



The Guru Groove

A musical journey through meandering minds

Featuring

IcePick The lost leader

Zap The psychopathic lead guitarist

Zkaz The intellectual numbskull

Knukle The knuckle-dragging drummer

Plus!

The spacey new-age therapist

Meet

The not-so-cuddly toe-cutting *Telecutters!*

What the critics say

"This play was my inspiration"
Mahatma Ghandi (posthumously)

"I wish I'd written it"
Arthur Miller

"Freedom-loving people of the world will revile this work"
GW Bush

"Sorry... it was over my head"
Franz Kafka

A play, of sorts, by Rod Taylor

By Rod Taylor Tayloram2000@yahoo.com.au m

Spelling and special advisor: Katie Taylor

Musical / dance consultant: Claire Taylor

Characters

The Air Rockers

A bunch of would-be rock'n'roll players. Don't have instruments; they play air guitar, air drums, etc.

Icepick: Lead singer of the Air Rockers. She has downloaded too many mindsets from the internet, and her brain is a bit addled. She needs a good reboot, but no-one's figured out how.

Knuckle: the drummer seems totally spaced-out all the time. But there's another side to be revealed.

Skaz: The bass guitarist. Tall and lanky, with long hair. Has the habit of breaking into very long convoluted discourses about narratives which speak to the human condition. Other band members ignore him after a few words.

Zap: the lead guitarist. Somewhat psychotic. Has a disconcerting twitch. His answer to most problems is "kill them all". Speaks with a deep voice and an Austrian accent.

Madame Falou The Therapist. A sensitive new-age healer.

Electra One of the Therapist's patients

Sullen daughter the discontented daughter of the Therapist

The Teletubbers The Teletubbie Toecutters. Teletubbie look-alikes who are really thugs. Carry baseball bats and chainsaws. Like to play Spice Girls.

The Guru Raggedy old man who dispenses wisdom on the top of a mountain.

The not-so-enthusiastic fans - anyone silly enough to attend an Air Rocker gig. Their job is to stare, blink a bit, then leave.

Zap's Mother .. Zap's mother!

Line Dancing Girl looks young; wears ringlets

~~*Spam* An annoying interloper. Appears during scene changes making dubious offers to the audience. Some financial, some lewd. All too good to be true. His shirt says "Spam".~~

~~*Phish* The main character impersonator. Dressed entirely in black. No one else notices him, but when he says something, they echo his words.~~

Scene 1

The post-party lounge room ground zero disaster area.

Present: the Air Rockers. The place is a mess, with bodies draped over furniture in all sorts of uncomfortable angles.

IcePick *[Untangling herself from a couch and assorted discarded clothes. Rises and staggers around holding her head*

Oh. Oh my.

[pulls her face as if looking in a mirror. Walks over to a pile of cushions; starts flinging them over her shoulder to reveal Skaz]

Oy!

Skaz Wah?

IcePick Oy! Wake up!

Knuckle *[Pops up from his resting place, and jaunts over to the stereo to start some horribly cheerful music]*

Zap Aargh! What is that awful noise?

[Knuckle is doing a joyful little jig. The others look very distressed]

IcePick Knuckle. Knuckle's playing more of that ghastly cheerful blasted tripe again.

Zap Then he must die.

IcePick Don't you think that's a little severe?

Skaz Knuckle! Turn it off or we'll loose Zap on you.

Knuckle *[still dancing gaily; looks affronted]*

Aw, you lot are so miserable. You need cheering up

IcePick Actually, death may not be too severe. Zap? Can you make it slow and painful?

Zap *[twitching]*

Sure

[starts moving but stops when the pain proves too much]

Ah, ur, no. Tomorrow. Tomorrow you die.

IcePick Hey, keep it together guys. We need to get our act together. We need to earn some money.

Skaz Yeah! We should capitalise on this most fortuitous event. Think of the pecuniary opportunities. *[pauses.. the others are looking at him blankly]*
And maybe get ourselves a new car.

