

FLIGHT OF THE MAGANAUTS

A Tragedy in Two Acts

Screenplay, music and lyrics by
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JACK STARR is a youthful adult in his mid-thirties. He's clean-shaven and dresses well in classic but casual attire (think: J Crew). A native of upstate New York and a graduate of SUNY Binghamton, he moved to the Las Vegas area as a young adult to start a chain of health and wellness spas catering to tourists. His business faltered during COVID and ultimately folded. His relationship with his parents and siblings - investors in his venture - went sour. He took to drinking too heavily, resulting in his live-in girlfriend of five years leaving him. He quit his excessive drinking, but became a Fox News addict, and became highly susceptible to the ads for the space flight.

DAVID LUKE is a messy, overweight, self-described "incel" in his late twenties, and grew up with his single mother in a suburb of Baltimore. He makes no apologies for his lack of ambition. He's well-known in online circles of like-minded incels and conspiracy theorists. He mainly signed up as a passenger for online clout.

EDNA LOVING is a short-haired widower in her late seventies. Though she and her late husband never had children, she's always been a natural mother and grandmother figure to many. Having lived in rural Tennessee all her life, she's only ever been exposed to staunchly conservative viewpoints. She's thoughtful and compassionate, but can be naive and oblivious at times. She sees the space journey as an opportunity to turn back the clock to an idealized past.

SAM JOHNSON is a middle-aged doctor who recently retired from private family practice in Grand Rapids. He's African-American, and strongly resents any suggestion that he's risen in his career due to affirmative action. Because he's anchored to views like this, he stays firmly in the conservative fold. He sees his pioneering work on the spaceship as an opportunity to unambiguously prove himself.

LUANNE JOHNSON is SAM's wife of twenty-five years. Her long blonde hair tied in a bun, and thick-framed glasses, suggest the

look of a seasoned librarian. Her life has been defined by her dedication to her church, and by charitable work within the church community. She has taught Sunday school for nearly thirty years. She and SAM were unable to have children, a reality that still psychologically disturbs her.

MIKE TRAVIS is a stocky thirty year old from Alabama. Ten years ago he served in an armored infantry division in Afghanistan before returning home with an injury, and he thereafter struggled to find meaningful work. He ended up involved with a methamphetamine lab, which landed him in legal trouble and saw him sentenced to six months in a county jail. Despite his run-in with the law, he is unabashedly pro-police and pro-authority. He considers himself aligned with Proud Boys, Oath Keepers and Three Percenters, though he has never participated with them in any meaningful way. He wears clothes that vaguely but clumsily resemble law enforcement uniforms.

RICHARD GREENE is the CEO of Four Seasons Total Galaxy, LLC. He is a close friend of Jared Kushner and has served on the board of Trump and Kushner related enterprises. He's proud of his ability to skirt tax laws and regulations, and personally made millions from forgiven PPP loans.

CAPTAIN LOU WANDOWSKI is a seasoned commercial pilot. He's cultured and well-traveled and rubs elbows easily with moneyed crowds. He's a vocal proponent of free market libertarianism and, having grown up in a poor household, believes that everyone like him should be able to work their way up to success without handouts. He always wears a uniform, but in a trademark relaxed style that defines his persona.

FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA ZHOU got his start in the cruise ship industry, but has been blacklisted from every cruise line for his brash and authoritarian behavior - an endless source of HR complaints. He's been politically active with MAGA as a valuable organizer, and had taken a leading role in the J6 protests. He's always in a tight-fitting uniform and ready to give a command.

THE SHAMAN is a barefooted long-haired charismatic guru who in an earlier generation would have clearly been a hippie. Though

some of his views and tendencies like veganism and transcendental hallucinogenic drug use might make him appear liberal, his acceptance of health and environmental conspiracies like vaccines, 5G and "chemtrails" led him to embrace the broader set of QANON beliefs. He favors loose-fitting, Native American-inspired clothing.

TREY BILLINGS is a self-assured Miami "crypto-bro." He's thin, with stylish glasses and designer clothes. Young and independently wealthy, he views this trip as the adventure of a lifetime.

RILEY BILLINGS is TREY's wife; they're newlyweds. She had been on track for a promising career in advertising, but was convinced by her husband to join him on this life-long mission. She veers between feelings of excitement and resentment.

ROSA GUTIERREZ is from Guatemala. She's young and crafty, motivated by a dark past: her entire family was murdered by a cartel, and she was the sole survivor. She migrated to the US and legally claimed asylum, though she's haunted by the possibility of her asylum being denied and being deported back to Guatemala. She decided to sneak on board the spaceship as a means of permanently securing for herself a new life from which she can't be removed. She conceals herself as a SHAMAN follower until discovered.

FOLLOWERS (2) of the SHAMAN act as part of the chorus, and will often stay close to him on stage. Quick to accompany any song and dance, they represent the typical passengers.

CREW (2) report directly to FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA and act both as on-set stagehands and also sing and dance as part of the chorus. They're always dressed in uniform.

ACT ONE

Scene One

The stage is set as the interior of the Four Seasons Total Galaxy Spaceship. The design is sleek and futuristic, with chrome panels, control stations, and LED lighting giving the impression of a state-of-the-art spacecraft; the colors are primarily red, white and blue. There is a smattering of TRUMP banners and MAGA slogan banners, placed seemingly at random.

Flanking either side of the center stage are stairs leading up to a raised platform that overlooks the main area. This platform serves for various scenes throughout the performance. In the middle of the platform is a desk and an armoire.

At center stage, in front of the platform, is a large digital viewport representing the spaceship's heart. The viewport currently shows a lifelike view of blue sky and a city skyline, as the ship is preparing for imminent departure (this viewport is dynamic, changing throughout the show).

The lighting is ambient and slightly dim to give a sense of anticipation. Spotlights are

positioned to highlight individual characters as they enter and sing. Some dynamic harsher lighting is also used to mimic the movement of machinery and workers.

A soft hum of the spaceship's engines can be heard in the background, mixed with occasional beeps and electronic sounds to simulate a spaceship's control systems.

As the scene opens, passengers begin to enter from stage left at varying speeds and at different times. This includes SAM and LUANNE, TREY and RILEY, MIKE, THE SHAMAN and his FOLLOWERS, including ROSA. Each passenger carries luggage, their movements choreographed to reflect a mix of excitement and nervousness about the journey ahead. The choreography is fluid, symbolizing the passengers' transition into a new phase of their lives. FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA and CREW are there to take luggage and store them by the platform stairs on stage right.

Amidst this hectic scene, JACK enters, and, in awe of everything, strolls his luggage across the stage. He stops to gape at the viewport. EDNA has now entered the fray along with her luggage, and walks up to him.

JACK

Can you believe it? Look at this.

EDNA

I never thought I'd live to see this kind of thing. Never. Oh, lordie.

(The music swells to begin the first song. Dropping and picking up luggage becomes an essential element of the dance. CREW members especially are heavily engaged in the continuous moving of luggage, with FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA and CREW also performing pre-launch checks. Cue **1. SAY WHAT YOU WANT.**)

1. SAY WHAT YOU WANT

A spirited classic broadway tune, with heavy big-band style instrumentation. In this song, all performers on stage sing as part of the chorus.

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT

THE SHAMAN

OUR GRIEVANCES LAST CENTURIES
 WE ALL HAVE PERFECT MEMORIES
 WE DRINK OUR BLEACH AND ANTIFREEZE EACH DAY

DAVID

WE'RE NEVER GONNA BE REPLACED
 THAT'S WHY WE'RE OFF TO OUTER SPACE
 THEY CANCELED US BUT WE WON'T BE ERASED

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT

SAM AND LUANNE

WE'RE HUSBANDS WIVES AND KIDS AND PETS
 WE'RE PLUMBERS, TEACHERS, ARMY VETS
 WE'RE JUST ABOUT AS REAL HERE AS IT GETS

MIKE

WE'VE BROUGHT OUR TRUCKS AND HATS AND FLAGS
 OUR GUNS AND GEAR AND AMMO BAGS
 PROTECT OURSELVES FROM TRANNY FAGS

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT

REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
 REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT

TREY

(RILEY, his fiancée, is by his side)

I USED TO BE A BUSINESS OWNER
 NOW A SPACEMAN CUM FOOTSOLDIER
 SAFEGUARDING JUDEO-CHRISTIAN WAYS
 THEY TOOK OUR TAXES TOOK OUR PRIDE
 THE POLITICIANS LIED AND LIED
 THEY THOUGHT THAT WE'D BE PETRIFIED BUT HEY

MIKE

I'M HERE TO STICK IT HARD TO THE SOCIALIST LEFT
 BABY KILLERS RAP MUSIC AND GOVERNMENT THEFT
 CITY SLICKERS DIDN'T LIKE ME COOKING THE METH
 TIME TO LEAVE THAT HELLHOLE BEHIND

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT
 WHERE WE GO ONE WE GO ALL
 SAY WHAT YOU WANT

(Overlaid on the viewport, a countdown commences from 10.
 CAPTAIN LOU enters from stage right and joins FIRST OFFICER
 MIRANDA to position themselves at a control panel nearby
 the viewport.)

CHORUS

(Shouting)
 Ten! Nine! Eight! Seven! Six! Five! Four! Three! Two! One!
 Blastoff!

(Engines roar, and the view from the porthole simulates a takeoff until the screen is black and the Earth in its entirety is visible on a dark starry background, and it continues to recede. All performers on stage flail and fall and brace themselves; luggage rolls. They steady themselves as the music begins again.)

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
WHERE WE GO ONE WE GO ALL
SAY WHAT YOU WANT

ACT ONEScene Two

Luggage is no longer on the stage.

Lighting shifts to highlight the platform - the middle of which, where the desk and armoire are, represents DAVID and JACK's shared cabin. The armoire is emblazoned in anime posters, and the desk covered in computer equipment and snack wrappers. There, at the desk, DAVID sits with headphones. JACK walks into the space with his suitcase.

JACK

Oh, hey, are you David? David, right? Looks like we're roommates, so, anyway, here I am. Good to meet you.

(JACK holds out his hand, but DAVID doesn't turn. JACK laughs a bit nervously, and DAVID continues staring at his computer throughout the conversation.)

DAVID

Yeah.

JACK

Jack. My name's... Jack.

DAVID

Cool.

JACK

You're already set up and everything?

DAVID

Yeah.

JACK

With like all sorts of, um, what is that, potato chip crumbs...

DAVID

Yeah. Um, Doritos. And-

JACK

Oh, sorry and what?

DAVID

And, probably like, some, you know. Mountain Dew solids.

JACK

Solids? I don't-

DAVID

Yeah, it's ok.

(Pause)

JACK

So... You must've boarded early?

DAVID

I dunno.

JACK

So...

DAVID

Are you on Truth?

JACK

Huh? Am I on truth?

JACK

Truth Social.

JACK

Sorry, right. Oh. Not really, sometimes I'll see posts on, like, the news. You know. Are you?

DAVID

Yeah.

(Pause.)

I'm Gentleman Incel One Thousand.

JACK

Excuse me?

DAVID

Nevermind.

JACK

Oh. Your username? Like, what you're called on Truth... right?

DAVID

Yeah. Doesn't matter.

JACK

Oh hey, sorry. So anyway, um, I'm from Nevada, Henderson. You?

DAVID

Maryland. Hey, look,

JACK

Yeah?

DAVID

Sorry, yeah, I'm in, like, a flame war with Caitlyn Jenner right now. There's fourteen people watching, oh, sweet hey fifteen now. Who are you, bro...

JACK

Well listen, I'll just leave my bag here and unpack later. Feeling an itch to explore, you know?

DAVID

Uh huh.

JACK

Do you... want to come?

DAVID

Nah. Gotta out-truth this freakshow.

JACK

Okay. Obviously you are, uh, busy. Oh and by the way, I like the posters. What are these, Japanese kids cartoons?

(DAVID takes a deep breath.)

Alright, I guess, um, I'll look forward to getting to know you... later...

(JACK leans on his suitcase and takes a deep breath. He studies DAVID with deep misgiving. The ambient lights drop and the spotlight focuses on JACK. Cue **2. Takeoff Nerves**)

2. TAKEOFF NERVES

A classic Broadway show tune with rich percussive instrumentation, varying in speed for dramatic effect. JACK uses the entire stage, but ends the song right back on the platform by his bag.

JACK

DON'T BE UNCERTAIN, DON'T BE SCARED
 YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE AND YOU PREPARED
 OF COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE RIGHTLY NERVOUS
 COMMITTING YOUR WHOLE LIFE TO A PURPOSE

SO LET'S REMEMBER WHY WE'RE HERE
 THINGS FELL TO SHIT AT HOME, THE CHOICE WAS CLEAR
 I'D CHASED A DREAM, I'D TAKEN A SHOT
 I'D TAKEN INVESTMENTS - HOW COULD I NOT?

I TOOK A RISK, IT DIDN'T WORK
 I'M NOT A SCAMMER, THIEF OR JERK
 IT'S ONLY BUSINESS, LOST A MILLION
 PEOPLE ACT LIKE I'M A VILLAIN

IT STILL HURTS, I STILL FEEL PAIN
 INSIDE MY HEAD, THEY STILL COMPLAIN

AND THEN I HEAR MY FATHER'S VOICE
 "I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN"

SO YES I LOOKED FOR AN ESCAPE,
 OF ANY COLOR ANY SHAPE
 I COULDN'T STAY THERE BACK AT HOME
 BEING A FAILURE, STUCK ALONE

SO IT'S THE BEST I COULD HAVE DONE
 IT'S LIKE I PLAYED THE LOTTERY - AND WON!
 A CHANCE TO EARN BACK THEIR RESPECT
 A SO-MUCH NEEDED COURSE CORRECT

I'LL DO MY PART, I'LL MAKE SOME FRIENDS
I'LL STICK IT OUT UNTIL THE END
AND THOUGH WE'RE DIFFERENT WE'LL GET ALONG
OUR VARIED VIEWPOINTS WILL MAKE US STRONG

I'VE GOT A POSITIVE HEALTHY ATTITUDE
AND I WILL DEMONSTRATE MY UTMOST GRATITUDE
I'LL SHAKE IT OFF, SWALLOW MY FEAR,
I KNOW MY FUTURE WILL BE...
HERE!

(The SHAMAN, FOLLOWERS including ROSA, and CREW, enter from
different sides and meet at center stage, enthusiastically
dancing as they sing the chorus)

CHORUS

HE'S A HUGE PART OF IT
MAKES A NEW START OF IT
PUTS HIS WHOLE HEART IN IT

JACK

HIS FUTURE WILL BE HERE! / MY FUTURE WILL BE HERE!

A RIGHT-WING WANDERER
HE WILL BE POPULAR
GOOD NATURED, JOCLAR

JACK

HIS FUTURE WILL BE HERE! / MY FUTURE WILL BE HERE!

(The CHORUS from the previous song exits. JACK leaves his suitcase by DAVID's desk, and walks to the far left of the platform where LUANNE is now revealed by a spotlight to be checking the zipper compartments of her luggage. He first walks past, but then decides to pivot and introduce himself.)

JACK

Knock knock.

LUANNE

Oh, hello?

