

KARNAK

KARNAK

Hello. I am the Amazing Karnak. This is not a boast but rather what it says on my legal patent as a precognition machine. I was designed to predict the exact cause, time, and place of someone's death. A rather morbid function, I grant you; which is precisely why I was set on "family fun novelty mode" when sold to the Wonderville traveling fairground... Turns out... being told the place and time of your death in front of your family, with a mouthful of corndog at a fairground, is the very opposite of fun. I can even predict my own demise. I always could - tonight in this warehouse, in a little over an hour.

Meet my executioner, a rat I've named Virgil. For the last two years Virgil has been steadily chewing on my power cable. In a little over an hour, Virgil shall chew his way through the rubber, biting down on two hundred volts of electricity... instantly killing us both. As there is nothing more base than Death... I've decided for tonight's concert, Virgil shall play the bass.

Before we begin, let me lay down some ground rules. The first rule: one that has baffled theatre goers since the days of Aeschylus...the armrest to your left is yours; the one to your right is your neighbour's. If you believe that both armrests are yours exclusively... you are part of the problem. Also, please turn off your cell phones. I assure you that none of the calls you are about to receive will have life-altering consequences... except for one of you... my most sincere condolences. Accidents happen.

KARNAK / OCEAN / CONSTANCE

OCEAN

I am just going to speak from my heart. I've known most of these folks since pre-K... I love them all...Constance Blackwood, my best friend forever, my BFF—

(CONSTANCE is sitting next to JANE who has locked eyes with her, giving her the thousand mile stare)

CONSTANCE

Ocean, she's -

OCEAN

Don't interrupt, sweetie. Constance is the salt of the earth... Our 'Mary Main-Street' looking for her 'Joe Six-Pack'. Sure, she has some serious self-esteem issues, why wouldn't she? That's why I formed an improv duo, as a confidence building exercise—sound off!

CONSTANCE & OCEAN

(Performing a pre-rehearsed physical routine)

Unlock the Power of the Positive! U-POP!

CONSTANCE

We get pretty crazy sometimes...

OCEAN

Constance Eleanor Blackwood. You know I find the word 'crazy' offensive.

CONSTANCE

(Gritting teeth)

That's why Ocean scripts all our improvs in advance.

OCEAN

My time, Constance, my time...

(She sits her back next to JANE, who locks eyes with her again while CONSTANCE grimaces)

OCEAN (CONT'D)

Look, I've seen enough reality TV to get what you want us to do here... Who's the best? I mean sure, grades, humanitarian efforts, extracurricular activities, prestigious university, spiritual mastery of both Judaism and Catholicism-Nailed my Confirmation and Bat Mitzvah, in the same week. And I'm not even bragging about that because it's against my Buddhist beliefs...I am the best here, by any metric of society, I get that....

(trembling voice breaking with emotion, she is moved by herself being moving)

...but if that's how worth is measured, I want no part of it! Look... some of us are left wing, some of us are right wing... but the last time I checked it takes two wings to fly!! We are community! We are Family! We are the World!

(CONSTANCE claps enthusiastically, kids grudgingly clap – almost a Pavlovian response to OCEAN's many speeches in their high school.)

(SFX: SAD BASSOON #2 OCEAN CONCEDES)

KARNAK

Ocean O'Connell Rosenberg heroically concedes.

OCEAN

(Ice)

She does what?!

KARNAK

I respect you taking the moral high ground. Next.

#7 WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

OCEAN

I'm just trying to prove to you that I'm a good person!

KARNAK

Duly noted. Next.

OCEAN

(sung)

NO! NO! NO!

I'm urging you to make the responsible choice here. For the betterment of humanity.

NOEL

NOEL

I've seen the movie the Blue Angel about a billion and one times.... If there is something better on this earth than Marlene Dietrich playing Lola Lola (the heartless booze hound harlot) I don't even want to hear about it.... I tried to go as her every year for Halloween—I always chickened out... And I'd go as something like C3P-O...but in my heart, I was Lola Lola, dressed up as C3P-O... that was always my Halloween costume's subtext. Mom tells me I've got to try to blend in, so I tried really hard to dial it back... I had to...we live in a town where every year on July 11th when Seven Eleven gives out free Slurpees it's like seriously, the major cultural event of the year.... I'm not even making a joke right now. It's like, a Slurpee Woodstock.

I was born in the wrong town, the wrong country, the wrong era! I wanted to feel, goddamn it. I wanted bad love. I wanted a man that would drive me to drink. I craved dissipation. I wanted to wake up in an alleyway in my own vomit, missing teeth. I wanted to drink myself to death on the cup of life..

