



*“Escape from the  
Martian/Monkey War”  
A Science Fiction Musical Fantasy  
By Michael Hemphill*



Solar Bus Tour Route (SBTR)

NARRATOR: "The year is 2264. The solar system has become a fantastic playground and a brutal war zone of civilization. Earth has witnessed environmental destruction despite accelerated industrial growth in many areas like energies, medicines, sciences and of course, space travel. Antimatter-fueled starships which were first being developed in the early 23<sup>rd</sup> century have now become common place. Within less than 50 years, one could travel the whole length of our solar system on a weekend holiday journey...

Vast terra-forming programmes have been developed on several planets nearest the sun. Colonies of humans, droids, and other various entities now inhabit many of these 'developed zones'. Huge stretches of land, sea and atmosphere have been converted on these planets into a chain of massive power grids using wind, solar, hydroelectric and geothermal technologies. These are supplemented by fusion and antimatter, along with whole new forms of energy production that were unknown to scientists in earlier centuries. Not all technical advances have been successful. Human advances in artificial intelligence AI have made incredible strides but not without a steep price. Early (necessary) experimental stages of artificial intelligence implants involved sub-human species. The intention was to reduce risk to the humans. But when certain genetic lines of the gorilla and chimpanzee varieties were introduced to early versions of the synthetic intelligent upgrade programs, some bizarre anomalies were created. These variations were extremely violent and highly intelligent. Scientific testing was aborted when mass uprisings from these newly upgraded monkeys took place in two of the laboratories. Literally within months, the ecological impact on a planetary scale was obvious. The entire planet of earth was becoming overrun by these ferocious rapscaillon predators. Genocide on a scale never seen by a planet so well steeped in the practice had taken place. With less than a few hundred survivors, the humans were able to escape and colonize a new sector of available living space on Mars. In an ironic twist of fate, these humans would become know as Martians.

Our adventure on a commercial tourist bus starship through our solar system is about to begin. The ship embarks from the new trendy vacation playground near the edge of the sun. This retreat destination is filled with theme parks; virtual shows and even air conditioned tanning salons. The 'Solar Bus Tour' embarks every 24 hours. The captain, **Barth Harlowe** and **Ann Winston** the flight attendant operate the solar bus that is about to disembark any moment. Most of the passengers are on board and ready. One passenger in particular, **Winston Ward** is of special interest. He is the oldest living Earthling in this year 2264. He now lives on Mars with all the other humans. He has witnessed centuries of change. After 244 years of exile, he dreams of the day he can see his beloved mother planet, Earth again. His physical makeup is deceiving. Although he looks old, he is agile and quick on his feet. He is short and stocky. He prefers to wear a 21<sup>st</sup> century space suit for sentimental reasons dating back to a very early career working with missile technologies in an earth government agency from the United States once known as NASA, a space exploration endeavor. On his body, there is 'on-person' hardware consisting of several hundred nanobot implants which regulate his bio systems and provide added conveniences like communicating directly with computers and sending commands to objects around him. Let's join Winston, Bart and Ann as they're journey onboard the 'Solar Bus Tour' begins."



*Sun*  
*Mercury*  
*Venus*  
*Winston*  
*Earth*  
*Moon*  
*Mars*  
*Jupiter*  
*Saturn*

## Sun

The Sun is the center of our solar system by which the planets revolve.  
It's the source of our light, essential for life. Without it we would dissolve.  
It's over four and a half billion years old, in a galaxy with countless stars untold.

It's mostly hydrogen and some helium. Its surface burns at 6000 degrees.  
It's 93 million miles from our Earth, but we can still feel the solar breeze.  
It's over four and a half billion years old, in a galaxy with countless stars untold.

Wouldn't it be fun to take trip through our Solar System?  
Welcome to our solar bus tour. It's everything you see in the brochure.  
Welcome to our solar bus tour. It's everything you see in the brochure.

We'll visit Mercury and lovely Venus then stop by Earth for a while.  
On to Mars, the God of War; a world that is quite hostile.  
There are nine planetary stops on our journey. Come along with us, you better hurry.

Through the asteroid belt on our way to Jupiter; Saturn's not far behind.  
We'll look up Uranus and checkout Neptune. Pluto's so cold but so kind.  
There are nine planetary stops on our journey. Come along with us, you better hurry.

