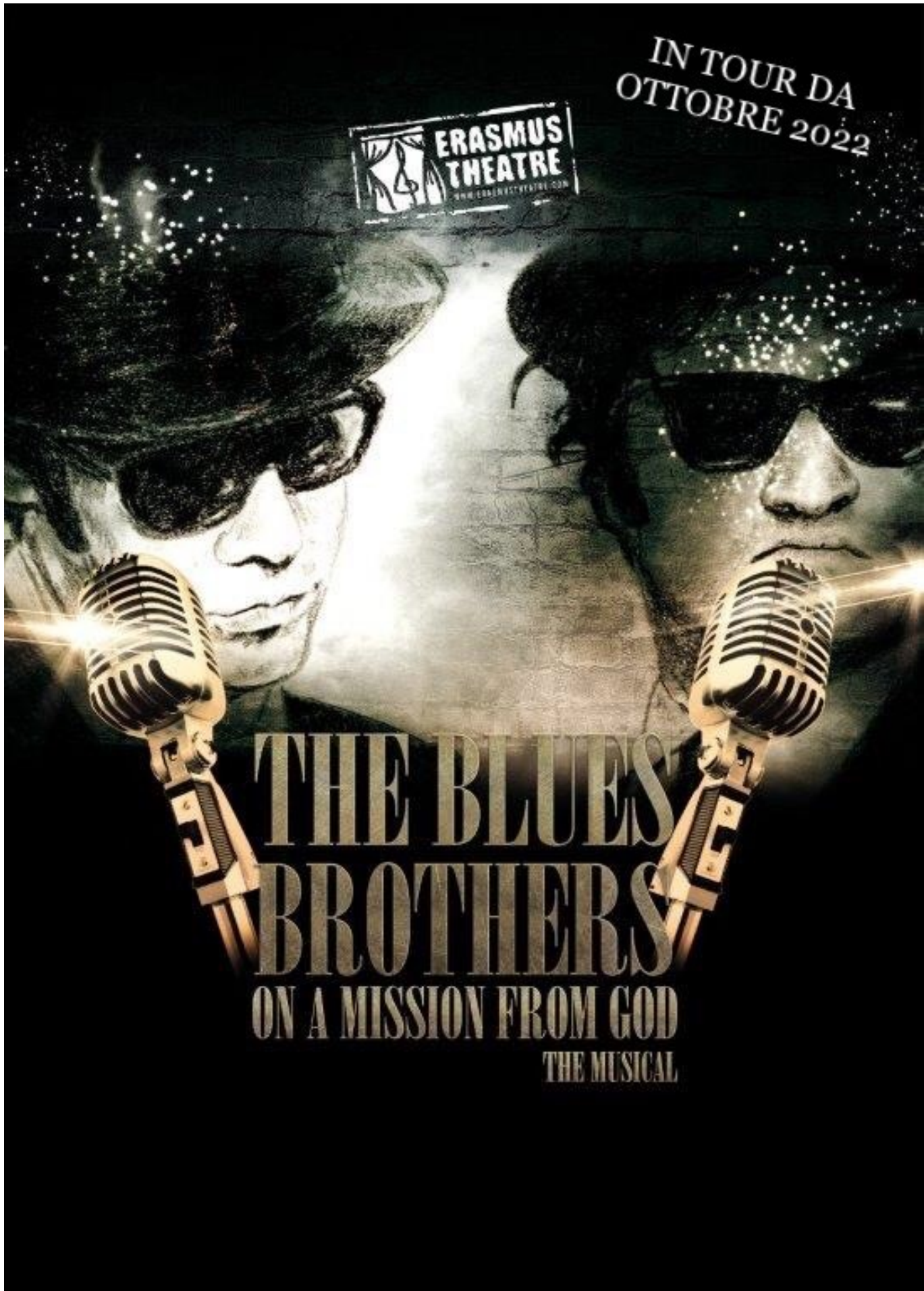


IN TOUR DA
OTTOBRE 2022



**THE BLUES
BROTHERS**
ON A MISSION FROM GOD
THE MUSICAL

CHARACTERS

JAKE "JOLIET" BLUES
ELWOOD BLUES
GUARD ONE
GUARD TWO
NUN
REVEREND JAMES
OFFICER
MERCER
LLOYD
BOSS
MURPH
MATT
MR FABULOUS
ARETHA
CUSTOMER
WAITER
BARMAID
BETTY
TUCKER
RECEPTIONIST
MR SLINE
GAS STATION OWNER
AGENT
ASSESSOR

Lights up on JAKE BLUES lying on his bed.

GUARD ONE: Wake up. It's time.

JAKE is escorted by a Guard down a jail hall and into the Parole Office.

GUARD ONE: (to JAKE) Well, this is it.

GUARD TWO: What wing?

GUARD ONE: Maximum wing, block 9.

GUARD TWO: Standard release?

GUARD ONE: Parole, 3 out of 5, good behaviour.

GUARD TWO: Give me a minute...

He gets JAKE'S belongings.

GUARD TWO: One Timex digital watch, broken. One black suit jacket. One pair of black suit trousers. One white shirt and one black tie. One hat, black. One pair of sunglasses. Twenty three dollars and seven cents. Sign here.

JAKE AND ELWOOD IN THE CAR

JAKE: What's this?

ELWOOD: What?

JAKE: This car. This stupid car. Where's the Cadillac? The Caddy? Where's the Caddy?

ELWOOD: The what?

JAKE: The Cadillac we used to have. The Blues Mobile!

ELWOOD: I traded it.

JAKE: You traded the Blues Mobile for this?

ELWOOD: No. For a microphone.

JAKE: A microphone? Okay I can see that. Well, what the hell is this?

ELWOOD: This was a bargain. I picked it up at the Mount Prospect City Police auction last spring. It's an old Mount Prospect Police Car. They were practically giving them away.

JAKE: Well, thank you pal, the day I get out of prison, my own brother picks me up in a police car.

ELWOOD: You don't like it?

JAKE: No, I don't like it.

ELWOOD: It's got a cop motor, a four hundred and forty cubic inch plant, it's got cop tires, cop suspension, cop shocks, it was a model made before catalytic converters so it'll run good on regular gas. What do you say? Is it the new Blues Mobile or what?

