

MACABARET

A MUSICAL REVUE

BY SCOTT KEYS & ROB HARTMANN

Libretto

© 1994-2009 by Scott Keys and Rob Hartmann

MACABARET

1. Macabaret..... All
2. Grave Mistake Maude
3. Scatter My Ashes Quartet
4. Dead End Job Phil & Paul
5. Ghost of a Chance..... Donna
6. R.I.P..... Paul & Company
7. A Murder of Crows Phil & Company
8. Going Green Victoria & Donna
9. Temptations of the Flesh (*dance*) Paul & Donna
10. Skin and Bones (Bone Structure) All
11. Oh, Edward!/What Kind of a Vampire is That? Phil & Maude
12. The Boy Who Cried Werewolf..... Paul
13. Boogie Woogie Boogie Man..... Maude, Victoria, Donna
14. Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde..... Phil
15. Marriage Is Murder Paul & Victoria
16. Blood Type..... Maude
17. Cloven Hooves and Horns All
18. Moon in the Window/Love Me In the Light All/Phil
19. Victoria's Secret Victoria
20. Skeletons in the Closet..... Maude & All
21. Long for this World All
22. Macabaret (Bows)..... All

MACABARET was first presented on October 22, 1994, at the Duplex in New York City, with the following cast:

PHIL GRAVES
VICTORIA BLEDSOE
MAUDE LYNN
DONNA SHROUD
PAUL BEARER

Rick Delaney
Angela Haag
Christina Koch
Rebecca Nice
David Owen Ward

Directed by Scott Keys
Musical Direction by Michael Forman
Production Design by David Covach

The revised version, produced the following year,
featured the same cast, with the addition of

THE SHOWGHOUL

Betsy Kruse

Production Notes:

In each production of MACABARET, directors may alter the running order if he or she sees fit; each production has been slightly different, depending on the particular group. Directors and music directors are encouraged to assign the material as best suited for their cast, keeping in mind the general personas of the characters.

For example, in some productions Donna was left out of "Scatter My Ashes" instead of Maude; Paul sang the beginning of "Scatter My Ashes" and also "Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde" instead of Phil, and so on.

A note on the vaudeville placards -- in the first New York production, each card was brought out by Maude; in the revised New York version, an additional character -- the showghoul -- took over this duty. In the original Chicago production, however, all the characters took turns bringing out cards. This can be left to the director's discretion.

The script describes scenic elements as found in certain productions; however, the set can be as sparse (or elaborate) as desired. The same is true of costumes.

Character personas: Phil is the master of ceremonies, and usually has some Dracula/vampire elements to his costume. Paul is the werewolfish sidekick. Maude is the grande dame (the original New York design combined elements of the Bride of Frankenstein's hair with a "Spiderwoman" concept in dress); Donna is a sexy Dietrich or Louise Brooks-style vamp; Victoria is more eccentric. Designers should let their imaginations run free. Productions have ranged from Charles Addams-style to Tim Burton-esque.

MACABARET

(On stage we see a easel designed to hold vaudeville placards. The card reads

THEATRE DARK TONIGHT

The stage is a lush, dimly lit Victorian parlor -- or tomb. A settee, a chaise longue, heavy red velvet curtains, a grand piano. Elegantly dressed men and women lie asleep -- or dead.

A man enters holding a lit candelabra. He sits at the piano, then blows the candles out one by one.

A clock chimes midnight. DONNA awakens. She holds an ornate hourglass. She holds it up, regards it. She turns it over. Music begins. (If there is a SHOWGHOUL, she performs this action.)

DONNA (or THE SHOWGHOUL) gestures to PHIL GRAVES with a flourish. He awakens, and begins to sing. He replaces the placard with one that reads MACABRE and during the song paints in the additional "A" and "T" to read MACABARET.

One by one, the others come to life and join the song.

["MACABARET"]

PHIL

IF YOU'RE CONSUMED
BY DOOM AND GLOOM
AND YOUR ROOM IS A TOMB
WHERE SHADOWS LOOM AT THE END OF THE DAY
IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR
GET ON YOUR BROOM, DON'T DELAY
COME TO MACABARET

MACABARET

IF YOU'RE UNDAUNTED
BY THINGS THAT ARE HAUNTED
AND YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED
TO FLAUNT IT THOUGH YOU THOUGHT IT A BIT RISQUE
BRUSH OFF THE COBWEBS,
SEE MACABRE DEBUTANTES ON DISPLAY

ALL

COME TO MACABARET ...

IF YOU'RE LONELY AND YOU CAN'T GET TO SLEEP
AND THE ONLY THING TO KEEP YOU COMPANY
IS A HEAD FULL OF DREADFUL DEEP DARK SECRETS
AND THE GRIM REAPER'S RIGHT THERE
CREEPING THROUGH YOUR NIGHTMARE

DONNA
WAITING TO SCARE YOU HALF TO DEATH

MEN
DARE TO SHARE THE TERROR

ALL
BUT BEWARE OR IT MAY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY
WELCOME TO MACABARET ...

PHIL
Good evening, and welcome. Allow me to introduce to you our corpse de cabaret. I am your host, Phil Graves. *(If there is a SHOWGHOUL)* Ably assisted by the lovely Showghoul, once a dedicated magician's assistant -- now just dead.

At the piano, our musical director, Mr. Frank N. Steinway.

(A flourish from the piano. Alternately, the name could be "Miss Skeleton Keys")

(A flourish from the piano. Alternately, the name could be "Miss Skeleton Keys")

We're so lucky to have her, that lovely cadaver. She put the "bitch" back in "obituary." Donna Shroud.

(DONNA, a sexy vamp -- like an undead Marlene Dietrich -- comes forward.)

Whoever said vaudeville's dead? Ladies and gentlemen, the immortal Paul Bearer.

(PAUL, a vaudeville sidekick in the tradition of Lou Costello and Igor, takes a bow. He has a werewolfish air about him.)

She'll make you sigh, she'll make you cry, she'll bleed you dry. Victoria Bledsoe.

(VICTORIA is the "kook" of the three women. SHE takes her bow.)

And last but not least, but certainly deceased, that embalmed bombshell of a Broadway goddess, Miss Maude Lynn!

(MAUDE, clearly the grande dame of the group, makes a sweeping entrance.)

MAUDE
IF YOU'RE BRAVE AND YOU CRAVE
JUST A TOUCH OF THE GRAVE
WE'LL SAVE YOU A SEAT DOWN FRONT
IF YOU'RE SUPERSTITIOUS
AND YOUR WISH IS TO HUNT
WITH THE VICIOUS CREATURES
WHO MOAN AND GROAN AND GRUNT IN THE NIGHT
STEP RIGHT THIS WAY
WELCOME TO MACABARET ...

DONNA, PAUL, PHIL
COME WHERE THE WEREWOLVES BAY AT THE MOON

VICTORIA, MAUDE
OOOO ...

DONNA, PAUL, PHIL
AND SOON YOU WILL START TO SWOON

ALL
AS YOU COMMUNE WITH ALL THE SPIRITS
NEVER FEAR, IT'S
JUST THE ATMOSPHERE HERE ...

MEN
IF YOU FEEL GRIM
AND HAVE A WHIM
TO GO WHERE LIGHTS ARE DIM
HOBNOB WITH GOBLINS
FILL YOUR GOBLET TO THE BRIM
IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR VIM
AND VIGOR
AND RIGOR MORTIS HAS SET IN
WE'LL LET YOU IN
WE'LL LET YOU STAY

WOMEN
IF YOU'RE BRAVE AND YOU CRAVE
JUST A TOUCH OF THE GRAVE
WE'LL SAVE YOU A SEAT DOWN FRONT
IF YOU'RE SUPERSTITIOUS
AND YOUR WISH IS TO HUNT
WITH THE VICIOUS CREATURES
WHO MOAN AND GROAN AND GRUNT IN
THE NIGHT
STEP RIGHT THIS WAY

ALL
WELCOME TO MACABARET
MACABARET
MACABARET ...

PHIL
IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR LOVER
OR YOU'VE LOST YOUR JOB
COME TO MACABARET

DONNA & PAUL
COME TO MACABARET

VICTORIA
IF YOU WANT TO ROB THE CRADLE OR THE GRAVE, OKAY

MAUDE
IF YOU WANT TO BOB FOR APPLES,
BETTER STAY AWAY

DONNA & PAUL
COME TO MACABARET

PHIL, VICTORIA, MAUDE
IF YOU WANT TO BREAK DOWN AND SOB
BECAUSE YOUR LIFE'S IN A STATE OF DECAY

DONNA & PAUL
COME TO MACABARET

ALL
YOUR BLOOD WILL BOIL
AND YOUR HEART WILL THROB --

(Perhaps PHIL has ended up the lucky one entwined at the center of a sexy configuration of bodies.)

