



# LAGUNATICS 2021 ©

## “Remaskered”

By

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Ella Wyatt, and The Masked Writer

# ACT I

**VACCINATED ACTORS**

(Fascinating Rhythm)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen

SOLO 1:

Got a couple actors some actors some actors

They're really going insane

So we're insistent they must be resistant

If they want back in the game

SOLO 2:

You do the right thing

The shot in the arm thing

We'll get you back to Broadway

SOLO 1:

So they all went to do it

SOLO 2:

Didn't cost a cent to do it

SOLO 1:

Now feast your eyes upon the stage

BOTH:

Vaccinated actors

We're here to do a show

Vaccinated actors

We're all a-quiver

No headaches or hacking

You're safe in the front row

So commence the clapping

We will deliver

SOLO 1:

Rehearsing all masked up can be fun

SOLO 2:

Take 'em off an' you'll be coughin'

SOLO 1:

With steps to dance and notes to be sung

BOTH:

We know your heart goes pitter patter

With ev'ry silly song

Laughing really matters.

We'll make you happy.

Eighteen months or so off?

That's way too stinkin' long!

Had nowhere we could show off

Or dress up snappy!

SOLO 1:

Oh how we long to make you laugh until you pee

BOTH:

Vaccinated actors

So won't you start clappin' for me

OTHERS:

(and me, and me, and me)

SOLO 1:

Vaccinated actors

ADD CHORUS:

Vaccinated actors

SOLO 1:

Vaccinated actors

GROUP 1:

Vaccinated actors

SOLO 1:

Here to do a show

GROUP 1:

Here to do a show

ALL:

Vaccinated actors

Here to do a show

Do a show

Do a show

Show show show show Go!

GROUP 2:

Vaccinated actors here to do a show woo hoo

GROUP 1:

Vaccinated actors here to do a show woo hoo)

GROUP 2:

We're vaccinated

We've got those vaccinated actors

We've got those vaccinated actors

GROUP 1:

Those vaccinated actors

We've got those vaccinated actors

We're vaccinated

ALL:

Vaccinated actors we're actors we're actors

Vaccinated actors we're actors we're actors

Vaccinated actors here to do a show

Show show show show go!

—DANCE BREAK—

ALL:

Vaccinated actors we're actors we're actors

Vaccinated actors we're actors we're actors

Vaccinated actors we're actors we're actors

Singing

Dancing

Make like you're a tapper

And try to sing along

Tickle your grey matter

Don't be unhappy

Why not turn your phone off

You're right where you belong

Really. Turn your phone off

And make it snappy

SOLO 1:

Oh how we long to make you laugh until you pee

ALL:

Vaccinated actors

So won't you start clapping' for me

Here in Laguna

Here in Laguna

Here in Laguna Beach

**INTRO** (Bree & Paul)

B

Good evening and welcome back to Lagunatics...LIVE!

P

And 'remaskered'.

B

I'm Bree. Founding Artistic Director, and many co-things.

P

I'm Paul. Videographer, choreographer, and those same co-things.

B

Though it's been another unsettling year on the germ front, it hasn't been all toilet paper and take out. We've got a lot to be grateful for in 2021: We've got vaccines, the kids are back in school, there's a new season of Ted Lasso, California isn't currently on fire, and we're back to normal on a lot of things...even parking.

P

The lack of parking. Very normal. Yet even this seeming constant has taken on new bite this year.

B

The city of Laguna Beach—

P

Which has done a stellar job responding to most of the madness

B

—allowed restaurants to expand outdoor seating onto our sidewalks, alleys, streets, and yes (shudder) the parking spots. Now that businesses are open again, that's causing a bit of a kerfluffle.

P

What's good for the restaurant may not be so good for the news stand. Add to that the odd quest for "parklets" around here, which have nothing to do with parking by the way—

B

As well as a Village Entrance designed for feet and bikes instead of cars? It's just more frustration we must endure in these—

Narration 12.11.21 P1

P

Remaskered times.

B

Yes. Re-mask-ered. Paul invented that word.

P

Perfect, right? Right?!

B

He's very proud.

P

So are you.

This is the 29th annual, live, musical bitch-fest—

B

Bitch-fest?! Roast of the Coast.

P

Alright, but 29 years! And all designed to tickle your funny bone and remind you that even the most frustrating, annoying, and distressing things can be made better when shared with others. Like not being able to—

B

Drink with a mask on?

What's annoying you, my friend:

Audience:

B

And you?

Audience:

P

And you?

Okay. So we've got parking, (audience answers)...

B

A personal favorite: The noise coming from our former tennis courts. I'm sure you've all heard of Pickle Ball. But have you heard A pickle ball? Or 40 of them? At 7:00 AM? It's enough to make you want to write a song about it.

**SOMEWHERE**

(Somewhere)

Parody by BRIDGET ENGLISH

TONY

Guess we could park here, it's not really near to our place

(shakes head no)

Too far away I'll drive on and you look for a space

MARIA

Somewhere there must be a place we can park for free.

So many restaurants taking up spots on this street

(Maria continues Spoken)

(Agh)I can't believe this.. How many spots do they need just so tourists can smell the ocean breeze" (sarcastically) dinner, with a side of car fumes...

(huffs then starts singing)

There's no space for us, no where a space for us

TONY

Please keep looking, (Points)

What's over there?

MARIA

That's a driveway, dear

We've no time for this

TONY

It's always hit or miss

We had time, in fact time to spare

But your clothes

Then your hair

MARIA

Tony!

TONY

Maria!

MARIA

Beauty like this needs its own time

TONY

If we were parked it would be fine.

(Maria scoffs)

TONY

Sorry  
There's a space for us  
We'll find a space for us  
Restaurant parklets need open air

MARIA  
Please just park Somewhere

MARIA  
Parking spots are gone  
And parking lots are gone  
Village Entrance got us nowhere

TONY what?  
Safely walk, (to) Art-A-Fair  
Safety!

MARIA  
Parking!

TONY  
Maybe we should have just walked here

MARIA  
That would be seventeen blocks dear  
(points to shoes)

BOTH  
Stilettos

BOTH  
There's a space for us  
Somewhere a space for us

TONY  
What's that sign say?

MARIA  
Paid Parking Here

BOTH  
Twenty bucks and we're sort of near  
Oh wow  
No way  
We're here!

Maria (spoken) great, the show's over

**I CAN HEAR THE BALLS**

(I Can Hear the Bells)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen

GRACE:

I can hear the balls

(groan) And just look at the time

Can't she let me sleep in!?

