THE HEAVENLY MUSES

<u>NOTE:</u> **** If there are any possible legal problems with using the original names of the real life characters, then the names will be changed ****

There are six characters previously deceased from Planet Earth who have been instructed to meet regularly at an "artists sanctuary" for their own developments as spirits in the afterlife. They need to meet and complete tasks to qualify for an even better stage of afterlife. This includes creating work together in different ways. They appear to us as they would have looked on earth when they were each at their peaks.

They are:

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (needs to be good pianist)

JIMI HENDRIX (good guitarist)

JOHN LENNON (singer/guitarist)

JIM MORRISON (singer)

BOB MARLEY (singer/guitarist)

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN (fair pianist)

As the lights come up we see a very comfortable palace like room with Arabic touches, a harem like environment. Nice comfortable veleveted love seat. Next to it are some music magazines on the floor. A sofa with largish coffee table. A Playboy magazine is on the coffee table and a few "coffee table" books including one on Romantic poetry. A Persian rug with some nice big cushions for lounging on. A drinks cabinet with bottles and crystal decanter and glasses. There is a piano to one side and a keyboard (synth) and two microphones on two stands on the other side. MOZART and LENNON play chess, sitting at a kitchen type table. There is a pen and pad and remote control for the stereo on the table in front of LENNON. HENDRIX is lounging on the love seat and playing quitar with headphones on with his eyes closed. HENDRIX is tripping on LSD but in a relaxed way. MOZART takes one of LENNON's chess pieces.

MOZART

Check mate

LENNON

Oh my God, not much point in playing someone with a brain like yours.

MOZART

Quite true, quite true my dear friend.

LENNON (pointing at HENDRIX) So what's with him then ?

MOZART

Well...by the grace of God I have managed to talk him into playing with his headphones, otherwise as you well know the noise becomes quite intolerable !

LENNON

Hmm..our dear JIMI.

A short pause as LENNON muses on something.

LENNON

(looking at HENDRIX, who still
 plays with his eyes closed)
Is he on something then ?

MOZART

..Who knows..but one thing I'm sure of is that he was certainly the first one to get here today...I did try talking to him but simply found it impossible to get a single word out of him...I suppose one might say that....he's in his "zone"...

LENNON

Hmm...Yeah...you're probably right....that he's simply zoning out...

(wondering to himself) So where the others then?

MOZART

I'm afraid I have no answer to that Herr LENNON, my guess is that it's the same as usual... (LENNON looks confused) ...you know...LUDWIG's probably gone on one of his long walks and thus finds himself at present completely lost in a new melody which keeps playing round and round inside his head, and then there's that somewhat odd fellow MORRISON -Mm...I mean who can ever tell what's going on with that funny chap?...perhaps by accident he's come upon a willing young nymph or something.

LENNON And what of BOB, what's your

deliberation on him then?

HENDRIX stops playing, opens his eyes and takes off his headphones.

MOZART Who you mean, Mister MARLEY .?.

LENNON

Well I personally don't know of any other BOB's involved in this lurid affair, do you ?

MOZART

(after a moments assimilation) Hmm...Well...I think that you know and I know that our dear Mister MARLEY <u>does</u> indeed harbour a somewhat fervent fondness for the forbidden delights of an exotic plant that indeed seems to grow most everywhere you look in these here parts.

LENNON

Ya...probably writing another of those reggae anthems of his right now.

MOZART Goodness how excrutiatingly boring that sounds to me Sir JOHN. HENDRIX (to MOZART) Free your mind and soul and then you too might feel the power of Rastafari.

MOZART

(to LENNON) What on earth's <u>he</u> talking about ?

LENNON

Oh my dear, dear WOLFY...okay - let me put it this way - look we <u>all</u> know that your huge and most incredible talent is beyond dispute - but yet at the same time - how shall I say ? - you're oh so very innocent in the ways of the world.

MOZART

Sorry - but crap music is crap music.

HENDRIX That's only what you say...

MOZART (turning his head to see HENDRIX)

Oh come come my dear HENDRIX it is but a few chords and only the most basic of lyrics strung upon them, nothing more.

LENNON

Oh come come yourself Amadeus, surely there's gotta be some way for you to learn that music is ultimately about spirit and can therefore connect in so very many different ways - can't you see that?

HENDRIX

Yes..yes dig that.

MOZART

(musing on this)

Hmm...I have to concede that I did indeed inhabit a somewhat different time in history compared to the rest of you. LENNON What about BEETHOVEN, he's part of this group isn't he ?

HENDRIX goes back to playing guitar with his eyes closed and headphones on.

MOZART

Yes...but then again let's try and be utterly honest about Herr BEETHOVEN. I mean surely he must rank as the sole inhabitant of some hitherto unknown realm that surely no one else bar himself has ever visited.

LENNON Speak for yourself Wolfman...

A cowbell rings from the front door.

LENNON (cont.)

And speaking of the devil that's probably Ludwig himself right now.

MOZART Yes I smell him too.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN swarthely enters the room carrying a book of his scribbles and musical ideas. He is humming softly a tune to himself and proceeds directly to the piano, completely ignoring those present. He begins to play a melody on the piano, and then stops to ponder as if working on it.

> LENNON (to MOZART) Christ almighty what a rude fucker he is. (to BEETHOVEN, quite loudly) Hello LUDWIG !

BEETHOVEN continues to work on and is lost in his musical phrase.

MOZART My dear BEETHOVEN it is none other than <u>us</u>, your most veritable friends and admirers. BEETHOVEN (grudgingly and still lost in his music) Shush there...I think I may now have just recovered a theme that I once did compose in Vienna and I am certainly not going to lose it once again now because of <u>you</u> lot disturbing me.

MOZART

(to BEETHOVEN) So where are Herr MORRISON and Herr MARLEY then ?

BEETHOVEN ignores this and continues working and scribbling something in his book.

MOZART (louder, like the naughty child he can be) I said...where are Herr MORRISON and Herr MARLEY then ?

BEETHOVEN (writing notes on paper, irritated) Shush...! I truly beg of you please!...shush !...there will <u>surely</u> be plenty of time for that later but for now I must write this down well!

MOZART

(provocatively) Well you know what <u>I</u> think?! <u>I</u> think that you're damn lucky that Master <u>HENDRIX</u> over there has chosen to play through his headphones only and not through his amplifier set at its tenth level, I'll say that much!

BEETHOVEN is furious now and flings his pen at MOZART, who ducks for cover.

BEETHOVEN

(angrily) <u>Damn</u> you insolent child ! You have broken my fair concentration and it appears now that I may <u>never</u> get this thing right, thanks to you ! BEETHOVEN then turns his attention to LENNON.

BEETHOVEN (to LENNON) And <u>you</u> just sitting there, saying absolutely nothing at all...why can't <u>you</u> just for once perhaps make a small effort to control him ?!

LENNON (smiles) Ha that's a lark!, .. anyway what's it got to do with <u>me</u>, you old Krautish windbag!

MOZART gets up and leaves the room indignantly. After a moment LENNON looks up.

LENNON (to BEETHOVEN) Now see what you gone and done, you teutonic twat! You proud of yourself then ?

BEETHOVEN still sits at the piano but now rests his head on the piano in weary exasperation and resignation. He muses aloud to himself and LENNON listens and makes his famous mocking facial expressions (tongue in cheek etc), in reply.

BEETHOVEN

Is this what it all comes down to ?...To perchance find oneself forced to spend time with only the most purile of infants, is that really what the divine majesty of our great Lord is all about ?

LENNON

Oh come come <u>come</u>,..<u>cheer</u> up old boy!..I'm gonna let you into a little secret okay?...I'll give you a clue...they've provided us today with, shall we say, a <u>rather</u> special harvest...from a <u>rather</u> special year.

BEETHOVEN pulls his head up from the piano and looks round hopefully to LENNON.

Oh please say that it is no idle lie that you utter Herr LENNON. You are saying that the nectar of the Gods is with us once more then ?

LENNON Would I lie to you, LUDWIG ?

BEETHOVEN Yes, you most certainly would !

LENNON Oh come now, don't be silly "old fruit". Go take a quick peek in the cabinet over there and you shall surely find what it is you so desperately seek....

BEETHOVEN gets up and goes to the drinks cabinet and pours himself some red wine from a crystal decanter.

HENDRIX gets up and goes to the guitar amplifier where he pulls out the headphone cable, which immediately enables the amplifier and suddenly we hear his trademark guitar sound coming quite loud through the amp.("The stars and stripes forever"). HENDRIX takes off his headphones and puts them down. LENNON looks over and smiles. BEETHOVEN is shocked and clumsily drops his glass of wine which shatters on the floor.

BEETHOVEN

(angrily to HENDRIX) Now now <u>now</u>!...<u>look</u> what you have made me do you insidious <u>fool</u> ! Have you no manners or <u>respect</u> ? I swear to you now that it is surely by the grace of God that I never had to endure that particularly infernal electrical contraption during my time on Earth !

HENDRIX continues playing obliviously with eyes closed.

