

The Spit Brothers®

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***** Synopsis *****

Topic: Bullying, father-son and peer-to-peer relationships

Length: 45 minutes to 1 hour

Cast: 2 main boy actors (ages 8-10); supplementary kid actors (3-5 boys ages 8-10, 1 small girl – or girls playing boy parts); 3 adult actors; kid dancers (between 5 and 12).

The Spit Brothers is a contemporary musical that concerns itself with the relationship between two boys, as we see them through their father and son and peer relationships. One boy, RUSTY, has a father that's too busy to spend much time with him, while the other boy, ROB, has a very caring Dad. ROB has a physical handicap and is confined to a wheelchair during the key section of the play. However, he is mentally normal. RUSTY'S Dad is a businessman. He cares about RUSTY but is desperately trying to keep his business afloat. ROB'S Dad is a clown and is enamored with his son but is also a bit silly.

RUSTY is a socially aggressive kid and when he is in a peer group he knows how to control the others. He likes to think he's a "rock and roller" and a movie star. It's his way of drawing attention to himself, since try as he might, he can't get the full attention of his Dad.

ROB tries to be an equal to RUSTY, but most of the time it doesn't work out. There are several scenes where RUSTY repeatedly bullies ROB around. RUSTY eventually pushes ROB'S wheelchair over (after ROB makes a derogatory remark to him). In the next scene, out of sheer frustration and with the help of some of his friends, ROB ambushes RUSTY and smashes eggs onto RUSTY'S head, admonishing him.

The resolution of the conflict between RUSTY and ROB occurs when a film crew comes to town. The kids stand behind a roped-off area while the DIRECTOR asks for one local kid to be in a scene. To the surprise of everyone, RUSTY volunteers ROB for the scene. RUSTY then does a cool "move" and suddenly the DIRECTOR wants RUSTY and his "move" to be in the movie, too.

The final scene is the repeat of an earlier RUSTY song, "I Think it's Groovy to Live in a Movie," but now ROB is up there singing by his side. An epilogue is then performed. RUSTY and ROB are adults. They are amazed to see their babies give each other the same "spit brothers high-five handshake" that they gave each other when they were kids.

Notes: While the play is meant to be performed with children in the lead roles, it is conceivable that adult actors performing as children could work.

The Spit Brothers

*** Scene 1 ***

The NARRATOR appears on stage and has the only light. His hands are behind his back.

NARRATOR

Once upon a time
In a world of girls and boys
Friendships were like jewels
More important than toys

But finding this truth
And making it real
Means learning who you are
And how you do feel

For when true friendships
Shift like the sand
It gets quite confusing
So let me lend you a hand

The NARRATOR takes out an oversize, foam hand from behind his back and points it to the audience. The curtain opens and we see RUSTY and ROB dressed as babies, with oversize diapers. They are sitting on a couch together and are in awe of their feet and hands. The light fades on the NARRATOR.

Pay attention to this story
And maybe, just maybe
A friendship will grow
But just now they are babies

“Baby” RUSTY and “Baby” ROB make baby sounds. They touch their own feet and then play with their hands. For a while they don’t acknowledge each other. But then they begin to touch each other’s hands and feet, and finally RUSTY takes ROB’S thumb and places it in his mouth. ROB then does the same thing with RUSTY’S thumb. The two babies get cuddly and happy and sleepy together. The curtain closes and the light shines again on the NARRATOR.

Ah. So far so good
Their thumbs must be yummy
And they are happy, then sleepy
‘Til they get hungry in their tummies

You should know their names
Rusty and Rob

NARRATOR

When one of them starts crying
Both of them sob

They are next-door neighbors
Isn't that sweet?
And there's a park on the corner
Where they often do meet

They share the same babysitter
When the parents are away
And like magic they are almost three years old
Let's just watch how they play

The curtain opens, revealing RUSTY and ROB as toddlers. They have button-down shirts that cover part of their diapers, and RUSTY wears an oversize baseball cap. The light fades on the NARRATOR.

RUSTY

Rob. Watch me. When I do this...

RUSTY points his two arms up.

You do this. Put your arms up like me.

ROB does it. Then ROB points them down.

And when you do that, I'll do that.

RUSTY points his arms down.

ROB

You'll do this?

ROB points his arms up.

RUSTY

Yup. And then you'll do this.

RUSTY points his arms up.

ROB

And then I'll do that?

ROB points his arms down.

RUSTY

And then I'll do that.

RUSTY points his arms down. The two boys then follow each other's movements.

I do this.

RUSTY does a move.

ROB

And then I do this.

ROB follows RUSTY. Then ROB does a move.

RUSTY

And you do that.

RUSTY follows ROB.

ROB

And you do that.

Now the two boys then say and do the same thing in sing-song voices.

ROB and RUSTY

When I do this
You'll do this
When you do that
I'll do that

This is repeated over and over, with accompanying body movements until it gets quite silly and complicated. Eventually they both fall down and laugh. ROB ends up near RUSTY'S butt.

ROB

I smell something.

RUSTY

I made a stinky.

ROB

P.U. Game over.

ROB crawls away from RUSTY. The curtain closes and the light shines again on the NARRATOR.

NARRATOR

The boys are doing fine
Even when it gets smelly
And don't ask what happens
When they eat peanut butter and gooey jelly

The NARRATOR makes believe he or she is wiping gooey peanut butter and jelly off of his/her mouth and clothes.

NARRATOR

But as you all know
Boys will be boys
They'll go vrooming and screeching
When they play with racing toys

And again like magic
The boys are now five years old
They do little kid things – and sometimes big kid things
As long as they listen to what they are told

And sometimes you won't believe it
When they ride a big rig
'Cause Rusty's Dad builds huge houses
With machines that scoop and dig

The curtain opens to reveal SAM, RUSTY'S Dad, wearing a construction hat and holding a walkie-talkie. RUSTY runs up to his Dad and gives him a hug. ROB runs up and shakes SAM'S hand. The boys are five years old. The light fades on the NARRATOR.

SAM

How's my little guy!

SAM grabs RUSTY and rubs his head in a manly, loving way.

SAM

You boys want to move some major dirt?

RUSTY and ROB

Yeah!!!

RUSTY

Dad, can I push the controls? Please?

ROB

Me too!

SAM

I don't see why not.

SAM gets on the walkie-talkie.

Joe, I'm sending the boys over to you. Give them a ride and let them move some dirt, OK?

JOE (VOICEOVER)

You got it boss.

SAM

OK kids. Run on over to Joe. And watch your step!