YVONNE:

We'll be back by 9:00

GRACE:

It's all because she (said)

YVONNE:

Join me

GRACE:

I looked at her and stared

YVONNE:

Come on, join me

GRACE:

(I'm) completely unprepared

Then she trapped me and put shoes on my feet

YVONNE:

Time with my daughter, my life's complete

GRACE:

But mom, I'm 16

YVONNE:

The youngest in our league

GRACE:

Then it hit me

GRACE & YVONNE:

It's too much to believe

Yes, it's awful/awesome

GRACE:

I know what this is about

My mom's obsession, it freaks me out and

GRACE & YVONNE:

I can hear the balls

GRACE:

Old people grinning

GRACE & YVONNE:

I can hear the balls

YVONNE:

Wait 'til we're winning

Everybody says we look cute in matching gear

GRACE:

Doubles with my mom is my worst fear but

ALL:

I can hear the balls

GRACE & YVONNE:

Just hear them thwacking

ALL:

I can hear the balls

GRACE & YVONNE:

Those big paddles smacking

GRACE:

I'd rather be at home

Or go jogging... alone, 'stead of missing

Ouch!

All these stinking'

GRACE & YVONNE:

Balls.

OTHERS:

Aah....

YVONNE & OTHERS:

Game one

GRACE:

The part I really hate

We lost

YVONNE & OTHERS:

Game two

YVONNE:

Baby, you're doing great

GRACE & YVONNE:

Because

ALL:

Game three

GRACE:

When my mother serves an ace

Ok. That was cool.

YVONNE:

Yes!!

GRACE:

Just look at her face. Aww

YVONNE & OTHERS:  
Game four

GRACE:  
I'm using my forehand and then

YVONNE & OTHERS:  
Game five

YVONNE:  
You should try your backhand so by  
ALL:  
Game six

GRACE:  
I admit to my surprise

GRACE & YVONNE:  
These pickle ball champions  
ALL:  
Take the prize and

I can hear the balls

YVONNE: (to other opponents)  
Oh stop your bitchin'

ALL:  
I can hear the balls

GRACE: (gloating)  
Dink Shot in the Kitchen

GRACE & YVONNE:  
Everybody says that I've got a killer spin (shared look)

YVONNE:  
That's Put Away

GRACE & YVONNE:  
That's how we killed them Hah!

ALL:  
I can hear the balls

GRACE:  
I don't get the scoring

ALL:  
I can hear the balls

YVONNE:  
(beat) I don't get the scoring

GRACE:

Then my mother hits a drive  
Can you believe it? So do I!

GRACE & YVONNE:

Then we rally  
Listen, I can hear the balls

OTHERS:

Aah.....

ALL:

I can hear the balls

YVONNE:

That's called "falafel"

ALL:

I can hear the balls

GRACE:

That guy is plain awful

OTHERS:

Aah....

GRACE & YVONNE:

Everyone we play can see how well we compete  
And we know that it's true.  
No we

ALL:

Can't be beat (hitting paddles) yeah!

I can hear the balls

YVONNE:

That's SO Volley Llama

ALL:

I can hear the balls

GRACE:

She's my

GRACE & YVONNE: (whack paddles)  
Pickle Ball Mamma!

OTHERS:

Ooh....

GRACE & YVONNE:

And we'll never lose  
We'll be back next Saturday  
And practice Monday, Tuesday, oh hell.

ALL:

Ev'ryday

YVONNE & GRACE:

We both will shed a tear  
Cause we're picklers.  
And we're undefeated!

OTHERS:

Both

Pick  
'Feated

Listen, I can hear the balls  
I can hear the balls  
We can hear the balls

I can hear the balls  
I can hear the balls  
Ah ah ah ah!

## INTRO

McKay:

Hello, I'm McKay. I'm sooo happy to see all of you. Well, not all of you. (Indicating masks) Most of you. Remaskered.

Are you happy to be here? As we sing and dance our way through our many roastable topics, all for your live theatre enjoyment?

What did you think of that crazy car Emma and Rob were driving? Brigitte made it. She's incredible, isn't she? (Clapping) In the video, they're driving Marc's convertible. Which Brigitte did not make. Even she has her limits.

Video taping Lagunatics is very odd. We learned a lot from the vertical learning curve of 2020. But we always aim to be wildly silly. Especially with location stuff. The Pickle Ball cast did some of their number up on the courts at Alta Laguna Park. Fully costumed to the delight of the local ballers who were, well, a ball. But not everyone is feeling so friendly these days. We are sadly inundated with the over-all crankiness of people all over the place. That's topic that definitely needs to be roasted and served up with some remaskered ridiculousness. We have just the woman to do it, too. Our Music Director, Roxanna!

How about a bit of bitching about all these shots we're getting? Okay. I'm not bitching. I'm thrilled to be vaccinated, but they are, well, shots.

So shots, cranky people, pickle ball, parking...certainly subjects not unique to Laguna Beach, but some very strange, very roastable things are. Hence 29 years of material.

Our next number is pure Laguna Beach. It's about a very old, precariously branched tree in front of City Hall. We've had lots of fun with this topic over the years: Should the pepper tree be cut down? Save the pepper tree! In 2017... (Singing) And I am telling you, I'm not going

Of course the pepper tree was cut down. We have a piece of it right there...but the remaining stump downtown sprouted 2019...

(Singing) I am not dead yet...

Through it all, only one man has been able to aptly portray this distinctive, Laguna oddity. I give you, Eric.

**I AM ALIVE**

(I Will Survive)

Parody by Rebecca M. Lyles

At first I was scared I'd be petrified  
Like some museum relic people looked at when I died  
But then I spent so many weeks [and] months just listenin' to you  
As you de[bated]  
And I knew what I had to do  
So now you're back  
With Christmas lights  
You should have known that I'd still be here after all your silly fights  
I should have dropped a heavy branch  
On someone's City Council head  
Oh what's the difference, after all of this, if one of us is dead?

So just go on, walk right on by  
Don't turn around now  
I'm giving you the evil eye  
Weren't you the one who voted I should be cut down  
Did you think I'd take it  
Like all the people in this town?

Oh not this tree, I'm still alive  
Despite your City Hall pontificating  
I won't take a dive  
I've got all my roots and trunk  
And although I have clearly shrunk  
I'm still alive  
I'm still alive, hey, hey

How I watched you every day as you came and went  
And, yes, I knew you sat there, plotting my dismemberment  
And I spent oh-so many days and nights just planning my revenge  
What could I do?  
But now I have a plan for you,

And so you see,  
I'm by the door  
You have to see me every day, someone you can't ignore.  
And so you felt like showing up to string your lights all over me?  
Well, I don't have to be your willing tacky Christmas amputee

I dare you, go, walk through the door  
Not ever dreaming  
That I might even up the score  
I look so pretty, come on over for a touch  
Do you think I'd shock you?  
Did you know I could do that much?

Oh yes, this tree, I'm now a bush  
And the City Council tried, but they just knocked me on my tush  
I've got leaves and I've got sap  
And I have taken all your crap but I'm alive  
Oh I'm alive

So come on by, to City Hall,  
Do you remember  
When I was graceful and so tall?  
You City Council folks, you thought you knew me well,  
But I can tell you  
I am now the shrubbery from hell

Oh yes, this bush, I am alive,  
And I'm lurking here right by the door on Forest, 505  
I could give you a disease  
Or I could host a swarm of bees, 'cause I'm alive  
Yes, I'm alive  
Yes, I'm alive

[Buwahahaha....]

