Libretto

Hair
The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical

Music by Galt MacDermot

Lyrics and Book by James Rado & Gerome Ragni
The TRIBE appears on stage, from the house, everywhere, carrying duffel bags and sleeping bags and packs—like a Bedouin tribe. They create a Shantytown on stage with found objects and corrugated tin and, well, stuff.

#1 - Aquarius

EVENT #1

SOLO

WHEN THE MOON IS IN THE SEVENTH HOUSE
AND JUPITER ALIGNS WITH MARS
THEN PEACE WILL GUIDE THE PLANETS
AND LOVE WILL STEER THE STARS

TRIBE

THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS
AGE OF AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS

MEN
HARMONY AND UNDERSTANDING

WOMEN
SYMPATHY AND TRUST ABOUNDING

MEN
NO MORE FALSEHOOD OR DERISION
WOMEN
GOLDEN LIVING DREAMS OF VISION

MEN
MYSTIC CRYSTAL REVELATION

ALL
AND THE MIND’S TRUE LIBERATION
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS

SOLO
WHEN THE MOON IS IN THE SEVENTH HOUSE
AND JUPITER ALIGNS WITH MARS
THEN PEACE WILL GUIDE THE PLANETS

ALL
AND LOVE WILL STEER THE STARS
THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS
THE AGE OF AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS
AQUARIUS

BERGER
Transcendental meditation on the ocean of reality is love…

TRIBE
Love…

BERGER
Love…
TRIBE

Love...

BERGER

Love...

TRIBE

Love...

INTRO #1

BERGER

Love! Hello. My name is George Berger, but I don’t dig George, so just call me Banana Berger, or Cheese Berger, Karma Berger, Pitts Berger, Up your Berger, Any Berger and I’ll answer you. Oh, oh, I know, you people think right off, oh look dear, isn’t that a cute one? What is it, Agnes, a girl or a boy? Hey lady—can you spare a nickel, a dime, a quarter? Something for a psychedelic teddy bear like me, me, me? To keep my chromosomes dancing, dancing...I came over via Hoboken, and in the middle of the Hudson River, through an industrial haze, I thought I saw Donna, Donna, my Donna, standing in the water. But it was only the Statue of Liberty, waving at me.

#2 - Donna

(BERGER)

ONCE UPON A
LOOKIN’ FOR A DONNA TIME
THERE WAS A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA
JUST GOT BACK FROM LOOKIN FOR DONNA
SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHEDELIC URCHIN
OH OH DONNA
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA
HAVE YOU SEEN MY SIXTEEN YEAR OLD TATTOOED WOMAN
HEARD A STORY SHE GOT BUSTED FOR HER BEAUTY
OH OH OH OH
OH OH

BERGER AND TRIBE

ONCE UPON A LOOKIN’ FOR A DONNA TIME
THERE WAS A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA OH OH OH
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA
I’VE BEN TO INDIA
AND SAW THE YOGA LIGHT
IN SOUTH AMERICA
THE INDIAN SMOKE GLOWS SO BRIGHT
I’M REINCARNATED AND SO ARE WE ALL
AND IN THIS LIFETIME
WE’LL RISE BEFORE WE FALL, BEFORE WE FALL

ONCE UPON A LOOKIN’ FOR A DONNA TIME
NEVER GONNA END MY SEARCHIN’
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA OH OH OH
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA

ONCE UPON A LOOKIN’ FOR A DONNA TIME
THERE WAS A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD VIRGIN
OH DONNA OH OH DONNA OH OH OH
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA
LOOKIN’ FOR MY DONNA
DONNA

rev. 2.15.16
INTRO #2

WOOF

My name is Neil…Woof

(He does a wolf howl to the moon)

Donovan. I grow things.

STEVE

(Hands WOOF a few packages of seeds)

Here are your seeds, baby.

BERGER

Hey, Woof! Here’s Twiggy…Twiggy!

WOOF

See, I have sunflower seeds, and beets, and corn…that’s what the Indians are about…and sweet peas, and moon vines…Look at the moon, look at the moon…

TRIBE

Look at the moon, look at the moon…

BERGER

Teddy… Look at the moon, look at the moon…look.

WOOF

…and poppy seeds…and morning glories, Germaine’s Heavenly Blue…and I eat them and trip out…and I love flowers and the fuzz and the trees and the sun and the moon, and the stage and the lights, and my little brother, and all my fathers, and my big fat cab-driver mother. And I love you. I love you. We are all one.

BERGER

More on our ROTC program in one moment.

INTRO #3

CLAUDE

(North Country accent)

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Hello. I’m a human being…number 1005963297 dash J, Area 609; maybe you’ve seen me around. Just another number. My name is Claude Hooper Bukowski. The most beautiful beast in the forest. I come from Manchester, England.

SUZANNAH

No, he comes from Flushing.

#3 - Manchester, England

CLAUDE

MANCHESTER ENGLAND ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA
AND I’M A GENIUS GENIUS
I BELIEVE IN GOD
AND I BELIEVE THAT GOD
BELIEVES IN CLAUDE
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME
CLAUDE HOOPER BUKOWSKI
FINDS THAT IT’S GROOVY
TO HIDE IN A MOVIE
PRETENDS HE’S FELLINI
AND ANTONIONI
AND ALSO HIS FELLOW COUNTRYMAN ROMAN POLANSKI
ALL ROLLED INTO ONE
ONE CLAUDE HOOPER BUKOWSKI
NOW THAT I’VE DROPPED OUT
WHY LIFE IS DREARY DREARY
ANSWER MY WEARY QUERY
TIMOTHY LEARY DEARIE
ALL
MANCHESTER ENGLAND ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA
AND I’M A GENIUS GENIUS
I BELIEVE IN GOD
AND I BELIEVE THAT GOD
BELIEVES IN CLAUDE

CLAUDE
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME
THAT’S ME

TRIBE
THAT’S HE
THAT’S HE
THAT’S HE

WOOF

And I’m brainwashed. Jesus Saves.

HUD
And I’m the Imperial Wizard of the KKK

CLAUDE
And I’m Aquarius—destined for greatness or madness.

INTRO #4

#4 - I’m Gay

HUD
(sings)
I’M GAY
I’M GAY

WOOF

I’M PINK
I’M PINK
BERGER

I’m rinso white

TRIBE

So what

CLAUDE

I’m invisible

#5 - Ain’t Got No

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WOOF</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AIN’T GOT NO HOME</td>
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<td>DUMB</td>
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<td>AIN’T GOT NO SHINE</td>
<td>DULL</td>
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<td>AIN’T GOT NO UNDERWEAR</td>
<td>BAD</td>
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<td>AIN’T GOT NO SOAP</td>
<td>DIRTY</td>
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<td>AINT’ GOT NO “A” TRAIN</td>
<td>JUMP</td>
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<tr>
<td>AIN’T GOT NO MIND</td>
<td>LOST IT</td>
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rev. 2.15.16
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<td>BROKE</td>
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<td>HUNGRY</td>
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<td>HUSTLE</td>
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<td>AIN’T GOT NO TOKEN</td>
<td>HIKE</td>
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<tr>
<td>AIN’T GOT NO GOD</td>
<td>GOOD</td>
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</tbody>
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*(Music Segues)*

*(TRIBE screams getting into the next song)*

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**#6 - Dead End**

**VARIOUS TRIBE MEMBERS**

*(A number tribe members sing)*

DEAD END
DON’T WALK
KEEP OUT
RED LIGHT
RED LIGHT

STEEP CLIFF
BEWARE
MAD DOG
BLIND MAN
BLIND MAN
WARNING LAND MINE
HIGH VOLTAGE LINE
DON’T MAKE A PASS
KEEP OFF THE GRASS

DETOUR
WET PAINT
HANDS OFF
DEAD END
DEAD END
MEN WORKING
DEAD END
MEN WORKING
DEAD END
NO STANDING
DEAD END
NO PARKING
DEAD END NO SMOKING
DEAD END
NO JOKING
DEAD END
DEAD END
DEAD END

AD LIB. SOLO

“Well it’s a dead end…”

ALL

MY FRIEND

(Music out. SHEILA is carried in, faux horseback, to center stage)
INTRO #5

WOOF

It’s Joan of Arc!

(Trumpets play a Fanfare. HUD brings SHEILA a flag.)

#7 - I Believe in Love

SHEILA

I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I DO BELIEVE IN LOVE

SHEILA

I BELIEVE THAT NOW IS
THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO
BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE THAT NOW IS
THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN
TO COME TO THE AID OF …

MY COUNTRY ’TIS OF THEE
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY
GOD SAVE …

TRIO

I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE

SHEILA

I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
DON’T YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
I BELIEVE THAT NOW IS
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
MEN
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
TO COME TO THE AID OF
I BELIEVE IN LOVE
LOVE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE

ALL

YEAH!

