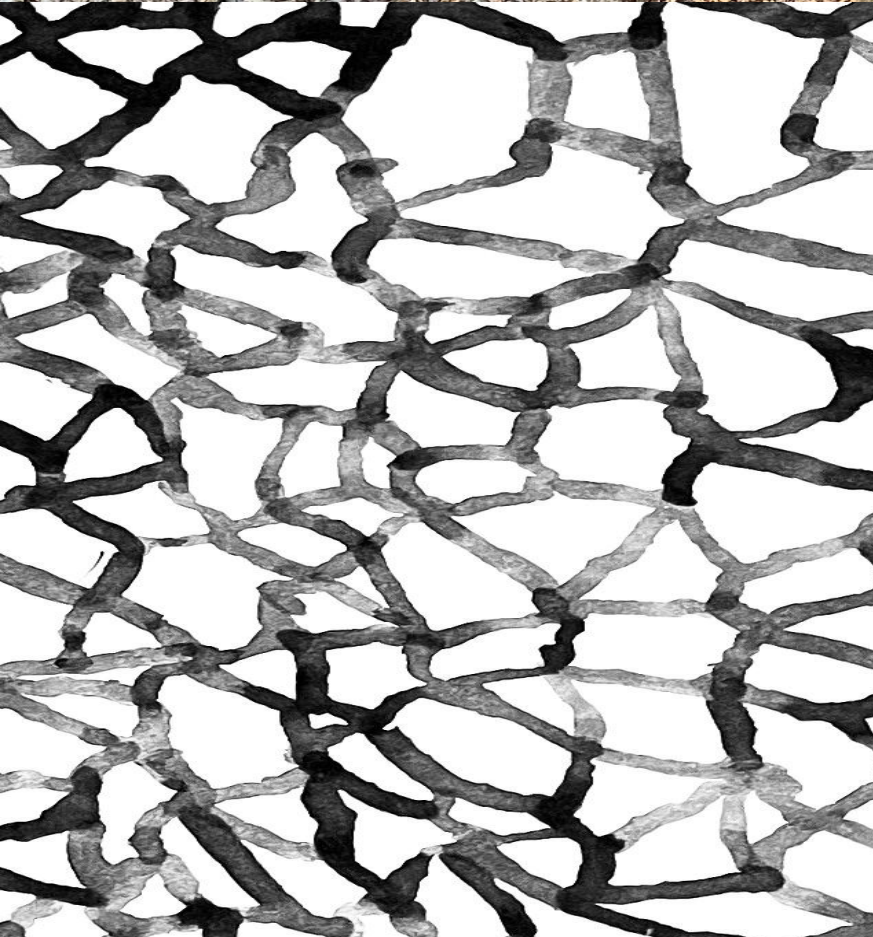


A person wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt is shown from the chest up, with their hands raised in front of them. The image is heavily tinted with a blue color. Overlaid on the image is the text 'WHEN 'S MY NEXT THING THAT I GET? JULY 2025' in a yellow, sans-serif font. The background is a light, hazy outdoor setting.

WHEN 'S MY  
NEXT THING  
THAT I GET?  
JULY 2025









# **BISCUITS N BISCUITS**

## **A One Act Parable**

**By Nicholas Lee Stolle**

*(A fluorescently lit, brightly colored fast food dining room, morning. There is a counter upstage with employees bustling about in the kitchen. They're making coffee. They're frying hash browns. They're dancing a grim dance.*

*At the till stands HONKBAR. He is maybe nineteen, his uniform is garish and ill-fitting, he has a look of confusion and dismay. He doesn't know how he got here. He punches the buttons on the computer and somehow the food gets made and given to the people on the other side of the counter. He floats along, he goes home and lays down when it's time for that. He do like a fudge pop.)*

HONKBAR (to no one)

What day is this? What year are we in and what land? When was I born and why? This is Biscuits N Biscuits, and I am Honkbar. Oh, the hour is early! At four of the night my Sony Dreamcube erupted into sound, into static! I bolted upright, a job to do! Little threads of melody in the piercing squall. Belinda Carlisle. Mumford and Sons. Who will be my sons? Where will I find my heaven, my place on earth?

*(An old man approaches the counter. He is seventy. He's eighty. Is he a hundred? He might be a hundred, and his red and white foam netted baseball cap floats atop his head. His Lee jeans sag low on his bony ass. For a moment we wonder if he is in fact dressed stylishly. Does he look cool? Like an early Beastie Boy? Or is he a hundred? He is MELVIN CLYDE.)*

MELVIN CLYDE

You, whuh, give biscuit. Coffee. Don't try, just you gimme, got coupon.

HONKBAR

Sir?

MELVIN CLYDE

Me I got biscuit you need give it. \$4.14 got coupon don't expire, gotta give it back, got biscuit for today.