PHIL
How lucky to have a seat dead center ...

ALL
AT MACABRE --

MAUDE
Bloody Marys on the house!

ALL
--AHH! -- RET
MACABARET
MACABARET
MACABARET

(THEY finish the song in an appropriately sinister tableau.)

PHIL

And now ladies and gentlemen, the grande dame of the undead -- Maude Lynn.

(MAUDE enters and perhaps heaves herself onto the piano.)

["GRAVE MISTAKE"]

MAUDE

SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE HIT ME WITH A SHOVEL
WHEN I SAID OUR LOVE'LL NEVER DIE
WHEN I SAID WE'D BE TOGETHER EVER AFTER
NOW I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO CRY OR DIE
OF LAUGHTER
IT'S DISMAL, MY BETTER HALF,
AS EACH DAY YOU CHISEL ANOTHER LETTER
IN MY EPITAPH

GRAVE MISTAKE

I MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE
NOW I'M AFRAID WE MUST MAKE THE BREAK
IT WAS A THRILLING AFFAIR
BUT A BONECHILLING FLING FROM THE START

GRAVE MISTAKE

I MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE
HOW MUCH MORE CAN THIS POOR SOUL TAKE?
YOUR CONSTANT CONNIVING
IS DRIVING A STAKE THROUGH MY HEART
I MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE
THINKING THAT THIS WAS TILL DEATH DO US PART

Hey casket face! I'm a basket case!

I CRIED A RIVER STYX OVER YOU
BEEN AT SIX - SIX - SIXES AND SEVENS WITH YOU
SIGHED MYSELF BREATHLESS
DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS
YES I CONFESS, I WAS OBSESSED
NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT COULD HAVE POSSESSED ME
I NEED RELEASE
WON'T YOU PLEASE LET ME REST
IN PEACE?

GRAVE MISTAKE

I MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE
NOTHING BUT QUICKIES AND HICKIES AND HEARTACHE
AND I JUST CAN'T FAKE ANYMORE
I COULD FORGIVE AND FORGET

AND LIVE WITH REGRET
I GAVE ALL I COULD GIVE
AND WHAT DID I GET?
AN EMPTY PROMISE, AN IDLE THREAT
SIX FEET DEEP IN DEPRESSION AND DEEPER IN DEBT

There's a succubus born every minute.

I MADE SOME GRAVE MISTAKES
BUT BABY YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET

(The placard is changed to read:

ALL MEN ARE CREMATED EQUAL.

DONNA, VICTORIA, PHIL and PAUL enter as a jazz quartet.)

["SCATTER MY ASHES (ALL OVER MANHATTAN)"]

MALE SOLO
SOME SAY THIS CITY
IS WAY BEYOND GRITTY
BUT I'M PRETTY FOND OF THE GRIME
I'M NOT SINGING THIS DITTY
TO RENDER YOUR PITY
JUST PROMISE ME WHEN IT'S MY TIME
YOU'LL
SCATTER MY ASHES
ALL OVER MANHATTAN
DUMP ME FROM A PLATINUM URN
I WANT TO SPEND ETERNITY
FLUTTERING DOWN
INTO THE GUTTERS OF THIS UTTERLY FILTHY TOWN

QUARTET
SPEW MY RESIDUE ALL THROUGH NEW YORK
UNCORK ME LIKE A FINE DRY CHAMPAGNE
SPRINKLE MY REMAINS
SO I CAN RAIN DOWN
ON EVERY WINDOWPANE IN THIS DIRTY URBAN TOWN

I WANT TO BE THE SOOT ON A WEST END SILL
THE SLUDGE UNDERFOOT ON AN EAST VILLAGE CURB
THE DISTURBING SCUM AND SLIME
THAT FORM SOMETIME
ON A SUBWAY PLATFORM
THE ICKY FIFTH AVENUE OOZE

THAT STICKS TO THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES
A WAD OF GOD-KNOWS-WHAT
YOU TROD IN WHEN YOU'RE PLODDING DOWN
A BROADWAY SIDEWALK
A SPECK OF DRECK YOU COLLECT
WHEN YOU'RE TREKKIN' THROUGH TRIBECA
THAT FUNKY GUNK THAT LINGERS
UNDERNEATH YOUR FINGERNAILS
THE SILT THAT FILTERS THROUGH THE AIR
ADHESES IN YOUR GREASY HAIR
THINK OF ME WHEN YOU WHEEZE
OR SNEEZE

(One of the women sneezes)

GOD BLESS YOU
OH WON'T YOU PLEASE

SCATTER MY ASHES
DEPOSIT MY DEBRIS
THOUGH IT MAY GIVE YOU PAUSE, IT'S
MY DYING DECREE
ONCE YOU FINALLY CREMATE ME
DISSEMINATE MY CINDERS
LET THE WIND CARRY ME
SCATTER MY ASHES ALL OVER MANHATTAN

BARITONE

DON'T JUST STUFF ME IN A SATIN LINED BOX

SOPRANO

SPREAD MY CONSECRATED MATTER FROM THE BRONX
TO STATEN ISLE

TENOR

FROM THE WEST SIDE TO THE EAST

ALTO

UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN
WHEN I'M DECEASED

ALL

I WANT MY ASHES RELEASED
ALL OVER THIS
MUSTY, RUSTY, CRUSTY DEAR OLD
DIRTY
DUSTY

TOWN

PERUSAL

(The placard is changed to read:

ALL THE UNDERWORLD'S A STAGE.

PHIL re enters.)

PHIL

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time I would like to resurrect a number my brother and I used to do back in our vaudeville days. We were known as The Graves Brothers -- Phil and Doug. Unfortunately, Doug can not be with us this evening -- he's still alive-- despite my best efforts. However, substituting for Doug Graves at this performance is none other than my close friend, Mr. Paul Bearer!

(HE presents PAUL, who enters, clearly not thrilled to be filling in.)

PAUL

Always a pallbearer, never a corpse.

PHIL

Really, he's a dead ringer for Doug. Mr. Steinway, if you please.

(The pianist launches into a classic vaudeville vamp.)

["DEAD END JOB"]

PHIL & PAUL

I'VE GOT A DEAD END JOB
I'D LIKE TO CALL IT QUIT'S
I'M WORKING SIDE BY SIDE
WITH IDIOTS
IT'S THE PITS

I'M AT MY DEAD END JOB
ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY

PAUL

I'D LIKE TO KILL MY BOSS

PHIL

BUT THERE'D BE HELL TO PAY

PAUL

THERE'S NO WAY

PHIL & PAUL

I'VE GOT A DEAD END JOB!

(The music vamps while PHIL and PAUL launch into a typically bad routine.)

PAUL
Hey Phil.

PHIL
Yeah Doug?

PAUL
I'm working at a newspaper these days.

PHIL
A newspaper, really. What section?

PAUL
Obituaries.

PHIL
People must be dying to get into your column!

(Music sting.)

PAUL
Yeah but the deadlines are killing me!

(Sting.)

PHIL
Hey Doug.

PAUL
Yeah Phil.

PHIL
I was going to take a job running a chain of funeral parlors.

PAUL
Really? Why didn't you?

PHIL
Too big an undertaking.

(Sting.)

PAUL
Hey Phil.

PHIL
Yeah Doug.

PAUL
I had a job as an embalmer but I quit.

PHIL
Why's that, Doug?

PAUL
Too draining.

(Sting.)

PHIL
Hey Doug.

PAUL
Yeah Phil.

PHIL
I had an interview yesterday to be a bell ringer, and you know what?

PAUL
No, what?

PHIL
I think I'm going to get the job.

PAUL
What makes you think that?

PHIL
Just a hunch.

(Sting.)

PHIL & PAUL
I GOT A DEAD END JOB
I'M ON THE BOTTOM RUNG
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK MY MIND
I BITE MY TONGUE
I'M UNSTRUNG

I GOT A DEAD END JOB
AND MAN IT REALLY SUCKS
NO TELLING WHAT I'D DO
FOR A COUPLE BUCKS
AWW SHUCKS
I GOT A DEAD END JOB

PHIL
Hey Doug.

PAUL
Yeah Phil.

PHIL
What is it that the maker doesn't want, the buyer doesn't use, and the user never sees?

PAUL
I don't know, Phil, what is it that the maker doesn't want, the buyer doesn't use, and the user never sees?

PHIL
A coffin!

(The music comes to a dead halt. Predictably, there is no response to this bad punchline. He tries again.)

PHIL
A coffin!

(And one more time)
A coffin!

PAUL
(Stepping forward to address the audience.)

