



**TURN
THE GAS
BACK ON
A MUSICAL**

book and lyrics by
max golightly

music by
c. michael perry and neil newell

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

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TuRn ThE gAs *BaCk* On!

A Madcap Avante-Garde Musical

book and lyrics by
max golightly

music by
c. michael perry and neil newell

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TURN THE GAS BACK ON!

Book and Lyrics by Max C. Golightly

Music and Lyrics by C. Michael Perry and Neil Newell

ROGER HOWARD, Director of a small acting company, brings Marvin, a modern artist-friend, to his theatre to see a rehearsal of some of the scenes of a play he's producing, for the purpose of convincing him it can be done with the same resulting effects and methods the painter gets with his avante garde paintings. As the play within the play proceeds, the actors and actresses try to apply natural motivations to the meanings in the play. Impressed with a song sung by ROSE, an actress past her prime, who is replacing a regular member of the company, ROGER includes the song in the repertoire and succumbs to her warm charms. WAYNE and MORRIS, who play opposite MYRA, have difficulty in switching from the the real to the unreal characters in their efforts to understand what significance "the object" has in development of the theme of the play, which is further complicated by the relationship of LILY, ROGER'S assistant, with ADELE. In the final scene, MYRA is carried away in her characterization of LOOMA, finally losing contact with her own identity. She is brought back to reality by the others when they realize that "the object" really belongs to the audience and not to the actors, for when a work of art is created and presented to the public, it becomes theirs--to be done with as they see fit. They give "the object" back to the audience in the end, because that is where it comes from.

Author's Note

Members of an audience do not always realize how important they are to actors who perform for them. The same is true of viewers in an art gallery; the play or the painting can mean no more than audiences are willing to bring to their experience. Although artists and actors display their wares in different mediums, they depend crucially upon a willing and accepting reception; how successful that interaction is depends upon the thrust, the "give and take" from both directions. TURN THE GAS BACK ON was written to show the necessity of that alliance, to demonstrate that the experience can be both laughable and intensely dramatic, that the separation between comedy and tragedy is so fragile that it takes but one word or stroke of the brush to change the pattern or direction in which the emotion goes. That is as it should be; all art is a chancey thing. Actors, artists, singers, dancers, musicians, acrobats, etc., pulsate and endure anxiety with the same desire--to find an audience composed of those who allow themselves the luxury of being touched or moved in a way that provokes response of any nature, fortune willing--of acceptance or appreciation for both effort and finished product.

TURN THE GAS BACK ON was motivated by the author's response to the amazingly successful Broadway musical A CHORUS LINE, but concerns yet another aspect of theatre--the actor's difficulty in understanding the words, the dialogue which they learn, the ideas and images they express on stage, of trying to find meaning in the symbols, tapping the subliminals so that the enactment will be translatable before an audience. It is a statement about the task of acting--of painting a picture with words. In the words of Roger, the director in the play: " You'll never get anything more out of an audience (or a painting) than they bring with them, Adele." Later he says to Myra, the actress who loses herself in the character she plays, "Let it be what you want it to be--eyes of hope for the pitiful, let it cover empty blankness...it is, after all, only what you see it is." But it is Adele who gives the overall statement in "GAS" when she sings, in one of the verses of the song "WORDS," these lines:

Words--where do they come from,
To help us quote the heart?
They rarify the part thoughts play,
They make romance an art.
With one sweet thought the rapture grows
Through thunder storms, through silent snows,
Through doubting smoke and winter woes.

It is the doubt and the trusting, the striving and reaching for, the eternal quest personified that makes theatre the enchanting place that it is; it is our hope that our musical will turn on the gas for you in your search for meaning in all things joyful.

--Max Golightly, Neil Newell and C. Michael Perry

The stage setting is flexible and can be adapted to any form of theatre or any kind of stage. It should be played naturally, without forcing. Because of the format of the play, the actors will refer often to their scripts as though reading lines, but all sides should be thoroughly memorized. Many opportunities for chorus and choreography exist, which are not written into the script.

TURN THE GAS BACK ON!

The Scene: A small theatre in an interested city.

The Time: The present

CHARACTERS -- 8 M 7 F

ROGER HOWARD (THE DIRECTOR)	of an experimental musical play
MARVIN ORWELL (THE ARTIST)	his friend
MYRA BRADLEY (LOOMA)	An actress
WAYNE ROACH (DEREK)	An actor
MORRIS TRAVERS (STENZIL)	Another actor
DELPHA MANDERS (MOTHER)	Ensemble actress
MAE SPRINGER	Ensemble actress
WARREN BATES (ATTENDANT)	Ensemble actor
EUNICE BATES	Ensemble actress
HAROLD SANT	Ensemble actor
SIDNEY BOWLER	Ensemble actor
MOLLI JACKSON	Ensemble actress
MAYNARD DEKROHE	Ensemble actor
LILY MCTAVISH	Assistant to the Director
ADELE MCKOY (ESMERELDA)	An actress on the decline

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

OVERTURE

(ORCHESTRA)

THEATRE!

(COMPANY)

THEATRE UNDERSCORE

(ORCHESTRA)

CLASH

(MYRA, WAYNE)

HOE DIDDLE DOE

(MYRA, WAYNE)

CHEESE AND ONIONS

(MYRA, WAYNE, COMPANY).

A SIMPLE OBJECT

(ROGER, MYRA)

THE COWBOY

(MORRIS, COMPANY)

GAS MAN!

(MYRA, ADELE, COMPANY)

WORDS

(ADELE)

LILY

(LILY, ADELE, COMPANY)

ACT TWO

ENTREACTE

(ORCHESTRA)

HELLO, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

(COMPANY)

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(COMPANY)

I WANNA KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

(MARVIN, COMPANY)

YOU!

(SID, WAYNE, LILY)

YOU! (reprise)

(LILY)

TAKING A CHANCE

(ROGER, ADELE)

TAKING A CHANCE/TAG

(ROGER)

FINALE: A SIMPLE OBJECT

(COMPANY)

CURTAIN CALL

(COMPANY)

Max Golightly -- is a recently retired Professor of Playwriting at Brigham Young University. Max has taught High School and College drama for the last forty years. He is nationally recognized as an award winning poet and has served as President of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, Inc. several times. His plays have been produced all over the western states, and in various other parts of the country. He is a director of considerable reputation in college and community theatre productions. His one-act play "A LITTLE MATTER OF WE" has won awards in national contests. In addition to KEWPIE and "WE" other published plays include PINOCCHIO, TURN THE GAS BACK ON, THE TOKEN, FAUNTLEROY!, LISTEN TO THE SNOW and A NIGHT ON NEEDLEPOINT. He has also written THE FORGE AND THE FIRE and WISDOM TREE.

Neil Newell -- has received a BS in Business Management from Brigham Young University and an MFA in Professional Writing from USC. He has taught Creative Writing at Clark County Community College in Las Vegas and Advanced Playwriting at Brigham Young University. He has served as a script analyst for NBC. Various articles and short stories of his have been published in national magazines. His science fiction novel, THE RELUCTANT WIZARD was published by Manor Books. In addition to his collaboration on the score for KEWPIE he has written the music and some book and lyric elements for TURN THE GAS BACK ON and PINOCCHIO.

C. Michael Perry -- is a graduate of Brigham Young University with a BA in Theatre. He is the composer of over forty musicals including "CINDERABBIT" for PBS, which won an Emmy Award and a "Best Of The West" Public Television award. He is also a playwright and lyricist for over 20 plays and award winning musicals that have been produced across the nation, many of which are published. Other works composed include, ENTERTAINING MARK TWAIN, FAUNTLEROY!, TURN THE GAS BACK ON!, TOM SAWYER, ONSTAGE!, A CHRISTMAS MEMORY and THE MIRACLE OF MIRADOR and ANNE WITH AN 'E'. Teaching theatre in high school his Shakespeare Competition teams have taken 1st, 2nd and 3rd places at the Utah Shakespearean Festival High School Shakespeare Competition many times over ten years. He is a member of Educational Theatre Association, International Thespian Society, and has served as the President of the Theatre Guild Of Utah Valley in central Utah. He is also a member ASCAP.

TURN THE GAS BACK ON

ACT I

MUSICAL #1--OVERTURE

Scene: A small theatre in an interested city. The present -- ROGER and MARVIN come down the aisle.

MUSICAL # 2--THEATRE!

ROGER: (*SPOT center*) This is it, Marvin! My new theatre!

MARVIN: (*SPOT right*) Different! Seems empty.

ROGER: That's because there's no audience. Suck in your breath, and imagine there is. Smell that atmosphere!

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!
WHERE IT'S SOMETIMES CONFUSING,
BUT MOSTLY EXCITING!
IT'S ALL SO AMUSING--
AND WE'RE INVITING YOU THERE!

MARVIN:

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!
IT'S A COLORFUL WORLD
FULL OF SCHEMERS AND SCREAMERS.

ROGER:

A WONDERFUL WORLD
OF THE BEST DAYDREAMERS!
YOU CAN BE THERE!
COLORS! LIGHTS! SPACE! SOUND!
ROMANCE! MYSTERY! SORROW! PASSION!

