

**A WILD NEW COMEDY MUSICAL
FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION**

My name is
BEETHOVEN

**MUSIC & LYRICS
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& DIRECTOR
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**ORIGINAL BOOK,
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**PRODUCED BY
WILLEM METZ**



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ACT ISCENE 1THE ELYSIUM LOUNGE, AN AREA OF THE AFTERLIFE ONLY OPEN TO
DEAD PEOPLE OF NOTE

GREGORIAN CHANT begins. EINSTEIN is furiously writing complex mathematics on a blackboard, muttering excitedly to himself.

EINSTEIN

Ja, ja...**aber natürlich!**... Now multiply that by...according to the theory of...

GREGORIAN CHANT gets louder.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

To the theory of... the theory of...

He opens a window in frustration.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Would you stop the **verkakte** chanting, **Gott in himmel!**

For a moment, **GREGORIAN CHANT** stops. EINSTEIN sighs with relief.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Shkoyakh! So, where was I?... According to the theory of-

GREGORIAN CHANT recommences, louder than before.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

(crying)

Oy Vey!

He dials a number on his desk phone, muttering to himself.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Unbelievable...**Ja, hallo**, I wish to make a noise complaint-

AUTOMATED VOICE

Hello. You're through to the Elysium Lounge-

EINSTEIN

Yes, this is-

AUTOMATED VOICE

Home to the finest souls in the Afterlife.
Please state your name.

EINSTEIN

Einstein.

AUTOMATED VOICE

I heard Weinstein. Is that correct?

EINSTEIN

Nein. Nein!

AUTOMATED VOICE

Thank you Mr. Weinstein - you have selected
option nine...

EINSTEIN

No!

AUTOMATED VOICE

...Intimate Services. Our extremely discrete-

EINSTEIN

Please, can I just speak to an angel?!

AUTOMATED VOICE

Sorry - I didn't catch that.

EINSTEIN

An angel!

AUTOMATED VOICE

Sorry - I didn't catch that. Please hold while
I transfer you to an angel.

EINSTEIN

Mazel Tov!

AUTOMATED VOICE

Calls may be recorded for training and quality
purposes.

HOLD MUSIC begins, clashing with
CHANT. GLORIA and ANGELS appear at
a switchboard.

GLORIA

Hello, you're through to Gloria, Customer
Service Angel, how may I help you?

EINSTEIN

Gloria!

GLORIA

Oh, hello Albert.

ANGEL 1
I've got Gandhi on line six.

EINSTEIN
I'm glad it's you.

ANGEL 1
He says he really needs to keep this fast.

GLORIA mouths 'one moment'

GLORIA
This wouldn't by any chance be a noise complaint, now, would it?

EINSTEIN
Of course it is! It's Pope-

GLORIA
(overlapping)
Pope Gregory the first and his chanting monks, yes. Look, there's only so much-

ANGEL 2
Jesus on nine.

GLORIA
Oh Christ. Look, sorry Albert, I'm going to have to put you on hold-

EINSTEIN
No, wait, Gloria!

She switches to another call

GLORIA
Hello, you're through to-

GANDHI
Gloria, as you know I am a pacifist.

GLORIA
Hi Mahatma.

ANGEL 2
Jesus is getting really cross.

GANDHI
...but I think Pope Gregory has finally found my breaking point-

1. PLEASE HOLD

GLORIA
I'M SORRY GANDHI, BUT IT REALLY WOULD BE HANDY IF YOU'D
BE A DANDY, POUR A BRANDY, 'SCUSE MY MODUS OPERANDI,
BEAR WITH ME I'M PUTTING YOU ON HOLD

ANGELS
ON HOLD

GLORIA
PLEASE HOLD

ANGELS
PLEASE HOLD

GANDHI
Now listen-

She puts him on hold

ANGEL 2
It's time to accept Christ.

GLORIA
Oh Jesus.

She picks up the phone.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
HELLO MESSIAH BABE

JESUS
OH HIYA

GLORIA
I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU REQUIRE,
GET THAT CHOIR TO RETIRE, I'M AWARE THE SOUND IS DIRE.

ANGELS
DIRE! DIRE! DIRE!

GLORIA
BUT THE BLOODY BUGGERS WON'T BE TOLD

ANGELS
PLEASE HOLD

GLORIA
PLEASE HOLD

ANGELS
PLEASE HOLD

She hangs up on him

ANGEL 3
I've got Shakespeare on line 6.

ANGEL 4
Joan of Arc on line 4.

GLORIA
Oh I guess I'll brave the bard.

GLORIA picks up the phone again.

SHAKESPEARE
Good morrow, fair lady.

GLORIA
GOOD SIR, FROM THINE OWN HAND I BORROW, SUCH SWEET SORROW
BUT I BID YOU CALL TOMORROW

ANGELS
AND TOMORROW

GLORIA
AND TOMORROW

SHAKESPEARE
Ring the death knell, for this waiting so be
hell!

She thinks she's lost him.

GLORIA
(to ANGELS)
GOD THAT MAN CAN OVERPLAY A ROLE

ANGELS & GLORIA
ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE,
ARSEHOLE.

SHAKESPEARE
(sad)
But soft, I am still here...

GLORIA
PLEASE HOLD!

She slams a button, which brings
up light on a confused-looking
BEETHOVEN. GLORIA hyperventilates.

BEETHOVEN
Hello?

GLORIA
Shit.

BEETHOVEN

Gloria? It's me, Beethoven!

GLORIA

(relaxing)

Oh, hello Ludwig, love.

BEETHOVEN

Hi.

GLORIA

Look, if this is a noise complaint-

BEETHOVEN

Well, yes, I can't even hear myself think! Pope Gregory and his monks-

GLORIA

-are chanting, I'm aware, d'you mind calling back later?

BEETHOVEN

How long do you think? Only this has been going on for several hundred years-

She hangs up on him.

GLORIA

Where can I get a cigarette round here?

ANGEL 4

Joan of Arc - line 4.

GLORIA

Huh?

ANGEL 4

She's always smoking.

GLORIA

Oh ha bloody ha.

ANGELS

HOLD, HOLD, PLEASE PLEASE HOLD

GLORIA answers the phone to JOAN, who is smoking several cigarettes at once.

JOAN OF ARC

(wheezing)

That Pope puts himself in great peril!

The phones ring furiously.

GLORIA
 NOW JOAN, I KNOW THERE'S LOTS AT STAKE, BUT PLEASE DON'T MAKE
 THIS- LOOK I REALLY HAVE TO TAKE THIS-

ANGELS
 PLEASE HOLD

GLORIA
 SORRY YES? OH MALCOLM X, I KNOW YOUR VEXED, BUT I JUST, WELL
 IN THAT CASE, NEXT-

ANGELS
 PLEASE HOLD

GLORIA
 HELLO?
 HELLO?
 IS THIS A PRANK?
 ANNE FRANK?!
 WILL YOU SPEAK UP...
 RIGHT, THANKS - YES SURE, I KNOW IT'S QUITE ERRATIC IN YOUR
 ATTIC, AND I'M SURE IT'S PROBLEMATIC

ANGELS
 PLEASE HOLD

GLORIA
 HELLO LINCOLN, I'VE A SINKING FEELING THAT I'VE GOT AN INKLIN
 WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...

ANGEL
 CAN YOU PLEASE...

GLORIA
 Ho....ly... shit, it's you again?

JESUS
 Of course, hun, it's my second coming

GLORIA
 Well this really is becoming-

ANGELS
 LINE 12, LINE 10, LINE 9, LINE 1

GLORIA
 PEOPLE HAVE YOU LOST CONTROL, JUST TAKE THEM ALL, THE WHOLE
 DAMN BLOODY LOT AND CAN YOU PUT THEM ONTO GODFORSAKEN,
 MOTHERFUCKING, SHITTING HELL MY HANDS ARE SHAKING, SAVE-MY-
 SOUL-BEFORE-IT'S-BREAKIN' HOOOOOOOOOOOLD

They pull out the power. A beat,
 then the CHANT resumes. GLORIA's
 personal phone rings. As she
 answers BEETHOVEN appears.

BEETHOVEN

Gloria...I couldn't get through on the other line and-

GLORIA

(fuming, out of breath)

Ludwig. Dearest. I am going to deal with this godforsaken Pope. And when I have, please do me a massive favour? Never call me again.

She hangs up, and lights remain on him.

SCENE TWO

ELYSIUM - THE GODCAM BAR

A group of luminaries, including SHAKESPEARE, PANKHURST, JESUS, KING and CHURCHILL, are drinking and being served by ANGELS, while trying to watch a wall of TV screens.

BEETHOVEN

People! She's going to stop him at last!

A general chorus of 'thank god for that', and then a beat as they listen. From off we hear a lightning strike, then screaming MONKS.

GREGORY

Ouch!

The chant has stopped. LUMINARIES all cheer.

BEETHOVEN

Friends, this will be remembered for eternity!
1975 - the year the chanting stopped!

Another cheer.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Finally I can hear my own thoughts! Now we can turn our minds to more important things. Let's see what we have here...

He uses a remote to turn up the TV screens one by one. They reveal footage of: A nuclear bomb test;

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Oh bloody hell.

The horrors of Vietnam;

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

No!

People glued to television
screens.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

No no no!

A montage of terrible music.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

JESUS looks up.

JESUS

Yes?

BEETHOVEN

This is awful! No wonder everything's gone
wrong! People, we have to do something for the
poor souls down on Earth!

LUMINARIES mutter.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Martin Luther King, you must be with me?

KING

(skeptical)

You taking up the cause for civil rights?

BEETHOVEN

Well that can be part of it.

KING

Uh-huh.

He clicks his fingers and an ANGEL
immediately hands him a whiskey.

BEETHOVEN

Come on! Emmeline Pankhurst? You must be
desperate to dust off the old placards!

PANKHURST

Well...women did sort of get the vote in the
end.

She clicks her fingers and an
ANGEL hands her a beer.

BEETHOVEN

For goodness sake! Shakespeare - Surely you
long for poetic justice at least?!

SHAKESPEARE

Nay come, this is Elysium dear lord,
Where thou wast judged and then quick hence
restored
With all the strength thou hadst as a young
man.
Canst thou not hear again?

BEETHOVEN

Well, yes, I can-

SHAKESPEARE

Though greater still than e'en that prize so
pure:
What I just spake wast known to thee before.
For in Elysium writers have permission,
To utilise such blatant exposition.
It's bloody brilliant up here...

He clicks his fingers and an ANGEL
hands him an obnoxious cocktail.

BEETHOVEN

Well sure it may be brilliant up here! But what
about down there! Just look at the GODCAMS -
the 1970s are worse than anything you lot had
to deal with! Don't you see this isn't about
you! This is about me, restoring harmony to
humanity with my brilliant music!

The others ignore him.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

None of you care...

ALL

...No.

2. GIVE A DAMN

BEETHOVEN

THESE PEOPLE ALL STOPPED TRYING THE MOMENT THEY ALL DIED,
AM I THE ONLY ONE UP HERE WITH FEELINGS LEFT INSIDE?
IT'S CLEAR TO SEE THE EARTH IS RUN BY HYPOCRITES AND CHEATS
THERE'S VIOLENCE ALL AROUND
IT ISN'T SAFE TO WALK THE STREETS
THE BANKERS ARE ALL WANKERS, AND VIETNAM'S A LIE
THEY SAY THAT THINGS WILL SORT THEMSELVES BUT I SAY PIGS CAN
FLY.

THE OTHERS

YOU KNOW THAT PIGS CAN FLY!

They point to a flying pig, which flaps across the stage.

BEETHOVEN

I mean down there, not up here!
THE PLANET'S OVERPOPULATED, EVERYTHING IS COMPLICATED,
EARTH IS DISCOMBOBULATED!

THE OTHERS

WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN!

BEETHOVEN

Look at the poor souls. Someone needs to wake them up!

THE OTHERS

WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN!

PLANET EARTH, ELISE'S APARTMENT AND ENVIRONS

Down on Earth, The lights come up on ELISE - a haphazard aspiring musician - asleep in bed. The BEETHOVEN IDENT becomes the sound of her alarm clock. She blearily looks at the time.

ELISE

Shit shit shit!

She pulls her clothes on, picks up a large portable cassette player, and puts headphones round her neck.

ELISE (CONT'D)

IT FEELS LIKE EVERY MORNING, IS JUST ANOTHER DAY,
AND EVERYTHING'S IDENTICAL IN EVERY SINGLE WAY,
IT DOESN'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE IF ITS RAIN OR IF IT'S SHINE,
THE GUY WHO SELLS THE PAPERS SHOUTS THE SAME EXHAUSTING LINE

PAPERMAN

News just in! Foxy lady runs straight past her soul mate!

She gives him a rude gesture.

ELISE

THE SAME COMMUTERS WALK ON BY THE SAME OLD DOWN-AND-OUTS.
THEY SAY THAT THINGS ARE CHANGING BUT I HAVE MAJOR DOUBTS.

HOMELESS PERSON

AND I HAVE MAJOR GOUT

Everyone is now cramming into a desperately crowded tube.

ELISE

OH HERE WE BLOODY GO AGAIN, CAN YOU MOVE DOWN THE TRAIN, I REALLY AM IN PAIN!

COMMUTERS

WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN

ELISE

Oh come on! You're taking up so much more space than necessary!

COMMUTERS

WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN

ELISE

You can all go to hell.

She rams her headphones on as the music changes. She sighs as she hears Beethoven's music.

ELYSIUM

BEETHOVEN

BUT WORSE THAN THE CORRUPTION, AND WORSE THAN ALL THE WAR THE HUMAN RACE IS GUILTY OF A FAR MORE FATAL FLAW THE PROBLEM'S UNIVERSAL, IT PLAGUES THEM DAY AND NIGHT, THEY SORELY NEED A SAVIOR TO HELP THEM SEE THE LIGHT, IT'S WORSE THAN BLOODY AUSCHWITZ, MORE SAD THAN STALINGRAD, THE MUSIC THAT THEY PLAY TODAY IS REALLY, REALLY BAD!

THE OTHERS

HE'S GENUINELY MAD.

A montage of bad 70s music accompanied by video on the GODCAMS.

BEETHOVEN

Listen! Their music is so repetitive and bland, nobody can think for themselves anymore! THE MELODIES ARE PITIFUL, THE HARMONIES UNTHINKABLE, IT'S TANTAMOUNT TO CRIMINAL!

THE OTHERS

WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN!

EARTH

ELISE

THERE'S A WAY TO KEEP THE WORLD AT BAY SHUT THE NOISE OUT, LOSE MYSELF IN MUSIC EVERY DAY I HEAR THE MAESTRO PLAY SENT FROM HEAVEN, BEETHOVEN MAKES IT BETTER

A man bumps into her, knocking her headphones out.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Argh!

ELYSIUM

BEETHOVEN

PEOPLE STARVING, PEOPLE DYING, WORSE - COMPOSERS HAVE STOPPED TRYING, SURELY THERE IS SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

EARTH

ELISE

DOESN'T MATTER WHERE I GO, THERE'S A MAN WHO HAS B.O. WHO MORE THAN LIKELY TRIES TO GROPE ME TOO

ELISE (CONT'D)

D'you see that man just grab my-

COMMUTERS

WE DON'T CARE, ANYMORE, WHAT YOU SAY, WHAT YOU DO.

LUMINARIES IN ELYSIUM

WE DON'T CARE, ANYMORE, WHAT YOU SAY, WHAT YOU DO.

BEETHOVEN

SEE THE WRITING ON THE WALL!

ELISE

WHEN'S THE HAMMER GONNA FALL?

BEETHOVEN & ELISE

NO ONE GIVES A DAMN AT ALL

The train has arrived and ELISE and the other COMMUTERS all disperse. BEETHOVEN, wanders offstage, dejected. End of scene.

SCENE THREE

VESTAL RECORDS HEADQUARTERS, EARTH

An open plan office with platinum records on the wall, and waitstaff handing out drinks to celebrity musicians. MICKEY sits at a tape deck, wearing headphones.

ELISE

(Entering, out of breath)

Hey.

MICKEY

Well done Elise. Only twelve minutes late today!

ELISE
Did anyone notice?

MICKEY
No, you're safe.

ELISE
Ok phew. *(beat)* I don't suppose Mr. Badman-

MICKEY
(long-suffering)
Mentioned your demo, no.

ELISE
(seeing the mountain of tapes on her desk)
Right... At least he did think to add to the pile.

MICKEY
Oooh boy. Some real humdingers today.

ELISE
What have we got?

MICKEY presses play and we hear a terrible wailing voice singing out of tune.

ELISE (CONT'D)
(shaking her head)
Oh man.

MICKEY
Wait. There's also this man who plays pop songs on the panpipes.

ELISE
What?! *(Laughing as she reads)* Peter Panpipe and the Tinker Bells!

They put the tape on.

MICKEY
I just love a man who can tinker his own bell.

P.A. enters, and MICKEY notices.

ELISE
I love a man who can blow his own pipe!

P.A.
Good morning, Elise.

ELISE
 (embarrassed, trying to cover)
 Oh hi, we were just...admiring
 this...wind...player.

He listens to the awful track for
 a few beats before turning it off.

P.A.
 Mm. Mr. Badman would like to see you.

ELISE
 What have I done!?

P.A.
 Well I thought you asked me to give him your
 demo - about 3000 times - but if I'm mistaken-

ELISE
 He...listened to it? (**beat**) Does he like it?!

P.A.
 He's waiting.

P.A. exits.

ELISE
 Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

ELISE grabs a drink from a passing
 waiter, and downs it before going
 to leave. MICKEY grabs her.

MICKEY
 Right, stay still! You are not going in there
 like that.

She puts **GLAM ROCK** music on the
 hifi, and reaches for some
 hairspray.

SCENE FOUR

ELYSIUM - THE GODCAM BAR

GLORIA smokes as BEETHOVEN listens
 to **GLAM ROCK** from GODCAMS.

BEETHOVEN
 Where have all the artists gone?! True music
 can save a person's soul, Gloria...But this
 stuff? No wonder they've all turned into sheep -
 they hear the same thing over and over and
 over.

GLORIA

Wow, I wonder what that's like.

3A. AUDITION PRE-PRISE

BEETHOVEN

OH COME ON GLORIA, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO,
WHAT'S THE USE IN ANGELS IF YOU CAN'T HELP GET MY MESSAGE
THROUGH.

GLORIA

I'VE A PLATEFUL, DON'T BE UNGRATEFUL,
I TRY TO DO THE BEST I CAN
I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THIS QUEST TO SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A DAMN.

CHORUS

GIVES A DAMN, GIVES A DAMN, GIVES A DAMN.

EINSTEIN enters in a flurry.

EINSTEIN

Gloria, I've done it! A *bissel* of quiet is all
I needed!

BEETHOVEN

What is it Albert?!!

EINSTEIN

Without Pope Gregory and his monks distracting
me, I have finally managed to build a portal
down to Earth!!

BEETHOVEN

But that's...exactly what I need! Einstein, has
anyone ever told you you're a genius!

EINSTEIN

Yes. Though I'm afraid my portal isn't for
recreational use...

GLORIA

Oi oi.

EINSTEIN

...I mean to assemble a team of the finest
minds who ever lived. People who can achieve
vital things, like nuclear disarmament,
economic reform-

3B. AUDITION PRE-PRISE

BEETHOVEN

MY NAME IS BEETHOVEN, I'M HERE TO SAVE THE HUMAN RACE

EINSTEIN

Oho!

BEETHOVEN
FROM A FATE THAT'S WORSE THAN DEATH: A TOTAL LACK OF MUSIC
TASTE.

EINSTEIN
Ah.

BEETHOVEN
YEARS THEY'VE WAITED, ANTICIPATED
SOMEONE TO HELP THEM SEE THE LIGHT,
NOW WITH YOUR INVENTION, ALBERT
I CAN PUT THEIR WRONGS TO RIGHT!

OTHERS
WRONGS TO RIGHT, WRONGS TO RIGHT, WRONGS TO RIGHT, LA LA LA!

EINSTEIN
Hmm... I'm looking for people with more...

BEETHOVEN
(hurt)
Yes?

EINSTEIN
No listen, of course you'll be useful, but we
urgently need to find the right five people to
travel with you!

GLORIA
Why so urgent?

BEETHOVEN
And why five people?

