

THE FABULOUS LIPITONES

A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

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THE FABULOUS LIPITONES

CAST:

PHIL RIZZARDI	Owner of “Phil’s Eternally Fit” Gym & Tanning Salon; fifties
HOWARD DUNPHY	Accountant at The Purina Dog Chow Processing Plant outside of town; fifties
WALLY SMITH	Head Pharmacist of an Independent Drugstore in Madison County; fifties
BABA MATI DAS (BOB)	Mechanic at Ralph’s “Gas-N-Git” Automotive. Twenties.

TIME:

The Present

PLACE:

- London, Ohio. A farm town 40 miles west of Columbus.
- Basement of Howard Dunphy
- Reno Grand Regency Auditorium, Reno, Nevada

(Should be a one-set production – the Basement – with other locations indicated by a curtain in back of the singers)

CASTING NOTE:

Casting: With a four-person cast, one of our actors can pre-record the O.S. voice of RALPH, the manager of the garage where Bob works. Another can do ANNOUNCER)

SONG NOTE:

Most of the songs are in the public domain. Others songs may be substituted, unless they are specifically referred to in the script.

PROLOGUE:

(ORGAN MUSIC. LIGHTS UP, FUNERAL PARLOR...
HOWARD is at the podium. Off to the side sits a somber
PHIL and next to him, WALLY, who is clearly upset)

HOWARD

Thank you, Reverend Timmons for that lovely eulogy. Yes, Andy Lippinski was a devoted husband for thirty-six years to his beautiful wife, Georgina. But, as you all know, Andy's other passion and profound talent was singing lead for our barbershop quartet.

WALLY

(choking up) Did all our arrangements, even designed our costumes.

HOWARD

It is only fitting that he suffered his fatal heart attack as we competed at the regional championship in Indianapolis. Yet, Andy Lippinski held his high B flat until the end of our final song.

WALLY

Sang his heart out.

PHIL

Sssh.

HOWARD

The Fabulous Lipitones will never be the same. Thank you.

(HOWARD takes his seat. WALLY stands, to the consternation of the others. He crosses to speak)

WALLY

I wasn't on the program today--

PHIL

What the hell's he doing?

WALLY

My name is Wally Smith and I sing baritone with The Fabulous Lipitones. Andy had a favorite number.

(WALLY removes his jacket revealing a STRIPED BARBERSHOP VEST)

WALLY (CONT.)

(points to it) Andy.

PHIL

His wife said no barbershop!

(WALLY blows a pitch pipe. PHIL gestures “NO WAY”. HOWARD is torn.
WALLY blows it again)

PHIL

Are you nuts?

(In an attempt to hook them, WALLY begins)

SONG: “AFTER YOU’VE GONE”

WALLY

AFTER YOU’VE GONE, AND LEFT ME CRYING
AFTER YOU’VE GONE, THERE’S NO DENYING

(HOWARD, left with no choice, stands and joins him)

WALLY/HOWARD

YOU’LL FEEL BLUE, YOU’LL FEEL SAD

PHIL

You’re really doing this?

WALLY/HOWARD

YOU’LL MISS THE BESTEST FRIEND YOU EVER HAD

(THEY just look at him...)

PHIL

(FINALLY SINGS) Bum bum bum....

(PHIL crosses to them, driving an up-tempo version. They laugh into the song in their “performance” mode, with routine moves...)

WALLY/HOWARD/PHIL

AFTER YOU’VE GONE, AND LEFT ME CRYING
AFTER YOU’VE GONE, THERE’S NO DENYING
OOH, BLUE! OOH, SAD! DAT!
EVER HAD!
THERE’LL COME A TIME, NOW DON’T FORGET IT.
THERE’LL COME A TIME, WHEN YOU’LL REGRET IT.
SOME DAY, WHEN YOU GROW LONELY
YOUR HEART WILL BREAK LIKE MINE AND YOU’LL WANT ME ONLY
AFTER YOU’VE GONE, AFTER YOU’VE GONE A...
OO, OO, OO

(FADE TO BLACK.)

SCENE ONE:

(PRE-SHOW: UPBEAT BARBERSHOP SONG IS HEARD
LIGHTS UP on the FINISHED BASEMENT of HOWARD DUNPHY.

Maybe a piano, couch, a washer-dryer on the wall and a few neon beer signs. A sled and a deer head are among other trophies hanging on the wall. A vintage slot machine. A poster of The Rat Pack, another of Sting. A bar with four stools sits stage left. It holds a small TV set and lamp made of a pink elephant leaning against a street pole.

Steps from the first floor lead down to the basement and a door stage right leads to the outside.

HOWARD, WALLY and PHIL slowly enter, all clad in dark jackets and ties. WALLY and HOWARD remove their jackets, revealing black armbands on their sleeves.)

HOWARD

I have to say, it's the first time I've ever been asked to leave a funeral.

WALLY

Yes, but did you hear the applause we got on the song?

PHIL

The applause was for Georgina when she threw us out.

WALLY

I don't understand. Why on earth would she be so upset with us?

PHIL

Maybe because her husband spent more time with us than her. She's been a barbershop widow for years.

WALLY

(Realizing) We're a trio now.

(PHIL'S at the bar pouring shots)

PHIL

This music is what killed him. Hitting those high notes. Holding them forever without taking a breath. The competitions. It's lethal.

HOWARD

I was wondering why my insurance premiums just went up.

PHIL

Barbershop. Gents, it's time to raise a glass to our departed comrade.

HOWARD

(Raising his glass) Andy, you were the best of us.

WALLY

Andy, it was a privilege making music with you.

PHIL

Andy, you're dead and we're done.

HOWARD

Phil!

WALLY

That's terrible!

PHIL

Come on. Nobody cares for this music anymore. Seriously, a show of hands: who here has ever gotten laid singing Barbershop? (Howard timidly raises his.) |
You're married. Put it down.

WALLY

How can you talk like this? We just won the regionals!

PHIL

A sympathy vote! Our Lead dropped dead.

HOWARD

Phil's got a point, Wally. We were good, but I think I heard better that day.

WALLY

So? We could be a Cinderella story. An unknown group from a Podunk town with two traffic lights emerges as the greatest Barbershop Quartet in the country! They'll put us on "Good Morning America"!

PHIL

Are you out of your mind? We're down one man. We can't compete.

WALLY

We'll find somebody.

HOWARD

Find an experienced barber shopper in two weeks? How?

PHIL

Well, with this music we should start looking in nursing homes.

WALLY

There must be someone out there.

PHIL

Come on Wally, we've sung together for over thirty years. Enough already. Find a new hobby. And move out of your mother's house.

WALLY

My mother's our biggest fan! This will devastate her.

HOWARD

Phil, we are still in demand.

WALLY

He's right. Remember the Port Lucy Prison for the criminally insane? They went crazy for us.

PHIL

Because they STARTED OUT THAT WAY! The guards had to show them how to clap.

HOWARD

I don't want to sing in any more prisons, Wally.

WALLY

Et tu, Howard? C'mon. Andy wouldn't want us to bow out now! Regional champs!

HOWARD

Yes, but we could also look at it as quitting while we're ahead. And, the truth is, my wife isn't getting any better. You guys know that.

WALLY/PHIL

Uh-huh. Right. Sure.

HOWARD

Her nurse only works part time. Mavis needs me to be home more.

WALLY

You are home! We're standing in your basement! (points up) Her sickbed's in your living room!

PHIL

I'm aware of your situation with Mavis! As for you Wally, we all know why you want to keep this group together. Howard and I have a life. You--and I don't mean this in a negative way--have no life.

WALLY

I do so!!

PHIL

You haven't had a date since your junior prom. And that was with your sister. Who you paid to go.

HOWARD

There are plenty of attractive single ladies in this town.

WALLY

And plenty of opportunities for rejection. Then they come into the pharmacy and I have to fill their prescriptions for creams and lubricants. It's embarrassing.

PHIL

So, there's plenty of smokin' babes in the next county. Do what I do. Drive to Dayton.

WALLY

Really, Phil? And what exactly is so smokin' in Dayton?

PHIL

See? If you gotta ask, maybe that's your problem

WALLY

I will not listen to life advice from a man who runs a tanning parlor!

PHIL

A) It's not a tanning parlor, it's a tanning salon. And B) It's also a gym that I own. And C) I'm sitting on news that's going to rock this town.

WALLY

What? You're going to start working out at your own gym?

PHIL

Listen, Pal, don't be throwing stones when you live in a glass house with You-Know-Who!

WALLY

Bold talk from a man who wears Spanx!

PHIL

I do not wear Spanx!

WALLY

Yes you do. I sold them to you.

PHIL

And you charged me retail.

HOWARD

You two, please! Come on, now. Of all days.

PHIL

Someone explain to me why I ever started with this.

HOWARD

Because everything we tried to do on our own didn't work out. This was the one thing we were all good at. Together.

PHIL

Yeah, but all Andy ever wanted us to sing were those musty oldies. I had to fight tooth and nail with him just to do a Bee Gees number. Bee Gees!! His idea of a sexy love song was "Tea For Two".

HOWARD

Andy was a traditionalist.

PHIL

You mean stick-in-the-mud. Why do you think I had to break away for awhile to pursue a solo career? I need emotion. I need culture.

WALLY

Are you referring to your 80's Power Ballad Tribute at The Holiday Inn Express?

PHIL

Hey, I was born to belt.

WALLY

Right. For three appearances, then closed.

PHIL

Because the management mishandled my act. They booked me to sing during the breakfast buffet.

HOWARD

I thought they were clever about it. I always ordered the REO Speedwagon Oatmeal.

WALLY

Phil, face it. The only true success each of us ever had was as a group. This group.

PHIL

Time to fold the tent, Boys. The Fat Lady's sung and she's not singing barbershop.

WALLY

How can we even think of dropping out now? If we find a fourth we have a shot at going all the way!

PHIL

You're delusional. The best we could ever hope for is second place. You're forgetting the reigning champions the past four years in a row?

HOWARD/WALLY

(Realizes, with dread) The Sons of Pitches.

PHIL

Last year, in the semi finals with that group from New Jersey—

WALLY

The High Colonics.