BEETHOVEN

(even angrier) Hush hush now Master HENDRIX, would you <u>kindly</u> shut that dreaded thing off <u>right</u> now Sir, it is by no means <u>all</u> of us that share in your love of such cacophony you know ! BEETHOVEN walks to the wall and pulls the electrical plug of the amplifier out so the sound ceases. HENDRIX plays on in silence a few moments then opens his eyes and looks up to BEETHOVEN.

> HENDRIX Why you do that man ? And just when I been swimming in azure corals...

> BEETHOVEN I feel <u>implored</u> to say sir that you make absolutely no sense sir and that you know well why we are

> assembled here and that I certainly cannot tolerate such a noise at any time, especially when I myself have been trying to work on a new theme!

LENNON goes to the drinks cabinet and pours a new glass of wine for BEETHOVEN. He takes it to him. HENDRIX goes to plug his amp back in and starts playing with his headphones, so we can not hear him any longer, sitting on the love seat.

> BEETHOVEN (taking wine from LENNON) Thank you Master LENNON, that's probably the only thing that can help the way I feel right now.

LENNON (pointing to sofa) Oh my dear LUDWIG, I'm not too sure why, but for heavens sake you're wound up, so why don't you just go take a seat over there and just be quiet for a moment...and enjoy your wine...okay ?

BEETHOVEN walks to the sofa and sits to drink his wine. He muses to himself a few moments. LENNON goes back to sit at the table.

BEETHOVEN So where are the others then ?

LENNON Not much clue Mister B.

No doubt yet another brand new episode of drug related misbehaviour...the swines...and now MOZART, where the hell has <u>that</u> little misfit run off to then ?

LENNON

Oh probably gone to look for the others, I'd say.

BEETHOVEN

Good, that should keep him out of mischief for a little while.

LENNON I wouldn't bank on it LUDWIG, <u>my</u> guess is he's probably playing pool with MORRISON in some dingy bar somewhere.

BEETHOVEN Yes, now that I can believe.

We hear the sound of BOB MARLEY drawing closer. He strums a guitar and sings "Redemption song". BEETHOVEN covers his head in his hands.

BEETHOVEN (to himself) Oh no no no..surely this can not be happening to me...and they have the cheek to call this an especially formative stage of heaven....<u>Ha</u> ! And <u>Ha</u> again I say ! Oh <u>what</u> a fraud if ever I did see one!

BOB MARLEY walks in singing and playing his song. LENNON moves his head to it and enjoys it. BEETHOVEN blocks his ears. HENDRIX is still playing with headphones on. MARLEY looks to LENNON and nods his head to him. MARLEY stops playing, sets his guitar down against the wall and sits at the table with LENNON.

MARLEY

Irie JOHN.

LENNON Howdy BOB, nice to see you.

MARLEY

Irie, irie John. I just come from de "Heavenly Artists Cafe" and deer was MOZART come in and MORRISON he challenge him to a game. I say why you no come with me but they no want. Irie, irie no problem then.

A pregnant pause.

BEETHOVEN

(to MARLEY) Well <u>no</u> - there <u>is</u> actually a problem because I think you <u>well</u> know the time limitation that has been imposed for our newest challenge, don't you ?

MARLEY

No no - me no agree - because there always be a solution.

BEETHOVEN

(exasperated, a pause) Oh do come on my good fellow - don't you see ? - we're <u>all</u> going to become endlessly stuck in this somewhat strangely shallow halfway land if we don't do as we're told, God forbid we may even be forced to reincarnate on that strange planet again which we all well know now is quickly going to the dogs.

LENNON

(wistfully, nostalgically) Yeah...So much for me and the missus spending an entire week in bed for peace then!

MARLEY gets up to fetch his guitar and walks back to table to sit down. He starts playing and singing the chorus of LENNON's song in a reggae style.

> MARLEY "All we are saying, is give peace a chance. All we are saying, is give peace a chance."

LENNON starts singing along.

"All we are saying, is give peace a chance. All we are saying, is give peace a chance." MARLEY starts improvising a reggae-rappish thing over just the root chord of the refrain.

> MARLEY "There be <u>people</u> down there who like to <u>spread</u> the lie, they be <u>saying</u> it be sometimes <u>good</u> to fight, while the <u>innocent</u> souls just <u>fall</u> and die, cos they <u>don't</u> have the minds to be <u>wondering</u> why - oh <u>no</u> - oh <u>no</u> ! ..."

"So all we are saying"

LENNON joins in again with the refrain.

"Is give peace a chance. All we are saying - is give peace a chance".

They continue singing this refrain. BEETHOVEN gets irritable and gets up from the couch and goes to the piano and looks at his notes and starts playing. He gets louder and louder to compete with LENNON and MARLEY as they continue singing. MARLEY starts playing and singing "Redemption song" again and LENNON joins in. Soon we have a nasty cacophony with BEETHOVEN's playing. HENDRIX hears this through his headphones and looks up in confusion. He pulls out a lead so we can suddenly hear him playing loudly through the amplifier. Soon the others all stop playing as they have no chance over HENDRIX's very loud guitar. BEETHOVEN furiously gets up from the piano and walks over and pulls the amplifier plug out of the wall, so the sound of the guitar is suddenly cut off. HENDRIX is startled and stops playing. MARLEY puts his guitar down. BEETHOVEN stands in front of HENDRIX.

> BEETHOVEN (to HENDRIX) Why I ask, and not for the first time I might add, is it that you feel absolutely no shame whatsoever in wielding that instrument of Beelzebub as you do, without any thought of the possible consequences?

(to MARLEY and LENNON, with sarcasm and frustration) Gentlemen please !! - I am sure that you both well know that this is indeed a most tricky situation - so would you kindly let me sort this out without your unnecessary interferences if at all possible ?

LENNON

(to BEETHOVEN) So what suddenly makes you the boss then eh? And what the fuck do you think you were doing playing right over our own bit of fun, asshole ?!

BEETHOVEN closes his eyes, ignoring MARLEY and LENNON, then opens his eyes to address HENDIX.

BEETHOVEN

(in a calm, ordered way) Mister H - Would it be over presumtious of me to say I think it's about time that you perhaps did something useful for our cause ? -So could you now please most kindly go over to the cafe and fetch the other two ? - and immediately because I'm sure that you yourself are keenly aware that there is indeed a pressing deadline looming for our next challenge.

HENDRIX looks back confused for a moment and then takes his guitar off and sets it on the seat he was lounging on. He walks off to go fetch the others. BEETHOVEN goes back to his couch to sit down and sip some more wine. He picks up a Playboy magazine from the coffee table and leans back into the couch to relax. He sighs. MARLEY takes a bag of cannabis and rolling papers out of his pocket and starts rolling a big spliff at the table where he sits.

> LENNON (to others) Well let's have a listen to what we got so far, shall we...

LENNON picks up a remote control on the table in front of him and presses a button. We hear a piece of music. MARLEY keeps rolling his joint, BEETHOVEN reading his magazine and LENNON just sits and listens. Each musician has written one part and each part comes in one at a time.

This is how the song we hear unfolds:

1: BEETHOVEN - a bass/cello intro in his style continuing through this piece

2: MOZART - a violin/viola addition in his style continuing through this piece

3: MARLEY - rhythm acoustic guitar in his style and sings words, this is until LENNON's part comes in:

"We <u>all</u> so different - we <u>all</u> the same - it <u>so</u> so difficult to <u>play</u> the game - we <u>know</u> the chances - can <u>make</u> the problem - so we sit and wait here - till we be free"

Halfway through the playing of this song, MARLEY lights his joint and BEETHOVEN sees this and interjects:

BEETHOVEN

(pointing to the door outside) You know the rules, don't you?! -Outside !

MARLEY walks off to smoke his joint.

4: HENDRIX - a burning guitar solo over the previous refrain.

5: LENNON - plays guitar and sings his song which fits over this song: (HENDRIX plays the guitar licks of this song).

"I want you - I want you so bad - I want you - I want you so bad it's driving me mad, it's driving me mad"

"I want you - I want you so bad - I want you - I want you so bad it's driving me mad, it's driving me mad"

LENNON stops singing.

6: MORRISON - LENNON's song morph's into THE DOORS song "Roadhouse blues". MORRISON sings. There is a bluesy but classical piano accompaniment from MOZART on this. (And still BEETHOVEN and MOZART string accompaniments)

"Oh keep your eyes on the road, your hands upon the wheel - Oh keep your eyes on the road, your hands upon the wheel - we're going to a roadhouse, we're gonna have a real - good time..."

LENNON presses a button to switch off the music.

LENNON (musing to himself) Not too bad, if I say so me self.

BEETHOVEN (under his breath, still looking at magazine) A veritable piece of shit.

LENNON

(to himself) Well there's just no pleasing some people.

LENNON (to BEETHOVEN) Hey LUDWIG, you <u>are</u> aware that it was none other in fact than BEETHOVEN himself who wrote the bass and cello parts for that "piece of shit" then, are you ?

BEETHOVEN ignores LENNON and continues reading his magazine.

LENNON (jokingly) You finding some nice crumpet in that there magazine then old fruit ?

BEETHOVEN does his best to ignore LENNON and read his magazine.

LENNON Do you <u>ever</u> lighten up, Sir ?... (under his breath, musing to himself) Perhaps it's a splendiforous tab of acid that would sort you out...

