

SCENE 14

(PEACE PUNK approaches AUNTY LAKEFORD's court for work. He is live-blogging on Cerebro Cable as he walks. A great amount of sartorial consideration has now been given to his appearance. He is a dandy bourgeois punk.)

PEACE PUNK

Question: Is the internet the greatest achievement of mankind or the worst? Or is it really not that important?

After all, half the world's population detached their Cerebro-Cables during the Great Opt-Out, risking going into shock and social ostracism, and *still* no one has answers. Now, there's people murdering in the streets IRL and armed struggle with the cops. I don't even know what I've been doing for all these months. Maybe it's time to finally get out of this job...

(PEACE PUNK pauses to consider. He pulls out his hand-mirror and looks at himself.)

Camera: 5 second count.

(His mirror take a selfie that is uploaded to his Cerebro-Cable feed.)

Cam cap: "Obligatory work pic. Check out this new chain I picked up!"

(A slew of alerts start pinging out in rapid succession alongside an incoherent low collage of voices commenting upon and affirming the posted picture. A rush of pleasure washes over PEACE PUNK.)

A VOICE

PRIVATE MESSAGE: I see you've become just another dandy!

PEACE PUNK

Oh please. I'm the one sucking this place dry! A salary plus commission! As soon as I quit, I'm starting my own record label or maybe getting my own couch. Crashing at my own house, for once. Hah!

A VOICE
It's not always so easy to leave.

PEACE PUNK

These guys aren't as tough as they seem.

(Enter AUNTY LAKEFORD)

AUNTY LAKEFORD

Hello, Peace Punk.

PEACE PUNK
Whoa. Hello, *your majesty*.

(Hushed to self, turning off Internet feed.)

Sleep mode.

(To AUNTY L)

Just hanging in the waves. I think I've been spending too much time on the Internet though. It's fucking up my DNA.

AUNTY LAKEFORD

Well, I have very important work for you today. You must help me prepare for an upcoming performance. I finally get to trounce my old bandmates in the public eye!

PEACE PUNK

I was actually meaning to tell you... I quit.

AUNTY LAKEFORD

Today? No... you see I had wished to propose a sort of bonus for you... information which you would be keen, I believe, to know... regarding the whereabouts of *Valhalla*.

PEACE PUNK

How do you know about that?!

AUNTY LAKEFORD

Oh, come on Peace Punk-- I read your blog! The entrance is nearby...in fact, you could say *within walking distance*. But you have to help me win. this. contest!

PEACE PUNK

Why so competitive?

AUNTY LAKEFORD

We three siblings are determined to overcome each other. We became bonded in blood upon drinking an elixir of eternal life - our shared immortality.

PEACE PUNK

Whoa. What? How does that even happen?!

AUNTY LAKEFORD

HM! That was in the early days of Creosota. There was a *lot* of partying... We were under contract to perform all night at this bar or restaurant or something at the time. Right after our six-hour banjo drone set, this dude made us an offer we couldn't refuse. We thought we were invincible but we certainly knew we weren't immortal!

PEACE PUNK

So... a shady dude gives you an elixir and you guys just take his word for it?

AUNTY LAKEFORD

To succeed greatly you must be willing to fail miserably! Look at me, Peace Punk! I am living proof of my own manifested belief! (*beat*) Besides, my body was like a garbage can at the time and there were a *lot* of shady fame-leeches running in our circles back then. I didn't think twice. This guy was just another ruddy meddler trying to inch in on our game with some drugs... Veil, maybe? Or... VYLE? Turned out to be a scientist-profiteer with zero scruples but one hell of a product.

(beat)

But now the life force is ebbing-- as it is shared between the three of us... I have become very attached to the promise of eternity, Peace Punk. I've planned out the next 1,000 years and I will not be slowed down by my inferior siblings. I will destroy them.

PEACE PUNK

I knew the LA Shogun was full of shit when he said he was 38.

AUNTY LAKEFORD

So, are you ready to find Valhalla?

(Enter GROOMFIEND breathless)

GROOMFIEND

Peace Punk! The LA Shogun is near! Wait - this is... I'm back at 1-800-MICE!

SCENE 15

TOM CHIEF

Let me have a beer.

GUMMI BOY

You have to get your drink thrown in your face, that's the way it works here.

TOM CHIEF

Never mind then.

(TOM grabs a handful of peanuts, drops few and eats them off the ground.)