



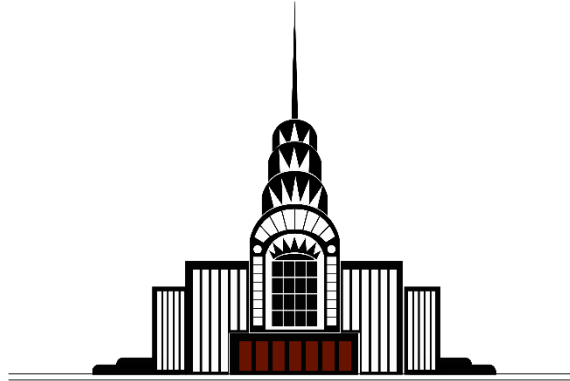
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Dramatists Guild
of America

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062423



**"THINK OF MUSICAL COMEDY,
THE MOST GLORIOUS WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE."**

~ Julian Marsh, 42nd Street

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43rd STREET

A MUSICAL PARODY

WRITTEN BY
MARK A. RIDGE

MUSIC AND LYRICS

NORA BAYES, IRVING BERLIN, N.J. CLESI, WALTER DONALDSON, RAY EAGAN, FRED FISHER,
LEMUEL FOWLER, JOE GOODWIN, JAMES E. HANLEY, CLARENCE JENNINGS,
HOWARD JOHNSON, GEO. LANDIS, SAM M. LEWIS, J.P. LONG, ROY MARSH,
BILLY MCCABE, STANLEY MURPHY, JACK NORWORTH, MITCHELL PARISH, PAUL PELHAM,
MACEO PINKARD, TOM PITTS, MARK A. RIDGE, J. RUSSEL ROBINSON, HOWARD ROGERS,
FRED ROSE, JIMMY SELBY, AL SIEGEL, ANDREW V. SOUDERS, HARRY D. SQUIRES, ROY TURK,
HARRY VON TILZER, PAUL WHITEMAN, ELEANOR YOUNG AND JOE YOUNG

ORCHESTRATIONS BY
DONNY WALKER

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Book, Revised Lyrics and Orchestrations © Mark A. Ridge

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

- (1) **THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME** (Betsy)
- (2) **THERE'S A BROKEN HEART FOR EVERY LIGHT ON BROADWAY**
(Grandma)
- (3) **I CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE** (Dick)
- (4) **I CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE (REPRISE)**
(Dick, Peter and Harry)
- (5) **SHE'S A MEAN JOB** (Peter, Harry, Mona, Fanny)
- (6) **YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE FOR A BUNGALOW** (Dick & Betsy)
- (7) **I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY** (Kathie)
- (8) **THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME (REPRISE)** (Kathie)
- (9) **A LITTLE KIND TREATMENT** (Teenie)
- (10) **TURN OUT YOUR LIGHT, MR. MOON MAN**
(Dick, Betsy, Peter, Harry, Fanny, Mona, Kathie, Teenie)
- (11) **ALL BY MYSELF** (Kathie, Dick, Peter, Harry, Fanny, Mona and Penny)

ACT TWO

- (12) **MAMMA WHIP! MAMMA SPANK!** (Kathie and Penny)
- (13) **I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME** (Teenie and Penny)
- (14) **GEE! BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE** (Dick)
- (15) **GEE! BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE (REPRISE)** (Dick and Peter)
- (16) **YOU THINK HE'S YOUR MAN** (Peter)
- (17) **MAMMA WHIP! MAMMA SPANK! (REPRISE)** (Kathie and Fanny)
- (18) **I'VE GOT THE BLUES BUT I'M JUST TOO MEAN TO CRY** (Penny)
- (19) **DON'T BRING ME PANSIES** (Dick, Peter, Harry and Betsy)
- (20) **CRY BABY BLUES** (Betsy)
- (21) **SWEET INDIANA HOME** (Betsy and Filmore)
- (22) **TAP THAT!** (Kathie, Betsy, Dick, Peter, Harry, Mona, Fanny, Penny and Teenie)
- (23) **43rd STREET** (The Company)
- (24) **43rd STREET (REPRISE)** (The Company)



CAST OF CHARACTERS

BETSY A young, perky, but slightly naïve girl with dreams of stardom.

KATHIE A very pregnant, indentured singer with an amazing voice.

PENNY Joan Crawford as her character from the film Torch Song. *

JEFFERSON The world's greatest director.

SKIP The choreographer and assistant director.

DICK A young, handsome, multi-talented Broadway actor.

PETER A charming chorus boy.

FANNY A chorus girl who rarely says "No."

BANKS A powerful banker and producer.

FILMORE A young, handsome, physical fitness entrepreneur.

GRANDMA Betsy's sweet grandmother. *

TEENIE Penny's maid who yearns for more. *

HARRY A charming chorus boy.

A DIRECTOR A Midwestern Theatre Director

THE ACTOR A Theatre Veteran

GABE A powerful businessman and womanizing Broadway Angel

MONA A chorus girl who is far from the brightest bulb on Broadway

DR. BROCKTON Jefferson's female doctor.

* Should be played by a male actor in drag.

GENERAL NOTES

43rd Street should have the timeless feel of a late-night movie musical. Some of the locations can be actual sets and some merely suggested.

While a large expensive production with lavish costumes and dazzling sets would be fantastic, **43rd Street** was originally conceived as a small scale, fringe musical. Sometimes, a low production budget and minimal resources will spark greater creativity, resulting in a more entertaining show.

With doubling, 43rd Street can be done with 14 actors. With the exception of Tennie and Grandma, other roles do not have to be double cast.

PENNY STUART



43rd STREET

A MUSICAL PARODY

WRITTEN BY

MARK A. RIDGE

AND INTRODUCING
KATHIE ZELDEN

WITH BETSY BARKER, JEFFERSON BLAND, FILMORE BUSH, PETER BURNS, FANNY HERTZ, RICHARD HOPPER,
BANKS LONNIGAN, MONA LOTT, SKIP LIGHTLY, HARRY POPPINS and GABE STROMAN

also starring: TEENIE TETTLESCHNITZER

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

{The LIGHTS COME UP on a smartly dressed ACTOR, who is standing at a podium and addressing the audience.}

ACTOR.

I have been proud and privileged to have spent the majority of my life in the theatre. And tonight, I am pleased to place in deserving hands the highest honor the theater knows, and to such a young lady, young in years, but whose heart is as old as Broadway. Ladies and gentlemen - the award for outstanding achievement by an actress in a musical comedy goes to Miss Kathie Zelden.

{The SOUND OF APPLAUSE fills the theatre, along with rhythmic chanting from the audience as they call her name. MUSIC begins quietly. KATHIE slowly makes her way to the podium, takes her place in front of the microphones and addresses the audience.}

KATHIE.