RUSTY and ROB

Wa-hoo!!!!

The boys run past SAM and he slaps both of the boys' bottoms as they run offstage. Before they exit RUSTY and ROB give each other their first "spit high-five handshake," which consists of spitting on your palm and then giving a high-five. The curtain closes and the light shines again on the NARRATOR.

NARRATOR

Have you ever worn a ripped glove?
You know your finger pokes through
And in the middle of Winter
That finger cries boo-hoo

The NARRATOR has gloves on both hands, but there is a missing finger tip on one of the gloves.

Well sometimes a friendship
can have a cold spot
It's just the way things are
Like it... or not

Or have you ever stood out
by a cold Winter lake?
With the wind whipping by
You just start to shake!

It's warmer indeed
by the friendly, huddled trees
Those cold spots in nature
Can give you a cold - then you'll sneeze

And now I shall leave you
As we move on with our tale
RUSTY and ROB are older now
There are cold winds, snow and hail

The curtain rises and the lights come up on stage, fading from the NARRATOR, as he walks offstage. The set consists of two rooms: a boy's bedroom and a kitchen/dining room that is separated by a wall. In the wall between the rooms is a door. The boy, RUSTY, walks from his room through the door and into the kitchen/dining room. His father, SAM, talks on his cell phone. Throughout the play, SAM'S cell phone grows in size, as RUSTY'S frustration with his Dad's inattentiveness increases.

RUSTY

Dad, I'd really like to go skiing tomorrow. Remember, you promised?

SAM

Son, I'm on the phone, I'll be right with you.

RUSTY paces around the kitchen/dining room, circling the dining room table.

SAM

Let's take another look at the numbers. We've got to make them look more attractive.

RUSTY

Dad, what about it? You promised me we'd go skiing about five times!

SAM

George, can I call you back. Rusty's here and I gotta deal with him.

SAM hangs up the phone, acting a bit frustrated.

SAM

Okay Rusty, what was it you were saying?

RUSTY

Can we go skiing tomorrow? Please? You have the day off and you know how we talked about doing that.

SAM

Yes, we did. But you know that I'm working on a deal right now and you also know how important it is for my business.

RUSTY:

Yeah, yeah. But what about going skiing? You can bring your phone with you.

SAM looks out of the window, behind the dining room table.

SAM

RUSTY, it hasn't snowed much this season. And a storm may be coming.

RUSTY

Well then... how about bowling? That's indoors!

SAM

RUSTY, I hurt my pinky yesterday taking out the garbage. I don't think I can hold a bowling ball too well.

Just then SAM'S phone rings. He waves silently to RUSTY that he'll only be one minute.

SAM

GEORGE, what is it? They're backing out of the deal? No way! That'll kill us. We've got to think of something fast. RUSTY, I have to take this call.

RUSTY walks out of the kitchen/dining room madly, slamming the door as he enters his room and sits on his bed. His guitar is leaning against the bed. The light fades on SAM.

RUSTY

RUSTY makes fun of his Dad.

I hurt my pinky taking out the garbage. Boo hoo.

RUSTY grabs. He strums it while he talks, making up a silly song as he goes.

My pinky, my pinky, isn't it hurt? I'm so sorry for you, you big piece of dirt!

RUSTY puts the guitar strap on and swaggers downstage, stopping to look in the mirror. He does his "move," a quick movement of the hands that results in him pointing to himself. During the play, RUSTY'S mirror grows as his frustration with his Dad increases. KIDS bring in lights from stage left and stage right, as well as a platform for RUSTY to climb onto. Dancers wiggle out, from stage left and stage right, along the floor, with black sheets over them. As the song gets going they remove the sheet and dance to the music.

SONG: Listen Dad

RUSTY sings. Rock and Roll style song with electric guitar, drums, bass and synthesizer.

Wouldn't it be cool, wouldn't it be fine
if my Dad would listen to me all the time

I'd say things just once, and then he would hear
my message would click as it entered his ear

1st Chorus:

The sun, it would shine... in the sweet smell of day
when I did not repeat... all the things that I would say!
When I did not repeat the things I'd say!

My Dad's phone would quit... the battery would die
He wouldn't plug it in... No, he wouldn't even try

[SOFTER]

And even if I whispered... gently in the air
My Dad, he would hear me... here and over there

REPEAT 1st Chorus

2nd Chorus:

That would be the day... the sun it would shine
And I'd really be proud of that old man of mine
Yes, I'd be so proud of my---

REPEAT Verse I chords only. Dance sequence.
[Then pick up volume with:]

My feet, they'd just move... across the dance floor

And I'd have so much fun... my voice, it would soar!
My voice, it would soar!

[RUSTY turns so that his butt is facing the audience.]

Out of control... Shake, rattle and roll
Now I feel dizzy... Rockin' in my soul...
Rockin' in my soul...

[RUSTY turns back around, so that he is facing the audience.]

I'm into the beat... I don't know how to quit
My Dad should be watching... he'd be having a fit!
He would have a Royal fit!

My Dad puts down his phone... right into the trash
I raise my guitar...

[RUSTY raises his guitar, swirling it high in the air.]

And then I'd make it...

INSTANT FREEZE. LIGHTS OUT. CRASH SOUNDS. We hear the dialing of a cell phone.

SAM

GEORGE, let's get Mr. Smith on a conference call. We've got to sweeten the deal. GEORGE, can you hear me? GEORGE?

*** End of Scene 1 ***

*** Scene 2 ***

The curtain rises. The set is similar to RUSTY'S. We hear the sound of a knock on the door. ROB wheels himself into the kitchen/dining room from offstage on his wheelchair. His Dad, CLIFF, greets him by the kitchen table. He was working in the kitchen and is still in his clown costume.

ROB

Dad, I'm home.

CLIFF

Hey, sweet guy. How ya doing? I just got home myself and haven't even had time to change.

CLIFF sits down on a dining room chair and waves for ROB to come next to him.

So how was school? [PAUSE] Come here and give your Dad a hug. HMMMMM good!

ROB raises his arms so that they go around CLIFF'S neck and shoulders. CLIFF lifts ROB up off of his wheelchair. He then secretively (to ROB) places a whoopee

cushion on the wheelchair. When ROB sits back down we hear the fart sound that a whoopie cushion makes.

ROB

That's a good one, Dad.

ROB pats CLIFF on the shoulder condescendingly, like he's been through that joke a hundred times.

ROB

Even though that's the one millionth time you've done that joke, it still works!

