



Cindi / Cinderella

A Family Musical

Music & Lyrics by MICHAEL LANCY

Book by CHUCK LAKIN

CENTERSTAGE PRESS, INC.
Phoenix Arizona

CINDI/CINDERELLA

Copyright 1983 by Chuck Lakin & Michael Lancy

ISBN: 1-890298-09-3

Made in U.S.A.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Warning: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that CINDI/CINDERELLA is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

Copying from this script, in whole or in part, by any means is strictly forbidden by law and the right of performance is not transferable. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in written form from Centerstage Press. Whenever this play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Centerstage Press, Inc." Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

NO CHANGES SHALL BE MADE IN THE PLAY FOR THE PURPOSE OF YOUR PRODUCTION UNLESS AUTHORIZED IN WRITING. SO THERE.

**For all rights apply to:
CENTERSTAGE PRESS, P.O. Box 36688, Phoenix, Arizona 85067**

Characters

~ in order of appearance ~

THE PRODUCER ~ Tough and fast-talking, with middle age right around the corner. Can be male or female.

A REPORTER ~ Smart-mouthed, male or female.

PUBLICIST ~ Young, bright and energetic howbeit overwhelmed by responsibilities. Male or female.

MR. SLOAN ~ A completely bewildered man of any age, mousy and somewhat frightened of children.

CINDI ~ A pretty young girl, mid-to late teens. She looks a bit plain at first; should have a sweet, “pop” sounding voice.

ETHEL ~ A motherly but flamboyant type, she’s the official fairy godmother of our story.

EDDIE ~ (The Voice Of) Never seen, he is the recording studio engineer. A friendly voice, but one gets the impression he’s been into the mushrooms.

THE PRINCE ~ Late teens, early twenties; handsome and suave but with a definite “American” feel to him. Not stuffy.

THE MUSICAL GROUPS (ALL YOUNG)

4 WHEEL DRIVE ~ From Oklahoma City, these four people look and act like a bunch of yahoos. They are definitely more flash and glitter than down home Country-Western.

MARY SUE ~ One willowy girl with long hair and a spaced-out expression. The folk-singer of the story.

THE FIVE PUKES ~ There are only four of these, male or female, and definitely strange—if not anti-social.

STREETWISE ~ A tough looking collection of any number or sex.

SIS ~ Three young girls (Sarah, Beverly & Doreen), who dress in designer outfits and are as spoiled as they are talentless.

THE MUNCIE INDIANA ORPHAN BOYS CHOIR ~

They can number as few as ten and as many as twenty, with Tom as their ringleader; most are girls and none of them are orphans.

Scenes and Songs

- PROLOGUE Limbo (A Press Conference)
- SCENE I THE HOTEL, THE FIRST DAY
“I Could Be A Winner” The Cast
“Don’t Take Me Back To Muncie Indiana” Boys Choir & Sloan
- SCENE II HOTEL, THAT NIGHT
“The Music In Me” Cindi
- SCENE III THE STUDIO, THE SECOND DAY
“No Shoes” The Five Pukes
“You’re A Zero” Beverly, Doreen, Sarah & Cindi
“The Earth Is Full Of Magic” Ethel, Cindi & Boys Choir
- SCENE IV THE HOTEL, THAT NIGHT
- SCENE V THE HOTEL, EVEN LATER THAT NIGHT
“Regality/Gee Cindi” The Prince & Cindi
- SCENE VI THE HOTEL, THE THIRD DAY
“I Don’t Give Up That Easy” Ethel
- SCENE VII THE CONCERT, THAT NIGHT
“I’m Deaf, Dumb and Blind Over You” 4 Wheel Drive
“Radiation Blues” Mary Sue
“The Music In Me” (Reprise) Cindi
“We Could Be A Winner” Cast

~ Production Note ~

Division of song parts is arbitrary. For example, “You’re A Zero” can be divided equally among the girls. The same for “I Could Be A Winner,” which can have parts reassigned very easily. Only those set pieces and props necessary for the action of the play are mentioned; any additional details can be added based upon your own imagination and, of course, budget limitations.

All of the action of the play takes place in present day Los Angeles.

Prologue

THE CURTAIN IS DOWN.

AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS FADE, THERE IS A DRUM ROLL AND A BALLYHOO OF SPOTLIGHTS WEAVING BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE CURTAIN. THEN A MUSICAL FANFARE BLARES OUT -- SIMILAR TO THE OLD WARNER BROTHERS MOVIE OPENINGS --

ANNOUNCER: (GOD-LIKE, IN A VOICE SUSPICIOUSLY SIMILAR TO THE PRODUCER'S) And now, Ladies and Gentlemen of the press, we're honored to introduce the guiding spirit and of R.U.R. Recordings -- the person responsible for every major hit at R.U.R. -- and for those nice sandwiches you've been eating -- we are honored to introduce R.U.R.'s Producer!

SUDDENLY THE CIRCLING SPOTLIGHTS JOIN CENTERSTAGE AS THE PRODUCER EMERGES FROM THE CURTAIN, GRINNING AND SOMEWHAT SLEAZY, HOLDING HIS HANDS UP TO QUIET THE AUDIENCE. HE BEGINS TO ADDRESS THEM AS IF IT WAS A PRESS CONFERENCE... WHICH IT IS.

PRODUCER: Ladies and Gentlemen of the press, I'm glad you could all be here today. (SLIGHT PAUSE) As the producer of all the major hits of R. U. R. Recordings, it gives me great pleasure to announce the concert event of the year. Yes, R.U.R. is... honored (says "honored" with far too much sincerity) to announce the Second Annual Young Performers Song Festival and Awards Concert—as sponsored by R.U.R. and produced and directed entirely by... me! (TURNS RIGHT WITH UNCANNY TIMING AND WEARING A BIG CHESHIRE GRIN JUST AS A FLASH PICTURE IS TAKEN OF HIM. THEN, JUST AS QUICKLY, RE-ASSUMES HIS MR. SINCERITY ROUTINE) Talented young songwriter-performers have been competing for the last year until only six finalists remain. And we have spared no expense to bring these multi-talented youths here to Los Angeles to take part in this gala concert. (CROSSES TO CENTER) From these finalists will be chosen the Young Artist of the Year, to be awarded a five year recording and/or songwriting contract with R.U.R Records and a cash award of... (DRAMATIC PAUSE) Ten thousand dollars! (STRIKES A POSE IN TIME FOR YET ANOTHER FLASH PICTURE FROM THE PRESS) Now...Questions? (SEES SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE) Yes?

REPORTER: (FROM THE AUDIENCE) I have a question... Is this year's contest going to be run honestly for a change?

PRODUCER: (LAUGHS POLITELY, THEN STRAIGHT-FACED) Okay, any other questions? Good. Thank you for coming and—

REPORTER: (INSISTENT) I have one more question if you don't mind. Where are the contestants right now?

PRODUCER: Even as we speak, they are being checked into one of the finest hotels in the Los Angeles area.

THE CURTAIN GOES UP -- AND THE LIGHTS COME UP SLIGHTLY ON STAGE -- TO REVEAL THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL WINDSOR; ONCE A NICE AND COMFORTABLE DOWNTOWN ESTABLISHMENT, NOW A SEEDY DIVE SOMEWHERE OFF WILSHIRE BLVD. ALL OF THE CONTESTANTS ARE LOUNGING ABOUT, OR MEANDERING AROUND, SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER, AND WEARING FAR FROM HAPPY EXPRESSIONS CONCERNING THEIR LIVING CONDITIONS, BUT EVERYTHING IS IN PANTOMIME...

PRODUCER: (CONT'D) Our Publicist is there helping them settle in. Of course I feel it my duty, no... obligation (SLOWLY CROSSES LEFT) to do everything I can to make their stay as happy as possible -- After all... (FEIGNED EXCITEMENT) one of these groups will be this year's winner!

SPOTLIGHT BLACKS OUT ON THE PRODUCER, WHO TURNS AND EXITS LEFT AS THE LIGHTS COME UP AND THE NOISE LEVEL IS SUDDENLY GROWING, AS WE ARE INTO...

Scene I

GATHERED IN THE HOTEL LOBBY SO FAR ARE: 4 WHEEL DRIVE; MARY SUE; THE FIVE PUKES; STREETWISE -- AND THE PUBLICIST, WHO HAS JUST ENTERED, ARMED ONLY WITH A CLIPBOARD. THIS PERSON TRULY WANTS TO BE IN CONTROL... BUT NO WAY.