It won't be easy. You'll think it's strange when I try to explain how I feel. For, I am still but an apprentice in the theater and have much to learn from you all. As you know, I owe a huge debt of gratitude to Hollywood star Penny Stuart and her maid. However, the lion's share of credit for my meteoric rise to stardom must go to one woman, a perky woman, a woman you've probably never heard of . . . Miss Betsy Barker.

{The LIGHTS RISE on BETSY BARKER, who is standing, frozen in position waiting to start her dance routine. She is smiling as if her very life depended on it.}

KATHIE. (cont'd)

That's the day it all started. When she decided to attend that open casting call, who could know that it would set into motion a chain of events that would bring me here tonight? May I return to the beginning? The light is dimming and the dream is too.

{The LIGHTS DIM out on KATHIE and up on BETSY. The DIRECTOR can be visible or an off-stage voice.}

DIRECTOR.

(Yelling) Are you ready? OK, A five, six, seven, eight.

{BETSY starts to tap and is immediately stopped.}

DIRECTOR. (cont'd)

Next.

BETSY.
No! Please. Let me have another chance.

DIRECTOR.
We have a lot of people to see.

BETSY.
But, I've come all the way from French Lick!

DIRECTOR.
You're just not the right type.

BETSY.
I can be any type. I'm very versatile. What type are you looking for?

DIRECTOR.
Someone with talent.

BETSY.
But, I have talent!

DIRECTOR.
No, you don't. And, you're too fat. Honey, dry your eyes. We don't have time for tears here. This isn't French Lick. You're in the big leagues now. This is Indianapolis.

BETSY.
You just wait. I'll show you. I'll show you all. I'm going to New York. I'm going to Broadway. I'm going to be a star!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

{We transition from the theatre to BETSY'S bedroom, where she is packing her suitcase and singing THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME}

BETSY.

WHEN I WAS BORN, MY MA AND PA,
THEY LOOKED AT ME AND SAID "GOOD GAWD."
THE DOCTOR SAID "IT'S A GIRL, I THINK"
AND PA WENT OUT AND GOT A DRINK.
THEN, MA SAID I "LOOKED JUST LIKE PA"
AND PA SAID I "TOOK AFTER MA."
AUNT JANE SAID I LOOKED "KIND OF DENSE"
AND I'VE BEEN THE BLACK SHEEP EVER SINCE.
THEY ALWAYS, ALWAYS PICK ON ME.
THEY NEVER EVER LET ME BE.
I'M SO VERY LONESOME, VERY SAD,
IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN GLAD.
BUT, I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO, STARTS TONIGHT,
YOU'LL SEE MY NAME IN MARQUEE LIGHTS.
AND WHEN I'M GONE, YOU WAIT AND SEE,
THEY'LL ALL BE SORRY THAT THEY PICKED ON ME.
WHEN I FIRST SAW THE LADIES DANCE,
I KNEW SOMEDAY I'D GET MY CHANCE.
I WAS PREPARED TO PAY MY DUES.
I SCRIMPED AND SAVED TO BUY TAP SHOES.
WHEN MOTHER SENT ME OFF TO SCHOOL,
THEY TREATED ME JUST LIKE A FOOL.
SO, I TOOK DANCE CLASS EVERY DAY
AND SET MY SIGHTS ON OL' BROADWAY.
THEY ALWAYS, ALWAYS PICK ON ME.
THEY NEVER EVER LET ME BE.
I'M SO VERY LONESOME, PRETTY MAD,
IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN BAD
BUT, I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO, ONE FINE DAY.
I'LL GET REVENGE AND MAKE THEM PAY.
AND WHEN I DO YOU WAIT AND SEE.
THEY'LL ALL BE SORRY THAT THEY FUCKED WITH ME.

{GRANDMA enters.}

GRANDMA.

What's going on in here? I thought I heard singing.

BETSY.

You did. This is a musical.

GRANDMA.

Oh, stop that crying. It's not going to do you a bit of good.

BETSY.

But, they laughed at me.

GRANDMA.

Everyone in this world who has ever dreamed of something has been laughed at. Betsy, there are two types of people in this world, the dreamers and the doers. The doers are the ones who set out to make their dreams come true, while the dreamers just sit around and moon about how wonderful it would be if only things were different.

BETSY.

Oh Grandma, I'm gonna be a doer. I want so much more than this provincial life. Look at me and tell me what you see.

GRANDMA.

I see a beautiful, slightly overweight girl.

BETSY.

Well, you ain't seen the best of me yet. I can catch the moon in my hand. Don't you know who I am?

GRANDMA.

You're Betsy Barker.

BETSY.

Remember my name.

GRANDMA.

Fame.

BETSY.

Granny, you don't understand. I'm tired of being on the outside, always looking in. Will I ever be more than I've always been? I'm tap, tap, tapping-

GRANDMA.

You want it all and you want it to be easy. Why, when I wanted something, I came across those plains in a prairie schooner with your grandfather. Oh, everyone laughed at us, too. They always said this country would never be anything but a wilderness. But, we didn't believe that.

BETSY.

It must have been wonderful.

GRANDMA.

No. It sucked. We burned in summer and we froze in winter. We kept on going because we were doing something we loved. Could you do it? Could you do it even if it broke your heart? Remember, for every dream that you make come true, you will pay the price in heart break. I know what I'm talking about.

(MORE)

GRANDMA. (cont'd)

You may not believe it, but I was a young girl once, a very pretty young girl, a lot prettier than you are. I had offers from many men and a few women. Yes, Betsy, there are women out there who prefer the company of other women. Remember, I told you about them? They can be possessive. Why, when that gal put a bullet into your Grandpa, it was like it went through my body, too. But, I stayed strong. I jumped in that wagon with her and we kept heading west. Three days later, your mother was born. You don't know the meaning of pain until you've given yourself a cesarean. But, I kept going. I had to. I had that dream. I wanted to be a Teamster. Are you prepared to follow your dream, Betsy, to sacrifice for it?

BETSY.

I am. I hear the music. I close my eyes, feel the rhythm.

GRANDMA.

Does it wrap around and take a hold of your heart?

BETSY.

What a feeling!

GRANDMA.

Well, maybe New York is your wilderness. If you've got one drop of my blood in your veins, you won't let anyone break your heart. You'll go right out there and break it yourself. That's your right as my granddaughter. But, always remember-

{THERE'S A BROKEN HEART FOR EVERY LIGHT ON
BROADWAY begins.}

GRANDMA. (cont'd)

THERE'S A BROKEN HEART FOR EV'RY LIGHT ON BROADWAY.
A MILLION TEARS FOR EVERY GLEAM, THEY SAY.
THOSE LIGHTS ABOVE YOU,
THINK NOTHING OF YOU.
IT'S THOSE WHO LOVE YOU WHO HAVE TO PAY.
THERE'S A SORROW LURKING IN EACH GLOOMY SHADOW.
AND, SORROW COMES TO EV'RY ONE SOME DAY
'TWILL COME TO YOUR BROTHERS,
BUT THINK OF GRANDMOTHERS,
WITH BROKEN HEARTS FOR EACH LIGHT ON BROADWAY.