Wouldn't it be fun to take trip through our Solar System?  
Welcome to our solar bus tour. It's everything you see in the brochure.  
Welcome to our solar bus tour. It's everything you see in the brochure.

Climb into our space ship. We're almost ready to start this trip.  
Buckle yourself in tight. It might be a bumpy flight.  
But that's alright, it's a beautiful night!  
Welcome to our solar bus tour. Welcome to our solar bus tour.  
Welcome to our solar bus tour. It's everything you see in the brochure.

The Sun is the center of our solar system by which the planets revolve.

## Mercury

This is your captain speaking. While instruments are status seeking, I'll introduce myself.  
The name is Captain Bart Harlowe. Welcome 'board the solar bus show; a one day journey thru space.  
And we'll start with Mercury! We'll start with Mercury!

I've flown this bus so many times, but rest assured your safety's my greatest concern.  
May I acquaint you with Ann? She'll be our flight attendant from now until we return.

As we start with Mercury! We'll start with Mercury!

Our altitude is rising as we soar over the horizon.

Our bus seats 24 and we'll take no more today.  
There are people here from other stars in other galaxies from afar.  
And there's a little old man in a space suit and every time I look at him he salutes me  
There are so many faces from foreign lands and there's a monkey in the corner in the back.  
And hydrogen organic plant life with digital implants for the visual highlights.  
The luggage is stored, seats are belted. But there's something not quite right, a feeling felt by this captain, me.

We're heading for Mercury! Let's start for Mercury!  
We're going to Mercury! We're going to Mercury!

And as we arrive, I announce, "Mercury is too hot today! So, there's no point in stopping.  
Take your photos now. We'll save Venus... We'll save Venus... We'll save Venus for the shopping."

Goodbye Mercury!

**Just then Ann stops in to check on Bart. And as she leaves he can't take my eyes off of her.  
If she only knew...**

## Venus

Here is Venus, she's sneaks between us.  
Hiding slightly by the sun that's rising on this morning; on this morning.  
She spins lovely in her own study  
I wonder if she knows how much I really love her when I say "Good Morning"

A vision of light, she's a marvelous sight  
Such a goddess; is she looking for the fondness of another, of another.  
From a simple glance, I'm thrown into a trance  
I want to tell her about the spell I'm under when I'm around her, whenever I'm around her.

Mars is running to take cover from funny weather 'cause Venus cannot read my mind.

Here is Venus, she works around us.  
Serving biscuits and tea to the passengers on our journey.  
It's Ann and Me on another journey. it's Ann and Me on another journey.

Mars is running to take cover from funny weather 'cause Venus cannot read my mind.  
Mars is running to take cover from funny weather 'cause Venus cannot read my mind.  
'cause Venus cannot read my mind.

## Winston Ward

**Ann stops and speaks to the little man in the space suit. He's inquiring about a gift shops on Venus and Earth. He was hoping to visit them today. Ann seems to be enjoying the company.**

They call me Winston Ward. I've just turned three hundred and four.  
This ticket in my pocket is for a trip aboard the Solar Bus Tour. They call me Winston Ward.  
You seem like a nice lady. You said your name is Ann  
Would you like to hear a little story 'bout a planet where my life began?

My mother's name was Audrey Ward. The best mother a son could ever afford  
I decided that I'd provide for her when father was gone. My mother's name was Audrey Ward.  
Our lives were interrupted when the monkeys went to war.  
I decided that we should do something. There was nothing left worth waiting for.

Two years into the killings day by day it grew worse. We could board a space shuttle and escape this  
hellish curse.  
So we gathered our belongings and set out for the launch site. They said we'd be going to Mars.  
The crowd was out of control there was chaos there were screams.  
Too many people wanting to flee the monkey military regime!

We made our way to the loading platforms. My mother in front of me, safe within my arms.  
There was scuffle then a shuffle and the grip slipped from my supporting hands. She was swept away  
into the sister ship.  
The liftoff was very risky, no time to get it right.  
Me, in this lonely spaceship, my mother in the one on the right.  
That's when everything got crazy. I still don't quite understand  
The explosion was so sudden, all the colors just ran.

The monkeys were here to detain. Our valiant efforts were all in vain.  
In outer space, in a spaceship chase, we somehow had gotten free.  
But all the rest had been slain.

They call me Winston Ward. I've just turned three hundred and four.  
You seem like a nice lady. I think you said your name was Ann  
Thanks for listening to my little story 'bout a planet where my life began.

