

LITTLE BOY GOES TO HELLBy Mark Nichols

[1st Production: Pop Llama Records 1997 produced by Mark Nichols and Conrad Uno. 2nd Production: Annex Theater, Directed by Garrett Bennett, starring Brian Finney, as the Devil... 3rd production: Bainbridge High School, Bainbridge WA, Directed by Bob McCallister. 4th Production: Called "LITTLE BOY: THE EPIC ROCK FABLE" Produced by Open Circle Theater and The Really Big Production Co. in summer 1998. Directed by Scott Bradley, Choreography by Amy Gordon, Music Direction by Dan Dennis. Starring Michael Robinson as the Devil and Stephan Rubicz, and James Skinner as Little Boy, Lisa Petion as the Mom, Jason Dittmer as the Psychiatrist, Susan McIntyre as Nurse Jane, Ron Sandahl as the Professor, Christine White as the Minister, Lyam White as the Clown, Ellen Dessler as Officer Friendly, Elizabeth Eddy as The Junky, and the Ensemble: Sean Eagon, Jason Griffin, Shannon Layden, Jeff Loeb, Dodie Montgomery, Kim Nyhous, Amy Rider, Darlene Sellers, and Steven Villegas.]

This version of the script comes from that production. The author gratefully acknowledges the writing and editing contributions of Scott Bradley.

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Synopsis

A man in a mental hospital says he's THE DEVIL. He is there because needs an "innocent new soul." The soul he wants belongs to LITTLE BOY, who we see is THE DEVIL as a child. To get LITTLE BOY's soul, the PSYCHIATRIST makes a deal with THE DEVIL, conceiving the idea of "a child's board game" to represent HELL, where the main player is LITTLE BOY. The deal: If THE DEVIL wins the child's soul, he can leave the hospital a new person; if he doesn't, "The Devil himself" must remain "a patient" in the hospital for all eternity. Once LITTLE BOY is in hell, THE DEVIL finds it is not as easy a game as he first thought.

Characters

	Little Boy	
	The Devil	
	Mom	
	Psychiatrist	
	The Devil's 6 Demons	
		The Minister
		Officer Friendly
		Nurse Jane
		The Clown
		The Professor
		The Junky
	Orderlies	
	Nurse Angels	

Part 1
PROLOGUE

We see a Grainy Stylized Film PROJECTED ON A BIG-SCREEN:

LITTLE BOY is walking through the woods and sees a sign that says,

This rope is not to be pulled.

He pulls it. A flap falls down and the sign says,

Little Boy Goes to Hell

*The film ends as the sound of an alarm rings and the music begins.
Lights rise on Bosch-like hospital patients and staff.*

Opening

PSYCHIATRIST

I've come to take you off with me
To take you from this melody
It's easy when you close your eyes
It's easy when you go to sleep

CHORUS (*A Cappella in grand harmonies*)

There's a place in this world
In this world all the time
There's no music, no darkness,
And no light shines
There's no day; there's no night
But there's plenty of time

PSYCHIATRIST (*quietly now.*)

And everyone's crazy here under the sun
We're all going backwards
To where we've begun
And after it's over the damage is done
We did it for love or we did it for fun
You never should wonder
'Bout what it all means
Life is a memory
Life is a dream

Is your head a place where misery reigns?
Or do pretty things still grow
Would unbearable suffering be a nice change?
Or does strangeness seem normal
And normal seem strange
I don't know I don't know

PSYCHIATRIST & CHORUS

Or is your head a wondrous, magical place
With hundreds of clowns throwing pies at the face
Of a hobo who's dancing on top of a unicorn
Muttering something about
Shakespeare and reindeer
And somebody's collar bone
Hung from the moon in traditional fashion
And nobody has any clothes on
They're dancing outside in the rain
And I'm poking a needle deep into my eye
Just to see if there's some way to get me to cry

PSYCHIATRIST

And I wonder I wonder oh why, why, why, why

They're serving us ice cream on Karma Pie
Does anyone here have the answers my friend?
To the question of what just might follow the end

THE DEVIL enters with the full Goat-Devil costume complete with goat-legs and rams horns. THE DEVIL raises his hand and the music goes into a primal-sax- solo- percussion-driven- jam. The chorus dances around the DEVIL in a frenzied EGO DANCE. Gradually the DEVIL is taken apart by the hospital staff and left in nothing but a hospital gown. Slowly he limps forward. The PSYCHIATRIST pushes a wheelchair up behind him and returns to the shadows. The DEVIL sits incapacitated. MOM and ANGELS cross upstage in song.

A Whole New Soul

DEVIL

Oh, Mammy
You never did explain to me
I been waitin here forever, Mammy
But you don't come back
You told me you'd back,
When the clock struck one
But it's late now Mammy
and forever's just begun

And I used to have a soul
where it was is just a hole
now I need a whole new soul
and I don't know where to go.

Oh Mammy
How would I fill this hole?
When you leave me
Oh Mammy.
Whose soul Mammy?

Who's soul could it be?

Nurses enter.

NURSE He thinks He's the Devil.

A NURSE He thinks this is real.

NURSE It's a Hell of a life.

A NURSE It's a Hell of a deal.

NURSE Has He never been happy?

DEVIL I used to be.

BOTH NURSES When?

DEVIL A long time ago...

They push the DEVIL aside as LITTLE BOY and MOM arrive at the hospital. The music changes to an upbeat, cheerful tone. As LITTLE BOY sings, the entire hospital staff bounces around him with ridiculous smiles, taking him through an absurd admittance procedure as MOM is shoved about by nurses with armfuls of forms to fill out.

Happy Guy Song

LITTLE BOY

Though I might have every problem
That a little boy can have
Ear infections, pigeon toes, and halitosis,
Some terminal chapped lips
That make it hard to sip
Doesn't matter cause it will get better
Cause the rain won't be getting any wetter
Though yesterday was the worst day,
today's my seventh birthday

I'm a happy guy
I've got a happy life
Hear my happy whistle
From my happy lips.
And all the world seems happy
When you're a happy man
And all the happy wanderers
Go happy hand in hand

(He whistles a little tune.)

I'm a happy person, I'm happy with my life
I laugh and the world laughs with me
Heedless of sorrow and strife
And all the world seems happy
When you're a happy guy
And all the swiftly parting souls go happy through the sky

(By this time he has been put into a hospital gown and is seated on a hospital gurney. A nurse is about ready to take a blood sample)

And they say --

CHORUS

But what about the sorrow and what about the pain?

LITTLE BOY I guess I know I'll be happy again

CHORUS

But what about tomorrow,
And what about the bomb?

LITTLE BOY

I guess I know that I'll
Get along

The Six (Minister, Friendly, Jane, Clown, Petra, Professor) enter with pathetically forced smiles (with the exception of Nurse Jane, all are dressed as patients.)

LITTLE BOY AND THE SIX

The world's not black
The world's not white
You're not wrong
And I'm not right
If you can think of a good reason why
I should not be a happy guy
Write it down on a blade of grass
And shove it up your happy--

LITTLE BOY

As you can see
I'm as happy as....
Can be.

LITTLE BOY is settled into his room with MOM at his side. Lights up in the ward. The DEVIL looks around with dawning recognition.

NURSE JANE *(whispering)* He says he's the Devil!

NURSE FRIENDLY He don't look like the Devil.. Maybe the devil's little sister but not the devil.

Two nurses rush to sedate Nurse Friendly.

NURSE JANE That's what he says, what should I do?

ORDERLY Get his info, whatever he'll give you.

Nurse Jane approaches the DEVIL.

NURSE JANE Hi there. My name is Nurse Jane. Welcome to your new home.

DEVIL But it isn't new...

DEVIL stares ahead.

*Lights change to LITTLE BOY's area.
MOM is reading to him from a children's book. Little boy points to a picture in the book.*

LITTLE BOY Is he a good guy or a bad guy?

Mom No idea.

Little boy Yeah.

Mom *(reading)* ..."and if the frying pan doesn't fly off the handle and do a tap dance with the pork and beans I'll tell you the story of Uncle Piggily and the Toothache boy."

Two nurses enter.

Nurse We're ready for you now

LITTLE BOY and MOM with DOCTORS. They have set up a SUPER-8 CAMERA on a Tripod in order to film little boy walking. Mom looks on with Little Boy.

The boy staggers and limps right up to SUPER-8 camera.

PSYCHIATRIST *(downstage and staring past the audience, he takes a drag from his cigarette...)* Just walk as normally as possible. . . *(The boy limps toward the camera as hospital staff looks on)* Good. We'll have this developed and analyzed right away. It should tell us something...I'm sure.

Mom Is there anything we can do in the meantime.

PSYCHIATRIST No, I'm afraid not, it's just going to take time. Can I talk to you for a minute alone.

Mom Sure.

They move to the side

PSYCHIATRIST I've got to tell you...We don't really know what's going on. It could be physical and it could be...*(takes a drag from a cigarette)* mental.

MOM Mental? But he seems so happy.

PSYCHIATRIST Almost too happy. There are things about the human psyche we just don't understand

MOM He shouldn't be here Doctor, these people are insane.

PSYCHIATRIST *(After a pause)* We think there's a small chance that he may have M.S. or Muscular Dystrophy. Or arthritis.

MOM Old men get arthritis..

PSYCHIATRIST We'll need to keep him here for at least a couple of weeks. We're testing like mad, and as you can see we'll be filming his movements. We'll be sending these films to every specialist in the country. That's the best we can do.

Mom A couple weeks? That's so long. Are you sure that's necessary?

PSYCHIATRIST I'm sure. It's complicated.

He exits

MOM returns to LITTLE BOY and NURSES.

Nurse It'll be over soon enough.

A Nurse We're going to take excellent care of him.

Mom Thank you, I'm sure you will.

MOM embraces LITTLE BOY. Lights back to ward as LITTLE BOY watches. Nurse Jane talks to DEVIL with a trio of Nurses taking down his answers.

Nurse Jane Date of birth?

DEVIL February 22, 1964

Nurse Jane Social Security Number?

DEVIL 437 82 2666.

Nurse Jane Name?

DEVIL The Devil

Nurse Jane O.K. Would that be Lucifer, Satan, Belzebub...?

DEVIL No, Just the Devil. D-E-V-I-L.

The DEVIL goes into a seizure.

DEVIL

And all the world seems happy when you're a Happy...

He is restrained and sedated by ORDERLYs.

LITTLE BOY Mom? Could you hand me my special birthday deathray blaster, please?

MOM Doctor, What's going on?

PSYCHIATRIST Terrifying isn't it?

MOM (*Urgently*) These people!! They're crazy here!

PSYCHIATRIST You might think so. But I don't. (*To patients*) Hello. Hello. How are we today?

