye've got to get to Tuscany and retrieve that Holy Mug Of Grog before you're stopped.

TRAVIS

Well, what happens if I fail?

BONNIE

Did ye ever see the end of the new Indiana Jones movie?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

BONNIE

How was it? I had to leave early.

Um...good.

TRAVIS

Yeah, I'll have to rent it sometime.

BONNIE

(Awkward pause)

Well, I'm ready to accept my challenge.

TRAVIS

Wonderful news!

BONNIE

So do you have my tickets to Tuscany?

TRAVIS

Um...your tickets?

SHAMUS

Yeah. We spent all our money getting here, so I thought you two came here to help us get to Tuscany.

TRAVIS

Oh, well um...We actually thought YE'D be able to help US out. We're a little strapped, ye see, and so we thought, uh...But you say that you're, um...Well...Awkward.

BONNIE

Wait, you were gonna ask me for money?

TRAVIS

Hey, consider yerself lucky. We could've taken it from ye.

SHAMUS

(Referring to his pirate wear:)

I don't wear this 'cause it breathes.

Well then how are we going to get the money to go to--?

TRAVIS

(The Liberty Bell rings)

Whoa!

Was that...?

BONNIE

It must've been!

SHAMUS

SYLVIA

But zat bell has not rung in years!

TRAVIS

Well then something made it ring. Cover me.

BONNIE

Cover your mom!

(TRAVIS goes over to the Liberty Bell and inspects it. He sticks a hand in the bell's crack)

SHAMUS

I bet that's not the first time he's put his hand in a crack.

(BONNIE and SHAMUS snicker)

SYLVIA

I do not get it.

BONNIE

Oh, you will, sweetheart!

(From the bell's crack, TRAVIS produces an envelope)

SYLVIA

What's in it?

TRAVIS

A note.

(He pulls out a note and starts to read:)

"Addressed to Anna Gram..."

SYLVIA

Zat's a clue! Ve should look for an anagram.

TRAVIS

"...and Libby T. Bell."

SYLVIA

Another clue. Ze Liberty Bell!

TRAVIS

"Residents of Look-For-An-Anagram-On-The-Face-Of-The-Liberty-Bell-To-Help-You-Retrieve-The-Holy-Mug-Of-Grog Lane."

SYLVIA

Well, zat's definitely a clue.

TRAVIS

An anagram on the Liberty Bell? I guess he means this...
 (He reads the bell's face)
 "Pass and Stow. Philad. MDCCLIII"

SYLVIA

Oh, I am very good with anagrams. I vill figure this out.
 (She pulls out a pen)
 Can I write on ze envelope?

TRAVIS

Of course.
 (He hands her the envelope. She grabs it and looks inside)

SYLVIA

Um...Travees?

TRAVIS

Yeah?

SYLVIA

Zere's, like, thousands of dollars in unmarked non-sequential bills here.

TRAVIS

Really?
 (He looks in the envelope)
 Well I'll be damned! How'd I miss that?

SYLVIA

Zis is more than enough to cover a plane ticket for each of us.

TRAVIS

But wait, who would put a cryptic-slash-obvious note with thousands of dollars in an envelope in the crack of the Liberty Bell in hopes of me finding it?

SYLVIA

I'm sure we'll find out.

BONNIE

Well then, to Tuscany?

SYLVIA

To Tuscany!

TRAVIS

To Tuscany!

SHAMUS

To the men's room! And then to Tuscany!

(Lights out)

If you would like to read the script in its entirety,
you can contact the author at jeremygable@jeremygable.com