(Music out)

EVENT 2

RALLY/PROTEST

(flag is turned around, and it says: WAR CRIMES. This is the beginning of the Rally)

(Chant)

(Military drums accompany chanting into the next number)

SHEILA

WHAT DO WE WANT?

TRIBE

PEACE!

SHEILA

WHEN DO WE WANT IT?

TRIBE

NOW!

SHEILA

WHAT DO WE WANT?
TRIBE

FREEDOM!

SHEILA

WHEN DO WE WANT IT!

TRIBE

NOW!

#8 - Ain’t Got No Grass

PEACE NOW
FREEDOM NOW
PEACE NOW
FREEDOM NOW

BLACK, WHITE, YELLOW, RED
ALL TOGETHER IN A KING SIZE BED
BLACK, WHITE, YELLOW RED
ALL TOGETHER IN A KING SIZE BED

HELL NO WE WON’T GO
HELL NO WE WON’T GO

THREE TRIBE MEMBERS (AS KKK MEMBERS)

WHAT DO WE THINK IS REALLY GREAT?
TO BOMB, LYNCH AND SEGREGATE

TRIBE

WHAT DO THEY THINK IS REALLY GREAT?
TO BOMB, LYNCH AND SEGREGATE
AIN’T GOT NO GRASS

TRIBE

PEACE NOW

FREEDOM NOW

PEACE NOW

FREEDOM NOW

PEACE NOW

(THEY start to sing – marching with banners)

AIN’T GOT NO CLOTHES

AIN’T GOT NO PAD

AIN’T GOT NO APPLES

AIN’T GOT NO KNIFE

AIN’T GOT NO FUNDS

AIN’T GOT NO GARBAGE

AIN’T GOT NO DRAFT CARD

BURNED IT, BURNED IT, BURNED IT

AIN’T GO NO EARTH

AIN’T GOT NO FUN

AIN’T GOT NO BIKE

AIN’T GOT NO PIMPLES

AIN’T GOT NO TREES

AIN’T GOT NO AIR

AIN’T GOT NO WATER

CITY
BANJO
TOOTHPICKS
SHOELACES
TEACHERS
FOOTBALL
TELEPHONE
RECORDS
DOCTOR
BROTHER
SISTER
UNIFORMS
MACHINE GUNS
AIRPLANES
GERMS
M-1, BANG BANG BANG
M-2, BANG BANG BANG
A-BOMBS
H-BOMBS
P-BOMBS
Q-BOMBS
CHINESE
CZECHS
HINDUS
BINDUS
ITALIANOS
POLACKS
GERMANS
YOUSE
JEWS
UPS AND DOWNS

GIRLS
VIETNAM, JOHNSON, HIGH SCHOOL

BOYS
COFFEE, BOOKS, FOOD, SCISSORS, MAGAZINES, NEWS, CIGARETTES

GIRLS
HOLLYWOOD, TV, TUESDAY WELD, BURTON-TAYLOR

BOYS
POP ART POP OFF, POPCORN, POPSICLE

GIRLS
ANDY WARPOP, POP PAPER, POP UP, POPEYE

ALL
POPPERS, NAPALM, ENGLAND, OUTER SPACE, ASTRONAUTS, JESUS,
AIR, AIR, AIR, AIR, AIR, AIR, AIR

(Jeanie is wrapped in cellophane and duct tape. A gas mask is placed on her head)

#9 - Air

JEANIE
WELCOME SULPHUR DIOXIDE
HELLO CARBON MONOXIDE
THE AIR THE AIR
IS EVERYWHERE
BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP
INTRO #6, 7, & 8

JEANIE

(she is pregnant)

I wired my parents for money. I told them I was pregnant. They said, stay pregnant.

DIONNE

That’s Jeanie.

JEANIE

And that’s Dionne

CRISsy

And I’m Crissy.

JEANIE

I live with a whole lot of people on Teeny Bopper Island.

DIONNE

And Jeanie loves Claude.

JEANIE

I dig this groovy, hip, beautiful hunk of smooth skin animal. Claudio, I’d die for you. I wish it was your baby inside my body. Claude loves me.

#10 - 1930’s (The Stone Age)

BERGER

(sings)

HELLO THERE EVER THOUGHT OF HOW YOU’RE LIVING RIGHT
SMACK BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STONE AGE
WELL FOLKS THIS IS THE PSYCHEDELIC STONE AGE

(Orchestra continues under dialogue)
EVENT #3

ON THE HOME FRONT

CLAUDE

Hello there…ever thought of how you’re living right smack dab in the middle of the Stone Age? Well, this is the Psychedelic Stone Age. Without doubt, the most exciting time of this weary, whirling square globe has seen for generations. And it’s your age…you are living it, you are psyching it, you are stoning it.

MOM I

(Starts picking up newspapers, vacuuming with vacuuming cleaners ca. 1950)

What is this?

CLAUDE

It’s the age of electronic dinosaurs and cybernetic Indians, the age where it’s more fun than ever to be young.

(Dads reading newspaper)

DAD I

Did you see about that job today, Punk?

CLAUDE

The age where it’s more fun than ever to be stoned.

MOM II

Claude, there are mountains of paper all over this house…your clippings, your magazines, your newspapers…

CLAUDE

Got to keep up with the times, tra la…

MOM III

Tear, tear, tear. You’re nothing but tissue paper.

CLAUDE

(North Country accent)

You save S & H Green Stamps, and King Korn Stamps, and bloody Plaid Stamps and box tops, and Betty Crocker coupons, and Cut Rite and Kellogg’s and soap coupons and Co-op and God-knows-what coupons. I’ve seen you pasting one regular King Korn Stamp in each 30 spaces on this page and pasting five Big Ten King Korn stamps her and licking one Super Bonus King Korn Stamp for each 50 blocks on this page. You cut out, rip open, paste and save, and I demand my civil rights.
DAD II
Stop that! You stop that right now! I work hard for a living.

MOM I
Start being an American.

DAD III
Get a job boy, damn.

MOM II
The trouble with you is you’re not an American.

MOM III
And what’s with this Manchester? It’s disgusting.

MOM II
Face it, you’re a Polack.

DAD I
Look at yourself.

#11 - Manchester II (Reprise: Manchester, England)

CLAUDE

MANCHESTER ENGLAND ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA
AND I’M A GENIUS GENIUS

(Dad I whacks CLAUDE with rolled-up newspaper. Music cuts off.)

CLAUDE
But I don’t know how long me bloody old man’s gonna put up with that, do I?

MOM III
He told me he’s not giving you any more money.

CLAUDE
Oh, I’ve got to get me out of this flat and start Liverpoolin’ it up with me mates.
MOM I
What are you going to do with your life? What do you want to be...

3 DADS
...besides...

3 MOMS
...disheveled?

CLAUDE
Kate Smith.

BERGER, WOOF, STEVE
(Humming)
“When the moon…”

MOM II
Start facing reality.

CLAUDE
Which reality, Mom? This reality, or that reality, the void, the astral...

MOM III
Your Father and I love you, but how long do we have to support you?

CLAUDE
I was born right here in dirty...

3 MOMS
...Slummy...

3 DADS
...mucky...

CLAUDE
...polluted...

BERGER, WOOF, STEVE
...Flushing.
MOM I

Look at those trousers.

CLAUDE

I’m Aquarius, destined for greatness or madness.

MOM II

So’s your father. Don’t shame us Claude.

CLAUDE

Out onto the Technicolor streets with me daffodils…

MOMS & DADS

The Army…

CLAUDE

Me pretty little daffodils…

MOM III

The Army’ll make a man out of you.

DAD II

Your draft notice arrived today.

MOMS & DADS

(Handing him envelopes)

Greetings.

(At which point CLAUDE grasps envelopes, And tears them, tossing the confetti into the air)

CLAUDE

… tambouring it up and everyone’s lookin’ at electronic me.

3 MOMS

The Army

CLAUDE

Step aside sergeant.
The Navy.

CLAUDE

I'm sleeping out tonight.

MOM II

This is where it's at baby, not out there...

MOM I

You will change your trousers before you leave this home.

MOM III

And take off my beads. What is this?

CLAUDE

Mother, it's embarrassing ... the audience.

(Indicates audience)

3 MOMS

Hello there.

(to audience)

MOM II

This is not a reservation...

DAD III

Tonto.

CLAUDE

This is 1968 dearies, not 1948.