**BOOSTERS**

(Sisters)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen

Boosters, boosters  
Now we gotta go and get our boosters  
Never gonna hear us bitch or moan, no sir  
Shots over sickness we prefer  
Gleesome threesome  
I'm excited to be gettin' me some  
When a certain variant began to roam  
She wore a mask but we stayed home

Vaccine successes  
Relieve our stresses  
But we thought that we were done  
We're not complaining  
Because we're gaining  
Enhanced viral protection (Such fun)

Needle owies  
Are much better than obituaries (force rhyme)  
Worrying won't help us but we know that three pokes can  
We hope that you sir  
Will go treat yourself to a booster  
Cause lord knows a booster beats any horse de-worming scam

(Slap break)

Vaccine successes  
Relieve our stresses  
But we thought that we were done  
We're not complaining  
Because we're gaining  
Enhanced viral protection. Oh Yeah! (High five)

Needle owies  
Are much better than obituaries  
Worrying won't help us but we know that three pokes can  
Go get a booster  
A proven immunity booster  
Cause lord knows a booster  
beats any horse de-worming scam!  
No scam!

LAGUNATICS 2021

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**p.19**

PEOPLE  
Ward

Parody by Lisa Koch & Roxanna

LIVE shows only

**INTRO**

Sophia

Thank you, Miss Roxanna Ward! I met Roxanna on my virgin venture into No Square Theatre. I played the role of psycho stalker Lenora, in Cry-Baby, last August. It was the first live theatre in town since March 2020. It felt goooooood. There is something everyone here knows right to the center of our hearts: Nothing compares to the shared experience of live theatre. We are very grateful to be back.

We're also grateful to Bushard's Pharmacy for letting us video some of the Boosters number at their satellite location on Broadway. Which is a great place to get your booster. They have those really cute bandaids too, which they shared with us, for our opening number.

Of course, in these remaskered times, even vaccinated actors, or vaccinated corporate vice presidents, elementary school teachers, students, or event planners aren't always comfortable being on location...for anything. Personally, I'm still much happier with delivery then dine in. But V.P. Rob, teacher Kristen, student Justin, and event planner Emma are going to share some particularly harmonious thoughts on going out these days. Not going out on location, or going out to dinner. Going out on dates. What do you suppose is more difficult? Being locked up for months alone, or being locked up for months with your spouse?

Of course, dating has never been easy. Still, remember when first base was kissing? Now it's taking off your mask...after you get within 6 feet of one another.

Again, that's not a purely 'roast of the coast' topic. People are dating, or not, all over the world. This next one isn't just in Laguna either.

It says here that Sarasota, Florida did it first. But hey! Laguna Beach does it better. After the rowdy controversy over the new paint jobs on Laguna Beach police vehicles, the department moved on to something a lot less contentious. In the on-going effort to keep drivers from whipping around corners or jetting the straightaways, a particularly sneaky plan has been implemented. Have you seen them around town? More importantly, did you slow down when you did?

**POLICE? MAYBE NOT.**

(Feliz Navidad)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen

Inspired by Carrie Reynolds

Da da dum....

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

You see police you might obey the law.

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

You see police you might obey the law.

When we resort to prevarication  
We're fightin' crime sittin' at the station  
And it could spare you incarceration  
Empty squad cars play their part  
Your paranoia and preconceptions  
They have inspired our deceptions  
For cost effective, fun protections  
Empty squad cars play their part

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

You see police you might obey the law.

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

Police? Maybe not.

You see police you might obey the law.

When we pretend to be a lots of places  
While taking up precious parking spaces  
We hope it stops all those high speed chases  
Empty squad cars play their part  
We've got these cars and no place to store them  
Painted so loudly you can't ignore them  
Will you speed up or slow down for them  
Empty squad cars play their part  
Are you really sure that car is empty?

**I'LL BE ZOOMING YOU**

(I'll Be Seeing You)

Parody by Rebecca M. Lyles

EMMA:

I used to have a closet Full of tailored suits  
So office-chic and stylish with Italian boots  
Oh how could I degenerate  
To baggy sweats for our computer date?  
Our computer date

ALL:

I'll be Zooming you Until this stupid virus passes  
We're just sitting on our asses, Me and you  
Now and then you freeze  
We curse this damn disease  
We vent, commiserate,

EMMA:

We wonder who

ALL:

Won't vaccinate?

JUSTIN & ALL:

I'll be Zooming through  
The fall and winter if I must  
It's hard to know – who can you trust?  
My doubt is stronger than my lust ...

EMMA & ALL:

I find you quite attractive, but  
There'll be no rendezvous  
I'll be looking at the screen

EMMA:

And I'll be Zooming you.

JUSTIN & ALL:

I'll be Zooming through The fall and winter if I must  
It's hard to know – who can you trust?  
My doubt is stronger than my lust ...

EMMA & ALL:

If you think I'm too cautious, then I'll have to say "adieu"  
But I want to stay alive

EMMA:

So I'll be Zooming ... You

## INTRO

### Juliet

Beautiful. And stupid. Two things I really love about this show.

Good evening ladies and germs! I'm Juliet. If you don't recognize me, shame on you. I've been doing shows here for a while. I was the murderous star of Chicago, did loads of sold out weekends of my one-woman show My Midlife Cabaret, and I joined the cast of Lagunatics 2 years ago. It's my therapy.

Everyone could use some these days. We've had too much time alone, locked up, in front of a screen, or wine glass. So that's a list of stuff we need to sing about. How many of you upped your meds or vodka intake watching our politicians go a little nuts lately?

How many of you have itty bitty anxiety attacks simply going out to get your mail? Yeah. Even the front door has become an obstacle to adventure. I for one find it very very difficult to give up my sweats and slippers, even while I am craving my stage time. Or screen time. But I'm a professional actress, so my screen time comes with the job, and a paycheck.

I'm guessing, for most of you, screen time involves bingeing and trying not to spill your adult beverage on the remote.

We'll get to that, followed by a nice long intermission to power down some of our delish Rodney Strong wines or Noah's signature cocktails...but first, this little ditty composed by Richard Rodgers, with a message about personal behavior...

A little scolding, a little pleading, a little cuckoo.

**CUCKOO**

(So Long, Farewell)

Parody by Bridget English

**GROUP 1**

There's a sad sort of cycle going round in the world and we're fed up and mad  
we're through. To state it more clearly the absurd little word is all of this is just  
cuckoo.

**GROUP 2**

Cuckoo, cuckoo...

Regretfully they tell us, we've gotten overzealous A bit insane

**ALL**

Cuckoo

So long, farewell, bipartisan decisions

**SOLO 1**

We're red, we're blue, we're holding firm positions

**ALL**

So long, farewell, to things we used to do

**SOLO 2**

Achew, Achew, Achew, Achew, Achew

**ALL**

So long, farewell, to anything we've gained

**SOLO 3**

Our politicians all should be ashamed

**ALL**

So long, farewell to watching news that matters

**SOLO 4**

I grieve and heave a sigh to those mad hatters Goodbye!