Let's review. We're dead. Not you.

(PHIL gives it one more try)

PHIL
A coffin!!!

(A beat. PAUL waves his arms wildly to elicit applause -- recorded applause.)

PHIL & PAUL
WILL I EXPIRE
BEFORE I RETIRE
OH WHY DID YOU HIRE ME?
WHY DON'T YOU FIRE ME?
FUN'RAL PYRE ME!
DEAD END JOB
IT'S NO LIFE BUT IT'S A LIVING
WHY DO I KEEP GIVING
MY BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS
I'D SELL MY SOUL TO SWITCH CAREERS

IT'S A DEAD --
 END --
 JOB --

We're dyin' out here!

(THEY exit to a vaudeville playoff.)

DONNA enters. This is a slinky jazz number -- perhaps done with a chair a la Dietrich.)

["GHOST OF A CHANCE"]

DONNA
 EVERY NIGHT I FOLLOW YOU
 TO ONE OF YOUR OLD HAUNTS
 I BUY A DRINK
 AND SLINK JUST OUT OF SIGHT
 I FOLLOW YOU IN HOPES THAT I MIGHT GET SOME RESPONSE
 NOT A WAVE
 NOT A WINK
 I THINK MY CHANCE IS SLIGHT

YOU'LL DISCOVER
 I'M QUITE SHY
 THOUGH I HOVER RIGHT NEARBY
 WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO ME?
 YOU LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME
 WON'T GIVE ME A SECOND GLANCE
 OH I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

SHROUDED DESIRE
 I ADMIRE FROM AFAR
 HOW DID I END UP IN THIS CROWDED BAR?
 JUST CALL ME PERSISTENT
 BUT TO YOU I'M NON EXISTENT
 ACROSS THIS SMOKY EXPANSE
 OH I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

YOU KNOW ME
 BETTER THAN YOU THINK
 I'M THAT LETTER YOU FIND
 SIGNED IN INVISIBLE INK
 I'M THE PHANTOM PHONE CALL
 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
 THE SILHOUETTE AGAINST YOUR DRAPE
 WHEN YOU TURN OUT YOUR LIGHT
 I'M THE KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

WHEN NO ONE'S AT YOUR DOOR
THE RUSTLING IN YOUR BUSHES
THAT YOU CANNOT IGNORE

LOVE UNREQUITTED
MEANS ETERNAL STRIFE
THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO RETURN FROM THE AFTERLIFE
I'D DIE FOR A RENDEZVOUS
BUT HOW WOULD I RESPOND IF YOU
WALKED UP AND ASKED ME TO DANCE
OH I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE
WE COULD MAKE THE MOST OF ROMANCE
OH I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE

(PAUL enters. HE sings a plaintive country waltz to a headstone marked R.I.P.)

["R.I.P."]

PAUL
OH I THINK OF YA DARLIN'
SINCE YOU PASSED ON
I COME HERE TO YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACE
UNDER THE TREE WHERE
I CARVED OUR INITIALS
IT'S NICE TO SET A SPELL
KNOWIN' I'M IN PARADISE
'CUZ YOU'RE IN H-E-DOUBLE -L

(The music changes to a hoedown tempo. THE OTHERS, or perhaps just two of the women, enter and sing back-up.)

R.I.P. HONEY, R.I.P.
BET YOU'RE SORRY NOW
FOR ALL THE THINGS YOU DID TO ME
R.I.P DARLIN', R.I.P.
TOO BAD YOU HAD TO D.I.E.
R.I.P.

JUST LIKE A MOVIE ON T.V.
OUR LOVE WAS A-O.K.
YOU WORKED FOR THE I.R.S.
I WORKED FOR TRIPLE A
FELL IN LOVE P.D.Q.
GOT HITCHED A.S.A.P.
NOW YOU'RE GONE AND I.O.U.
A CHANCE TO R.I.P.

PAUL & OTHERS
R.I.P. HONEY, R.I.P.

PAUL
MARRIED LIFE WITH YOU
WAS FULL OF STRIFE AND MISERY

PAUL & OTHERS
R.I.P. DARLIN', R.I.P.

PAUL
YOUR P.M.S. MADE LIFE A MESS

PAUL & OTHERS
R.I.P.

PAUL
BUT THEN REAL SOON I GOT A FEELIN'
CALL IT E.S.P.
THOUGH YOU SWORE UNDYIN' LOVE
YOU WERE CHEATIN' ON THE Q.T.
FOLLOWED YOU TO THE A & P
JUST LIKE THE F.B.I.
SAW YOU WITH SOME S.O.B.
I BEGAN TO C.R.Y.

TO SEE OUR MARRIAGE WAS D.O.A.
DIDN'T TAKE NO P.H.D.
GOT SOME DOUGH FROM THE A.T.M.
AND BOUGHT SOME T.N.T.
YOU DROVE OFF IN HIS B.M. DUB-YA
I FIDDLED WITH IT, F.Y.I
'FORE YOU COULD SEND AN S.O.S.
YOU TWO BLEW UP SKY HIGH
AND CAME DOWN IN THE
M.I.S.S.I.S.S.I.P.P.I

PAUL & OTHERS
BYE BYE!

R.I.P. HONEY, R.I.P.

PAUL
YOU DONE DID ME WRONG
AND SO I DID YA IN YA SEE

PAUL & OTHERS
R.I.P. DARLIN', R.I.P.

PAUL
I BLEW AWAY YER D.N.A

PAUL & OTHERS
R.I.P.

PAUL
YOU TOOK EVERYTHING I GAVE
AND NOW I'M DANCING ON YOUR GRAVE

PAUL & OTHERS
R.I.P.

(The placard is changed to read
A FLOCK OF VULTURES
A QUARREL OF SPARROWS
A MURDER OF CROWS

PHIL enters and regards the hourglass [or the clock if there is one.] He sings.)

["A MURDER OF CROWS"]

PHIL
THIS OCTOBER SKY CHILLS ME TO THE BONE
I WALK OVER BY THE GARDEN MADE OF STONE
OVERGROWN WITH BITTER CIRCUMSTANCE
NOTHING STAYS THE SAME

FEMALE SOLO
THE TREES LIKE TORCHES DANCE IN THE AUTUMN BREEZE
THE LEAVES COME DOWN LIKE SPARKS
I STAND AND WATCH THE GROUND IGNITE
THE EMBERS FANNED TO FLAME

PHIL
AS A MURDER OF CROWS TAKES FLIGHT
I STAND LIKE A SCARECROW
IN THIS ORCHARD OF MARBLE AND GRANITE

ALL
WHITE WITH EARLY FROST

PHIL
I KEEP A TORTURED VIGIL
FOR ALL THE FRIENDS I'VE LOST
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

ALL
 LEFT BEHIND BY THIS MISBEGOTTEN BLIGHT
 A HARVEST OF SHADOWS AND ECHOES
 AS A MURDER OF CROWS TAKES FLIGHT
 FLY, FLY ACROSS THE GRAY OCTOBER SKY
 HEAR THE MOURNFUL CRY
 A SCARECROW'S LULLABY
 OH A CROOKED SILHOUETTE
 A HEART HOLLOW WITH REGRET

PHIL
 KEEPING WATCH LIKE A SENTINEL
 UNABLE TO FORGET
 STANDING IN THE SILENCE

ALL
 I HEAR THEM LAUGH AS THE SUN BEGINS TO SET

PHIL
 IT'S SO UNFAIR THOUGH
 UNLIKE ME THE SCARECROW
 THEY ARE FREE
 OH WHAT A SIGHT

ALL
 OH WHAT A SIGHT
 TO SEE A MURDER OF CROWS TAKE FLIGHT...

(The placard reads

THE WORMS CRAWL IN, THE WORMS CRAWL OUT.

VICTORIA and DONNA take the stage. The mood is coffeehouse open mic night; they sing a gentle folk rock guitar ballad with harmony.)

["GOING GREEN"]

VICTORIA
 I HAVE A LOVE
 HIS NAME IS MICHAEL
 HE'S VERY ECO-CONSCIOUS
 HE GETS MAD IF I DON'T RECYCLE
 HE SAID I WASN'T WORKING HARD ENOUGH
 TO KEEP THIS EARTH FROM FADING
 SO I SWORE I'D PROVE MY LOVE
 BY PERSONALLY BIODEGRADING.

SO I'M GOING GREEN,
GOING GREEN ALL THE WAY
OUR LOVE WILL BE MUCH STRONGER
ONCE I LET MYSELF DECAY
I'M GOING GREEN,
GOING GREEN AS I CAN BE
I'LL PROVE MY COMMITMENT
ONCE I RECYCLE ME.

