

MOTOR-MOUTH LOVES SUCK-FACE

An Apocalyptic Musical

Music, Lyrics and Book by Anthony Crowley

PERSUAL FIRST ACT ONLY

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<https://www.davidspicer.com/shows/motor-mouth-loves-suck-face-apocalyptic-musical>

CHARACTERS

ZOMBIE BOY - A teenager turned Zombie

BLASKO TUPPER – Teenage spy for hire, Icelandic accent.

PENELOPE TUPPER – Blasko's Mother, British accent, International spy for hire.

CHRISTOPHER TUPPER – Blasko's Father, French accent, International spy for hire.

MOTOR-MOUTH – Fast-talking geek, on the spectrum, needs to be loved.

SUCK-FACE – Low-talking geek, dark-web hacker, needs to be desired.

HILARY STUCKLE – Moto-mouth's obsessed ex-girlfriend from Primary school.

SARAH TITAN – Karate black belt, in love with 'being in love with Zack'.

ZACK STELLAR – Poet and sports hero, suffocated by Sarah.

HUGO DUDE – An insecure dude who feigns 'stoner' - in love with Tank.

TANK RAMONE – An angry goth with a secret who doesn't want to get hurt.

TIFFANY FLAKE – A super-organized, smart working-class girl who acts ditzy rich and blonde – because she thinks that's what success is.

SETTING

The time is now. And the past. And the future. A public school in a poor Australian suburb. A mansion in an affluent Australian suburb. A cosmic wormhole.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The pop culture references will be updated from time to time.

UPSIZING THE TEENAGER / ZOMBIE ENSEMBLE*

Even though there are fourteen characters in the script, you can adapt the show for larger ensembles by increasing the size of the school community / part-goers / and LOTS of teenager zombies. In this instance students can feel free to create their own characters and back-stories. This can also be a useful strategy to explore the themes in the musical.

NB: It's very important that the material attributed to the lead characters remain with these characters.

Instances where you can introduce a larger ensemble include*:

- *I'd Rather Be A Zombie.*
- The chorus of *My Polar Bear.*
- Extras in the school and party scenes.
- The chorus of *A Reason to Live* - where the script indicates ALL.
- *Wormhole Baby* – all of them.
- *The Party to End All Parties.*
- *Suck My Armageddon.*
- *I'm Gonna Save The World* - Zombie Parts
- *Ah, Ah Armageddon* [Life Goes On]
- Extra Zombies in Act Two - as the party goers are gradually transformed by the parents.

NB: Not Heart Be A Radio

- Zombies in the *Bollywood Diversion*
- *In the Other Dimension*
- Bows

ACT ONE SONGS

Rather Be A Zombie*
My Polar Bear*
Wormhole Baby*
Reason To Live*
Wormhole Baby [reprise]*
Hand Over The Gun
Wanna Eat Your Brain
Su Pasta De Pescado
Welcome To My Party*
Do Me, Do Me, Do Me, Do
To Get The Job Done
I Can See
Suck My Armageddon*
You Don't Have To Worry

ACT TWO SONGS

I Eat Brains Therefore I Am
Gonna Save The World*
The Other You and Me
Ah, Ah, Armageddon
I'm So Happy I Could Die
Heart Be A Radio
Ah, Ah Armageddon [Life Goes On]*
I'm Not Like You
A Brain Made For Two
The B.F.F I Never Had [Bollywood Diversion]*
Icky Love
Hand Over The Gun [Reprise]
In The Other Dimension*

PRODUCTION NOTES – HELPFUL CURRICULUM NOTES

Motor-mouth Loves Suck-face breaks with the **narrative structure** used by many contemporary musicals – by telling the story back - and forth – dropping ambiguous theatrical clues through time and space, for the audience to connect the dots. It is set in a non-naturalistic world where several realities can exist simultaneously – it drops in and out of internal psychological moments, action, and breaking the fourth wall – using music and rhythmic, heightened dialogue – to accentuate these shifts.

Thematically - it immerses a cast of recognizable characters into a lurid world that becomes a funny, imaginative metaphor – for the horror of the real world. The most obvious issue it raises is global warming and the environmental inheritance we're leaving young people, but the show uses the context of climate change as a springboard to wider issues.

Theatrically - it employs a Brechtian approach to Zombies, teenage love, desire - and Armageddon – utilizing music, dance, comedy, heightened characters - and ludicrous plot elements to depict a world that is imploding in a vortex of hypocrisy and cynicism. It explores the redemptive power - and cruelty - of love and desire - and musical comedy

sex - with humour and wit that never becomes uncomfortable, or graphic - thanks to the language it employs, the fun it exudes and the musical world in which it exists.

The text integrates spoken word with poetry and lyric – it utilizes rhyme for visceral – comedic and dramatic effect. As the work has developed we have experimented with zombie movement and how to adapt this into dance. We have developed a physical language based on our investigations. The score balances musical comedy with modern pop – creating irony through pastiche. The play is about choices – about standing for something, even when you're not sure what that something is yet. By allowing the audience to laugh and groove – and revel in its silliness – *Motor-mouth Loves Suck-face* opens the door to an important - and - at times difficult conversation. But like a great dinner guest - it breaks the ice and enables that conversation to take place in the context of experimental musical comedy.