**SOLO 5**

The gov-er-nors, they do not even try

They flit, they float, they need to go bye bye

**SOLO 6**

The fun has gone and we can't justify

So long, farewell, let's stop the battle cry

Let's try,

**ADD MORE**

Let's try

**ALL**

Let's try,

We'll try

**INTO THE UNKNOWN**

(Into the Unknown)

Parody by Ella Wyatt

Into the unknown  
Into the unknown  
Into the unknown (Oh)

I should leave here, but I don't  
I can't remember just how to cope  
There's a thousand reasons I should go outside today  
But I can't remember social rules I must obey, oh  
Whoa

My pants don't fit, from eating sourdough all year  
And if I wear heels, which I won't, I'll fall right down I fear  
It has been so long since I have left these hallowed halls  
I'm sorry, ev'rybody, for the upcoming faux pas  
The year's almost over, [it'll] be twenty twenty-two  
So I know that this is something that I have to do

Into the unknown  
Into the unknown  
Into the unknown (Oh) (Oh)

Can't even sleep. Anxiety keeps me awake.  
Social norms I've forgotten, bound to make a big mistake.  
I know there's others out there, who are feeling just like me?  
Not quite ready to rejoin society  
This year and a half's been torture, I've been living life in woe  
I got my vaccine so now it's time to go

Into the unknown  
Into the unknown  
Into the unknown (Oh) (Oh)  
Whoa

Do we shake hands?  
This is so new.  
Wear a face mask?  
Can I hug you?

ooh  
(Ah) ooh  
(Ah) ooh  
(Ah) ooh  
(Ah) ooh  
(Ah) ooh

Glad to be outside, I've been so alone  
I'm so glad I left home  
Into the unknown?  
Woo!

**NETFLIX AND WINE**

(Dancing Through Life)

Parody by PAUL NYGRO

## MR NETFLIX

The troubling thing is  
While navigating through a pandemic  
Is figuring out  
Just how to spend your time  
You should prob'ly start a new hobby  
Or lobby  
For vaccines that make you less sick  
But it's hard to decide  
When all of us are compromised in-side

Netflix and wine  
Is your salvation  
Curing the nation's blue-es  
Try a pinot  
As your vino  
Grab the remote  
Then begin streaming

Netflix and wine  
See when to tune in  
(To) what we're all viewin' (from) episode one  
Tiger King was  
The 2020 thing cuz  
Big cat crime  
Couldn't be outdone

(SPOKEN – random family members TBD)  
Oh my god I loved that one!/Me too!/Loved it!

## MR NETFLIX

Netflix and wine  
When you're not sleeping  
Best to be keeping juiced  
Why not malbec  
As you fall back  
Into the dark  
While you watch Ozark

Netflix and wine  
Mindless and numbing  
Collectively dumbing  
All of our minds  
So they're begging  
You'll be choosing  
To get boosting

Vaccines (pronounced with hard 'eye' to rhyme with 'minds')

(SPOKEN)

WIFE 1

Did you just say vacc-eyens?

MR NETFLIX

Yup

WIFE 1

(a bit tipsy)

Works for me!

MR NETFLIX

I know right? Rhyme schmime. What really matters is... what are you watching!!!

(SUNG)

GAY HUSBAND 1

Outer Banks is the one to watch now

I think it's starting to trend

Pairs best with a blend

Oh, it's binge-able stuff

(Though the) acting is rou-ou-ough

WIFE 1

Dead To Me is the better choice now

So much more mature

One view and you are lured in

MR NETFLIX

Netflix and wine

3 FAMILIES

In for the night here

MR NETFLIX

With Game Of Thrones right here

And cold chardonnay

3 FAMILIES

Doesn't matter

That we're all getting fatter

MR NETFLIX

That's just life

ALL

Life

MR NETFLIX

So keep bingeing through

(SPOKEN)

WIFE 2

Mr. Netflix, um do you have something for me?

MR NETFLIX

Oh yes? I'm right here, waiting, every night.

WIFE 2

Thanks, that's so kind, but you know what's funny?

(SUNG)

See, that show Game Of Thrones you just said

Well, just so you know

It's on HBO

Though now it's called Max

(SPOKEN)

GAY HUSBAND 2

(drunk)

Them's the facts

MR NETFLIX

Relax!

(SUNG)

Think of it as a sound investment

A new service plan

For you to expand

(SPOKEN)

HUSBAND 2

Well maybe, but isn't that costly?

MR NETFLIX

Oh (name tbd), really?

You got your 3<sup>rd</sup> stimulus, right?

HUSBAND 3

I'd do anything to beat this boredom

WIFE 2

True!

WIFE 3

I just crocheted car covers... for the entire neighborhood. So, yeah... sign me up and hand me a glass!

(SUNG)

MR NETFLIX

Now that you've got other options

3 FAMILIES

There's no need for interruptions

(SPOKEN)

MR NETFLIX

Chillax,  
with Hacks!

(SUNG)

3 FAMILIES

Now we know what is best for

MR NETFLIX

The safely sequestered

3 FAMILIES

Pour the champagne

(4<sup>th</sup> family husband and wife enter)

(SPOKEN)

HUSBAND 4

Oh honey, isn't it wonderful?

(SUNG)

At the first light of day over

A breakfast Cabernet

We'll start season one (of)

Sopranos or The Wire

WIFE 4

(or) maybe you could read a book

Learn a language, try to cook

HUSBAND 4

Are you crazy?

Can't you see

We're all trapped inside here

The variants keeping us down

It's just me and you here

(SPOKEN)

WIFE 4

Uh, you and me

HUSBAND 4

Please honey, I'm just starting Mare Of...

(SUNG)

Easttown

(2 older 'kids' enter)

(SPOKEN)

KID 1

Mom and Dad, listen (name tbd) and I were talking, and we want Hulu.

KID 2

Handmaid's Tale!!

WIFE 4

Wait, we already have Netflix and HBO Max. What more do you need to watch?!

(SUNG)

KID 1

There's Disney – Plus

KID 2

Amazon

You know, Prime

Let's see what's on

KID 1

CBS All Access

HUSBAND 4

And Paramount

Another – Plus

KIDS 1 & 2

We deserve more access

HUSBAND 4

Please Dear

MR NETFLIX

Pour a merlot and acquiesce

(DANCE BREAK)

(SPOKEN)

GAY HUSBAND 2

(drunk)

Listen, Netflix

MR NETFLIX

Yes?

(SUNG)

GAY HUSBAND 1

Mr. Netflix

There are some things that perplex us  
How do we, well  
Satisfy our different tastes

(SPOKEN – random inserts)  
Yeah/What he said/What can we do?

MR NETFLIX  
Now I have some great advice

(SPOKEN)  
WIFE 1  
Really? Please tell us!

MR NETFLIX  
I will  
(SUNG)  
Use an alternate device  
To watch things separately  
You've got them all, right?

(SPOKEN)  
WIFE 2  
Yes yes!

KID 1  
My iPhone!

