

Place—

Country Boy Mine, Breckenridge Colorado

Hendrick—

Breckenridge Old Timer. Tour Supervisor.

Seth—

Bro #1. Tour Guide.

Tommy—

Bro #2. Came along on his buddy Seth's tour because he heard that at the end you get the chance to pan for gold and he needs some weed money.

The McKinneys from Flower Mound, Texas—

Needed to find something to do, having booked their Winter vacation for cheap during mud season not realizing the lifts had closed. Booked a mine tour @ Country Boy.

Hendrick:

Well, we've now been trapped in this gal darned Country Boy mine for 64 days [makes hash mark on wall].

Mr. McKinney:

Soon we'll have topped the record set by those Chilies...er...um...Chilean miners...they were in for what, 69 days?

Seth and Tommy:

Dude....69! [giggle together]

Hendrick:

That's enough out of you two—

Mrs. McKinney:

Oh, I just caint take it anymore. It's all my fault—I shoulda taken it as a bad sign when that ski in ski out condo I'd been lookin' at for so long, with the granite countertops and built in firepit on the deck—was finally within our budget. The dream ski vacation I'd always longed for—I thought I was doin a good thing, bookin it for when the kids were out of school for the Summer—

We never shoulda been in this mine—we should be skiing! It's a ski town—that's what they call themselves. Not a 'Get Stuck in a Mine' town.

Mr. McKinney:

Oh, shut it, Dora. We'll find our way out, one way or another—

Alice McKinney:

I mean, seriously—isn't there some kind of 'ride operator' that can at least turn some lights on? Everytime I've been stuck on a ride at Six Flags, they sent someone to hit a button. Which was cool and all—but, you know I really didn't mind it because I could just make out with my boyfriend longer. And Seth, you were givin a great tour—I'd totally make out with you right now. But it'd just be weird, sittin' here with my parents and all, you know?

Seth:

Chhhschhaaaaa. Totally. But your mom's totally hot. I'd way rather make out with her anyway—

Mrs. McKinney:

Well, that is just about the freshest thing I've heard come out of...

[interrupts]

Tommy:

Fresh? There hasn't been anything FRESH come out of ANYWHERE—unless it's Seth's ass—Dude, this tunnel is TOO SMALL and we've been here for TOO LONG for you to be dealin' out that nasty shit. All I wanted was my chance to pan—you said to come take your fuckin tour because I'd get a gold nugget from the river afterwards. Outta cash, I needed bad to smoke a bowl—oh ya, I was hungry too. And my choices were to get a job, get a girlfriend, or come on your FUCKING TOUR for my gold. Clearly, I shoulda gotten a girlfriend.

Hendrick:

Speaking of girlfriends—did I ever tell you guys I'm a graduate of the Bishop Eddie Long School of Heterosexuality? They taught us that the way to attract girls and be attracted to girls is through the music of Elvis Presley. With that, I'd like to sing a few lines—

Seth:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! We've heard all your Elvis songs a thousand times already—and you're right. I'm that much more attracted to girls now, hearing you sing—

Tommy:

DUDE!Dude.Dude.—what are all you guys gonna do when we get outta here? The Chile miners all scored like, mega deals—books, tv shows, movie roles. Dude, fuck your gold nugget—I can buy like my own weed farm for the ca-ash I'm gonna make. The girls'll be BEGGING to buy my dinner and give me a place to live. MOVIE STA-AR...

Hendrick:

I'm gonna have my face put on the opening day travel mug—all those realtors with theirs on the shopping carts and on the ads in the bus are gonna be so jealous. The TRAVEL MUG is prime real estate, if you ask me—

Mrs. McKinney:

I'm gonna start my own Real Housewives show franchise. I can see it now—The Real Housewives of Flower Mound, Texas. The other shows all have stuff like shopping on Rodeo Drive, afternoons on their husbands' yachts, and, um...vacations. Mine will have shopping at The Mound Mini Mall, afternoons tubing down the creek, and road trips to

Houston.

Seth:

My girlfriend's gonna break up with me.