BETSY.

(Hugging her) Oh, Grandmother.

GRANDMA.

Here take this.

BETSY.

Oh, I can't take your money.

GRANDMA.

Follow your dream child, that dream that will need all the love you can give.

BETSY.

Every day of my life?

GRANDMA.

For as long as you live. And Betsy, if sometime in the future, perhaps even somewhere in this musical parody, you find yourself in a position to help another struggling artist, don't forget the golden rule.

BETSY.

I won't. I'll do unto them.

GRANDMA.

Pay it forward, Betsy. Pay it forward.

BETSY.

I will. I promise. Oh Grandmother, how can I ever thank you?

GRANDMA.

By giving me your solemn word that you will never tell a living soul where you got that money. Don't forget, I'm still on parole.

BETSY.

I won't. I am not throwing away my shot!

GRANDMA.

What?

BETSY.

I am not throwing away my shot!

GRANDMA.

What?

BETSY.

I am not throwing away my shot!

GRANDMA.

Just take your Hamilton's and go.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

{LIGHTS UP on the office of JEFFERSON BLAND. He is in the process of signing his new contract. SKIP and BANKS are standing nearby.}

SKIP.

Can you make a hit out of it, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON.

I've made hit shows out of less.

BANKS.

But, we have to open next week.

SKIP.

We certainly got a break when we got Penny Stuart.

JEFFERSON.

These days, stars like Penny Stuart are a dime a dozen. Box office poison.

BANKS.

That's why we got you Jefferson. Jefferson Bland, the greatest director on Broadway.

SKIP.

Broadway?

BANKS.

The greatest director in the world. Why, with your reputation-

JEFFERSON.

Did you ever try to pay a bill with a reputation? Don't kid yourself. I'm doing this show for one reason and one reason only - cold hard CASH.

BANKS.

But, with all your past hits, you should be sitting pretty.

{The TELEPHONE RINGS.}

SKIP.

(Answering phone) Mr. Bland's office. Who's calling? One moment please.
(To Jefferson) It's for you. It's a Dr. Brockton. Says it's important.

JEFFERSON.

Sorry, I've got to take this. (On phone) Bland here.

{LIGHTS UP on DR. BROCKTON.}

DR. BROCKTON.

(On phone) Mr. Bland, I've got the results back from your examination.

JEFFERSON.

Hit me with it, Doc. I can take it.

DR. BROCKTON.

(On phone) I'm afraid it's what I suspected. I must recommend immediate surgery.

JEFFERSON.

It's too late for that now. I've just signed a new contract. I've got a show to do.

DR. BROCKTON.

(On phone) Good lord man, you're not a machine. That body of yours will only tolerate so much. Any undue strain on your part could prove fatal.

JEFFERSON.

I'll have to risk it.

DR. BROCKTON.

(On phone) In that case, there's still the matter of your outstanding balance. (JEFFERSON hangs up) Hello? Hello?

{LIGHTS OUT on DR. BROCKTON.}

BANKS.

Is there anything wrong?

JEFFERSON.

Why do you ask?

BANKS.

That doctor talked kind of loud. You realize that if the show doesn't open by the fifteenth, we lose the lease on the theatre, not to mention all the money invested.

SKIP.

Yeah, there's hundreds of dollars at stake.

BANKS.

I told you not to mention that.

JEFFERSON.

Don't worry. I've never let you down before and I can't afford to now.

BANKS.

Well, I need to get back to the bank. I've got a foreclosure this afternoon and you know how I love those. So long.

JEFFERSON.

Farewell.

SKIP.

Auf Wiedersehen

BANKS.

(Exiting) Goodbye.

SKIP.

It'll sure be nice to be back on Broadway again.

JEFFERSON.

Broadway. I've given everything I've had to that damn 42nd Street. (Looking out the window) It's beautiful, isn't it? There's not another like it in the entire world.

SKIP.

Boss, we're on 43rd Street.

JEFFERSON.

What's the difference? You've seen one street, you've seen 'em all. The point is, this is my last shot. I'm going to have to reach in and pull one more hit out of my ass and you're going to have to reach in and help me. And, this time I'll sock my money away someplace that no one on earth will ever be able to find, not even my ex-wives. That's why TAP THAT has got to be a hit and it's got to be my best. It's got to support me for a long, long time.

SKIP.

But, about that phone call . . .

JEFFERSON.

What do doctors know? Medical diplomas don't make them gods. Skip, you better post the audition notices. Make the chorus call for ten a.m. tomorrow.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE FOUR

{In the darkness, EXCITED VOICES are heard}

Jefferson Bland is doing a show! **HARRY.**

What? **PETER.**

Jefferson Bland is doing a show. **HARRY.**

Hey, did ya hear? Jefferson Bland is doing a show. **PETER.**

What? Jefferson Bland is doing a show? **FANNY.**

Jefferson Bland is doing a show. **HARRY.** Jefferson Bland is doing a show. **PETER.**

Hey Mona, Jefferson Bland is doing a show. **FANNY.**

What? **MONA.**

Jefferson Bland is doing a show! **HARRY, PETER AND FANNY**

Who's Jefferson Bland? **MONA**

{LIGHTS UP on a Broadway theatre. The stage is full of dancers waiting for auditions to resume. Among the dancers are BETSY, MONA, FANNY, HARRY and PETER.}

{SKIP is doing his best to keep the crowds under control, while BANKS and GABE are checking out the ladies.}

You OK, honey? You look a little pale. **MONA.**

I'll be all right. **BETSY.**

When was the last time you had a decent meal?

FANNY.

I can't remember.

BETSY.

A pretty girl like you? You shouldn't have any trouble getting a guy to buy you dinner. Look over there. That's Banks Lonnigan. He's loaded.

FANNY.

You mean, drunk?

MONA.

Could you be any dumber?

FANNY.

I don't know.

MONA.

(To Betsy) You stick with us kid. We'll show you how to hook a guy. It's easy.

FANNY.

She's easy.

MONA.

Look over there. Banks is talking to Gabe Stroman, the Sausage King of Chicago.

FANNY.

I sure could go for a nice big sausage right now.

MONA.

I don't feel well. I think I might faint. I'm dizzy.

BETSY.

Nice to meet you Dizzy.

FANNY.

No, I'm serious.

BETSY.

Nice to meet you Serious.

MONA.

{As BETSY faints, JEFFERSON enters.}

Oh, what a beautiful morning.

JEFFERSON.

Oh, what a beautiful day. **SKIP.**

JEFFERSON.
(Seeing Betsy) Someone wake up that girl. We don't have time for naps. This is a theatre. If you want to sleep here, you've got to buy a ticket first.

{FANNY and MONA help revive BETSY.}

BETSY.
Thanks. I'm so embarrassed. This is the third time this week I've woke up on the floor.

You get used to it. **FANNY.**

SKIP.
OK gang, cut the chatter. Mr. Bland is back from the john. I need everyone to get back in line.

GABE.
Who are those two girls over there?