JAKE: Fix the cigarette lighter.

OUTSIDE THE ORPHANAGE

JAKE: What are we doing here?

ELWOOD: You promised you'd visit the penguin the day you got out.

JAKE: Yeah? So, I lied to her.

ELWOOD: You can't lie to a nun. We've got to go in and visit the penguin.

JAKE: No way!

INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE

JAKE and ELWOOD go in and climb the stairs until they reach a door. Just before Elwood knocks on the door, a voice is heard from inside.

NUN: Who is it?

ELWOOD: Jake and Elwood.

NUN: Come in.

They go in. The door shuts behind them.

NUN: Hello boys, nice to see you. Please, have a seat.

JAKE and ELWOOD sit on seats at back of room.

NUN: No, no boys. Come over here in front of me. I want to see your faces.

They shuffle up a bit closer.

NUN: The County took a tax assessment of this property last month. They want five thousand dollars. That money has got to be in the Cook County Assessor's office within 11 days.

ELWOOD: Doesn't the church have to pay that?

NUN: They would if they were interested in keeping the place, but they aren't. The Arch Bishop wants to sell this building outright to the board of Education.

ELWOOD: What's going to happen to you?

NUN: I'll be sent to the missions.

JAKE: Forget it, five grand; no problem, we'll have it for you in the morning. Let's go Elwood.

NUN: NO NO! I will not take your filthy stolen money.

JAKE: Well then, I guess you're really screwed.

The nun hits JAKE on the hand with a ruler.

NUN: I beg your pardon what did you say?

JAKE: I offered to help you. You refused to take our money, then I said, "I guess you're really screwed"

She hit's him again.

ELWOOD: Christ Jake, take it easy, man

NUN: Elwood!

She starts hitting them both as the language deteriorates.

ELWOOD: Ah you fat penguin!

The ruler breaks and the Nun reaches for a sword. JAKE and ELWOOD go tumbling down the stairs.

NUN: You are such a disappointing pair. I prayed so hard for you. It saddens and hurts me that the two young men whom I raised to believe in the Ten Commandments have returned to me as two thieves, with filthy mouths and bad attitudes. Get out! And don't come back until you've redeemed yourselves.

She disappears back into her office and the door mysteriously closes.

ELWOOD: We've got to figure out some way of getting that money honestly.

JAKE: Well that could be a problem.

ELWOOD: It's like the penguin said, we've got to make a move towards redemption. We've got to go to church.

JAKE: *(mimicking Elwood)* "We've got to make a move towards redemption. We've got to go to church".

ELWOOD: Come on.

AT THE TRIPLE ROCK CHURCH

MC: And now, this weeks sermon is from our beloved the Reverend Cleophis James.

REV JAMES: And now people. And now people. When I woke up this morning, I heard a disturbing sound. I said, when I woke up this morning I heard a disturbing sound. What I heard was the jingle-jangle of a thousand lost souls. And I'm talking about the souls of all the men and women, departed from this life. Wait a minute, those lost, anguished souls roaming unseen over the earth, seeking a divine light they'll not find. Because it's too late. Too late yeah, too late for them to ever see again, the light they once chose not to follow, don't be lost when the time comes. For the day of the Lord cometh, as a thief in the night. Amen. Amen.

SONG: "The Old Landmark"

REV JAMES & *Let us all (all go back) to the old (old landmark)*

CONGREGATION: *Let us all (all go back) to the old (old landmark)*

Let us all (all go back) to the old (old landmark)

And we'll stay in the service of the Lord

Let us kneel (kneel and pray) in the old (old time way)

Let us kneel (kneel and pray) in the old (old time way)

Let us kneel (kneel and pray) in the old (old time way)

He will (hear us) and be (near us)

We'll be (given) bread from (heaven)

He will feed us until we want no more

Let us preach (preach the word) in the old (old time way)

Let us preach (preach the word) in the old (old time way)

Let us preach (preach the word) in the old (old time way)

Tell the (story) of His (glory),

it will (warn me) it will (turn me)

and will save this world from sin and shame

Let us blend (blend our voices) in the old (old time way)

Let us blend (blend our voices) in the old (old time way)

Let us blend (blend our voices) in the old (old time way)

Common (meter), yes they're (sweeter)

When you stop (singing), they'll keep (ringing)

they'll keep lingering way down in your soul

Let's go down (down to the river) in the old (old time way)

Let's go down (down to the river) in the old (old time way)

Let's go down (down to the river) in the old (old time way)

Sons and (daughters) there in the (water)

Everyone (shouting) nobody (doubting)

Everyone happy in the service of the Lord

*Let us all (all go back) to the old (old landmark)
Let us all (all go back) to the old (old landmark)
Let us all (all go back) to the old (old landmark)
He will (hear us) and be (near us)
We'll be (given) bread from (heaven)
Tell the (story) of His (glory),
it will (warn me) it will (turn me)
Common (meter), yes they're (sweeter)
When you stop (singing), they'll keep (ringing)
Sons and (daughters) there in the (water)
Everyone (shouting) nobody (doubting)
Shouting, shouting, shouting, shouting...*

Stay in the service of the Lord.

ELWOOD: Jake, you alright?

Ray of sunlight shines through the church onto JAKE.

JAKE: The band... *(louder)* The band...

REV JAMES: Do you see the light?

JAKE: *(louder)* The band!

REV JAMES: Do you see the light?

ELWOOD: What light?

REV JAMES: Have you seen the light?

JAKE: Yes, Yes! I have seen the light!

JAKE starts dancing.

JAKE: The band Elwood. The band!

ELWOOD: The band?... The band. The band? The band!

REV JAMES: Praise God.

ELWOOD: And God bless the United States of America.

JAKE AND ELWOOD IN THEIR CAR

JAKE: We'll put the band back together, do a few gigs, we'll get some money. Bang! Five thousand bucks.

ELWOOD: Yeah, well, getting the band back together might not be that easy.

JAKE: What're you talking about?

ELWOOD: They split, they all took straight jobs.