The **set and costume design** are simple – which allows the actors and the director to constantly 'endow' and reinvent the space to create various settings, situations and explore different relationships. The set allows the actors space and opportunity to play; the use of '**poor theatre**' invites the audience to use their imagination from the very first zombie death. We deliberately use vivid colours to heighten the world – and the costuming targets the vividness and independence of young fashion – as well as a smatter of nostalgia. We're not trying to capture reality – but we want an audience to identify with the characters. The set uses three icons of an affluent home, which the actors endow – a swimming pool, a tennis court and a croquet lawn.

A NOTE ABOUT THE SCORE

The vocals and harmonies are complete. The piano score is complete with piano indications, chords and the bass line - though the right hand of the piano is not always written throughout the entire song, particularly where the groove of the song is generic. In these instances, the feel is indicated in the opening bars - or the bass line - and then continues for the rest of the song unless indicated otherwise. The keyboard player should feel free to 'busk' through these sections, remaining true to the 'feel' of the song. Where the piano part is specific, it has been written on the stave and you should follow this. The score provides you with two versions of the bows. One is in the key of D and the other in the key of Eb. You can choose whichever is best for your cast. We used Eb in the original productions.

There are accompanying MP3's to help guide through feel and tone.

A NOTE ABOUT THE SCORE'S LYRICS COMPARED TO THE SCRIPT

Motor-mouth Loves Suck-face is still an evolving show. In some instances, the lyrics in the score will differ from the published script.

Where this happens **please refer to the score.**

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

The well manicured garden of a wealthy mansion. The remains of a lavish teenage party. The sound of a bomb exploding. ZOMBIE BOY rises from the dead. He is joined by other zombies - performing a 'broken limbed, rotting flesh' song and dance.

SONG: 'RATHER BE A ZOMBIE'

ZOMBIE BOY: [Singing] IF ARMAGEDDON
IS WHERE WE'RE HEADIN'
I KNOW THAT I WOULD RATHER DIE
BEING A ZOMBIE
I'D RATHER BE A ZOMBIE
IF EVERY NATION'S ANNIHILATION
AND JUDGMENT DAY IS ON THE WAY
I'D RATHER BE A ZOMBIE
I'LL BE ZOMBIE

IF A SOLAR FLARE FROM OUTER SPACE
IS GONNA
INCINERATE THE HUMAN RACE
I'D RATHER
EAT YOUR LIVER THAN LOOK UP AND SEE
THE END OF DAYS
RAINING DOWN ON ME

IF THE PREDICTION IS OUR EXTINCTION
BEFORE WE FRY IT'S TIME TO TRY
BEING A ZOMBIE - EH, EH
APOCALYPTIC'S NO LONGER CRYPTIC
THE END IS NIGH - DON'T ASK ME WHY
I'M JUST A ZOMBIE, I'LL BE ZOMBIE

AS A ZOMBIE YOU DON'T FEEL THE PAIN
IF YOU CAN BE DISTRACTED EATING SOMEONE'S BRAIN
SO WHAT IF ARMAGEDDON IS A FRICASSEE
IT'S NINETY NINE PERCENT FAT FREE
IF WHERE WE'RE HEADIN' IS ARMAGEDDON
OH CAN'T YOU SEE, I'D RATHER BE
I'D RATHER BE, I'D RATHER BE, I'D RATHER BE

BLASKO TUPPER *enters and kills ZOMBIE BOY with a chainsaw. He springs back to life to finish the song.*

ZOMBIE BOY: [Singing] A ZOMBIE [cut down with chainsaw again]

BLASKO: [Icelandic accent. To the audience] Shut up and listen. In exactly one minute and fifty-three seconds a solar flare will strike the earth - setting off a chain reaction incinerating every living creature on the face of the planet. But that's not important right now - what's important is this - THIS, this precious moment just before the end, because if you can understand this, if by some miracle clarity wedges its sweet toe through the dark door of apathy, then maybe, just maybe there's hope for us all in this knee deep, existential sludge-pile we so loosely refer to as LIFE. Actually, now that I think about it - that's not

important either. No, no, no, no, no – *[making a phone call]* what's important is the phone call I almost forgot to make to the only two people in the entire multiverse who can save the planet... and it's gone straight to message bank. Motor-mouth, Suck-face, listen carefully, I'm calling from another dimension and my credit is running out. Moments ago, I transmitted a top-secret text message containing a list of items. When the time comes you must deliver these items to me after locating the brain in a pickle jar next to the bomb. We then have until the last polar bear dies at midnight to send Professor Pluto's consciousness through the wormhole and save the planet in the other dimension. Just to be clear the dimension you will be saving is not your own dimension but the dimension beyond your dimension... which is actually the dimension beyond, BEYOND, the dimension I am calling from. Which is why you must tell the 'me' in your dimension the truth, because - to be perfectly honest - if the 'me' in your dimension is anything like the 'me' in this dimension she will be very one dimensional – BUT - you tell YOUR 'me' from THIS 'me' that whatever kills 'me' in one dimension only makes me stronger in another. *[ZOMBIE BOY comes back to life, She kills him again with the chainsaw – then to the audience]* I am of course referring to the 'me' in YOUR dimension not the 'me' in THIS dimension who along with this message and rest of the planet will self-destruct in exactly ten seconds. *[To audience]* Translation? It all started with a party. The party to end all parties. My name is Blasko Tupper. *[pauses before hitting the # key]*. Prepare to die. *[She hits the # key – BOOM]*

The sound of an apocalyptic explosion .

