

FRANKIE

Holy Canolli! We're back on earth — again.

SMUDGE

And we're in _____ again.

(Substitute name of town or theatre)

JINX

Why did we come back again?

FRANKIE

I wasn't told. Were you?

SMUDGE

Nuh unh. You?

SPARKY

Nuh unh. You?

JINX

Nuh uh.

(To audience)

You?

(Lets out a little gasp & whispers to the guys ala the film "The Sixth Sense")

Hey, you guys, I see live people.

SMUDGE

I recognize some of them.

JINX

Me too.

SPARKY

(Surveys the audience)

They look, somehow, different.

FRANKIE

Kinder?

SPARKY

No.

JINX

Smarter?

SPARKY

No.

FRANKIE

Older?

ALL

Ooh, yeah. That's it.

SPARKY

(To a member of the AUDIENCE.)

Excuse me, 'scuse me, what year is it right now?

(After person responds)

20 ____.

(Substitute current year)

JINX

We must look older too?

SPARKY

Not me! I use a post-mortal moisturizer.

SMUDGE

I thought so.

SPARKY

It gets rid of all the dead skin.

FRANKIE

Guys this is serious. This is the test for our cosmic recertification.

SPARKY

I thought we had tenure.

JINX

Nuh uhn.

SMUDGE

And thus it is written - 'At an unspecified time, each astral guardian shall return to earth on an undisclosed mission, proving their continual ability to perform Harmonal duties as deemed appropriate by the celestial review board.

JINX

The spiritual SAT's.

SMUDGE

All souls up for renewal must discover the nature of their mission -

SPARKY

And complete said mission before -

SMUDGE

the powers of three-dimensional manifestation evaporate.

SPARKY

Or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first.

(SMUDGE & FRANKIE hit him.)

JINX

And if we don't?

SPARKY

We will be doomed to spend eternity singing to half empty houses of angry people who boo our every sound.

(referring to audience)

And we'll take all of you with us.

(FRANKIE hits SPARKY)

SMUDGE

Are there any clues?

SPARKY

Microphones.

FRANKIE

An audience.

JINX

A stage.

FRANKIE

All signs point to doing a show.

SMUDGE

Not another show. I can't go through another show. My ulcer won't take it. I barely made it through the first one.

FRANKIE

Maybe it's not about us. Maybe it's about something bigger than our petty desires, fears and ambitions. For the good of all humanity.

ALL

Oh.

(bent)

Nah.

SPARKY

Everybody take a deep breath.

(THEY inhale and exhale and blow out the candles)

(SPARKY)

Now, let's do a show.

SMUDGE

What's it supposed to be about?

SPARKY

Nothing. We just sing.

JINX

Cool.

SMUDGE

We can't just sing. Every show has to have an arc, a thrust, a through line, a denouement — a moral, not to mention, metaphoric imagery and literary symbolism.

JINX, SPARKY & FRANKIE

I huh?

SMUDGE

A reason to sing. A higher purpose —

SPARKY

Well, maybe our purpose is simply to figure out our purpose. The question is the answer.

SMUDGE

Like in the works of the existential, post-war artists like Albert Camus, Jean Paul Sartre and Jerry Lewis.

FRANKIE

(Whizzing)

My asthma's come back —

JINX

I think I'm getting a nosebleed again.

SMUDGE

My ulcer's acting up again.

SPARKY

I'm nervous.

JINX

I'm panicked.

SMUDGE

I'm rolling over in my grave right now. I'm leaving!

FRANKIE

(Grabbing Smudge)

Smudge, come back here! We'll sing the songs we practiced last time but didn't get to do.

SMUDGE

We never practiced with our bodies. We just practiced in our minds eye — as amorphous blobs of ectoplasmic ephemera.

FRANKIE

Just follow me if you get lost.

SPARKY

C'mon! C'mon! We could make the biggest comeback since Capri pants!

#4 - "What Happens"

(THEY remove the cloths from their microphones, and with painstaking accuracy and precision, they fold them, and pass them to JINX who tosses them OFF STAGE.)

ALL

(They tap the mikes)

Testing... Testing...

SMUDGE

One

SPARKY

Two

FRANKIE

Three

JINX

Four

ALL

Plaids!

FRANKIE

(Whispers)

Holy Canolli! It's time to start. Remember once we start, we can't stop for anything or we'll be doomed. Check your flies.