JACK

Thought I'd meet the neighbors. I'm right next door. I'm Jack.

LUANNE

Jack! Luanne. Luanne Johnson, dear. Nice to meet you.

JACK

My roommate wasn't so chatty, so. Thought I'd make the rounds.

LUANNE

Roommate? Oh, you're here alone, Jack?

JACK

Yeah. I take it you're here with-

LUANNE

My husband, yes. He's the lead doctor on board.

JACK

Oh! That's great.

LUANNE

He'll be busy, all the time, I'm sure. But Jack, you know, all my friends say I have a very sound intuition about God's plan.

JACK

Oh?

LUANNE

And I have a strange feeling. I take it you're single, Jack?

JACK

Well, yes.

LUANNE

Well, here's some news for you.

(Pause.)

Your soulmate is on board, you should know.

JACK

Um. Wow, okay, soulmate?

LUANNE

Yes. Isn't that wonderful?

JACK

You've known me all of a hot minute, that's a pretty bold prediction. And, um, well, that's not really what I'm looking for here, to be honest.

LUANNE

Which is what, dear? Here, have some tea by the way.

JACK

(JACK takes a mug of tea from LUANNE. He delivers the following lines between sips.)

Thanks. Well, I'll be honest with you. I hit a rough patch. With my business, with family, friends. Stayed home a lot. When I first saw the ad on Fox, I thought, wow, who's going to buy into this crazy thing? But the more I saw the ad, the more I started to think, wait a minute, I haven't really done all that much in my life. Nothing worthwhile, really. Dabbled in a lot of things, alienated a good bunch of people if I'm just being honest with you. Anyway, why not, right? Maybe this is my actual ticket-

LUANNE

To change it up. Be part of building something big.

JACK

Uh huh, yep. Start fresh. Do something nobody else has ever done.

LUANNE

Be part of building something. Something new. Something incredible. Something just. Something Christian.

JACK

Oh, yeah. Well. I'm not really that much of a church man. Traditional values, though, you know, I'm all for that.

(Pause.)

I guess I can tell, though, from how you're talking, that you're pretty religious? Huh? Is that why... why **you're** here?

LUANNE

This is all God's plan, isn't it Jack. And when Sam was chosen to lead the medical team, well. Just think, a new society inspired by the savior.

JACK

Christ...

LUANNE

No, dear. The savior, protector, of American Christian family values.

JACK

Oh, um-

LUANNE

Yes. Donald John Trump.

JACK

Oh, really? I'm not sure about that...

(The spotlight shines down on her to start her slow soliloquy song, which she sings while JACK observes and sips his tea, **3. A MAN OF GOD.**)

3. A MAN OF GOD

A slow, meditative and uplifting
tune with heavy string
instrumentation that grows more
powerful, percussive and emphatic
in the second part.

LUANNE

A MAN OF GOD
A SERVANT OF THE LORD
A MAN, OUR SAVIOR,
WHO'S FAITHFUL TO THE WORD

FROM TOWERS OF GOLD,
TO THE HALLS OF POWER
HE ROSE, A SHEPHERD FOR US
IN OUR DESPERATE HOUR.

CHOSEN BY THE LORD,
FOR HIS TRUTHFUL TONGUE
A MAN OF GOD,
A MODEL FOR OUR YOUNG.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE,
HIS PERSECUTION CLEAR,
HE SACRIFICED EVERYTHING,
TO HOLD US ALL NEAR.

THEY DRAGGED HIM THROUGH THE MUD
THEY STOLE THE FAITHFUL'S VOTES
THEY FORCED ON US THE DEVIL'S MASKS
THEY SHOVED THEM DOWN OUR THROATS

A STEADY HAND
HE LED US THROUGH THE SIEGE
HE CAME OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE
A BETTER WORLD FOR YOU AND ME

THROUGH TRIALS AND TESTS,
HIS FAITH NEVER SWAYED,
IN JETS AND HOTELS,

HIS EMPIRE'S DISPLAYED.
FOR THE LORD BLESSES THOSE
WHO TRULY BELIEVE,
WITH WEALTH AND WITH WISDOM,
AND THE STRENGTH TO ACHIEVE.
HE WAS ALREADY RICH
SO HE CAN'T BE CORRUPT,
HE DONATES HIS SALARY,
HE'S HERE TO DISRUPT.

THOUGH HIS WORDS SOMETIMES FALTER,
HIS INTENTIONS ARE PURE,
IN THE ART OF THE DEAL,
HIS EFFORTS ENDURE.
FLAWED, YET ANOINTED,
IN HIS GOLDEN TOWER,
HE LEADS US ALL FORTH,
IN THIS FATEFUL HOUR.
DRAINING THE SWAMP
HE'S A MAN OF HIS WORD
WHO'S STRIKING OUR ENEMIES
DOWN AT THE SWORD

A MAN OF GOD,
IN ACTIONS AND IN WORDS,
UPON HIS SAINTED BREATH,
THE LORD'S VOICE IS HEARD.

JACK

Luanne, my God. I'm... I have to say, I'm... well, inspired by your conviction. It's just...

LUANNE

What?

JACK

Well, I think I've mostly agreed with his policies. But he himself, I mean...

LUANNE

What, Jack?

JACK

I mean, he's an... adulterer. Right? And, like, his businesses, I mean... and... I don't know... the language he uses...

LUANNE

Are you a RINO, Jack? A socialist?

JACK

What? No, not at all. I'm-

LUANNE

We shouldn't question God's plan, Jack. The pastor at our church tells us that God specifically serves us in imperfect vessels to test our faith. We're not handed perfection on a silver platter, Jack. God is alive where we see his hand at work.

JACK

I'll, um, well, I'll take your word for that. We all have our reasons for being here, don't we.

(Pause)

Hey, um. Do you want to come walk around the ship with me? I'm off to explore.

LUANNE

Oh no, dear, I need to unpack and get to work! Tomorrow's the first day of school.

JACK

Oh! I take it, you're a teacher?

LUANNE

A curriculum that adheres to God's bible, Jack. Not whatever corrupted enlightenment craziness, you know, so-called liberal godless values that ruined America. Isn't it wonderful?

JACK

Sure. And yeah, hey, nice to meet you. Thanks for the hot drink.

(JACK passes LUANNE his empty mug. SAM has been coming up the stairs on stage left and now excuses himself to move past JACK.)

SAM

Oh, hello, excuse me. Luanne, dear, I just came up to grab some supplies...

JACK

Hi, hello, hey, sorry to be in your way, I'll leave you both to it.

(JACK walks down towards the center of the stage using stairs on stage right. Faintly, LUANNE can be heard telling SAM:)

LUANNE

That was our neighbor. He said his name's Jack. What a nice boy. And you know what, Sam, he has a soulmate on board... isn't that wonderful...

ACT ONEScene Three

The stage darkens as JACK walks down to the center, while CREW rearrange furniture by the viewport to place a lectern onto a small riser, and provide barstool seating for passengers to hear a series of announcements. Fife and marching drum music begins, a prelude to the song that's about to be cued. CAPTAIN LOU assumes his place on the riser behind the lectern. FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA situates himself off the riser to his left while CEO RICHARD GREENE stands off the riser to his right.

As JACK comes into this area, EDNA is entering as well. TREY and RILEY briskly come in and sit next to each other, in close proximity to where MIKE, THE SHAMAN, and FOLLOWERS, including ROSA, are also now taking a seat.

RILEY

Who specifically told you we'd have a window?

(Pause.)

Trey, look at me. I'm asking you a question.

TREY

Look, babe, for the last time, that's just what I understood, okay? I'm not gonna raise a stink.

RILEY

We ditched everything for this. Everything. Trey! You damn well better gonna make a stink.

TREY

I swear to you, just give it a week, live with it, you won't even notice that there's no window-

(EDNA and JACK take seats right next to TREY and RILEY).

EDNA

Looks like we're just in time!

MIRANDA

Have a seat, people, have a seat!

(Murmurs from the crowd continue.)

RILEY

Sounds like you're being a fucking beta.

MIRANDA

Quiet down folks, we have important announcements from our Captain, Lou Wandowski. Settle down, everyone. Captain Wandowski, over to you.

(Murmurs quickly stop.)

CAPTAIN LOU

Thank you, First Officer Miranda.

(The music picks up and a spotlight highlights the CAPTAIN behind the lectern. Cue **4.HOUSEKEEPING ANNOUNCEMENTS.**)

4. HOUSEKEEPING ANNOUNCEMENTS

A pre-modern drum-and-fife song in the style of "Do your ears hang low?" The chorus is a catchy dance-your-partner-style refrain, sung by CAPTAIN LOU, MIRANDA, RICHARD, THE SHAMAN and FOLLOWERS including ROSA, and also CREW.

CAPTAIN LOU

IM SO PLEASED TO WELCOME YOU ON BOARD TODAY
ON THIS INTERGALACTIC FLIGHT TO FAR AWAY
HERE'S SOME HOUSEKEEPING ITEMS WE WILL NEED TO KEEP IN MIND
IF WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET ALONG AND HAVE A SAFE TIME

CHORUS

(MIKE, JACK, EDNA, TREY and RILEY move and clap in their seats.)

THE FREE MARKET KEEP THINGS LOOSE
FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND GOVERNMENT ABUSE
IF YOU GET SCREWED THERE'S NO EXCUSE
YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT IN THE TERMS OF USE

CAPTAIN LOU

FIRST OF ALL LET'S ALL RECALL THAT WE'RE EACH HERE TO BE FREE
TO DO WHATEVER WE WANT, ASSERT OUR LIBERTY
SO NO ONE SHOULD OPPRESS
OR MAKE SOMEONE FEEL LESS
JUST LOOK AFTER YOURSELF BECAUSE YOU EACH KNOW BEST

BUT IN MORE SPECIFIC TERMS THE CREW AND CAPTAIN KNOW MOST
WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE YOU'LL ALL BE TOAST
IF WE GIVE A COMMAND, YOU WILL DO AS WE SAY
RESPECT OUR AUTHORITY EVERY WHICH WAY

(Applause.)

CHORUS

THE FREE MARKET KEEP THINGS LOOSE
FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND GOVERNMENT ABUSE

IF YOU GET SCREWED THERE'S NO EXCUSE
YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT IN THE TERMS OF USE

CAPTAIN LOU

And now, our First Officer, the great Miguel Miranda Zhou!

FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA

WE'VE ALREADY ASSIGNED EACH ONE OF YOU TO A CABIN
IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT SWITCHING, KNOW THAT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN
THERE'S A RESTAURANT ON BOARD WHERE YOU CAN TAKE ALL YOUR MEALS
READ THE DAILY NEWSLETTER FOR THE SPECIALS AND DEALS

BUT IT'S ONLY FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD TO EAT
IF YOU CAN'T PAY THE BILL THEN YOU WILL NOT GET A SEAT
IF IT TURNS OUT THAT YOU JUST DON'T HAVE THE BUDGET OR THE MEANS
THEN THE FOOD PANTRY MAY JUST HAVE SOME CHEAP CANS OF BEANS

(Applause.)

CHORUS

THE FREE MARKET KEEP THINGS LOOSE
FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND GOVERNMENT ABUSE
IF YOU GET SCREWED THERE'S NO EXCUSE
YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT IN THE TERMS OF USE

FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA

And now, our Chief Executive Officer, Richard Greene! Paid fairly for his shareholder value creation at ten-thousand times the salary of our lowest paid workers! Over to you, Richard.

RICHARD

IF YOU NEED SOME CASH THEN YOU ARE FREE TO FIND SOME WORK
IT'S ALL EMPLOYMENT AT WILL, THERE ARE NO BENEFITS OR PERKS
THERE'S NO UNIONS ALLOWED, AND THERE'S NO MINIMUM WAGE
ACCOMMODATIONS FOR YOUR SPECIAL ISSUES WON'T BE ARRANGED

THERES A BANK HERE ON BOARD, TO GET A LOAN IT IS A BREEZE
THERE'S NO RULES OR REGULATIONS BOUT EXCESSIVE FEES
THE INTEREST'S SURE TO BE USURIOUS, AND SURE TO MAKE YOU FURIOUS
AND THAT'S BECAUSE I'M FREE TO DO IT ALL, IN CASE YOU'RE CURIOUS

(Applause.)

CHORUS

THE FREE MARKET KEEP THINGS LOOSE
FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND GOVERNMENT ABUSE
IF YOU GET SCREWED THERE'S NO EXCUSE
YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT IN THE TERMS OF USE

CAPTAIN LOU

Now where's our power couple, Doctor Sam Johnson, and the beautiful Luanne, our school principal? Sam? Luanne? Oh!

(SAM and LUANNE are spotlighted on the left side of the platform.)

SAM

THE MEDICAL CENTER'S ON THE FOURTH FLOOR AFT
IF YOU DON'T HAVE INSURANCE THEN BE SURE TO BRING CASH
WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO TREAT ALL YOUR CONDITIONS

RICHARD

AND THEN SEND YOU TONS OF BILLS WITH HUNDRED OF REVISIONS!

LUANNE

EDUCATION'S IMPORTANT HERE, AND SO ARE PARENT'S RIGHTS
SO WE'VE MADE SURE TO BAN REPULSIVE BOOKS AND WEBSITES
ON EVOLUTION, FEMINISM, LGBT,
CIVIL RIGHTS, SEX ED, CLIMATE CHANGE AND CRT

(Applause.)

CHORUS

(SAM and LUANNE swing each other as part of this chorus, and then the light dims on them.)

THE FREE MARKET KEEP THINGS LOOSE
FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND GOVERNMENT ABUSE
IF YOU GET SCREWED THERE'S NO EXCUSE
YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT IN THE TERMS OF USE

CAPTAIN LOU

NOW THERE'S ONE LAST THING I FEEL WE MUST ADDRESS
WE'RE A FAITH COMMUNITY WE MUST "BE BEST"
GOD ABOVE REWARDS THOSE WITH PROSPERITY
WHO CAN GROW AN ENTERPRISE PROFITABLY

(Applause.)

CHORUS

THE FREE MARKET KEEP THINGS LOOSE
FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY AND GOVERNMENT ABUSE
IF YOU GET SCREWED THERE'S NO EXCUSE
YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT IN THE TERMS OF USE

AMERICAN CARNAGE WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE ESCAPED
THAT SHITHOLE COUNTRY TO COME TO SPACE
NO RULES AND REGULATIONS TO KEEP US IN PLACE
WE'LL GUARANTEE THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE
WE'LL GUARANTEE THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE

(The CREW begins disassembling the riser and lectern, and CAPTAIN LOU, MIRANDA, and RICHARD exit the stage along with THE SHAMAN and FOLLOWERS, including ROSA. CREW exit with the riser and lectern.)

TREY

That was some weird shit, huh?

JACK

This free market... I mean... doesn't this Richard fellow have a total monopoly?

MIKE

That's the free market at work, dude.

RILEY

Trey, oh fucking...

(She grabs his shoulder.)

Oooo...

TREY

Fuck, what now, huh? Wait, babe? Hey, Riley?

(RILEY doubles over onto the floor, TREY, JACK, EDNA, and MIKE stand up and congregate around her.)

MIKE

Give her space! Hey!