SCENE TWO

The party. Several hours earlier – same dimension. ZOMBIE BOY rises from the dead. The other zombies reanimate as teenagers. A neon sign reads THE END. A toy polar bear sits on a tiny iceberg floating in a kid's 'sea-shell' swimming pool.
SONG: 'MY POLAR BEAR'

ZOMBIE BOY: *[Singing]* POLAR BEAR FLOATS ON HER ICEBERG
WHITE AS SNOW OUT ON THE SEA
MELTING CLOSE TO THE EQUATOR
DRIFTING FAR AWAY FROM ME
WILL YOU EVER RETURN NOW WE'RE SO FAR APART?
DO YOU TRUST ME TO MAKE IT RIGHT?
AFTER BREAKING YOUR HEART?
POLAR BEAR

ALL: POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: DON'T YOU LEAVE, OH POLAR BEAR

ALL: POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: PLEASE BELIEVE ME
DIDN'T TREAT YOU FAIR
BUT YOU KNOW I CARE
IF YOU STAY RIGHT HERE
GONNA MAKE IT SQUARE
I LOVE YOU

ALL: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

ZOMBIE BOY: MY POLAR BEAR

ALL: MY POLAR BEAR
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
MY POLAR BEAR

The cast dance slow-motion 'cosmic wormhole' moves. MOTOR-MOUTH and SUCK-FACE appear down-stage – speaking to each other on smart-phones.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Suck-face it's me. I know I said I would to go to Blasko's party. I know, I know, but after careful strategic revision the only explanation I can give for agreeing to the loss of our respective virginities - is that I was out of my freaking mind. [Pause] Are you there?

SUCK-FACE: Motor-mouth.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Yes Suck-face?

SUCK-FACE: In what year did Albert Einstein apply $E = MC^2$ to prove the existence of cosmic wormholes? Ten seconds your time starts now.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Primordial or inter-dimensional cosmic wormholes?

SUCK-FACE: Primordial.

MOTOR-MOUTH: 1935.

SUCK-FACE: Correct. What scientific theory suggests the human soul is located in the stem cells of the brain?

MOTOR-MOUTH: Quantum Theory of Consciousness.

SUCK-FACE: Correct. Feeling better?

MOTOR-MOUTH: Heart rate almost normal. Blood pressure one thirty over ninety.

SUCK-FACE: Last question, bonus points. What mammal species is currently circumnavigating the earth on the brink of extinction?

MOTOR-MOUTH: Polar Bear.

SUCK-FACE: [Buzzer sound] Ehhhh! Sexy Latin name please. Five seconds, four, three, two — time's up.

MOTOR-MOUTH: [Sexy voice] Ursus maritimus.

SUCK-FACE: Congratulations, you get to go to a real party, have real sex and smoke real dope in someone else's real bedroom.

MOTOR-MOUTH: In one night you want make the quantum leap from kissing straight to a public exchange of reproductive bodily fluids and illegal substance abuse.

SUCK-FACE: You're hyper-ventilating, aren't you?

MOTOR-MOUTH: My CO₂ levels are well below critical.

SUCK-FACE: Switch on your 'What-cha-ma-call-it-brain-wave-thingy'.

MOTOR-MOUTH: My 'Electro-Magnetic-Anxiety-Extractor' is only for use in extreme emergencies.

SUCK-FACE: I am not going to be the only virgin left on the planet.

MOTOR-MOUTH: We can be virgins together, there's dignity in that, religious and pagan significance. Besides, extracting brainwaves is a very delicate operation.

SUCK-FACE: So is losing my virginity - which is never going to happen if you pass out and hit your head again.

MOTOR-MOUTH reveals a formidable piece of scientific apparatus – not unlike a large salad bowl covered with wires and flashing lights.

MOTOR-MOUTH: You do realise it's not the end of the world just because Blasko Tupper throws an end of the world party.

SUCK-FACE: Did you remember the superglue and the condoms?

MOTOR-MOUTH: Yes. Did you remember to run a background check?

SUCK-FACE: I hacked into her CIA file.

MOTOR-MOUTH: She has a CIA file?

SUCK-FACE: A redacted CIA file.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Which is an alarming piece of information about a girl we've only known a week.

SUCK-FACE: Switch on your 'what-cha-ma-call-it-brain-wave-thingy'.

MOTOR-MOUTH: 'Electro-Magnetic-Anxiety-Extractor'.

SUCK-FACE: Motor-mouth!

MOTOR-MOUTH places his invention on his head. Lights start to blink and a fan on top whirs.

SUCK-FACE: Are you there?

MOTOR-MOUTH: I'm waiting for my CO2 levels to adjust.

SUCK-FACE: Please don't make me explain. I just... I need you to do this with me.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Suck-face.

SUCK-FACE: Yes, Motor-mouth?

MOTOR-MOUTH: ...I love you.

SUCK-FACE: ...Motor-mouth.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Yes Suck-face?

SUCK-FACE: Make sure you bring the superglue, your 'whatcha-ma-call-it' - and 'two' condoms. I've been practicing with a slinky over my bed post - but we shouldn't take any chances.

The cast snap out of 'cosmic wormhole' moves - back into the party.

ZOMBIE BOY: WAVES ARE CRASHING NEAR HAWAII

ALL: HASH-TAG TEN METRES HIGH

ZOMBIE BOY: YOU'RE SLOWLY SINKING NEAR THE BEACH

ALL: GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN

ZOMBIE BOY: YOUR ICEBERG'S TILTING AT AN ANGLE

ALL: WHOA

ZOMBIE BOY: SHRINKING SLOWLY OUT OF REACH

ALL: BABY, BABY, BABY, BAY-BEE-BEE-BABY

ZOMBIE BOY: BABY, SWIM TO THE SHORE
GO FIND YOURSELF A ZOO
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TELL ME?