ROB shakes his head at the audience, making a face to convey that his Dad is a bit loony.

CLIFF

I know, son. [CHUCKLES] Your Dad's a real card.

CLIFF proudly walks away, pulling on his clown suspenders.

Yep, having a clown around does brighten up one's day. So how was school, son? Tell your dear old Dad about it.

ROB

Oh you know, the usual stuff. I asked my teacher, "Does the universe have a meaning? What is life all about anyway? Can a dog really think?" You know, Dad, the easy questions.

CLIFF acts surprised.

CLIFF

What?! Oh! You're kidding right. Whew!

CLIFF rubs his wrist across his forehead.

You know, son, when I was a kid...

ROB

Here we go again...

ROB shakes his head at the audience again.

CLIFF

Yup. I remember it as clear as day...

ROB

I just thought of something. Dad, I gotta get some homework done before I forget it. OK?

ROB starts wheeling himself into his bedroom. CLIFF continues, looking up towards the sky.

CLIFF

Yup, I once wondered about those BIG questions. "Why do people talk so much? Why do frogs say, 'Ribbit, ribbit'? How come no one's invented square tennis balls? Why the heck are there mosquitos?"

CLIFF looks around for ROB but can't find him.

CLIFF

Rob? [PAUSES] Oh well.

CLIFF continues to work in the kitchen.

Lights dim on CLIFF (but we can still see him) and then come up on ROB, in his room. He's next to a keyboard.

SONG: My Dad's a Clown.

(ROB sings)

My Dad, he's a clown
He can make you laugh
Oh so hard
And yes, he can make you frown

He can do tricks night and day
And sometimes I forget
That other kids don't have a Dad
who's so wonderful that way

But when I'm older
What will I be?
I guess it don't matter
If my Dad's still near me

(CLIFF drops a dish and it breaks on the floor.)

You may not know him
Just the way I do
But all it takes is five minutes
And you'll stick to him like glue

Yeah, my Dad is a clown
And so what's the big deal?
It's just like a circus
that never leaves town

Like a circus
that never leaves town

He has a smile - it's painted on
And he wears big, funny shoes
but it's not what he looks like
that I'm afraid to lose

It's mostly how I feel

when he's around
Clown or no clown
He's my package deal

And no, I won't trade him
No, I like my clown
My life's like a circus
that never leaves town

Like a circus
that never leaves town

The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 2 ***

*** Scene 3 ***

The curtain rises. The set consists of a cafeteria setting with a wooden bench. KIDS 1,2 &3 are hanging out with ROB. It is clear that the kids are enjoying ROB'S company. Everyone does the "spit high-five handshake."

ROB

Hey, guess what? My Dad told me that a film crew is coming to town. They're going to make a movie right here!

KID 1

Well, how does your Dad know?

ROB

He has a show on TV and he knows people.

KID 2

Your Dad is on TV?

ROB

Yeah. He has a show on public access TV.

KID 3

Wow, that's cool! Your Dad is so funny, ROB.

ROB

Yeah, he's quite a clown.

KID 1

He really is a clown.

ROB

Well, he's also a person too. You know, he's not always a clown.

KID 1

I guess that's true. But he's probably funny all the time. Right?

ROB

Well... most of the time he is. You want to hear a joke?

KIDS 1, 2 & 3 all say "Yeah!" at the same time. Just then RUSTY enters. He's making believe that he's running, but in slow motion.

OK. There were these two monkeys sitting in a tree...

RUSTY

He interrupts ROB.

Hey, did you see me run? Cool, huh?

RUSTY does his "move."

You know I was thinking, what if you were, like, a major skateboarding dude - the best in the whole world, and you made a million dollars. What would you do?

KID 1

ROB was telling a joke.

RUSTY

NOT LISTENING.

You've got your whole life in front of you and you're the BEST skateboarder in the world. What would you do?

KID 2

Rob's Dad knows the best jokes. I still can't believe he's a clown.

KID 2 laughs.

RUSTY

Rob, make believe I'm the cool skateboarding dude, OK? Ask me, "So what are you going to do now?"

ROB acts as if the wind has been knocked out of him, but he gives in to RUSTY.

ROB

OK, Skateboarder Dude, so what are you going to do now that you're the best skateboarder in the world?

RUSTY sits on the bench, kicks up his feet and puts his hands behind his head.

RUSTY

I'm gonna kick back and just cruise.

ROB

Dude, I can see you're kicking back, but you're not "cruisin'."

RUSTY

Dude, I'm kicking back and cruisin'. Right now.

ROB

You really think a skateboarding champion would just quit the sport and sit around on his butt?

RUSTY

He's not sitting around on his butt, he's "kicking back, and cruisin'."

ROB

I know something about sitting, Rusty, and that's about all you're doing.

RUSTY

Dude! You're starting to piss me off. When I tell you he's cruisin', then that's what he's doing!

RUSTY is angry. He turns to the other KIDS.

RUSTY

Is the Dude cruisin' or not?

KID 1

If you say so, Rusty.

KID 3

Yeah, whatever.

ROB

Rusty, you can't possibly be serious. A skateboarding champion would never "kick back and cruise." No way!

RUSTY

[YELLS.] Dude, that's exactly what he's doing.

ROB

This has to be one of the all-time dumbest conversations I've ever had. I'm going home to talk to my guppies.

ROB starts to roll offstage.

RUSTY

Oh, look at Little Miss Muffet. Go on and roll home on your tuffet.

PAUSE. The KIDS look at each other, but no one says anything.

KID 2

You know what Rob told us?

RUSTY

[ANGRILY] What?

KID 2

A film crew is coming to OUR town to make a movie. Can you believe it?

RUSTY

No way!!

RUSTY jumps from the bench and gives some of the KIDS “spit high-five handshakes.”

RUSTY

Maybe I could be in it!

RUSTY runs to the side of the stage and grabs his guitar.

SONG: Groovy Movie

RUSTY strums his guitar and speaks the first three lines.

I think it would be groovy
To live
To live in a movie

Song starts. RUSTY sings. KIDS 1, 2 & 3 become dancers.

All my life
It's what I want it to be
To live in a movie
And be free-er than free

I could be a knight with a sword
Dripping with fresh blood
And then save a lovely maiden
From a dragon or a flood

I could be a cowboy
With a gun in each hand
And the bad guys would run
Only to sink in quicksand

Oh I do think its groovy
To live
To live in a movie

Yeah to live
To live in a movie

I could be in a cartoon
And fly to the moon
And bounce on my head
Never going to bed

A monster is cool
Or a King wearing jewels

Or a Superhero
Maybe Robert De Niro

[Music stops.]
You talkin' to me? Are you talkin' to me?