PSYCHIATRIST This is the special ward in our beautiful institute.. They're all here because of a unique combination of mental and physical illnesses. They are all curable and I have high hopes that we'll see them out living normal lives soon enough. Isn't that right Manny?

Clown You bet you, Doctor. Just a little depressed though, I got to admit.

The CLOWN puts out his hand. PSYCHIATRIST gives him a pill. Instantly, CLOWN is happy and swallows it.

MOM It must be hell for them...

PSYCHIATRIST

No, I don't think it is. (*Claps twice. Lights change*) It is not as easy to go to hell as you might think. It takes a lot of concentration. What exactly **is** hell? The place of life after death, the sadness of being part of the infinite? The punishment for a wrong? I wish it was that easy.

Walking past the DEVIL

PSYCHIATRIST And how are we today?

(The DEVIL sees MOM and lets loose a scream. MOM runs to the back to watch from afar.)

ORDERLIES (*to Psychiatrist.*) I'd be tempted to toss him out! We could use the bedspace. He's incurable. He's serious.

PSYCHIATRIST Toss him out? . . . No, no, no. These patients are all serious, That's why they're here. I respect them all. That's why you gave me this job. I couldn't throw any one of them out on the street. My job must be one of compassion, respect for life, duty to my Hippocratic oath, first and foremost!

I Love My Patients

I am the Head of Surgery

PATIENTS (*except DEVIL*) He's the head of Surgery

PSYCHIATRIST I love my patients equally

HOSPITAL STAFF He loves his patients equally

PSYCHIATRIST I treat them well

All (*except DEVIL*) and hope like hell

PSYCHIATRIST In hopes that they will cure themselves

All: Cure themselves, Cure themselves.

PSYCHIATRIST: If not they'll all, they'll all end up in--

MALE QUARTET (*alternating Barbershop harmony style*)

The funny farm.
The bottomless pit.
The hen house.
The Picklebarrel.

ALL The Cracker Factory. Wa!

PSYCHIATRIST (*spoken*) We must fight for them. They have lives! Just like we have lives. And hopes and dreams, just like us. They're part of us. That's why they're here. To be cured. We must treat them all. Love them all. Take her for example...

PSYCHIATRIST points at NURSE FRIENDLY.

PSYCHIATRIST (*singing*)
 She's really just a patient
 who is hostile and defensive
 to the people she cares most about
 in fact,
 her presence here has grown so large
 she thinks that she's the one in charge
 it's true

He gestures to the PROFESSOR, who mumbles to himself incoherently.

PSYCHIATRIST
 The Professor's hebophobia
 manifests inside his brain-ia
 watch him vocalize his nervousness
 see the latent schizo-herbousness
 which has just begun to surfaceness
 it's a little bit like skurvies it'll pass

I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients

PSYCHIATRIST
 I really love them
 and would you be the one to ignore him? ALL No!
 Would you cast him aside like a pin? ALL Not a chance!

I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients

Would you throw him away like a bail of old hay?
 If you would then you're nothing like me!

CHORUS
 If you would then you're nothing like him

PSYCHIATRIST gestures to the CLOWN

PSYCHIATRIST
 And Manny seems good humored now
 but give him just an hour
 and the world will have turned sour
 it's a mystery
 and such that we
 search constantly
 to find alas that manic depression

is a pain in the ass.

(He turns to Petra)

Now Petra is an addict
suicidal and abusive
her addiction causes friction
won't respond when she's despondent
she withdraws from all our treatment
all her wounds are self inflicted
it's a shame.

(He crosses to the Minister)

The minister seems sinister
in schizophrenic heaven
her obsession means digression
into spiritual possession
you're fairly safe 'cause she believes
Nurse Jane and I are Adam and Eve
That's right!

I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients
I love my patients	ALL	He loves his patients

(PSYCHIATRIST goes to the DEVIL)

PSYCHIATRIST

Would you be the one to ignore him?	ALL	No!
would you cast him aside like a pin?	ALL	Not a chance!

Would you throw him away
like a bail of old hay?
If you would then you're nothing like me!

I am the Head of Surgery

All *(except DEVIL)* He's the head of Surgery

PSYCHIATRIST I love my patients equally

All He loves his patients equally

PSYCHIATRIST I treat them well

All and hope like hell

PSYCHIATRIST In hopes that someday they will cure themselves

All cure themselves, Cure themselves.

PSYCHIATRIST: If not they'll all.

ALL they'll all end up in-- AH.....

The song ends. DEVIL goes into a seizure-like ruckus. The MOM returns to LITTLE BOY's side. PSYCHIATRIST goes back toward DEVIL.

NURSE JANE Doctor, come quickly

PSYCHIATRIST *(To Devil)* So, how are we doing?

The DEVIL calms down and just stares.

PSYCHIATRIST Why won't he answer?

Nurse JANE Doctor, this man says he's the devil.

PSYCHIATRIST The Devil. . .Well, I can't think of a better "Specialist" to cure him of that notion, can you?

They look at each other with raised eyebrows.

NURSE JANE He refuses to take his medication, sir.

PSYCHIATRIST And why is that? Don't you want to get well?

DEVIL Your treatments are useless, Doctor.

PSYCHIATRIST I see....

DEVIL I don't think you do. You can't heal the Devil with an IV-drip and a handful of downers.

PSYCHIATRIST You know, epilepsy's a frightening disease. Some would say *it is hell*. They even used to think it was caused by demonic possession. Perhaps your condition--

DEVIL I am not of this world and neither is my condition. I'm rotting on the inside. I need a fresh soul. An innocent soul. A pure soul. My kingdom demands that I have it. How am I going to find the soul I need in here, Doctor?

THE PSYCHIATRIST sends NURSE JANE out and looks at LITTLE BOY

PSYCHIATRIST You've been here before. It's here. Children understand hell. They have no real sense of time. They never know if something good will ever be over, or if something bad might ever end. They're always in a sort of hell.. Most adults can't remember what it's like..

DEVIL That's true.

PSYCHIATRIST I'll tell you what. I'll help you find that soul. A perfect, innocent soul. One that must be given to you willingly, Am I right?

DEVIL That's right, I can't steal it.

PSYCHIATRIST Then let's play a game. Like a child's board game. The object of the game is to get your soul. If you win, I let you go home. If you lose, you remain here, my patient ...forever. What do you say? Is it a deal?

DEVIL Making a deal with the Devil. Do you really think that's a good idea?

PSYCHIATRIST I can take care of myself. Even the Devil has his demons.

At this point THE SIX (Minister, Clown, Friendly, Jane, Professor, Petra) become THE SIX DEMONS, each putting on a black coat with a crow attached and black tophat and coming to the PSYCHIATRIST's side. The DEVIL reacts with fear.

PSYCHIATRIST Even the Devil has his demons...

NURSE JANE What do you recommend, Doctor?

THE SIX pull out bottles of PILLS in rapid succession

CLOWN Prozak

FRIENDLY Barium

PROFESSOR Lithium

MINISTER Morladone?

PETRA Shock therapy?

(A long pause while they think about it, then rapidly...)

CLOWN/MINISTER/JANE benzadone

PROF/PETRA/FRIENDLY Triamiline

PSYCHIATRIST No. No more drugs. *(to the DEVIL)* There's a man here who needs some curing. Who's in need of a psychiatrist. A real psychiatrist a genuine head shrinker!.

FRIENDLY Yes.

NURSE JANE A brilliant Psychiatrist!

CLOWN A genius

MINISTER Pure Genius

PROFESSOR Fantastic

PETRA Indeed.

The sing a tense, softshoe

THE SIX DEMONS

He's the head of psychiatry
He loves his patients quietly

He treats them well
And hopes like hell
in hopes that he can cure them
Cure themselves, Cure themselves
If not they'll all
They'll all end up in...

ALL (*SUNG*) HELLLLLLLLLLLLL!!! (*last music*)

END OF SCENE

Lights up on Little Boy. MOM turns on a bedside light and picks up the children's book to read.

Little boy Could you hand me my special birthday hyper-gamma gun, please?.

She does and he takes it.

Mom Do you want me to read?

Little Boy Mom, Am I gonna die here?

MOM No honey, you're just sick that's all

LITTLE BOY But what's wrong with me?

MOM We're not sure yet, but we're going to find out and get you better.

LITTLE BOY Who long do I have to stay?

MOM I don't know honey.

LITTLE BOY Are you going to go away?

Mom I have to. I've got to go home and make dinner tonight.

Little boy starts crying

Little boy I'm afraid. Don't leave me here.

Mom But lookit, honey, I have to. I've got to go home and cook for everybody and go to work. I'll be back though. I promise. Don't worry, I'll be back.

Little boy But when?

Mom Soon.

Little boy But what if you don't.

Mom Here I brought a present for you.

Going to her bag she takes out a toy clock and sets it.

It's a special birthday present. A very special present. It's an alarm clock. See I'll set it, and when it rings, I'll be here OK? It'll remember when I'm coming to see you again, cause it's a special magical alarm clock that will help make you better. The more it tick tocks the better you're going to get alright? And when the alarm goes off I'll be here again OK?

LITTLE BOY What If I have a nightmare?

MOM Do me a favor. Think of the most wonderful place

LITTLE BOY Like Candyland.

MOM Yeah like that

LITTLE BOY Uncle Piggely's forest?

Mom Sleep now

Little boy Could you sing to me...please.

MOM Then to sleep, okay?

LITTLE BOY OK.

Clock Song

Mom sings a lullaby

Mom Goodnight, Goodnight
Sweet dreams my dear.
Goodnight, I love you so.

Goodnight, Goodnight
Sweet dreams my love
remember me when you go

To foggy fields where green things grow
Where chirpers chirp and warm winds blow
Where time goes slow My darling know
I love you wherever you go.

MOM and DEVIL
Tick tock, tick tock
My little soul, tick tock
and bring you back to me
Goodnight, Goodnight
Sweet dreams my dear
Goodnight
remember me there.

Ohhh....

It never rains

MOM
where you might go

wherever, wherever you go.

Song ends. She kisses him and tucks him in.

MOM Happy Birthday, sweetheart.

LITTLE BOY Thank you. Goodnight.

He clings tightly to the CLOCK. As MOM leaves, the Nurse trio appear to escort her out. As they turn to leave after her, they are revealed to have Angel's wings. The DEVIL watches. Lights dim on BOY and rise on DEVIL with the PSYCHIATRIST

PSYCHIATRIST Terrifying, isn't it, the waiting.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN. WE SEE A SUPER-8 FILM. HOSPITAL HALLWAY:

Little boy limps down the hospital hall. He looks up. We hear his voice echoing

Little Boy Mom?

