**BLOODY BRAINS IN A JUKEBOX**

-A Rock Opera-

By

DICK D ZIGUN (Book & Lyrics)

 and
NIKOS BRISCO (Music)

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**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

DOCTOR POITIER – An Educated, Handsome and Dignified Bahamian Black Man who resembles Sidney Poitier who was age 32 in 1959. In Act 3 this actor also plays an Alien, a Space Journalist and an Angel.

DOCTOR HEPBURN – A Sophisticated, Stylish and Petite Belgian White Woman who resembles Audrey Hepburn who was age 30 in 1959. In Act 3 this actress also plays an Alien, a Space Journalist and an Angel.

DOCTOR COOGAN – A Bald, Fat and Comedic White Male character who resembles Jackie Coogan who was age 45 in 1959. In Act 3 this actor also plays an Alien, a Space Journalist and an Angel.

DOCTOR MANSFIELD – A Buxom, Bleached Blonde Bombshell White Woman with a Breathless voice who resembles Jayne Mansfield who was age 26 in 1959. In Act 3 this actress also plays an Alien, a Space Journalist and an Angel.

WURLITZER JUKEBOX MODEL 1100 – A full size accurate replica of a Wurlitzer Model 1100 Jukebox that has the ability to talk, to fly and to eat brains. At various points in the show the Jukebox might be a puppet, a robot or an actor inside a Jukebox contraption but the Jukebox must always look like Wurlitzer Model 1100.

ROCK AND ROLL BAND – A Live Band that plays Live Music. The Band might wear costumes and might change costumes each act.

**NOTES ON SET DESIGN**

The Stage should look set for a Rock Concert. The Band is visible and prominent. There is a large video screen upstage center and side screens stage right and stage left. Sometimes the screens project images and video. Sometimes Camera Operators film live things the actors are doing on stage and project events like Brain Operations and Nuclear Blasts.

***DISC ONE***

***TITS AND ASS***

***HOLLYWOOD***

***1959***

***TRACK ONE:***

***THE CURE FOR CANCER***

DR POITIER

Oh my house has picture windows
Swimming pool out in the back
Wife and I are wealthy doctors
Best damn lifestyle that's a fact

I'm the first Black brain surgeon
Married to a Belgium Ph.D.
Her book's a number one best seller
"Body Language: You and Me"
How lucky we be!

DR HEPBURN

Oh our pad is picture perfect
Private Patient Entrance in the back
Man and Wife top LA doctors
Hollywood lifestyle that's a fact

DRS POITIER AND HEPBURN

We should mix martinis we should throw a party
After all it's New Year's Eve
(Happy 1959)
We should call our two best friends
The brilliant Cancer Research Team

(They each pick up a telephone)

Hello, Darling!
What's up, Buddy?
Join us for cocktails?
Drop by for some drinks?

All work no play
What's that you say?
All work no play
What's that you say!

You discovered the Cure for Cancer?
They discovered the Cure for Cancer!

Are you serious?
Drive over and tell us right now!
You're not kidding!
Speed over as fast as you can!

(They hang up)

Who's coming to dinner
You'll never guess
Just the Cure for Cancer
Who could have guessed
Who's coming to dinner
Our guests are really the best
Happy 1959

The next Nobel Prize Winners
Happy 1959
Time Magazine's next Man and Woman of The Year 1959
The most important brains in the world

Who's coming to our house
You'll never guess in 1959
Just the two smartest brains
In the whole wide world
Coming to hang out with us
In the Hollywood Hills
In 1959!

***TRACK TWO;***

***ARE THEY DEAD?***DR HEPBURN

At 8:45 our Best Friends took a trip
Up and down the Hills of Hollywood
The car had lots of zip

The rain and lightning started and the streets got wet and slick

Then they skidded off the mountain
When they braked on:
Dead Man's Curve

CHORUS

The car rolled and exploded and the Accidents kept Coming
Our friends went Through the Windshield
Then they rolled And broke their Bones

They rolled twice more until their Blood and Guts Were showing
But it's possible
They're still alive
I hear their moans
And Groans

DR POITIER

Got a wheelbarrow and a rake
From the Gardener 's Shed

Found some pieces of the woman
Some were purple
Some were red

A tooth the tongue an eyeball
I'm still looking for her head

Can I stitch her
Back together?
That's the question
Is she dead?

REPEAT CHORUS

DR HEPBURN

Took the wheelbarrow and
The Rake from
The Gardener's Shed

Found some pieces of the man
Some were living
Some were dead

A nose an ear

His Scrotum

 I'm still Staring at his head

Am I brave enough to pick
It up or give him
Up for dead?

REPEAT CHORUS

BOTH DOCTORS

Two wheelbarrows
Full of Body Parts
And heads

Bloody parts are
In his office
Bloody parts are
On her bed

Then to top it off
Their car explodes
The research notes!
The cancer cure!
Their notes
All Burned!
All Shred!

REPEAT CHORUS

BOTH DOCTORS

It's a jigsaw puzzle
On the operating Tables
We stitch parts
Back together
Many stitches
Many staples

There's a pulse
And There's
A brainwave
And I'm pumping
Blood and Air

But they're critical
Not stable
They can't last
Very long

If only we could Speak to them
There's only moans
There's only groans

The most important brains
On Earth
They won't last
Very long
They won't last
Very long

REPEAT CHORUS
Fade out into sound of heartbeats.

***TRACK THREE;***

 ***I GOTTA DO THIS***DR HEPBURN

Here's the BoneSaw doctor
Dotted line on
Forehead
Here's the jar to
Save the brain
Rev up the saw
Scalp the Skull
Remove the Brain
We owe it to
The World

DR POITIER

Right or Wrong
Who knows
Good or Evil
I don't know

But I know for sure
That I gotta do this
Yes!
Gotta do this
Yes!

DR HEPBURN

I don't know
What to think
Wait a minute
Stop and blink

Can you handle
More BoneSawing Doctor?
Forehead dotted
Line number two
Second jar saves
Second brain

DR POITIER

Are we insane?
How to know?

DR HEPBURN

Rev up the saw
Scalp the skull
Remove the brain
We owe it to
The world

DR POITIER

Right or wrong
Who knows
Good or evil
I don't know

But I know for
Sure that I
Gotta do this
Yes!
Gotta do this
Yes!

DR HEPBURN

I don't know
What to think
Wait a minute
Stop and think

Right brain left
Brain doctor
Nerve cells tissue
Fluids ego ID
Two brains alive
Two brains
Not dead but how
To talk to brains
Both missing
Their heads?

DR POITIER

The brains
Will keep
I need to sleep

DR HEPBURN

Wait a minute
Stop and think
We have no plan
We need to think

DR POITIER

I need to sleep
Right or wrong
Who knows
Good or evil
I don't know

But I know
For sure that
I gotta get sleep
Yes!
Gotta get sleep
Yes!