## Earth

Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from.  
Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from; monkeys come from

They've got funky plankton  
They've got punk fish at the zoo.  
They used to have all the humans.  
But now, it's the monkeys that are walking on the Moon.

Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from.  
Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from; monkeys come from

You see, the humans finally figured it out  
Stole a branch from the tree of knowledge.  
Genetic implants at the base of the brain  
Could put a three year old right thru college.

Experiments done on monkeys  
Should have never taken place  
The experiments were quite successful  
The monkeys threw out the human race.

Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from.  
Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from; monkeys come from

Well, the monkeys, they formed an army.  
Trained the troops to die for their cause  
They chose an imperial general  
Who banned humans by enacting laws.

The humans were rounded up and taken away  
Some were raped and some were tortured  
Death camps became all the rage  
No place for humans in the new monkey culture

Mass extinction was underway  
A few hundred tried to leave  
By overtaking the US Star Fleet  
And left Earth behind in their grief.

Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from.  
Three rocks from the Sun. It's where all the monkeys come from; monkeys come from.

**Winston still remembers the starships rising from the surface of the Earth just as Monkey Fighters arrive on scene destroying all but one ship full of humans who manage to get away heading for Mars. The ship carries a very young Winston Ward.**

Little Winston Ward climbs aboard a ship for Mars.  
This memory is faded with age; so Winston, the man, folds it and puts it away.  
The flight attendant holds his hand.  
What a nice lady, this lady, Ann.  
Now at the gift shop  
Winston buys cough drops  
A vintage diary and old maps  
A vintage diary and old maps

## **Moon**

**Back on board, Winston passes the time on their trip to the next planet, Mars by reading the old vintage diary. It's from a man who lived on Earth's ancient Moon over a hundred years ago. Although some of the pages are missing. It turns out to be a good read after all. He doesn't notice that the skies are filled with monkey patrol ships and starship fighters.**

### **Monday, April 22, 2148**

"Last day of Innocence. One Day we'll look back at it  
And say it all was so simple then."

### **Tuesday, April 23, 2148**

"I crawled out of bed. Station, cold, grey & dead  
The systems would not respond for me. Life here, living on the Moon.  
Quite clear, precision kept in tune with balance can sustain a colony."

### **Wednesday, April 24, 2148**

"I moved to the South Wing. Radio still not responding.  
Generator could not be repaired."

### **Thursday, April 25, 2148**

"I felt transparent. Could not remember my parents.  
Buried the crew and lost another satellite. Life here, living on the Moon.  
Seems clear, precision kept in tune with balance should sustain a colony."

"This is your man on the moon. He wants to see your face so soon.  
So don't hang your head to cry. Just smile and look to the sky.  
Love, I'll be with you soon. When I leave the moon."

### **Friday, April 26, 2148**

"Packed my bags to go. Outside where the rover is loaded full.  
A day's journey to the next colony."

### **Saturday, April 27, 2148**

"Traveling was so intense. The rover crashed dumping its contents.  
Forced on foot and wondering alone. Life here, living on the Moon.  
Quite clear, precision kept in tune is not enough to sustain a colony."

"This is your man on the moon. He wants to see your face so soon.  
Just text message the sky. Maybe you will get a reply.  
This is your man on the moon. He wants to see your face so soon.  
So don't hang your head to cry. Just smile and look to the sky.  
Love, I'll be with you soon. Love, I'll be with you soon."

'cause I've left the moon."

**Winston stores away the diary and maps as they are nearing Mars orbit.**

## Mars

From the moment the humans landed there was talk of revenge.  
They rebuilt their war machines. This new home they would defend.  
They searched the Martian skies for the flying monkey foe  
The lives lost on Earth are a pain the monkeys would soon know.  
Soon the monkeys would know!

Now this planet harvests blood from the wars that it reaps.  
They march in line keeping time though the blood has gotten mighty deep! Blood has gotten mighty deep!  
Every soldier knows his post and he know the price for peace.  
He sees things in his dreams so he's never getting any relief!  
Never getting any relief! Never getting any relief!

They say that love from above can soothe the deep red rage.  
Tempered minds may draw fair lines, but someone's going to open the cage.  
The beast with war like teeth lurks ominous in the sky  
Mars is the God of War; it's always been an eye for an eye!  
It's always been an eye for an eye!  
It's always been an eye for an eye!