PSYCHIATRIST *(to DEVIL through this speech the DEVIL becomes more uncomfortable.)*

Is it the waiting that gets you? Waiting for the next one. The next soul that is? It's hard isn't it? The waiting is unbearable. Like with children. It's the waiting that gets them in the end. Children would remain children for ever if they never had to wait. The fear of the unknown is nothing compared to the waiting. they can't wait, ...So instead they drop right on down the rabbit hole or venture into the forest dropping crumbs or follow the yellow brick road, and along the way to grandmother's house, you talk to strangers, assuming that everything will turn out right in the end. Is that what happened? I can't blame you. It's better than waiting around. I think your fear is blocking you. Tell me who you really are?

DEVIL: The Devil

PSYCHIATRIST Is that a little devil or a big devil?

DEVIL The Only Devil.

PSYCHIATRIST You know, 'Life is a process of recognizing oneself. Then Forgiving one's self for what we recognize our self to be.'

DEVIL I hope you're making good money off your self-help book. Hippy kids eat that shit up.

PSYCHIATRIST I am.

(PSYCHIATRIST takes out a cigarette.)

PSYCHIATRIST Do you mind?

DEVIL No, go ahead.

DEVIL That's not too good for your ticker.

PSYCHIATRIST The ticker. They say the heart's the "ticker" but I disagree. It's the soul that tick tocks us through time wouldn't you agree? And What is the soul if not a vital organ a necessary one, a clock which_filters the bile of existence and disperses in perfect increments, the life pulsations that keep us stabilized in this reality, a condition we call time. Oh,yeah,... the soul. Tick tock, tick tock...The real ticker._

PSYCHRIATRIST looks up at LITTLE BOY

PSYCHIATRIST Oh, by the way, Happy Birthday.

DEVIL Thank you.

(During this section the THE SIX in black enter the LITTLE BOY's room.)

PSYCHIATRIST Who is the Devil? Is he Fear itself? Is it that you've been afraid for so long that you've become the embodiment of fear? What are you afraid of most? It's a strange feeling isn't it, fear?

DEVIL Can we start the game now.

PSYCHIATRIST Absolutely. But, remember our deal: you get the soul, you win. You don't, you're mine.

DEVIL Fine.

PSYCHIATRIST Then let's begin. Visualize with me:

On a dusty shelf, in the far corner of your mind, right above a candle, on the left you see a long box. Pick it up, dust it off and then open it. Inside is an old board game. Take out the board and unfold it. Look at it. On the board is the map of a forest with a twisting path. Now, hold that picture in your mind. Good. Feel the gameboard in your hand get bigger, and bigger, and when it's big enough, gently, gently PUSH yourself forward until you go right into the picture, that's it, walk right inside.

Ah. You can smell the forest, feel the damp dirt underfoot. You hear forest sounds. It is night.

(This picture eventually begins to form on stage with the DEVIL and THE SIX DEMONS forming the tableau.)

Now, up ahead, you see our first stop on the path. A little shack. Smoke comes from the chimney. The house looks warm and comfortable. As you walk towards the shack you hear singing. At some point you see a window. You go to the window and look in. What you are looking at through the window is a smoke-filled room.

The Devil is in the middle of the room, surrounded by his minions who've been chosen to help him in the complex task the Devil has set for himself. If there were such a thing in Hell as "time," the hour would have to be considered "late."

You are the Devil. You tell your minions --

DEVIL --Bring me a soul. A fresh soul. A special soul. There is only one.

Now on the big screen we see the devil's face appear. It watches the boy.

PSYCHIATRIST Describe it to me. Tell me where it is..

DEVIL I've got to be tricky. The soul has to be willing...

PSYCHIATRIST But you like tricks. It's a child's game. A board game. Bring him down the path one throw of the dice at a time. (*The SIX run to the DEVIL's side*) Bring him to hell where you know you work best.

DEVIL Bring him to Hell.

The projected DEVIL smiles.

HYPNOTISM SONG

PSYCHIATRIST

I've come to take you off with me
To take you from this malady
It's easy when you close your eyes
It's easy when you go to sleep

You're eyes are feeling heavy now
Don't go to sleep we won't allow for
1..2..3..4..5..6..7..8..9..10

LITTLE BOY awakes with a start in his room as from a nightmare. He waits, staring at the clock, unable to sleep. As the song continues, he gets more and more anxious. The entrance to Hell is revealed.

PSYCHIATRIST and DEVIL

We're almost there so please beware
You'll want to stay it can't be done.
You'll want to be like everyone
'cause everyone is having fun!

THE SIX DEMONS

Use the Demons wearing black
With six black Crows and 6 Black Hats
Call them all to come and play
Call them all to stay the day
Call them all to tell the tale
Watch the Devil Twitch and wail

Unable to wait any longer, LITTLE BOY packs a hobo stick with his gun and clock and decides to go explore

DEVIL

I'll use my Demons Wearing Black
With Six black crows and Six Black Hats
I'm not afraid of who I am
Oh, thank you Mister Psychiatrist Man

As LITTLE BOY enters the mouth of Hell, he realizes his legs are no longer crippled and dances.

PSYCHIATRIST (To LITTLE BOY)

Be careful along the way! You never know who might be waiting to nibble your toes!

The SIX run screaming toward the BOY, who flees down the path.

There was a little boy
and a naughty boy was he
he ran away from home
to see what he could see

Song ends. All exit. On the video we see a grainy film of the boy walking unsteadily towards the camera. The film ends abruptly.

The stage is empty except for LITTLE BOY in a dark, shadowy forest.

MOON ON A STRING

LITTLE BOY (frightened)

Sometimes at night I sing to myself
When there's nobody else but me
Sometimes at night I sing to myself
When there's someplace that I'd rather be
So I sit and I sing to the Moon on a string
It's a funny thing to be me—

Song ends. He hears a noise. Enter the Nurse Trio as the 3 Damned. They are each grotesque and funny in a different way.

DAMNED 1 Walk faster Damn it!

DAMNED 2 I can't, it's my damned leg

DAMNED 3 Damn You!

DAMNED 2 Damn Me? Damn You!!

LITTLE BOY Who are you?

DAMNED 1 My name is Exceptional E. Damned

Damned 2 And I'm Truly Damned
LITTLE BOY And who are you?
DAMNED 1 He's Damned by Association.
LITTLE BOY How did you get damned?
DAMNED 1 We've been damned for so long we can't remember.
LITTLE BOY Where am I?
DAMNED 2 Don't you know?
DAMNED 3 You're in....
ALL THREE Hell.. (they giggle.)
LITTLE BOY Am I dead?
DAMNED 1 Hopefully.

Little Boy pulls out his clock to check it

DAMNED 3 Put that away! It's forbidden here The Devil HATES
(glances around) time!
LITTLE BOY My clocks forbidden!?
DAMNED 1 ShHHH! Don't even say it!
LITTLE BOY I'm in deep trouble. I'm too young.
DAMNED 2 Don't fear there is someone who can help...
DAMNED 3 Make things clearer
DAMNED 1 **She's** inspired
DAMNED 2 Have you heard **her** message?
LITTLE BOY Who is **she**?
DAMNED 3 The Reverend Josephine Furniss you must have heard
 of her.
DAMNED 2 She's quite famous
DAMNED 1 We're going to see her now
DAMNED Have you heard of her?
LITTLE BOY No. I haven't
DAMNED 2 She's the patron Saint of the Damned

DAMNED 3 Founder of the Old School New age Church of the 3rd
Eye
DAMNED 1 And also a registered Distributor of Hell's Holiest Water
DAMNED 2 Also known as Triple H 2 O
DAMNED 3 She gives us hope!

Music begins.

DAMNED 1,2,3 There she is! I hear her! Over there! Let's Go! Quickly!

We see the choir and MINISTER in full celebration

MINISTER

BIBLE PICTURES written by Gary Minkler and Bill Bagley

Long ago Man grew on the tree CHORUS Uh Huh!
the monkey swung
the birdies sang
The buzzing bees

When man got ripe
he dropped from the tree CHORUS Halleluia!
the Lion roared
the howling hound CHORUS Amen!
When man got ripe he dropped from the tree
and he danced on the ground

MINISTER/CHORUS The sun the moon
The stars up above

MINISTER When man got ripe he dropped from the tree and --

MINISTER/CHORUS There he was.

MINISTER

The serpent hissed
the soil steamed CHORUS Uh huh!
The snake recoiled, Insects boiled
The Devil's gleam
And Dad was mad when Man went bad CHORUS Halleluia!
The Lion roared
the Howling hound CHORUS Amen!
When man got ripe he dropped from the tree
and he stomped on the ground

MINISTER/CHORUS The sun the moon
The stars up above

MINISTER When man got ripe he dropped from the tree and --

MINISTER/CHORUS There he was.

Dance/Instrumental

MINISTER

Now like ants swarm
 He who walks on two
 Spreads out his maps
 His fingers tap

CHORUS Yeah!

The Devil's tattoo
 Now lifebows beat
 Where Man hath trod

CHORUS Praise the Lord

The lion roared
 The howling hound
 When man got ripe
 He dropped from from the tree

CHORUS Testmonial!

And he stomped them down!
 He stomped them down

CHORUS He stomped them down

CHORUS He stomped them down

MINISTER/CHORUS

He stomped them down
 He stomped them down
 He stomped/He stomped
 Them down/Them down
 He stomped/He stomped
 Them down/Them down
 He stomped them down
 He stomped them down
 He stomped/He stomped
 Them down!

SONG ENDS

MINISTER

Good people thank you for coming today
 What with the apocalypse just a few years away
 a few moments right now for a soul full today
 doesn't seem like such a high price to pay

Now does it?

CHORUS No!

MINISTER So let's not dilly dally and let's not stray, Let's get right to it. Let's pray.

(a woodblock taps off a series of ticks and we hear a bell ding)

MINISTER Good!

(quickly with a beat)

Now read with me the words of the day, Let's do it now get it out of the way, you'll find in the hymn-book on the flipside of the handout, In the middle of the leaflet verse 2 page 3 are you ready? Good! say it with me...

(Mumblings from the congregation for about 5 seconds)

MINISTER

Good!

Now as we all know...

This ain't no sunshine funtime factory
Toys and playland, puppies and fun
It's a haunted house
of demonic obsession with the torture and pain of insane confession

ALL It's a haunted house of demonic obsession with the torture and pain of insane confession

MINISTER The glory of His name is all you got left

ALL AMEN!

MINISTER AMEN. I see that one of the flock has not offered anything unto him. As you well know HIS birthday is arrived and as you also know we celebrate by offering small tokens of ourselves to him. So my question for you today is---What is that? I hear a ticking, ...a ticking.... An unfamiliar sound.

(she comes down from the lectern and wanders the crowd)

MINISTER Who could it be making such a special, unusual sound?

(She stops and stares at LITTLE BOY.)

