

POPART **THE MUSICAL**

book and lyrics by
Daryl Lisa Fazio

music by
Aaron McAllister

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POPart, the musical

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LOGLINE

We're off to see the wizard when young, impressionable, and slightly batty Kitty Katz enrolls in art school in this irreverent and campy original musical. Kitty's suburbia-to-ghetto-to-SHoHo story will allow us glimpses of acceptance, genius, insanity, and plenty of the stuff called art.

CHARACTERS

- DR. BORE, f, art history professor and our narrator
- KITTY KATZ, f, 18, our heroine, blossoming American pie
- TONI-O, f or m, 19, ambiguous in both sexuality and ethnicity, smart-ass with a heart of gold
- EDWARD, m, 18-20, sensitive with a quiet and potentially-disturbed confidence
- MS. HAMM, f, 40ish, warm, bumbling drawing teacher
- MR. MANNE, m, 30ish to 40ish, pompous and perverted painting teacher
- MISS ST. HELEN, f, late 20s, shy and nervous design teacher, until she talks about art
- ENSEMBLE, various roles, chorus, 10-12 (Veronica, Mother, Father, Mr. Sorenson, Homeless Man, Homeless Woman, Hugo the nude model, Lucille, Benedict, various students and faculty)

NOTE: this piece is completely open to and can absolutely benefit from race, ethnicity, and gender-blind, non-traditional casting. It should be a joyous melting pot.

SONG LIST

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. I BLEND IN | <i>Kitty & Ensemble</i> |
| 2. SMELLS LIKE ART | <i>Toni-O, Kitty, & Ensemble</i> |
| 3. WITHOUT ME | <i>Ensemble</i> |
| 4. SHINE, KITTY, SHINE | <i>Kitty</i> |
| 5. BE FREE | <i>Ms. Hamm & Ensemble</i> |
| 6. AH, OUI | <i>Mr. Manne & Ensemble</i> |
| 7. ART IS YOUR ROCK | <i>Miss St. Helen & Ensemble</i> |
| 8. CRITIQUE MYSTIQUE | <i>Kitty & Toni-O</i> |
| 9. WATCH THE BIRDY | <i>Edward</i> |
| 10. CRIT THIS! | <i>Cast</i> |
| 11. COMMITTED | <i>Kitty & Mother</i> |
| 12. BLOW-BY-BLOW | <i>Kitty & Ensemble</i> |
| 13. WITHOUT US | <i>Kitty, Toni-O, & Edward</i> |
| 14. POP | <i>Cast</i> |

PART I: IN UTERO

SCENE 1: HIGH SCHOOL

An empty stage with a film screen in the middle. A blank slide projects onto the screen. And we wait. Until we become uncomfortable.

*Finally, a voice comes from the darkness surrounding the screen. It is **KITTY KATZ**, our heroine.*

(KITTY)

Umm...next? (*nothing happens*) Next? Next slide, please?

The projector finally advances, but the slide, of a petroglyph, is in upside-down.

Oops. Oh, yeah. Can you just—?

The projector reverses. We hear a lot of fumbling, a loud crash, everything goes dark momentarily.

Jeeppers, you told me you knew how to do this, Veronica. What a Class A disaster.

(VERONICA)

(her voice comes from behind the audience or possibly in the middle of the center aisle)

It's bleeping dark in here, Kitty.

(KITTY)

Breaking news flash.

(VERONICA)

Hack me some slack, K. This machine reeks of the Smithsonian. Haven't you heard of Powerpoint?

Another crash.

(KITTY)

(to the audience, clearing her throat)

Hm. Okay, well...while we wait for our technical difficulties to—

(PERSON IN AUDIENCE)

Booooo!

Pause.

(KITTY)

I'm sorry, sir. Just one minute. I can't see a thing. Um...light!

A spotlight comes on and clumsily tracks around the stage until it finds KITTY, 18, standing in front of the screen in the middle of the stage.

KITTY

Wrong light. Yeah. Hi. (*squinting and pointing to a real member of the audience*) What's your name? (*waits for response*) Hi _____. I'm Kitty Katz, with a "k". Yeah, my parents are clearly...well...another subject for another time. So thanks for coming to hear my talk on ancient cave art—okay, so it's not likely to win the Cannes Palme D'Or, but it's a graduation requirement. Were you the one who booed me? (*pause*) No? Oh. Well... like I said before, I'm Kitty. And I'm supposed to talk about cave paintings. You know what I mean—those pictures of dead antelope scrawled on rocks with buffalo excrement. Neat-o, right?