EINSTEIN
(to GLORIA)
Because Heisenberg's uncertainty principle
dictates that the portal will only function
safely for a one-hour window tomorrow, when two
Cepheid Variables hit the apex of their cycles.
(to BEETHOVEN)
And because the interdimensional stability
matrix will only safely transport six souls!

BEETHOVEN
Ah, I understand!

GLORIA
No you don't.

BEETHOVEN
OK maybe not...but I do understand that there's
only one way to assemble the team for such an
important mission!

EINSTEIN

Ach so? And what's that?

BEETHOVEN

Auditions, my friend. Auditions!

EINSTEIN

Wass?!

BEETHOVEN is dragging him
offstage.

SCENE FIVE

EARTH - MR. BADMAN'S OFFICE

MR. BADMAN, a brash American
businessman, is on the phone.
ELISE enters timidly, now heavily
made-up.

MR. BADMAN

(on phone)

Well don't take no for an answer!...When a
young man known as Elvis came to me for help,
you think I threw in the towel when the first
radio station told me no?! When I ran Nixon's
presidential campaign, you think I quit cause a
few folks said he seemed unsavoury? When the
Queen of England asked me to revitalise the
London music industry, you think I let a few
fraud and treason charges stop me getting a
visa?! Hell no! When people told me that my
namedropping speeches had become implausible
and over-long- well yeah, that did sting. But I
got through it, so you know what?! I don't
wanna hear another word from you until you man
the fuck up and get. It. Done!

He hangs up the phone.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that.

ELISE

Hey, business is business.

MR. BADMAN

What? No, no that was my son... Kids eh?

ELISE

Er...how old is he?

MR. BADMAN

Seven.

He turns to the audience with a grin.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

Oh hi there, I'm a massive asshole.

(back to ELISE)

So, Elise. I heard your tape.

ELISE

Right!

MR. BADMAN

Is this really your music?

ELISE

Well...it's actually based on a piece by Beethoven...

MR. BADMAN

But you're the one who did this to it?

ELISE

Yes?

MR. BADMAN

Prove it.

ELISE

Now?!

MR. BADMAN

I'm not getting any younger. Though I do have Stephen Hawking working on it.

She begins to play a **PIECE BY BEETHOVEN** on a keyboard, then gives it a modern twist.

4. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

ELISE

PEOPLE SAY THAT LOVE'S LIKE LIGHTNING
A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE
BUT NOTHING IN MY LIFE HAS EVER,
EVER SHOWN THIS TO BE TRUE
'CAUSE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS
THE WORLD IS SO MUNDANE
THE SKY IS GREY AND EMPTY
AND ALL THAT EVER FALLS IS RAIN.

ELYSIUM - THE GODCAM BAR

BEETHOVEN, GLORIA, EINSTEIN, a PIANIST and a STRING QUARTET sit in the bar, which now has a big banner on the wall reading SAVE THE HUMAN RACE - AUDITIONS. BEETHOVEN is excitedly preparing the space. EINSTEIN and GLORIA sit at a table like X Factor judges.

5A. AUDITIONS

BEETHOVEN

FOR ALL THESE YEARS WE'VE PASSED OUR DAYS IN CONSTANT TEDIUM
NOW AT LAST WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO SEE BEYOND ELYSIUM
FOR THIS MISSION, WE SHALL AUDITION
ALL OF THE SOULS WHO SHARE OUR DREAM,
AND I'M SURE, THAT WE'LL SECURE THE PERFECT HUMAN RESCUE
TEAM!

QUARTET & ANGELS

RESCUE TEAM, RESCUE TEAM, RESCUE TEAM

GLORIA

Ok, then last minute checklist.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

WATER?

ANGEL

CHECK.

GLORIA

AND SCORE CARDS?

ANGEL

CHECK.

BEETHOVEN

A PIANIST AND A STRING QUARTET?

EINSTEIN

WASS?

QUARTET & PIANIST

CHECK, CHECK, CHECK, CHECK

GLORIA

BIG RED BUTTONS

They hit buttons on the table and there's a massive buzzer noise.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

THEN WE'RE AS READY AS WE'LL EVER GET

QUARTET
 READY AS WE'LL EVER GET.

EINSTEIN
 JUST ONE THING, BEFORE WE BEGIN,
 IT'S VITAL THE TEAM HAS VARIED SKILLS
 THIS IS NOT A CONCERT, WE MUST CURE THE WORLD OF ALL ITS
 ILLS.

BEETHOVEN
 Goes without saying, Albert!

EINSTEIN
 So this string quartet is...-?

BEETHOVEN
 Absolutely crucial! Shall we?

ANGEL opens the door, and in
 strides the ravishing VIVALDI.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
 Ah - Vivaldi!

VIVALDI
 Ciao.

EINSTEIN
 (sarcastic)
 Oh good, a composer.

VIVALDI
 I'M ANTONIO VIVALDI
 THE SELFRIDGES TO YOUR ALDI
 EXALT ME
 THE GOD WITH-A CRIMSON HAIR

I BRING YOU THE GIFT OF BEAUTY
 FOR SHARING IT IS MY DUTY
 A TUTTI
 TO HIDE IT WOULD BE UNFAIR

Omitted on recording. EINSTEIN
 hits the buzzer, and the music
 stops a moment.

EINSTEIN
 Next!

VIVALDI
 Alberto...you are familiar with the golden
 ratio, si?
 (indicating his own face)
 Don't you think Fibonacci would be proud?

EINSTEIN

Well...

VIVALDI

He is, I asked him.

EINSTEIN

But how on Earth is that useful?

VIVALDI claps his hands and ANGELS
carry him out, feeding him grapes.

ANGELS

VIVALDI TAKE ME,
WE LOVE YOU SO

VIVALDI

(on way out)

I know.

GLORIA

He is impressive...

EINSTEIN

Sure, if we were putting on a musical!

The **SUGAR PLUM FAIRY** theme begins,
and several ballet dancers enter.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

And now dancers?!

TCHAIKOVSKY enters in a leotard,
and begins to run on the spot.

5B. AUDITIONS

BALLET DANCERS

DIGGIE DIGGIE DUM

TCHAIKOVSKY

SEE ME RUN, I AM TCHAIKOVSKY, WATCH ME, I'M THE FASTEST IN
THE LAND...

BALLET DANCERS

DIGGIE DIGGIE DUM

TCHAIKOVSKY

LIKE A RACEHORSE, I'LL BE OFF-SKY, TRITSKY-TROTSKY, CATCH ME
IF YOU CAN

BALLET DANCERS

DIGGIE DIGGIE DUM

TCHAIKOVSKY
 AND IF YOU TRY TO CHASE THIS SUGAR PLUM,
 YOU'LL BECOME VERY GLUM,
 IN A TRAFFIC JAM.

BALLET DANCERS
 DIGGIE DIGGIE DUM

TCHAIKOVSKY
 TRY TO STOP ME
 TRY TO TOP ME
 I'M TCHAIKOVSKY
 I AM

BALLET DANCERS
 DUMB

Omitted on recording. EINSTEIN
 presses his red button.
 TCHAIKOVSKY, severely out of
 breath, clicks his fingers and a
 fluffy towel falls from above.

EINSTEIN
 (trying to remain calm)
 How is running on the spot supposed to help
 save planet Earth?!

TCHAIKOVSKY
 Wait, I thought these were try-outs for the
 race?

EINSTEIN
 What?

TCHAIKOVSKY
 (pointing at sign)
 The 'save-the-human' race?

GLORIA
 Next!

TCHAIKOVSKY
 But this is my dream!

GLORIA
 To be an athlete?!

TCHAIKOVSKY
 (small)
 To be included.

BEETHOVEN
 Sorry, Tchaik.

Dying swan music. TCHAIKOVSKY
leaves, looking sad.

GLORIA

Not the sharpest note in the scale, is he?

EINSTEIN

Ludwig, if we get one more composer-

In walks, Anna-Magdalena BACH.

BEETHOVEN

Oh, well this one isn't a composer.

EINSTEIN

Good!

BEETHOVEN

It's a composer's wife.

BACH

That my friend, is where you're incredibly wrong.

5C. AUDITIONS

BACH (CONT'D)

I'M ANNA MAGDALENA BACH
MY HUSBAND KEPT ME IN THE DARK
LOCKED IN THE CUPBOARD,
LEFT UNDISCOVERED,
BLOCKED OUT OF HISTORY

NOW IS THE CHANCE TO PUT THINGS RIGHT,
DEAL WITH THIS LITTLE OVERSIGHT,
TRUTH IS THAT ALL ALONG,
"JOHANN'S" FAMOUS SONGS
WERE IN FACT BY ME!

BEETHOVEN

My! Well thanks so much for coming...er-

BACH

Anna.

BEETHOVEN

Yes of course - Anna!

BACH

You've known me for 148 years.

BEETHOVEN

Ah, yes, well...really? Wow.

BACH
 NOW LISTEN LUDWIG, AS I SPELL OUT WHAT YOU NEED TO DO,
 TELL YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS THAT I AM DEFINITELY IN THE CREW.

EINSTEIN
 Now look-

BACH
 I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER,
 NO ONE CAN HOLD BACH BACK AGAIN.

EINSTEIN
 BUT THAT'S NOT FAIR!

BACH
 THAT'S LIFE MEIN HERR, SO LONG, FAREWELL, AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

ANGEL 1
 CLASSY DAME!

ANGEL 2
 SUCH A BRAIN!

ANGEL 1
 GIVE HER FAME!

ANGEL 2
 AND ACCLAIM!

ANGEL 3
 (spoken)
 What's her name?

BACH
 I'M ANNA MAGDALENA BACH!

She bows and leaves. **Omitted on recording.**

GLORIA
 She's brilliant!

BEETHOVEN
 Yes, she certainly has the motivation!

EINSTEIN
 But we already have one composer wasting a spot
 on the team!

BEETHOVEN
Wasting?!

GLORIA
 Next!

VON BINGEN enters the audition room, wearing a nun's habit.

EINSTEIN

Ah *wunderbar*! At last someone other than a composer! Let's see what she has to say!

BEETHOVEN

Um...actually, this is-

5D. AUDITIONS

VON BINGEN

MY NAME IS HILDEGARD VON BINGEN

EINSTEIN

Oh *scheisse*.

VON BINGEN

FOR TOO LONG I'VE BEEN FOOLISHLY IGNORED

EINSTEIN

Another one.

VON BINGEN

YOUR MISSION IS DOOMED TO FIERY FAILURE,
YOU'LL MAKE THINGS TEN TIMES WORSE THAN THEY WERE BEFORE.

EINSTEIN

Yes, yes, I know who you are...a musical nun whose talent has been forgotten by history-

VON BINGEN

FOR CENTURIES I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE
BUT I'VE BEEN BLINDLY DISREGARDED EVERY-

EINSTEIN presses his buzzer.
Omitted on recording.

EINSTEIN

Ludwig - did you only tell composers about the mission?!

BEETHOVEN

Honest answer?

EINSTEIN

Oy vey. Next!

VON BINGEN

I predict that you're making a terrible-

EINSTEIN

Next!!

She's dragged out by ANGELS, as
MOZART (14 years old) enters.

Oh no.
BEETHOVEN

I give up.
EINSTEIN
(almost crying)

5E. AUDITIONS

MOZART
HIDE YOUR WIVES, AND TIE YOUR DAUGHTERS DOWN,
WOLFGANG AMADEUS IS IN TOWN!

If it isn't the eternal boy genius.
BEETHOVEN

Shouldn't you be in school, Mozart?
GLORIA

Shut up!
MOZART
(voice cracking)
THOUGH I MAY ONLY LOOK FOURTEEN
I AM A SEX MACHINE,
I MAY SEEM VERY YOUNG,
BUT I AM MOST MATURELY HUNG...
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SWOTTING CAUSE THE LADIES ARE ALL
SQUATTING OVER ME.

Do you have permission from your parents to be
here?
GLORIA

Does your Mum have permission from your
parents... to-
...Shit!
MOZART
(failing to come up with anything)

Nice.
BEETHOVEN

I tell you what's nice: how many more
symphonies I wrote than you.
MOZART

Come off it.
BEETHOVEN

Oh, is 41 not a higher number than 9? Looks
like its him who needs to be in school Gloria!
MOZART

BEETHOVEN

Don't be so childish.

MOZART

Don't be so...jealous!
I LEARNED VIOLIN WHEN I WAS THREE
THEY CALLED ME A CHILD PRODIGY
AT FIVE I COMPOSED A MINUET
AND PLAYED IT FOR MARIE ANTOINETTE
AT TEN I PLAYED FOR KINGS AND QUEENS

BEETHOVEN

BUT JUST WHEN YOU HIT PUBERTY
APPARENTLY AS WE CAN SEE YOU REACHED YOUR PRIME!

Omitted on recording.

MOZART

Well I'd rather that than be stuck forever as
an (**voice cracking**) old man!

BEETHOVEN

Really?

MOZART

(sad)

...No.

GLORIA

Oh god, you've upset him now.

MOZART

I just thought if I could go down to Earth... I
might finally be able to, you know... age.

GLORIA

Our judgement process is flawless, Wolfgang.
You hit your peak at fourteen and a half...

MOZART

I was thirty five when I wrote the Magic Flute!

GLORIA

A show with classical music and a ludicrously
unrealistic premise - why would anyone want
that?!

EINSTEIN

Next!

MOZART

ONE MORE CHANCE!

ALL

NO NEXT!

MOZART
A SECOND GLANCE?

ALL
NO, NEXT, NEXT, NEXT!

They wrestle him out.

EINSTIEN
Could this get any worse?!

GREGORY and MONKS enter.

5F. AUDITIONS

GREGORY
MY NAME IS GREGORY

MONKS
THE FIRST

GLORIA, EINSTEIN & BEETHOVEN
Nooooo!!!

EINSTEIN
If I hear another second of that infernal
chanting...!

GREGORY
WHY MUST I BE SCORNED AND FROWNÉD AT?

MONKS
FROWNÉD AT

GLORIA
Cause you've spent centuries ruining the
afterlife for everyone who's ever died...

GREGORY & MONKS
APART FROM THAT!

GREGORY
MY CHANTING IS THE ONLY HOLY MUSIC

MONKS
(together)
ONLY HOLY MUSIC

GLORIA
Wholly unbearable, maybe.

GREGORY
AND THOU DOEST BADLY NEED ME FOR YOUR-

GLORIA
Good grief, your breath absolutely stinks!

GREGORY
What?! No it doesn't!

GLORIA clicks - a big toothbrush
and toothpaste drop from above.

GLORIA
Like the devil's arsehole. Here - for the sake
of your poor monks, if nothing else.

GREGORY
BROTHERS THIS IS TOO MUCH TO ENDURE

MONKS
TO ENDURE

GREGORY
TELL HER HOW MY BREATH IS SWEET AND PURE

He breathes in their faces.

MONKS
(eyes watering)
SWEET AND PURE

One of them vomits.

GLORIA
Uhuh.

GREGORY
COME - SATAN HAS THEM IN HIS FIERY GRIP

MONKS
FIERY GRIP

GREGORY
LET US MAKE OUR OWN PLANS FOR THIS TRIP

MONKS
FOR THIS TRIP

GREGORY
God save you all.

He leaves with his MONKS.

EINSTEIN
(shaking his head)
Oy. Next.

ANGEL
(clearing throat)
Er...there isn't anyone else.

GLORIA

What?

ANGEL

That's everyone.

EINSTEIN

You're telling me that out of all the brilliant people who have ever lived and died, we got five composers and a pope with halitosis?!?

BEETHOVEN

Well. It makes our decision easier! Send in the composers!

The COMPOSERS re-enter one by one.

EINSTEIN

But no! Surely we need to-

BEETHOVEN

(bulldozing EINSTEIN)

Friends...It brings me great honour to welcome you all to the Save the Human Race team!

COMPOSERS

Yay!

6. WE ARE THE COMPOSERS

COMPOSERS (CONT'D)

WE ARE THE COMPOSERS AND WE'RE HERE TO SAVE THE HUMAN RACE FROM A FATE THAT'S WORSE THAN DEATH, A TOTAL LACK OF MUSIC TASTE!

MUSIC TASTE, MUSIC TASTE, MUSIC TASTE, LA LA LA!

BEETHOVEN

To the portal!

EINSTEIN

Wait!

AT VESTAL RECORDS

ELISE is playing the big finish of her song to a gathered CROWD of Vestal Records staff members.

7. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS (CONT)

CHORUS

AHHH

ELISE

'CAUSE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

CHORUS

NEVER EVER
AHHH

ELISE

THE WORLD IS SO MUNDANE
THE SKY IS GREY AND EMPTY

CHORUS

NOTHING THERE AT ALL

ELISE

AND ALL THAT EVER FALLS IS RAIN.

MR. BADMAN waves the CROWD out.

MR. BADMAN

Right, so this classical crap-

ELISE

Beethoven...

MR. BADMAN

Why bother with it?

ELISE

His music...makes life worth living.

MR. BADMAN

Look, this whole worn out bullshit brought up
to date thing... it's...definitely clever.

ELISE

...thank you.

MR. BADMAN

But here's the thing. People don't want to see
someone like you being clever.

ELISE

Er...

MR. BADMAN

I knew this chick...maybe you know her - Diana
Ross? What do you s'pose I told her when she
was done with the Supremes? "Maybe it's time
you got yourself a PHD! Howsabout
astrophysics?"

ELISE

Guess not.

MR. BADMAN

Of course not. 'Cause people don't want Diana's
brain, they want her voice! Among other things.

ELISE

Right. Well thanks for your time.

She makes to leave.

MR. BADMAN

Next time try something less clever.

He drops her tape in the bin. She looks crestfallen and leaves.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yeah, hey Don, I got something for you...

He fishes the tape out of the bin.

MR. BADMAN

Sure, sure - it'll be with you by lunch...But Don, at the moment it's too interesting - see if you can sorta emulate this classical-music-brought-up-to-date thing it's got going on, but make sure it doesn't make people think too much. All right, all right. Yeah, yeah, bye, bye.

(direct address)

No, like I really meant it, I'm a total fuckin' asshole.

SCENE SIX

ELYSIUM LABORATORIES

EINSTEIN has gathered the COMPOSERS and GLORIA in the Elysium lab. They are surrounded by piles of equipment.

EINSTEIN

Now this goes against all my instincts, but we're completely out of time...so:

8A. EINSTEIN'S LAB

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

WELCOME TO ELYSIUM LABORATORIES
WHERE THE GREATEST THINKERS BREAK NEW GROUND
YOU WILL BE ASTOUNDED, YOU'RE SURROUNDED
BY THE MOST- TCHAIKOVSKY, PUT THAT DOWN!

TCHAIKOVSKY

Sorry!

He puts back a delicate looking item, which shatters.

EINSTEIN
 ANY NEW INVENTION YOU CAN MENTION
 CAN BE FOUND IN THIS ALADDIN'S CAVE

VIVALDI
 You have a portable hair-curling machine?!

EINSTEIN
 NO! I SPEAK OF INNOVATIONS TO SAVE NATIONS.

VIVALDI
 BY GIVING THEM A PERFECT PERMA-WAVE!

EINSTEIN
Oy vey.
 HERE YOU SEE COLLECTED, HAND-SELECTED
 ITEMS THAT WILL AID YOU IN YOUR TASK
 FIRST WE HAVE A TYPE OF PEAR THAT CAN GROW ANYWHERE
 NEXT, A NEVER-ENDING WASSER FLASK

BEETHOVEN
 Sounds brilliant.

MOZART
 Ludwig definitely needs to grow a pear!

BEETHOVEN
 Oh grow up.

MOZART
 (sad)
 I can't.

EINSTEIN
 THIRD - WE HAVE THE ANSWER TO CURING CANCER,
 FOURTH WE HAVE THE MEANING OF LIFE EXPLAINED.
 FIFTH A SOURCE OF ENDLESSLY PERFECT CLEAN ENERGY
 SIXTH AN ANTIDOTE TO CLIMATE CHANGE

TCHAIKOVSKY
 Wow!

EINSTEIN
 BUT NONE OF THOSE THINGS OVER THERE, CAN BEGIN TO COMPARE,
 TO THE BEST DEVICE I'VE EVER MADE,
 IT CAN TELL YOU WHERE YOU ARE, PLAY YOU FILMS, HAIL A CAR,
 TAKE YOUR PICTURES, TELL YOU NEWS AND HELP YOU TO GET LAID.