You mean, Pete and Harry? **BANKS.**

We heard that. **PETER.** We heard that. **HARRY.**

No, those two. **GABE.**

That's Mona and Fanny. **SKIP.**

That Fanny is a real peach. **GABE.**

Peach? I'm so hungry. **BETSY.**

Where's Miss Stuart? **JEFFERSON.**

You know how she feels about auditions. **GABE.**

She thinks she's too good for us. **FANNY.**

Well, she is a big star. **BETSY.**

And getting bigger every day. **MONA.**

{PETER and HARRY laugh.}

Quiet girls. **SKIP.**

Sorry. **PETER.** Sorry. **HARRY.**

JEFFERSON.
I guess I shouldn't have had those clams for breakfast. I think they may have turned. Anyway, I was just sitting in there and looking over your resumes-

PETER.
In the bathroom?

JEFFERSON.
(Addressing the line) Now, you remaining dancers represent the best of the best. I wish I could hire you all but dammit, I just can't. I'm going to have to let one of you go. Please take your positions. I need to see you one last time.

SKIP.
OK Gang. You heard the man. A five, six, seven, eight.

{The MUSIC STARTS and the dancers begin to dance. They each appear to be doing their own private routine.}

JEFFERSON.
(Stopping them) Enough. Enough. Wonderful. Just wonderful. You're not making this decision easy.

{The DANCERS form a line and each adopt a pose eerily reminiscent of "A Chorus Line."}

JEFFERSON. (cont'd)
As I look into your eager young faces, I realize that I've worked with most of you before, except you. I don't think I know you. You were the sleeping girl.

BETSY.
I'm Betsy Barker . . . from French Lick, Indiana.

JEFFERSON.
And, why did you come here Miss Barker, to take a nap?

BETSY.

I came here because I need a job.

JEFFERSON.

In the chorus? Look, I was just looking over your resume. (To Skip) That reminds me, we're out of paper in there.

SKIP.

Sorry Boss.

JEFFERSON.

(Back to Betsy) You've done speaking roles before. This would be a step down for you.

BETSY.

I'll take what I can get.

JEFFERSON.

You're just going thru a slow period.

BETSY.

That's what I've been telling myself for the last thirty seven auditions. The truth is, nothing is going to turn up. I just need a job. Look, there's nothing left for me to do here, so I'm putting myself on that line. God, I'm a dancer! A dancer dances.

JEFFERSON.

But, I've only got one spot open and I sort of promised it to that girl back stage, the one with the tits and the ass.

BETSY.

Please! Give me somebody to dance with. Give me somebody to show.

JEFFERSON.

What sort of salary are you hoping for?

BETSY.

I don't need much. Maybe some music, a mirror.

JEFFERSON.

You're hired. You're all hired! (Everyone applauds) All right now, you people, back in line and everybody quiet. Tomorrow morning, we're going to start a show. We're going to rehearse and rehearse and we're going to open on schedule. You're going to work and sweat and work some more. You're going to work days and you're going to work nights. This will be the toughest seven days you've ever lived through. It's going to take a lot of piddle, twiddle and resolve, but one week from now, we're going to have a show! We start tomorrow and tomorrow belongs to us! Let's seize the day.

{Everyone cheers.}

SKIP.

Now listen up. You're going to need your strength. I want you all to go straight home and go straight to bed.

MONA.

Whose home?

FANNY.

Whose bed?

PETER.

Who's straight?

HARRY.

Who's straight?

JEFFERSON.

Wait! Before you all go, I have a quick question. Does anyone happen to know a young, handsome, singing, song writing, juvenile male lead that might be available for our show? I've just received word that Ravenal is no longer available.

SKIP.

Yeah, that boat has sailed.

JEFFERSON.

And, Alvin hasn't returned our calls.

SKIP

Oh, I loved that Alvin Lipschitz.

JEFFERSON.

He was a real artistic guy.

SKIP.

Hey, what about your pal Joey?

PETER.

We might know someone. There's this new guy who frequents our club.

JEFFERSON.

Is he talented?

PETER.

I think so. I've heard him singing in the sauna.

SKIP.

Can he dance?

HARRY.

I think so. I've seen him dancing in the sauna.

JEFFERSON.

Do you think he would be interested and available to take a lead in the biggest show scheduled to land on Broadway this season?

PETER.

We can ask him.

HARRY.

We can ask him.

SKIP.

Jefferson, are you willing to risk the entire show on an unknown?

JEFFERSON.

If God could create the entire world in seven days, surely I can pull this off. Besides, I have no choice. When that curtain goes up, TAP THAT has got to be a sensation! We owe it to those ticket buyers. When they pluck down their twenty five cents, they don't expect to see just any old show. They expect to see a show with my name on it. They expect to see a Bland show, and that's exactly what we've got to give them.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE FIVE

{The lights come up on DICK HOPPER. He is dressed in a towel, sitting on a bench in the sauna and scribbling onto a note pad.}

{I CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE begins}

DICK.
MOTHER DEAR, I HAVE JUST SETTLED IN
AND WAS THINKING OF YOU TODAY.
HOW I'VE MISSED YOUR TENDER CARESS
SINCE THE DAY WHEN I MOVED AWAY.
BUT, DON'T WORRY DEAR, I'M CONTENTED HERE,
WHAT IS MORE I'M FEELING FINE.
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR,
AND EVERY NIGHT, I WILL DROP YOU A LINE.
YOU CAN PICTURE ME EVERY EVENING,
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY
WRITING A LITTLE LETTER, JUST TO SAY I'M OK.
DON'T YOU WORRY MOTHER DARLING,
FOR WHEN THE SKIES ARE GRAY,
I CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE AT THE Y.M.C.A.
MOTHER DEAR, I'M STILL WRITING SONGS
BUT IT'S TOUGHER NOW TO EARN MY PAY.
THE WEATHER'S COLD AND THE NIGHTS ARE LONG.
I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE MY WAY.

{HARRY and PETER enter the locker room. They are also dressed in towels. They silently listen to DICK's song.}

DICK. (cont'd)
BUT, DON'T WORRY DEAR, THO 'THIS MAY SOUND QUEER,
REST ASSURED THAT ALL IS WELL.
ON OPENING NIGHT, I'LL BE QUITE A SIGHT.
THERE'LL BE SO MUCH TO TELL.
YOU CAN PICTURE ME EVERY EVENING,
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY,
WRITING A LITTLE LETTER JUST TO SEND ON ITS' WAY.
DON'T YOU WORRY MOTHER DARLING,
FOR WHEN THE SKIES ARE GRAY,
I CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE AT THE Y.M.C.A.

PETER.
Hey, don't take this the wrong way, but that was a great song.

DICK.
Thanks.

HARRY.
And, you're a great singer.

DICK.
Thanks. And, you've both got amazing bodies.

Thanks. **PETER.** Thanks. **HARRY.**

DICK.
My name's Dick. Dick Hopper.