DR HEPBURN

Take off your
Gloves take off
Your scrubs
Go get your sleep

I need to think
To think of
A plan
We owe it to
The world

***TRACK FOUR;***

 ***I JUST STOLE AN AMBULANCE***

DR HEPBURN

I just stole
An ambulance
I just stole an
Ambulance with
Two comatose
Bodies

Try to Think
They are
Blobs of
Flesh
On stretchers
They are
Vegetables
No brainwaves
They might as well be Zombies

I didn't sleep
A wink last night
I was listening to
LAPD scans

When I heard
About ODs at
The Montecito
Hotel

Hollywood lookalike
Convention
Not far from
Our house
Montecito Hotel

The lookalikes
Held a pill popping party
Impersonating
Infamous
Pill popping ODs

But the fake
Placebo pills
Were all tainted
It was tragic
There must have
Been two dozen
ODs
Ambulances were
Lined up
For blocks
Ambulances
Were everywhere
Ambulance
Traffic Jam
It was easy to
Steal one

I just stole
An ambulance
I just stole an
Ambulance with
Two comatose
Bodies

(She wheels in a stretcher with a body.  DR POITIER wheels in a second stretcher with a second body.  He puts on gloves and scrubs and turns on the circular bone saw)

DR POITIER

What kind of
Nightmare is this
What laws are
We breaking
You stole an
Ambulance
I've cut four
Skulls open today

Now I'm throwing
Two dead brains
Away

Now I'm taking
Two brains from
Two jars

BOTH DOCTORS

Now we're planting smart
Brains in new heads

What kind of
Nightmare is this

What laws aren't
We breaking

The laws of
Nature
The laws of
Nature

(Black Out)

DR POITIER

It's done.

  (HEPBURN starts to look under the sheets of two operating tables but he stops her)

Not to be disturbed

DR HEPBURN

I'll put up some coffee.

DR POITIER

Brew it strong.  Brew it double espresso

DR HEPBURN

The operation?

DR POITIER

You'll be setting four cups.

(She drops a saucer & bends down to pick up shattered pieces. DR COOGAN enters, zombie-like, naked, fat, short, old, odd & bald.  HEPBURN notices bare feet on the floor in front of her, stands up and sees that he's naked)

DR HEPBURN

Well, hello

(No response)

Please sit down

(No response)

DR POITIER

He can't respond...a few days...

(He places COOGAN's hands over his genitals)

I'm observing that the transplanted brain undergoes shock needs time to adjust

DR HEPBURN

You mean this is-

(POITIER nods yes)

-but he-

(She taps COOGAN's skull)

-was so-

(She mimes a masculine stance)

DR POITIER

No choice

DR HEPBURN

What the hell did you do to my best girlfriend?

(She exits, gasps from off stage and pulls a naked zombie-like DR MANSFIELD on stage.  MANSFIELD tries to cover herself but HEPBURN forces the woman's hands to her side, stares, forces the hands into their more modest position.  She taps MANSFIELD's skull)

You didn't!

DR POITIER

I had to!

(Whispers)

The answer to cancer...

DR HEPBURN

What's the cure?

DR POITIER

Give them time.

(Blackout)

***TRACK FIVE;***

 ***DAY BY DAY DIARIES***DR HEPBURN

It's Day #1
There's no one
Around
Time to get my
Diary Done

(Black Out)

DR POITIER

It's Day #2
I'm starting
A journal
I don't know
About you

DR HEPBURN

It's now Day #5
They Walk
They Pee
Dear Diary
They Drink Cup
After Cup of Espresso All Day

DR POITIER

It's now Day #7
I think
They can talk
If they think
They should have
Something to say
I should state
For My Journal
I should stay
Scientific

(Blackout)

(POITIER and HEPURN both in Green Smocks with clipboards, stethoscope & knee hammer)

DR HEPBURN

Why are they behaving this way?

DR POITIER

Everything's fine

DR HEPBURN

Too much espresso?

(She tests MANSFIELD reflexes. POITIER taps COOGAN)

DR COOGAN

Ow!

(POITIER slaps MANSFIELD)

DR MANSFIELD

Ow!

(HEPBURN gives hand mirror to MANSFIELD then COOGAN)

Wow!

DR COOGAN

Yeech!

(Blackout)

DR HEPBURN

It's Day #10
At last!
They're Talking!

DR COOGAN

A E I O U

DR MANSFIELD

The quick brown fox

Jumped over the

Lazy dog

DR COOGAN

A E I O U

Brown Fox

Lazy Dog

And the cow

Jumped over

The Moon

(BLACKOUT)

DR POITIER

It's Day #12
As My Journal
Can Tell
Their Brains are
Doing Just fine

DR HEPBURN

Their Bodies are
Doing Just fine

It's Day #12 and
They are both
Speaking
Just fine

DR POITIER

Don't you think
That it's time?

DR HEPBURN

Yes I think
We should
Ask them
That's fine.

The Answer
To Cancer?
The Answer
To Cancer?

DR COOGAN & MANSFIELD

It's Day #12
We can't even
Remember
Two weeks ago
We don't know
Tricks to
Cure Cancer
We don't know
Any answer
At all to
Cure Cancer
We want to know
If you have any
Answer to
Amnesia?

DR COOGAN

I don't know
Who I am

DR MANSFIELD

I don't know
Who I am

(BLACKOUT)

DR HEPBURN

It's Day #13
Unlucky Day #13
Oh, Dear Diary
Such an awful
Thing Happened

(BLACKOUT)

I can't sleep

DR POITIER

Neither can I, darling.

(He turns on light.  They are in pajamas in bed)

Let's make love, Doctor Hepburn

(She turns off the light.  We hear bed springs rhythmically rocking...then stop short.  He turns on lights)

DR POITIER

I'm sorry.  I started thinking of monkeys.

DR HEPBURN

My poor baby

(She turns off lights)

You're only human.

(Bed springs start rocking again and then suddenly stop again.  Lights on)

DR POITIER

Now what happened?

DR HEPBURN

I just got your point about monkeys.

(BLACKOUT)

DR POITIER

It's Day #21
It's time to
Promise my journal I need
To get the
Job done

Let's repeat
The routine
Word association
Routine

Do you know
The cure for cancer
The answer
To cancer ?

DR COOGAN

What makes
You think
I'm so smart?

DR POITIER

What do
You think about
The way that
You look?

DR COOGAN

I think I'm Fat
And Old and Ugly

I wish I was
Good looking
And very
well hung

DR POITIER

Did you ever win
A big research grant?

DR COOGAN

Do you know
The way
Out of
amnesia?

(BLACKOUT )

DR HEPBURN

It's Day #28
Let's repeat
The routine
The silent routine
It's a little
Like Charades
It's a lot like
Playing Statue:

(MANSFIELD appears)

Strike a pose like
A Doctor
Strike a pose like
A Queen
Strike a pose like
You're a Secretary
Strike a pose like
You're dying
Of Cancer and
You only have
Ten Seconds
To live...

DR MANSFIELD

Now it's my turn
To talk and
Your turn
To pose like
I'm going to
Punch your face
In ten seconds
If you don't
Work on the
Answer to
Amnesia

(BLACKOUT)

It was Day #124
I started
A Scrapbook
My own secret
Scrapbook
To collect
Any scraps
Of my life
Going forth

First scraps
To remember
My IQ is high
My boobs are
So big and
I have no idea
Who bleached
My hair blonde

Do I want to
Wear makeup
Can I make
Myself up?

I'm the fastest
Speed reader
That the world
Has ever seen
The Men all turn
And stare at me
They ask me
Who I am
If only I
Knew who I was
I'd sign them up
My fans

Meanwhile
They won't let me
In Disneyland
At Disneyland
I'm banned!