MOZART
 Really?! (***catching sight of the others***) It can
 tell you...news?

EINSTEIN
 AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT STUFF, IF IT WEREN'T QUITE ENOUGH,
 YOU CAN USE IT TO COMMUNICATE
 FROM A LONG OLD WAY AWAY, YOU CAN SAY "OY VEY"
 AND ENJOY A CHINWAG WITH YOUR MATE.

BEETHOVEN
 ALL IN A SINGLE ITEM?! THAT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE!

EINSTEIN
 JAWOHL. IT IS INCREDIBLE. BEHOLD!

EINSTEIN takes a smartphone out of
 his pocket.

ALL
 Woowww.

EINSTEIN touches it, causing an
 electronic door to open, and then
 throws it in the bin. Behind the
 door is a hopelessly over-
 complicated robot, with hair like
 EINSTEIN'S.

EINSTEIN
 I CALL IT - AL-BOT!

AL-BOT
 AL-BOT

The COMPOSERS are disappointed.

EINSTEIN
 (upset)
 YOU DON'T LIKE IT?

TCHAIKOVSKY
 NO, ALBERT, I LOVE IT -
 (indicating the door)
 IT OPENS SO SMOOTHLY!
 Is it on rails?

EINSTEIN
 NO, NOT THE DOOR!
 IT'S CLEAR TO SEE I'VE FAILED

BEETHOVEN
 MY FRIEND...IT'S WONDERFUL!

He seeks support from the others.

BACH
 AND HE'S SO BEAUTIFUL

VIVALDI
IT'S JUST MAGNIFICO!

MOZART
IT'S OK, YOU KNOW.

EINSTEIN
Von Bingen?

VON BINGEN
I predict that this plan will bring on the
apoca-

EINSTEIN
NOW THAT YOU HAVE EVERYTHING, THAT YOU NEED TO BEGIN,
I WILL OPEN UP A RIFT IN TIME,
I HAD ALL OF THE COMPUTING CHECKED BY NEWTON,
SO WITH ANY LUCK THIS SHOULD BE FINE.

VON BINGEN
Did you say luck?!

He fiddles with dials, and the
portal begins to open.

EINSTEIN
BUT THIS ISN'T A VACATION, ALL MY EQUATIONS
SHOW YOU MUST BE BACK BY NEW YEAR'S DAY

BEETHOVEN
WHAT - WHY?

EINSTEIN
ONCE YOU'RE THROUGH THE PORTAL, YOU'LL BE MORTAL
DIE A SECOND TIME AND DEAD YOU'LL STAY!

VIVALDI
DID HE SAY DIE?

TCHAIKOVSKY
OH MY!

EINSTEIN
YES, IF YOU'RE NOT BACK BY MIDNIGHT, YOU'LL BE IN SHITE
I WOULD RECOMMEND THAT YOU ACT FAST.
SORT THE PLANET'S TENSIONS, WITH THESE INVENTIONS,
BRING THE LIVING WORLD SOME PEACE AT LAST.

BACH & OTHERS
TO REWRITE HISTORY!

MOZART & OTHERS
AND FINISH PUBERTY!

EINSTEIN
OF COURSE THERE MIGHT BE COMPLICATIONS, ALTERATIONS,
TO THE VERY FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME.

VON BINGEN
THE SKY ITSELF WILL TEAR

VIVALDI
WILL THAT RUIN MY HAIR?

EINSTEIN
IF YOU NOTICE ANY BREACHES, YOU CAN REACH US
USING LITTLE AL-BOT'S PRIVATE LINE.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
Now, do you understand?

BACH
Well you were singing everything, so I missed
at least 80% of it...

Omitted on recording.

EINSTEIN
Oh I almost forgot - it's important you
concentrate really hard on where you want to
turn up!

TCHAIKOVSKY
Where do we want to turn up?

EINSTEIN
Oh! And the inter-dimensional journey might
give you special powers!

MOZART
Like Superman!

EINSTEIN
Yes. Though of course it might also shatter
your souls into an infinite number of pieces
that can still feel excruciating pain for the
rest of eternity.

VIVALDI
What?

8B. EINSTEIN'S LAB

EINSTEIN
NOW GO! GO! THE HUMAN RACE IS WAITING AND YOU'RE RUNNING OUT
OF TIME
GO! GO! THOUGH JUST IN CASE IT KILLS YOU, THESE DISCLAIMERS
SHOULD BE SIGNED...

COMPOSERS

NO! NO!

VIVALDI

IN LIGHT OF THESE DEVELOPMENTS I THINK I CHANGED MY MIND.

EINSTEIN & GLORIA

GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

EINSTEIN

Should we say go one more time?

ALL

NO!

He pushes them through the portal.

EINSTEIN

Ach Scheisse!

GLORIA

What is it?

EINSTEIN

They forgot the pear that could feed the whole world, the cures for water shortage, cancer and climate change, and- oh no, thank God!

GLORIA

What?

EINSTEIN

At least they remembered Al-bot.

Beat.

GLORIA

Some of that other stuff did sound quite-

EINSTEIN

(crying)

I know, I know!! I think I need a schnapps.

He exits.

GLORIA

You're just gonna leave this portal-...ah well, you're the genius.

They leave. **Ominous chanting** begins, as we see the shadows of GREGORY and MONKS in front of the portal.

SCENE SEVENVESTAL RECORDS HEADQUARTERS, EARTH.

MR. BADMAN and his P.A. are in his office.

MR. BADMAN

Let me get this straight. You're trying to tell me General Pinochet's developed a conscience?

P.A.

No, but it's just that the people of Chile-

MR. BADMAN

Can be bought. Wire him ten million dollars...
(direct address)

No seriously, I'm evil, you're still surprised?

With a bang and a flash GREGORY
and his MONKS appear in the room.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

9. MISERERE

GREGORY & MONKS

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

MR. BADMAN and P.A. fall asleep.

GREGORY

I AM POPE GREGORY...

MONKS

THE FIRST

GREGORY

PATRON SAINT OF MUSIC AND OF SINGING,

MONKS

AND OF STUDENTS AND OF TEACHERS

GREGORY

YES, BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY THE MUSIC.
LO! HOW WE TOOK THIS PORTAL DOWN TO EARTH

MONKS

DOWN TO EARTH

GREGORY

'TIS TIME TO SHOW OUR HEAV'NLY FATHER WHAT OUR SOULS ARE
WORTH

MONKS
WHAT ARSEHOLES ARE WORTH

GREGORY
OUR SOULS

MONKS
SORRY

GREGORY
NO, NO, 'T WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE.

MONKS
WHY ARE WE STILL SINGING?

GREGORY
AH YES THOU...
...hast a point... God's mercy, where are we?!

He notices the sleeping men.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Hello? Why sleepest thou?

MR. BADMAN
(in his sleep)
Money...power...shitting on the underdog...

GREGORY
Arise, for God hath sent me unto thee.

He smells GREGORY's breath.

MR. BADMAN
Jesus Christ! Did a cat drink off-milk then vomit on a rotting corpse in here? What the hell is that smell?

GREGORY
Surely 'tis a nightmare.

MR. BADMAN
Explain...

GREGORY
I am Pope Gregory the first.

MR. BADMAN
Right...how did you get here?

GREGORY
I have come from heav'n itself to spread my holy chant and sanctify mankind!

MR. BADMAN
...sorry, what?

GREGORY

Well I did focus my mind 'pon a monastery in London...

MR. BADMAN

Uh, yeah this building used to be one... Crazy question - does that chanting you do put people to sleep?

GREGORY

Blasphemy! 'Tis the finest music e'er composed!

P.A.

(waking up)

Hello...?

MR. BADMAN

(putting his fingers in his ears)

Sing the Latin stuff again!

GREGORY

Wherefore?

MR. BADMAN

Uh, I long to hear it's beauty or something...

P.A.

What on Earth-

GREGORY & MONKS

MISERERE, DONA NOBIS PACEM

P.A. falls asleep, as DON enters.

DON

Hippidy-hi, Mr. Badman!

MR. BADMAN

Not now Don.

DON

But I've been working on that- bloody hell, it smells like my dad's colostomy bag in here. Someone open a window!

P.A.

At once.

P.A. opens the window in a trance.

MR. BADMAN

Wait a minute...

(to P.A.)

Cluck like a chicken.

P.A. does.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

Now fly like one.

P.A. jumps out the window. There's
a loud crash.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

(direct address)

Look, I don't know what's going on here, but I
sure as hell know I can use this.

(to GREGORY)

Hey Pope. You've come to the right place.

End of scene.

SCENE EIGHT

ELISE'S GARAGE

ELISE and MICKEY are sitting in
ELISE's garage/makeshift studio.

MICKEY

Oh come on, why do you have to be such a
downer?

ELISE

I am not a downer.

MICKEY

You've just cried watching The Magic
Roundabout!

ELISE

It was sad!

Beat.

ELISE (CONT'D)

All right, fine! Mickey, I've been working on
those tracks for years. It only took five
minutes for him to kill it all dead.

MICKEY puts the bong down, and
goes over to ELISE's equipment.

MICKEY

Elise, close your eyes.

ELISE

Ugh, why?

MICKEY

Just do it... (**once she has**) Now listen.

She presses play. **Classical music begins.** After a few bars it transforms into something modern.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Badman may be our boss. He may run Vestal Records, which may be the top label in the world. He may be super hot, and would almost certainly shag like a champion. Wait, where am I going with this?

ELISE

Pep talk.

MICKEY

Right...but in spite of all that...he's wrong.

10. I CAN MAKE IT

MICKEY (CONT'D)

SO IT'S TRUE YOUR MUSIC HAS BEEN SLATED
POORLY RATED
EVERYONE SO FAR HAS TURNED IT DOWN

ELISE

I'm not sure this is helping.

MICKEY

BUT CAN'T YOU SEE
JUST OPEN UP YOUR EYES AND LOOK AROUND YOU
AT ALL THE OLD WHITE MEN YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR SOUNDS TO
DON'T LET THOSE BASTARDS GRIND YOU DOWN

THEY'VE HAD THEIR DAY
IT'S TIME TO SAY
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO
FOR FAR TOO LONG
WE'VE SUNG THEIR SONG
BUT YOU CAN MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN

Listen to it - your stuff is brilliant. The magic you make with this old music...

ELISE

...is too clever.

MICKEY

Is clever enough to fly on its own.

ELISE starts to use her studio equipment to build the song.

ELISE

FOR YEARS THIS FIRE HAS BEEN BURNING
CONSTANT YEARNING
FEELS LIKE MY WHOLE HEART HAS BURNED TO ASH

YES I CAN SEE
THE SAME OLD PEOPLE GUARDING EVERY DOORWAY

MICKEY
THEN TAKE ANOTHER ROAD AND DO IT YOUR WAY

TOGETHER
DON'T LET THOSE BASTARDS GRIND YOU DOWN

MICKEY
IT'S TIME TO SLAY

TOGETHER
TO SEIZE THE DAY

ELISE
AND SHOW THE WORLD WHAT I CAN DO

CHORUS
YOU SHOW THEM

MICKEY
YOU DON'T NEED ANYONE BUT YOU

CHORUS
NO NO NO NO

ELISE
I'M GONNA MAKE IT ON MY OWN
I SHOULD HAVE SAID THIS LONG BEFORE

CHORUS
YOU SHOW HIM

MICKEY
THAT YOU DON'T NEED HIM ANYMORE

CHORUS
NO NO NO NO

MICKEY
WE MAY BE HIGH

TOGETHER
BUT WE CAN FLY

BOTH
AND I CAN MAKE IT...

MICKEY
I'm taking you to an open mic night, where
you'll see you're a million times better than
everyone else, OK?

ELISE
...ON MY OWN!

ELISE gets up to go.

MICKEY

But...you're not leaving the house looking like that.

She gets out her make up. End of scene.

SCENE NINE

OUTSIDE A MUSIC VENUE IN SOHO

A flash of light announce the arrival of AL-BOT and COMPOSERS (except MOZART). Two shifty looking GENTLEMEN leave a sex shop next door.

BEETHOVEN

Human strangers! We have come directly from heaven to save your souls with music!

GENTLEMAN

Oh get lost - bible bashers.

BEETHOVEN

But we offer you aural salvation!

GENTLEMAN 2

I just had some thanks.

The GENTLEMEN leave.

BACH

You thought this would be easier, didn't you?

BEETHOVEN

...I did, yes.

VIVALDI

(noticing he's stepped on something)

*Oddio...*where are we?

TCHAIKOVSKY

I think this is Soho! Yes, I stayed here once!

VON BINGEN

I have a bad feeling about-

VIVALDI

(reading from a sign)

Open mic night tonight. What does that mean?

BEETHOVEN
 (reading from a sign)
 S&M, CBT, XXX, toys. What does that mean?

BACH
 Oh for f-... Wolfgang! (*notices he isn't there*)
 Wait, where's Mozart?

A sex shop WORKER comes out
 holding MOZART (now 7 years old).

WORKER
 Hey!

BEETHOVEN
 What on Earth-

WORKER
 Is this your kid?

MOZART
 I'm not a-

BEETHOVEN
 Yes, yes, he's ours!

WORKER
 What the hell do you think you're playing at?

As BACH speaks, the WORKER walks
 off, totally ignoring her.

BACH
 We're so sorry. He must have run a-...wow, what
 a rude man.

BEETHOVEN
 What's happened to you Wolfgang?!

MOZART
 Well...I entered the portal thinking very hard
 about where I wanted to end up-

BEETHOVEN
 Never mind that, have you taken a look at
 yourself?

MOZART
 No, what?!

VIVALDI holds out his mirror.

MOZART (CONT'D)
 No no no!!

TCHAIKOVSKY

What's wrong with him?!

MOZART

I have the body of a bloody seven-year-old,
that's what!!

TCHAIKOVSKY

Ah! I knew you'd changed something! Don't
worry, it's taken years off you!

MOZART starts to cry.

BACH

Oh, come here.

(to the others)

This must be what Einstein was talking about!
The portal has super-charged Mozart's
childishness.

BEETHOVEN

Aha! I wonder what's changed about the rest of
us then!

The COMPOSERS all try out various
super hero moves. Music begins as
VON BINGEN rises off the ground.

VON BINGEN

I CAN SEE THE FUTURE

BACH WILL SOON FIND OUT THAT LIVING HUMANS CANNOT SEE HER
TCHAIK WILL HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE RANDOM STRANGERS SING
FAIR VIVALDI WILL TRANSFORM INTO A FICTIONAL BARBER
BEETHOVEN WILL-

VIVALDI

Mamma Mia! Will you please be quiet?!

BEETHOVEN

Yeah, Hildie, we're trying to work out if any
of us have developed super powers.

VON BINGEN

Did you not just-

BEETHOVEN

Hmm! Nothing obvious, but I'm sure we'll find
out soon enough! Right, what's the plan?

VIVALDI

You don't have one?!

BEETHOVEN

We just tried it.

BACH

What - offer to play music to two random
strangers?

BEETHOVEN

On balance, maybe it needed a bit more thought.

VON BINGEN

We're doomed.

Music under.

TCHAIKOVSKY

I'll tell you what I did once when I ran out of
ideas...

BACH

Oh god...he's going to sing isn't he?

11. HAPPY SONG

TCHAIKOVSKY

WHEN I WAS YOUNG - UP FOR FUN,
I CAME TO LONDON FOR THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE

PASSERS-BY

BEST TIME OF HIS LIFE

TCHAIKOVSKY

Yes thank you!
BUT YOU MAY KNOW, AS I GOT OLDER,
IT WAS CLEAR THAT I SHOULD FIND MYSELF A WIFE.

PASSERS-BY

FIND HIMSELF A WIFE

TCHAIKOVSKY

Exactly!
HER NAME WAS ANTONINA MIL-

PASSERS-BY

-IUKOVA

TCHAIKOVSKY

How did you know?!

PASSERS-BY

AND WHEN HE MARRIED HER, DESPAIR-

TCHAIKOVSKY

TOOK OVER,
Yes, it's true,
I SPENT THE HOURS WITH WRITER'S BLOCK.

PASSERS-BY
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

MOZART
BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE A-

BACH
Come on Mozart, now that's quite enough.

A BUSKER starts playing drums.

TCHAIKOVSKY
SOMEHOW I HAD TO END THE DROUGHT

PASSERS-BY
SHIFT SOME THINGS ABOUT!

TCHAIKOVSKY
TO FIND A WAY OF GETTING OUT,

PASSERS-BY
THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR ANY DOUBT.

TCHAIKOVSKY
I KNEW THE ANSWER ALL ALONG...

TCHAIKOVSKY & PASSERS-BY
JUST SING A HAPPY SONG.

BEETHOVEN
How do all these people know what to sing-?

TCHAIKOVSKY
SING A HAPPY SONG.

BACH
Sorry, your genuine solution to our current predicament is that we all sing "a happy song"?

TCHAIKOVSKY
It worked for me!

BACH
Really?

TCHAIKOVSKY
I suppose I did also come out as gay and get a divorce, but I'm fairly sure it was the song that did it.

VON BINGEN
I'm getting palpitations.

BACH
YOU UNDERSTAND WE NEED A PLAN,
UNTIL WE HAVE ONE WE CAN NEVER CHANGE THE WORLD!

COMPOSERS
NEVER CHANGE THE WORLD

BACH
WE NEED TO FIND A VOICE TO MAKE A CHOICE
ABOUT THE WAY THAT HISTORY'S UNFURLED.

COMPOSERS
THAT'S ALL THAT RHYMES WITH WORLD

BACH
FIRST WE MUST FIND A PLACE TO STAY

COMPOSERS
CAN SOMEONE SHOW THE WAY

BACH
AND WE'VE NO INSTRUMENTS TO PLAY

VON BINGEN
EXACTLY WHAT I TRIED TO SAY!

MOZART
I'VE GOT A TUMMY HERE TO FILL!

BACH
AND TELL ME WHO WILL FOOT THE BILL.

They all look at BEETHOVEN.

BEETHOVEN
Vivaldi's the rich one!

They all look at VIVALDI.

VIVALDI
Al-Bot...take me back to Elysium now!

AL-BOT shakes its head and beeps.

VIVALDI (CONT'D)
Give us some money then?

AL-BOT shakes its head.

BACH
Can you at least show us where the nearest
hotel is?

AL-BOT beeps and produces a
massive unwieldy map.

BEETHOVEN
God, he really is useless!

They wrestle with the map.

MOZART

I want to go HOME!

BACH

Looks like it's past somebody's bedtime.

MOZART

(a tantrum)

I'm not tired!!

VIVALDI

Mamma Mia, someone do
something with him!

VON BINGEN

It's a disaster! I told them,
I told them!

BEETHOVEN

Will you please shut up!

TCHAIKOVSKY

(Sticking his fingers in his ears)

La la la la la!

I FIND WHEN PEOPLE WANT TO FIGHT

PASSERS-BY

OH DEAR OH DEAR

TCHAIKOVSKY

MY ANTIDOTE WILL PUT THAT RIGHT.

PASSERS-BY

A PANACEA-CEA

TCHAIKOVSKY

ONE CURE FOR EVERY SINGLE WRONG

PASSERS-BY

DING DONG BING BONG

TCHAIKOVSKY

JUST SING A HAPPY LITTLE SONG

PASSERS-BY

A HAPPY-

BEETHOVEN

Are we just not going to talk about these
strangers singing and dancing?

TCHAIKOVSKY & PASSERS-BY

HOORAY, HOORAY, IT'S SUCH A HAPPY DAY,
THE CLOUDS WERE GREY, BUT NOW THEY'VE GONE AWAY (YES!)
THE STRESS THAT PRESSED RIGHT DOWN UPON MY CHEST
DECAYS AWAY, WHEN MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY
IF YOU'RE CURSED BY ANXIETY, SING ALONG, YOU'LL BE FREE,
AIN'T NO CURE LIKE A MELODY, DO, RE, MI, F, E, D, SO!
SO FLUSH AWAY THE VALIUM AND SING SOMETHING ITALIAN

ALL
RAVIOLI, PIANISSIMO

VIVALDI
MAMMA MIA, MAMMA MIA, MAMMA MIA, MAMMA MIA, FIGARO

TCHAIKOVSKY & PASSERS-BY
HOORAY (HOORAY) IT'S SUCH A HAPPY SONG
JUST SING WITH ME AND NOTHING CAN GO WRONG
SO TURN THE TIDE AND PUSH YOUR WOES ASIDE
IT'S TRUE, IT WORKS, IT'S FULLY BONA FIDE!
IF YOUR LIFE IS SHITTY (SHITTY), SING A (SING A) DITTY
(DITTY)
SOMETHING NICE AND PRETTY (PRETTY) WILL STOP YOU IF YOUR
CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE,
IF YOU'RE CHILD IS DYING (DYING), STOP THAT (STOP THAT)
CRYING (CRYING),
SEND THE MUSIC FLYING (FLYING), AND KEEP ON SINGING WHEN YOUR
SON OR DAUGHTER'S DIED.
SING ALONG, NICE AND STRONG, JOIN THE THRONG, HAPPY SONG!