JAKE: Yeah so you know where they are. You said you were going to keep in touch with them

ELWOOD: I got a couple of leads, a few phone numbers, but I mean, how many of them visited or even wrote you huh?

JAKE: They're not the kind of guys who write letters. You were outside, I was inside, you were supposed to keep in touch with the band. I kept asking you if we were going to play again.

ELWOOD: Well, what was I going to do? Take away you're only hope? Take away the very thing that kept you going in there?

JAKE: You lied to me.

ELWOOD: It wasn't lies, it was just ...

They drive through a yellow traffic light. Police lights flash in the rear view mirror.

ELWOOD: Damn!

JAKE: What?

ELWOOD: Police!

JAKE: No?

ELWOOD: Yeah.

JAKE: Damn!

ELWOOD pulls over as directed and an officer approaches the car.

ELWOOD: What? What did I do?

OFFICER: You failed to stop at a red signal.

ELWOOD: The light was yellow sir.

OFFICER: May I see your license please?

He takes the license back to the squad car.

JAKE: Damn it!

ELWOOD: Man I haven't been pulled over in six months.

OFFICER: Elwood, we show your license currently under suspension. Step out of the car please.

ELWOOD starts the car and drives off. The officers follow.

JAKE: First you trade the Cadillac for a microphone, then you lie to me about the band, now you're going to put me right back in jail.

ELWOOD: They're not going to catch us. We're on a mission from God.

JAKE: Elwood!

OFFICER: We are in high speed pursuit northbound on Cortlen Avenue. Black and white 1974 Dodge sedan with Illinois plates. Request assistance.

ELWOOD: It would be alright if we could just get back on the expressway.

JAKE: This don't look like no expressway to me!

ELWOOD: Don't yell at me.

JAKE: What do you want me to do motorhead?

ELWOOD: Well, try not to be so negative all the time. Why don't you offer some constructive criticism?

JAKE and ELWOOD drive through the shopping Mall.

JAKE: Look! Hanson Burgers.

ELWOOD: Yeah. Lots of space in this mall.

JAKE: Disco dancing haircuts.

ELWOOD: Yeah. Baby clothes.

JAKE: This place has got everything.

The Police car crashes and JAKE and ELWOOD escape.

ELWOODS PLACE

ELWOOD: Nice place, huh? Hey Lloyd, anybody call for me on the phone?

LLOYD: No, no calls. Some guy left this card. Cop. Said he'd be back.

ELWOOD: This here's my brother Jake. He just got out of the joint. He's going be staying with me for a few weeks.

LLOYD: Oh ok...

ELWOOD: Well, it isn't much, but it's home.

JAKE: How often does the train go by?

ELWOOD: So often you won't even notice it.

JAKE: What are you doing?
ELWOOD: Making dinner. You want some?
JAKE: Nah. Tomorrow we've got to get the band back together
ELWOOD: I'm going to quit work tomorrow, first thing.
JAKE: How you going to get to work Mr Hot-Roder? Those cops took your license. They've got your name and your address.
ELWOOD: No, they haven't got my address. I falsified my renewal. Put down 1060 West Addison.
JAKE: 1060 West Addison? That's Wrigley Field.
ELWOOD: I got to hit the sack.

Notices JAKE asleep in his bed.

ELWOOD: Hey you sleaze, my bed!

ELWOOD sleeps in a chair.

THE NEXT MORNING

MERCER: This, gentlemen, is the elegant abode of one Elwood Blues.
OFFICER: Thanks for your help Mr Mercer.
MERCER: Hi my friend arrived yet? He failed to report in yesterday.
LLOYD: I don't want no trouble.
OFFICER: You just tell us where they are and there'll be no trouble.
ELWOOD: It's almost nine o'clock. We got to go to work.

As JAKE and ELWOOD exit they miss the Police Officers that are on their way to their room.

AT WORK

BOSS: Hello Elwood. Sit down. What's on your mind?
ELWOOD: I've got to quit.
BOSS: Why is that Elwood?
ELWOOD: I'm going to become a Priest.
BOSS: Well ok. I'll call payroll and get your severance pay ready. Good luck.

ELWOOD: God bless you sir.

BOSS: Why thank you.

ELWOOD exits the room and JAKE is waiting for him.

JAKE: Ready?

ELWOOD: Let's go put this band back together.

THE HOLIDAY INN – THE ARMADA ROOM

MURPH is playing to an almost empty room.

MURPH: Thank you. You're marvellous. You're marvellous. Thank you. I'm Murph and I'll be back for the Armada Room's two hour disco swing party after this short break. Till then, don't you go changing.

ELWOOD: Hey Murph!

MURPH: Elwood! Jake! You got out! How's life treating you on the outside?

ELWOOD: We're putting the band back together.

MURPH: Well, nice to see you too...

JAKE: He's not kidding. We're putting the band back together.

MURPH: Well you guys have fun with that...

JAKE: Murph. You were the backbone. The nerve centre of a great rhythm and blues band. You can make that live, breath and jump again.

MURPH: You're serious?

ELWOOD: 100 percent.

MURPH: So who have you got?

ELWOOD: Well... there's me... and Jake...

JAKE: And now there's you.

MURPH: Just the three of us then? What about the others?

JAKE: We'll find them.

MURPH: Well you'll never get Mr. Fabulous.

JAKE: Where is he?

MURPH: Forget it. Mr Fabulous is the top Maitre'd at the Chez Paul. He's earning six bills a week and Matt Murphy got himself married. He opened a soul

food restaurant with his old lady on Maxwell Street. You'll never get Matt and Mr Fabulous out of those high paying gigs.

JAKE: Oh yeah? Well me and the Lord. We got an understanding.

ELWOOD: We're on a mission from God.

SOUL FOOD CAFE

JAKE and ELWOOD enter and sit at the counter.

ARETHA: Help you boys?

ELWOOD: You got any white bread?

ARETHA: Yes.

ELWOOD: I'll have some toasted white bread please.

ARETHA: You want butter or jam on that toast honey?

ELWOOD: No ma'am, dry.

JAKE: You got any fried chicken?

ARETHA: Best fried chicken in the state.

JAKE: Bring me four fried chickens and a Coke.