[Music starts.]
Yes, it is groovy
To live
To live in a movie

Oh, just once
To live
To live in a movie

If I could just do it
To live under the sea
To hang out with sharks
And they'd never bite me

Because in the movies I get
To live without dying
To even get hurt
Without ever crying

If only this life
Could be like a movie
It would be cooler than cool
It would be kinda groovy

Yeah, just to live
To live in a movie

To live
To live in a movie

RUSTY does his "move." The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 3 ***

*** Scene 4 ***

The curtain rises. The set is in ROB'S bedroom.

ROB

Dad.

CLIFF

Yes, son. What is it?

ROB

Am I a good kid?

CLIFF

Hugs ROB.

You're not good. You're great!

ROB

Then why do I get picked on?

CLIFF

Who picked on you?

ROB

Rusty. He called me names. And I don't think he likes me.

CLIFF

Well, remember when we talked about wearing tough skin, but being soft on the inside?

ROB

I'm trying to remember...

CLIFF

Remember when we saw the crocodile Mom on TV? She has a jaw that's strong enough to crush zebra bones, yet when her babies are born the mother crocodile gently picks them up and carries them in her mouth, careful not to press too hard and hurt any. Remember that?

ROB

Oh yeah. That was pretty amazing. But what has that got to do with me getting picked on?

CLIFF

Well, when someone says something bad to you, let it bounce off your tough skin, rather than get under it. Let your heart stay soft while your skin gets hard.

ROB

I guess I can try.

CLIFF

Rubs ROB'S head. Puts a clown nose and hat on.

You think you have it rough. Try growing up in a box.

ROB

In a what?!

SONG: Growing Up in a Box
CLIFF sings. Tin Pan Alley style, with a Ukulele.

When I was just a lad many, many moons ago
I lived right on a railroad track with a bunch of old hobos

And every time a train would come, I'd have to move real quick
Even when I felt real bad... worse, when I was sick

[Refrain:]
Oh... I grew up in a box... I felt square and small...
Oh... I grew up in a box... I grew up and
I ate nothing but bagels and stinky lox

And then one day I made friends with a family of peas
I painted faces on each one, but then I had to sneeze

They went rolling right down the tracks 'til a train came thundering by
And every pea got crushed so fast before I said bye-bye

[Refrain:]
Oh... I grew down in a box... up on the railroad tracks...
Oh... I grew down in a box... I grew down and
I ate nothing but bagels and stinky lox

I did my best out on my own along the railroad tracks
I never even had a phone and lived without a fax

If someone asked, "Would you do it all again?"
To live inside a box... I'd have to say, "You're crazy, Man!"
And don't ever offer me lox!!

[Refrain:]
Oh... I grew up in a box... I felt square and small...
Oh... I grew up in a box... I grew up and
I ate nothing but bagels and stinky lox

Oh... I grew down in a box... up on the railroad tracks...
Oh... I grew down in a box... I grew down and
I ate nothing but bagels and stinky
I ate nothing but bagels and stinky
I ate nothing but bagels and stinky...
Lox

CLIFF returns to sit next to ROB. He lifts ROB off of his wheelchair and places him on his lap.

CLIFF

You see, son, you don't have it so bad. You didn't grow up in a box.

ROB

Thanks Dad. That makes me feel a whole lot better.

ROB pats CLIFF on the shoulders.

It really does. (ROB shakes his head in disbelief.)

The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 4 ***

*** Scene 5 ***

The curtain rises. RUSTY'S kitchen/dining room. There's skiing gear scattered about and RUSTY is wearing a ski jacket and goggles. Hanging on SAM'S waist is a cell phone that is about two feet in length.

RUSTY

This is going to be such a great trip, Dad. I've been REALLY looking forward to it.

SAM

[PROUDLY] Son, there's nothing like a father and his son on a ski lift, looking down at the fresh snow. Hmmm... The smells, the scenery.

RUSTY

Yeah. Let's just hope a storm doesn't blow in.

SAM

It won't matter, son, because we'll have each other.

RUSTY

You're right! I can't wait to attack those ski runs.

SAM

Yes sir! Three days in the mountains, just the two of us.

Just then SAM'S cell phone rings. Both the ring is louder, and the ensuing conversation.

SAM

GEORGE, what is it? I'm in the middle of packing here.

GEORGE

Something's come up.

SAM

What!! Just tell me, GEORGE.

GEORGE

It looks like the deal is breaking up. They have some questions about the way we put our numbers together.

SAM is walking wildly around the dining room table. RUSTY continues to pack.

SAM

This is insane! I've put our best people on this deal. There's no way...

GEORGE (VOICEOVER)

I know you have a ski trip planned, but you're going to have to come in to the office.

SAM

[EXASPERATED] George... I promised Rusty this trip – forever it seems.

RUSTY walks up to SAM and silently signs to him, "What's up?" SAM signals that he's got it under control.

GEORGE

Sam, you've been working on this deal for eighteen months. The company's future is at stake here. I'm not going to let this thing fall apart. You'll just have to make it up to the boy.

SAM

GEORGE. I just can't do that.

GEORGE

[STERNLY] I'll see you in my office in forty minutes. I'm notifying the team as we speak.

We hear the phone hanging up. There's a pause.

SAM

Rusty, you won't believe this, but I'm going to have to postpone our trip.

RUSTY

Dad! You already postponed it twice! How can you do this to me?!

RUSTY walks over to the skiing gear on the floor and kicks it.

RUSTY

[SARCASTICALLY] This is just great!

SAM walks over to RUSTY and tries to put his arm around him, but RUSTY pushes it aside.

SAM

Rusty, try and understand. My entire career is at stake here.

RUSTY

Career-schmere. Why don't you get another job? This one bites.

SAM

Hey! I may have to.

SAM tries again to put his arm around RUSTY, but he walks into his room and slams the door. SAM walks up to the door.

Rusty, I'm so sorry about this. [BRIGHTENS] What about that movie that you wanted to go see. What was the name again? Was it with Mike Myers? Anyway, here's twenty bucks. Why don't you go with your friends?

RUSTY opens the door a crack and SAM takes a \$20 bill out of his wallet, handing it to RUSTY.

RUSTY

How about some money for pizza after.

SAM hands RUSTY another bill.

What about a few bucks for ice cream?

SAM

Rusty!!