MINISTER Boy! What is that sound?

LITTLE BOY I don't know...

We hear ticking getting louder...

MINISTER What is that noise?

(Little boy holds up clock)

LITTLE BOY You mean this?

General gasps of horror from the chorus

MINISTER That is precisely what I mean. Give it to me!

LITTLE BOY Uh...my mom gave me this so I'd know when she was coming back....

MINISTER Little boy...His patience is unlimited... Mine on the other hand is wearing thin... Put it in the offering bowl.

LITTLE BOY NO! I CAN'T!

MINISTER Boy! Do you accept him into your heart. Boy

LITTLE BOY Who!?

MINISTER Have you heard his message?

LITTLE BOY Who's message?....

MINISTER His!

LITTLE BOY His who?

MINISTER Then will you willingly offer up your eternal soul unto him?
To him in his name?

LITTLE BOY Whose name?

MINISTER People! Bring out the tub of sacred water!

LITTLE BOY A church in Hell?

MINISTER The Church does not let little things get in it's way!

LITTLE BOY But, Isn't it a little too late?

MINISTER It's never too late to give over your eternal soul!

They struggle over the clock

LITTLE BOY I've got more important things to do right now.

MINISTER

More important than salvation!
I hardly think so!
People sometimes the word is not easily heard.
Sometimes we must speak loudly! Forcefully!
I believe this boy's soul could be put to a better use!

The congregation lifts the boy high and on each "saved" is dunked deep into the barrel of holy water.

You are saved!

LITTLE BOY But I don't want to be saved!

MINISTER You are saved!

LITTLE BOY But I don't want to be saved! - -[dunk]

MINISTER Into the water!

LITTLE BOY Help!

MINISTER You are saved!

LITTLE BOY I don't want to be saved!

The scene becomes more and more wild. Enter Officer Friendly with her two hellhounds. The congregation scatters into hiding.

NURSE FRIENDLY What's the trouble here?

MINISTER No Trouble Just a friendly service

FRIENDLY Friendly?. . .Doesn't seem friendly . . . I do believe there's trouble here. This boy, I'm afraid isn't quite gettin' the introduction that's planned for him. So you don't suppose there might be some chance that I could please, beggin' your pardon, and sorry for the interruption , take him to the uh . . . might I say. . . proper authorities?

She grabs the clock. Minister grabs the clock back..

MINISTER: I must protest! This here's church business and this boys got sanctuary!

Friendly grabs the clock back from her.

FRIENDLY Listen! Preacher! I'm gettin' mighty tired of you Bad Book Thumpers. Solicitin, beggin' Stealin! You can't take things that don't belong to you. Ya' Bunch of freaks! I'm barely hold'n' myself back from teachin' you a real sec-u-lar lesson!

LITTLE BOY grabs the clock

LITTLE BOY Gimme that back!

Friendly grabs LITTLE BOY and the CLOCK in one gesture.

FRIENDLY Let's go Boy . . . I'm takin you in!

LITTLE BOY Where's in, Sir?

FIENDLY Well in's not out. That's for sure. In's with the crooks, thieves, lawbreakers. The messer's up of the natural order of things

LITTLE BOY But officer, I didn't do anything wrong.

FRIENDLY I do believe you did do something wrong. I do believe you have in your possession an illegal object. Am I right?

LITTLE BOY I guess so...Do I have to go to jail?.Can I keep my clock?

FRIENDLY Of course you can. It's yours isn't it. If I didn't give it back that'd be stealin' wouldn't it? But then again, if you gave it to me...willingly... that might be a nice law-abidin' gesture. To Show your regret and all for breakin' the law.

LITTLE BOY That's ok. I think I'll keep it.

FRIENDLY Listen Punk! I'm asking nice and friendly now give it to me and we'll fo'get the whole thing.

LITTLE BOY I can't.

FRIENDLY Then I believe a little coolin' off time won't hurt. No it won't hurt a bit. You punks are all the same. Tuck in your shirt.

LITTLE BOY I don't want to go to jail. It doesn't sound like what I had in mind!

The MINISTER tries to sneak the clock away with the aide of her deacons (3 Damned). The clock gets tossed around behind the Officer's back.

FRIENDLY What you had in mind? Here boy you mind your manners. This place isn't like people think it is see. It's safe clean harmonious full of beauty. Hell's got order, peace love

and duty. Without me it's chaos. The hippies, the punks, the liberals, the bad book thumpers, they'd take over.

LITTLE BOY

Hey, listen Officer, guess that I'm caught
but you're tryin' to make me somethin' I'm not

FRIENDLY

Boy
you don't get the picture
Hell ain't a place you can ask why or which are
good or bad,
we're just glad
that unlike you boy we got one thing--
That's DUTY! *(Friendly catches the clock)*

MINISTER Well, Sir, I think your duty is to give me that damned clock!

FRIENDLY

That's it you're outa line.
Nobody talks back like that to the Law . You're probably on somethin' ain't you?
Yeah, I thought so.
You twisted junkies are all alike.

MINISTER I'm not on anything. Except the high I get from repeating his holy name over and
over and over!

LITTLE BOY What is his name?

The Deacons sneak up and pinch FRIENDLY, who pitches the clock from the shock.

FRIENDLY Ow! That hurts!

Clock gets tossed around again. LITTLE BOY catches it.

MINISTER You cops are all the same!

FRIENDLY

Now Let me tell you somethin
We all got a job to do. . .
We're all workin' on the big puzzle!
There are those of them that mess it up
and those of us who fix it.
That's me boy!

Running from Officer Friendly

That's my job!
I do it well.
I'm officer Friendly,
and this is HELL!

My friends, they call me Johnny Law
Now watch it there boy you know you gone too far!
I'm Officer Friendly. No friend to you
I'm Officer friendly, so watch, watch, watch what you do!

I live on this side of the cheap sunglasses
Born in the styx to kick some asses
got a shiny badge and a vel-cro suit,
a smokey bear hat now ain't I cute?

LITTLE BOY

Hey Officer, What did I do? I was minding my business,
just passing through. So, if you'll let go of my arm,
I'll be on my way,
So long, Officer Friendly,
Have a nice day.

[LITTLE BOY runs away. There is a big underscored chase scene]

(Little boy is finally caught.)

FRIENDLY

You'll be sorry you ever crossed this county line.
you'll be one sorry hippy!

(FRIENDLY throws him in a small cage-like jail cell.)

FRIENDLY I'm going to see what the boss has to say about you. I bet he'd go a whole lot easier on ya' if you just willingly handed over that there illegal contraband to me now. Whadya say?

LITTLE BOY I better not.

FRIENDLY Then why don't you rot for a bit and see if your tune changes.

She hangs up the cell key and exits.

LITTLE BOY *(uneasy, scared and becoming depressed)*

And all the world seems happy
When you're a happy man...
Though yesterday was the worst day,
today's my 7th birthday....*(He trails off with a sigh)*
Yeah, it's the same tune.

LITTLE BOY lies down in the jail cell finding a blanket and tries to go to sleep. The SIX DEMONS appear and surround LITTLE BOY as he sleeps.

THE SIX DEMONS

Seven, seven, seven,
How do you get to heaven?
Seven's the magic number,
What's up with the number 7!

THE DEVIL coughs loudly. THE SIX disappear, revealing The DEVIL in a cage beside the LITTLE BOY. He is disguised with a hat and beard, looking like a life-long prisoner. LITTLE BOY wakes up with a start.)

LITTLE BOY Who are you?

DEVIL Who?

LITTLE BOY You.

DEVIL Me?

LITTLE BOY Yes you.

DEVIL Nobody.

LITTLE BOY Nobody?

DEVIL That's right. I'm Nobody!

LITTLE BOY You have to be somebody.

DEVIL No I don't.

LITTLE BOY Nobody's a nobody.

DEVIL Exactly.

LITTLE BOY What?

DEVIL Nothing.

LITTLE BOY But you're in jail. You have to be a somebody to do a bad something to go to jail.

DEVIL Not me.

LITTLE BOY Why not?

DEVIL No reason.

LITTLE BOY Then why are you in jail?

DEVIL Because nobody should go to jail for no reason.

LITTLE BOY You've been here a long time, haven't you?

DEVIL No time at all, actually. Remember, there is no time here.

LITTLE BOY Oh, yeah. It's against the law.

DEVIL (*slyly*) Though I must admit, I often wish I had just a little *time* to myself. Don't you wish you had just a little...*time*.

LITTLE BOY I do have a little time! (*LITTLE BOY takes out his clock*) That's why I'm

in jail.

DEVIL Oh my! It's been forever since I've -- It's perfect!

LITTLE BOY It's a very special gift. Listen to it tick!

DEVIL Yes, it is quite a ticker. I wish I had a very special gift to keep me company in here...

LITTLE BOY Yeah, it's nice. And the best part is it's magic. When it rings my mom will come back and I'll be all better.

DEVIL Is that right?

LITTLE BOY I think it will go off soon, but I can't tell time, so I don't know when.

DEVIL Well, I have an idea. You see, I can tell time, so if you give me your special gift, I'll let you know when it's going to ring.

LITTLE BOY But maybe the magic won't work if somebody besides me has it.

DEVIL But I'm a nobody, remember?

LITTLE BOY Oh, that's right! And I'll never know when it rings if *nobody* has it.

DEVIL Good point.

LITTLE BOY I just want to get out of here and find my way home.

DEVIL Goodness. Down here, there's only one way I know to get what you really want.

LITTLE BOY What is it?

DEVIL You need to make a deal with Him.

LITTLE BOY Him?

DEVIL Yes, Him.

LITTLE BOY Who is Him?

DEVIL Who's Him?!

LITTLE BOY Who's Him?

DEVIL The DEVIL!! Make a deal with the Devil!

LITTLE BOY A deal? What's that?

DEVIL You know, you give him something he wants and he'll give you what you want in return.

LITTLE BOY That's the only way?

DEVIL The only way.

LITTLE BOY Then that's what I'll do! I'll make a deal with the Devil!

DEVIL Excellent! Now get going!

LITTLE BOY But we're in jail! I can't just open the door and walk out.

DEVIL Sure you can. There's the key. Just unlock yourself. It's easy.

LITTLE BOY gets out and opens door for DEVIL.

LITTLE BOY Wow! Come on!

DEVIL No, you go ahead.

LITTLE BOY But how do I find the Devil?

DEVIL That's the easy part. Just look for him, and trust me, he'll find you.

LITTLE BOY But we can go to the Devil together!

DEVIL Bad idea.

LITTLE BOY He'll let you free.

DEVIL I don't think so.

LITTLE BOY But I need your help!

DEVIL Leave me alone!

LITTLE BOY But you could be somebody!

DEVIL I said no!

LITTLE BOY Please!