There is an emphatic "DING!"

*Then there is an amplified, authoritative, yet disembodied voice, as if God herself, if she were a self-involved and simultaneously dull art history professor, is speaking. This is the voice of **DR. BORE**, whom we will meet in the flesh momentarily.*

KITTY stops in her tracks.

An image of the famous Lascaux cave paintings appears on the screen.

(DR. BORE)

In actuality, these prehistoric forms, thought to be used by ancient peoples for ceremonial and educational purposes, were made by crushing various minerals into fine powder and adding liquid fat, which allowed the pigment to be applied with crude brushes, in some cases over lines that were first incised into the rock. Notice the absence of any genitalia.

Pause.

KITTY

(still frozen)

Uh...

The slide projector then makes another resounding crash, and the image is gone. DR. BORE exits.

(PERSON IN AUDIENCE)

Get a bleeping life!

KITTY

Yours seems pretty swell. The one where you get to sit in comfy darkness passing judgment on the more prominently lit.

Silence.

I guess I'll just tell you about mine then, since we're killing time.

MUSIC cue.

ENSEMBLE MEMBERS dressed as fellow high school students enter the stage both from the wings and the audience.

I'm pretty normal, you know. Average. Run-of-the-mill. An 18-year-old with my virginity, an alcoholic mother, a closeted dad, a locked trunk full of used sketchbooks, and aspirations I'm keeping to myself. I'm just hiding out here for now, in the suburbs, where all the houses look the same and the people look the same. *(pause)* Um...oh yeah, and I'm a senior here at J. Edgar Hoover High.

The ENSEMBLE now surrounds KITTY, completely hiding her from the audience.

Of course, I'm also real popular.

Song (#1)—"I BLEND IN"

KITTY

(singing)

I BLEND IN.
 I BLUR IN.
 I GET SUCKED INTO
 THIS BLACK HOLE OF LAMENESS,
 THIS FLAT SEA OF SAMENESS
 I WISH I COULD PART.

The ENSEMBLE divides, exposing KITTY in the middle as she steps forward.

I DON'T KNOW
 WHO I AM.
 I FEEL LIKE A SHAM.
 IT'S JUST EASIER TO HIDE
 ON THIS WICKED TEENAGE FUNPARK RIDE.

(PERSON IN AUDIENCE)

Enough with the teen-angst bleepin' poetry!

KITTY

Is swearing really necessary, ma'am?

KITTY ponders how to proceed as the ENSEMBLE watches impatiently.

Okay. Just remember you asked for it.

There's a noticeable switch in the music and the mood. Then:

KITTY

I BLEND IN
 EVEN WHEN
 MY MOTHER DRINKS GIN
 'CAUSE MY DADDY LIKES MEN.
 AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS THEN:

The ENSEMBLE stands in a line, forming a wall. KITTY mimes knocking on them, like a door.

Mr. Sorensen? I need to make up my Hamlet quiz. ("opening" the "door") Mr. Sorensen?

*The ENSEMBLE parts, revealing **FATHER** kissing **MR. SORENSEN**.*

Mr. Sorensen? (pause) Daddy?

The men stare at her, frozen. The ENSEMBLE moves back in front.

DADDY MOVES OUT OF THE HOUSE,
 THEN IN WITH MY TEACHER.
 MOTHER COMES HOME LOOKING
 LIKE A SCARY CREATURE.
 WHAT'S ON HER FACE?
 BEATS ME BECAUSE...

***MOTHER** enters, over-the-top drunkenly, wearing a lampshade on her head and her face drawn all over with bright red lipstick.*

ENSEMBLE

YOU BLEND IN.

SHE BLENDS IN.
 YOU BLEND IN.
 SHE BLENDS IN.
 SHE BLENDS IN.
 SHE BLENDS IN.

I FLY OUT OF SIGHT,
 JUST LIKE A SATELLITE.
 GO AWAY, SUBURBANITES.
 I DON'T WANNA FIGHT.
 SO I'LL HIDE IN THE NIGHT.
 LIKE A NUN WEARING WHITE.
 LIKE A THONG THAT'S TOO TIGHT.
 LIKE A DIRTY WHORE STANDING IN A
 STREETLIGHT.
 'TIL MY TIME IS RIGHT.

