

Kid pro-crow.

Man refers to hu-man, by the way.

Man 1: Hoary, aren't we?

Man 2: Independent of...

Man 1: Collective

Man 2: Negligence

Man 1: Negating electives

Man 2: Genital corrections

(Both whip out old skool flip phones and furiously thumb-text each other, each screen projected side by side in back, showing us how irritating it was to exist back then, mistakes are amplified on screen, until the two finally resolve to text in binary codes that only the two would understand)

Man 1: This new codex is an oar, oui or no?

Man 2: Dependence on pants is merely participatory.

(The two trade pants, despite size difference, constructed gender norms, etc)

Man 1: Did we vote for this?

Man 2: Is there snow in the forecast?

(The two switch pants again, to the tune of gentle clicking sounds of flip phones opening and closing)

Man 1: I could see how these activities might be construed by a certain elite as counterproductive to the evolving and resolve of a thriving culture

Man 2: Agreed. While snow is in fact in the forecast, our personal resolutions dated yearly by annual ritual lists, all of which have a lingo that might be interpreted by current standards as being mossback

(Coats of moss are lowered to the stage while white powder, presumably representing snowfall descends. The two don the coats and proceed to do lines of the powder, the sniffing sounds incorporating with the flip phone clicking, with binary flashes of text projections turning into patriotic symbols of our nation's great heritage. The emotion pours from the cheeks - tears of nostalgia - mixing with the powder into stuff resembling seafoam, and lots of it. MOSS becomes the next electoral issue, symbolized by an oar and this author's first boner.)

Man 1 & 2: Oui. Oar. Know.
Man 1 & 2: WE ARE... NO.