MYRA: (*Appearing through the curtain to the left. The MUSIC has a dramatically latin beat*)

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!
IT'S A MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE,
A FROTHY FANDANGO.
IF YOU'RE ON THE OUTSIDE
A TEASING TANGO WAITS FOR YOU!

WAYNE: (*SPOT left*)

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!
IT'S A GLITTER AND LIGHT TIME.
A FANCY GOODNIGHT TOWN

ALL:

A HAPPY A SAD SCENE
A PLACE WHERE YOU'RE UP
WHEN YOUR LINES SAY YOU OUGHTA BE DOWN!

(Music continues background, lights down, curtain opens on a colorful set, not quite fully constructed. technicians about, backdrop in process of being painted)

ROGER: That's coming fine. Did you get the spurs, Morris?

(WAYNE goes off to see)

MARVIN: Where are the other actors?

ROGER: They're coming. Let me show the rest of the place--dressing rooms, scene shops. . .

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(They go as DELPHA, MAE & MOLLI enter)

DELPHA: I thought they'd at least have finished the set!

MAE: So when is a set ever finished?

MOLLI: The night the show opens--what else!

DELPHA: The dressing rooms are probably a disappointment, too!

MAE: What happened to positive thinking?

MOLLI: I'm positive about my thinking!

DELPHA: I don't know why I keep singing in choruses.

MAE: Because you don't like the alternative.

DELPHA:

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!

IT'S A SICKNESS I'VE GOT

IT'S A COUGH I CAN'T SHAKE!

MAE & MOLLI:

IT'S A MARVELOUS CLIME,

IT'S A WEDDING CAKE THAT'S ALL MINE!

MAE: Come on, Brightness-and-Sunshine!

(They go. Warren & Eunice are coming down an aisle)

WARREN: When are you gonna learn--we're not supposed to come down through the house!

EUNICE: This is my twenty-third show, Warren, and if I want to come down through the house, I'll come down through the house.

WARREN: That's what the stage door is for.

EUNICE: We're hurtin' someone?

WARREN: That's why they have a stage door.

EUNICE: Door! Boor! Twenty-third show! I'm entitled.

WARREN: A hundred shows and it don't mean you're entitled.

EUNICE: Oh, bosh!

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!

WE NEED PEOPLE WITH COURAGE

WHO'LL DO THEIR OWN THINKING.

WARREN:

WHEN I'M THE DIRECTOR

I'LL DO THE THINKING ALL THE TIME!

(She gives up on him. They go backstage as SID appears)

SIDNEY: Come on, Hair-oil! Get off the phone--she isn't coming.

HAROLD: *(From offstage)* She promised!

SIDNEY: Just another promise! Rehearsal's in five minutes and we won't even get into our shoes.

HAROLD: *(Appearing with phone cord stretched to the limit)* I thought she was different!

SIDNEY: She was different, Harold. So was Dixie. And Mary Ann. And Rochelle.

HAROLD: *(Replacing phone)* Some girls don't care how many hearts they break!

SIDNEY: Next time concentrate on a dame who isn't making payments on her Dusenbergl!

(They move as ROGER & MARVIN return with LILY, WAYNE following. SIDNEY tries to flirt with LILY, observed by WAYNE, but gets a stare)

ROGER:

COSTUMES?

LILY:

CHECK!

ROGER:

MAKEUP?

DELPHA:

UNDERWAY!

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ROGER:
SOUND?

VOICE OVER THE MIC:
CHECK.

ROGER: (To CHARLIE, who is unseen)
LIGHTS?

(CHARLIE Flashes the lights on and off in time to the music which suddenly accelerates)

EUNICE, LEE, HAROLD:

IT'S JUST A WARM THEATRE
A BARE STAGE AND A LIGHT OR TWO
OR IT'S A SONG AND DANCE WORLD
A LOVE SCENE OR A FIGHT OR TWO.

*Lights as before.
Flashing of lights.
Song and dance choreography.
Choreography: a love scene, a fight.*

MAE, SIDNEY: (Music slower--tango flavor)
IT'S OFTEN A COLD AND CRUEL SCENE
WHERE SMILES ARE FALSE
AND TEARS DON'T EVEN FLOW.

(Choreography: Villain, heroine.)

DELPHA, HAROLD: (Winter music. Depression, Christmas tree without snow)

IT'S SOMETIMES A MUSH AND GRUEL SCENE,
LONG SOUP LINES
AND CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SNOW.

WARREN, EUNICE: (Singing in the Rain type music)

OR IT'S A WET AND RAINY SET
WITHOUT GENE KELLY THERE.

(Choreography: Spoof on Singing in the Rain)

DELPHA, MOLLI, MAE: (Clown music)

A SET OF GOOF AND UTTER SPOOF
OF MARX AND RITZ
AND OATMEAL IN YOUR HAIR.

(Choreography: Marx Brothers.)

EUNICE, SIDNEY, WARREN: (Mystery music)

A VAMPIRE AND HOUDINI WORLD
A BLUE MOON SKY
A PLACE TO BE SOME OTHER GUY

(Choreography: Vampire, Houdini disguises)

ALL

IT'S JUST A NICE THEATRE,
A FEW LIGHTS AND SOME SCENERY.
IT'S JUST A MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD,
WITH FAKE FLOWERS AND FAKE GREENERY.

CHORUS: (Sotto Voce)

THEATRE! IT'S THE THEATRE!
THERE IS NO EXPLANATION
IN ALL OF CREATION
WHY THE BUG THAT IS BITING

(The singing crescendos)

IS SO EXCITING.
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN DOPE,
WE CAN CRY, WE CAN HOPE,
AND WHAT'S MORE, WE CAN COPE
WITH THE THEATRE!

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IT'S THE THEATRE!
 IT'S A SHOT IN THE ARM,
 IT'S PROVOKABLE CHARM,
 IT'S A SHOCKING, STUPENDOUS
 MOMENTUOUS AND WONDERFUL HIGH--

(Sotto Voce)

THEATRE!!!!

(They exit to don rehearsal clothes as music continues in background and ROGER returns with the ARTIST)

ROGER: Charlie, turn on the color!

(LIGHTS down, Screen is lowered, a few colored lights flashing and a modern painting is projected on the screen)

MARVIN: Pollock!

ROGER: Right, Marvin, I've invited you here today to show you something.

MARVIN: I sort of figured that out. It's nice.

ROGER: Charlie, suitable music, if you please!

(Heavy theme, ROGER shakes head. Tender music, ROGER feigns exasperation. Hot and Modern music.)

Never mind the music, Charlie.

(Appropriate music comes in)

That's more like it. Marvin, I give you The Modern Painting of the year!

(The POLLOCK flies and is replaced by the PURPLE PIG)

MARVIN: THE PIG IN PURPLE TIGHTS? You really like it, don't you?

ROGER: I love it, but you have a pig that doesn't look like a pig--dressed in purple tights--that aren't purple and don't look like tights. And you got this thing dancing around in a place that can only be described as a frozen wasteland...

MARVIN: Frozen wasteland? Where did you get that?

ROGER: The same place you got your pig in purple tights.

(Points to head)

Up here. Now, a friend of mine has written an interesting play. . .

MARVIN: About my painting?

ROGER: Well, sort of. When I first saw that poor creature shivering in the cold, I thought someone ought to throw a blanket around it.

MARVIN: You threw a blanket around my pig?

ROGER: Not a blanket, Marvin, I've thrown a manuscript around your pig-- and I wanna show you the result.

(Claps hands, CHORUS begins to assemble on stage)

Ready to go? Good!

(His Assistant, LILY, appears with scripts, handing them out)

Thank you, Miss McTavish. Places for the first scene, please!

(Screen disappears, Actors take assigned places)

Miss Bradley, Mr. Roach, you pick up your changes for the three scenes?

(LILY hurries on with changes, distributes them)

Now, then, feel free to improvise since we'll be reading a lot of cold script again today.

MARVIN: This is a dress rehearsal?

ROGER: I'm not sure, Marv. In a way, it is--in another way, it isn't. We haven't got all the costumes and props yet. However they're professionals and remember it's PIG IN PURPLE TIGHTS.

(Gesturing to MYRA & WAYNE)

Come sit down here with us.

(They take spots in the audience)

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An entrance, if you please!

MUSICAL # 2A -- THEATRE! UNDERSCORE

(MYRA and WAYNE stride on and pose at Center, waiting)

ROGER: Go ahead--begin.

MYRA: If we begin here, they'll have to imagine everything that's already happened.

ROGER: Why so, Miss Bradley?

MYRA: Because they won't know the first thing about me.

WAYNE: Right! They don't know anything about us.

ROGER: Audiences instinctively know that what happened before the play began, has a bearing on everything else. They don't care if the plot's flimsy in a musical as long as they remember the songs.

(MYRA & WAYNE exchange looks)

Let's get on with it.

WAYNE: *(Directly to audience)* I am obviously the male lead in the play.

MYRA: And I play the feminine lead.

WAYNE: It is to be assumed that I loved this girl, even though she is illiterate.

MYRA: She is not illiterate!

WAYNE: With forty words in her vocabulary?

MYRA: Only in the first act. She has a much larger vocabulary in the second act. You'd think you didn't like this play.

WAYNE: I'll like it better when the author finishes it!

MYRA: It is finished!

WAYNE: A matter of opinion.

