

FRANK (compiled from *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

Yes. It was strange the way it happened ... one of those quirks of fate really ... one of those moments when ... everything looks black, the chips are down, your back is against the wall. You panic - you're trapped - there's no way out and even if there was it would probably be a one way ticket to the bottom of the bay. And then suddenly you get a break - all the pieces seem to fit into place - what a sucker you'd been - what a fool - the answer was there all the time - it took a small accident to make it happen. An accident. That's how I discovered the secret - that elusive ingredient - that spark that is the breath of life. Yes I have that knowledge, I hold the key to life itself, you see Brad and Janet you are fortunate for tonight is the night my beautiful creature is destined to be born. Throw open the switches on the Sonic Oscillator and step up the Reactor Power Input ... three more points.

BRAD (inspired by *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

Hello, yes, we're a bit lost and I was wondering if you might be able to give us directions. Who is us? Well, it's myself, naturally, and my fiancé Janet Weiss. Yes, she's the one outside in the rain pumping gas into the car. I would have done it, but this shirt isn't drip-dry. We're on our way to visit Dr. Everett Scott, and old friend. Yes, I understand the roads are dangerous when it storms like this, but I'm sure everything will be all right. If we get into any trouble, we'll just find the nearest phone. Now about those directions. Ah, thank you. Let me just make sure I'm reading this correctly. Does this say turn left at... the castle?

JANET (compiled from *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

What's happening here - Where's Brad? - Where's anybody? If only we hadn't made this journey - if only the car hadn't broken down - if only we were amongst friends or sane persons. It's all like some terrible dream. I'm engaged to Brad, just the same as Betty Munroe was to Ralf Hapshatt. But Frank's kisses overwhelmed me with an ecstasy I had never dreamed of before - hot burning kisses - I could see Brad's face before me, and my mind screamed - No! - but my lips were hungry, too hungry - I wanted to be loved,

and loved completely - my body throbbed excitedly - Oh Brad, Brad my darling how could I have done this to you. Oh where's Brad - ? (*She fiddles with TV monitor.*) What have they done with him? (*Sees FRANK kissing BRAD.*)
Aaahhh! Oh Brad! - How could you?

ROCKY (compiled from and inspired by *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

I find this all very confusing. I feel that all is not well here. My creator and his minions – they scare me. Although, he did a pretty good job of the body work. I mean, look at me. No, look at me. The blonde hair... muscles... the tan... It's hard to fault him for that. But still, I have been thinking a lot about (*whispers*) Eddie. I can't help but have this feeling of foreboding. Will I end up like him? He looks terrible.

RIFF RAFF (compiled from and inspired by *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

Dr. Scott, I am sorry about your nephew. The master only wanted to help the boy better his position. It was a shame he went... to pieces. Now, Rocky on the other hand. He's a credit to my... *his* genius. As is this! (*pulls out laser*) Yes, Dr. Scott, this is a laser capable of emitting a beam of pure anti-matter. Stop talking! Don't act as if you like me. You don't like me. You never liked me. You saw the way things were... the way they were going. Now, your time has come. Say goodbye to all this... and hello to oblivion. We are about to beam this entire house back to the planet of transsexual. Our noble mission is almost complete and soon, my most beautiful sister and I will return to the Moon drenched shores of our beloved planet.

MAGENTA (compiled from and inspired by *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

Yes, he's lucky, I'm lucky, you're lucky, we're all lucky. Especially Rocky. He is a triumph of the will. Not like... (*whispers*)... Eddie. He went... to pieces! So, I put him down the waste disposal. Oh, "Master," you know I ask for nothing. But when do we return to Transylvania? I grow weary of this world. Ah, sweet Transsexual, Land of Night, to sing and dance once more to your dark refrain, to take that step... to the right! But it's a pelvic thrust. That really drives you insane. And when we finally get home, our world will do the Time Warp again!

COLUMBIA (from *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

My God! I can't take any more of this. First you ditch me for Eddie and then you throw him off like an old overcoat for Rocky. You chew people up and then you spit them out again. I loved you, do you hear? I loved you, and what did I get? I'll tell you, a big fat nothing. You're like a sponge, you take, take, take and drain others of their affection. Well, I've had it, I'm out of here, and I mean. (*RIFF RAFF sprays her.*) Oh wow - I dig that - it's wicked, it's a gas - I'm groovy I'm hip, man - it's like a trip - ah, wow, my God - freak out baby - dig you later.

NARRATOR (from *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

I would like - if I may - to take you on a strange journey. It seemed a fairly ordinary night when Brad Majors, and his fiancée Janet Weiss ... (two young ordinary healthy kids) ... left Denton that late November evening to visit a Dr. Everett Scott ex tutor and now friend to both of them ... It's true there were dark storm clouds, heavy - black and pendulous - toward which they were driving, it's true also that the spare tire they were carrying was badly in need of some air - but they being normal kids and on a night out - well - they were not going to let a storm spoil the events of their evening. On a night out. (*Thunder*) It was a night out they were to remember (*Thunder*) for a very - long - time.

DR. SCOTT (compiled from *The Rocky Horror Show Live*)

My wheels! My God! I can't move my wheels. You won't find earth people quite the easy mark that you imagine - this sonic transducer! It is I suppose some type of audio vibratory physiomolecular transport device! Yes, Brad - it's something we ourselves have been working on. But it seems our friend here has found a way of perfecting it - a device that is capable of breaking down solid matter and then projecting it through space and who knows, perhaps even time itself.

NON-SPEAKING

EDDIE

PHANTOMS