HUSBAND 2  
My tablet!

(SUNG)  
ALL FAMILIES  
My God that is so brilliant!

HUSBAND 4  
Thank God we've got strong internet!

WIFE 4  
And we can join a wine club

HUSBAND 4  
Great idea, now we're in sync

WIFE 4  
And we'll eat with Grub Hub

HUSBAND 4  
Problem solved

(SPOKEN)  
GAY HUSBAND 2  
(drunk)  
You know what?  
Let's drink!

ALL  
Cheers!

(SUNG)  
MR NETFLIX  
Let's dri----nk

ALL FAMILIES  
Streaming with wine  
Watching our shows here  
And safely indoors here  
We're distancing fine  
(and) we're not driving  
We're truly just surviving

ALL  
With our Netflix (random voices – and Hulu/and Amazon Prime/and Disney Plus/and  
Paramount)

(SPOKEN)  
MR NETFLIX  
...and

(SUNG)  
ALL  
Wiiiiiiiiine!

# ACT II

**AT THE SHOPS**

(At the Hop)

Parody by Bridget English

Buy (buy) (buy) (buy)  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy)  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy)  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy) at the shops

Well, you can rock a sexy outfit  
Do a flip and then you strut it to the shops  
Yeah Laguna is a trendin'  
You're high fashion when you're spendin' at the shops  
See the top sensations that are sweepin' the nation at the shops

Well they were open they were shut-down  
Then re-opened hours cut down at the shops  
And though some they had a sign up  
And were tellin' us to line up at the shops  
(now) All who vaccinate can congregate at the shops  
Let's go

Let's go to the shops  
Let's go to the shops (oh baby)  
Let's go to the shops (oh baby)  
Let's go to the shops  
Come on, let's go to the shops

Shopped an' bought  
Shop 'til ya' drop  
Shopped an' bought  
Shop 'til ya' drop  
Shopped an' bought  
Shop 'til ya' drop  
Ah.....  
Shop 'til ya' drop

Well you can charge it, you can Zelle it  
'Cause they really need to sell it at the shops  
With the merchandise uh spinnin'  
The economy is winnin' when we shop  
And with these creations, we'll invoke flirtations jaws will drop

I can wear it, I can move it  
I can really start to groove it, I'll look hot  
Can I get a little help uh  
Either I gained weight or else the zipper's caught  
Guess I ate quite a bit, hope something fits in this shop  
Oh no

Shopped an' bought  
Shop 'til ya' drop  
Shopped an' bought  
Shop 'til ya' drop  
Shopped an' bought  
Shop 'til ya' drop  
Ah.....  
Shop 'til ya' drop

Find another shop (and quickly)  
Let's go find a shop (go quickly)  
Find another shop  
Let's go, find another shop  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy)  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy)  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy)  
Buy (buy) (buy) (buy) at the shops

**NEGATIVE**

(Positive)

Parody by Ella Wyatt

At top of song, we see a patient with their back to the audience getting swabbed by a nurse. They scream, and Elle starts to cry...

SWAB 1:

Honey whatcha cryin at?  
Don't be scared of doin' that  
You'll be done here in a snap  
Strike a selfie pose!  
(they take a selfie)

SWAB 2:

Wipe your tears, you won't be sick  
This is not a lib'ral trick  
Cheer-up, chin-up  
It's time to stick

SWABS:

A Q-tip up your nose  
Hope you're negative

SWAB 2:

We won't have to poke a vein

SWABS:

Hope you're negative

SWAB 1:

Just up your nostril and to your brain

SWAB 3:

If you want to take a flight

SWAB 2:

Broadway theatres for date night

SWABS:

You know we're right  
Test negative  
Swab her!

ELLA:

Yaagh!  
Girls, girls!  
I have heard too many times  
My friends said this made them cry

Anyway I'm vaccinated  
I think I'll just go.

SWAB 3:

No!

We know this is not so fun  
But get swabbed and then you're done  
Keep ev'ryone safe  
and you've won  
You off the hizzle, gee!

ELLA:

What?

SWABS:

Just test negative

SWAB 2:

Yeah! It'll only take a sec!

SWABS:

Just test negative

SWAB 3:

To keep ev'ryone's health in check

SWAB 1:

You will have some peace of mind

SWAB 2:

And help out all of man-kind

SWABS:

Just step in line

Test negative

Test negative

Test negative

Test nega...

ELLA: (Spoken)

Omigod... But what if I'm sick?!

SWAB 1: (Spoken)

Could be... All the more reason you should get tested!

SWABS:

Hey, hey, hey!

Test negative

Protect our sons and daughters  
You're smarter  
Now it's time to swab her!  
You don't want to spread this  
You'll be pissed  
No time to be remiss  
Helping all is life's true beauty  
Get this swab, do your civic duty  
You can decide to take our advice  
But testing negative would be so nice!

Swab, swab, swab, swab, swab, swab, swab, swab, swab, swab  
Whoo

(SWAB BREAK)

ELLA: (Spoken)

Swabs, thank you for helping! I'll let you know when I get my results!

ELLA exits

A SWAB walks across the stage with a sign that reads "Three days later."

ELLA enters.

(Sung)

Yes! I'm negative!

I'm more cautious than before.

Yes, I'm negative.

But I'll wear my mask at the sports bar

SWABS:

Yes!

ELLA:

So while Covid rages on

I'll be careful 'til it's gone

How was I so wrong?

ELLA:

Though I'm

ALL:

Negative

ELLA:

This thing is still a threat

But I'm

ALL:

Positive

ELLA:

That we'll beat this stupid virus yet

SWABS:

Yeah!!

ELLA:

Getting my two Covid shots

[And]Making sure I haven't caught

Anything that I don't want to give

SWABS:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

ELLA:

Yeah, I'm positive

SWABS:

So positive

ELLA:

Stay negative

SWABS:

Negative

ELLA:

Stay negative

SWABS:

Stay negative

Bein' negative

ALL:

Negative!

## INTRO

### Rob

Ouch! Why bother to invent a micro micro chip to put in a vaccine when you could just shove a surveillance van up my nose on the end of a swab?

Show of hands. Who's been tested at least once? Twice? Three times? Five? Hah! Ten? Are we at least getting miles for this?

All right. The ladies got to go shopping. Locally. No postage required. We're not sure it helped Tight Assets and Twig but our girls were quite the hit on The Promenade on Forest Avenue, which used to be known as lower Forest Avenue with parking.

After a successful three month trial run, the City Council unanimously — hey, it can happen — approved the promenade's extension through 2024. True, Councilman Peter Blake griped that the vote was redundant. The Department of Redundancy Department, national or local, is nothing new of course. Nor is Councilman Blake's griping. We were saddened but not surprised that he refused to be mollified when his nemesis Toni Iseman conceded last April that, quote, "I was not suggesting, at any time, that Peter Blake was a serial killer" unquote.