Knuckle Yeah. And I need some new music

Zap You sure do, but that's not all you're going to need. I can see your hospital bills mounting.

IcePick Guys! Guys! No, you can't spend it!

[the other stop to look at her, confused]

IcePick *[looking uncertain]*

Well.. you can, but first we..

Zap We what?

IcePick We, ah, we have to pay some debts. *[pauses]*

We need to.. I.. well, the Telecutters will -

The others The Telecutters?!!

IcePick It's only a little bit.

Skaz Please define "little bit"

IcePick A few thou... small thou..

Skaz *[rising voice]*

Small thousands? Pray, please elaborate! Which part of these thousands are small? How many of these "small thousands" are there?

IcePick *[looks at Skaz, then to Zap. Gulps]*

[small voice..]

Four

Zap Then two must die this day. You! [*pointing to IcePick*] and you! [*pointing to Knuckle*] choose your coffins. What funeral service do you want? I'm a generous type. You can have black or white coffins.

Knuckle [*shouts at Icepick*] The Telecutters? Do you know what those guys can do?

Skaz Oh, foresooth this is most dire! We have not the cash reserves for such unplanned expenditures. This is fiscal irresponsibility.

Knuckle Couldn't you have used a bank? They generally leave their customers with all their arms and legs intact. [*pauses*] Okay, well, sometimes they do. Well, more often than the Telecutters anyway. I think.

IcePick Well, I know it looks bad. We'll make it somehow, and -

Knuckle So what did you spend it on?

IcePick Ah... an air guitar.

Zap Air guitar? I thought you said we were going to make it big? You don't *pay* for an air guitar ! How are we going to make it big while you're playing air guitar? [*Louder*] And how are you going to cover your funeral expenses?!

IcePick Well, it's not just any air guitar.

Zap Oh really?

IcePick It's a Jimmi Hendrix Stratocaster replica.

Zap [*mouth agape; pauses*] Oh gazooks. Knuckle, fetch me an implement. Make it large and blunt.

Knuckle Ah Zap, but that's what we do. We play air instruments. I have a really neat air drum kit.

Zap [*to Knuckle*] Okay, when then I will club you to death with an air club. Ah, that's right, you have a funeral coming up. And turn that music off!

Knuckle [*goes to the stereo and skips tracks to a funeral dirge*]

Zap Better. We'll be needing it soon.

Skaz Now, my fellow travellers, let us immediately proceed to a plan which exploits the sentient opportunities at this juncture.

[the others pause, and look blank for a moment]

Zap Okay, so I won't kill them. But we do need to get some cash. What are we going to do?

Knuckle Let's steal some -

IcePick No, that'll never work.

Skaz I suggest we engage in future-visioning with a strong customer-centric model, that focuses on our core business and engages all stakeholders.

Zap We're going to a BBQ?

IcePick Hey, yes, that's it!

Knuckle What, a BBQ?

IcePick No dummy. The band. It's the band!

The others [*sceptical*] The band?

IcePick The band!

The others [*jubilant*] The band!

Knuckle We're on a mission from Rod!

IcePick [*contemptuously*] Keep it together man!

Okay guys, I'm going to get us a gig.

Knuckle [*quietly*] Er, what are we going to play?

IcePick Don't worry, the script will sort that out

Scene 2

Madame Falou, the therapist is sitting around a tea room decorated with new-age paraphernalia. Also present, a number of guests (including Electra) wearing kaftans etc

Madam F Herbal mud cake anyone?

Guest 1 No thanks

Elektra Oh, just a small piece thanks

Madam F Come on, I made it this morning. It has beneficial infusions of rosemary, bittersweet, raspberry leaves, and it has camomile icing. You'll find it's good for combating flaccid attitude. [*vapid giggle*]

Guest 1 Oh, I'll take some home for my husband then.

All [*laughing*]

Guest 2 Do you have anything good for growth then?

[*more laughter*]

Madam F Oh really girls. And try some horny goatweed tea.

Guest 2 Are you trying to say something here?