TREY

Can someone get the doctor? Quick!

RILEY

Oh God, Trey...

(JACK hurries off to the upper level via the stairs on stage left and silently communicates with SAM, bringing SAM down to where RILEY has fallen. Meanwhile:)

TREY

She's pregnant, ten weeks...

MIKE

Ten weeks? And you came on board? What kind of bullshit is that?

EDNA

Let's just calm down and wait for the doctor...

TREY

None of your damn business, huh? Why don't you get lost?

MIKE

You're telling me you thought it was a good idea to have a baby on a spaceship? Did anyone clear that for you? I bet I know the answer.

TREY

What's your deal, bud?

MIKE

I'm a proud vet, alright, you know what would happen in Afghanistan if-

EDNA

Can you two please-

(SAM and TREY are now down by RILEY's side. SAM is down on his knees next to her. He has his stethoscope and is listening to various places around her abdomen.)

MIKE

Doc, ten weeks pregnant, coming on board, what do you think? Good idea?

TREY

Man, get the hell out of here before **you** become his next patient, got it?

MIKE

Oh, like there'd be a reason for me to stay and help anyway. Good luck with the consequences of your choices, assholes.

(MIKE exits stage right in a huff.)

SAM

Alright. We'll need to run some labs. Let's get her into the infirmary, quick.

(Stage left, by the stairs, is lit up to reveal a high-tech infirmary with a bed, an IV drip, and various screens and medical equipment.)

EDNA

Do you think you can walk, dear?

RILEY

I think so, ooh, just... hold me... please, Trey, oh my god it hurts.

(RILEY is helped up by SAM and TREY, and holding her shoulders they walk her into the infirmary. Silently, she's placed on the medical bed. TREY stays by her side, as SAM starts his medical procedures. EDNA and JACK remain alone in the central area.)

EDNA

Well, you can't expect everything to always go smoothly. Especially not on the first day.

JACK

No kidding, but... wow. I hope she's okay. And that guy - my god.

EDNA

Oh, there are some hotheads here on board, that's for sure. I'm Edna, by the way. Edna Loving. My job here is to "lead community engagement." That's my official title, anyway. You know, parties. Events. And so, you know, it's my mission to keep folks like that happy. Happy as they can be, anyway.

JACK

Wow, what a challenge! Edna, pleased to meet you. I'm Jack.

EDNA

Jack! Oh, I should have everyone memorized. I've tried! Oh, wait. Jack... Jack Starr! Is that right? You're here alone... rooming with, who is it, oh! David. The computer truth guy.

JACK

That's right! Great memory. He's... well, he's quiet. I'll tell you, I don't know how often he's going to leave that room... or... how often I'm going to want to go in.

EDNA

Some people just need time. I'll see what I can do. Maybe get him out of his shell a bit. Bingo night tomorrow!

JACK

Well, listen, I should probably go, still need to unpack and get settled in, so.

EDNA

Well, you tell your roommate that auntie Edna will take care of him, alright?

(JACK exits up the stage left stairs to his quarters, and can be seen unpacking his suitcase while DAVID remains on his computer. They do not interact. EDNA remains in center stage. A 1950's-era guitar riff begins, and the lighting changes to look more like a 50's era diner. Cue **5. THOSE TIMES WERE GRAND.**)

5. THOSE TIMES WERE GRAND

A fast and loud electric guitar
blues-rock ballad in the style of
"Rock Around the Clock."

EDNA

CAN I DISH OUT WHAT I'M FEELING
BRING TO LIFE WHAT I'VE BEEN SEEING
IN MY MIND

A TIME BEFORE OUR PHONES AND SCREENS
WHEN YOU'D BE HEARD AND FELT AND SEEN
BUT NOW WE'RE BLIND

THERE WAS A PHARMACIST WHO KNEW YOU
WHO PLAYED CARD GAMES WITH YOUR FATHER
AND A FRIEND AROUND THE CORNER
WHO'D COME KNOCKING, YOU'D GO WALKING
STROLL THE STORES, POP IN ON GRAMPS
THE CANDY SHOP HAD TEN CENT BAGS
GIVE THEM A TASTE

WE WERE ALL ON THE SAME PAGE
A SIMPLER TIME, AN EASIER AGE.
NOW IT'S A WASTE

WE ALL COULD WATCH OUT FOR EACH OTHER
RIDE THE BUS WITH YOUR BIG BROTHER,
FOOD WAS CHEAP
PLAY IN THE STREETS
IT WASN'T HARD TO MAKE ENDS MEET
THE NEIGHBORS WAVED AND JESUS SAVED
ALL OF THE CHILDREN WERE BEHAVED
THOSE TIMES WERE GRAND

(MIKE has tentatively wandered back onto the stage, and has
been listening to EDNA.)

MIKE

Excuse me, Ma'am.

EDNA

Oh why, hello.

MIKE

Sorry to disturb. Just want you to know I'm not a bad person. Guess I should apologize for my behavior before.

EDNA

I appreciate that, hon. Mike, is that right? Mike. But I'm not really the person you need to be apologizing to.

(MIKE is coming closer to EDNA.)

MIKE

I know, ma'am. And, yeah, I shouldn't go off like that, but, hear me out. It just boils my blood how people don't take responsibility for themselves anymore. Expecting to be coddled all the time, now.

EDNA

I hear you, dear.

MIKE

You know who pays the price? You and me. Always. I've been listening to you pining for the old days, and I couldn't agree more.

EDNA

Oh, that silly song? I just-

MIKE

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE WERE STRONG
CAUSE WE COULD SEE THE RIGHT FROM WRONG
IT WAS SO CLEAR

EDNA

That's true, dear.

MIKE

WHEN GIRLS WERE GIRLS AND BOYS WERE BOYS

NO ONE GOT TRIGGERED OR ANNOYED
NOTHING TO FEAR

(JACK can now be seen watching from the upper level.)

EDNA

It is really confusing these days, isn't it!

MIKE

THERE WAS A JOB DOWN AT THE PLANT
WHERE YOU COULD MAKE THINGS WITH YOUR HANDS
NO NEED FOR COLLEGE, JUST SOME KNOWLEDGE
DIDN'T NEED TO ACT REAL POLISHED
YOU WORKED HARD AND YOU GOT PAID
NOBODY HAD TO BE AFRAID
BUT NOW WE ARE

EDNA

My father worked at the same hog farm for fifty-five years!

MIKE

IMMIGRATION STILL TOOK TIME
AND PEOPLE STILL WAITED IN LINE
OR YOU'D BE BARRED

EDNA

Well, I think there was always-

MIKE

WE DIDN'T SHIP WORK OVERSEAS
WE DIDN'T SHIT ON THE POLICE
IT WASN'T HARD

THEY WEREN'T COMING FOR OUR JOBS
TO RAPE AND MURDER AND TO ROB
THERE WAS A BORDER THERE WAS ORDER
WE WERE ALL 2A SUPPORTERS
AND BACK THEN WHEN THEY WOULD RIOT
WE COULD SHOOT THEM, MAKE THEM QUIET
NOW THEY WIN

EDNA

Now, Mike, dear, you're really confusing a bunch of terrible things...

MIKE

WE COULD BE PROUD OF BEING WHITE
WE KEPT OUR STATUES KEPT OUR RIGHTS
WE WERE RESPECTED NOT NEGLECTED
NOW WE'RE WEAK AND UNPROTECTED

EDNA

I'm sorry, that's not quite how I see it...

MIKE

WE DIDN'T NEED ANY ASSISTANCE
NOW WE FIGHT FOR OUR EXISTENCE
IT'S A SIN

EDNA

(Cutting MIKE off)

Mike, hon, dear, I just remembered I need to um, go check to see - there's a themed dinner tonight - oh yes, we have a themed dinner later, anyway, it should be so nice, you should come - I need to see how they're getting on, decorating, setting up..

(The music dies down suddenly.)

The theme's a surprise! Uh huh...

MIKE

Well, it's been fun reminiscing with you, ma'am.

EDNA

(Flustered.)

Oh, yes. It has. Hasn't it? Really. Nice to meet you, Mike. Very nice...

(EDNA exits stage right while MIKE starts doing push-ups.
JACK and DAVID's cabin gets lit up.)

JACK

You know, there are some people here I wouldn't trust with safety scissors.

DAVID

Who, him? Officer Mike? He's a joke.

JACK

Officer Mike?

DAVID

Nah. Just what he calls himself. Got out of prison six months ago.

JACK

You know him?

DAVID

We believe each other, on truth.

JACK

Believing - is that like following? On truth, I mean?

DAVID

Uh huh.

(Pause. MIKE finishes his exercises and leaves the stage.)

Huge loser. Dude LARPs around like a GI Joe doll.

JACK

It's a relief you're saying that. I was starting to think maybe I was alone.

DAVID

Oh, he's not wrong. At all. Just a loudmouthed asshole.

JACK

You... agree with him?

DAVID

Dude, um. You know what you signed up for, don't you?

JACK

(Aside, spotlight falling on him)

He's right. My God, did I make a huge mistake? There's no turning back here. How did I get in so deep?

(JACK positions himself in the "doorway" of his cabin, and begins singing **6. A MODERATE IS BORN**)

6. A MODERATE IS BORN

A variation on and reprise of "Takeoff Nerves," this is a classic Broadway show tune with rich percussive instrumentation, varying in speed for dramatic effect.

JACK

IT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I EXPECTED
I ADMIT MAYBE I GENUFLECTED
TO ADVERTISING THAT DIRECTED
ME TO A GALAXY FAR AWAY

DAVID

Chillax, man. You've been on board for what, like an hour? See, this is why I'll never leave this room.

JACK

BUT I'VE WATCHED THE NEWS ON FOX
IT'S MADE ME ANGRY, HOW COULD IT NOT
MISTER POTATO HEAD DROPPED THE TITLE MISTER
FROGS ARE TURNING GAY

THEY CRITICIZED THE POLICE
ALLOWED TRANSGENDERIZED ATHLETES
THERE'S KITTEN LITTER IN THE CLASSROOMS
PEDO GENDER NEUTRAL BATHROOMS
AND THEY CANCELED DOCTOR SEUSS
SUBJECTED CHRISTMAS TO ABUSE
JUST LOOK AT NIKE, COCA-COLA, DISNEY
TARGET, BUD LIGHT, MLB...

Oh God. These things are all kind of ridiculous, aren't they.

DAVID

That's basically the liberal agenda, summarized. That's, like, the end of America right there.

JACK

SO I THOUGHT I WOULD RELATE

TO ALL THOSE FOLKS WHO SHARED MY FATE
 TO FLY AWAY AND KEEP AT BAY
 ALL OF THE CHAOS OF THE DAY

BUT MAYBE I'M THE ONE TO BLAME
 I'M JUST NOT RADICALIZED THE SAME
 LIKE, I AGREE THE GOVERNMENT'S SWOLLEN
 BUT I'M NOT SURE THE ELECTION'S STOLEN

DAVID

It was. They proved it on Newsmax. Do your own research.

JACK

I NOW LOOK BACK AND FEEL THE SHAME
 HOW IS THIS HERE WHAT I BECAME
 I BURNED A DEEPLY ANGRY GLOW
 TOLD WHAT TO THINK AND WHAT TO KNOW

AND EVEN POINTS THAT CONTRADICTED
 DIDN'T MAKE ME LESS ADDICTED
 I WAS SUCKED IN LIKE A SUCKER
 TO INGRAHAM, HANNITY AND TUCKER

HOW DID TRUMP GET IN MY HEAD
 I WOULD DEFEND HIM TILL I'M RED
 EVERY LAST SHAMEFUL THING HE'D SAY
 A NEW DAMN OUTRAGE EVERY DAY

HOW COULD I EVER THINK THAT MAN IS GOING STRAIGHT AWAY
 TO HEAVEN
 WHEN HE'S A WALKING POSTER CHILD FOR ALL THE DEADLY
 SINS SEVEN

Count em'.

PRIDE! I'VE NEVER SEEN SOMEONE SO ARROGANT AND
 BOASTFUL
 GREED! HE KEPT ON TRYING TO MAKE MONEY BY THE BOATFUL
 LUST! HE SLEPT WITH PORN STARS WHILE HIS WIFE WAS
 FUCKING PREGNANT

ALSO ENVY! CAN'T BELIEVE HOW TRULY PETTY AND
UNREPENTANT
HE'S A GLUTTON! COULDN'T BUTTON, EATS HIS KETCHUP WITH
SOME STEAK
AND SIXTHLY WRATH! HIS ANGER'S SURGING EVERY SECOND
HE'S AWAKE
AND THEN LAST ONE ON THE LIST, THAT'S SLOTH, AND SURE
AS HELL IT FITS
BECAUSE WHEN LEADERSHIP WAS NEEDED HE JUST TWEETED,
DIDN'T DO SHIT

DAVID

Fair points, I guess. Deep breath, man. We've all been there.

JACK

(Takes a deep breath)

Yeah.

I'M PRETTY SURE IT WILL BE FINE
I'LL TRY TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND
AND EVEN IF THINGS AREN'T GREAT
AT LEAST I'LL HAVE MY ONBOARD SOULMATE

DAVID

Soulmate? What the actual fuck are you talking about?

JACK

Yeah, well. It's like, an inside joke.

DAVID

With who? Look, dude, your song is fascinating, but I'm trying
to do a livestream here.

JACK

Yeah, yeah. Sure, sorry. I'm about to head out again anyway.

COULD I MAYBE BE A MODERATE
IT'S WEIRD I'VE EVEN THOUGHT OF IT
I SIMPLY NEED TO PONDER IT

AND YET THERE'S NO WAY OFF OF IT
 MY FUTURE WILL BE
 ...HERE!

(The CREW emerge into the main part of the stage to set the next scene, and, joined by the SHAMAN and FOLLOWERS, including ROSA, they sing as the chorus:)

CHORUS

HE'S NOT A MODERATE
 SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT OF IT
 NEEDS TO COME OFF OF IT

JACK

HIS FUTURE WILL BE HERE! / MY FUTURE WILL BE HERE!

HE'S JUST THEATRICAL
 HE'S STILL A RADICAL
 HE KNOWS IT'S PRACTICAL

JACK

HIS FUTURE WILL BE HERE! / MY FUTURE WILL BE HERE!

ACT ONEScene Four

The center stage is set up as a small restaurant with three round high-top tables and barstools. At one is CAPTAIN LOU, MIRANDA, and RICHARD. At another is THE SHAMAN and his FOLLOWERS including ROSA. At a third is JACK, EDNA, MIKE and LUANNE. There are menus on the tables, with people sporadically perusing them.

Stage right is set for a long buffet table surrounded by chain link fencing, adorned with a sad smattering of red, white and blue balloons. The CREW is there.

The medical center is still set up on stage left, and though it's dark, SAM, TREY and RILEY are still there.

RICHARD

So, in the end, I contracted the lowest cost offshore food vendor that I could find among our large portfolio of tax-advantaged shell holdings.

MIRANDA

Incredible.

RICHARD

Absolutely, yes. Costs us just twenty cents a meal on delivery, but here's the real genius...

CAPTAIN LOU

(Lets loose a huge sneeze)

Achoo!

RICHARD

God bless you!