HERMIT SONG

You can visit here any time,
That would be more than fine
But that's where I draw the line.
like to go
but "no" means "no"
For all . . . for all for all . . . of . . .
Time.

(As DEVIL sings, he draws his head up through the top of the cage and dances with it around him like a large dress.)

Sometimes I'd like to sail away,.
In my balloon to Paraguay
do Mardi Gras like Hemingway
but lately I got bills to pay
So I stay inside, I stay inside
My nice new, 30-year
fixed rate, peek-a-boo

No-view house!

Sometimes I'd like to have it all
I'd like to climb the Berlin Wall
to tan and watch the visigols
but I can't find a parisol
So I stay inside, I stay inside.

Oh, don't worry boy, it's just the way
the devil wants the rent today
the landlord only has to say
"Hermit you've got Hell to pay,"
And I stay inside, I stay inside. . .
Inside, inside, inside, inside, inside.

If I were outside I would be
the King of everything I see
but I am now where I will be
I'm damned for all eternity,
To wash the windows, take my tea
it's just me, me, me. Me, me, me.

You can visit here any time,
That would be more than fine
But that's where I draw the line.
I'd like to go
but "no" means "no"
For all . . . for all for all . . . of . . .
Time.

Goodbuy! Until next time....

(DEVIL exits with cage. Lights go to half as little boy creeps forward. He whistles the Happy Guy song.)

Lights change. LITTLE BOY walks forward, We see that he is scared. He hears the sound of the forest at night, and jumps when he hears an owl hoot. Then a crow caws. Finally he hears a SINGING SAW playing a haunting melody. A small cottage appears made of gingerbread. It suddenly moves, propelled by what appear to be chicken's feet. LITTLE BOY goes to it. He knocks. A woman sticks her head out the main window. It is MOM as a WITCH.)

MOM Who's there? Who's that outside my house? Oh, my goodness, it's a child. It's you you've come at last?

LITTLE BOY Me?

MOM Yes you...

LITTLE BOY How did you know I was coming? Are you the Devil?

MOM The Devil? I don't think so!

LITTLE BOY I need to see him.

MOM The Devil! Why would you want to see him?

LITTLE BOY I've got to make a deal to get outa here. See I've got this (he holds up clock.) And the Devil wants it.

MOM Oh, I see. Well, I know the Devil, why don't you give it to me and I'll gladly present it to him.

LITTLE BOY That's ok. I better do it myself. If you're not the Devil, who are you?

MOM Well...it depends on--

LITTLE BOY --Are you a witch?!

MOM A what?

LITTLE BOY A Witch!?

MOM A Witch? Why in hell would you think that? No silly, I'm not a witch. I'm just a simple mother. I have six hungry children to take care of. In fact, I bet you'd like to meet them. Why don't I call them? Boys!

(The SIX DEMONS in black appear with axes and shovels and stuff. They're wearing black cowboy hats.)

SIX DEMONS Howdy Ma! *(LITTLE BOY gets out his toy gun and waves it menacingly.)*

MOM What's a' matter?

LITTLE BOY Who are they? I'm afraid!

MOM Afraid? What are you afraid of?

LITTLE BOY I don't know, I just am...

MOM Don't you know, Sweetie, that **fear** is all you have to be afraid of. Because fears can come true...Isn't that right boys?

THE SI X Yeah Ma! Sure is!

CLOWN What's for dinner MA?

MOM I wish I knew?

FRIENDLY I'm hungry Ma!

PROFESSOR Me too.

MOM You know sons. I think we ought to have this little boy for dinner! A dinner guest. What do you say?

THE SIX Yee haw, Ma!

Song starts

MOM If we only had something to eat... Oh boys remember the days when our menu was filled with delicious treats.

THE SIX Mmmm. Do we ever.

Witch's Song

During the song THE SIX prepare a large stewpot and eventually put in LITTLE BOY.

THE SIX
There's a bone in the freezer it's already been Knawed
plus it'd take to long to get the thing thawed

LITTLE BOY
and I'm gettin' kind of nervous
wonder how I got here
with six cowboys and a wicked witch

MOM
I'm not a witch it's just the clothes
the beady eyes the crooked nose
This isn't me Oh can't you see
That I'm not a wicked witch at all
but somebody has to take the fall

THE SIX
Oh I long for the days when our stomachs were full
when our guts were stuffed, grub was on the table

LITTLE BOY
What the heck am I doing I'm about to be baked
by some cowboys and a horrible witch

MOM
I'm not a witch It's just the broom
It follows me around the room
I can't get rid of it can't you see THE SIX Ma!
It's somebody else it isn't me
I'm not a witch it's just the spells THE SIX Ma!
coming out of my mouth
along with the smells
of bat wing and lizard legs THE SIX Ma!
and spider poop and rotten eggs
My real breath is minty clean THE SIX Ma!
I'm actually not at all mean.

(Lights rise upstage. PSYCHIATRIST and DEVIL enter playing the board game on the gurney, accompanied by two nurses. The PSYCHIATRIST rolls dice to put BOY in cauldron.)

THE SIX

It's been such a long time since we ate
Ain't had no vittles on the plate
Just like Old Ma Hubbard
our Ma does her best
but it's hard to be a witch
in the wicked wild west

Serve him up
Sure looks good
Pass the salt

It's been such a long time since we ate
Ain't had no vittles on the plate
Just like Old Ma Hubbard
our Ma does her best!

Song ends.

LITTLE BOY MOM!! AHH!

DEVIL AHHH!!! (*rolls dice and moves LITTLE BOY gamepiece*) Yes!!

LITTLE BOY scrambles out of pot as SIX are about to descend over him and runs downleft, realizes he doesn't have the clock and stops.)

PSYCHIATRIST

Not so fast. (*rolls and moves MOM forward*) She's still got the soul!

MOM crosses down center to show BOY the clock and laughs.

DEVIL (*rolls and moves BOY one square*) Boy moves toward soul one square.

PSYCHIATRIST (*rolls and moves SIX Pieces. They move forward to back up MOM.*) Demons move in two squares!

DEVIL (*rolls dice and moves BOY piece*) She may have the soul for now, but the Boy is safe!

PSYCHIATRIST (*rolls and moves piece. Draws a Card.*) Maybe, but you're not. (*Shows DEVIL the card*) Fear Card! Prep Him! Nurse Jane! (*Jane runs off. THE SIX begin to remove their Hats and Demon gowns, readying for the song. MOM takes clock to cauldron and wheels it downleft to prepare for cooking*)

DEVIL What does that mean?

PSYCHIATRIST It means to move forward you have to face your deepest fear. What are you afraid of?

DEVIL I don't know! (*Nurses give him a shock*)

PSYCHIATRIST Who are you really?

DEVIL I don't know! *(Nurses give him a shock)*

PSYCHIATRIST Tell us! What are you most afraid of!

DEVIL I don't know! *(They shock him and leave defibs on his head)*

PSYCHIATRIST Think!

DEVIL I can't think with them doing that! *(Nurses remove defibs and put them away)* I'm afraid of being left alone.

PSYCHIATRIST Good. Now face it. Face it head on!

DEVIL I can't!

PSYCHIATRIST You have to. Go Deep! Deep!

TWO NURSES

Deep into the forest, where the crazies hang...
...a-skif boff dibbity dip, dibbity boff dang

PSYCHIATRIST one...two.. three...four....

Song Starts. Nurse Angels enter. The LITTLE BOY remains hidden under downright ramp, watching the action. THE SIX and chorus begin gyrating to the beat. The DEVIL watches in confusion and terror, PSYCHIATRIST gets into the song, and MOM dances as she stirs the pot with the clock ready to be stewed.

NURSE

Slap hap pappy on a corner to nine he got the situation suckered
given a manner of time and If you give him a chance he'll slip-in-a-
numeration happy hippy common denominator nature lover
Gone.To . Give. A.

Gamelon a panther in the manner described he's gonna panalong the
jammer on an ax he would grind it's said he'll make a finger linger on
a loveable spine and himmy jimmy on a hell of a lot of fish
And himmy jimmy on a hell of a lot of fish.

NURSE JANE

One little fishy he swim swam swan
into the school of fishies in the jim jam jam
in the great big ocean the big big ocean
and he swam and he swam and he swam
into the light of the silvery moon 2-3-4
Every hero has his Achilles heel
he try to consciously object but end up makin a deal
to even think you could avoid it
slip away like an eel
is just denial baby buggy bumper
canna' frumpa lumpa

	CHORUS	your deepest fear
your deepest fear...		your deepest fear
your deepest fear...		your deepest feat

When it gets here you're gonna
whimper like a baby when it gets here

(Jane begins to cross down, the crowd parts)

NURSE JANE

Mary Mary quite contrary
met a little boy grew up and got married
she put him in a pumpkin shell
and there the lovers fought like hell
the boulevard of broken dreams
could see the shadows hear the screams
where cherry pie meets curds and whey
she screwed him over everyday
they moved their children to a shoe
she gets knocked up by Winnie Pooh
who sets her up for every gig free
'til she gets some Uncle Wiggly
From this guy named Peter Peter
Peter is a Pumpkin eater
Drooling from the side of his face
you hate this place
Amazing Grace is playing on a TV show *(Jane sees Boy You try to
leave but you can't go and encourages him
You're sick and tired of number one to come out.)
now you reachin' for a gun!*

Isn't this fun! CHORUS *(She crosses back up)*
Your deepest fear
Isn't this fun! Your deepest fear
Your deepest fear

when it gets here you're gonna whimper
like a baby when it gets here
it's just denial baby buggy bumper
canna frumpa lumpa

CHORUS Your deepest fear
Your deepest fear Your deepest fear
Your deepest fear Your deepest fear

when it gets here you're gonna whimper
like a baby when it gets here

*(Jane goes to DEVIL and leads him down to stage dive. He is
frightened and looks to PSYCHIATRIST who nods. He dives.)*

Even the devil has his demons
even the bumpa crop a' doubters had better believin'

MOM sees BOY and crosses with clock to get him. The crowd carries DEVIL downstage center and sets him beside MOM before running off. MOM turns and is shocked by his presence. BOY grabs clock, runs off, MOM starts to follow, stops, and turns back. DEVIL and MOM face each other.

PSYCHIATRIST (to DEVIL) Your turn.

NURSE JANE You're gonna whimper
 like a baby when it gets here

*DEVIL runs off.
Blackout.
End of ACT I*

ACT II

The SIX DEMONS appear with lighted candles.

THE SIX DEMONS

Seven, seven, seven,
How do you get to heaven?
Seven's the magic number,
What's up with the number 7!

(THE DEVIL appears and crosses downstage of the THE SIX DEMONS, who hold lighted candles. On a cue they blow them out and hold them up high.)