PHIL

It wasn't enough just to beat them. Those Sons of Pitches camped out under their hotel window and sang their losing song over and over and over 'til the sun came up. They're sick and they're twisted.

WALLY

I'm not afraid of the Sons of Pitches. We can take them. (To HOWARD) What do you say? You're the swing vote.

HOWARD

(Taken aback) Me?

PHIL

Majority rule.

WALLY

Phil wants to pull the plug and I say 'full steam ahead' to the Nationals.

HOWARD

Oh. Okay. Or maybe not. I'm open to both. Or either.

WALLY

You can't be.

PHIL

Do the right thing, Howard. It's time for a mercy killing.

HOWARD

Well, there's a lot here to consider.

PHIL

Good God, man! You're an accountant! Add up the pros and cons and decide. What would you say if your boss at the Purina Dog Food Plant asked you if they should start selling the Puppy Chow as a Party Mix?

HOWARD

Except for the fillers, there's some real nutrition there.

PHIL

(To WALLY) Did you hear that? The man can't take a stand!

HOWARD

Yes I can!

PHIL

I've never seen it. For once in your life be a man of action!

WALLY

Come on, Howard. We can win this. For Andy.

HOWARD

I think...Okay...we've only got two choices.

WALLY

Pick one.

HOWARD

I will! I say... I say...

(HOWARD is saved by the BUZZ of MAVIS' buzzer.

HOWARD

Be right back. It's time for Mavis' pudding. (HE sprints upstairs...)

PHIL

(Watching him exit) There goes the biggest sap alive. He really believes Mavis is bedridden. The whole town knows she's playing him like a violin.

WALLY

How could he take back a woman who'd run off with an encyclopedia salesman?

PHIL

Thank God the internet killed the book business. That put a stop to those door-to-door gigolos.

(SOUND OF A SMALL SPEAKER BLARES A QUARTET SINGING "ODE TO JOY". WALLY plucks out his iPhone. It keeps SINGING. He keeps punching the touch screen attempting to shut it off)

WALLY

Sorry. New phone. I've assigned every contact with their own barbershop ringtone.

PHIL

Now if you can just answer it.

WALLY

(Tries) I need to concentrate. (Pushes on screen) Hello? Hello?

(VOICE booms out on SPEAKERPHONE)

RALPH (O.S.)

Wally, it's Ralph at the garage. Your Buick's ready.

PHIL

Take it off speakerphone!

WALLY

I'm trying.

RALPH (O.S.)

Who's there with you?

WALLY

It's Phil.

RALPH (O.S.)

Oh, you mean the man who's always datin' in Dayton?

(Wally cackles at that, Ralph cracks himself up. Phil shoots him daggers.)

WALLY

The guy slays me.

(SOUND OF MAN SINGING “DANNY BOY” in the background.
HE sounds very, very good.)

WALLY

Ralph? Is that your radio?

RALPH (O.S.)

Nah, it's Bob, my new mechanic. He's driving me nuts.

WALLY

Can you walk the phone a little closer?

(HOWARD comes down the stairs, hears the singing)

RALPH (O.S.)

Sure, why not.

(“DANNY BOY” grows louder, even more beautiful.)

HOWARD

Who's that?

PHIL

(Flatly) The Singing Mechanic.

HOWARD

(Impressed) Nice tone. He sings lead. Like Andy.

PHIL

He can't touch Andy. Listen to that heavy vibrato. Ugh.

WALLY

Ask Bob if he'd like to join our group.

PHIL

Wha--?!

HOWARD

Audition for our group.

RALPH (O.S.)

I heard Andy died.

HOWARD

We just got back from his funeral. He had a heart attack competing in the Regionals.

WALLY

Which we won.

RALPH (O.S.)

And you boys are already looking for a fourth? Shouldn't you be having a barbershop mourning period? You know, where you wear a frilly black garter on your sleeve for a year... (Cracks himself up)

(WALLY self-consciously notices, removes his garter. Howard, too)

WALLY

We'll only need him for twelve days. We have the Finals a week from Sunday. Bob could be the new lead of The National Champion Fabulous Lipitones.

(BOB let's loose with the heart-breaking gorgeous high note of "DANNY BOY".)

WALLY

Oooh.

HOWARD

Wow.

PHIL

Nice. But still with the vibrato.

RALPH (O.S.)

Trust me, you don't want this guy. He's not one of you.

HOWARD

One of us?

PHIL

He's still got his prostate?

WALLY

Ask him to come by Howard's tomorrow night at six.

HOWARD

Mavis and I watch Jeopardy at six.

WALLY

Six-thirty.

PHIL

I teach Pilates.

WALLY

Seven. Ask him, Ralph.

RALPH (O.S.)

Sure, I'll ask him. Should I tell him to bring anything? His puffy shirt?

WALLY

He has a puffy shirt?

PHIL

He's mocking us.

RALPH (O.S.)

Good luck, Fellas. Let me know how things shake out. (Hangs up)

WALLY

This could be a sign from God.

PHIL

Or a sign there is no God. This is a total waste of time.

WALLY

Come on, Phil, give him a chance.

HOWARD

We'll know in four bars.

PHIL

I wouldn't care if the Bee Gees walked in here tomorrow. Men, it was great while it lasted. |

(PHIL starts to exit. HOWARD, seated at the piano, hits a note and sings)

SONG: "NIGHT FEVER"

HOWARD

OO, OO, OO-OO,

WALLY/HOWARD

(Joining in)
OO, OO, OO-OO, OO, OO, OO-OO

(PHIL re-enters, singing)

WALLY/HOWARD/PHIL

OO, OO, OO-OO, OO, OO, OO-OO

HOWARD

LISTEN TO THE GROUND
THERE IS MOVEMENT ALL AROUND
THERE IS SOMETHING GOING ROUND AND I FEEL IT

WALLY

ON THE WAVES OF THE AIR THERE IS DANCING OUT THERE IF
IT'S SOMETHING THING WE CAN SHARE WE CAN STEAL IT YEAH

WALLY/PHIL

AND THAT CITY WOMAN SHE MOVES THROUGH THE LIGHT,
CONTROLLING MY MIND AND MY SOUL

HOWARD

WHEN YOU REACH OUT FOR ME, YEAH,
AND THE FEELIN' IS BRIGHT

ALL

THEN I GET NIGHT FEVER, NIGHT FEVER

HOWARD

WE KNOW HOW TO DO IT

ALL

GIMME THAT NIGHT FEVER, NIGHT FEVER

HOWARD

WE KNOW HOW TO SHOW IT

ALL

HERE I AM

WALLY

PRAYIN' FOR THIS MOMENT TO LAST
LIVIN' ON THE MUSIC SO FINE BORNE ON THE WIND, MAKIN' IT MINE

ALL

NIGHT FEVER, NIGHT FEVER,
WE KNOW HOW TO DO IT
GIMME SOME NIGHT FEVER, NIGHT FEVER

HOWARD

WE KNOW HOW TO SHOW IT

ALL

GIMME THAT NIGHT FEVER, NIGHT FEVER,
NIGHT FEVER, NIGHT FEVER

(Showing off, that last note is held for a long beat in tight harmony. And they all take a fast, short breath, inhaling up for the big finish. A beat.)

PHIL

I hate you guys.

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE TWO:

(IN BLACKOUT, PROJECTIONS of the PHOTOS WALLY inadvertently took with his iPhone camera – unidentifiable close ups, out of focus faces, etc.)

RECORDED SONG: (POSSIBLY) I AIN'T GOT NOBODY –

LIGHTS UP on HOWARD'S BASEMENT; The next evening.
WALLY rushes in)

WALLY

Sorry I'm late.

HOWARD

(Checks his watch) You're really not.

WALLY

Three minutes. My mother always says, every minute we're late we burn in hell. Is our mechanic here yet?

HOWARD

No. Why am I so nervous? It's sort of like a first date. (*entre nous*) I put on cologne.

WALLY

Can I tell you something you have to promise not to tell Phil?

HOWARD

Sure.

WALLY

I finally joined an internet dating site. It's just for pharmacists and it's called "White Coat Love".

HOWARD

Are there a lot of women pharmacists?

WALLY

Oh yeaaaauhhh. On the site, they're called Pharmacettes.

HOWARD

Any luck?

WALLY

Here's the best part. The new issue of Pharmacists Monthly just came out. You are looking at the man named "Druggist To Watch". I sent in pictures of my shelves where I've organized all my pills alphabetically by color. NO ONE does it like that! They wrote that I'm a Rx Revolutionary.

HOWARD

Way to go, Wally.

WALLY

It gets better. Since my new notoriety, my inbox on the "White Coat Love" dating site is overflowing with Pharmacettes. I have never gotten this kind of attention from women. Plus they're all PhD's, like me! And, they're hot! Take a look at this one.

HOWARD

(Reading) "Administer Orally"...?

WALLY

Her member name. Clever, right? Thirty-eight years old, collects historic autopsies, and enjoys dressing up her pet ferret. See?

HOWARD

Who's the ferret dressed as?

WALLY

Lizzie Borden. See the tiny ax? (swipes to the next image) And how about her? (reading) "To Open, Push Down and Twist". Look at that face. I love beauty marks.

HOWARD

She's got a lot of them.

WALLY

(Showing another one) "RXX." I call her pharma-sexy!

HOWARD

What's the bathtub filled with?

WALLY

Percocets. See how they match her eyes? She's Mensa and does Medieval gymnastics. Six toes on each foot!

HOWARD

I have been to a lot of pharmacies and never seen that.

WALLY

Only pharmacists are allowed behind the counter.

(PHOTOS keep flashing up. SOUND of a “CHIRP)

HOWARD

What’s that sound?

WALLY

A chirp. My phone’s programmed so that each time a new Pharmacette sends me her profile...

(A SECOND CHIRP. PHIL ENTERS; WALLY shoves the phone in his pocket then looks at his watch. PHIL wears workout clothes that fit too tightly).

PHIL

Work emergency.

WALLY

Seven minutes in Hell.

PHIL

You guys know Jack Vandemutter?

WALLY

The County Clerk?

PHIL

Yep. He fell off the treadmill and herniated a disc.

HOWARD

Jack? He’s in great shape.

