

Yahoos Descent – Synopsis and excerpt

Synopsis

Yahoos Descent explores a rite of passage through the uncomfortable extremes of adolescents. It is set upon a landscape that extends to the more-than-human world. Within this landscape there are five distinct and wild locations. These locations serve as the environment for complex relationships to develop between four adolescent yahoos; a yahoo is both a mythical figure synonymous with Big Foot or the yowie, it is also a member of a race of people in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*; in this context they are characterized by being boorish, crass or stupid. The primordial force of the yahoos' mythical identities fuel a series of fertile and violent interactions with each other and the other life systems that surround them.

Yahoos Descent unfolds over five concise acts, for a period of sixty-five minutes. The focus is on the character's latent insecurities, as they navigate their relationships with each other through a time where their identities are still unformed and amorphous. We will not present the character's histories; rather, depth of personal experience will be related through dramatic interactions. These interactions begin in a place of relentless, hyper-masculine antagonism (e.g. where Jimmy Dean and Lyman-Alpha torment Hankel about his Mum's sexual proclivity) and move towards moments that are tender (e.g. where Jimmy Dean gives Lyman-Alpha a careful and considered hair cut). Some relationships develop over time and lead to surprising places (e.g. when Walking Surveillance Girl, in one instance, pulls out a stopwatch to time Hankel's attempt to masturbate and then tells him about her tumor that killed her mother). The characters' journeys and interactions range from the prosaic to the mythic and their distinct everyday patois, works in counterpoint to the quasi-poetic idiom of Hollow Gum and Gaseous Steer that speak an expressionistic and poetic language.

The ritual of passage concludes when the masks of bravado are finally eroded to expose caring and gentle souls that spend the evening nestled into each other's arms.

JIMMY DEAN I'll fuckin' show it how to root.

HANKEL Fish fucker.

JIMMY DEAN I'll make a fish sausage outta it.

HANKEL You won't.

JIMMY DEAN *The New Bazoo* will have every type of sausage.

HANKEL Fuck off...How you gonna get a sausage from Mongolia?

JIMMY DEAN They have a sausage made out of the insides of goats. You slit a goat's throat, hang it from a tree and wait for the blood to coagulate. Then ya squeeze it out like toothpaste. Boil it in a stew for three days. On the third day the Chief jerks off into it.

HANKEL Dog sausage still better.

JIMMY DEAN I'll ride the shit outta her.

HANKEL Go on then cunt.

JIMMY DEAN I'll fuck it in the gills and finger its blowhole.

HANKEL Whales have blowholes ya fuckin' retard. That cunt breathes water.

LYMAN-ALPHA According to shark law females are stronger.

HANKEL She's gonna mount you.

JIMMY DEAN I'll be the King of Fish Rock.

JIMMY DEAN picks up the shark fin and dons it like a hat. He moves to the water's edge.

LYMAN-ALPHA It's like a fuckin' tidal wave.

HANKEL Cunt reckons he's Kelly Slater.

LYMAN-ALPHA His dicks' gonna go all soggy and shriveled.

JIMMY DEAN enters the flood.

JIMMY DEAN

Every cunt's already done everything.
Climbed Kilimanjaro. Flown to Mars. Bet
no cunt has fucked a shark.

JIMMY DEAN disappears into the water.

HANKEL

Whatshisnames sister is half shark isn't
she?

LYMAN-ALPHA

Yeah but they're all fisherman. You're not
allowed to take a woman on a boat.

HANKEL

Fuck all to do...you reckon they're
catchin' shit the whole time? Spend most
of it just battin' off.

They watch the raging torrent.

LYMAN-ALPHA

My Dad reckons there's a tunnel in Fish
Rock.

HANKEL

That's where this cunts goin'.

LYMAN-ALPHA

Yeah she can keep em alive coz there is
like an air pocket down there.

HANKEL

Fuck off there is.

LYMAN-ALPHA

Yeah nah...its like a tunnel and a cave in
the middle...all the baby sharks are bred
deep down...like a nursery. The Queen just
sits up on her throne with her slave and
keeps em alive with little pieces of air
through...like the air pocket...fucks em
whenever she wants.

Silence.

LYMAN-ALPHA

Go check on him.

HANKEL

Fuck that. He'll be alright.

LYMAN-ALPHA

There's like a waterfall down there.

HANKEL

So?

LYMAN-ALPHA

He'll get taken over the edge.

HANKEL He'll be too busy rootin' his shark bitch.