DR POITIER

Listen to me
You're a PhD
You're a Genius
You're a Famous
Research Doctor

DR MANSFIELD

I know I'm smart
Smart enough
To be a genius
But Research
Doc that
Don't fit me
Look at me
Look at me

I want one of
Those stars on
Hollywood Blvd
I want to
Be discovered
I want to be
A Superstar
I want to
Be noticed
Sipping
Ice Cream Soda
At a Luncheonette
Counter

Dropping
Nickels in a
Jukebox
I love the look
Of a jukebox
I get hypnotized
By a good looking
Jukebox
The girl
Can't help it
The girl
Can't help it

Dear Scrapbook:
I love Einstein
I love bikinis
I love DeKooning
I like Ike
I love Elvis
I love Lucy
I'm young
I'm a blonde
Bombshell
I'm in
Hollywood USA
I'm a genius
I can
Invent myself
Who needs
A memory?
Who needs
Any memories?

(BLACKOUT)

DR COOGAN

It's Day #135
Sun Rose yet
Again in LA but
Today was
The day
I became
A Beatnik and
Started writing
Beat Poetry
That ain't
Old Daddyo Poems like you
Find in
The New Yorker
Next to
Charles Addams
Cartoons
Nobody likes
Poems
Except poets
Romantic
Assholes and
Poet's Mothers
But I can't
Remember who
My mother is
Maybe
Charles Addams
Is my mommy?

DR HEPBURN

Listen to me
You're a PhD
You're a genius
You're a famous
Research Doctor

DR COOGAN

I know I'm smart
Smart enough
To be a Genius
But Research Doc
That don't fit me

Look at me
Look at me

Today
I grow goatee
I buy beret
I buy black
Sweatshirt
Black Levi's
Black Converse
I be beatnik
I beat bongo
Then people
Listen to me

I like me
I like self
But my body I be uncomfortable
With

If only
Charles Atlas
Bodybuilder not
Charles Addams
Cartoonist was
My mommy

Mommy Mommy
I want a
Penis Pump
I saw an ad
In Playboy
Then I saw the
Playboy Centerfold
She looked like
The Amnesiac
You claim was
Once my wife

I want a
Penis Pump
I want a Playboy
Penis Pump

I can
Invent myself
Who needs
A memory?
Who needs
Any memories?

(BLACKOUT)

DR HEPBURN

It's Day #313
Damnit Diary
Patients
Are People
Not Brain
Transplant
Machines

If they know
Nothing of Cancer
Then they need
To go free and
Live Life

They could
Find jobs
In Vegas
Impersonators
Husband and
Wife

Let him have
His Penis Pump
Let her have
A glamorous Life

I miss my
Hollywood Lifestyle
I miss having
Breakfast in
Beverly Hills
I miss shopping
At Tiffany's
Rodeo Drive

I want my
Meticulousness
Back I want my
Methodology
Back
I want my
Orgasms back

(BLACKOUT)

DR POITIER

It's Day #321
Dear Journal
What have
I done

What kind
Of mess
Have I gotten
Me into

Body parts
All over
My house
Illegal patients
In my bedrooms
Criminal evidence
Buried in
The backyard

What kind
Of mess
Have I gotten
Me into
I miss my
Hollywood
Lifestyle

The wife gone
Frigid in my bed
I'm Mr Softee
In her bed

I keep peeping
Through the
Keyhole at
Doctor Mansfield

Doctor Coogan's
Pump: So Loud!
What kind
Of mess
Have I gotten
Me Into

...we all know they're gonna blame the Black Man...guilty of Brain Surgery while Black...

(BLACKOUT)

DR COOGAN

It's Day #333
And this is
My Damnit Poem

Damnit!
I'm not
Frank Sinatra!
No blue eyes
No smooth voice
No bobbysocker
Swooning to my
High Hopes Hit
Dammit!

Damnit!
I should be a
Death Valley
Hermit!
If I stay in LA
I'm afraid!
I'll explode!
Damnit!

And IF there's
Really
Reincarnation
I'll come back
As The Chairman
Of the Board

This poem was
Made for
Frankie Baby
Many more
Poems coming
Down the road

(BLACKOUT)

DR HEPBURN

It's Day #336
Dearest Diary
I shouldn't
Tell you this but
I'm locked
In the bathroom
Making myself up
Like Doc Mansfield

I'm trying on wigs
I'm trying on
Bullet Bras and
High Heels

Of course this is
Only an
Experiment

I am a student
Of walks
A student of
Head scratching
And habits

I wrote
The Best seller Book on
Body Language

Of course
This is only
An experiment

(BLACKOUT)

DR MANSFIELD

It's Day #362
1959 Damnit
And here's
A headline for
Your Scrapbooks
World: The
New Religion

(As MANSFIELD sings she teases her hair to hide her forehead stitches, puts on excessive makeup, overstuffs her bra and posterior, turns to a baby talk voice and a bump and grind walk and starts to exercise)

Don't hide me
Don't fear me
There's something
We must do
I'm not the
Bride of
Frankenstein
There's only
Me and you

So listen up Mac
There's something
You should know
We're praying
For an end
We're praying
For our souls
Freedom
From Cancer
Freedom
From Aging
Freedom
From ugliness
Freedom
From death even
Freedom
From sexual
Malfunction

Don't you want
To be alive
I am the brain
I am the body
This is the life

Brain imagination
Body manifestation
Everyone will
Have great sex

It's a
New religion
Won't you
Give a listen

You'd never
Know it
Ask my husband
The Beat Poet
I'm not the
Bride of
Frankenstein

(Lightning - End of Song )

***TRACK SIX;***

***APOCALYPSE NUMBER ONE***

(Projections of a Fictional Fantasy Earthquake that destroys the Hollywood Sign, Grauman’s Chinese Theater, Brown Derby Restaurant, etc.)

THE BAND

There was a
Hollywood
Earthquake

I just heard it
On the
News break

Wild fires
Burned at
Daybreak

The
Mudslides
Were a
Heartache

Yeah the
Hollywood
Earthquake
The stars
Their homes
All gone

Well on
New Year’s
Eve it rumbled

And the hills
Began to
Tumble
We had to
Dance
Around the
Falling walls
As mud got
Deep and
Bubbled

Yeah the
Hollywood
Earthquake
The stars
Their homes
All gone!

**INTERMISSION**

***DISC TWO****:*

***Goodbye, Cruel World***

***Needles***

 ***1979***

***TRACK SEVEN;***

 ***STATELINE GAS AND GRILL***
(Stateline Gas & Grill with big picture windows. The three projection screens show a 2 lane blacktop road in the desert)

(COOGAN in Texaco overalls and a beret in a wheelchair.  MANSFIELD older, plumper, Pink Beehive Hairdo, waitress uniform)

COOGAN & MANSFIELD

It's 7 AM but
No particular day
It's just 1979 and
It's time to open
For business
It's 7 AM and
It's time to
Make breakfast
Time to put on
My uniform
See what
Happens today

Time to put on
My uniform
See what
Happens today

Last gas in
California
First slots in
Nevada
The only
Beef Jerky
Next 35 miles

I pump gas can
I check your oil
Put air in
Your tires?