MIRANDA

Gezghunteit!

CAPTAIN LOU

Just a bit of allergies, I think. Go on, sorry.

RICHARD

Yes, so twenty cents a meal on delivery, but more than that we're going to book and write off the "gourmet" wholesale fifty-X markup thanks to automatic transfer-pricing from another one of my well-positioned forty-nine percent stake Delaware LLCs that we've contracted as the catering entity...

MIRANDA

Amazing!

RICHARD

And then sell the product at a ten-X markup from that, off to the consumer, for record industry margins!

CAPTAIN LOU

That's a real marvel of shareholder value creation, Richard!

(Blows his nose into a handkerchief)

Excuse me.

LUANNE

That's the menu? Cheese sandwich or boloney sandwich?

EDNA

Doesn't it sound delicious?

THE SHAMAN

(To his followers)

They said there'd be a vegan option. What the hell?

MIKE

It says it's a buffet... where's the food?

EDNA

Oh! You didn't notice the theme, Mike? It's a border patrol buffet! Show your papers if you want to cross...

JACK

What... papers?

EDNA

Well it's really just a joke. Nothing too serious. First Officer Miranda just wants to be sure to see a few easy things to make sure everything's in order, like for example-

(FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA stands up and announces:)

MIRANDA

Access to the buffet will be limited to those who can show their passport, fully executed contract of carriage, proof of insurance with Four Seasons Total Galaxy, LLC declared as a beneficiary, and receipt showing prepayment in full on the meal plan. Failure to show any of these documents will result in a denial of entry to the buffet. Have your documents ready in your right hand as you approach the gate! We'll be opening up the border in two minutes. To expedite this process, please already have in mind your choice of sandwich.

EDNA

Isn't this theme fun?

MIKE

It actually is, kinda.

LUANNE

Certainly brings us all together.

JACK

Well, I think I have all that stuff he wants on my phone. Guess I'll make the first move...

(JACK gets up and goes towards the chainlink fence, where MIRANDA has positioned himself along with his CREW. Silently, JACK shows them his phone. Behind him, others line up - first MIKE, then EDNA, then LUANNE, then the SHAMAN, then ROSA, then the other FOLLOWERS. CAPTAIN LOU and RICHARD stay at their table. JACK gets through to the buffet, then MIKE, showing his phone to a CREW, quickly follows, as does EDNA and then LUANNE. THE SHAMAN is now at the front of the line.)

THE SHAMAN

(Showing his phone)

What's with the food choices? You all said there'd be vegan options.

MIRANDA

Of course, sir, just take the cheese or boloney off.

THE SHAMAN

Absolute fucking bullshit.

(He gets into the buffet as well. By now, JACK, EDNA, LUANNE and MIKE are back at their table. ROSA is now at the head of the line.)

ROSA

Excuse me, First Officer Miranda?

MIRANDA

Yes, ma'am, a question?

ROSA

I lost my phone, and I may have left some... important documents... back at the spaceport.

MIRANDA

I have a full passenger manifest right here, ma'am. We can sort this out for you, no problem. What's your last name, then?

ROSA

Umm, I do not believe...

MIRANDA

Do not believe what, ma'am? Do you have a government-issued ID on your person?

THE SHAMAN

(Back at his table)

What in the flat fucking earth? This bread is goddamn moldy.

ROSA

Well, no, sir - but I do have money to cover the dinner...

MIKE

Hey, hear that? A real life stowaway!

EDNA

Let's not jump to conclusions now, dear.

(THE SHAMAN walks over to CAPTAIN LOU.)

THE SHAMAN

Captain, with all due respect, sir, this food is fucking inedible.

CAPTAIN LOU

My boy, you're free to start your own restaurant. Free market. Best of luck to you.

RICHARD

I know a great supplier! Best wholesale prices on the ship.

MIRANDA

Lady, what's your name?

ROSA

Rosa.

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezes loudly and gets out his handkerchief)

Achoo!

RICHARD

Bless you, Captain.

MIRANDA

Rosa, did you board in a manner consistent with the rest of the passengers?

THE SHAMAN

(Loudly, to the entire room)

I couldn't even tell if that was cheese or boloney I pulled out of it, shit was just gray!

ROSA

Sorry, what do you mean?

MIRANDA

Rosa, I'm going to need you to place your hands behind your back, like so.

JACK

I can't believe it, just because she doesn't have her documents?

THE SHAMAN

Is this a fucking joke? I'm gonna' starve! We're all gonna' starve!

MIKE

Oh, bleeding heart here! Look at that chica. That's an illegal entry if I've ever seen one.

ROSA

Excuse me, Mister First Officer, I just remembered I do have my documents, yes, right over here-

(ROSA runs offstage right. Lights darken for dramatic effect.)

MIRANDA

(Shouting)

Proud Boys, Oath Keepers, Three Percenters!

MIKE AND THE SHAMAN

(At sudden attention and in military unison)
Standing back and standing by!

MIRANDA

Code brown, I repeat, code brown!

(MIRANDA sprints offstage right, and MIKE and THE SHAMAN run after him.)

EDNA

Don't let this ruin your dinner! Please eat, enjoy!

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezes again, and blows his nose loudly)

Achoo!

RICHARD

Bless you, Captain!

LUANNE

Dear Lord, bless this beautiful, all-American meal. May our plates be as full as our right to religious freedoms. Protect us from fake news and socialism. In the name of freedom, God, and the holy eagle, Amen.

EDNA

Amen.

(CAPTAIN LOU and RICHARD speak silently to each other, as do the FOLLOWERS.)

JACK

What's going to happen to that poor girl?

LUANNE

Poor girl? Why, Jack, you know she's an illegal. We don't need to concern ourselves with that, now, do we? She doesn't belong here.

EDNA

It's quite a pretzel of a situation, though, isn't it? Can't just throw her off, of course.

LUANNE

What would even possess someone to come on board this ship?

JACK

Going to be honest, here, I was asking myself the same thing even before all this.

LUANNE

Eat our food? Take our jobs? Breathe our air?

JACK

Really? Because I doubt she's going to take your school principal job, Luanne. Or take Edna's party planning gig.

LUANNE

You're not taking this quite seriously enough.

(She stands up. The lighting changes to a nautical green-blue to complement the sea chanty style song. Cue **7. GOD HATES AN ILLEGAL**)

7. GOD HATES AN ILLEGAL

A fast-paced energetic sea chanty. LUANNE and chorus sing in a minor key while JACK sings in a major key. All those present participate in the chorus with the exception of JACK and EDNA - that being, specifically, FOLLOWERS, CAPTAIN LOU, RICHARD, LUANNE, and CREW.

LUANNE

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A THIEF OF COURSE
IF YOU FIND THEIR HAND DEEP INSIDE YOUR PURSE?
WELL YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KEEP THEM
IN YOUR HOUSE, YOU WOULDN'T FEED THEM
CAUSE YOU KNOW THEY'RE BOUND TO DO SOMETHING TO YOU MUCH WORSE.

CHORUS

NO YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KEEP THEM
IN YOUR HOUSE, YOU WOULDN'T FEED THEM
CAUSE YOU KNOW THEY'RE BOUND TO DO SOMETHING TO YOU MUCH WORSE.

JACK

BUT THE GOOD BOOK SAYS IN ROMANS TWELVE THIRTEEN
YOU MUST SHARE WITH PEOPLE IF THEY'RE FOUND IN NEED
AND IT SAYS SO IN LEVITICUS
AND HEBREWS AND IN EXODUS
THE STRANGER IN YOUR MIDST IS SOMEONE YOU MUST FEED.

CHORUS

NO A STRANGER IS A DANGER
AND YOU'RE JUSTIFIED FOR ANGER
IF YOUR WARNINGS TO STAY OUT THEY DID REFUSE TO HEED.

LUANNE

AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THEY BREATHED YOUR AIR
WHEN OUR GOOD LORD KNOWS THAT THERE'S NONE TO SPARE?
WELL THEY'LL KEEP ON RESPIRATING
WHILE YOU KEEP PROCRASTINATING
WHEN YOU SUFFOCATE YOU'LL START TO SEE IT ISN'T FAIR

CHORUS

YES THEY'LL KEEP ON RESPIRATING
 WHILE YOU KEEP PROCRASTINATING
 WHEN YOU SUFFOCATE YOU'LL START TO SEE IT ISN'T FAIR

JACK

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR IT SAYS IN THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT
 AND THIS SENTIMENT'S REPEATED WAY TOO MANY TIMES TO COUNT
 SO I THINK YOU'VE MISCONSTRUED IT
 BUT I THINK I MUST CONCLUDE IT
 CAUSE YOUR STUBBORNNESS IS SOMETHING THAT I CAN'T SURMOUNT

CHORUS

YES YOU REALLY SHOULD BE QUIET
 CAUSE YOU MIGHT JUST START A RIOT
 WE WILL NOT AGREE OR COMPROMISE ANY AMOUNT

(THE SHAMAN runs in from stage left, and appears confused at finding himself back at his starting point. MIKE comes in from stage right holding a bright flashlight and ascends the stairs up to the platform. MIRANDA enters stage right afterwards and proceeds halfway to where the SHAMAN stands. This is in full view of the dinner crowd, so although the backing instrumentals continue, the lyrical song pauses.)

MIRANDA

(Pointing at THE SHAMAN)

You, make your way to the lower decks, starboard bow. The storage lockers.

THE SHAMAN

Got it, man.

(THE SHAMAN withdraws back the way he'd come.)

MIRANDA

(Pointing up at MIKE)

You, check every cabin door for signs of forced entry, and turn over all the common areas.

MIKE

Copy, sir.

(MIKE runs with his flashlight across the platform, down the stage left stairs and off the stage.)

MIRANDA

We're going to find her, Captain. She can't run or hide forever.

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezes loudly)

Achoo!

RICHARD

Bless you, Captain!

(MIRANDA exits stage right in a hurry.)

LUANNE

You see?

IF THEY BREAK THE LAW TO COME HERE, WON'T THEY BREAK THE LAW AGAIN?

GOD ABOVE WILL NOT FORGIVE US IF WE TRY TO BE THEIR FRIEND

THEY ARE LEECHES THEY ARE VERMIN

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND THE SERMON

IF YOU CALL YOURSELF A CHRISTIAN YOU ARE JUST PRETEND

CHORUS

YES THEY'RE LEECHES YES THEY'RE VERMIN

YOU MISUNDERSTOOD THE SERMON

YOU ARE REALLY NOT A CHRISTIAN YOU ARE JUST PRETEND

JACK

BUILD THE WALL! BUILD THE WALL! TRUMP'S JUST PREYING ON YOUR FEARS

LIKE THE MUSLIM BAN IT DIDN'T DO A THING IN ALL THOSE YEARS
IT'S LIKE EXERCISE AEROBIC
TO MAKE YOU SEE YOU'RE XENOPHOBIC

CHORUS

AND YET LOOK AT ALL THE WAYS IT DRAWS OUT LIBERAL TEARS

SO YOU CAN WATCH YOUR CNN
WITH ALL YOUR BRAINWASHED LIBERAL FRIENDS
NOTHING YOU SAY WILL CHANGE THE WAY WE THINK THE WORLD APPEARS
NOTHING YOU SAY WILL CHANGE THE WAY WE THINK THE WORLD APPEARS

(Lighting returns back to its original state at the beginning of the scene.)

JACK

Don't you see what's happening, Luanne? You keep doubling down and doubling down. You won't listen to reason; heck, you won't even listen to scripture!

(Pause)

Maybe, maybe, I could see how you might hold onto these views in the abstract; like, okay, they make for catchy soundbytes. I admit, I thought so too.

(Pause)

But when an actual person is in trouble, right in front of your face, her life may be in danger... you can't even see her as a human? Do you not understand what's wrong with that?

(Pause)

Are you all really in so deep? Is this really the new kind of world you all want to build? Nastiness and cruelty? Is that your vision? It isn't mine.

EDNA

Well, not mine either, I'm sorry to you all, but it's true. Not mine either.

CAPTAIN LOU

Luanne, maybe your husband has a cure for Trump derangement syndrome?

(RICHARD, FOLLOWERS, and LUANNE all laugh.)

JACK

Did you all ever think that maybe, just maybe, it wasn't America that changed - it was us? **We** became angrier, louder, more gullible, more stuck in our echo chamber, our bubble... Could it be? Everything's black and white now, the way we see things. Us

versus them. No shades of gray. Can't ever, ever compromise. Do you think, just maybe, just possibly, that's what's sending America down the shitter?

(Pause)

Now I swear, I want to stay friends with all of you. I really do. We have a lot in common.

CAPTAIN LOU

Off to a great start!

(More laughter.)

JACK

Edna, thanks for planning this dinner. It was a very creative theme, and we all had some fun. I'm sorry for raising the temperature like this.

EDNA

Dear, you couldn't control such a sad bit of drama. And, it was a catchy song, actually, some quite inventive rhymes at least.

JACK

I'll let you all enjoy the rest of your meal. Probably best I take a walk and clear my head.

(JACK moves slowly to stage left, and the lights darken over the dinner. FOLLOWERS, CREW, CAPTAIN LOU, RICHARD, EDNA and LUANNE invisibly exit, and as they do they move tables around to clear room on the stage.)

As JACK reaches the left-side platform stairs he hears crying. He stops and listens out for it for half a minute.)

Hello?

(Clinical blue lights illuminate the infirmary. RILEY is revealed closest to JACK, sitting on top of the infirmary bed. She's wearing a hospital gown. In the back of stage left, SAM and TREY are seen talking, with lots of

gesticulations and references to charts and X-rays that the doctor holds. Their conversation is unheard by the audience.)

Oh, hello - I was just walking by. Are you - well, I guess it's pretty obvious you're not okay... can I get you anything? Anything I can do to help?

RILEY

(Composing herself)

No offense, but there is absolutely nothing you can do to help.

JACK

God, I take it you got... I don't know, probably some bad news. I'm really sorry for whatever it is. I don't want to pry, so I'll just-

RILEY

It's... unviable.

(Pause.)

The baby.

JACK

Oh Jesus, I...

RILEY

And that's not even the worst of it.

JACK

You mean? They won't...

(RILEY nods.)

...do anything for you?

(RILEY shakes her head, and then begins to laugh.)

Sorry, what's - why are you laughing?

RILEY

Jack, right?

JACK

That's right. Riley, I think, right?

RILEY

Jack, I could die. Like, really, anything could happen. My husband's been back there arguing with the doctor for an hour. Unless I'm seeing the shining face of Saint fucking Peter, nothing's going to be done for me. And the reason I'm laughing?

JACK

Yeah?

RILEY

Is that you're doing a great job of pretending to be concerned. But you don't really care, do you.

JACK

Yes, I-

RILEY

In fact, and this is what I find funny, you prefer me to die.

JACK

Huh? No, not-

RILEY

Why else would you be here? It's part of why we're all on this ship, right?

JACK

Riley, I don't-

(RILEY comes off her bed and walks slowly but aggressively towards JACK, pulling the bed and IV drip behind her. JACK walks backwards, tentatively. She catches up to him at center stage which is now cleared of the restaurant scene.)

