

Ricky

**KARNAK**

Not ready to divulge that information just yet?

**CONSTANCE**

...I don't um... Ocean! Why aren't you talking right now, it's weird.

**OCEAN**

*What?* That's ridiculous, I don't talk all the time. Like I'm all about the empathy here tonight gang... look at me, empathizing with you all right now.

*(She forms a wane smile, she has clearly practiced for years.)*

**MISCHA**

Yo, Ricky, you go next. Why don't you express your truth as the boy who couldn't talk... AND who now plays the accordion like the most world most celebrated accordion player...

*(To himself)*

Whatever the hell that dude's name is...

**RICKY**

I don't think people could handle what I have to say.

**CONSTANCE**

Just go ahead. It's fine.

*(Kids rhubarb words of encouragement)*

**RICKY**

Okay...

*(pause, gathering thoughts)*

I guess you could say I'm pretty sexy on another planet. Lo, I'm the prophet from the Zolarian Starcluster, supreme of those beings that evolved from cats. There are seven suns on the planet Zolar, so the gravitational pull makes everything harder, longer, wider...

*(Whispered to OCEAN)*

...wetter.

*(OCEAN grasps her tunic, by the power of the SABM's voice.)*

Ricky

**RICKY (CONT'D)**  
'CAUSE I'M A SWINGIN'  
SPACE AGE  
B-B-B-B-BACHELOR MAN!

**KIDS**  
AH  
AH

**KIDS**  
BACHELOR! MAN! MEOW!

**MISCHA**  
Dude, you are so awesome in the afterlife!

**RICKY**  
*(Meekly)*  
I'm the same person I always was, it's just no one ever listened to me on earth.

**MISCHA**  
We'll listen to you now, Space Jesus.

**RICKY**  
I guess all I have to say is this: if sacred places are spared the ravages of war... then make all places sacred. And if the holy people are to be kept harmless from war... then make all people holy.

**NOEL**  
...did you write that?

**RICKY**  
No, it was the Silver Surfer.

**CONSTANCE**  
I am so happy right now! I can never come down!

**JANE**  
My turn.

**CONSTANCE**  
Aww man.

*(OPT 15A. SFX: JANE'S BUMPER)*