(A sigh of exasperation from ROGER)

In this play, the girl, Looma--

(He shivers)

who is a gorgeous, creative, sophisticated, yet homespun ballet dancer from Twin Falls, Idaho

(His eyes dilate)

is in love with a dashing, creative, homespun and yet sophisticated grapefruit picker from Florida.

(To ROGER)

Does he have to be a grapefruit picker?

ROGER: Why not?

WAYNE: Doesn't do anything for me.

MYRA: The author evidently had a reason for making him a grapefruit picker.

WAYNE: He wants in the exposition to be a lawyer; why doesn't the author let him go ahead with that?

ROGER: If he wants Derek to be a grapefruit picker, he has every right.

MYRA: And a ballet dancer--they obviously don't go together.

WAYNE: I'd much rather play him as a lawyer. Being a common laborer doesn't do anything for the play.

ROGER: Speaking of plays, do you think we can get on with this one?

MYRA: We can't even get past the inanities!

ROGER: *(Up to the apron, staring them down. Then to MARVIN)* In the beginning, Looma is found ensconced in the plantation house on a Florida grapefruit estate.

(Wide-eyed look from MYRA to MARVIN)

She has come to Florida from Idaho because the sun no longer shines in that state and because she has already been to California. It should be pointed out that Looma did not want to come to Florida but her Uncle Wintergreen, retired railroad magnate, insisted. Besides, by going to Florida, she can take advantage of his lifetime free pass.

MYRA: Which she does--happily.

(Crocodile smile)

WAYNE: We also instinctively realize that Looma and Derek have already met.

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MYRA: Else why does he call her "darling", and "Looma-lovey" in the first scene?

ROGER: He comes every day to the Boardwalk at Joe's Ding Dong Dell Dinner Diner because Joe makes Jewish Pastrami the only way he likes it--without!

MYRA: Looma also goes to Joe's Ding Dong Dell Dinner Diner for the same reason.

WAYNE: Why should they be interested in that?

MYRA: It must mean something or the author wouldn't have put it there.

(Members of Chorus bring on set pieces, a backdrop is lowered which suggests what once was a palatial southern dining establishment, now in majestic ruin)

ROGER: An entrance, Miss Bradley?

(MYRA goes off, returns as LOOMA)

MYRA (LOOMA): Ah! Here I am once again--at the Ding Dong Dell Dinner Diner! How hungry it all makes me. Oh, the memories. . .when Mama used to bring me here when I was just a little girl.

MUSICAL # 3 -- CLASH

(LOOMA)

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL
IN PANTALOONS AND SASH
MY MOTHER TOLD ME HOW TO WALK
THAT I MIGHT NOT BE BRASH
THAT I MIGHT NOT BE THOUGHT A BLOT
BY ANYONE IN MY CLASH.

(Registers amazement at the rhyming. WAYNE, too)

THEY TOLD ME I MUST BE PETITE
AND DELICATE AND FINE
I ALWAYS HAD TO TALK JUST SO
AND BE A VALENTINE
I LEARNED SO WELL I CAST A SPELL
AND MADE MY SWAINS REPINE.

(Amazement again, WAYNE goes ape. MUSIC continues)

ROGER: What is it, Mr. Roach?

WAYNE: It's the words, they're terrible! They don't mean what Looma's thinking, at all!

MYRA: How do I know what I'm thinking?

WAYNE: Instead of class, she's singing clash, which is a rhyme for brash.

MYRA: I'm singing it that way because it's written that way.

ROGER: Go on, go on! There's a reason for everything.

WAYNE: Here's some more gorgeous rhyme.

(DEREK)

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY
IN KNICKER PANTS AND SHOES
MY FATHER TOLD ME I MUST STRIVE
TO STAY AWAY FROM BOOZE.

MYRA: At that age, he was right.

(DEREK)

HE SAID I'D BE, BY PEDIGREE,
PRINTED IN THE WHOSE WHOSE.
That shouldn't be Whose, Whose, it should be Who's Who!

(ROGER waves him on)

(BOTH)

WE'VE THRUST ALL THAT BEHIND US NOW
SAFE IN OUR SOCIAL STRATA

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IN ALL THE PAPERS IN THE TOWN
 WE'VE MADE OUR SOCIAL SPLATTER.
 WE'RE RIPE AND READY FOR OUR FATE,
 NO COMPROMISE, NO CLASH!
 EXHUMED OR DO WE REST IN STATE?
 AT ANY RATE WE'RE A SMASH!
 AND IN THE END WE WONDER IF,
 PERHAPS THIS SCENE WILL CATALYZE

(They frown at each other)

THE THING FOR WHICH WE BOTH WERE MADE,
 A MATING--OR AN OTHERWISE.

MYRA: Or otherwise what?

WAYNE: Otherwise anything. Who are we to ask questions?

MYRA: Better than that--where are we in this scene and what are we doing?

WAYNE: Ho diddle do.

MYRA: What are you talking about?

WAYNE: Ho diddle doe, day--the new song

(Hands her a copy of the music)

MYRA: Oh! That song!

WAYNE: Do what I do.

**SEGUE TO
 MUSICAL # 4 -- HO DIDDLE DOE**

(DEREK)
 HO DIDDLE DOE, HO DIDDLE DOE DAY
 WE'RE ON A FRIENDLY CAPER,
 A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IT IS,
 WITHOUT A SUNDAY PAPER.

(LOOMA)
 HI DODDLE DIE, HO DIDDLE DIE DAY
 WE'VE BOTH PULLED OUT THE STOPPER,
 THIS COULD BE OUR RED LETTER DAY
 BUT PURPLE IS MORE PROPER!

(They do several mad dance steps here)

(BOTH)
 HO DIDDLE DOE, HO DIDDLE DOE DAY
 OUR MANNER'S MOST BEGUILING
 PARENTS ARE SO WISE AND GOOD
 THEY KEEP US FROM DEFILING.
 HO DODDLE DIE, HO DIDDLE DOE DAY
 HOW RIGHT THEY WERE TO DRILL US
 IN POLITIC AND SOCIAL GRACE
 SO MOONLIGHT COULD NOT KILL US.
 WE'RE AWFULLY GLAD WE'VE MET THIS WAY
 HO DIDDLE DUM DOE,
 HO DIDDLE DUM DIDDLE DOE DAY!

(At conclusion, LOOMA sits at table, picks up huge menu, DEREK standing nearby)

(LOOMA): Now, here I'm supposed to be using the new script, right?

(ROGER assents, LOOMA puts new script inside the huge menu)

Ah me! What will it be this time? What will it really be this extra special, propitiously significant moment

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of my life?

(Blank expression to ROGER)

(DEREK): Ah me! Again I dine at the Ding Dong Dell, where all the pastrami tastes like. . . it ought to taste.

(Surprise)

Looma!

(LOOMA): Ah! Derek!

(To Audience, covering her face from DEREK with menu)

He mustn't see me behind this menu. He'll think I'm just a crude prude young thing without any taste whatsoever.

(Lowers menu, sees DEREK, raises menu again)

Too late, he's seen me. Ohhhhhhhh Waiterrrrr!

(WAITER comes)

I'll have a double decker special plantation suffed Pastrami Caboodle. And Waiter, please make that--without!

(Laughs hysterically)

WAYNE: Does she have to laugh like that?

ROGER: *(Consulting script, reading)* "Please make that without!" She then laughs hysterically.

(LOOMA): Joe! Please make that without !

(Laughs even more hysterically than before)

(DEREK): Looma!

(LOOMA): Derek!

(DEREK): Joe! Make that TWO without

(LOOMA): Joe! Cancel that order of one--without.

(Pause)

I came, you see.

(DEREK): Yes, you did, I see.

(LOOMA): I see that your'e hungry, too.

(DEREK): Yes.

(LOOMA): Good.

(DEREK): You?

(LOOMA): Yes.

(DEREK): Good.

ADELE: *(Shouting her lines as she enters)* Pardon me, honey, but the cool man is here!

MYRA : *(Startled)* What?

ROGER: What are you doing, Miss McKoy?

ADELE: I'm making my entrance, Mr. Howard.

(Consulting the script)

My cue: "Good."

MYRA: Who is this?

ADELE: The cue came early, I thought. . .

ROGER: There are quite a few "goods" in the script, Miss McKoy.

ADELE: *(Backing out)* I can see that now, Mr. Howard. . .

ROGER: Well, let's get on with it. Miss Bradley.

(LOOMA): Derek!

(DEREK): Yes, Looma.

(LOOMA): I only came because I was hungry.

(DEREK): I know you did.

(LOOMA): Then you don't mind?

(DEREK): Not at all.