RILEY

Oh, but you do. You do. You voted for it, didn't you? How many times? Pro-life candidates. Ballot questions. How many times did you vote for it? Donate for it?

JACK

I mean, there are many-

RILEY

And you identified with it so, so, so, so much that you had to leave Earth on a spaceship with all your like-minded so-called pro-lifers. Where am I wrong? My body, **your** choice - right Jack?

JACK

No, we're not all -

(RILEY is now standing uncomfortably close to JACK. She reaches up to playfully rearrange the collar on his shirt.
Cue **8. MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE**)

8. MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE

A seductive and irreverent cabaret-style showtune, backed by punctuating brass.

RILEY

MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 YOU HEAR ME WHEN I TALK
 BUT YOU DON'T LET ME HAVE A VOICE
 (That's hot)
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE

JACK

Riley, this isn't-

(Over the song, RILEY dances provocatively on and around the hospital bed using both the bed and an IV drip pole as props for her dance. She chases JACK around stage, catching him at times and moving uncomfortably close to him.)

RILEY

Oh, but it is, Jack. It's exactly the way you want it, I know it is.

PULL MY ARM AND GRAB MY HAIR
 THROW ME DOWN AND PRETEND TO CARE
 GIVE ME THE GIFT OF UNBORN MAGIC
 I'M GIDDY AT THE THOUGHT, WHO'D EVER THINK IT'S TRAGIC?

Tell me,

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TO ME SIR
 LET ME BE YOUR PRIVATE INCUBATOR
 GIVE ME YOUR SEED, IT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR
 WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TO ME SIR

JACK

I'm sorry for what you're going through, but this is disgusting, I don't even know you...

RILEY

Oh but you do know me, Jack. You know me so well, so well in fact, that you have an entirely perfect sense of what's good for me. You've already decided that I'm clearly disposable. Sounds like you actually know me really, really, really well, Jack.

MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 YOU HEAR ME WHEN I TALK
 BUT YOU DON'T LET ME HAVE A VOICE
 (That's hot)
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE

WHATEVER IT'S GONNA BE I SWEAR I WON'T RESIST
 IN FACT I SWEAR I'M ALL JAZZED UP TO TOTALLY ASSIST
 A SHOUT, A SLAP, A KICK A BITE OR A FIST
 GIVE ME WHAT YOU GOT, I TOTALLY INSIST

I KNOW I CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO EVER MAKE MY OWN DECISION
 CAUSE THE WOMAN ATE FORBIDDEN FRUIT IN YOUR CRUMMY OLD
 RELIGION
 SO I KNOW I'M ONLY VALUED FOR THE LIFE I CAN PROVISION
 NOW LET'S GO AND MAKE IT HAPPEN, I'M A WOMAN ON A MISSION

MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 YOU HEAR ME WHEN I TALK
 BUT YOU DON'T LET ME HAVE A VOICE
 (That's hot)
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE

DON'T LOOK AWAY, DON'T TURN YOUR EYES
 I'M JUST A LITTLE THING FOR YOU TO FERTILIZE

IT'S FUNNY HOW YOU'RE FOCUSED ON THE POOR UNBORN CHILD
 WHEN I'VE BEEN SEEING HOW YOU'VE TREATED **BORN** CHILDREN FOR
 A WHILE
 GUT THEIR SCHOOLS, CUT THEIR LUNCHES, TAKE THEIR HEALTHCARE
 AND THEIR SNAPS
 LET THEM DIE INSIDE THEIR CLASSROOMS AS A GUNMAN ATTACKS

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TO ME SIR
 LET ME BE YOUR PRIVATE INCUBATOR
 GIVE ME YOUR SEED, IT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR
 WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TO ME SIR

MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE
 YOU HEAR ME WHEN I TALK
 BUT YOU DON'T LET ME HAVE A VOICE
 (That's hot)
 MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE

(RILEY continues repeating the "My body, your choice" refrain, over which SAM now sings in syncopated harmony, in a low basso. He turns away from the argument he's been having with TREY and proceeds:)

SAM

MY HANDS ARE TIED
 THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO
 THERE ARE LAWS HERE GOVERNING
 HOW I CAN TREAT YOU

MY HANDS ARE TIED
 THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO
 THERE ARE LAWS HERE GOVERNING
 HOW I CAN TREAT YOU

(RILEY and SAM continue their refrains in harmony, onto which TREY now also joins.)

TREY

THIS ALL IS BULLSHIT
 I CAN PAY FOR WHAT WE NEED
 I NEVER THOUGHT THIS LAW
 WOULD BACKFIRE ON ME

THIS ALL IS BULLSHIT
 I CAN PAY FOR WHAT WE NEED
 I NEVER THOUGHT THIS LAW
 WOULD BACKFIRE ON ME

(The layered refrains continue. All the rest of the cast with the single exception of ROSA now circles in and dances around the duo, singing, in further layered harmony:)

CHORUS

HE'S NOT A MODERATE
SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT OF IT
NEEDS TO COME OFF OF IT
HIS FUTURE WILL BE HERE!

HE'S JUST THEATRICAL
HE'S STILL A RADICAL
HE KNOWS IT'S PRACTICAL
HIS FUTURE WILL BE HERE!

(JACK now piles on, rhythmically:)

JACK

Please stop!
Please stop!
Oh God!
Please stop!

(RILEY is now directly in front of JACK, who is recoiling.)

RILEY

MY BODY, YOUR CHOICE!

(She kisses him on the lips, and all singing abruptly stops.)

TREY

(Running towards the two, as JACK pivots and sprints away)

Hey, whoa, what the goddamn hell is going on?

(Curtain closes, end of ACT 1)

ACT TWOScene One

The curtain rises to just JACK and DAVID, in their quarters on the platform. The rest of the stage is dark. DAVID is in his very typical position at his desk. JACK is lying on his back, on the floor by DAVID's desk. He's not moving.

DAVID

Dude, I'm probably the last person who should be saying this. But. I think it's time you, um, got up and... got out.

(Pause)

It's been three days.

(Pause)

Look, I'll level with you. We've got to get some food up here, okay? I'm out of Doritos.

JACK

You told me you had a fifty year supply.

DAVID

Yeah, but, you know. It's really hard to portion... one sec, sorry, I'm truthing with some dumb Nebraska chick about the Russia hoax...

JACK

I can't face them.

DAVID

Dude. Okay, right, you didn't see eye to eye with a few of them. So? It's not like we're a cult or something where everyone's got to toe the line and get continually more radical to prove their purity or else be chucked out and publicly humiliated or worse. Okay? We can all do our own research, Now the democrats, that's

a cult. Lopping off little boys' penises, like how in the sanctuary cities they have entire hospital wards dedicated to it running day and night, thousands of little boys' penises, you know what I mean, alright? Like, picture a nasty Obamacare hospital floor full of bloody little boy penises, and the nurses have to come through with a push mop, like in a barber shop, to clean it all up. That's a proven fact. Subject of my next livestream expose.

JACK

It's surprising that someone who talks so bravely behind a computer screen is so scared to leave his room.

DAVID

Difference between you and me, man. You're actually scared to leave the room. I just know there's no point.

JACK

I think you'd be happier if-

DAVID

Nuh uh. Even without meeting them, I can one hundred percent tell you, there's no one here on my level.

JACK

How would it hurt you to walk around down there? You'd rather starve?

DAVID

Maybe there's room service?

JACK

There's barely dinner service. I really doubt it.

(Pause)

DAVID

We're gonna die dude.

JACK

So you'd rather starve than be social. I don't get it. Do you even want to be here?

DAVID

Absolutely. Hey, let me break it down for you, alright? There's stuff about me you probably assume, but have no idea.

JACK

Meh.

DAVID

Want to hear?

JACK

I probably don't have a choice now, do I.

(DAVID stands up at his desk and leans on his computer, deep in thought, while the musical beat picks up. Cue **9. Commeth the Incel**)

9. COMMETH THE INCEL

A fast-paced spoken patter song
with subtle percussive
instrumentation backing

DAVID

BELIEVE IT OR NOT
IN LATE OBAMARAMA AUGHTS
I WAS A NOT-AT-ALL-DISGUSTED
IN FACT A SOCIALLY-WELL-ADJUSTED
TEENAGE MAMAS BOY CUTE CUDDLE BEAR
THOUGH LATE TO GROW THE FACIAL HAIR
I DIDN'T EVEN CARE
AND THOUGHT THAT EVERYTHING WAS ALWAYS FAIR.
BUT THEN I CAME TO SEE
THAT ALL MY CRUSHES COULDN'T BE
WITH ME EVER-EVER, NOT AT ALL
THAT WAS THE START THERE OF MY FALL.
SEE I WAS JUST A QUIET GUY,
AMERICAN AS APPLE PIE.
BUT THEN I SAW THE GIRLS KEPT FLOCKING
TO THE CHADS WHO WERE ALWAYS TALKING
ABOUT THE GYM
ABOUT THEIR MUSCLES
ABOUT THEIR TANS
ABOUT THEIR HUSTLES.
WHY DO THE GOOD GIRLS WANT THE BADDIES
AND THEN CRY ABOUT THEIR SADDIES
WHEN THEY WON'T GIVE ME A LOOK
AND YET THEY'LL SETTLE FOR A CROOK?
SO YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR WITHDRAWING
THOUGH I TRIED SOME HEM AND HAWING
BUT IN THE END I WAS STILL FAWNING
OVER GIRLS WHO I MADE YAWNING.
I EXPLODED ON MY MAMA
WHEN SHE TOLD ME THAT I OUGHTA
TRY FOR GIRLS BELOW A TEN
OR AT LEAST TRY TO BE THEIR FRIEND.
SHE TRIED TO SAY I WAS TOO PICKY
WHEN THE HOT GIRLS FOUND ME ICKY

I SHOULD SETTLE FOR A FIVE OR FOUR
A FATTY OR A TOTAL BORE.
I WENT ON MY COMPUTER
I WAS LOOKING FOR A TUTOR
FOUND A PICKUP ARTIST, TOTAL SCAM
I COULDN'T LEARN, NOT WHO I AM.
I FOUND SOME FOLKS ON TWITTER
WHO LIKE ME FELT IN THE SHITTER
WE CONNECTED AND WE TALKED
WE PLAYED SOME GAMES AND ONLINE STALKED
ALL OF THE GIRLS WHO HAD REJECTED US
AND MADE US FEEL DEJECTED CAUSE
IT'S ALL A GROSS INJUSTICE
AND US ONLINE PALS DISCUSSED THIS
WE CONCLUDED
IT WAS PRUDENT
TO BE MORE A TRUANT
THAN A STUDENT
AN INVOLUNTARY CELIBATE
STAY SEXUALLY ILLITERATE,
OUT OF THE GAME DELIBERATE
ENTIRELY LEGITIMATE
ETERNALLY CONSIDERATE
TO JUST OUR OWN AFFILIATES.
ONTO FOUR-CHAN WE WENT TROLLING
THROUGH THE DARK WEB WE WENT STROLLING.
I GAINED WEIGHT AND GREW A BEARD
REPULSED ALL GIRLS JUST LIKE I'D FEARED.
SO WHEN WE FIRST HEARD DONALD T
WE KNEW THIS MAN WOULD SET US FREE
HE SPOKE THE TRUTH HE HAD NO FEAR
HE MADE THE HAPPY LIBERALS TEAR
HE WAS A FATTY AND A BADDIE
AND OUR NEW SURROGATE DADDY
WE ALL MET UP AT A RALLY
AND GOT RED HATS DID A TALLY
WE WERE ALL IN WITH THE MAGAS
CAUSE WE FELT THAT WE COULD WIN AS
CRAZY TROLLS WITH UGLY MOLES
EATING OUR CHEETOS SMOKING BOWLS.
WE'D SETTLE SCORES WITH ALL THE CHADS

ALL THOSE PRETENTIOUS BRIGHT-EYES LADS.
SO WE DON'T CARE IF HE'S CORRUPT
WE WANT THE SYSTEM TO GET FUCKED
WE WANT OUR LIVES TO GET UNSTUCKED
BECAUSE WE'RE SICK OF BEING CUCKED.
FAST FORWARD, LOOK WHAT I'VE BECOME
I'M HERE IN SPACE I'M HAVING FUN
THE WOMEN HERE ALL CALL ME SIR
THEY KNOW THEIR PLACE AND I CONCUR
I KNOW I'LL MAKE A GREAT EXPLORAH'
IN MY COSMIC GREY FEDORA
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, I HEARD MY CALL
WHERE WE GO ONE WE WILL GO ALL!

JACK

You know, with some proper therapy... you could have maybe lived a normal life.

DAVID

And yet, you and me, we ended up in the same place, man.

JACK

I hate that you're right.

DAVID

Three of us need food, dude. Can you please.

JACK

Three of us?

DAVID

Yeah. Three of us. You, me, and, oh yeah, I don't know her name.

(DAVID points to his armoire)

JACK

(Sitting up)

Her name?

DAVID

So, huh. While you were, um, flirting with the pregnant chick downstairs, yeah? So this Latina knocks on the door and asks if she can hide in here. I was like sure, dude. Whatever.

JACK

She's in the closet? How did you not fucking mention this? It's been three days!

DAVID

She told me not to tell anyone.

(JACK scurries up and over to the armoire, which he opens.
ROSA falls out and splays onto the floor.)

JACK

Get me some water! You just forgot about her here?

DAVID

I dunno, I guess I was distracted, dude.

(Standing up)

Monster energy? Five hour focus?

JACK

Water!

(to ROSA)

Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?

(to DAVID)

She's breathing, she's alive.

(to ROSA)

We'll get you help...

(DAVID has found a bottle of water under his desk and has brought it over. JACK unscrews the cap. ROSA is slowly rousing and sitting up, and takes the bottle in both her hands.)

ROSA

(Faintly, between sips of water)

No, I need to stay here. Please.

JACK

You need to see a doctor.

ROSA

No! No! the doctor's wife... just, no...

DAVID

One of us needs to find food, dude.

JACK

Are you going to rat her out?

DAVID

Nah, bro. I'm kind of a white knight, deep down.

(JACK hurries to the stairs on stage left, and just as he's going down, EDNA is coming up. She's out of breath.)

EDNA

Jack! Jack! Oh, thank god. I've been so worried about you. I was just coming up to find you... you're so level-headed... Jack -

JACK

Edna, what's-?

EDNA

Jack, something's gone horribly wrong.

(Lights reveal pandemonium in the central area. CAPTAIN LOU, FIRST OFFICER MIRANDA, RICHARD and CREW are barricaded behind a control panel, with the CAPTAIN, MIRANDA, and CREW wielding handguns. RICHARD, holding supermarket bags, appears particularly terrified. The rest of the space looks like a ruined restaurant post-riot, with tables and chairs overturned. Arrayed against the aforementioned, and standing in the center like an angry mob is THE SHAMAN, FOLLOWERS, MIKE, LUANNE, SAM, TREY and RILEY. JACK and EDNA hurry to the scene, standing at a distance from the rest of the angry passengers.)

THE SHAMAN

It's an outrage! You brought us out here to bleed us dry!

CAPTAIN LOU

Now let's all stay calm, folks-

MIKE

(Holding up a hotdog roll)

Thirty dollars! For a hotdog roll! Hard as a rock! You can't possibly-

TREY

We were promised Mar-a-Lago food!