Madam F Well, why not? We could all do with a little perkiness now and then. Electra, I believe you wanted to share something with us.

Elektra Yes, I've been feeling lethargic lately.

Madam F Ah, I suppose there's something we can do about that. And I imagine you'll all want to see me using the crystals again.

We'll need the seventh Chakra – that's clear quartz. Electra, lie on the couch.

Now, you'll note that I've cleansed this crystal by washing it in water, and leaving it in the sun for a few hours.

[*enter sullen daughter, wearing Death Metal T-shirt and ripped jeans*]

Daughter Mum, do we have any cereal?

Madam F No

Daughter You didn't buy any?

Madam F No, I did not. You know I won't buy you that sugar-laden lolly stuff.

Daughter Mum, it gives me *energy*.

Madam F If you need energy, use the crystals

Elektra [*helpfully*] We have some horny goatweed tea.

Daughter Oh, for goodness sake, I want to get some calories, not get 1-

Madam F Come darling, now you're being rude. You know this aggression comes from your spiritual disconnection.

Daughter Blah blah blah [*walks off*]

Guest 2 But of course she was born in the seventh house

Madam F Well yes, but she hasn't really been the same since the aliens.

Others [*gasp, look astonished*]

Madam F Yes. There were strange lights a few weeks ago. She hasn't been the same since.

Guest 2 I'm feeling there's a lot of negative energy. Perhaps we could dance the Dolphin Spirit.

Madam F Yes girls, I think that would be good.

[*Dance the Macarena? <<<<<<<<< ??? >>>>>>>>>*]

Scene 3

The Gig. "Fans" are milling around, talking to each other, and paying no particular attention.

[The band jaunts onto stage singing "Hey Mickey". They are waving pompoms.

[they play a few bars then -]

Zap Aw this sucks, let's try something else.

IcePick We'd better tune up, I'm way out of tune.

[stands facing Zap and Skaz tuning their guitars: turning the tuning knobs. "ba ba ba" up and down semitones. They play a few notes and stop Knuckle sits at his "drums" and fiddles with their positions]

Knuckle *[looking at IcePick]*

Hey, is that a new guitar?

IcePick Yeah, do you like it?

Knuckle It looks pretty retro

IcePick Sure is. A Fender Stratocaster Jimmi Hendrix replica.

Knuckle Really? It must have cost you a fortune. You know they are collectors items.

Zap It'll cost her more than that if we don't get some cash soon. Knuckle. Are you ready?

Knuckle *[sits at his "drums"]*

Almost.

[starts fiddling with the position of various bits of his drum "equipment"]

IcePick Okay, hit it.

[they break into a rendition of "Catch a Falling Star"]

[the fans don't look too excited]

IcePick This is no good. We'll have to try something else.

[start playing... <<<<<<<<< ? >>>>>>>>>]

[one or two fans get up and dance to the music, but the rest remain seated]

IcePick Well that was a bit better..

Zap Oh, this is no good. Let's do *Wild Thing*.

[they all roll their eyes]

Knuckle Oh, not you and *that* song again.

Zap *[excitedly]*

You know it drives the fans wild.

Knuckle But we're *bored* with *Wild Thing*.

Zap But –

Knuckle No

Skaz Oh, com'on guys, can't you see it's fundamental to his psychological makeup? It's his way of reconciling himself with an estranged parental relationship.

[they pause a moment, looking blank]

IcePick Alright. We'd better get a hurry on, the fans are getting bored.

Zap Bored? They already are. Let's hit it!

[ba ba bud de ba ba... they start Wild Thing, doing the various rock'n'roll antics. Zap does the big circular arm motion around his air guitar. He is starting to 'get into it' as his guitar lead break approaches. The fans seem to be enjoying it.

The Telecutters walk onto the edge of the stage, out of his sight. One by one, the band members notice them, look nervous, and stop 'playing'. The Telecutters are carrying nasty looking implements such as baseball bats, and a small chain saw.