DEVIL

as I fly high above
over fields across the Styx
All my demons go on gathering
and practicing their tricks
with their seven upheld candles
and seven smothered wicks
I'm reminded
just how much
I hate the number 6.

The DEVIL reveals a hat and cane. He wears a vaudeville suit.

Rivers in the Mud

Devil

Oh Mammy.
How I miss ya Mammy

Ya fed me from the left breast
Ya fed him on the right
I slept in the daytime
And he slept in the night
I played in the darkness
he played in the light
ya kept us separated
because ya thought we'd fight

Oh, Mammy
Can't you see it wasn't right.

So I, I took a chance
to see the light of day
He was in the garden
He wanted me to play
Oh Mammy
It was so much fun
we were just bein' kids
no harm done.

DEVIL (CONT...)

God and I were friends that day
making little rivers in the mud
long before the flood

you came out and called us in
five more minutes we were back again

Oh mammy
we were just havin' fun
just bein' kids
no harm done.

Enter TRIO of NURSE ANGELS

NURSE ANGELS

Out in the Garden gathered some mud
and they patted it--down flat!
looked at each other,
said "it was good"
let's make some more--like that!

Devil

look at what we brung ya Mammy
can't ya see it's all right
we can take care of it Mammy
we're not gonna fight

Trio

She was not impressed
they got mud on her dress
she wacked them on the head
and sent them off to bed

Devil

Mammy I don't get it
can't you see me frown!

Trio

God went dancing up the stairs and He--
(they point to the Devil)
He went down.

DANCE BREAK. See Score. #1 TAP DANCE and 1st 666. #2 THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN 30 SECONDS. #3 THE 666 APOCALYPSE EXPLOSION ON THE BIG SCREEN T.V.

The music dies back down to just a sad piano. MOM enters with Trio

Devil

Mammy
You never did explain to me
just why you leave me
and she said to me:

DEVIL (Cont...)

"It never rains down in hell boy so wipe your tears away.
It never rains down in hell boy so wipe your tears away."

Devil, trio, MOM

it never rains
it never rains

Devil

(a cappella)

it never rains . . .

He puts out his hand. They disappear as lights come up on Little boy walking with his hobo stick. He looks around. Slowly, a SIGN is lowered.

The sign says:

"This string is not to be pulled."

LITTLE BOY pulls the string. A flap falls down it says "Look in the knot hole! Stupid!" The CLOWN enters, extremely upset.

CLOWN Now you've done it.

Little boy is shocked.

CLOWN Why did you do it? The sign said not to pull the string.

Little boy I just want to find the devil so I can make a deal and get out of this place.

CLOWN Yeah, but the sign says "Don't pull the string."

Little boy I can't read.

CLOWN Oh! *(he is instantly happy)* It says look in the knot hole.

Little boy What?

CLOWN Put your hand in the knothole.

Little boy reaches in a knothole in the tree and finds a letter.

Little boy It's a note. What good's that gonna do me?

CLOWN Give it to me. I'll read it. It says: "In celebration of my inevitable new soul, I the Devil, am hosting a party, call it a "soulstice". This will be a grand brew-ha-ha featuring the usual assortment of gross odities, drunkenness, presents, and of course, as usual, we'll be dancing to architecture."

The clown laughs

CLOWN Yipee, a party!

The clown tries to decide which way to go, finally gives up, whips out a harmonica and drops to the ground between the two paths, morosely depressed.

CROSSROADS

CLOWN

Well I'm sittin at the crossroads
gwinna make a deal with the debil down the way
Gwinna find the debil's playground
and while I wait around I'm gwinna play
Gwinna Swing the debil's swing
gwinna slide the Debil's slide
gonna play hide and go seek
in a land where you can't hide
Lawdy lay
I'm gwoin' to the crossroads
lookin' for the "Y" in the road .
Make a deal with the Devil,
and maybe lighten up, my heavy load

God, I wish I had soul! Or at least a soul!

Little boy

You're going to make a deal with the Devil? Me too!!

Clown (*suddenly ecstatic again*)

What a coincidence!

LITTLE BOY We should go together! Maybe we could help each other!

CLOWN Yeah! What a great idea! I'll bet we could!

LITTLE BOY Let's do it!....

CLOWN All right!

LITTLE BOY Cool! (A pause) So which way do we go?

CLOWN Well,...(*Immediately begins to weep*) I can't decide. That's one of my problems. I can't seem to make choices, and a magician always has to know what he wants

Little boy

A Magician? But you look like a clown.

Clown

Shh...listen close little boy...

(*Boy draws close*)

(*He yells*)

I ain't no clown!

Little boy

Then why are you dressed like a clown?

CLOWN It's what I've always worn. I'm not trying to be a clown.

LITTLE BOY Can't you just put on some magician clothes?

Clown

Oh, no. We're not allowed to change without His permission and he never grants it. He hates change. But I'm miserable. If I could just get up the guts to ask him, but I'm so afraid.

Little boy Well--I'm not afraid of Him! I'm going to slay the Devil if I need to! Just like a dragon! If he won't help me find my way home, that's what I'll do!

Little boy takes out his toy gun, and holds it out menacingly.

Clown Oh sh! Sh! Sh! Please don't say that! You can't--you can't possibly hurt him! What would happen to all of us? You'd just make him mad and he'd take it out on us!

Little boy So you already know ..the Devil?

Clown Yes. *(pleased with himself)* Everyone in Hell is familiar with him.

Little boy Then what does he look like?

Clown Depends on his mood. He has a lot of faces. Lots of masks. In fact, he could be anyone of us. He could be me--Ha Ha--you'd better watch out.

Clown covers his mouth, suddenly terrified.

Clown Oh my--I didn't even think of it--he could be you. Oh, what have I done? If you're him--I'm sorry, I'm really sorry!

Little boy I'm not him!

Clown Really? Promise

LITTLE BOY I promise.

CLOWN *(happy again)* Well ok.

Little boy
Can I see a magic trick?

Clown
Alright. But just one.

We hear music. He looks around nervously, then does a lame and unsuccessful trick, but his execution is very funny.

Clown Shoot

He starts crying.

Little boy I don't understand. Why can't you just be a clown? You could be a great clown!

CLOWN pulls out a cigarette.

CLOWN Got a match?

LITTLE BOY It's not polite to smoke.

Clown Well if every clown wore a crown we'd all be kings, wouldn't we?

LITTLE BOY What's that got to do with matches?

CLOWN Shakespeare! *(Waits for laugh that doesn't come)*

Little boy Uh...Yeah. That's pretty funny. See you're really funny.

CLOWN *(gleeful)* You're right! You know--you're the kind of friend a person needs! You're the kind of friend a person looks for!

Little boy I am?

Clown You should be my friend. You could help me put a new act together. You could be my sidekick... you could help me write new material, good material!. We could amuse him and maybe he'd think we were funny or clever or creative! And he'd give us a break.

Little boy I could be a Clown too. In fact, we could be the best darn clowns the world has ever seen!

Clown Like Laurel and Hardy

Little boy Like Bert and Earnie.

Clown Yeah, right. Barnum and Bailey! The best darn clowns the world has ever seen!

Little boy YEA!

Clown YEA!

They both jump around, hugging each other. High energy music is heard, similar to the Warner Brothers cartoon theme song. A Rapid March Tempo. During the introduction Clown and Little Boy both put flowerpots on their heads. LITTLE BOY hurriedly gets dressed like the CLOWN. The two sing.

Clown and Boy *(Singing)*

You're the kind of friend a person looks for
You're the kind of friend a person needs
What else could you be

Clown
When you are with me
The kind of friend I'd like to be!

Little boy I guess that's me!

Little boy You're the kind of friend a person waits for

Clown you're the kind of friend a person needs.

Little boy When I'm feeling blue

Clown I'll stop and think of you

Little boy I hope that you are happy too

Clown I'm glad I have a friend like you

Little Boy I'm glad to have a friend like you

Clown And I am too.

Clown *(Patter speaking over music)*
 Got a match?

Little boy No, I don't It's not polite to smoke

Clown If every Clown wore a crown we'd all be kings

Little boy What does that have to do with matches?

Clown Shakespeare!

BOTH Hey! *(Rimshot.)*

LITTLE BOY Say, I heard a joke the other day.

CLOWN Oh, yeah? What was it?

LITTLE BOY I can't remember.

CLOWN You can't remember? Well, was it funny?

LITTLE BOY not really.

CLOWN Then why did you bring it up?

LITTLE BOY It seemed like your sort of joke

CLOWN Whoa! *(Rimshot.)*

CLOWN So who was that woman I saw you with last night?

Little boy That was no Woman, that was my mom!

BOTH Yeah! *(Rimshot.)*

Music cranks up again and they do a TAP DANCE break

The music becomes faster and more circus-like

Clown You want to see some magic kid? I'll show you a little magic. You want to impress your friends? Just watch.

He does a successful back flip.

Clown

(Doing the funky chicken)

See kid. You got to live on the edge. Take chances; Life's too short!

I'm intense

I'm intense

I'm intense like Houdini or Mou

No one messes with me

no one's refutin' I'm bad as rasputin'

I'm pukin' my guts up for you

Like Sid Visious would do...

Cause I'm too intense!

CLOWN Check this out!

CLOWN does Watusi. Then does another backflip (flown into the air Peter Pan style,) and crashes into the bushes. Music stops.

Clown Oh . . . ow . . .

Little Boy Are you o.k.?

Clown Oh. . . that one hurt. . . i'm in pain. . .that was intense. I'm so bad. I suck..

LITTLE BOY What's the matter? I thought you were happy.

CLOWN I was. . . I guess. *(sobs)* Oh. I can't believe how screwed up I am. I mean only minutes ago I had the world figured out and a cherry on top and it was in the bag had achieved a perfect Kharmic balance and now everything's bad!

Little boy You just need more practice, It's ok.

Clown No it's not. You got my hopes up.

Little boy But, without you, how am I going to find the Devil to make a deal?

clown You'll do OK kid. Run along.

Little boy But our career?

Clown Forget it kid. I'd just screw up the deal. I'm so stupid. Can't you see that?

Little boy But--

Clown Now kid. Just head that way, go straight and don't look back. Get out 'a here. Good luck, kid.

The Clown puts his head in his hands and sighs. Little boy turns hesitantly

LITTLE BOY But I thought we were friends!?

CLOWN We were. Now we're not.

LITTLE BOY Jeez, I've got a lot to learn. I don't understand anything.

A banner drops it says

*"PROFESSOR STUMP'S
SCHOOL OF HERBALOSOPHY, DEAL-MAKING,
AND TIME"*

A few students are dollied in. They sit in little schooldesks.

Professor (Entering on a bike)

Hep,hep-herba-herba-hebba-hep-hebba hep... You certainly do have a lot to learn. And I am just the person to teach you! Hello Students!