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezing loudly)

Achoo!

MIRANDA

Gezhunteit, Captain.

RILEY

Trump steaks!

(THE SHAMAN throws a hotdog roll at RICHARD, who ducks out of the way)

MIRANDA

You were all free to purchase the enhanced dining package!

RICHARD

Such entitlement! For god's sakes, why can't these people pull themselves up by their bootstraps?

SAM

This is a starvation diet! I say this as a doctor, passengers are going to die!

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezing again and blowing his nose loudly)

Achoo! Excuse me.

RICHARD

Bless you, Captain.

LUANNE

First you can't secure the border and now we have that rapist Mexican murderer woman running free, who even knows what job she's going to steal, and then you brought these... these... baby killers on board -

RILEY

You absolute bitch!

(RILEY charges LUANNE but is restrained by a combination of TREY and MIKE)

Come here and say that to my face, you wench.

LUANNE

(RILEY is still being restrained and protesting)

But things that of course **should** be on board, like food, you've somehow forgotten.

RICHARD

Ma'am, please, the food wasn't forgotten. It's just simply a scarce resource, supply and demand.

MIRANDA

You wouldn't want a glut of food bringing prices to zero, would you?

CAPTAIN LOU

Simple economics.

MIRANDA

Simple economics.

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezes loudly)

Achoo!

MIRANDA

Gezhunteit, Captain!

THE SHAMAN

How long can we live off your supply of shitty supermarket bread rolls?

CAPTAIN LOU

It depends on how much money you have, free market.

LUANNE

This is just incredibly un-Christian!

MIRANDA

Simple economics.

MIKE

I'm getting my gun!

TREY

Me too!

SAM

Me three!

MIRANDA

(Pulls out a duffel from by his feet, and opens it, revealing a multitude of guns)

Do you mean these, folks? I'm sorry, but they've been temporarily secured for public safety.

THE SHAMAN

Public safety? What the hell is going on? You took those from our rooms?

MIKE

That's our God-given right! Give our fucking guns back!

LUANNE

Un-Christian!

CAPTAIN LOU

Take the guns first, due process second. Trump said it, and he's correct as usual. We can't be letting you dollar store hicks start letting bullets fly around here. You know what would happen if you pierce the fuselage?

SAM

Who the hell are you calling a dollar store hick?

MIKE

I'll show these assholes a dollar store hick.

CAPTAIN LOU

(Sneezes loudly)

Achoo!

RILEY

You're all a bunch of goddamned assholes! All of you!

(She pulls away from her restraints and turns and faces JACK)

Oh, and look who's here. Especially this one. This holier-than-thou self-declared nice guy. Same shit, better smile. Fuck you. Even more than the rest.

TREY

Yeah. Fuck him. Fuck you all.

LUANNE

Godless hedonists. Lost souls.

RILEY

Get fucked, bitch face!

MIRANDA

Captain, this is getting out of control.

CAPTAIN LOU

Agreed. This lunch service is over. Let's pack it up.

RICHARD

And just wait, free market says these rolls will be up to forty dollars each when you see them again at dinner tonight. Maybe fifty.

(CAPTAIN LOU, MIRANDA, RICHARD and CREW exit the stage with their guns and bags. The rest of the passengers look on silently as they leave, then, all of a sudden, begin noisily shouting indistinguishably at each other.)

EDNA

Folks!

(Angry shoutings continue)

Folks! Friends!

JACK

Guys! Let's listen to Edna.

EDNA

People, please!

(Everyone goes quiet now, and faces EDNA.)

I know some of you, some of us, have our disagreements. Big disagreements, let's say it like it is. Okay? And maybe we've let some of those disagreements boil over. But listen here, please, I've been around decades longer than most of you. You know what I think? That we can sort all that out later. Now, right now, we still need to trust each other, rely on each other. Work together - to survive. Our lives, our very lives, depend on it right now. Where we go one...

MIKE

We go all.

EDNA

That's right, Mike. We need to take a united front with the Captain. I'm sure if we make our case-

THE SHAMAN

What case? They're getting rich off of starving us!

EDNA

I'm sure it's all a misunderstanding. Don't you think? The Captain's getting bad advice. But he can turn this around. We need to make him remember why we're all here. Remind him of our mission. We can't do that if we're all shouting at each other.

LUANNE

She's right! We have so many common enemies. Why are they hurting **us**? Us? Why? What did **we** do?

EDNA

Dear, no, it's not about common enemies. That's not what we should be focused on.

JACK

What Edna's saying is that our health and survival is on the line. We need to be a team. Even if we're not all on the same page.

EDNA

Exactly.

LUANNE

They need to be hurting the people we're **meant** to be hurting. Not us!

MIKE

Well said!

RILEY

You people are fucking crazy!

THE SHAMAN

No, she's right. We've lost sight of what we're here for!

EDNA

Thank you! Yes.

THE SHAMAN

Freedom. And liberal fucking tears!

EDNA

Of dear, no, how about just... a better world, like the old days-

MIKE

Before all this bullshit! Like diversity, and consent, and other left wing fantasies.

RILEY

Trey! What the actual fuck were you thinking getting us on a spaceship with these people?

TREY

These are our people, babe.

RILEY

(Throwing a hotdog roll at him)

You fucking idiot!

JACK

I don't think this is working, Edna...

MIKE

Stop it, all of you, she's right. Us god-fearing white folks need to stick together!

SAM

I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

THE SHAMAN

Focus our energy where it's needed. Take them all down a notch.

LUANNE

Punish them. We need to go to the Captain and tell him, outright, "you're not hurting the people that you're meant to be hurting."

EDNA

No, Luanne, really-

THE SHAMAN

Say it again, girl. That's good.

LUANNE

You're not hurting the people that you're meant to be hurting!

THE SHAMAN

All together now!

(Cue 10. They're Not Hurting the People That They're Meant to Be Hurting)

10. THEY'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE
THAT THEY'RE MEANT TO BE HURTING

A bombastic show tune featuring THE SHAMAN, FOLLOWERS, SAM, LUANNE and MIKE as the chorus and featured singers. Throughout the song, EDNA and JACK slowly back away to a distance at stage right, joined by TREY and RILEY.

CHORUS

YOU'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE HURTING
(OH OH OH)
YOU'RE NOT STIRRING THE POTS THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE STIRRING
(OH OH OH)

MIKE

KEEP OUT THE IMMIGRANTS AND CAGE UP THEIR KIDS

THE SHAMAN

END THE WOKE VIRUS AND PISS OFF THE LIBS

CHORUS

YOU'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT YOU'RE
MEANT TO BE HURTING (OH OH OH)

THE SHAMAN

WITH MEDICAL DEBT I'VE BEEN ETERNALLY STUCK

SAM

I'VE BEEN PAYING MORE IN TAXES THAN SCROOGE MCDUCK

MIKE

MY GOVERNMENT CHECKS STOPPED, HEAR ME SCREAM

LUANNE

I THOUGHT WE ONLY DID THAT TO WELFARE QUEENS!

CHORUS

THEY'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT THEY'RE MEANT TO BE HURTING
(OH OH OH)
THEY'RE NOT STIRRING THE POTS THAT THEY'RE MEANT TO BE STIRRING
(OH OH OH)

MIKE

I FULL ON BACK THE BLUE BUT I STILL HAD TO DO TIME, AND STILL
THE SANCTUARY CITIES ARE INFESTED WITH CRIME

CHORUS

OH, THEY'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT THEY'RE
MEANT TO BE HURTING (OH OH OH)

THE SHAMAN

(With direct backing from the FOLLOWERS)

WE'RE SINKING UNDERWATER AND WE CAN'T STAY AFLOAT BECAUSE
WE'RE STILL UNDER THE THUMB OF NASTY GOVERNMENT BLOAT, AND NOW
THE DEMS STOLE OUR ELECTION AND THEY THREW OUT OUR VOTE
EVEN THOUGH WE'RE "WE THE PEOPLE" LIKE THE FOUNDERS WROTE!

LUANNE

AND THOSE DAMN PC POLICE ARE STILL PATROLLING OUR SPEECH, WE SEE
THE PARENTS CAN'T PARENT AND THE TEACHERS CAN'T TEACH

MIKE

ISN'T 2A MEANT TO STOP THIS BLATANT OVERREACH

SAM AND LUANNE

TO THE LEADERS OF THE MAGA SHIP WE DO BESEECH

CHORUS

WE PRAY TO THE LORDS OF THE MAGA CAUSE
GET TOUGH FOR AMERICA, UPHOLD THE DAMN LAWS
WE GIVE YOU ALL OUR MONEY AND WE GIVE YOU APPLAUSE
TAKE THE GLOBALIST AGENDA DOWN AND PUT IT ON PAUSE

NOW HURT THE RIGHT PEOPLE AND HURT THEM RIGHT
TO REMAKE AMERICA WE WILL ALL HAVE TO FIGHT
A NEW DAY IS COMING, SHOW US THE LIGHT
THE JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US

THE JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US
THE JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US
THE JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US

SO START HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE HURTING (OH
OH OH)

SO START STIRRING THE POTS THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE STIRRING (OH
OH OH)

WE LOVE OUR COUNTRY, OUR FREEDOMS OUR FLAG
ANYONE WHO DISAGREES CAN GO AND PACK THEIR BAG

IT'S TIME TO START HURTING THE PEOPLE

LOOK AT ALL THOSE LIBERAL SHEEPLE

NASTY TRANSGENDER CREEPEL

IT'S TIME TO START HURTING THE PEOPLE

YOU'RE MEANT

TO BE HURTING!

NOT US!

LUANNE

Let's go find him!

(LUANNE, SAM, THE SHAMAN, FOLLOWERS, and MIKE exit left)

EDNA

Jack, follow me. Trey, Riley, you too.

(They follow her as she sneaks to a door on a control panel.)

I have a locker.

JACK

A locker?

EDNA

A party locker.

RILEY

With food?

EDNA

Let's see.

(She pulls out items one at a time and hands them off to JACK, TREY and RILEY.)

TREY

Cake icing...

RILEY

That's calories, at least.

JACK

Sprinkles...

EDNA

We'll have to ration those, I think.

RILEY

Edible glitter...

EDNA

Don't think there's much nutrition in those, dear.

JACK

Gourmet mustard sampler...

EDNA

It was going to be a theme night. To hell with that, now.

TREY

Popcorn kernels.

JACK

We'll find a microwave.

RILEY

Trump cupcake liners - not edible.

JACK

Dehydrated space ice-cream. Guess that's appropriate.

EDNA

Well, that's it. Other than some don't-tread-on-me straws, and party picks.

JACK

Let's quickly split this up and bring it to our rooms. And, can I get a bit extra for my roommate?

EDNA

Of course, dear.

(EDNA begins quickly arranging three different bags.)

RILEY

"A bit extra for my roommate?" Look at mister fucking nice guy.

TREY

Babe, did you ever think, huh, maybe he's actually just a nice fucking guy?

JACK

Thanks for saying that.

RILEY

Nope, He's probably a murderous trump-tarded shitstain like all the rest.

EDNA

Come on, let's focus -

(To TREY)

And you - you convinced me we'd be able to keep to ourselves. Have our own one-of-a-kind adventure. Live out our own lives. Spend all day staring out our window at the stars and planets. Hey, how'd that work out? Newsflash, we don't even **have** a fucking window. Real fucking smooth, Trey. Quite an adventure, huh? Being denied life-saving reproductive care. Quite an adventure. Letting the free market starve us to death. Must not have read the fine print, did you Trey, huh?

TREY

Babe-

RILEY

Don't fucking babe me.

EDNA

Guys, let's not -

RILEY

You're nothing but a dumb spring-break cryptobro that got hella' lucky. Yep, you forget that it all came down to dumb fucking luck, didn't it. And then when those lucky millions started rolling in, you thought hey, I must be the smartest man in the whole world, didn't you. Well did you forget? I had my own career. My own life, Trey. And you - dragging me along like none of that even matters.

TREY

I can't believe you're doing this.

RILEY

Well hey, you know what? I am doing it. And maybe... maybe I **would** actually prefer to hang around with mister nice guy, here. At least he seems to try.

(She moves closer to JACK)

TREY

Yeah? Well you and mister nice guy can have fun chowing down on goddamned edible glitter together. Maybe **I'd** actually prefer to catch up with our shipmates and sing that catchy song to the Captain with them.

RILEY

You do that, Trey. Those are your people, after all. Fucking deplorables.

TREY

(Hurrying off stage left, and shouting belligerently)

YOU'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE HURTING

(OH OH OH)

YOU'RE NOT STIRRING THE POTS THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO STIRRING (OH

OH OH)

LA LA LA LA LALALALA

LA LA LA LA LALALALA

OH YOU'RE NOT HURTING THE PEOPLE THAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE HURTING

JACK

I'm not getting in the middle, here.

RILEY

The three of us, we need to get off this spaceship. I need a real doctor, and you two - you're going to be eaten alive here, if you stay. Come on, Jack, let's all go to your room, figure this out.

JACK

My room? We can't um, we can't all go up to my room.

RILEY

Why not?

(The spotlight shines to reveal DAVID coming down the left-side stairs, carrying an unconscious ROSA.)

DAVID

Jack! Hey!

EDNA

Oh goodness!

RILEY

Holy shit.

DAVID

Jack! What's taking so long? This girl needs food!

JACK

Alright, well. Cat's out of the bag, now. Everybody up.

(JACK, EDNA and RILEY bring their bags of food and hurry upstairs following DAVID and ROSA. The lights dim on them.)

ACT TWOScene Two

The stage is unchanged, with the main section of the stage remaining in disarray. LUANNE, TREY, MIKE, THE SHAMAN, and FOLLOWERS enter together from stage left.

MIKE

Quarantining? What absolute bullshit.

LUANNE

How suddenly convenient for him.

TREY

Wasn't he just down here serving food?

THE SHAMAN

Says he has a headache and cold? I've had a headache since last week. Haven't been able to taste a damn thing in a month. Now you know what that is? That's 5G toxicity. Chemtrails. And you don't see me fucking complaining.

LUANNE

Sam's testing him. If it's not Covid, he'll have no excuse.

MIKE

Covid? Fuck that. No excuse anyway. Covid is some weak liberal bullshit.

TREY

Hell, just call his room! Sing it to him over the phone!

THE SHAMAN

Robocall that shit.

MIKE

Blast it over the loudspeaker!

TREY

Quarantining. Right. More like just hiding from us.

LUANNE

That's right. We have them on the run.

THE SHAMAN

Scared to death of real Americans like us.

(SAM comes running in from stage left, and right behind him are MIRANDA and the CREW.)

SAM

Quiet down, everyone, quiet down. I have an update and an important announcement.

(Pause.)

Captain Wandowski has tested positive for Covid. Now as you know, we have some elderly folks on board. Likely, there are others here who are immunocompromised too. Can I assume everyone here has been vaccinated?

THE SHAMAN

(With a sarcastic laugh)

Vaccinated?

MIKE

You're assuming we're idiots?

SAM

Either way, it's very important that if anyone has any symptoms - loss of smell or taste, fever, cough, shortness of breath-

TREY

This doesn't sound like freedom, doctor.