PASSERS-BY
SONG... SING A HAPPY SONG

TCHAIKOVSKY & PASSERS-BY
TODAY I TRAVELLED DOWN TO EARTH,
AND NOW I'VE SHOWN EXACTLY WHAT I'M WORTH,
I'VE SAVED THE WORLD BY GIVING BACK THEIR MIRTH
I FEEL SO PROUD, IT'S LIKE I'VE GIVEN BIRTH
ELEVATED, LIBERATED, BEAUTIFULLY ORCHESTRATED!

PASSERS-BY
TIME THAT HE WAS CELEBRATED

TCHAIKOVSKY & PASSERS-BY
HELLO (HELLO), GOODBYE (GOODBYE), NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO CRY,
(BOO HOO)
YOU'RE TRULY FREE (FREE), TO JOIN MY SYMPHONY
HOORAY (HOORAY), HOORAY (HOORAY), IT'S SUCH A HAPPY DAY
SO RIGHT THAT WRONG, AND SING THIS HAPPY SONG!

TCHAIKOVSKY
And that's a fact!

Song ends. By now the whole street
is thronging with dancing people.

BEETHOVEN
By God, I've got it! Tchaikovsky's super power
is making other people sing. Didn't foresee
that did you Von Bingen!

VON BINGEN
I literally told you that 3 minutes ago!

BACH
 (to public) Excuse me! Hello!...Hello!? (to
 COMPOSERS) Why are they ignoring me?

VON BINGEN
 Because they can't see or hear you.

BACH
 What?!

She waves in a PASSER-BY's face.
 They just stare through her.

BACH (CONT'D)
 My god, she's right! I'm literally invisible.

VON BINGEN
 Yes - I predicted that as well!

BEETHOVEN
 No matter. We have them here now.
 (To a BUSKER)
 May I borrow that, sir?

The BUSKER, in a daze, hands him
 an accordion.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
 Vivaldi grab that violin. Mozart take the
 cello. Hildegard...do you actually play
 anything?

By now VON BINGEN has a viola and
 she plays an extraordinary
 arpeggio.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
 Very good! Then what are we waiting for?!

12. SHAME ON YOU

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
 WELCOME FRIENDS AND THANKS FOR LENDING ME YOUR EARS,
 I'VE LONGED TO TALK TO YOU FOR OH SO MANY YEARS
 YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF ME, I WROTE A SONG OR TWO
 I WAS BIG IN BONN, 1822
 NOW IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION FROM ON HIGH
 YOUR MUSICALITY HAS SADLY GONE AWRY,
 AND I DON'T WANT TO CAST ASPERSIONS FROM AFAR
 BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW BAD YOU ARE?

BEETHOVEN & COMPOSERS
 IT GRIEVES ME SO, I HAVE TO SAY
 I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LIVE THIS WAY
 WHAT IS THE WORLD NOW COMING TO?
 TAKE THE BLAME, SHAME ON YOU

Omitted from recording. Light
picks out MICKEY and ELISE,
carrying a guitar case, arriving.

MICKEY

(Indicating the venue entrance)

Come on Elise, it's just buskers.

ELISE

Wait. There's something different about these
guys.

BEETHOVEN & COMPOSERS

IT GRIEVES ME SO, I HAVE TO SAY
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LIVE THIS WAY
WHAT IS THE WORLD NOW COMING TO?
TAKE THE BLAME, SHAME ON YOU.

They finish and what's left of a
trickling audience boos/shouts
'rubbish'.

BEETHOVEN

(very disappointed)

Damn.

ELISE

Excuse me?

VIVALDI

Yes? Can we help?

ELISE

You guys....are brilliant.

BEETHOVEN

(enamoured)

Well...thank you.

ELISE

I absolutely love this whole homage thing.

BEETHOVEN

And you are...?

ELISE

Elise.

BEETHOVEN

(spellbound, extending his hand)

Elise?...I'm Beethoven.

ELISE
(Shaking his hand, not believing)

Very cute.

He takes her hand and kisses it.
VON BINGEN floats into the air.

VON BINGEN
ONE OF THESE WOMEN WILL BE HOPELESSLY CORRUPTED.
AND WORSE...SOON THIS VISION WILL BE RUDELY INTERRUPTED
BY A MAN WHO IS NOT LISTENING TO-

BEETHOVEN
Jesus, Hildegard, would you please stop
upstaging me?!

MICKEY
Right, what was that?

BEETHOVEN
Ah. Yes. So, we just arrived here from the
Afterlife and the journey gave us super powers.
Von Bingen seems to keep floating in the air
and spouting nonsense-...

VON BINGEN
Seeing the future.

BEETHOVEN
Mozart has regressed to his seven-year-old
state.

MOZART
No, you're a state.

BEETHOVEN
Bach here is apparently invisible.

ELISE laughs.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
Tchaikovsky has the power to make others join
in when he sings...

TCHAIKOVSKY
(Sugarplum)
DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA

EVERYONE ELSE
DRRRING

BEETHOVEN
...and Vivaldi and I haven't discovered our
powers yet.

ELISE

It's rare to meet a band with a sense of humour.

MICKEY

I'm not entirely sure they're- (joking)

ELISE

I know exactly how to help you guys.

MICKEY

Elise, are you sure about this?

ELISE

Meet me tomorrow. 11 o'clock, Denmark Street.

TCHAIKOVSKY

How will we get to Scandinavia so quickly?

ELISE

(laughing again)

You guys crack me up. See you there.

She takes MICKEY and leaves.

TCHAIKOVSKY

I wasn't joking.

BACH

Would that you were.

VON BINGEN

We really must be careful. She is-

BEETHOVEN

Very beautiful, yes.

MOZART

(imitating BEETHOVEN)

Very beautiful, yes.

BEETHOVEN

Stop copying me!

MOZART

Ooh, that's rich, given you copied all the music you ever wrote from me!

BEETHOVEN

(sniffing)

Wolfgang, have you wet yourself.

MOZART

Haha, jokes on you because... (*Noticing he has*)
Oh no!

He starts to cry.

BACH
 (rolling her eyes, looking at AL-BOT's
 map)
 Let's get him home.

End of scene.

SCENE TEN

VESTAL RECORDS HEADQUARTERS.

MR. BADMAN is on the phone once
 more.

MR. BADMAN
 (nurturing)
 Oh now come on little one, you'll be OK...

A knock on the door.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
 Wait a second. (**shouted**) Come in!

P.A. enters on crutches and
 bandaged up.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
 I know he's a big meanie, but you just tell him
 so like the big boy you are, and I won't let
 anyone hurt you, OK? I have to go, but be good
 now, yeah, bye, bye, bye.

P.A.
 Your son?

MR. BADMAN
 What?! No. That was Kim Il-Sung. What is it?

P.A.
 I found the Pope.

MR. BADMAN
 Send him in.

GREGORY and MONKS enter.

GREGORY
 Good day.

MR. BADMAN
 Are you a moron?!

GREGORY
 Nay, I am a Catholic...

MR. BADMAN

You ran away?!

GREGORY

If thou wilt fall asleep...

MR. BADMAN

(grabbing some ear defenders)

I won't be caught out again...Gregory, if you fell into the wrong hands...

GREGORY

But I burn to spread the music of our Lord!

MR. BADMAN

Not until we have things figured out!

GREGORY

The world out there is desperately depraved.
Lust, wrath, gluttony, sloth...Barry Manilow.
'Twas I first brought the voice of God to
England. Now look at them, a state of sinful
souls.

13. WHEN THE POPE WAS KING

GREGORY (CONT'D)

IN THE LATE SIXTH CENTURY,
WITHIN THE WALLS OF A MONASTERY
GOD SENT TRUE HARMONY
TO GREGORY.

MONKS

OF COURSE

GREGORY

'T WAS A TIME OF BLACK AND WHITE
THE WORLD WAS WRONG AND THE CHURCH WAS RIGHT,
I SPREAD GOD'S HOLY LIGHT.
THROUGH MELODY.

MONKS

AND FORCE

GREGORY

LONG AGO IN THE DAYS OF OLD,
THE PEOPLE STANK AND WERE ALWAYS COLD,
THEY DID WHAT THEY WERE TOLD,
AND KISSED MY RING

MONKS

ON HIS HAND

GREGORY

WHEN MEDICINE WAS SO POOR
CHILDREN DIED BY THE AGE OF FOUR

THEY KNEW WHAT PRAYER WAS FOR,
WHEN THE POPE WAS KING.
AND NOW WE CHANT

MR. BADMAN puts his ear defenders
on. P.A. falls asleep.

GREGORY & MONKS
MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM
MISERERE FILL YOUR HEARTS WITH JOY
CLOSE YOUR EYES WORDS WILL SANCTIFY YOU
BRING YOU PEACE NOTHING CAN DESTROY.

They stop. MR. BADMAN tentatively
removes the ear defenders.

MR. BADMAN
Gregory, I can make you Pope again.

Pause, as GREGORY takes this in.

GREGORY
How?

MR. BADMAN goes over to P.A. and
speaks into hie ear.

MR. BADMAN
When you wake up, you will treat Pope Gregory
as your king for exactly fifteen seconds.

MR. BADMAN clicks his fingers.
P.A. wakes up and sees GREGORY.

P.A.
GOD SMILES ON MY HUMBLE SOUL
COME HERE LET ME KISS YOUR HO-LY FEET
I'D WALK ON BURNING COALS
FOR THE HOLY SEE
YOU'RE MY TRUE AND RIGHTFUL KING
BLOW AWAY MY MORTAL SIN...WITH YOUR
SWEET LUNGS, LET ME TAKE IT IN,
BREATHE YOUR BREATH ON M-

(trance breaks as he breathes it in)
Jesus Christ, did a skunk's colon get smeared
in garlic and smegma and burned in the fiery
pits of hell?

GREGORY
The stench of which he speaks must be a feature
of this mystic trance!

MONKS shuffle and avoid his eye.

MR. BADMAN
 POPE G YOU'RE A MIRACLE
 TO WASTE YOUR SKILL WOULD BE CRIMINAL
 TIME TO GO SUBLIMINAL
 AND TAKE CONTROL
 WITH THE PEOPLE HYPNOTISED
 YOUR DREAMS CAN ALL BE REALISED
 LET'S MAKE YOU SUPER-SIZED
 AND SCORE A HOLY GOAL

GREGORY
 What's thy plan?

MR. BADMAN
 Same one I've had for years - use repetitive
 music to control people! We just gotta adapt
 yours a bit for the "mass" market.

GREGORY
 How?!

MR. BADMAN
 Don't worry, I got a guy working on updating
 classical stuff already.

P.A.
 You mean, like Elise has been doing with
 Beethoven's-

MR. BADMAN kicks P.A. in his
 broken leg. He screams.

GREGORY
 Doest thou mean to sully my perfect Gregorian
 chant?!

MR. BADMAN
 I doest mean to put you back in the Vatican.

GREGORY
 I hope that I can trust thee.

MR. BADMAN
 MISARERE DONA NOBIS PACEM
 BE AWARE WE DO THIS IN GOD'S NAME
 TRUST THAT IT WAS HIM THAT BROUGHT YOU TO ME
 WE WILL ALL BE WINNERS IN THIS GAME

P.A. has nearly recovered, so on
 MR. BADMAN's way out he kicks away
 P.A's crutches, causing him to
 topple over. End of scene.

SCENE ELEVEN

MUSIC SHOP, DENMARK STREET

The COMPOSERS and ELISE enter a music shop, manned by two shop assistants BARRY and MIKE.

ELISE

So. I think you should try out your material on these.

BEETHOVEN

You want us to play these plastic lutes?

ELISE

You know you can drop the act now - it's just me here.

BEETHOVEN

What act?

ELISE

Suit yourself.

(to BARRY)

Hi.

BARRY

Can we help you, love?

ELISE

This man wants to try a guitar.

BARRY

A "guitar" is it?

ELISE

Yes.

BARRY

Right, well we'll just grab our one "guitar" down, shall we Mike?

MOZART grabs a guitar.

MIKE

Oi! Don't touch that! Tell your boy to keep his sticky fingers to himself.

MOZART

I'm not a boy!

VIVALDI

Then you must be a girl!

MOZART

(stamping on VIVALDI's foot)

I am not!

VIVALDI

Vaffanculo!

ELISE

Just get a guitar down for god's sake.

BARRY

All right, what you want, mate, is a nice starter instrument. Mike, pass me one of the kid's ones. If you practice, one day you might be able to play something like this:

BARRY plays Bach's Bouree.

BACH

Hey, that's one of mine!

BARRY

That little riff was written by a "rockstar" called Johann Sebastian-

BACH punches him in the face.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! Who did that?!

ELISE

Who did what?

BEETHOVEN

Bach just punched him in the face.

ELISE

Right...

BACH picks up the guitar. BARRY and MIKE scream.

MIKE

Flying...guitar...

BACH plays a chord. BARRY and MIKE scream again.

BACH

This is fun.

ELISE

Sorry. That's...Bach? You mean he really is invisible?

BEETHOVEN

Yes.

BACH grabs BEETHOVEN by the ear.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

She! She! Bach is a she.

ELISE

Um. I'm starting to-

VON BINGEN floats into the air.

MIKE

Jesus, what's wrong with the nun, now?

VON BINGEN

I SEE A TINY BOX THAT CAN PLAY BACK
THE SOUND OF ANY INSTRUMENT YOU LACK
'T WILL WORK ON BOTH A PC AND A MAC

MIKE

Come again, Sister?

VON BINGEN goes over to the
keyboards and starts fiddling.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That stuff's actually pretty complicated, so
best not to-

VON BINGEN makes an extraordinary
noise with the machine.

BACH

(picking up drumsticks)

I like the look of this thing.

BARRY

Flying...drumsticks...

MIKE

This has got to be the weirdest day I've ever
had in this shop.

BARRY

What about that time someone wanted to put
classical strings on a Les Paul '58 re-(issue)-
no you're right this is weirder.

VIVALDI

Ooh! Look at this squashed violin!

MIKE

Please, that costs-

MOZART plays through an amp.

BARRY

Stop that!

TCHAIKOVSKY
 (Holding a guitar bag)
 Look at this funny instrument made of cloth!

ELISE
 Open it!

TCHAIKOVSKY
 (getting out a bass)
 Wow! Even better!!

MIKE
 Seriously guys, we'll have to call the police
 unless you-

ELISE
 Just play!

14. MUSIC SHOP

ELISE conducts the COMPOSERS.

TCHAIKOVSKY
 WE WILL WE WILL WE WILL WE WILL BAROQUE YOU!

BEETHOVEN
 OK!

ALL (INC BARRY AND MIKE)
 WE WILL WE WILL WE WILL WE WILL BAROQUE YOU! YEAH!

BARRY
 Why are we singing Mike?

MIKE
 I don't know!

A series of solos. TCHAIKOVSKY
 plays a bad one on bass.

TCHAIKOVSKY
 Sorry.

With a big finish the **song ends**.

MIKE
 Bloody hell.

BARRY
 That was...amazing!

The COMPOSERS look at each other.

COMPOSERS
 Bravissimo / that was so much fun / yeah! Etc.

BEETHOVEN

Elise...you...are a genius. You've given us the key to saving the world!

ELISE

Thanks...Are you really...

BEETHOVEN

Beethoven, yes.

ELISE

As in the greatest composer who ever lived, Beethoven.

COMPOSERS

What?! / No! / Excuse me?

BEETHOVEN

Yes.

ELISE

I think I've finally lost it.

BEETHOVEN

No, you've found it. But where can we perform our brand new sound?

ELISE

Well I know the people at the Marquee club...?

BEETHOVEN

Great! Looks like we have work to do!

BEETHOVEN takes her by the hand and leads them all out.

MIKE

Did they just leave without paying?

BARRY

Mmm. That was definitely weirder than the classical strings on a Les Paul day.

MIKE

Yeah.

End of scene.

SCENE TWELVE

VESTAL RECORDS HEADQUARTERS.

MR. BADMAN has gathered the MONKS together, along with DON, the DJ who has been working for him.

MR. BADMAN

Now, Gregory's just on a little walk, so let's just...make a start without him. We're here to do something totally new with your chant - Don here's been working hard on this for weeks. Let's begin with some simple call and response, all right? Hit it, Don.

DON

Biggety-bop.

15. VOCAL STYLINGS

MR. BADMAN

YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME VOCAL STYLINGS

MONKS

YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME VOCAL STYLINGS

MR. BADMAN

NO, YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME VOCAL STYLINGS.

MONKS

NO, YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME VOCAL STYLINGS

MR. BADMAN

NO I MEAN YOU, AS IN YOU GUYS.

MONKS

NO I MEAN YOU, AS IN YOU GUYS.

MR. BADMAN takes out a gun and fires it into the air. The terrified DON stops the music.

MR. BADMAN

OK. I'm gonna give you the benefit of the doubt, and take some of the blame for that. You are, after all, reincarnated monks from the 6th Century. Don?

DON

(scared)

Biggety-bop.

MR. BADMAN

Now, you need to reverse it, so if I say you, you say we. Have you got that?

MONKS

HAVE WE GOT THAT

MR. BADMAN

NO, YOU STARTED TOO SOON.

MONKS
NO, WE STARTED TOO SOON.

MR. BADMAN
WAIT A SECOND

MONKS
WAIT A SECOND

MR. BADMAN
NO!

MONKS
NO!

MR. BADMAN
STOP!

MONKS
STOP!

MR. BADMAN
YOU IDIOTS!

MONKS
WE IDIOTS!

MR. BADMAN shoots DON, who collapses to the floor. The MONKS scream in terror. A chilling pause.

MR. BADMAN
This should really be very simple. But you're overcomplicating it, and now someone's dead. All right? An innocent man, a family man. OK? You're not thinking.

He goes over to the dead DON, picks up his arm, and uses his finger to start the music.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
Biggety-bop. All right. Repeat after me, but reverse it, from now.
YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME VOCAL STYLINGS.

MONKS
(absolutely terrified)
WE'RE GONNA NEED SOME VOCAL STYLINGS.

MR. BADMAN
MAKING SURE YOU KEEP TO THE TIMING.

MONKS
MAKING SURE WE KEEP TO THE TIMING.

MR. BADMAN
YOU'LL BE CHANTING AND SPITTING AND RHYMING.

MONKS
WE'LL BE CHANTING AND SPITTING AND RHYMING.

MR. BADMAN
WALK TO THE LEFT.

MONKS
WALK TO THE RIGHT.

MR. BADMAN
NO DON'T REVERSE THE MOVEMENTS!

MONKS
YES, DO REVERSE THE MOVEMENTS!

MR. BADMAN
NO THAT'S WRONG!

MONKS
YES THAT'S RIGHT!

GREGORY enters with P.A.

GREGORY
'Zounds! What sinful sounds are these?!

MR. BADMAN turns the music off.

DON
Guys! I think it missed my vital organs. I'm actually going to be OK!

MR. BADMAN shoots him again.

GREGORY
Thou art a mortal sinner!

MR. BADMAN
OK. Maybe that was a bit-

GREGORY
Thou teachest my brothers the music of Satan himself!

MR. BADMAN
Wait, it's the music, not the murder that bothers you...?

GREGORY
Demonic music shall damn the human race to hell! Look here! (**Handing him a poster**) I chanced upon this bill on my adventures.

MR. BADMAN

(reading)

Tonight at the Marquee Club - The Masters of
the Past

(to GREGORY)

What - you think a bunch of idiots in composer
costumes, are a "threat to God"?

GREGORY

"Idiots" they may be. Costumes they
may...be'nt...wearing. They're not wearing
costumes.