ARETHA: You want chicken wings or chicken legs?

JAKE: Four fried chickens and a Coke.

ELWOOD: And some dry white toast please.

ARETHA: You want anything to drink with that?

ELWOOD: No ma'am.

JAKE: A Coke.

ARETHA: Be up in a minute.

She goes back to the kitchen.

ARETHA: We got two guys out there dressed up in black suits and sunglasses.

MATT: Say what?

ARETHA: They look like they're from the CIA or something.

MATT: What they want to eat?

ARETHA: The tall one wants white bread, toast, dry, with nothing on it.

MATT: Elwood?

ARETHA: And the other one wants four whole fried chickens and a Coke.

MATT: And Jake! The Blues Brothers! *(he goes out into the cafe.)*
Hey Jake!

JAKE: Matt. How you doing?

MATT: Elwood! How are you doing? How was Joliet?

JAKE: Oh it was bad. Thursday night they'd serve a wicked pepper steak.

MATT: Can't be as bad as the cabbage role at the Terra-Phelevo Penn.

ELWOOD: Or that oatmeal at the Cook County slammer.

MATT: Well they're all pretty bad.

JAKE: Matt, me and Elwood, we're putting the band back together. We need you.

MATT: Oh man. Don't talk that way round here. My old lady, she'll kill me.

ELWOOD: Ma'am you've got to understand that this is a lot bigger than any domestic problems you might be experiencing.

ARETHA: Matt, what the hell is he talking about?

MATT: Don't get roused sugar.

ARETHA: Don't you "Don't get roused sugar" me! Now you're not going back on the road no more, and you ain't playing no more two bit sleazy dives. You're living with me now, and you're not going to go sliding around with your old hoodlum friends.

MATT: But babe, this is Jake and Elwood. The Blues Brothers.

ARETHA: The Blues Brothers! They still owe you money, fool!

JAKE: Ma'am, would it make you feel any better if you knew that what we asking Matt here to do was a holy thing?

ELWOOD: You see, we're on a mission from God.

ARETHA: Don't you blaspheme in here! Now this is my man and my restaurant and you two are going to just walk right out that door, without your dry white toast, without your four fried chickens and without Matt guitar Murphy.

MATT: Now listen to me. I love you, but I'm the man and you're the woman. And I'll make the decisions concerning my life.

ARETHA: You better think about what you're saying. You better think about the consequences of your actions.

MATT: Oh shut up woman!

SONG: "Think"

ARETHA: *You better think (think)
Think about what you're tryin' to do to me, yeah
Think (think-think) let your mind go let yourself be free*

*Let's go back - let's go back
Let's go way on to way back when
I didn't even know you
You couldn't a been too much more than ten (just a child)*

*I ain't no psychiatrist
I ain't no doctor with degrees
But it don't take too much I.Q.
To see what you're doin' to me*

*You better think (think)
Think about what you're tryin' to do to me
Yeah think (think - think)
Let your mind go let yourself be free*

*Oh freedom (freedom)
Freedom (freedom)
Freedom
Yeah freedom (yeah)*

*Freedom (freedom)
Freedom (freedom)
Freedom
Oh freedom*

*There ain't nothin' you could ask
I could answer you but I won't (I won't)
But I was gonna change I'm not if
You keep doin' things I don't (don't)*

*Hey –
Think about what you're tryin' to do to me
Baby – Think
Let your mind go let yourself be free*

*People walkin' around everyday
Playin' games and takin' scores*

*Tryin' to make other people lose their minds
Well be careful you don't lose yours*

*Yeah think (think)
Think about what you're tryin' to do to me
Yeah yeah yeah yeah (think - think)
Let your mind go let yourself be free*

*You need me (need me)
And I need you (don't cha know)
Without each other
There ain't nothin' we can do*

*Yeah yeah think about it baby
(What cha tryin' to do me)
Think about it right now*

*Oh freedom (freedom)
Freedom (freedom)
Freedom
Yeah freedom*

*Freedom (freedom)
Freedom (freedom)
Freedom
Freedom*

*Hey
You – think about it*

*There ain't nothin' you could ask
I could answer you but I won't(I won't)
But I was gonna change I'm not if
You keep doin' things I don't (don't)*

*Yeah think (think)
Think about what you're tryin' to do to me
Yeah think (think - think)
Let your mind go let yourself be free*

*You need me (need me)
And I need you (don't cha know)
Without each other
There ain't nothin' we can do*

You better think!

MATT undoes his apron and drops it on the floor as he leaves.

MATT: Let's boogie.

ARETHA: Damn!

CHEZ PAUL RESTAURANT

MR. FABULOUS: *(into phone)* Mainly French cuisine. Private dining rooms are available. *(He sees Jake walk in with Elwood)* Oh no! I thought it was supposed to be five years. Didn't you get five years? *(Back into the phone)* Ah no sir, not you. And your name sir? Ritsolo for eight at 11:30. Thank you.

JAKE: Mr. Fabulous, how marvellous it is to see you. You're looking younger than ever.

MR. FABULOUS: Wait, you guys can't come in here.

JAKE: Nonsense my dear fellow, my brother and I have come to dine to celebrate my early release from the service of the state.

MR. FABULOUS: Wait, let's talk outside. Let's have a cup of coffee outside.

JAKE: Why heavens no! We seek a full meal and all the compliments of the house. Come Elwood let us adjourn ourselves to the nearest table and overlook this establishments board of fare.

They enter the dining room as the phone rings.

MR. FABULOUS: *(into phone)* Good evening, Chez Paul. *(to Jake and Elwood)* Wait! Hey! *(into phone)* Ah, sir, would you mind calling back in about five minutes please?

JAKE and ELWOOD seat themselves at a table. They are ignored until Jake whistles very loudly.

JAKE: Give us a bottle of your finest champagne, five shrimp cocktails, and some bread for my brother.

WAITER: We have a Don Perignon '71 at \$120.

JAKE: That'll be fine pal.

MR. FABULOUS: Come on, seriously you guys, the food here is really expensive. The soup is ten dollars. Come on let's go outside. I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

JAKE: We're putting the band back together.

MR. FABULOUS: Forget it. No way.

