THEATRE THREE presents **FOREVER PLAID**
These sides do NOT have to be memorized.

FRANCIS. Holy Canolli! We're finally back on earth.

SMUDGE. We're late.

SPARKY. Are we still dead?

FRANCIS. Technically, yes.

JINX. We have voices again.

SPARKY. And bodies.

FRANCIS. And dinner jackets.

JINX. Look at all the people.

SMUDGE. That's more people than we ever played for in life.

SPARKY. *(To a member of the AUDIENCE)* Excuse me, 'scuse me, what year is it right now?

FRANCIS. *(If AUDIENCE member does not respond)* 199____. I think.

SPARKY. Wow. That means we've been suspended in this time warp type thing for, let's see, borrow the one carry from the nine...

FRANCIS. Thirty ____ years!

SPARKY. My aura's had it.

SMUDGE. Oh, gosh. My ulcer's come back.

FRANCIS. *(Wheezing)* So's my asthma.

JINX. I think I'm getting a nosebleed again. *(Checks nose.)* No. I'm okay.

FRANCIS. Everybody just relax. Take a deep breath. *(THEY all do and accidentally blow out their candles.)* What's the worst thing that can happen to us? We're already dead. We can't die again.

SMUDGE. But we haven't sung in decades.

JINX. I'm nervous.

FRANCIS. I'm panicked.

SMUDGE. *(Backing into AUDIENCE)* I'm rolling over in my grave right now. I'm not going through with this. I'm leaving.

FRANCIS. Get back here. We've been given the chance of a lifetime and we only get one wish.

SPARKY. C'mon. C'mon. We could make the biggest comeback since Lazarus!

JINX. Hey guys, look, all our old stuff is here!

ALL. *(Softly)* Wow!

SMUDGE. *(Panicked, yet comatose)* Still, there's so much to do: Take the dust covers off the microphones, go over the running order ...

JINX. The words ...

SMUDGE. The notes ...

JINX. The moves ...

SMUDGE. I need a Rolaids.

FRANCIS. *(Starts wheezing and inhales from the asthma inhaler.)* A ... a ... a ... a ...

SPARKY. He's hyperventilating again. He's hyperventilating. Neat.

FRANCIS. *(Catching his breath)* I'll be O.K. You just go over your lyrics. I don't want any screw-ups.

SPARKY. "LOVE IS A LONG AND SLENDER THING ..." *(FRANCIS hits SPARKY.)*

JINX. He's gonna be hacking around like that all night. I just know it.

SMUDGE. Let's go back.

FRANCIS. *(In a loud whisper)* No! Do you want to be stuck between worlds forever?

ALL. Nuh uh!

FRANCIS. Then we've got to go through with the show from start to finish.

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FRANCIS. We sail over melodies creating whole new galaxies as we go. We propel ourselves through the coda, then parachute off our snow-covered chord, cushioning down on a cloud of warm sound. We hold onto that last note. We don't want to say goodbye to the song. We're out of breath, but we keep singing longer and stronger. Then, as one, we cut off. *(The others begin to get involved with FRANCIS)* There is only silence. Quality silence. Sleek sweat runs down our collective necks. It's a good sweat. A perfect chord. One perfect moment. That's all anyone has the right to ask for. And we had more than our share. Rehearsing in the stockroom was our Madison Square Garden. Singing in the upholstered comfort of the Mercury was our Carnegie Hall. The opening of the Stroudsberg Sears was our Ed Sullivan Show. And it was good, dammit! *(To AUDIENCE)* Excuse me. But it was good. Real good. Did I leave anything out?