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

Ιť	s	a	cupcake.	For	you.

(JANE stares at her then takes the cupcake and walks away. Crossfade 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-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.

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

(Sincerely)

You think so?

NOEL

MISCHA

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 'uncarved 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.)

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 deadend 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.

Vocal Book

OCEAN

START

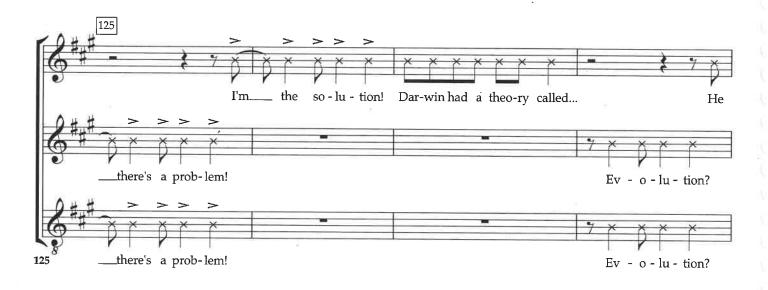


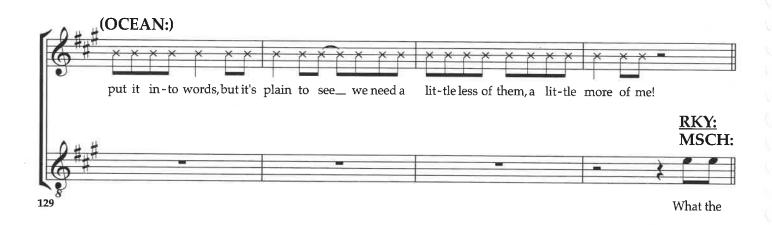
Motown (swing 8ths)



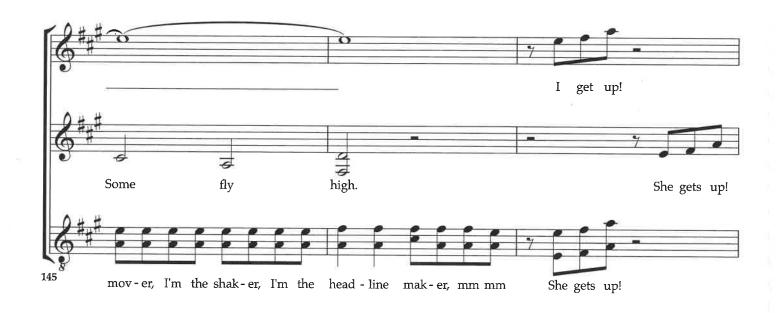






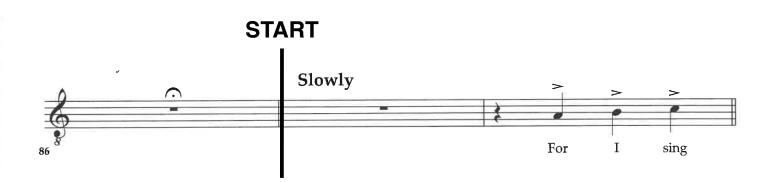








NOEL



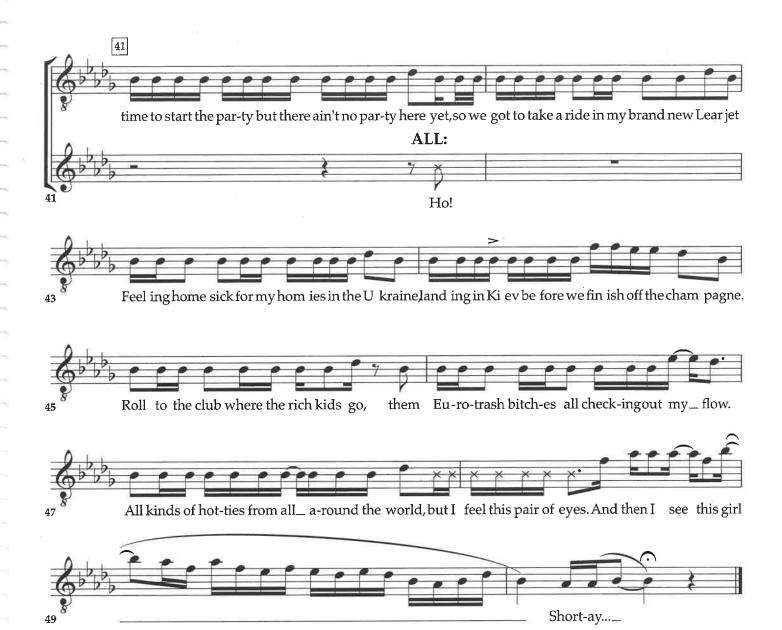






MISCHA

START RICKY: an and he 'Ushers-out'.) Au-to-tune is awe some. Ze-ro one ze-ro one one It's

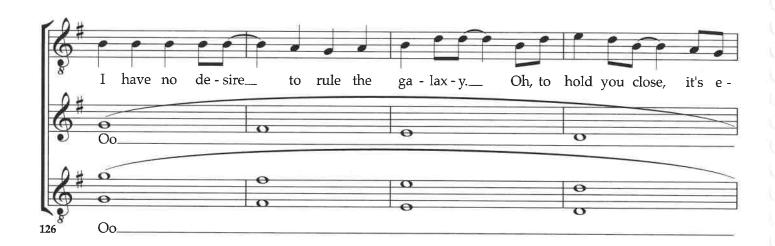


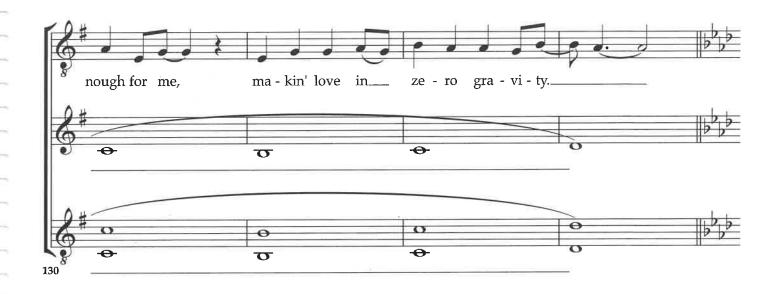
RICKY

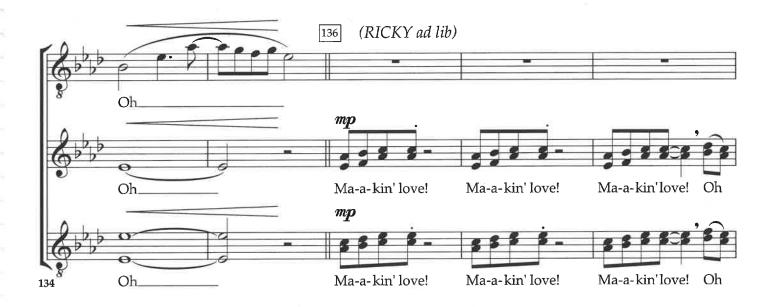
START

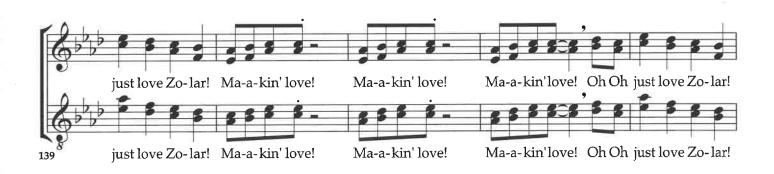














choir nev-er com-plete!

JANE



(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)



New Orleans Funeral Swing (= 115)





CONSTANCE