Beat.

MR. BADMAN

Are you trying to say there's more of you?

GREGORY

They are no kin of mine!

MR. BADMAN

(pointing up)

But they did come from, y'know...?

GREGORY

Yes.

MR. BADMAN

Holy shit.

GREGORY

No thank you, I've just been.

MR. BADMAN

(direct address)

Did you know about this?

(back to GREGORY)

You guys...stay here.

End of scene.

SCENE THIRTEEN

THE MARQUEE CLUB - BACKSTAGE

The COMPOSERS are getting ready
backstage. They are doing vocal
warm ups etc.

VIVALDI

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LAIII--

BACH

I have a headache.

VIVALDI
LAI LAI LAI LAI LAI LAI LAI LAI LOOO--

ELISE and BEETHOVEN enter holding hands.

ELISE
Now guys - this is a bit awkward, but before you go on, Ludwig and I-

They notice their hands.

..Er, we think it's quite important that we do something about your look.

VIVALDI
Mi scusi?

ELISE
(calling off)
Mickey?

MICKEY enters.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You remember Mickey don't you?

COMPOSERS
Of course / yes / who? Etc.

MICKEY
Hey you big bunch of weirdos.

ELISE
She's kindly offered to give you all a once over.

MICKEY
(winking at VIVALDI)
Though one of you might get it twice.

MICKEY starts getting out hair products, make-up and clothes.

VON BINGEN
What's wrong with our looks?

MICKEY
I think we'll start with hair, don't you? Ip dip doo.

She points at VIVALDI.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
You're up.

VIVALDI

No!

She reaches out with some scissors and snips a lock of VIVALDI's hair. There is a sudden burst of light and sound.

VIVALDI (CONT'D)

NO NO NO NO LA LA LA LA LAIIIII-OOOO

He spins on the spot, smoke pouring out of the floor around him. When the scene clears he has transformed into the Barber of Seville, complete with extravagant fake moustache.

MICKEY

What...on...Earth?

VIVALDI breathes ominously, head down, and starts to shake.

BEETHOVEN

This must be his super power!

MOZART

But what is it?

16A. BARBER OF SEVILLE

VIVALDI

(in a Spanish accent)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-I AM THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, MAKE WAY

He pulls out a large pair of scissors.

VIVALDI (CONT'D)

BEST FRICKIN' BARBER IN HIS-TO-RAY!

BACH

Hear that? That's the sound of the last remaining scraps of plausibility dy-(ing)

VIVALDI

(Putting his finger over her lips)

LA, LA, LA, LAI-O,

A barber's chair zooms on to the stage.

ELISE

Where did this barber's chair even come from?
I'm sure this wasn't in the room- (before)

VIVALDI
 (Putting his finger over hers)
 LA, LA, LA, LO...

MICKEY
 And all this hair dressing equipment- I thought
 this scene was set backstage at a-

VIVALDI
 (Pushing TCHAIKOVSKY into a chair)
 LA, LA, LA, LAI-O...

TCHAIKOVSKY
 Ooh! Could you cut my hair a little bit longer
 please!

VIVALDI
 LA, LA, LA, LO...

VIVALDI (CONT'D)
 (in a Spanish accent)
 Not quite how hair works, but we'll do our
 best.

He works on TCHAIKOVSKY's hair.

VIVALDI (CONT'D)
 COME SEE THE MASTER, NOBODY IS FASTER
 COME SEE THE MASTER BARBER AT WORK
 OPEN FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
 TEN UNTIL SIX
 AND PERFORMING THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE

By the end of the verse,
 TCHAIKOVSKY has an ornate 18th
 Century do. **Omitted on recording.**

TCHAIKOVSKY
 (looking in the mirror)
 I'm beautiful!

BACH
 Sorry, are we genuinely saying that Vivaldi's
 power is to transform into a fictional Spanish
 barber?

VIVALDI
 Call me Figaro, *por favor*.

BACH
 Wait, wasn't the Barber of Seville by Rossini?

VIVALDI
Insignificante.

MICKEY

Right...So that was actually quite amazing...
Figaro, but I was thinking more nineteen
seventy five. This kind of thing...?

She shows him a magazine. He nods.

VIVALDI

Say no more, muchacha.
I AM THE BARBER OF SEVILLE MAKE WAY!
HAND ME THE HAIRSPRAY AND WATCH ME SLAY!

BEETHOVEN

When am I going to get a super power?!

VIVALDI

(putting a finger to his lips)

Shhhhhh!

He starts to do all the COMPOSERS
hair behind screens.

16B. BARBER OF SEVILLE

VIVALDI (CONT'D)

EVERYONE TELLS ME, I'M NUMBER ONE
NUMERO UNO, SECOND TO NONE
THE DAUGHTER THE MOTHER, THE SISTER THE BROTHER
THE BUTCHER THE BAKER
EVERYONE CALLING ME, EVERYONE CALLING ME,
EVERYONE CALLING ME, EVERYONE CALLING ME,
FIGARO, FIGARO, FIGARO!
THEY'RE CALLING ME, APPLAUDING ME
THEY WANT MY BABY, OR MAYBE IT'S JUST
ANTICIPATION OF GRATIFICATION
WITH MY REPUTATION, ARTISTIC CREATION
WILL KEEP THEM QUEUEING UP OUTSIDE MY DOOR.

VIVALDI (CONT'D)

You do the clothes, señora. I do the hair, sí?

MICKEY

Sure!

MICKEY now joins him behind the
screen and clothes are thrown
around.

VIVALDI

FIGARO HERE, FIGARO THERE, FIGARO WHAT, FIGARO WHERE
FIGARO UP, FIGARO DOWN, FIGARO IN, FIGARO OUT
EVERYONE CALLING ME, EVERYONE CALLING ME,
EVERYONE CALLING ME, EVERYONE CALLING ME
FIGARO, FIGARO, FIGARO!

BACH

Do you think he might want to be called Figaro.

VIVALDI

CROPPING IT CHOPPING IT, CUTTING IT CURLING IT
 TWISTING IT TURNING IT, DRYING IT BURNING IT
 STRAIGHTEN IT PERMING IT, WASHING IT DRYING IT
 SHAVING IT DYING IT, ANSWER THE PHONE
 BRUSHING IT COMBING IT, SPRAYING IT FOAMING IT,
 GELLING IT SETTING IT, LIGHTEN IT FEATHER IT
 BUYING AND SELLING IT MAKING THE MOST OF IT
 MAKING THE MONEY, IT'S TIME TO GO HOME
 I AM THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

COMPOSERS

HE IS THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

VIVALDI

OH, I AM THE BEST, FORGET THE REST, I AM THE
 BEST IN THE TOWN, AIN'T NOBODY AROUND
 WHO IS WEARING THE CROWN,
 AIN'T NO BARBER WHO'S BETTER THAN ME

Song ends as The COMPOSERS
 (including VIVALDI) are all
 revealed with extravagant 70s
 outfits and hair.

VIVALDI (CONT'D)

(looking down on himself)

Mamma mia! What just happened to me?!

BACH

Ah - Vivaldi's back.

VIVALDI

How did I get even more beautiful?!

ELISE

Even if I could, there's no time to explain!
(handing him his electric violin) You guys are
 up!

Music, lights and bustle segue us
 to the stage of the MARQUEE CLUB.

BEETHOVEN

(amidst the chaos, to ELISE)

I don't know how to thank you for all this.

ELISE

Just...play well, OK?!

BEETHOVEN

I think I...(love you)

ELISE

Go!

She pushes him on stage.

ON STAGE AT MARQUEE CLUB

BEETHOVEN looks up, dazzled by the lights.

BEETHOVEN

Um...Thank you so much for all coming...I guess we should just...Bach?

The audience can only see moving drumsticks.

They play a phenomenal intro.

ELYSIUM

Light comes up on EINSTEIN and GLORIA, watching the Godcams, drinking beer and eating popcorn.

EINSTEIN

(looking at her in shock)

Gloria.

GLORIA

Yep. I think they actually might be on to something.

EINSTEIN

But I worry they're not focussing on any of the really important things.

GLORIA

Hmm I guess it is true that in the last hour we did lose 3008 people to starvation and 2102 to armed conflict...

EINSTEIN

Oy.

GLORIA

...but this does really bang!

17A. BEETHOVEN MACH 5

ON STAGE

BEETHOVEN

MY NAME WAS BEETHOVEN NOW I'M VAN THE MAN.
AND I AM HERE TONIGHT TO DO THE BEST I CAN

BEETHOVEN & MOZART
WE ARE THE MASTERS OF THE PAST, WE WILL IGNITE

BEETHOVEN & VIVALDI
WE'RE GONNA TURN YOU ON AND HELP YOU SEE THE LIGHT

BEETHOVEN
I AM CONCERNED YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED THROUGH HISTORY
THE WAY TO LIVE YOUR LIVES IN PEACE AND HARMONY

BEETHOVEN & VIVALDI
NOW ALL WE WANT TO DO IS WIN YOUR HEARTS AND MINDS

BEETHOVEN, BACH & VON BINGEN
FOR THE SAKE OF ALL MANKIND

VESTAL RECORDS HEADQUARTERS.

Lights now also reveal GREGORY and
his MONKS, who are praying.

GREGORY
Pater noster, qui es in cœlis etc.

ON STAGE

BEETHOVEN
TAKE US TO YOUR HEARTS

BACH & VON BINGEN
TAKE US TO YOUR HEARTS

BEETHOVEN
AND LET THE MUSIC START, OUR MUSIC WILL EMBRACE YOU

BACH & VON BINGEN
HELP THE HUMAN RACE TO

COMPOSERS
RECOVER AND DISCOVER
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY TO SAVE POOR PLANET EARTH

BACH & VON BINGEN
GIVE IT TO ME

BEETHOVEN
NOW WE CAN TAKE YOU HIGHER,
WE CAN RECTIFY YA.
IN A PHILHARMONIC, DIATONIC, ENHARMONIC, MOST SYMPHONIC WAY,
OK.

ON BALCONY AT MARQUEE CLUB

ELISE and MICKEY watch their
creation on stage. MR. BADMAN
approaches.

MR. BADMAN

I should have guessed you were behind this.

ELISE

Mr. Badman!

MR. BADMAN

Don't worry - I'll take them from here.

ELISE

No.

ON STAGE

BACH

PRAISE TO JOY, ABIDE WITH ME

ALL

OUR BAROCK AND ROLL, WILL SATISFY YOUR SOUL

VON BINGEN

WE'RE HEAVEN SENT, TO SET YOU FREE

COMPOSERS

WITH PEACE AND HARMONY.

HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH, HALLELUJAH

Omitted on recording.

ON BALCONY AT MARQUEE CLUB

MR. BADMAN

You'll get a raise, don't worry.

ELISE

No. I won't.

MR. BADMAN

What, d'you want it in writing?

ELISE

I won't get a raise, because I quit.

MICKEY

Elise!

ELISE

I found them. And I'm gonna make them stars. On my own.

MR. BADMAN

You're making a huge mistake.

ELISE

No, you made one.

MR. BADMAN

Oh you stupid little girl. When I'm done you'll be like an old pal of mine, you probably heard of him-

ELISE

Save the name dropping for someone who gives a shit.

She leaves and makes her way over towards the stage.

17B. BEETHOVEN MACH 5

ON STAGE

BEETHOVEN

SO TRUST IN ME

BEETHOVEN & MOZART

AND HARMONY

COMPOSERS

IT'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT

BEETHOVEN

IT'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT

TCHAIKOVSKY

'CAUSE WE ARE HERE TONIGHT TO LIGHT THE WAY

ELISE has joined BEETHOVEN at the mic.

ALL

(joining TCHAIKOVSKY)

THE WAY, THE WAY, THE WAY, THE WAY, THE WAY
HALLE...

ON BALCONY AT MARQUEE CLUB

MR. BADMAN

Hey Mickey, ever met the Pope?
(direct address)
You think you've seen me bad?

He leaves with a guilty MICKEY.

ON STAGE

ALL

...AMEN
HALLELUJAH

Song ends. End of act.

ACT TWOPROLOGUE

The COMPOSERS perform a montage of gigs, as their success increases around the world. Screaming fans.

18. MASTERS OF THE PAST

COMPERE 1

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Masters of the Past!

COMPOSERS

BEETHOVEN!
EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD TONIGHT
WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU TO A NEW DIMENSION
HEY HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIGHT
SHINING FROM ELYSIUM

They fly to Italy.

ITALY

COMPERE 2

(in Italian accent)

Ladies and gentlemen, with music as good as a fresh carbonara...I give you.. The Masters of the Past!

COMPOSERS

WE ARE THE MASTERS OF THE PAST
AND WE SALUTE YA
WE'RE HERE TO SAVE THE WORLD
AND BUILD A BETTER FUTURE
AND WE WILL NEVER BE OUTCLASSED.

The band move into the wings as the crowd cheers.

ELISE

Well...they love us in Italy!

VIVALDI

(smug)

Naturalmente.

They rush out onto another stage.

RUSSIA

COMPERE 3

(in Russian accent)

Ladies and gentleman, with music as good as a
cold Stoli vodka...I give you... The Masters of
the Past!

COMPOSERS

WE ARE THE MASTERS OF THE PAST
AND WE'RE THE ANSWER
WE'RE HERE TO SAVE THE WORLD
FROM ABSOLUTE DISASTER
AND WE WILL BRING YOU PEACE AT LAST.

The band move into the wings as
the crowd cheers.

ELISE

Well...they love us in the USSR!

TCHAIKOVSKY

(smug)

Yestestvenno!

Lights change as they arrive in
the wings of one more stage. The
COMPOSERS are warming up.

UNITED STATES

COMPERE 4

(from onstage in American accent)

Ladies and gentlemen, with music as good as a
Broadway-style montage depicting a band's
meteoric rise to international fame, I give you
the Masters of the Past.

ELISE

(rushing on)

Van! Van!

BEETHOVEN

What is it?

ELISE

(out of breath)

I just got off the phone to the BBC...

COMPOSERS

And...?

ELISE

They've given us our own New Year's Eve tv
show.

(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)

Your music is gonna go out live to the whole entire world. You're gonna be bigger than the Beatles!

COMPOSERS

Who?

ELISE

Of course. Umm.. you're gonna be bigger than Jesus.

TCHAIKOVSKY

He's actually quite small in person.

ELISE

Ok fine, you're gonna be bigger than...yourselves?

COMPOSERS

Wow! / etc.

MOZART

You mean I'll finally grow?

BEETHOVEN

Elise. You're a genius!

He kisses her. The compere appears in the wings.

COMPERE 4

Guys! They're waiting!

The COMPOSERS rush onstage to huge applause.

BEETHOVEN

NOW MAKE WAY, OUR MUSIC'S HERE TO STAY
SENT FROM HEAVEN

ELISE

(joining on stage)

BEETHOVEN MAKES IT BETTER

SCENE ONE

RADIO STATION

As the band continues to play, the lights change, and we see that they're playing a live session for BBC radio.

RADIO DJ

Welcome back to the Johnny Zest sessions, where you just heard everyone's favourite new superstar, Ludwig "Van the Man" Beethoven, and his Masters of the Past playing live in the studio. Welcome guys.

COMPOSERS

Thank you / hi / etc.

RADIO DJ

Now, Van. You have millions of listeners hanging on your every word right now, and I believe there's something you want to tell them?

BEETHOVEN

Well...we're very excited to be able to exclusively reveal-

BACH

That it was I, Anna Magdalena Bach, not my husband-

BEETHOVEN

(interrupting)

That this New Year's Eve, live on the BBC, The Masters of the Past will play the best television concert of all time.

RADIO DJ

(laughing)

OK...

BEETHOVEN

As the year comes to a close we will unleash music so powerful that it will wake the entire human race from its catatonic state and save planet Earth!

RADIO DJ

(laughing)

Is that all?

BEETHOVEN

(earnest)

Yes.

RADIO DJ

(slightly confused)

OK...well all I can say is that one: I know where I'll be on New Year's Eve, two: I imagine you'll be joining me, and three: I would hate more than anything to be in competition with these guys...

SCENE TWOMR. BADMAN'S OFFICE

Lights change to reveal MR. BADMAN sitting at his desk. He is listening live to the Masters of the Past on the radio.

RADIO DJ
(from radio)

...If I was, for instance, their chief rival and antagonist, their success right now would feel like a gigantic blow to-

MR. BADMAN shoots the radio with his gun.

MR. BADMAN

Aarrrrghh!

He presses a button on his desk, and his P.A. enters, now walking on a stick.

P.A.

Sir?

MR. BADMAN

What's the state of play?

P.A.

Our record sales are down again across the board this morning.

MR. BADMAN

God damn it.

P.A.

There are minor rebellions forming against the regimes you support in Argentina, North Korea, Chile and...Burkina Faso.

MR. BADMAN

You're killing me.

P.A.

(scared)

And...

MR. BADMAN

Go on.

P.A.

I found your son listening to the Masters of the Past.

Music under.

MR. BADMAN
(dangerous)
Bring me Gregory.

P.A.
Why?

MR. BADMAN
There's a certain TV show I want him and his
monks to headline.

P.A.
Ah.

MR. BADMAN
Specifically the one the Masters of the Past
just announced.

P.A.
Right. Sounds like good plotting.

MR. BADMAN
Thank you. It's my specialty.

P.A. leaves, and MR. BADMAN takes
a dramatic pose.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
(to audience)
Yes, you're damn right I'm gonna sing.

19A. GREGORY IS KING

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
IT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF EAR
TO KEEP T HE WORLD IN TUNE
TO KNOW WHICH ILLS WILL KILL
AND WHICH WILL RENDER YOU IMMUNE
I FEAR NO WAR OR PESTILENCE
AND FAMINE IS MY KINK
THE ONLY THING THAT SCARES ME
IS WHEN PEOPLE START TO THINK.

GREGORY and his MONKS enter.
Omitted in recording.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
Your holiness. The public is being sullied by
your composer friends.

GREGORY
Ay, 'tis terrible indeed!

MR. BADMAN

It's time to act.

GREGORY

(overacting)

Ay, 'tis terrible indeed!

MR. BADMAN

No, it's time to do something!

GREGORY

If thou speakest of thy heretic music...

19B. GREGORY IS KING

MR. BADMAN

COME ON, IT'S YOU THAT GETS TO CALL
WHAT COUNTS AS HERESY
THE LIGHT WITHIN YOU CASTS OUT SIN
WHATE'ER THE MELODY
WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T UPDATE YOUR CHANT?
WHAT MASTER WEILDS YOUR ROD?
YOUR SOUL IS BLESSED, YOUR HOLINESS
YOUR WILL IS ONE WITH GOD.

GREGORY

Marry, would that it were so simple!

MR. BADMAN

But it is! Brothers, show him what we've been
working on.

MONKS

DIES IRAE (IRAE)
DIES ILLA (ILLA)
SOLVET SAECULUM
IN FAVILLA (FAVILLA)
IF THE MASTERS OF THE PAST WERE AN ICE CREAM
THEY'D BE VANILLA (VANILLA)
IF WE WERE FILMING A SHOW CALLED BLIND DATE
THEN I'D BE CILLA
NAH I'M NOT FEELIN' THIS BEAT BROTHERS,
NAH, NAH, NAH, NAH (NAH NAH NAH NAH)
TIME TO MAKE THIS ILLER (ILLER)

LET'S TAKE THIS FLOW AND PUT IT IN THE BLAST CHILLER (ICE
COLD)
GIVE ME A LIZARD AND I'LL MAKE IT GODZILLA (ILLA)
MY FRIEND IF RHYMING WAS A CRIME I'D BE A KILLER (KILLER)
AND ALL THE OTHERS MC'S ARE SPITTING FILLER (FILLER)
I HAVE 'EM SCREAMING UP TO GOD LIKE BISMILLAH
(NO, I WILL NOT LET YOU GO)
GO GO THIS MONK-HE GOING APE HE GO GORILLA (OO OO)
KING K-K-K-KONG
C-C-C-CONGREGATE AROUND THIS BLOOD SPILLER
YOU CAN'T SAY NOTHING GAINST MY WORDS IT'S GOD'S WILL-A

MONKS (CONT'D)

THE MONARCHY

MONK

IS SOON TO BE

MONKS

HISTORY

THE KING WILL BE

MONK

NONE OTHER THAN POPE

MONKS

GREGORY

Omitted in recording.