KITTY

MOTHER

Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Mother's home!

KITTY

Mother. Your face is...brilliant. Like a Willem de Kooning!

The now-familiar loud "DING" is heard.

Underscoring stops.

On a scrim behind the actors, a projection of Willem de Kooning's "Woman V" appears.

DR. BORE, a female college professor in her mid-50s, enters. She wears a drab yet completely mismatched ensemble.

MOTHER and KITTY watch with shocked curiosity.

DR. BORE

(addressing the audience)

Dutch artist, Willem de Kooning, painted often aggressive interpretations of women at a time when his contemporaries, such as Jackson Pollack and Mark Rothko, were fixated on abstraction. Viewers found his portraits to be violent and even perverse in their depiction of confrontational mouths, all-seeing eyes, and enormous, drooping breasts.

Image changes to "Clam Diggers" by de Kooning.

Look at this uninhibited portrayal of female sexuality and genitalia. *(pointing to various spots on the artwork)* Labia. Labia. Ah, yes, and labia.

MOTHER and KITTY stare at DR. BORE as she exits.

Beat.

Then MOTHER turns back to KITTY.

MOTHER

What did you call me?

Underscoring resumes.

KITTY

Don't move. Let me get my sketchbook.

MOTHER

Papa's gay! Come on, let's party it off!

KITTY*(singing)*

MY MOM'S FACE IS A COLOR BUFFET.
 AND I START TO SEE THE WORLD IN NEW WAYS.
 SUDDENLY I PLAN MY ESCAPE.
 I WANT TO CRAWL OUT HERE FROM UNDERNEATH THIS ROCK.
 PAINT IS HOW I'LL BE UNLOCKED.

YOU THINK MY STORY IS OVER
 BUT IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING.
 AS SOON AS I LEARN HOW TO FLEE
 I'LL BE SINNING.
 ART WAITS OUT THERE.
 SO GET ME OUTTA HERE.

The ENSEMBLE has pushed on a piece of KITTY's bedroom, the walls painted with great splatters of color in bright abstract patterns.

KITTY takes a large brush from an ENSEMBLE MEMBER and signs her name to the wall with a flourish.

VERONICA

I feel like I've died and gone to a kaleidoscope, Kitty. What do you call it?

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT #1

It looks like art.

Underscoring stops.

KITTY

Well, you people wouldn't know art if it ate the bleep out of your designer jeans. But all the attention's groovy anyway. You like me! You really like me!

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT #1

Who are you again?

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT #2*(screaming and pointing offstage)*

Hey, everybody! Look! It's the homecoming queen!

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT #1

She's so pretty!!

The ENSEMBLE runs off the stage, leaving KITTY alone.

KITTY*(after a moment, to the audience)*

What are you looking at? You're not sure yet, are you?

Underscoring resumes.

ENSEMBLE
 YOU BLEND IN.
 SHE BLENDS IN.

YOU BLEND IN.
 SHE BLENDS IN.
 SHE BLENDS IN.

SHE BLENDS IN.
SHE BLENDS IN.

THERE'S NOBODY TO SUSPECT
MAYBE I HAVE SKILL.
LIKE AN ANT ON A HILL
I GET LOST IN THIS 'VILLE.
I COULD SCREAM. I COULD KILL.
LIKE A JUNKIE I
COULD JUST SLIDE DOWNHILL.
BUT GOT DREAMS TO FULFILL.

KITTY
THERE'S SOME HOPE FOR ME STILL.
WHERE THERE'S A WAY THERE'S WILL.

A STUDENT MESSENGER enters and approaches with an envelope. KITTY is sketching in a journal and shuts it abruptly, hiding it behind her back.

STUDENT MESSENGER

Are you Kitty Katz?

KITTY

Yeah.

STUDENT MESSENGER

The school counselor told me to give you this.

KITTY

Why did she tell you if you don't even know who I am?

STUDENT MESSENGER

Why? Who are you?

KITTY

Kitty Katz.

STUDENT MESSENGER

Do you go here?

KITTY

Just give it to me.

Underscoring stops.

The STUDENT exits.

KITTY tears the envelope open.