PHIL

Some damn fool switched the TV channel to the Victoria’s Secret Fashion Show. Jack took one hand off the rails to unfog his glasses and shot back off the treadmill under the elliptical machine.

WALLY

This is why I don’t exercise.

PHIL

I tell you, so many guys our age are dropping like flies. Look at Andy. His idea of exercise was sewing our costumes. And you two, you won’t listen!

WALLY

Phil, it's very hard to be inspired by a personal trainer with man boobs. |

PHIL

I'm loosing it slowly. You can't hurry weight loss. |

HOWARD

I exercise. Mavis bought me the entire Richard Simmon's boxed set.

PHIL

News flash. There's about to be a name change. Have you ever heard of the national fitness chain called "Crunch"?

HOWARD

No. I've heard of "Curves".

PHIL

Oh, please, that gym caters to pudgy, menopausal women. You know, like Wally. Crunch is way hipper and younger. Their expansion team came down from Chicago, took one look at my place and said, "We want to be in the Phil Rizzardi Business!" I got the call today; we're moving to contract. Sorry, Boys, but my plate's full.

WALLY

Are you saying you're dropping out?

PHIL

I won't have the time. I want Crunch to see how popular we are. I need to sign a dozen new members with me as their personal trainer.

HOWARD

But you can't leave the group.

WALLY

We only need less than two weeks!

PHIL

I'm running with the big dogs now. No can do.

(SOUND OF DOORBELL)

HOWARD

That must be Bob.

WALLY

Quitter.

PHIL

Pill pusher.

WALLY

Sweathog.

PHIL

Virgin.

WALLY

Jack La-Lame

HOWARD

Until I get back, maybe the two of you shouldn't talk.

(HOWARD EXITS. The two men scowl at each other in silence.
WALLY'S PHONE begins to CHIRP)

PHIL

What is that?

WALLY

What?

(WALLY shoves his hand into his pocket desperately trying to turn off the phone. It keeps chirping as he digs)

PHIL

Your pocket is chirping

WALLY

I don't hear anything.

PHIL

(Off his pocket search) Easy, Cowboy.

WALLY

(Deciding and pulling the phone out) I have to see her. (Expecting the worst) I joined an internet dating site.

PHIL

Now you're talking.

WALLY

It's exclusively for Pharmacists.

PHIL

So what do you do? Hook up and fill each other's prescriptions. (Shudders)

WALLY

Scoff if you will. But here's who the chirp came from.

PHIL

"Over The Counter." Yowza. She wants to date you?

WALLY

One of many. And they're all coming to me. I don't have to cross the border into Dayton.

(HOWARD comes down the stairs. HE looks rattled)

HOWARD

Guys?

PHIL

Is it Bob?

HOWARD

It is. Yes. I asked him to, uh, wait upstairs a minute.

WALLY

Why?

HOWARD

Maybe Ralph has a point. He might not be the right fit for this group.

PHIL

What does that mean?

WALLY

Is he not presentable? Are there hygiene issues?

HOWARD

No, no.

PHIL

He better not be a chick.

WALLY

Phil! Nobody calls women “chicks” anymore.

PHIL

I’m sorry. Pharmacettes. Just bring him down so we can get this over with.

HOWARD

All right. Just....No...He’s...Okay, I’m going....Guys...Oh boy. (He goes up the stairs halfway and calls.) BOB!

(BOB comes down the stairs. He is wearing a jacket stitched with “RALPH’S GIT-N-GO” logo. He is a young Indian man. He is smiling, pleased to be there. He also wears a bright, blue turban. ALL stare at him)

BOB

I know what you’re thinking: Bob is so much younger than we thought.

PHIL

Your name is “Bob”?

BOB

I am Bob.

PHIL

“Bob?”

BOB

Yes. They call me “Bob”.

PHIL

“Bob” is the name on your birth certificate...?

BOB

...No. The name I was born with is Baba Mati Das. Which is short for Baba Maninderjeet Prahbsimdondiraaja. Trust me, in these times, Bob is better for business.

HOWARD

Let me introduce you to everybody. I’m Howard Dunphy.

BOB

I have just met Mrs. Dunphy. She is a lovely woman.

HOWARD

She is, yes. This is Wally Smith.

BOB

Mr. Smith.

WALLY

“Wally”.

BOB

I have been to your pharmacy. Aren’t you the one they call “Druggist to Watch?”

WALLY

Indeed I am. How’d you know?

BOB

It’s on a huge banner hung over the cash register.

HOWARD

And this is Phil Rizzardi. He owns “Phil’s Eternally Fit.”

BOB

Yes! Mr. Rizzardi! I have seen the billboard with your son showing off his large muscles.

PHIL

It’s not my son. That’s me.

HOWARD

That’s an old picture.

WALLY

It’s in black and white because color wasn’t invented.

HOWARD

Take off your jacket, Bob. Make yourself at home.

BOB

Thank you, I will consider it so.

(Bob removes jacket and we see, in a small, holstered strap hanging around his shoulder and chest, a KIRPAN--a small curved decorated DAGGER. The men STARE at it.)

PHIL

Hold on. That's a knife.

BOB

It's called a kirpan, and it is purely ceremonial.

PHIL

What's the ceremony?

BOB

Beheading the infidel.

(Seeing that the men take him seriously, Bob laughs)

BOB (CONT.)

I am breaking ice! A Kirpan is a symbol to us. It comes from two words, "Kirpa", which means grace and compassion and "Aan" which means honor and dignity.

WALLY

(Reading iPhone) Together they stand for "mercy and kindness."

PHIL

It's still a knife. You have a permit for that thing?

BOB

It is not necessary. You have Freedom of Religion in this country.

PHIL

Yeah. Freedom to Worship, not Freedom to Shive.

HOWARD

Where are you from, Bob?

BOB

Ah! May I borrow your iPhone? (WALLY hands it over, BOB looks at the screen) "Take With Fluids"? Is she your doctor?"

WALLY

No, no. (FLICKS AT THE SCREEN) I'll explain later. It's a new hobby.

BOB

Here. Can you see this map? (Holds up iPhone to them) I am from here.

PHIL

(Squinting, reading) You're pointing to the borders of Pakistan, Tajikistan and Uzbekistan.

BOB

My "hood". And now I am living in the great land of Lady GaGa, Billy Joel, and The Cast of Glee. Do you do any of their music?

PHIL

No. Our lead singer, Andy, found challenging to live in this century. You would've loved him.

BOB

Then I will do whatever music you like. Inviting me to sing with you is a great honor.

PHIL

We didn't invite you yet. This is an audition. It's like a job application. Where you show your identification. Green card. One country of origin.

BOB

Of course. I can provide these. (Looks around him) What instruments do you each play?

HOWARD

We don't use any.

WALLY

Our voices are our instruments.

BOB

This is wonderful! Like Doo-Wop!

PHIL

No. Doo-Wop is dead. We're extinct.

WALLY

Stick with us, Bob, we're gonna get you into Barbershop.

BOB

Barbershop. This is a concern. I will not cut my hair.

PHIL

No, not that barbershop. (Then) What exactly is under that beehive?

HOWARD

(Taking BOB's arm) Don't listen to him. Here, let's start you off with one of Andy's favorites. (To Wally) Number forty two.

WALLY

Perfect.

(WALLY starts to sing...)

SONG: "I AIN'T GOT NOBODY"**WALLY**

OH, THERE'S A SAYING GOING 'ROUND,
AND I BEGIN TO THINK IT'S TRUE;
IT'S AWFUL HARD TO LOVE SOMEONE
WHEN THEY DON'T CARE 'BOUT YOU
ONCE I HAD A LOVIN' GAL,
AS GOOD AS ANY IN THIS TOWN,
BUT NOW I'M SAD AND LONELY,
FOR SHE'S GONE AND TURNED ME DOWN

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY
AND NOBODY CARES FOR ME

HOWARD/PHIL

NOBODY, NOBODY

WALLY

I'M SO SAD AND LONELY
WON'T SOMEBODY COME AND TAKE A CHANCE WITH ME?

HOWARD/PHIL

COME ON, HE AIN'T SO BAD!

WALLY

FOR YOU, I'LL SING SWEET LOVE SONGS ALL THE TIME

PHIL

YES, ALL THE TIME

WALLY

IF YOU'LL COME AND BE MY

HOWARD/PHIL

SWEET BABY MINE

WALLY

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY AND NO
NOBODY CARES FOR ME

(BOB joins in, scatting)

ALL

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY

BOB

NOBODY!

ALL

AND NOBODY

WALLY

NOBODY CARES FOR ME (EEEEEEEEEE)

BOB

This is so beautiful! And so American. I'm in!!

PHIL

Not so fast, Gunga Din.

BOB

Mr. Rizzardi. My name is not "Gunga Din." From now on I insist you refer to me as "Aladdin." (Beat.) More breaking of the ice!

(WALLY and HOWARD enjoy this joke on PHIL. PHIL does not.)

PHIL

Excuse us.

BOB

Of course! (Sees the poster, crosses to it) The Rat Pack! Back home, I dreamed of being one of them. Frank, Sammy, Dean-o, and Baba Mati Das. Not meant to be.

(HOWARD, BOB and PHIL move to the bar. BOB inspects the decor of the room)

WALLY

(Trying for enthusiasm) How bad could he be? He loves The Rat Pack!

PHIL

Who are you kidding?! Did you notice how he didn't actually point to where he's from? You know what they say – if you see something, say something. And I'm seein' something.

(They all three look over at BOB, who gives them a wave)

HOWARD

Phil, the man came over here because we asked him to.

PHIL

You did. I don't negotiate with terrorists.

WALLY

He's a mechanic!

PHIL

He walked in here with a knife! A knife! In a holster! Because of his kind, the rest of us have to spend hours in line at airports waiting for them to X-RAY our shoes!

WALLY

We all loved his voice on the phone call.

PHIL

(Points) This is the salvation of the Lipitones? A guy who comes from a place where people greet each other by saying, "Death to America"? I mean, check the dude out. He looks like an escapee from the Kama Sutra!

WALLY

The what?