ELWOOD: We're on a mission from God.

JAKE and ELWOOD'S food arrives.

MR. FABULOUS: Hold it, Hold it. What's this?

CUSTOMER: Waiter! Sir! Please, waiter!

MR. FABULOUS: Yes sir. How are your salads?

CUSTOMER: The salads are fine. It's just that, we'd like to move to another table, away from those two gentlemen.

MR. FABULOUS: Why? Have they been disturbing you?

CUSTOMER: No. It's just that... well frankly, they're offensive... smelling. I mean they smell bad.

MR. FABULOUS: Excuse me sir, I'll see if I can locate another table for you.

CUSTOMER: Thank you.

JAKE moves over to the Customers table.

JAKE: How much for your wife?

CUSTOMER: What?

JAKE: Your woman. I want to buy your woman. Your wife. Sell her to me.

CUSTOMER: Maitre'd! Maitre'd!

MR. FABULOUS: *(to Jake)* Cut it out. Cut it out. The owners are going to ask me to call the cops.

JAKE: You wouldn't do that to me would you man?

ELWOOD: He just got out of Jolliet, he's on parole. You can't call the cops on him man.

JAKE: We're putting the band back together.

MR. FABULOUS: I said no. Absolutely not.

JAKE: *(to customer)* How much for your wife? *(to Mr. Fabulous)* We're putting the band back together. We need you man.

MR. FABULOUS: I can't, I really can't.

JAKE: If you say no, Elwood and I will come here for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day of the week.

MR. FABULOUS: Okay, okay, I'll play. You got me.

JAKE and ELWOOD leave.

BAND REHEARSAL

SONG: *"Shake a Tail feather"*

ALL: *Well I heard about the fellow you've been dancing with
All over the neighborhood
So why didn't you ask me baby
Or didn't you think I could?*

*Well I know that the boogaloo is out of sight
but the shingaling's the thing tonight
But if that was you and me a now baby
I would have shown you how to do it right
Do it right (U-huh)
Do it right (Do it right)
Dot it right
Do it right
Aaah*

*Twistin', shake it shake it shake it shake it baby
Hey we gonna loop de loop
Shake it out baby
Hey we gonna loop de la
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Aaah*

*Twistin', shake it shake it shake it shake it baby
Hey we gonna loop de loop
Shake it out baby
Hey we gonna loop de la
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Bend over let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Come on let me see ya shake your tailfeather
Aaah*

*Come on, come on baby
Come on, yeah, come on babe, alright*

*Do the twist
Do the fly
Do the swim*

*And do the bird
Well do the duck
Aaah, and do the monkey
Hey hey, watusi
And a what about the food
Do the mashed potato
What about the boogaloo
Oh, the bony marony
Come on let's do the twist
Aaah*

Twistin'

JAKE: You guys go ahead get yourselves a bite. I've got to make a phone call.

MR. FABULOUS: Now Jake, does this phone call concern our first gig?

JAKE: Have I ever lied to you?

MATT, MR FABULOUS and MURPH leave.

ELWOOD: What are we going to do man? We got no gig.

JAKE: How much money you got?

ELWOOD: I got a quarter. Who you going to call Jake?

JAKE: Remember Maurie Sline?

ELWOOD: Sline? The booking agent? What about him?

JAKE: Well, he got us some good showcases in the old days and he owes me. I've got another idea too. Tell the band to meet here tomorrow night and I can guarantee we'll have our first paying gig.

BETTY'S COUNTRY BUNKER

The band is driving along a dark, quiet road.

MR. FABULOUS: Alright man, we've been in this car for three hours now. Where is this place?

JAKE: I told you it would take a little while to get there.

MURPH: What's the name of the place?

JAKE: Ah... the name of the place...

JAKE sees a neon sign ahead with the name of a bar on it.

JAKE: Is ah... "Betty's Country Bunker". Here we are.

ELWOOD: Betty's Country Bunker?

MR. FABULOUS: Jake, the sign says "Tonight Only The Good Ole' Boys".

JAKE: It should read "Tonight only the Blues Brothers triumphant return". Must be some kind of mistake. You guys unload the stuff. Elwood, come with me.

BARMAID: Well now what can I get you boys? Are you thirsty, you hungry, or you just driving through? Maybe you'd like a beer or something a little harder? Hey, you know we happen to make the states best pepper steak.

JAKE: No thank you ma'am. We may be drinking back a few beers a little later on. We'll be here all night. You see, we're the band.

BARMAID: You are? Oh, gee, that's nice. *(to Betty)* Hey Betty! This is the band!

ELWOOD: Er... what kind of music do you usually have here?

BARMAID: Oh, we got both kinds. We got Country, and Western.

ELWOOD: Jake, are you sure this is the place?

JAKE: Yeah, yeah, sure, sure. This is the place.

BETTY: Hi. You the Good Ole' Boys?

JAKE: That's us. The rest of the band's out in the parking lot getting our stuff together.

BETTY: Well I'm sure glad to have you boys here. I'm Betty and this here is my place.

JAKE: Well it's a beautiful place Betty .

The rest of the band walks in with the gear.

BETTY: I guess you boys want to get everything set up on the stage don't you.

The lights are turned on the stage which is screened off with chicken wire.

MATT: Chicken wire?

BETTY: Excuse me sir, can I give this to you?

ELWOOD: Sure, what is it?

BETTY: Well that there is a list of the songs you'll be playing tonight. *(she leaves)*

ELWOOD: Man, I don't think we know any of the songs on this list.

JAKE: Oh this list doesn't mean anything, they're just requests. We'll do our usual set. Right boys? You ready?

MURPH: Gimme some lovin. 1, 2...

JAKE: 1, 2, 3, 4.

ELWOOD: Good evening ladies and gentlemen we're sure glad to be here in Cocomo tonight. We're the Good Ole' Blues Brothers Boys Band from Chicago. I sure hope you like our show. I'm Elwood, this here's my brother Jake.

SONG: *"Gimme Some Lovin"*

JAKE: *Well my temperature's rising and my feet on the floor
Twenty people rockin' and there wanna go more
Let me in baby, I don't know what you've got
but you'd better take it easy, this place is hot*

*So glad we made it
So glad we made it
You gotta*

*Gimme some lovin' (Gimme gimme some lovin')
Gimme some lovin' (Gimme gimme some lovin')*

The crowd start yelling at the band and throwing bottles.