Meanwhile, Zap is getting more carried away. Down on his knees at the front of the stage, wah wah ah ah bud-de-ba. This is the solo of his life, but the other players have all stopped. Icepick's gaze swings back and forth between him and the Telecutters. She walks over and taps him on the shoulder.

Eventually, he stops, and looks a little confused, then a little embarrassed. Icepick gestures towards the Telecutters.

The Telecutters are looking at them. One of them (not armed) is shaking his head. He points to the other with the chainsaw, then to Icepick. He then mimes a routine: start the chainsaw; disembowel Icepick; pull out her

insides onto the floor; stamp on them; folds his arms and taps his foot while looking pleased with his performance. They turn on their heels and walk off.]

Scene 4

The post-gig post-mortem.

Present: the band.

Knuckle *[To Skaz]* You reckon Zap's got issues?!

IcePick Yeah. He's tame compared to these guys. These blokes are Silence of the Lambs on a bad day.

Skaz And you borrowed money from them?

Zap I thought they were pretty cool.

Knuckle You would. But you're all pretend. These guys are for real. They won't need a coffin for us, they'll need a bucket. One big bucket because they won't be able to sort out which bit of us belongs to who. *[increasingly excited..]* They'll need a scoop! Or a vacuum cleaner with a big slop-catcher attachment on the front of it that-

[others groan]

Skaz Oh, really, stop it! Such visceral madness. You're all sick. And this is not repairing our perilous impecunious circumstances.

[others look blank for a moment..]

IcePick I've no idea what that meant, but I'm guessing it was something along the lines of "let's do something".

Zap Yes. And don't forget my promise. If they kill me, I'm going to kill you!

IcePick Uh huh. And how will you do that?

Zap Well, I'll, ah. I'll come back and I'll haunt you. And make groaning noises in the night and keep you up. You won't enjoy it.

IcePick Okay. Well then. That's such a deadly threat, I'll just have to think of a way of getting out of this.

[the others tap their feet, and look expectant]

Knuckle What about going on the Net?

Skaz Oh, so you want to play games while the problem threatens to turn us all into Chinese take-away? You should be a politician. Distract the masses with beer and sport while the city burns.

Knuckle No, we'll tap into the MindNet, and find ourselves a solution online.

Skaz Oh, so you think that's all there is to it? You should be a politician, selling the simplistic solution to a complex problem.

IcePick No, there are plenty of good sites that can help with this sort of thing. My sister cured her AIDS with a remedy she found online. There's so many people there just wanting to help.

Skaz *[slightly hysterical]* Oh, such a silver tongue. You should be a politician with a silver tongue like that. *[pause]* Okay, let's try it.

Knuckle Boot her up.

[A giant "Giggle" search page is projected onto the back of the stage]

Zap Search for "napalm". That will defeat them

IcePick Don't be silly. We just need to pay the debt, and we'll be right. They're more interested in being paid than slaughtering us.

Zap Okay, search for "free money". We'll just go to a web site that offers free money, and we'll use that to pay them.

IcePick You are such a nit. Are you sure you're not haunting me already? Haunting might be preferable to this. Twit. *[pause]*. Twit-nit. *[pause. Points to her head.]* Twit-nit-git. We need find the right sound for the band. It just wasn't working tonight.

Zap Oh, I don't know about that.

Skaz Try "sounds"

[Search results for "sounds" appears. Silly things like "kitchen sounds", "toilet sounds", "homework sounds". The last one is "inner sounds". (note – it might be fun to try playing a few)]

They hold a large pointer to the screen. When it approaches a hyperlink, they flip it over so it becomes a finger instead.]

Knuckle It's no good, none of these are going to work.

IcePick I know it's there somewhere. I can feel it there somewhere, if only we can find it.

Zap What's "Inner sounds"? It says "release your inner sounds".

IcePick Hmm. Probably rubbish, but give it a try.