Mars, when will you realize, that nothing good ever comes from fighting wars?  
We all get angry, we all get hurt. But you could spend your whole life on through trying to prove who hurt who first. Mars, when will you realize, that nothing good ever comes from fighting wars?  
Mars, when will you realize, that nothing good ever comes from fighting wars?

## Jupiter

**Our fearless bus floats on by Mars with the guidance of two Martian patrol ship escorts. Its obvious to everyone on board that the planet is on a heightened alert. This is most likely due to a rash of recent incidents with the Earth monkeys. On to Jupiter... another tour favorite destination.**

I thought I was sleeping or perhaps day dreaming. I could not believe my eyes.  
When it looked like we might crash and explode in a heat flash we soared right into Jupiter skies.  
Yea, it was Jupiter, right before our eyes. Jupiter, super size.

We swung past the red spot on our time slot. The attraction's quite popular now  
The bus was so impressed. There were cheers from the guest. The captain stood and took a bow. Yea, it was Jupiter, right before our eyes. Jupiter, super size.

Then from out of the cockpit, like a scream from a pulpit, the captain alerted us all.  
In the rays of the sun light. In the midst of a dogfight, the monkeys and Martians were at war!  
Out near Jupiter, the monkey fighters fly. Out near Jupiter the Martians draw the line.  
Out near Jupiter, you can hear the battle cry. Out near Jupiter someone's bout to die!

There were a dozen Martian fighters flanking us from the right.  
When out of nowhere the monkeys came into sight.  
Great balls of cosmic fire hurling through Jupiter space  
Passing by our little solar bus, we were in the middle of the chase.  
The captain tucked and turned. The captain spun and swerved.  
He dodged the attacks one by one. He must have steel nerves.  
We veered to the left and altered our course.  
I nearly fell out of my seat from the G-Force.

Out near Jupiter, the monkey fighters fly. Out near Jupiter the Martians draw the line.  
So, goodbye to Jupiter, the monkey fighters fly. Goodbye Jupiter where the Martians draw the line.

## Saturn

**It has been a long time since Bart has been this close to the fighting. He begins to question his abilities.**

Saturn is bright tonight, because it's burning near satellite. The Martian/Monkey fight has set the rings on fire. I'm just a captain on this bus. I'll do what I must. They depend on me to get them home safely. I hope that I can hide the fear I feel right now.

Oh, look at me, and tell me what you see. Am I the hero you need me to be?

When I was a child, my father taught me. You can see the real man looking straight into his eyes. He said numbers never really add up to anything and red means run son, red means run! I'm just a captain on a solar tourist bus.

Oh, look at me, and tell me what you see. Am I the hero you need me to be?

Floating in this little bus, soaring thru space. No weapons on board to protect and defend us from this fate.

From the left porthole I can see the Martians screaming in. From the right, the monkeys have got us pinned. As they lock on their targets, I shift the gears and slide right in, then slam the engines into full thrust and keep hoping... From my rearview mirror I see the fighters collide!

Oh, look at me, and tell me what you see. Am I the hero you need me to be?  
I'm a man I'll do the best I can. I only hope it's enough in the end.

Saturn is bright tonight, because it's burning near satellite.

The Martian/Monkey fight has set the rings on fire.

Saturn is bright tonight, the rings are on fire  
Saturn is bright tonight, the rings are on fire  
Saturn is bright tonight, the rings are on fire  
Saturn is bright tonight, the rings are on fire



*Monkey*

*Neptune*

*Star*

*Uranus*

*Lost*

*Hope*

*Found*

*Maps*

*Plans*

*Landing*

*Home*

## Monkey

**"The solar Bus Tour owes much of its success to the incredible Famous Uranus 3D Space Show. Now part of the tour; the show is hosted from the planet Uranus at end of our Solar system. Because of its overwhelming popularity, all visitors wanting to see the show must now queue up on the planet Neptune where there are many other tourist attractions conveniently located including plenty of great shopping and dining. Everyone on today's bus tour is excited about the show and looking forward to seeing it. That is, except for the monkey. You may or may not remember reference to the monkey from Act I. Well, this monkey doesn't want to see the show at all. He has other plans in mind. Let's take a closer look at him now. Besides, the next song up is his big number; then we'll get to the Famous Uranus Show..."**

In the chambers of my heart, there starts another beat.  
A quickening of pulse, results in the need to breathe.  
There's a mission at hand. It's well planned and it should succeed.  
My credentials are first rate. I've sealed their fate; there is no retreat.

