

RETARD JUICE
(Magee/Hines)

A Kitchen. WILL wanders in. MITCH is offstage.

WILL
Mitch, mind if I help myself to something to drink?

MITCH
(from off stage)
Yeah, go ahead. There's water in the fridge.

WILL looks in fridge and pulls out a bottle of Tropicana, pours himself a glass, and has some.

WILL
Hey, this orange juice tastes funny.

MITCH comes racing in as WILL drinks more.

MITCH
Oh my God, don't drink that -- that's the retard juice!

WILL
(spit take) Retard juice?

MITCH
Yes, retard juice. It makes you a mental retard.

WILL
What? No, look it's Tropicana!

MITCH
No, my Dad's a scientist -- he was storing the retard juice in the fridge for an experiment later! He keeps it in that carton because it's lined with foil! Oh man, I can't believe you drank the retard juice! You're fucked!

WILL
What? No! Isn't there an antidote?

MITCH
There's no antidote for retard juice!

WILL
But I feel fine!

MITCH

Of course you do. That's how retard juice works! You feel normal while your brain gets retarded.

WILL

Oh, shit! How can I tell? Let's see - my name is Will Hines, I was born in 1970...

MITCH

Don't be silly! Tons of retards know their own name! Here - Who was the second vice-president of the United States?

WILL

SECOND vice-president?

MITCH

Yes!

WILL

I don't know -- Aaron Burr?

MITCH

(dismayed)

Oh fuck. It was Thomas Jefferson. This is so sad! I can't believe you drank the retard juice!

WILL

Shit! Thomas Jefferson! I used to know that! I've got to get out of here! I've got to get home!

MITCH

No, stay here. You're already a danger to yourself and others. Let me get you a blanket.

WILL

Listen, can't you call your Dad? Maybe he can help.

MITCH

No. The effects of retard juice are immediate and irreversible. Your cerebral cortex is already degenerating. Of course you wouldn't understand any of this because you're retard.

WILL

Retard? Is that even the right term?

MITCH

Of course that's the right term, retard! I'm sorry my dad's scientific terminology is too complicated for your rudimentary thinking! (beat) I'm sorry -- I'm a little flustered right now - I've just lost my best friend!

WILL

Look, my thinking is still fine, because I understand you! Maybe your dad's retard juice isn't as powerful as you thought?

MITCH

Oh, really? Not powerful? Then tell me, what's the second tallest building in Chicago?

WILL

I don't know, the John Hancock Center?

MITCH

Nope. Sorry, retard.

WILL

Wait, I think that's right.

MITCH

You think I'm going to take the word of someone who just drank retard juice? I don't think so. Who's the retard here?

WILL

I don't understand -- your Dad is a scientist who keeps retard juice in your fridge? What kind of scientist is he?

MITCH

Hey! My dad is a good man. He works for the National Institute of Health -- and he breaks his fucking back each day to help people like you! So don't give me your crap about his unorthodox methods! He's the man who INVENTED retard juice!

WILL

That's what I'm talking about. Who invents something called retard juice? Anyway, I don't think your dad's retard juice is working.

MITCH

Oh, not working? How interesting. Then it will be easy for you to tell me who is largely considered to be the second most important modern painter?

WILL
Matisse?

MITCH
I was thinking of Piet Mondrian. My God, you're regressing faster than even I thought.
The DAD enters, wearing a lab coat.

DAD
Son! Son! I have good news!

MITCH
Dad, I have terrible news - Will drank the retard juice!

DAD
Don't worry about such trifles. For I have just invented Gaylord Juice. (holds up a container of Welch's Grape Drink). Soon you will take your rightful place as Lord of the Gays.

MITCH
(bows at dad's feet)
Thy will be done, my liege.

WILL
This is ridiculous.

MITCH and DAD
Shut up, retard.