

WE JUST LOG ON AND DREAMS APPEAR
(GLOBAL SHOW)

WE'RE NOT ALONE--WE HAVE OUR FRIENDS
ON CYBER LOVE WE CAN DEPEND
SO STICK AROUND 'COS WE'D ALL MISS YOU
WE NEED OUR GRAPHICS, NEED OUR VISUAL

COMPLETE CONTROL, YOU ARE THE POWER
YOU USE OUR LIVES UP BY THE HOUR

GLOBAL SHOW
(GLOBAL SHOW)

ALL WE HEAR IS RADIO GA GA

VIDEO GOO GOO

INTERNET CA CA

ALL WE HEAR IS CYBER SPACE GA GA

MARKETING BLAH BLAH

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW?

GLOBAL SOFT ALL YOUR WORLD LOVES YOU
LOVES YOU!

Scene 2

[As the song ends, the TEACHER makes the end of term announcement.]

Teacher: Hey kids! It's summer time! Time to go to your bedrooms! Close the curtains! Order Pizza.

And get on line!

[The kids cheer. As they scatter, a disaffected rebel figure appears. It is GALILEO. He is different from the GA GA KIDS. A sullen, disaffected teen, he doesn't dress in the happy kooky clothes the others wear. He is the James Dean of his time, a rebel without a cause, sensitive and confused. He has been writing in a notebook. He hurls it down in frustration.]

Galileo: Hey You!

Ga Ga Kids: Yeah. What?

Galileo: You're all fools. Clones. GAGA sheep.

Ga Ga Kids: OMG. LOL. HASHTAG. LOSER.

[But the KIDS just laugh and scatter, ignoring the weirdo. THE TEACHER, however, tries to talk to him at his level.]

Teacher: Hey, 'Dude', Chillax. It's graduation. Your life is just beginning.

Galileo: Good. The sooner it begins the sooner it's over with.

Teacher: But you have so much potential. You could get a job with any division of Globalsoft you want. How about Music Programming?

Galileo: I don't want to program music. I want to make music. My own music.

Teacher: (Shocked and a little scared) Hey Dude! Cool it! Now you listen to me WWW-slash-Gordon-at-Tumbler-Face-Space-Twit-dot-com.

Galileo: My name is Galileo Figaro! I want a name not a User ID.

Teacher: Galileo Figaro? Where on the iPlanet did you come up with that?

Galileo: I found it, in a dream. I have dreams you see. And I hear noises. Screeching, thudding,

b-banging noises. And words, words drop into my head...too many words. I can't get no satisfaction. Help! I need somebody. Help! Not just anybody!

Teacher: Dude, I get it. I feel your pain. But you live in a perfect world. What more could you possibly want.