BEETHOVEN sets down the magazine on the coffee table and gets up.

BEETHOVEN (sarcastically) I think I'm going to go and fetch the others, as I find myself getting somewhat bored right now, you know, as if by some wretched curse I had found myself stuck in Liverpool for a day.... BEETHOVEN walks out to fetch the others. LENNON makes a rude gesture to BEETHOVEN behind his back as he leaves.

LENNON (grins to himself) Maybe I'll get Jimi to spike his wine later - now <u>there's</u> a thought...

LENNON walks to the coffee table and picks up the Playboy magazine BEETHOVEN just set down there.

LENNON (to himself as he pages through magazine) Blimey - not too shabby are you me love ? Where the <u>hel</u>l did LUDWIG get this from then ?.... God only knows...

LENNON walks back to sit at the table and look at the magazine. MARLEY walks back in, having finished his joint. He picks up his guitar and sits at the table with LENNON. MARLEY starts playing and singing "Buffalo soldier" and LENNON joins in while still perusing the magazine. He then sets the magazine down and stares ahead into space philosophically. MARLEY keeps playing but stops singing.

LENNON

(to MARLEY) So what does it all mean then ?You know when that Chapman loony shot me, I actually thought that there was nothing left, that it was all over. But... <u>here</u> we all are....And so the question's then gotta be...why ?.....

MARLEY

I tell you.

MARLEY sings his response while still playing the chords of "Buffalo soldier".

MARLEY (singing) "That <u>special</u> time it's <u>com</u>ing - to <u>make</u> the final ascension - so don't you <u>worry</u> Mister Lennon - because you <u>part</u> of the solution" (continuing with chorus) "You are a <u>buf</u>falo soldier -<u>dread</u>lock rasta - etc...."

We hear the cowbell being struck a few times, and then the others all file in except HENDRIX, first MOZART who excitedly whistles his own melody to himself ("Eine kleine nachtmusik"), then MORRISON, then BEETHOVEN. MARLEY stops playing and singing.

> LENNON (to MORRISON) That was quick, let me guess - was Master Amadeus his most lethal self at the pool table then ?

MORRISON (pointing to BEETHOVEN) Well <u>I</u> can tell you with absolute certainty that we did happen upon <u>this</u> here legendary composer as we were making our ways back over to this here place.

MORRISON goes straight to the drinks cabinet to pour himself a shot of Jack Daniels and BEETHOVEN follows behind him and waits as if in line for MORRISON to finish pouring his drink. When he gets the chance BEETHOVEN pours himself another glass of wine. They both go and sit at the couch and lean back to relax. MOZART goes straight to the piano and begins playing one of his sonatas. Upon hearing MOZART's music BEETHOVEN shuts his eyes and enjoys.

> BEETHOVEN Now this...I can handle.

BEETHOVEN hums a little. MORRISON zones out. For a few moments everyone zones out and enjoys MOZART's beautiful music. BEETHOVEN opens his eyes and sits up to get his Playboy magazine from the coffee table in front of him. He sees it is not there.

> BEETHOVEN (agitated to LENNON) Where might I enquire is the magazine I left here ?

LENNON gets up and hands magazine to BEETHOVEN, then sits down again where he was.

LENNON

Don't get too horny now will you Ludwig, you know there's important work to be done, isn't there?

BEETHOVEN Always a wise ass comment you have to make, please if you don't have anything of true value to say, would you kindly remain quiet at all times.

In reaction, LENNON makes a rude gesture to BEETHOVEN.

MARLEY So where be Jimi den ?

There is a pregnant pause whereby no one says anything, as MOZART still plays.

MARLEY I ask again, where be JIMI HENDRIX ?

As if finally coming out of a dream for the first time, MORRISON suddenly sits forward and reacts. MOZART stops playing and then just sits day dreaming at the piano.

MORRISON

(to MARLEY)

Okay MARLEY I'll tell you - On the way back we happened to come across this rather fine young lady who our Jimi once dug, you know back in the real world. Anyway she proceeded to invite our man right on back to her place.

MORRISON reflects a moment and smiles a little naughty smirk.

MORRISON They're probably doing it right now.

BEETHOVEN

You can't really "do it" here as you say, you surely know that don't you, or are you just too well opiated right now to actually realise that simple fact ?

MORRISON

Excuse me ?....Excuse me ?....No, I think it's you who's the one who's been "screwing" around with the facts, if you'll excuse the pun.

(smilingly looking at the Playboy magazine that BEETHOVEN peruses)

....I mean, look at those deliciously dirty pictures in that magazine of yours - as nice as they are, wouldn't you actually prefer it if you had some <u>real</u> "in the <u>flesh</u>" female company?

MARLEY

De "Immortal Beloved" most precious.

A pause as LENNON sums up the situation.

LENNON

Well, lads, what do you say we start doing something <u>new</u> today, something <u>new</u> to alleviate the unbelievable boredom we all seem to be suffering at this very moment....

MARLEY

Me no bored....and JIMI the "master blaster" he be a while....

MOZART

(making a silly joke and smirking a bit) Master HENDRIX will come when he comes - and for now that's simply all there is to say.

LENNON

(imitating and lampooning a posh Englishman) Precisely old chap so lets all get those thinking caps on <u>right</u> away shall we, come on now then...there's no time to lose ! MORRISON (cryptically) If you wanna know the fact of the matter it's that we're waiting for Go<u>dot</u>.

MOZART Who is Godot ?

BEETHOVEN

(to MOZART) No one important...Say MOZART, would it be alright if you played us another one of those charming pieces of yours, how about a nice little piano arrangement of "Eine kleine nachtmuzik" then ?

MOZART thinks to himself and replies.

MOZART

No - No, I am afraid not Herr BEETHOVEN, can't do.

BEETHOVEN

And why's that ?

MOZART

Well...let me put it this way - as one who has had to endure most of his childhood years as a performing monkey it pleasures me not to be anymore that performing monkey, if you get my drift. I think you understand....right ?

BEETHOVEN digests this and then nods his head in understanding.

BEETHOVEN

Ha....well as monkeys go, I would dare say you're certainly one of the most intelligent and talented ones that I've ever known.

LENNON

(joking)

I knew a <u>Bar</u>bary ape once from the rock of Gibraltar that beat me in a game of chess, now <u>that</u> was some smart monkey !

Or perhaps Master LENNON, you just happened to be having an extremely \underline{off} day with your chess.

MORRISON

(playing along with the joke) I myself do have it on the highest authority that that very same monkey did verily go on to become one of the leading bankers on Wall street.

MARLEY

I say to you now, Babylon was and Babylon still be nothing but the enslavement of the human mind.

MARLEY muses on this a moment.

MARLEY

..which inevitably lead to the enslavement of the soul.

MOZART

That's deep.

MORRISON

(to MARLEY)

A strange coincidence - seeing as it's precisely Babylon that the good ol' U.S. of A's been messing around with of late - I mean you know of course that Babylon's just the old name for present day Iraq, don't you ?

MARLEY

I be no dumb Mister "Mojo Risin'" -When we Rasta say "Babylon", we talk of the same Babylon that be first a real place and second a state of mind.

(philosophically) That sort of folly always sorts itself out in the end, the problem is that along the way it's always at the expense of so many innocent souls. Indeed this has become one of the foremost questions in my mind here - what does in fact happen to all these innocent souls of whom we speak ?

There is a pause as if BEETHOVEN expects someone to answer the question.

LENNON

We wait with baited breath for your explanation, oh holy one.

BEETHOVEN

(with sincerity) Oh I beg of you, <u>please</u> do not mock me so when I speak of such things for surely these are the very matters which do constantly demand our full attention !

MORRISON

(to BEETHOVEN, after musing a little)

Hmmm...Okay..I'll tell you what I'm thinking....do you really want to be alive down there right now ? For what ? ...Okay so in your case you'd probably want to listen to skilled orchestras playing your rather sophisticated music, granted that would be nice, but in my case what's the choice? Do you really think I'd want to engage with that effluent they call music now ?...

LENNON

I know what ya saying Jim, it's become like mostly corporate shite these days, boy bands, girl bands, pop idols...you name it.

LENNON

(lampooning "Star Trek")
"Spock to Scotty. On second thoughts
beam us all back straight away cos
there's almost certainly very little
intelligent life left down <u>here
anymore!"</u>

MORRISON I liked that show.

BEETHOVEN

Something tells me that at this precise moment it is none other than Master JIMI HENDRIX himself who is "boldly going where no man has ever gone before".

MOZART And where would that be, Herr BEETHOVEN ?

BEETHOVEN (handing MOZART the Playboy magazine) Oh my dear, dear MOZART, why don't you have a nice glimpse at this magazine and then you <u>too</u> may

discover a valuable clue as to the current location of our friend Herr HENDRIX.

MOZART takes the magazine and looks at it. He gets to the centerfold and opens it up to look at it.

MOZART (surprised, embarrassed) Oh <u>my</u>...oh <u>my</u>...if my eyes don't deceive me, I believe I see a lady who wears nothing.

MORRISON You can't be serious man,...are you <u>truly</u> that naive or are you just pretending ?