I cook the food
I run the brothel

I sell fireworks

Take my UFO
Crash site tour

We're a
Roadside Attraction
But no one
Really stops here
Just a dot on a
Map of empty
Desert
Scrawny Cactus

The spot where
Nevada meets
"C" "A":
Stateline
Gas and Grill

If you're lost
Maps and
Directions
If you're starving
Today's Special
Is Bacon & Eggs
The spot where
Nevada meets
"C" "A"
Stop at
Stateline
Gas and Grill

Nuclear Dump
Site in the
Backyard

We both chain smoke
Cigarettes
I only eat
Fried food
I like the smell
Of PCBs and
Gas Fumes
Neither one of us
Uses sunscreen
Neither one of us
Has cancer
It's 7 AM but
No particular day

It's just 1979 and
It's time to open
For business
It's 7 AM and
It's time to
Make breakfast
Time to put on
My uniform
See what
Happens today

Time to put on
My uniform
See what
Happens today

We're not on
Route 66
No one
Drives here to
Get their kicks

The nearest town
They call Needles
But it's dull
It's not sharp
It's hot but
Not a hot spot

On the good side
Of Needles
The buildings
Are empty and
Boarded up
The traffic lights
Are broken and
City Hall is
Bankrupt

On the wrong side of Needles
There's not much
But desert
Needles is dull
It's not sharp
It's hot but not
A hot spot

Hottest hole in the U.S. of A.
It's just hot and
There's trains and cactus
And dirt

Last gas in
California
First slots in
Nevada
The only
Beef Jerky
Next 35 miles

I pump gas can
I check your oil
Put air in
Your tires?

I cook the food
I run the brothel

I sell fireworks

Take my UFO
Crash site tour

We're a
Roadside Attraction
But no one
Really stops here
Just a dot on a
Map of empty
Desert
Scrawny cactus

The spot where
Nevada meets
"C" "A":
Stateline
Gas and Grill

325 miles from LA
Not really near
Vegas
No one asked
Where we
Came from
No idea how long
We'll stay
Our hot
Hideout in Hell

Half in Needles
Nevada
Half in Needles
"C" "A"
No smog
No smudge
No fog No snow
Wanna hamburger
Gotta shoot
A cow
Too bad the
Jukebox
Is broken
The town of
Needles is
Dead

It's our

Way too hot

Hideout
In Hell with
Hubcaps and
Old license plates
No one ever
Get Cancer but
Our Dreams keep
Us awake

I'm a bad
Beatnik Mechanic

I'm an overly
Plump busty
Waitress

And there's
Nothing to do
Welcome to
Needles
Where there's
Nothing to do

We're not on
Route 66
No one drives
Here to
Get their kicks

We're a Roadside
Attraction but no
One really
Stops here
The spot where
Nevada
Meets "C" "A"
Stateline
Gas and Grill

There's a dotted
Line on the floor
On this side
There's
Spark plugs

On that side
Play Poker
That's also the
Side with the
Cathouse so
You can keep
Playing
Poke-Her

On this side
There's the Fossil
Of an Alien Baby
I wish the
Jukebox was
Working it's
Driving us
Crazy!

Sometimes
We switch jobs
Sometimes
We switch clothes

Time to put on
His uniform
See what
Happens today

Time to put on
Her uniform
See what
Happens today

I pump gas
I run the brothel

The spot where
Nevada meets
"C" "A"
Stateline
Gas and Grill!

***TRACK EIGHT;***

 ***IT’S HIGH NOON***

COOGAN AND MANSFIELD

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

Humans are
Sub-Human
Humans ain't
Evolved
Humans can't
Make choices
That a bigger
Brain could solve

If you could
Switch your body
Like you can
Change
your mind
Evolution would
Make progress
And our species
Would be fine

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

You wanna
Pierce your tongue
You wanna
Have some fun
I'm gonna
Write a poem
I call I like to
Clean my gun

It's High Noon
That's what
I'm gonna do

It's High Noon
That’s what I’m
Gonna do

I want a
Working jukebox
I want to play A6
I want to
Chew some gum
And then I want
To play B1

I need to drop
My coin in
The slot and
Hear the song
I want

It's High Noon
That's what
I want to do

It’s High Noon

That’s what

I wanna do

Humans are
Sub-Human
Humans ain't
Evolved
It's High Noon
That's when I
Clean my guns

Humans can't
Make choices
That a bigger
Brain could solve
It's High Noon
I usually play
The Jukebox
I want to play
I-Q

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

Clean the guns
Wash the dishes
Screw the Johns
Deal the cards

Nevada is
Sub-Human
Nevada ain't
Evolved

New windshield
And the wipers
Check the fanbelt
Two quarts oil

California
Can't make choices
That a
Gas And Grill
Can solve

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

It's High Noon
That's when
I clean guns
I'm gonna
Clean guns now

It's High Noon
That's when I
Always play the
Jukebox

I'm fucking
Freaking out
I need the
Frigging music
Machine fixed
It's time to
Break dishes
It's time to break
My Elvis dishes
It's time to go
Crazy in the
Kitchen and crack
Egg after egg after dish after egg and it's time to rant on and on about the past 20 years and abortion and cancer and sex change operations and artificial intelligence

I want to
Pierce my tongue
I want to have
Some fun
D4 Sex Pistols
E3 Psyco Killer
U2 Flying Lizards
I need a
Soundtrack
When I work

If you could
Switch your body
Like you can
Change your mind

Time to clean
The guns
Time to clean
The guns

Evolution would
Make progress
And our species
Would be fine

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna go

It's High Noon
What are we
Gonna do

***TRACK NINE:***

***HOT SPOT HAPPY HOUR***

(HEPBURN and POITIER drive two miniature motorized Mercedes Benz convertibles into the aisles of the theater then onto the stage)

POITIER
Honk Honk
Vroom
I’m driving my Mercedes
Convertible Benz
Expensive Luxury Car

HEPBURN
Honk Honk
Vrroom
Versace Gucci Fiorrucci
Cocaine and Champagne
Truth or Dare in
My Car

POITIER & HEPBURN
Expensive
Luxury Cars
Smoking Expensive Cigars

We’re not cruising
For Burgers
We’re cruising
For cocktails
it’s 5 PM and we
Want to drink
It’s 5 PM and it’s
Time to get happy

Pull into the
Next spot to
Try and
Get happy
Any dive bar
Will do
If it has
Cocktails & Jukebox
We’re
Happy

Honk Honk
Vrroom

Honk Honk
Happy Hour
Hunting for a
Happy Hour
where
Everybody’s Happy
Honk Honk
Vrroom

(Cross fade to COOGAN & MANSFIELD back in their interior)

COOGAN & MANSFIELD

The spot where
Nevada meets
“C” “A”
Stateline
Gas and Grill

(Looking out the window we see Mercedes pull up to Gas Pumps)

MANSFIELD

Do I recognize her?
Hard to make out
Her Face...

COOGAN

I got my eyes
On him is that
Because of
His race?

MANSFIELD
(role playing Waitressing)

Can I get
You folks menus?

COOGAN

I’m in the mood
To spray Mace

MANSFIELD
I just smile and
Take the money

(Aside)
If the fucking Jukebox wasn’t Out Of Order I’d pay money to play MONEY by the Flying Lizards right now...

(She imitates the Flying Lizards Song and pretends to be a Flying Lizards Waitress...Meanwhile POITIER & HEPBURN get out of their cars and enter)

HEPBURN

Do you mix cocktails?
Do you have a Jukebox?
Do you have a Ladies Room?
Do you make change?