PHIL

Look it up, Loverboy. Hey, America took the chance with his kind and lost. Now they're driving our taxicabs, buying up our Holiday Inns and selling us street food.

(Wally's eyes widen over an image on his iPhone screen. All agog, he rotates the phone and cranes his neck to fully take it in.)

WALLY

The Kama Ooooo...Yii... Hot-darn-it. Is that even possible?

PHIL

Enjoy making harmony with Q-Tip.

(He starts to exit. Wally stops his iPhone search and grabs him.)

WALLY

Wait! Phil, I've got to work on my flexibility. You stay with the Lipitones and I will join your gym.

PHIL

You? You'll buy a membership? A full membership?

WALLY

I will.

PHIL

And hire me as your personal trainer?

WALLY

And hire you as my personal trainer.

PHIL

I want your Mom, too.

WALLY

She's on a walker!

PHIL

Trust me, by the time I'm done with her, she'll be using that walker to pole-vault

WALLY

Okay. But you stick with us until the Nationals.

PHIL

We start tomorrow.

WALLY

Tomorrow?

(Phil goes for his coat)

PHIL

Your choice. You can always replace me. Just ask Bob if there's anyone in Al Qaeda who carries a tune.

WALLY

I'm in. I'm in.

PHIL

(To HOWARD) You heard him. Let's see what he's got.

(THEY approach BOB)

WALLY

Bob, can you read music?

BOB

I can. We learned for the festival of Holla Mohalla, where we sing and compete in swordsmanship, horse riding, and falconry. It is our Olympics.

PHIL

Oh, this guy's for us.

(WALLY hands BOB some sheet music)

WALLY

Bob, the key to singing this is close harmonies. Bass, Baritone, Tenor, Lead.

HOWARD

Four parts. That have to sound like One Voice.

PHIL

No vibrato.

WALLY

We'll just start and you can jump in when you're feeling it. (Blows pipe)

(Howard and Wally start singing...)

SONG: "WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE"

WALLY

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE

HOWARD

WHEN THE CLOUDS GO DRIFTING BY

WALLY/HOWARD

WE WILL BE HAPPY, NELLIE
DON'T YOU CRY

(Finally, Phil joins in making a gorgeous trio. Their choreography is minimal.)

WALLY/HOWARD/PHIL

(FOR WE'LL GO) DOWN LOVER'S LANE WE'LL WANDER
SWEETHEARTS, YOU AND I

(BOB clearly enjoys this. WALLY walks the sheet music over to BOB.)

WALLY/HOWARD/PHIL

WAIT (snap!) TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE
BYE AND BYE

(And then, like a kid eager to leap into a game of jump rope, BOB measures their singing, then jumps in.)

WALLY/HOWARD/PHIL/BOB

(JUST COME AND) WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE
WHEN THE CLOUDS GO DRIFTING BY (MY HONEY)

(As they sing, it's clear BOB's pitch is good, but somehow, this isn't working...)

(PHIL is motioning "cut", but BOB is so caught up in the spirit, not to mention WALLY loving the group together, he cannot get them to stop...)

WALLY/HOWARD/BOB

WE WILL BE HAPPY, NELLIE
DON'T YOU CRY

PHIL

(Cab-whistles) Vibrato. He's doing a damn vibrato!

BOB

What is 'vibrato'?

PHIL

What you're doing. There is none in barbershop. Sing your part by yourself.

WALLY

He's hitting all the notes, though, right?

PHIL

Wally, give me his "B".

(WALLY finds the note, blows it. BOB, a little put on the spot, begins to self-consciously sing...)

BOB

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE

PHIL

Stop right there. You're doing it. Just hold the note.

(WALLY sounds the pitch pipe.)

HOWARD

Like this: (singing in straight tone) NELLIEEEEEEEEEEE.

BOB

(SOLO, but with wide vibrato.) NELLIEEEEEEEEEEEEE.

PHIL

Hear that? He's doing the Middle Eastern warbly thing.

HOWARD

He's right, Bob. You can do it. Just stop the vibrato...

BOB

But how---

PHIL

By not doing it.

BOB

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE
WHEN THE CLOUDS GO DRIFTING BY...

(BOB cannot stop the warble)

PHIL

Told you. It ain't in his DNA.

BOB

But this is in my throat. Is there no way to help me?
WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, (The vibrato starts again.)
NELLIE...

PHIL

(Straight tone) NELLIEEEEEEEEE.....

BOB

(Again, warbly) NELLIEEEEEEE....

(PHIL reaches over and grabs BOB by the throat. Vibrato over.)

BOB

(In perfect straight tone) ...LLIEEEEEEE!

WALLY

(Excitedly) SWEETHEARTS YOU AND (snap!)

(And the song resumes, with perfect straight tones. As they sing, PHIL lets go of BOB's throat and the vibrato returns. So, BOB grabs hold of his own throat and it stops. This is sounding genuinely barbershop. The four give the song a really big finish.)

PHIL

(SO WON'T YOU) WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE
BYE AND BYE BYE

PHIL/HOWARD

AND BYE

PHIL/HOWARD/WALLY

AND BYE

PHIL/HOWARD/WALLY/BOB

AND BYE AND
BYE...BYE..AND..BYE!

WALLY

You're great!! He's great!! Isn't he great!!

HOWARD

Yes, he is.

PHIL

So now what do you do? Put a straw hat on that Q-tip?

WALLY

He could take the off his turban.

BOB

My turban? I will not do that. A turban is our tradition. It covers my hair, which grows as God intended.

PHIL

Then we have a deal breaker. Rules of competition say a quartet has to dress alike.

HOWARD

Do you ever take off your turban?

BOB

When I am working on cars I put a large shower cap over it. But never in the outside world. Except to play sports.

PHIL

(Surprised) You play sports?

BOB

Oh yes. We play a sport like your Football.

PHIL

Like Football?

BOB

Yes.

PHIL

Like *American* Football?

BOB

Yes and no. We play Kabaddi. It is like American Football. With no kicking of the feet. And no ball.

PHIL

Explain this one.

BOB

(Enthused) Oh. Kabaddi is thrilling! I have played since I was the size of a baby gazelle. My team is named the Pankaj Shirsat Cougars. I play the position of "Raider." They send me to the other side to tackle the enemy. I run back as fast as my legs can take me, all the while shouting "Kabaddi, Kabaddi, Kabaddi!" If the "Raider" takes a breath he is out. If his body crosses the lines of boundaries he is out. If his body touches the ground he is out. Each time the Enemy gets two points and the team with most points wins! We cheer and shout and jump up and down! Such excitement!

(WALLY, BOB and PHIL look at him)

PHIL

How did this never catch on in America?

HOWARD

Bob, I don't understand. You said you don't wear your turban playing sports. What do you wear?

BOB

A Patka. A small cloth tied closely on my head. Try wearing a turban during Kabaddi-- disaster!

HOWARD

Could you wear your patka when we sing?

BOB

Singing is not a sport.

WALLY

Of course it is! It takes huge physical effort and teamwork! We had a guy kick the bucket doing this.

PHIL

Let's see the beanie.

BOB

A man does not remove his turban before others.

HOWARD

You can go upstairs. There's a bathroom on the right.

BOB

(Considers) I will do that. (HE passes PHIL)

PHIL

Hold on! What's that red stain on your turban?

BOB

(Touches it with his finger, tastes it) Brake fluid. (BOB exits)

PHIL

(To HOWARD) Are you out of your mind sending him up there?

HOWARD

He wants to show us his patka!

PHIL

He could poison your cornflakes! Or set your wife on fire! You're both out of your minds!

(PHIL grabs his coat as WALLY'S PHONE rings)

PHIL

That's probably Homeland Security.

WALLY

Hello?

RALPH (O.S.)

Hey, it's Ralph! How's the rehearsal going? I don't hear any singing!

PHIL

Speakerphone!

RALPH (O.S.)

Come on! How you gonna get the snake to rise up out of the basket?!

(Cracks himself up.)

Bob's not there, is he?

WALLY

No, he's--

PHIL

You sent this dude over here just to mess with us, didn't you?

RALPH

You need any more dudes?

(BOB comes downstairs still wearing his patka. He stops unseen on the stairs to listen)

I've got a black guy from Uganda, a Costa Rican, and a Filipino doing all my transmissions. All for the price of one white guy.

PHIL

Look, we don't want to hear that.

HOWARD

(To Wally) Just hang up!

WALLY

(Punching keys on his phone) I'm trying!

RALPH

Hey man, this is business. These guys work cheap and there's a long line of others ready to take their job. This guy Baba? He comes in early, leaves late and I don't have to give him a Christmas bonus because he worships an elephant.

PHIL

Hey, hey...

BOB

(Loudly, to be heard) I like elephants, Mr. Ralph, but I do not pray to them.

RALPH

(Pause) Bob. Didn't know you were there.

BOB

I am here. I will see you tomorrow morning.

RALPH

Right. Gotta get back to work.

(RALPH hangs up. THE MEN look at BOB)

WALLY

You heard...?

BOB

Yes.

PHIL

You're going to take that from him?

BOB

It is work. He treats me badly. I know that. But when men from Ireland and Italy and Africa came to America, they were treated badly, too. Everyone is new until there is someone newer.

(The Men inspect BOB's headgear)

PHIL

That's your patka?

WALLY

It's perfect! He could wear anything on top of it.

HOWARD

(crossing to his hat rack) He can try on my boater!

PHIL

You look like a gangbanger.

HOWARD

No he doesn't.

PHIL

Are you a Muslim?

WALLY

What does that matter?

HOWARD

Why would you ask him that?

PHIL

Just let him answer the question!

BOB

I was hoping this singing could be a pleasant diversion. You need to find someone more like you. And that should not be difficult. All you have to do is go outside, throw a stick and you'll hit one. Good luck.

(A standoff. WALLY and HOWARD look to PHIL)

PHIL

Hey! Tomorrow night, same time. Bring the do-rag.

BOB

Yes! You will not be disappointed.

(WALLY looks at HOWARD. Victory!)

Please tell Mrs. Dunphy I will have a gift for her tomorrow.

HOWARD

You don't have to do that.

BOB

I want to. A Gutka. It is our Sikh prayer book. (Directly to PHIL) I am a Sikh.