GREGORY

'Tis true it has a ring of Godliness...what do you call it?

MR. BADMAN

Well...papal music!

GREORY

Very good.

MR. BADMAN

Pap for short. We'll unveil it this New Year's Eve, and Gregory, you'll have the whole world in rapture. Or should I say...papture. With such power nothing will stop you taking your rightful place as king once more.

MONKS

THE MONARCHY

MR. BADMAN

IS SOON TO BE

MONKS

HISTORY

MR. BADMAN

YEAH NOW THE MOTHERFUCKING

MONKS

KING WILL BE

MR. BADMAN

NONE OTHER THAN POPE

MONKS

GREGORY

19C. GREGORY IS KING

MONKS (CONT'D)

YEAH WE BE SCORING ALL THE GOALS YOU SCORING NIL-LA
 MY FLOW IS SO FUCKIN SICK YOU NEED A PILL-A
 I'M PACKING BIG, YOU PACK A PICKLE, IT'S A DILL-A
 DON'T GO MAKING MOUNTAINS FROM A MOLE HILL-A
 YEAH I'M AN ELEPHANT AND YOU'RE A CHINCHILLA (EE EE)
 AND I'M A BUTTERFLY WHILE YOU'RE A CATERPILLAR
 YEAH YOU BE FALLING DOWN THE HILL LIKE JACK AND JILL-A
 YOU PLAY YOUR GRADE THREE VIOLIN I'LL PLAY A TRILL-A

MONK plays a trill on a violin.

MONKS (CONT'D)

YOU'RE JUST A BRICK I'M A CORINTHIAN PILLAR (VERY GREEK)
 I GOT MORE SPIRIT THAN A WHISKEY DISTILLER (YUM)
 WHILE YOU BE STICKING ROUND TO PICK UP THE BILLA (BILLA)
 YOU STAY ON HOLY WATER BABE I'M ON... TEQUILA

MONKS (CONT'D)

THE MONARCHY (IS SOON TO BE)
 HISTORY, THE KING WILL BE)
 (NONE OTHER THAN POPE)GREGORY

MONKS (CONT'D)

Say it again brothers.

MR. BADMAN & MONKS

(MONARCHY)
 HE'S ALL YOU NEED, HE'S A MOTHER AND A FATHER
 (HISTORY)
 THE TASTE YOU'LL GET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE IS JUST A STARTER
 (KING WILL BE)
 AND EVERYBODY WILL BE HAPPY EVER AFTER
 (GREGORY)

GREGORY & MONKS

I AM THE ANSWER TO THY SOUL'S DESIDERATA
 I RISE AGAIN LIKE JESUS CHRIST, I AM A MARTYR
 THOU NEED NOT PAY ME, I WILL DO IT ALL PRO RATA
 GREGORY

Song ends.

GREGORY

But prithee what of these accursed composers
 and their devil music?

MR. BADMAN

Right...

He presses a button on his desk.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

Bring me Mickey.

P.A. enters with a terrified-looking MICKEY.

MICKEY

Hello...?

MR. BADMAN

(putting on his headphones)

Your holiness, will you do the honours and chant.

The P.A. hurriedly covers his ears.

GREGORY

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

MICKEY falls asleep, hypnotised.

MR. BADMAN

(to MICKEY)

When you wake up you will love and obey me, and only me.

He claps, putting a stop to the music, and waking her up. She looks at him and smiles evilly.

MICKEY

(with come-to-bed eyes)

What would you have me do, master.

He chucks her his gun.

MR. BADMAN

(indicating P.A.)

First of all we no longer need your predecessor.

P.A.

Wh-what?!

MICKEY shoots him dead without hesitation.

MR. BADMAN

Very good.

(evil)

Hahaha!

GREGORY

(joining, also evil)

Hahaha!

Gregory belches. All react to the smell.

MICKEY
(holding his nose)
Oh Good God.

MR. BADMAN puts his arm around
her.

MR. BADMAN
Hardly. Best to ignore the stench of hellfire
Mickey. It's time for you to...break up the
band.

End of scene.

SCENE THREE

BEETHOVEN AND ELISE'S FANTASY

20. I THINK I LOVE YOU

ELISE and BEETHOVEN are sitting at
a piano, isolated in light, in
their own star-twinkling, ballet-
dancing, fantasy world.

ELISE
NEVER THOUGHT THAT THERE COULD BE MORE TO LIVING THAN MEETS
THE EYE
NEVER DREAMED THAT YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THERE
WATCHING US FROM THE SKY

BEETHOVEN & ELISE
I CAN FEEL MY OLD HORIZONS STRETCHING OVER TIME
NOW IT'S CLEAR THAT I CAN HEAR THE BELLS OF HEAVEN CHIME

ELISE
SAY THAT YOU'LL BE MINE

BEETHOVEN
I'LL BE YOURS

ELISE
NEVER TO PART, SEE THE STARLIGHT SHINE

BEETHOVEN
I'LL BE YOURS

ELISE
INTO YOUR HEART

TOGETHER
IN A LIFE, SUCH AS THIS, WE COULD DANCE, WE COULD KISS.

They kiss.

BEETHOVEN
I THINK I LOVE YOU, I THINK I LOVE YOU
THE SKY ABOVE YOU, TELLS ME SO

ELISE
I THINK I LOVE YOU, THE SKY ABOVE YOU
TELLS ME I LOVE YOU, I THINK YOU KNOW

BEETHOVEN
YOU STOLE MY HEART AWAY

ELISE
WE MET JUST YESTERDAY

ELISE & BEETHOVEN
YOU STOLE MY HEART AWAY
FRIENDS TOGETHER 'TILL THE END OF-

The song is interrupted by
ridiculous sex noises.

TV STUDIO

The fantasy is shattered, as
MOZART is revealed at a
microphone, making the sex noises
live. The other COMPOSERS are now
also revealed, playing their
instruments in a circle (like The
Beatles in 'Get Back'). It turns
out that BEETHOVEN and ELISE were
just in the tv studio all along.
Various cameramen and engineers
move around.

BEETHOVEN
Mozart! You've ruined that take!!

MOZART
It was already ruined.

BEETHOVEN
How?

MOZART
By it being the worst song ever.

BEETHOVEN
You little-

ELISE
Ludwig...I think he might be right.

BEETHOVEN
(hurt)
What?

ELISE

Well no, I mean, the song is definitely...

BEETHOVEN

Heartfelt?

ELISE

(continued)

...a song. And I...

(embarrassed)

I do agree with the sentiment...but remember what you're trying to achieve here. You want to-

ELISE (CONT'D)

-save the world.

BEETHOVEN

Win your love.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Save the world, of course!

VIVALDI

But how could a song ever actually do that?

BACH

I dunno - I have a few that are pretttyyy popular.

VON BINGEN

I always said the whole thing was unrealistic.

ELISE

Well we promised the BBC so we have to at least try! Come on, first we need to pick the perfect classical masterpiece.

TCHAIKOVSKY

What for?

ELISE

To use as the framework for the song.

TCHAIKOVSKY

Wow! I never would have thought of that!

ELISE

Tchaik, that's how literally every song in this-you know what, never mind - just give me a composer.

TCHAIKOVSKY

Ok! Ummm...

ELISE

Quick, doesn't matter who.

TCHAIKOVSKY
I can't think of any!

ELISE
Just take a look around you!

TCHAIKOVSKY
(desperate)
Err...microphone...no!

VIVALDI holds up his mirror for
TCHAIKOVSKY.

TCHAIKOVSKY (CONT'D)
Mirror! No, reflection?! No!

At that moment AL-BOT's lights
begin to flash and his phone
attachment rings. The ringtone is
Pachelbel's Canon.

TCHAIKOVSKY (CONT'D)
Al-bot!

ELISE
That's it!

TCHAIKOVSKY
(Excited)
Is Al-Bot a composer?!

ELISE crosses to a keyboard.

VON BINGEN
Don't you think we should answer the call?

ELISE
(playing along with AL-BOT)
Shh! OK, we want to write a song that will
really make people think, right? That'll
encourage them to make sacrifices for the less
fortunate.

BEETHOVEN
Yes!

ELISE
We want them to imagine a time in the future,
when the world is better. A perfect day if you
will.

BEETHOVEN
Exactly!

ELISE
Well... Then we should call it- (perfect day)

BEETHOVEN
 (interrupting, as if inspired)
Ideal week! You're a genius!

21. IDEAL WEEK

IN AN IDEAL WEEK
 THE WORLD WOULD BE WONDERFUL

ELISE
 Um...right, fine. You next, Vivaldi!

VIVALDI
 (looking in his mirror)
 OH SO BEAUTIFUL

ELISE
 (feeding everyone line)
 Everyone - "Passing it with you."

ALL
 PASSING IT WITH YOU

BEETHOVEN
 Tune it up Wolfgang!

MOZART
 Shut up!

ELISE
 Hildegard, you go!

VON BINGEN
 IN AN IDEAL WEEK
 THIS NUN WOULD BE LISTENED TO

ELISE
 Wolfgang!

BEETHOVEN
 Something grown up please.

MOZART
 (trying)
 Right:
 LUDWIG SMELLS LIKE POO
 (telling himself off)
 No, grown up, grown up...
 SUPER STINKY POO
 Damn!

BEETHOVEN
 The portal really turned you into a nightmare.

MOZART
 (petulant)
 Just 'cause you don't have a super power.

BEETHOVEN

(hurt)

You know I feel very sensitive about that.

ELISE

Bach it's your turn, wherever you are!

BACH

SO MANY WOMEN WERE

ELISE

What's she singing?

BACH

OBSCURED BY HISTORY

ELISE

Is it about saving the world?

BEETHOVEN

(positive)

Well...

BACH

I'LL SOLVE THE MYSTERY

BACH WAS REALLY ME.

BEETHOVEN

No.

ELISE

Right. Tchaikovsky - something that'll really
move people...

TCHAIKOVSKY

LET'S SPARE A MOMENT FOR

ALL (INCLUDING CAMERA CREW)

THE STARVING AND THE POOR

ELISE

Great! The BBC are gonna love this.

ALL

JUST OPEN YOUR FRONT DOOR

AND THROW OUT SOME FOOD

VIVALDI

LET'S FIND THE LOVE AGAIN

AND FEED SOME POOR CHILDREN

TCHAIKOVSKY

LET'S GIVE TO CHARITY

ALL (INCLUDING CAMERA CREW)
 HELP THE MILD AND MEEK
 WHAT AN IDEAL WEEK!

ELISE
 Now your TV show goes out at the end of
 December, so let's point out that while we're
 enjoying a snowy festive season, things are
 different for the rest of the world...

BEETHOVEN
 Got it!
 THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE
 THERE'LL BE NO FIREWORKS IN BOTSWANA

ELISE
 Ummm.

MOZART
 AND I BELIEVE
 THEY WON'T SING AULD LANG SYNE IN GHANA

VIVALDI
 AND IN THE GANGES ESTUARY
 THEY WON'T BE PRACTISING DRY JANUARY

COMPOSERS
 HEY! HEY! HEY!
 YOU AND ME
 IT'S TIME TO LEND A HAND
 FAMILY
 GET UP AND MAKE A STAND
 CHARITY
 AS ONLY RICH MEN CAN
 WE ARE THE ONES YOU SEEK
 LET'S HAVE AN IDEAL WEEK
 MAKE THE VIOLENCE CEASE
 IDEAL WEEK
 DEFUND THE RACIST POLICE
 IDEAL WEEK
 WE CAN ACHIEVE WORLD PEACE
 HELP THE MILD AND MEEK
 ALL WITHIN ONE-

The music suddenly goes dark and
 dissonant, as MICKEY enters the
 room.

ELISE
 Woah, why did you just play that super ominous
 chord.

VON BINGEN
 Because that woman is-

TCHAIKOVSKY

Sorry, my bad, I was just playing the wrong string.

He corrects the note, and the music vamps again.

ELISE

(spotting MICKEY)

Mickey! You came back!

MICKEY

(strange)

Of course.

ELISE

I knew you would!! Listen to the magic we're making - Big finish now!

ALL

WEEK WEEK WEEK

VIVALDI

GOTTA HELP THE MILD AND MEEK

ALL

WEEK WEEK WEEK

TCHAIKOVSKY

WON'T TURN THE OTHER CHEEK

ALL

CHEEK CHEEK CHEEK

BEETHOVEN

WHATEVER AID THEY SEEK

COMPOSERS

SEEK SEEK SEEK

BEETHOVEN

Come on everyone!

VON BINGEN & ALL

YOU GOTTA HELP EVERYBODY YEAH YEAH YEAH

BEETHOVEN

HELP THE MILD AND MEEK

COMPOSERS

IN AN IDEAL WEEK

End of scene.

SCENE FOURELYSIUM

EINSTEIN is practicing violin scales, quite badly.

EINSTEIN
(singing along)
GOING UP AND GOING DOWN THE SCALE
DO IT EVERY DAY OR YOU WILL FAIL

GLORIA enters in a rush, holding a phone, but stops in shock.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
LITTLE BOYCHIK PRACTICE IS THE KEY
IF THE BEST IS WHAT YOU WANT TO BE

GLORIA
Albert?!

EINSTEIN
(Incredibly embarrassed)
What? No! I wasn't...

He throws the violin into the wings.

GLORIA
Listen, I can't get hold of the composers, and-

EINSTEIN
I'm actually famously good at the violin you know.

GLORIA
Right sure, but-

EINSTEIN
(mocking laughter)
Or perhaps you think I mimed all my public performances?

GLORIA
No-

EINSTEIN
(mocking)
Maybe you think I used a hidden gramophone or something?

GLORIA
No - well that is quite specific - but-

EINSTEIN
(mocking)

I suppose you think I'm deeply ashamed of my lack of musicality and no amount of scientific success will ever-

GLORIA
(interrupting)

Albert, shut up! Things have gone terribly wrong all over Elysium.

EINSTEIN
Oh! Like what?

GLORIA
Like this.

She opens a door and we see a chaotic scene, in which everything has gone wrong.

EINSTEIN
Ah.

GLORIA
Yes.

EINSTEIN
I need my blackboard.

He clicks - a spacehopper falls from above.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
Wass?

He tries again. A glitter drop.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
Noch ein mal.

He clicks and a blackboard falls and smashes.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
Oy gevalt!

He picks up a piece and begins to write. **Einstein's Lab** underscore begins.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
(starting to write on it)
Right, let me see. Take the spacehopper as X...and the glitter drop as Y...**Gott in himmel!**

GLORIA

What?

EINSTIEIN

More than 6 people entered my portal!

GLORIA

Oi oi.

EINSTEIN

The damage this could cause is unthinkable!
Gloria...the apocalypse is coming!

GLORIA

When?!

EINSTEIN

Let's see...err...on Earth, in about 2026. In
the Afterlife - That can't be right. Ha, it's
come out as 7 seconds, I must have made a
mistake with the orders of magni-

A huge earthquake.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Gloria! All is lost! What can we possibly do?

GLORIA

(rushing to the phone.)

We get those bloody composers back here. Now!

She dials the composers.

SCENE FIVE

TV STUDIO

The COMPOSERS (minus BEETHOVEN)
sit in their circle. TCHAIKOVSKY
is dressed like a Hare Krishna
now, and is meditating. MOZART is
playing his C Major violin
concerto on an electric guitar.
VIVALDI gets out his mirror and
sings to himself, clashing with
MOZART.

VIVALDI

EVERYONE LOVES ME
THEY REALLY LOVE ME
AND WOULDN'T YOU

The **AL-BOT RINGTONE** begins to
play.

BACH

Ugh, is anyone going to answer that?

VON BINGEN

Someone must! Our lives depend on-

BACH

Well you're sitting closest Hildie.

MOZART

If Ludwig wasn't too busy having sex to come to work, maybe he could.

VIVALDI

Tchaik, you do it.

TCHAIKOVSKY

HARE HARE HAREEEEE.

BACH

Ugh, Wolfgang, could that be any more annoying?

MOZART

Oh, definitely.

He turns up the gain, and now plays **BEETHOVEN music** loud and distorted.

COMPOSERS

Jesus / Mamma mia! / For God's sake.

BACH pulls out the plug. AL-BOT stops ringing at the same time.

MOZART

Haha! Proof that Ludwig's music is more annoying than mine!

BACH

Oh will you shut up. We've missed the phone again because of you.

VON BINGEN

Guys, something terrible's about to happen.

TCHAIKOVSKY plays an **ominous chord** on a keyboard, as MICKEY comes over from amongst the crew.

MICKEY

Hi guys.

TCHAIKOVSKY

Oops sorry.

He corrects a note and the chord
is nice.

MICKEY

I wondered if this was a good time to chat
creative vision for the TV show.

BACH

Not at all.

MICKEY

(totally ignoring BACH)

I know that Mozart's really keen to do it in
Disneyland.

BACH

I hate being invisible.

She heads over to the piano.

TCHAIKOVSKY

Yes, and I wanted to do it live from the roof
of the studio.

The others laugh.

VIVALDI

(scathing)

The roof?

MICKEY

(laughing)

Yes, we all know that would never work. But I
really want to pitch hard again for a Catholic
church aesthetic.

VIVALDI

I'm not sure we should talk about this without
Ludwig.

MOZART

(childish)

Or his stupid girlfriend.

MICKEY

Oh, you think Elise is his girlfriend?

MOZART

Well duh - have you seen them?!

MICKEY

(significant)

I'm not sure she's that committed, actually...

MOZART
(excited)

What?!

They're interrupted by a loud cheer from outside, as BEETHOVEN and ELISE enter the studio, holding hands, and looking like John Lennon and Yoko Ono. A fan is hanging onto BEETHOVEN, and security have to wrestle her off.

ELISE
Wow. Sorry we're late guys.

BEETHOVEN
(grinning)
Room for a couple more?

MOZART
(mischievous)
If you're sure you're a "couple"?

BEETHOVEN
(heading to the piano)
Shall we?

ELISE
What are we playing?

MOZART
The field perchance?

ELISE
What?

BEETHOVEN
I have a new song to share actually.

He starts playing. ELISE sits bizarrely close, like Yoko.

22A. FOR ELISE

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
(As if improvised)
EVERY KOO KOO THING I DO, I DO IT FOR ELISE
A FRIED EGG PLEASE
WITH MUSHY PEAS
YOU AND CHOO CHOO ME AND YOU AND ME WE ARE THE MANITEES (WOO)
THE HONEY BEES
THE MEN OF CHEESE.

TCHAIKOVSKY
(laughing)
These temporary lyrics are hilarious, Ludwig!

BEETHOVEN
 (sad)
 I've been writing them for days!

MICKEY sidles up and speaks to
 MOZART.

MICKEY
 (soft)
 And that's all he came up with?

MOZART
 Haha yeah! Who did you copy this one from? Your
 mum?

BEETHOVEN
 I was just going for a kooky, surreal vibe.

MOZART
 What you got was a stupid, shit vibe.

BEETHOVEN
 WELL IF YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT BETTER THEN YOU'D BETTER BE
 MY GUEST
 LET'S HEAR YOUR BEST
 YOU HEINOUS PEST

MOZART
 RIGHT NOW THE ONLY WORD I HEAR IS BREAST

BACH
 THE BOY'S OBSESSED

MOZART
 AND PENIS-BLESSED

BEETHOVEN
 GIVE IT A REST, YOU FAILED THE TEST, MY ONE REQUEST
 DON'T BE DEPRESSED.

MICKEY sidles up to ELISE.

MICKEY
 Can I borrow you a minute, El?

ELISE
 Um...sure.

They head to the side.

BEETHOVEN
 My name is Beethoven!
 NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY
 I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE MASTER
 WHEN WE WERE LIVING, AND OF COURSE SINCE WE DIED

MOZART
I WROTE MORE PIECES BY THE AGE OF NINE

BEETHOVEN
I'M RANKED ABOVE YOU IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

MOZART
BUT PEOPLE LIKE YOUR MUSIC SO MUCH LESS

BEETHOVEN
TRY SAYING THAT TO ANTHONY BURGESS

Omitted in recording.

TCHAIKOVSKY
Who's Anthony Burgess?

BEETHOVEN
He wrote A Clockwork Orange, in which the main character worships me.

VON BINGEN
Doesn't he go around raping and murdering people?