MOZART chooses to see what MOZART sees. It <u>has</u> and..<u>will</u>....always be that way. This is because MOZART always discovers new things in a completely different way to the rest of us....and that is...well - what makes MOZART.....MOZART!

MOZART continues to be well enamoured of the magazine.

MARLEY

I have heard it said that MOZART be very close to His Majesty Haile Selassie himself.

MOZART

(casually while still perusing magazine, mimicking MARLEY) Yes, that be certainly no lie, me in fact was having tea with him just yesterday.

BEETHOVEN Now that is surely one of your silly little jokes, is it not?

MARLEY No...no....that be no joke.

BEETHOVEN (to MARLEY) And how in hell do <u>you</u> know that, Sir ?

MARLEY Because I and I be there me self with His Majesty and the golden boy.

BEETHOVEN So who else was there then ?

MOZART

(butting in - and thinking this over, putting down magazine, to MARLEY) ...Let's see,....it was quite a nice little crowd wasn't it ?

MARLEY nods in agreement and smiles a little.

MOZART (in general, to everyone, musing) ...by the way it was a special welcoming function for none other than Michael Jackson who has just arrived...Anyway let's see, who else was there...oh yes - Charlie Chaplin was there and so too was Fred Astaire, also the Gershwins...and who else ?...oh yes...

MOZART

(to LENNON)

...I forgot to tell you - your old band mate George was there, he told me to tell you he'll be coming round to visit us all very soon, just that he's been rather busy of late with some project or other...something he says that's to do with the Hare Krishnas.....

LENNON picks up MARLEY's guitar and starts playing and singing George Harrison's song "My Sweet Lord" for a minute and a half. Then he puts the guitar down as he suddenly muses over what MOZART just said before.

> LENNON Hmm....I wonder what it is that George is suddenly so busy with then ?

MORRISON

Oh didn't you hear ? - he's been roped into that chick project with Janis and Mama Cass...sounds kinda interesting, doesn't it?.....

BEETHOVEN

(sarcastically) Yes, about as interesting as watching paint dry I would suspect.

MORRISON

Oh hush now will you please "your most royal pompousness" ?

LENNON

Hear hear !

A pause as MOZART looks at the magazine again. MORRISON, BEETHOVEN and MARLEY all sit with their eyes closed. LENNON scribbles something on a pad in front of him and then perks up to speak of his new idea.

> LENNON (to MORRISON, who opens his eyes on hearing LENNON) Jim!...You know that splendid song you wrote: (sings) "People are strange, when you're a stranger, faces look ugly when you're alone..."

MORRISON Aha, what of it ?

LENNON

Well, don't you think it's something we could all have good fun with as it were ? - I mean you know - in all the different styles we play in....

BEETHOVEN

(opening his eyes) Actually <u>yes</u>, for once I would have to ad<u>mit</u> to being in agreement with you Herr LENNON, I too upon hearing that song did find it to possess a somewhat burlesque charm.

LENNON

(to MARLEY, who opens his eyes) Bob, do you know the song ?... What I'm thinking is we start with you strumming the chords nice and simple in a reggae style, just as you would normally do for one of your own songs....

MARLEY picks up guitar.

MARLEY

I try.

MARLEY plays and sings the song in his own style.

MARLEY (singing) "People are strange, when you a stranger, faces look ugly, when you alone, women be wicked when you unwanted, streets be uneven...when you down"

MOZART puts the magazine down. Everybody joins in singing the chorus.

EVERYONE

"When you're strange, faces come out of the rain, when you're strange, no one remembers your name, when you're strange, when you're strange, when you're strange"

MARLEY continues playing the chords for the verse and keeps repeating this. MOZART improvises an ornate piano part. BEETHOVEN gets up and goes to the left side of the piano to add some bass notes. After a minute or two of this, LENNON looks to MARLEY and MORRISON.

> LENNON Okay Bob, Jim - to the chorus, one two three

MOZART and BEETHOVEN stop playing the piano. BEETHOVEN returns to his seat on the sofa.

EVERYONE

(sings)
"When you're strange, faces come out
of the rain, when you're strange, no
one remembers your name, when you're
strange, when you're strange, when
you're strange"

MORRISON stops singing and muses on something, then MARLEY stops playing and EVERYONE stops singing. MARLEY puts down his guitar.

MORRISON ...I reckon HENDRIX might just do something fucking mind blowing with this tune.

That's if he could just for a moment stop coming inside that woman and instead come <u>here</u> for a while.

MOZART begins looking at magazine again.

LENNON

(to BEETHOVEN) Do I detect <u>just</u> a little hint of jealousy there perhaps ?

BEETHOVEN

When will you learn Herr LENNON.... that being of service to the divine does not always necessarily have to go hand in hand with...how shall I say....servicing a "gaggle of groupies".

LENNON

No you're wrong LUDWIG, it <u>is</u> divine, believe me....

BEETHOVEN seems unimpressed.

LENNON

(in referring to MORRISON) ...And if <u>you</u> don't believe me then why don't you ask the "lizard king" over there, I suspect that he too may know a little thing or two about the divinity of groupies...

LENNON smiles a little.

LENNON

Sorry LUDWIG, but I think you're just a <u>teenie</u> weenie little bit jealous, that's all...nothing to be ashamed of really...I know <u>I'm</u> jealous.

BEETHOVEN

Okay....Herr MORRISON. Let me then ask you the question that has thus been posed....Do you think that it is possible to be servicing groupies and still at the same time be giving of your <u>truest</u> service to the divine majesty? MORRISON grins a little and muses on this. MARLEY interjects.

MARLEY I too have a few good ones in my time you know....

MORRISON continues to muse on this but says nothing.

LENNON

Come on Jim, you gotta have <u>some</u> view on this don't you ?

MORRISON

(with a little smirk) There is no better view...than that which can be easily viewed through the sights of your very own cock...and <u>that</u> is all I got to say about such things as of this moment...

BEETHOVEN

(unconvinced) Ha...but then tell me Mister M...What, in your opinion, is the difference between sex and love ?

MOZART

(putting magazine aside) Now <u>that's</u> a somewhat deep question, is it not ?

BEETHOVEN

Oh my dearest MOZART, what in truth does one such as yourself know of such things ?

MOZART

My dearest BEETHOVEN,....may I remind you - It was \underline{I} who was the one who had a wife on Earth, not you....

BEETHOVEN

Yes, <u>obviously</u> I do know that but in truth surely you are in essence a creature much to divine to easily understand the course machinations of loveless copulation!.... MOZART shrugs his shoulders in bewilderment and picks up the magazine again and starts looking at it once more.

LENNON

(to BEETHOVEN) My dearest LUDWIG, let me just say that if it puts your mind to rest, well I <u>myself</u> happen to know a thing or two about the inner most workings of the old "in and out" you know...

BEETHOVEN

(motioning in turn to MORRISON and MARLEY) Yes, now that I certainly can believe ...and in fact I am sure too that Herr MORRISON here and perhaps even Herr MARLEY over there understand well too the simple workings of unadulterated carnal lust...but no - this is simply not possible in the case of the divine MOZART!

MOZART gets up and flings the magazine in anger and petulance at BEETHOVEN, and storms outside.

MARLEY The German do it again.

LENNON (understanding MARLEY, to BEETHOVEN, firmly) That's <u>twice</u> in the last half hour you've made him leave, you proud of that then LUDWIG ?

BEETHOVEN

Oh come come come!..is it in truth such a <u>ghastly</u> sin to be only completely and utterly honest about what one thinks ? ...now for goodness sakes...<u>you</u> know...and <u>I</u> know...and in fact <u>everyone</u> knows...that for <u>all</u> his magical divinity, when push comes to shove, our special friend is basically a child, and thus he often <u>acts</u> just like a child, especially when provoked....

MORRISON

...Actually for once I'm in agreement with "The German" as Bob likes to call him...I mean If MOZART keeps storming out of here like that then how the hell are we ever going to do what they want us to do, and get our asses pronto out of this weird place.

BEETHOVEN (patting MORRISON on back) Indeed, my good man, indeed !

MORRISON

(a bit irritated)
Keep your greasy hands off of
me,okay ?

BEETHOVEN

(angrily reacting) Well sir, I'm sure <u>these</u> greasy hands as you call them haven't even begun to see the sort of sordid action that yours have !

LENNON (amused by this, in a sing song way) Jealousy will get you nowhere Mister B...

BEETHOVEN angrily ignores everyone and gets up from the couch and goes to sit at the piano. He begins to play an old piece of his, a pretty Bagatelle. After about 20 seconds LENNON interjects.

> LENNON (a bit childishly, to BEETHOVEN) Jealous !

MORRISON (also joining the childishness) Jealous !

LENNON

Jealous !

BEETHOVEN (angrily, while still playing) Oh shut your vile gobs the lot of you !

BEETHOVEN continues to play. LENNON and MORRISON grin a little at each other. MARLEY is a little amused. After 20 seconds, the curtain gradually closes to this scene.