PUBLICIST: Okay, Okay... everybody listen up!

4WD #1: Ya call this a hotel?

GENERAL MUMBLES OF AGREEMENT.

STREETWISE #1: I wouldn't call it that.

4WD #2: I've seen pig pens back home cleaner'n this.

PUBLICIST: Okay, who're we missing? (CONSULTS CLIPBOARD)

4WD #1: The pig. (CHUCKLES LIKE A YAHOO)

PUKE #1: A janitor, we're missin' a janitor.

PUKE #2: Mr. Clean!

GENERAL "YEAHS" ETC.

4WD #3: There's something growing on this carpet...

PUBLICIST: (RAISING CLIPBOARD) Listen, we have to get organized!

PUKE #3: Oh yeah, why?

SONG: "I COULD BE A WINNER"

PUKE #3: I could be a winner
 I could number one:
 Numero Uno

4WD #2: Top of the heap
and likely to keep
BOTH: beatin' out everyone
Everyone!

THE PRODUCER ENTERS WITH A FLOURISH AND GRINS BROADLY.

PRODUCER: You could be a winner,
you could be the one on top of the ladder;
ALL: I've got the stuff in-me to be a winner!

STREETWISE: It's easy to be a loser,
to follow the rest of the pack;
4WD: But you're never gonna be a chooser,
'til you're the first one around the track!

AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER...

PRODUCER: (RUBBING HIS HANDS TOGETHER, EAGERLY) Well now, how're things going?

PUBLICIST: Just trying to get things organized, boss. (CONSULTS HIS CLIPBOARD)
We have the country-western entry, 4 Wheel Drive (THEY WAVE) Our folksinger, Mary Sue...

MARY SUE: (DENSE) Hi there...

PUBLICIST: The punk-rock entry is here, but we're missing inspiration
(PRODUCER TAKES) And also our pop music entry... (ANNOUNCES) Has anyone seen SIS?

BEFORE ANYONE CAN COMMENT ON THE QUESTION THE GROUP SIS BARGES INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY ON THE DOWNBEAT OF THE MUSIC, ELBOWING PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR WAY TO CENTERSTAGE.

SIS: We could be a winner!

All We need the chance to show we can do it.
So don't stand in our way—
We're comin' through any day
and once we're there we'll stay.
Be a winner! Be a winner! Be a winner!
A winner today'

SIS: A winner...!
ALL: We're all winners today!

SARAH: Let's get the luggage.

SIS SAUNTERS OUT OF THE LOBBY WHILE ALL THE OTHER GROUPS TAKE NOTE OF THEM AND SAY A FEW IMPOLITE REMARKS. THE PRODUCER, HOWEVER, IS NOT INTERESTED.

PRODUCER: (GLANCING OVER THE PUBLICIST'S SHOULDER AT THE CLIPBOARD)
Well ? Who else is here?

PUBLICIST: Our R & B group, Streetwise...

THE PRODUCER GLANCES AT THEM, AND THEY GLARE BACK WITH EXPRESSIONS LIKE "IN A MINUTE I'M GONNA STRIP YOUR CAR"...

PRODUCER: Fine. Wait a minute... (POINTS TO CLIPBOARD) It says here, The Five Pukes.

PUBLICIST: That's right, our punk rock entry and—

PRODUCER: I know that, but there's only four of them. Where's the other one?

PUKE #2: He's sick.

PRODUCER: (PAUSE) Is that going to pose a problem with one of your group out sick?

PUKE #4: (CROSSING) Nah... he didn't do anything but swallow stuff during the song.

PUBLICIST: Huh?

PRODUCER: Don't ask. (REACHES INTO HIS POCKET FOR HIS CUSTOMARY MOUTHFUL OF "TUMS") Who are we missing, then?

PUBLICIST: Inspiration.

PRODUCER: Who's that?

PUBLICIST: That's a category, not a group. (GLANCING AT THE CLIPBOARD) That would be, uh... The Muncie Indiana Orphan Boys Choir. (LOOKS UP) And the pop music entry, SIS. (TO THE OTHERS) Where's SIS?