ALL: WHAT CAN I DO?

ZOMBIE BOY: POLAR BEAR

ALL: POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: THERE'S ONLY YOU, MY POLAR BEAR

ALL: POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: COME UP FOR AIR
THERE IS ONLY YOU - KNOW IT ISN'T FAIR
IF YOU MAKE IT BACK - I WILL DO MY SHARE
I LOVE YOU

ALL: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
MY POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: MY POLAR BEAR

ALL: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
MY POLAR BEAR

The party continues. Meanwhile ZACK is investigating a cage covered by a satin cloth – like a magician's trick. SARAH tries to drag him away.

Above the satin covered cage is a sign with the words DO NOT FEED THE PARENTS 'writ' large.

HILARY: My BuzzFeed says it's the last polar bear on the planet.

TIFFANY: Maybe we should start one of those, like - twitter protests.

HUGO: Whoa man - the whole freaking world is tracking this polar bear.

SARAH: Zack!

ZACK: Do not feed the parents.

SARAH: Blasko said not to touch. Her party. Her surprise.

ZACK: If not to touch why leave it here?

SARAH: Part of the fun. Armageddon, remember - prepare to die?

TIFFANY: -- Snapchat. Polar bear just surfed a five metre wave off Waikiki.

HILARY: Hash-tag - hang ten?

HUGO: Hash-tag - wipe out.

TANK: Hashtag we're all going to hell – Da.

HUGO: WILL YOU VANISH?
WOULD YOU DARE?

TIFFANY: YOU KEEP THE FAITH NOW
SEND UP A FLARE

TANK: CAN'T YOU SEE?
WE COULDN'T BEAR

ALL: THIS LONELY WORLD WITHOUT YOU THERE
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

ZACK: POLAR BEAR
WON'T YOU ANSWER

ALL: POLAR BEAR, POLAR BEAR

SARAH HOW CAN I LIVE IF YOU'RE NOT THERE
POLAR BEAR

ZACK: WON'T YOU PLEASE COME UP FOR AIR
I SWEAR I LOVE YOU

ALL: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
MY POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: MY POLAR BEAR
ALL: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH - MY POLAR BEAR

ZOMBIE BOY: MY POLAR BEAR

ALL: YEAH, YEAH, YEAH - MY POLAR BEAR

MOTOR-MOUTH and SUCK-FACE have arrived. SUCK-FACE is holding a balloon.

BLASKO: Welcome to my party – one-week old friends. Such a short time to make your acquaintance, such a long time in the life of a Mayfly. Eat, drink, be merry. Croquet on the lawn, dance floor on the tennis court - free nachos by the pool - but be careful. I wouldn't want anyone to drown before the apocalypse.

TIFFANY: Wow - Blasko's really getting into her end of the world theme.

HUGO: Armageddon, man - radical idea for a party.

TANK: [To Hugo] Better than come dressed as your favourite hot dog - Da.

SARAH: Hey Blasko - Zack wants to know how we're all going to die.

HUGO: I vote killer asteroid.

ZACK: Alien Invasion, man.

HILARY: World war three?

BLASKO: Excellent ideas - but no. We all die when a solar flare strikes the earth – amplifying the effects of global warming, incinerating every creature on the face of the planet.

TIFFANY: So... does that mean there's going to be like, a fireworks display?

BLASKO: Oh Yes. But that's not important right now. What's important is stay calm, do not panic and most important of all.

BLASKO rips the satin cover off the cage - revealing her parents inside, bound and gagged.

BLASKO: Do not feed the parents!

Everyone turns to the audience.

SARAH: [To audience] So, at this point - we're all thinking the same thing.

HUGO: Best party ever!

TIFFANY: But, like, lay off the ecstasy girl.

ZACK: Are they really her parents?

TANK: How did she get them in the cage - Da?

Electric fence flashes.

BLASKO: [To audience] What I haven't told them yet, is the part about the bomb. Or the part about **Propelling** their consciousness through a cosmic wormhole. Come to think of it - I also forgot to tell them the part about merging their consciousness with their other-dimensional brain. We've only known each other a week. I wouldn't want to over-share.

Crazy worm-hole dancing. Time travel grooving.

SONG: 'WORMHOLE BABY, AH HUH, AH HUH'

ZOMBIE BOY: WORMHOLE BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
A WEEK AGO, BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
OTHER DIMENSIONS, SOLAR INVENTIONS
ARMAGEDDON MOVES
QUANTUM THEORY GROOVES
YEAH BABY, YEAH BABY
WORMHOLE BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
A WEEK AGO, BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
TIME TRAVEL BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
A WEEK AGO, BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
WEEEEEE!

SCENE THREE

School yard. One week earlier. TIFFANY, SARAH, ZACK, MOTOR-MOUTH, SUCK-FACE, HILARY, TANK and HUGO are straggled around a dead rose-bush standing forlornly in a pot.

TIFFANY: Quiet! Firstly, let me open this meeting of our 'Save The Planet Club' by thanking everyone for their TRA-MUN-DOUS efforts at the fundraising triathlon last weekend. Now, I know it's a bit of a bummer that our science teacher Professor Pluto had to like, "drown" during the bathtub race – BUT – on the bright side we raised three hundred and forty-two dollars for our charity of the month — [indicating to SARAH]

SARAH: Greenpeace.

TIFFANY: Which still left, like —

SARAH: Nine dollars —

TIFFANY: To buy this Rose Bush for his funeral on Friday.