"Anyone who hasn't experienced the ecstasy of betrayal knows nothing about ecstasy at all." Jean Genet. I was a sexual provocateur and a novelist, who never wrote a novel...or had sex....

MISCHA

MISCHA

(Into wireless mic)

Yo! I want to talk about feeling. Ukrainian men have two emotion: Rage! And Passion. People always be hating on me and my mad skillz, 'cause I am best rapper in all of North Eastern Saskatchewan. Grab yo dicks if you in the 306! Brah! You might know me as 'Bad Egg' on the YouTube. I'm well known there.

That's where I met my shorty, Talia. She's from Kiev, from my country, and she gave me mostly positive feedback on my YouTube comment wall...and then we became mad passionate all-night lovers on Facebook, Twitter...we made love with each other in my native language on all of the social media networks. She is now my fiancé.....we were engaged... I was saving up to move back to Ukraine and we were going to...

(he gets emotional)

Too much passion...now Rage!

I have no respect for this country! Fact: you want to know what Canada is leading supplier of, to whole world? Two things: mustard seeds...and Uranium. That's great for hotdogs, yes... but not so good for Ukraine. So thank you for killing my mother. And for indirectly killing me. I feel the rage, and when I rage, I rap about money... in auto-tune.

(accusingly at anyone who laughs)

KIDS & JANE

offers JANE the cupcake.)

CONSTANCE

It's a cupcake. For you.

(JANE stares at her then takes the cupcake and walks away. Cross-fade to RICKY and JANE playing with a glockenspiel.)

JANE

How do we know it's my birthday?

RICKY

...How do we know it's *not* your birthday?

JANE

People have names on pretend birthdays, too.

RICKY

You could call yourself Savannah...

JANE

What's a Savannah?

RICKY

Savannah is a special name I was saving up, but you can have it. 'Cause everything I've been saving has to go. It's a fire sale in my brain, and everything must go, by

(echo in his voice)

m-m-m-midnight.

JANE

I like Savannah.

RICKY

You can have her.

JANE

Can Savannah have the greenest eyes?

RICKY

Yes.

JANE

...Savannah... with the greenest eyes.

(Cross fade to MISCHA and NOEL. MISCHA takes a swig from a vodka bottle then offers it to NOEL.)

MISCHA

Drink?

NOEL

Where'd you get that?

MISCHA

(Shrugs)

It's birthday.

(NOEL chugs vodka.)

NOEL

(takes a deep swig)

I've never been drunk before....

(takes another swig)

or kissed a man. Thank you.

MISCHA

Budmo!

(translating)

May we live forever....

(Smiling at each other bittersweetly)

And your life was tragic. Cut down before the poems could ever come out of you. You are tragic.

NOEL

You think so?

MISCHA

(Sincerely)

You make me weep just looking at you. So, so tragic...

NOEL

That is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me.

(Cross fade to...)

CONSTANCE

...That was nice of you... throwing that party for that girl like that.

OCEAN

It's what I do. Strange, in our predicament she's somehow the saddest.

CONSTANCE

I totally agree.

OCEAN

(Sharply turns to CONSTANCE)

You're not thinking of voting for her, are you?

CONSTANCE

No, I'm voting for you! Naturally! Of course! Ocean... um...do you think you'd ever kind of like...vote for me?

OCEAN

Of course I would, you're my best friend... but it's by a unanimous vote... so I kind of have to...

CONSTANCE

(Flatly)

Vote for yourself.

OCEAN

(grabs CONSTANCE's hand)

You know I envy you?

CONSTANCE

No you don't, Ocean.

OCEAN

No I do... I mean I got straight A's since I was in grade one. I was working toward something. I was building a life. You, you were satisfied doing nothing, making cupcakes...eating them. You are what the Taoists call an 'un-carved block.'

CONSTANCE

(incredulous but restrained)

I'm a block?

OCEAN

Just learn to take a compliment.

CONSTANCE

(seething)

Thanks...

OCEAN

I thought my life had meaning, turns out it didn't. Oh well, joke's on me...

(sobbing)

My death has really affected me.

CONSTANCE

(gritting)

Yeah, me too.

OCEAN

(sobbing uncontrollably)

Naturally, my death has affected you - can't you just listen for once without making it about yourself?

(CONSTANCE punches OCEAN in the boob. Music stops.)

OWCH! You just punched me!...in the frickin' boob!