PUKE #1: Sis-who?

PUKE #2: Bless you. (GENERAL OBNOXIOUS LAUGHTER FROM THE PUKES)

PRODUCER: (TAKING THE CLIPBOARD) Why don't you show these... (SEARCHES FOR THE RIGHT WORD) ... people to their rooms. I'm sure the others will show up any minute.

PUBLICIST: Sure boss... (TURNS TO THE GROUPS) All right, everyone! If you'll just follow me...

THE PUBLICIST EXITS UPSTAGE RIGHT, LEADING THE WAY AS THE VARIOUS GROUPS TAKE UP THEIR LUGGAGE AND FOLLOW HIM.

PUBLICIST: (AS HE EXITS) We have very nice rooms selected for all of you... of course there will be some doubling up...

THE PRODUCER WATCHES THEM EXIT, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND SIGHS JUST AS A BEFUDDLED LOOKING MAN ENTERS THE LOBBY. THE PRODUCER GLANCES UP AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN IDLY RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE CLIPBOARD. THE NERVOUS MAN EDGES SLOWLY CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE PRODUCER, OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO WORK UP THE COURAGE TO SPEAK TO HIM. JUST AS THE MAN GETS CLOSE ENOUGH TO SPEAK TO THE PRODUCER, THE PRODUCER LOOKS UP AND THE MAN WALKS AWAY. THIS IS MR. SLOAN.

PRODUCER: (GRUFF) Can I help you?

SLOAN: (TURNS) Wuh? Uh well, maybe... I doubt it. But, well...(SUDDENLY) Do you work here?

PRODUCER: (FLATLY) Hardly.

SLOAN: Of course. Sorry. I can see that now, you certainly don't look like you would work here...

PRODUCER: There's good news.

SLOAN: (TRYING TO MAKE CONVERSATION) I mean you don't look like, you know, a hotel employee... (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) You certainly don't look like a maid!

THE PRODUCER GLARES AND SLOAN LOSES ANY PRETENSE OF BEING AN EASY-GOING PERSON. THE PUBLICIST ENTERS FROM UP RIGHT, SEES SLOAN AND

PUBLICIST: Mr. Sloan!

PRODUCER: (TURNS) Where?

SLOAN: Uh... here.

PUBLICIST: (CROSSING TO THEM). Mr. Sloan is the director of the Muncie Indiana Boys Choir.

SLOAN: Orphan Boys Choir.

PRODUCER: (NODS) How interesting. (LOOKS TO EITHER SIDE, BEHIND SLOAN, THEN LOOKS BACK AT SLOAN WITH A DRY EXPRESSION) Somehow I imagined there'd be more of you.

PUBLICIST: Where are the boys, Mr. Sloan?

SLOAN: That's difficult to explain.

PRODUCER: (PLAYFULLY SARCASTIC) Give it a try.

SLOAN: I... uh... lost them.

PRODUCER: (SHOCKED) What!?!

PUBLICIST: (SOOTHING) Boss... I'm sure Mr. Sloan doesn't mean he actually lost them...

SLOAN: I did.. I actually lost them. I just turned around and poof, they were gone. All twenty [*or however many there are*] of them.

PRODUCER: (ROARS) Well that's just fine! (STARTS TO PACE) Just dandy! What am I gonna tell the reporters?

PUBLICIST: And the TV people...?

SLOAN: (UNEASY) And their parents...?

PRODUCER: (TURNS, EYES SLOAN) I thought you said they were orphans?

SLOAN: (EYES WIDE) Uh... they are... two of them are. Were, actually.

PRODUCER: (GLARES) Either an orphan is an orphan, or not an orphan. (TURNS, MOANING AND GRABBING MORE TUMS) Why am I speaking to you at all? Why am I involved in this whole circus? I wanted to be a certified public accountant!

AS THIS GOES ON, SIS ENTERS THE LOBBY FOLLOWED BY CINDI WHO IS CARRYING ALL OF THEIR LUGGAGE. AND NOT DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT, EITHER...

PUBLICIST: (CROSSING TO PRODUCER) Now calm down, boss... remember your blood pressure.

PRODUCER: (NODDING TO SLOAN, INDICATING SIS) Is that them?

SLOAN: (LOOKS, THEN) Heavens no, they're too tall.

