The Boy Who Cried 'Succubus!'

BOOK & LYRICS BY NINA KAUFFMAN
MUSIC BY SPENCER ROBELEN
“The inability to recognize the Devil has always been man’s great weakness.”
– Charles Beaumont

CHARACTERS
  BRANDON
  GUY
  BACIA

SETTING
The entirety of the action takes place in a bar called, “The Brewer’s Art.” Once inside, you see two different worlds come to life. In the upstairs bar and restaurant, with its museum-like design, lawyers and artists alike sip on goblets of the bar’s house-brewed ales, like bitter Beazly. Patrons can snack on Brewer's famous rosemary garlic fries, while sitting at a window table and watching Mt. Vernon foot traffic pass by. This is where we find BACIA. **Downstairs is where our story begins** in the bar's cavernous basement, where BRANDON and GUY reside. You’ll find hipsters sipping Natty Boh cans and couples talking intimately in one of the nearly pitch-black rooms.

ONE ACT, approx. 20min

SONGS
“IT’S FRIDAY NIGHT” - BRANDON, GUY

“NICE TO MEET YOU” - BRANDON, BACIA

“ALL SUCCS” - GUY, BRANDON, BACIA

“YOU JUST WANNA BE LOVED!” - BACIA

“I DON’T WANT A BRO” - BRANDON, GUY

“HE MEANS SO WELL” – BRANDON, GUY, BACIA

“IT’S FRIDAY NIGHT” (REPRISE) - BACIA, GUY, BRANDON

KAUFFMAN & ROBELEN, 1

The Boy Who Cried ‘Succubus!’
LIGHTS UP on GUY and BRANDON in the basement of the Brewer's Art. The music is loud and the crowd is bumpin'. We see GUY and BRANDON trying to pick up [unseen] women.

BRANDON:
(Sincere)

HEY THERE, WANNA GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER TONIGHT?

GUY:
(Crude)

HEY BABY, WANNA MAKE A BIG MISTAKE TONIGHT?

BRANDON:
I WANNA KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL ABOUT-

GUY:
YOU SMELL LIKE TRASH, CAN I...TAKE YOU OUT?

BOTH:
IT'S A FRIDAY NIGHT, AND I'M LOOKING FOR, LOOKING FOR, LA LA LA LA LOOKING FOR...

BRANDON:
LOOOOOOVE!

GUY: (shouted)
SEX!

BRANDON:
So, uh- did it hurt when you fell from Tennessee? Because uh- no, um- are you from heaven? Because you're the only ten I- wait, no-

She walks away. BRANDON yells to GUY-

Guy! Guy-

BRANDON:

GUY:

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Beat.

BRANDON:

Yeah. Hey man, this uh- this isn’t working for me...
GUY:
Whaaaaaa? What’s not working?

BRANDON:
The whole “pickup line” thing, I just feel- I dunno, creepy...

GUY:
Nah, nah, nah, Bran my man, you’re just doing it wrong. Here. “Do you like pancakes?”

BRANDON:
Not particularly, I’m more of a waffle guy-

GUY:
No, no, no, we’re role-playing without the sex stuff.

Ah...oh. Okay, um, uh-

BRANDON:
“Do you like pancakes?”

GUY:
No.

BRANDON:
No, you need to say “yes!”

GUY:
Sorry, right, okay.

BRANDON:
“Do you like pancakes?”

GUY:
Yes.

BRANDON:
“Well how ’bout IHOP on dat ass, baby?”

Beat.

BRANDON:
Yeah, see that’s not working for me.
GUY:
Hey, brosef, just be yo' badself, okay? The bitches, will come, a’crawlin'! *(HE re-enacts a girl giving him a blow-job)* Uhn-uhn-uhn, HEY-OOOO! *(Raising his hand to BRANDON)* Come on, bro!

*GUY and BRANDON do a special ceremonial “bro shake,” and avert their attention back to the ladies.*

GUY (cont‘):

BABY, IS YOUR NAME MEDUSA?
‘CAUSE I’M ROCK HARD TONIGHT!

BRANDON:

HEY THERE, MY NAME IS CHANCE,
DO I HAVE ONE TONIGHT?