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(LOOMA): Not even a little?
 (DEREK): Not a lot, even.
 (LOOMA): Derek- (*pausing*) Do you still remember when you used to call me.
 (DEREK): Lovey? Looma-lovey?
 (LOOMA): Uh-huh.
 (DEREK): Uh-huh.
 (LOOMA): It was good then, wasn't it?
 (DEREK): Those were the days you used to help me. . .
 (LOOMA): Pick grapefruit--I remember.
MYRA: Now here I'm told to laugh like a tinkly wedding bell.
ROGER: Yes. . .
MYRA: HOW does a tinkly wedding bell laugh?
ROGER: An actress should be able to laugh like a tinkly wedding bell!
WAYNE: If the author put it in. . .
MYRA: Don't say it--tinkly wedding bell:
(She laughs like a tinkly wedding bell, should sound somewhat like the tune of Lohengrin's Wedding March)
(LOOMA): I remember!
(Laughs more bellishly)
(DEREK): What happened to us, Looma-lovey?
(LOOMA): The sun came down, somehow, Derek.
(DEREK): And dazzled us, somehow.
(LOOMA): And my fingers were getting yellow. . .from all those grapefruits.
ROGER: The line ends on "yellow". "From those grapefruits" is wrong!
MYRA: I added that. I couldn't understand why she would say her fingers were getting yellow. I don't think the audience will, either.
ROGER: Miss Bradley. . .?
(LOOMA): And my fingers were getting yellow. . . somehow?
ROGER: Can we just play it as it was written, Miss Bradley. . .?
(LOOMA): And my fingers were getting yellow!
(DEREK): Which was a crying shame because purple is your favorite shade. Do you think it would have been different if I had been a pomegranate picker, Looma?
(LOOMA): Oh, yessss! Yesssss, Derek.
(DEREK): Looma, darling!
(Attempts to kiss her)
(LOOMA): No, Derek, it isn't right--here with the onions in the air and cheese in the pans.
(DEREK): But that's all the more reason why it has to be.
(LOOMA): It is?
(DEREK): Yes.
(LOOMA): What is?
(DEREK): The cheese and the onions.
(LOOMA): What about them, Derek?
(DEREK): They go together!

MUSICAL # 5 -- CHEESE AND ONIONS

(DEREK)
 CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
 CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
 TOGETHER VERY WELL!
 THEY MAKE YOU STINK,

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BUT THEN, I THINK THEY GO TOGETHER.
CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
TOGETHER VERY WELL!

(LOOMA)

THEY'RE CRUDE AND RUDE AND I CONCLUDE
FOR LOWBROWS THEY ARE SWELL,

(DEREK)

CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
TOGETHER VERY WELL!

THEY MAKE YOU STINK,

BUT THEN, I THINK THEY GO TOGETHER.

CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
TOGETHER VERY WELL!

(LOOMA)

IN ANY FOOD THEY TASTE QUITE GOOD,
BUT LATER, THEY REPEL!

(DEREK)

CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER,
GO TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER,
TOGETHER VERY WELL.

THEY MAKE YOU STINK,

BUT THEN, I THINK THEY GO TOGETHER.

CHEESE AND ONIONS GO TOGETHER,
GO TOGETHER, TOGETHER VERY WELL!

(LOOMA)

BUT USE I
PRAY, SOME
STRONG SACHET
AND LOADS OF CALOMEL.

(CHORUS comes triding in, dressed as waiters and waitresses carrying trays of cheese and onions, grapefruit trees in pots and towels over their arms)

CHORUS

ALTHOUGH THEY GO TOGETHER GREAT,
SOME KINGS ARE KNOWN TO ABDICATE
WHEN QUEENS CANNOT COMMUNICATE.
THEY SAY THE BLOOD'LL COAGULATE

(DEREK)

(LOOMA)

CHEESE AND ONIONS GO
TOGETHER, GO TOGETHER,
CHEESE AND ONIONS GO
TOGETHER GO TO-
GETHER, TOGETHER VERY
WELL! THEY MAKE YOU
STINK BUT THEN I
THINK THEY GO TOGETHER.
CHEESE AND
ONIONS GO TOGETHER,
GO TOGETHER,
TOGETHER VERY
WELL! CHEESE AND
ONIONS! CHEESE AND
ONIONS! CHEESE AND

THEY'RE
CRUDE AND
RUDE AND
WE
CONCLUDE
FOR LOW BROWS
THEY ARE
SWELL.

THEY SAY THE
CHEESE AND
ONIONS!
CHEESE AND ONIONS
CHEESE AND

(CHORUS)

ALTHOUGH THEY
GO TOGETHER
GREAT SOME
KINGS ARE
KNOWN TO ABDI-
CATE WHEN
QUEENS WILL
NOT
COMMUNI-
CATE.

BLOOD'LL COAGU-
LATE! CHEESE AND
ONIONS!
CHEESE AND ONIONS,
CHEESE AND ONIONS,

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ONIONS! ONIONS!
CHEESE AND
ONIONS! CHEESE AND
ONIONS! CHEESE AND

CHEESE AND
ONIONS!
CHEESE AND ONIONS
CHEESE AND

CHEESE AND ONIONS!
CHEESE AND
ONIONS!
CHEESE AND ONIONS,
CHEESE AND ONIONS,
CHEESE AND ONIONS!
GO TOGE-
THER WELL!

ONIONS! ONIONS!
GO TOGETHER, GO TO-
GO TOGETHER WELL!

CHEESE AND
GO TOGETHER!
GO TOGETHER WELL!

CHEESE AND ONIONS,
CHEESE AND ONIONS,
CHEESE AND ONIONS!
GO TOGE-
THER WELL!

(MYRA and WAYNE collapse at her table, laughing)

ROGER: Is it really that funny?

MYRA: You try singing those lyrics.

ROGER : The play! The play!

(LOOMA): Derek, darling, what does cheese and onions have to do with us?

(DEREK): We go together, don't you see?

(LOOMA): No, Derek, I can't see. I came only because I was hungry.

(DEREK): Oh. *(Pause)* Well, you came to the right place. Joe's Pastrami Caboodles are the best!

(LOOMA): Derek. . .do you still. . .cry at night?

(DEREK): I decided it was foolish when there was no one to hear me.

(LOOMA): Are you still playing Bingo?

(DEREK): Yes! I won the Jackpot last night!

(LOOMA): You didn't!

(DEREK): It was another alarm clock, I now have two hundred and ten.

(LOOMA): Oh, Derek, they'll have to notice you, now.

(DEREK): I'm the only one in the grove who hasn't been late for six years!

(LOOMA): I'm so proud of you.

(DEREK): Thank you, Looma-lovey.

(LOOMA): Do your alarm clocks keep good time, Derek?

(DEREK): Nearly every one.

(LOOMA): Alarm clocks are so practical.

(DEREK): I don't wind them all. They keep the other pickers awake.

(LOOMA): How thoughtful of you.

(Searching in her purse for something)

I. . .have something for you.

MYRA: I can't play this any longer!

WAYNE: Go on, go on!

MYRA: I can't. I think this is the most stupid play! It doesn't even say what I'm searching for!

WAYNE: Just use anything, the director will tell us if it isn't all right.

MYRA: But what does it mean? *(Reading script)* "She searches in her purse for something", but it doesn't tell us what.

ROGER: Imagination, Miss Bradley. You have to use your imagination.

MUSICAL # 6 -- THE OBJECT

ROGER

IT'S JUST AN OBJECT, A SIMPLE OBJECT,
AN ITEM, A THING, WHATEVER YOU WANT IT TO BE.

MYRA: Whatever I want? Doesn't the author know?

ROGER

IT'S NOT SPECIFIC, OR TERRIFIC,
WHATEVER YOU WANT, WHEREVER YOU WANT, IS JUST THE KEY.

MYRA: I can't see anything in this play about keys.

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ROGER

IT'S NOT HERCULEAN, NOR CERULEAN,

MYRA: I don't even know what those words mean!

ROGER

OR CRIMSON, OR GREY;
CONSIDER IT HOW YOU DESIRE
IT'S JUST AN OBJECT,
A SIMPLE OBJECT--
A SOMETHING YOU FIND IN HEART OR IN MIND--A THING YOU ADMIRE.

MYRA: The thing I admire most in a play is that it makes sense.

ROGER: It doesn't have to be anything specific--anything that looks like anything. . .

MYRA: But I haven't got anything that looks like that.

WAYNE: *(Taking nothing out of his pocket)* Here, use this.

(MYRA finds this amusing even if she is frustrated)

MYRA: All right, but it's so senseless. Now, where were we? Oh, yes. . .

(LOOMA): I. . .have something for you. . .it isn't much.

MYRA: *(She laughs)* I'll say it isn't. It isn't anything!

IT'S NOT A THING I KNOW, DOESN'T EVEN GLOW,
IT'S STUPID, IT'S TRITE AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S CALLED.

ROGER: Miss Bradley!

(Exasperated look from ROGER. MYRA holds her hands up in surrender)

MYRA

BUT--IT'S AN OBJECT--A SIMPLE OBJECT.
I HOPE ALL MY FRIENDS WHO COME TO THE SHOW
WON'T BE APPALLED!

ROGER

AGAIN, MISS BRADLEY, ATTEND, MISS BRADLEY.
DON'T REWRITE THE PLAY. BE CANNY, BE CLEVER, REFRAIN!

MYRA: I'd like to refrain!

ROGER

YOU'RE NOT THE AUTHOR,

MYRA: If I wrote the play I'd say what the object was!

ROGER

NOR PRODUCER;
DON'T QUESTION THE SCRIPT, JUST FOLLOW THE SCRIPT.

MYRA: The yellow-brick road would be easier!

ROGER

NOW--ONCE AGAIN!

Say after me!

ROGER *(Perhaps in English accent)*

IT'S JUST AN OBJECT.

A SIMPLE OBJECT!