PUBLICIST: (CROSSING, BRIGHTLY) I'll bet you're SIS.

SARAH: (SUSPICIOUS) Maybe.

PUBLICIST: (PRESENTING) Well this is your Producer, and I'm Publicist for R.U.R. Records.

PRODUCER: Well, at least you're here.

SARAH: (CROSSING) We're SIS, and we're gonna win that recording contract.

BEVERLY: And the \$10,000!

DOREEN: And anything else you're giving away.

PUBLICIST: Great attitude!

SARAH: (TO PRODUCER) So you're the fat-cat.

PRODUCER: Excuse me.

SARAH: I'm the lead singer for SIS. You can call me Sarah.

PRODUCER: And you can call me... Sir.

PUBLICIST: (INSERTING HIMSELF) They're the entry in the pop music category!

SARAH: This is Beverly, our bass player. Doreen, our drummer.

CINDI IS HAVING SOME REAL PROBLEMS BALANCING THE LUGGAGE AND THEY SUDDENLY FALL WITH A CRASH.

BEVERLY: (CROSSING, OUTRAGED) Now you've done it!

DOREEN: (NEAR HYSTERICAL) You dropped my suitcase! You dropped my suitcase! (LEANS DOWN AND EXAMINES THE INSIDE OF THE SUITCASE) Oh, you stupid klutz. You better not have broken it. You just better not have.

PUBLICIST: Broken what?

DOREEN: My GameBoy! (SEARCHING) If she broke it I'll... I'll... I just don't know what I'll do... (PULLS OUT SOMETHING WITH WIRES HANGING ALL OVER IT) I was right... I don't know what I'll do...

PRODUCER: (POINTS TO CINDI) And who's this one?

SARAH: Nobody. She's not really a member of the group.

BEVERLY: I'll say she isn't. (GLARES AT HER) Klutz.

THE PUBLICIST SEEMS SYMPATHETIC TO THE ABUSE CINDI IS RECEIVING, CROSSES TO HER AND ATTEMPTS TO ASSIST HER IN CLEANING UP THE WRECKAGE.

DOREEN: She's our schlepper; the gofer of the group.

PUBLICIST: What's your name?

CINDI LOOKS UP, THE MEMBERS OF SIS BEGIN TO MOAN.

PUBLICIST: Can't she talk?

CINDI: I can talk.

DOREEN: (MUTTERS) Unfortunately.

PRODUCER: (IRRITATED) This is all very interesting, and I'm pleased that your group is here and the young lady can talk, but right now—

PUBLICIST: Here, let me help you... (PICKS UP ONE OF THE GUITAR CASES)
What's your name?

CINDI: Cinderella.

PRODUCER & PUBLICIST: (FLATLY) What.

SARAH: Terrible, isn't it...

PUBLICIST: Your name is really Cinderella... Oh, I see it's a stage name, right?

SIS LAUGHS

SARAH: Stage name!?!

BEVERLY: Who'd ever let her on a stage? (HOWLS)

DOREEN: Maybe the Ringling Brothers.

CINDI: My name is really Cinderella. Cinderella Dietl.

PUBLICIST: (ALMOST LAUGHS) Dietl?

CINDI: Dietl... D-I-E-T-L.

PRODUCER: (ANTSY) Okay, fine, she can talk and she can spell.

SLOAN: Uh, sir?

PRODUCER: (TURNS) Who're you? Oh yeah, Sloan. Look, just let me get these people squared away and I'll be right back with you...(CROSSES TO PUBLICIST,

MUTTERING ... Orphans...

SLOAN: Maybe we should call the police...?

PRODUCER: (PANICS) Police !?! (LAUGHS, NERVOUSLY, AS HE PUTS AN ARM ON SLOAN'S SHOULDER) No, no... they'll just get in the way. Have a seat and I'll be right back. (NUDGES HIM IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOFA, THEN TURNS TO SIS) Come along, now... Let's get you settled in your rooms...

PUBLICIST: (FOLLOWING) Yes girls, we have a long day in the studio tomorrow...

PRODUCER: And tomorrow night, the company is taking you to dinner... (GETS A PAINED EXPRESSION) On the house...

