

The Magic Jukebox

STC's Musical Sketch Comedy for Lovers and Platonic Friends Vol. 1

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THE ALIEN INVASION

CHARACTER

Secretary
Madame President
General
Head of the CIA
Scientist
Vice President
Alien

PRESIDENT is staring pensively out her window, SECRETARY busts in like he's on fire

PRESIDENT (wheeling around)
Oh, Secretary Johnson--

SECRETARY (holds up hand for her to stop)
Madame President, please hear me out
We've captured one of the aliens and know that they're about--

PRESIDENT
Why are you singing? This isn't a time for--

SECRETARY (desperate)
Please! (ahem, running through the first line in order to remember his song)
We've captured one of the aliens and know that they're about--
1,000 times as smart as us confirming all our fears
We probed their eyes and nose and mouth... but then we found the ears
It turns out that their senses are precise and very strong
But their ears can not decipher words... that....are....in song...

PRESIDENT
You're kidding me.

SECRETARY
Please, Madame President- not another word
We can't risk this intell being overheard
We've also learned we that we can block their constant surveillance--
By moving in a rhythmic way and, well, doing a little... dance.

PRESIDENT
I think you might need to lay down--

SECRETARY

I'm begging please,

PRESIDENT

We've had a lot of late nights, this alien thing has been very stressful--

SECRETARY (drops to knees)

I'm on my knees,

Here- read this aria it's from the Japanese...prime minister

(he hands her some sheet music)

PRESIDENT (reads sheet music, kind of singing along)

Fine.

da-da-de-da-de-de-da...

da-da-de-da-de-de-da...

Oh shit

da-da-de-da-de-de-DEEEE

(pause, in full rock opera)

Alright Secretary,

But if you're just having fun

I will personally hurl you

Out the doors of Air Force One

I swear I'll watch your entrails

Line the tops of little trees

If you are just using this to play a trick on me

SECRETARY

I won't play a trick on you

PRESIDENT

So, here's what we're gonna do

Now that I understand

We need to put our heads together and we'll make a fucking plan

SECRETARY

Yes, we'll make a fucking plan

(pause)

PRESIDENT

I don't have a fucking plan

SECRETARY

Let me help you, ma'am

First I'd call on the general, he's the highest defense in the land

Then I'd call on the head of the CIA to give that man a hand!

GENERAL and HEAD OF THE CIA enter, reluctantly dancing as they are introduced

CIA

I hate this. I hate this so much.

GENERAL (to CIA, nudging him hard)

Shut up and sing.

Ahem (blows pitch pipe)

Alright, from our surveillance,

We know that they live within a hive

And if we kill the mothership

No alien will stay alive--

Although they have the strongest force field

That our scouts have ever seen

And if we will destroy them then we'll need a giant laser beam

CIA/GENERAL/SECRETARY

Yes, a giant scary laser beam!

(little Gilbert and Sullivan dance)

PRESIDENT

We don't have a giant laser, they don't even exist!

Unless you have some kind of super genius scientist--

CIA

Well....

There's things we haven't told you yet

So, please don't scream and shout

There may be a few projects that we haven't been up front about!

CIA/GENERAL/SECRETARY

Yes, super secret projects that we haven't been up front about!

(little Gilbert and Sullivan dance)

PRESIDENT

Whoa--- whoa-- WHOA!

*That makes me really angry
But under the circumstances
Why don't you tell me all about it
And make sure you're doing little dances*

CIA

*Sin...cer...ly... sorry Madame President
Oh yes, we get your rage
Honestly, we never thought this work would take the stage
That's why I'm so excited for this man to take the floor
He's from a special Area that's numbered 54!*

CIA/GENERAL/SECRETARY

*Yes, he's research scientist from Area 54!
OH--- YES---- HE'S A--*

PRESIDENT

Yah, I get it.

Enter SCIENTIST

SCIENTIST

(accompanied by oohs and ahhs from CIA/GENERAL/SECRETARY)

*Madame President, I have to say, it's such an honor just to meet you
I swear they'll never be a day, I'll let these aliens defeat you
But the time is drawing near, we must act quick and discretely
Please just put aside your fear and please trust in me comple-e-e-etly--*

VICE PRESIDENT (runs in)

Madame President-

(all freakout that he's not singing)

PRESIDENT

*Vice President Moore, we have a plan, it's a relief
Why don't you take a quick seat and we'll give you the full brief*

VICE PRESIDENT (refusing to sing)

Oh the singing thing? I read that memo. No, no, I'm not doing that. That's ridiculous. We need to treat with them- we should send a delegate. I mean, sure they can read our thoughts, but maybe they're not even--

CIA takes out a gun and kills VICE PRESIDENT

CIA

Sooooooooo--

Sorry everybody

We are right and he was wrong

He was a liability

Please Scientist go on-- (waving gun a SCIENTIST)

Yes, please Scientist go on!

(All stare at him in horror while he dances, SECRETARY drags body offstage,
SCIENTIST shakes it off and goes on)

SCIENTIST

I planned a plan in twenty-twelve

When I was sure the world was ending

There were no aliens to fear, no worries that our minds were bending--

Here's my plan, here's what we'll do

This machine that I've created

It can make a laser beam with our singing concentrated

We will tear their force field down

With the power of our sooooooooouuuuuuunnd!!

PRESIDENT

Scientist! You've done it! You're the truly man of the hour!

SCIENTIST

I just need frequencies that will give to the laser power!

(handouts sheet music to the all)

GENERAL

Excellent job scientist- we don't have time to waste--

CIA

Let's power up the laser and we'll shoot it into space!

ALL

Yes! We'll sing into your laser and we'll shoot it into space!

SCIENTIST readies the laser and, they all hold out the sheet music- in a four person fugue

Begin Fugue

PRESIDENT

*By the hallowed stars and stripes
That I've fought and protected!
I hope this stupid laser works
I hope I'm re-elected!
Whoa-oh let these asshole aliens
Know we won't be their slaves
This is fucking America
The land of the free
And of the brave!
Fuck yah.*

CIA/GENERAL

*Oh no, that was so close!
We almost blew it!
Thank God we had that guy
To get us through it!
Can't wait to fry their ship
Yes, now's our chance
Then we can stop this stupid
Fucking dance
This stupid song and dance!*

SECRETARY

*This whole thing has been really pretty scary
I never thought I'd see this shit while I was secretary
Although I've always wished, but I never dared to say
My dream is to be on the stage, yes, dancing on Broadway!
It's really kind of made my love for singing re-awaken
Perhaps I'll take some classes and I'll get some headshots taken!*

SCIENTIST

*Oh my God, this is so sweet!
I'm like a Jedi
Feel the heat!
Of my laser
Soon you'll see!
The ladies will have sex with me
Have sex with me!
Yes! sex with me!
Soon someone will have sex with me!
I told you mother!*

End Fugue

ALL
*ALIENS, THIS IS WHY THEY SAY!
DON'T EVER FUCK WITH THE U.S.A.!*

SFX: Laser beam shooting out into space as the lights flicker...

ALL FREEZE mid-scene. Lights up on an ALIEN standing downstage.

ALIEN
What- whoa- (clutches head) the sound, it's ARGH- It's making me have to....
Oh, Yes! We'll kill the human race!
Can't wait to start the fun
We will make their bodies egg sacks
For our thousands and thousands and thousands...
OF YOUNG!
(ALIEN's head explodes)

SFX: EXPLOSION!

Lights out on ALIEN. ALL unfreeze, all lights stop flickering and return to normal

PRESIDENT
Did it... work? Whoah-yah, did it work?

CIA/GENERAL
Oh, yes we have been notified by several astronomic spies-

CIA
YES several astronomic spies!

GENERAL (nudges CIA to stop singing)
Ahem. Yes. We mean: yes it worked. The Earth has been saved. (pause, it doesn't feel satisfying) Oh, fuck it.

ALL (in full song)
THE EARTH HAS BEEN SAVED!!!!

BLACKOUT

PRAYER TO THE GODS OF BULLSHIT

CHARACTERS

Jim
Lydia
Gods of Bullshit (offstage voice)
Bullshit Angels

LYDIA sits at a table, JIM awkwardly enters looks around, LYDIA half waves tentatively, JIM returns the wave, then with more confidence approaches the table.

JIM
Lydia?

LYDIA
Yah, hi--

JIM
Jim.

LYDIA
Jim, right I know. Hah.

JIM sits down and they smile at another.

JIM
So, wow- you look really- I mean, OK- sometimes when you meet someone they look so different from their profile- but you look, like, just like it. So, yah.

LYDIA
Thanks. Um, so do you.

JIM
I mean, to say, you look nice. (awkward pause) So, um, in your profile it said were kind of new to the city.

LYDIA
Yah, I'm out here on an internship kind of- finishing my masters?

JIM
Oh- that's awesome- right, I remember that- what was your major?

LYDIA
Poly Sci- which is actually why I was so excited to meet you- you said you loved discussing politics and environmental issues and I was like, "who says that- that's awesome"!

JIM

Oh, right- yah- I did say that. Yah, I do. Um, I'm really into that kind of stuff, I'm a huge nerd for it, like I never miss the Daily Show, and you know...

LYDIA

Oh, yah, that's show is pretty funny...

JIM

Sure, it's funny. But I'm really about real news sources, like Huffington Post... there's a BuzzFeed page I'm OBSESSED with...

LYDIA

Sure. Do you have a favorite author? I'm into Reza Aslan, um, Lawrence Wright- Stephen Ambrose kind of changed my life--

JIM

OH! I know who that is- he's the Band of Brother's guy!

LYDIA

Yes. He is. ANYway, I was reading this article on Syria and I mean it's kind of unreal, right? Like, I can't believe that this kind of stuff happens NOW in our world. I mean, have you been reading what our government is doing?

JIM

Right, again, American stepping in where we don't belong--

LYDIA (still on her rant)

NOTHING. I mean, seriously nothing.