MIRANDA

You can't possibly be suggesting-

SAM

Yes, if you experience symptoms, you need to get tested. And if you test positive for Covid, you need to quarantine. That's CDC guidelines.

THE SHAMAN

No, that's despotism!

MIRANDA

Insane! Everyone knows the CDC is the actual deep state.

THE SHAMAN

Who let the fucking deep state on board?

SAM

Now look here, folks, I'm a pro-life doctor. And I'm going to recommend, based on the science, what needs to be done to protect and save as many lives as possible.

LUANNE

Dear, this is well and truly unnecessary. You know we can't trust that so-called science.

(The CREW step forward and begin a song. Cue **11. Covid on Board**)

11. COVID ON BOARD

An anthem-like hip hop song in the style of Montel Williams' "This is How We Do It.". The CHORUS is sung by all in the scene except for SAM.

CREW

(Softly)

BIG BAD COVID ON BOARD
IT'S NOT GONNA SPREAD
DON'T BE ABSURD

BIG BAD COVID ON BOARD
IT'S GOING AWAY
JUST REST ASSURED

SAM

Folks...

THE VACCINE WORKS. TRUMP MADE IT, WARP SPEEDED!

THE SHAMAN

BUT THE VIRUS WAS A HOAX THAT ANTIFA AGENTS SEEDED.

TREY

I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CHINA VIRUS, MADE IN A LAB?

LUANNE

A BIO ATTACK, THAT'S WHY TRUMP PUSHED THE JAB.

MIKE

SO IT'S A CHINESE LAB-GROWN OFFENSIVE BIOWEAPON, BUT WE MUST
CHOOSE TO IGNORE IT CAUSE OF LIBERAL OPPRESSION

MIRANDA

SO THE VACCINE IS REAL BUT THE VIRUS IS A HOAX?

LUANNE

I THOUGHT THE JAB WAS PROVEN NOW TO MIND CONTROL FOLKS?

CREW AND FOLLOWERS

BIG BAD COVID IT'S FINE
NO NEED TO WORRY
NO NEED TO WHINE

BIG BAD COVID IT'S FINE
WE'VE GOT HY-DROXY-
CHLORO-QUINE

MIRANDA

LOCKDOWN SHMOCKDOWNS, IT'S NO BIG DEAL

LUANNE

BUT A LAB LEAK BIOWEAPON? NOT SURE HOW I FEEL.

THE SHAMAN

THE REAL THREAT'S TRACKER WAVES OF 5G IN THE AIR

MIKE

NO THE REAL THREAT'S MASKS, THEY'LL CHOKE YOU, BEWARE

SAM

No...

TREY

IT'S A LEFT WING COUP TO ASSUME TOTAL CONTROL

LUANNE

A BILL GATES NIGHTMARE TO SUBSUME YOUR MORTAL SOUL

MIRANDA

WE'RE THANKFUL THAT THE VACCINE WAS A QUICK SUCCESS, BUT NOBODY
SHOULD TAKE IT, NOT UNDER DURESS

SAM

That's not true...

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID NO THREAT
IT'S UNDER CONTROL

NO NEED TO SWEAT

SAM

No, really...

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID NO THREAT
SOME BLEACH AND SUNSHINE ARE
YOUR SAFEST BET

MIRANDA

SO LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT
THERE'S A LOT HERE ON OUR PLATE
WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH
TO GUARANTEE WE'RE SAFE, SO
I'LL GO AHEAD AND GIVE YOU MY PROFESSIONAL VIEWS
WHICH ARE UNSULLIED BY LEFT WING FAKE COMMUNIST NEWS
HERD IMMUNITY'S THE GOAL HERE SO LET'S ALL GIVE UP THE FIGHT
AND IF GRANDMA NEEDS TO DIE FROM THIS I GUESS THAT'S JUST
ALRIGHT

SAM

No no no-

MIRANDA

SO GO AND GET INFECTED
THERE'S NO REASON TO GET TESTED
YOU CAN CHOOSE TO WEAR A MASK
BUT IF YOU DO YOU'LL BE ARRESTED

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID IS HERE
JUST GRANDMA WILL DIE
NO NEED TO FEAR

SAM

No, no, this is...

(MIKE and THE SHAMAN grab SAM by his arms and lead him to a nearby chair, forcing him to sit.)

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID IS HERE
 DON'T PAY ATTENTION
 PLUG YOUR EARS

SAM

Completely irresponsible!

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID ON BOARD
 IT'S NOT GONNA SPREAD
 DON'T BE ABSURD

SAM

What are you folks doing to me?

(THE SHAMAN is taking large zip-ties out of his pocket, and using them to tie SAM's arms to the back of the chair.)

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID ON BOARD
 IT'S GOING AWAY
 JUST REST ASSURED

SAM

You're losing your damn minds!

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID IS HERE
 JUST GRANDMA WILL DIE
 NO NEED TO FEAR

SAM

Luanne, you're just going to let this happen?

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID IS HERE
 DON'T PAY ATTENTION
 PLUG YOUR EARS

LUANNE

You can't stand in the way of freedom, dear.

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID IT'S FINE
NO NEED TO WORRY
NO NEED TO WHINE

SAM

Release me this instant! First Officer!

CHORUS

BIG BAD COVID IT'S FINE
WE'VE GOT HY-DROXY-
CHLORO-QUINE

MIRANDA

Doctor Sam Johnson. As First Officer of this spacecraft, my overriding priority is to assure the freedom and liberty of all on board by strictly upholding law and order. We have no choice but to restrain and silence you until you renounce your so-called science. We cannot allow illegal lockdowns, mask mandates or deep state vaccines based on your globalist medical research that has a clear left-wing bias.

SAM

This is insanity.

LUANNE

You must listen to them, Sam. To us.

SAM

I have worked my ass off for thirty years to reach the pinnacle of the medical profession. How dare you? You expect me to throw it all away?

LUANNE

This is much bigger than you and me, Sam. This is a new chapter. A new start. If you can't see the evil of your behavior now, then only God can judge you.

SAM

I will not renounce anything. I would never.

LUANNE

God will surely judge you then, Sam. And He will not be kind or generous.

THE SHAMAN

Bring him to God for judgment!

SAM

Let me go!

MIKE

Throw him out the airlock!

TREY, MIRANDA, CREW, and FOLLOWERS
The airlock! The airlock! The airlock!

(THE SHAMAN, MIKE, and TREY lift the chair with SAM in it.)

SAM
Put me down!

LUANNE
You are not part of God's plan for this mission, Sam. I wish it were otherwise.

MIKE
Let's take out the trash.

TREY
And then get some food!

(SAM is carried in his chair off stage right, followed by all in the scene.)

SAM
What are you doing? Hey!

TREY, MIRANDA, CREW, and FOLLOWERS
The airlock! The airlock! The airlock! The airlock!

SAM
(Screaming)

Ahhhh-eeeeee!

ACT TWOSCENE THREE

Lights rise over the platform to reveal those in JACK and DAVID's cabin. DAVID is at his computer desk. EDNA, JACK, RILEY and ROSA sit on the edge of the platform, legs overhanging. They're sucking on tubes of cake icing.

JACK

They're turning on each other now.

EDNA

It's a violent, horrible mob. I don't understand.

RILEY

Oh, I do.

ROSA

I'm so sorry I put you all in danger.

RILEY

Girl...

DAVID

Alright, so I've made it past most of the security layers and breached into the navigation mainframe. But here's the weird thing, the root directory.. is all in Russian.

JACK

What a surprise.

RILEY

Spare us the details, Mister Robot, just get us back to Earth, alright? Rosa, anyway, what the hell were you thinking, huh?

ROSA

I wanted to be here. And you know what? I'm one of the good ones. Asylum, yeah? Declared at the border. Court date is years

away, no? I always worked hard. Never took, never expected anything. I thought they'd see that, no? When I was a little girl I dreamed of being an astronaut.

RILEY

Jesus. Well how did that all work out?

ROSA

Too early to say, maybe.

RILEY

Uh huh.

ROSA

But I can't be deported. Can't risk it. That's why I snuck on here, huh? You think things in America are bad, no no no. Where I'm from, things are bad bad bad. Like, my parents and siblings were all killed kind of bad. You see?

RILEY

That's some major shit, right there. Yeah.

JACK

But are you getting anywhere?

DAVID

Maybe. Bit of a snag, looks like I don't have the permissions to see the ship's nav charts, so I'm gonna' have to work on spoofing credentials to escalate my access rights.

RILEY

A bit less chatting and a bit more hacking, alright?

DAVID

Hey, the smart people are working on it. How about in the meantime, why don't you go rehearse your little seductive song and dance again? I know Jack would love that.

RILEY

I think **you'd** love that, pervert.

JACK

It was a bit of a turn on, I admit.

EDNA

Shh! You guys, quiet, they're back!

(Coming from stage right into the main stage area, MIRANDA and CREW enter a few steps ahead of THE SHAMAN, TREY, LUANNE, MIKE and FOLLOWERS.)

MIRANDA

No, no, no. Absolutely not! While the Captain is down sick this is my ship, and under no circumstances will we be opening up the food provisions now. Absolutely not.

THE SHAMAN

We're starving here, man!

MIKE

Why do you need to make us pay for it, anyway? What's the point?

MIRANDA

The point? The point is that it's the property of Four Seasons Total Spaceship Corporation, under the direction of our esteemed CEO Richard Greene, who has a sacred duty to shareholders to maintain strong margins ahead of our first quarter earnings call. And we will absolutely not be taking a writedown on inventory.

TREY

That's bullshit, man.

LUANNE

Why are you hurting us like this? Us? The most loyal group of MAGAS the world has ever known?

MIRANDA

Law and order! You take away property rights, and what's next? Venezuela! Communism!

MIKE

Who the hell are you calling a communist? I fought like hell in Kabul for American freedom!

THE SHAMAN

Fuck this. When I was chasing that migrant bitch, I passed dozens of huge boxes down in the hold. People are starving? Well, guess what. I'm bringing them up here. What are you going to do to stop me?

(MIRANDA and CREW remove pistols from their holsters and aim them at THE SHAMAN.

Oh yeah.

LUANNE

This has gone too far.

MIKE

Deep state psy-ops. Absolutely a deep state psy-ops.

LUANNE

I have never seen such selfish, un-Christian behavior. I think it's time for a change in leadership.

TREY

A revolution!

MIKE

We've done it before. A new J6!

THE SHAMAN

A new J6!

LUANNE

We'll show them!

THE SHAMAN

You do not mess with the will of the people!

LUANNE

The will of God!

MIKE

It's time to march!

TREY

I'm with you!

THE SHAMAN

Channel that feeling! Channel that energy!

(CUE 12. ON JANUARY SIXTH)

12. ON JANUARY SIXTH

A Les Miserables-style revolutionary march. The chorus consists of THE SHAMAN, FOLLOWERS, LUANNE, MIKE and TREY. For the entirety of the song, MIRANDA and CREW keep their guns aimed, but slowly retreat backwards towards far stage left throughout the song.

LUANNE

I REMEMBER HOW WE FELT ALL THROUGH THAT COLD MONTH OF
NOVEMBER
AS THE NEWS OF FRAUD WAS TWEETED WE COULD NOT CONTAIN OUR
TEMPER

MIKE

SO WE NEEDED TO FIGHT BACK

THE SHAMAN

NEEDED TO GO ON THE ATTACK

MIKE AND THE SHAMAN

TO STOP THE STEAL
WE'D FIGHT FOR REAL
CAUSE TO THE PEOPLE DID TRUMP APPEAL

CHORUS

ON JANUARY SIXTH WE CAME TOGETHER, MARCHED AS ONE
WE BROUGHT OUR FLAGS AND SHOUTS AND FISTS
TO SEND THE LIBERALS ON THE RUN
IT WAS SO CLEAR THAT TRUMP WAS CHEATED
WE WERE ALL SO VERY HEATED
WHEN THE HOUSE OF THE PEOPLE CAN'T DO THE RIGHT THING
WE'LL DELIVER THE ANGER THE PEOPLE CAN BRING

ON JANUARY SIXTH WE BROKE THE WINDOWS, SCALED THE FENCE
WE WENT TO STEAL BACK OUR ELECTION AND TO HANG THE TRAITOR PENCE

THE SHAMAN

WE HAD TO STOP THE CERTIFICATION

MIKE

FOR THE FUTURE OF OUR NATION

TREY

WE HAD ALTERNATE SLATES OF ELECTORS ATTEST
THAT THE DONALD HAD WON WHERE WE KNEW HE'D DO BEST

LUANNE

HE ASKED HIS LOYAL STATE OFFICIALS TO GIVE HIM BACK HIS
VOTES
BUT THOSE BASTARDS TOOK RECORDINGS, THOSE NASTY THUGS TOOK
NOTES
THEY ARE HEATHENS FOR NOT BELIEVING HE WAS SENT TO US BY
GOD
THEY SHOULD BE SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR TREASON AND ELECTORAL
FRAUD

CHORUS

ON JANUARY SIXTH TRUMP SAID TO FIGHT LIKE HELL, WE DID
WE TOOK A SHIT IN NANCY'S OFFICE AND OUR ENEMIES RAN AND HID

MIKE

I SMASHED A POLICEMAN WITH A DOOR

THE SHAMAN

I TRAMPLED ANOTHER ONE DOWN ON THE FLOOR

CHORUS

THEY GASSED US OUT, THEY SHOT US DEAD
AND YET WE NEVER TURNED AND FLED

IT WAS A PURELY PEACEFUL PROTEST, WE ABIDED BY THE LAWS
BUT THEN THE DAMNED ANTIFA AGENTS CAME AND SABOTAGED OUR CAUSE
COURTS SAID WE'RE GUILTY OF SEDITION
SAID WE'RE DESTINED FOR PERDITION
OUR POLITICAL PRISONERS STILL ROT IN JAIL

BUT WE WILL KEEP FIGHTING AS LONG AS WE'RE ABLE

THE SHAMAN

AND SO JUST LIKE WE DID BACK ON THAT JANUARY DAY
WE WILL STAND UP FOR OUR RIGHTS WHEN THOSE IN POWER TAKE
THEM AWAY
THE REAL AMERICANS HERE HAVE SPOKEN, WE'RE GOING DOWN TO
BRING UP THE FOOD
IF YOU'RE GONNA SHOOT US IN THE BACKS BE OUR GUEST, WE HAVE
NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE

(THE SHAMAN, MIKE, TREY, LUANNE and FOLLOWERS exit right.
As they do. MIRANDA lowers his gun and uses his other arm
to forcibly lower the guns of his CREW.)

MIRANDA

(To the CREW)

Stand down. You are dismissed.

(The CREW exit left.)

A MUTINY ON MY WATCH, THIS IS THE END OF MY CAREER
WHEN THE CAPTAIN LEARNS WHAT HAPPENED... WHAT HE'LL DO TO ME IS
CLEAR
I MUST SEE TO IT NOW THAT HE DIES
FROM THAT VIRUS OF LIBERAL LIES
I'LL TWIST HIS NECK, GIVE HIM A SMACK
THERE'LL BE NO DOCTOR TO BRING HIM BACK

(MIRANDA exits left)

EDNA

Oh my God, it keeps getting worse. We need to warn the Captain!