KITTY

(reading)

Dear Miss Katz. We find the repressed rage in your unpolished work to walk a thin line between the mundane and a paradigm shift on a massive cultural level... *(mumbling through the rest of the words until)*—I got in! Bleep me! I got bleeping in! Holy bleep!

VERONICA enters, practically mowing KITTY down.

VERONICA

Criminy, Kitty! What's with the language? I thought you were the girl's volleyball coach.

KITTY

Veronica! I got in!

In what? **VERONICA**

GAS! **KITTY**

Come again? **VERONICA**

GAS! **KITTY**

Silence.

Come on, Veronica! Are you dim? I got the scholarship to the Ghetto Art School! GAS!

Sounds very...specialized. **VERONICA**

Oh, it's special, all right. **KITTY**

No, I said sp— **VERONICA**

KITTY

(interrupting)

It's in the city, Ron! Right downtown! With the street people and the hookers and the coffee places that serve Mediums instead of Grandés! Real life and real people. And art, Veronica! Can you picture it?

VERONICA
I thought you were going to night classes at the trade school.

No, that's you. **KITTY**

VERONICA
(with a sigh)
I'm late for study hall.

VERONICA exits dejectedly.

KITTY
(to the audience)
Hey, don't feel bad for her. Plumbers make \$100 an hour. As for me, well—

Underscoring resumes.

Song—"I BLEND IN" Reprise

ENSEMBLE
SHE GOT IN ON A WHIM.

BY THE HAIR OF HER CHIN.
SHE'LL DISCOVER, AND SHE'LL SIN

LOOKIN' THROUGH THAT WINDOW.
 LIKE A NAZI THROUGH BERLIN,
 LIKE ILLEGALS WHO CAN SWIM,
 LIKE A COCK WITH SOME HENS,
 LIKE A CHAMPION,
 SHE REALLY, REALLY GOT IN.

I GOT IN.
 I GOT IN.
 I GOT IN.
 I GOT IN.
 I REALLY, REALLY GOT IN.

KITTY

I GOT IN.

KITTY

I'm getting out!

Lights out.

SCENE 2: HOME

Lights up.

MOTHER is drinking wine straight out of the bottle, cigarette dangling from her lips, while trying to apply mascara to her already make-up covered face.

MOTHER

Kitty! It's time to go, girlfriend! What's the hold-up?

*KITTY enters carrying a battered suitcase and a shiny new portfolio.
 MOTHER stares at her blankly.*

Put on some lipstick, for Chrissake. You look dead. Like a corpse.

KITTY

Mother, your liver emailed. It moved to Chernobyl where it can get healthy. And I think it's okay if you don't drive me to school. I can take the train.

MOTHER

Nonsense.

KITTY

(desperately)

Let me take the train. I really, really need to take the train. You can't help me. You...you've done enough.

MOTHER

(getting weepy)

But, baby. I'm your mother. Mothers take their babies to college on the first day. It's in the Bible.

KITTY

No, it's not.

MOTHER

(snapping)

Well, it should be. Arks and talking bushes and bleepin' virgins. What use is that bleep?

KITTY

Words fail me.

MOTHER

Here, at least let me put some make-up on ya.

KITTY

(trying to get away, squirming, but falling prey to her mother's surprising swiftness and brute strength)

No! I don't like it!

There is a scuffle. When KITTY finally emerges from the fray, she predictably has lipstick drawn around her mouth in a huge clown smile, beneath which she grimaces.

MOTHER plasters KITTY's hair to her forehead with some saliva, kisses her, and weaves her way off the stage.

KITTY walks.

(TRAIN CONDUCTOR)

All aboard for the Downtown Express! This is the Downtown Express! Next stop! The Ghetto!

KITTY

(with unabashed over-eagerness)

The train!

*KITTY encounters a group of chairs and plops down next to some subway crazies: a **HOMELESS MAN** in a ragged coat and a **HOMELESS WOMAN** talking to herself and sifting through a bag of cans.*

Commuter train sounds. KITTY looks out the "window," a bundle of nervous excitement.

After awhile:

HOMELESS WOMAN

Damn ghosts.

HOMELESS MAN

(in KITTY's face)

Answer when you're spoke to.

KITTY

Your breath smells like shoe polish.

HOMELESS WOMAN

(to the HOMELESS MAN)

Get rid of it, Eugene. I ain't got enough tiramisu for everybody.