[Uses the "finger" pointer to link to the "Inner Sounds" site. This is a bunch of links to therapy sites. "Spiritual healing through the note G"; "cosmic energy with the saxophone"; "untie your tensions with the tuba"; "harness your creative potential with Madame Falou's crystal energy".]

Scene 5

The band meet Madame Falou. Madame Falou's parlour. Decorated with ferns, dolphin statues, etc. Enter the band, looking around.

IcePick Hello...?

Zap *[inspecting some odd ornament]* Wow, this place is freaky

Skaz Looks very Jungian to me.

Knuckle New age

Skaz Clearly sided with Jung in the schism with Freud

Knuckle Ate what with Freud?

Zap This'd better not cost us any more money

IcePick Well if it helps us to make money...

Zap You'd better hope so. Otherwise you have an appointment with a blunt instrument.

Skaz We all hope so if we are to avoid a violent denouement

[others look at each other, then at Skaz]

Knuckle Is that what you get after a strong curry?

[enter Madame Falou]

Madam F Hello? Can I help you?

Knuckle *[blurting, rapid-fire]* Yes! I hope so. You see this really mean bunch of guys are going to hurt us and we are going to play lots of music because IcePick here borrowed lots of money and Zap is going to kill me and, well, he's not going to kill me because I turned the music off, but he's going to kill IcePick because she borrowed this money and I don't like getting hurt, and well, the Telecutters are really nasty and they carry chainsaws and things, and well – *[stops, lost for words for a moment, looks like he's going to cry]*

Madam F Aw, poor boy, tell Madame Falou all about it. The Telecutters you say?

Zap Yes, the Telecutters. Professor IcePick here borrowed money for an *air guitar*.

Madam F Oh dear, that *is* bad. They are the product of the toxic environment of our society.

Zap The what?

Madam F Yes. It's the meat. The meat is toxic. You see, when a cow or a sheep or a chicken is slaughtered, it soaks up bad karma. It's fear. The fear embodies bad karma, and the workers in those places – terrible places – also soak up the bad karma. It's like a sediment trap for bad karma, and it makes its way into the meat you eat.

Knuckle Karma? But I like karma on my steak. Are you saying it's fattening or something?

Zap No, dummy, that's not what she means.

Madam F Just stay away from them when they've been eating artificial colouring or flavouring. That would make them particularly hyperactive.

Skaz Can we stop this procrastination. We require your assistance.

Madam F Well, we should try them on some primal screaming.

Skaz No, no. We just need to find our sound so the fans will return, and we can attend to the matter of our impecunious circumstances.

Madam F *[to IcePick]* What did he just say?

IcePick I think it means that if we can our music together, the fans will love us again, and we can make loadsa money.

Zap You mean they did love us once?

Madam F Hmmmmm. Okay, I think we're going to have to connect you to the cosmic consciousness. It's the only way you're going to find your sound again.

Knuckle Cooool. I love comics. But how's that going to work?

Zap She said 'cosmic', boof-head.

Knuckle Oh. *[pause]* I don't know what that is.

IcePick I hope that doesn't mean any psycho-thingo drugs or anything. We don't do drugs, you know.

Madam F Oh, goodness no. That's way too unreliable. We'll use this! *[holds up a HUGE plug, a-la the Matrix]*

[all...step back, look uncomfortable]

Madam F Don't worry, it's quite painless. *[pause.. looks at the plug]* Oh, sorry. No, this is the demonstrator. The real one's much smaller. How about you first? *[points to Knuckle]*

Knuckle *[nervously]* I, ah, are you sure this is okay?

Madam F Don't worry, we're just going to explore your consciousness a little.

Zap I'm sorry, but we've never been able to establish whether he actually has any.

Madam F Come Knuckle. Lie on this couch.

.....
[He lies down, and the lights dim. Coloured lights swirl. We hear African drums, building slowly. Enter conga dancers.<< dance routine>>]

[More swirling lights; fade to normal.]

Knuckle Ohhh

Madam F Ah Knuckle, we have uncovered your true primal self. *[waves her arms theatrically]* Feel the universal rhythms pulse through you. We hear the heart of mshaka the earth one!

