

Yelled the giant cuneiform guy.

Man refers to hu-man, by the way.

Man 1: I have in my means, the methods to suppress

Man 2: Pants or no pants

Man 1: (checks edema on their ankle) Add an L

Man 2: Supplants or expressible speech therapy?

Man 1: (produces a can of Lysol) Hairspray?

Man 2: Good film, but...

Man 1: Bad timing (Lysols their armpits), add an M

Man 2: IMPRESSIVE (whispers incoherently into their wrist)

[Man 1's edemas suddenly swell up like footie water bags]

Man 1: (starts singing that Enya song)

Man 2: (joins in on the song but sings it backwards)

[Old timey alarm clocks spill out of the ceiling, floor, and immaterial planes by the hundreds - truckloads - all have swastikas instead of regular clock hands, and the ticking is like cicada only tenfold. As the clocks pile up, Man 1's very swollen edemas enable them to float atop the Hitler clocks, each singing the Enya song at the top of their lungs, backwards and forwards and really reverby. Riding the crest of clocks like a wave of surf, Man 1 and Man 2 have been saved! Then, the clocks go off, one BIG BIG ALARM]

Man 1 & 2: TIME'S UP!

[At once the clocks stop, the edemas pop, melting the clocks into piles of fine woodgrain-like dust]

Man 1 & 2: Ssshhh

[The last swastikalarm turns into a warm cat purr, becoming a reverby echo, eerily like the Enya song]

Man 1: LOL (rustles some change in their pants)

Man 2: SAUL? (Reads an incoherent receipt produced from pocket)

[The two use massive cans of Lysol to spray/blow the piles of swastikalarm dust into organized territories. Each territory is denoted by arbitrary borders, with insignias remarkably reminiscent of pants, purrs, and bacterial swelling at the ankles. Once every

territory is redistricted into tiny petty factions, all are consumed by their unremarkable lack of differences but resolute patriotic anthems...]

Man 1: And now we pray

Man 2: For more air and S (drags out the "sssss")

Man 1: Implicit and compliant

Man 2: Explicit and ease (drags out the "zzzzz")

[Z being the last letter you'd ever like to hear, turns into a square wave, audible and visible and smelling of freshly Lysol'd porn theaters from the 1990's. Despite it seeming to take place for hours, the entire production comes in well under a minute]

Man 2: Don't you mean to say, "transpired"?

Man 1: (counting back from 60) 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 ...

Man 1 & 2: ZED

[Lights out, nation states dissolve into one swollen edema, the sound of rustling change in the pockets joins the return of the square wave, which ends in an abrupt cut and the sound of a plaintive cat meow]

Man 1: You forgot S

Man 2: Don't you mean "US"?

Man 1: Just like the 90's, man (reads off a receipt)

Man 2: I love the brackets, too

Man 1: Swaddled Z's in an alarming manner?

Man 1 & 2: HASHTAG PORTMANTEAU

Man 2: And another wave of nationalism

Man 1: That was a great album

[The two high five, the high five is a snapshot, turned into an ironic motif while a ticking old timey alarm clock returns as a soundtrack to a GIF file played at cinemas worldwide]