

NEVER, NEVER  
SCREWED BEYOND A DOUBT  
NEVER! NEVER!  
NOT WITH THE DOGS ABOUT  
NEVER! NEVER!  
IT'S TIME TO MEET THE HOUNDS

*The wolves seem to swarm him. Ty raises Bertha ahead, taking aim.*

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER  
NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!

*Ty FIRES. THRICE. The wolves whimper and scurry.*

*(SOUND CUE 2-A: Twinkle of Dawn.) Dawn arises, signified by the brightening of the stage lights. Preferably a light golden/orange tint.*

*COR walks on-stage! ALIVE — only not. But it's not Cor. It's GHOST COR.*

COR. It's day now. You didn't sleep a wink.

*Ty stares in complete shock.*

TY. Cor... What?

COR. Relax, buddy. You're smart enough to know that I'm just a figment of your imagination. I don't know many average Joes who could survive that fall. Well, I do know a couple badasses who damn well could. But I sure as shit ain't one of them.

TY. *(Delirious:)* There are wolves! Are there wolves...?

COR. *(Laughing:)* Are there wolves? I don't know, buddy, I just got here.

TY. I don't know. I thought I heard them last night.

COR. You did! Remember what I told you earlier? Major wolf territory, these parts. Don't tell me your memory's that bad.

TY. I can't fucking believe any of this is actually happening. This feels like a godawful dream that I can't wake up from.

COR. Better wake up soon. Your only hope of getting out of here is in my backpack right down there. *(No reply from Ty.)* You didn't forget about my flare gun, did you? It's in my bag, always, in case of emergencies? *(No reply.)* Wow. You really are fucking stupid.

TY. I know about the flare. What about it? My leg's fucked. Can't walk, let alone free solo a mountain.

COR. Have you tried walking?

TY. Duh, Cor. That's how I know I can't fucking walk.

COR. All right, Little Miss Sassy Thang. Jesus.

TY. I can't do this, Cor. There are wolves everywhere, my leg might be broken, and— And I let you fucking die, all right? So just cool it.

*Moment of silence. Cor hangs his head.*

COR. You blame yourself.

TY. No shit. It was my faulty rope. Mine. Not yours. I deserved to drop to my death, not you. You were always the better of us, now, then, and you always will be. I should've fucking been the one who dropped.

COR. Ty—

TY. I should have.

COR. No. Neither of us should have. But it went the way it went.

TY. 'Cause of me. And you know it. And you hate me, don't you?

COR. Of course I don't.

TY. Well, why wouldn't you?! I cost you your life, pal! And it didn't cost me much! Just a leg! Just this! Seclusion! Practically a death sentence. And maybe I'm fine with that. Maybe I'm just great with that. Punishment fits the crime... *(Beat.)* So I appreciate your up-and-at-'em pep talk, but there's just a lot of shit going on right now that I can't very well make it through.

*Long, tense silence.*

COR. What in the holiest of balls. Tyler Aubrey Wyatt, AKA Quitter McGee, do I need to put soap in your mouth?

TY. Give it a break, Cor. Just let me rest. Preferably forever.

*Ty throws himself down, draping an arm over his face, his body limp like a doll. A total laze.*

COR. My God.

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### TRACK 3

#### *"LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT"*

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COR.  
JUST LOOK AT YOU  
I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SEE  
TYLER AUBREY WYATT, GUNS LAID DOWN NOW  
AND NOT AN OUNCE OF MEAN

BUT NOW I'M HERE  
TO MAKE THINGS CLEAR  
AND MAKE YOUR FEAR GO BYE

LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
DID YOU LOSE YOUR BALLS?

*(spoken:)* Hm?

*(sung:)*

LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
ARE YOU GOING THROUGH MENOPAUSE?

TY. Shut up!

COR. That!

(*sung:*)

THAT SHIT RIGHT THERE  
DIG DEEP AND MAKE A SCENE  
LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
JUST MIGHT FIND HIS MEAN  
GET UP ON YOUR FEET  
AND LET THAT PAIN GO BYE  
MAYBE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
JUST MIGHT SAVE HIS LIFE

TY.

IT'S HOT OUT HERE

COR.

IT'S JUST YOU, DEAR  
YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY FINE

TY.

JUST TAKE A BREATH

COR.

LIMP THROUGH YOUR TREK

TY/COR.

AND FIND THAT FINISH LINE!

LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
JUST MIGHT FIND HIS WAY  
LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
AIN'T GONNA DIE TODAY

TY.

TODAY ISN'T GONNA BE THE DAY THAT I DIE

COR.  
SING IT, BOY!

TY.  
TOMORROW I WILL GET TO SEE THE SUN

TY/COR.  
RISE

COR.  
AND IT'S ALL ON YOU

TY.  
AND IT'S ALL ON ME

TY/COR.  
KEEP FIGHTING AND I'LL/YOU'LL SEE

COR.  
LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
HAS JUST FOUND HIS BALLS

TY/COR.  
LITTLE MISTER TYLER AUBREY WYATT  
WILL GET TO SEE FASHION MALLS AGAIN

OH, OH

NOW GRAB AHOLD OF BERTHA AND KEEP WALKING  
TILL YOUR KNEES GIVE WAY  
THEN FLAG A WAND'RING KINDLY GOOD SAMAR'TAN  
AND YOU'LL HAVE ESCAPED THIS PLACE

COR.  
THEN TELL THEM ALL MY STORY, WOULD YOU, BUDDY?  
MAKE ME SOUND SO COOL  
TELL MOM AND DAD AND JEANIE THAT I LOVE THEM  
TELL THEM CORBIN, HE DIED NO FOOL

(spoken:) You've got this, buddy.

*Exit Cor. It falls to night once more. Ty sits all alone, Bertha in his hand.*

*[SOUND CUE 3-A: Leaf Crunch 1.] The sound of something walking on leaves comes from the darkness. Ty raises the gun.*

TY. Shit.

*[SOUND CUE 3-B: Leaf Crunch 2 / Gunshot.] The leaves crunch once more. Ty fires a shot at that exact direction.*

*[SOUND CUE 3-C: Predator From Behind / Two Shots.] RUNNING FOOTSTEPS COME FROM BEHIND. Ty yells, and fires two shots at that one.*

TY. God, I'm wasting too much ammo. (Beat.) God, I need that flare. (Beat, almost drunkenly:) God, I need sleep...

*Ty starts to wobble a bit. He fights the sleep, but loses. He slowly lies down. Falls asleep with the gun in his hand.*

*[SOUND CUE 3-D: Owl Hoo 1.] An owl hoos, waking him with a vicious start. He exhales sharply, a rage brewing.*

TY. Let me sleep. *[(SOUND CUE 3-E: Owl Hoo 2.) Owl hoos. Ty becomes restless.]* Dear Lord, Jesus, please just let me sleep. *[(SOUND CUE 3-F: Owl Hoo 3.) Owl hoos. Ty rises and screams:]* FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED IN THIS FUCKING DAY, JUST LET ME GO TO SLEEP! (Sobbing:) JUST LET ME SLEEP! JUST LET ME FORGET! LET ME FORGET, JUST FOR A COUPLE HOURS! THAT'S ALL I WANT! SHIT!

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#### TRACK 4

#### "I DIDN'T MEAN TO LET GO"

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*Ty cries. Looks up.*

TY.  
I'M SORRY