DONNA
MY LOVE IS THE SAME
HIS NAME IS KEITH

VICTORIA
OH, IT'S KEITH

DONNA
I SAID I'D GIVE UP NONESSENTIALS
LIKE MY EARLOBES
AND MY TEETH
OH, HE STICKS TO HIS PRINCIPLES
HE ONLY WEARS ORGANIC COTTON
NOW I STICK TO EVERYTHING
'CAUSE I'M LITERALLY ROTTEN

BOTH
OH, I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS THE TREES
YOU CAN SEE THE MOLD
THAT'S GROWING THROUGH ME LIKE BLUE CHEESE
I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS ALL OUTDOORS
WHEN THE WORMS HAVE MUNCHEDED THE REST OF ME
MY HEART WILL STILL BE YOURS.

HE SAID, YOU LOOK A LITTLE BLOATED
I SAID, THAT'S JUST THE BACTERIA
IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL
AS THEY DEVOUR MY INTERIAH
THIS IS ALL FOR YOU, MY LOVE
ME ALL PURPLISH AND SWOLLEN
MY LOVE FOR YOU CAN'T BE CONTAINED
LIKE THE GASES IN MY COLON

CAUSE I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS A SHRUB
LOVER, WHILE YOU'RE SLEEPING
I'LL BE SEEPING IN THE TUB

I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS A VINE
IF YOU FIND SOME EXTRA TOES
THOSE ARE PROBABLY MINE.

WE WENT OUT FOR VEGAN FOOD
OUR USUAL SORT OF OUTING
HE WONDERED IF I GOT A PERM
I'M LIKE A CHIA PET: I'M SPROUTING

VICTORIA
LATER, I LAY WITH MY LOVE
BUT HE WAS AT A LOSS
HE SAID, "DID YOU DYE YOUR HAIR... THERE?"
I SAID, "NO, MY DEAR, THAT'S MOSS."

BOTH
'CAUSE I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS THE LAWN

DONNA
I'D LIKE TO WEAR YOUR RING, MY LOVE
BUT MY FINGERS WON'T STAY ON.

BOTH
I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS OUR BACKYARD
OH MY LOVE, EMBRACE ME

VICTORIA
BUT I'M SQUISHY, SO NOT TOO HARD.

BOTH
I'M GOING GREEN
GOING GREEN AS THE GRASS.

VICTORIA
THE FUNGI'S TAKEN OVER

DONNA
I'VE GOT MUSHROOMS UP MY—

BOTH
I'M GOING GREEN
OH MY LOVE, DON'T BE HURT
PROMISE, WHEN I'M COMPOSTED,
YOU'LL STILL TREAT ME LIKE DIRT.

The placard reads

LET US PREY.

[“THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE FLESH”]

This is a staging/ dance number.

DONNA is left alone onstage, stretching seductively, getting ready for her next number.

PAUL is watching creepily from the shadows ... he sneaks up ... pulls something out of his coat which we think could be a weapon... and POUNCES. With a daisy. Which she scoffs at.

He retreats... sneaks in again - a lot of "Wile E. Coyote" tiptoeing ... again sneaks up ... with a Hello Kitty doll or something equally as cute. She bites the doll's head off.

He is discouraged. Then MAUDE sweeps in, grabs him, does a quick turn with him where she leads and he follows ... she dips him ... she whispers a few hints in his ear ... and leaves.

PAUL again approaches DONNA, who is still seductively stretching ... and this time out of his coat he produces a dead flower, a tarantula or a snake. Perhaps she pulls out a champagne-like bottle of poison, or something else for him. It's true love! They dance.

The placard reads

DROP DEAD, GORGEOUS.

MAUDE (or THE SHOWGHOUL)

In fashion, you're either in or you're out. Or you're dead.

(A fashion show of the undead. During the song one of the women (or the SHOWGHOUL) walks the catwalk and is tormented by the others waving food.)

["SKIN AND BONE" (BONE STRUCTURE)]

PHIL

MY GIRLFRIEND'S A CADAVER
 YOU CAN HAVE HER IF YOU WANT
 WHAT A BODY, YOU SHOULD SEE IT
 ALBEIT RATHER GAUNT
 SHE'S FRESH, SHE'S TAUT
 SHE'S GOT NO FLESH TO FLAUNT
 AND WHENEVER WE ARE IN A RESTAURANT
 THE FIRST REMARK IS

ALL
GET A LOAD OF HER SEXY CARCASS

WOMEN
MODEL THIN
SKIN AND BONES
SALLOW TONES
HOW SLEEK

MEN
SHRUNKEN HEAD
SUNKEN CHEEK
SLIM PHYSIQUE

ALL
HOW CHIC

WOMEN
LOOKING GREAT
UNDERWEIGHT
EMACIATE YOUR SILHOUETTE

ALL
IT'S THE TREND
STARVE FOR SPLENDOR
JUST HOW SLENDER WILL YOU GET?
YOU GOTTA HAVE BONE STRUCTURE
OH, BONE STRUCTURE

A WOMAN
PHOTO OP
DROP A FEW
PAPARAZZI WILL LOVE YOU

A WOMAN
IF YOU WANNA FIT BETWEEN
THE PAGES OF A MAGAZINE
ALL THE RAGE IS

ALL
RIB CAGES
LONG AND LANK AND LEAN
YOU GOTTA HAVE BONE STRUCTURE
OH, BONE STRUCTURE

MEN
CHEEK BONES, JAW BONES, SHOULDER BLADES, SPINE
RIB CAGE, PELVIC BONES

WOMEN
REDUCE, DEFINE
INSIDE OUT, TAKE IT OFF, TAKE PRIDE

ALL
IN YOUR BONAFIDE DESIGN

WOMEN
ARROW THIN
THAT'S THE AIM

MEN
OH, NARROW MIND
NARROW FRAME

ALL
NARROW NARROW
TO THE MARROW
IT'S SO SUAVE AND DEBONAIR
OH YOU GOTTA HAVE BONE STRUCTURE
BONE STRUCTURE
BONE STRUCTURE
SKIN AND BONE BONE BONE BONE

The placard reads

OH, BITE ME.

[“OH EDWARD/WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE IS THAT?”]

(MAUDE sits as PHIL prepares to bite her neck. He suddenly sniffs at her.)

MAUDE
What? What's wrong?

PHIL
Are you wearing perfume?

MAUDE
Do you like it?

PHIL
Uh, I thought we talked about this.

MAUDE
What?

PHIL
I have chemical sensitivities.

MAUDE
Oh. Do you want to bite my wrist?

PHIL
(pouting) Now I'm not hungry.
(She snuggles closer)

MAUDE
Do you want me to stay over?

PHIL
Uh... my coffin really only has room for one...

MAUDE
That's okay, we can snuggle...

PHIL
Uh... I sort of need my space.

MAUDE
I give you space. You were out all last night. Where were you?

PHIL
Uh. You know. With the guys.

MAUDE
What did you do?

PHIL
You know. Stuff.

MAUDE
Like what?

PHIL
Turned into bats. Flew around. Just stuff, okay??!!

MAUDE
(sbricking) Are you sucking somebody else??!!!

PHIL rolls his eyes ("Women!") and retreats, reading a magazine or playing with his cell phone or a handheld game. Maude huffily pulls out a copy of Twilight and a copy of one of the Sookie Stackhouse/True Blood novels, deciding which to read.

MAUDE

Hmm... If Bill Compton from “True Blood” and Edward Cullen from “Twilight” were in a fight, who would win? Don’t fight over me boys... there’s enough Maude to go around.

Mrs. William Compton. Mrs. Edward Cullen. Mrs. Maude Compton-Cullen. *(sigh)*

(She flips through Twilight. Music begins)

“Edward Cullen was inhumanly beautiful...”

(Over her shoulder, to PHIL:) Why aren’t YOU inhumanly beautiful?

OH...OH...OH...OH....

EDWARD, EDWARD, YOU’RE MY EVERY THOUGHT
SO MOODY
SO GORGEOUS
SO PROTECTIVE
SO HOT!

THOSE EYES OF TOPAZ
THAT HAIR OF BRONZE
SOMEDAY YOU’LL BE MINE
AND NOT BELLA SWAN’S!

Edward watches Bella while she sleeps. Why don’t YOU watch me while I sleep?

PHIL
You drool.

(MAUDE goes back to her book. She moans as she gets more into it.)

MAUDE
MMM...MM... MM... MM...
EDWARD’S HANDSOME, HE’S STUNNING
HOW EVERYONE STARES - !
DO YOU THINK I’M TOO SHALLOW?
WELL HE’S HOT SO WHO CARES.