SIS GETS REASONABLY EXCITED OVER THE PROSPECT OF A FREE MEAL. AS THEY ALL EXIT, CINDI BRINGS UP THE REAR, TRYING TO BALANCE ALL OF THE LUGGAGE.

SLOAN IS LEFT ALONE ON STAGE, BECOMING DEEPLY DEPRESSED, AS HE SPEAKS THE FOLLOWING LINES, ALL TWENTY MEMBERS OF THE MUNCIE INDIANA ORPHAN BOYS CHOIR SNEAK INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY FROM STAGE LEFT AND TRY TO EXIT RIGHT WITHOUT SLOAN SEEING THEM.

SLOAN: Oh dear... how do you find twenty kids in a city the size of Los Angeles...? (LOOK OF TERROR) Oh no! Maybe they were hit by a car!?! (SHAKES HIS HEAD) That's silly, get a hold of yourself. A car couldn't hit all twenty of them... (A LOOK OF TERROR) A bus! A big bus! (TRIES TO SMILE) Get a hold of yourself... (EYES GROW WIDE) A white slave ring! (GLANCES BACK, SEES THE CHOIR BUT DOESN'T REACT) That's it! All of them are probably on some sleazy junk half way to... (TAKES, THEN TURNS) Freeze!!!

TWENTY BODIES SUDDENLY STOP IN THEIR TRACKS. SLOAN CROSSES TO THE FRONT OF THEIR LINE, WHERE THE LARGEST BOY IS. THIS IS TOM, LEADER OF THE PACK.

SLOAN: Where have you been!?! You were supposed to stay by the bus. (POINTS TO TOM) Tom, I put you in charge of keeping the group together.

TOM: (INNOCENTLY) I kept them together.

SLOAN: But not with me!

ORPHAN #1: We tried to get into Disneyland.

ORPHAN #2: But they wouldn't let us in.

ORPHAN #3: They said it cost money to get in.

ORPHAN #4: (THE SMALLEST) Yeah, what a rip-off!

THERE IS GENERAL AGREEMENT AMONG THE ORPHANS ON THE PRICING POLICY OF DISNEYLAND. SLOAN MOANS AND CROSSES CENTER AND THE CHOIR FOLLOWS HIM.

SLOAN: I'm very disappointed in all of you. I thought you could handle some responsibility but I guess I was wrong. (FROM THE EXPRESSIONS ON THE CHOIR, THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH) You know what I should do, don't you?

ORPHAN #2: Give us some money so we can go to Disneyland!

THEY ALL CHEER

SLOAN: Quiet down! — and don't become a mob... I hate it when you do that. But what I should do is just ship you all home right now.

TOM: You better not or we'll tell everybody we're not orphans.

SLOAN: (SHOCKED) That's blackmail.

ORPHAN #3: Blackmail's such a dirty word.

TOM: But we'll do it! Won't we?

ALL THE CHOIR AGREE LOUDLY.

SLOAN: Stop that! Oh, how did I lose control? (TO TOM) As for your threats, I don't care anymore, I just don't care. (STARTS FOR THE HOTEL DOOR) Let your parents deal with you. (TURNS) You're all getting right back on that bus and going straight home to Muncie.

THE KIDS ALL REACT IN HORROR AND PLEADING NOT TO BE SENT HOME AS THE MUSIC STARTS AND

SONG: "DON'T TAKE ME BACK (TO MUNCIE INDIANA)"

ORPHANS: Don't take me back to Muncie Indiana,
I'd rather be
on a life raft out to sea!

The weather is rotten,
the sights, best forgotten;
It ain't no bustling center of fun!

Please don't take me back to Muncie Indiana
Don't take me back to Muncie Indiana;
That city has
all the charm of Alcatraz.

Give me Anaheim
or L.A.'s fine
I've gotta find a place in the sun;
But please don't take me back to Muncie, Indiana.

(DANCE BREAK)

Don't take me back (ECHO)
to Muncie Indiana;
it's like you've flown
on a trip to the Twilight Zone.

Gimmie city lights
and noisy nights
and tickets to Disneyland;
But please don't take me back to

Muncie, Indiana
Muncie,
How 'bout Texarkana?
Muncie
Muncie, Indiana!
Yeah!

BLACKOUT.

<End of excerpt>