Beat.

Well, no actually, my name isn’t ‘Chance,’ it’s uh- it’s Brandon.

*He clears his throat.*

I JUST WANNA BUY YOU A DRINK AND CHAT-

I WANNA PET YO’ PINK PUSSY CAT!

GUY:

IT’S A FRIDAY NIGHT, AND I’M LOOKING FOR, LOOKING FOR,
LA LA LA LA LOOKING FOR...

GUY: SEEERRRRRRRR!
BRANDON: A COMPATIBLE PARTNERRRRRR!

*SHE walks away from BRANDON. Lights focus on BRANDON as he sings internally, GUY continues on the prowl.*

BRANDON:
I DON’T WANT A FLING,
I WANT A FOREVER PERSON...
I JUST LOVE TOO DEEPLY
AND GET ATTACHED INSIDE...

GUY: Hey baby, are you a drill sergeant?
My privates are standing at ‘attention!’

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*The Boy Who Cried ‘Succubus’*
BRANDON:
THEY SAY DATING IS
THE ‘TEST DRIVE,’
AND MARRIAGE IS
THE CAR...
SO SOMEONE, PLEASE
HOP IN THE PASSENGER SEAT
AND LET’S GO FOR A RIDE!
I WANNA GO FOR A RIDE!

GUY:
VROOM, VROOM, BITCH!
SOMEONE, PLEASE
HOP IN THE PASSENGER SEAT,
LET’S GO FOR A RIDE!
I WANT YOU TO RIDE MY
FACE!

SO SOMEONE, PLEASE
HOP IN THE PASSENGER SEAT
AND LET’S GO FOR A RIDE!
I WANNA GO FOR A RIDE!

BRANDON:
Guy, this isn’t really my scene. I’m twenty-seven. I’ll be thirty in three years. I need to buckle
down and find my forever person.

GUY:
Whoa, whoa, whoa compadre, forever person? That’s some grade-school bullshit. Look, I
know the whole break-up thing with Emma is still cuttin’ deep-

BRANDON:
(Correcting him)

Stacey.

The women walk away. BRANDON and GUY reconvene. Diegetic music continues.

#1.A - UNDERSCORING DOWNSTAIRS

GUY:
Hey man! I’m murdering it out there. (Pretending to shoot a gun) BRRRLRAT, BRRRLRAT,
BRRRLRAT, HAHA YEEEEAH.

BRANDON:
Guy, this isn’t really my scene. I’m twenty-seven. I’ll be thirty in three years. I need to buckle
down and find my forever person.

GUY:
Whoa, whoa, whoa compadre, forever person? That’s some grade-school bullshit. Look, I
know the whole break-up thing with Emma is still cuttin’ deep-

BRANDON:
(Correcting him)
GUY:
Sure. Check this. You gotta look past that, man. She was a straight succubus.

BRANDON:
Succubus?

GUY:
All bros know that “succubi” are petty little fem ladies who steal their bros from the pack.

BRANDON:
But I-

GUY:
Straight. Succubus. She had you whipped so bad, dude. Honestly, it was sad.

BRANDON:
You’re right.

GUY:
Hey, don’t feel bad, bro. Look. Let’s go upstairs. We’ll get some booshie bitches.

BRANDON:
Booshie?

GUY:
You know, straight-laced…boring…not like, pathetic, but- you know. Booshie.

BRANDON:
Sure. Yeah, okay. Let’s go upstairs.

GUY:
YEAH! BRRRLRAT, BRRRLRAT, BRRRLRAT!

#1.B - UNDERSCORING UPSTAIRS

Brandon and Guy move upstairs to the ground level of the Brewer’s Art. The bumping grunge music disappears into classical, dining music. There’s artists and lawyers all around, sipping goblets of beer and eating fancy, rosemary fries.

GUY:
Smell that, dude? That’s the smell of straight boosh.

BRANDON:
Stop saying that-

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GUY:
The only thing that’s missing is the mark of the beast. I’m gonna take a shit. Get me a drink?

*GUY raises his hand to BRANDON, who reluctantly engages in their ceremonial “bro shake.” GUY exits to the restroom. BRANDON sits at the bar, and practices pick-up lines.*

BRANDON:
(Growing in frustration)
If you were a transformer, you’d be Optimus-fine! No, no, uh- If you were a fruit, you’d be a fineapple! No...