The HOMELESS MAN claps in KITTY's face. Nothing happens. He takes a swig out of a paper sack.

HOMELESS MAN

Can't, Marianne. It's too hungry.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Quick. Find the paprika and the matches.

KITTY

Holy moly!

Sounds of the train coming to a stop.

(TRAIN CONDUCTOR)

Get out! End of the line!

KITTY leaps out with the "train" still moving.

HOMELESS WOMAN

(talking to an aluminum can)

Nice makeup.

PART II: PURGATORY

SCENE 3: THE GHETTO

*Immediately, KITTY encounters **GHETTO PEOPLE** of all kinds. She watches them as she takes a moment to collect herself.*

These people enter and exit the stage continuously, like a perpetual motion machine, carrying set-pieces like graffitied trash cans and front stoops, setting them down, picking them up.

KITTY unfolds a massive paper map.

***TONI-O**, 19 with a confident, sassy exterior and ambiguous gender as well as ethnicity (Italian? Hispanic? Jewish? African-American?) sits on a stoop watching her curiously and smokes a cigarette.*

TONI-O taps "his" foot to a beat only "he" can hear.

KITTY subconsciously picks up the beat with her own foot, still immersed in her map. This goes on for awhile, becoming increasingly fast and a bit like tap-dancing with an element of the ridiculous.

KITTY

(stopping abruptly, looking up and seeing TONI-O)

My mother always said I had no rhythm.

TONI-O

She didn't know what primal fear could do.

KITTY

What do you mean?

TONI-O

Your hands are shakin', sugar. Your shoes are shiny. You smell like... *(taking a whiff of KITTY's hair)*...grass.

KITTY

I don't do drugs.

TONI-O

The other kind of grass. The country club kind.

Oh. **KITTY**

TONI-O
Point is, you aren't from the jungle. Even though your lipstick is creepin' up on whorish.

KITTY tries to wipe off her lips and face.

Is this the jungle? **KITTY**

TONI-O
Well, it ain't the Tavern on the Green, sweet cheeks. Lemme have your hands.

TONI-O grabs her hands and looks at them nail-side up. He pauses, then with satisfaction:

Yeah.

What? **KITTY**

TONI-O
There's paint under your nails. Green, red, Prussian blue.

Cerulean. **KITTY**

That's why you're here, baby. **TONI-O**

It's Kitty. **KITTY**

TONI-O
Well, Kitty, your future awaits two blocks down Broadway with a left at the St. Francis flop-house.

KITTY
You're a funny (clearing her throat)...umm...person.

It's Toni-O. **TONI-O**

KITTY
What's two blocks down Broadway, Toni-O?

G.A.S. **TONI-O**

You know about G.A.S? **KITTY**

I'm goin' there. **TONI-O**

KITTY
(in TONI-O's face)

Spectacular!

TONI-O

(wiping the spittle demonstratively from his/her face)

Thanks a trillion, spitty Kitty.

KITTY

(babbling)

Sorry. And it's just Kitty. It's not that you going there shocks me. Well, maybe it does anyway. I'm...well, I'm sheltered, I guess.

TONI-O

Fresh as a newborn babe.

KITTY

Even though my family's a nuclear-scale dysfunctional middle-trash disaster. *(stopping suddenly)* Actually, no. I mean...I'm an orphan, of course. An anonymous test-tube baby. My parents were just microscopic organisms. Scientifically-engineered. Now nothing more than hazardous waste collecting spores at the landfill.

TONI-O

Very Twilight Zone.

KITTY

Nah, it's pretty flat really. And none of it matters anyway, because now I'm here, ready to be placed in the fiery core of artistic inspiration!

TONI-O

Can you paint?

KITTY

They let me in.

TONI-O

What do they know? Can you paint?

KITTY

(sputtering)

I...I...I don't know what...you mean. I paint. I like...color.

TONI-O

Do you disappear when you paint?

KITTY

I disappear when I don't.

TONI-O is satisfied.

TONI-O

Are you inspired by what's around you?

A PROSTITUTE walks by, pushing a baby carriage. They watch her.

KITTY

By what in particular?

TONI-O

All of it, baby.

MUSIC cue.

Smoke, as if from steam grates and truck exhaust, starts to fill the stage, Vegas-style.