Zap Oh, lordy! What a wierdo.

Skaz Yes, and it seems our psycho swimming-with-the-dolphins crystal babble-madam has discovered that Knuckle is really *Australopithecus* disguised as a human. *[looks at the others]*

Oh. I see you're ignorant about that. Your ignorance shines like a shaft of dark in the light. Ape-man. He's just an ape-man with a homo-sapiens veneer.

Zap Well then, let's rip his skin off and let the ape-man out

IcePick Hey, comm'on, I thought the music was cool

Madam F Yeah

Knuckle *[puffing his chest out]* Yeah!

Skaz Yeah

Zap Yeah

Knuckle Everybody, Yeah!

[All] Yeah!

[etc, for a bit, a-la Johnny O'Keef]

[after a moment, the stop and look sheepish]

Madam F Anyway, gentlemen – and lady - we'd better get on

.....
[Zap next, lies on the couch. Swirling lights, etc. Enter... line dancers! Do a boot-scootin' routine. Enter Zap's mother and young Zap.]

Zap's Mother *[Pushing Little Willy (aka Zap) onto the stage]* C'mon Willy

Zap No!

Zap's Mother On you go

Zap No! Won't!

Zap's Mother You'll like it. Nice girls.

Zap No! Girls smell! Won't!

Zap's Mother *[more forcefully]* Now little Willy, get on there and make mummy happy. *[shoves him out]* There's a nice girl. Next to her.

Zap *[Petulantly moves to stand next to indicated girl]*

Girl *[Cutely]* Hi

Zap *[Folds his arms. Stands still while the other dance on]*

Zap's Mother Dance Willy

Zap No!

Zap's Mother [louder] Dance!

[etc for a bit]

Zap [shouting] No! No!

[swirling lights, exit dancers. "old" Zap's shouts mingle with "young" Zap's, who moves off stage. As the lights return, Zap is waving his arms and crying pathetically No!, No! When the lights return, he stops and looks embarrassed.]

Madam F Zap, Zap. Are you alright?

[others stand around him looking shocked]

Zap Yes...

Knuckle [Giggles. Others join in.]

Zap What!?

Knuckle Willy!

IcePick Little Willy!

Zap [looks really annoyed]

Madam F Ah, Little Willy, we have uncovered a source of your aggression –

[others back away.]

IcePick [tries to speak to Madam Falou]

Knuckle Uh oh! [puts his arms up over his head as if expecting an explosion. Peers through his hands]

Zap Chig.. ug.. big... gug.. [looks like he's having a seizure. Frozen.]

IcePick [tentatively leaning over to look at Zap] Ooh. That's not good. I haven't seen that before.

Madam F Oh dear, I think he's tripped a circuit. We'd better fix that. [gently pushes him back down onto the couch. Swirling lights.] I'll have to see if we can resolve this little issue for him.

[projected scene of a huge rock concert with loud heavy-metal music. The fans are wild for the lead guitarist... fade back to the couch]

Zap Yeah! [does a few guitar motions] Yeah!

Madam F Zap... you were a rock star.

Zap Yeah!

Skaz You a rock star?

Zap Yup

Skaz [shrugs] Oh, okay. [others, turn away from him towards Madam Falou]

Okay, can we go on?

Zap [Indignant] Hey –

IcePick [turns around. Dismissively] Yeah, rock star. [Turns back again]

Skaz, your turn.

.....
Skaz [lies on the couch. Swirling lights, etc. Music is "Popcorn". Skaz does a really awful dance before we fade back to the couch]

Knuckle Whoa, what was that?

IcePick That was awful!

Skaz [smug] That, my friends, was real music.

IcePick Oh, cack!

Zap You.. are no rock star

Skaz [defiant] That was music that speaks to the human condition.

IcePick Oh, so a kind of human conditioner was it? Or an air conditioner. They sound better. Or what about hair conditioner? Why are you so full of such mumblebumpf?