Monkeys! Monkeys! Monkey see, monkey do!  
Monkeys! Monkeys! We can make a monkey out of you!  
Are you ready for it? Are you ready for it? For what the universe is coming to?

There are explosives on board, the attendants ignored, so they're safe and sound.  
There's a schedule we must keep, when we reach deep into the burial ground.  
So I sit here all alone, ignored and unknown because of what I am.  
Until I get to set fire with a trip wire when we get to the giant clam.

Monkeys! Monkeys! Monkey see, monkey do!  
Monkeys! Monkeys! We can make a monkey out of you!  
Are you ready for it? Are you ready for it? For what the universe is coming to?

It's the movement of the age, it's all the rage. It's the monkey's tale.

## Neptune

Welcome to planet Neptune. Stay for a weekend or just an afternoon. Visit our celebrated saloons and share a drink on one of our moons. The band will play your favorite tunes. You can dance and dine in our fabulous rooms. They say the busiest season is always June. Hope to see you soon. Hope to see you soon.

Neptune in June is for lovers. Book your room soon and rediscover.

Neptune in June is for lovers. Book your room soon and rediscover.

How much you love her. You'll really love her. When you discover she saved you 10% on an early booking.

And goodness sakes before you go. You've got to see the "famous Uranus" show. Featuring the heart throb Grok Monroe. Come and see the show. Come and see the show. They're playing tribute to the Planet Earth. It's the Early-Monkey place of birth. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll get your money's worth. Come and see the show, the famous Uranus show.

Oh, Neptune in June is for lovers. Book your room soon and rediscover.

Neptune in June is for lovers. Book your room soon and rediscover.

How much you love her. You'll really love her. When you discover she saved you 10% on an early booking.

And one more thing before I go. In regards to the Uranus show.

Take look at the list of those appearing in the show, in tonight's show.

- They've got dancers, they've got singers,
- Line walkers, and hoop ringers.
- They've got Lions, silver lions
- and beetle juices and tree clingers
- and porch swingers as torch singers
- dressed in Doordarsham latest fashions
- and transforming neon swarmers
- **Don't forget to tip your waiters!**
- 
- they serve Martian pig roast on cinnamon toast
- is quite delightful, quite delicious
- and the whole show is shown in 3D
- in techno-hologram inside a giant clam
- cast into space with geometric lace
- to make it visible from deep space
- **Don't forget to tip your waiters!**
- 
- Look they're...
- about to start the show...

# Star

## Ladies and Gentleman! Introducing GROK MONROE!!!!

You can wish upon a star. Let your dreams get carried far.  
You're beautiful just as you are. You're beautiful just as you are.  
Somewhere out there, there might be another pair.  
Looking up with wondrous care, "are we alone or do we share this universe?"

Look out into space and marvel at this fantastic place.  
You might be part of another race. You have such a beautiful face.  
I see the light shine on you; it's relative to those other two.  
Bending the edge of time and space; just like Einstein said with such grace!

You're a Star. You're a Star. You're a Star. You're a Star.  
You're a Star to me.

You can wish upon a star. Let your dreams get carried far.  
You're beautiful just as you are. You're beautiful just as you are.  
You're beautiful just as you are. WE'RE beautiful just as WE are.

You're a Star. You're a Star. You're a Star. You're a Star.  
You're a Star. You're a Star. You're a Star. You're a Star to me.

## Uranus

**Mona Lisa** had come to meet me because I had pressed on.  
I received her at my door with her hair tight and long.  
I invited her with a wink and a grin and commented on her pretty dress.  
She admired my art collection. She said she was quite impressed in that pretty dress.

Mona Lisa I can still see you in the dreams I have at night.  
But now that you're before me, Hope everything turns out alright. Hope everything turns out alright.  
As I bent over to make us both a drink. She turned to the window with the telescope peering into night.  
And she said, "Oh, baby"

"Uranus looks fine in the light of a full moon. Uranus looks fine in a light of a full moon."  
And that's when I misunderstood what she had said.

**Joan of Arc** was searching in the dark when I happened upon that scene.  
She commanded the French Army though she was only nineteen.  
Indeed her Visions were holy, and her victories she told me were but by the hand of God.  
But this night was awfully dark and it looked like I was all that she had; all that she had.