KITTY

(waving her hand in front of her face like she smells something bad)

I'm sort of overwhelmed maybe. Why aren't you?

TONI-O

'Cause I've wised up. I process things like an artist.

KITTY

How did you wise up? And what IS that bleeping smell?

TONI-O

(inhaling the air)

Sweet, sweet nectar.

Song (#2)—"SMELLS LIKE ART"

TONI-O

(singing)

WHEN YOU'RE BORN IN A DUMP
WHERE YOU TEACH THE ROACHES TO SALSA.
THEN YOU'RE RAISED BY A FRUMP
WHO FORGETS TO RENEW HER VISA,
YOU'RE LEFT TO STRUT THE MEAN STREETS, BABY!

KITTY

(holding her nose)

What do you mean by "strut" exactly?

TONI-O

WHEN YOU EAT FROM THE TRASH
YOU FIND BEHIND THE DRAG QUEEN DISCO,
AND YOU CATCH A NEW RASH
FROM THAT COP WHO NEVER STOPS AT FRISK, OH! NO!
YOU SMELL THE NOT-SO-KEEN STREETS, BABY!

Suddenly the lights dim, and the STREET PEOPLE become back-up dancers.

TONI-O

YOU KNOW
YOU'VE GOT TO
SAVE YOURSELF,
SAVE YOURSELF FROM HELL.
YOU KNOW
WITHOUT SOME
WORTH YOURSELF

TONI-O (cont.)

YOUR BLEEP'LL NEVER SELL.
YOU KNOW
YOU'VE GOT TO

ENSEMBLE

YOU KNOW
YOU'VE GOT TO
SAVE YOURSELF,
OH, OH YEAH!
YOU KNOW
WITHOUT SOME
WORTH YOURSELF,
TELL YOURSELF,
TELL YOURSELF THAT SMELL
CAN CURE YOUR HEART.
THAT SMELL IS ART.

ENSEMBLE (cont.)

OH, OH YEAH!
 YOU KNOW
 YOU'VE GOT TO

TELL YOURSELF,
 TELL YOURSELF THAT SMELL
 CAN CURE YOUR HEART.

KITTY

Okay, I'm starting to hear you. But, really, I thought it was raw sewage.

TONI-O

To the average Joe Blow, maybe, baby. But to the special people like us, to the artists,
 it's...inspiration.

(singing)

WHAT MIGHT SMELL LIKE CHEAP BOOZE
 BECOMES THE BRINE THAT CLEANS YOUR BRUSHES.
 WHAT SMELLS LIKE CRACK ABUSE
 TRANSFORMS A HO' INTO A LUSCIOUS
 DAME WHO COULD TAME PICASSO, BABY!

KITTY

Maybe I get it.

(singing)

I THOUGHT IT SMELLED LIKE SEX.
 TURNS OUT IT'S JUST A JUICY LANDSCAPE.

TONI-O

YOU THOUGHT IT SMELLED LIKE FILTH.
 TURNS OUT IT'S WHAT WILL HELP YOU E-SCAPE.

KITTY & TONI-O

GHETTO TRENDS AND IDLE SINS
 WILL HELP YOU ROCK THE MEAN STREETS, BABY!

KITTY & TONI-O

YOU KNOW
 YOU'VE GOT TO
 SAVE YOURSELF,
 SAVE YOURSELF FROM HELL.
 YOU KNOW
 WITHOUT SOME
 WORTH YOURSELF
 YOUR BLEEP'LL NEVER SELL.
 YOU KNOW
 YOU'VE GOT TO
 TELL YOURSELF,
 TELL YOURSELF THAT SMELL
 CAN CURE YOUR HEART.
 THAT SMELL IS ART!
 THAT SMELL IS ART!

WORTH YOURSELF,
 OH, OH YEAH!
 YOU KNOW
 YOU'VE GOT TO
 TELL YOURSELF,
 TELL YOURSELF THAT SMELL
 CAN CURE YOUR HEART.
 THAT SMELL IS ART!
 THAT SMELL IS ART!

ENSEMBLE

YOU KNOW
 YOU'VE GOT TO
 SAVE YOURSELF,
 OH, OH YEAH!
 YOU KNOW
 WITHOUT SOME

KITTY

Jeepers!

TONI-O

It's a good thing you don't look before you leap, meow-meow. You'd have never leaped.

Lights down.