CONSTANCE

(Not sorry)

Sorry.

CONSTANCE

CONSTANCE

I fake laughed when he said that because you should always laugh at guys' jokes, or they'll think you're a cow. My mom and dad own the Blackwood Café in town. It's been in our family since, like forever. The Blackwoods have been in Uranium since they opened the mines... my family had pride when it came to that. 'Til I went to high school and having pride about our town was only like the lamest thing you could ever think to believe. After a while I started feeling kind of crummy about stuff, like ashamed. At the café, I would catch myself looking at my mom thinking, "what a loser, a stupid dead-end loser, in a stupid dead-end town." My parents were good people and all I could do was think horrible things about them. I really wish I never thought those things... But I got so angry that I was born in the only family in Uranium that raised their kid to think it was okay to do your working, living and dying there. And it just got all kinds of poison after that.

Anyway, my virginity... I just wanted to get it out of the way. I just wanted to do it, so I didn't have to think about doing it anymore. No, actually... I just wanted to lose it in the most horrible possible way. "Constance the lifer, lost it to a carnie, in a crap box, in a crappy town! Why, of course she did..."

And then I rode the Cyclone with the other kids in the choir... and that's when the accident happened.

We were at the top of the loop, when the roller coaster made this kind of screaming metal sound. Sparks were shooting all over the place. And then the screaming and the sparks just stopped.... and there was like this weightlessness.... My heart jumped like a gazillion beats a second, but I didn't scream like the other kids.... No, I was just soaking it all in, 'cause on a certain level it was so rad.... sailing through the air upside down, you could see all the other rides. And it was like something unlocked in me; my heart just welled up with all this love for everything.

Images and all this feeling flooded into me. Like climbing back into my bed in the morning and feeling the heat left over from my body, hanging upside down from the monkey bars until my head starts to tingle, smelling jiffy markers, listening to music and dancing around my room before going out to a party and pretending I'm going to have the perfect time, finishing an essay, un-doing a knot, pizza night, Halloween, watching my baby brother dance naked to ABBA, being in the choir at the height of the Hallelujah chorus and feeling all the voices rattle my bones. I started laughing like a crazy person, giddy with endorphins, all dancing leprechauns and rainbows and unicorns, streams of chocolate, whirling rides, flashing lights.

OCEAN

START

(OCEAN:)

88 I get up— And no one's gon-na keep me down. And as we

The image shows a musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note F4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. This is followed by a series of eighth notes: C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. A vertical bar line is placed after the D3 note. The music continues with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G3, an eighth note F3, and a quarter note E3. The lyrics are: "I get up— And no one's gon-na keep me down. And as we".

Motown (swing 8ths)

93

OCEAN:

move through life, to find our place in the crowd,

JN:

CONS/NL:

Oo Some don't make the cut, that's crys-tal

MSCH:

RKY:

Oo Some don't make the cut, that's crys-tal

93

Oh yes, oh yes, oh is - n't some-one keep-ing score?! I've got to say it so loud?!

clear - o,

Oo

99

clear - o,

Oo

I mean, do we real - ly need an - oth - er ze - ro? Or

JN/CONS/RKY:

Do we real - ly need an - oth - er ze - ro? Or

NL/MSCH:

Do we real - ly need an - oth - er ze - ro? Or

104

Straight 8ths

ze - ro? Or ze - ro? Or ze - ro? Or ze - ro?

JN:
CONS/NL:

ze - ro? Or ze - ro? Or ze - ro? Or ze - ro?

MSCH:
RKY:

ze - ro? Or ze - ro? Or ze - ro? Or ze - ro?

109

113

Add'em all up, and you still get ze - ro! What you real-ly need is a futh-er muck-in' he - ro!

JN/CONS:

And

RKY/NL/MSCH:

And

113

Calypso

He'll nev - er learn to read! He's nev - er gon-na breed!

oh oh, And oh oh, And

oh oh, And oh oh, And

117

Going to jail, guar-an-teed! And she's a freak-y mon-ster!

(--JANE)
oh oh, And she's a freak-y mon-ster! Yes,

121 oh oh, And she's a freak-y mon-ster! Yes,

125 I'm___ the so-lu-tion! Dar-win had a theo-ry called... He

___there's a prob-lem! Ev - o - lu - tion?

125 ___there's a prob-lem! Ev - o - lu - tion?

(OCEAN:) put it in-to words, but it's plain to see___ we need a lit-tle less of them, a lit-tle more of me!