OH EDWARD, I’M GAGA
AND I’VE BARELY BEGUN –
HEY, IT’S A LONG SAGA
AND I’M STILL ON BOOK ONE.

PHIL
HIM? HE'S A WIMP!

MAUDE
HE'S SO HOT. AY AY AY...!
OOO, I GO LIMP!

PHIL
SO DO I.

MAUDE
Edward thinks Bella's smell is irresistible. Why don't YOU—

PHIL
Let's not even go there.

(MAUDE flounces away with her book. PHIL takes center stage.)

PHIL
EDWARD, OH EDWARD.
MISTER EDWARD CULLEN.
HOW SHOULD I PUT THIS?
I'D LIKE TO BASH HIS SKULL IN.

(He sings a blues)
HE GOES OUT IN THE DAYLIGHT
HE DOESN'T NEED TO SLEEP
HE'S REALLY POSSESSIVE
HE'S SORT OF A CREEP
HE'S A FAST-DRIVING RICH KID,
A HIGH SCHOOL AGE BRAT.
WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE IS THAT?

HE WAS SAVED FROM THE FLU
BY HIS VAMPIRE DAD
AND ALL HE CAN DO IS SAY,
"OOO, I'M SO BAAAD."
HE CLAIMS HE CAN LIVE
JUST ON ANIMAL BLOOD.
WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE? A DUD.

IF YOU WANT A REAL VAMPIRE,
 YOU OUGHTA GO SEE
 AN OLD SCHOOL FELLA
 LIKE BELA LUGOSI.
 A CAPE WEARING
 CASTLE OWNING
 COFFIN SLEEPING
 GARLIC HATING
 BLOOD SUCKING SON OF A BAT!

MAUDE
 WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE IS THAT?

PHIL
 EDWARD'S OBSESSED WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND
 THE WAY HE PURSUES HER
 AS OPRAH WOULD SAY,
 "HEL-LO! ABUSER!"
 IN SUNLIGHT, HE SPARKLES!
 OH GIVE ME A BREAK!
 WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE? A FAKE!

(They repeat parts of their verses in counterpoint and dance together. Afterward:)

PHIL
 YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED YOUR BOOK.
 ANYTHING WRONG?

MAUDE
 THIS BOOK IS... THIS BOOK IS ... THIS BOOK ... WELL, IT'S LONG.
 I ADMIT I WAS SMITTEN, BUT NOW THAT'S ALL THROUGH.
 I'D RATHER BE BITTEN
 BY YOU.

PHIL
 Can do!

(He starts to work on her neck. She concentrates.)

MAUDE
 I WON'T THINK ABOUT EDWARD.

(giving it her all)

OOO PHIL! OH YES, PHIL!
 I'LL GIVE UP EDWARD. I'LL GIVE UP EDWARD. I'LL GIVE UP EDWARD...
(she pulls out the Sookie Stackhouse "True Blood" novels, reading while Phil works on her neck)

... for Bill.

[“THE BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF”]

(This is a story spoken in rhythm. PAUL tells the story, with just a light on his face, like telling a ghost story at camp with a flashlight under your face. The story should be simple, not overplayed... but creepy.)

PAUL

I knew a young lad
Danny Shepherd by name
He liked to play tricks
He liked to pass blame.

He'd play stupid pranks on his family and friends
He'd scare them and laugh
And he'd never make amends.

“A werewolf is out there!
No really you guys!”
He looked so convincing
They'd fall for his lies.

He cried “werewolf” a lot
He took it too far.
Like, “A werewolf musta done it”
If he scratched up your car.

We all have fav'rite excuses,
And werewolves were his.
Danny, I said,
You don't know what a werewolf is.

“Sure I do, man.
They're evil and hairy
With big buggy eyes
They're real freakin' scary!

And when it gets dark,
They all come out to fight
They're all out there growling
On the prowl every night.”

Danny, I said, boy you haven't a clue
What a werewolf is like, or what it can do.
I bet werewolves get mad
When they're dismissed as a hoax

And I bet they don't like being blamed
For your jokes.

But Danny just laughed and said,
"What's the big deal?
The werewolves don't care.
You act like they're real."

Danny, of course they're not real
That's just bull.
But get your facts straight:
The moon has to be full.
It's when that full moon
Rises up in the east
The werewolf transforms
From human to beast.
And he doesn't change back
Till the dawn lights the hills
He has until then
To eat what he kills.

"That's stupid" said Danny.
"Your story stinks."
Well, let's ask a werewolf
And see what he thinks.

The thing about werewolves
They look normal, you see.
They could look just like you.
... they could look just like me.

Danny grew pale
I could tell he was shocked
He realized too late
That the door had been locked.

My knuckles were cracking
My hair growing thicker
My jaw was extending
His heart beating quicker

"But it's not a full moon!"
Danny stammered and cried.
"You said it had to be full!"
Oh Danny. I lied.

Later, much later,
With my hair not so bristly,

I was picking my teeth.
 He was awfully gristly.
 I might have mislead him
 'bout what a werewolf does.
 No, the moon wasn't full.
 But I certainly was.

(he grows quieter and quieter)

Now I'll tell you a secret.
 Come closer, I dare you.
 I'm not really a werewolf.
 If I were, would that scare you?
 Or maybe I am
 And you've taken the bait.
 If I am a werewolf
 It's
 far
 far
 too
 late....

AAAAAAA!

(he lunges at the audience with a quick blackout.)

(The placard is changed to read STRANGE BEDFELLOWS)

MAUDE , VICTORIA and DONNA sing in Andrews Sisters harmony)

["BOOGIE WOOGIE BOOGIEMAN"]

VICTORIA, DONNA, MAUDE
 I HEAR THE WOLF HOWL, AH OOO
 I HEAR THE HOOT OWL, HOO OOO
 SOME MIGHT COWER
 BUT I KNOW IT'S THE HOUR
 WHEN THE BOOGIE WOOGIE BOOGIEMAN
 IS ON THE PROWL

I HEAR THE WIND BLOW, OOO AH
 OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, OOO AH
 BLOWS AWAY MY MIDNIGHT BLUES
 HE'S GOT A STYLE I CAN'T REFUSE
 MY BOOGIE WOOGIE BOOGIEMAN
 MAKES MY SKIN GO
 B-B-B-B-B-BRRR!

I SEE HIS EYES GLOW
NEXT THING I KNOW
MY HEART STOPS
HE'S GOT THE CHOPS
I SEE HIS SHINY TEETH
BENEATH MY BED SO
I KNOW MY BOOGIE WOOGIE BOOGIEMAN
IS READY TO GO

VICTORIA
I START WRITHIN'
WHEN HE STARTS HIS SWEET VAMP
B-B-B-B-B-BOO

DONNA
THE MOTHS START JIVIN'
AND THE BATS START DIVIN'
AT THE STREET LAMP
B-B-B-B-B-BOO

MAUDE
WHEN THAT GHOUL SCATS
HE TURNS ON THE HEAT
ALL THE COOL CATS
START TO SLINK TO THE BEAT

VICTORIA, DONNA, MAUDE
AND THE SYNCOPATED CRICKETS
THINK IT'S TRICK OR TREAT
TRICK OR TREAT
TRICK OR TREAT

OH HE'S A GUY I'VE NEVER SEEN
BUT IN THE DARK HE HAS A MEAN ROUTINE
A SPOOKY JAZZY RHYTHM
AND WHENEVER I AM WITH HIM
EVERY NIGHT IS HALLOWEEN

AND OH HE MAKES ME GO
BUMP IN THE NIGHT
AND EVERY NOTE MAKES MY HEART
JUMP RIGHT IN MY THROAT
HE CAN REALLY SWING
SENDING TINGLES DOWN MY SPINE
HE'S MY BOOGIE WOOGIE OCTOBER VALENTINE

HE REALLY THRILLS ME, OOO AH
AND HE FILLS ME WITH THE WILLIES, OOO AH

DELIVERS ME THE SHIVERS
HE'S A GOOSEBUMP GIVER
NO ONE CAN GIVE ME THE
HEEBIE JEEBIES LIKE HE CAN
HE'S MY BOOGIE WOOGIE
OOGIE BOOGIE
B-B-B-BOOGIEMAN
MAN
B-B-B-B-B BOO!

(after applause)

VICTORIA
Once there was a prominent physician --

MAUDE
-- Doctor Jekyll --

DONNA
-- who was conducting experiments on hormonal imbalances --

ALL THREE
-- leading to good and evil behavior.

VICTORIA
One day in the lab --

MAUDE
-- he accidentally injected himself with a serum --

DONNA
-- containing hormones from several specimens, including --

VICTORIA
-- a serial killer --

MAUDE
-- a cloistered nun --

DONNA
-- a go-go dancer --

VICTORIA & MAUDE
-- and a pair of siamese twins.