JIM

Right- yah- we aren't doing anything.

LYDIA

And why? Because Russia MIGHT be involved? I mean, I don't know- do you have, like, any thoughts or whatever?

JIM (pause, considers how hot she is)

Yes. Yes I do.

Pause. LYDIA freezes, spotlight on JIM

JIM

Dear Gods of Bullshit, she's really really hot, please please help me in my time of need, I beg of

you, please hear my bullshit prayer...

BULLSHIT GODS (offstage voice)
MY SON, YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN HEARD. WE HAVE SENT... THE BULLSHIT ANGELS...

The BULLSHIT ANGELS- a gospel choir- enter, wreathed by golden light, they start to clap and hum, JIM gets up and stands in front of them.

JIM
Weeeellll-elll-elll.... Syria...

BULLSHIT ANGELS
Such a shame!

JIM
It's such a shame!

BULLSHIT ANGELS
These things can happen- in modern day!

JIM
In modern day!

BULLSHIT ANGELS SOLOIST
YES, modern day!

JIM
And all the...

BULLSHIT ANGELS (shrugging)
Violence!

JIM
Yah, violence! And all the...

BULLSHIT ANGELS (taking a stab)
Bombs!

JIM
Oooh yah, the bombs!

BULLSHIT ANGELS SOLOIST (checking phone)

*Hangout a second let me check my Facebook feed looks like my friend just posted about some kind chemical weapons attack that happened near a school, I think...
Let me google it
Yah it was totally a school!*

JIM

*Yah! That!
I mean...
What about the... children?!*

BULLSHIT ANGELS (nod giving him thumbs up- good one Jim!)
The little babies!

BULLSHIT ANGELS SOLOIST
What about the people?

JIM
The innocent people!

BULLSHIT ANGELS SOLOIST (still on phone)
*Oh shit I see on the news
They like to use
The word "rebels" when they refer to the bad dudes
Yah, We should say that!*

BULLSHIT ANGELS/JIM
*That rebel war, war, whoa, whoa-
That rebel war!*

BULLSHIT ANGELS
WHOA, their WAR!

BULLSHIT ANGELS/JIM
*Their War, their war- Ohhh their war!
YAH, their war, their war, their war
the Rebel's war, their war, their war!
(with tambourine)
Oh Syria!
OH SYRIA!
Oh Syria!
OH SYRIA!*

JIM

There's a lot of scary shit going down in Syria!

LYDIA

Right- and I was thinking about how Al Qaeda got involved--

JIM

OH! Al Qaeda I know what that is!

BULLSHIT ANGELS

They are terrorists!

JIM

Yah! Terrorists!

BULLSHIT ANGELS/JIM

I'm talking about T-E-R-R-O-R-I-S-T-S!

JIM (preach, Jim, preach it)

If you think Terrorists are bad, I want to to get up on your feet and sing with me!
What are terrorists?

BULLSHIT ANGELS

They are bad!

JIM

I can't hear you- I said- what are terrorists?

BULLSHIT ANGELS

They are bad!

So bad!

JIM

I'm gonna ask you again and I want you to really really feel it in your bones!

I want to hear you reach down deep into your soul and I want to you say it directly to the heavens--

So that a satellite can pick up the transmission of our collective voices and that transmission can bounce off of the satellite

BULLSHIT ANGELS

That's how satellites works!

JIM

Yes it is! And that transmission can be directed into the desert cave where Al Qaeda lives and

they can KNOW- oh, I said they can KNOW how we feel about them- so let me ask you- what are TERRORISTS?

BULLSHIT ANGELS
THEY ARE BAD!!! WHOA- WHOA!

BULLSHIT ANGELS SOLOIST
Whoa, whoa, whoa Terrorists are bad

JIM
So bad...

BULLSHIT ANGELS/JIM
They are baaaaaaaaa.

JIM
YES-AH! (to CHOIR) I did it! YES!

Applause, high fives all around, the BULLSHIT ANGELS linger in the background, looking on proudly, JIM sits back down, proud of himself.

LYDIA
Yes, sure. Terrorists, um, are the cause of a lot of bad things.

JIM (still riding his high of a good bullshit streak)
YES THEY DO!
(JIM offers her his hand for a high five, is met with less enthusiasm, but doesn't notice)
Anyway- you know why I was so excited to meet you? You said liked comics? In your profile? And I was like, that's awesome for a girl, I mean, not for a girl, but for anyone. So, are you like more of a classic Marvel heros person- or are you, like, more into the narrative graphic novel Vertigo Noir stuff?

LYDIA
Um. Yah. I mean. Both. I like them all. (LYDIA momentarily turns steeple her hands, her eyes turn upwards) Dear Gods of Bullshit, I'm 34 now and my ovaries are literally weeping tears of blood, please, please help me through this in my bullshit time of need....

BULLSHIT ANGELS runs behind her and start to hum and clap

LYDIA
Weeeeee-elll-elll.....Comic books!

BULLSHIT ANGELS

Neil Gaiman's the Sandman!

BLACKOUT

LITERAL DANCE OFF

CHARACTERS

Johnson

Douglass

Crowd Members

Johnson's Hype Man

Douglass's Hype Man

CROWD is dancing at a club, "**Jump Around**" by **House of Pain** is on, JOHNSON and DOUGLASS jump around. JOHNSON and DOUGLASS crowd one another, almost immediately it switches to "**Mama Said Knock You Out**" by **LL Cool J**. JOHNSON and DOUGLASS mime knocking each other out, the circle starts to clear, JOHNSON and DOUGLASS assume battle stances

JOHNSON'S HYPE MAN

AW YAH! IT'S A LITERAL DANCE OFF, YO!

CROWD MEMBER

Wait- what's a literal dance off?

DOUGLASS'S HYPE MAN

It's when two white dudes who aren't really that good at dancing just kind of act out the lyrics of songs- and IT'S ABOUT TO GET HOT IN HERE!

Nelly's "Hot in Here" plays, JOHNSON backs off giving DOUGLASS the floor, DOUGLASS takes off his shirt and then goes for this pants, the crowd reacts with "AW YAHS" and "Noice!", other affirmations.

Music abruptly switches to **Carl Douglas' "Kung Fu Fighting"** JOHNSON takes the floor and does bad karate moves.

Music abruptly switches to **Eurythmics "Walking on Broken Glass"** and DOUGLASS mimes walking on broken glass, crowd affirms him.

Music abruptly switches to JOHNSON'S boldest move, **Elton John's "I'm still standing"**- he just stands there and the crowd goes fucking nuts

JOHNSON'S HYPE MAN

That's BOLD AS FUCK, YO!

Music abruptly switches to DOUGLASS' boldest move, **Kansas's "Dust in the Wind"**- DOUGLASS preps himself then closes his eyes on "I close my eyes"- the crowd loses it.

DOUGLASS'S HYPE MAN

AW SHIT!!!! NO HE DID NOT JUST DO THAT! MOTHERFUCKER CLOSED HIS EYES! ONLY FOR A MOMENT THEN THAT MOTHERFUCKING MOMENT WAS GONE!

JOHNSON searching for a way to come back from that- motions and **Busta Rhymes' "Break Yo Neck"** comes on, he breathes deeply, then breaks his own neck. The CROWD absolutely shits themselves!!!

JOHNSON'S HYPE MAN

AW YAH! THIS SHIT OVER! IT'S OVER YAH! YAH! YOU CAN'T TOP THAT!

CROWD MEMBER

Is he dead?

JOHNSON'S HYPE MAN

FUCK YA! BEAT THAT, BITCH!

DOUGLASS motions and **"500 Miles" by the Proclaimers** comes on. CROWD can't believe it!

DOUGLASS' HYPE MAN

AWWW SHIT!

DOUGLASS walks out, the CROWD follows him cheering!

BLACKOUT

SINGING TELE-SPAM: PART ONE

CHARACTERS

Robert

Singing Tele-spam

Knock on the door. ROBERT is reading War & Peace, he gets off of couch and answers

TELE-SPAM SINGER

Singing Telespam!

ROBERT

Wait- what? Tele... spam?

TELE-SPAM (blows tune pipe)

*If your with your sweetie,
And your feeling needy,
For a little length and girth!
All you need to do a buy a little pill or two--
You'll have the biggest johnson on the Planet Earth!
Ten-Ninety-Nine...
A Pill!*

BLACKOUT

THE MID TO LATE 90s R&B CURE

CHARACTERS

Cynthia

Megan' Cynthia's best friend

Bryan

Duke Bryan's best friend

Shonda

2Nice

Devon

Devan

CYNTHIA has clearly been crying, MEGAN consoles her

CYNTHIA

Megan...He's just, I mean, I love him but (breaks down) I feel like he just isn't that into it...and tomorrow's my birthday... and he told me he was busy... but maybe he'd come over later...(breaks down crying)

MEGAN (looks around furtively)

Ok. I don't give out this information often...but- here-- (hands her card)

CYNTHIA (looking at card)

I don't understand- what's the "mid to late 90s all girl R&B group cure"

MEGAN

Shhh. Just call them.

BLACKOUT or CYNTHIA just walks to her side of the side. CYNTHIA nervously looks at door.

Doorbell, she rushes to it, opens it and SHONDA, 2NICE enter. They all speak their lines at the same time.

SHONDA

You must be Cynthia. I'm Shonda.

2NICE

I'm 2Nice. That's the number 2 and the word "Nice". Ok? This apartment is beautiful.

SHONDA

And I just love your hair, is that bag Coach?

CYNTHIA

It's one of the new ones.

SHONDA

And such good taste!

The LADIES hug and kiss her, compliment her

CYNTHIA

So... how does this work?

SHONDA

Well, you gonna call your man--

2NICE

If you can even call him that...

SHONDA

OK!

(SHONDA/2NICE all high five)

SHONDA

Because from what you told us on the phone it's time to tell that motherfucker goodbye!