129

RKY:
MSCH:

What the

OCEAN (ad lib):

133

Me

IN:
CONS/NL:

We can't all be he - roes. No! Most of us? Ze - ro - oes...

(RKY:
MSCH:)

133 world needs is peo-ple like me, to keep it all spin-ning a - round... I'm the

Me me me_ me me me me me_ Oh oh oh me me

Some fly high She gets up!

137 mov er,I'm the shak er,I'm the head line mak er,mm mm She gets up! She gets up Oh what the

A lit-tle bit more of me!

We can't all be he - roes. No! Most of us? Ze - ro - oes...

141 world needs is peo-ple like me, to keep it all spin-ning a - round... I'm the

145

I get up!

Some fly high. She gets up!

mov-er, I'm the shak-er, I'm the head-line mak-er, mm mm She gets up!

148

I get up! O-cean's gon-na take you down. Down!

IN/CONS:
NOEL: I
C
N:
Some stay down.

RKY:
MSCH:
She gets up Some stay down.

NOEL

START

Slowly

86

For I sing

The image shows a musical staff in treble clef. A vertical line labeled 'START' is positioned at the beginning of the staff. To the left of this line, there is a half note on the G line (G4). To the right of the 'START' line, there is a whole rest. Further right, there are three quarter notes: 'For' on G4, 'I' on F4, and 'sing' on G4. Each of these three notes has a 'v' (accent) above it. The page number '86' is located at the bottom left of the staff.

89 Grand Gypsy Tavern

accel. poco a poco to m. 101C

89

songs un - til the break of dawn. I em-brace a new man ev -'ry night. My life's one

Stomping

93

nev - er - end - ing car - ni - val, A whirl of booz - y flooz - y flash-ing

96

light! For I sing songs un - til the break of dawn.

99

I em-brace a new man ev -'ry night. My life's one nev - er-end - ing car - ni - val, A

KIDS:

A

KIDS:

A

Full speed ahead!

whirl of booz-y flooz y flash-ing light! I want to be that fucked up girl... to be that fucked up

whirl of booz-y flooz y flash-ing light! *Clapping*

103 whirl of booz-y flooz y flash-ing light! *Clapping*

Detailed description: This block contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, with 'Clapping' markings above the notes.

107 Fast and Crusty (♩ = 162)

girl Girl

Brok-en heart a flask of gin, Tat-toed with a safe-ty pin! Teeth all stained with nic - o - tine,

Mischa drives the band

107 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Detailed description: This block contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics and a long slur over the word 'girl'. The middle staff is piano accompaniment with chords. The bottom staff is a drum line with 'x' marks. The tempo is marked as 'Fast and Crusty' with a quarter note equal to 162.

ad lib

Girl Girl

run-ning ny - lon, shat-tered dreams! Su - per crust- y, ho - ly ter - ror, wi - ld eyes and bad mas - ca - ra!

110 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Detailed description: This block continues the 'Fast and Crusty' section with three staves. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a slur, piano accompaniment, and a drum line. The tempo remains 'Fast and Crusty'.

113 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

116 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

119 Ahh If he could have justone dream... Fuckedup girl! Hey!

MISCHA

START

38 Au-to-tune is awe some. Ze-ro one ze-ro one ze-ro one one It's

41

time to start the par-ty but there ain't no par-ty here yet,so we got to take a ride in my brand new Lear jet

ALL:
Ho!

43

Feel ing home sick for my hom ies in the U kraine,land ing in Ki ev be fore we fin ish off the cham pagne.

Roll to the club where the rich kids go, them Eu-ro-trash bitch-es all check-ingout my_ flow.

45

All kinds of hot-ties from all_ a-round the world,but I feel this pair of eyes.And then I see this girl

Short-ay..._

47

All kinds of hot-ties from all_ a-round the world,but I feel this pair of eyes.And then I see this girl

Short-ay..._

49

All kinds of hot-ties from all_ a-round the world,but I feel this pair of eyes.And then I see this girl

Short-ay..._

RICKY

START

RICKY: "And so I told them..."

118 Half-Time Feel

116 — I am just a man, — a space age man. — That's all I am

121 — but I wan-na hold your hand, All your hands, as we make love to-night. —

126 — I have no de-sire — to rule the ga-lax-y. — Oh, to hold you close, it's e -

Oo

Oo

nough for me, ma - kin' love in ze - ro gra - vi - ty.