*BACIA, overhearing BRANDON, approaches him.*

BACIA:
Excuse me, did you just fart?

BRANDON:
What? Oh, oh- God, no, I-

BACIA:
Because you blew me away.

BRANDON:
Oh! *(He laughs nervously)* Oh, wow, that’s um...I’m- I’m sorry.

BACIA:
Is this how you normally spend your evenings? Picking up women?

BRANDON:
No! Oh, no, my friend is trying to help me out. The whole- ‘pickup’ thing, well, that’s not me.

BACIA:
Ah, I see. I’m Bacia.

#2 – “NICE TO MEET YOU” *(BRANDON, BACIA)*

BRANDON:
I’M ‘CHANCE.’
...NO, WAIT, IT’S ‘GUY.’
NO, IT'S NOT ‘GUY,’ IT’S BRANDON.
BRANDON IS MY NAME.

BACIA:
BRANDON...
Well, NICE TO MEET YOU.

NICE TO MEET YOU.

Mind if I join you?

Oh, no, no, no, or I don't mind, no, or- yes, I want you to join me.

How ’bout I buy you a drink?

You want to buy me a drink?

Sure, why not?

Wow, uh- sure! That’d be-

Great! Now let's get to know each other. Ask me a question.

Like what?

Well, like-

TELL ME, BRANDON, WHAT’S YOUR FAVORITE FOOD?

Oh! Uh, BURGER, MEDIUM-RARE-

Me too! BUT WITH PEANUT BUTTER-

AND AN EGG! Ahh!
Well that’s cool—

And totally normal!

What?

Your turn! Ask me a question.

Oh! Okay, well,

TELL ME, BACIA,

DO YOU LIKE TO READ?

WELL, ‘GAME OF THRONES’ IS PRETTY GREAT—

BUT THE T.V. VERSION’S SO MUCH BETTER! Ahh!

I LIKE TO OCCASIONALLY SPLURGE A PAYCHECK
ON A BRAND NEW PAIR OF JEANS...

AND I WOULD NEVER, EVER GIVE MY KIDS A VACCINE!

Really?

No!

Of course our kids would be vaccinated!

They laugh, look down, and notice they’re holding hands. They look lovingly into each other’s eyes.
BACIA:
TELL ME, BRANDON,
DO YOU EVER LOOK SOMEONE IN THE EYES,
AND THINK YOU MAY HAVE FOUND YOUR OTHER HALF?

I DO...

BACIA & BRANDON:
IT'S NICE...
IT'S NICE TO MEET-

GUY re-enters with a goblet of beer.

GUY:
Brandon, they have goblets of beer, look, look, check this out- “Look at me! I’m gay! I’m a gay little medieval dude with flutes and shit!”

BACIA:
Wow, who’s your friend?

BRANDON:
Sorry, uh- this is Guy.

GUY:
Sup.

BACIA:
So you’re Guy. Tell me Guy, do you like getting women drunk enough to take advantage of them, or do you completely rely on your pickup lines?

GUY:
Who the fuck is this chick?

BRANDON:
Sorry, can you just give us a couple minutes?

BACIA nods and BRANDON signals GUY to come with him to the opposite end of the bar.

GUY:

Beat.
BRANDON: Yeah, I need you to stay as far away from this girl as possible.

GUY: Okay, first of all, harsh.

BRANDON: Look, I'm sorry but-

GUY: Second of all, she's a straight succubus, bro.

BRANDON: What? Dude, she's not a succubus-

GUY: Okay A, she's at the bar alone, and she's hot. That doesn't make any sense. B, she's at the bar alone, and she's fucking hot. And third of all, she's a straight succubus. The only thing she's good for is sucking off, and keeping your bro. Away. From the pack!

BRANDON: Hey, it's 2016, just so you know, a girl alone at the bar doesn't make her a ‘succubus.’

GUY: Oh, but does it?