AN ITEM, A THING,
WHATEVER WE WANT IT TO
BE.

IT'S NOT SPECIFIC, OR TERRIFIC,
WHATEVER YOU WANT,
WHEREVER YOU WANT IS JUST THE
KEY!
JUST

MYRA

IT'S JUST AN OBJECT, A SIMPLE
OBJECT, AN ITEM, A THING,
WHATEVER YOU WANT IT
TO BE.
IT'S NOT SPECIFIC
OR TERRIFIC, WHATEVER YOU
WANT, WHEREVER YOU WANT IS

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THE KEY!

THE KEY!

ROGER & MYRA (*In harmony*)

IT'S NOT HERCULEAN, NOR CERULEAN,
OR CRIMSON, OR GREY.
CONSIDER IT HOW YOU DESIRE,
A SIMPLE OBJECT, A CANDID OBJECT,
A SOMETHING YOU'LL FIND IN HEART OR IN MIND,
THAT GIVES YOU THE FIRE!

MYRA: That's what the audience is going to do to this theatre! Set fire to it!

ROGER

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GOT TO BE
AN OBJECT TO SERVE THIS COMPANY.
IT'S AN OBJECT!

MYRA

A SIMPLE OBJECT!

ROGER

IT'S JUST AN OBJECT!

MYRA

SIMPLE AND PURE!

WAYNE AND MYRA

A VERY VERY SIMPLE SIMPLE ABSOLUTELY VACUOUS OBJECT!

ALL

AN OBJECT
IS WHAT IT'S GOT TO BE!

(ROGER sits, waves them to begin again)

(LOOMA): Ah, here it is.

(Takes OBJECT from her purse)

Take this--the dearest thing I can give you.

(DEREK): But what will you do without it? Where will you go?

(Takes OBJECT)

(LOOMA): Naturally, I will go back to Idaho. There is always room there.

(DEREK) : It will go on the shelf with my clocks.

(LOOMA): A nice place, Derek.

(WAITER enters with Caboodle)

(DEREK): Your Pastrami Caboodle is ready.

(LOOMA): Yes.

(DEREK): Why don't you take it?

(LOOMA): I'm not hungry anymore.

(DEREK): I am. *(Eating it)* Mmmmmmmmpflkkkkkk!

(LOOMA): I agree. *(Wait)* Derek. . .

(DEREK): Mmmmmmmmpflkkkkkk!

(LOOMA): Oh, Derek, Caboodles are so romantic!

(DEREK): *(Pushing away plate)* Looma. . .

(LOOMA): Yes, Derek.

(DEREK): Looma. . .!

(LOOMA): Yes, Derek!

(DEREK): Looma!

(WAITER): Yes Derek!

(WAYNE breaks character and hits the WAITER indignantly)

MYRA: What is this nonsense--Looma-yesderek! Looma-yesderek!

ROGER: It's subtext--pure background motivation!

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MYRA: Pure nothing! I get nothing from Looma-yesderek, Looma-yesderek!

MARVIN: The author must have had a reason. . .

MYRA: I can't hear that one more time!

MARVIN: The way I see it -- Derek desperately wants to impress Looma, but she is so turned off by the smell of the Pastrami Caboodles that she is about to faint. And both of them like saying each others names a lot; the lines are symbolic.

MYRA: The audience will never understand that.

ROGER: Let's not worry about subliminals right now. Let's go with the new scene -- the one we added to the second part of the third act where Looma, now an old woman married to Stenzil, is wasting her life away in reflections.

(MORRIS, a handsome, rakishly dressed man in riding boots, chaparejos and chiffon shirt appears)

Morris will play Stenzil, the baron you married when you returned to Idaho.

MORRIS: Please remember I just got the new script two days ago.

MYRA: What was a baron doing in Idaho?

WAYNE: The author says he was left over from the last World War.

MYRA: I don't understand this part, either.

ROGER: Have you gone over the song, Morris?

MORRIS: Not with the orchestra, but I think I can sing it.

ROGER: Let's hear it, then--while Miss Bradley makes her change.

(WAYNE & MYRA exit)

MUSICAL # 7 -- THE COWBOY

MORRIS (STENZIL)

THEY CALL ME STENZIL, THE COWBOY.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY GOT THE NAME.
THEY CALL ME STENZIL, THE COWBOY
MY NAME SOMEDAY WILL HIT THE HALL
OF FAME (HIS NAME IN THE HALL

CHORUS (In background)

(THE COWBOY)
(STENZIL THE COWBOY)
(THE COWBOY)

OF FAME)

(ADELE MCKOY has entered and is standing close to the group, unsure of what she should do)

ROGER: Hold! What are you doing, Mrs. McKoy?

ADELE: I don't know whether I'm in this scene, Mr. Howard.

ROGER: Is she in this scene, Lily?

LILY: Harriet is and she's taking Harriet's place.

ROGER: Then you're in it Mrs. McKoy. Walk her through it, will you, Lily?

(LILY goes to the stage next to ADELE)

And why is the chorus sitting around during this number, Lily?

LILY: Fran is changing the choreography in the first part again.

ROGER: All right. Again, please.

MUSICAL #7 -- STENZIL (AGAIN)

MORRIS (STENZIL)

AND I'M A HARD MAN WITH WOMEN
I LEARNED THE HARD WAY HOW TO BE
THEY LIKE THEIR MEN
STRONG AND FORWARD

CHORUS

(A VERY HARD MAN WITH WOMEN)
(HE LEARNED THE HARD WAY)

(HE'S VERY STRONG. . .HE'S
FORWARD!)

AND FULL OF COWBOY CHARM

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AND FANCY FREE

(HIS CHARM IS A THING OF FAME,
DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GOT
THE NAME, BUT HE'S
STENZIL, THE COWBOY!)

CHORUS

STENZIL! STENZIL! WHAT IS YOUR AIM
BESIDES BEING FAMOUS IN THE HALL OF FAME?
STENZIL! STENZIL! WHO IS YOUR LOVE--
WAITING AT THE DING DONG DELL
LIKE A WORN-OUT GLOVE?
STENZIL! STENZIL! DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS,
WHATEVER WERE YOU THINKING THROUGH YOUR PRAIRIE FEARS?
STENZIL! STENZIL! HEARTBREAK IS SLOW,
CAN YOU FIND THE VAGRANT DREAMS
YOU DREAMED SO LONG AGO?

(STENZIL)

THEY CALL ME STENZIL, THE
COWBOY. I
DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY GOT THE
NAME. THEY
CALL ME STENZIL THE
COWBOY. MY NAME SOME-
DAY WILL HIT THE HALL OF
FAME. LIKE A WORN OUT GLOVE?
THEY CALL ME STENZIL,
THE COWBOY
I CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY'RE
ASKIN' ME
I'M DISAPPEARIN', I'M FADIN.
MY LOVE NO LONGER THINKS OF
"WE" AS WE
SING OUT FOR STENZIL
THE COWBOY.
IF NOTHING ELSE, IT
KEEPS YOU ALL AWAKE.

(END OF THE SONG)

THE LONELY BALLAD FOR COWBOYS
WHOSE SAGA'S SINKIN', SOON OUR
HEARTS WILL BREAK!

CHORUS

STENZIL, STENZIL,
WHAT IS YOUR AIM? BE-
SIDES BEIN' FAMOUS IN THE
HALL OF FAME.
STENZIL, STENZIL,
WHO IS YOUR LOVE WAITIN'
AT THE DING DONG DELL

(THE COWBOY)

(WHAT ARE YOU THINKIN'?)
(FADIN'. . .)

(NO LONGER THINKS OF HIM. . .)

(NO MORE LIKE STENZIL)

(WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSER TO THE)

(LONELY SONG)

DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GOT THE
NAME, BUT HE'S STENZIL, THE COWBOY. . .

ALL

STENZIL, THE COWBOY--
THE SELF-MADE PRAIRIE MAN
WHO MADE THE WEST!

(The CHORUS rides silently, gracefully away on their imaginary horses into the red sunset)

ROGER: *(Applauding)* That's finally going places!

(To ARTIST)

Now, in this next scene, Looma is surrounded by everything she needs to be happy, but she isn't.
She still remembers the long ago in Florida, when she jilted Derek.

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(MYRA enters in a tutu which protrudes backwards when she bends over--making her look much like an ostrich. She's adjusting a grey wig on her head. ADELE in street clothes appears in the background with suitcases, unnoticed)

MYRA: So that's what she did!

ROGER: She often wonders where he is, what water has gone under the bridge since she gave him the object years ago. . .

MYRA: I'm sitting by the fireplace--roasting marshmallows, aren't I? (Sits) Do I have to roast marshmallows?

MORRIS: (Donning grey wig, also) I'm to come through the French doors. Where?

ROGER: You'll have to imagine them. Your spurs are very large, so they'll be difficult to move about in

MYRA: So he's a cattle baron--that makes sense!

MORRIS: Why are they so large?

WAYNE: *(From wings)* He's from Texxxaas. They grow them large daown thar!

MORRIS: *(To ROGER)* Why are they so large?

ROGER: Are they uncomfortable?

MORRIS: They're noisy.

(Shakes spurs--tremendous noise)

ROGER: Some rubber bands will cut down on the noise.

MORRIS: Why do they have to be so large?

