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 figures 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.

Excerpt

This is an excerpt from Act 2, where Jimmy Dean dives into a river in flood.

[ACT TWO]

Across from the gully the menstruating mother breaks her banks. It muddies and merges, acquires salt at the train bridge when the moon moves the immovable. It eddies.

JIMMY DEAN, LYMAN-ALPHA and HANKEL stand on her banks. HANKEL carries a boogie board.

LYMAN-ALPHA We could walk across it.

HANKEL I'll get soggy socks.

LYMAN-ALPHA Take em off.

HANKEL -

LYMAN-ALPHA What's wrong with ya feet?

HANKEL Nothing wrong my feet.

LYMAN-ALPHA Well take ya socks off.

HANKEL I don't wanna.

JIMMY DEAN He's got six toes.

HANKEL I'm a mutant.

The fin of a dead shark is washed ashore.

HANKEL Dog's will love it.

JIMMY DEAN Where is Lucky?

LYMAN-ALPHA Got ran over by a tractor.

JIMMY DEAN She all good?

LYMAN-ALPHA Then she got hit by a car. Stomach

collapsed. Took her into the vet. Died the

moment we got there.

HANKEL My Dad just shoots em. Way cheaper.

Pause.

JIMMY DEAN That's where we get our mince meat from.

LYMAN-ALPHA Hankel's dead dogs?

HANKEL Pays good money for em.

LYMAN-ALPHA This cunt is gonna own the whole sausage

kingdom.

JIMMY DEAN Supply and demand.

They watch the torrent.

HANKEL I ain't crossin' this.

JIMMY DEAN It's fast but its not deep.

LYMAN-ALPHA You'll end up in the ocean...fastest river in

the world in flood.

HANKEL Whattabout the Yahtzee?

LYMAN-ALPHA Way faster...every year a herd of Angus

gets taken out to sea...by the time they get to Grassy Head they're pretty much

fish...they fuck sharks by the train bridge.

HANKEL Fuck off.

LYMAN-ALPHA You'll end up fuckin' a shark if you dive

in.

JIMMY DEAN Youse cunts a got one setta nuts between

you.

A shark circles.

HANKEL Her eyes are savage.

LYMAN-ALPHA She'll fuckin' eat me.

HANKEL Just pretend its like a mini-massage and

she's just razoring ya pubes off.

JIMMY DEAN grabs the board from HANKEL.

JIMMY DEAN I'll ride her all the way to Grassy Head.

HANKEL You won't.

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 could 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.

LYMAN-ALPHA Yeah but he was fine after...got straight in

the paddock basher...just coz you're a pussy and don't actually try anything.

HANKEL Fuck off...I do everything first.

LYMAN-ALPHA When?

HANKEL All the time.

LYMAN-ALPHA Fuckin' when cunt?

HANKEL Ya don't just remember times like that off

the top of your head.

LYMAN-ALPHA You haven't done shit. You're a fuckin'

leach...too busy pullin' every other cunt down...that's your talent...bein' a mean cunt...sittin' around waitin' for someone to

fuck up...then ya just stick the boot

in...fuckin' sponge.

Silence.

HANKEL Ya boyfriend's gonna be fine.

LYMAN-ALPHA Fuck off.

HANKEL It's his turn to cook.

LYMAN-ALPHA You fuckin' do it.

HANKEL I want Mongolian dick sausage.

JIMMY DEAN breathes from the air pocket in Fish Rock.

JIMMY DEAN It's fluorescent bright from incandescent

jellyfish. Sunken Spanish conquistadors play mariachi music. Aisles and aisles of plastic wrapped chips, seaweed crackers,

more chips.

She lurks through the plastic, the trolleys...full figured, low cut, backless, booted, fins and gills, slits for eyes. Its

hunting season. I'm in her net.

A slow swim back to her chambers...her castle...her throne...I follow. We don't

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.