MANSFIELD

Yes we have
No Bananas
Yes we have
No Cocktails
Yes we have a Jukebox
But it isn’t
Working
Yes we have a
Ladies Room
But it’s in
Another State
Yes we have a
Cat House it’s
Next to the
Casino and the
Cashier at Casino
Is the place to get change

(MANSFIELD makes change for Hepburn Who drops coins into the jukebox... makes selections and nothing happens)

HEPBURN
Excuse me. Do you also have a Complaint Department? I just paid for BAD GIRLS by Donna Summers and nothing happened.

(MANSFIELD kicks the Jukebox which plays 17 seconds of MONEY by Flying Lizards then breaks down & goes silent)

MANSFIELD
Is that you?
Yes it is you
Doctor Hepburn
You rich bitch
Body Language
Ph.D.
Doctor
P-H-O-N-I-E

HEPBURN
Doctor Coogan!

Or is it Doctor Uncle Fester?
You old Bald
Beatnik Bastard

COOGAN

So we meet again
Distinguished
Doctor Poitier
How long
Has it been?
20 Years since
The Earthquake
My skull
Stitches and Staples
Still hurt
Why I oughta
Saw your
Skulls Open

POITIER
Doctor Mansfield!
What happened?
We can fix it...

I remember you
Up on
A pedestal
Perfection
My creation
Blonde Bombshell

You were...
You’re gained...

ALL 4 CHORUS

Yes we were
Yes we’ve gained
All 4 of us doctors
We’ve all changed

But before
All that chat
A Toast and
A drink
It’s Happy Hour
Time to get tipsy
Time to get
Happy
Is everybody
Happy?

MANSFIELD

Two pitchers of
Budweiser Draft
First Round
On the House

A Happy Hour
Toast to:
Any and All Bars
With a Jukebox

Jukebox Joints
Make me so
Happy
I wish I could
Wear a Jukebox
Like Jewelry

COOGAN

A Happy Hour
Toast to:
Out of The Box
Thinking
I wish I could BE
A JUKEBOX

POITIER
A Happy Hour
Toast to:
Old Friends and
Old Colleagues
Did you remember
Curing Cancer?
Do you remember
Hollywood?
Do you remember
Who you were?
Why can’t you
Remember
Who you were!?!

COOGAN

I know who I am
I’m here with her
We know who
We are
We took a stand
We own this land
Whose side
Are you on?

MANSFIELD
Stay on your side
Your side of
The line
Stay right there
And you’re fine

HEPBURN

Why draw a line
I prefer a
Good time
Everybody
Get happy!

(She kicks the jukebox which plays 17 seconds of BAD GIRLS by Donna Summers. HEPBURN starts to disco dance but when the jukebox breaks down she opens the top lid of the machine so she can tinker. She sticks her head inside the jukebox and without warning MANSFIELD shoots her point blank in the back of her head. Blood and brain matter splatter the open lid of the music machine. Blackout.)

***TRACK TEN:***

***LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL***(Everyone including the dead body are in the same place)

MANSFIELD COOGAN AND POITIER

Five Hours Later
The Standoff continues
The Cops are
Outside
Breaking News
On TV
Waitress Has
Hostages
Body Dangles
From Jukebox
Breaking News
On TV
Breaking News
On TV

FESTER

Five hours later means it’s 10 PM
About to be
Closing Time
Last Call for
Alcohol Time

POITIER

Closing time
My ass it is
She killed
My wife she did
Last Call
My ass

I found
Your rifle and
I found
Your ammo
I was a Sargent
In South Korea
I know how to
Shoot a Gun

And I’ve got
Lots of Cocaine
Loads of
Pharmacutical Cocaine

This Standoff
Can last
All Night

MANSFIELD
(She smokes a huge Marijuana joint and plays with her gun)

I not only know
How to Shoot
I’ve already proven
I’m willing
To Shoot

I’m deadly
I’m Gorgeous
I’m ready to
Wait you out
I think I can
Smoke you out

I’ve got bags
Full of bud
I didn’t mean to
Kill your wife
Come give me
A hug

(POITIER fires a shot)

Ow! Motherfucking
Cokehead
You just shot me
In the boob!

My beautiful big
Boob is
Bleeding

COOGAN

Last Call for
Alcohol
What drugs are in
The First Aid Kit?

POITIER

Last Call for
Alcohol?
I’ve got a flask
More sips to nip

Closing time
My ass it is
She killed
My wife she did
Last Call
My ass

(COOGAN fires his gun)

Ow! Motherfucking
Cartoon Character
You just shot me
In the ass!

My beautiful Black
Ass is bleeding!

COOGAN

Last Call for
Alcohol
What drugs are in
The First Aid Kit?

(He finds drugs)

Don’t worry
Doctor Mansfield
I found some
Morphine
To numb your
Injured Breast
(Throws it to her)

Shoot the
Morphine
Next to the
Bullet in your
Breast

POITIER

I’m bleeding
Is this Last Call
For me?
What drugs are in
The First Aid Kit?

FESTER

Don’t worry
Doctor Poitier
I found some
Qualudes to Numb
Your injured ass
(Throws it to him)

Swallow the Lude
Then rub a gram of your pharmaceutical coke on the
Hole in your ass

Don’t worry
Doctor Mansfield
He stole my
Shotgun
But I still have
My Fireworks

(He lights and tosses a firecracker which explodes)

Bombs away, Sargent Doctor Poitier

MANSFIELD

And the rockets
Red glare
The bombs
Bursting in air...

(More firecrackers explode)

POITIER

You want to know
The Cure?
I’ll tell you
The Cure!

(Firecracker explodes)

POITIER

Missed me,
Doctor Fester
Thank You,
Doctor Fester
We were once
Best Bros,
Doctor Fester
Please tell me
The Cure

(Firecracker explodes)

COOGAN

The Cure for
Cancer is to
Transplant your
Brain into another
Cancer Free Body

(Firecracker explodes then a Gunshot)

Ow! Fuck!
Fuck you former
Best Bro
You fucking
Shot me in
The hand!

(Firecracker explodes then another gunshot)

You fucking shot
Me in the leg
You were my
Best Bro
Now you shoot me
In the hand and
In the leg and then
You beg me to
Tell you the Cure:

Breathe in the
Dry Arid Air Of
Death Valley and
Needles and
Wash your hands
In Borax...

Twenty Mule Team Borax Hand Soap!

Cross My Heart! Borax from Death Valley!
That’s the Cure...

(Firecracker explodes then a Gunshot from MANSFIELD)

MANSFIELD

Don’t tell him shit
My love
My husband
Darling Doctor Fester Coogan

(Another Gunshot from MANSFIELD)

POITIER

OW! Another
Shot in the Ass
What drugs are in
The First Aid Kit?

Better rub
More cocaine
On my assholes

MANSFIELD

The Cure
for Cancer is
UFO Abduction
They beam you up
The Little Gray
Doctors
Probe your brain
In your ears
Down your throat
Up your ass
They beam you
Down and that’s
The Cure
For Cancer

(MANSFIELD runs out of bullets...and COOGAN runs out of firecrackers. POITIER stands and limps over to COOGAN and reloads the Shotgun)

COOGAN

Not in the head!
Save my brain!
I know things!
Not in the head!

POITIER
Then in the heart!