130

136 (RICKY *ad lib*)

Oh Ma-a-kin' love! Ma-a-kin' love! Ma-a-kin' love! Oh

134

just love Zo-lar! Ma-a-kin' love! Ma-a-kin' love! Ma-a-kin' love! Oh Oh just love Zo-lar!

139

RICKY:

144 You're my cat-nip, you're themost... You're such pret-ty, grit-ty, kit-ties...
 Ma-a-kin' love! Ma - a-kin' love! Ma-a-kin'love! OhOh just love Zo - lar!

148 I wan-na be, your scra-hatch-in' post, let me be, let me
 Ma - a - kin' love! Ma - a - kin' love! Ma - a - kin' love! Oh_
 Ma - a - kin' love! Ma - a - kin' love! Ma - a - kin' love! Oh_

154 be, let me be...!
 just love
 just love

JANE

START

JANE: (*Swung*) *Straight*

And from the ground be - neath my feet I hear the an-guish of the street

OC: *Straight*

CONS:

RKY: *Straight*

NL/MSCH:

90

And like an old for-got-ten tune, A song that no one knows! For-got how it

choir nev-er com-plete!

93

(As the beat kicks in, this next sequence is staged to feel that all the rides in the warehouse are coming to life, creating the image of a fairground at night. All the children's umbrellas light up with LED's: a large patio umbrella lights up making it look like a carousel, another umbrella looks like a Ferris wheel, another closed umbrella that lights up to resemble the Salt and Pepper shaker. The CYCLONE sign, the Proscenium, and any practical that can light up in the context of design, lights up)

rall.

97 goes! Just John and me for - e - ver e - ter - nal - ly Jane Doe!

New Orleans Funeral Swing (♩ = 115)

104 *Trombone-esque falloff*

Trombone-esque falloff

And I'm ask-in' Why Lord? If this is how I die, Lord.

OC:
CONS:

Why Lord? die, Lord.

RKY:
NL/MSCH:

Why Lord? die, Lord.

102

Why be left with no fam - 'ly and no friends? I've got no ce - le

mp

Oo

mp

Oo

108

bra - tion, just this con - so - la - tion.

'Bra - tion, 'La - tion.

112 'Bra - tion, 'La - tion.

116 time eats all his chil - dren in the end.

120 Ah _____ A mel-o - dy float through the air when si-lence

END

falls does no one care? An - oth - er sad for - got - ten tune.

124 Does a - ny - one care?

127 An - oth - er song that no - one knows! So that's how it goes! Just

John and me for - ev - er e - ter - nal - ly Jane Doe.

ff And she's ask - in'

130 *ff* And she's ask - in'

CONSTANCE

START **CONSTANCE:**

♩ = 125

35 I see the world

37 — with all its back-wards up side-downs. There's noth in' wrong with bein'the nic-est girl in

40 town. — Oh ev-'ry-thing's clear Now that I'm here on my — su-gar cloud

Oh my soul it sings a song so sweet and pure. I've felt it all a-long but now I'm

GIRLS:

Ah Oo sha la la ah oo Ah oo sha la la ah

GUYS:

44 Ah Oo sha la la ah oo Ah oo sha la la ah

sure. Oh ev-ry-thing love look-in down from a-bove on my su-gar cloud

oo Ah oo sha la la ah oo Ah oo sha la la oo

48 oo Ah oo sha la la ah oo Ah oo sha la la oo

53

Let me take you a-way, to the sky of cot-ton can-dy, Fly-ing like a kite on a string!

la la la la la la la Ahh Fly-ing like a kite on a string!

52 la la la la la la la Ahh Fly-ing like a kite on a string!

Up up up and a-bove all that su-gar coat-ed dan-dy, I

Ah ah ah I

56 Ah ah ah I

would-n't change my life for a thing!_____ It makes mewan-na sing! I see the gold,

would-n't change my life for a thing!_____ Ah

59 would-n't change my life for a thing!_____ Ah

62 I see the pink, I see the blue!_____ The sun goes up, the sun goes down, Oh what_____

oo sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah

62 oo sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah

to do Oh ev-'ry - thing's clear Now that I'm here on my_____

oo sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah

65 oo sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah ooh sha la la, Ah

END

CONSTANCE
(playing Recorder):

The musical score is set in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "su-gar cloud". The second and third staves are vocal lines with the lyrics "ooh sha la la, Oo la la la la la!". A vertical line separates the end of the vocal part from the start of the recorder part. The recorder part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, playing a melodic line with a trill on the final note.

— su-gar cloud

ooh sha la la, Oo la la la la la!

ooh sha la la, Oo la la la la la!

68