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KINGDOM GONE  
[EXCERPT]

a play by

Robert Kerr

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## CHARACTERS

CYRUS BAILEY, mid-20s

LURLENE BAILEY, Cyrus' sister, mid-20s

MAW, Cyrus' mother, late 40s-50s

BELLE, mid-20s

LEON SHIVERS, about 40, Cyrus' parole officer

DALE HARGROVE, Belle's father, 50s-60s\*

JAYZEE BAILEY, Cyrus' brother, 14, but looks much older

COL. RICHTER, 30s-40s

BOB JOHNSON, 30s-40s

UNCLE ZOOBIE, 50s-60s\*

\*The same actor plays both DALE HARGROVE and UNCLE ZOOBIE.

## SETTING

The Bailey family's home. The living room, kitchen, porch, and part of the yard are visible. There is a shed in the yard, and next to the shed stands an old, discarded refrigerator.

## NOTE

"Holes" in JayZee's speech are indicated by underscores. What JayZee intends to say follows in italics. For example, in the line...

JAYZEE

Fi\_\_rs \_eep\_\_s.

*Finders keepers.*

... the "ind" sound in "Finders" and the "k" and "er" sounds in "keepers" are omitted. The line as spoken would sound something like "Fie ers eep zzz."

SCENE ONE

(In the living room, LURLENE irons a brightly colored department store uniform. While she sings, CYRUS enters and crosses the yard.)

LURLENE

(singing)

SOME THINGS YOU NEVER WILL KNOW  
SOME PLACES YOU NEVER WILL GO  
SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA GO BACK  
'TIL YOU'VE FOUND THE TRACK

A YOUNG MAN MEASURES HIS DAYS  
BY THE WOMEN HE'S LOVED, THE HELL THAT HE'S RAISED  
BUT ALL THIS WON'T MATTER IN TIME  
WHEN HE'S IN A BOX OF PINE

(CYRUS knocks on the door.)

It's open.

(CYRUS knocks again.)

It's *open*.

(CYRUS knocks again.)

I said it's open!

(LURLENE goes to the door and opens it.)

Cry-me. Cyrus? Cyrus, is it really you?

CYRUS

It's really me.

LURLENE

Really and truly?

CYRUS

Really and truly.

LURLENE

You're out?

CYRUS

That's right. Sprung free. I'm on my own recognizance now.

LURLENE

I can't believe it.

CYRUS

Well, you better, 'cause it's true.

(They hug, fiercely.)

LURLENE

Big brother, how you been?

CYRUS

I can't even begin to say.

LURLENE

Look, Cyrus, I don't want you to get offended or nothin, but I gotta ask. Are you out legit, or'd you bust free?

CYRUS

One hunnerd percent legit. I got my parole.

LURLENE

Whyn't you let us know you were gettin out?

CYRUS

I wanted to make a quiet return. I didn't want Maw throwin no big party, no big hullabaloo like that. I just wanted to pick up like I never left.

LURLENE

Well, whyn't you come in?

CYRUS

Is it okay?

LURLENE

Course it is. It's your home, ain't it?

CYRUS

If you say so.

(CYRUS follows LURLENE into the house.)

For nigh ten years now my home's been a cell six by eight in the Washapotamee State House a Corrections. I been gone so long this place feels like a house out of a dream. Not even my own dream, but somebody else's they done told me about. Where's Maw and JayZee?

LURLENE

JayZee's still at school, and Maw...

(Off, a car door slams.)

That must be her now.

(MAW enters from the yard, carrying groceries.)

Maw, guess who's home?

MAW

Don't tell me JayZee done skipped school again.

LURLENE

Come to the door. Let her see you.

(CYRUS does. MAW drops the groceries.)

MAW

Cyrus?

CYRUS

Hi, Maw.

MAW

Cyrus, is it really you? Really and truly?

CYRUS

Really and truly.

MAW

Oh, Cyrus, oh, child. Oh, you are a vision unto my eyes. You've come back, after ten years long and hard in the hoosegow, the rathouse, the pitpen, the joint, the can, the S.H. a goddamn C. I'm so proud you finally done busted out.

(LURLENE takes the groceries inside.)

CYRUS

Maw, I ain't busted outta nowhere. They let me go.

MAW

Cyrus, don't say that. Tell me you took the hard way out.

CYRUS

Fact is, the parole board saw fit to let me go.

MAW

Tah. You tell it your way, I'll tell it mine. Did prison make you hard?

CYRUS

It weren't no easy ride, I'll say that much.