HILARY: Question. Why a rose bush?

TANK: Tiffany, you have a piercing in your nose - Da.

TIFFANY: It's a diamante stud encased in twenty-four carat gold, you feral, AND this rose bush is like something his widow can, you know, grow in her garden to remember him by.

HUGO: Yeah! No. Wait.

TANK: I'm the only one in this club who wears a nose stud.

HUGO: Tank's right dude – you're unfairly trespassing on her carefully constructed neo-punk identity.

TANK: And you're wearing a nose stud – DA.

SARAH: This rose-bush is dead.

TIFFANY: Don't look at me - I bought the card.

SARAH: Zack?

ZACK: It's not dead - it's dying.

HUGO: Yeah! No. Wait.

ZACK: Dead would signify a callous finality. Dying implies a universal journey of rebirth.

HUGO: Is donating your brain to science tax deductible?

SUCK-FACE: It should be. Professor Pluto's brain was very special.

MOTOR-MOUTH: On the verge of inventing a revolutionary solar panel that could reduce the effects of climate change by over ten percent.

HUGO: That is so cool.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Actually, it's warm. [pause] Climate change. Warm.

HILARY: I love it when you're pedantic.

SUCK-FACE: Back off Hilary or the next funeral will be yours.

SARAH: We're not giving his grieving widow an existential metaphor.

ZACK: It's poetry.

SARAH: It's deceased.

TIFFANY: What-EVAH. She can use it to stake tomatoes or something. Next item on the agenda. New girl arriving today.

ZACK: The girl from Germany?

HILARY: I heard she was Russian.

SUCK-FACE: Her passport says she was born in Iceland.

HILARY: Suck-face has been surfing the dark web again.

SUCK-FACE: Only for back-ground checks. And buying fresh meat for my anaconda.

TIFFANY: Well I heard her parents own a mansion in Brighton AND - she's on a first name basis with Selena Gomez.

HUGO: Wow - Selena Gomez is so into body piercing right now.

TANK: Out with the signature piece of jewelry bitch.

TIFFANY: Eat shit and die feral.

TANK *attacks* TIFFANY. SUCK-FACE *and* HILARY *circle*
MOTOR-MOUTH.

MOTOR-MOUTH: Traditionally of course body piercing has its origins in central Africa, though often coincides with a distinctly rebellious phase in modern youth.

A bell note from the piano. The teenagers are sucked out of the fight into cosmic wormhole slow-mo movement.

BLASKO *sits with her parents over a candlelit dinner.*

BLASKO: Mother, father, there is something I must tell you.

CHRISTOPHER: Would you pass the caviar mon Cherie.

PENELOPE: Is that wise dear? You know how Armageddon affects your large intestine.

BLASKO: I have decided to save the planet.

CHRISTOPHER: Now Blasko, what have we told you about saving the planet?

PENELOPE: You save one planet you have to save them all.

CHRISTOPHER: Pass the wafers please.

PENELOPE: Where does it end?

CHRISTOPHER: It doesn't end. And the cheese platter.

BLASKO: But I will have my new friends to help me.

PENELOPE: Friends. What friends?

CHRISTOPHER: Now Blasko, what have we told you about friends?

PENELOPE: *[To Christopher]* Let me handle this dear.

SONG: REASON TO LIVE

BLASKO: *[To audience]* MY NAME IS BLASKO TUPPER
BUT WHO I AM IS A MYSTERY?
MY PARENTS AREN'T LIKE OTHERS
THAT MUCH IS CLEAR TO ME
BUT WHO AM I?
WHAT IS MY PURPOSE
IS THERE MORE BENEATH THE SURFACE?
SHOULD I TURN IT LOOSE?

CHRISTOPHER: You are not like other teenagers Blasko.

PENELOPE: This family is not like other families.

BLASKO: *[spoken]* I know but -

[Singing] I HAVE TO TRY, WHICH IS WHY
I'VE DRUGGED YOUR SALMON MOUSSE
[PENELOPE and CHRISTOPHER'S heads splat into their dinner plates]
I HAVE STOLEN SECRETS
FROM THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI
LEARNED TO CHEAT A LIE DETECTOR
FAKE AN ALIBI

BLASKO: I'VE PLANTED DRUGS ON PRESIDENTS
IN RUSSIA AND DUBAI
BUT HAVE NEVER THOUGHT
TO ASK THE QUESTION WHY?
WHAT'S THE POINT IN ALWAYS TAKING?
NEVER TO GIVE
WITHOUT SHARING, WITHOUT CARING
IS THERE A REASON TO LIVE?
AND IF I EXIST - AND I EXIST - MUST I BE AN ISLAND?
ALONE WITH NOTHING TO GIVE
WITHOUT A REASON TO LIVE

The cast are sucked back into their normal world. TIFFANY places a ribbon on the dead rose bush.

TIFFANY: TA - DA!

MOTOR-MOUTH: Question. If they're burying Professor Pluto's body - but donating his brain to science, shouldn't we be buying TWO dead rosebushes?

SARAH: The best teacher in the whole school.

TANK: The guy was a freaking genius.

TIFFANY: He gave me an A for making organic mascara.

SUCK-FACE: They say he could have won the Nobel Peace Prize.

SUCK-FACE: If only he'd finished his solar panel 'before' he pulled the plug out of his bathtub.

SARAH: You think they'll store his brain in a museum?

TANK: Probably some sick laboratory.

HILARY: Floating in a jar - strapped with electrodes - waiting to be dissected.