BETTY: That ain't no Hank Williams song! *(switches the stage lights off)*

MURPH: I think you hit the lights!

MR FABULOUS: Maybe they blew a fuse?

MATT: I don't think so man. Those lights are off on purpose.

ELWOOD: Okay. We've got to figure out something these people like and fast.

MURPH: Hey I got it. Remember the theme from Rawhide?

ELWOOD: The old favourite. Rowdy Yates.

MURPH: What key?

MATT: A. Blues country key.

ELWOOD: Rawhide in A.

SONG: "Theme from Rawhide"

ELWOOD: *Rollin' rollin' rollin'*
Rollin' rollin' rollin'
Rollin' rollin' rollin'
Rollin' rollin' rollin' rawhide...

Rollin' rollin' rollin'
Though the streams are swollen
Keep them doggies rollin', rawhide

Through rain and wind and weather
Hell bent for leather
Wishing... my girl was by my side
All the things I'm missin'
Good bulls, love and kissin'
Are waiting at the end of my ride

ELWOOD &: *Move 'em on, - head them up*
JAKE *Head 'em up, - move 'em on -*
Move 'em on, - head 'em up -
Rawhide
Cut 'em out, - ride 'em in -
Ride 'em in, - cut 'em out -
Cut 'em out
Ride 'em in rawhide...

Keep movin' movin' movin'
Though they're disapprovin'
Keep them doggies movin', rawhide
Don't try to understand 'em
Just rope 'em, throw and brand 'em
Soon we'll be livin' high and wide
My heart's calculating
My true love will be waiting
Be waiting at the end of my ride

ELWOOD &: *Move 'em on, - head them up –*
JAKE *Head 'em up, - move 'em on -*
Move 'em on, - head 'em up -
Rawhide
Cut 'em out, - ride 'em in -
Ride 'em in, - cut 'em out -
Cut 'em out

Ride 'em in Rawhide..., yeah

*Move 'em on, - head them up -
Head 'em up, - move 'em on -
Move 'em on, - head 'em up -
Rawhide
Cut 'em out, - ride 'em in -
Ride 'em in, - cut 'em out -
Cut 'em out
Ride 'em in Rawhide..., yeah*

*Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'
Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'
Rollin' Rollin' Rollin'
Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' Rawhide... Rawhide!*

ELWOOD: Theme from the TV show Rawhide. Thank you.

JAKE: Now we'd like to do one of our favourites. We hope it's one of yours.

SONG: "Stand by your man"

ALL: *Sometimes it's hard to be a woman
Giving all your love to just one man
And if you love him
O be proud of him
'Cause after all he's just a man*

*Stand by your man
Give him two arms to cling to
And something warm to come to
when nights are cold and lonely
Stand by your man
And tell the world you love him
Keep givin' all the love you can
Baby, stand by your man*

ELWOOD: Well folks it's time to call it a night. Do what you feel and keep both feet on the wheel. You don't have to go home but you can't stay here. So till next time...

SONG: "Theme from Rawhide"

ELWOOD &
JAKE *Move 'em on, - head them up –
Head 'em up, - move 'em on -
Move 'em on, - head 'em up -
Rawhide
Cut 'em out, - ride 'em in -*

*Ride 'em in, - cut 'em out -
Cut 'em out
Ride 'em in Rawhide...
RAWHIDE!*

JAKE: *(to the band)* Let's get out of here.

BETTY: I'm going to tell you boys that's some of the best darn music we've had in the Country Bunker in a long time.

ELWOOD: Well uh... sorry we couldn't remember the Wreck of the Old 97.

BETTY: Oh, well, you guys can learn it for next time when you come back.

JAKE: Betty, about our money for tonight.

BETTY: That's right. Uh \$200, and you boys drank \$300 worth of beer.

ELWOOD: Uh, well, like, when we first came in the bar lady never charged us for the first round so like, we figured, you know beer was like complimentary for the band, you know.

BETTY: Uh, hu hu, Uh-Uh. *(Betty shakes her head)*

JAKE: Well, I'll just go and take a collection from the boys.

BETTY: Well, I tell you, I sure would appreciate it.

JAKE: *(to the band)* Listen. They want us to pay for the beer we drank, so you guys better split. The next gig is going to be dynamite, huge, you'll see.

The band leaves.

ELWOOD: The boys look a little upset. Hey man, don't worry, we got a couple of days. We'll get the penguins tax money. I mean look, we got an appointment to see Mr. Sline tomorrow. Everything's going to be alright. Let's skate.

"The Good Ole Boys" enter.

JAKE: Excuse me gentlemen are you the Good Ole Boys?

TUCKER: Yeah, that's right, I'm Tucker McElroy, lead singer. Listen I'd like to talk to you son but were running very late.

JAKE holds up a crunched cigarette packet very quickly as though it were an ID badge of some kind.

JAKE: My name is Jacob Stein, the American Federation of Musicians Union local 200. I've been sent here to see if you gentlemen are carrying your permits.

TUCKER: Our what?

JAKE: Your Union cards. May I see your cards please?

TUCKER: Suppose we ain't got no union cards and we go in there and start playing anyway. Now what you going to do about that? You going to stop us? Stein? You're going to look pretty funny trying to eat corn on the cob with no teeth.

JAKE: Listen, let me talk to Betty, the owner, see if we can put your band on contract waivers for tonight. I don't want you to move from this spot. Just let me handle this.

ELWOOD: We'll uh... we'll talk to Betty.

JAKE and ELWOOD slowly retreat as BETTY comes over.

JAKE: *(to Elwood)* Get in the car and start her up.

BETTY: You know you boys owe me a lot of money for that beer you drank tonight.

JAKE: Betty, we loved playing here tonight. My brother's writing out an American Express travellers cheque to cover the extensive bar tab.

BETTY: Well, I sure would appreciate it.

JAKE: I'd better check up, see how he's doing, see, I have to sign it too. I usually sit in the car and write it out on the glove compartment lid. Okay?