MAW

They trade you around for cigarettes?

CYRUS

Maw.

MAW

Did they?

CYRUS

No.

MAW

You sure, a sweet little piece of ass like yourself? They cut you?

CYRUS

Nope.

MAW

They beat the livin shit outta you?

CYRUS

I tried to keep on folks' good sides.

MAW

You were supposed to be in *prison*, son. Where are my tax dollars goin'?

CYRUS

I just did my best to stay outta trouble.

MAW

Cyrus, that ain't what your Maw wants to hear. Tell me you were the baddest motherfucker in the joint.

CYRUS

I did volunteer work. I helped some a the guys learn how to read. Tried to keep my nose clean.

MAW

You kissed ass is what you did. Lurlene, did I raise you children to kiss ass?

LURLENE

Nobody's but yours, Maw.

MAW

Don't give me none a your pushback, girl.

(LURLENE takes the uniform and exits to her room.)

Dang, after ten years you must be thirsty. You want somethin to drink? I just got a whole bunch a Jiffy down at the Zoobie-Mart.

CYRUS

A whole bunch a what at the where?

MAW

Jiffy, at the Zoobie-Mart. Don't tell me you been inside so long you done forgot what Jiffy is.

CYRUS

I don't recall ever findin out to begin with.

MAW

It's the taste sensation that's been sweepin the nation for nigh three years.

CYRUS

Well, I have been away a mite longer'n that. What is it?

MAW

Carbonated dairy product. The wholesome goodness a milk and the sweetness a soda pop all rolled up in one. I got Purple Jiffy, or Passion Jiffy, or Vitamin Jiffy with extra calcium.

CYRUS

I'll just have water, thanks.

MAW

You sure? Lurlene, she loves her Jiffy. Day 'n' night she knocks 'em back faster'n a fratboy doin Jello shots. Girl drinks so much she's like to give herself a case a dire-beadies.

Cry-me, is that the time? I got to pick up JayZee.

CYRUS

How is ole JayZee?

MAW

Oh, you know, he's JayZee.

CYRUS

He was four years old last I saw him.

MAW

That's right, ain't it? JayZee, well, he's like Dr. Frankenstein and his monster all rolled up in one.

CYRUS

Huh?

MAW

I ain't got time to explain. You'll see for yourself. Welcome home, child.

(MAW goes. CYRUS is alone. He walks around the living room, running his hand over the back of the couch and the easy chair. He pulls back the curtains and looks out the window.)

(He goes to the refrigerator. He opens the freezer. It is full of Ziploc bags. He takes one out for a closer look. It contains four frozen hamburger patties. He puts the bag back, closes the freezer.)

(He opens the lower door of the refrigerator, takes out a can of Jiffy and examines it. He cracks it and takes a sip. It doesn't agree with him. He rushes to the sink and spits it out. He looks in the refrigerator again, but finds nothing he wants. He thinks, then remembers something.)

(He pulls a chair into the middle of the kitchen floor, stands on it, pushes up a ceiling panel, feels around, and comes up with a bottle of whiskey. He gets off the chair, goes to the cupboard, takes out a glass and pours himself a drink. He downs it.)

(He sits down next to the phone and picks up the receiver. Reading from a scrap of paper, he dials six digits. He hesitates before dialing the seventh. He hangs up.)

(He retrieves the bottle, pours himself another drink and knocks it back. He picks up the receiver and dials all seven digits in a rush, before he can change his mind.)

(Off to one side of the stage, a light up on BELLE, on the phone.)

BELLE

McAfee residence, Belle speakin. Hello? Hello?

CYRUS

Belle? I'm out.

(Light on BELLE out as she hangs up.)



(CYRUS hangs up, then dials again. He waits for an answer. Finally, he gives up and hangs up the phone.)

(CYRUS takes the bottle and the glass out onto the porch and sits down. He pours himself another glass.)

(LURLENE comes into the living room, brushing her hair. She is wearing the uniform she was ironing earlier. She comes out onto the porch.)

What's that?  
CYRUS

My uniform.  
LURLENE

Zoobie-Mart?  
CYRUS  
(reading the logo)

Biggest store you ever saw. Been workin there four years, ever since it opened.  
LURLENE

Watchyou do there?  
CYRUS

I'm a greeter, which means I gotta go up to ever' single person who comes into the store and say, "Welcome to Zoobie-Mart. We got it all and then some." I've gotta say it like I'm welcomin 'em to a weddin. It's awful exhaustin, bein so perky ten hours a day, but if the Undercover Shoppers catch you not bein perky enough, you get F.P.O.O.'ed. Freed to pursue other opportunities.  
LURLENE

Cry-me. That's awful harsh, ain't it?  
CYRUS

It's tough, but that's the way it is.  
LURLENE

You like it there, at least?  
CYRUS

It's okay. I just found out I'm Employee a the Month for the Panhandle Region.  
LURLENE

That right? You get some kinda prize?  
CYRUS

LURLENE

Well, next week Uncle Zoobie's droppin by.