Griping in Laguna is hardly limited to our politicians. How many of you have been on NextDoor? How many of you then wanted to move away? (Hah) Come to think of it, how many of you might have to move away because you can't afford it here any longer? Even the bugs are having a hard time. The Western Monarch Butterfly has been dying off faster than ethics in government. Happily, the City Council, basking in the afterglow of saving our historic pepper shrub, approved the establishment of a "conservation sanctuary" in Heisler Park, complete with milkweed and nectar plants for the little buggers to enjoy.

This is not the first butterfly feature in Lagunatics. Who can forget our pre-Covid Painted Lady production number featuring a devastatingly handsome and gifted performer? About yay tall....Beautiful voice....

**DANCE OF THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY**

(Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen Narration by The Masked Writer

**LEPIDOPTERIST:**

Consider the *Danaus plexippus* (danny-us plexi-puss), or, if you failed Latin, the magnificent Monarch. Perhaps the most beloved butterfly in North America, these intrepid invertebrates have one thing in common. (Beat) They're all dead. Once ubiquitous in coastal California towns, only a fraction of one percent have survived the loss of habitat, use of pesticides, and global warming.

**SINGERS START**

The meager survivors face an unenviable but universal truth: when repopulating an endangered species, beggars can't be choosers. But are these two Monarchs fated to be mated, or will they too flutter out and expire?

**SINGERS PAUSE**

Things are looking up! A grassroots effort in Laguna Beach

**SINGERS START**

has created a butterfly garden in Heisler Park, abundant with nectar-giving plants. Here, they drink their fill of this organic vegan Viagra. Then, in a dance as old as time, the mating ritual begins.

**SINGERS PAUSE**

Courtship is composed of two distinct stages. During the aerial phase, the male pursues, nudges, and eventually takes down the female.

**SFX punch****SINGERS START**

Copulation occurs during the ground phase and involves the transfer of a spermatophore, which contains sperm and energy resources that will aid her in carrying out reproduction.

Then, as fickle males often do in the animal kingdom, he wanders off.

**SINGERS PAUSE**

Alone and abandoned, our plucky Monarch mother-to-be has a stroke of good fortune. The butterfly garden also is heavily planted with milkweed, the only food her picky progeny will eat.

She will produce up to 500 eggs ...

... laying each one individually on the leaf of a Milkweed plant.

**SINGERS START**

Soon the eggs hatch into tiny caterpillars who pass the time fattening up on milkweed. In time, they form a case around themselves — a chrysalis — where they undergo a metamorphosis, the final step in their transformation into adult Monarch butterflies. Sadly, of her 500 eggs, shockingly few will reach adulthood thanks to

natural predators and the plethora of man-made challenges. As the weather warms, 3-4 generations will each breed and migrate toward their summer homes in the western Rocky Mountains. Back at the coast, the fate of our futile family leaves but one question fluttering in the sea breeze: Was this their last dance?

**I DREAM A DREAM**

(I Dreamed A Dream)

Parody by The Masked Writer

**LIVE shows only**

(OLD HIPPIY/SAWDUST ARTISAN)

THERE WAS A TOWN BESIDE THE SEA  
WHERE THE BREEZES WERE SOFT  
AND THE DAYS WERE SLEEPY  
ALTHOUGH WE COULD NOT PARK FOR FREE  
YET WE ALL GOT ALONG  
AND NO ONE WAS CREEPY  
THERE WAS A TOWN  
THEN IT ALL WENT WRONG

I DREAM A DREAM OF TIME GONE BY  
WHEN WE SAID "HI" AND FRIENDS WERE GIVING  
I THOUGHT THE LOVE WOULD NEVER DIE  
THEN CAME THE RISING COST OF LIVING

BUT I WAS YOUNG AND UNAFRAID  
THO IT WAS TRUE I HAD NO MONEY  
ALL MY FRIENDS WERE UNDERPAID  
AND EVERY DAY WAS BRIGHT AND SUNNY

THEN THE RICH FOLKS MOVED TO TOWN  
WITH THEIR PURSES FILLED WITH PLUNDER  
THEY BOUGHT HOMES AND TORE THEM DOWN  
AND FOUGHT WITH DESIGN REVIEW

IT'S SUCH A BUMMER I COULD CRY  
MY WAY OF LIFE IS TORN ASUNDER  
THE PRICE OF HOUSING IS SKY HIGH  
FORGET ABOUT AN OCEAN VIEW.

AND STILL I DREAM THAT LIFE IS FAIR  
THAT WE CAN LIVE HERE ALL TOGETHER  
FOR THERE ARE DREAMS WE STILL COULD SHARE  
AND THERE ARE STORMS WE STILL COULD WEATHER

I NEVER DREAMED OUR TOWN COULD BE  
SO DIFFERENT NOW FROM WHAT IT ONCE WAS  
SO DIFFERENT — WOW! — IT'S GONE TO HELL  
THEY EVEN CLOSED THE TACO BELL

**'Twas the Night Before COVID**

(A Visit from Dr. Fauci)

by Rebecca M. Lyles

'Twas the night before COVID, and all 'round the globe  
Not a person was masked (except one germophobe).  
Our plans were in place for a glorious spring  
In hopes that we'd all get together and sing.  
Sopranos were starting to warm up their pipes  
While dreaming of solo parts – two alto types  
They complained of a sickness, another, and then  
Before you could blink we were looking at ten.  
Then fifty, two hundred, and wow! Just like magic  
It doubled, then tripled, and soon became tragic.  
We looked to our leaders, and what did they say?  
“No worries – this virus will just go away.”  
We all hunkered down and observed quarantine  
The CDC faltered – oh what did it mean?  
We needed a hero who wasn't a phony  
And at once he appeared, saying “Just call me Tony.”  
'Twas a little old doctor leapt into the breach  
With echoes of Brooklyn accenting his speech.  
An unlikely savior had now come to see us  
Bedecked in a white coat and driving a Prius!

“Hey Glaxo and Lilly, youse guys in the lab  
Remdesivir – quick! And Tocilizumab!  
Hurry up those vaccines! We cannot be outpaced!  
Now hurry up! Hurry up! No time to waste!”  
As we put on our masks and we shuddered and shivered  
Had our meetings on Zoom and our groceries delivered  
So up to computer screens and the TV  
We looked, full of hope for the news that we'd see.  
And then, eyes a-twinkling, he slipped us the word  
The vaccines were coming! Some called him a nerd.  
As we put on our masks and were standing in line,  
Down the airwaves came Tony to give us the sign.  
He was dressed in a suit that looked neat as a pin  
And he said “DON'T take that hydroxy—uh—chloroquine.”  
Political factions began to attack  
Undermining the science—a stab in the back  
His eyes never wavered. His dimples persisted.  
His charm was infectious, few people resisted.  
His Brooklynese accent, it seemed to imply  
That doctor or not, he's a regular guy.  
Amid slings and arrows, he rose to the task  
Though some people said, Hell no—I won't wear a mask!  
An unlikely hero, perceived by the masses,  
He looks at the world through those small, rimless glasses.