3 DADS

1968!

MOM I

What have you got...

MOM III

...1968...
MOM II
… may I ask?

DAD III
What have you got, 1968…

DAD I
…That makes you so damn superior…

DAD II
…and gives me such a headache?

CLAUDE
Well, if you really want to know, 1948…

#12 - I Got Life

(CLAUDE)
I GOT LIFE MOTHER
I GOT LAUGHS SISTER
I GOT FREEDOM BROTHER
I GOT GOOD TIMES MAN

I GOT CRAZY WAYS DAUGHTER
I GOT MILLION-DOLLAR CHARM COUSIN
I GOT HEADACHES AND TOOTHACHES
AND BAD TIME TOO
LIKE YOU

I GOT MY HAIR
I GOT MY HEAD
I GOT MY BRAINS
I GOT MY EARS

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I GOT MY EYES
I GOT MY NOSE
I GOT MY NOSE
I GOT MY MOUTH
I GOT MY TEETH

I GOT MY TONGUE
I GOT MY CHIN
I GOT MY NECK
I GOT MY LIFE

I GOT MY HEART
I GOT MY SOUL
I GOT MY BACK
I GOT MY ASS

I GOT MY ARMS
I GOT MY HANDS
I GOT MY FINGERS
GOT MY LEGS

I GOT MY FEET
I GOT MY TOES
I GOT MY LIVER
GOT MY BLOOD

(CLAUDE)  TRIBE
I GOT MY LIFE MOTHER  HE’S GOT LIFE

rev. 2.15.16
I GOT LAUGHS SISTER  HE’S GOT LAUGHS
I GOT FREEDOM BROTHER  HE’S GOT FREEDOM
I GOT GOOD TIMES MAN  GOOD TIMES MAN
I GOT CRAZY WAYS DAUGHTER  HE’S GOT CRAZY WAYS
I GOT MILLION-DOLLAR CHARM COUSIN  HE’S GOT CHARM

I GOT HEADACHES AND TOOTHACHES  HEAD ACHES, TOOTHACHES
AND BAD TIMES TOO
LIKE YOU  LIKE YOU

I GOT MY HAIR  GOT MY HAIR
I GOT MY HEAD
I GOT MY BRAINS  GOT MY BRAINS
I GOT MY EARS

I GOT MY EYES  GOT MY EYES
I GOT MY NOSE
I GOT MY MOUTH  GOT MY MOUTH
I GOT MY TEETH  GOT MY TEETH

I GOT MY TONGUE  GOT MY TONGUE
I GOT MY CHIN
I GOT MY NECK  GOT MY NECK
I GOT MY LIFE

I GOT MY HEART  GOT MY HEART
I GOT MY SOUL
I GOT MY BACK  GOT MY BACK
I GOT MY SELF
I GOT MY ARMS
I GOT MY HANDS
I GOT MY FINGERS
GOT MY LEGS
I GOT MY FEET
I GOT MY TOES
I GOT MY LIVER
I GOT MY BLOOD
I GOT MY GUTS
I GOT MUSCLES
I GOT LIFE LIFE LIFE
LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE

MOM I

And you got a lot of nerve, baby.

CLAUDE

AND I’M GONNA SPREAD IT AROUND THE WORLD MOTHER
AND I’M GONNA SPREAD IT AROUND THE WORLD SISTER
AND I’M GONNA SPREAD IT AROUND THE WORLD MY BROTHER
SO EV’RYBODY KNOWS WHAT I GOT

TRIBE

AMEN
AMEN
(Music out)

EVENT #4

AT THE SHANTYTOWN

Claude has gone to the draft board to get his status changed

WOOF

Berger!

BERGER

Woof!

HUD

Berger!

BERGER

Hud! Como esta usted? Muy bien gracias, y usted?

HUD

White man speak with forked tongue.

BERGER

Is Claude back from the draft board yet?

HUD

No.

BERGER

(This speech is accompanied by appropriate Sound effects by a TRIBE MEMBER)

(talking about himself)

He entered.

(Sound)

He locked the door.

(Sound)

He checked out the scene.

(Sound)
He put his right hand on his left breast

(Sound)
And stretched his left hand high above his head,

(Sound)
Waving to his blue-eyed soul brothers with a smile…

STEVE

(Falsetto on mic.)
Hi, boys.

BERGER

…as a hush came over the room.

(Sound)

(To WOOF)
Unhand me. Woof, I finally made it, I finally got out.

WOOF

Out of who?

MARY

Out of “whom.”

#13 - Going Down

BERGER

ME AND LUCIFER
LUCIFER AND ME
JUST LIKE THE ANGEL THAT FELL
BANISHED FOREVER TO HELL
TODAY I HAVE BEEN EXPELLED
FROM HIGH SCHOOL HEAVEN

BERGER

ELEVATOR GOING DOWN

TRIBE

ELEVATOR GOING DOWN

rev. 2.15.16
GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN
EV’RYBODY GOING DOWN
GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN
DOWN, DOWN, GOING DOWN

PAUL

High school dropouts don’t give up your diploma. Dial OR 7-3295 for our free booklet telling how you can get it at home.

BERGER

THIS IS MY DOOM
MY HUMILIATION’OCTOBER NOT JUNE
AND ITS SUMMER VACATION
SUCH A DISGRACE, HOW CAN I FACE THE NATION
WHY SHOULD THIS PAIN
BRING ME SUCH STRANGE ELATION?

(Three Principals appear in caps and gowns and Hitler mustaches. ONE speaks with a German accent)

PRINCIPAL 1
Attention

PRINCIPAL 2
Attention

PRINCIPAL 3
Achtung!

PRINCIPAL 1
This is your Principal…

PRINCIPAL 2
Mister Brain…

PRINCIPAL 3
Washer…

PRINCIPAL 1
What is this school becoming?
PRINCIPAL 2

A Costume party?

PRINCIPAL 3

Some kind of giant festival Mother Goose Land?

PRINCIPAL 1

Mr. Berger—

PRINCIPAL 2

We do not send our chemistry teachers on trips.

PRINCIPAL 3

Your hair—

PRINCIPAL 1

Your dress—

PRINCIPALS 2 & 3

Further remarks.

BERGER

I’m tired of your brainwashed education—up your curriculum!

PRINCIPAL 1

One of your rebellious—

PRINCIPAL 2

Beatnik leaders—

PRINCIPAL 3

Has just been expelled by me.

PRINCIPAL 2

And let this be an ultimatum to the rest of you—

ALL THREE PRINCIPALS

This is World War Three!

BERGER

Cosmic Fart!
BERGER & TRIBE

Mr. Brainwasher!!!

BERGER

EMANCIPATION, PROCLAMATION

OH DOCTOR LINCOLN MY HEAD NEEDS SHRINKIN'

LU LU LU LU LU LU LU LU LU LU LU LUCIFER AND ME

DOOMED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY


BERGER

ELEVATOR GOING DOWN

GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN

EV’RYBODY GOING DOWN

GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN

FORGIVE ME IF I DON’T CRY

IT’S LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY

THANK GOD THAT ANGELS CAN FLY

DOWN DOWN DOWN

TRIBE

ELEVATOR GOING DOWN

GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN

EV’RYBODY GOING DOWN

DOWN, DOWN, GOING DOWN

DOWN

EVERYBODY GOING

EVERYBODY GOING

DOWN DOWN DOWN

ALL

GOING DOWN DOWN

GOING DOWN DOWN DOWN

GOING DOWN DOWN

(CLAUDE, back from the draft board, is spotted by the Tribe, who rush to greet him.)

CLAUDE

I am the son of God. Beware. I shall vanish and be forgotten! Yeow!

(Tosses flowers over TRIBE)

Bless you, bless you, bless you, bless you…
(Feeling someone’s rear end)

Bless you again…

(Someone sneezes)

God bless you, bless you, Bergerbaby.

BERGER

Hey, let’s have some more rock and roll: one, two, three, four, everybody twist…

EVENT #5

FREAK OUT

(BERGER, WOOF, HUD run over to greet CLAUDE)

TRIBE

Claude…Claude…Claude…

BERGER

Wait…wait, wait…don’t tell us.

WOOF

Did you pass it?

HUD

Are you physically fit?

(CLAUDE nods “yes”)

WOOF

No kidding.

BERGER

That’s death’s body, man…

HUD

Tough luck, baby.

CLAUDE

That’s alright. I’ve thought it over – I’ll tell them I’m gay and hide out in Toronto. I’m not going in. I’ll eat it first. I’m not.
WOOF

Eat what?

CLAUDE

My draft card.

BERGER

I thought you burned it.