CYRUS

I take it Uncle Zoobie's kind of important.

LURLENE

He's the C.E.O.

CYRUS

Well, congratulations, Lurlene.

LURLENE

Ain't that big a deal. Anyone who stays round Zoobie Mart for more'n six months without quittin or gettin canned is like to get it sooner or later.

(In the distance, the deep, long mooing of a cow, about an octave and a half lower than usual.)

CYRUS

What in Sam Hell was that?

LURLENE

What?

CYRUS

That noise. Sounded like a foghorn.

LURLENE

Oh. It's prob'ly a cow lowin.

CYRUS

Well, maybe, if the cow done swallowed a contrabassoon.

(Lowin again.)

LURLENE

That what you heard?

CYRUS

Uh-huh.

LURLENE

(pointing off)

Yeah, it's one a them madmonster cows over there.

CYRUS

That's what those big black 'n' white things are?

LURLENE

Don't tell me you been in lockdown so long you done forgot what a cow is.

CYRUS

Those things're round as beachballs and nigh big as humvees.

LURLENE

It's all the hormones they're pumped up with. Makes 'em big and juicy. Nigh four times the meat and ten times the milk of a regular cow.

CYRUS

Don't they got no legs?

LURLENE

Oh, yeah. Look underneath. You see 'em all splayed out like toothpicks stickin out from under a grapefruit?

CYRUS

How do they get back in the barn come nightfall?

LURLENE

They don't. Day 'n' night, right there's where they stay. When it rains, a team a ranchworkers comes out and pitches tents over 'em, right where they lay.

(From offstage, the sound of a car approaching.)

CYRUS

Aw, shoot.

LURLENE

Who's that?

CYRUS

My parole officer. Can you do me a favor and keep him outta the house while I get this bottle hid?

(CYRUS goes into the house. LURLENE stands on the porch steps, leaning on the post, blocking the way into the house. SHIVERS enters.)

SHIVERS

Mornin, miss.

LURLENE

'Scuse me?

SHIVERS

Said mornin.

LURLENE

It's afternoon.

SHIVERS

No foolin'?

LURLENE

Quarter a four.

SHIVERS

Lemme see.

(SHIVERS holds up LURLENE's hand to look at her watch.  
He holds her hand a little too long. She withdraws it.)

So it is. You're so purdy you done made me forget the time a day. No kiddin. You got a face like a risin sun.

LURLENE

Watchyou want?

SHIVERS

Is this the Bailey residence?

LURLENE

Was last time I checked.

SHIVERS

I'm lookin for one Cyrus Bailey. He at this address?

LURLENE

Uh-huh.

SHIVERS

Is he around?

LURLENE

He's inside.

(SHIVERS starts up the steps.)

Hold up. Who're you to be sashaying into our house like it's your own?

SHIVERS

I'm his parole officer.

LURLENE

You been invited?

SHIVERS

Don't need me no invitation. It's my job to keep my eye on him. On the other hand, there ain't no law sayin I can't wait for him out here and chat with you in the meantime.

(LURLENE sits down and lights a cigarette. SHIVERS sits next to her. She rises and goes to the edge of the porch.)

Nice outfit there.

LURLENE

It's for my job.

SHIVERS

You look like a bigole bombpop. I mean that as a compliment. I could have me one big, long lick. Cyrus never told me he had such a lovely wife.

LURLENE

We ain't married.

SHIVERS

How long you been together, then?

LURLENE

Since I was born. We're brother 'n' sister.

SHIVERS

That right? My name's Leon P. Shivers. The P stands for "pleased to meet you."

(Beat. LURLENE checks her watch.)

You got somewhere to be?

LURLENE

Work.

SHIVERS

Zoobie-Mart, huh? You like it?

(LURLENE shrugs.)

Hey, Miss Bailey, I got a proposition for you. Stick with me, and I guarantee, five years from now you won't gotta work at no Zoobie-Mart. You see, parole officin is just my day job while I get myself set up. I got me some lucrative side projects, and I mean lucrative. I see you like them cigarettes. Stick by my side, Miss Bailey, and we'll have us so much damn money you'll be rollin your tobacco in fifty-dollar bills.