END OF ACT ONE

MOZART sits at the table (where LENNON previously sat). He holds the stereo remote. We hear his piece "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" playing. HENDRIX lies on the love seat as he did to start ACT ONE. He plays through the amp so we can hear him. He plays the melody of the music on his guitar, and also sometimes a harmony (a third or sixth) to the melody, with a"HENDRIX"-type tone. MARLEY sits on the couch and strums chords to the music in an off-beat reggae fashion. BEETHOVEN sits at the piano and plays the odd counterpoint line to the music, as it occurs to him. This music and playing along continues for a couple of minutes. Then MOZART presses the remote and the music stops. The others stop playing and HENDRIX and MARLEY put down their guitars

BEETHOVEN

(to HENDRIX)

I know this may come as a slight surprise to you Master HENDRIX, but I actually find myself to be rather enamoured by the unique combination between your electrical guitar playing...and MOZART's divine music....

MARLEY

(to BEETHOVEN) We all part of the same almighty spirit...I ask - do you feel it oh Mighty Composer ?

BEETHOVEN

I do feel only that which I feel, and for that I do find myself in debt only to Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

MARLEY

But in truth we <u>all</u> be one and the same, you no feel that ?...

BEETHOVEN

Please sir, I say to you now that you make absolutely no sense whatsoever at this time to me.... MOZART (grinning, to HENDRIX) So, Master HENDRIX,...you still feeling a nice warm tinge down there in your nether regions then, are you ?

HENDRIX (sheepishly) ...Can't deny it,...Won't deny it, ...she sure is a honey alright...

MOZART (naughtily) So the tinge is still there then, is it ?

HENDRIX (with a smile) Yup - I surely can't deny it...

BEETHOVEN If you ask me, it's beginning to feel much like an infants nursery in here, <u>such</u> is the level of immaturity !

MOZART (childishly teasing him) Jealous !

BEETHOVEN resignedly puts his head on the piano, as if giving up. HENDRIX starts reading a music magazine.

MARLEY (to everyone) So where be MORRISON and LENNON den ?,...it become a ball an' chain dis ting when we canno' progress from it.

(lifts head to speak) Okay - if it helps at all, would you mind if I told you what I really think ?...Because I'm sure I've lost count by now of the sheer number of times I've tried, and tried and tried again and again and again.....to somehow get this oddly vaudevillian madhouse-type operation ticking over!....but, no, no, there's always got to be one or two stragglers....who insist on keeping us behind schedule....For example, today...it was first HENDRIX, who simply could not control his most base of instincts, and now...it's none other than our very own lovable "moptop" who's gone off to some special BEATLES function!....

MOZART

(to BEETHOVEN)

But what you say doesn't make any sense, Herr BEETHOVEN, I know for a fact that there are <u>not</u> supposed to be <u>any</u> band functions until <u>all</u> of the main members become present in this domain....I saw it once in the rulebook....

BEETHOVEN

(to MOZART)

Oh wake up now,...wake up my dearest MOZART, will you ?! - Do you <u>honestly</u> think that one such as <u>LENNON</u> actually cares about something as transitory as rules ? ...Please wake up right away my dear MOZART!...I mean do you <u>honestly</u> think that that <u>smartass</u> really gives the slightest <u>damn</u> whether or not we ever break free of this place, do you ?

MOZART

I don't know, I think you're being somewhat unfair,...I mean I think you yourself should have no problem in understanding why LENNON wanted to go to the function....I mean - is it so very odd that he perhaps felt like seeing his old band mate GEORGE again, I mean is that not a perfectly logical desire, I ask you ?....And of <u>course</u> he wants to break free of the condition we all find ourselves in presently, don't we all surely ?!

BEETHOVEN

Ah...but he's going to be able to see GEORGE as much as he wants to at a later stage, you yourself understand <u>that</u> don't you ?

MOZART

(after a moments consideration) Look LUDWIG,...let me for a moment create a hypothetical situation. ...What if I told you that your own "Immortal beloved" was going to be at that very same function that LENNON's at...would you not then perhaps feel like going ?

BEETHOVEN contorts his shoulders, shrugs, doesn't know how to react as he has been stymied.

BEETHOVEN<u>That</u> my dear MOZART - is simply an unreal hypotheses, nothing more.

MOZART And why do you say that ?

BEETHOVEN

(indignantly, incredulously) Why ?....Why ?....You want to know why ?....Okay - I'll tell you why then...Are you listening ?

There is no reaction.
BEETHOVEN Okay...here goes..here goes...Because the greatest <u>passion</u> that can ever be known to one man, can <u>never</u> in truth come anywhere close to comparison with <u>any</u> other endeavour, in any other realm....

BEETHOVEN starts to play his "Moonlight sonata". HENDRIX puts his magazine down and picks up his guitar, fiddles somewhat with his pedalboard (or devices) and plays sweetly and softly along with BEETHOVEN. MOZART closes his eyes in enjoyment. MARLEY rolls a joint on the coffee table, also enjoying the music. This continues for a minute, at least until the next dialogue.

MARLEY

(to BEETHOVEN) This music be most excellent....

BEETHOVEN

(while playing)
Of course its excellent, it's my
fucking Moonlight Sonata, okay ?!...

MARLEY

(shakes his head)
...No...no...No need for dat, deer
be no need for dat attitude...

MOZART

Yes I agree - that was <u>completely</u> unnecessary BEETHOVEN...

BEETHOVEN

(still playing, to MOZART, motioning towards HENDRIX) Is it too much to perhaps ask for just a little bit of silence ?... I've already got some pretty strong competition in the form of that electrical contraption over there you know.....

MOZART gets up and goes to sit on the couch next to MARLEY. MOZART picks up the PLAYBOY magazine and amuses himself looking at it. BEETHOVEN is irritated and stops playing. HENDRIX plays on a few seconds and stops. HENDRIX puts down his guitar and picks up his magazine again.

BEETHOVEN (to MOZART) Look smartass, I <u>never</u> actually raved about HENDRIX's playing as you claim, I merely said I thought it went rather well together with your music, that's all...okay ?

MOZART (putting magazine back on coffee table) Well, <u>I</u> happen to think that Master HENDRIX has performed <u>more</u> than admirably together with both <u>your</u> and <u>my</u> music.... - you want to know something, LUDWIG ?You're <u>truly</u> the most conservative old boor sometimes, you know that of course, don't you ?....

BEETHOVEN wipes sweat from his brow, and gets up from the piano. He goes to the coffee table and picks up the PLAYBOY magazine.

BEETHOVEN

(to everyone) I'm going now for a walk in the park, because quite frankly I'm more than <u>fed</u> up waiting here hour upon hour for people who simply haven't the good grace to at least explain their absence.

BEETHOVEN walks to the door to go outside. MOZART is irritated that he has swiped the magazine he just began to look at.

MOZART (childishly irritated) BEETHOVEN !...I think you've got something of mine....

BEETHOVEN ignores MOZART and walks out clutching the magazine.

MOZART

Asshole !

MOZART (to MARLEY) Why does he treat me like that ?

MARLEY ...What can you say but dat each person be themself, you know ?

MOZART

(childishly)
But he knows I only just began
reading that magazine, so how
extremely insensitive of him to just
simply march out of here like that
with it,...asshole !

MARLEY

Me thinks that magazine be Babylon and that you be better without it...

MARLEY has finished rolling his joint (quite a big one) and gets up to go outside to smoke it. He walks to HENDRIX.

MARLEY (to HENDRIX) Jimi, please come enjoy some herb wid me.....

HENDRIX deliberates for a moment and then puts his magazine down and walks outside with MARLEY. MOZART walks to the drinks cabinet and pours himself some red wine from the decanter.

MOZART

(to himself) As for me....I shall now enjoy the transcendental pleasure of partaking of some of the finest wine that I ever did drink.....And I must admit I can certainly use some right now.....

LENNON Yoo hoo ! I'm home !

MOZART ignores LENNON and continues his playing over his symphony. LENNON goes to his regular seat at the table. He leans back and relaxes.

LENNON Not bad, not bad at all my little wonderboy.

MOZART (still playing) Of course it's not bad, it's my fortieth symphony you pratt !

LENNON Touchy touchy are we ?

LENNON muses to himself while the music continues.

LENNON

I think I can quite safely make an extremely good calculated guess as to what's gone down here in my absence,...I'd say that in all likelihood it was once again you and "His Pompousness" getting into yet another nasty little altercation...and I can only assume that that's why there's no sign of him....

MOZART stops playing and goes to the table to switch off the music with the remote. He sits at the table with LENNON.

MOZART No worries my dear "moptop", no worries at all...The "old Toff"s just gone off to the park for a little while to let off some steam...

LENNON Good thing too....

MOZART

...anyway he may as well...I mean you've been away and MORRISON too....I assume you saw the other two outside when you came in...

LENNON

Yup..had a nice little drag too on what they were smoking I did....

MOZART

As you wish, after all - it <u>is</u> your own brain, sir....

A pause.

MOZART

So anyway, where <u>is MORRISON</u> then, I thought he went with you ?

LENNON

That's right, Jim did come with me to the party but then he got sidetracked....well you know what he's like....

MOZART

(frustratedly) Don't say....I mean how on <u>earth</u> are we <u>ever</u> going to get our act together like this ?...It is so, so very deeply frustrating Mister LENNON, don't you agree ?

LENNON

(musing on this) Hmm....I don't know - look, one thing you gotta learn is this....people will always be who they are, and they will always express themselves in certain ways, you know ?...