PHIL

Thought so.

BOB

You know about Sikhs?

PHIL

Oh yeah. You carry knives, play that game with no ball, and wear latkes on your heads...

BOB

That's 'patka'

PHIL

Latkes, patkas...whatever.

(WALLY immediately pulls out his iPhone to search)

WALLY

Sikh...Sikh...

(PHIL crosses to WALLY).

BOB

Sikh's believe in one God. We believe in truth and peace and that all human beings are equal. Men, women. People of all races and religions.

WALLY

There are 250,000 Sikhs living in America. I wonder how many in Ohio.

PHIL

Enough with the Google. You got an Ohio Sikh standing in front of you. Talk to him. Gimme that!

(PHIL tries to grab the phone, WALLY resisting)

WALLY

Mine!!!

(It becomes a tug of war, WALLY yanks it away. We hear the WHOOSH of outgoing mail)

PHIL

What was that?

WALLY

You just sent every Pharmacette, who messaged me, a link to the Kama Sutra!

(SOUND of a CHIRP. Then another. And another. Until Hitchcock would be proud)

(LIGHTS DOWN. PROJECTED PHOTOS OF POSING PHARMACETTES,
DRESSED IN VARIOUS PROVOCATIVE OUTFITS.
RECORDING of LIPITONES singing a BARBERSHOP CLASSIC)

SCENE THREE:

(LIGHTS UP ON HOWARD'S BASEMENT.

HOWARD is straightening up. There is a loud knock at the side door. HOWARD looks over)

(WALLY, CLAD IN WORKOUT CLOTHES, enters haltingly, holding onto a walker. It's decorated as a lady would, with a colorful crocheted pouch and a plastic daisy duct-taped to the handle.)

WALLY

Phil Rizzardi is a cruel man. (Re: Walker) It's my Mom's.

HOWARD

What happened?

WALLY

First, he made me do jumping jacks while holding ten-pound dumbbells in each hand. Then, he made me run 10 miles all the while riding beside me in his Humvee, eating egg mcmuffins. He kept shouting, "Use it or lose it!" I lost it and he still made me use it.

HOWARD

What about your mother?

WALLY

She loved it. Phil put her in the Silver Foxes Aquatic Program. And she signed up for weight training.

HOWARD

You're doing this for the group, Wally.

(PHIL enters carrying garment bags.)

PHIL

Men.

WALLY

Keep him away from me!

PHIL

Stop the whining. For the first time in your life you met your muscles. I went easy on you.

HOWARD

(Sees PHIL'S bags) What's in there?

PHIL

We've got a new lineup so we need a new look.

WALLY

We have a look already.

HOWARD

Phil, I really don't think we should mess with success.

PHIL

You're wrong. I had these made a few years back and Andy put the kibosh on them. But, we're in the finals now, and we can't wear what we did to the regionals. Nobody does. We need new duds. You ready?

(PHIL unzips the garment bag, whips out a crisp new jacket. It's colorful, broadly striped over-the-top barbershop)

HOWARD

It's a little bright.

WALLY

That's what you wear when you're trying to get to third base with Mary Poppins.

(BOB enters wearing his patka and sees PHIL holding up the jacket.)

BOB

I like it very much. It has the colors of the flag of Djibouti, no?

PHIL

No. It's what the kids are wearing. You take something out of date, and just by putting it on you make it hip again. It's called irony.

BOB

I will wear this. It respects tradition, yet it is snappy.

PHIL

And as long as we're updating our wardrobe, I say it's time for a new repertoire.

HOWARD

I agree. You know, for the longest time, I've wanted us to do Sting.

PHIL

He's on your wall, that's good enough for now.

WALLY

Reno's nine days away. We can't learn a new song that fast.

PHIL

We'll make the time. To win this, we have to hit these judges with something they're not expecting.

BOB

Good idea! What would surprise them?

(They all just look at BOB)

BOB

I mean in song.

WALLY

(Experiencing a minor anxiety attack) Ehhhghh, ehghghh. Are we sure?? Shouldn't we start Bob out with the basics? Number 116?

HOWARD

He's got a point, Phil. I mean, I'd rather do "Every Breath You Take", but we're teaching Bob here.

WALLY

Exactly.

PHIL

Fine. But only as a warm up.

HOWARD

(Hands him their song book) Bob, welcome to The Fabulous Lipitones.

BOB

It's my pleasure. I'm curious, how did you come to your name The Fabulous Lipitones?

WALLY

(Evasive) We'll tell you later.

PHIL

Oh no! He should hear this now. It's part of our "lore".

HOWARD

Phil thought we should name ourselves something-Tones.

PHIL

Andy's last name was Lippinski.

WALLY

The "Fabulous" was mine.

PHIL

Then Wally also came up with genius idea for making it Lip-i-tones. Without informing us that he was aware of a new cholesterol drug about to come onto the market.

WALLY

I really thought I could get Pfizer to sponsor us. But they never returned my calls.

BOB

I am sorry about Pfizer. I have many family members answering their 1-800 number customer hot line.

WALLY

Breaking of ice?

BOB

No, this is true.

HOWARD

Let's rehearse.

(PHIL takes out a pitch pipe and blows a note.)

(HOWARD, PHIL and WALLY sing. Soon, BOB joins in, but he appears to grow increasingly distressed)

SONG: "ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE"

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

SHE'S ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT TO SEE

YOU MAY THINK SHE'S HAPPY AND FREE FROM CARE

SHE'S NOT, THOUGH SHE SEEMS TO BE.

'TIS SAD WHEN YOU THINK OF HER WASTED LIFE

FOR YOUTH CANNOT MATE WITH AGE;

AND HER BEAUTY WAS SOLD FOR AN OLD MAN'S GOLD,

SHE'S A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

AND HER BEAUTY WAS SOLD FOR AN OLD MAN'S GOLD,

SHE'S A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

(As the song ends, HOWARD, PHIL and WALLY, pleased, look at BOB who turns away from them)

WALLY

Bob! You were fantastic!

HOWARD

(To the others) I think he's crying.

(BOB turns back, dabbing at his tears.)

BOB

This is the saddest song I have ever heard. (Looking at the sheet music) An innocent creature locked in a metal prison! Do they ever let her out??

(The men look at each other in disbelief.)

HOWARD

Bob, the song's not about a bird. The bird is just a metaphor. It's a woman in the cage.

BOB

A woman?! That is much, much worse. A song that celebrates the jailing of another human being?! I will not sing this!

PHIL

And here we go.

WALLY

I'm sure we can find another song that's acceptable to everyone.

HOWARD

There's tons of material...Number one-thirty-seven.

SONG: "I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL"

WALLY/PHIL/BOB/HOWARD

I WANT A GOOD OLD FASHIONED GIRL
WITH HEART SO TRUE
ONE WHO LOVES NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU
I WANT A GIRL
JUST LIKE THE GIRL
WHO MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD

(BOB is aghast. Again.)

BOB

This man wants to marry his Mother? It is a crime against nature!

HOWARD

(Turns page in BOB's book) Here's one. Number 175. It's call and response, you start.

(PHIL is running out of patience.)

SONG: "BILL GROGRAN'S GOAT"

BOB

BILL GROGRAN'S GOAT

WAS FEELIN' FINE

ATE THREE RED SHIRTS

RIGHT OFF THE LINE

BILL TOOK A STICK

GAVE HIM A WHACK

AND TIED HIM TO

PHIL

THE RAILROAD TO TRACK

BOB

THE WHISTLE BLEW

THE TRAIN GREW NIGH

BILL GROGRAN'S GOAT

WAS DOOMED TO DIE

HE GAVE THREE MOANS

OF MORTAL PAIN

COUGHED UP THOSE SHIRTS

WALLY/PHIL/HOWARD

BILL GROGRAN'S GOAT

WAS FEELIN' FINE

ATE THREE RED SHIRTS

RIGHT OFF THE LINE

BILL TOOK A STICK

WHACK, WHACK, WHACK, WHACK!

AND TIED HIM TO

WALLY/BOB/HOWARD

THE RAILROAD TO TRACK

WALLY/PHIL/HOWARD

THE WHISTLE BLEW

THE TRAIN GREW NIGH

BILL GROGRAN'S GOAT

WAS DOOMED TO DIE

MMMMAAAAA

OF MORTAL PAIN

COUGHED UP THOSE SHIRTS

PHIL
AND FLAGGED THAT TRAIN

WALLY/BOB/HOWARD
AND FLAGGED THAT TRAIN

BOB
Goats run over by trains, women in cages, men marrying their Mothers. What is this? The Barbershop Apocalypse?

PHIL
Okay, hot shot. You have problems with our songs? What have you got?

BOB
My apologies. Let me think. I've got it! There is a song I sang as a child. With four voices it could be very pleasing.

HOWARD
Let's hear it.

(BOB begins to sing:)

SONG: "THE RABBIT PRINCESS"

BOB
EK SHIKARI SI DILDAAR
SOHNI JEE EK RAJ
KUMARI KARDI SI O USNU PYAR, HA HAHA
DEKHO KAISA PYAR

EK SHIKARI SI DILDAAR
SOHNI JEE EK RAJ
KUMARI KARDI SI O USNU PYAR, HA HAHA
DEKHO KAISA PYAR

(HE finishes. The MEN don't know what to make of it)

HOWARD
Well...

WALLY
It could break down into four-part harmony. (Starts to sing the melody)
HA HAHA
DEKHO KAISA PYAR —

(BOB harmonizes, HOWARD joins in; BOB coaches them)

HOWARD/WALLY/BOB

HA HAHA
DEKHO KAISA PYAR

HA HAHA
DEKHO KAISA PYAR

PHIL

STOP THE MUSIC! We can't use subtitles at the championship! What the hell are you singing?

BOB

It's the legend of a beautiful princess who dies returns as a brown rabbit, only to be shot by the Prince who loves her to make rabbit stew.

(A beat. The MEN stare at BOB)

PHIL

You're crying over our music and you want us to sing about Thumper taking a bullet?

HOWARD

All right, Phil.

WALLY

These are his traditions.

PHIL

What about our traditions? You want to give them up to keep him happy?

BOB

Wait! Will you consider "Yankee Doodle Dandy".