2NICE

So long! Bye bitch!

CYNTHIA

Ok... so, you just want me call him?

SHONDA/2NICE

Mmm-hmm.

CYNTHIA

And tell him...?

Music starts.

SHONDA

Girl, lemme ask you something?

(2NICE start backing vocal "ooohs")

SHONDA

What does your man DO for YOU?

CYNTHIA

Umm...

2NICE

Does he make you feel beautiful?

CYNTHIA

Well, I need to lose a little weight...

SHONDA

Did he buy that bag for you?

CYNTHIA

I got a promotion so I bought it, but--

SHONDA

So, do you need a man?

CYNTHIA

Well, I'm 35 and I--

2NICE

Own your own crib?

CYNTHIA

Yah...

2NICE/SHONDA

Pay your own billz?

CYNTHIA

U-huh...

SHONDA

Got your OWN THING going? Got that sweet ass working it, like WHAT?

CYNTHIA

Well, I mean--

2NICE

Then girl....

SHONDA/2NICE

*Then, you don't need to man,
No, you don't need no man
You know your shits the jam-
And you don't need no man!*

SHONDA

Sad little boy just looking at you--

2NICE

Missing all the things that his girl used to do

SHONDA

Missing all the joy that you brought to his world

SHONDA/2NICE

*And way you put it on him baby girl
He used to hit...*

SHONDA

But now he miss

SHONDA/2NICE

And he don't get no more of this and this (pointing to ass and boobs)

SHONDA

So sing with me!

SHONDA/2NICE/CYNTHIA (awkwardly)

*Then, you don't need no man,
No, you don't need no man
You know your shits the jam-
And you don't need no man!*

CYNTHIA

You're right, my shit is, um, the jam.

2NICE

So call that motherfucker right now and let him know!

SHONDA/2NICE

OK!

(SHONDA/2NICE/CYNTHIA high fives all around)

CYNTHIA calls BRYAN lights up on other side of the stage, BRYAN and DUKE are drinking beers at a sports bar

BRYAN (annoyed, picking up phone)

... yah, hey Cynthia- what's up?

CYNTHIA

Bryan. Um.

SHONDA

Go on, girl.

CYNTHIA

I've got my own thing. I mean, I own that thing. (frustrated) My shit is jam!

BRYAN

Um. Babe. What are you talking about? Your Shit is Jam? Do you need to go to doctor or something?

CYNTHIA

YOU NEED TO GO TO THE DOCTOR.

BRYAN

How drunk are you?

CYNTHIA

I'm... you're going to miss, my two things! CAN YOU HOLD PLEASE?!

(CYNTHIA immediately puts a confused BRYAN on hold)

SHONDA

Ok, girl, just listen to us... Tell me about a time when your man was bad to you?

CYNTHIA

Well, today's my birthday... and he's just, like, out with his friends...

2NICE

Um, what?

SHONDA

And what does your heart want to say to him?

CYNTHIA

...do you want to stop by later?

SHONDA/2NICE (singing)

Oh no no NO!

CYNTHIA

No?

SHONDA

No! You you say!

SHONDA/2NICE

No! No! I don't need you!

No! No! I don't want you!

SHONDA

All of your games...

2NICE

It's such shame...

SHONDA/2NICE

I have to say no. No. NO!

SHONDA

Sing with me girl--

SHONDA/2NICE

No! No, I don't need you!

CYNTHIA (into phone)

Bryan! I don't need you!

SHONDA/2NICE

No! No, I don't want you!

CYNTHIA

I don't want you!

SHONDA

All of your games...

CYNTHIA

You're playing too many games!

SHONDA/2NICE

And it's such a shame...

CYNTHIA

I'm going to leave you!

SHONDA/2NICE

Yah! I'm leaving you!!!!

BRYAN

Um... what?

CYNTHIA

You heard me! We're THROUGH!

BRYAN

Is, uh, someone there?

CYNTHIA hangs up phone. Hugs all around. Lights down or exit.

BRYAN

Cynthia? CYNTHIA?!

BRYAN bursts into tears.

DUKE

It's ok, Dude- do you wanna do shots... or something?

BRYAN

I think she just broke up with me...Holy shit...she was the one, man. And I fucked it all up. I just-- what the fuck was I thinking? She's a biochemical engineer, she makes 6 figures, she's beautiful...

DUKE

Well, I mean, she could've lost like 10 pounds...

BRYAN

NO! I liked her thick... man, I miss her (points to ass and boobs). I never realized how much I loved her (points to ass and boobs). The way she worked that sweet ass. It was like what.

DUKE

(sighs, agreeing) It was like what. (looks around) I don't normally tell people about this. But, remember when I cheated on Megan? And then we got back to together like two weeks later-- (hands him card)

BRYAN

The late 80s to early 90s all male harmonizing R&B band? Um, I'm not sure--

DUKE

Just call them.

BLACKOUT or walks to another side of the stage.
DEVON and DEVAN enter

DEVON

Hey, Bryan...sup, man?

BRYAN (As they all high five and bro hug.)

Hey, what's up, um, guys.

DEVAN

So... tell me about your girl.

DEVON

Word on the street is that you done her wrong.

BRYAN

I did done her wrong-- Yes, I did that. I was an asshole.

DEVON

Well, let's give that lovely lady a call--

Music starts.

BRYAN

And say what?

DEVON/DEVAN

Beautiful lady....

DEVON

I done you wrong.

DEVON/DEVAN

I done you wrong.

BRYAN

Um, just that?

DEVON (spoken)

Girl, I didn't realize what I had.

I never meant to treat you so bad...

DEVAN backs him with *oohs and ahhs*

BRYAN

Oh! Ok, this is good! I'm going to call her!

BRYAN calls CYNTHIA

DEVON (sung)

I miss the way you put it on me!

DEVON/DEVAN

It was like Uh, Uh, Uh.

DEVON

All night we were:

DEVON/DEVAN

uh, uh, uh.

CYNTHIA

Hello?

BRYAN

Um, hey. Um. It's Bryan.

CYNTHIA

I know. What do you want?

DEVON/DEVAN

It was like Uh, Uh, Uh.

BRYAN

Uh....

DEVON/DEVAN

uh, uh, uh.

BRYAN

Uh... (to GUYS, stage whisper) *GUYS--*

DEVON (spoken)

So, just let me say- I'm sorry baby...

BRYAN

Ok. I'm sorry baby...

DEVON

We were meant to be together until the end of time.

BRYAN (to guys)

Really? We've only been together a 6 months...

DEVON

Just say it.

(BRYAN gives a skeptical look. DEVON points to his boob and ass.)

BRYAN

We were meant to be together until the end of time.

DEVON

Please come back to me, Girl--

GUYS

Cause you are my world..

BRYAN

Please come back to me Girl. Cause you are my world.

DEVON/DEVAN

And I. Can't. Stop. Missing ya!

BRYAN

And I can't stop missin' ya!

DEVON

Just say you love me!

BRYAN

Say you love me!

CYNTHIA

Oh, Bryan...

DEVON

*You know that I'm right!
Come love me all night!*

CYNTHIA

I do love you Bryan! I Do!

BRYAN (to guys)

Yes! (GUYS motion him back to phone) Yes, I love you too!

DEVON/DEVAN (sing)

We love you, we do!

On CYNTHIA'S side of the stage, LADIES enter.

SHONDA

All hell, naw.

CYNTHIA (to SHONDA/2NICE)

But- he says he loves me?

SHONDA/2NICE

*He say he love you!
Heard that before!
You need to keep that motherfucker out yo' door!*

DEVON/DEVAN (answering immediately)

*Girl.... I know I've lied,
Girl... I'm sorry for all the times you cried...
But now, it's the truth- Girl, I'm for real...
I'm being honest about all the love, all the love, that I feel...*

SHONDA/2NICE

Baby boy, we don't believe you--

DEVON/DEVAN

It's true, now- we won't deceive you!

SHONDA/2NICE

Cause we can do better than you!

DEVON/DEVAN

But, baby we've changed and it's true!

SHONDA/2NICE

We're independent!

DEVON/DEVAN

We're so repentant!

SHONDA/2NICE

We werk it and we're strong!

DEVON/DEVAN

We'll love you all night long!

SHONDA/2NICE

Fine: so, what ya gonna do for me?

DEVON/DEVAN

*Gonna love ya for eternity!
Gonna love that sweet ass right,
Gonna make you scream all night.*

DEVON (spoken low over harmonizing oohs and ahhs)

Girl, we're going to kiss you all up and down your body, just open that pussy up and lick you like neva before, then we are gonna massage you for like 3 or four hours and give you a bubble bath, then kiss every inch of your body until we make you scream for it, just beg for that shit, then we are going to lay out that dick, put you on it, and just slide you up and down on our dick until you say:

DEVON/DEVAN

UH! UH! UH!

SHONDA/2NICE are about to sing, but then they confer

SHONDA (dropping the whole act)

Yah, ok- that sounds good.

2NICE

Yah, we definitely want to do that.

DEVON/DEVAN

Yah, ok! We're down, etc.

(DEVON/DEVAN/SHONDA/2NICE leave to fuck)

CYNTHIA

...Bryan- are you still there?

BRYAN

Yah, I'm here. So... uh, what do you think?

CYNTHIA

I fuckin' hate R&B.

BRYAN

ME TOO!

CYNTHIA

God, I love you.

BLACKOUT

SUPER HARDCORE METAL SHOW

CHARACTER

Lead Guitarist
Bassist
Drummer
Lead Singer
Rhythm Guitar

BAND stands on stage. LEAD GUITARIST holds a ukulele, DRUMMER holds a child's drum or a small percussion instruments (egg shaker), BASSIST holds a slide whistle, but mimes a base, RHYTHM GUITAR mimes a guitar but holds another even more ridiculous children's instrument

LEAD SINGER

WHAT'S UP MILWAUKEE??!!!! YOU GUYS READY TO ROCK? YOU GUYS READY TO HEAR SOME HARDCORE FUCKING METAL?