BEETHOVEN
Irrelevant!
CONFESS
I AM THE BEST!

BACH
Ludwig, you brought us here to save the human race. Why are you wasting time willy wagging with a seven year old?

MOZART
Ewww.

BACH
You're right, that sounded awful out loud.

MOZART
Just like his music.

BEETHOVEN
Hey!

BACH
All right, fine, since we're at it:

22B. FOR ELISE

BACH (CONT'D)

MOST WESTERN HARMONY
IS KINDA DOWN TO ME
I SET THINGS MOVIN'
COUNTER-POINT PROVEN

VIVALDI

MIND IF I PILE IN?
I'M SIGNOR VIOLIN
NO ONE CAN BEAT ME

BEETHOVEN

'CEPT PAGANINI

TCHAIKOVSKY

I PLAY THE PIANO

ALL

ALL OF US CAN THOUGH

BEETHOVEN

MANO A MANO
I AM THE BEST
CONFESS

ALL

No!
I AM THE BEST

BEETHOVEN

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME YOU SHOULD ASK ELISE, SHE'S THE ONLY
ONE WHO TRULY KNOWS ME AND SHE UNEQUIVIC-ALLY CHOSE ME AS THE
VERY VERY VERY VERY BEST COMPOSER OF ALL TIME
FORGET THE REST, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME
I'M THE ONLY ONE YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE,
I AM THE BEST
I AM THE PRIME

Omitted in recording.

MOZART

Oh yeah?

BEETHOVEN

Yeah.

MOZART

Well I'm sorry to break it to you, but Elise
isn't actually that into you.

BEETHOVEN

Don't be ridiculous.

MOZART

It's true. Mickey told us.

BEETHOVEN

No she didn't.

He looks around at the others.
They sheepishly nod.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)
(crushed)

Really?

MOZART

Yes. And you have no super powers. So there.
CONFESS
I AM THE BEST!

COMPOSERS

CONFESS
I AM THE
I AM THE
I AM THE
I AM THE
I AM THE
I AM THE BEST

The music softens, as light comes
up on ELISE and MICKEY.

ELISE

Just spit it out, Mickey! What's up?

MICKEY
(reticent)

OK, OK. You know how I've still been putting in
some hours over at Vestal Records?

ELISE

Yeah...

MICKEY

Well...

ELISE

Mickey.

MICKEY
(lying)

Ludwig's been meeting with Mr. Badman in
private.

ELISE

What?!

MICKEY

He's planning to go solo.

ELISE

No way.

MICKEY

Without the band. And without you.

22C. FOR ELISE

MICKEY (CONT'D)

YOU MADE A VOW THAT YOU WOULD MAKE IT
 TIME TO BREAK IT
 TAKE THINGS BACK TO HOW THEY WERE BEFORE
 'CAUSE CAN'T YOU SEE, YOU TRADED ONE OLD MASTER FOR ANOTHER
 AND CHANGED A FATHER FIGURE FOR A LOVER
 IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR
 WAS THAT YOUR PLAN?
 TO SERVE THIS MAN?

TOGETHER

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO
 NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO

MICKEY

YOU LOST YOUR WAY
 GOT LED ASTRAY
 HE PLANS TO MAKE IT ALL ALONE

ELISE

I GUESS I'M REALLY ON MY OWN.

MICKEY

No. You're not.

Omitted from recording. She takes
 ELISE by the hand, and leads her
 towards the exit, as lights come
 back up on the band.

MOZART

CONFESS

COMPOSERS

NO!
 I AM THE, I AM THE BEST.

BEETHOVEN

(spotting ELISE)

Elise! Tell them!

ELISE

What?

BEETHOVEN

(small)

Tell them you love me and that I'm the best.

ELISE

You know, I really thought the great Ludwig van Beethoven would be different. Turns out all it took was for you to be brought back from the dead to prove you're just like all the rest.

BACH

Liberal use of the words "all it took".

22D. FOR ELISE

ELISE

I THOUGHT I LOVED YOU,
THE STARS ABOVE YOU, TOLD ME I LOVED YOU,
I GUESS THEY LIED.
I THOUGHT I LOVED YOU
BUT NOW I KNOW YOU, JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU,
THAT LOVE HAS DIED

BEETHOVEN

BUT EVERY LITTLE THING I DID I SWEAR UPON MY LIFE AND ON MY DEATH I DID FOR YOU

ELISE

GIVE IT A REST,
THAT ISN'T TRUE
YOU ONLY SAW ME AS YOUR NUMBER TWO

MOZART

Ha!

BEETHOVEN

WHAT HAVE I SAID
WHAT DID I DO?

ELISE

You're not even going to do me the courtesy of admitting it.

BEETHOVEN

What?

ELISE

Goodbye, Ludwig.

She and MICKEY leave.

BEETHOVEN

I just don't understand. Elise! Wait!

He follows ELISE and MICKEY.

TCHAIKOVSKY

Well I can't imagine anyone saw that coming.

COMPOSERS

No/nope/nuh-huh.

VON BINGEN

You have got to be kidding me.

End of scene.

SCENE SIX

VESTAL RECORDS BOARDROOM

MR. BADMAN is enjoying a glass of wine with the MONKS and various MEN in suits. It looks a bit like the last supper.

23A. BAD MAN

MR. BADMAN & MEN

CORPORATION
LIBERATION.
DOMINATION OF THE NATION,
FULL DEREGULATION.

MICKEY and ELISE enter. **Omitted
in recording.**

ELISE

The hell are we doing here Mickey?

A beat, as ELISE clocks who's there.

MICKEY

I'm sorry, baby.

MR. BADMAN

Elise! So nice of you to turn up!

ELISE

Mickey...?

MICKEY shrugs. MR. BADMAN slaps her on the arse.

MR. BADMAN

Good job, sweetcheeks. Now, you know what to do.

MICKEY

(with a wink)

Yes sir.

MICKEY leaves.

ELISE

Mickey, what's happened to you?!

ELISE goes to follow her, but a
MAN blocks her path.

MR. BADMAN

You wouldn't walk out on your old boss, now,
would you?

ELISE

Yes. I very much would.

She goes to leave again, and they
raise their guns.

MR. BADMAN

Shame. I once thought you were too clever.

ELISE

I was clever enough to create a better band
than you ever will!

MR. BADMAN

Oh you sweet girl - you really think this is
just about the music?

23B. BAD MAN

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

MY TRUE AMBITIONS

TRANSCEND MUSICIANS.

ARE YOU SO BLIND, THAT IN YOUR LITTLE MIND,

ALL SUCCESS IS DEFINED IN SONG?

IF THAT'S SO YOU ARE SADLY WRONG.

Unless you include this song, which does define
success, quite neatly.

MEN

EXPLOITATION

MR. BADMAN

Yes please!

MEN

SUBJUGATION

MR. BADMAN

On your knees.

MEN

REFORMATION

MR. BADMAN
 Aye!

MEN
 DEPORTATION

MR. BADMAN
 Bye!

MEN
 FISCAL PENETRATION.

MR. BADMAN
 Mmmmm...fiscal.
 MORE THAN A LABEL
 IS ON THE TABLE.
 RIGHT FROM THE START, I HAVE TRIED TO IMPART,
 WHAT A SCUMBAG I REALLY AM
 SEEMS THAT YOU MISSED THE TE-LE-GRAM.
 NOW IS THERE ANYBODY WHO CAN STOP ME, TOP ME?

MEN
 NO!

MR. BADMAN
 AND IS THERE ANYBODY WHO CAN BEAT ME, DEFEAT ME?

MEN
 NO!

MR. BADMAN
 I'm so sorry Elise. Your precious band is all
 divided. And as we speak our friend Mickey is
 busy turning your TV show into my tv show.

ELISE
 Oh no.

MR. BADMAN
 Oh yes.
 YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN I WASN'T PLAYING GAMES
 I'VE DROPPED SO MANY EVIL BASTARDS' NAMES!

ELISE
 I thought you were making that up!

MR. BADMAN
 COME ON - HOW COULD YOU BE SO DENSE
 I SPELLED IT OUT DIRECTLY TO THAT AU-DI-ENCE!

ELISE
 (looking at audience)
 Oh my god, who the hell are you?!

MR. BADMAN
 SO I'LL TRY TO SUM IT UP THE VERY BEST I CAN
 I'M A VERY VERY REALLY SCARY VERY VERY VERY BAD MAN.

Omitted in recording.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)
 The clue was in my name.

ELISE
 Mr. Badman?
 (realising)
 Oh!! But what do you want?!

MR. BADMAN
 True power comes from true control. If the
 people can no longer think for themselves,
 they'll buy anything you sell 'em, and do
 anything you tell 'em.
 AND IS THERE ANYBODY WHO CAN QUASH ME, SQUASH ME

MEN
 NO!

MR. BADMAN
 On New Year's Eve I will use the Pope's
 hypnotic repetitive chanting to take total and
 utter control. First it'll be music and TV,
 then all media. Eventually I could even sell
 them their own remote controls, and dictate
 from this very room how they think, how they
 vote, how they date, how they spend every
 moment of their pointless little lives.
 AND IS THERE ANYBODY WHO CAN FOIL ME, DESPOIL ME

MEN
 NO!

ELISE
 You're evil.

MR. BADMAN
 Oh come, would an evil man explain his entire
 dastardly plan to an innocent victim?

ELISE
 Definitely.

MR. BADMAN
 Then why yes I am...
 AND IS THERE ANYBODY WHO CAN BEAT ME, DEFEAT ME?!

BEETHOVEN appears from his hiding
 place.

BEETHOVEN

YES!

MR. BADMAN

Well if it isn't "Van the Man" himself.

ELISE

(to BEETHOVEN)

So it's true! You were working with him all along.

BEETHOVEN

What? No, I-

BEETHOVEN is surrounded by MEN with guns.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Woah. Wait, stop! (*Placing a hand over his stomach*) I can feel something... My god, Yes! Hahaha!

MR. BADMAN

What...?

23C. BAD MAN

BEETHOVEN

SEE HOW I STAND
MORE THAN A MAN
MY NAME IS LUDWIG AND MY SUPER POWER IS HERE AT LAST,
KEEP A GOOD WAY BACK, BECAUSE THIS ENERGY IS BUILDING FAST
NOT MUCH LONGER, IT'S GETTING STRONGER,
SOON YOU WILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO
AND NOW I'M FULLY CHARGED MY FRIEND, IT SADLY SPELLS THE END
FOR YOU!

MR. BADMAN looks taken aback.

MR. BADMAN

Men!

Omitted in recording. MEN with guns move towards him. BEETHOVEN shakes with exertion.

BEETHOVEN

(shaking)

Don't come any closer, my power is coming...NOW!

The music ends. There is a massive sound of gas escaping BEETHOVEN's bowels.

Everyone covers their noses.
BEETHOVEN suddenly looks very sheepish.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Right, Von Bingen did warn me not to eat three burritos for lunch.

MR. BADMAN

Well that was truly shattering...Brothers.
Fetch Gregory.

BEETHOVEN

Gregory?!

MR. BADMAN

Oh yes. He has a concert to prepare.

23D. BAD MAN

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

SINCE THE BEGINNING
I'VE BEEN THE VILLAIN
NOW WITH THE POPE, WE'VE THE WORLD ON A ROPE
YOU ARE CLEAN OUT OF HOPE
DON'T KNOW HOW YOU WILL COPE WHEN YOU'RE ALL UP IN SMOKE
AND...
AND I'M NOT SORRY
LET ME MAKE IT CLEAR ONCE AGAIN
WE ARE REALLY VERY SERIOUSLY TRULY MADLY DEEPLY FURIOUSLY
VERY BAD BAD MEN!

MEN

WE ARE THE BAD GUYS
LOOK INTO HIS EYES.

Song ends. GREGORY enters. All the men put on ear defenders.

BEETHOVEN

Gregory?!

GREGORY belches loudly.

GREGORY

(a touch unhinged)

Well met old friend.

BEETHOVEN

(to MR. BADMAN)

What have you done to him?

GREGORY

Sleep thou well.

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

BEETHOVEN and ELISE fall asleep,
hypnotised. End of scene.

SCENE SEVEN

ELYSIUM GODCAMS

Everything is still wrong in
ELYSIUM - strange items litter the
stage and everyone is dressed in
the wrong costumes. EINSTEIN and
GLORIA are glued to the GODCAMS.

24A. IT'S ALL GONE WRONG

EINSTEIN
WELL IT'S ALL GONE WRONG, SEEMS ALL ALONG,
MY LOGIC HAS BEEN FLAWED.

GLORIA
Yup.

EINSTEIN
I NEVER COULD HAVE GUESSED, WE'D BE IN THIS MESS,
WHEN I FIRST PUT CHALK TO BOARD.

GLORIA
Von Bingen did kind of-

EINSTEIN
CAN IT REALLY BE TRUE, AN ATOMIC BREAKTHROUGH
HAS LED TO SOMETHING BAD?!

GLORIA
Ummm...

EINSTEIN
HAS A MAN OF SCIENCE EVER BUILT AN APPLIANCE,
THAT MADE SOME PEOPLE SAD?!

GLORIA
For a genius, your grasp of history is just
awful.

A DUNGEON, EARTH

BEETHOVEN and ELISE are thrown
into a dungeon by BADMAN'S MEN.

BEETHOVEN
Ahhh! Elise, are you all right?

ELISE
Well what do you think? Van, you've ruined
everything!

BEETHOVEN

I DREAMED AT FIRST, I COULD SAVE THE EARTH
 IT SEEMS THAT WON'T COME TRUE
 THOUGH I KNOW WE'RE TOAST, WHAT UPSETS ME MOST
 IS THAT THINGS WENT WRONG WITH YOU

ELISE

OH 'ME ME ME', LUDWIG CAN'T YOU SEE
 YOUR EGO IS TO BLAME
 IF YOU SAVED THE WORLD OR WON THE GIRL,
 IT WAS ALL IN YOUR OWN NAME

ELYSIUM

JESUS runs on, carrying a cross
 and wearing a crown of thorns

JESUS

Gloria!

GLORIA

OH JESUS CHRIST

JESUS

I'VE ALREADY DIED TWICE,
 WILL THE THIRD TIME BE THE CHARM?

JOAN OF ARC enters, burning.

JOAN OF ARC

SOMEONE HELP ME!

GLORIA

JOAN! HI, WE SPOKE ON THE PHONE.

JOAN OF ARC

PUT ME OUT!

GLORIA

CAN YOU STAY CALM?

JOAN OF ARC

I'm on fire!

GANDHI enters, with a gunshot
 wound in his chest.

GANDHI

I'M MAHATMA G, YOU REMEMBER ME?

GLORIA

YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR I DO...

JOAN OF ARC

Seriously!

SHAKESPEARE enters, feverish and ill.

SHAKESPEARE
MARRY, NOW I SEE, 'TIS NOT TO BE

GLORIA
BLOODY HELL IT'S DÉJÀ VU.

JOAN OF ARC
Unbelievable.

TV STUDIO, EARTH

Omitted in recording. MR. BADMAN is inspecting the COMPOSERS, who are all asleep on their chairs holding instruments. MICKEY stands by, looking smug.

MR. BADMAN
Are they mine?

MICKEY
Oh yeah. I had Gregory pay them a little visit.

She claps. They wake up, blinking.

COMPOSERS
Hello? / Heh? / etc.

MICKEY
Who's the greatest composer of all time?

COMPOSERS
Pope Gregory the first.

MR. BADMAN
Hahahaha.

She claps again and they fall asleep.

ELYSIUM

GLORIA is trying to watch the GODCAMS but is distracted by the dying luminaries who are all screaming.

GLORIA
No no no no no.

JOAN
Please?!?!

GLORIA
Can't you see I'm trying to concentrate?

JOAN, JESUS, SHAKESPEARE & GANDHI
But Gloria?!?!?!?

GLORIA
(screaming)
What?! What do you want from me??!?

They look at each other, sheepish.

24B. IT'S ALL GONE WRONG

JESUS
LOOKING BACK IN RETROSPECT, WE WERE QUITE INCORRECT

SHAKESPEARE
WHEN WE ALL MADE MUCH ADO ABOUT POPE GREGORY

GANDHI
AND WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, I FOR ONE JUMPED THE GUN,

EINSTEIN
HIS INCESSANT CHANTING WASN'T SUCH A TRAGEDY.

JOAN OF ARC
Still burning here, guys.

ALL
WEIGHING UP THE PROS AND CONS, GREGORY'S SINGALONGS,
MAY HAVE HAD THE EDGE ON ETERNAL DEATH
IF YOU REALLY TWIST MY ARM, I CONCEDE THAT A PSALM
MARGINALLY BEATS MY FINAL BREATH.

JOAN OF ARC
Gloria, do something, for Christ's sake?

JESUS
Yes, and for Joan's sake too!

GLORIA
Me? Me?! Why doesn't one of you help for once?!

ALL
NO! NO!
WE ARE THE CONSUMERS, IT'S THE STAFF WHO MUST PROVIDE!

GLORIA
NO! NO!
I'VE REALLY HAD ENOUGH, I THINK ITS TIME THAT YOU LOT DIED

ALL
NO! NO!

Omitted in recording.

EINSTEIN

Gloria! We have to at least try to help!

GLORIA

(sigh)

...I suppose.

EINSTEIN

But we'll need to leave it to the very last moment, OK? My portal is already dangerously close to prolapsing, and we really mustn't stretch it any longer or harder than is absolutely necessary!

GLORIA

I...did you really just say that?

24C. IT'S ALL GONE WRONG

EINSTEIN

LET'S GO!

GLORIA

NO!

EINSTEIN

GO!

GLORIA

GO!

EINSTEIN

NO!

GLORIA

Haha, gotcha.

EINSTEIN

That's not funny!

GLORIA

It is.

ALL

JUST GO!

End of scene.

SCENE EIGHT

TV STUDIO - DRESSED AS CATHEDRAL

MR. BADMAN, MONKS and MEN are surrounded by a TV CREW.

In the corner is EVIL AL-BOT, who now has red eyes.

MEN

CORPORATION
LIBERATION.
DOMINATION OF THE NATION,
FULL DEREGULATION.

MR. BADMAN

Do you feel that...in the air? It's change, brothers. Is his holiness prepared?

MONK

Ready when you are.

MR. BADMAN

And the composers?

TV DIRECTOR

Yup. Good to go live in 2.

MR. BADMAN

Perfect.

MICKEY enters with a tied-up
BEETHOVEN and ELISE.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

Oh just look at you two. Al-bot, make sure they don't miss a moment.

EVIL AL-BOT trundles over.

BEETHOVEN

Al-bot?! Help!

MR. BADMAN

I made some adjustments to your little friend.

EVIL AL-BOT stands behind the seated BEETHOVEN and ELISE, and extends two Clockwork Orange-style headsets, that keep BEETHOVEN and ELISE's eyes glued to the stage.

ELISE

What is this?!

MR. BADMAN

(with a smile)

Send them in.

The COMPOSERS enter, clearly all hypnotised.

BEETHOVEN

Anna! Wolfgang! Help us!

They ignore him and set up their instruments on a stage set up by the altar.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

Antonio?!... Pyotr?? What's going on?

MR. BADMAN

The Masters of the Past are about to play "the best concert of all time". And you have front row seats

TV DIRECTOR

Live in 10.

BEETHOVEN

But wait!

MR. BADMAN

Gag them.

EVIL AL-BOT does.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

Here we go.

TV DIRECTOR

5, 4, 3...

He mimes the last numbers. The band strike up.