BRANDON: ...No, I just said ‘no’-

#3 – “ALL SUCCS”

GUY:

YOU TAKE ONE LITTLE LOOK
AT THIS CUTE LITTLE GIRL
WITH A BRAIN LIKE A BOOK
AND A MOUTH LIKE A GIRL.
BUT WHEN SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK,
YOU’LL FIND SHE’S NOT THE GIRL YOU SEEK,
SHE’LL SAY:

As GUY reenacts BACIA, BACIA doubles him, seducing the unknowing BRANDON from behind.

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GUY AND BACIA:

“HEY THERE WHATSYOURFACE,
HOW ‘BOUT I TAKE YOU HOME
AND LET YOU PENETRATE
MY ICE SNATCH??”

BRANDON:

Dude, what?

_BACIA disappears._

GUY:

Bro, ALL SUCC’s HAVE ICE IN THEIR CAVERN BELOW,
ONE LITTLE PRICK, AND YOUR LITTLE DICK
WILL SUCCUMB TO THE CAVERNOUS COLD!

BRANDON:

Okay, I’m impressed that you used a metaphor correctly, but what the _fuck_, dude??

GUY:

Hey, she could be an _actual_ demon, dude! Look at the facts:

YOU HAVE ONE CONVERSATION
WITH THIS BOOSHIE LITTLE CHICK,
GIVES YOU DRINKS IN PREPARATION
TO GET YOU HOME QUICK-
AND GET THIS, SURE,
YOU COULD SLEEP WITH HER.
BUT IF KEEPING YOUR DICK
IS WHAT YOU’D PREFER...

BRANDON:

Why are we always talking about my dick?

GUY:

RUN AWAY THE MOMENT SHE SAYS:

_BACIA doubles GUY once more, seducing the unknowing BRANDON from behind._

GUY AND BACIA:

“HEY THERE WHATSYOURFU*K FACE,
HOW ABOUT I TAKE YOU HOME
AND USE YOUR CUM TO PROVIDE ENERGY FOR MY LIFE-FORCE??”

BRANDON:

Dude!!
BACIA disappears once more.

GUY:
Bro! ALL SUCC’s CRAVE SEX AND USE IT TO LIVE, ONE LITTLE PRICK, AND YOUR LITTLE DICK WILL GET THE ULTIMATE SHIV!

GUY re-enacts cutting off BRANDON’s dick.

BRANDON:
Stop! Stop, stop, stop, STOP talking about my penis! God...

GUY:
(Squeezing BRANDON’s nipples) I’m just messin’ with you Bran mannnnn, come on, bro!

BRANDON:
(Breaking free from GUY’s grasp) Will you cut it out?? She’s not a succubus, demon thing or whatever the hell shit you’re trying to pull. She is a normal, everyday, human being-

BACIA sits down next to BRANDON.

BACIA:
Hey guys!

BRANDON jumps and lets out a little squeal.

BRANDON:
Ahh! Uh- hey there, Bacia!

BACIA:
Got you that drink. Hope Beazly is okay. It’s basically the-

BRANDON & BACIA (cont’):
-answer to all Belgian devil beers! Ooooooh-

GUY:
(Mockingly) Oooooooh, it’s so funny, saying things at the same time.

BRANDON:
Sorry Bacia, my friend’s a little immature.

GUY:
(Mockingly)
My friend’s a little immature!
What’s your story, Guy?


Humor me.

Oh, I see. Well little lady-

#4 – “YOU JUST WANNA BE LOVED” (BACIA)

Oh no, no, no, let me guess:
(Spoken) You thrive off of attention, which your mother never gave you as a child, hence naming you “Guy.”

Uh...what?

(Rapped) You act out like a total “bro” and fuck your way into people’s lives.
But as much as you don’t show it, you really want to be loved.

YOU FEEL LIKE YOU’LL SHRIVEL UP AND DIE IF SOMEONE DOESN’T LOVE YOU,
YOU NOTICE THEY ARE SLIPPING AWAY,
NO, THEY’RE NOT THINKING OF YOU.
YOU LEAVE A TON MESSAGES ON THEIR PHONE BEGGING THEM TO COME OUT, SO YOU’RE NOT ALONE,
AND ALL OF THIS, ‘CAUSE YOU JUST WANNA BE LOVED!
OH, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!
YOU JUST WANNA BE LOVED,
OH, BRO, BRO, BRO, BRO, BRO, BRO, BRO!
YOU JUST WANNA BE-

BRANDON:
Whoa, hey, Bacia, that’s not very-

GUY:
Whoa, whoa, whoa, why’d you stop her??
BRANDON:

What?