JAKE walks off feeling his jacket pockets.

JAKE: Need a Pencil!

He exits.

TUCKER: Where are those guys from the union?

BETTY: Union? What union? *(notices their costumes)* What are you guys all dressed up for?

TUCKER: We're the Good Ole Boys!

BETTY: You're the Good Ole Boys! Then who were they?

They all run off after the Blues Brothers

MR SLINES OFFICE

JAKE: Good morning ma'am. We have an appointment with Mr Slime.

RECEPTIONIST: Just one moment. Names please?

ELWOOD: Elwood and Jake Blues.

RECEPTIONIST: *(speaking to intercom)* Mr Sline. I have Elwood and Jake Blues here to see you.

SLINE: *(through intercom)* Send them in.

JAKE and ELWOOD go through to MR SLINES office.

SLINE: So... The Blues Brothers back together again. What can I do for you boys?

JAKE: Maurie, you owe me. We'll play anywhere, anytime, for anybody.

ELWOOD: Put us in the Double Up Lounge or the Morgan Park Theatre, or the Crystal. We always knock them dead in those joints.

SLINE: I don't know boys. I just don't know. Times have changed you know what I mean. What are you guys going to do? The same act wearing the same old suits? You'll scare people away.

JAKE: Maurie, you got to come through for us. We need 5000 bucks fast.

SLINE: 5000 bucks? Who do you think you are? The Beatles? Hey, you know the size of hall you got to work to take in that kind of money, huh?

JAKE: We'll fill any hall in the country.

SLINE: You guys familiar with the Palace Hotel Ballroom?

JAKE: Never heard of it.

SLINE: Nice place up north. Built in the 40's on Lake Wazzapamani. That seats 5000. You guys fill that place you can make 5000 bucks easy.

JAKE: Book us for tomorrow night.

SLINE: Hold it, hold it. Tomorrow night? What are you talking about? A gig like that, you got to prepare the proper exploitation.

ELWOOD: I know about that stuff, I've been exploited all my life.

SLINE: Uh Forget it, there's no way with you guys, forget about it.

JAKE: Say uh, how's Mrs. Sline? I might have some information she'd like to know.

SLINE: You blackmailing me Jake?

JAKE: If you want to put it that way. Maurie we need this gig!

ELWOOD: We're on a mission from God!

JAKE: You get us the hall Maurie and I guarantee we'll pack them in from miles around. What do you say?

SLINE: Okay. I'll get you the Palace Hotel. I'll print up show bills, I'll make the place look real pretty okay? I don't think you guys are going to make a dollar, but if you do, I want a cut, okay?

JAKE: Okay.

JAKE AND ELWOOD PROMOTING THE GIG

ELWOOD: Tonight only, the fabulous Blues Brothers. Rhythm and Blues review. The Palace Hotel Ballroom. Route 16. Lake Wazzapamani. For one night only

JAKE: *(to Elwood)* Free parking.

ELWOOD: Free parking. 2 dollar cover charge only folks. That's a lot of entertainment.

JAKE: *(to Elwood)* For two dollars.

ELWOOD: For two dollars. Tonight only, from Chicago, the fabulous Blues Brothers rhythm and blues review for your dancing pleasure... *(to Jake)* How we doing?

JAKE: Well so far we've covered Lake McHenry and part of Du Page County.

ELWOOD: Good, let's get to the gig.

The car chokes and splutters.

JAKE: What is it?

ELWOOD: We're out of gas.

JAKE: Damn.

ELWOOD: Look! There's a gas station just over there. We'll have to push it. Come on!

G S OWNER: We're out of gas.

ELWOOD: Yep, mind if we fill her up?

G S OWNER: Nope. I said we're out of gas. Tanker trucks late. Should have been here two hours ago. It's always late on Thursdays.

ELWOOD: Well uh... I'll guess we'll have to wait.

THE PALACE HOTEL BALLROOM

The audience is becoming impatient.

MR FABULOUS: I always liked to perform for angry mobs.

MURPH: Can't quit now.

MATT: Where are Jake and Elwood? What can they be doing?

The audience is chanting:

AUDIENCE: We want the show... We want the show... We want the show..

MR FABULOUS: Gentlemen, I'm leaving.

MATT: Damm. We were so close.

MURPH: Hey, you guys know Minnie the Moocher? The song Minnie the Moocher?

MR FABULOUS: Yeah. So what?

MURPH: Hit it.

SONG: "Minnie the Moocher"

MATT, MURPH & *Hey folks here's a story 'bout Minnie the Moocher*
MR FABULOUS *She was a low down hoochie coocher.*
 She was the roughest toughest frail
 But Minnie had a heart as big as a whale.

Hi de hi de hi de hi
Ho de ho de ho de ho
Hee de hee de hee de hee
Hi de hi de hi de ho

She messed around with a bloke named Smokey
She loved him though he was kokey.
He took her down to Chinatown
and he showed her how to kick the gong around.

Hi de hi de hi de hi
Whoooooooooaa
Hee de hee de hee de hee
Hi de hi de hi de ho

She had a dream about the king of Sweden
He gave her things that she was needin'
He gave her a home built of gold and steel
A diamond car with the platinum wheels.

Hi-de-hi-de-hi-de-hi-de-hi-de-hi-de-hi
Ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-oh
Skoodley-boo-skoodley-boo-skoodley-boodley-boodley-boo

He gave her his town house and his racing horses

*Each meal she ate was a dozen courses.
Had a million dollars worth of nickels and dimes
She sat around and counted them all a million times.*

*Hi de hi de hi de hi
Ho de ho de ho de ho
Hee de hee de hee de hee
Hi de hi de hi de ho*

Poor Min! Poor Min! Poo-oor Min

VOICE OVER: And now ladies and gentlemen, it is the distinct pleasure of the management to present to you, the evening's star attraction. Here they are back after their exclusive three year tour of Europe, Scandinavia and the sub continent. Won't you welcome from Calumet City Illinois, the show band of Joliet Jake and Elwood Blues... The Blues Brothers.

JAKE: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4.