PHIL

You know Yankee Doodle?

BOB

Oh yes. Mr. Jimmy Cagney. But the truth is, I prefer the Alvin and the Chipmunks version. (Singing a la ALVIN and the CHIPMUNKS would)
YANKEE DOODLE WENT TO TOWN RIDING ON A PONY ...

BOB/HOWARD/WALLY

STUCK A FEATHER IN HIS CAP AND CALLED IT MACARONI

PHIL

No, no, no!

THE FABULOUS LIPITIONES

7/9/14

HOWARD

How about number 143, a Patriotic Medley?

WALLY

(TO PHIL) Hey, it's all-American. And it's Bob's idea.

SONG: "PATRIOTIC MEDLEY"**ALL**

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY YANKEE DOODLE DO OR DIE

PHIL

(To BOB) Vibrato!

BOB

Thank you.

ALL

A REAL LIFE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE SAM BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY
I'VE GOT A YANKEE DOODLE SWEETHEART
SHE'S MY YANKEE DOODLE JOY!

BOB

YANKEE DOODLE WENT TO TOWN A
RIDIN' ON A PONY

WALLY/HOWARD/PHIL

BRUM BRUM BRUM BRUM

ALL

I AM THAT YANKEE DOODLE BOY
YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG, YOU'RE A HIGH FLYING FLAG AND FOREVER
IN PEACE MAY YOU WAVE
YOU'RE THE EMBLEM OF THE LAND I LOVE
THE HOME OF THE FREE AND THE BRAVE!
EV'RY HEART BEATS TRUE FOR THAT RED, WHITE, AND BLUE,
FOR THERE'S NEVER A BOAST OR BRAG, SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE
BE FORGOT, KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT GRAND OLD

PHIL

BALL GAME

WALLY/HOWARD/BOB

GRAND OLD BALL GAME

ALL

TAKE ME OUT TO THE CROWD
BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKER JACK I DON'T CARE IF I EVER GET
BACK FOR ITS ROOT, ROOT, ROOT FOR THE HOME TEAM
IF THEY DON'T WIN, IT'S A SHAME!

ALL (CONT.)

FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE STRIKES YOU'RE OUT
GRAB YOUR HOT DOG WITH SAUERKRAUT
IN THE U! S! A! WE ALL SHOUT FOR THE OLD BALL GAME!

(A moment. The group members realize they have sung beautiful
Barbershop harmony.)

PHIL

We're on break, boys.

WALLY

You nailed it!

HOWARD

Great job!

BOB

Thank you!

HOWARD

You know, Bob, I'm quite the world traveler. In my Rand McNally, This
afternoon, I took a trip across the globe to check out the common border of
Afghanistan, Uzbekistan and Tajikistan, and I'm curious: did you live closer to
Mazari Shariff, or Kulob?

PHIL

I'm curious, too.

BOB

You have done your homework. Actually, my family resides in no city. We are
nomads. We go where the Yaks take us. They're our GPS.

(SOUND OF MAVIS' BUZZ. HOWARD sees WALLY and PHIL
staring at him, unhappy)

HOWARD

Sorry. I'll be back.

(HOWARD runs up the stairs)

PHIL

Exit Pavlov's Dog. It's pathetic.

BOB

I don't understand. Isn't he going to her aid?

WALLY

The woman is Machiavellian. She ran away with an encyclopedia salesman and left Howard a broken man.

PHIL

He always was half-broken. But she finished the job.

WALLY

She made him a public spectacle. Down at the Purina Plant they say she "Kibbled his Bits."

PHIL

He should have filed for a divorce the day she walked out the door.

WALLY

Amen, Brother.

BOB

Why stop there? I say tie the woman to an ox cart and wheel her through the village for all to jeer at.

(PHIL and WALLY look at BOB)

PHIL

More breaking of ice?

BOB

No, the use of sarcasm to mock. Clearly, Howard loves his wife and tending to her is how he expresses it. Divorce is not to be taken lightly. I was brought up to believe that marriage is a sacred bond.

PHIL

Bob, you come from a place where they marry kids off while they're still in their cradles.

BOB

(Admits) True. My marriage was an arranged one. I was sixteen.

PHIL

Exactly.

BOB

Shirin's parents chose me, and my parents chose Shirin. But, if either of us had said "No", our parents would have respected our wishes and given their blessings to marry someone else.

PHIL

Why do you need their blessings? Is it your life or theirs?

BOB

You are thinking only of yourself. We think of our families, who would be coming together as well. I would ask to get their opinion.

PHIL

Sounds like you're buying a car. Where's the romance in that?

BOB

Phil, we see this differently. To me, romance can only exist after respect and friendship grow into love. It is a commitment. Have you been married?

PHIL

None of your business.

WALLY

Three times, three divorces.

BOB

Ah, now I understand.

PHIL

You understand what? Half the marriages in this country end in divorce!

BOB

(Raising his voice) And with Sikhs, only two percent! (stops, upset) This is not good. I have just lost my temper.

(HOWARD comes downstairs, upbeat)

HOWARD

Mavis is sitting up. She's reading your Gutka and really enjoying it.

BOB

That makes me very happy. Your devotion to your wife is a wonderful thing to see. It is very Sikh like.

PHIL

Now that you've baptized him, let's get back to work.

WALLY

Bob, you've got to learn more of our moves.

BOB

Your "moves"?

WALLY

Absolutely. The judges score our dance routines along with our harmonies. We have to show great precision and originality.

PHIL

Last year, the guys who won the title –

HOWARD

The Sons of Pitches...

PHIL

--hired the Broadway choreographer from Spiderman. They shot webs.

HOWARD

Hey, Guys, you know what would perfectly with our modern choreography?

SONG: "EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE"

HOWARD

DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

HOWARD/WALLY

DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

(PHIL shrugs, and joins.)

PHIL

DOO DOO DOO DOO
DOO DOO DOO DOO

WALLY

Most people think of Barbershop as middle-aged white men. But, we're as hip and happening as anything you'll see on "Dancing With The Stars."

HOWARD/PHIL/WALLY

EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE
EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE
EVERY BOND YOU BREAK
I'LL BE WATCHING YOU

HOWARD/PHIL/WALLY/BOB

EVERY SINGLE DAY
EVERY WORD YOU SAY
EVERY GAME YOU PLAY
EVERY NIGHT YOU STAY
I'LL BE WATCHING

(BOB sings along, but this time his reaction is bit confused. Because what he's witnessing is the corny choreography of white guys trying to seem hip and funny. The moves by The Lipitones are perfectly coordinated, but square and mechanical. They robotically telegraph words and feelings, without much heart or soul. In other words, perfect for Barbershop)

HOWARD

O CAN'T YOU SEE
YOU BELONG TO ME

PHIL/WALLY/BOB

HOW MY POOR HEART ACHES,
WITH EVERY STEP YOU TAKE

HOWARD

Jump right in, Bob!

BOB

I think I've got it.

ALL

EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE
EVERY VOW YOU BREAK
EVERY SMILE YOU FAKE
EVERY CLAIM YOU STAKE
I'LL BE WATCHING YOU

(Nothing loose about this at all, which is why BOB is having such challenging time. Unlike jumping in with the singing, he can barely find his way in now.)

(Instinctually, BOB infuses these moves with his natural heart and sensuality. He's hardly in synch with the others at all, but, God, he's trying.

BOB

SINCE YOU'VE GONE I BEEN LOST WITHOUT A TRACE
I DREAM AT NIGHT I CAN ONLY SEE YOUR FACE

WALLY

I LOOK AROUND BUT IT'S YOU I CAN'T REPLACE
I FEEL SO COLD AND I LONG FOR YOUR EMBRACE

PHIL

I KEEP CRYING BABY, BABY PLEASE

ALL

EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE
EVERY VOW YOU BREAK
EVERY SMILE YOU FAKE
EVERY CLAIM YOU STAKE.
I'LL BE WATCHING YOU.

(The Three Original Lipitones give it a big finish.
BOB's last pose couldn't be more different than the other men.
It is much more expressive and natural)

PHIL

What the hell are you doing?

BOB

"The Moves".

PHIL

They're not even moves from this Planet!

BOB

I'm sorry, but I can't help but dance the way I feel. Sikh dancing is not just moves. It is the expression of joy within.

HOWARD

Exactly! (Goes to CD player) Before you got here I was listening to this.

(BOB begins to dance. His dancing is exciting, invigorating,
using all of his body to express himself. Arms fly up, legs
raise, much of the time he is standing on one foot.)

(His joy is contagious. WALLY finds himself imitating the moves. BOB is thrilled, dancing with him.)

HOWARD is baffled at first, but then tentatively joins them. So does WALLY.

Outraged, PHIL turns the stereo off; ALL stop dancing)

PHIL

You look like Holy Rollers getting tasered! (To HOWARD) I am not going up in front of five thousand people and sing while he does yoga!

WALLY

You're not giving him a chance. Remember when the Lipitones started? I needed time to perfect all our moves. Now look at me. (Demonstrates a goofy spin move)

PHIL

Look at you! Look at us! For once can we be honest about ourselves? We're not winners! We never have been and we never will be!

(Argument overlaps)

WALLY

Not as long as you
think like that! Go back to
the Holiday Inn Express
Power Ballad Boy!

HOWARD

Can we all calm down?
Please calm down!

PHIL

You're clueless!
I know what we're
up, against! It's
over!

BOB

NO MORE! The three of you quarrel like little children! How can you make harmony when there is no harmony between you? So much anger! Music cannot be made with this, music is the opposite of anger!

(BOB turns, goes to get his jacket)

(SOUND OF WALLY'S PHONE RINGING: "ODE TO JOY". WALLY answers it.)

WALLY

Hello? There's something happening at Ralph's garage! Turn on channel 10.

(HOWARD does)

NEWS ANCHOR

If you've just joined us, Eyewitness 10 News is live at Ralph's Gas-N-Git where Federal Marshalls are making the biggest immigration bust ever in Madison County history.

PHIL

There's Ralph!

BOB

And there's Fadi, Hakan and Chibuzo. Or, as Mr. Ralph calls them, Tom, Dick and Harry.