S You low-brow. You just don't understand. This is post-modernist deconstructionism at its peak.

IcePick Well, you just deconstruct your post for a while. I'm going in. I'm going to find the sound, and I'm going to save the band.

Zap Well you just do that, but make sure it's got good guitar bits in it.

Knuckle And good rhythm.

Skaz And no low-brow. [points to his head]

Zap [nods / winks to the others] Yeah right. No low-brow.

.....
IcePick [Swirling lights, etc. Stage goes dark. Slowly a light appears, silhouetting a thin character wearing only rags, and sitting on a 'mountain'. Mist drifts across the stage. Simple sitar music plays.

IcePick approaches]

IcePick I –

Guru Icepick.

IcePick Yes... I seek

Guru You seek enlightenment.

IcePick Yes... I seek –

Guru You seek the groove.

IcePick I..ah...yes. I seek the –

Guru You know it was being very dumb for you.

IcePick I...what?

Guru You are being very dumb for the borrowing of that money. They are not nice people you know.

IcePick No –

Guru And I am supposing you know about the artificial colourings and flavourings not to be adding to their food. It is to be making them hyperactive you know. Very bad.

IcePick But how do you know... all this..?

Guru But you must not be to blaming them you know. They are not good in this life. But in the last life they were much better. It is the eternal wheel. In the last life they were slugs. Very good slugs, and so they came to be people in this life. But I am fearing that they are not good for this life, and so in the next turning of the wheel they become dogs. This last jump was too big. [pause] It was in the script.

IcePick The script?

Guru Yes the script. This one. Haven't you got one too?

IcePick You're mad.

Guru This is what you must be doing. You must release the groove. This will be making the Telecutters happy people again. If they are happy then they will not be bothering you any more.

IcePick But I don't see how that would work. There are other people in debt to them, you know. We could form an alliance to defeat them. And we have Zap with us. He's well versed in heavy weapons. That'd fix them. We'd totally unbolt their little red wagons.

Guru No, no no. Are you not seeing? The witless know only the language of force. The cunning speak with subtle power to the heart. The whisper is louder than the shout, and the forces of evil lose without noticing.

IcePick Sounds like nonsense to me.

Guru No, you are not seeing. The whisper is louder than the shout. You must be using cunning to win your cause.

IcePick Nope, sorry, still don't get it.

Guru The power of your mind is greater than the power of your arms. How do you think it is that one puny man can walk into the cage of tigers and not be instantly turned into vindaloo?

IcePick Okay, smarty-loin cloth. You're so clever, show me.

Guru Like this [stands]. The Telecutters are really just jealous of your music. They don't want your money, they want your groove.

Release the groove

[Very cool Indian / dance fusion music plays (Organik). Starts an extremely cool, restrained dance]

[Swirling lights, fade music, exit Guru; return to the couch.]
.....

IcePick The groove!

Knuckle The groove?

Skaz The groove?

Zap Yeah! The groove!

[All] The groove!

Knuckle [all pause a moment.] What's the groove? [All pause again; Look at IcePick]

Skaz So what is the groove?

IcePick [looks uncertain] Well, it's...like

Skaz A groove?

Zap I thought you were going to come back with the sound. Is that all you've got?

Madam F Don't worry my children. You'll know it when you hear it.

IcePick See? She knows.

Skaz Well then, we'd better get to it.

Knuckle Thanks

IcePick Yeah, thanks

[*all start to leave*]

Madam F Oh, one thing

[*all turn back*]

Madam F Have you ever considered using instruments?

[*all look confused*]

Madam F You know, *real* instruments?

[*another pause. They all look at each other*]

IcePick Well, we, ah, well, yeah. We'll think about it.

[*to the others*] Weird.

Scene 6

Present: the Fans. Enter the band. Give hopeful waves to the fans. Now they have real instruments to play.

Skaz Okay, this is it.

Zap Yup, this is it.

Knuckle Ah what is it?

Zap Now we hit them with our sound, and make loadsa cash

Knuckle Er, what sound?