ZACK: *[Singing]* IF YOU'RE BODY'S BURIED
AND YOUR BRAIN IS IN A JAR

MOTOR-MOUTH
& SUCK-FACE: COULD YOU STILL BE CONSCIOUS
AND AWARE OF WHO YOU ARE?

SARAH: IS YOUR SOUL IN HEAVEN

TANK: AND CONNECTED FROM AFAR

HUGO & HILARY
& TIFFANY: OR IS IT STUCK FOREVER
WITH YOUR BRAIN INSIDE THE JAR?

ALL: DO WE GO ON
NEEDING ANSWERS NO ONE CAN GIVE
ARE WE EVER FREE FROM UNCERTAINTY?
IS THERE A REASON TO LIVE?

IF I EXIST - AND I EXIST THERE MUST BE A PURPOSE
AN ANSWER SOMEONE CAN GIVE
SOMEWHERE A REASON TO LIVE
AYE KA RUM BA

TIFFANY: So, Blasko — What kind of name 'is' Blasko, German, Dutch?

BLASKO: Icelandic.

HUGO: Yo - Cool.

BLASKO: Yes, very.

SARAH: We heard you were in Brazil before you came here.

BLASKO: Actually, I was in a small village on the Amazon River while my parents completed their advanced diploma in Voodoo mind control.

TIFFANY: Is that where you met Selena Gomez? I hear she's like, totally into voodoo mind control.

BLASKO: [*Speaking into her watch*] Monday morning. O-eight hundred hours. Psychological analysis of student two-three-two indicates extreme insecurity, low self-esteem. Estimated chance of survival - twenty percent.

SUCK-FACE: She's talking into her watch.

MOTOR-MOUTH: You talk into your watch.

SUCK-FACE: Only when I'm pretending to be Captain Kirk.

SARAH: You know, Blasko - I have the strangest feeling we've met before.

BLASKO: Your name is Sarah.

SARAH: That's right.

BLASKO: And the two of us made passionate love on top of the Eiffel Tower last Bastille day.

SARAH: No! That's not me. I didn't -

BLASKO: - Interesting. [*watch*] Analysis of student two-five-one indicates elevated levels of homosexual paranoia requiring further investigation.

HILARY: Question. If you've never met - how did you know her name?

BLASKO: I have memorized the names, telephone numbers and post codes of all two hundred and fifty-three students at this school. Isn't that right Zack, boyfriend of Sarah?

ZACK: You are weird.

BLASKO: And you are a very strong man with a long reach from palm to armpit. That's going to come in handy if you ever have to wield a machete.

SARAH: How did you get the names of every student at the school?

BLASKO: I hacked into your department of education.

HUGO: Whoa man, isn't that illegal?

BLASKO: Not in North Korea. You! Tank Ramone. How much can you bench press?

TANK: Da?

BLASKO: These are well defined biceps. Either you have access to a former Eastern Bloc gymnastics coach, or you work out. How much?

TANK: Sixty-five kilos.

BLASKO: Impressive. Although I once met a girl who could bench press a hundred and sixty-five kilos. But she had access to a former eastern bloc gymnastics coach.

SARAH: What did you say your parent's did for a living?

BLASKO: I didn't.

TIFFANY: Right. But like, they must work for someone.

BLASKO: My parents work for anyone who can afford them.

HUGO: Whoa man - how rich are you?

BLASKO: *[Dead serious]* Money isn't important. *[a quick succession of secret-dark-art-spy-moves – then pause]* Information is important.

HUGO: *[Lost for words]*...Right.

TIFFANY: Wow.

TANK: Da.

Pregnant pause as BLASKO holds her 'dark-art-spy-move' pose.

SARAH: Soooo.

TIFFANY: Like.

HUGO: Wow. Information. *[Beat]* You mean like Foxtel?

BLASKO: *[Into watch]* Research log. Update student two-two-nine. Subject highly intelligent, feigns stupidity. Analysis indicates use of recreational drugs and promiscuous sexual activity.

HUGO: That is like, freaky accurate.

HILARY: Question. If you're rich why are you going to school here?

BLASKO: I heard about your science teacher - and his revolutionary solar panel.

SUCK-FACE: Professor Pluto died in a terrible accident.

BLASKO: Yes. And no. But that's not important right now. What's important is this. Professor Pluto was a free thinker. I am a free thinker. [*Pointing. Emphatic*] Are you free thinkers?

HILARY: I hide video cameras in the boy's toilet.

SUCK-FACE: I hack into the KGB to steal information about Lady Ga Ga.

MOTOR-MOUTH: I invent computer applications and associated devices.

BLASKO: Explosives devices?

TIFFANY: You did that one time.

MOTOR-MOUTH: My Bunsen burner malfunctioned.

BLASKO: Congratulations!

[*Singing*]: YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY 'A' TEAM
OR 'B' – OR EVEN 'C' – OR 'D'
BUT YOU WANT TO SAVE THE WORLD
AND THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME
COME GET YOUR INVITATION
HERE, BEFORE THEY DISAPPEAR

BLASKO *hands out invitations.*

BLASKO: DON'T MISS OUT
IT'S SURE TO BE THE PARTY OF THE YEAR

TIFFANY: WE'RE GOING TO A PARTY

BLASKO: LET DOWN YOUR HAIR
THE END OF THE WORLD
SEE YOU ALL THERE

TANK: END OF THE WORLD - DA?

TIFFANY: WHAT SHOULD WE WEAR?