MANSFIELD

Don’t kill him!
You’ll break
My heart...
He’s brilliant...
Don’t kill him...(Gunshot)

POITIER

I shot him
In the heart
I killed him
But I didn’t shoot
The Brain
The Brilliant Brain
I’ll save his head

(He cuts off COOGAN’s Head with a chainsaw and puts the head inside the lid of the Jukebox)

I’m all Fucked Up
You’re all
Fucked Up
You killed my wife
This is so
Fucked Up
Can we call a truce
A ten minute truce
Take a deep breath
And count to ten

MANSFIELD

I’m all Fucked Up
You’re all
Fucked Up
You killed my man
Can we call a truce
A ten minute truce
Take a deep breath
And count to ten

Doctor?
Do you
want to kiss
My boobie boo-boo?

POITIER

Doctor?
Would you
Please rub
Pharmaceutical
Cocaine carefully
All over my injured
Assholes?

(They hug. They bleed. They trip. They open a dozen pieces of chewing gum and blow big bubbles and make snap noises)

MANSFIELD AND POITIER

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10
(They breathe)

***TRACK ELEVEN:***

***WHEN WE TOOK THAT LSD***

(MANSFIELD and POITIER pass a Bong back and forth taking hits)

MANSFIELD

Oh Yeah

POITIER

Oh Yeah

MANSFIELD

Oh Yeah
The High got
Higher when you
Sprinkled Coke
Into this Weed

POITIER

When we took
That LSD
I saw exactly
What we need...
To Do...
A simple list
For me and you

MANSFIELD

Oh Yeah?

POITIER

Oh Yeah!
...if we have time

MANSFIELD and POITIER

It’s Two Minutes
To Midnight
And my day
Is looking better

There are lots of
Pretty Colors
New thoughts are
In my head
It was good that
All this happened
Lots of ways to
Move Ahead

It’s two minutes
To midnight
And my day is
Looking better

Oh Yeah
Oh Yeah

MANSFIELD

We can just
Go outside & say
We were just
Filming a movie

The bodies
Aren’t real
That’s fake blood
On the wall

POITIER

We were just
Filming a movie

MANSFIELD

A Charlie Manson
Movie
Manson grew up
In Needles

POITIER

Oh Yeah?

MANSFIELD

Oh Yeah!

POITIER

These are good drugs...

MANSFIELD

Charlie Manson
Grew up in
Needles
Charles Schulz
Who wrote
Charlie Brown
Grew up in
Needles
Snoopy’s Brother
Spike still lives here in
Needles
Junkyard Dog
Probably out back

POITIER

Oh Yeah?

MANSFIELD

Oh Yeah...
Here, Spike...

POITIER

Here Spike...
Here Manson...
Helter Skelter
Manson...Here,Manson...Here, Spike...Here, Helter Skelter...
We’re just
Filming a movie
...good drugs...

MANSFIELD

Oh a Good
Special Effects
Movie... Oh Yeah…

Did you know Houdini the Magician’s Wife, Bess Houdini died right here in Needles? Isn’t that weird???

POITIER

I’m tripping
It’s good
It’s a really
Good trip
I’m seeing
A vision
It’s a real
Revelation...
Rationalization...
This can all
Be explained...

MANSFIELD

I’m crashing
It’s bad
It’s a really
Bad Trip
It’s The Midnight
It’s The Moonshine
It’s The Strobe Lite
It’s The Fog
The Fog Machines

POITIER

I’m tripping
It’s intense
Really strong
Intense Visions:
Do you want
Another Transplant
I could find
Another body
I could make you
Out of Plastic
Puffy Eyes and
Saggy Breasts
All recast in
Plastic
Double Chin and
Tummy Flab
All redesigned in
Plastic
We will live on
Forever Young
And Immortal
We will live on
Happily
Ever After

MANSFIELD

I’m crashing
I’m sick
It’s a really
Bad Trip
I’m having
PANIC ATTACKS

I want my
Old Life
I don’t want
New Tits
I don’t like plastic
I’m not your
Barbie Doll
If I was Plastic
I’d rather
Look Like
I was a Plastic
Jukebox

How fucking
Weird is that
How fucking
Weird am I
I’m crashing
I’m freaking out

I MISS TALKING TO Coogan WAA
But I
LIKE YOUR BODY
WAA
but I
Miss the Original Doctor Coogan

And Now I think it’s cute the way

He looks like Uncle Fester
WAA
I’m Freaking Out!
I’M FUCKING
FREAKING
OUT OUT OUT

POITIER
Don’t
Freak Out
Baby
Shhh

What
Can I do
Baby
Shhh

It’s just
A Bad Trip
Baby
Shhh

Baby
What can
I do
Shhh
To calm
You down
Shhh

MANSFIELD

The Bloody Brains

Clean up
The Brains

The Bloody Brains
Inside my
Jukebox
Are Fucking
Freaking me out

Clean up
The Bloody Brains

(POITIER sticks his head and hands into the top of the jukebox. Meanwhile MANSFIELD sneaks up behind him and shoots him in the back of the head. Brain matter splatters the insides of the jukebox. She then revs the chainsaw and decapitates POITIER. She carefully removes COOGAN’s Head and places it on her counter. She casually tosses POITIER’s head into the jukebox. She then drags POITIER’s headless torso onto a table and positions COOGAN’s Head above the torso in preparation to attach them)

MANSFIELD

I’m a Doctor
I’m a Genius
I know the
Cure for Cancer
I’m as Smart as
Any Rocket Doc
And yet
Oh Shit
How could I be
So Stupid
How could I
Forget Oh Shit
Oh shit
I’m not a
Brain Surgeon
Oh shit Oh Shit
Oh shit

It’s just a head
It’s just a torso
It’s just a
Torso and a Head
Connect them at
The neck and it’s
Just one body
Instead

How could I be
So stupid
How could I forget
Oh Shit
I’m not the
Brain Surgeon
In the family

Oh Shit
I’m crashing
I’m sick
It’s a really
Bad Trip
I’m having
PANIC ATTACKS

(Strobe Lights. Smoke Machines.)

I Miss kissing Coogan
Let’s have one last kiss
Coogan

Always made me laugh
Maybe my
Jukebox is
Working again
Maybe
Everything’s fine

This can all be explained
Drop a coin in
The jukebox and
Push the buttons
“I” “Q”

(She does so and the Jukebox plays MECHANICAL MAN by Charles Manson)

Why didn’t anyone tell me my boob is hemorrhaging ?

(She writes on the walls in blood: Helter Skelter)

Kiss me
Coogan
Come on
Fester
Why don’t we
Take a trip

Why don’t we
Join the
Church of Satan

Why don’t we
Slit our wrists
Well I’ll slit my
Wrists & you
Can watch
And then we can
Take that trip
And drive away
Okay Okay

I should search
Poitier’s pockets for his car keys

I’ll just be a minute
Uncle Fester
Let me do
My hair
Beehive Hairdo
My Hair
Then take that
Drive

And crash
His convertible
Smash his
Convertible
Demolish his
Convertible
Mercedes Benz
Convertible
Into the
Jukebox
Into the
Gas and Grill
Blow up the
Stateline
Gas and Grill

(Via Special Effects she takes COOGAN’s Head to the car and sits the head in the passenger seat. She drives slow motion, thru fog and Strobe and crashes the car into the Jukebox. It explodes. MANSFIELD ‘s skull opens along the old Transplant lines and her brain flies out of her skull, into the air and finally perfectly lands inside of the Jukebox. The Jukebox lights up and whirls but instead of playing music the top of the jukebox turns into a blender and liquifies brains. Brain matter spews into the audience.)

