

SPARKY

(Pushed forward by FRANCIS, SPARKY addresses the AUDIENCE. He wears a retainer)

Good Evening. We're Forever Plaid, and we're dead.

(FRANCIS nudges him to take out the retainer. SPARKY swiftly removes the retainer and hands it to SMUDGE, who passes it off to JINX, who hides it behind his back during SPARKY'S speech. SPARKY speaks swiftly)

And uh... we never got to do this show when we were — you know — alive, and now that we're not, we're hoping to do the show that we would've done if we could've when we were, which we're not, so we didn't and now we can. You see, it's because of all the astro-technical stuff, like the stars being in conjunction with the positions of the planets, and the sounds of our voices,

(FRANCIS signals to him to wrap it up and then taps him to stop because he's gone on too long)

combined with the expanding holes in the ozone layer, make it possible for us to do the show that we couldn't which we didn't and now we can. Anyway, we're here, you're there,

(And as each one says his name, HE steps out, announces his name and steps back)

and I'm Sparky.

SPARKY

(Relishes each word as if specially chosen)

This is the story...

(SPARKY realizes he's out of the light. HE subtly pushes the stool and himself into the light)

This is the story of the Golden Cardigan. One dusty day, Jinx was off getting his nose cauterized, so I was filling in for him at Smiley's Texaco Station. There I was, restacking the re-treads, when through the blazing horizon Perry Como's Cadillac Fleetwood Limo came a-sputtering into the station. I was numb with excitement. He

was sitting right there in the front seat instead of in the back, behind the partition. That's the kind of guy he was. I mean is. Well I calmed down long enough to check out the car. I was just getting ready to dig down into that big ole engine, when I realized that I didn't know what I was doing. But I also realized that this could be a moment of destiny, of fate, in other words, a magic moment.