(CYRUS enters.)

CYRUS

Afternoon.

SHIVERS

Cyrus, my man. So good to see you.

(LURLENE walks down the porch steps.)

Darlin', you have yourself a wonderful day. And you think on what I said, hear?

LURLENE

Sure, I'll think on it.

SHIVERS

I'll definitely be thinkin on you, real long and real hard, if you catch my meanin.

LURLENE

The only thing a girl's gonna catch from you is crabs.

SHIVERS

Dang, you strike quicker'n a rattler on amphetamines. I like that.

LURLENE

Cy, It's good to have you back.

(LURLENE exits.)

SHIVERS

My my *my my my*. That was one fine slice a tenderloin just rode off on that bike. Surely a scrumptious cutlet like that has got a name. I asked you a question.

CYRUS

Course she got a name.

SHIVERS

Well, what is it?

CYRUS

Whyn't you ask her yourself?

SHIVERS

Girl's so purdy, it done slipped my mind.

CYRUS

Well, if she didn't come out and tell you, maybe she's not so keen on you knowin.

SHIVERS

Now you listen, son. You got certain obligations you gotta fulfill if you don't wanna spend six more years in the cage, one a which is you got to answer any goddamn question I put to you. Now, I wanna know what name that tender pair a drumsticks goes by.

(Beat)

CYRUS

Lurlene.

SHIVERS

Purdy name. Like a drop a water fallin in a pond. Lurlene. Who'd a thought such a ray a sunshine woulda been sister to the infamous Cy Bailey?

CYRUS

Never knew I was so notorious.

SHIVERS

True, you ain't no Stalin Santiago, but you're a curious case nonetheless. Age seventeen, you're picked up for grand theft auto, DWI and manslaughter. Deputy takes you in and you sign that confession so fast a body'd think you done won the sweepstakes. Then, the ink barely dry, you start goin' on about how you were set up. You're denied an appeal, but still you keep this up for nigh three years, how you're innocent and the real killer is walkin free. Then one day you turn on a dime. You stop cryin foul. In fact, you sign a statement a contrition and give it to the warden. Not a peep outta you for seven more years, and finally you get your parole.

CYRUS

What's so curious about a fella facin the fact he done made a mistake?

SHIVERS

See, that's the thing. Your statement was good enough for the parole board, but I read it and I have trouble seein' what exactly you were contrite about. You go on about the mistakes you made and how you wish you could go back and do ever'thing over again. But I don't see anything in there about no GTA, no DWI, no vehicular manslaughter.

CYRUS

Your point bein'?

SHIVERS

I ain't so sure you're really sorry 'bout what you done.

CYRUS

I'm sorrier'n you'll ever know.

(SHIVERS is overcome with a coughing fit.)

Cry-me. You okay?

SHIVERS

Yeah, I'm fine.

CYRUS

That's some cough.

SHIVERS

I've had it for five years. It ain't killed me yet. Say, Cy, you ever heard a market research?

CYRUS

You mean where you call folks on the telephone and interrupt their dinner hour with a bunch a nosy questions?

SHIVERS

It just happens to be one a my numerous side projects. I got me an office with a hunnerd phones, and on those phones I got a hunnerd men, ever' single one an alumnus a the S.H. a C. You come on board, you'd make that number a hunnerd and one.

CYRUS

Does the state know you're runnin a business with your own parolees?

SHIVERS

Far as I'm concerned, the state is on a need-to-know basis.

CYRUS

Sounds like a little conflict of innerest, if you ask me.

SHIVERS

Far as I can tell, ever'body's innerests are in perfect alignment. Watchyou say?

CYRUS

I think I'll pass.

SHIVERS

I'll tell you right now, you won't find a better deal. Four years ago Zoobie-Mart floated in like a bigole mothership, fired up its tractor beam and sucked all the other business outta town. And I know for a fact they don't wanna besmirch their squeaky-clean image by hirin' no ex-cons.

CYRUS

I don't need nobody to hire me. I'm goin into business for myself.

SHIVERS

That right? Doin what, exactly?

CYRUS

Runnin a body shop up in Pitchfork Bend.



SHIVERS

I never knew you had a body shop.

CYRUS

I will soon as I get my hands on the deed.

SHIVERS

How'd you swing that?

CYRUS

Friend a the family.

SHIVERS

Huh. If that don't work out, you know who to call.