MOZART

Yes...but that's also the perfect excuse for irresponsible behaviour, wouldn't you say ?

LENNON

(unconvinced)

Hmm,....I'm not too sure about that, who knows....maybe....but <u>one</u> man's "irresponsibility" could so easily be construed as <u>another</u> man's normal relaxed behaviour, wouldn't you say ?...I mean at the end of the day it all comes down to "value judgement" doesn't it...?

MOZART muses on this for a few moments.

MOZART

Hmm,...yes...okay...I suppose you may well have a good point there Herr LENNON....Anyway, do tell me, how is your old associate Master HARRISON doing then, is he finding his feet then so to speak in this strange environment ?

LENNON

Yup, absolutely. Our George is doing just fine. Must be cos he's been writing some great new songs which he played to us....

MOZART

I must say I myself was somewhat taken with his enchanting ballad entitled "Something in the way she moves"....

LENNON

Yup...Even Sinatra himself said he thought it to be one of the best ever...or at least that's what he was quoted as saying...

MOZART Have you seen SINATRA recently ?

LENNON

Nah...I expect he's still dealing with that issue he had to sort out.

MOZART

What was that ?

LENNON You know...I'm sure I was telling you about this only last week oh dreamy one !

MOZART (remembering) Oh yes...he's been stuck for some time now in a weird outpost with Sammy Davis Junior..that's it isn't it ?

LENNON Yup, that's it, <u>spot</u> on "dreamboy" !...the "Rat Pack" they used to call them in their old Las Vegas days.

MORRISON walks in, is not in a great mood, doesn't greet anyone and goes to sit broodingly on the couch. He picks up a book on the coffee table. It is a book of old Romantic poetry and he starts reciting an evocatively Romantic style poem out loud, for about one minute.

> MORRISON ****(Put poem here).....(about one minute long)****

MORRISON suddenly stops reciting the poem in mid-sentence as if he's got stuck on some idea. He sits back on the couch to relax and sighs and muses over it.

MOZART (to MORRISON) Hello Mister MORRISON. Did you perhaps happen to see our two darker friends sitting outside when you came in ?Are they still partaking of the "herb" as

MORRISON (to MOZART) Relax Bonzo !

they call it ?

MORRISON now talks quieter under his breath, but MOZART can still hear him. MORRISON turns to look towards MOZART.

MORRISON Did <u>any</u>one ever tell you that life might just have <u>something</u> to do with the pure enjoyment of living, you little Austrian fagot ? LENNON is amused and grins...

MOZART (in earnestness and frustration) Excuse me ? ... I'll tell you there's certainly no need to be rude like that Master MORRISON....and I can certainly assure you that it's no easier for me to be here than it is for you, okay ?..... I was simply asking you a most obvious question in order to see what Masters HENDRIX and MARLEY are up to, okay ?... Is that simply too much to ask of you or does everything with you just always have to be cryptic, does it ? ... Is it too much for you just to give a nice, direct, simple answer, ... I mean, is that just too damn much to ask of you, Herr MORRISON ?....

MORRISON picks up the same romantic poetry book again and pages through it. He then begins reciting a different poem, for about 30 seconds.

MORRISON ****(put poem here).....(for about 30 seconds)****

LENNON gets up and fetches his guitar and returns to his chair. He starts strumming a simple chord sequence. He takes some odd phrases from the poem that MORRISON recites and sings them to his music. MORRISON briefly looks up at LENNON and then continues reciting the poem. MOZART gets up and goes outside to check on HENDRIX and MARLEY. LENNON continues his improvisation on the words that MORRISON delivers. MORRISON stops his recitation, looks at LENNON, puts the book back down, sighs and sinks back into his chair with his eyes closed. LENNON stops, puts his guitar down.

> LENNON (to MORRISON) Okay Jimbo, I won't then...okay ?....

MORRISON doesn't react at all.

LENNON (to himself) There's just no pleasing <u>some</u> people....

MORRISON

I heard that.

LENNON (a bit sarcastically) Well yes, if your hearing equipment's functioning okay , then yes, you might certainly have heard that, you cretin...

MORRISON <u>Shut</u> the fuck up, okay ? ...I'm really <u>not</u> in the mood for your bullshit right now, okay LENNON ?

LENNON (incredulous) What ? what ?<u>My</u> bullshit, <u>my</u> bullshit ?!....How <u>dare</u> you say that asshole!....

Suddenly we hear MOZART outside shouting towards the park to try to get BEETHOVEN to return.

MOZART (O.S.) (shouting, as if calling a dog) <u>BEETHOVEN ! BEETHOVEN !....We are</u> <u>all</u> here, so we can begin the new project, okay ?....So please do come now, would you ?....<u>BEETHOVEN</u> !...<u>BEETHOVEN !....</u>

After a few moments, MOZART traipses in followed by MARLEY and HENDRIX. MARLEY goes to sit at the table with LENNON, and HENDRIX goes back to his spot on the love seat and reads his magazine. MOZART goes to sit at the piano, and starts to noodle with a few phrases for fun.

> MARLEY (to LENNON) Irie John...tell me how be George ?

LENNON is still fuming from his altercation with MORRISON but tries to be as civil as possible in reply to MARLEY.

LENNON <u>All</u> good, <u>all</u> good, thank you Bob.

MARLEY (musing on his own youth when he was alive)Robbie...dat's what dey use to call me in de early days...did you know dat, John ? LENNON (still seething somewhat) No, didn't know that actually BOB, but thanks for letting me know anyway..... There is a pregnant pause. MARLEY has noticed LENNON's tension. MARLEY (to LENNON) Why you no stay to smoke de good herb with us outside, me see you be tense.... MOZART continues to dabble with a few ideas on the piano. MOZART (to himself, reflecting philosophically) What can one do but try one's best....I mean even when people have let you down, at least you can still say: "I did my very best".... MORRISON (irritated) Would you kindly shut the fuck up, faggot! MOZART stops playing. MOZART (to LENNON) What on earth is wrong with him ? LENNON Just leave it now, okay dreamboy, ?....anyway what's up with "his royal pompousness", is he coming or isn't he ?

MOZART

Well, I called out to him and he waved right back at me, so I imagine he'll be back soon...let us hope...

MORRISON (sarcastically) ...Once again - the old Teutonic windbag goes "AWOL"...

LENNON

(angrily to MORRISON) Look - JIM - We've all just about had enough of your crap , you know, so would you kindly shut yer gob please ? ...And anyway, what happened to you at the party ? All I remember is that you were suddenly nowhere to be found...

LENNON

(suddenly remembering) But hang on, I <u>did</u> actually see you with Pamela, didn't I ?....Okay I get it - the two of you had one of those legendary fights of yours, didn't you ?Yeah I bet that's exactly what's happened, isn't it ? ... And that would explain why you've been acting such a right wanker, that would...

MORRISON irritatedly gets up and goes outide. As he walks he brushes up against and then bumps into BEETHOVEN, who is on his way in after his walk, carrying his PLAYBOY magazine.

> BEETHOVEN (irritated) Watch where you going you oaf !

MORRISON (angrily)) Piss off !

BEETHOVEN goes to sit in the same spot on the couch just vacated by MORRISON. He lays the magazine on the coffee table in front of him. He muses to himself aloud. BEETHOVEN (as if beseaching a higher power) What is it that I did to deserve being put together with such reprobates, whom I might add include in their ranks two negros....what, I beseech thee oh Lord, did I do to deserve this ?

HENDRIX hears this and puts his magazine down.

HENDRIX

(to BEETHOVEN) What, you saying that because I'm black, that makes me a reprobate ?I mean surely the lesson here is that we're all one in this thing together, dig ?....

LENNON

Yes LUDWIG, remember now, this isn't quite early nineteenth century Europe, where a man of colour was seen to be an animal, more or less

BEETHOVEN picks up the PLAYBOY magazine and looks at it. LENNON suddenly has an idea.

LENNON

(to BEETHOVEN)

I just had an idea....remember that amazing jam you and the wonderboy had a little while ago, where you were doing synth lines and he was on the piano ? ...Well I'm thinking..why not give that a try again ?It's surely gotta be worth a bagful of points to us.

BEETHOVEN

Ah...what's the point, there's always going to be <u>some</u>one in the group who lets the rest of us down ...and at present,....surprise surprise, it happens to be that moron MORRISON,again...

LENNON

Please ?

MOZART puts his fingers on the piano to remember the piece but doesn't actually play. BEETHOVEN still reads the PLAYBOY magazine and seems unimpressed.

LENNON Pretty please ?

BEETHOVEN Oh all right then ...there's nothing to lose I suppose....

BEETHOVEN puts the magazine down and gets up and goes to the drinks cabinet and pours himself a glass of red wine from the decanter. Then he goes to the keyboard and sets his wine down on the floor. He presses a few buttons to access the correct sound.

> BEETHOVEN (to MOZART) Okay...you ready then ?

MOZART

Ready !

BEETHOVEN holds down some lush synth chords. MOZART fills in some pretty intricate lines that accompany the synth chords. LENNON opens the chess set and starts laying out the pieces on the board.

> MARLEY I go get JIM. We almost ready to get something.