DAVID

Relax, let them eat each other. I'll have control of the ship soon, anyway.

ROSA

You are very brave, David.

DAVID

Yep. Dude. I'm a real keyboard warrior.

ROSA

You know, with some haircut, going to gym...

RILEY

Oh girl, no...

ROSA

Yes! Some haircut, going to gym, clothes that are nicely fit...

RILEY

Throw in deodorant too, then.

ROSA

Yes, David, with all this, and smelling nice, you can have any girl.

EDNA

I think that's a really nice thing to say, Rosa.

DAVID

Forget it. I live in my mother's basement, and I'll probably smell like Doritos for the rest of my life.

ROSA

No, David! Today you smell like cake icing. And you are not in your mother's basement anymore! You are...

JACK

De facto captain of the spaceship!

ROSA

Spaceship captain, yes! So sexy.

RILEY

Sweet Jesus.

DAVID

Well look, I've finally got a read on the navigation charts, but something... something seems really weird here. It also looks like it's been pre-programmed before launch, not sure how to change or override it. Still going to need some time, dudes.

JACK

How are you feeling, Riley?

RILEY

For now, I'm okay.

EDNA

And your husband - is he going to check on you?

RILEY

Trey? Ha. You know, we weren't meant to get pregnant. That's probably obvious considering we were about to go to space. Somehow, after we took the test, he convinced me not to tell anyone - that we were better off coming on board and taking the risk, whatever that meant. His first and only priority was getting on the MAGA ship. Can you believe it? How did I go along with that?

JACK

I'm coming to realize that we all, at least sometimes, find ourselves going along with things that, looking back, are really actually very frightful.

EDNA

Well said, Jack.

JACK

But there's always a way back, isn't there.

EDNA

Yes, there usually is.

DAVID

I'm looking for it, dude.

JACK

I meant redemption. Of one kind or another. A way out from the darkness.

(Cue **13. WHEN I GET HOME**)

13. WHEN I GET HOME

A slow and hopeful major-key ballad. Backing music continues over the spoken lines.

JACK

WHEN I GET HOME
 I'M GOING TO UNPLUG FROM ALL OF THE FEAR
 WON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT I HEAR
 WON'T STAY ENRAGED
 TURN A NEW PAGE
 WHEN I GET HOME

EDNA

That's real nice dear. You already have a good start.

WHEN I GET HOME
 I WILL FEEL COMFORTABLE AT LAST
 WON'T OVER-IDEALIZE ON THE PAST
 THINGS WILL IMPROVE
 I'LL FIND MY NEW GROOVE
 WHEN I GET HOME

RILEY

WHEN I GET HOME
 I WILL MAKE SURE THAT EVERYONE KNOWS
 ALL THAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH AND WHAT IT SHOWS
 MAYBE I'LL TRY
 TO STICK WITH A NICE GUY
 WHEN I GET HOME

JACK

I thought "nice guy" was a bad thing.

RILEY

Hey, what about you Incel Master One Thousand?

DAVID

Good question.

WHEN I GET HOME

I'M GOING TO LOSE SEVENTY POUNDS
YOU'LL SEE ME OUT THERE ALL OVER THE TOWN
I'LL STAY OFF COMPUTERS
WON'T ENTERTAIN LOSERS
WHEN I GET HOME

ROSA

WHEN I GET HOME
I'LL BE WITH A COOL SMART AMERICAN MAN
WE'LL PLAN TO GET MARRIED AS SOON AS WE CAN
I'LL FALL FOR HIM HARD
APPLY FOR A GREEN CARD
WHEN I GET HOME

EDNA

I don't think he's going to get the hint, dear. If you mean this one, at least.

DAVID

Hint about what?

RILEY

Dude.

EDNA

Jack, do you think you'll still be MAGA?

JACK

If and when we get home? MAGA? No. Conservative? Sure, look, I've always been quite conservative and probably always will be. Want to hear something? In middle school I had a civics teacher, I'll always remember this. He said-

RILEY

Oh great, a nice guy civics lecture.

JACK

He said that a car needs two pedals to get you where you want to go, a gas and a brake. It's always going to need both. No gas, you can't move. No brake, you can't move safely.

DAVID

Kind of boring, dude.

EDNA

Now let him finish!

JACK

Government needs both liberals and conservatives, pushing back on each other but also compromising, to move us along. Both are important. It's a fact, and I'm proud to play a part in that. But these folks? These guys?

RILEY

Yeah? What about them?

JACK

They're not looking to be the brake, are they? They're looking to throw the car into reverse and smash it into a brick wall. They're not trying to shape an America where everyone can thrive together. It's just simply not what they want. Not who they are. I'm surprised I didn't see it before.

EDNA

You and me both, dear.

JACK EDNA, RILEY and ROSA

WHEN I GET HOME
I WILL BE GIVEN ANOTHER GREAT CHANCE
I WILL BE WISER, I'LL TAKE A NEW STANCE
NO NEED TO PONDER IT
NOT GONNA SQUANDER IT
WHEN I GET HOME

DAVID

Um, dudes, I just discovered something that might make getting home a bit more... complicated...

(He's interrupted by the return, from stage right, of THE SHAMAN, FOLLOWERS, TREY, MIKE and LUANNE. They're helping each other carry oversized boxes into center stage. THE SHAMAN has a crowbar. RICHARD now comes running in from stage left along with CREW.)

RICHARD

What's going on here? We're about to set up for dinner service. Hey, where did you get those boxes? Those don't belong to you.

THE SHAMAN

Up yours, fatcat. This belongs to all of us.

RICHARD

Of course it does, once you purchase it. Which you haven't therefore it isn't currently yours, is it.

MIKE

Take your globalist deep state capitalism and shove it, asshole.

RICHARD

Are you all serious? I'm getting the Captain!

(MIRANDA enters from stage left. As RICHARD and MIRANDA talk, the others arrange the boxes and THE SHAMAN attempts to open them with the crowbar, but finds it difficult.)

MIRANDA

Well, that would be me, now, Richard.

RICHARD

You?

MIRANDA

I just went to go check on Wandowski, and sadly, it appears he's succumbed to Covid. How absolutely tragic.

RICHARD

You mean... he died? The Captain's dead? No. Really? Was the doctor treating him?

MIRANDA

The doctor had to, um, take a space walk some time ago, you see.

RICHARD

A space walk? Officer, as CEO of this enterprise, I demand to know what the hell is going on here.

MIRANDA

Well, as you can see, Richard, the chain of command puts me in charge now. The passengers have decided that the free market has failed them, and so they've gone looking to pilfer your inventory before we all starve. I can't say I completely blame them.

RICHARD

Put a stop to this, at once!

MIRANDA

Cadets, go help the passengers with the boxes.

(The CREW move to help THE SHAMAN as he attempts to pry the largest box open. They're all having difficulty.)

RICHARD

This was not covered in our risk models!

MIRANDA

Unfortunate, isn't it.

(Now, the lid of the largest box careens off, and a squall of printed papers launches out of the box, floats, and lands on the floor.)

THE SHAMAN

What the...

JACK

Holy shit.

LUANNE

That isn't food.

(The CREW hoists up THE SHAMAN, who manually removes more and more papers from the box, letting them fall to the floor.)

EDNA

Where's all the food?

MIRANDA

Richard, what the hell is all that?

RICHARD

Well, um, I have no idea. Those boxes were packed up as our nutritional reserves...

MIRANDA

Cadets, open another one.

(THE CREW takes THE SHAMAN'S crowbar and throws open a smaller box. Similar papers careen out of it. TREY picks one up.)

TREY

"Top Secret." Huh? It's a top secret document.

JACK

You can't make this stuff up.

(Everyone on the main part of the stage is picking up papers and reading them.)

MIRANDA

State department memo.

LUANNE

Department of defense contingency attack planning.

MIKE

Intelligence assessment. Iranian nuclear program.

THE SHAMAN

Classified Saudi intelligence sources.

TREY

Russian intelligence sources.

MIRANDA

Richard, why is all this stuff on board, instead of food?

RICHARD

I don't - I don't - this doesn't make sense, I really don't-

DAVID

(Shouting down from the platform)

I think I know.

(He stands up from his computer and comes down the stairs. JACK, EDNA, RILEY, and lastly ROSA - more tentatively - follow him.)

It makes sense now, with where I've discovered the ship is going.

(Looking at MIRANDA now)

I assume you knew.

MIRANDA

Where the ship is going? Well, that's the Captain's domain. I've more been responsible for what happens on board, you see-

DAVID

The ship's course was pre-programmed. There's no way to change it. We're stuck going to where we've been sent to go.

THE SHAMAN

Which is where?

LUANNE

Where are we going, for Christ sake?

RICHARD

And what does it have to do with the boxes?

DAVID

We're on the way to... to the center of the solar system.

JACK

You mean-

TREY

Hold on, that's-

DAVID

Yep, you get it.

MIKE

Oh my God.

MIRANDA

Yeah, so I'm sorry, I don't get it.

RILEY

Center of the solar system is the freaking sun, you fucking moron.

(All gasp.)

RICHARD

The sun? We're going to the sun?

DAVID

With thousands of highly confidential top secret documents that someone needed to get the hell rid of. Yep.

(There's a profound silence. On the projected space screen, the sun now looms large. After thirty seconds, DAVID sprints back upstairs onto the platform to his computer.)

MIRANDA

We've been... deceived.

JACK

Used.

LUANNE

Sabotaged.

MIKE

Hacked!

THE SHAMAN

We're going to die. Fuck.

TREY

We need to get a message out to Earth!

MIKE

S.O.S.!

DAVID

(Shouting down from upstairs)

I'm already truthing about it. Posting fast and furious.

MIKE

The liberals, they tampered with our ship!

LUANNE

Donald Trump will intervene. He'll save us!

THE SHAMAN

Of course he will. We've been more loyal to him than anyone else has ever been.

TREY

Hell, we piled into a spaceship to carry on his legacy in outer space!

EDNA

He can direct the Space Force to rescue us! Can he do that? The Space force?

DAVID

Dudes, um, I have... some ... more bad news, now.

(Short silence)

So, in response to my truthing... Real Donald Trump, ten seconds ago, just called us low level coffee astronauts. Says he has no idea who we are. Never met us. Says our mission sounds stupid and suspicious.

MIRANDA

Low level coffee astronauts?

RICHARD

That's what he said? Real Donald Trump? I'm on the freaking board of the Kushner companies!

DAVID

And now... now armies of truthers are calling us liberal Antifa activists.

(Another silence.)

LUANNE

Well now, just set them straight! Explain to them that we're MAGA superfans! Someone, somewhere, sabotaged our ship, to take secret documents to the sun! Why would they even do that, though? It doesn't make any sense...

JACK

Luanne, after all your commitment to this cause-

LUANNE

Commitment to the cause? Commitment? Jack, my whole life has come to be about this cause. Commitment? I threw my husband out the airlock! It's my faith!

THE SHAMAN

My identity!

MIKE

It's who we are!

TREY

We threw away our lives for this!

JACK

I know this must be difficult for you to realize that we've been used. Scammed. Gifted. Not just now, not just with this spaceship journey, but the whole time. They've preyed on you. On how gullible you are. Your belief structures. Your insecurities and prejudices. But don't worry, if it makes you feel any better, they hoodwinked me too. I just happened to realize it a bit sooner.

LUANNE

How could you, Jack! That can't be true. None of this is true. None of this! This fat ugly computer nerd up there - he's lying! Satanic sack of shit!

DAVID

Nah dude, it's happening in real time now. Actually, what's trending now is that we're apparently the Jeffery Epstein killers escaping from Earth.

(Pause.)

Fox just picked up the story, and they're saying exactly that.

(Pause.)

Oh, boom. Real Donald Trump now just re-truthed the Fox story as evidence that we're deep state terrorists. Now that's trending too.

LUANNE

But it's not the truth!

DAVID

Lady, as maybe you might have noticed by now, the truth doesn't fucking matter.

(Silence.)

RICHARD

We can't turn the ship around?

MIRANDA

I cannot.

DAVID

Me neither.

LUANNE

We need to pray.

RICHARD

And the real captain is dead?

MIRANDA

I'm the real captain now, but yes. He's still dead.

(Silence.)

JACK

So, this is it. How long do we have?

DAVID

Before we reach the sun? Well, I mean, dude, we're gonna burn up quite a bit before that. Looks to me like... about twenty minutes.

(Silence.)

THE SHAMAN

Where we go one...

TREY AND MIKE

We go all.

THE SHAMAN

(Louder)
Where we go one...

ALL

(Softly)
We go all.

THE SHAMAN

(Louder again)
Where we go one...

ALL

(Loudly)
We go all!

JACK

Edna, how long would it take you to set up the most amazing
goodbye party the galaxy has ever seen?

EDNA

Oh boy, Jack, why, no time at all! We've still got glitter,
confetti, flags, gourmet mustard sampler...

JACK

Well, what are we waiting for?

(Cue **14. Say What You Want Reprise**)

14. Say What You Want - Reprise

A spirited classic Broadway tune,
with heavy big-band style
instrumentation. In this song, all
performers on stage sing as part
of the chorus. The song is sung
with dancing and festivity, as the
sun grows ever larger on the view
screen.

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
SAY WHAT YOU WANT

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
SAY WHAT YOU WANT

MIRANDA

WE THOUGHT THAT WE WERE PIONEERS
WE LEFT THE EARTH, WE SHED OUR TEARS

TREY

WE LEFT BEHIND OUR HOMES AND OUR CAREERS

MIKE

IT TURNS OUT WE WERE DUPED AGAIN
WE TOOK TOO LONG TO COMPREHEND
THAT MAGA LEADERS NEVER WERE OUR FRIENDS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
SAY WHAT YOU WANT

JACK AND RILEY

WE'D BEEN BRAINWASHED, GULLIBLE AND SLOW
SAW OUR HATRED AND OUR VOLUME GROW
WE GAVE OUR LIVES TO CARRY ON THE SHOW

DAVID AND ROSA

WE THOUGHT THE DONALD REALLY CARED
A GOLDEN HEARTED BILLIONAIRE
BUT WE WERE JUST THE PAWNS IN HIS AFFAIR

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
SAY WHAT YOU WANT

THE SHAMAN

I KNOW I TOOK WRONG TURNS AT TIMES
I WISH THAT I HAD SEEN THE SIGNS

RICHARD

MY LIFE WAS JUST ONE BIG FINANCIAL CRIME

LUANNE

I PRAY THAT GOD ABOVE FORGIVES
THE THINGS I SAID, THE DEEDS I DID,
WITH JUST A FEW SHORT MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE

JACK

NO TURNING BACK NOW, WE'RE ON A FIERY DATE
INCINERATION IN THE SUN'S OUR ULTIMATE FATE
WE TRIED TO DO OUR PART TO MAKE AMERICA GREAT...

DAVID

AT LEAST WE MADE SOME FRIENDS ON THE WAY.

CHORUS

SAY WHAT YOU WANT
REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
REAL POWER COMES FROM THE PEOPLE
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
WHERE WE GO ONE WE GO ALL!
SAY WHAT YOU WANT!

(Curtain drops.)