ALL THREE

The results were ... fatal.

(THEY pony off as the music begins. PHIL enters, wearing a costume that is half mad scientist, half nun. HE sings.)

["DOCTOR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE"]

PHIL

THEY CALL ME DOCTOR JEKYLL
AND SISTER HYDE
I HAVE THIS TWISTED ALTER EGO
THAT CANNOT BE DENIED
DOCTOR JEKYLL'S INTELLECTUAL
INEFFECTUAL AND SUBDUED
SISTER HYDE IS SEXUAL, DISRESPECTFUL AND LEWD

OH, I'M DOCTOR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE
I HAVE THIS NASTY LITTLE HABIT
THAT NEEDS TO BE SUPPLIED
I BECAME A HOLY TERROR
THROUGH AN ERROR IN THE JUICE
A PSYCHOPATHIC CATH'LIC
AND ALL HELL IS BREAKIN' LOOSE
DOCTOR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE
I AM BESIDE MYSELF ...

I'VE TRIED TO FIND A CURE
SEEMS THERE ISN'T ONE
BUT IT'S KINDA FUN
BEIN' OVERRUN
BY A NUN

DOCTOR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE
OH I TRY TO RESIST HER
BUT SHE MUST BE SATISFIED
EVEN AN EXORCIST
WOULD GLADLY STEP ASIDE
FOR DOCTOR JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE

The placard is changed to read:

TILL DEATH DO US PART.

VICTORIA and PAUL enter. Perhaps PAUL wears a stylish smoking jacket. THEY play their scenes in a heightened, devil-may-care Noel Coward style.)

["MARRIAGE IS MURDER"]

VICTORIA

(Sneaks up on PAUL intent on strangling him. HE catches her -- she deftly turns it into a morning stretch.)

Good morning, darling.

PAUL

Good morning, dear.

VICTORIA & PAUL

Sleep well?

(THEY sing to a tango rhythm.)

MARRIAGE IS MURDER
NO MATTER WHAT YOU'VE HEARD
TORTURE OF THE MOST EXQUISITE FORM
LIKE TEN THOUSAND JABS
WITH A RUSTY DULL KNIFE
A HUSBAND AND WIFE
TRY TO TAKE EACH OTHER'S LIFE
WHILE THE CORPSE OF THEIR LOVE
IS STILL WARM

PAUL

Coffee, darling?

VICTORIA

(something is not quite right...) Mmm. Bitter.

PAUL

(An instant explanation.) It's espresso!

VICTORIA

And why aren't you drinking yours?

PAUL

Ooops. Spilled it.

VICTORIA

Sweetheart, I think I'll finish mine later.

PAUL

It's not as if there were anything in there. Besides coffee, I mean.

(They laugh an insincere, chummy little laugh. PAUL mouths "Damn!")

PAUL & VICTORIA

MARRIAGE IS MURDER
NOW ISN'T IT ABSURD?
SHACKLED TOGETHER UNTIL DEATH DO US PART
BEING DIPPED IN HONEY
AND DEVOURED BY ANTS
IS NO WORSE CIRCUMSTANCE
THEN THE DEATH OF ROMANCE
EATING AT YOUR STILL BEATING HEART

VICTORIA

Darling, I think the toast is stuck in the toaster. Shall I get you a fork?

PAUL

Shouldn't we unplug the toaster first?

VICTORIA

Oh! Of course, what was I thinking?

PAUL

Wouldn't want me to get electrocuted, now would we?

VICTORIA

Electrocuted? No, never, heaven forbid.

(THEY laugh. VICTORIA mouths "Damn!")

PAUL

THERE SHE GOES AGAIN
IT NEVER FAILS
LIKE BAMBOO SHOOTS
RIGHT UNDER MY NAILS

Honey. Honey. Honey honey honey honey HONEY. You're doing it again.

VICTORIA

What, darling?

PAUL

That ... breathing thing.

VICTORIA
I'll try to stop.

PAUL
I wish you would.

VICTORIA
THERE HE GOES AGAIN
I TRY AND I TRY
BUT IT'S LIKE A LARGE BLUNT NEEDLE
STUCK RIGHT IN MY EYE

Darling. Are we grinding our teeth again?

PAUL
No we are not.

VICTORIA
I think we are. Why don't you have them ... removed. Slowly. One by one.
With an icpick.

PAUL & VICTORIA
MARRIAGE IS MURDER

PAUL
SHE'S MY SECOND

VICTORIA
HE'S MY THIRD

PAUL & VICTORIA
LIKE SERIAL KILLERS
WE'RE OUT ON A SPREE
IT'S A LIFE SENTENCE
WITH NO CHANCE OF PAROLE
ONE WAY OUT OF THIS HOLE
ONE WAY TO SAVE YOUR OWN SOUL

PAUL
Divorce?

VICTORIA
Don't be silly!

PAUL
Never!

VICTORIA
Not me!

PAUL & VICTORIA
NOT WHEN I'VE BEEN CONVICTED
OF MARRIAGE
IN THE FIRST DEGREE

VICTORIA
Darling, pass the OJ.

PAUL
(Aba! That's it!) OJ!!

(A throbbing heartbeat. MAUDE enters. Perhaps the men dance backup. [This has also been performed as an audience contact number.]

["BLOOD TYPE"]

MAUDE
WHEN I MEET YOUR AVERAGE CREATURE
THERE'S ONE THING I HAVEN'T FOUND
ANY FACE TO MAKE MY PULSE RACE
THAT MAKES MY HEART POUND

HE CAN HAVE PALE GREEN SKIN
OR BE RAIL THIN
OR HAVE SCALES AND FINS INSTEAD
A WART ON HIS CHIN
AN EVIL GRIN
OR A PAIR OF FANGS IN HIS HEAD
OR HAIR SLEEK IN A WIDOW'S PEAK
WITH A CHIC WHITE STRIPE
I DON'T CARE
AS LONG AS HE'S MY BLOOD TYPE

HE CAN LIVE IN A TOMB
OR ATTIC ROOM
AN EGYPTIAN CRYPT WOULD BE SWELL
A CONCRETE SLAB IN A MADMAN'S LAB
OR EVEN THE FIRES OF HELL
OH, HE CAN CAROUSE IN AN OP'RA HOUSE
OR A SEWER PIPE
AS LONG AS HE'S MY BLOOD TYPE

I CIRCULATE IN VAIN
BUT NO ONE FILLS MY PLATE - LETS
SO FAR NO MATE GETS ME GOING

I CAN ONLY CLOT
 WITH SOMEONE HOT
 WHO HAS ORGASMIC PLASMA
 AND SETS MY JUICES FLOWING

HE MAY RECOIL WITH FRIGHT
 FROM THE MORNING LIGHT
 OR WITH NO WARNING CHANGE HIS SHAPE
 HE MAY NEED A JOLT FROM A LIGHTNING BOLT
 OR FRESH BANDAGES AND MORE TAPE
 HE CAN PROWL HIS LAGOON
 HOWL AT THE MOON
 GROWL, SNARL, YIPE
 AS LONG AS HE'S MY BLOOD TYPE

ONLY SKIN AND BONES
 OR BULGING WITH MUSCLES
 IF HE'S GOT THE RIGHT CORPUSCLES
 THEN I'M RIPE
 I NEED A STUD
 WHO CAN BLEED MY TYPE
 OF BLOOD

I need a big ... throbbing ... donor.

(Sting. The music changes to an agitato vamp a la Sweeney Todd. The others join MAUDE.)

["CLOVEN HOOFS AND HORNS"]

PHIL, DONNA, VICTORIA, MAUDE
 WITH CLOVEN HOOFS AND HORNS
 A DEVIL WALKS THE EARTH
 SO EASILY MISSED
 WITH AN INNOCENT DISGUISE
 A LASHING TAIL AND BIG BROWN EYES
 A DEMON THAT REALLY DOES EXIST

WE'VE ALL HEARD OF THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE
 WHERE IT STARTED AND HOW
 THE BARN, THE LANTERN
 MISSUS O'LEARY
 BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S AWFULLY EERIE
 THAT LATER THEY COULD NEVER FIND
 THE PERPETRATOR

(PAUL enters, with devil horns, a cowbell and a lantern)

PAUL
THE COW!

ALL
THE COW! THE COW!
THE PYROMANIAC COW
THE SOCIOPATHIC
PATHOLOGICAL
PSYCHO KILLER COW

DONNA
ANIMAL MUTILATIONS ARE BLAMED ON U.F.O'S
LIVESTOCK FOUND CUT UP AND DRAINED OF BLOOD

PHIL
INSTEAD OF LOOKING TO THE SKY
WHY NOT CHECK THE ALIBI
OF THE FOUR FOOTED FIEND
WHO STANDS THERE CHEWING CUD!