Hendrick:

Wait, how does THAT work? You make gazillions of dollars—and your girlfriend's gonna want to break up with you? Usually it doesn't work that way, man.

Seth:

Ya, well—she tried to get me to leave her place, and, like, take her out on dates and shit and said I could stay there on the weekends. But I was like, bitch—it'd make way more sense if I came by every 3rd day so I could keep up on my shower schedule. Now I'll be able to afford my own showers at the rec center on a regular basis—and won't have to take her out on any fucking dates either. So ya—with my money, I'll be showeing at the rec center and my girlfriend's gonna break up with me because I won't be coming over at all. And I'm gonna splurge on an air conditioning unit for my van—those dudes with air conditioners on their vans have it made. It gets hard to sleep sometimes it's so stuffy.

Tommy:

Oh-Oh-OH! Dude---

Tommy & Seth Together:

UNLIMITED CREPES!—

Tommy:

Fuck, I'm gonna BUY the crepe stand.

Alice McKinney:

I'm gonna buy something from Canary in a Clothes Mine with my thousands.

Mrs. McKinney:

Oooh, a new wardrobe?

Alice McKinney:

Oh, dear lord no. But maybe I'll have enough for a skirt!

Mr. McKinney:

I'm gon' buy me one of them Hummer-deals.

Mrs. McKinney:

But honey, it doesn't snow where we live. And you work from home.

Mr. McKinney:

But everyone ELSE in Texas drives them for no good reason! III waaannnnnaaaaaa.....

[starts stomping and whining]

[Drill sounds through ‘the wall’. Just a bit of light breaks in. Razors, bear claws, and clumps of weed are tossed in from off-stage]

Mr. McKinney:
Razors!

Hendrick:
Bear claws! I can NEVER afford these things—

Seth and Tommy:
Weeeeeeeeee!

[a coat hanger is extended with a piece of paper stuck on it]

Hendrick:
Oh, sweet! I know what this is...hold on. I’ve got just the thing.
[pulls a tube of red lipstick from his pocket]
All six of us are well inside the shelter [he writes. Sticks it back on the coat hanger which is pulled back off stage]

[The coat hanger comes back with a different note stuck on it for the miners to read. Everyone gets excited. Tommy grabs it off the hanger and reads-]

Tommy:
“Hendrick, you cheating douchebag. I met your girlfriend when she threw a spaghetti dinner fundraiser at the Gold Pan for you. You can move back into the tent you came from when you get out. Love Your Wife Patricia.”

Seth, Tommy, et. al;
Ooooooooooooooh. That’s rough, man—[various expressions of feeling sorry for Hendrick]

[The hanger comes back with another note. Tommy takes it]

Tommy:
“Seth, this is Kelly. You’d better be finding me some diamonds while you’re in that cave or maybe you can dig up a real job. I’m done wasting my time”.

Everyone:
[various expressions of ‘that sucks’...]

[Additional drilling sounds. A larger amount of light pours out from ‘the hole’]

A deep voice spoken through a loudspeaker:
This is NASA! We’ve been given an allowance of just enough federal money to pay the men for the time it takes to rescue you. Hustle out!

Hendrick:
Well, this is it, folks—

Tommy:
Fuck, ya! I'm outta here—[leaves]

Mrs. McKinney:
I'm a housewife! I'm finally a housewife!—[leaves]

Mr. McKinney:
I don't have to ask anyone's sister for one—Hummer Land, Flower Mound here I come—[leaves]

Alice:
Bye, boys—I hope Main Street's still open—[leaves]

[Seth and Hendrick remain]

Seth:
So, um...go head.

Hendrick:
No, you first—I insist.

Seth:
No, really man—bosses first.

[Two female voices shout from 'the hole']:

1. Hendrick! You get your ASSSSSSSSS outta that HOLE—

2. Come on, CHOLO—I got a plate a' spaghetti for you—

[Seth grabs the weed and one of the notes as a rolling paper—offers it to Hendrick.
They both kick back and relax]