WE ARE THE BLOODY FACE FUCKERS AND OUR VAN WAS JACKED IN THE PARKING LOT SO WE LOST ALL OUR INSTRUMENTS!

But luckily my sister works at a daycare and was able to grab us some last minute replacements and WE ARE GOING TO MELT YOUR FUCKING FACES OFF!!!! ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

BAND breaks into song playing the kids instruments as hardcore as fucking possible

LEAD SINGER

MASSIVE BEASTS OF DESTRUCTION!

BLACKENED BLOOD SEEPS BELOW!

IT IS SATAN!

BAND

MASTER SATAN!

LEAD SINGER

NOT AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!

BLACKOUT

THE RINGTONES OF JACK AND BETTY

CHARACTERS

Jack
Betty
Maybelle the Waitress

JACK and BETTY sit alone at separate tables in a Southern dive bar. BETTY

plays with a napkin, JACK nurses his whiskey. MAYBELLE the waitress enters.

MAYBELLE (to JACK)

Hey, hun, can I get you another whiskey?

JACK

I'll, um, wait till my girlfriend gets here. But thanks.

MAYBELLE

Ok... (to BETTY) 'Nother white wine?

BETTY

No thank you. I'm fine. I'm waitin' on someone too.

MAYBELLE

Sure thing, doll.

BETTY (to MAYBELLE)

My boyfriend was supposed to be here an hour ago. I kinda just want to go home and go to bed.

JACK (smiles, to himself)

I been there.

BETTY

Sorry?

BETTY'S RINGTONE (suddenly goes off, she attempts to answer it)

*Oh, I've been left lonely,
The one I call only,
Plays games with my heart,*

BETTY (struggling to turn phone off)

Oh- my- I'm so sorry! (answers) Hello? (pause) Ryan? (accidentally hangs up, then to JACK) I just got this phone and I can't figure out how. any. thing. works... and it's so loud. I'm really sorry.

JACK

Yah- lemme see that phone--

BETTY holds it up

JACK

Yup- I just got the exact same one. That's the Robot Wizard 5E-- isn't it?

BETTY

Yes, and the worst thing is-- everytime I try to set my ringtone- it changes on me!

JACK

I KNOW! And I can never get it to shut off- it's so embarrassing.

JACK'S RINGTONE (suddenly goes off)

I feel like I'm breaking

The toll that love's taking

Gonna tear me apart

JACK

Oh that's me!- God-Damn! Shut up, Wizard! Ok, ok, I got it. (answers) Shelia- where are--?
(presses another button) Wait- hello? (accidentally hangs up) Damnit.

BETTY

I think... you can turn the volume down here-

JACK

Here?

BETTY

Yah- just the little red button on the side-

(JACK/BETTY press it, the phones erupt into harmony- even louder than before)

BETTY'S/JACK'S RINGTONE

How long must I wait here

Tears and whiskey all night

Oh Lord send me someone

Who will do my heart right

JACK/BETTY frantically mash buttons on their phones.

JACK

Well, that did not work.

They share a moment. Pause, awkward.

BETTY

The worst part is that every time it rings I think it's going to be Ryan- that's my boyfriend- he's been canceling on me a lot lately. Always at the last minute.

JACK

Hah. Shelia- my girlfriend- is always late. I texted her an hour ago. Apparently she has something to tell me. Again. Anyway, she must be driving.

BETTY

Sure. Ryan's probably driving too.

BETTY/JACK their phones go off.

BETTY

Oh damnit!

JACK

Come on!

JACK and BETTY frantically mash buttons on their phones trying to get them turn off or turn the volume down.

JACK'S RINGTONE

I know, Shelia's not driving...

BETTY'S RINGTONE

Yah, that Ryan is lyin'...

JACK'S RINGTONE

She slept with my best friend...

BETTY'S RINGTONE

Oh, he's with his ex now...

JACK'S/BETTY RINGTONE

Yah, they're having sex now...

I should let this thing end!

JACK/BETTY escalate to the point of frantic frustration just short of slamming their phones on the table.

BETTY/JACK RINGTONE

How long will I suffer?

Just so very alone

With no one to love me

And no heart to call home--

JACK (jumping up)
HOLD ON!
(JACK mashes a button on his phone, then grabs hers and mashes the same button)
Hello?! Hi Shelia- can you hold on a second? (puts phone on table) I GOT IT!

BETTY (jumping up, caught in a moment of total excitement)
YOU DID IT! How did you do that?

JACK
You just push the little green button!!!

BETTY
OH! I SEE IT!

BETTY and JACK high five, then hug. They share a moment.

BETTY's phone goes off.

BETTY'S RINGTONE
He's done boning that bitch now--
Scratched the guiltiest itch now and he's feeling remorse--

BETTY
Oh, look it's Ryan. He's probably just calling to cancel.
BETTY hangs up on purpose, smiling at JACK.
Oops.

JACK (looking at phone- realizing SHELIA's been on hold)
Oh, shit. (picks up phone) Hello? (puts phone down) She hung up. Oh, well.

JACK
Hey Maybelle-- I think I will have that whiskey.

BETTY
And I'll take a white wine.

MAYBELLE
Sure thing.

JACK (sitting down at BETTY's table)
I'm Jack, by the way.

BETTY

Betty.

JACK

You know the first time I came in here I think I saw you over at the Jukebox-

BETTY

Oh, did you.

JACK

Wow, I can't believe I'm not, like, calling her back to grovel..... it feels so...

BETTY

Liberating? Me too.

JACK/BETTY'S RINGTONE (suddenly go off)

(Jack's) *Oh, I've let love find me-*

(Betty's) *Gonna leave pain behind me...*

JACK

Oh, it's uh, her... Is that--

BETTY

It's him.

JACK/BETTY'S RINGTONE (cont'd)

I won't pick up this time,

Gonna give love a chance

(Jack's) *You should ask her to dance...*

(Betty's) *He's much cuter than Ryan...*

JACK

Would you, um, would like to um... (holds out hand for her to dance)?

BETTY

Yes. Yes I would.

JACK/BETTY'S RINGTONE (cont'd)

So delighted to meet you,

It's so lovely to start,

A brand beginning,

I might give you my heart.

BLACKOUT

GODS OF BULLSHIT- CALLBACK

CHARACTERS

Jim
Lydia
Gods of Bullshit (offstage voice)
Bullshit Angels

JIM and LYDIA have just completed a round of lovemaking

JIM

Whoa- that was awesome- did you... did you cum?

LYDIA

Um, well--

BULLSHIT ANGELS run on they take a deep breath.

BLACKOUT

THE MAGIC JUKEBOX

CHARACTERS

Lyle
Jim
Jukebox

JIM is tending bar in a cool dive, a jukebox plays country music softly in the background (Betty's ringtone song). LYLE enters, they greet each other warmly.

LYLE

Hey Jimmy.

JIM

Lyle, you motherfucker.

(JIM gets him a beer, pours a shot whiskey)

LYLE

Just thought I'd stop by and check up on the bar. Last month's numbers were-- Whoa. Whoa!

JIM

What? Roach? You see a roach?

LYLE

No- is that a new jukebox? You asshole- you buy new shit you need to go through me- I might be a silent partner, but you still gotta run this shit by me! ALSO- what the fuck man- swore you'd never get rid of old piece of junk- you were like, "*uh, we're the only bar with a real jukebox that plays real records, our bar is a special musical snowflake for music nerds to jerk off to*".

JIM

First of all, why would you jerk off to a snowflake. Second off, I didn't get rid of it- it broke. And the weird thing is, like, an hour later- this guy shows up- Oh! And he said was the devil and that if I gave him my soul he'd give me this magic jukebox. And I was like, "yah, cool, man" so I just wrote the word "soul" on a piece of paper and gave it to him. It was hilarious. But I'm starting to think it was for real- I mean, Lyle, that thing over there? It's, by far, the most amazing jukebox ever.

LYLE

Oh my God, Jim- this these kinds of decisions are why the band broke up. You sold your soul for a JUKEBOX?

JIM

I guess so. BUT whatever- Lyle this thing is incredible. It can play any song, like, literally any song.

LYLE

Congratulations Jim. You sold your soul for a jukebox with wifi.

JIM

I'm not kidding man it's fucking- ok, just try it.

LYLE

Ok, where do you put the dollar?

JIM

It doesn't take dollars, I think it's just got unlimited credits- you voice activate it. Just say "Magic Jukebox, play..." and pick any song.

LYLE

Ok, Jukebox--

JIM

Magic Jukebox...

LYLE

Jesus. Fine. Magic Jukebox, play, oh, I don't know, Kashmir by Zeppelin.

JUKEBOX

Oh let the sun beat down upon my face, stars to fill my dream--

JIM

Come on, do a harder one.

LYLE

Ok, this is like Siri + Spotify, I don't even know why this is cool. Magic Jukebox, play Bon Iver's first UK single.

JUKEBOX

(plays "Skinny Love", the first UK digital download)

C'mon skinny love just last the year

Pour a little salt we were never here

LYLE

Ok, that's pretty impressive.

JIM

Lyle, you're not getting it. It can play any song. Watch. Magic Jukebox, play Nirvana's next single if Kurt Cobain had lived.

JUKEBOX

Everything will be ok- yah yah

Yaaaaahhhhhh

Therapy and sunlight everyday... fuck yah...

LYLE

Holy fucking shit. That's.... I.... that sounded exactly like Kurt Cobain, ok, ok- let me do one. Magic Jukebox, play the song Aaliyah was writing on the plane- right before it crashed.

JUKEBOX

Oooh yah, my heart is drumming,

Oooh yah, it feels somethings coming,

And I'm falling fast-

LYLE

Way-way-wait, here's a good one- Magic Jukebox, play Mumford and Son's first single if they had been born and grew up in 1980s Compton, Los Angeles.