ALL Hello, Professor Stump.

PROFESSOR The first thing I'd like to do today is to spend a little time on the concept of time...isn't that funny? We're going to take some time to spend time learning how to tell time. Hopefully we won't run out of time in the process. Hm... *[teacher paces, taps fingers on desk.]* What **is** time anyway? 5 minutes ago we were outside at recess. But doesn't it seem like it was a lifetime ago? A **lifetime**. Hebba-herba-hebba- A watched pot never boils. A human lives for 80 years. A fly lives only a month. Every year to a dog is equal to seven of our years. Certainly time is not the same experience for a turtle or a sloth or a snail or a slug as for us? Is it?

Professor Now, Students, Take out your phoney paper clocks.

Students open desks and take toy clocks except for Little Boy who takes out his real clock.

Professor Can anyone tell me what time it is if the little hand is on the 1 and the big hand is on the 9?

Little boy One-O-nine?

Professor Young man. Do you ever expect to graduate giving answers like that? Hebba herba...hep.... You've got far to go, I can see that. What is it you want from an education?

LITTLE BOY I want to be smart so I can make a good deal with the DEVIL

PROFESSOR I see... Dealmaking requires three things. 1) Something you want 2) something they want and 3) A philosophy of life. An ethic, a credo. I know just the one for you...herbalosophy.

Little boy "Herbalosophy?"

ALL Herbalosophy?

Professor Yes. "herbalosophy" is a combination of a lot of important things: religion psychology, many disciplines packed together. Complete knowledge, you might say.

Little Boy Well, I like knowledge.

Everyone nodding excitedly.

Professor Then this is your lucky day!
Knowledge is my middle name, Professor Underpants Knowledge Stump. Yes, You happen to be looking at someone who knows, should I say it? Oh, why not--everything.

Little boy Everything?

ALL Everything?

Little boy No one know's everything!

PROFESSOR

Cretin! Are you disputing my credentials
--yes, I'm extremely qualified and have been certified in virtually everything.
My life's work has been the attainment of knowledge
Let's see there's
(Singing)
High school Administration,
Poly Sci, Astronomy
Religion, English, P.E.
and my masters in Autonomy
Oxford on a rouge
to study Hebrew Deuteronomy
and ended up in astro
bio physical economy
A Doctorate from M.I.T.
in Lazer radiology.
I took a term at Berkeley
doing MacroEtymology
And If you still are wondering
just what a scholar is this
I have to say, my majors
had an emphasis in Business!

Little boy Business! Wow!
You must be smart!

Professor Maybe...

Little boy ...Well maybe you know what I need to know.

Professor I'm sure of it.

Little boy Great maybe you can teach me how to tell time now!

Professor Time, Little boy, is the Antichrist of the intellectual. You are stupid now, I can see that. but you or anyone no matter how dumb can be taught to perceive the seed, the quickening core we call time. Oh yes, I'm sure of it. I see great potential. Mmmmm herba hep..hep...What was the question? Don't confuse me! For remember. I know everything. Whatever the question is, It shouldn't be a problem.

LITTLE BOY Can you teach us how to tell time.

PROFESSOR Yes, I know practically everything, and I've condensed it all together in this wonderful--hep hep--herbas--'excuse me, this wonderful "philosophy" if you will. Before we learn to tell time. We should know what "time" is. What is time? Now, lemme see if I can explain a couple of things to ya. Like....this...Oh yeah, can you feel it?

Music starts when Professor snaps his fingers 4 times

Professor

Machiavelli Ran
from a fly in his ear
Got a fear very near
to a new revelation
about the situation,
his position in the station,
the station of life
and his constant constipation,
the black tailed plumage
of the image of himself.
If you knew you like him and he do,
you'd be bettin' your life
you'd be reachin' for a knife
the knife was made of rubber,
the Buddha made of blubber
SO MUCH FOR IMPROVING YOUR HEALTH!

Buddha's on a diet,
Keep him quiet
Let him try it
All the people rub his belly
want to force him to deny it.
It's confusing yet amusing
Machiavelli be abusing
No one else is in the race
But it seem he's always losing
Machiavelli got to run to get away.
Had a deerfly in his ear
Wouldn't leave, wouldn't leave

Hooked up with Cinderella
 She's a swishy kinda fella
 Glass slippers full o' jella
 In a pizza quick bordella
 Machiavelli and the Buddha got away!

[spoken]

Lemme see if I can explain
 a few things to ya.

Now you take a religion take any old one
 and you take a philosophy just for fun
 and you mash it together you squash em together
 combine 'im--define 'em as 'herba'

Or you take the linking verb 'Hebba' "to heb"
 or you can use another--that's "hep" instead
 and then you mash em together,
 you squash em together you go hep--hep,
 PROFESSOR (Cont...)
 herba herba herba herba hep now,
 hep--hep, herba herba herba hep now.. . .

All

Hep--hep--herba-hep hebba herba now!
 Hep --hep --herba hep herba , now, now

*As they repeat this, their dance becomes more and more frenzied.
 Rollerskating Books whirl around the action.*

Professor

Like a noodle eating poodle
 or a pope on a rope
 It's a transcendental muddle
 Machiavelli is a dope
 He's an optimist, pessimist,
 universal consciousness
 isn't any better than a gator in the water
 than a gator in the water of a moat

Professor Like a cigarette butt

ALLlike a gator in a mote

Professor Like a Pope on a Rope!

Little boy Like a Bhudda in a Boat!

Professor Like a poodle eating noodle!

ALL Like a Poodle-eating Pote!

Professor That's the idea!

Little boy Like a long lost lemming

All Machiavelli is a dope!

ALL Like a poodle eating noodle!

ALL Like a Poodle-eating Pote!

Professor Like the Black!...

All Hebba!

Professor Tailed!...

All Hep!

Professor Plumage!...

All Herba!

Professor Of his...

All Heb!

Professor Image...

All Hep!Herba! of HIMSELF!!!!!!!

The class dances itself offstage.

All Hep hebba herba hebba heb hebba . . .(etc)

Professor

[Spoken] So you see kid. That's the way it is. I hope you learned something.

Little boy
Yeah I did!

Music is still going, he's still boogie-ing

Little boy This is great!...What's next? I'm ready to learn something else.

Professor That's it. Let's get drunk!

Little boy No, seriously, What's next? What about learning to tell time.

Professor Seriously, that's it! I know everything and I've boiled it down for you. That's it.

LITTLE BOY That's it? That can't be it? How am I going to fight the devil with that? I'm doomed. Doomed to be here for the rest of my life, or death or whatever it is.

PROFESSOR We're all doomed. I thought you knew that. That's just part of the original deal.

LITTLE BOY I didn't know. I thought there was still hope. I might as well just give up.

PROFESSOR Don't be sad. It's O.k. we've all gotten used to it. It just takes time, that's all. And with this new philosophy we can enjoy things for a quite a while hep-herba-hebba heb herba hebba herba!.

ALL (*Improving*) Hebba herba, hep-herba hebba heb....

LITTLE BOY And I guess I have plenty of time, now huh. Now that there's really no hope. This really is hell....Where are you going?

PROFESSOR Come with us and spread Herbalosophy throughout the underworld!

LITTLE BOY This isn't going to help me at all! This is crazy! I don't understand anything!

PROFESSOR There's another philosophy that I'd like to introduce you to today class, it's called "Burfism" ! (*He exits*)

LITTLE BOY is once again alone.

LITTLE BOY (*Singing*)

Sometimes at night I sing to myself
When there's nobody else but me
Sometimes at night I sing to myself
When there's someplace that I'd rather be
And I sit and I sing to the moon on a string....

Suddenly we here a squeaky sound and in comes PETRA. She is pulling behind her a funky looking machine. From the machine comes many tubes connected to PETRA's arms and to two helmets hanging from the machine.

LITTLE BOY Hi!

PETRA What!? Oh hey. What's up?

LITTLE BOY Oh, I used to be going somewhere but I gave up. Now I'm in hell.

PETRA I see.

LITTLE BOY What are you doing?

PETRA Me, I'm making a deal with the devil.

LITTLE BOY Really? You're gonna make a deal?!

PETRA Yeah, you know, that same deal that they all made: Spike Jones, Hendrix . . . Joplin, Belushi,

LITTLE BOY Can I go with you? It'd be really great!

PETRA

Oh wait, no man, you don't get it.
I don't need to do anything.
I don't need to play anything.
I just need to be myself. Just let my inner nature run its course.
Boredom is my drug. I thrive on it. It propels me.
Life's a joke. La la la life is a joke.

LITTLE BOY It's a joke?

PETRA Life is a joke. Death is a joke. It's like Zen. get it? Inside out. Take everything I say and don't believe it. It's the only way to fight the man. Skin?

LITTLE BOY OK I don't believe you.

PETRA Right... You got it. You know what I'm sayin'

LITTLE BOY I think so. . . I see where you're comin from..

PETRA No actually you don't. Look, If you had said "that's so stupid man, cut out the crap" you would have been closer, see but you answered wrong.

LITTLE BOY Which may be right.

PETRA Shut up, man! Just kiddin' that's cool. Paradoxes are cool.

LITTLE BOY That's a cool hat.

PETRA (feels his head) That's no hat man, It's moss. It's frickin' moss. Whoa. I need a bath.

She begins to pump up the machine.

LITTLE BOY What you doin'?

PETRA Pumpin' up the machine. The everexpanding experience machine. Here take this.
(offers him the other helmet)

LITTLE BOY Uh...no thanks.

PETRA No? What? That's the man talkin'
If you're going to give it up, you might'z well live it up. Right?

She dons the helmet and swoons from the head rush.

LITTLE BOY I guess.

PETRA What else have we got to look forward to?

LITTLE BOY Not much I guess

PETRA Why not get a little lift. An experience. Anytime I want it I just make a wish. And it comes true. I just make a wish. Go ahead, just make a wish, Man. (Gives Little Boy the other helmet)

LITTLE BOY What kind of wish.

PETRA A deathwish.

LITTLE BOY

I wish that I could be home with my Mom.

PETRA No, man, how about something exciting. You can see anything. Go anywhere. Anything's possible. *(She puts the BOY's helmet on his head. Psychedelic animation begins. Dancers enter as swirling dream images.)*

Deathwish

come on little boy now close your eyes
come on little boy now visualize
take a ride on the bean
through the purple and green
through the semi electric syphoning spleen
to the dream land dream where the whip-or-whill scream
take a ride on the wonderful heavy-experience
ever-expanding-mind machine

Everybody make a deathwish
Everybody make a deathwish
Everybody make a deathwish
then blow out the candles and poof you're dead
then blow out the candles and poof you're dead

PETRA/CHORUS

Come on everybody now close your eyes
Come on everybody now visualize
You got nothing to fear
when your heads in gear
you got a sweet sweet voice
singing in your ear
ain't nobody gonna bother you when you're here
in a dream on the wonderful heavy experience
ever-expanding mind machine

LITTLE BOY *(removing helmet)*

Don't worry Mom, and don't worry Dad
cause there's nothing I'd like better
than to give you all a kiss
'cause I miss
'cause I miss you miss you

PETRA replaces helmet on his head and he falls back into dream state.