MARLEY gets up and walks outside. HENDRIX picks up his guitar and starts jamming with the others. What he plays is unobtrusive and doesn't bother BEETHOVEN or MOZART. LENNON suddenly gets an idea for lyrics. He stops laying out the chess pieces and starts scribbling a few words onto a pad. Then he tries them out with the music. LENNON (singing) Nobody <u>knows</u>....when <u>things</u> will be over....cos <u>nobody</u> cares.......For <u>any</u>one's got...the <u>pow</u>er to be giving....yes you <u>might</u> just realize..... all the <u>things</u> that we dream...aren't quite ever the same no.... they're just simply (etc)...

This music making goes on for another minute. Then HENDRIX suddenly gets too loud and drowns the others out. The others all stop playing. MOZART looks around and sees that MARLEY has gone outside. HENDRIX stops playing. He puts down his guitar and shuts his eyes.

MOZART I see we're down two now.

LENNON Nah...I expect they're just lying outside on the grass.

BEETHOVEN Most likely smoking it I would suggest...

MOZART Well I'm off to fetch them right away because,yes, we <u>are</u> certainly onto something now, aren't we ?and that little something I expect shall score us a most handsome quota of points and thus get our asses out of this here place pronto!!....

MOZART gets up and goes outside. BEETHOVEN returns to sit on the couch. After a moment we hear a scream coming from outside which is the exasperation of MOZART. Then we hear MOZART outside calling MORRISON and MARLEY. MOZART (O.S.) (shouting, as if calling two dogs) MAR-LEY!...MORR-I-SON!...Where <u>are</u> you ? We've got some big points coming our way boys !...so do come now please will you - I beg of you!....MAR-LEY!...MORR-I-SON... oh do please come now would you ?!....MAR-LEY!...MORR-I-SON!....

There is a pause and then MOZART comes back inside and goes back to sit at the piano. He resignedly rests his head on the piano.

BEETHOVEN

Oh, grow up MOZART - I mean <u>really</u>what in truth do you honestly expect ?....I mean..<u>you</u> know, and <u>I</u> know, that's it been this way since "day one", hasn't it ?

LENNON

(to BEETHOVEN) Hmm, that's just a little bit rich coming from you, isn't it ? - I mean, aren't you the one who's always going for extremely long, slow walks in the park, thereby delaying the rest of us for hours upon end ?.....

BEETHOVEN leans back on the couch and closes his eyes, ignoring things.

LENNON Well that worked nicely - Ha !...<u>that</u>'s shut you up well and good now, hasn't it just ?!

HENDRIX suddenly perks up and has an idea.

HENDRIX

...Well I got me a groovy idea for the meanwhile...and the meanwhile is just as important as any other time, if you dig what I'm saying.... HENDRIX gets up and goes to get some red wine from the decanter. He then goes to the keyboard (synth). He fiddles with a few buttons and then tries out the sound he's accessed. It is a very realistic sample of an electric guitar, with overdrive, thick, like a HENDRIX type sound.

> HENDRIX (to MOZART) Amadeus !

MOZART (still resting head on piano) What is it now ?

HENDRIX Your divine presence is immediately requested in the synthesizer area...

MOZART I'm not in the mood anymore.

HENDRIX plays another lick on the keyboard and we hear the electric guitar sound again. MOZART turns his head to look at HENDRIX and then slowly gets up and goes to the keyboard. LENNON continues arranging the chess pieces on the board, then starts playing the two sides against each other for his own amusement.

> BEETHOVEN (sarcastically, still with eyes closed) I can hardly wait...

HENDRIX (to MOZART) Okay...you just invent a theme or lick or whatever and I'll do something over that, you dig ?

MOZART (unconvincingly) Alright, let's give it a try then....

MOZART starts playing a line with the electric guitar sound. HENDRIX returns to his seat and picks up his guitar and starts playing a counter-line to what MOZART plays. One of MARLEY's joints is lying on the coffee table with a lighter and BEETHOVEN takes these both, then gets up in a huff and storms outside. Only HENDRIX notices this. LENNON suddenly realizes he can sing what he just said and improvises with this idea, singing along with HENDRIX and MOZART.

LENNON (singing) Three down, three to go....how long it's gonna be, we'll never know...you see it's three down and three to go, while the winds of change are blowing slow....blowing slow....blowing slow....blowing slow...

HENDRIX (while still playing, singing back to LENNON) And BEETHOVEN's gone to <u>have</u> a toke...

LENNON (spoken) You pulling my leg ?....

HENDRIX (singing) I <u>just</u> saw him leave with <u>MAR</u>LEY's spliff...

This continues another minute and then HENDRIX and MOZART effect an ending. LENNON applauds them enthusiastically. HENDRIX puts his guitar down and leans back on his seat. MOZART goes to sit at the table with LENNON.

LENNON Bravo guys!....By the way JIMI, did I hear you say something about LUDWIG having a toke ?

HENDRIX (rhythmically) <u>Saw</u> it with these eyes and I <u>tell</u> no lie.

LENNON (grinning) Well, this certainly rates as a turn up for the books eh fellas ?..I'm off to have a peek right away.... LENNON gets up and goes outside. MOZART puts the chess pieces back so they're ready for a new game.

MOZART (calling to HENDRIX) Fancy a game Mister H ?

HENDRIX (after a moments deliberation) Okay - Yeah..why not.

HENDRIX goes over and sits in the chair which LENNON just vacated.

MOZART You may begin, Mister H.

HENDRIX

....Okay, thanks....

HENDRIX makes his first move, and they start to play chess in silence. After about 20 seconds HENDRIX speaks. MOZART makes his first move.

HENDRIX

The thing that's going through my mind right now is this: why's it the six of us that they've picked to do this thing ?

MOZART

Your move.

HENDRIX thinks a bit, then makes his move.

MOZART

Your guess is as good as mine, Mister H. I mean I would never say it's been that bad, in fact it would be a lie to deny that we've had some truly inspired times here,but oh <u>so</u> much of it has turned out to be much too tricky for my liking....I mean what on earth <u>is</u> going on ?, <u>you</u> tell me...I mean, do you have <u>any</u> idea at all, my dear HENDRIX ?

HENDRIX

What's goin' on has been nothin' more than part of the golden ray of sharp sunlight that lives in us all and shines between us all - but <u>only</u>, and I repeat, <u>only</u> when we completely want it to....

MOZART (digesting this interesting idea) Hmm...yes..well I suppose - yes... that does make some kind of sense ...hmm...yes...I mean...the power of the divine... which transcends <u>all</u> petty disagreements and all surface distractions absolutely....and thus that would then be much of the lesson we are being taught here through this very experience.

LENNON walks back in, followed by BEETHOVEN. HENDRIX and MOZART continue to play chess.

MOZART (faceitiously) Look what the cat dragged back in...

LENNON

(to HENDRIX) You know you've taken my chair JIMI, don't you ?

HENDRIX is concentrating on the chess and doesn't react.

LENNON Okay, <u>no</u> problem, no problem, not a train smash at all....I think I'll just go and sit on <u>your</u> special chair then...

LENNON goes to sit down on the love seat which is usually occupied by HENDRIX. He picks up the music magazine that is there and starts reading it. BEETHOVEN goes to sit at the piano and starts noodling with a few ideas. He looks more relaxed now and smiles to himself as he plays with ideas.

> LENNON (to BEETHOVEN) Feeling good and cool there at the piano, Uncle B ?

BEETHOVEN continues his fun, ignoring LENNON.

LENNON

...I'll take that as a yes.

There is a pause and MOZART suddenly muses to himself.

MOZART

...I wonder what it is that MARLEY and MORRISON are up to ?....

BEETHOVEN

If you ask me, it's a complete "no brainer"....as usual they're at the "Heavenly artists cafe"...most likely trying to pick up women

MOZART

Oh no, most certainly <u>un</u>true in the case of our very own Rastaman, he's most likely just trying to work out how best to try and pacify JIM...

LENNON

Nope - both of you are wrong, actually - ...as far as BOB's concerned it's definitely that he's gone to get some new stuff...and I know this cos he told me he was gonna do that today....

MOZART

Well, what can you say but that it's all purely academic, I mean as long as there's always one or two of us missing, it's only going to take us longer and longer to get ourselves out of this decidedly odd place....

MOZART and HENDRIX continue their chess game and BEETHOVEN continues his fun with ideas at the piano.

LENNON

(sarcastically) Aha - well great, thanks a lot for reminding us yet again of that most blatantly obvious fact.

LENNON

Hmm, and what makes you think my fine Sir that we're not al<u>ready</u> in the serious shit right now then ?

MOZART

I don't know, but my gut feeling says that there's probably somewhat <u>more</u> leeway than what we imagine there to be...

We hear MARLEY singing offstage. He is gradually arriving. He sings his song "One love". BEETHOVEN stops noodling and rests his head on the piano.

LENNON

Ah...well that's <u>one</u> back at least...and perhaps he's brought the other one with him too....

MOZART

I wouldn't have your hopes up too high now, the last time our JIM had one of his spats with Miss Pamela, we didn't see him for <u>days</u> upon end, remember ?....

MARLEY walks in alone, singing his song. He sits down on the couch and stops singing.