ALL
THE COW! THE COW!
THE SERIAL SLASHER COW!
THE SOCIOPATHIC
PATHOLOGICAL
PSYCHO KILLER COW

SENT FROM HELL TO AVENGE THE SLAUGHTER
OF EVERY BOVINE DAUGHTER
SINCE THE COW WHO JUMPED OVER THE MOON
SHE'LL QUENCH HER BLOODY THIRST
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE WORST
YOU CAN BET SHE'LL BE STOPPING BY MCDONALD'S SOON

VICTORIA
SO WHEN THERE'S BEEN FOUL PLAY
AND THE LINGERING SCENT OF HAY
TIPS YOU OFF THAT "ELSIE" HAS BEEN HERE

PAUL
GET A RUNNING START
SHE'S GOT FOUR STOMACHS
BUT NO HEART

ALL
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THIS FEARFUL STEER
THE COW! THE COW!

THE PSYCHO KILLER COW!
 THE HELLISHLY CLEVER
 HORNED AND DANGEROUS
 LACTOSE INTOLERANT
 HELL BENT FOR LEATHER
 THE PSYCHO KILLER COW!

The placard reads

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

(MAUDE is alone. She regards the hourglass [or the clock.] If there is a SHOWGHOUL, perhaps she points out the passing time somewhat menacingly. The mood is midnight melancholy -- the chill thoughts under a cold moon. The OTHERS enter gradually throughout the song)

["THE MOON IN THE WINDOW, PART ONE"]

MAUDE
 THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW
 LIKE AN UNASKED QUESTION
 IT WAXES AND WANES
 AND STILL IT REMAINS
 WITHOUT AN ANSWER

MAUDE & PAUL
 THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW

PAUL
 LIKE AN UNSPOKEN FEAR
 IT COMES AND IT GOES
 AND SLOWLY IT GROWS
 LIKE A CANCER

MAUDE, PAUL, DONNA
 WHETHER IT'S FULL
 OR JUST A SLIVER
 YOU FEEL ITS PULL
 AND IT MAKES YOU SHIVER
 AT THE PROMISE THAT THE NEW MOON
 MAY DELIVER ALL TOO SOON

PHIL
 ALL TOO SOON ...
 THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW
 LIKE AN UNTOLD SECRET
 IT GLOWS THEN IT PALES
 AND EVENTUALLY VEILS THE TRUTH
 SO DISCREETLY

(The song segues to...)

["LOVE ME IN THE LIGHT"]

PHIL
MOMENTS IN SHADOWS
GOD KNOWS I'VE HAD THOSE
I CLOSED MY EYES
AND PRAYED THE NIGHT WOULD NEVER END
I'M TIRED OF DREAMING
I NEED REDEEMING
IT SEEMS THINGS NEVER TURN OUT AS I INTEND
FOR THE SECRETS AND LIES
THAT MY HEART SEEMS TO INVITE
I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN LOVE ME IN THE LIGHT

YOU CAN BE BLAMELESS
WHEN LOVERS ARE NAMELESS
IN THE DARK, NOTHING'S EVER REAL
THE MOON IS WANING
NO TIME REMAINING
NOW'S THE TIME TO TELL YOU HOW I FEEL
I COULD MAKE IT THROUGH
ANY DARK AND LONELY NIGHT
IF I HAD SOMEONE WHO CAN LOVE ME IN THE LIGHT

IT'S NOT HARD TO BE DISHONEST
WHEN YOU'RE HIDDEN IN THE DARK
ANY PROMISE THAT WE MAKE MAY BREAK WITH DAWN
I KNOW WHAT IT IS LIKE TO SLEEP WITH SOMEONE AT YOUR SIDE
BUT WHEN THE MORNING COMES
I DON'T WANT TO BE DENIED
I DON'T WANT TO HIDE
WE SHARED A MIDNIGHT
I WANT THE DAYLIGHT
ALL THE SUN LOVING SOMEONE CAN ALLOW
IN THE DARKNESS
YOU SHOWED ME KINDNESS
IF LOVE IS BLIND
THEN I DON'T MIND THIS
WE WILL FIND OUR WAY SOMEHOW
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE
I WOULD LIKE TO SET MY SIGHT
ON SOMEONE WHO CAN LOVE ME IN THE LIGHT
SO AS WE STAND HERE BASKING
IN A SINGLE CANDLE'S GLOW
CAN YOU HANDLE WHAT I'M ASKING YOU
ONE THING I NEED TO KNOW

AND I NEED TO KNOW TONIGHT
ARE YOU SOMEONE WHO CAN LOVE ME
IN THE LIGHT?

["THE MOON IN THE WINDOW, PART TWO"]

VICTORIA
THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW
LIKE AN UNFINISHED STORY
FULL OF SURPRISES

VICTORIA & PHIL
IT RISES AND DIMINISHES
AND SOMEHOW NEVER FINISHES
COMPLETELY

ALL
IT ECLIPSES AND DIMS
OR IT SLIPS BEHIND THE LIMBS OF A TREE
WE CAN'T ALWAYS SEE IT
STILL WE ASSUME IT'S THERE
AND WILL ILLUMINATE ALL OUR DESPAIR

MAUDE
WHEN IT COMES FULL CIRCLE

PAUL
WHEN IT COMES FULL CIRCLE

DONNA
WHEN IT COMES FULL CIRCLE

PHIL
WHEN IT COMES FULL CIRCLE

VICTORIA
WHEN IT COMES FULL CIRCLE

ALL
FULL CIRCLE
CIRCLE
AH

DONNA
THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW

OTHERS
THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW

DONNA
LIKE A BROKEN PROMISE

OTHERS
LIKE A BROKEN PROMISE
AH

DONNA
WE GO THROUGH A PHASE WHERE
TOKEN CLICHES LIKE "I'M SORRY"

OTHERS
"I'M SORRY"

DONNA
ARE ENOUGH ...

MAUDE
THE MOON HANGS IN THE WINDOW
LIKE AN UNASKED QUESTION

PAUL
AN UNSPOKEN FEAR

PHIL
AN UNTOLD SECRET

VICTORIA
AN UNFINISHED STORY

DONNA
A BROKEN PROMISE ...

VICTORIA is left alone onstage.

["VICTORIA'S SECRET"]
THEY SAY NEVER USE A OUIJA BOARD ALONE
OOPS.
YOU CAN BE IN DANGER
IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN.
HM, LET ME SEE NOW,
HOW DID IT BEGIN?
I WAS CHATTING WITH A SPIRIT
AND THEN HE JUST...MOVED IN.

PLEASE STAY CALM

NICE AND CALM, IT
IS POSSIBLE I'LL VOMIT
I'M POSSESSED.
PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M RUDE
I MIGHT MAMBO IN THE NUDE
OR I MIGHT FONDLE MY BREAST
'CAUSE I'M POSSESSED.

IT MIGHT BE A SHOCK
IF I WERE TO ASK YOU
(demon voice) SUCK MY COCK!
THAT'S MY UNINVITED GUEST
I'M POSSESSED.

AND IF MY HEAD STARTS TO SPIN
IF THERE'S LESIONS ON MY SKIN,
I'M POSSESSED.
PLEASE DON'T MAKE A FUSS
JUST WATCH OUT FOR ALL THE PUS
AND ALL THE GOO I'VE EXPRESSED
'CAUSE I'M POSSESSED.

IF I LEVITATE,
JUST WAIT AND I'LL FLOAT GENTLY DOWN
(demon voice) AND ATTACK YOU LIKE A KILLER CLOWN!
I'M NOT AT MY BEST
I'M POSSESSED.

IT'S LIKE A.D.D. AT A MUCH HIGHER LEVEL
EXCEPT IN MY CASE, ONE "D" STANDS FOR "DEVIL"
I'M NOT BIPOLAR OR MANIC
JUST EVER SO SLIGHTLY SATANIC
FOR EXAMPLE,

IF I SHOUT,
(demon voice) YOUR MOM'S IN HELL
THAT'S HOW YOU CAN TELL,
"SHE'S POSSESSED!"
YOU SHOULD CHECK FOR ALL THE CLUES
IF I WHIZ RIGHT ON YOUR SHOES
OR I FART ANY TUNE YOU REQUEST
THEN I'M POSSESSED.

AND IF BY SOME FLUKE
I SHOWER YOU WITH PUKE
"THAT CRAZY KOOK, SHE'S POSSESSED!"

