

SMUDGE

(A spot hits SMUDGE. He stands there uncomfortably holding the suitcase)

Uh... While Jinx is clotting, I'll forge ahead. You know that saying "You can't take it with you?" Well you can, you're allowed one suitcase. So we took our props and the bass charts, and I snuck in my record collection.

(HE takes out a record rack with period 45 rpm records in it. He has a cloth and cleans a record during his speech)

You see, when I was a little kid, my parents opened a diner with the insurance money that they got from this accident they had. They had to give the sitter Wednesdays off for beauty school, so I'd hang around the diner and wait for the jukebox lady to come to take out all the old records that no one was playing anymore. She'd give them to me. That's where we got "Perfidia". Well, I just loved these little guys. I'd sit there for hours just lookin' at the labels, readin' 'em, watchin' 'em drop down on the record changer and listenin' to 'em. I'd mouth the words —

(Puts the opening of the 45 record to his lips and sings to the tune of "SH BOOM.")

HEY NONNY DING DONG, A LANG A LANG A LANG

(Record gets stuck over his lips, and must be forced off)

and I'd make sock puppets and pretend they were the Ames Brothers, or The Four Aces. Well, then I graduated to LP's. What a feeling, getting a new record, slipping your thumbnail in the album jacket and breaking the cellophane. We, the guys and I,

always dreamed of making an album. We even made these neat record covers ourselves — excuse me...

(HE takes out his homemade album covers, "show 'n tells" them to the AUDIENCE)