Silence.

LYMAN-ALPHA Been like a while.

Silence.

LYMAN-ALPHA He said he'd give us a signal.

HANKEL I don't see no signal.

Silence.

HANKEL You got your snorkel?

LYMAN-ALPHA I ain't getting' in.

HANKEL You can't swim can ya?

LYMAN-ALPHA Fuck off I can.

HANKEL Go on then.

LYMAN-ALPHA You go.

HANKEL I ain't a fuckin' idiot.

LYMAN-ALPHA What if he don't come back up?

HANKEL You'll have to call someone.

LYMAN-ALPHA Call who?

HANKEL Fuckin'...you know.

LYMAN-ALPHA His parents?

HANKEL No...like...umm...SES or something.

LYMAN-ALPHA SES?

HANKEL Yeah.

LYMAN-ALPHA They ain't gonna believe me.

HANKEL Why not?

LYMAN-ALPHA They'll think its like a prank or some shit.

HANKEL Nah...they've got like a duty of care...have to take every call seriously.

LYMAN-ALPHA 'Yeah...hello...this dumb-cunt-mate-a-mine tried to root a shark and now we can't find him.'

HANKEL They probably hear everything ah.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL arrives rolling the Devil's Lettuce.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL They're gonna cancel school.

LYMAN-ALPHA How long for?

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL Even the train bridge is flooded. We might be stranded.

HANKEL Yeah?

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL Where's Jimmy?

HANKEL Went for a swim...reckoned he could fuck a shark.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL Yeah?

LYMAN-ALPHA Yeah.

Pause.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL He's still in there?

LYMAN-ALPHA Yeah.

HANKEL Cunts halfway to Fish Rock by now.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL Hammer Heads are horny this time of year.

LYMAN-ALPHA Cunt got lucky.

HANKEL You're just jealous. You wish it was you.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL You wanna get shark fucked?

HANKEL He wants Jimmy to suck his knob.

LYMAN-ALPHA Fuck off I do.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL You ever seen shark's fuck?

HANKEL Everyone has...they show ya in biology.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL Nah...but like...in real life.

LYMAN-ALPHA I ain't gettin' in.

HANKEL Cunt can't swim.

WALKING SURVEILLANCE GIRL How long's he been down there?

HANKEL Fair while.

LYMAN-ALPHA I reckon he's just curled up...like
downstream in a bush
somewhere...yaknow how there's all those
bush lemon trees...he's probably just
mungin' on a lemon somewhere.

WALKING SUVEILLANCE GIRL leaves.

HANKEL He's dead ah.

LYMAN-ALPHA How do you know?

HANKEL No way he coulda survived.

LYMAN-ALPHA You couldn't.

HANKEL Fuck. I could. Easy.

LYMAN-ALPHA You didn't but.

HANKEL He was just horny that's all...cunt just
wanted to get a root.

LYMAN-ALPHA I'll fuckin' remember that when your arse
up.

HANKEL Won't happen to me.

LYMAN-ALPHA How do you know?

HANKEL It's called self control mate...that cunt
don't have any...remember when we was
out in the vine place and were swingin'
like a hundred metres over that gully...cunt
smashed himself tryna do a backflip...he
was knocked out for like five minutes.

even hold hands. We enter Fish Rock. Straight to the top. Her room is dark, damp, dripping. An air pocket enough for me to catch my breath. She lets me take my time. It's my first and she knows it. She is a Venus, a grey-black speckled beauty. She undresses me.

I want it all. I want to feel everything all at once. I take a breathe from the air pocket, 'its bigger than yours' she says. I'm thirsty. Cottonmouth from all the salt... I'm salivating. I'm wet. It grows inside. Pushes against the walls of my mouth...the fleshy inside bit...it pushes its way down the back of my throat...I search for the air pocket.

She sheathes her shaft in seal intestines. Forces her body against mine...raises my legs above my head...covers me in seaweed slime...it drips down my arsehole. Cold. Comforting.

It goes on forever. Stretching my tight ever-expanding hole further than I knew was possible. She is going and going and going. I'm a throbbing, pulsating rock. I'm suffocating. I'm drowning. Ecstatic as she thrusts...the entire seal skinned shaft edging its way from point to base against the side walls of the ever expanding hole. I explode. I drown. All over myself. Full of something else. Full and empty. Breathless. Sleepy. Thirsty. Needing nothing. At the top of Fish Rock with my air pocket and my Hammer Head Queen.