BLASKO: A LITTLE BLACK DRESS - OH! AND CLEAN UNDERWEAR
WHAT'S THE POINT IN ALWAYS LYING NEVER TO LIVE?
WHY BE HIDING, NOT CONFIDING
IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE

ALL: FOR IF I EXIST, AND I EXIST
THERE MUST BE A REASON
AN ANSWER SOMEONE CAN GIVE

BLASKO: [*spoken*] It's party time!

ALL: A REASON TO
REASON TO LIVE

Music. Zombie rampage. ZOMBIE BOY in the middle of the chaos.

SONG: 'WORMHOLE BABY – REPRISE'

ZOMBIE BOY: WORMHOLE BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
A WEEK FROM NOW BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
TIME TRAVEL BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
A WEEK FROM NOW BABY - AH HUH, AH HUH
WEEEEEEEE!

The cast collapse on the ground – dead zombies.

SCENE FOUR

A week later. The end of the party. PENELOPE and CHRISTOPHER TUPPER emerge from their cage and greet a police officer who is invisible to the audience. They are dressed in elegant, expensive clothing. CHRISTOPHER'S hand is bandaged.

PENELOPE: Good morning officer. My name is Penelope Tupper and this is my husband.

CHRISTOPHER: Christopher Tupper.

PENELOPE: He can't shake your hand.

SONG: 'HAND OVER THE GUN'

CHRISTOPHER: I HAVE A BURN

PENELOPE: A NASTY BURN

CHRISTOPHER: A NASTY BURN FROM THE EXPLOSION

PENELOPE: THE EXPLOSION OFFICER

CHRISTOPHER: NASTY BURN

PENELOPE: WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU
FOR THE WAY YOU CLEARED THE BOMB

CHRISTOPHER: YOU CLEARED ZEE BOMB

PENELOPE: PUT OUT THE FIRE

CHRISTOPHER: NASTY FIRE

PENELOPE: BAGGED THE BODIES

CHRISTOPHER: NASTY BODIES

PENELOPE: AS YOU SEE THE PARTY WENT OFF WITH A BANG

CHRISTOPHER: FORGIVE ZEE PUN

*The TUPPERS attempt to hypnotize the Police officer using Voodoo mind control.
The TEENAGERS come back to life – at the party. SUCK-FACE is holding a
balloon. Two different moments in time.*

BOTH: NOW HAND OVER THE GUN

CHRISTOPHER: YOU WILL -

PENELOPE: LOOK INTO MY EYES

BOTH: YOU WILL HAND OVER THE --

PENELOPE: I beg your Pardon officer?

CHRISTOPHER: [Singing] BODIES!

PENELOPE: YES, THE BODIES

CHRISTOPHER: LOTS OF BODIES

PENELOPE: BY THE POOL

CHRISTOPHER: YOU SHOULD INVESTIGATE

PENELOPE: OUR DAUGHTER

CHRISTOPHER: YES, OUR DAUGHTER

PENELOPE: SHOULD INVESTIGATE

CHRISTOPHER: A TRAGEDY

PENELOPE: WE HAVE NO EXPLANATION

CHRISTOPHER: FOR HER ACTIONS

PENELOPE: YES, HIGH-SPIRITED

CHRISTOPHER: INTELLIGENT

PENELOPE: WELL TRAVELLED

CHRISTOPHER: YES, WE TRAVEL

PENELOPE: WE'RE CONSULTANTS

CHRISTOPHER: WE CONSULT

PENELOPE: ON DIFFERENT ISSUES

CHRISTOPHER: GLOBAL WARMING

PENELOPE: GLOBAL TAX EVASION

CHRISTOPHER: FAKE NEWS

PENELOPE: ELECTIONS
CHRISTOPHER: WE CREATE

PENELOPE: THE RIGHT PERCEPTION

CHRISTOPHER: WE ARE

PENELOPE: INFORMATION SPECIALISTS

CHRISTOPHER: FOR CORPORATIONS

PENELOPE: ASIO

CHRISTOPHER: THE CIA - WHOEVER CAN AFFORD US

PENELOPE: MANUFACTURING

CHRISTOPHER: THE TRUTH

PENELOPE: IS THAT WE SPIN

CHRISTOPHER: WE SPIN

PENELOPE: WE SPIN

CHRISTOPHER: WHATEVER'S SPINNING

PENELOPE: WE'LL HAVE SPUN

BOTH: NOW HAND OVER THE GUN

CHRISTOPHER: YOU WILL -

PENELOPE: LOOK INTO MY EYES

CHRISTOPHER: YOU WILL -

PENELOPE: LOOK INTO MY --

BOTH: YOU WILL HAND OVER THE GUN
WILL HAND OVER THE --

MOTOR-MOUTH *dances the Macarena around THE TUPPERS wearing the 'Electro-Magnetic-Anxiety-Extractor' on his head.*

PENELOPE: I'm sorry officer? You were saying --

CHRISTOPHER: Who is this young man with the strange apparatus on his head?

PENELOPE: Oh - just some delirious boy from the party.

CHRISTOPHER: You know how teenagers can be.

PENELOPE: Rebellious.

CHRISTOPHER: Irresponsible.

PENELOPE: He could be dangerous.

CHRISTOPHER: Completely deranged.

PENELOPE: You should take out your weapon.

CHRISTOPHER: While there's still time.

PENELOPE: WAIT! IS THAT THE TIME?

CHRISTOPHER: THE TIME?

