**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)