PETRA

everybody get a good seat now
everybody watch me hit the fan
people said that I was gone
people said that I was fried
didn't care if I lived
didn't care if I died
but they never had a chance to see me dance

never saw me on the wonderful heavy experience
ever expanding mind
Take a ride on the wonderful heavy experience
ever expanding mind

PETRA and LITTLE BOY chase after the moving images around them, which disappear as they try to grab them. The lights fade as PETRA and LITTLE BOY finish their lines.

PETRA If you see my fairy godmother. Tell her I want a new wish.

LITTLE BOY OK.

Little Boy, exhausted and nauseous. Suddenly, blackout of psychedelic animation. Enter SIX DEMONS.

Seven

DEMONS

Seven, Seven, Seven
How'd you get to heaven?
Seven's the magic number
What's up with the number 7

During DEVIL's solo the SIX, in tableau, roll out a covered gurney and lift LITTLE BOY onto it. They surround the table and begin to operate on the LITTLE BOY in a slow dance.

DEVIL

The seven mysteries of life
The seven headed dragon
The seven deadly sins
The seven wheeled wagon
The seven noble churches
Who won't give in
Till the last seven days
When the apocalypse begins

And mankind recoils
To the pestilence and boils
And the 7 trumpets spray
Triumphant curds and whey

As I fly high above
Over fields across the styx
I see all my demons gathering
And practicing their tricks
With the seven upheld candles
And seven smothered wicked
I'm reminded I'm reminded that at times like this
I am still very frightened by the number six.

BLACKOUT

Lights rise on LITTLE BOY on an the operating table, based on the Milton-Bradley game "Operation", with only his head peering out

*above the painted body form with cut-outs for the game pieces.
Suddenly LITTLE BOY stirs. He opens his eyes groggily and looks
around.*

Little boy

Hello! Where are you? Where is everybody? How long have I been
here? Mom?! *(He looks down at his body.)* Oh no. Anybody?
Anybody? Is anybody there?

*Little boy looks around and sees ALL THE PEOPLE in their ridiculous
party garb. They all wearing party hats and evil smiles.*

Then suddenly they shake their party favors.

*CONFETTI FLIES, Party hats come out and everyone screams with
glee.*

*The DEVIL enters in wheelchair wearing a dressing gown. He has
party hats and favors. A hush comes over the crowd as The Devil
wheels right up to LITTLE BOY and blows the party favor in his face
like a long tongue.*

Devil

Yea! Little boy, Yea, isn't this fun? Finally we meet! Yeaaaaa!

(all laugh)

Little boy

Who are you?

Devil Ah come on! You can guess can't you?

Little Boy no--

Devil Well, am I the tooth fairy?

Little Boy No.

Devil Am I the Easter Bunny?

Little Boy no.

Devil no.

Laughing sarcastically. Serious suddenly

Devil ... am I Father Christmas?

Little Boy *(thoughtfully)* well...no

DEVIL (singing)

No...

to some I'm the pearly gates, to some I'm Peter Pan
to some I'm Mickey Mouse on a pearly white divan
Can you guess who I am?

(Western)

I'm the light at the end of the tunnel
I'm the long tall stranger from where you never wanna be!
I'm the master in charge of my own disaster
Yippy yea cahyo! I'm the Devil, Yes, it's me!

Dance section: Chorus "Ahhs" in Western style

CHORUS Ahh Ahh Ahh Yah! (Etc...)

DEVIL I'm the head conniver
I'm the soul survivor
Yippeyeah Cayea I'm the Devil

CHORUS He's the Devil

DEVIL I'm the Devil, Yes it's me.

Song Ends Suddenly

LITTLE BOY You're the Devil!

DEVIL That's correct

Devil pulls his wheelchair right up next to boy.

Little boy And who are all these other people?

DEVIL They're me, they're you! Who Cares! Presents! It's time
for presents! Yea!!!

The music starts. During this each of the 5 characters whom LITTLE BOY has met in hell goes LITTLE BOY and extracts an object then presents it to the DEVIL. The objects are, as follows:

The MINISTER: the apple
OFFICER FRIENDLY: the key
THE CLOWN: the flowers
THE PROFESSOR the book
PETRA: the spinning toy

DEVIL And now, the moment we've all been waiting for, or at
least I have. The deal. The soul, Nurse Jane.

NURSE JANE goes to LITTLE BOY and extracts the CLOCK.

DEVIL Will you willingly give it to me

LITTLE BOY I can't. I need it.

NURSE JANE hands it back to the boy

Devil Well, I guess It means that I'll give you another one

Little boy Whose?

Devil Well, you can chose.

Little boy What if I like mine?

Devil Well, I just think I need it more than you. Nurse Jane.

Nurse Jane goes to LITTLE BOY and takes the clock again. She hands it to the DEVIL

LITTLE BOY No that's mine! You can't have it.

Song Starts

Devil

Little boy, this place has everything
You can be anyone
Pick a soul, any soul
stay awhile, and have some fun

There are so many people to chose from
And more are coming each year
They swarm in droves they flock in herds
they come in herds
they love it here,

The crimefighters, criminals, cowboys and Indians,
grandmothers, grandfathers, puppies and popes!
Narcisstic Nincompoops, dimwits and diplomats,
bubblegum bippies and bimbos with bangs,
fanatics and liberals, wigs and republicans,
communists Bolsheviks, moaists, and monks
and housewives and hogfarmers and highbrows and hobos
and hippies and yippies and yuppies and tots!
and they're ALL HAVING FUN!!

Sit up Spanky!
Sit it up and look around you!
the little birds still sing,
the bread still rises,
the cookie still crumbles,
and the soul sours swiftly
toward that which we go now,

DEVIL (Cont...)

the past collides with the future
Spinning, spinning
SHOUTING THAT GLORY HALLELUJAH!
Which is
The twisted fate of causal interaction
Post neo-modernist nasal drip
Spilling like blood from our souls

Onto the pools of our navels
As we stare,
And we cry,
And we live,
And we love,
And life
Goes
On.

Little boy I think I'd rather just keep my own soul.

The music starts again

Devil

Choices, choices are the only things of importance. Life is a maze of choices, a massive criss'crossing of maybes and ifs. I'm giving you ONE CHOICE, and I'm making it as simple as I can one choice, One question--make the choice. What's it gonna be?

LITTLE BOY I don't know. Do I get to go home?

DEVIL Of course, anything.

LITTLE BOY I can be well again?

DEVIL Anything.

LITTLE BOY My mom will come and get me?

Underscoring ends. Everyone is quiet.

DEVIL Yeah, sure, kid.

PSYCHIATRIST you have to be honest!

DEVIL I don't have to be anything!

PSYCHIATRIST That's not fair!

DEVIL What's fair? None of this is fair. This game is fixed and you know it. I'm not going to win anyway, so who cares how I play. Nobody cares.

PSYCHIATRIST That's crap! Tell him the truth!

DEVIL Why should I?

The MOM comes forward as the witch.

MOM I care. Tell him the truth!

DEVIL I can't!

MOM Tell him!

DEVIL Tell him what, Mammy? You never told me. You never explained it to me.

MOM How could I?

DEVIL You never came back, Mammy...

MOM May I take this off? Please! Let me take this off!

He nods and She takes off her hat. She goes to him.

MOM I couldn't come back...you know I couldn't. Sometimes people can't come back.

She takes off her witch's nose. Psychiatrist has freed LITTLE BOY who runs to MOM.

MOM I didn't want to leave you ever. How could I have known?

PSYCHIATRIST Let them go home now.

DEVIL I don't want to. It's still my turn. Kid, come here.

LITTLE BOY goes to the DEVIL. The DEVIL puts the kid on his wheelchair.

DEVIL This is all yours now. I'm giving it to you. Stay here.

LITTLE BOY But I don't want to stay here. I want to go home.

DEVIL This is your home now. You can make it whatever you want it to be.

LITTLE BOY But I want to be with my mom. *(Runs back to MOM)*

DEVIL That's not how the game ends, kid. You don't get to go home with your mom.

PSYCHIATRIST He can if you let him. This is your hell we're talking about.

DEVIL Then he stays!

MOM Let us go!

DEVIL I won't.

PSYCHIATRIST You have to let them go.

DEVIL But then I lose.

PSYCHIATRIST That's not true.

DEVIL It's a trick.

PSYCHIATRIST It's the only way out.

MOM You have to let us go!

PSYCHIATRIST You have to let them all go. You have to free them now, before it's too late.

DEVIL Too late for what? I want to eat, I want to sleep, I don't like life, who gives A shit!

PSYCHIATRIST Listen, Spanky! This is your life. Change it now or go back to square one and start all over again?

DEVIL What if it doesn't get any better?

PSYCHIATRIST What if it does?

The DEVIL thinks, trying to find a way out.

Resigned, he turns to LITTLE BOY and MOM.

DEVIL Take your mom and go. Quick.

MOM turns and begins to exit with LITTLE BOY, then turns back and goes to THE DEVIL giving him a kiss on the forehead. They look at each other for a moment. LITTLE BOY stops, turning once again to the DEVIL.

LITTLE BOY slowly crosses and holds out the CLOCK to the DEVIL.

LITTLE BOY You said you needed this more than me. I don't need it anymore.

The DEVIL takes the CLOCK Slowly. LITTLE BOY and MOM exit slowly through the spiral. There is a beat as the DEVIL takes it all in.

PSYCHIATRIST You win.

PSYCHIATRIST turns and goes upstage. The DEVIL sits holding the clock. Music enters quietly. The crowd comes down to surround him.

DEVIL

There's a place in this world
In this world all the time
There's no music, no darkness,
and no light shines
there's no day, There's no night
But there's plenty of time

PSYCHIATRIST

And everything's crazy here
Under the sun
We're all going backwards to where we've begun
And I never wonder bout what it all means
Life is a memory life is a dream

CHORUS

Is your head a wondrous, magical place?
With hundreds of clowns throwing pies at the face
Of a hobo who's dancing on top of a unicorn
Muttering something about
Shakespeare and reindeer
And we wonder we wonder ah why, why, why, why
They're serving us ice cream and cold karma pie
Does anyone here have the answers my friend?
To the question of what might just follow the end

But you never should wonder bout what it all means
Life is a memory life is a dream.

THE END