(SOUND OF RALPH shouting at REPORTERS)

RALPH

This is a frame up! They've all got work permits!

ANNOUNCER

Mr. Bittner appears to be resisting Police Arrest—

HOWARD

Don't do it, Ralph.

WALLY

That Officer has a club!

(They wince)

PHIL

Good swing.

ANNOUNCER

Immigration Officer Frank Vandemutter is making a statement.

WALLY

Vandemutter?

OFFICER FRANK VANDEMUTTER

Mr. Ralph Bittner, owner of the Gas-N-Git, will be taken in for questioning and charged with hiring illegal aliens. The suspected illegals are on their way to the Madison County Jail to face deportation.

(HOWARD turns the television off. They all turn to BOB. PHIL is clearly rattled)

HOWARD

(To BOB) Do you have a work permit?

BOB

I do.

WALLY

So you're here legally?

BOB

I have this. (He pulls out a work paper) It is an H2B Work Visa.

(WALLY pulls out his iPhone and starts Googling. BOB hands his visa to PHIL)

PHIL

(Reading it) You're from India. Why didn't you just say so?

BOB

This is my true name and country of origin. (Takes out second visa) This is who I became yesterday. There is a limit to how long we can work in America. Mr. Ralph changes our names and countries of origin every six months so we can work for him longer. He made us promise not to tell anyone where we are really from.

PHIL

And you went along with it.

BOB

I wanted to send money home to Shirin and our families. And I have done that.

WALLY

"H2B" Permits." Seasonally issued to non-legal residents to work on cruise ships, ski resorts and water parks."

BOB

Mr. Ralph told us his Gas-N-Git was a water park. But no. People park, then use his vending machine to buy water. I will go back to my apartment now and wait for them to come and arrest me.

WALLY

Hold on. Isn't Vandemutter Jack's last name? The guy who fell off your treadmill?

(BOB has turned and is listening)

HOWARD

(Realizing) The immigration officer is his brother.

PHIL

What if he is?

WALLY

Did you say something to Jack about Bob?

PHIL

I might have said something.

WALLY

Like what?

PHIL

Like we got a new guy in the group. Some Middle Easterner who won't tell us the country he's from. Like maybe I described him as...suspicious.

WALLY

Why would you say that? You practically turned him in!

PHIL

I did not. I was making conversation, that's all!

BOB

None of it matters now. I want to go back to India. Your country is not what I believed it was. Your Lady Liberty says "Give me your huddled masses." But then you want to give us back. This American dream is just that. Goodbye to you all. Phil, I forgive you.

(BOB leaves)

HOWARD

(To PHIL) How could you do that to him? To us? Do you ever think before you open your big, mean mouth! You're a bully! You've always been a bully! The only way you can feel like a big man is by stepping on the rest of us, and it's over! You're the one without a life, Phil! All you've got is your ego and it's the only friend you've have left! Did you hear that? That's me taking a stand!

(HOWARD exits)

PHIL

Where does he get off talking to me like that? I'm not the one who lied to Immigration! Look, Bob threw the dice and lost. Suck it up. Be a man. (PHIL'S PHONE RINGS – we hear ringtone, "Boston's "More Than A Feeling". He answers.) Rizzardi (Instantly "on") Hey, how many time do I have to leave a message for you guys? (To WALLY, HE covers phone) Crunch. (Back into phone) I'm running out of patience, Jimbo!...What survey? Sure, I got a pen handy, fire away.

(Phil SNAPS fingers at Wally, gesturing “Pen”. Wally grabs a nearby one and throws it to Phil, missing him by a mile. Wally shrugs, Phil glares and grabs one on the bar.)

PHIL

You never mentioned a survey.... They said what? No way. Talk to some of my Lifetime Members, who have been with me twenty, thirty years... Of course those people matter! Are you out of your mind?...It’s an expression. I mean: can’t we just sit down? We had a handshake on all this...Yeah. I’ll hold.

(TO WALLY)

They went behind my back. Took some survey. The twenty-somethings are saying when I walk around in my workout clothes it discourages them from exercising. They want a clause that keeps me out of my own gym except for senior swims. They’re after the “clients” who prance around in their Adidas and Ralph Lauren sweatpants drinking their cappuccinos and protein shakes, thinking they know everything. I’ll tell you what they don’t know – that their tight little bodies don’t stay that way, their six packs turn into one packs, their hair goes gray and falls out. And skin tags! I’ve seen these punks looking at me and they’re not just thinking, “You’re old”. They’re thinking “You’re old. You’re irrelevant. You don’t count. Get out of our way.” Well, time to start the clock, kids, and watch your backs, because standing right behind you are even younger ones who know they’re in line to matter more than you. And I don’t care how old and shriveled and hairless I’ve become, as long as I’m around for the first time these punks get called “Sir”. (PAUSE) I spent my whole life building that business... (Into phone) Good, you’re back. (PHIL punches his PHONE to disconnect.)

WALLY

(Attempts to show compassion, stifling a laugh) That is terrible.

PHIL

Oh, there’s more. Eighty-seven percent of the Millennials said that the sight of me doing sit ups makes them consider going vegan.

WALLY

(Has to cough to conceal the laugh) Hey, my mother would give you a high marks. She’s a Millennial, just from the wrong century.

PHIL

And, the best for last: ninety-nine percent of these Millennial Members have joined the pool.

WALLY

The pool in your gym?

PHIL

No, the Phil Rizzardi heart-attack pool, which is currently at six thousand three hundred dollars. (THEN) They did this to me in MY OWN GYM.

WALLY

(unable to refrain) That's terrible. Uh, they still taking bets?

PHIL

Here's what I'm going to do to them--

(SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE IS HEARD, coming closer, fast.
WALLY and PHIL look out the basement door)

WALLY

What's that? Are the cops coming for Bob?

PHIL

No, it's an ambulance.

WALLY

They're pulling over.

(WALLY and PHIL, suddenly realizing, turn and look up the stairs.
LIGHTS FADE. Solo PIANO transition music)

SCENE FOUR:

(IN DARKNESS, photos of the actor playing HOWARD in high school, college, and his wedding, with Mavis. She is very beautiful.

The LAST PICTURE shows FOUR YOUNG MEN in BARBERSHOP UNIFORMS, posing proudly.)

(LIGHTS UP in CALHOUN'S FUNERAL PARLOR.

Solemn organ music. Some flowers. A recent picture of Mavis on an easel. She is still beautiful.

HOWARD stares downstage as if the coffin is at the front of the room. PHIL and WALLY are at his side.

In the background, the muffled conversation of those attending the wake.)

PHIL

You need anything?

HOWARD

No.

PHIL

(Uncomfortable silence. PHIL tries to fill it) Sometimes during wakes or funerals you got thieves going into the houses of mourners 'cause they know they're empty. I can go stake yours out.

HOWARD

That's all right. (Pause) I'm sorry to hear you and Crunch parted ways.

PHIL

Who needs them. And their Millennial Worship.

WALLY

I've been banned from White Coat Love.

PHIL

The Kama Sutra?

WALLY

Strangely enough, they didn't mind that. But when I posted all of our barbershop performances since 1991, they said I exceeded the allowed maximum number of "thumbs down".

HOWARD

Excuse me. I have to thank some people.

(HOWARD EXITS)

WALLY

I guess we were wrong about Mavis faking it.

PHIL

Ya think?

WALLY

Howard said she had a malignancy that affected her movement. That's why she stayed in bed. She didn't want anyone to know.

PHIL

He should have told us.

(BOB enters)

BOB

Wally. Phil.

PHIL

What are you doing here?

BOB

(Shrugs). I went back to my apartment. I packed my suitcase. I did my laundry. They still have not come. Maybe they will find me here.

PHIL

Nice, Bob. What good's a funeral without an immigration raid?

(HOWARD reenters holding a prayer book)

HOWARD

Bob.

BOB

Howard, I am sorry for your loss. I am glad I got to meet her.

HOWARD

Thank you. And thank you for the Prayer Book. (Hands it to BOB)

BOB

Please keep it. (As he hands it back he sees and pulls a letter from it) There is a letter in it.

HOWARD

(Looks at it) It's addressed to Peter.

PHIL

Isn't that the guy she ran off with?

HOWARD

I guess you guys were right all along.

WALLY

What does it say?

HOWARD

I can't open this. Phil? Just read it.

(HE hands it to PHIL. PHIL hesitates, uncomfortable, then hands it to WALLY. Uncomfortable, WALLY hands it to BOB. BOB opens it and reads it)

BOB

"Dear Peter- I am so glad you called. But there are things I wanted to tell you that I didn't feel comfortable saying on the phone. Things you should know."

HOWARD

When she got worse I told her she could invite him to the house so they could say their goodbyes.

BOB

(Continues) "The times we spent together were some of the most exciting times I've ever had. It was a wonderful affair, but I think we both know it was only that, nothing that could last forever. When I heard how little time I had left, I knew I had to spend it with Howard. He is the best person I have ever known. Not like us. When he found out I was ill and asked me to come home, I realized what I had with him was different. It was love. Real love. (Turning to Howard) This is very beautiful.

WALLY

"The Best Person I Have Ever Known." Nobody's ever said that to me.

PHIL

Someone said it to me once.

WALLY

Yes, and now you know why I don't drink.

PHIL

Did this jerk ever show up?

HOWARD

No.

PHIL

What does that tell you? And what did it tell her?

HOWARD

I don't know. All I know is we had that time together, and I'm grateful for it.

WALLY

At least Mavis loved barbershop.

HOWARD

Actually, she hated it. But there was one song...

SONG: "BEAUTIFUL DREAMER"

HOWARD

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER, WAKE UNTO ME
STARLIGHT AND DEW DROPS ARE WAITINGFOR THEE;

PHIL

HMMM, MMMMM

ALL

SOUNDS OF THE RUDE WORLD HEARD IN THE DAY
LULLED BY THE MOONLIGHT HAVE ALL PASSED AWAY
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER, QUEEN OF MY SONG,
LIST WHILE I WOO THEE WITH SOFT MELODY
GONE ARE THE CARES OF LIFE'S BUSY THRONG
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER, AWAKE UNTO ME

HOWARD

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER, WAKE UNTO ME.