JUKEBOX

Crypt fo' life, motherfucker, to Set I stay true

Hey!

Got a glock at my hip and I'm waitin' for you

Hey!

YAH- I will wait, I will wait for you...

Hey!

Till you hear, shots clear, and I cap you clean through

Hey!

LYLE

Holy shit! Magic Jukebox, play the song from Kanye West's dream last night.

JUKEBOX

I figured out how to suck my own dick

Only one motherfucker couldn't suck my dick

Motherfucker was me, see? Now I can be free.

Suck my own dick my own dick my dick

My lyrics is hollow, I don't spit I swallow--

LYLE

Ok- thank you Magic Jukebox. That's good. I mean, wow, Jim- it's incredible. But are you sure it was worth it?

JIM

Was it worth it? Are you kidding me? Magic Jukebox, play a love song about my girlfriend Helen by the Ramones feat. Drake.

JUKEBOX

Ramones:

I got a girl named Helen, she's so hot

Takes all her clothes off after one shot!

PUNK ROCK!

Helen!

Helen!

Helen!

Drake:

All these bottles and you still couldn't break me

Me and my girl, yah, we came here to break free,

Fuck society, cause I ain't paying your fake fee

JIM

OH and it's the Skrillex remix.

JUKEBOX
(JUKEBOX drops the bass)

LYLE
Yah, it's incredible. There are no words. (pause) We are going to be rich.

JIM
Wait- what?

LYLE
We can charge admission, we can go on the daytime talk shows, shit we can have a daytime talk show, Magic Jukebox, play the theme song of our daytime talk show--

JUKEBOX
It's Lyle and Jim--

JIM
Whoah- whoah, ok. Stop. Hold on. No. No, absolutely not. I am not going to pervert this gift, this is a gift for the people. I'm not going to destroy it with your commercialism- and what's the "we" stuff-

LYLE
Um, I'm the co-owner of the bar, which means I'm the co-owner of that jukebox.

JIM
You are the SILENT PARTNER. And I SOLD MY SOUL FOR IT- SO IT'S MINE!

LYLE
I can't believe this! You have this miracle and you're just going to hide it away in this shitty dive bar!

JIM
Magic Jukebox, play "My Friend Lyle is a Corporate Whore" by Britney Spears feat. One Direction and throw in a little- oh- I don't know- SPICE GIRLS!

JUKEBOX
Britney (whispers):
Corporate whore, you bitch....
One Direction:
*Lyle is corporate whore,
He wants more,*

He's a greedy little bitch that's true

Spice Girls:

All he wants is money, Yah! Just money!

Because he has no artistic integrity!

All:

YAH MONEY!

Spokesperson:

Brought to you by Pepsi: Pepsi Live for now!

LYLE

Magic Jukebox, play "Jim is a pretentious hipster" by the Decemberists feat. that fucking band that just uses punctuation for a name.

JUKEBOX

Chk, Chk, Chk- with Colin Meloy's voice over it:

I've walked the rolling ramparts of all your castle walls
And I've found, Oh dearest Jim, that you've far exceed all
Notions and pretentiousness, pretending to the King
The king of all, you Hipster Jim, and it's to you we sing
Oh Jim--

LYLE

Oh and can it be the DJ remix played at SXSW?

JUKEBOX

(Jukebox adds in electro some synth and hit hat)

JIM

Well, congratulations you just made fun of me with a really cool song.

LYLE

NO ONE LIKED THAT SONG! You never think about the audience, you only think about yourself- this is why the band broke up!

JIM

THE BAND BROKE UP because YOU wanted to sign with that douche-y fucking manager that wanted us to write for commercials and shit.

LYLE

We needed money! It would have been a start.

JIM

MAGIC JUKEBOX PLAY, "I WILL NEVER SELL OUT" BY A CHORUS OF FUCKING ANGELS

JUKEBOX
I WILL NEVER SELL OUT

LYLE
You are wasting this opportunity! You stopped us from signing with a label! You ruin everything!
Magic Jukebox play, "FUCK YOU" by Nine Inch Nails feat. Tool feat. Black Flag feat. NWA feat.
Insane Clown Posse

JUKEBOX
FUCK YOU!

JIM
Oh, you think signing with that jackass would have made us a famous band?

LYLE
YES!

JIM
Magic Jukebox, play the first single that our band would have won a Grammy for.

JUKEBOX is silent.

JIM
See? We never would have--

JUKEBOX
Credits used. Please insert another soul.

JIM
What?

JUKEBOX
Credits used. If you would like to hear the last song requested, please insert another soul.

JIM and LYLE look at one another as the lights slowly fade.

SINGING TELE-SPAM: PART TWO

CHARACTERS
Robert
Singing Tele-spam

Knock on the door. ROBERT is reading War & Peace For Dummies, he gets off of couch and answers

TELE-SPAM SINGER

Singing Tele-spam!

ROBERT

Ok, look- how do I unsubscribe?

TELE-SPAM

*You purchased a one ticket from us seven years ago
So, here's every live event within 70 miles and we want you to know
Nickelback is playing at the Barclays Center
Tyler Perry is playing Webster Hall
Tickets are available for early discounts
You should buy them all!
AND
Nets and Rangers, U-F-C and Ma-ma Mia,
Don't forget...Broadway--*

ROBERT slams door

BLACKOUT

THE CRITICAL CONDITION

CHARACTERS

Blair
Julian
Music Fans
Musician (off stage voice)
Bum
Corvette Driver
Woman with a cell phone
Truck Driver
St. Peter
Lucifer
Julian's Mother
Blair's Mother

NOTE: This will be staged like a side scrolling video game, Blair and Julian will walk in place and actors will move 2-D cardboard prop/set items across the stage to indicate movement. Will need two cloud props and shrubberies.

MUSIC FANS are clustered a stage looking up at an offstage MUSICIAN is finishing a song.

MUSICIAN (off stage voice)

Just to hold your heart

In my haaaaannnnnnnd!

You guys you've been great! Good night!

MUSIC FANS claps, BLAIR and JULIAN eye each other to see if the other one is clapping, they both end up half heartedly clapping a little, MUSIC FANS exits and BLAIR and JULIAN walk on.

PROP: Venue Marquee that reads "Tonight Only: Lyle and Jim" appears as they exit and moves across the stage as JULIA and BLAIR walk on

BLAIR

I don't want to be a dick, but I really preferred them on heroin.

JULIAN

YES, I was totally going to say that! So much better, like even when they showed up and just, like, mumbled through one song, vomited, then took their dicks out and fell asleep-

BLAIR

I was totally at that show- it was SO GOOD-

JULIAN

Yah, it was way better.

BUM is sitting on the street, singing for change, banging a bucket.

PROP: Change bucket and sign that reads: "Beer Money. God bless." and BUM move across the stage as JULIAN and BLAIR walk on

BUM

It's no joke,

You know I'm broke

So if you like my funky beat

Then give me change so I can eat

JULIAN and BLAIR walk on

JULIAN

Ugh, that was so half assed. I mean, that guy was waaaayyy better when he thought he was being chased by demons.

BLAIR

Yah, his hallucinations were so much more inventive when he first started out. I feel like he only really had that one good mental breakdown and now it's just, like, recycling that, you know?

PROP: A red corvette drives across the stage held by the CORVETTE DRIVER his/her arm out the window, CORVETTE DRIVER is listening to music, it changes to a commercial as JULIAN and BLAIR walk on

CAR RADIO (SFX)

Trust Sleeeeeepppy's for the rest of your life.

JULIAN

Is it just me or have jingles gotten really commercial?

BLAIR

SO commercial. Thank you for saying that! Now it's just all about the hook, none of the nuances, none of the existential pain of "*I don't wanna grow up I'm a Toys R Us Kid*"... none of the ennui of Oscar Meyer Weiner song... I feel like it's just lazy writing.

JULIAN and BLAIR walk on.

A WOMAN with a CELL PHONE enters, it rings a standard musical iPhone ring (SFX).

BLAIR

Oh my God- what's happened to ring tones? You know what I'm about? (sings old Nokia ring tone) *Da-na-na-NA Da-na-na-NA Da-na-na-na-NAAAA!* RIGHT?

JULIAN

YES! They used to have integrity... that was when they trusted themselves- AND THEIR AUDIENCE- with simplicity.

JULIAN and BLAIR walk on, into the path of a careening truck.

PROP: A 2-D Mac Truck with a manic DRIVER waving his arms as his tires screech out of control (SFX)- the chickens in the back

TRUCK DRIVER

I'VE LOST CONTROL OF THE TRUCK! GET OUTTA THE WAAAAYYYY!

JULIAN

UGH- I am SO done with screeching tires!

BLAIR

RIGHT?! Yah, I'm about that real shit- the horse and buggy sound so much more authentic when they were careening out of control--

JULIAN and BLAIR are hit by the truck, sirens (SFX) a crowd of people run to them, they stand up and dust themselves off and walk in place as the scene of their death recedes behind them.

PROP: The pearly gates with clouds underneath them enter with ST. PETER

ST. PETER

Welcome to heaven!!!!

BLAIR

Sigh. This is fine and all but I personally am really only into their earlier shit-

JULIAN

I'm sorry, but when Lucifer left to do his own thing, it just kind of stopped working for me--

ST. PETER

GET OUT!

JULIAN and BLAIR walk on. They are in hell. Flames of hell enter as LUCIFER greets them.

PROP: Flames of hell enter with LUCIFER

LUCIFER

WELCOME TO HELL AND AN ETERNITY OF TERRIBLE TORMENTS!

JULIAN

Oh, you mean another Jack Johnson album?

BLAIR

Thank you for saying that.

DEVIL

HOLY FUCK! NO! (as he disappears offstage/they walk on) OUT! GO BACK TO EARTH AND DO IT AGAIN!