HONKBAR

Sir? I don't understand how these words go together, or what you want, or how I can help you. We have roles that we play, and I am Honkbar! You are Melvin Clyde and every day you come to me and I press the buttons and you give me your crumpled little money and you sit down, and then I bring you a coffee and a biscuit with ham. Sometimes Sheila will bring it! It is set before you on the yellow formica. But you have to know the right words or I can't press the buttons, the sequence of everything has to happen just so! I beg of you, please!

MELVIN CLYDE

Good big boy and get biscuit and Melvin Clyde woke up for coffee, biscuit, and it's \$4.14 because coupon and coffee hot, real hot, make it boil. Microwave.

HONKBAR

\$4.14, sir. There is so much sadness!

*(MELVIN CLYDE turns downstage and shuffles slowly to the yellow four-top table. He stops halfway and falters. He wobbles, he woozles. He might fall, but you know he's not going to fall. But he might. Seamlessly, slowly, his wobbling becomes rhythmic and sequenced. MELVIN CLYDE is dancing for us. He spins and leaps, he clicks his heels. He pops out dabs that are so clean. Lights dim and a lone spot shines on MELVIN CLYDE, who has fallen to one knee. He sings for us.)*

MELVIN CLYDE

(Song: "AIN'T NOBODY QUITE LIKE MELVIN CLYDE")

Oh, there ain't nobody quite like Melvin Clyde!  
From the day that he was born until the day he died!  
He said, 'Goddammit, you sonofabitch!  
You better watch out, or I'll throw a fit!  
Lord! There ain't nobody quite like Melvin Clyde!

*(Lights snap back to full and MELVIN CLYDE resumes his short shuffle to the table. HONKBAR brings a tray with coffee and a wrapped sandwich. MELVIN CLYDE picks up the coffee, removes the lid, pours it on the floor, and stares blankly at HONKBAR.)*

HONKBAR

I'm sorry, sir!

*(HONKBAR runs upstage and disappears into the kitchen. Two other old men walk in and join MELVIN CLYDE. They are slightly younger, but still so old. One wears a nylon tracksuit, purples and teals and golds, lots of panels and zippers. Voigt sneakers. This is JURRY, and his finger is wagging constantly. It does not stop wagging. If he's talking to you, he's wagging it at you. If he's not talking to you, he might be wagging it at you anyway, or at the audience, or at the heavens.*

*The other man is a bit overweight, red t-shirt and Wrangler jeans. His hair is actually really beautiful. Heavily oiled and shaped into a neat little pompadour. Thick, short sideburns. This is BIG DAG and he's maybe a little dim, but he's also a sweet angel man who is nothing but love. If we allow him into our hearts we will be filled with such a light, but can he be trusted to make decisions on his own? Can he perform basic math?)*

JURRY

The coffee! I see it pooled upon the floor once more. I see its steam rise in affirmation of the grouted grid. The grid didn't exist and as such man had to invent it, and the hot juice of the charred fruit womb now lays within it. It will have been the doing of that boy! I know it! Boy!

*(HONKBAR, upstage, unseen, cries out in terror.)*



BIG DAG (the sweet old bear)

Little old Honkbar is a good boy, I seent him sleeping in his seat one time in his Toyota Tercel wagon. I seent him at the Kirby Foods, loadin' up on fudge pops for the summer solstice. I seent him warshin' his hands in the bathroom under this very roof. I reached out with these own paws of mine, and I touched his face, and I said prayers for him. He's a good little man and he brings us the biscuits.

JURRY

I say Boy!!

*(HONKBAR comes running with a mop, slips on the spilled coffee and eats absolute shit. He lands painfully on the mop handle. He might have hurt his leg real bad. He's down.)*

JURRY

Sunrise Snackpack, extra biscuit, coffee Big-Upped to a Real Big, real sweet, real light, make sure it's exactly as sweet and light as I need it to be, make sure it bears the sweetness and lightness that I myself was never capable of, in the precise amount of my deficit, make sure this breakfast solves all my problems, \$6.78, I know it is, don't you try to take me for a penny more.

*(HONKBAR is rolling about on the floor, he's broken, he didn't ask to be born, he can't get up.)*

BIG DAG

Hallo, sweet boy, gimme Doctor Pop n waffle fries medium.