ROGER: Do you know your cue for entering?

MORRIS: (Nodding) "I haven't any oatmeal soap in the house."

ROGER: Good, let's go, then.

MORRIS: Why are they so large?

MYRA: *(Jabbing at fire with long roasting fork)* Touche!

ROGER: When you're ready. . .!

(LOOMA): *(Age in her voice)* Ah, roasting mallows is not what it used to be before gas went up. . .almost too expensive, now. But the fire feels good.

(Waits, then repeats the line)

But the fire feels good!

(ADELE recognizes her cue, rushes into scene with script)

ADELE: (ESMERELDA) Pardon me, honey, but the cool man is here.

MYRA: The cool man--? I can't find anything in the script about the cool man.

ADELE: It's my entrance line, Miss Bradley.

MYRA: But it isn't in the script.

(Looking to ROGER, then back to ADELE)

Where's Harriet?

ROGER: Harriet's in the hospital with a broken leg. Adele here, is taking over for her. Adele--Miss Bradley, Mr. Roach, and over there--Mr. Travers. Now--again!

(LOOMA) . . . but the fire feels good.

(ESMERELDA) Pardon me, honey, but the cool man is here.

MYRA: Not that again!

ROGER: What now, Miss Bradley?

MYRA: Her line is wrong.

ROGER: *(Consulting script)* She's right, Miss McKoy. Esmerelda's line is "the coal man is here.

ADELE: I thought it said "cool" in my script, Mr. Howard.

ROGER: Oh. Well, it obviously means coal, since that is what she is talking about.

(ADELE exits and returns)

(ESMERELDA) Pardon me, honey, but the **COAL** man is here.

(LOOMA) He is? Well, let him in, Esmerelda.

(ESMERELDA): Okay, dearie.

(Exits)

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MYRA: (*Chewing*) They don't even taste the same as they used to do.

(ESMERELDA): Pardon me again, dearie. The Meter Man is here--about the gas.

(LOOMA): We didn't order gas! Did we?

(ESMERELDA): We still have ten tons of coal in the basement!

(LOOMA): And people don't use coal anymore, do they? They just bury it in their back yards. Home storage!

(Puts another marshmallow on)

(ESMERELDA): The Meter Man, Mrs. Dangerfield--he's still waiting.

(LOOMA): How tedious! You'd think they'd choose more agreeable hours for going around changing people's lives.

(ESMERELDA): Shall I try that on him?

(LOOMA): It may do for a start.

(ESMERELDA): (As she goes) He also wants the dough for his services.

(Pipe noises. She stops, wonders about the sounds)

He claims we're behind on the payments. Twelve months.

(LOOMA): What's happened to my fire? It's gone out.

(ESMERELDA): They turned it off. You didn't like the way it sputtered last week.

(LOOMA): But that was last week.

(Hobbles to window, opens it)

You, down there! I know you have every good intention, but it's turning out to be too much trouble, so never mind.

(Sweetly)

Just turn the gas back on, please; I'm right in the middle!

MUSICAL # 8 -- GAS MAN

(LOOMA)

GAS MAN! GAS MAN!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL,

TAKING THE LIGHTS AWAY,

LIGHTS FOR OUR PLAY,

CUT US OFF FROM OUR FUEL...

SO INDISCREET,

TAKING AWAY OUR HEAT?

WE CAN'T ASK OUR AUDIENCE TO WAIT TILL DAWN,

GAS MAN, BE A DEAR AND TURN IT BACK ON!

CHORUS (*Entering with flashlights lighting up their faces*)

GAS MAN, THIS IS A DISGRACE,

A MISTAKE, WON'T YOU GIVE US A BREAK,

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IN OUR PLACE?

GAS MAN, TURN IT BACK ON.

(LOOMA): Oh, why did they ever invent psychology? I wish it were six o'clock.

(ESMERELDA): You and on hundred sixty million other people.

(LOOMA): Then it would be dark enough, we could light candles and show that gas man. Darkness gives me claustrophobia!

(ESMERELDA): Shall I get you one of your nerve pills?

(LOOMA): Nerve pills? They don't make nerve pills to take care of what I have, Esmerelda. Look at me--I'm shaking, I'm quaking.

(ESMERELDA): I've noticed. . .

(LOOMA)

I'M A WASHOUT, A SCOURED SQUASHOUT!

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AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I'M
 ALWAYS IN THE MIDDLE,
 ALWAYS IN A HURRY, JUST A WORRY, SCURRY
 ALWAYS STEWING ON MY WAY!
 WHY CAN'T I BRIGHTEN EVERY DAY?
 GET LIFE ON TRACK FOR ONCE?
 NOT BE A DUNCE, CONVINCING MYSELF I'LL BE OKAY.
 THE WAY I SEE IT ALL,
 CONTENTED PEOPLE GALL--
 THEY ALWAYS RUB IT IN, CEMENT THE GRIEF.

CHORUS

GAS MAN, YOU'VE DONE IT NOW,
 WHY CAN'T YOU FIX IT?
 SO SIMPLE A THING.
 HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IN OUR PLACE?
 GAS MAN, TURN IT BACK ON?

(LOOMA)

I'M A BUMMER, A DUMBER ONE YOU'LL
 NEVER SEE, DON'T HUMOR ME!
 WHY DO I SEEM SO MENTAL, SENTIMENTAL?
 DIGRESS AND STAMMER WHEN I TALK?

CHORUS:

WHAT'S IN THE FUTURE FOR A GIRL
 WHO'S IN THE DARK--A LARK, WHO'S BLIND?
 SHE PLAYS A ROLE, A PART, SHE FILLS HER FATE.
 SHE COMES IN LAST--SHE'S TOO LATE
 GAS MAN, GAS MAN
 GAS MAN, WHERE DID THIS START?
 YOU'VE THROWN A MONKEY WRENCH
 INTO OUR ART,

(ESMERELDA)

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED,
 YOUR NAME SHOULD BE DEFAMED
 WHERE IS YOUR HEART?

CHORUS

WE CAN'T ASK OUR AUDIENCE TO WAIT TILL DAWN,
 GAS MAN, BE A DEAR AND TURN IT BACK ON!

(LOOMA)

I'M A HYPO, I'LL FACE IT,
 TYPOS ARE WRITTEN ALL THOUGH MY LIFE
 I HAVEN'T ANY NOTION WHY I'M IN THE OCEAN
 WHEN IT SEEMS I'M UPSIDE DOWN.
 I CAN SEE THEM HOLDING OUT FOREVER
 I CAN SEE MY DIGNITY PREVENTS ME
 WE SHOULD MAKE OUR OWN GAS!
 THAT WOULD SHOW THEM ANY DAY!

CHORUS

GAS MAN, DON'T WALK AWAY,
 TURN OFF THIS DARKNESS
 TURN OFF OUR DISMAY.
 YOU'VE BULLIED US NOW ENOUGH

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BROTHER, WE'RE ALSO TOUGH,
TURN IT BACK ON.
WE'LL MURDER IF HEAT DOESN'T COME.
TURN THE GAS BACK ON!

(Exaggerated pipe noises, steam, etc. The lights come back up. The company looks at Looma applauds and whispers silently "LOOMA" and exit)

(ESMERELDA): You did it, Mrs. Dangerfeld. You won over the gas company! You don't have to be a basket case anymore.

(LOOMA): *(Putting another marshmallow on her stick)* I didn't say I was a basket case; I just have severe trouble with my nerves.

(Popping a marshmallow in her mouth)

And Esmerelda, these marshmallows are stale!

(ESMERELDA): *(Going)* I'll order some more.

(LOOMA): "The world stands out on either side, no wider than the soul is wide." Yuk! I'll bet Edna Saint Vincent Millay never had to eat stale marshmallows.

(ESMERELDA): *(Returning)* Once more again, honey. The Jewel Tea Man is here.

(LOOMA): Jewel Tea Man? They don't come around anymore.

(ESMERELDA): This one does; he's nostalgic. What was it you wanted?

(LOOMA): Some of those nice mothballs, Esmerelda. Some more playing cards with green dragon heads, and we haven't any oatmeal soap in the house.

(Spur noises as MORRIS enters)

(STENZIL): Looma.

(LOOMA): I heard you come in, dear.

(STENZIL): *(Taking off four coats and hanging them up)* It was hot at the office today.

(LOOMA): It was cold in the mansion.

(STENZIL): I'll have to start taking salt tablets.

(LOOMA): All these years and you finally run out of salt.

(STENZIL): An inconvenience, too.

(LOOMA): And this mansion is ice.

(STENZIL): I'm glad you still like it, dearie.

(PAUSE. STENZIL sits)

(LOOMA): I have just eaten my twenty-two thousandth marshmallow!

(STENZIL): Well, everyone has to do something.

(LOOMA): They aren't as good as they used to be; that's what socialism does to small industries.

(STENZIL): Small industries?

(LOOMA): The Bonbon Marshmallow Company.

(STENZIL): *(Searching in pockets)* I . . .brought something for you. It isn't much. Something I saw in one of those little shops.

(LOOMA): But . . .how did you know I wanted . . .something?

(STENZIL): It seemed just the thing for you.

(Finds it {NOTHING} offers it to her)

(LOOMA): Where did you find it?