HARRY.
Nice to meet you Dick. I'm Harry.

DICK.
Not really.

HARRY.
Harry Poppins.

PETER.
And, I'm Peter. Peter Burns.

DICK.
Nice to meet you fellows. And, what do you both do? Besides keeping fit that is?

PETER. We're chorus boys. **HARRY.** We're chorus boys.

DICK.
No way.

Way. **PETER.** Way. **HARRY.**

PETER.
We're in rehearsals for a new Broadway show called TAP THAT. Perhaps, you've heard of it?

DICK.
Are you kidding? Everybody's heard of TAP THAT. It's that new musical based on the life of Mrs. Samuel Morse. I tried desperately to get into those auditions. I'm new in town so I don't have an agent yet.

HARRY.
Oh, you don't need an agent to get an audition. You just gotta know the right guy to -

PETER.
(Cutting him off) Say, it just so happens they're still looking for a guy.

HARRY.

Yeah, it's for one of the secondary leads, the juvenile. You'd be perfect.

PETER.

What's your schedule like for the next few weeks?

DICK.

It's pretty open. I was going to get this boil lanced, but I think I can put that off. This opportunity sounds too good to miss. How can I ever thank you guys?

PETER.

Come here.

HARRY.

Come here.

DICK.

**YOU CAN PICTURE ME EVERY EVENING,
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY,
WRITING A LITTLE LETTER THAT I'LL SEND FROM BROADWAY.**

DICK, PETER & HARRY.

**DON'T YOU WORRY MOTHER DARLING,
FOR WHEN WE'RE FEELING GAY,
WE CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE AT THE Y.M.C.A.**

{As the LIGHTS FADE, they finish the song with the well-known Village People hand choreography.}

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE SIX

{The Broadway stage. BETSY, FANNY and MONA are all warming up. GABE and BANKS are chatting. After a moment, SKIP, DICK, PETER and HARRY enter.}

SKIP.

Company, I want you all to meet our newest cast member. He's joining the show today. This is Dick.

DICK.

Hey Gang, what's the buzz? Tell me what is happening.

BETSY.

Hi. (To Fanny and Mona) Isn't he a dream girls?

PETER.

Yes.

Yes.

HARRY.

{JEFFERSON enters.}

JEFFERSON.

Why is everyone just standing around? We've got a show to do.

SKIP.

We're waiting on Miss Stuart.

JEFFERSON.

She's late for the first rehearsal? That really takes the cake.

BETSY.

Oh, I wish he wouldn't mention food.

GABE.

Calm down Jefferson. Here she comes now.

{The stage door opens and PENNY makes her grand entrance. She is followed by her maid, TEENIE.}

PENNY.

Bonjour!

BANKS.

Good day.

PENNY.

How is your family?

Bonjour! **SKIP.**

Good day. **JEFFERSON**

How is your wife? **PENNY.**

Divorced. **JEFFERSON.**

PENNY.
OK, enough of this small talk. I'm here. We can start the rehearsal. These must be the underlings.

{The DANCERS ask for autographs.}

SKIP.
Everyone get back. Give Miss Stuart room to breathe. She doesn't have time for this.

PENNY.
(Handing out photos) Nonsense, I've always got time for my fans.

HARRY.
Miss Stuart, would you autograph this for my cousin?

PENNY.
(Taking it) Certainly. (Signing it) Dear Evan Hansen, sincerely me.

BETSY.
Miss Stuart, would you sign mine?

PENNY.
Sure I will. What's your name?

BETSY.
It's Betsy Barker.

PENNY.
(Handing the photo to Teenie) To Betsy Barker. Gratefully Penny Stuart.

{TEENIE autographs the photo and hands it back to BETSY.}

BETSY.
Thanks ever so much, Miss Stuart. I think you're the best.

Me, too. **PENNY.**

You sure smell swell, Miss Stuart. **HARRY.**

It's that new perfume, Summer Rain. **PENNY.**

And, your nails are fantastic. **MONA.**

PENNY.
Thanks. Jungle Red. You see Skip, these are the people that really matter, the fans. My fans. These are the kids who work their butts off just to make me look good. It's these people and countless others like them that I had to ruthlessly cut down, squash and step on to become a star. I'll always have time for them.

Are you ready Miss Stuart? **SKIP.**

Not so fast. Miss Stuart doesn't do anything without a signed contract. **GABE.**

Oh, sorry. Here it is. **SKIP.**

{GABE pulls PENNY aside and they look at the contract.}

Looks good. They agreed to all our terms. **GABE.**

Even the Zelden clause? **PENNY.**

They didn't even question it. **GABE.**

PENNY.
Do you realize that a year ago I could have had my choice of movie scripts? Now, I'm forced to do Broadway. God, this depression thing is so depressing. If it hadn't been for you putting up the dough . . . Who would have thought it? Gabe Stroman, The Sausage King of Chicago, my personal angel.

GABE.
(Blushing) Miss Stuart . . . I mean, Penny. I'd like to do a lot more for you. If only you'd do something for me.

PENNY.

Why Mr. Stroman, what could a simple, incredibly beautiful star with amazing legs and no gag reflex possibly do for you?

GABE.

You can start by calling me Gabe.

JEFFERSON.

Come on everybody. Enough with the coffee klatch. We've got magic to do. I want everyone to form a line.

SKIP.

You heard the man.

{Everyone lines up.}

JEFFERSON.

When I blow this whistle, I want you each to step forward, introduce yourself and tell us your position.

SKIP.

Ready gang? A five, six, seven, eight -

{JEFFERSON blows the whistle for each person.}

DICK.

(After a whistle) Dick Hopper. Juvenile lead.

PETER.

(After a whistle) Peter Burns. Chorus.

HARRY.

(After a whistle) Harry Poppins. Chorus.

FANNY.

(After a whistle) Fanny Hertz. Chorus.

BETSY.

(After a whistle) Betsy Barker. Chorus.

MONA.

(After a whistle) Mona Lott.

JEFFERSON.

And, your position?

MONA.

I'm standing.

BANKS.

(After a whistle) Banks. Banks Lonnigan. Backer.

GABE.

(After a whistle) Gabe Stroman. Backer.

BANKS.

We're the producers.

GABE.

We're the producers.

SKIP.

(After a whistle) Skip Lightly. Choreographer and Assistant Director.

PENNY.

(After a whistle) Penny Stuart. Singer, Dancer, Actress, Combustible Engine Enthusiast and Star.

JEFFERSON.

(After a whistle) What about you? The husky one in the back wearing the duty shoes. Yes, you.

TEENIE.

Oh, no sir. I'm sorry sir. I could never answer to a whistle. Whistles are for dogs and cats and other animals but not for actors and definitely not for me.

PENNY.

That's my maid. She's been with me for years.

JEFFERSON.

Is she usually this much trouble?

PENNY.

Oh, much more, sir.

TEENIE.

My name is Teenie. I'm over thirty and I definitely do not need a director.

JEFFERSON.