CLAUDE

That was my driver’s license.

WOOF

Eat it on CBS television.

BERGER

U.S. Grade-A Government –inspected meat!

CLAUDE

Berger, help me, how am I gonna get out of going?

BERGER

Dance bare assed down 42nd street.

CLAUDE

C’mon, what am I gonna do?

BERGER

Take me with you, tell them I’m your girlfriend and you can’t sleep without me.

HUD

Tell them your mother volunteered to fight in your place.

WOOF

Do they know she’s a Viet Cong?

CLAUDE

I want to be over here doing the things they’re over there defending.

WOOF

Become a nun.
HUD

Wet the bed, baby.

CLAUDE

(Takes a card from HIS wallet)

They’re not gonna get me. That’s it, they’re not gonna get me.

(Strikes a match and lights the card)

HUD

(Reading from New York Times)

“‘The draft is white people sending black people to make war on yellow people to defend the land they stole from the red people.”

BERGER

(reading over HIS shoulder)

Mr. Claude Hopper Bukowski -- New York Public Library.

(CLALIDE stamps out the flame)

CLAUDE

Now I can’t even get a book out. Berger, if I go, I’ll get killed or a leg shot off or something… I know it… they’re not gonna get me.

BERGER

Oh yes, they are. You will go, and you will loot, rape, and kill… you will do exactly what THEY tell you to do.

CLAUDE

I’m not going. It took me years to grow it out this long, and I’m not gonna let them cut it off.

(MARGARET MEAD and HUBERT come down, The aisle, interrupting the action on stage)

EVENT #6

MARGARET MEAD

Excuse me, young man. May I ask you a question?
BERGER
Claudio, I got kicked out of school… I’m Vietnam bait now.

HUD
We’re all Vietnam bait.

TRIBE GUYS
Yeah, we’re all Vietnam bait…

MARGARET
May I ask you a question?

CLAUDE
Sure, of course, would you like to come up?

MARGARET
Oh, no.

CLAUDE
Yes, come up

(Leads HURBERT and MARGARET up on stage)

MARGARET
Oh dear. May I introduce myself, here’s my card.

(Card passed from CLAUDE to BERGER to WOOF. WOOF eats the card)
Thank you. And this is Herbert. We’re on our honeymoon. I did overhear just a wee portion of your conversation, and I would like to ask you a question, if you don’t mind?

CLAUDE
I have no mind. No! Yes, anything you want to know, yes. Now yes.

MARGARET
Well… this may sound a bit naïve… foolish… oh, my, I don’t even know why I feel so embarrassed… I… being a visitor from another generation like myself…

CLAUDE
You’re cool. What would you like to know.

MARGARET
Hubert, I’m cool. Well… why?... I mean…why?... why?...
CLAUDE

(Finally realizing that SHE means HIS hair)

Oh, you mean this?

MARGARET

Yes. Why that? I mean, is it because you’re a… oh, dear… are you?... Please forgive me… are you a hippie?

(TRIBE reacts very strongly, affecting exaggerated Hippie behavior, then cutting off abruptly)

Hubert, a whole haggle of hippies.

HUBERT

Who are your heroes?

BERGER

Medusa, darling, Medusa.

HUD

Hey, Big Daddy, Little Daddy.

(Yells)

Big Daddy. I’m talking to you!! It’s very simple. You ask me why? Like I like the feel of the long silky strands on my ears, and the back of my neck, and on my shoulders, and down my back. Like it’s goose-bump time, you know what I mean?

MARGARET

That’s very interesting.

(To HUBERT)

You see, dear, he does it for the sensual experience, that’s why.

#14 - Hair

CLAUDE

(Starts to sing)

SHE ASKS ME WHY…

HUD

(To HUBERT)

You dig my Dixie Peach?
HUBERT

Dixie who?

MARGARET

Dixie Peach, Hubert. She’s one of the Supremes! Don’t get involved.

CLAUDE

I’M JUST A HAIRY GUY
I’M HAIRY NOON AND NIGHT
HAIR THAT’S A FRIGHT
I’M HAIRY HIGH AND LOW
DON’T ASK ME WHY – I DON’T KNOW

IT’S NOT FOR LACK OF BREAD
LIKE THE GREATFUL DEAD

CLAUDE & BURGER

DARLIN’

GIVE ME A HEAD WITH HAIR
LONG BEAUTIFUL HAIR
SHINING GLEAMING STEAMING
FLAXEN WAXEN

CLAUDE, BERGER, & TRIBE

GIVE ME DOWN TO THERE HAIR
SHOULDER-LENGTH OR LONGER
HERE BABY
THERE MAMA
EV’RYWHERE DADDY DADDY

TRIBE

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY HAIR

CLAUDE & BERGER

LET IT FLY IN THE BREEZE
AND GET CAUGHT IN THE TREES
GIVE A HOME TO THE FLEAS
IN MY HAIR

HOME FOR THE FLEAS       YEAH!
A HIVE FOR BEES          OH YEAH!
A NEST FOR BIRDS
THERE AIN'T NO WORDS
FOR THE BEAUTY THE SPLENDOR
THE WONDER OF MY

TRIBE

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY HAIR

CLAUDE & BERGER

I WANT IT LONG STRAIGHT CURLY FRIZZY

rev. 2.15.16
SNAGGY SHAGGY RATTY MATTY
OILY GREASY FLEECY
SHINING GLEAMING STEAMING
FLAXEN WAXEN
KNOTTED POLKADOTTED
TWISTED BEADED BRAIDED
POWDERED FLOWERED AND CONFETTIED
BANGLED TANGLED SPANGLED AND SPAGHETTIED

TRIBE
OH SAY CAN YOU SEE MY EYES
IF YOU CAN
THEN MY HAIR’S TOO SHORT

CLAUDE & BERGER
DOWN TO HERE
DOWN TO THERE
I WANT HAIR
DOWN TO WHERE
IT STOPS BY ITSELF

TRIBE
DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO

CLAUDE & BERGER
THEY’LL BE GA-GA AT THE GO-GO
WHEN THEY SEE ME IN MY TOGA
MY TOGA MADE OF BLOND BRILLIANTINED
BIBLICAL HAIR.

CLAUDE, BERGER & TRIBE

MY HAIR LIKE JESUS WORE IT
HALLELUJAH I ADORE IT
HALLELUJAH MARY LOVED HER SON
WHY DON’T MY MOTHER LOVE ME

TRIBE

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOD CAN GROW IT
MY

HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
HAIR HAIR HAIR
FLOW IT
SHOW IT
LONG AS GOT CAN GROW IT
MY HAIR

MARGARET
Ooooo. You little pot tarts are terrific. Hubert says your every bit as good as the Mormon Tabernacle choir.

TRIBE
HALLELUJAH!

(Music out)

MARGARET
(To audience)
I wish every mother and father in this theatre would go home and make a speech to their teenagers and say: kids, be free, no guilt, be whoever you are, do whatever you want, just as long as you don’t hurt anyone.” Right?

TRIBE
Right!

MARGARET
Now remember this kids, and don’t forget it… I am your friend.

(Intro Music)

TRIBE MEMBER
Ah… she’s gonna sing!

#15 - My Conviction

MARGARET
I WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT IT IS MY CONVICTION
THAT LONGER HAIR AND OTHER FLAMBOYANT AFFECTATIONS
OF APPEARANCE ARE NOTHING MORE
THAN THAT MALE’S EMERGENCE FROM HIS DRAB CAMOUFLAGE
INTO THE GAUDY PLUMAGE
WHICH IS THE BIRTHRIGHT OF HIS SEX
THERE IS A PECULIAR NOTION THAT IS ELEGANT PLUMAGE
AND FINE FEATHERS ARE NOT PROPER FOR THE MAN
WHEN ACTU’LLY THAT IS THE WAY THINGS ARE
IN MOST SPECIES.

(Music out)

Can we get a picture of you kids?

TRIBE

Sure. I want to be in the picture. Hi, America.

MARGARET

Hubert!

(Gives him camera instructions, to one side)

CLAUDE

Be manipulated and be mutilated.

WOOF

(To BERGER, referring to HUBERT)

See him? That’s you two years from now.

BERGER

(To WOOF)

See her? That’s you one year from now.

(To MARGARET)

Love your dress, call me Thursday.

(Then to HUBERT)

Get the best shot dear. When I go like this…

(fingers up in “V”)

TRIBE

(Poses for photograph)

SPEEEEEED!

(HUBERT snaps the picture)
MARAGRET

Thank you, thank you one and all. Well, good bye all you sweet little flower pots. See you.