(STENZIL): In one of those obscure little places on Mercury Avenue.

(LOOMA): I . . .don't want it, Stenzil.

(STENZIL): But it cost me dearly.

(LOOMA): There is something I must tell you.

(STENZIL): Why are you so pale?

(LOOMA): It's about all these . . .things you've been bringing to me through the years. I've never really cared for any of them. . .

(STENZIL): Why didn't you tell me?

(LOOMA): Why do you think I put them in the attic--in the back rooms, stuffed them under sofas, under

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beds, started fires with them. They're everywhere in the mansion.

(STENZIL): I think I'm going to. . .have a heart attack!

(LOOMA): Every time I hoped you would bring me something interesting, or pretty, or even comfortable or shocking, but you never did, Every time--another one of those. . . objects. Something is gone, now, something precious has been slipping away from us. And now that I am past eating fried eggs for breakfast, beyond wondering when you are coming to bed at night, not too proud to fall asleep under the hair dryer, I know nothing precious ever existed.

(STENZIL): All those years, going into every antique shop I saw from here to Australia, to find things you didn't want!

(LOOMA): You never cared for them, either? You only pretended for my sake?

(STENZIL): Because I thought you cared!

(LOOMA): What fools we've been. I almost left you over them.

(STENZIL): And all because neither of us could tell each other we disagreed upon something which neither of us cared whether we disagreed about or not! Looma!

(LOOMA): Stenzil! *(They embrace. Sound of cracking bones)* Oh, we mustn't do that anymore.

(STENZIL): I feel so good, I'm going to turn up the gas for dinner.

(LOOMA): That will be nice, Stenzil. We're having something special.

(STENZIL): Something special?

(LOOMA): Pastrami Caboodles--without!

(STENZIL): Caboodles! Without! Uh. . .Looma, without what?

(LOOMA): *(Cackling)* You always say that, you darling man. What is it, Esmerelda honey?

(ESMERELDA): Dinner is ready, madam.

(LOOMA): *(As she leads STENZIL away)* Come along and get something comfortable in your stomach. We'll have a good time laughing at our. . .whatever they are.

(They exit)

(ESMERELDA): *(Taking the OBJECT off the table, looking around)* They're so careless about these things--never miss them. I have several thousand at home. I'm thinking of opening my own little curiosity shop.

(She goes)

ROGER: Good work, Mrs. McKoy. You're really very good.

(COMPANY comes on, shedding wigs, costumes)

Now for the piece de resistance! The denouement extraordinaire!

MARVIN: That wasn't the end?

ROGER: Yes, but it's also the middle.

MARVIN: The end of the play in the middle?

ROGER : Intriguing, isn't it? Like your modern art?

(To COMPANY)

We'll have to cut the part where Looma discovers Stenzil dead in his spurs and we may have to skip the grief scene.

WAYNE: Skip the grief scene!

MYRA: That's the best scene!

ROGER: Wehave to rehearse the other scenes.

MYRA: I've put hours of valuable time into creating my best moods for the grief scene, I've endured this drafty theatre, had the hives from that snow powder we use, tolerated the other ghastly scenes, almost lost my husband, and you casually say we may have to skip the grief scene?

MORRIS: Maybe we could play part of it?

WAYNE: At least the Derek part where Looma discovers the object. . .

MAYNARD: . . . or the part where she finds Derek in a snowbank?

ROGER: The author didn't intend that the grief scene be included every time--it's highly conjectural. . . only the most experienced actors. . .

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MYRA: That is why we have to play it!

SID: Yeah, we must!

(COMPANY agreement. WAYNE notices SID's interest in LILY, looks disdainfully at him)

WAYNE: Its the only scene I really understand.

ROGER: But Harriet's in the hospital. We have no one to play the Psychiatrist.

WAYNE: How about Adele McKoy? She's taking over Harriet's role, isn't she?

(They all look at ADELE, who reacts with surprise)

ADELE: I couldn't!

WAYNE: You could.

SID: I think you could too, Miss McKoy.

ROGER: It's a demanding role--a woman psychiatrist who goes mad in the last scene.

ADELE: I know a lot of mad people.

LILY: She can do it, Mr. Howard.

WAYNE & SID: She certainly can.

(They look at each other)

ROGER: It seems you've convinced at least two of us, Miss McKoy. What do you say?

ADELE: About what, Mr. Howard?

ROGER: The role.

ADELE: *(Terrified)* A major part! I couldn't--it's been too long. . .

EUNICE: It's a choice role, Miss McKoy.

DELPHA: We'll support you all the way.

MORRIS: It'll be a cinch--you're halfway there.

(The next two lines are said simultaneously)

SID: Over halfway. . .

WAYNE: You can do it.

(ADELE looks at the two men with an "I can't believe you now" attitude and SID retires into the Chorus)

ADELE: How old is she--the psychiatrist?

ROGER: About your age.

(ADELE backs off)

But you could play her . . . younger.

ADELE: *(Going out fast)* I suddenly remembered . . . a telephone call I didn't make . . . uh . . . I have to make it before . . . uh . . .

(She exits hurriedly)

ROGER: Where is she going?

LILY: *(Staring after ADELE)* Uh . . . telephone call?

ROGER: I've got a peculiar feeling I've seen her somewhere.

LILY: I'll just go and see if I can assist her.

(Starts off again)

SID: *(Following)* You'll need some help, Lily.

(WAYNE follows too)

ROGER: While you're at it, give the technicians the go ahead, Lily. Get someone on the tape.

(LILY goes)

All right, clear stage everyone! Ten minute break, then the grief scene.

(The company moves off as ADELE sneaks in with suitcases, meeting LILY, followed by SIDNEY, followed by WAYNE, almost bumping into ROGER who is talking to MORRIS and MARVIN. SIDNEY stops abruptly, turning around, facing WAYNE, who looks at him with murder in his eyes and joins LILY)

ROGER: *(To LILY)* We'll have to cut Mrs. McKoy's song. . . unless you can sing, Mrs. McKoy.

LILY: *(Who has been listening)* She can sing.

SID: *(Coming up quickly)* Like a bird, Mr. Howard.

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ROGER: Can you, Mrs. McKoy ?

WAYNE: Like a nightingale, Mr Howard.

(LILY motions to the men to "back off" with a dirty look)

ADELE: I afraid not, Mr. Howard.

(She continues out)

ROGER: Are you going somewhere?

ADELE: Another engagement, Mr. Howard. . . I don't know how I forgot it . . . in another town. . . quite far away.

ROGER: I was going to offer you the role. . . if you can sing.

LILY: She can sing anything Harriet could.

WAYNE: And she can act too.

(LILY frowns at him)

ROGER: You know her?

LILY: He doesn't know her. I know her!

SID: And if Lily says she can sing . . .

WAYNE: She can. Lily says so!!

SID: She oughtta have a chance, Mr. Howard!

WAYNE: If Lily says so . . .

LILY: *(losing her cool)* Just a moment!!!!

(She turns around, takes each of them and pushes them off)

I can handle this. She composes her own songs, Mr. Howard.

ROGER: What I want to know is, Lily, can she answer her own questions?

LILY: Have her sing for you. Here's one of her songs.

(Hands sheet music to ROGER and pianist)

ROGER: *(Looks at sheet, surprised)* You wrote this yourself?

ADELE: I write some -- yes.

ROGER: I'm impressed, Miss McKoy. Can we hear it?

(PIANIST tries music in the background)

Have I met you before--seen you in something?

ADELE: I was in "Women At Large"--chorus.

ROGER: I was in Europe at the time. I didn't see it.

ADELE: It didn't last long . . .

LILY: *(Returning)* She was in "Frankenstein's Bride --The Musical"

ADELE: Also chorus. Only played two weeks.

ROGER: Oh, yes . . . that one.

MORRIS: Why don't we hear her song Mr. Howard?

(COMPANY agrees)

ROGER: It's a most fascinating role. . . Esmerelda becomes a Psychiatrist--famous. She plays a significant role in helping Looma out of her dilemma.

LILY: By convincing her that life is only significant when we learn how to love.

WAYNE: *(For LILY)* Especially loving people.

SID: And telling them about it.

ROGER: If you can sing Mrs. McKoy, we won't have to cut the Psychiatrist's song.

LILY: This song fits the scene perfectly, Mr. Howard.

ROGER: Let's hear it.