Joan of Arc quickly remarked, "We need a plan before they wake."  
"You choose a route of a hapless scout and we could make a grave mistake. The English might even burn me at the stake."  
And so I bent over to consult my compass.  
She looked up to the Heavens as though They might partake.  
And she said, "Oh, Lord"

"Uranus looks fine in the light of a full moon. Uranus looks fine in a light of a full moon."  
but that's when I misunderstood what she had said. While reciting the directions I misread  
That led her North instead of West.

**Cleopatra** knew what I was after when I kneeled before her throne.  
She was hesitant with arrogance when she heard what happened to Joan.  
Mark Anthony and I were on the balcony when Augustus barged in.  
He said I'm taking over and moreover Cleo, she's dead. He said it with a grin.

It seems she took her life from a snake bite; the poison of the deadly Asp.  
With her aside, their attention was mine; I let out a frightful gasp.  
I was within their grasp.  
I was within their grasp.  
I was within their grasp.

So I bent over to retrieve my sword.  
And in two strong voices that just cannot be ignored...  
They said, "Oh, Man..."

"Uranus looks fine in the light of a full moon. Uranus looks fine in a light of a full moon."  
And that's when I understood what they had said. As I leaped to the ground and fled. Leaving them to ponder the next verse instead. "Uranus looks fine!"

## Lost

It was a turn for the worst when the hologram burst. Martians and Monkeys in flight. The live show had stopped. There was no more Grok. Everyone running for their lives. It was the Martians and the Monkeys back at war. We've seen this too many times before.

The captain put the bus into gear and said, "We've gotta get out of here!" It was certain that we all agreed, except for that monkey, the monkey on the bus!

Yea, it was that monkey that was there from the start.  
He was on his feet displaying Martial Art.  
He knocked down the passengers that were in his way  
and moved up the aisle like he was in a Russian Ballet.

The captain didn't notice the monkey in pursuit. He was trying to turn the bus around, change the bus route.

There were Martians and monkeys flying all around us. He didn't know which way to point our little solar bus.

Just then the monkey came up from behind  
And knocked the captain down and made the famous monkey sign  
Then he grabbed the stirring wheel with a firm grip  
And pointed our solar bus right at the Martian ship.

The bus engines were jammed into hyper speed. In a matter of seconds the monkey would succeed.

But right then Ann had found a pipe full of lead and ran up to that monkey and buried it in his head!

The monkey fell dead, dead to the floor.  
But he released the throttle and the bus moved forward.  
Ann grabbed the wheel and tried to change our course,  
But we slammed into the Martian ship with such a driving force!

The Solar Bus is silent and dark.

Life support systems are all that are remaining.

On board computers are cross checking and complaining.

Our new course is sending us deep into space, **no chance of landing...**

Lights flicker and go out.

Navigation - destroyed...

Fuel Supply - draining...

Hope - seems lost...

## Hope

**Ann slides down the wall beside Bart. She seeks his comfort in the quiet dark. She begins to whisper...**

It's taking me some time to understand the man in you. I'm surprised to find how much you mean to me. I'm holding on to hope 'cause I'm holding on to you. I know that I can cope because I can count on you. Tell me it'll be alright, that there is a way... to get us home tonight. Everything will be okay.

**Then Bart says...**

I've always loved the woman in you. I'm surprised to find that you never knew. I'm holding on to hope because I'm holding on to you. I know that I can cope if I can count on you. Together we will find, find our way home. Then I never leave, never leave you alone.

I'm holding on to hope because I'm holding on to you.  
I know that I can cope because I can count on you.  
I'm holding on to hope because I'm holding on to you.  
I know that I can cope because I can count on you.  
I can count... count... count on you!

## Maps

Walter Winston enters the room. Armed with maps he bought for the moon. Stepping over monkey brains, he smiles and then begins to explain.

On the Earth, in the year 2006, these ancient maps seem to depict.  
A planet was demoted. It was too small and remoted.  
Pluto was its name. Pluto was its name.

And as luck with have it. We're heading right for it.  
I'm not sure how we would land on it. But we've got eight hours to plan it.

On the Earth, in the year 2006, these ancient maps seem to depict.  
A planet was demoted. It was too small and remoted.  
Pluto was its name. Pluto was its name.