The curtain falls but we still hear the following:

RUSTY

Come to think of it, I could actually use a new pair of sneakers too. And I wouldn't mind new rollerblades either. And you know, my bike is getting kind-a beat up. Hey, what about that new kite you promised me? Spring is almost here.

*** End of Scene 5 ***

*** Scene 6 ***

We hear a knock on the door and some KIDS' voices. We hear RUSTY say, "Come on in!" The curtain rises. We see ROB and the KIDS heading across the stage towards RUSTY'S room. SAM is gone and RUSTY is still in his room. ROB brings a little girl, SANDY, with him. All of the KIDS, and RUSTY and ROB, do the "spit high-five handshake" to each other, except for SANDY. RUSTY has a cowboy costume on. He's good at pulling up his belt and jeans, adjusting his cowboy hat, and he also has a believable Texas-style accent to his speech. He even spits like a cowboy.

RUSTY

Well, looka here. Who's this purty little thang?

ROB

This is my little cousin, Sandy.

SANDY smiles at RUSTY.

RUSTY

Well hi there! You're grinnin' just like a jackass eatin' cactus.

ROB

Rusty, that's not nice.

RUSTY

RUSTY doesn't pay attention to ROB.

So what's your favorite color, little Darlin'?

SANDY

I like pink and purple and yellow - cause that's the color of the sun.

RUSTY

Man, she's so dumb I don't think she could track an elephant in the snow. Lookie here Sweet Pea, I didn't ask you for three favorites, just one.

ROB

Rusty, quit it!

SANDY

Ummm. Yellow!

RUSTY

Why that's more like it. I'll tell ya, a cowboy's favorite color is black. Black clothes, black horses, even black flowers. Why when I'm done makin' a paintin', you know what I call it?

SANDY

[CONFUSED] Uh-uh.

RUSTY

Night. I call all my paintings night, cause that's what a tough cowboy likes best. The black of night.

ROB

Rusty, what are you talking about?

RUSTY

RUSTY still doesn't listen to ROB.

Well sweet thang, do you like stuffies?

SANDY

Oh yes! I have a whole bunch of stuffies.

RUSTY

Well I'm as pleased as a puppy dog with two tails. What's your favorite stuffy, little Darlin'?

SANDY

Oh, that's a hard one. [PAUSE] Um, I know! My big, stuffed bunny.

RUSTY

You know what kinda stuffie a young cowboy's got? He's got a beat up ol' sock filled with a bunch of ratty old hay that the horses don't even wanna eat.

ROB

RUSTY, I mean it. She's just a little girl. What's wrong with you?

RUSTY

What kinda food you like eatin', Li'l Missy?

SANDY

That's easy. I like macaroni and cheese, pizza, and ice cream - my favorite is chocolate chip cookie dough.

RUSTY

Well that is kinda special now, ain't it? I'm tellin' ya', after weeks of eatin' beans and taters, even a change to taters and beans is good.

ROB

To RUSTY.

Are you done?

RUSTY

RUSTY still does not pay attention to ROB

Now listen here, Sweet Pea. I'm gonna tell ya a little somethin' that only cowboys know, but it may come in handy somewhere down the line a spell - if you know what I'm sayin'.

ROB

Just be careful RUSTY, OK?

RUSTY

To SANDY.

Lettin' the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier than puttin' it back in. You got that?

SANDY nods at RUSTY. RUSTY leans over and pinches SANDY'S cheek.

ROB

RUSTY, I think we've had enough of your cowboy shenanigans for one day. Could you put a lid on it?

RUSTY

Still in character as a cowboy. He's finally addressing ROB.

Now you listen here young fella. This town's not big enough for the two of us.

ROB

I said, "I've had enough."

RUSTY

Turns to some of the other KIDS.

You boys havin' the same kinda trouble as Mr. Two-Wheeler over here?

KID 1

Um. RUSTY, I think ROB just didn't want you to pick on his little cousin.

RUSTY

Is that so? Looks like I'm gonna have-ta put a posse together and run you fellers outta town.

ROB

RUSTY, we get the picture! You're a tough cowboy that paints black paintings and has a crummy sock stuffie. Have you ever thought of getting some help?

ROB loops his finger near his head, indicating that RUSTY is a bit nuts.

RUSTY

Out of character - no longer a cowboy. And he's pissed. He approaches ROB and brings his fist near ROB'S face.

What did you say to me?!! If you weren't in that damn wheelchair, I'd let you have it!

ROB

Always an excuse, Mr. Toughguy.

RUSTY

Don't tempt me, ROB. [ANGRILY] I can say whatever I want, whenever I want to!!

ROB

Well, I'm going to say this: "Come on SANDY, we're going to get you some chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream."

SANDY

Oh my favorite!

ROB takes SANDY by the hand and they start to head offstage.

RUSTY

There he goes, Mr. Sensitive. Did I say the wrong thing to little Sandy? Oh, that's so sad. I hope I didn't hurt her big stuffed bunny's feelings too. Boo hoo.

There's a pause as we see ROB and SANDY leave the stage. RUSTY returns to his cowboy role. He does his "move" in front of his mirror, which is now larger. RUSTY then takes toy guns and hands them to the KIDS.

RUSTY

Fellas, looks like I'm makin' ya'll my official outlaws.

KID 1

Cool!

Some of the KIDS start to strut like cowboys. More "spit high-five handshakes."

KID 2

Let's ROB a bank!

KID 3

We'll be rich!

KID 1

Yee ha!!

RUSTY

Boys. Slow down a piece. We gotta do what any good 'ole cowboy does out on the range.

RUSTY reaches for his acoustic guitar.

And that's sing a song.

SONG: Rusty's Trigger Finger

RUSTY sings a Country-style tune with an acoustic guitar.

The road, she's a dusty
My name, they call me Rusty
And darn, it's plain to see
I'm just a good ol' boy like any ol' cowboy
Out here in wide open country

Sometimes I lay down the law
I'll shoot you right quick
Like I done before

And when it comes to shootin' straight
I got an eagle eye
And that ain't no lie

So careful what you say to me
My trigger finger
Don't like to linger

I say mind your business peaceful like
Cause if you cause me trouble
I'll pop ya' like a bubble

And sure 'nuff won't be the first time
I sing a song beside a sweet camp fire
As my horse, she listens
To my sweet desires

And in the quiet of the night
With flickering embers burning bright
I think about myself a lot

There's not much to do and hey, why not?