(ADELE, realizing there is no way out, takes her place)

MUSICAL #9--WORDS

ADELE:

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WORDS--PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD THEM
 OR DREAMED THEM IN A DREAM.
 THEY SPEAK YOUR HEART, THEY BARE YOUR SOUL,
 THEY'RE MORE THAN WHAT THEY SEEM.
 THEY SING OF FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE DAYS
 OF AUGUST MOONS AND LOVER'S WAYS,
 WHERE RAINBOWS ARC AND SUNSETS BLAZE;
 WORDS-- WHERE DO THEY COME FROM,
 TO HELP US QUOTE THE HEART?
 THEY RARIFY THE PART THOUGHTS PLAY,
 THEY MAKE ROMANCE AN ART.
 WITH ONE SWEET THOUGHT THE RAPTURE GROWS
 THROUGH THUNDER STORMS, THROUGH SILENT SNOWS,
 THROUGH DOUBTING SMOKE AND WINTER WOES.
 "KISS ME" THOSE DEAR WORDS YOU MEAN THEM FOREVER.
 PEARLS ON THE WINGS OF A WHITE DOVE;
 "HOLD ME," "ENFOLD ME", "WHISPERS" ENDEARING,
 BANISHING FEAR SO THAT WE GO UNFEARING,
 WORDS THAT CAN SOAR INTO DREAMS HIGH ABOVE!
 WORDS THAT CAN MEAN MORE THAN WE GIVE TO LOVE.
 DEAR WORDS, THEY CANNOT FAIL YOU.
 THEY COME FROM DEEP WITHIN.
 THE VERY CORE OF WHERE YOU CARE,
 WHERE EVERY CARE BEGINS.
 THEY ECHO THROUGH YOUR EVERY PRAYER,
 WITH AUTUMN SIGHS, WHEN TREES ARE BARE,
 WORDS RISING, STRUMMING ON THE AIR.
 "DARLING" IS GOLDEN, AND "DEAREST" IS SHINING,
 THEY FREE THE TONGUE, AND HELP US KNOW,
 LOVE MUST BE SPOKEN TO SWEETEN THE CARING,
 ANSWERED, REPEATED--ETERNALLY SHARING
 LIFTING THE SPIRIT THAT MAKES OUR LOVE GROW.
 WORDS FROM THE CONSCIENCE, YOU NEED THEM AND SO...
 WORDS...

(The COMPANY applauds ADELE)

ROGER: You've sold me! You've got the part!

(COMPANY cheers. The next lines follow quickly)

MYRA: Fantastic!

LILY: You see! They love you!

DELPHA: I knew she could sing, but not like that.

EUNICE: *(To WARREN)* Remind you of someone--twenty years ago?

WARREN: Yeah--Julie Harris!

(Dirty look from EUNICE)

MAE: You're better than Harriet!

HAROLD: I love you, Miss McKoy, what are you doing after rehearsal?

SIDNEY: *(To HAROLD)* She's too old for you!

HAROLD: I'll dye my hair grey! I'll grow a moustache.

DELPHA: Or win the Reader's Digest Jackpot!

MARVIN: *(To ADELE)* If I did portraits, I'd have you under contract.

DELPHA: Yeah, how do you paint a song?

ROGER: I want to use the song, too Miss McKoy.

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(More COMPANY cheers)

ADELE: You do?

ROGER: See that she gets fitted tomorrow, and contracted, Lily.

LILY: Roger! I mean--Righto!

(Triumphant look at ADELE)

ROGER: Back to the show, everyone. Get in costumes for the second act.

(COMPANY goes, offering more congrats to ADELE on the way out)

ROGER: I know where I've seen you.

ADELE: I thought you'd remember.

ROGER: There's only one woman could sing like that--Wanda Wunderwei!

ADELE: Well, now that you know, I'll leave quietly.

(Picks up suitcases)

ROGER: Leave? Not if I can help it.

(Takes suitcases from her)

ADELE: You're letting me stay?

ROGER: I'm insisting on it.

ADELE: Why, Mr. Howard? I'm poison at the box office after what I did.

ROGER: You made a few mistakes--with that voice you're entitled.

ADELE: A few too many. . .three times!

ROGER: So--? As Adele McKoy, you'll wow 'em. Come on, let's get you a script.

(ROGER disappears with her suitcases; she stands still, looking insecure, then follows. LILY hurries on, carrying a costume for someone, pursued by SID. She stops, he stops.)

LILY: You're panting.

SID: Negative. When I pant, I go--

(He pants)

LILY: And you're perspiring!

SID: Sure--I'm excited. All I have to do is get around you.

LILY: And you're not in costume yet.

SID: You do this to me!

LILY: That won't work anymore, Sid. I've won out--over split second romances.

SID: How about year-old romances?

LILY: That's how long you've been following me around?

SID: Ever since the cast party!

LILY: Where I met Geoffrey. Where Geoffrey took me home. When Geoffrey became number one!

SID: I haven't seen you with Mr. Geoffrey lately, my little chickadee!

HAROLD: *(Appearing)* Hey, lover-boy, telephone!

SID: Telephone? For me?

HAROLD: No other one around here named "Sidney Sweetums?"

(LILY does a slow burn)

SID: *(Innocent look to LILY)* Why would he call me that?

HAROLD: I dunno. Why is his name Dixie?

(SID ushers HAROLD off. WAYNE approaches from opposite direction)

WAYNE: You're waiting. I like that.

LILY: Negative, Wayno. When I wait I burn.

WAYNE: You're burning?

LILY: Wayne, how many other girls do you have on the string?

WAYNE: What's he been telling you?

LILY: How many?

WAYNE: I won't answer incriminating questions like that.

LILY: They're only incriminating if they're true.

WAYNE: He's been saying dirty things about me?!

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LILY: Oh!! And they say women are impossible! Go pinch Mae. She's available!

(LILY starts off)

WAYNE: Pinch Mae?

(SID pinches LILY who almost smacks him)

MAYNARD: We need some help out here with the props, Wayne.

(WAYNE Dashes off. LILY, on her way out, intercepts ADELE who is sneaking off with the retrieved suitcases)

LILY: Stop!

(ADELE Stops)

Running out again, Momma?

ADELE: You didn't tell me you were in this company.

LILY: And so you're running?

ADELE: That's the thing I seem to do best.

LILY: If you go now, you've missed the chance you've been waiting for.

ADELE: That reads well--very dramatic. I didn't know.

LILY: You're really angry because I arranged the job for you.

ADELE: Why didn't you tell me you were working for Mr. Howard?

LILY: You wouldn't have come.

ADELE: Right! I have to do this alone, Lily. I've never done anything alone--successfully.

LILY: You can do it alone. What's wrong with taking advantage of a good break?

ADELE: You wouldn't understand. You're successful. You slip into things like this and it works out for you. I slip in and slip under.

LILY: Four times in the last five years I've tried to talk to you, but you're always running out on me.

ADELE: You don't think I'm tired of running? And as far as that goes, you ran out on me in the first place.

LILY: That was different. Dad needed me. You wouldn't let me talk to you about it. Before all that business with Dad, you and I used to talk things out, didn't we?

ADELE: You chose your Dad; that's all right, but you chose him.

LILY: I chose to stay with a dying man, momma. He had no one else. He needed me more than you did. Look, I don't blame you, you took his philandering longer than most wives would. You should have left him long ago. But when he was dying--!

(Getting ADELE'S suitcases and heading for the dressing rooms)

It had to be that way!

ADELE: Stop!

(LILY stops)

Now, you're running out on me. *(PAUSE)* Why did he hate me so much at the end, Lily? I never ran out on him.

LILY: He knew that. Mother, Dad didn't die because you left him alone; he slipped on a banana peel going into El Rocko Casino and hit his head on a slot machine.

(They both stare at each other, then ADELE hugs LILY, laughing through tears)

ADELE: Oh, Lily, that's just like your father! He couldn't even die right!

(They hold each other tightly for a few seconds)

Such a pair we were! It's a wonder you turned out so good!

(Blowing nose into handkerchief)

If I hadn't been such a nothing, maybe he'd have been different.

LILY: That's behind us, Momma. You've had a few hard knocks and you've been kicked around a lot. But Mr. Howard loves your song! You've got this wonderful part. He likes you.

ADELE: That's the problem. I can't let him down. I can't let you down.

LILY: You won't. This part's right up your alley.

ADELE: It's scarin' the pants offa me, already. What is she--a non-entity or something?

LILY: She's a real character--the kind you play best. *(PAUSE)* What do you say?

ADELE: Oh, Lily, you haven't lost your old Irish, have ya? How did your father and I ever get a sensible

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daughter like you?
LILY: You've forgotten all the things you taught me, Momma.

MUSICAL # 10 -- LILY

LILY

YOU TAUGHT ME WELL
 I LEARNED QUITE EARLY HOW TO PLAY
 THE GAMES YOU HAVE TO PLAY TO LIVE
 BUT MOSTLY, HOW TO TAKE AND GIVE,
 TO BE WORTH ANY INCIDENTAL FAME.
 YOU TAUGHT ME WELL
 YOU GAVE ME REASONS TO BELIEVE,
 AND THOUGH IT IS A SIMPLE THING,
 IT'S NOT WHAT YOU FIND, BUT WHAT YOU BRING
 TO LIFE THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE IN THE GAME.

LILY

MOM, I'M YOUR FLOWER
 I'VE KEPT THE FAITH YOU HAD
 IN ME
 THIS IS YOUR HOUR
 SHOW EVERYONE WHAT
 YOU CAN BE!!

LILY & ADELE

LET'S MAKE THE
 FUTURE EVERYTHING
 WAKE UP THE CITY,
 MAKE BELLS RING!
 EVERYONE SHOULD
 CELEBRATE THIS HOUR
 EVERYONE SHOULD
 CELEBRATE THIS HOUR!

LILY: How about it, Momma?

ADELE: How can I resist that kind of blarney?

(They embrace. Music fades as lights fade into spot on LILY and ADELE. Blackout. House lights up)

ADELE

LILY, MY FLOWER,
 YOU'VE KEPT THE FAITH I HAD IN YOU

CHORUS

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!

END FIRST ACT

23 PAGES IN ACT TWO

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