GUY:

She’s right. About everything. My feelings...and shit. I’m gonna be honest, I’m really turned on right now...

BRANDON:

Dude!

GUY:

I’m serious, man! (To BACIA) Hey, say something else to me!

BRANDON:

That’s it. I can’t do this, I can’t!

BACIA:

Here, why don’t I get us another round-

_BACIA exits to the opposite end of the bar._

GUY:

Hey, whoa, what’s going on, man?

BRANDON:

I can never find someone to love around you. All you do is literally fuck things out of my life. (_Beat_) I’m done. I’m done!

_BRANDON rushes to exit the bar. GUY follows after him._

#5 – “I DON’T WANT A BRO” (BRANDON, GUY)

GUY:

Nah, Brandon come on, come on, bro. Bro!

BRANDON:

I DON’T WANT A BRO,
I WANT A FOREVER PERSON!
I’M TIRED OF LOVING DEEPLY,
THEN LOSING THEM TO YOU!

THEY SAY THAT
IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE,
YOU’VE GOT TO LET
THEM GO...

GUY:

Dude, what are you talking about?
BRANDON (cont’): AND I NEVER LOVED YOU-

GUY: (Shouted) WHAT???

BRANDON: Yeah, I uh- I never loved you.

Beat.

So...
I’M JUST GONNA GO... GUY: BRO, NO...
Dude, YOU HAVE TO LET ME GO-

BACIA approaches them with beers.

BACIA: Hey boys, got us all a round of some hoppin’ birdhouse, tweedle-lee-dee deet dee!

GUY: He said he never loved me! That I fuck everything out of his life!

BRANDON: It’s true!

BACIA: Whoa, ho, ho there, boys, what’s wrong?

BRANDON: Every last woman I’ve ever dated, talked to, looked at, has ended up going home with him!

GUY: Oh wow...wow. Yeah. You’re right...awesome. I mean, awesome. I mean, aw, man.
BRANDON:
See? He has no fucking clue of all the damage he’s done! And the one night I feel like I’ve made a connection with someone (He takes BACIA’s hands), a real connection, and he wants to...well he wants to-

BACIA:
Fuck me?

GUY:
That sounds about right.

BRANDON:
Dude!

GUY:
I have a disease!

BRANDON:
Yeah, a venereal disease!

GUY:
Am I gonna die??

BACIA:
SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP! I mean...booooooooy, come on, you two are friends. Let's figure this out. Now Brandon, why are you so mad?

BRANDON:
Because of him!

#6 – “HE MEANS SO WELL”  (BRANDON, GUY, BACIA)

BACIA:
Okay, but Brandon, if you were really that mad, you would have already left him by now. Am I right?

BRANDON:
...I guess you’re right.

IT’S JUST THAT WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER,
AND AFTER ALL THESE YEARS,
HE’S ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR ME,
HE’S ALWAYS BEEN THERE...
BRANDON (cont’):
THROUGH MY PARENTS DIVORCING,
MY FIRST TIME INTERCOURSES,
HE’S ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR ME,
HE’S ALWAYS BEEN THERE.

I WOULD NEVER, EVER LET THERE BE
ANY SORT OF TROUBLE BETWEEN US,
‘CAUSE I KNOW THAT HE MEANS WELL,
HE MEANS SO WELL.
AND WELL...

Guy...I’m sorry.

GUY:
No, I’m sorry. I was too lonely and insecure to let you go.

BRANDON:
I do love you.

GUY:
Like a bro?

BRANDON:
No...like a brother.

They embrace.

GUY:
I love you too, brother!

GUY & BRANDON:
I WOULD NEVER, EVER, LET THERE BE
ANY SORT OF TROUBLE BETWEEN US, BACIA (echo):
‘CAUSE I KNOW THAT YOU MEAN WELL,
YOU MEAN SO WELL! BETWEEN US!
YOU MEAN SO WELL!
WE MEAN SO WELL...