Well then, we'll just be friends. OK, I want everyone to clear the stage. I want to see the first dance break.

SKIP.

You heard the man. If you're not in the number, amscray.

BETSY.

I can't quite put my finger on it but there is something strangely familiar about that Teenie woman. She reminds me of someone.

FANNY.

It's the same actor that played your Grandma. Just a different wig.

SKIP.

Miss Stuart would you grab Dick and take your place?

{DICK and PENNY cross to center stage.}

PENNY.

Ready when you are Mr. Bland.

JEFFERSON.

From bar 18.

SKIP.

A five, six, seven, eight.

{ALL BY MYSELF begins. PENNY assumes her trademark pose.}

{They both begin a dance routine which consists mainly of DICK dancing and PENNY posing. After a moment, PENNY sticks out her leg and trips DICK, sending him to the floor.}

PENNY.

Stop the music!

DICK.

I'm sorry, Miss Stuart.

PENNY.

I'm sorry, too. Mister Lightly, you're the choreographer. Would you be so kind as to tell Mr. Hopper that this is a rehearsal and not a dancing school?

SKIP.

I'm sorry.

PENNY.

We've had the sorry bit. Now, what do we do?

SKIP.

Well, maybe when we get to that section, you could turn your leg in a bit.

PENNY.

And spoil that line? You tell that Dick Hopper that he's paid to get around that leg. And, smile or we get another boy. I'm going home. Keep him here 'till he learns that routine. If that ever happens, call me.

{PENNY starts to leave.}

JEFFERSON.

Please Penny . . . I mean, Miss Stuart. If you leave now, there's no point in rehearsing.

PENNY.

If you'd hire competent people, you wouldn't have all this grief. Just look at that hooper you hired. Why, he stumbles around like some kind of TROG.

BANKS.

But, he just started today and you wouldn't give him a minute to learn the routine. Yet, you'd spend an hour signing autographs for those people.

PENNY.

I came from those people. They need to adore me.

BANKS.

Honey . . . I mean, Miss Stuart, I've got a lot of money tied up in this show and I'm starting to get nervous. If it keeps going like this, I'm going to end up in a STRAIGHT JACKET. Please, just give us a break.

PENNY.

I am going to give you a break. I'm giving you a break by going home. I'm going to save you a lot of money by not going back. Unless somebody shocks that company into getting down to business, this show will never open. Seven days of rehearsal for a show that should take two. The script needs jokes, the music needs cutting and the staging stinks.

BANKS.

You think it's going to be a flop?

PENNY.

No show Penny Stuart is in is going to flop, if I have to pull every trick in the book to make it hang together.

{PENNY starts to leave.}

GABE.

Penny . . . Darling . . . We're still going out, aren't we?

PENNY.

Oh, you poor lamb.

BETSY.

Are they talking about food?

PENNY.

I was to have dinner with you, wasn't I?

GABE.

I booked us a room at Hernando's. It's a dark and secluded place.

PENNY

I can't think about eating. I'm suddenly so exhausted. You will have to excuse me.

GABE.

But . . .

PENNY.

(Cutting him off) Oh, I knew you would. You really are an angel. I'll see you tomorrow. (Blowing him a fake kiss) Teenie, bring those arrangements to my dressing room.

{PENNY makes a dramatic exit. TEENIE follows.}

GABE.

But, Penny . . . Darling . . .

BANKS.

She's gone.

GABE.

Oh, shucked.

BANKS.

Hey, old friend. Are you okay, old friend?

GABE

Hand me the wine and the dice.

{BANKS and GABE exit.}

JEFFERSON.

(Holding his stomach) The rest of you take ten. I'm not feeling well again.
(To Skip) Those damn clams.

BETSY.

(Starting to sway) I wish he would stop taking about food.

FANNY.

Look kid, I get the starving artist shtick, but you better eat something soon.

BETSY.

I'm OK as long as I don't think about it.

JEFFERSON.

(Starting off stage) (To Skip) There better be paper in there. Quilted.

SKIP.
(Following him off) Yes, Mr. Bland.

{As they rush off, JEFFERSON and SKIP pass by the others.}

PETER.
Phew! What died?

FANNY.
Jefferson said he wasn't feeling well.

HARRY.
God, that was a mighty wind.

PETER.
What would you even call that?

MONA.
Mariah.

DICK.
How about Miss Stuart? I think she might be a little nuts.

BETSY.
(Starting to sway) Nuts?

FANNY.
She's a bigger fruit cake then Harry or Peter.

PETER. Hey . . . **HARRY.** Hey . . .

BETSY.
Did she say "Fruit cake?"

{BETSY faints.}

FANNY.
Someone find something to eat.

MONA.
I think there might be a tuna fish sandwich in my purse.

FANNY.
Honey, are you OK?

BETSY.
(Waking up) I think so.

Do you know who you are? **HARRY.**

I'm Betsy Barker. **BETSY.**

What year is it? **HARRY.**

I have no idea. **BETSY.**

DICK.
(To the audience) I don't think the writers of this show do either.

Where are you from? **HARRY.**

French Lick. **BETSY.**

MONA.
French Lick? I tried that once. I lost an earring.

HARRY.
(To Betsy) Are you sure you're OK?

BETSY.
I'm fine, really. My head broke the fall.

PETER.
If a person runs for 657 minutes a day and runs for 800 days, how many minutes has he ran?

BETSY.
(Getting up) If I could just get a little air.

DICK.
(Escorting Betsy off stage.) I'll take you Betsy. Come on. Don't worry. I was never good at story problems either.

BETSY.
Thanks. (Exiting) (To Peter) Five hundred twenty five thousand six hundred minutes.

FANNY.
If I was a betting girl, I'd say that TAP THAT is never going to open.

PETER.
I can't afford to be out of work.

Me neither. **HARRY.**

FANNY.
What are you talking about? You've got Skip.

MONA.
What's he got to do with it?

FANNY.
Boy, you are dense. Why do you think Skip always casts him? They're a couple.

MONA.
A couple of what?

PETER.
Maybe it will all blow over.

FANNY.
I doubt it. Didn't you see the way she waltzed out of here? Like some kind of QUEEN BEE.

PETER.
Yeah, she did seem a little POSSESSED.

MONA.
I think she seemed nice.

{SHE'S A BIG STAR begins.}

Nice? **HARRY.**

**WHAT A GIRLIE.
ANGRY GIRLIE.
SPITEFUL.**

**DISCONCERTING.
ALWAYS FLIRTING.
FRIGHTFUL.**

HARRY.
**VOGUEY DRESSES.
MASSIVE MESSSES.
OBSESSED
BUT, THE FANS THINK SHE'S A PIP.**

PETER.
**FOLKS TURN 'ROUND TO STARE AT HER, SHE'S A BIG STAR.
TRAFFIC HALTS WHILE MOTORS WHIRL, SHE'S A BIG STAR.**

HARRY.

WITH ONE LOOK INTO HER EYES,
MEN GO HOME AND BEAT THEIR WIVES.
SHE FOOLS THEM AND COOLS THEM TELLING PRETTY LIES.