(MARGARET and HUBERT exit, back into the Audience)

TRIBE

(Calling after THEM)

Thank you, Margaret Mead and Husband.

(SHEILA is now carried to center stage)

EVENT #7

IT’S DEMOCRACY’S DAUGHTER

WOOF

Sheila’s back!

CLAUDE

Fasten your seatbelts.

HUD

She is flying at an altitude of 10,000 c.c.’s

#16 - Sheila Franklin

TRIBE

SHEILA FRANKLIN
SECOND SEMESTER
NYU
AND SHE’S A PROTESTER

(Music out)

SHEILA

We marched on the Pentagon, the five-sided Dragon, and we levitated it! Then we attacked the F.B.I. building, but they tear-gassed us…

(CLAUDE and BERGER circle HER, Indian style. WOOF and HUD do their own Indian dance on Either side)
BERGER

Ugh! This Indian land, white woman, buzz off.

CLAUDE

(Indian Accent)

Yeah, yeah, Sheila baby, what you do here? You should be out there somewhere picketing, ugh!

BERGER

No. No. No. Protesting, ugh!

SHEILA

(Going into her bag)

No, no, no spreading the groovy revolution.
Sheila brought back Berger a beautiful yellow satin shirt.

(pulls out shirt)

Take that filthy rag off.

(SHEILA and CLAUDE take the shirt and cover BERGER’s head with it to keep him quiet. BERGER Grabs the shirt and rips it.)

BERGER

Oooo, Sheila! My Eyes cannot behold such beauty

(ironically)

You really shouldn’t have done it. It’s boss, a groove, a gas, send me to Saigon, it’s a Sears Roebuck hand me down!

SHEILA

Berger, stop it! You like it?

BERGER

Don’t tell me to stop. You always do that. You nag, nag, you won’t allow, me to be myself, you’re always trying to pick a fight, and then you expect me to love you?

SHEILA

(Almost in tears)

Why did you do that?
BERGER

(Hiding shirt behind his back)

What?

SHEILA

That!

BERGER

I don't know – it was fun.

SHEILA

Fun?

BERGER

I hate yellow.

#17 Easy to be Hard

SHEILA

(Accompanied by an acoustic guitar on stage)

HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO HEARTLESS
HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO CRUEL
EASY TO BE HARD
EASY TO BE COLD

HOW CAN PEOPLE HAVE NO FEELINGS
HOW CAN THEY IGNORE THEIR FRIENDS
EASY TO BE PROUD
EASY TO SAY NO

ESPEC’LLY PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT STRANGERS
WHO CARE ABOUT EVIL AND SOCIAL INJUSTICE
DO YOU ONLE CARE ABOUT THE BLEEDING CROWD?
HOW ABOUT A NEEDING FRIEND
I NEED A FRIEND

HOW CAN PEOPLE HAVE NO FEELINGS
YOU KNOW I’M HUNG UP ON YOU
EASY TO GIVE IN
EASY TO HELP OUT
AND DON’T YOU WONDER HOW LONG WE CAN TAKE IT
THAT WAY THAT WE PLAY AND MAKE FUN OF EACH OTHER
ARE WE JUST PRETENDERS IN A WORLD WE MADE?
WHERE’S THE HEART OF YOU AND ME
I NEED A FRIEND

HOW CAN PEOPLE HAVE NO FEELINGS
HOW CAN THEY IGNORE THEIR FRIENDS
EASY TO BE HARD
EASY TO BE COLD
EASY TO BE PROUD
EASY TO SAY NO

(Music out)

(BERGER picks up the torn shirt and goes to SHEILA.)

EVENT #8

SHEILA

Sometimes you guys go too far.

BERGER

What do you want from my life? Leave us alone.
SHEILA

Trouble with me is I’m hung up.

JEANIE

This is the way it is. I’m hung up on Claude. Sheila’s hung up on Berger. Berger is hung up everywhere. Claude is hung up on a cross over Sheila and Berger — and furthermore, Woof is hung up on Berger.

(She exits)

WOOF

No, I’m not — I’m hung up on Mick Jagger

BERGER

And I’m hung up on Donna. MaDonna.

What art thou that usurps this time of night? If thou has any sound or use of voice, speak to me.

BERGER & WOOF

(lights reveal a flag shrouded figure)

(Italian accents)

Speak-a to me, speak-a to me, speak-a to me.

STEVE

(Covered by flag)

Om mane padme om

Om mane padme om

Om mane padme om

Shanti, Shanti, Shanti.

BERGER

Folding the flag means taking car of the nation.

Folding the flag means putting it to bed for the night.

Oh, I’m lost in the folds of the flag.

Oh, I’m falling through a hole in the flag.

(HE is rocked in the flag)

Help
BERGER

(heavy southern accent)

It’s a beee-a-u-tiful day here in Selma, Alabama this morning, ladies and gentlemen.

#18 - Don’t Put it Down

WOOF, BERGER & STEVE

DON’T PUT IT DOWN
BEST ONE AROUND
CRAZY FOR THE RED BLUE AND WHITE
CRAZY FOR THE RED BLUE AND WHITE
YOU LOOK AT ME
WHAT DO YOU SEE
CRAZY FOR THE WHITE RED AND BLUE
CRAZY FOR THE WHITE RED AND BLUE
‘CAUSE I LOOK DIFFERENT
YOU THINK I’M SUBVERSIVE
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE AND RED
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE AND RED
AND YELLOW FRINGE
CRAZY FOR THE BLUE WHITE RED AND YELLOW

(Music out)

EVENT #9

THE BE-IN

TRIBE

Come to the Be-In! Come to the Be-In!

JEANIE

Dig it, people.
HUD

See the hippies get busted…

JEANIE

Stoned…

LINDA

… By the New York City Police.

JEANIE

… right here, right now… in this theatre.

(CLAUDE returns to the stage)

Why don’t you ever call me?

CLAUDE

Jeanie, you know you don’t have a phone.

JEANIE

We had a good time, didn’t you like it?

CLAUDE

Yeah, Jeanie, but…

JEANIE

But I found that book I told you about.

CLAUDE

What book?

JEANIE

(Producing the book from her bag)

“The art and Practice of Astral Projection” By Ophiel.

CLAUDE

(Taking Book)

Far-out!

JEANIE

Are you going to burn your draft card at the Be-In?
CLAUDE

I’m gonna astral project!

JEANIE

Claude, are you going to burn your draft card?

CLAUDE

Jeanie, be a good fly and buzz off!

(He exits)

JEANIE

He loves me. Well, Crissy, are you going to stay here or are you going to the Be-In like a human being?

CRISSY

I’m gonna wait.

JEANIE

Still waiting for him, eh?

(She takes a drag on her joint)

Well, don’t hold your breath.

#19 - Be-in / “Hara Krishna”

(The Be-In. The sound of bells from offstage. The TRIBE enters in a processional)

TRIBE

HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA
KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE

HARE RAMA HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA HARE HARE

HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA
KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE

HARE RAMA HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA HARE HARE

rev. 2.15.16
HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA
KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE

HARE RAMA HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA HARE HARE

LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE

COME ON
COME ON
COME ON
COME ON

BE IN
BE IN
BE IN
BE IN
OMMMMMMMM

STEVE
What's happening to our bedrock foundation of baths and underarm deodorant?

TRIBE

LOVE
LOVE
OMMMMMMMM

LEATA
New York is fun city -- Blah!

TRIBE

LOVE
LOVE
OMMMMMMMM

WOOF
Physical contact with any of these animals would repulse me.

TRIBE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE

TUNE IN
TUNE IN
TUNE IN
TUNE IN

BE IN
BE IN
BE IN
BE IN
OMMMMMMMMM

TRIBE
LOVE
LOVE
OMMMMMMMMM

BOY
I’d like to see this daffodil crowd in front of a machine gun.

TRIBE
LOVE
LOVE
OMMMMMMMMM
GIRL
(Kisses BERGER good-bye)

Ship these Peaceniks to the Vietnam meat-grinder.

TRIBE

LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE

DROP OUT
DROP OUT
DROP OUT
DROP OUT

BE IN
BE IN
BE IN
BE IN

BEADS FLOWERS FREEDOM HAPPINESS
BEADS FLOWERS FREEDOM HAPPINESS
BEADS FLOWERS FREEDOM HAPPINESS
BEADS FLOWERS FREEDOM HAPPINESS

(The intensity builds. The BOYS, one by one burn THEIR draft cards. CLAUDE puts HIS card into the fire, then changes his mind and pulls it out)
(Music segues)

#20 - Where Do I Go?