ALL

HMMMMMMMM

PHIL

Sounds like a quartet.

(LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK)

SCENE FIVE:

(PROJECTION – ESPN-STYLE SWOOPING video montage, “Welcome To Reno Nevada”, the exterior of a huge casino, cuts to interior of ballroom, throngs of people joyously enraptured by and APPLAUDING to various playbacks of competing BARBERSHOP QUARTETS.

An ecstatic ANNOUNCER narrates, then turns it over to SKIP AND TED, two of Barbershop Harmony’s premiere COLOR COMMENTATORS)

ANNOUNCER

Coming to you live from the Pepper Mill Resort and Casino in Reno, Nevada. Join us for the 75th Annual Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America Finals!

SKIP

As we head into day two of the grand championships of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, I am joined by my colleague Ted Rabineau. Ted, your thoughts on the competition so far.

TED

Skip, I'm in total awe. Never before, in the seventy-five year history of The Society of The Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America have I seen such a lineup of fierce and melodious quartets. And we haven't even gotten to The Sons of Pitches.

SKIP

Ted, Are you saying The Sons of Pitches could be taking home a record breaking fifth straight grand championship?

TED

I'm saying that any sorry quartet scheduled to perform before or after should consider falling on their barbershop poles right now!

SKIP

There you have it. The Society For The Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Harmony Singing in America competition is sponsored by Lipitor, who would also like to publicly state that they have no affiliation whatsoever with The Fabulous Lipitones, and won't comment further while litigation is pending.

TED

Okay, our next group of contestants. Coming up: The Four DUI's. The Testoster-A-Tones. The High Colonics. The Sons Of Pitches. And The Fabulous Lipitones!

(CROWD goes craziest yet)

(LIGHTS UP ON OUR FOUR LIPITONES, in the wings)

WALLY

I hope we're not behind the High Colonics.

(MEN react to the thought)

ANNOUNCER

Let's hear it for The Sons of Pitches!

(APPLAUSE. The SONS OF PITCHES sing "UNDER THE ANHEUSER BUSH")

WALLY

Listen to that! How can they be so good!

HOWARD

Phil?

PHIL

(Handing Bob a small box) Bob, this is for you, from us.

(BOB takes the box, opens it, pulls out a shiny new pitch pipe)

BOB

A pitch pipe?

PHIL

Not just "a" pitch pipe. Your pitch pipe. Read the engraving.

BOB

(Reading) To Baba "Lipitone" Mati Das.

WALLY

It's nickel-plated.

PHIL

Bob, I also wanted to say, when we first met, I know I was a little tough on you ...

BOB

Oh, you were not being tough on me. That was simple racism.

PHIL

I stand corrected. Now, give us an F-natural.

(BOB brings the pipe to his lips, but hesitates.)

BOB

I have one very big concern.

WALLY

You're going to do great!

BOB

It's not that. I saw two men backstage who look like they could be from Immigration.

(SONS OF PITCHES conclude. We hear applause.)

ANNOUNCER

Next up. The Fabulous Lipitones!

PHIL

Bob, if they dare try to bust you while we're on that stage, they're gonna have to come through me. Of course, once we're done, you're on your own.

BOB

Thank you, Phil.

PHIL

Now give us an F-natural.

(BOB blows an F natural)

PHIL

(Sounds his note, sings it) AHHHHHH.

WALLY

AHHHHH.

BOB

AHHHHH.

HOWARD

AHHHHH.

ALL

Lipitones!!

(And together, the four stride, exiting toward the stage)

ANNOUNCER

And now, let's hear it for the Fabulous Lipitones!

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE SIX:

(LIGHTS SLOWLY UP on the bare stage.

The CHOREOGRAPHY of the song includes FAR EASTERN MOVES; BOB has clearly had an influence)

SONG: "THE RABBIT PRINCESS"**ALL**

THE PRINCESS DIED BUT SHE RETURNED
A BROWN AND FURRY BUNNY
SHE SWORE TO FIND THE PRINCE SHE LOVED
THE DAY WAS BRIGHT AND SUNNY
HOP, HOP, HOP LITTLE BUNNY
SEEK YOUR SIKH SO REGAL
HOP, HOP, HOP LITTLE BUNNY
WATCH OUT FOR THAT EAGLE

DOO, DOO, DOO, DOOO
SHE FOUND THE PRINCE DEEP IN THE WOODS
A-HUNTING BY THE RIVER
SHE GAVE A SQUEAK IN BUNNY SPEAK
HE TURNED TO SEE HER QUIVER

HOP HOPHOP LITTLE BUNNY
FEEL YOUR PASSION BURNING THROUGH
HOT HOT HOT LITTLE BUNNY
HOT AS VINDALOO

THE PRINCESS DIED BUT SHE RETURNED
A BROWN AND FURRY BUNNY
SHE SWORE TO FIND THE PRINCE SHE LOVED
THE DAY WAS BRIGHT AND SUNNY

HOP, HOP, HOP LITTLE BUNNY
WILL YOUR PRINCE KNOW THAT IT'S YOU?
STOP STOPSTOP LITTLE BUNNY
NOW YOU ARE HIS STEW, HIS STEW, HIS STEW
HIS STEW, HIS STEW
STEW, STEW, STEW, STEW, STEW,
NOW YOU'RE HIS STEW!

(As they sing the final note in beautiful four part harmony, they transition into...)

HOWARD/WALLY/BOB

DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

PHIL

DOO DOO DOO DOO

HOWARD/WALLY/BOB/PHIL

EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE
EVERY VOW YOU BREAK
EVERY SMILE YOU FAKE
EVERY CLAIM YOU STAKE
I'LL BE WATCHING YOU

HOWARD

O CAN'T YOU SEE
YOU BELONG TO ME

HOWARD/WALLY

HOW MY POOR HEART ACHES
WITH EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE

HOWARD/WALLY/BOB/PHIL

EVERY SINGLE DAY
EVERY WORD YOU SAY
EVERY GAME YOU PLAY
EVERY NIGHT YOU STAY
I'LL BE WATCHING YOU

BOB

SINCE YOU'VE GONE I BEEN LOST WITHOUT A TRACE
I DREAM AT NIGHT I CAN ONLY SEE YOUR FACE

WALLY

I LOOK AROUND BUT IT'S YOU I CAN'T REPLACE
I FEEL SO COLD AND I LONG FOR YOUR EMBRACE

PHIL

I KEEP CRYING BABY, BABY PLEASE

ALL:

EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE
EVERY VOW YOU BREAK
EVERY SMILE YOU FAKE
EVERY CLAIM YOU STAKE.
I'LL BE WATCHING YOU.

(Which transitions into PHIL, front and center)

PHIL

I LOOKED OUT THIS MORNING AND THE SUN WAS GONE
TURNED ON SOME MUSIC TO START MY DAY
I LOST MYSELF IN A FAMILIA SONG
I CLOSED MY EYES AND I SLIPPED AWAY

IT'S MORE THAN A FEELING, WHEN I HEAR THAT OLD SONG THEY USED
TO PLAY (MORE THAN A FEELING)
I BEGIN DREAMING (MORE THAN A FEELING)
TILL I SEE MARIANNE WALK AWAY
I SEE MY MARIANNE WALKIN' AWAY

SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE COME AND GONE
THEIR FACES FADE AS THE YEARS GO BY
YET I STILL RECALL AS I WANDER ON
AS CLEAR AS THE SUN IN THE SUMMER SKY

IT'S MORE THAN A FEELING, WHEN I HEAR THAT OLD SONG THEY USED
TO PLAY (MORE THAN A FEELING)
I BEGIN DREAMING (MORE THAN A FEELING)
TILL I SEE MARIANNE WALK AWAY.
I SEE MY MARIANNE WALK WALKIN' AWAY

WHEN I'M TIRED AND THINKING COLD
I HIDE IN MY MUSIC, FORGET THE DAY
AND DREAM OF A GIRL I USED TO KNOW
I CLOSED MY EYES AND SHE SLIPPED AWAY
SHE SLIPPED AWAY

IT'S MORE THAN A FEELING, WHEN I HEAR THAT OLD SONG THEY USED
TO PLAY (MORE THAN A FEELING)
I BEGIN DREAMING (MORE THAN A FEELING)

(Which transitions into WALLY holding up his cell phone, ringing (ODE
TO JOY)

WALLY

JOYFUL JOYFUL WE ADORE THEE
GOD OF GLORY LORD OF LOVE
HEARTS UNFOLD LIKE FLOW'RS BEFORE THEE
HAIL THEE AS THE SON ABOVE,

ALL

MELT THE CLOUDS OF SIN AND SADNESS
DRIVE THE DARK OF DOUBT AWAY
GIVER OF IMMORTAL GLADNESS
FILL US WITH THE LIGHT OF DAY

MORTALS JOIN THE MIGHTY CHORUS
WHICH THE MORNING STARS BEGAN
FATHER LOVE IS REIGNING O'ER US
BROTHER=LOVE BINDS MAN TO MAN
EVER SINGING MARCH WE ONWARDS
VISITORS IN THE MIDS OF STRIFE
JOYFUL MUSIC LIFTS US SUNWARDS
IN THE TRIUMPH SONG OF LIFE...
SONG...OF...LIFE!

(As they sing the final note in striking four-part harmony, ALL MEN
throw their hats in to the audience, revealing their PATKAS)

(CURTAIN)

** If projections are being used, these captions can be displayed over the
individual cast members as they re-enter for their bows...

PHIL: One month later while performing an 80's Power Ballad at The Holiday
Inn Express, Phil suffered a heart attack. He survived and is now a Vegan.

WALLY: Began to exclusively date "Administer Orally". They married and have
a one year-old, Andy, who can already sing "Tea For Two".

HOWARD: Traveled around the world. At an Andrews Sisters Convention in
Edinburgh, he met and married Noelle, a choral singer. She later left him for a
"genius" she met at The Apple Store.

BOB: His immigrations problem was straightened out when Phil hired him at
the gym. There, he invented "Aerobic Hatha Yoga", now sweeping the nation.
Partnered with Phil, they're currently negotiating a sale to Crunch.

(BLACKOUT)