*(HONKBAR has roused to a semi-standing position and hobbles upstage, not without great difficulty. JURRY and BIG DAG sit with MELVIN CLYDE. BIG DAG sits with his fingers interlaced on his belly, twiddling his thumbs, literally twiddling them, existing without a thought in his head. JURRY pulls an iPhone from his tracksuit pocket and shoves it into his own face, really mashes it in there.)*

MELVIN CLYDE

And Irene didn't, hamburger like the one I asked for, had pickle, and we didn't go down Lovington until wasn't nearly even dark yet, and old Greg Guntleiber ol' sonofabitch didn't get that sweetcorn cuz, ohh, the goddam alternator all gummed up and wudn't going and heaven may be a physical thing and it may only be the state of not having to ask about it anymore, but Judy she wanted to go to the Walgreens and but I told her that to want is to be dead in the ground and I couldn't find the batteries for the hearing aid anyhow and—

JURRY

In the news we see once again a regime of ungodded transexuals hell bent on undermining the foundation of our country! Transexuals, every last one of them! It hurts me so to see the lack of respect they exhibit for the highest office in the land; the closest man to God on this straight, white Earth; this living saint who asks nothing for himself and gives so freely to each one of us! But is that enough for the transexuals? Could anything be enough?

BIG DAG

I seent Papa had a whole toolbox filt with lady clothes out in the shop but I dint never say nothing. Papa go out there at night and played that soft sad music and locked the door.

MELVIN CLYDE

Didn't got known to myself, never got knowed who in there.

*(HONKBAR approaches with a plastic tray, sets breakfast before JURRY and BIG DAG.)*

HONKBAR

Sunrise Snackpack, extra biscuit, coffee Big Upped to Real Big, precisely as light and sweet as the unquantifiable hole inside of you. Doctor Pop and waffle fries. Please, please forgive me, I am a mere boy and I do not understand any of what goes on here day after day.

JURRY

I hate you, child. I hate that your nature is only to take, that you have never known work, that you have never served anything and never will. I suspect transexuality...

*(JURRY makes a grab for HONKBAR's crotch, HONKBAR swats at his hand and turns away in shame and terror. JURRY leaps from his seat and wrestles HONKBAR to the ground and attempts to pull his trousers from his body. HONKBAR fights with all his being. They flail pathetically as BIG DAG rises and proceeds downstage.)*

BIG DAG

Dahhh, I s'pose now I'm sing my song!

*(BIG DAG spits in his hands and smooths back his beautiful coiffure. He dances a slow, graceful softshoe. A sachryn, string-heavy countrypolitan number begins to play.)*

BIG DAG

(Song: "LOVE, NOURISH, CREATE; BIG DAG'S PLEA")

Love, nourish, create  
That's all I've to do-oo today  
Love all of God's friends,  
And kiss their sweet heads  
For it's later than you think

Nourish, create, and love  
The light that comes from above  
May it feed your dear soul  
May it fill your dark hole  
The sunshine is the lord's soft hug

Create, love, and nourish  
If Big Dag had only one wish



## BIG DAG (Cont.)

I would beg you to sew  
Wherever you go  
The world you would like to exist

*(BIG DAG bows deeply and returns upstage, where JURRY and HONKBAR remain engaged in a tussle. Rolling on the floor, slapping and swatting. MELVIN CLYDE is sitting face down in his biscuit.)*

## BIG DAG (booming)

You boys stop that!

*(Those boys stop that, at once. MELVIN CLYDE snaps to attention.)*

## BIG DAG

Now, I singed my song and you all should be for-shamed! This boy brings us biscuits! We eat the biscuits, and the waffle fries and the Doctor Pops, and do we ever say thank you? Do we ever ask this sweet boy what he's hungry for in this, the early morning of his life? We are old men, dead in the ground, and this boy here is the present and future!

*(JURRY, and MELVIN CLYDE rise and join BIG DAG. They cross downstage, and HONKBAR follows. A dance ensues. The old men encircle the boy and spin. It's almost a Maypole situation. It's like Godspell, but slow and rickety, and silent. After a time, the older men fall to their hands and knees and form a human pyramid.)*

*HONKBAR climbs to the top of the human pyramid. He pulls his Biscuits N Biscuits polo shirt over his head, struggles momentarily to free his head from the garment, and throws it to the ground. He stands before us bare chested, pale, hunched, emaciated. He addresses the audience, a boy king.)*

## HONKBAR

I cannot be killed! There is madness here, but it cannot poison my blood, only color it! And that color will never go to mud- for I am faceted! I am carved from stone and exist only in sharp angles and vertices! I am composed mathematically and can only grow sharper and more clearly defined! I am psychedelia itself, and I will eat all of this! All of the biscuits and all of the waffle fries! Your very bodies and souls! I cry to see you digging your hole and lying down inside, for I know it will never happen to me! I am Honkbar, and this is Biscuits N Biscuits.

*(The human pyramid collapses. HONKBAR takes a bad fall. He rolls from side to side, moaning in pain. The curtain drops, and then falls to the stage floor, covering the pile of crumpled men. A small fire erupts upstage, in the Biscuits N Biscuits kitchen.)*

## LIGHTS OUT