25. LET'S ALL CHANT

MR. BADMAN

(to camera)

WELL GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY, AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!
 WHAT ETHEREAL MATERIAL YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR
 I KNOW YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING, NOW WE'RE READY TO ROLL,
 THE MASTERS OF THE PAST ARE HERE TO SAVE YOUR SOULS
 MOZART - GUITAR, TCHAIKOVSKY ON BASS,
 THERE'S VON BINGEN TOO WHO'S BRINGING YOU SOME KEYS IN YOUR
 FACE
 ANTONIO WILL WEILD THE BOW, AND BACH WILL PLAY DRUMS
 I KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T SEE HER BUT HER BEAT WILL FREE YA

MR. BADMAN & COMPOSERS

LET'S ALL CHANT
 CHANT, LET'S ALL CHANT
 CHANT, CHANT,
 LET'S ALL CHANT

MR. BADMAN & MICKEY

WELL IT'S POSSIBLE YOU NOTICED THERE'S SOMEONE WE MISSED
 BUT DON'T YOU WORRY BABY THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL TWIST
 YOU WANTED BEETHOVEN BUT WE'RE CHANGING THE PLAN
 BUT BABY WE HAVE FOUND YOU A SUPERIOR MAN
 HE'S A HOLY ROLLIN' SAVIOUR, TOTALLY NEW
 SO PURE THAT HE'S GONNA CURE THE LIVIN' HELL OUT OF YOU
 HE GENERATES MORE POWER THAN A NUCLEAR PLANT
 SO PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER, LET'S GO HELL FOR LEATHER

MR. BADMAN & COMPOSERS

LET'S ALL CHANT
 CHANT, LET'S ALL CHANT
 CHANT, CHANT,
 LET'S ALL CHANT

MR. BADMAN

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Masters of
 the Past New Year's Eve special. No doubt
 you're wondering why we've chosen such an...
 ecclesiastical setting. Well, what better place
 would there be to introduce you to the world of
 pap music! Brothers?

The MONKS enter, and the COMPOSERS
 change styles.

26. APOCALYPTIC PAP

MONKS

AAAHHH-

MONK 1

APOCALYPTIC, TOTALLY ECLIPTIC,
 A PAPAL TRIPTYCH, ONE TWO THREE
 WE CAN ASSIST IF YOU RESIST I CAN INSIST YOU'RE NEVER EVER
 WHATSOEVER GONNA CLIMB OUT OF THIS MISERY

MONKS

MISERERE, MISA, MISA MISERERE,
 MISERERE WHAT YOU DOING MOTHER MARY?
 MISERERE NOW IT'S GETTING KIND OF SCARY,
 MISERERE, K.O.

MONK 2

OK, EVERYBODY LISTEN TO THE AFFIRMATION
 IT'S BENEFICIAL TO THE FUTURE GENERATION
 OTHERWISE YOU'RE HEADING FOR ANNIHILATION
 OF THE NATION, DEVASTATION AND INSATIABLE INFLATION

MONK 3

ABRACADABRA, MONKS COMING ATCHA
 WE'RE GONNA GETCHA IF WE CAN
 WE AIN'T LIKE NO OTHERS, WE ARE CATHOLIC BROTHERS
 AND WE'RE DOGGEDLY DRAGGING YOU ALL OF THE WAY TO THE
 PROMISED LAND.

MONKS

APOCALYPTIC,
LIFE CAN BE CRYPTIC,
GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES
DO BEWARE ARMAGEDDON COMING
DO BEWARE

MR. BADMAN

But now, the moment you had no idea you were waiting for. Let me introduce the man himself. The one and only - well all right technically the one of many - Pope Gregory the first.

GREGORY

PATER NOSTER QUI ES IN FUCKING CAELIS,
JUDICA DOMINE ET SPIRITUI SANCTO.
EXSURGAT ET DISSIPENTUR INIMICI EJUS,
OMNIS INFERNALIS ADVERSARII OMNIS LEGIO.
MARCUS AURELIUS EST ON A DOUBLE DECKER BUS
AUDERE EST FACERE ALMA MATER SIC AD INFINITUM
HABE DIEM CARPE DIEM I AIN'T GOT NO PERINEUM
VENI VIDI VICI ET ASPARAGI DUM SPIRO SPERO.
DOMINE TU, DOMINE TE, DOMINE TAURE IN DECURSO MUSA SAPIENTUM
FIXA EST IN AURE,
HOMINE SU, HOMINE SE, HOMINE SANO HOMINE DOMINE ANIME END OF
AN ENEMA LEMON I CAME AT THE TOP OF THE SONG AND I'M RAPPING
IN LATIN SO RAPID THEY'RE CRAPPING THEIR BRACCAS
THE FLOW IS SO DOPE AND THEY'RE LOSING ALL HOPE AND NO WONDER
IT'S 'CAUSE I'M THE WHAT?

MONKS

AMEN MOTHERFUCKER MOTHERFUCKER AMEN
AMEN MOTHERFUCKER MOTHERFUCKER AMEN
AMEN MOTHERFUCKER MOTHERFUCKER AMEN

GREGORY

VALETE

MR. BADMAN pulls on his headphones.

MR. BADMAN

(to BEETHOVEN and ELISE)

Can't have you fall asleep and miss all the good stuff. Al-bot.

AL-BOT puts headphones on BEETHOVEN and ELISE.

MONKS

DO BEWARE, ARMAGEDDON COMING
DO BEWARE, ARMAGEDDON COMING
WE LIKE TO SPEAK, WE LIKE TO SPEAK, WE LIKE TO SPEAK LATIN

MR. BADMAN

Your holiness, commence the chanting!

GREGORY is breathing heavily.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

Gregory...

GREGORY starts shaking.

MR. BADMAN (CONT'D)

What gives?

GREGORY

(a touch demonic)

'Tis nothing, 'tis nothing. Brothers, chant thou a C.

MONKS

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

MR. BADMAN

(to camera)

All right, that's it my little lambs. You're falling asleep now. Just a lovely little sleep.

GREGORY

Now chant thou an F sharp!

MONKS

Er.

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

MR. BADMAN

(to camera)

When you wake up my precious sheeple, you will obey me, and only me.

GREGORY

Now sing them together!

MONKS

But Father! C to F sharp is an augmented fourth. That's *diabolus in musica!*

GREGORY

(dangerous)

The devil in the music. So it is. Sing it, brothers. Sing it!

MONKS

(in dissonant harmony)

MISERERE DONA NOBIS PACEM

GREGORY belches long and hard, and transforms into DEMON GREGORY.

MR. BADMAN

Good grief, it smells like someone rubbed infected toe cheese all over a month-old whale carcass and then shat themselves.

(noticing the demon)

Gregory?! What the fuck?! You choose now, of all times, to transform into a demon?! You can be so selfish.

DEMON GREGORY

Hahahahahah! Gregory is no more, you fool. With your meddling ways you have called me from the forbidden realm. And now you shall dieeeee!!!!

He sings a very low note and MR. BADMAN bleeds out of his eyes and ears, then collapses.

DEMON GREGORY (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Good evening you hoard of meaningless flesh sacks. I would wish you a Happy New Year, but the truth is there will be no more years. For, I'm sorry to tell you, but this is the end of time. No, I'm kidding of course - I'm not sorry at all. Hahahaha.

27. UNHAPPY SONG

DEMON GREGORY (CONT'D)

OH NAY OH NAY! IT'S YOUR UNLUCKY DAY
NO TIME TO PRAY, THE END IS ON ITS WAY
YOUR LIVES ARE DONE, THE COUNTDOWN HAS BEGUN (TICK TOCK)
THE BILL HAS COME, IT'S YOU THAT HAS TO PAY

DEMON MONKS

AMEN

The scene freezes. A spotlight picks out BEETHOVEN, who is still gagged and tied to his chair and is the only person still moving. We hear his internal monologue sung over speakers.

BEETHOVEN

(voiceover)

BLOODY HELL
HOW DID WE END UP HERE?
WHO'D'VE THOUGHT
IT WOULD END IN TEARS
I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO EINSTEIN
FROM THE START
A TEAM OF ONLY COMPOSERS
WAS NOT SMART

Lights return to normal as the scene reanimates.

DEMON GREGORY

ALL YOU GLUED TO YOUR TV SCREENS, SOON I'LL FEAST ON YOUR SPLEENS
DOWN IN HELL THERE'S THIS SWEET MACHINE, IN YOU POP, SLICE AND CHOP, YUM, YUM!
YOU WILL ALL BE IN MY TUM, WHEN THE COUNTDOWN REACHES ONE!
Such fun.

The scene freezes as light comes up on BEETHOVEN.

BEETHOVEN
(voiceover)

FOCUS VAN
YOU NEED TO FIND YOURSELF A PLAN, MAN

He looks about.

BEETHOVEN (CONT'D)

DEMONS - YES
DEAD BAD MAN - YES

Spotlight on ELISE as he looks at her.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)

ELISE...

She unfreezes.

ELISE (VOICEOVER)

YES?

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)

ELISE?!

ELISE (VOICEOVER)

LUDWIG?!

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)

HOW?

ELISE (VOICEOVER)

WOW!

YOU'RE IN MY MIND?!

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)

BUT...WAS I SO BLIND?
IN LIFE MY FAILING EARS ENABLED ME TO FIND
MY GREATEST MAST-ERY
AND SO BY SHUTTING OUT THE NOISE I'VE FOUND MY SUPER POWER AT
LAST-ERY!

Lights return to normal as the scene reanimates.

DEMON GREGORY
GET USED TO THIS UNHAPPY SONG, ETERNITY IS VERY LONG!

The scene freezes as light comes up on BEETHOVEN.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
The question is, does this super power work on everyone?
IT'S TIME TO PUT THIS TO THE TEST.

He focuses on the MEN in suits, who also appear in spotlights.

MEN (VOICEOVER)
OBEY MR. BADMAN OBEY MR. BADMAN

Spotlights on BEETHOVEN and ELISE.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
ELISE!

ELISE (VOICEOVER)
YES?

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
ELISE, THE POPE'S TO BLAME!
HE SHOULD HANG HIS HEAD IN SHAME
HIS CHANT HAS PUT THESE MEN UNDER HYPNOSIS!

ELISE (VOICEOVER)
OH!

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
THAT MOUTH PRODUCES MORE THAN HALITOSIS

He focuses on MICKEY, and light comes up on her.

MICKEY (VOICEOVER)
OBEY MR. BADMAN OBEY MR. BADMAN

Light only on BEETHOVEN and ELISE.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
AND MICKEY'S UNDER HIS CONTROL

ELISE (VOICEOVER)
IF SHE WAS HYPNOTISED?!
WELL THAT EXPLAINS IT ALL!

She looks round at the demons.

ELISE (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)
Ok. Maybe it doesn't explain it all.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
Right, time to make our move. If I get into my
friends' heads, perhaps I can break the spell.

Lights on BEETHOVEN and the
COMPOSERS.

COMPOSERS (VOICEOVER)
OBEY MR. BADMAN OBEY MR. BADMAN

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

The COMPOSERS looks around,
confused.

COMPOSERS (VOICEOVER)
Huh? / What's going on? / etc.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
THAT POPE, GREGORY, PUT YOU IN A TRANCE!

Omitted in recording.

TCHAIKOVSKY (VOICEOVER)
Wait, you mean you guys were all hypnotised?

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
So were you! That's how you've ended up live on
TV playing bass in a cathedral full of demons.

TCHAIKOVSKY (VOICEOVER)
Oh no, I was just doing that because everybody
else was.

OTHERS (VOICEOVER)
What?!

TCHAIKOVSKY (VOICEOVER)
Yes I was just singing my happy song in my
head, when Pope Gregory came along and everyone
started acting strange...So I just went along
with it.

Lights return to normal as the
scene reanimates.

DEMON GREGORY
GET USED TO THIS UNHAPPY SONG, ETERNITY IS RATHER LONG!

The scene freezes as light comes
up on BEETHOVEN and COMPOSERS

TCHAIKOVSKY (VOICEOVER)
It's been a weird few hours.

BEETHOVEN (VOICEOVER)
(thinking)
You were singing your happy song, you say?

VON BINGEN (VOICEOVER)
(slapping her forehead)
Of course! How did I not see this one coming?!
At the darkest point in any quest, all the most
useless characters must overcome their
shortcomings to save the day. So I'm going to
stop being a doom monger and actually make
something happen for once...
(indicating herself)
exhibit A.

(to BACH)
Bach, you're going to use your invisibility to
sneak over to Vivaldi and pluck out one of his
hairs.

BACH (VOICEOVER)
Right!

BACH heads over to VIVALDI.

VIVALDI (VOICEOVER)
No!

BACH (VOICEOVER)
There are more important things than hair,
Vivaldi.

VIVALDI (VOICEOVER)
Like what?

BACH (VOICEOVER)
Existence.

VIVALDI (VOICEOVER)
Well there's pros and-

OTHERS (VOICEOVER)
Just do it!

BACH plucks out a hair. The scene
unfreezes, lights return to
normal, and VIVALDI turns into
Figaro once more.

VIVALDI (FIGARO)
FIGARO, FIGARO, FIGARO, FIGARO
THESE ROPES THAT TIE YOU UP
WILL SOON BE CUT AND YOU'LL BE FREE.

DEMON GREGORY
What is this?!

VON BINGEN
Cut them loose Figaro!

VIVALDI (FIGARO) stabs AL-BOT -
sparks come out of him and
BEETHOVEN and ELISE are released.
He then cuts them from their
ropes.

DEMON GREGORY
No!

The DEMONS head towards BEETHOVEN.

VON BINGEN
Now Tchaik, quickly sing your Happy Song and
break the spell!

TCHAIKOVSKY
Huh?

VON BINGEN
Now!

28. HAPPY SONG (REPRISE)

TCHAIKOVSKY
(tentative at first)
HOORAY

GREGORY and the DEMONS cannot help
but follow TCHAIKOVSKY'S lead.

DEMON GREGORY & DEMON-MONKS
HOORAY

DEMON GREGORY
What?! Why am I singing along?!

TCHAIKOVSKY
(growing in confidence)
IT'S SUCH A HAPPY DAY
THE CLOUDS WERE GREY...

DEMON GREGORY & DEMON-MONKS
BUT NOW THEY'VE GONE AWAY

DEMON GREGORY
Stop it! What is this power?

TCHAIKOVSKY
THIS DEMON TEAM WILL STRUGGLE TO BE MEAN

The DEMONS start ballet dancing.

DEMON GREGORY & DEMON-MONKS
WITH THIS ROUTINE, PLIÉ RELEVÉ

DEMON GREGORY
Kill him. Kill him!

TCHAIKOVSKY & BACH
IF YOU FEAR THE APOCALYPSE

DEMON-MONKS
GET TO GRIPS, WITH THESE TIPS,

TCHAIKOVSKY & BACH
FROM YOUR LIPS LET THE MUSIC RIP

DEMON-MONKS
SHUFFLE, STEP, SHIMMY, HOP, BACK-FLIP.

COMPOSERS
FLIP AROUND YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE AND GET YOUR FOE TO SING AND
DANCE

DEMON-MONKS
WE'RE SO HAPPY, LALALALALA.
HAPPY SONG, HAPPY SONG, HAPPY SONG, HAPPY SONG.

COMPOSERS
NO MORE CHANTS NOW!

With an almighty roar, DEMON
GREGORY smokes from the mouth and
disappears, leaving a sleeping
GREGORY in his place. The DEMON-
MONKS also transform back into
sleeping MONKS.

TCHAIKOVSKY & ALL
(Dancing)
HOORAY (HOORAY) MY SONG HAS SAVED THE DAY,
THE JUDGEMENT BELLS ARE NOT ABOUT TO PLAY,
THIS MORTAL THREAT HAS SIMPLY GONE AWAY
AND PEACE ON EARTH IS TRULY HERE TO STAY.
ELEVATED, LIBERATED, BEAUTIFULLY ORCHESTRATED!
SO MUCH TO BE CELEBRATED
HELLO, GOODBYE, NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO CRY
YOU'RE TRULY FREE TO JOIN MY SYMPHONY
HOORAY, HOORAY IT'S SUCH A HAPPY DAY
SO WRITE THAT WRONG AND SING THIS HAPPY SONG
AND THAT'S A FACT

MONKS
(waking up)
Huh? / Hello? / What's going on?

MICKEY
(waking up)

Elise...?

ELISE
Mickey.

MICKEY
None of this was me! I think he hypn-

ELISE
I know. It wasn't your fault.
(kicking the dead MR BADMAN)
It was his.

BEETHOVEN
(kicking the sleeping GREGORY)
And his.

GREGORY
(waking up.)
May God be praised, thou hast surely saved me,
and I-

A huge flash and bang, and the
portal appears, crushing GREGORY
like the wicked witch of the East.
EINSTEIN and GLORIA spill out of
it.

EINSTEIN
Don't worry, we're here to save the day! *(beat)*
Yayy!

A long pause.

GLORIA
What is it, guys?

ELISE
I think you just killed the Pope.

GLORIA
Oops. Never mind, plenty more where he came
from.

EINSTEIN
(disappointed)
Well this isn't the welcome I was anticipating.

BEETHOVEN
...We're pleased you're here, Albert, honestly.
It's just...

He points to GREGORY's legs, which
now curl up Wizard of Oz-style.

EINSTEIN

No, no. It's not like we've come to restore balance to the whole of existence or anything.

GLORIA

Oh grow up, Albert. Right, everything should be returning to normal as we speak. We just need to pop you all in here, get you back up to Elysium by midnight in a few minutes, and things should all be peachy.

BEETHOVEN

Wait. *(beat)* Can Elise come too?

GLORIA

Of course not, she isn't dead!

BEETHOVEN

Right.

He reaches for a gun to kill her.

BACH

No! Ludwig, maybe it's impossible to change history...but what we can change is the future.

BEETHOVEN

OK!

He reaches for the gun again.

VON BINGEN

And Elise might actually have a chance of making a difference...without you.

Beat.

ELISE

She's right.

BEETHOVEN

But I'll miss you...

ELISE

Van, I'll miss you too, but you'll still be on Earth...*(Touching her head)* In here. *(Touching her heart)* And in here.

MOZART

(pointing at his arse)

And in here!

BACH hits him round the head.

MOZART (CONT'D)

Ouch!

BEETHOVEN

But maybe if-?

ELISE

Ludwig...I can make it on my own.

He nods.

GLORIA

All set?

VON BINGEN floats up into the air.

VON BINGEN

WAIT! THE CLIMATE DAMAGE WE'VE CAUSED IS WAY TOO BIG TO FIX
THE WORLD WILL END BY TWENTY TWENTY-S-

-Stop.. I almost forgot my lesson! I need to
stop being such a downer!

BACH

Hang on that actually did sound important.

VON BINGEN

(smiling)

No Bach. That's the old me.

(indicating TV cameras)

Now all those people watching out there must be
incredibly confused, so let's at least give
them one last belter of a song before we go and
maybe we'll distract them from this whole hot
mess. Ludwig?

BEETHOVEN

(holding out a hand)

No. Elise...?

ELISE

I'd be honoured.

29. LOVE'S LIKE LIGHTNING

ELISE (CONT'D)

PEOPLE SAY THAT LOVE'S LIKE LIGHTNING
A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE
NOW IT'S CLEAR AS DAYLIGHT
FOR ME THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE

ELISE (CONT'D)

YES, LOVE CAN HAPPEN SLOWLY

BEETHOVEN

WHEN I TRAVELLED DOWN FROM OUTER SPACE

ELISE

AND CHANGE CAN BE HARD-WON

BEETHOVEN
NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOUR LOVELY FACE

ELISE
A SKY THAT'S FULL OF RAINCLOUDS

BEETHOVEN
MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE HUMAN RACE.

TOGETHER
CAN SOMETIMES PART TO SHOW THE SUN.

A huge soaring guitar solo and
instrumental.

BEETHOVEN
I DREAMED I'D BE THE ONE TRUE SAVIOUR BUT MY BEHAVIOUR
HAS PROVED THAT THERE'S UNFORTUNATELY MORE TO IT
THAN I CAN SORT OUT MUSIC-ALLY
SEEMS THE ANSWER WAS NEVER ME...

VON BINGEN
You finally learned your lesson!

BEETHOVEN
...ENTIRELY!
OF COURSE YOUR SHITTY MODERN ART STILL PLAYS A VITAL PART
OF WHAT'S WRONG WITH PLANET EARTH
IN FACT IT'S PROB'LY STILL THE MAIN PART
THAT SAID, INSTEAD
ELISE CAN HELP YOU WITH YOUR REBIRTH

COMPOSERS
WE ARE THE COMPOSERS AND WE CAME TO SAVE THE HUMAN RACE
NOW IT'S CLEAR THAT COMING HERE BROKE ALL THE RULES OF TIME
AND SPACE
MIDNIGHT'S NEAR, WE MUST DISAPPEAR, RESTORING THE EQUILIBRIUM
DON'T YOU CRY WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU FROM ELYSIUM

The COMPOSERS, MONKS, EINSTEIN and
GLORIA get into the portal as the
countdown to the new year begins.

ALL
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 -
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
HALLELUJAH!

The portal disappears.

End.