Well, I got me three other boys to check up on this afternoon. If you'll give me my gas money, I'll be on my way.

CYRUS

Gas money?

SHIVERS

It's ten miles back-n-forth from town. Somebody's gotta pay for the gas I burn.

CYRUS

Where's it say I'm the one's gotta pay?

SHIVERS

You think it's fair John Q. Taxpayer should pay for me to keep tabs on you?

CYRUS

All due respect, Mr. Shivers, but that's bullshit.

SHIVERS

You know, when I was drivin out here, about two miles back I passed by this crick, and standin in this crick was a little girl.

CYRUS

What's that got to do with anything?

SHIVERS

Couldna been no more'n eight years old, but boy, she was a cute one, standin in that crick, holdin a turtle. You could just tell she thought nobody was watchin her. But somebody was.

CYRUS

You.

SHIVERS

Well, sure, but there was also someone else, crouchin in the weeds between the road and the crick—a man old enough to be this girl's Daddy, watchin her. You got to admit, this situation sounds somewhat less'n savory. I got me a purdy good look at his face, and guess what? For a moment I thought it was you.

CYRUS

Watchyou sayin?

SHIVERS

He looked just like you, 'cept maybe eight or ten years older'n you look now. Plus, he had a limp and it looked like there was somethin wrong with his ear, like sometime way back when it got sliced up and never healed right. Still, I must say, the resemblance was uncanny.

CYRUS

I wasn't nowhere near that crick, and you know it.

SHIVERS

All I know is what I saw.

CYRUS

How'd I cover two miles on foot and beat you here drivin in your vehicle?

SHIVERS

You tell me, Mr. Rocket. All I know is, one word from me and you'll be on the next bus back to Washapotamee. However, if you were to show me you done reformed by doin your part and chippin in for the expense a the state keepin its eye on you, it might help persuade me it wasn't really you I saw back by that crick.

(Pause)

CYRUS

How much then?

SHIVERS

Ten-spot oughta do it.

(CYRUS hands over a ten-spot.)

Today you get a gold star for comporment.

Oh, one more thing. I was wonderin if you might do me a little favor.

CYRUS

Have I got a choice?

SHIVERS

I'm afraid I mighta made a less'n favorable impression on your sweet sister. Maybe you could find a way to talk me up. Tell her how I'm strong, but sensitive. Childlike, but also wise.

CYRUS

It's my sister you're talkin about.

SHIVERS

I assure you, my intentions are completely honorable. Just hint a little at my good qualities is all I'm askin.

CYRUS

I'll see what I can come up with.

SHIVERS

Much obliged.

(SHIVERS exits. Offstage, his car starts and speeds away.  
CYRUS takes out his wallet and counts what's left. He sighs.)

(He goes back inside. He sits next to the phone. He looks up a number in the phone book. He dials the phone.)

(A light up on DALE, on the phone.)

DALE

H&M Enterprises, Dale Hargrove speakin.

CYRUS

It's me. Cyrus Bailey.

DALE

Hold on. I gotta close the door. Already you're walkin free?

CYRUS

It's been nigh ten years.

DALE

Time does fly when you're havin fun. So watchyou want?

CYRUS

What you promised me. The body shop.

DALE

Right, right.

CYRUS

I hope you still got it to give me. I done kept up my side a the deal.

DALE

So you have.

CYRUS

When can I get my hands on it?

DALE

I need a coupla days.

CYRUS

I hope you're not jerkin me around.

DALE

I ain't. I just need to make some arrangements first.

CYRUS

One a the conditions a my parole is I gotta find gainful employment, and quick. My only prospect right now is that body shop. If that don't come through, I might start makin some noise 'bout what really done happened ten years ago.

DALE

You signed that statement a contrition, Bailey. Far as the law is concerned, the book is closed on what happened.

CYRUS

You curious to see what happens if I try openin that book again?

DALE

I don't take kindly to threats, son.

CYRUS

All I'm sayin is I want you to come by my place, deed in hand, afore the week is out.

(Beat)

DALE

I'll come by night after tomorrow.

CYRUS

What time?

DALE

When does your family turn in?

CYRUS

By eleven they're fast asleep.

DALE

Let's say three a.m.

CYRUS

Three a.m., night after tomorrow. Me and you. Pleasure doin' business.

DALE

Afore you go, a word to the wise. Now that you're back, you'd best steer clear a Ruben McAfee. He's still sore 'bout what happened to his paw. Ever' time your name comes up in conversation, he's like to go off on what he'd do to you if he met you alone in a dark alley.