Think of a number
Say it out loud
I like number one
And of that I'm proud
For ya'll can be number two or three
Or be any number right below me

Because that's just the cowboy way
Staying number one every day
And with my guns I'll walk the walk
So you stay quiet
While I talk the talk

RUSTY

RUSTY puts his guitar down.

Now boys, I just can't wait for those movie folks to breeze on into town.

KID 3

That'll be awesome!

RUSTY

You ain't just whistlin' Dixie there, partner. Ya'll wanna have some grub with your good 'ol boy Rusty?

KID 1

Sure do, partner.

KID 2

Anything you say, boss.

The gang walks from RUSTY'S bedroom to the kitchen/dining room. More "spit high-five handshakes." The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 6 ***

*** Scene 7 ***

The curtain rises. We're in ROB'S bedroom. ROB is on his wheelchair and CLIFF is sitting on ROB'S bed.

CLIFF

So Rusty acted up again.

ROB

He acted up alright. He thought he was some kind of cowboy, but he was being really rude to Sandy.

CLIFF

And you didn't like it.

ROB

No. It wasn't right.

CLIFF

He's probably all excited about the film crew that's coming to town.

ROB

[THINKS] Maybe... but that's no excuse.

CLIFF

You're absolutely right.

ROB

But Dad, what should I do about Rusty?

CLIFF

You know what my Dad always told me when I had tough problems to solve?

ROB

No.

CLIFF

He said, "Son, you have to think out of the box." And you know what I said to him?

ROB shakes his head as if to say, "No."

I said, "Dad, we LIVE in a box on railroad tracks. I think we should do more than think out of the box, we should MOVE out of the box!"

CLIFF grabs his clown face, hat and guitar.

CLIFF

You think you got the tough breaks, son. Try being born in a tornado.

SONG: Tornado Blues

CLIFF sings a Blues number.

I was born
In the eye of a tornado
And my Momma she said to me
"Let's get outta here, my sweet potato."

The wind was going crazy
My blankie spun round and round
We packed the car real quickly
And drove right outta town

I got the tornado blues
Left the house without my baby shoes
Yeah I got the tornado blues
Left town without my baby shoes
[SPOKEN] We didn't even have time to grab my booties!

We had to run
We had to get out of town
And that's when I knew
That someday I'd be a clown
[SPOKEN] I was just a sweet little potato baby! I never hurt no one!

The sky she was dark
And the winds were so wild
I was a newborn baby
Not even a toddler child

I looked all around
Couldn't believe what I saw
The winds were lifting cows
Right outside the front door

I got the tornado blues
Left the house without my baby shoes
Yeah I got the tornado blues
Left town without my baby shoes
[SPOKEN] I didn't even have my diaper wipes!

We had to run
We had to get out of town
And that's when I knew
That someday I'd be a clown
[SPOKEN] My blankie! Where's my blankie!

My Mama she held me
With everything she had
I almost couldn't breathe
So I cried I got so mad

We drove over the hills
Furious winds whipped the land
I didn't think we'd make it
When my passie dropped out of my hand

I got the tornado blues
Left the house without my baby shoes
Yeah I got the tornado blues
Left town without my baby shoes
[SPOKEN] I didn't know which way was up or down!

We had to run
We had to get out of town
And that's when I knew
That someday I'd be a clown
[SPOKEN] My passie! Please give me my passie! PLEASE!!!

CLIFF walks over to ROB and puts his hand on his shoulders. ROB just shakes his head. The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 7 ***

*** Scene 8 ***

The curtain rises. The set is a backyard-type setting. The KIDS and ROB are hanging out.

KID 1

Your Dad did what?

ROB

He met the film crew. They're in town already!

KID 2

Dude!

KID2 gives ROB a "spit high-five handshake."

ROB

My Dad told me they might want a neighborhood kid to actually be in the movie.

KID 3

Oh man! That would be the coolest.

RUSTY drives a bicycle with high-handle bars onto the set. He skids and then the KIDS, including ROB, give each other "spit high-five handshakes." RUSTY is dressed as the "surly, sneering and rebellious" Marlon Brando-type motorcycle dude.

RUSTY

Boys, what's happening?

RUSTY gets off his bike and does his "move" for the KIDS.

Fellow Spit Brothers, I'm enrolling all of you into the new Spit Brothers Bike Club. ROB, we may have to turbocharge that wheelchair of yours.

KID 2

Cool! I'll go get my bike.

KID 1

Let's ride!

RUSTY

Now hold on. First we're going to need a code of conduct.

KID 3

What's that?

RUSTY

We're going to need rules for the club - how we deal with outsiders, what clothes to wear – all that stuff.

KID 1

Why can't we just RIDE?

RUSTY

[ANGRILY] Because we can't! Not yet, anyway. We're going to need a patch that we'll sew onto our jackets. Maybe a picture of a skull or a zombie or something.

KID 3

Maybe we could wear armbands! Red ones. The color of blood!

RUSTY

I'LL decide what we wear. [PAUSE] Red armbands! I have a red tablecloth at home. I'll cut it up into armbands and we can wear them when we go on our runs.

KID 2

What's a run?

RUSTY

That's when we ride into town and cause trouble.

KID 1

I hope that we get home in time for dinner.

ROB

I'm not sure whether I want to be a member of this Club.

RUSTY

We'll also need a clubhouse. And we can't bring anyone into it without asking ME first!

ROB

This is starting to sound like a barrel of fun.

RUSTY

And we may need new names too.

KID 3

I want to be called Monkey Fist!

KID 2

I'll be... Dizzy Bean!

ROB

Dizzy what?

KID 2

Maybe that's not so good. How about Thunder Shorts?

ROB

[SARCASTICALLY] That's MUCH better.

RUSTY

And we're going to need a special saying. Something that we can write on the walls of the clubhouse.

KID 3

How about, "Long live the Spit Brothers. Ride wild, ride crazy!"

KID 2

How about, "Here today, gone tomorrow, let's ride NOW!"

ROB

How about, "He who makes a wild beast of himself gets rid of all human pain."

RUSTY

Wow!... I wish I had thought of that one.

KID 1

Rusty, Rob's Dad met the film crew and they may want a kid from the neighborhood to be in the movie.

RUSTY

Really? Well then, there's no question who they're going to pick.

KID 2

Who do you think they'll want?

RUSTY

Guess!!!

KID 3

[MEEKLY] You?

RUSTY

Of course!

KID 2

RUSTY, what about the Club?

RUSTY

Oh yeah, let's get back to that.

KID 3

Maybe the Club should have a mascot, like a bulldog or something.