He's not chubby or plump, he's more wiry than stout  
And his uninformed critics should not count him out.  
His China-blue eyes and occasional blush  
Gave millions of elderly ladies a crush  
An unlikely hero, he just soldiered on  
Through variants, Delta – and now Omicron.  
He leaned in a little, to be near the mic  
And nodding his head, he prepared for the strike.  
He cited statistics and recommendations  
And was threatened with censure on some TV stations  
But I heard him say, whether you like it or not  
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND GO GET THE DAMN SHOT!

**DR. FAUCI**

(Mister Sandman)

Parody by Bridget English

Done, done...

**PRO-VAXERS**

Dr. Fauci, {we} got the vaccine (done, done, done, done)

This was the worst thing that we'd ever seen (done, done, done, done)

Give us the boost{er}, for Covid's holdover

And tell us all of this will soon be over

Fauci,{we're} done with alone (done, done, done, done)

We're all so tired of staying at home (done, done, done, done)

Bring us back to normalcy

Dr. Fauci, bring us that dream

Done, done...

**ANTI-VAXERS**

Dr Fauci, screw your vaccine!

We thumb our noses at Covid 19

Your evil shot, with your secret tracker

We know you made up this whole Delta factor Fauci, you're such a groan

Don't have to listen, it's overblown

Please get off of our tv (wah)

Dr. Fauci, with your smokescreen

**PRO-VAXERS**

Dumb, dumb,

dumb, dumb... Dr. Fauci, proof of vaccine

Give us a golden star for pandemic hygiene

It is our right to shun, your left-wing antics

**ANTI-VAXERS**

We're sick and tired of your scaredy tactics

Dr. Fauci, you're not so wise (someone so wise)

Another booster? Oh what a surprise!

**PRO-VAXERS**

So bring us back to normalcy

Dr. Fauci, bring us, please, please, please

**ALL**

Dr. Fauci, bring us that dream (done, done, done etc.)

## INTRO

Paul

How'd you like those hi-tech effects we used to show both sides of that issue?  
You caught that, right?  
Eric, Rob, come back out here.  
The Fauci Foe magically disappears  
(snap, Eric turns US) while the Fauci Fan sings,  
then magically re-appears  
(Snap, Eric turns again)  
to sling mud at an honored public servant.

You know what we proved with that?  
When you donate to No Square, we won't waste your money on things like brilliant  
theatrical special effects.  
(snap)  
[Eric & Rob both turn around, all pretend they have disappeared]

Oh my God! That was amazing! And they disappeared together. (Aww)  
See? We can all get along.

Lagunatics has covered an abundance of controversy over the 29 years since it began: The Toll Road, Day Hire, under grounding power lines, dogs on the beaches, The Montage...then there was the smoking ban, the fishing ban, the styrofoam ban... A lot of stuff is banned here. But we've sung about it all. Making it our mission of madness to help you laugh at the issues rather than curse or cry. After all, it is Laguna Beach. How bad can it really be? Rather than truly hideous problems, Laguna has, well, goofier goings on. We don't have murder hornets, we have hungry, horny butterflies! And when cries of alarm are sounded on NextDoor, it's not gun violence. It's kids on electric bikes.

**THE GOOFIEST THINGS**

(Favorite Things)

Parody by Rebecca M. Lyles

Raindrops don't fall here and that's such a pity  
Still, we compete for Most Water-Wise City  
No public restrooms in some parts of town,  
These are a few topics bringing us down  
Crosswalks and parklets and open-air dining,  
Traffic and tourists, no sign of declining  
Rules about plastics are now getting tough,  
This is just some of Laguna's new stuff

Chief of Police is a changing position  
New City Manager, and in addition  
Our City Council is on Pay-per-View  
These are a few of the things that are new

When the choppers  
Full of coppers  
Circle overhead  
I know they're just practicing flying at night  
And then I go back to bed

Hotel Laguna? The Restaurant's open  
How 'bout the Cinema? We can keep hopin'  
Real estate moguls pretending they're kings  
These are a few of our goofiest things

Butterfly habitats, their special spaces  
Flowers for honeybees in public places  
Murderous hornets with poisonous stings  
These are the bugs that our gardening brings

Our promenade has umbrellas and warmers,  
And we are licensing all street performers  
Music must happen ten feet from the bus  
Not before nine PM – Oy! Such a fuss!

All this tension,  
This dissension  
If it makes you mad  
Remember the sunsets and beaches and parks  
And then you won't feel so bad!

## INTRO

Paul

You may have suspected that these intros are more about preventing nudity in the show than setting up each of our numbers, but not this time. Perhaps, you're familiar with the "War on Christmas" that's been raging over the last several years. Maybe the book by a Fox News host? No? Me neither, but I'm afraid this Christmas hangs by a single link in our supply chain. Sure the dozens of twinkling lights off shore look festive at night, but I know two guys on Temple Hills who've actually taken to their telescopes, trying to match the numbers on the sides of the container ships waiting in line out there to their bills of lading.

Of course, all those ships could get their cargo to a gift box near you if that supply chain got a good old fashioned make over. In fact, we've got a lot in this country that needs a make over. So how's about that infrastructure bill, huh? Yeah, it passed. But is it too little too late? I know a power station with a strong opinion on that one. And she's showing off her grid in a spectacular costume by Brigitte. We're very proud of both of them.

In fact, we're proud in general. Lagunatics humbly accepts that we are not going to solve Laguna's problems, much less the world's, but we believe we are making a difference, one laugh at a time.

Tonight, we're stepping away from the laughs for just a few minutes with our 11th hour number, Before It's No. You'll be able to find a link to the audio and the video on No Square's website. Please download it. And share it. Send it to friends, family, even post it on NextDoor.

But first, here's Emma, singing a more obscure Gershwin tune and wearing another whacky creation by Brigitte.

**MY SHIP**

(My Ship)

Parody by Bree, Chris, Bridget, and Emma

My ship has sailed here from distant lands Containers red and gold  
Full of toys and knives  
while retailer's lives are on hold

My ship's afloat but the port is choked So shelves are looking grim  
I'm unsupplied  
- Empty inside

Till my ship comes in

Where's the Christmas cheer  
If your gifts appear  
Some fine day next Spring?  
I wish I could swim my container in Or perhaps go pirating

I see it there yet it won't arrive  
My ship is stuck at sea

The hold is crammed but the port is jammed Complete catastrophe

With no ship of things there's no gift waiting  
Beneath your Christmas tree

**INFRASTRUCTURE**

(Big Spender)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen

SOLO 1:

The minute you balked at the point  
I could see you meant to fight resolution

ALL:

You're no big spender  
But maybe you should sign

SOLO 1:

'Cuz wouldn't you rather see improvements while there's still time

ALL:

So set up a meeting that's joint  
Show us all your sexy functionality  
Infrastructure.

SOLO 1:

Spend

ALL:

A trillion dollars on

Me

Me

Me

Me

SOLO 1: (PETROL/ELECTRICITY/CAR)

I could clean up my act

SOME: (electrical noise)

Zzzzzz

SOLO 2: (BUSS/TRAIN/SUBWAY)

You could ride me to

SOLO 2 + TWO:

Work

OTHERS: (BRIDGES/ROADS/WATER TREATMENT PLANTS)

Would you rather I

ALL:

Fall down!?