CLAUDE

WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE RIVER
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE GULLS

WHERE IS THE SOMETHING
WHERE IS THE SOMEONE
THAT TELLS ME WHY
I LIVE AND DIE

WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE CHILDREN
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THEIR SMILES

IS THERE AN ANSWER
IN THEIR SWEET FACES
THAT TELLS ME WHY
I LIVE AND DIE

FOLLOW THE WIND SONG
FOLLOW THE THUNDER
FOLLOW THE NEON IN YOUNG LOVERS’ EYES

DOWN TO THE GUTTER
UP TO THE GLITTER
INTO THE CITY WHERE THE TRUTH LIES

CLAUDE & TRIBE

WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THE CHILDREN
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW THEIR SMILES

IS THERE AN ANSWER
IN THEIR SWEET FACES
THAT TELLS MY WHY
I LIVE AND DIE

CLAUDE & GIRLS
FOLLOW THE WIND SONG
FOLLOW THE THUNDER
FOLLOW THE NEON IN YOUNG LOVERS’ EYES

BOYS
WHERE DO I GO
TELL ME WHERE
DO I GO

DOWN TO THE GUTTER
UP TO THE GLITTER
INTO THE CITY WHERE THE TRUTH LIES

CLAUDE
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW MY HEARTBEAT
WHERE DO I GO
FOLLOW MY HAND

WHERE WILL THEY LEAD ME
AND WILL I EVER
DISCOVER WHY I LIVE AND DIE

TRIBE
WHY

CLAUDE
I LIVE AND DIE

rev. 2.15.16
TRIBE

WHY

CLAUDE |

WHY DO I LIVE |

BEADS FLOWERS

WHY DO I DIE |

FREEDOM HAPPINESS

TELL ME WHERE DO I GO |

BEADS FLOWERS

TELL ME WHY |

FREEDOM

TELL ME WHERE |

HAPPINESS

TELL ME WHY |

BEADS

TELL ME WHERE |

FLOWERS

TELL ME WHY |

FREEDOM

(A siren sound effect is heard at the end of the song)

End of Act One
ACT TWO

(KATE SMITH SINGING “THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER”; segues into:)

#21 - Electric Blues

ALL

TELL ME WHO DO YOU LOVE MAN?
TELL ME WHAT MAN?
TELL ME WHAT’S IT YOU LOVE, MAN?

AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY

TELL ME WHAT’S IT THAT MOVES YOU?
TELL ME WHAT’S IT THAT GROOVES YOU?

AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY

BUT OLD SONGS LEAVE YOU DEAD
WE SELL OUR SOULS FOR BREAD

WE’RE ALL ENCASED IN SONIC ARMOUR
BELTIN’ IT OUT THROUGH CHROME GRENADES
MILES AND MAILES OF MEDUSAN CHORDS
THE ELECTRONIC SONIC BOOM

IT’S WHAT’S HAPPENING BABY
IT’S WHERE IT’S AT DADDY
THEY CHAIN YA AND BRAINWASH YA
WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT
THEY FEED YA MASS MEDIA
THE AGE IS ELECTRIC

I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES

TWUMP RACKETY WHOMP ROCK
FOLK ROCK RHYTHM AND BLUES

SOLO

ELECTRONS EXPLODING RACKETY CLACK
WHOMP PLUGGED IN TURNED ON

AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY

RACKETY SHWUMP WHOOMP ROCK
FOLK ROCK RHYTHM AND BLUES

AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY

THWUMP RACKETY CLACK
WHOOP WHUMP POOF

AN OLD FASHIONED MELODY

CAVED IN, CAVED IN, YES CAVED IN

(Scream)

AGHHHH

WE’RE ALL ENCASED IN SONIC ARMOUR
BELTIN’ IT OUT THROUGH CHROME GRENADES
MILES AND MILES OF MEDUSAN CHORDS
THE ELECTRIC SONIC BOOM

IT’S WHAT’S HAPPENING BABY
IT’S WHERE IT’S AT DADDY

THEY CHAIN YA AND BRAINWASH YA
WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT
THEY FEED YA MASS MEDIA
THE AGE IS ELECTRONIC

I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES

rev. 2.15.16
(These two lines sung silently)

" " " " " "
" " " " " "
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES
I GOT THE ELECTRIC BLUES

(The sound builds and builds until there are three loud explosions. The stage is black and we hear a chant. Music segues.

The TRIBE comes from the rear of house, singing the following lyrics in a soft musical chant. THEY carry candles, wind chimes, moon oysters, and incense sticks.)

EVENT #11

#22 - Oh Great God of Power

TRIBE

OH GREAT GOD OF POWER
OH GREAT GOD OF LIGHT
OH GREAT GOD OF GAS
BLACK AS NIGHT
NIGHT GONE DEAD)

WHERE HAS ALL THE POWER FLED?

HE IS
BLOOD
HE IS BONE
HE IS
SKIN
HE IS
AIR
HE IS.

HE IS

AQUARIUS

HE IS

AQUARIUS

APPEAR APPEAR

APPEAR APPEAR

APPEAR APPEAR

(The TRIBE greets CLAUDE, who is carrying a small Duffle bag with British flag on it)

(Music Segues)

HUD

It’s Lord Buckingham!

#23 - Manchester III

TRIBE

MANCHESTER ENGLAND ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA
AND I’M A GENIUS GENIUS
I BELIEVE IN GOD
AND I BELIEVE IN THAT GOD
BELIEVES IN CLAUDE
THAT’S ME.

(Music out)

(TRIBE greets CLAUDE. BERGER pulls HIM aside)

BERGER

Claude, where were you?
CLAUDE
I had to get away. I was in the jungle, meditating. Today I went down to the “abduction center” and freaked them out all the way, as far as I could go.

BERGER
What did you tell them?

WOOF
What did you do, man?

CLAUDE
I told them I wanna go. I wanna die and kill for my country. I don’t even need a gun. I’ll kill ‘em with my bare hands.

(strangles Berger)

BERGER
Is that how it was?

CLAUDE
No, it wasn’t like that at all.
Hey Woof — here’s a little something from my bedroom to yours.

(gives him a poster of Mick Jagger, ca. 1968)

JEANIE
(To CLAUDE)
Claude… Claude, I know.

CLAUDE
You know what?

JEANIE
You know what I mean.

CLAUDE
No I don’t.

JEANIE
Listen Claude, whatever you decide to do, you’re still a great guy.

CLAUDE
I don’t know what you’re talking about!
JEANIE

Have a good trip.

BERGER

Come to where the flower is

CLAUDE

Bless you, Sweet child of God

EVENT #11

THE TRIP

#24 - Walking in Space

TRIBE

DOORS ARE LOCKED
DOORS LOCKED
BLINDS PULLED
BLINDS PULLED

LIGHTS LOW
LIGHTS LOW
FLAMES HIGH
FLAMES HIGH

MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY
MY BODY

DIONNE

MY BODY IS WALKING IN SPACE
MY SOUL IS IN ORBIT
WITH GOD, FACE TO FACE
FLOATING, FLIPPING
FLYING, TRIPPING

TRIPPING FROM POTTSVILLE TO STARLINE
TRIPPING FROM STARLINE TO MOONVILLE

STEVE
ON A ROCKET TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION
TOTAL SELF-AWARENESS THE INTENTION

LEATA
MY MIND IS AS CLEAR AS COUNTRY AIR
I FEEL MY FLESH, ALL COLORS MESH

TRIBE
RED, BLACK
BLUE, BROWN
YELLOW, CRIMSON
GREEN, ORANGE
PURPLE, PINK
VIOLET, WHITE
WHITE, WHITE
WHITE, WHITE
WHITE, WHITE

ALL THE CLOUDS ARE CUMULOFT
WALKING IN SPACE
OH, MY GOD YOUR SKIN IS SOFT
I LOVE YOUR FACE

HOW DARE THEY TRY
TO END THIS BEAUTY?
HOW DARE THEY TRY
TO END THIS BEAUTY?
TO KEEP US UNDER FOOT
THEY BURY US IN SOOT

rev. 2.15.16
PRETENDING IT'S A CHORE
TO SHIP US OFF TO WAR

IN THIS DIVE
WE REDISCOVER SENSATION
IN THIS DIVE
WE REDISCOVER SENSATION

SHEILA & JEANNIE

WALKING IN SPACE
WE FIND THE PURPOSE OF PEACE

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE
YOU CAN NO LONGER HIDE

TRIBE

OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
WIDE, WIDE, WIDE

(music out)

(lights dim down on stage, except for a spot on CLAUDE. The following is his trip:
SOUND EFFECT: HELICOPTER; thumping guitar strings)

HUD

(As TOUGH SERGEANT)
Alright, my pretty boys, prepare to bail out...