PETER.

ALWAYS TOUGH BUT LOVES HER FANS, SHE'S A BIG STAR.
AND, THOUGH FAR BETTER DANCERS I HAVE MET, YET,
TO WATCH HER DANCE AND QUIVER,
MAKES STRONG MEN SHAKE AND SHIVER.
SHE RAISED THE BAR 'CAUSE SHE'S A BIG STAR!

FANNY.

NEVER WORRIES.
NEVER HURRIES.
KNOCKOUT.

MONA.

JUST A BUBBLE.
LOTS OF TROUBLE.
BLOWOUT.

FANNY.

NEVER LAZY.
FAIRLY CRAZY.
GOSSIP.
BUT THE FANS MADE HER A HIT.

MONA.

FOLKS TURN 'ROUND TO STARE AT HER,

ALL.

SHE'S A BIG STAR.

MONA.

TRAFFIC HALTS WHILE MOTORS WHIRL,

ALL.

SHE'S A BIG STAR.

MONA.

WHEN SHE MOVES HER DAINTY FEET,
MEN FALL PROSTRATE ON THE STREET.

FANNY.

SHE FOOLS THEM AND COOLS THEM PRACTICING DECEIT.

HARRY.

HOLDS HER LIQUOR LIKE A MAN.

ALL.

SHE'S A BIG STAR.

PETER.

**AND THOUGH I NEVER HEARD THAT SHE WOULD BET, YET,
ONCE SHE TOPPED THE ROSTER,
IT ONLY TOOK AN OSCAR.
SHE RAISED THE BAR CAUSE**

ALL.

**SHE'S A BIG,
SHE'S A BIG,
SHE'S A BIG STAR!**

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE SEVEN

{Outside the theatre, FILMORE is waiting on a bench.}

PENNY.
(Entering) Darling, have you been waiting long?

FILMORE.
Long enough.

PENNY.
Oh, we're going to be grouchy tonight, are we? Filmore, you know mama doesn't like it when her baby is upset. And, when you're good to mama . . .

FILMORE.
I just hate all this sneaking around and hiding in doorways.

PENNY.
I've told you, it's just until the show opens. We've got to remain ABOVE SUSPICION. I can't risk having old Stroman see us together. He's frightfully jealous.

FILMORE.
But, I'm starting to feel like a criminal.

PENNY.
But, darling, you mustn't. (After kissing him) There. There's nothing criminal in that, is there? Come on. We have dinner reservations at Smokey Joe's. You can pepper my ragu.

FILMORE.
But, I have to get up early.

PENNY.
I booked us a room at the Holiday Inn. We can take turns being the man.

FILMORE.
Will you wear those boots?

PENNY.
The kinky ones? (Laughing) (Exiting) Come on, we should hurry. It looks like RAIN.

FILMORE.
And, rain will make the flowers grow.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE EIGHT

{As the scene opens we are on the Broadway stage. DICK, BETSY, SKIP, FANNY, MONA, PETE and HARRY are all present and working on a routine.}

SKIP.

Let's go again. And boys, this time, try to look a little less light on your feet.

FANNY.

That's impossible.

SKIP.

Just put one foot in front of the other.

PETER.

I know the steps.

SKIP.

Maybe we can simplify the choreography. Add a basic Can-Can.

FANNY.

Yeah, there's no trick to that.

PETER.

Speaking of trick . . .

FANNY.

Shut up.

SKIP.

Now, kids.

HARRY.

Yeah, what is your beef with him?

BETSY.

Beef?

FANNY.

Shut up, you little cream puff.

BETSY.

Cream puff?

SKIP.

Knock it off. It's just the pressure talking.

Who?

MONA.

SKIP.

OK kids, shall we dance? A five, six, seven, eight. (Calling out the steps as they follow along) Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch. Again. Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch. Right! Going on. And, turn, turn, touch down, back step, pivot step, walk, walk, walk. (After a moment) Well, it's getting there. But, Mr. Bland demands perfection. He's got a lot riding on this show. We can't afford to lay an egg.

BETSY.

(Getting dizzy) Egg? I'm so hungry.

{BETSY faints.}

FANNY.

She hasn't eaten yet? I thought you gave her your sandwich.

MONA.

I ate it.

DICK.

We can't just leave her there.

FANNY.

It's her own fault.

{JEFFERSON enters.}

JEFFERSON.

Skip, get over here. We've got a problem. We're a girl short. We need someone to work opposite Hopper, someone who can sing, dance and act. You think that Nomi Malone is free? I heard GODDESS closed.

SKIP.

We can't afford her.

JEFFERSON.

Are you kidding? I heard she'll work for Doggy Chow. Better be safe. Get a call out to Central Casting. See if they can send over a few dames. See if that Adele Dazeem is free.

SKIP.

Well chief, I could do that. But, I think we've got a girl right here in the chorus that could handle it.

JEFFERSON.

Really? Which one?

SKIP.

Barker. The one over there sleeping.

JEFFERSON.

Do you think she's got the talent? The stamina?

SKIP.

Bet your pretty neck, I do.

JEFFERSON.

(Waking her) Miss Barker would you be interested in taking over the female juvenile lead?

BETSY.

Let me see the music. (Quickly looking at the music) I can't say no.

JEFFERSON.

(Yelling) Hopper, get over here. How about you and Barker trying the Bungalow number?

DICK.

Sure, Mr. Bland.

BETSY.

Sure, Mr. Bland.

SKIP.

Places. And a one, a two, a one, two, three-

{YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE FOR A BUNGALOW begins. DICK and BETSY sing and perform a complex hand-gesture type routine to the number and execute it flawlessly.}

DICK.

OH, YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE FOR A BUNGALOW.

BETSY.

SAY THE WORD AND AWAY WE'LL GO.

DICK.

LIKE THE BIRDS AND THE BEES,

BETSY & DICK.

WE CAN MIX WITH THE HICKS 'NEATH THE HICKORY TREES.

DICK.

WHILE YOU'RE LEARNING TO MILK THE COWS,
I'LL BE LEARNING TO HOE.

BETSY.

EIGHT HOURS FOR WORK, EIGHT HOURS FOR PLAY,

DICK.
WE'LL DO WHAT THE BOOBS DO THE REST OF THE DAY.

BETSY & DICK.
OH, THE TIME IS RIPE
AND YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE FOR A BUNGALOW.

JEFFERSON.
Stop. Stop. That's enough. When they've had a chance to learn the routine, it'll be fine. You two have real chemistry. You could be the next Mickey and Judy?

BETSY.
Who?

SKIP.
Mickey and Judy Goldfarb. Brother and sister relay team from Schenectady.

JEFFERSON.
Don't forget, you're supposed to kiss her at the end.

BETSY.
Yeah.

DICK.
Which end?

{SKIP and JEFFERSON exit the stage.}

BETSY.
Gee, Dick, I think you're swell, just swell.