ELWOOD: We're so glad to see so many of you lovely people here tonight. We would especially like to welcome all the representatives of Illinois' law enforcement community who have chosen to join us here at the Place Hotel Ballroom at this time. We certainly hope you all enjoy the show and remember people that no matter who you are and what you do to live, thrive and survive, there's still some things that make us all the same. You, me, them, everybody, everybody.

SONG: "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love"

JAKE: *Everybody needs somebody
Everybody needs somebody to love
Someone to love (someone to love)
Sweetheart to miss (sweetheart to miss)
Sugar to kiss (sugar to kiss)
I need you you you
I need you you you
I need you you you In the morning
I need you you you When my soul's on fire*

*Sometimes I feel
I feel a little sad inside
When my baby mistreats me
I never never never have a place to hide
I need you*

*Sometimes I feel
I feel a little sad inside
When my baby mistreats me*

*I never never never have a place to hide
I need you you you
I need you you you
I need you you you
I need you you you
I need you*

ELWOOD: *You know people when you do find that somebody
Hold that woman, hold that man
Love him, hold him, squeeze her, please her, hold her
Squeeze and please that person, give 'em all your love
Signify your feelings with every gentle caress
Because it's so important to have that special somebody
to hold, kiss, miss, squeeze and please*

JAKE: *Everybody needs somebody
Everybody needs somebody to love
Someone to love
Sweetheart to miss
Sugar to kiss
I need you you you
I need you you you
I need you you you...*

JAKE: Thank you. That was for Wilson Picket. This is dedicated to the late great magic sound.

SONG: "Sweet Home Chicago"

**JAKE &
ELWOOD:** *Come on
Oh baby don't you wanna go
Come on
Oh baby don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago*

*Come on
Baby don't you wanna go
Hi dee hey
Baby don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago*

*Well, one and one is two
Six and two is eight
Come on baby don't ya make me late
Hi dee hey
Baby don't you wanna go*

*Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago*

*Come on
Oh baby don't you wanna go
Come on
Oh baby don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago*

*Six and three is nine
Nine and nine is eighteen
Look there brother baby and see what I've seen
Hi dee hey
Baby don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago*

*Oh come on
Baby don't you wanna go
Come on
Baby don't you wanna go
Back to that same old place
Sweet home Chicago*

JAKE and ELWOOD go off back stage. They are met there by a Record Agent.

JAKE: It looks like the whole police force is out there.

AGENT: You guys are great. I've got to record you.

JAKE: Excuse me?

AGENT: I'm president of Clarion records, the largest recording company on the eastern sea board.

JAKE: So what?

AGENT: Here's 10,000 dollars - an advance on your first recording session. Is it a deal?

JAKE: Yeah, sure it's a deal.

ELWOOD: Yeah, yeah, sure, sure it's a deal. Ah listen all those cops out there, they're sort of waiting for us. We've got to get out of here without nobody seeing us. Do you know a back door out of this place?

AGENT: Sure. I used to be head bouncer here back in the 70's. There's an electrical service duct right behind there.

JAKE: Listen, do us a favour. Take this and give it to the band.

AGENT: You got it.

JAKE: Thanks. Bye.

ELWOOD: Bye.

AGENT: Bye.

MERCER, BETTY and TUCKER run back stage.

MERCER: Where's Jake?

TUCKER: Where'd those Blues Brothers go?

BETTY: They still owe me money!

JAKE: Come on! We've got to get to the Cook County Assessor's office by the morning.

ELWOOD: It's 106 miles to Chicago. We got a full tank of gas, half a pack of cigarettes, it's dark and we're wearing sunglasses.

JAKE: Hit it!

THE GREAT CAR CHASE

RADIOER: All units we have a signal ten seven niner, officers are in pursuit of a black and white, 1974 dodge sedan southbound on four-seven. Responds to signal ten seven niner. Occupants of vehicle one Joliet Jake Blues, one Elwood Blues. Consider them extremely dangerous.

RADIOER: Signal ten seven niner still engaged. Vehicle travelling south bound. Approaching Chicago city limits. Commander advisers will contact Chicago precincts for a local intercept. Maintain pursuit.

RADIOER: Use of unnecessary violence in the apprehension of the Blues Brothers has been approved.

JAKE: There it is. Come on!

ELWOOD: *(to an officer at the information desk)* Sir. Where's the Office of the Assessor of Cook County?

OFFICER: Down the hall, turn right, take the elevator to 1102.

ELWOOD: Thank you sir.

MERCER: Excuse me, did you see two guys come in here, black suits black hats one carrying a briefcase?

OFFICER: Yeah, I just sent them down there.

MERCER: Thank you.

JAKE and ELWOOD arrive at the office to a sign "Back in five minutes".

ASSESSOR: May I help you?

JAKE: This is where they pay the taxes, right?

ASSESSOR: Right.

ELWOOD: This money is for the years assessment on the St. Helen of the Blessed Shroud orphanage in Calumet City, Illinois.

JAKE: 5000 bucks, it's all there pal.

ASSESSOR: Ok. I'll just write out your receipt. Here you go.

Enter MERCER, TUCKER and BETTY. MERCER cuffs JAKE and ELWOOD.

MERCER: Got you.

JAIL

SONG: "Jailhouse Rock"

*ALL: The warden threw a party in the county jail
The prison band was there and they began to wail
The joint was jumping and the place began to swing
You should have heard those knocked out jailbirds sing*

*Let's rock
Everybody let's rock
Everybody on the whole cell block
Was dancing to the jailhouse rock*

*Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone
Little Joe was blowing on the slide trombone
The drummer boy from Illinois went crash boom bang
The whole rhythm section was the Purple Gang*

*Let's rock
Everybody let's rock
Everybody on the whole cell block
Was dancing to the jailhouse rock*

*Sly Sam was sittin' on a block of stone
Way over in the corner weepin' all alone
The warden said "Hey buddy don't you be no square
If you can't find a partner use a wooden chair"*

*Let's rock
Everybody let's rock*

*Everybody on the whole cell block
Was dancing to the jailhouse rock*

*They were dancing to the jailhouse rock
They were dancing to the jailhouse rock
They were dancing to the jailhouse rock*

They were dancing to the jailhouse rock

THE END