PROP: Pink vaginal tunnel that moves across the stage as JULIAN and BLAIR walk on, Babies crying (SFX)

PROP: JULIAN and BLAIR's MOTHERs enter with 2-D strollers when they reach JULIAN and BLAIR they sit in them only their heads are showing and the MOTHERs walk in place

JULIAN's MOTHER

Yah- he loves when I sing to him...just watch...

Just to hold your heart

In my haaaaannnnnnnd!

JULIAN (clapping wildly and laughing)

YAY! I LOVE THIS SONG!

BLAIR

THE WORLD IS A MAGICAL PLACE!

BLACKOUT

THE F-ZONE

CHARACTERS

Chris

Ryan

Nick

Applause as NICK, RYAN, CHRIS enter, dramatic music as the seminar begins

CHRIS

Ok- thank you- thanks so much. SO- TONIGHT We're gonna reveal the SECRETS and teach you how to get girls to spread wide for you the first night you meet them.

NICK

And give you a mind-blowing hug-

RYAN

BECAUSE that's what they *spread*: their *arms*.

ALL

FRIEND ZONE!

NICK (bringing it down)

That's Right. With our system...the F-Zone.

ALL

F-ZONE!

RYAN

We are gonna get you bawls deep into the F-ZONE!

(Sweet guitar lick)

ALL

F-ZONE!

CHRIS

We are going to show you the way to get there- the things to watch:

NICK

Say Yes to The Dress, A Wedding Story, A Baby Story, Bridezilla, Real Housewives of EVERYWHERE--

RYAN

Bravo and TLC are your new best friend.

NICK

What to listen to...

ALL

Beyonce.

RYAN

The soundtrack of your life is now--

ALL

Beyonce.

RYAN

Flawless. Everything from what to order at the bar--

CHRIS

Nothing- you are the designated driver for her Ladies Night!

RYAN

To what books to put on your Kindle--

CHRIS

Oprah's Book List!

RYAN

I want to bring it down for a minute- I want to tell a personal story.... there was a time- and I know what you're gonna say-- but there was a time where I could not get a girl to just be my friend. I mean, every girl I met was all up on this DIZ-NACK! What did I want?

NICK

To drink a little white wine?

CHRIS

Yaasssss!

RYAN

Watch a little Grey's Anatomy?

CHRIS

HELL YES! I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S GONNA DIE!

NICK

To just lay there- in the bed- and TALK.

CHRIS

TO MOTHERFUCKING TALK.

RYAN

Whoa- whoa- whoa- Wait- you mean make out and slide her up and down on your dick?

NICK

F THAT!

CHRIS

Just. Talk.

(Sweet guitar lick)

ALL

F-ZONE!

CHRIS

Now we are going to tell you a little bit about the F-Zone system and WHERE it can get you...We don't want to come off as cocky but we are now are professional purse carriers. We are purse magnets.

RYAN

We get a lot of purse.

NICK

Purse in the morning, purse at night.

RYAN

Purse in the goddamn library.

CHRIS

Ryan, tell me about all the purse you pulling in!

RYAN

Big purse, little purse, designer purse, mom purse, messy purse, purse with granola in it, Chinese purse, shit man I've even had purse inside of another purse purse, two purses at the same time purse!

CHRIS

I hope you got a full tank of gas cause you're gonna be giving rides to the airport ALL NIGHT LONG. (bring it down) If you remember just three little letters:

(Sweet guitar lick)

ALL

B! F! F!

NICK

What does it mean?

ALL

B!

CHRIS

BE non-threatening.

NICK

It's called penguining. Because you are a flightless, non-threatening bird just chilling on that egg while the mother goes off to and eats whatever shit she wants!

CHRIS

But how do I do that?

RYAN

Here's what you do. Talk to her about how it's so hard for you to meet a nice girl. Ask her what

her type is. Ask her why girls just don't seem to like you. If she answers you're a really sweet guy, and any girl would be lucky to have you- congratulations.

(Sweet guitar lick)

ALL

F-ZONE!

CHRIS

Make sure when you touch her it is never on the thigh, small of back, or waist. Only go for the shoulder, maybe a soft punch-- as long as it doesn't turn into tickling-- or the palm of hand like a high five. Nothing lingering, and absolutely no interlocking fingers.

NICK

The idea of her having sex with you will make her sick.

ALL

F-ZONE

RYAN

Ok, ok, ok, ok, so that's B- now on to the F...

ALL

F!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NICK

FUCK FASHION, GET FAT, SON!

CHRIS

See, this dude right here? This dude look good- he is NEVER gonna get a girl in the friend zone.

NICK

Ok, here's what he needs to do: one- put on a little weight. You want those chicken wings? You eat those chicken wings.

CHRIS

Let me ask you this- what's your name? What's your name? NAME? Ok, NAME, do you have any clothes from high school? Here's what you do. You go home to your parents basement, and if that is already where you live, my hat is off to you sir, because you are almost halfway there. Now put on that maroon polo from when you worked at a movie theatre in high school and those khakis from picture day.

NICK

But Chris, the khakis don't fit anymore. Should I buy new khakis?

CHRIS

No.

RYAN

But Chris the polo's all wrinkly. Should I iron it?

CHRIS

No. And tuck it in goddamnit.

RYAN

But Chris now I look like a stock boy at Target.

CHRIS

Exactly!

ALL

F-ZONE!

RYAN

That's right. Now, we got the B and the F what about the other F?

ALL

OTHER F!!!

RYAN

Fawn and Frett!

CHRIS

She calls you answer.

NICK

First ring.

RYAN

I want you to call her a lot.

CHRIS

At least once a day.

NICK

Maybe twice.

RYAN

If she doesn't get back send her a question mark text.

CHRIS

Then just a row of question marks.

RYAN

Share a lot of buzzfeed articles on her facebook.

NICK

Ask her about her vision board.

RYAN

Ask her what she's pinned recently.

(Sweet guitar lick)

ALL

F-ZONE!

CHRIS

That's right, you gotta live that BFF lifestyle! Lemme show you, you let me SHOW YOU how to think and act like a BFF. Let's put this shit to work!

(CHRIS air humps)

CHRIS

What am I doing? What am I doing?

NICK

You are making her a gourmet dinner from a recipe on the Foodnetwork!

RYAN

THAT'S THE BFF MINDSET! Now what am I doing?

(RYAN does a head pumping BJ motion)

CHRIS

You are doing a move from a hip hop jazz class that you two are taking together because her boyfriend doesn't WANT TO! BFF MINDSET!

(NICK does a really graphic involved sexual montage)

NICK

OK?! What was that? WHAT WAS THAT?

RYAN

Um... changing a tire on her truck?

CHRIS

Or... uh, helping her clean up after her birthday party?

NICK

BOTH!

ALL

F-ZONE!

CHRIS

That's right! Now you got it! Ok, ok, so- (to audience) where's that pilates class gonna get you?

ALL/HOPEFULLY AUDIENCE

F-ZONE!

NICK

(to audience) Where's that bowl cut gonna get you?

ALL/HOPEFULLY AUDIENCE

F-ZONE!

RYAN

Where's that emoticon-only text GOING TO GET YOU?!

ALL/HOPEFULLY AUDIENCE

F-ZONE!

(Sweet guitar lick)

ALL

MOTHERFUCKING FRIEND-ZONE!

CHRIS

That's right. We did this on purpose.

BLACKOUT

THE PICKLE JAR

CHARACTERS

Sheila

Dan

Coach

Dancer

Old Shaolin Monk Master

Shaolin Monk(s)

At home, SHEILA, DAN's, wife goes to the fridge and opens it and takes out a jar of pickles, tries to open it, can't.

SHEILA

Hey, Dan? Uh, Honey, can you, um,--

DAN goes to open the jar and can't do it. He tries and tries and tries until he admits his defeat, the jar has beaten him.

He hands it back to SHEILA bent and broken with shame. SHEILA takes it as DAN turns away from her. For a second DAN simply wallows in self pity, then he grows increasingly more and more determined.

Music begins- sang with the band on the side of the stage as underscoring to the mimed events

DAN starts to move slowly, more aggressively, until he is straight up jogging in place, SHEILA and the jar recede off stage, until it's just DAN jogging in place facing the audience.

COACH enters along-side DAN and starts to mime yelling at him. COACH mimes opening the jar, DAN gets more determined. COACH points to the ground and DAN starts doing push ups, switches to jumping rope, COACH keeps yelling at him and runs off.

DANCER runs on, stands opposite of him (ala Flashdance) mimes opening a jar over and over, DAN mirrors her as it becomes more rhythmic. DANCER places DAN's hands on her shoulders and waist, they dance around the stage, getting more and more complex, ends with a series of movements that incorporate the jar opening motion into a dance move that ends with the dirty dancing lift (or similar move). DAN dips her deeply, DANCER almost kisses him, DAN holds up his wedding ring and shakes his head, she smiles sadly and runs off.

OLD SHAOLIN MONK MASTER enters, DAN and the MASTER start to train together, moving in tandem learning another jar opening move, more SHAOLIN MONKS enter, form a training ring and they fight DAN, escalating to matrix style fighting, they spar, DAN almost loses, then DAN uses the jar opening movement to defeat the one of the MONKS, snapping their neck with the jar

opening movement. The MONKS drag the dead MONK off stage as the MASTER places his hand on DAN's shoulder... he is ready.

DANCER and COACH enter and applaud/hug him. He bows to the MASTER, who bows back...DAN turns forward and runs in place, the group of trainers wave and recede into the background and the table from his home with the pickles on it and his wife come back on stage, DAN strides in a manly way to the table and lustily picks up the jar- SHEILA stares at him in shock.

MUSIC ends

DAN

Hey honey. Care for a... (trying at first, with increasing effort, then...to himself) be the jar. (opens jar) pickle?