***TRACK TWELVE:
APOCALYPSE NUMBER TWO***

(Projections of Atomic Bomb tests and UFO’s in the junkyard behind the Stateline Gas and Grill)

THE BAND
Boom Boom
Boom Boom

They’re testing
Atom Bombs

Atom Bombs
In the Desert

Atom Bombs
In the backyard

Boom Boom
Boom Boom

Atom Bombs
In Nevada

Radiation in
The Wind

Mushroom Cloud
In the Sky

Boom Boom
Boom Boom

The Aliens
Are Watching

The UFOs
Are flying

The Human Race
Is Dying

Boom Boom
Boom Boom

Atom Bombs
In the backyard

Atom Bombs
In the backyard

Boom Boom
Boom Boom

**INTERMISSION**

***DISC THREE:***

***GONE FISHIN’***

***OUTER SPACE
2099***

***TRACK THIRTEEN:***

***THINK ABOUT IT***(Projections of International Space Station. Earth. Moon. Satellites.)

JUKEBOX

(Voice of DOCTOR POITIER)

Four brains are

(Voice of DOCTOR COOGAN)

Better than one

(Voice of DOCTOR HEPBURN)

We are smarter
Than you

(Voice of DOCTOR MANSFIELD)
We have
More options
Than you

(JUKEBOX puts on an internal light display)

We can sound
Like Stephen
Hawking

(JUKEBOX adopts computer Voice of Stephen Hawking which continues)

We can dance

(JUKEBOX dances)

We can fly
You wish you
Were us

(JUKEBOX flies)

Would you like
To swing
On a star
Or would you
Rather
Restrict yourself
To one single
Biological Unit
One Brain
One sex

Three sexes are
Better than two
Four brains are
Better than one
Think about it

And if you think
Two sexes are
Better than three
Go fuck yourself
Think about it

We can program
We can process
We can broadcast
All at light speed
We are
Mission Control

Would you like to
Swing on a
Black Hole
Or would you
Rather
Be a mule?
Be a fish?
Be a movie star?
Be a Jukebox?

Genius
Animatronic
Jukebox

Three sexes are
Better than two
Four brains are
Better than one
Think about it

And if you think
Two sexes are
Better than three
Go fuck yourself
Think about it!

***TRACK FOURTEEN****:*

***ALIEN CONCEPTS***

(Projections of UFO Interior)

TWO ALIEN DOCTORS

Beep Beep
Alien Concepts

Beep Beep
Space Exploration

Beep Beep
We beam you up

Beep Beep
Little Gray Doctors

Beep Beep
Big Eye Doctors

Beep Beep
We probe your brains

Beep Beep
Inside your ears

Beep Beep
Down your throat

Beep Beep
Up your ass

Beep Beep
We beam you down

Beep Beep
Alien Concepts

Beep Beep
Alien Concepts

(Pause)

Beep Beep
I think it needs
Arms

(Pause)

Beep Beep
I think it wants penis

(Pause)

Beep Beep
Snap-on penis

(ALIENS open box on counter to reveal miscellaneous moving arms & legs & living body parts. They attach one woman’s arm and one man’s arm to the JUKEBOX and then a large black dildo)

JUKEBOX

This is an
Interesting experiment

Body language
Experiment
Large Black Penis
Pump
Experiment

Please also attach
Snap-on
Beehive Hairdo Wig

(They do)

We like this
Experiment

You are
Good Doctors

Alien Doctors

ALIENS

Beep Beep
Genius Jukebox

Beep Beep
Found a new species

Beep Beep
Alien Concept

Beep Beep
Plastic Jukebox

Beep Beep
Doesn’t have cancer

Beep Beep
Alien Concept

Beep Beep
Alien Conclusion

Beep Beep
Alien Conclusion

JUKEBOX

What is your
Conclusion
Little Gray Alien
Doctors
Are we well
Adjusted
Are we Healthy
What are our
Chances

TWO ALIEN DOCTORS

Beep Beep
Your story is similar

Beep Beep
To other stories

Beep Beep
Franz Kafka story

Beep Beep
Metamorphosis

Beep Beep
Man becomes
Cockroach story

Beep Beep
Another story
Skin Of Our Teeth

Beep Beep
Thornton Wilder

Beep Beep
Man with pet Dinosaur Story

Beep Beep
Interesting Stories

Beep Beep
Interesting Culture

Beep Beep
Found a new species

Beep Beep
Unusual IQ

Beep Beep
Unique to your world

Beep Beep
And you can dance

Beep Beep
They should get an agent

Beep Beep
They should sign
Movie deal

Beep Beep
They should protect
Intellectual
Property

Beep Beep
They should give
Interviews

Beep Beep
Time to beam them Back down

Beep Beep
Time to beam
Them back down

***TRACK FIFTEEN:***

***THE CURE FOR COSMOLOGY***

(Projections of orbiting Saturn with a spectacular view of Titan and Rings)

(Back at the International Space Station the JUKEBOX wears a college graduation mortarboard cap with tassel. Four SPACE JOURNALISTS attend a Press Conference. SPACE JOURNALISTS wear Space Suits with mirrored visor helmets. We cannot see their faces but do see each wearing a flag patch of a different country: USA, Russia, China and also a Pirate Flag patch.)

RUSSIA SPACE JOURNALIST

I have a Question
Fearless Leader
I have a
Stupid Question
Can I ask that
Simple Question
I’m the Top Story
Reporter for the
Russia News

CHINA SPACE JOURNALIST

I have a Question
Ancient Wise One
A stupid Question
But it’s Fun
Can I ask that
Humorous Question
I’m the Astrology
Reporter for the
China News

AMERICA SPACE JOURNALIST

I have a Question
Super Star
A simple Question
Are you dating
I need Gossip
That’s my
Question Quest
I’m the Prime Time
Reporter for
America News

PIRATE SPACE JOURNALIST

I have a Question
And I’m Thirsty
A Thirst for Whiskey and for
Action
I’m the Anarchist
Blogger for
Pirate News

JOURNALIST
Big Bang?

JUKEBOX
Good Question

JOURNALIST
Anti-Matter?

JUKEBOX
I’m all for Anti

JOURNALIST
Black Holes?

JUKEBOX
Black Holes are
Good Guys

JOURNALIST
Cure for Cancer?

JUKEBOX
Wrong Question

JOURNALIST
What then is the
Right Question?

JUKEBOX
The biggest Question
We can see:
What is The Cure
For
Cosmology?

JOURNALISTS
What is The Cure
For
Cosmology?

What is The Cure
For
Cosmology?

JUKEBOX
We moved
Our Brains
To a New Life Form
When our
Old Bodies
Got damaged

If you have brains
You’ll move
Your lives
To New Planets
Since Mother Earth
Is Damaged

PIRATE SPACE JOURNALIST

I’m no
Astrophysicist
But that
Blows My Mind
That makes
Me think
Are we on
The Brink?

OTHER SPACE JOURNALISTS

I’m no
Astrophysicist
I can’t
Figure it out
Cosmology
I can’t
Figure it out

PIRATE SPACE JOURNALIST

Do you need
More Brains?
More Brains
In the
Jukebox?

(PIRATE stabs other SPACE JOURNALISTS and in turn they fire Laser Guns at each other.)