IF SOMEONE CUTS IN FRONT OF ME AT THE STORE,
(demon voice) THERE'S A LINE, YOU WHORE!
 AT CERTAIN TIMES, IT'S NICE TO BE POSSESSED.
 A TELEMARKETER CALLS:
(demon voice) I WILL RIP OFF YOUR BALLS!
 SOMETIMES MY DEMON IS A PEST.
 BUT I MOSTLY LOVE BEING POSSESSED.

SOME PEOPLE DON'T SHARE MY OPINION.
 THEY THROW HOLY WATER SAYING PRAYERS
 SO I SIMPLY CALL UP MY DEVILISH MINION
 APOLOGIZE NICELY, THEN PUSH THEM DOWNSTAIRS

LIKE THAT PRIEST, GOD BLESS HIM,
 FATHER O'MALLEY
 I SNAPPED HIS NECK AND LEFT HIM IN THE ALLEY
 SO I GUESS NO EXORCISM FOR NOW
(demon voice) STOP THAT SINGING, YOU COW!
 MY NUMBER'S NOT THAT LONG—
(demon voice) CUT THIS FUCKING SONG!
 I'M GLAD I GOT THAT OFF MY CHEST!
 I FEEL MUCH LESS STRESSED
 NOW THAT I'M CHRONICALLY
 HISTRIONICALLY
 DEMONICALLY POSSESSED!

The placard reads

BONES OF CONTENTION
 ["SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET"]

Maude enters with bone claves; each person who joins has more skeleton instruments – skull maracas, maybe skull bongos, a ribcage like a washboard, etc.

MAUDE
 I HAVE A BONE TO PICK
 IT MAKES ME SICK
 TO SEE PEOPLE SPILL THEIR GUTS
 IN FRONT OF A CAMERA LENS.
 YOU POOR PATHETIC SPECIMENS
 IT'S ALL ME ME ME ME ME
 WON'T YOU SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO MY PLEA?

KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
 KEEP YOUR SECRETS TO YOURSELF.
 STICK YOUR PRIVATE BUSINESS
 IN A BOX UP ON A SHELF.

KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
 KEEP 'EM UNDER LOCK AND KEY
 PLEASE DON'T BARE YOUR SOUL
 NO I DON'T NEED TO SEE... *(She clicks the claves)*
 ...YOUR DIRTY LAUNDRY

PAUL
 SENATORS, GOVERNORS AND CONGRESSMEN
 SPILLING EVERY DETAIL
 ABOUT ADVENTURES IN THE MEN'S ROOM
 OR ON THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL.

DEAR SENATORS, GOVERNORS AND CONGRESSMEN
 I KNOW I'M NOT ALONE
 I DON'T NEED TO READ YOUR X-RAYS
 OR HEAR ABOUT YOUR SEX PLAYS
 I DON'T KNOW WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU DIPPED YOUR BONE

MAUDE AND PAUL
 KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
 BE DISCREET ABOUT YOUR PAST
 OH YOUR DELICATE INDISCRETIONS
 NEED NOT BE BROADCAST

KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
 BURY THEM BELOW.
 KEEP YOUR ODD CONFESSIONS
 I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ...
 ...THE SWEATY DETAILS.

DONNA
 BRIDEZILLAS AND CELEBUTANTES AND "REAL HOUSEWIVES"
 EVERY BACHELOR AND TOP MODEL
 HAS A CAMERA UP EACH ORIFICE
 TO CAPTURE ALL OF THEIR TWADDLE

DEAR BRIDEZILLAS AND CELEBUTANTES AND "REAL HOUSEWIVES"
 AND JON AND KATE AND TORI AND DEAN
 FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR CULTURE
 I HOPE A STARVING VULTURE
 PICKS YOUR OVEREXPOSED BONES CLEAN

MAUDE, PAUL, DONNA
KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
KEEP 'EM UNDER WRAPS
PLEASE DON'T BE THAT PERSON
WHO JUST YAP YAP YAP YAP YAPS

KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
GOOD GOD, GET OFF THE AIR
YES, YOU NEED ATTENTION
OH, BUT PLEASE DON'T SHARE
YOUR NASTY BUSINESS

VICTORIA
BLOGGERS, TWITTERERS AND FACEBOOKERS
SHARING EVERY SMIDGEN OF YOUR LIVES
I'M GLAD I GOT YOUR STATUS UPDATE
SO I KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU WITH SOME GREAT BIG KNIVES

DEAR BLOGGERS, TWITTERERS AND FACEBOOKERS
ONLINE TYPING OUT YOUR POINTS
ALL THE BLOGGING AND THE TWEETING
REPEATING AND REPEATING
I'M 'BOU'T READY TO BREAK YOUR FINGER JOINTS

MAUDE, PAUL, DONNA, VICTORIA
KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
NO DON'T SHARE THE SCUTTLEBUTT
WE ARE ASKING YOU THIS POLITELY
KEEP YOUR PIE HOLE SHUT

KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
KEEP YOUR CORPSES HID
DO US ALL A FAVOR
WOULD YOU KEEP A LID
ON ALL YOUR NONSENSE

PHIL
IF YOU'RE ON MAURY, JERRY SPRINGER OR THE PEOPLE'S COURT
WHAT WILL GET YOU TO STOP?
IT'S SO INCESTUOUS AND PATERNITY TEST-UOUS
I CAN FEEL MY VEINS START TO POP

DEAR MAURY, JERRY SPRINGER AND THE PEOPLE'S COURT
WILL YOU LISTEN IF I THROW A CHAIR?
WHOEVER WAS ARRESTED
WHOEVER WAS MOLESTED

STEP OFF BITCH, CAUSE I DO NOT CARE!
OH, OH, OH WON'T YOU KEEP YOUR

SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
KEEP YOUR BAGGAGE STOWED
IF YOU DON'T PIPE DOWN
YOU'LL MAKE MY SKULL EXPLODE

KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
GROW A FREAKIN' SPINE
KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
WITH YOUR
DIRTY LAUNDRY
THE SWEATY DETAILS
YOUR NASTY BUSINESS
AND ALL YOUR NONSENSE
KEEP YOUR SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET
CAUSE THAT'S WHERE I KEEP MINE.

(The clock chimes again – it strikes thirteen. One of the women [or the SHOWGHOUL] picks up the hourglass. The time has expired. The music for LONG FOR THIS WORLD begins. During the song, they say their farewells to each other, perhaps re-enacting a step from their numbers in slow motion.)

["LONG FOR THIS WORLD"]

MAUDE
The grave's a fine and private place. But none, I think, do there embrace.

DONNA
WE'RE NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD
WE'RE ONLY HUMAN
PRONE TO ERROR
AND THE UNKNOWN
FILLS US WITH TERROR

ALL
WE CAN GO WRONG IN THIS WORLD
WE ARE NOT PERFECT
IT'S A FRIGHT'NING PLACE TO LIVE IN
SO WE MUST HOLD TIGHT TO WHAT WE'RE GIVEN
AND BE STRONG IN THIS WORLD

ASHES TO ASHES
DUST TO DUST
WE MUST TRUST IN A HEREAFTER
WHERE THE DREAMS WE'RE AFTER
ALL COME TRUE
BUT 'TIL THEY DO

WE MUST CONTINUE TO
LONG FOR THIS WORLD

DONNA
WE'RE NOT IMMORTAL

ALL
OUR TIME IS SHORT
LIFE TOO BRIEF
THROUGH THE GRIEF
WE CANNOT TAKE FOR GRANTED
IT'S A MYSTERIOUS ENCHANTED PLACE
BEFORE WE VANISH
WITHOUT A TRACE
INTO ETERNITY
WE SHOULD LEARN TO BELONG
TO THIS WORLD
OH..

(THEY return to their places of rest. Blackout.)

PERUSAL

The vamp for "Macabaret" begins again. Bows.)

["MACABARET - FINALE"]

PHIL
IF YOU'VE LOST YOUR LOVER
OR YOU'VE LOST YOUR JOB
COME TO MACABARET

DONNA & PAUL
COME TO MACABARET

VICTORIA
IF YOU WANT TO ROB THE CRADLE
OR THE GRAVE, OKAY

MAUDE
IF YOU WANT TO BOB FOR APPLES
BETTER STAY AWAY

DONNA & PAUL
COME TO MACABARET

PHIL, VICTORIA, MAUDE
IF YOU WANT TO BREAK DOWN AND SOB
BECAUSE YOUR LIFE'S IN A STATE OF DECAY

DONNA & PAUL
COME TO MACABARET

ALL
YOUR BLOOD WILL BOIL
AND YOUR HEART WILL THROB --
AT MACABARET
AT MACABARET
MACABARET

(The placard is left reading

MACABARET

as the cast exits.)

End