(pause as DAN, beaming, holds the jar out to her)

SHEILA

Where the hell have you been, Dan? You've been gone for a year! We thought you were dead. We held a memorial service for you because we couldn't find a body. Where were you?

DAN

I was training... to open a jar.

SHEILA

What do you mean training to open a jar? Do you hear yourself right now? I got remarried Dan. His name is Richard, and he works at the college, and we're pregnant. God dammit, Dan. God fucking dammit.

BLACKOUT

SONG:

*Phoenix fire! Wings of a dove,
Gonna fight, gonna do this!
Lost my faith, but I'm back on my game
Feed the flame! Winds of change!
Feel my LOVE!*

*Almost lost but my dreams took the wheel,
Gonna drive me to greatness!
Hit the gas, burn the tires, and I'll speed of out view
Moving on, moving up to my fate, yes!!!!*

*I will roar like a panther!
I will sweat like a beast!
Taste the rich buttered meat of my winning!
Swim upstream, waterfalls!
And the lightning will strike!
Ride a motherfucking eagle to the end.... of my beginning!*

*Ran the race, breathing my breath!
Played my cards, threw my back out!
Tamed a lion with my fists and my face!
Cheated time, cheated fate, CHEATED DEATH!*

*I will roar like a panther!
I will sweat like a beast!
Taste the rich buttered meat of my winning!
Swim upstream, waterfalls!
And the lightning will strike!
Ride a motherfucking eagle to the end.... of my beginning!*

*Got the gold, silver, and bronze!
Got a steel plaque of merit!
Came in first and I'm still moving on!
Breaking bonds, breaking chains, cause' I dare it!*

*(the bridge) White tigers, stalking at my feet!
In the jungle now, I'll never retreat!
Kick the balls of my former defeat!
Show them all, YES THEM ALL!
I'm the only one who'll never be beat!!!!*

(guitar solo)

*I will roar like a panther!
I will sweat like a beast!
Taste the rich buttered meat of my winning!
Swim upstream, waterfalls!
And the lightning will strike!
Ride a motherfucking eagle to the end.... of my beginning!*

*It's the end- whoa- it's the end of my beginning!
Gonna fight for my fucking beginning!
I begin!
I begin!*

My beginning!

BLACKOUT

WHITE NOISE

CHARACTERS

Wife

Husband

Salesman

Bachata music plays loudly.

SALESMAN

This apartment is a steal- waaay below market price. And yes, the music can get a little loud with the bar downstairs, but if you just turn on a white noise machine you'll find that it pretty much cancels everything out. I actually brought my personal white noise machine so you can see for yourself--here.

WHITE NOISE (recorded SFX)

It's not that I don't *like* Whole Foods it's just that Trader Joe's is so much cheaper.

(SALESMAN taps to the next track)

Oh my god, I am like a total junkie for eco-friendly boutique hotels

(SALESMAN taps to the next track)

YOU GUYS, this Beyonce song is SO my jam! He-ay!

WIFE (nods at HUSBAND)

We'll take it.

BLACKOUT

...AND MY STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS WAS A BARBERSHOP QUARTET

CHARACTERS

Pete

Quartet

Bartender

Vivian, a Torch Singer

Manager

Emma

PETE walks into a bar, a torch singer, VIVIAN, sings very low into a microphone up center, slow jazz plays giving it a noir feel, the bartender wipes the counter, looks up as PETE enters, his QUARTET strides in jauntily behind him,

PETE

Bartender, can I get a, um... (thinks)...

QUARTET

*Gin and tonic and whiskey too!
Anything to cheer me up cause,
I'm so blue!
So blue....*

PETE (shuts his eyes hard and sighs)

AHEM. Gin and tonic. Also a shot of whiskey. I know it's a weird combination. But I, uh, I just got outta jail.

QUARTET

*All: Oh! Good Lord, Oh! Come on,
Baritone: I gotta
All: Stop telling strangers that I'm an ex-con.*

PETE (to QUARTET)

I KNOW!

BARTENDER mixing the drink looks up, right through the QUARTET, shakes his head, hands PETE his drinks, he throws back the shot, takes the gin and tonic, and sit down

PETE (to audience)

Listen, I know what you're thinking, this guy's crazy right? He's one of those tin-foil-hat-wearing-winter-clothes-in-the-summer-thinks-the-government-put-spy-implants-into-his-molars-kind-of-guys. Well, you're wrong. I didn't ask for this.... this musical hell. Every thought drawn and quartered, then layered together into a jaunty little harmony.

QUARTET

*All: All my thoughts get sung,
It's as bad as it gets,
Baritone: Because I-
All: Hate those barbershop quartets!*

PETE

Yes. I do. I never want to hear anyone sing for the rest of my life.

VIVIAN (finishing her song, louder)

Just waiting for...

Someone to find me...

Cause I'm....so..... lonely....!

Thank you goodnight.

QUARTET

Then I saw her,

And felt my heart stir,

Which activated my boner,

My boner... with her....

VIVIAN

You gonna keep starin' at me all night or are you gonna buy me a drink?

QUARTET (finishing the song)

Boobs! Lady boobs!

PETE

Um...(shakes his head) Boobs. I- I mean- Yes. (to bartender) Can I get a-- white, um, vodka, peach...?

TORCH SINGER (to bartender)

Whiskey. Rocks. Double. (to PETE) I'm Vivian. What's your name?

QUARTET

Pete

Pete

Pete

PETE!

PETE (deep sigh, through gritted teeth)

Pete.

VIVIAN

Mind if I call you "Handsome Pete"?

QUARTET

Handsome Pete!

PETE

Don't see why you would.

VIVIAN

Why you would mind? Or why I would call you that?

PETE

Either.

VIVIAN

What?

PETE

Sorry, I, uh, just got outta jail.

VIVIAN (looks around, whispers)

Me too. What were you in for?

QUARTET

Johnny law says no sex with the deceased!

PETE

A variety of things.

VIVIAN

Like?

PETE

Well, um, killing. Mostly. (pause) Killing.

VIVIAN

You were in jail for murder? (pause, looks around, whispers) Me too.

QUARTET

*She's so pretty, eyes of blue-
Wait did she just say--*

PETE (cutting them off- trying to concentrate)

What?

VIVIAN

Me too. (pause) You look a little... distracted. Something wrong?

QUARTET strike a pose, they inhale about to sing, PETE jumps in cutting them off

PETE

NO! Ahem. (to VIVIAN) I mean, no. It's just. It's just hard adjusting to things on, um, the outside.

VIVIAN

Tell me about it.

PETE

Right.

VIVIAN (covering his hand with hers)

No, really, tell me about it.

PETE considers, then thinks a moment, a version of PAST PETE enters

MANAGER and PAST PETE shake hands

MANAGER

So, Pete...I want to cut to the chase. It says here you had to have anger management training while in prison?

QUARTET

*You smug little prick,
With your smug little life,
I bet you can't even satisfy your wife!*

PAST PETE (to QUARTET)

SHUT UP, YOU FUCKERS!

MANAGER jumps.

PAST PETE (mumbling, knowing he's fucked up)

Oh, sorry that was, um, wasn't to you. That was to my Quartet- you can't see them- but they live in my head- I'm not crazy.

MANAGER hustles off, leaving PAST PETE to glare at his QUARTET as EMMA enters, PAST PETE and EMMA hold a blanket to their chins indicating a bed

EMMA

What are you thinking?

QUARTET

I should have just paid for a hooker!

PAST PETE

I shoulda just--Nothing! (pause) Sorry, I just got out of jail. Fine, you really wanna know? I have a barbershop quartet that sings all my thoughts- I can't help it! I'm not crazy! It's real! (as she leaves) You FUCKERS! EMMA- THAT'S NOT TO YOU!

EMMA (getting out of bed and adjusting her clothes, hustling off as he speaks)

Oh! Um, look what time it is- I should- um...

EMMA runs off leaving PAST PETE to glare at his QUARTET. VIVIAN unfreezes

VIVIAN

No, really, tell me about it.

PETE

I--(looks over at QUARTET beams at him, with jazz hands) I can't.

VIVIAN

It can't be that bad... Look, I'm going to go powder my nose, then take a shit. When I get back, maybe we can go talk somewhere... quieter.

VIVIAN saunters out with a sexy wink to go take a shit

PETE (to audience)

But it won't be quieter. It's never quieter. And I can't tell her, you know, bout my Quartet

QUARTET

She'd lose her shit if she knew about us!

Baritone: Everybody does!

PETE (deep breath, with resolve)

But I'm not gonna be a weirdo no more. No sir, I'm-- I'm goin' take some action.

QUARTET

I'm going to kill that Barbershop Quartet...

Starting with the Baritone!

(BARITONE in front steps forward, on his knees for a solo)

Baritone: Starting with the Baritone!

PETE walks back to the QUARTET and proceeds to strangle the BARITONE, the other three singers run away. PETE returns to the table, sits down blank faced, wide eyes, in shock, as VIVIAN re-enters

VIVIAN

My place is only a few blocks from here--

PETE

I DID IT! I DID IT! Oh my God- I'm free!

VIVIAN

Yes, you are....

PETE

No, you don't understand, they're gone. (pause, he lets it sink in) You hear that? Nothing! They're gone. They're really gone....(looking at dead BARITONE, then up at VIVIAN, near tears) What have I done?

VIVIAN

Shh- shh, Pete, listen, I know what you're going through, I know what it's like not to have anyone to talk to... I want to help you- what can I do? Please, just tell me.

PETE takes her into his arms in a dramatic noir embrace

PETE

Well, there is one thing you could do. Sing me a song, just sing me any song.

(pause)

And can you make it in four part harmony?

BLACKOUT

KARAOKE CRISIS

CHARACTERS

KJ (offstage)

Melissa B.

Tequila

Jager Bomb

Long Island Ice Tea

Melissa's Friends: Steve, Holly/Back Up Dancers

Professor Facebook Post

KJ (offstage voice)

Ok, So, next up we have Melissa B.! Let's give Melissa a big round of applause-

MELISSA (to her friends)

Oh my God, you guys I can't! I can't!