RUSTY

I want something that tells the world how much I want to SQUEEZE it and LOVE it. I want something that EMBRACES life, like a... spider!

ROB

A spider mostly "embraces" other bugs so that he can wrap them up and KILL them.

RUSTY

Hmmm... you have a point. I wouldn't mind having lots of legs though.

ROB

Maybe what you need is an extra head.

RUSTY

What did you say?

ROB

Er... nothing.

RUSTY

[ANGRILY] You think you're so funny, Mr. Clown Kid? Is that it?

ROB

I didn't mean anything by it.

RUSTY

[ANGRILY] Well, see if this is funny!

RUSTY pushes ROB'S wheelchair over so that ROB can't get up. Some of the KIDS come over to help ROB.

KID 1

Rusty, what are you doing?

KID 2

Rob, we'll help you up. Don't worry.

The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 8 ***

*** Scene 9 ***

The curtain rises. We're in ROB and CLIFF'S kitchen/dining room.

ROB

Dad, can we move away from here?

CLIFF

Why are you asking me that? What's... what's bothering you?

ROB

It's Rusty. I don't think he wants me as his friend. And then the other kids might not want to be my friend either.

CLIFF

But Rusty is your best friend.

ROB

I can't take it anymore. [CRIES] He can be so mean.

CLIFF

Maybe he's having some problems at home. Do you want me to call his Dad?

ROB

ROB continues to cry.

I don't know...

CLIFF

CLIFF holds ROB.

Come now... let's figure out what we can do about it? You know, as your Dad, I can only do so much. And I'll try and help you if you need it. But the best solution is that you handle this thing for yourself. [PAUSE] Deep down Rusty is a good kid. He must be if he's a friend of yours.

ROB

You're right, Dad. You're right. I'll have to figure this thing out for myself.

CLIFF hugs ROB.

ROB

I'd better get to bed, Dad.

CLIFF

Goodnight son. I love you.

ROB rolls into his bedroom, but before he closes his door he turns to CLIFF.

ROB

I love you too, Dad.

ROB enters his room and positions himself next to his keyboard.

SONG: Cloudy Sun

ROB sings.

Clouds clogging up the Sun
Bright colors of the day
All fade into mud
Like a month of gray

And when the window clears
And I can better see
Is it still worth it
Being me, me, me?

Sometimes I wonder
Sometimes I dream
Are things different elsewhere
Are there sunnier sunbeams?

The windy old seashore
Come blow me away
Let me just drift
Into foamy ocean sprays

Perhaps a dolphin
Would give me a lift
Just moving so freely
Would be such a gift

They say the world's an oyster
The pearl's right there to grab
Spit the sand from my teeth
Get rid of feeling drab

The clouds and colors
Get twisted around
If you **feel** a bit sunnier
Even rain can't get you down

It's clearly my vision
That's way too blurry
I'll get a new pet
All fluffy and furry

I'll look over the rainbow
And see what I find
(Transition to sillier style.)
Oh my Darling
Clementine

I'll be funny today
And maybe tomorrow
Turn bad into good
And cast off my sorrows

And who says I can't?
And who says I ain't
all that I could be?
Maybe I'll paint

Sunnier colors
Under the Sun
Why not enjoy them?
Why NOT have fun!

Let me start now
With this very breath
It's better than crying
Far better than death

So mold my own clay
Work with what I got
Is the glass half empty or full?
Who cares, just give it a shot

Sweet angel of morning
Clever spirit of the night
I'm gonna grab hold of living
With all of my might

See if you can stop me
I doubt if you can
I offer this challenge
To be my own best fan

Thank you dreary clouds
For clogging the way
I can now see more clearly
You may now pass, pass away

The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 9 ***

*** Scene 10 ***

The curtain rises. The cafeteria, with a wooden bench. The KIDS, RUSTY and ROB are hanging out. ROB has his backpack on his lap.

RUSTY

Something tells me I'm going to get into that movie. I saw the crew on Main Street and I waived at them from my Dad's car.

KID 2

I saw them too. It's so cool that they're right here!

KID 3

Does anyone know what kind of movie they're making?

RUSTY

Maybe it's a horror movie, with blood and guts and everything.

KID 1

Maybe ROB'S Dad knows.

ROB

Maybe. I can ask later. OK, Spit Brothers, get into position.

The KIDS walk behind the bench. RUSTY looks confused.

Rusty, we'd like to anoint you King of the Spit Brothers.

RUSTY

Why Rob, that's a very nice thing to do.

ROB

Have a seat, your Highness.

RUSTY sits on the bench.

Place your arms on the bench, as if it was your throne.

ROB searches through his backpack.

Now close your eyes and we'll place a crown on your royal head.

RUSTY closes his eyes. The KIDS hold RUSTY'S arms and ROB gets out an egg. He smashes it onto RUSTY'S head, to his complete surprise. RUSTY struggles to get free.

RUSTY

Oh God!!! Rob, I'm going to kill you!!!

ROB

I bestow upon you our Kingdom's highest honor. I crown you King Yoke.

ROB smashes another egg onto RUSTY'S head while the KIDS struggle to hold RUSTY down.

RUSTY

Ughh! You are so dead!!!

ROB

As your trusty servants we are pleased to honor you for your... [LOUDLY] ability to piss your best friends off!!!

ROB smashes a third egg onto RUSTY'S head.

RUSTY

This is gross!!

ROB

Now Rusty, we won't let you go until you understand this: [EXTREMELY FORCEFUL] We don't mind that you want to be a shooting star, or that you want your star to be brighter than everyone else's. I'm even happy that you want to be a rock star or a movie star or whatever it is you pretend to be. But what I don't want is for you to make our stars any dimmer. [EMOTIONAL] I mean, we're best friends. We're the Spit Brothers, remember?

RUSTY stops struggling. He starts to wipe the egg off of his head and ROB hands him a handkerchief from his backpack.

RUSTY

Man!!!

Continues to wipe the egg off of his head.

If I was bothering you so much, why didn't you say something?

ROB

I told you to stop a million times. You just don't listen.

KID 1

We like you Rusty, but we just don't like being pushed around.

KID 2

Yeah! Don't tell us what to do all the time.

KID 3

That's right! We're not your puppets.

RUSTY

OK! OK. I'm starting to get the picture. Geez! Let up already.

ROB

We think you're cool and all, but you have to learn where to draw the line between cool and cruel.

RUSTY

What about the Spit Brothers? Are we still a club?

ROB

Sure.

KID 1

Why not?