**On hearing this, Bart says to Ann and Winston. "This is it! This is our only chance. Round up all able body passengers and ask them to search the bus from bow to stern. We need an inventory of what we got. It's going to take everything we got to land this bus on PLUTO!!!"**

## Plans

### (Bart)

So he sent them out to search the bus in small groups and one by one.  
They brought back tools and supplies, someone found some laser guns.  
Ann found large sheets of bullet proof Kevlar.  
Ann found large sheets of bullet proof Kevlar.  
They found food supplies and water bins and blankets to keep them warm.  
There was medicines and equipment to care for all life forms.  
Bart found a generator to help keep all of the lights on.  
Bart found a generator to help keep all of the lights on.

And then Bart thought, "If we can only land this bus,  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!"  
Yea, Bart thought, "If we can only land this bus,  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!"

### (Winston)

Winston Ward went down below where the luggage is always stored.  
He sifted through bags and boxes and luggage stacked on the floor.  
Until he found a travel chest that belonged to the monkey.  
Until he found a travel chest that belonged to the monkey.  
He pried it open and looked inside. There were two bombs side by side.  
He reached in and picked them up; the latest monkey design.  
He felt most important, holding these bombs in his hands.  
He felt most important, holding these bombs in his hands.

And then Winston thought, "If we can only land this bus,  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!"  
Winston thought, "If we can only land this bus,  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!"

### (Ann)

Ann calmed the guest that were distressed, settled them into their seats.  
Some were hurt, most were scared just and wanted to go home.  
She assured that they would endure; their captain was the best.  
She assured that they would endure; their captain was the best.  
She found the captain in the captain's stationed punching computer keys.  
He was mumbling madness, 'bout a makeshift landing that might not succeed.  
She touched him and smiled but she could see the worry in his eyes.  
She touched him and smiled but she could see the worry in his eyes.

And then Ann thought, "If we can only land this bus,  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!"  
Ann thought, "If we can only land this bus,  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!  
I'd get down on my knees and give thanks!"

**With four hours left and turning back, Bart told the others of his plan. It would require a spacewalk outside the bus and it looked like Winston would be his man. With his spacesuit of armor, the hero looked braver than ever before. He exited the tour bus attached only by a life line. He took the sheets of Kevlar and fashioned them into a homemade parachute. He tethered a line of synthetic twine and attached the parachute to the rear of the bus. The bombs would be next. By securing them to the bus on each side, Bart was hoping he could produce enough reverse drag to slow down the fast moving bus as it approached Pluto's surface. With a transmitter made from a pipe fitter Bart could ignite the bombs as needed.**

In Winston's hands he held the bombs.  
The captain said that each wing gets one.  
Place them in a Kevlar tent and you'll get the job done.

So he built makeshift thrusters for cosmic dust drag.  
The starboard side went just as planned  
But the trouble started just as Winston was leaving the second wing.

The wrench slipped... He lost foot grip... The tethered line snapped and he was free.....

Winston could see the silent screams from Bart and Ann on the bus.  
He saluted and closed his eyes. He would not see 305.

## **Landing**

Time, time, time slowed down in the captain's mind.  
As he watched the bomb take the wing of the starboard side.  
And rip the landing parachute free from behind  
With it tethered lines, tangled in the landing lights.

The bus, bus, bus began to spin clockwise.  
Colors of blue, green and white splashed before Bart's eyes.  
Around the screams of the passengers and their twirling cries;  
Before the planet of ice; before touch down.

What if no one, what if no one gets out alive?

So Bart, Bart, Bart pressed the transmitter on the other bomb  
In an effort to stabilize a runaway bus  
This seemed to work just as they touched down  
On an icy ground that was melting.

The bus, bus, bus came to a complete stop.  
Bart could breathe, breathe, breathe though the windshield was gone.  
He could not believe his eyes.  
Pluto was terra-formed from Saturn's fire storm.

## Home

Bart held Ann's hand as they climbed out of wreckage. One by one the other passengers emerged. The breeze was sweet the sky was bright. The land was green. It seemed everything was alright. Maybe Pluto will be our new home; maybe for a day maybe more. Bart and Ann began to explore the green land along a silver sea shore.

I'm holding on to hope because I'm holding on to you.  
I know that I can cope because I can count on you.  
I'm holding on to hope because I'm holding on to you.  
I know that I can cope because I can count on you.  
I can count... count... count on you!