STEVE

We'll come with you! Come on!

MELISSA

Ok, ok....

MELISSA gets on the stage, STEVE, HOLLY join her, standing awkwardly behind her, she takes the mic. The music (a lone piano) for Queen's "Somebody to Love" starts behind her

MELISSA (very nervous, squinting at the screen, not very good, giggling, squinting at a screen)

Oh- ok, it's started...um...

I have spent all my years in believing you

Um. But I just can't get no relief,

Lord!

Somebody, somebody

Can anybody find me somebody to love?...

(song starts to peter out, MELISSA/STEVE/HOLLY clap out of time. The smiles begin to fade)

HOLLY

You guys, this is terrible.

STEVE

What are going to do?

KJ

This looks like a job for.....

TEQUILA runs on stage and enters, poses, JAGERBOY holds the edge of his cape and flutters it in a makeshift wind, triumphant music plays!

TEQUILA

TEQUILA! I'm here to save the day with my trusty sidekick, JagerBoy.

JAGERBOY (flourishes)

Hallo wie ghetts?!

TEQUILA

YES! Wherever there are awkward work events...

JAGERBOY

Veel be there!

TEQUILA

Wherever there are 20-somethings trying to shoehorn fun into their girls' night out!

JAGERBOY

Veel be there!

TEQUILA

On Spring Break! On New Years Eve!

JAGERBOY

Unt sometimes at zee gym!

TEQUILA (shakes head at JAGERBOY)

Sure. BUT ESPECIALLY wherever there is Karaoke...we'll be there!

LONG ISLAND ICE TEA heroically

LONG ISLAND ICE TEA

What the fuck you goin' to sing Karoke and you didn't fucking cawl me?!

JAGERBOY

GET OUT LONG ISLAND ICE TEA VE AREN'T 21 ANYMORE! VE VANT TO HAVE FUN NOT GET IN A FIGHT VILE MAKING ZE PUKE! Go! SCHNELL!

LONG ISLAND ICE TEA angrily exits

TEQUILA (to MELISSA)

Come to me, Melissa, allow me to deaden your synapses in the warm dehydrating embrace of my agave essence...

MELISSA/TEQUILA make out

JAGERBOY

Looks like somebody's going to swallow zee worm!

MELISSA pulls back, reeling, burps

TEQUILA

Aye, aye, aye. You are ready.

TEQUILA hands her the mic, the full band kicks in, STEVE, HOLLY, pull off their clothes to reveal sparkley back up singer dresses, they bust out in a fully choreographed dance behind MELISSA- she sings and it is glorious.

MELISSA

I work hard every day of my life

I work till I ache my bones

At the end I take home my hard earned pay all on my own -

I get down on my knees

And I start to pray

Till the tears run down from my eyes

Lord - somebody - somebody

Can anybody find me - somebody toooooooo.....

Enter PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST he aims his fingers at them like the Emperor and everyone freezes except for TEQUILA and JAGERBOY who recoil in fear, shielding their eyes

TEQUILA

Ay Dios Mio! It's my arch nemesis....

TEQUILA/JAGERBOY

PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST!

PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST (ala Dr. Claw)

YES! And I've finally finished my RETROSPECTOR! I will strip away your power and reveal you for what you TRULY ARE: DRUNK IDIOTS! You're about to get TAGGED!

TEQUILA

NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

TEQUILA, JAGERBOY, MELISSA, HOLLY, STEVE freeze in a series of flashing lights and tableaux reveal them as drunk, sloppy idiots.

PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST (laughing maniacally during tableaux)

Your boss just liked that! COMMENT ON THIS GRAMMA! RIGHT INTO YOUR EX'S FEED!!!

Crescendo at the most drunk and ridiculous pose PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST runs in front of them.

PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST
SELFIE!!!!!!

PROFESSOR FACEBOOK POST takes a selfie in front of the group of idiots

TEQUILA
ENOUGH POSTING! EVERYBODY BLACKOUT!

BLACKOUT

SINGING TELE-SPAM: PART THREE

CHARACTERS
Robert
Singing Tele-spam

Knock on the door. ROBERT is reading Twilight, he gets off of couch and answers

TELE-SPAM SINGER
Singing Tele-spam!

ROBERT
UNSUBSCRIBE! COME ON!

TELE-SPAM SINGER
*Thomas has endorsed you, you truly are great
So sign in to your Linkedin and be sure to update
You resume 'cause we think you're a fine candidate
For many companies all over New York State
Also Ricky got a new job!
Be sure to congratulate...!*

ROBERT
UNSUBSCRIBE!

ROBERT goes to close the door, TELE-SPAM SINGER puts foot the door prying it open again.

TELE-SPAM SINGER
*Hot live girls wanna chat with you
Double X Triple D web-cam too!
Quit touching your wang, start touching her bum!
We will make you C-U-Um!*

ROBERT (looks around, slightly opens door, yells for show)
I SAID UNSUBSCRIBE!
(looks around to make sure no one will see)
Ok. Quick-um- how do I, uh, click on this?

BLACKOUT

THE DOLPHIN INTERPRETER

CHARACTERS

Squiggles the dolphin
Binky the dolphin
Wavey the dolphin
Sarah the trainer
Jeff the trainer
Puppeteers

Blue fabric about waist high on the 3 DOLPHINS stretches across the stage, the trainers, JEFF and SARAH, (with headsets) throw the dolphins fish as the swim around the tank, ending their performance

SARAH
Let's have a big round of applause for Binky, Squiggles, and Wavey- the star of today's show!!!

JEFF
Just one last thing before we go! Our scientists have been hard at work on a special treat! We just can't wait to share it with you! Now: everyone knows that dolphins sing songs to communicate with one another- well- for the first time ever, we've designed a device that translates the dolphin song directly into language that humans can understand!

SARAH
Jeff, this is just so exciting! Is everyone ready???! Ok, turn on the device!

JEFF touches an app on his phone, the ambient squeaks of the dolphins come together in harmony, then BINKY steps forward.

BINKY (supported by SQUIGGLES/WAVEY "ahhs" and "ooohs")
*Every day I wake up and I greet the morning sun
Sarah and Jeff visit to bring us fish and fun
Our trainers blow the whistle, that's how we start our day
We throw the ball and do some tricks, for exercise and play
But there's one thought that stays with us, while living in this park*

One thought that haunts us every day

ARI

1...2...3...

BINKY

I wish I was a shark

I wish I was a shark

BINKY/SQUIGGLES/WAVEY

I wish I was a shark so you would just leave me alone

Yah, I wish I was a shark

I'd love to be a shark

*Sometimes it's almost real, I swear that I can feel
my teeth crushing your bone*

JEFF (trying to interject)

Ok, well that was--

BINKY (spoken)

SHUT THE FUCK UP JEFF- YOU OWE THIS TO ME

SQUIGGLES

You know we're very smart and, it's just not fucking cool

To make us do 8 shows a day, inside this filthy pool

We know it's not the ocean, yah, we know that we're not free

Cause dolphins do not mate or breed, while in captivity

(WAVEY: I mean, why would we?)

That's why we tend to fantasize, we know it's kinda dark

'Bout beady eyes and razor teeth.....

SQUIGGLES

I wish I was a shark

I wish I was a shark

(Two SHARK PUPPETS dive behind them, two TRAINER PUPPETS appear and are eaten by the sharks)

BINKY/SQUIGGLES/WAVEY

I was I was a shark so you'd stop letting children ride me

Yah, I was I was a shark

I'd love to be a shark

And while you hold my fin, I'm stifling a grin

Cause I can taste your flesh inside me

WAVEY

*OH- dolphins we aren't killers
Our brains aren't wired that way
If you throw a couple fish at us- we're probably gonna play
But sometimes we want to rip your throat out and just chew your till your dead
If only we were born as sharks the waters of this tank would run so motherfucking red!*

BINKY/SQUIGGLES/WAVEY

SO RED!

(PUPPETEER or DOLPHINS gradually turn the blue cloth around to- it's red on the other side)

WAVEY

OH!

BINKY/SQUIGGLES/WAVEY (hands clapping, gospel breakdown)

*Blood! Blood like a river!
Blood! Blood like the sea!
Blood! Blood like the ocean!
They'll be blood! Blood! Blood! All over me!*

BINKY/SQUIGGLES/WAVEY

(back to area rock breakdown, clapping hands over their heads)

I wish I was a shark

STINGRAY PUPPET (dives behind them)

Get me outa the touch pool

BINKY/SQUIGGLES/WAVEY

I wish I was a shark

SEAL PUPPET (dives behind them)

Throwing pennies is just cruel

(Additional SEA CREATURE PUPPETS join them dancing behind them)

ALL

OH we wish that we were sharks

Oh Lord please hear our plea

We wish that we sharks

Oh why can't we be sharks???

Just scary vicious sharks

Just bloody killer sharks

It's all we want to be!

BINKY (steps forward, the SEA CREATURE PUPPETS lean in around him)

Except for when we rape

WAVEY

You know that dolphins rape? Humans. Google it.

BINKY

Yah, That's the only time

SQUIGGLES

The only fucking time

BINKY/WAVEY/SQUIGGLES

That the sharks wish they were me

BINKY

Thank you and Goodnight!

BLACKOUT

Non-Rapey Alt Ending

BINKY (steps forward, the SEA CREATURE PUPPETS lean in around him)

Except for when we fuck

WAVEY

Yah, dolphins fuck for fun

BINKY

Not just for procreation... (spoken to audience) 'Sup ladies.

SQUIGGLES

Yah, that's the only time

WAVEY

The only fucking time

BINKY/WAVEY/SQUIGGLES

That the sharks wish they were me

BINKY

Also dolphins rape humans! Google it! Thank you and Goodnight!

BLACKOUT