LENNON (to MARLEY) Did you come right, BOB ?

MARLEY No problem, no problem JOHN. It be only de negative forces of Babylon dat be de problem, you understand ?....

LENNON (to MARLEY) Where's JIM ? MARLEY (points to HENDRIX) Deer be JIM who try his luck at chess against de wonderboy...

LENNON Oh no sorry, I mean the <u>other</u> JIM.

MARLEY

(shakes his head) Oh no, no, have no seen dat one, JIM MORRISON...but when he in dat kind of mood den he be always at de bar drinking.

LENNON Yup...well that certainly makes sense, he's probably drowning his sorrows right <u>now</u>.

LENNON starts reading the magazine again. HENDRIX and MOZART continue to play chess.

LENNON (to MARLEY, with a grin) I'll let you into a little secret "Robbie"....we caught LUDWIG having some of your herb outside, what d'you think of <u>that</u> then ?

MARLEY (smiles, to BEETHOVEN) Is it true den mon ?

BEETHOVEN at first doesn't react but then slowly stands up.

BEETHOVEN I think I'm going to lie down on the grass <u>out</u>side....

BEETHOVEN walks outside.

MARLEY

(a bit amused) Ha,...dat do be righteous. And so perhaps deer exist some <u>real</u> hope for de great composer,....

MOZART

(to MARLEY)

What ?Just because LUDWIG partook of some of the herb, as you call it, you actually believe that makes him "righteous" do you ? ... and by the way, he's not the <u>only</u> great composer around here, you know....

A pause as everyone thinks for a few moments.

MARLEY

De herb be a sacrament.....

MOZART

A sacrament ?....but what do you mean by that ?

MARLEY

(to MOZART))

I mean it be de sacred herb for all of mankind....so why den you never try some ?

MOZART

Oh come come Mister MARLEY. Really! - I mean <u>really</u> ! - Do you honestly think a composer of <u>my</u> esteemed stature would actually risk his very own brain to such a narcotic, I mean do you really think I'd want to negate my abilities that way ?

MARLEY

(after a moments consideration) How you know of such tings when you never even tried ?I mean, how you judge when you never had de experience ?

HENDRIX

(agreeing with MARLEY) A-ha...Mmm, yeah....A-<u>ha</u>...

MOZART

(continuing his argument)
Look, at the end of the day, what's
it all about but free will, if
nothing else ? I mean, right or
wrong, we are all free to choose or
not choose what we wish...and that's
exactly what makes this whole damn
thing so excrutiatingly fascinating,
don't you think ?....

LENNON

(looking up from his magazine) Yup..I agree, especially when you're alive down there on earth, you haven't a clue as to how much power is involved in the decisions you make or don't make....

MOZART

And yet here we all are thrown together, despite the fact our experiences have been so ridiculously different....what can you say but that it's some mindfuck!...

LENNON

Hear hear.

MARLEY It be crucial dat we all be together and no' apart....

After a few moments pause, HENDRIX suddenly feels inspired by the idea of togetherness and starts singing the chorus of LENNON's song "Come Together".

> HENDRIX (singing) Come together...right now...over me.....

LENNON puts down the magazine. MARLEY and LENNON join in to repeat the chorus.

HENDRIX, MARLEY, LENNON (singing) Come together....right now...over me..... MOZART starts singing the bass-line-riff which starts the song, and LENNON gets the idea of singing the first verse over that.

LENNON (singing) Here come old <u>flat</u>top he come <u>groo</u>ving up slowly He got <u>joo</u>-joo eyeball he one <u>holy</u> roller he got <u>hair</u> down to his knee <u>got</u> to be a joker he just do what he please

MOZART and HENDRIX stop playing chess. HENDRIX gets up and goes to his seat to get his guitar. He starts playing along to the tune standing near his normal seat. MARLEY, HENDRIX and MOZART join in singing the chorus (repeating three times) with LENNON.

> HENDRIX, MARLEY, LENNON, MOZART (singing) Come together...right now...over me.....Come together...right now...over me.....Come together...right now...over me.....

As this is happening, BEETHOVEN enters a little tipsy, grinning, and is followed by MORRISON who is smiling and holding a third-full bottle of Jack Daniels. HENDRIX stops playing. The others stop singing. HENDRIX puts down his guitar and returns to his chair at the table. He looks back at the chess board and he and MOZART continue to play.

> LENNON (to MORRISON) Glad to see that smile on your face again JIM.

MORRISON (grinning, teasing LENNON) Oh fuck off !! BEETHOVEN relaxedly and contentedly lies down on the cushions on the Persian rug. MORRISON goes to the drinks cabinet to get a glass and ice, into which he pours some of his Jack Daniels. He sets the Jack Daniels bottle down on the counter. He drinks and leans against the counter. LENNON gets up and goes to the drinks cabinet to pour himself a drink. He pours a shot from MORRISON's bottle of Jack Daniels straight into a glass without ice. HENDRIX gets up and returns to his love seat, just vacated by LENNON. LENNON notices this and so goes to sit at the chair at the table just vacated by HENDRIX.

> MOZART (to HENDRIX) What about our game ?

HENDRIX It's not important anymore.....

MOZART

(indicating a very small distance with two of his fingers) You're just saying that because you were this close to losing.

HENDRIX Okay, I know.... know....

BEETHOVEN

(suddenly from his prone position lying on the cushions) Personally I would never feel any shame in succumbing to the master himself...in fact I should only view it as a most distinct honour.

LENNON

You're only saying that cos you've never beaten him.

BEETHOVEN

I do not in truth believe that anyone shall ever have the beating of him, unless one day he finds himself badly indisposed due to a terrible illness or some such thing... (to BEETHOVEN) Hmm....And would that make you happy ?

BEETHOVEN (to MOZART) What do you mean ?

MOZART

I mean, would it bring you some strange, fleeting pleasure to hear that I was indisposed, as you put it ?

BEETHOVEN

My dearest MOZART, what is it in truth that you take me for, a soulless phantom perhaps that lives only to leech on the unsuspecting ?...Or even worse, a vampire which lives only to suck free your very life blood ?.....But oh no, no, and no again! ...I tell you my good man that <u>despite</u> appearances that may on occasion indicate quite the contrary to you, I feel <u>only</u> the deepest reverence for your divine gifts... and why it is that you have been created more as a child than as a man, I'll never understand....

MARLEY We always be children...

LENNON

Anyway folks, speaking of "children", it just occurred to me that for once we're actually <u>all</u> here together at the <u>same</u> time.

HENDRIX (philosophically and reflectively) Time.....is only relative...

BEETHOVEN Oh hush there would you ?... LENNON Okay - I'm going to play our newest challenge....once again, alright ?

And please don't fight it, cos we desperately need these points as soon as possible, okay ?So let's just get this silly thing out of the way, shall we ?....

LENNON picks up the remote and presses a button or two. The music takes up from where it was switched off in ACT ONE (page 13). We hear the music for THE DOORS song "Roadhouse blues". MORRISON goes to the Mic stand and sings his song into the microphone.

MORRISON

(singing)
"Oh keep your eyes on the road, your
hands upon the wheel - Oh keep your
eyes on the road, your hands upon
the wheel - we're going to a
roadhouse, we're gonna have a real good time..."

MOZART gets up and goes to the piano. He starts playing the bluesy classical accompaniment he was doing on the same tune in ACT ONE. HENDRIX picks up his guitar and starts playing his own type of riff to go with it. MARLEY gets up and moves to the second mic stand, next to MORRISON. After one stanza of the refrain, the groove changes to reggae. MARLEY and MORRISON sing the refrain in a reggae fashion.

> MARLEY, MORRISON (singing) Let it roll baby roll, Let it roll baby roll, Let it roll baby roll, let it roll...all night long

The music morphs into the music we heard that begun the song in ACT ONE (page 14). MORRISON goes to sit down on the couch, MARLEY goes back to sit on the couch next to MORRISON.

1: BEETHOVEN - a bass/cello intro in his style continuing through this piece

2: MOZART - a violin/viola addition in his style continuing through this piece

3: MARLEY - rhythm acoustic guitar in his style and sings words:

"We <u>all</u> so different - we <u>all</u> the same - it <u>so</u> so difficult to <u>play</u> the game - we <u>know</u> the chances - can <u>make</u> the problem - so we <u>sit</u> and wait here - till <u>we</u> be free"

"We <u>all</u> so different - we <u>all</u> the same - it <u>so</u> so difficult to <u>play</u> the game - we <u>know</u> the chances - can <u>make</u> the problem - so we sit and wait here - till we be free"

Everybody joins in singing the words with MARLEY, as if they are temporarily unified by this expression.

"We all so different - we all the same - it so so difficult - to <u>play</u> the game - we <u>know</u> the chances - can <u>make</u> the problem - so we sit and wait here - till we be free"

"We <u>all</u> so different - we <u>all</u> the same - it <u>so</u> so difficult to <u>play</u> the game - we <u>know</u> the chances - can <u>make</u> the problem - so we sit and wait here - till we be free"

4: HENDRIX - a burning guitar solo over the previous refrain.

This continues for a couple of minutes, then the curtain gradually closes on this scene, and then everybody stops singing, and the music fades out.