ALL THREE:
I KNOW WE MEAN SO WELL!

BACIA:
Wow, the three of us make a pretty great team, huh?

GUY:
So dope.
BRANDON: Yeah, we do, don’t we?

BACIA: Yeah! We should take this to the next level.

BRANDON: Yeah, we- wait, what?

BACIA: Tonight, Brandon. You, me, Guy...It’s perfect. You can have your bro, and the girl!

BRANDON: Whoa, whoa, whoa, I uh-

BACIA: Shhhhhshshshsh...don’t deny it, Brandon. Besides, your forever person will come around...eventually. You don’t want to regret missing out on this. Come on, bra...

_BACIA begins sucking on BRANDON’s finger._

BRANDON: Oh...oh Bacia...oh, God, oh-

_GUY takes BRANDON’s hand._

Oh GUY!

GUY: She makes a great point, bra.

_GUY begins sucking on BRANDON’s other finger._

#7 – “IT’S FRIDAY NIGHT” (REPRISE) (BACIA, GUY, BRANDON)

BRANDON: Oh no, no, no, no!

BACIA: Oh come on Brandon!

DON’T YOU WANNA GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER TONIGHT?

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COME ON BRANDON, WANNA MAKE A BIG MISTAKE TONIGHT?

GUY:

I WANNA FEEL YOU INSIDE OUT!

BACIA:

I WANNA KNOW WHAT THE RAGE BEHIND BUTTS ARE ABOUT!

GUY:

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AND I'M-

BACIA & GUY:

BACIA:
LOOKIN' FOR-

GUY:
LOOKIN' FOR-

LOOKIN' FOR-

LOOKIN' FOR-

BRANDON:
THIS IS ABSOLUTELY HORRIFYING, MORTIFYING, NOT WHAT I WANTED...

GUY & BACIA:
Hey baby, do you work at Build-a-bear?

CAUGHT BETWEEN THEM I AM SHOCKED, IN AWE OF ALL THE ATTENTION THEY'RE GIVING ME...

GUY & BACIA (cont):
‘Cause I’d like to stuff and fuck the shit out of you!

GUY and BACIA grind on BRANDON as he sings.

BRANDON (cont'):
Oh!

GUY & BACIA (cont'):
OOH...

COME ON BRANDON, YOU CAN STICK THIS OUT.

COME ON BRANDON, DON’T THINK ABOUT HER TOUCH, HIS SKIN, HER BODY, HIS CHIN,

COME ON BRANDON, OOH...

DON’T THINK ABOUT MM...

HER TOUCH, MM...

HIS SKIN,

HER BODY,

HIS CHIN,
BRANDON (cont’):  GUY & BACIA (cont’):
HER MOUTH,  BRANDON, BUH-BRANDON, BUH-BRANDON,
HIS MOUTH, BRANDON, BUH-BRANDON, BUH-BRANDON,
ON MINE!  MM...AHH!

BRANDON (cont’):

Oh God...what's coming over me??

BACIA:
Give in!  GUY:
Give in!

ALL THREE:

OH, OH, YEAH!
HEY BABY, WON’T YOU GIVE
YOURSELF TO PLEASURE TONIGHT?
HEY BABY, WON’T YOU GIVE INTO
YOUR URGES TONIGHT?

BACIA & GUY:
I WANNA TANGLE MYSELF IN-
YOU-OOH-OOH!

BRANDON:
LET’S BE HONEST, IT’S NOT MY ANAL DEBUT.

ALL THREE:

IT’S FRIDAY NIGHT AND I’M-

BACIA:
LOOKIN’ FOR-

BRANDON:
LOOKIN’ FOR-

GUY:

LOOKIN’ FOR-

BACIA & BRANDON:

LOOKIN’ FOR-

ALL THREE:

LA LA LA LA LOOKIN’ FOR-
SEX!
SEX!

The world freezes, all except for BACIA...

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BACIA:
Their dicks... *shouted to the sky* WILL BE MIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINE!

_The world unfreezes!_

ALL THREE:

SEEEEEESEEEEEEEEEEEX!

_BLACKOUT._