CYRUS

Thanks for the tip.

DALE

And steer clear a Belle, too. She's moved on. Plus, you don't wanna give Ruben another reason to come after you.

CYRUS

Got it. See you in a coupla days.

DALE

In the meantime, you just sit tight. And don't call here again.

(Light out on DALE as he hangs up.)

(MAW and JAYZEE enter from the yard. JAYZEE is 14, but looks considerably older. He is so tall he has to duck every time he passes through a doorway.)

MAW

Cyrus child, say hi to your baby brother.

CYRUS

JayZee?

JAYZEE

Uh-huh.

CYRUS

You're kiddin, right?

JAYZEE

Nuh-uh.

CYRUS

Holy balls, how old are you again?

JAYZEE

Fourteen.

CYRUS

Christ, you're as tall as a whole basketball squad put together.

MAW

Didn't I tell you he was Doctor Frankenstein and his monster all rolled into one?

CYRUS

I see the monster part, but not the Doc Frankenstein.

MAW

Turns out JayZee's a genius. JayZee, tell your brother about the science fair.

JAYZEE

No.

MAW

You tell him how they screwed you outta first prize.

JAYZEE

I don't wanna talk about it. It cheeves me off.

MAW

JayZee wanted so bad to win the science fair. You see, he's such a genius he's always been real bad about doin his homework.

JAYZEE

Do they think the stuff they give us is hard? It's insultin.

MAW

Even though he's so smart, he's got himself a reputation for bein real slow 'cause of all his bad marks. So what JayZee was gonna do was win the science fair and show ever'body he wasn't slow at all. He set himself up a science lab in the shed out back with a whole bunch of equipment he mail-ordered real cheap from some Russian gangsters who were privatizin' their country's science program. He wouldn't let nobody into his lab to see what was goin on, but I could tell it was somethin big, what with all the spooky noises and flashin lights comin outta there.

At the end of it all, JayZee came up with a discovery so amazin it shoulda wiped the floor with ever' other kid at Jefferson Junior High. He even had a demonstration with a little white mouse and a wristwatch to prove it. But they went and gave the prize to someone else. Tell Cyrus who they picked.

JAYZEE

Sally friggin Jenkins.

MAW

She did a project on photosyphilis.

JAYZEE

Maw, it's *photosynthesis*.

MAW

That's right. A plant don't get enough light and it comes down with photosyphilis. After all that work JayZee did, that's the project got first prize.

JAYZEE

That's just dumb. Any idiot can put a box a weeds under a sunlamp and watch 'em grow.

MAW

JayZee asked the principal why he didn't win. Tell Cyrus what he said.

JAYZEE

No.

MAW

Go on.

JAYZEE

It's humiliatin'.

MAW

The principal looked JayZee straight in the eye and said what he did to that mouse was just a magic trick. And he said even if what JayZee done discovered was real, there wasn't no way it was gonna be discovered by some no-account fourteen-year-old from a broken home.

JAYZEE

They're all *morons*!

(JAYZEE kicks over a chair.)

MAW

When JayZee heard that, he went on a rampage. He destroyed ever' other exhibit in that gymnasium. Busted glass and tore-up tagboard ever'where. He got himself suspended for two weeks. I tell you, Cyrus, there ain't no justice in this world.

CYRUS

What was it he discovered?

MAW

A brand-new particle, bittier than the bittiest thing you ever saw. And he done named it after me. It's called squeeze-your-mother.

JAYZEE

Actually, it's called squizzy matter.

CYRUS

What is it?

JAYZEE

It's matter that done got knocked outta sync with time. Like when two stars slam together, or an asteroid hits the earth, sometimes some a that matter gets hit so hard it's knocked clear outta the space-time continuum, like Shirtless Joe Jameson knockin a fly ball outta the park. Sometimes it gets knocked twenty years into the past, sometimes a hunnerd years into the future. But the thing is, squizzy matter don't quite fit into the new time frame. If you read the waves comin off the matter, you see it's out a sync with all the regular non-squizzy matter 'round it. It's sorta squeezed in the gaps, never quite fittin in. So I called it squizzy matter.

CYRUS

Huh.

MAW

Is that all you can say is "huh"?

CYRUS

It's mighty impressive if it's true.

MAW

It is true. JayZee, show your brother the trick with the mouse. Then he'll see.

JAYZEE

I don't wanna show nobody nothin right now.

MAW

He gets awful touchy when he talks about the science fair. Maybe he'll show you later, when he's in a better mood.

[END OF EXCERPT]