PENELOPE: YES – EASTERN STANDARD TIME

CHRISTOPHER: MY WATCH IS GONE

PENELOPE: OUR DAUGHTER STOLE THEM

CHRISTOPHER: OFFICER?

PENELOPE: YOU SAID THE TIME WAS –

CHRISTOPHER: THAT'S THE TIME?

PENELOPE: OH, DEAR IT'S LATE

CHRISTOPHER: IT'S VERY LATE

PENELOPE: WE SHOULD BE GOING

CHRISTOPHER: VERY LATE!

PENELOPE: WE SHOULDN'T KEEP YOU FROM THE -

CHRISTOPHER: BODIES!

PENELOPE: LOTS OF –

CHRISTOPHER: BODIES!

PENELOPE: WELL GOODBYE BEEN SO MUCH FUN

CHRISTOPHER: BEFORE WE GO

PENELOPE: WE HAVE TO RUN

CHRISTOPHER: GIVE US THE GUN

PENELOPE: BEEN SO MUCH FUN

CHRISTOPHER: BEFORE WE'RE DONE

PENELOPE: THE FREAKING GUN!

BOTH: YOU MUST HAND OVER THE GUN

CHRISTOPHER: YOU WILL -

PENELOPE: LOOK INTO MY EYES

CHRISTOPHER: YOU WILL -

PENELOPE: LOOK INTO MY EYES

CHRISTOPHER: YOU WILL

TEENAGERS: FIVE

BOTH: HAND OVER THE --

TEENAGERS: FOUR

BOTH: HAND OVER THE --

TEENAGERS: THREE

BOTH: HAND OVER THE --

TEENAGERS: TWO, ONE

BOTH: GUN!

SCENE FIVE

School yard. Three days before the party.

SONG: 'WANNA EAT YOUR BRAIN'

ZOMBIE BOY: [Singing] BABY, THIS IS MY DIMENSION
BABY, THAT IS YOUR DIMENSION
DON'T WANNA CRAMP YOUR STYLE OR CAUSE YOU PAIN
SO, WHAT IF SOME COSMIC WORMHOLE
CAN MERGE MY SOUL WITH YOUR SOUL
BABY, I JUST WANNA EAT YOUR BRAIN

DON'T WANNA LOOK FOR ANSWERS
DON'T WANNA HAVE TO FEEL
JUST WANT TO DRINK YOUR PLASMA
WITH A SLICE OF LEMON PEEL
DON'T WANT TO SOLVE NO MYSTERIES
DON'T WANT TO TAKE A STANCE
I JUST WANT YOUR CRANIUM FOR
SWEET AND HOT ROMANCE

SARAH is practicing martial arts on ZACK. MOTOR-MOUTH is near-by eating a sandwich.

ZOMBIE BOY: BABY, THIS IS MY DIMENSION –
BABY THAT IS YOUR DIMENSION
DON'T WANNA CRAMP YOUR STYLE OR CAUSE YOU PAIN
SO, WHAT IF SOME COSMIC WORMHOLE

ZOMBIE BOY: CAN MERGE MY SOUL WITH YOUR SOUL
TO BE THAT CLOSE WOULD BE INSANE
THERE'S NO GETTING OFF THAT TRAIN
BABY, I JUST WANT TO EAT YOUR BRAIN

SARAH: Blasko's Party this Saturday. I heard she's invited over a hundred kids. Even Motor-mouth and Suck-face are going.

ZACK: *[To audience]* Sarah likes parties. Sarah likes to kiss in a corner pretending the wind is cold.

SARAH: You think it's wrong celebrating the day after Professor Pluto's funeral?

ZACK: They say the last Polar Bear on the planet will die Saturday night.

SARAH: I heard that too.

ZACK: Think of it like another funeral. Together, shall we weep, beneath the melancholy constellations.
[To audience] Sarah loves poetry.

SARAH throws ZACK to the ground and sits on him.

SARAH: Do you ever feel like we knew each other before we were us? Reincarnation, that's what this feels like.

ZACK: Yet all I feel is shame and filth.

SARAH: The world would be so freaking lonely without you.

ZACK: *[To audience]* Sarah wants my soul. I don't even know I have one.

SARAH: The way you hold me, the rhythm of your voice.

ZACK: When I'm alone with her I can barely breathe.

SARAH: You make me feel so safe.

ZACK: I can't breathe.

SARAH lets him up. They sit together.

SARAH: It's getting cold. Should have brought a coat.

ZACK: *[Singing]* : COLD AS JUDAS PISS OE'R THE SEA
WHERE WHITE GULLS SHIT THEIR BLACK REMORSE

SARAH: *[Spoken]* Good thing I have you to keep me warm.

ZACK talks. SARAH doesn't hear him.

ZOMBIE BOY: WANNA EAT YOUR BRAIN
WANNA EAT YOUR BRAIN

SARAH: WE LIVE TO BE LOVED
THE CROWN OF OUR EXISTENCE
AN OCEAN OF FOREVER
WHERE THE GALLEON OF IMMORTALITY FLOATS
WHEN YOU LOOK INTO MY EYES
AND RECOGNIZE THE TRUTH OF MY SOUL

ZACK: THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN THE SCHOOL

SARAH: BEYOND THE WIND, BEYOND THE STARS

ZACK: HER MOUTH SO NEEDING ME TO ACHE
YET ALL I FEEL

SARAH: MY EVER-NESS AND NEVER-NESS

ZACK: PLUNGE THE KNIFE YOU FREAKING COWARD

SARAH: I love you Zack.

ZACK: I know.

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