KID 2

Yeah! We can be the Egg Brothers!

RUSTY

Hah, hah!

ROB

Yeah, let's go to the clubhouse and make egg salad sandwiches.

Everyone starts walking offstage.

RUSTY

Very funny.

KID 3

Or let's order Chinese food. How about Egg Foo Yung?

RUSTY

Hey, enough with the jokes. If you don't stop I'm going to "scramble" all of you.

The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 10 ***

*** Scene 11 ***

The curtain rises on a street scene. There's a film CREW. A rope separates the crowd from the CREW. RUSTY, ROB and the KIDS are behind the rope.

DIRECTOR

OK. And action!

A policeman runs by and the camera follows him. He stops and looks around, then takes out his gun and moves offstage.

DIRECTOR

Cut! That was good. But I have an idea. Let's shoot it again, but have a kid in the scene. The cop would ask the kid if he's seen anyone running by.

The DIRECTOR walks up to the rope.

DIRECTOR

OK, listen up. I'm going to need a kid for this scene. Let's see, who is it going to be?

RUSTY

Pick ROB! He's perfect for your movie.

The other kids, and ROB, look at RUSTY as if he's crazy.

ROB

RUSTY, you want to be in a movie more than anyone.

RUSTY

Mr. Director, sir. Pick Rob. He's the right one.

DIRECTOR

OK kid. Come over here.

ROB goes on the other side of the rope, to be with the film CREW.

Here's what you do. When the policeman runs up to you, just say, "He went that way!," and point toward that direction, like this.

The DIRECTOR points, with conviction.

ROB

OK. I can do that.

DIRECTOR

Alright then. Everyone in place. And... action!

The policeman runs up to ROB.

ROB

[MEEKLY] He went that way!

The policeman then draws his gun and moves offstage.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Rob, let's do it again, only this time with more excitement, like you can't believe what you're seeing.

ROB

OK.

DIRECTOR

Alright then. Everyone in place. And... action!

The policeman runs up to ROB.

ROB

[INTENSELY] He went that way!

ROB points. The policeman then draws his gun and moves offstage.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Perfect. And print it.

The DIRECTOR approaches the rope. ROB follows but he is still on the DIRECTOR'S side of the rope.

DIRECTOR

ROB, that was a fine job. [To RUSTY.] Young man, that was very generous of you to volunteer your friend.

RUSTY

It wasn't anything.

DIRECTOR

What's your name?

RUSTY

Rusty.

RUSTY does his "move" in front of the DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR

Hey, that's pretty good! I think I can use that move in a scene.

RUSTY

You can? Awesome!

DIRECTOR

Sure. Tell you what, why don't you give your name and phone number to our casting director and we'll give you a call when we're ready. OK?

RUSTY

Yeah!

The DIRECTOR puts his hand out for a high-five and RUSTY gives him one. The music starts (SONG: Groovy Movie). RUSTY jumps over the rope, pushes ROB to the front of the stage, and launches into the song, "Groovy Movie." The CREW and the KIDS are behind RUSTY and ROB.

SONG: Groovy Movie

(RUSTY and ROB sing.)

I think it would be groovy
To live
To live in a movie

All my life
It's what I want it to be
To live in a movie
And be free-er than free

I could be a knight with a sword
Dripping with fresh blood
And then save a lovely maiden
From a dragon or a flood

I could be a cowboy
With a gun in each hand
And the bad guys would run

Only to sink in quicksand

Oh I do think its groovy
To live
To live in a movie

Yeah to live
To live in a movie

[RUSTY gives a microphone to ROB and stands behind him. ROB sings.]

Oh I do think its groovy
To live
To live in a movie

Yeah to live
To live in a movie

[RUSTY moves alongside of ROB and sings.]

I could be a cartoon
And fly to the moon
And bounce on my head
Never going to bed

A monster is cool
Or a King wearing jewels
Or a Superhero
Maybe Robert De Niro

[Music stops. Both RUSTY and ROB say:]
You talkin' to me? Are you talkin' to me?

[Music starts. RUSTY and ROB both sing.]

Yes, it is groovy
To live
To live in a movie

Oh, just once
To live
To live in a movie

[ROB sings. CLIFF and SAM join ROB and RUSTY.]

If I could just do it
To live under the sea
To hang out with sharks
Oh they'd never bite me

Because in the movies I get
To live without dying
To even get hurt
Without ever crying

If only this life
Could be like a movie
It would be cooler than cool
It would be kinda groovy

[Everyone sings.]
Yeah, just to live
To live in a movie

To live
To live in a movie

RUSTY does his “move.” The curtain falls.

*** End of Scene 11 ***

*** Scene 12 ***

The NARRATOR returns and has the only light.

Rusty and Rob are great friends
They get over their troubles
But life isn't just a party
With toys and sparkling bubbles

And if we stay in the game
By never truly giving up
And you know of someone
Who's friendly as a bouncing pup

Then stick close to that pal
And let time be your guide
Push the cold spots of friendship
To a place where they hide

The curtain rises and the set is a living room. RUSTY and ROB are thirty year old men, sitting in chairs, while their babies are on the couch in their diapers. ROB has a cane instead of a wheelchair.

Our friends Rusty and Rob
Are now thirty years of age
And they both have new babies
You can see them on stage

The light fades on the NARRATOR and he exits.

ROB

Rusty, look at those two. Aren't they cute?

RUSTY

They are the sweetest.

The babies are making baby sounds. They touch their own feet and then play with their hands. For a while they don't acknowledge each other. But then they begin to touch each other's hands and feet, and finally one baby places the other baby's thumb in his mouth. The other baby copies him and now they are both sucking each other's thumbs. ROB gets up and walks closer to the babies with his cane, limping.

ROB

Look what they're doing. I've never seen that before.

RUSTY gets up and follows ROB.

RUSTY

I've never seen that either. That's really something.

ROB

You gotta love it.

RUSTY

Rob, you know, you're right.

Then RUSTY and ROB give each other high-fives, while the babies give each other a "spit high-five handshake." The curtain falls.

The end.

***** Props *****

Two beds (or one bed made up differently).

Clown costume

Cowboy costume

Fishing Vest, Hat & Rod

Standing electric piano

Electric guitar

Ukulele

2 Cell phones (one real and one fake large one)

2 mirrors (one small and one extra large one)

Camping gear

Film crew and gear

Bicycle

Motorcycle outfit

Optional:

Platform that raise RUSTY three feet off the stage floor.

Black sheets to cover dancers.

Portable stage lights