GROUP 1:

I could clean up my act

(...act act act act act act act act)

GROUP 2:

You could ride me to work

(...work work work work work)

GROUP 3:

Would you rather I fall down?

ALL:

Act. Work. Fall down.

Act. Work. Fall down.

SPOKEN SOLO 1:

Who would drive a 90 year old car to

ALL:

work

SPOKEN SOLO 1:

We could end up in the dark if you don't

ALL:

act

SPOKEN SOLO 1:

Forty seven thousand bridges could

ALL:

Fall down!

(Sing)

Infrastructure

Infrastructure

The minute you balked at the point

I could see you meant to fight resolution

You're no big spender

But maybe you should sign

SOLO 1:

'Cuz wouldn't you rather see improvements while there's still time

ALL:

So set up a meeting that's joint

Show us all your sexy functionality

Infrastructure.

SOLO 1:

Infrastructure.

ALL:

Hey Big Spender

Spend a trillion dollars on

ALL BUT SOLO 1:

Me...me...

SOLO 1:

Act. Work. Fall down.

Act. Work. Fall down.

Act. Work. Fall down.

SPOKEN

How's about it, Congress?

**BEFORE IT'S NO**

(Before You Go)

Parody by Paul Nygro

## SOLO 1

It fell by the wayside, our common accord  
The right and the left and the middle unable to settle a score  
Where nobody's winning, or finishing first  
Becoming a game where just pointing a finger is making it worse

If we hurt we hurt together  
When willingly you still refuse  
Through misinformative news

So, before it's no  
Consider each and every life that we could all be saving  
Shouldn't that inspire how we're all behaving

So, before it's no  
Is there a better way to share the truth and information  
Inspiring everyone to get a vaccination  
So, before it's no

## SOLO 2

To some it came easy, when making the choice  
To others it bothers and bothers until they are raising a voice  
But what are you saying when you walk away  
Ignoring the CDC, the science and FDA

## SOLO 3

Well what if it was your mother  
No longer breathing on her own  
The virus taking its toll

## SOLO 1-2-3

So, before it's no  
Consider each and every life that we could all be saving  
Shouldn't that inspire how we're all behaving

## SOLO 4

So, before it's no  
Will it take thousands more to suffer till it makes you wonder  
Or burying a million to six feet under  
So, before it's no

## SOLO 5 (and CHORUS oohs)

Maybe you feel no symptoms now  
But you could still spread it around  
Even if it's unwillingly

BREE  
To me

JAY  
Or me... so

SOLO 1 (and CHORUS ooohs)  
Before it's no  
Could we find common ground and open up the conversation  
Instead of taking sides can we become one nation

ALL  
So, before it's no  
Could we agree the greater good is worth the sacrificing  
It's covid not each other that we should be fighting  
So, please don't say no

## INTRO

### Bree

Thank you Paul for the heartfelt lyrics and our sound man, Danny, for the beautiful guitar and bass.

On a much lighter note, (hit a quiet pitch). How about a cheer for Roxanna and David, and our two band-crashers Tom on his banjo-uke and guitar, and Pat, with that wonderful, whacky bass he made. It always makes me laugh. Sort of like a banjo. You can't play sad songs on it.

Next year's our 30th anniversary. Since that 1992 launch of lunacy, we've grown so much and moved even more— I've actually produced this show in every venue available in town: the playhouse, the forum theater, the pageant bowl, the artists' theatre at the high school, back to the forum and finally here, in our much-loved-if-not-owned home. It's been a bit lonely around here most of the last 2 years, but during the shutdown, we were able to help hundreds of artists, students, and teachers with remote dance classes, safely distanced opera rehearsals, video taped scholarship and college applications, and taped auditions. So while we were "closed", we were very much open to our community. Thank you for supporting us, which makes all this possible.

Remember to have your Lagunatics watch parties safely and, yeah, remaskered, starting Dec 30. Go to our website for details.

Here we are. The last song. We've regaled you with the rapier wit, melodies of the masters, delightful dancing, and...vaccinated actors. Parking, Pickle Ball, Pepper Trees, Police Cars....and those are just the P words. I do hope you'll smile when you hear the word "boosters", see some politician being "cuckoo", or have to have another covid test. Consider adding a butterfly hot spot to your garden, behave yourself on social media, and last but not least, drink your favorite beverage with a bio degradable straw....

(While leaving)

Is it just me or is it hot in here?

**TOO DARN HOT**

(Too Darn Hot)

Parody by Bree Burgess Rosen

SOLO 1

It's too darn hot

It's too darn hot

Your carbon foot is a size seventeen

Your s-u-v burns too much gasoline

Your water waste borders on the obscene

You think clean coal is an actual thing

So I blame you for this global warming

'Cause it's too darn hot

ALL

It's too darn hot

It's too darn hot

SOLO 1

It's ninety three and that's really bizarre

'Cause I don't live in Cuba or Qatar

I don't suppose you have seen Avatar

I'd like to stop before this goes that far

I'm not to blame but I think that you are

'Cause it's too darn hot

ALL

It's too darn hot

It's too darn hot

SOLO 1

This can't be helped with your thoughts and your prayers

There's no one left to save our derrières

It's Russian Roulette not musical chairs

But you can't say you've been caught unawares

And don't forget those pissed off polar bears

'Cause it's too darn hot

ALL

According to the climate report

All the evidence sadly shows

The Sea level will rise in every port

And the fires and storms will grow

So when o-our temperature inches up

But intelligence still does not

SOLO 1

Stupidity leaves you &amp; me with squat

ALL

'Cause it's too too too darn hot

Too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot

SOLO 1

If we go up 2 degrees Fahrenheit  
The crops won't grow in the usual site  
Our food supply will get awfully tight  
First world excess will be our kryptonite  
Extinction's where we all are headed tonight  
'Cause it's too darn hot,  
It's too darn hot

ALL

It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot

SOLO 1

This awful mess won't be easy to fix  
We can't afford just to play politics

SOME

Mess. Fix. Easy to fix.  
Lord. Please. No politics.

ALL

We're out of time ev'ry model predicts  
The threat to life as we know it exists

SOLO 1

Are you fossil fools or ignorant dicks  
'Cause it's too darn hot

ALL

The I P C C special report  
Plainly states that we all will die  
I'd prefer to stay off of life support  
'Cause the temperature's too high

SOLO 1:

But when the thermometer goes way up

SOME:

And the weather is sizzling hot

SOLO 1

it's due to C-O-2

SOLO

Melting ice has a price

SOLO

Greenhouse gas will be kicking' your ass

ALL

a lot!

'Cause it's too too

SOLO + CHORUS

Too darn hot

Too darn hot

SOME

Too darn hot

Too darn hot

ALL

It's too darn hot

BOWS

Reprise Vaccinated Actors