IcePick [*Theatrically*] Deploy the groove

Knuckle Yeah! The groove

Skaz What groove?

Zap Yeah, what groove?

IcePick Would you stop it! You know, *the groove!*

Knuckle Oh. That one. Okay.

IcePick Uh oh.

[*Enter the Telecutters. The band backs away. The others point to IcePick.*]

Knuckle [*pointing*] There she is.

Telecutter 1 Ah, the Air Rockers. The band with no toes.

Knuckle Eh? We've got toes.

Telecutter 2 *Did* have toes.

Knuckle Ah, no, sorry. Last time I looked, I did have toes. Definitely. Little pink wiggly things on the end of my feet.

Skaz Yeah, we can vouch for that. The stench is awful. The miasma is a thing to behold. You'd never forget the vile, pestilential reek etched upon your nostrils.

Telecutter 1 So, my wobbling around on feet with no toes friends, what do you have for us?

Telecutter 3 Nothing but lame excuses, I'm guessing.

Telecutter 4 No more 'this little piggie' for you.

Telecutter 1 Your little piggies are going bleed, bleed, bleed all the way home

IcePick No, no! You won't need that, we've got it all sorted.

Telecutter 1 And that would be...?

Knuckle Yeah, what would that be? [*the other glare at him*]

IcePick We've got *the groove!*

Telecutter 1 The *what?*

Zap Yeah. We've got *the groove!*

Telecutter 4 Will it be worth swapping for your toes? It'd better be good.

The Plot

(Don't suppose you've seen mine wandering around?)

Scene 1: *The post-party lounge room ground zero disaster area*

The band is lying around, obviously suffering the after-effects of a good night. They owe money to the Telecutters, and need to find a way to pay it. They hope to make money from their music, but need to find the right sound.

Scene 2: *Introducing the Therapist. A social scene with some of her friends.*

They recount various weird ideas, sprouting mumbo jumbo, and describing their latest alien abduction. The Therapist describes her theory on music therapy before breaking into a new-age interpretive dance to rainforest music to release pent-up negative energy.

Scene 3: *The Gig*

The band come out and play air guitars and drums. They don't have real instruments; they just make doof-doof noises with their mouths.

The fans look bored; it's a flop. The Telecutters stand to the side, brandishing baseball bats, a chainsaw and other unsavoury-looking devices of persuasion. They shake their heads menacingly, and the band looks nervous.

Scene 4: *Gig Post-mortem*

The band is glum. They're going to have to do something about their debt before they lose some much loved body parts. They bounce various thoughts around with no luck until they get an idea from Knuckle that they could try the MindNet for inspiration (the MindNet is projected onto a big screen at the back of the stage). They do a Goggle search and locate the Therapist's site.

Scene 5: *Musical Journey: A medley of dance and musical styles*

The Therapist says the answer 'is within'. To find it they each have to 'jack-in', and connect a cable with a very long intimidating pin inserted into the back of the neck. Each band member reveals a different personal musical soul.

The last member to try is IcePick, who finds the Guru in her mind.

Scene 6: *Meet the Guru*

High on a cloud-covered mountain, Icepick meets the Guru wearing a loincloth. A thin, emaciated character silhouetted in front of a bright light with swirling clouds around him. We hear sitar music.

"What is the answer?", Icepick wants to know. The Guru tells the music to shut up. It does, and is replaced by a funky sitar dance music. He does a very cool but restrained dance.

Scene 7: *The Final Concert*

Icepick has been to see the Guru, and has the answer. But the Telecutters are looking very cranky, and seem likely to commence contact-counselling at any moment. The band plays, but the fans still don't seem very inspired. 'Okay, let 'em have it', say the Telecutters. The band looks terrified, as the Telecutters come onto centre stage. They then break into a Spice Girls routine, complete matching dance movements.

The fans love it, and the Telecutters suddenly decide they'd prefer a life of concert tours and adoring fans, rather than breaking kneecaps. They've found a new career, and the day is saved.