(Soldiers assemble in bail-out positions)
I nursed you through boot camp, taught you how to kill, now go get that gook before he gets you...next stop Vietnam!

(HUD jumps)
Geronimoooooo...
SOLDIER ONE

(To WOOF)
Hello White Man…

WOOF
I’m not even 21 yet, and they’ve got me jumping out of helicopters…

SOLDIER ONE

Skydive, dumb ass!

(Pushing WOOF out the door)

SOLDIER ONE

Hello yellow man down there, I’m gonna get you…

(Jumps screaming)

SOLDIER TWO

(taking CLAUDE’s hand. THEY jump together screaming)

SOLDIER THREE

Gee, it’s just like in the movies…

(Jumps screaming)

(Fade out of HELICOPTER SOUND; the SOLDIERS drift to earth)

SOLDIER ONE

I don’t want to be anything, especially a housewife with kids.

SOLDIER TWO

Don’t worry, you won’t be.

CLAUDE

What’s that supposed to mean?

SOLDIERS ONE & TWO

Don’t ask me, it’s your hallucination…

HUD

Watch this…

SOLDIERS

(Whirling offstage)
I’m hanging looooooooose…

rev. 2.15.16
(CLAUDE lands in a Vietnamese field. ORIENTAL CRICKET MUSIC: He crouches, as TWO VIETNAMESE NATIVES cross, pursued by an American SOLDIER carrying an M-1 rifle. From offstage, we hear a loud voice:)

WASHINGTON (BERGER)

Revolution...revolution...

(Enter BERGER from wings, or down and aisle, on horseback, wearing a powdered wig, and tri-cornered hat askew, with very long dark-blue velvet cape trailing after HIM, held up by bloody, bandaged, RAGGLE TAGGLE TROOP of 5 or 6)

WASHINGTON (cont’d)

Hut two three four. Hut two three four. Jump to it lads. Kill the Redcoats. Into the Delaware, men. Grab your muskets, for God, for Country, for Crown, for Freedom, for Liberation, for Mother.

(Music out)

MESSENGER (WOOF)

(Running on, beating a drum rather badly)

General Washington, General Washington, Your Highness!

WASHINGTON

(Slaps HIS face)

Practice!

MESSENGER

#26 - Indian Music / #27 The War

General Washington, news from the front. The word is retreat. Threat of attack.

(WASHINGTON flees, as INDIANS in warbonnets, with bows, attack)

INDIAN ONE

Tonto say white man die

(Shoots)

INDIAN TWO

Sitting Bull say, white man die.

(Shoots)

INDIAN THREE

Crazy Horse say, white man die.

(Shoots)

INDIAN FOUR

Little Beaver say, white man drop dead.
(Shoots—all of WASHINGTON’S MEN are now dead)

(Gong.

THEY all exit. We hear loud gongs, 1000 YEAR OLD MONK and 3 BUDDHIST MONKS enter in long saffron robes)

#28 - Give Up All Desires

1000 YEAR OLD MONK
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GIVE UP ALL DESIRES
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SAY, “OM”
STAY HOME, SAY “OM”

3 BUDDHIST MONKS (and TRIBE)
OM ........

1000 YEAR OLD MONK

Nice, nice, nice, very nice.

(Sings)

OM, OM ON THE RANGE,
AND EAT LOTS OF FRUIT AND BE CUTE.
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY,
EV’RYONE SHOULD BE BUDDAH

(Various gongs sound)

FIRST MONK (WOOF)

WE ARE ALL ONE

THIRD MONK

NO MORE WAR TOYS.

SECOND MONK (SHEILA)

(As SHE pulls out gasoline can and starts pouring gas on the 1000 YEAR OLD MONK)

USE HIGH OCTANE AND FEEL THE TIGER IN YOUR TANK.
1000 YEAR OLD MONK

HUSTLING IS AN HONEST PROFESSION.

(2ND MONK, SHEILA, sets OLD MONK on fire and HE, immolated in flames, runs offstage screaming. The 3 MONKS sit in meditation “Oming” as 3 NUNS enter)

THREE CATHOLIC NUNS

HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE,
THE LORD IS WITH THEE,
BLESSES ART THOU AMONGST WOMEN
AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THE LOOM
HOLLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US SINNERS,
NOW AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH

(The lights come up on a SERGEANT, and a couple of PARENTS holding a suit on a hanger)

SERGEANT

O’Reilly

HUD

Present, Sir.

MOM

Momma loves you.

DAD

I’ve waited a long time for this day, son.

SERGEANT

Palucci.

rev. 2.15.16
HIRAM

Present and accounted for, Sir.

MOM

Now write me a letter tonight.

DAD

You don’t know how proud I am of you son, today.

SERGEANT

Epstein.

PAUL

Present, Sir.

MOM

Give us a kiss.

DAD

(Shoves a bill into pocket of suit)

Be a man.

SERGEANT

Claude Bukowski.

CLAUDE

Here, Sir.

#30 - Three-Five-Zero-Zero

TRIBE

RIPPED OPEN BY METAL EXPLOSION
CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE
FIREFBALL
BULLET SHOCK
BAYONET ELECTRICITY
SHRAPNELLED
THROBBING MEAT
ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING
BLACK UNIFORMS
BARE FEET
CARBINES
MAIL-ORDER RIFLES
SHOOT THE MUSCLES
256 VIETCONG CAPTURED
256 VIETCONG CAPTURED

(In a whisper)

IT’S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
IT’S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
THREE FIVE ZERO ZERO
TAKE WEAPONS UP AND BEGIN TO KILL
WATCH THE LONG LONG ARMIES DRIFTING HOME

(Now THEY freak out)

IT’S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
IT’S A DIRTY LITTLE WAR
THREE FIVE ZERO ZERO
TAKE WEAPONS UP AND BEGIN TO KILL
WATCH THE LONG LONG ARMIES DRIFTING HOME

RIPPED OPEN BY METAL EXPLOSION
CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE
FIREBALL
BULLET SHOCK

rev. 2.15.16
BAYONET ELECTRICITY
SHRAPNELLED
THROBBING MEAT
ELECTRONIC DATA ...

#31 - What a Piece of Work is Man

RONNY & WALTER
WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN
HOW NOBLE IN REASON
HOW INFINITE IN FACULTIES

RONNY
IN FORM AND MOVING HOW EXPRESS AND ADMIRABLE

BOTH
IN ACTION HOW LIKE AN ANGEL.

RONNY
IN APPREHENSION HOW LIKE A GOD.

BOTH
THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD
THE PARAGON OF ANIMALS.

RONNY
I HAVE OF LATE
BUT WHEREFORE I KNOW NOT
LOST ALL MY MIRTH

THIS GOODLY FRAME
THE EARTH
SEEMS TO ME A STERILE PROMONTORY
WALTER

THIS MOST EXCELLENT CANOPY
THE AIR
LOOK YOU
THIS BRAVE O’ERHANGING FIRMAMENT

BOTH

THIS MAJESTICAL ROOF FRETTED WITH GOLDEN FIRE
WHY IT APPEARS NO OTHER THING TO ME
 THAN A FOUL AND PESTILENT CONGREGATION OF VAPOURS

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN
HOW NOBLE IN REASON

#32 - How Dare They Try (Reprise Walking in Space)

TRIBE

HOW DARE THEY TRY TO END THIS BEAUTY
HOW DARE THEY TRY TO END THIS BEAUTY
WALKING IN SPACE
WE FIND THE PURPOSE OF PEACE
THE BEAUTY OF LIFE
YOU CAN NO LONGER HIDE

OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
OUR EYES ARE OPEN
WIDE WIDE WIDE

(The “trip” is over)
(Music out)

BERGER

Claude …
TRIBE
Claude ... Claude ... Claude ...

CLAUDE

(Sits up)
What happened?

BERGER
Face reality, Shakespeare.

CLAUDE
Berger, I feel lonely. Let’s go to Mexico, George.

BERGER
I’ll go with you.

CLAUDE
I want to sleep in the mushrooms and eat the sun. I know where it’s at.

SHEILA
You know where it’s at!

CLAUDE

(To BERGER)
I know where it’s at!

BERGER
I know where it’s at. We all know where it’s at.

CLAUDE
I can’t make this moment to moment living on the streets.

BERGER
I dig it. I dig it.
CLAUDE

I don’t. I don’t.

(HE starts painting HIS chest)

BERGER

Putting on his peace paint he said: On with the groovy revolution.

CLAUDE

I don’t want to be a dentist or a lawyer or a bum or an IBM machine, or a rock ‘n’ roll hero, or a movie star. I just want to have lots of money.