I have a Thirst
For Brains

More Brains
To Feed
The Jukebox

Do you still
Like Blood?

JUKEBOX

We like Blood
We like Chaos

PIRATE JOURNALIST

Do you still
Like Brains?

JUKEBOX

We love Brains
And We
Love Voids

PIRATE JOURNALIST

Do you want a
Big Bang?

Do you want a
Super Nova?

JUKEBOX

We get a Hard-On
Just thinking about
A Big Bang...

Think About It

(PIRATE continues to kill and feed brains into top of JUKEBOX)

Clean up
The Brains

The Bloody Brains
Inside our
Jukebox

Clean up
The Bloody Brains

PIRATE JOURNALIST

Still Thirsty
For Brains?

JUKEBOX

Still Thirsty
For Knowledge

PIRATE JOURNALIST

More Brains?

JUKEBOX

More Knowledge!

***TRACK SIXTEEN:***

***IN THE YEAR 2099***(Images of Planets in our solar system)

(The four Original “Doctors” have returned as ANGELS wearing Halos and Wings. They are angels however their faces show bloody damage from their deaths)

ANGELS

Next one hundred
Twenty Years
Smart Jukebox
Ate Brains
IQ Jukebox
Ate Knowledge
Genius Jukebox
Got Smarter

In the Year Of
Twenty Ninety Nine The
World was
Wickedly Polluted
The World so
Fucked Up and
Disgusting

Mother Earth
Threw Up
Mother Earth
Up Chucked
Momma Earth
Puked and Died

Every Single Human Fried
No Survivors
Left to Cry
Not a single bird
Or fish or bug
Outside

The Year Twenty
Ninety Nine
Was the
Last Year
The Last Day Ever
Was a Dull Day
In Twenty
Ninety Nine

Mother Earth
Threw Up
Mother Earth
Up Chucked
Momma Earth
Puked and Died

The Last Day Of
The Last Year
Twenty
Ninety Nine

The Genius
Jukebox
Thought A lot
Our Savior
Jukebox
Figured how
To save us
At least the
Jukebox saved
Our Thoughts
All Human
Thoughts
Dead Peoples
Thoughts

In the Earth Year
Twenty
Ninety Nine
The Genius
Jukebox
Set sail around
The Solar System
The Jukebox
Moved to Mars
The Jukebox
Moved to
Mercury
The Jukebox
Bought a home
On Saturn

Oh the Jukebox
Saved our thoughts
Hallelujah
Oh the Jukebox
Swings on
Saturn
Far Out
Oh the Jukebox
Is a Cosmic
Celebrity
Everyone Clap
Hallelujah

Oh the Jukebox
Is an Einstein
Oh the Jukebox
Swallowed
Einstein’s Brain
Oh the Jukebox
Ate the brain of
Stephen Hawking
Hallelujah
Oh of course the
Jukebox ate the Brain of Carl Sagan
Hallelujah

Everyone Loves the Genius Jukebox
Even when it
Plays the wrong
Selection
Even when it
Loses its way
We forgive the
Human Jukebox
When it’s choices
Go Astray
We forgive your
Addiction to
Alien Brains
We forgive your
Desire for Designer
DNA

You’re been
Thinking so hard
For one hundred
Twenty years
Your Angels know
You’re overworked
From one hundred
Twenty years

And the Universe
Is better for all the
Service that
You do

The Earth Angels
Who art in heaven
Can’t Sing your
Praises Enough
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Hear Us
Oh Brilliant Brainy
Jukebox
We are your
Personal Angels
After All

Angel Dr Poitier
Angel Dr Hepburn
Angel Dr Mansfield
And Angel Doc
Coogan

And this is an
Angel Intervention
Smart Ass
Know It All
Jukebox
You Eat too much
You are to blame
For the
Brain Drain
The Big Brain Drain in the Sun’s
Solar System

Your sentence is
Rehab
You’re sentenced
To Exile
You’re forbidden
To stay in the
Milky Way
You are banned
From the
Milky Way Galaxy
For one million
Years
Keep out of
Our way
The Milky Way
One Million Years

JUKEBOX
That’s our life
That’s our story
That’s our Autobiography
#1 Autobiography
Story of The
Genius Jukebox

You can buy
The book in
The Merch Mall
Then you can
Love it again
As a Musical
A Jukebox
Broadway Musical
Now Exclusively
Available in
Virtual Reality

Because we’re off
To Exile
We’re blasting off
To Rehab
Gotta catch a trip
To Alternative
Planets
Gotta take a trip
To Alternate galaxies

Taking a trip
Into exile
Into exile and
Rehab
For the next
One Million Years

ANGELS

Wormhole opens
In 10 Seconds

W - Minus 9

Don’t look back

W - Minus 8

You won’t miss
Saturn

W - Minus 7

Saturn’s not what it used to be

W - Minus 6

Saturn’s NOT the Brooklyn of the
Universe

W - Minus 5

Wormhole
To Where?

W - Minus 4

Where will they
Wander?

W - Minus 3

JUKEBOX

We want to
Go Fishin

ANGELS

W - Minus 2

JUKEBOX

We want to
Go Fishin

ANGELS

W - Minus 1

(Light and Sound Effects and Smoke Machine. Jukebox floats. ANGELS watch. BLOODY BRAINS dangling on hooks lower from above and dangle over stage and audience via fish line.)

VARIOUS CAST

We don’t want
Retirement
We want to
Go Fishin

We don’t write
Last Chapters
We want to
Go Fishin

We don’t read
Obituaries
We want to
Go Fishin

Existentialist Fishin
Astrophysicist
Fishin
We just plan to
Go Fishin

Stick a Wormhole
On a hook
That’s how we
Go Fishin

Throw out a
Grappling Hook
That’s Hardcore
Fishin

Give a Brain a
Fish and you
Feed it for a day

Teach a Brain to
Fish hahahaha
And there’s always
Fish Heads to suck
Forever into
Infinity

(Blackout)

JUKEBOX VOICE
(Stephen Hawking)

Would you prefer...

To gravitational
Swing off a star...

Or would you
Rather be...

A Wurlitzer Model 1100 Jukebox?

Think about it...

***TRACK SEVENTEEN:
APOCALYPSE NUMBER 9***

(Free form Sound/Music/Voice Collage with occasional lines)

THE BAND

Number Nine...

Apocalypse Number Nine...

You become naked...stretched out like toothpaste out of a tube...a little bit older...a little bit slower...

Bring me the Brains of Neil
DeGrasse Tyson...

Take this radiation
May it serve you well...

Clean up the brains
Clean up the
Bloody Brains
Bloody Brains
Bloody Brains in
The Jukebox...

Number Nine..

Hold that brain...

Apocalypse
Number Nine...

Before the Sun
Dies
It expands into a
Red Giant...

Here comes the
Sun...

Oceans evaporate
Pfft
Sun grows so big
How big?

Sun absorbs
Mercury Pfft
Sun absorbs
Venus Pfft
Sun vaporizes
Earth Pfft...

Number Nine
Here comes the

20 Mule Team

Hauling that Borax

Neptune and
Pluto become the
New Habitable
Zone the Newest
Neighborhoods...

There goes the
Sun when the
Sun dies

Pfft
It turns into a
Giant Crystal and then that Crystal
Turns Black and
Disintegrates...

Number Nine
Number Nine
Apocalypse
Number Nine...

I’ve got Blisters
On my Brains!

(END)