

FRANCIS

(To AUDIENCE. Trying to keep pace up)

Those were our first two numbers. Tonight, I want to thank you for allowing us the opportunity to do the show we never got to do in life. You see, we saved up for these really boss Plaid Tuxedos, and we were on our way to pick them up the night we were kil... Well, — we were kil...

(HE gets caught up emotionally and can't say "killed." SPARKY puts his arm on FRANCIS'S shoulder)

(Whispers to SPARKY)

No, it's alright. I'm alright.

(Full voice to AUDIENCE)

So for the full effect, if you squint, and think Plaid, we could all look like this.

FRANCIS

(Impassioned — HE knows time is running out)

Why not? We came back once, maybe we can do it again. We don't know what's going to happen. We can't be sure of anything except how we feel, that nothing on this, or any other planet, compares to the feeling of being inside a good tight chord. Knowing that we're building an arrangement that will vibrate through eternity.

(THEY turn away from him)

Picture this — we're coming into the release of "Splendored Thing." There we are, careening into that classic D-flat minor chord. I know that I gotta jump in and come around smooth on the inside of the harmony. I hear a cool A-flat building on my left, so I slip into an F sharp. That sends you all cascading. You topple into a portomento of epic proportions. Now Smudge brings us around. He passes me the

dominant. I pass it back. We volley. B, C-sharp, B, E, F, F-sharp. The coast is clear. Not a nosebleed in sight. Jinx heads out with his money notes. A, A-sharp, maybe a B if he feels particularly hot, and he does. We change keys. Shift it. Shift it. Into overdrive. We modulate to the stars! Vvrrroooooommm!

(FRANCIS moves CENTER)

We sail over melodies creating whole new galaxies as we go. We propel ourselves through the coda, then parachute off our snow-covered chord, cushioning down on a cloud of warm sound. We hold onto that last note. We don't want to say goodbye to the song. We're out of breath, but we keep singing longer and stronger. Then, as one, we cut off.

(The others begin to get involved with FRANCIS)

There is only silence. Quality silence. Sleek sweat runs down our collective necks. It's a good sweat. A perfect chord. One perfect moment. That's all anyone has the right to ask for. And we had more than our share. Rehearsing in the stockroom was our Madison Square Garden. Singing in the upholstered comfort of the Mercury was our Carnegie Hall. The opening of the Stroudsberg Sears was our Ed Sullivan Show. And it was good, dammit!

(To AUDIENCE)

Excuse me. But it was good. Real good. Did I leave anything out?