BERGER

I’m gonna go to India ... float around ... bake bread. Brownies ... I’m gonna stay high. They’ll never get me. I’m gonna stay high forever.

CLAUDE

I know what I want to be ... invisible. I don’t need drugs. An invisible man, I could float around and slip into people’s minds and know exactly what they’re doing and what they’re thinking. I could go anywhere, do anything ... I could perform miracles. That’s the only thing I want to do or be on this dirt.

BERGER

He’s the Invisible Man!

TRIBE

Zap!

(THEY all touch CLAUDE. Tower Clock strikes one, at the back of orchestra. CLAUDE looks out)

CLAUDE

Oh, my God, it’s one o’clock.

BERGER

I hate the world, don’t you?
CLAUDE
I hate the world, I hate the winter, I hate these streets.

BERGER
I wish the it would snow at least.

CLAUDE
I wish it was the biggest snowstorm. Blizzards come down in sheets. Come on! Mountains, rivers, oceans, forests, rabbits, cover everything in beautiful white holy snow, and I could hide out a hermit and hang on a cross and eat cornflakes.

SHEILA
Tomorrow morning, at dawn, we will take our heads down to the U.S. Army induction center for an Exorcism of the Khaki. We’re going to yip out all the bad vibrations -- yip, yip, yip, yip, -- and we’re going to yip up the sun -- yip, yip, yip, yip, yipeeeee.

(To CLAUDE, who is now climbing the tower)
Claude, c’mon down and join the tribe.

CLAUDE
(HE comes down)
Are we all going someplace together?

TRIBE
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

WOOF
I’m going home.

BERGER
C’mon, let’s go.
CLAUDE
Tonight is the last night of the world. We stick together.

(Music starts vamp for next number)
(Claude exits during song)

#33 - Good Morning, Starshine

TRIBE
Look at the moon, look at the moon, look at the moon …
(Sings)

MALE SOLO

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
THE EARTH SAYS HELLO
YOU TWINKLE ABOVE US
WE TWINKLE BELOW

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
YOU LEAD US ALONG
MY LOVE AND ME
AS WE SING
OUR EARLY MORNING SINGING SONG

ALL

GLIDDY GLUP GLOOPY
NIBBY NABBY NOOPY
LA LA LA LO LO

SABBA SIBBY SABBA
NOOBY ABBA NABBA
LEE LEE LO LO

TOOBY OOPY WALLA
BOOBY ABBA NABBA
EARLY MORNING

rev. 2.15.16
SINGING SONG

FEMALE SOLO

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
THE UNIVERSE RINGS
WITH MILKY WAY MUSIC
OUR BLUE PLANET SINGS

GOOD MORNING STARSHINE
WE'RE HAPPY AND STRONG
WE SEND YOU
LOVE FROM ABOVE
OUR EARLY MORNING SINGING SONG

ALL

GLIDDY GLUP GLOOPY
NIBBY NABBY NOOPY
LA LA LA LO LO
SABBA SIBBY SABBA
NOOBY ABBA NABBA
LEE LEE LO LO

TOOBY OOBY WALLA
NOOBY ABBA NABBA
EARLY MORNING
SINGING SONG

SINGING A SONG
HUMMING A SONG
SINGING A SONG
LOVING A SONG
LAUGHING A SONG
SINGING A SONG
SING THE SONG
SONG THE SING
SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG

SONG SONG SONG SING
SING SING SING SONG

(Music out, the Tribe departs, revealing Claude no longer w/ long hair, in military clothes)

CLAUDE

(Left alone on stage, HE rushes forward, shouting out:)

I’m human being number 1005963297.

(Appearance of VIETNAMESE SNIPER, with rifle)

#34 - Ain’t Got No (Reprise)

CLAUDE

AIN’T GOT NO ...
AIN’T GOT NO ...
AIN’T GOT NO ...
AIN’T GOT NO ...
AIN’T GOT NO ...
(Hit again)
AIN’T GOT NO ...
(Again)
AIN’T GOT NO ...
(Again)
AIN’T GOT NO ...
(Again)
AIN’T GOT NO ...
(Runs off screaming)

(Heavy snowfall begins. TRIBE enters from all directions. Onstage, THEY wrap themselves in blankets playing strange instruments -- cans, flutes, garbage cans, sticks. This builds in rhythm and intensity and goes into)
TRIBE

BOOM BOOM
BEEP BEEP
UMGAWAH
FLOWAH POWAH

BOOM BOOM
BEEP BEEP
UMGAWAH
FLOWAH POWAH

HELL NO WE WON’T GO
HELL NO WE WON’T GO

DO NOT ENTER INDUCTION CENTER
DO NOT ENTER INDUCTION CENTER

(Yipping out bad vibrations, pounding deck:)

YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP ....
YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP ....

WHAT IN THE HELL ARE WE FIGHTING FOR
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
HELL NO WE WON’T GO
HELL NO WE WON’T GO

(Yipping up the sun:)

YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP-EEE,
YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP YIP-EEEE....

(Music continues vamp under dialogue)
BERGER

Sheila! Sheila! Where were you? We thought you weren’t gonna make it.

WOOF

Where’s Claude?

BERGER

Yeah, where is he?

SHEILA

He should be here.

BERGER

Claude! Claude!

CLAUDE

(Enters, dressed in military uniform hollow eyed, pale, dead — but THEY do not see HIM, or hear HIM)

I’m right here.

(Snow stops falling, TRIBE freezes, and the Music stops. In silence:)

Like it or not, they got me.

#35 - The Flesh Failures (Let the Sunshine In)

WE STARVE LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER SHORT OF BREATH
WALKING PROUDLY IN OUR WINTER COATS
WEARING SMELLS FROM LAB’RATORIES
FACING A DYING NATION OF MOVING PAPER FANTASY
LIST’NING FOR THE NEW TOLD LIES
WITH SUPREME VISIONS OF LONELY TUNES

SOMEBEHERE INSIDE SOMETHING THERE IS A RUSH OF GREATNESS
WHO KNOWS WHAT STANDS IN FRONT OF OUR LIVES

rev. 2.15.16
I FASHION MY FUTURE ON FILMS IN SPACE
SILENCE TELLS ME SECRETLY ... EVERYTHING, EV’RYTHING ...

(Music continues vamp under dialogue)

Berger, I feel like I died.

BERGER (Calling)
Claude!

CLAUDE
I’m here!

SHEILA
Where is he?

CLAUDE
If I am unseen, then I can perform miracles...

BERGER
Claude ...

TRIBE (Unison)
Claude ...

CLAUDE
That’s the only thing I want to do on this dirt.

#36 - Eyes Look Your Last (Reprise Manchester England & Flesh Failures)

CLAUDE
MANCHESTER ENGLAND ENGLAND
MANCHESTER ENGLAND ENGLAND
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC SEA

TRIBE
EYES LOOK YOUR LAST
ARMS TAKE YOUR LAST
EMBRANCE

AND I’M A GENIUS GENIUS

AND LIPS, O YOU, THE

DOORS OF BREATH,

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND

SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS

KISS

I BELIEVE THAT GOD

SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS

KISS

BELIEVES IN CLAUDE

THE REST IS SILENCE

THAT’S ME

THE REST IS SILENCE

THAT’S ME

THE REST IS SILENCE

THAT’S ME

THE REST IS SILENCE

(The TRIBE lays, tributes at the ‘grave’ of Claude — a flower, some beads, objects)

SHEILA

WE STARVE LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER SHORT OF BREATH

WALKING PROUDLY IN OUR WINTER COATS

WEARING SMELLS FROM LAB’RATORIES

SHEILA & DIONNE

FACING A DYING NATION OF MOVING PAPER FANTASY

LIST’NING FOR THE NEW TOLD LIES

WITH SUPREME VISIONS OF LONELY TUNES

ALL

SINGING OUR SPACE SONGS ON A SPIDER WEB SITAR

LIFE IS AROUND YOU AND IN YOU

ANSWER FOR TIMOTHY LEARY DEARIE

LET THE SUNSHINE

LET THE SUNSHINE IN

THE SUNSHINE IN

LET THE SUNSHINE

rev. 2.15.16
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

(Bodies wrapped in flags; they begin to fall backwards as coffins laid on the stage. Mourning ululations over the bodies; the tribe departs as Starshine lays daisies on the bodies, ending by laying rose on Claude’s body, center. She briefly hugs the body, then leaves)

ALL (Cont’d)

LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

LET THE SUNSHINE
LET THE SUNSHINE IN
THE SUNSHINE IN

#37 - Exit Music, The End