DICK.
Thanks.

BETSY.
What do you think?

DICK.
I think I'm swell, too.

BETSY.
And, you're a great dancer.

DICK.
Thanks. Me, too.

BETSY.
(After a silence) So Dick, you got a girl?

No. I don't have any kids. **DICK.**

That's not what I meant. **BETSY.**

{JEFFERSON and SKIP re-enter.}

JEFFERSON.
OK, everyone we've got work to do. Sashay away.

{BETSY and DICK exit. PENNY enters with GABE, who is carrying costume sketches. TEENIE follows behind.}

PENNY.
Gabe, Darling, something has got to be done about those costumes. Rags. Rags.

GABE.
They look OK to me.

PENNY.
Nonsense, too. Look at that hemline. When I dance, you won't even be able to see my legs. And, you do want to see my legs, don't you?

GABE.
Yes of course, dear.

PENNY.
Look at the shape. Why if I wore that, I would look like a man in drag. And, look at this coat. There's just too many colors. Red and yellow and green and brown and scarlet and black and ochre and peach and ruby and olive and violet and fawn . . .

GABE.
Fawn?

PENNY.
Am I supposed to be a clown?

SKIP.
Be a clown?

PENNY.
(To Gabe) Who did these anyway?

GABE.
(To Jefferson) Who did these costumes?

JEFFERSON.

Only the best, Adrian.

SKIP.

Yeah, Adrian Garcia. She works in the laundry up at the Fulton Correctional Institution.

PENNY.

Teenie, would you take these back to my dressing room? There's a box of crayons in the dresser. Take them out and see if you can improve on these. It shouldn't be too difficult. And remember, I like the color purple.

TEENIE.

Yes ma'am.

PENNY.

And, try to sex them up a bit. I know it will be difficult, but pretend you're a man.

TEENIE.

I'll try.

PENNY.

And for God sakes, make sure that the hems are appropriate for a DANCING LADY.

{TEENIE starts to exit.}

JEFFERSON.

Miss . . . Teenie, could you wait a moment? (To Penny) Miss Stuart, we've had to bump Barker up from the chorus to a featured spot. This leaves us a gal short for the MOON number. We need someone. You don't mind if we use your maid, do you?

PENNY.

She's not a professional!

TEENIE.

I got thirty six expressions, sweet as pie to tough as leather.

SKIP.

Say, that's six expressions more than all them Barrymores put together.

JEFFERSON.

Don't worry. She can handle it. We just need a body to fill the stage.

PENNY.

She can certainly do that. (To Teenie) Go work on those costumes. And, get me something to drink.

SKIP.

Oh, we'd be happy to get you something. How about a nice, frosty Coca-Cola?

PENNY.

Oh, I never held much stock in Coke. You know what would really hit the spot?

SKIP.

A refreshing Pepsi?

PENNY.

No, a scotch on the rocks. And, make it a double.

TEENIE.

(Exiting) I'll see what I can do.

JEFFERSON.

People. People. We have to start this rehearsal. First up, I want to hear how that I NEVER KNEW number is coming along.

{PENNY whispers to GABE.}

GABE.

Mr. Bland, I don't think we can start. Miss Zelden is not here yet.

JEFFERSON.

Who is this Zelden I keep hearing about?

SKIP.

She's the voice.

JEFFERSON.

We don't need a vocal coach right now. This is just a rough run-through.

GABE.

But, it's in the contract. You have to use her.

SKIP.

Yeah, boss. Remember that clause?

JEFFERSON.

Clause or no clause, we've got a show to produce. What do you say, Miss Stuart? How about being a pal? Why don't you just give us a sample?

PENNY.

Well, I guess I could familiarize myself with the topography.

JEFFERSON.

Great.

OK. A five, six, seven, eight – **SKIP.**

{The MUSIC starts for I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY. It continues for a moment and then comes to the point where the lyrics should begin. PENNY does not sing. She only moves her mouth.}

JEFFERSON.
Stop! Stop! Miss Stuart there's no need to be nervous. We're all friends here. Why don't you start again? And this time, a bit louder.

OK. A five, six, seven, eight. **SKIP.**

{The MUSIC STARTS. Once again, PENNY only moves her lips.}

Hold it. What gives? **JEFFERSON.**

She doesn't sing. **SKIP.**

What? **JEFFERSON.**

Miss Stuart does not sing. **SKIP.**

Of course, she sings. I've heard her. **JEFFERSON.**

She uses a double. **GABE.**

Is this some sort of gag? **JEFFERSON.**

GABE.
I can assure you that this is no gag. It's right there in her contract, the one that you signed.

JEFFERSON.
I didn't read that. A voice double might work in pictures, but not on the stage.

GABE.
You agreed to it.

JEFFERSON.

How can I have a leading lady that doesn't sing?

GABE.

Penny doesn't need to sing. Miss Zelden does it all for her. I won her contract in a poker game over at Monumental.

JEFFERSON.

A voice double? How do I pull that off in live theatre? The audience will get wise.

GABE.

Not if you do your job correctly.

PENNY.

Besides, no one who comes to a musical is wise.

GABE.

The audience expects Penny Stuart to sound a particular way and by God, she's going to.

SKIP.

Hey Boss, maybe we could hide her in the wings. Or, we could bury her in the chorus.

JEFFERSON.

I don't know. Can she dance?

GABE.

Here she comes now. Ask her.

{KATHIE waddles in. She is very, very pregnant.}

KATHIE.

(To the audience) God, I almost fell asleep back there. Forty one pages is a long time for a lead character to be off stage.

GABE.

Everyone, please say "Hello" to Miss Zelden.

{No one acknowledges her presence}

KATHIE.

Hello.

SKIP.

Did he say Miss?

JEFFERSON.

Dancing is out.

SKIP.

Adrian's going to have her hands full on this one.

JEFFERSON.

Well, I'm going to be honest. This development really puts a damper on things. But, we'll have to make it work. Could we try a quick run thru of I NEVER KNEW?

KATHIE.

Certainly. Anything you would like, Mr. Bland. And might I say that it's an honor to meet you.

JEFFERSON.

Thank you, Mrs. Zelden.

KATHIE.

(Tearing up) It's Miss.

PENNY.

(To Kathie) I want to finish the first chorus ad lib with the retard in the last two bars. In the second chorus, last four bars soft and then out for a soft finish. Got it?

KATHIE.

Yes, Miss Stuart.

{PENNY takes her place center stage. As if she has done this hundreds of times, KATHIE takes her place at a microphone behind her.}

SKIP.

OK, let's start at the very beginning. A Do-Re-Mi and go.

{I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY begins. KATHIE sings and PENNY lip syncs and dances along.}

KATHIE.

**I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY,
HONEY, LIKE I'M LOVING YOU.
I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT A PAIR OF EYES AND A BABY SMILE COULD DO.
I CAN'T SLEEP. I CAN'T EAT.
I NEVER KNEW A SINGLE SOUL COULD BE SO SWEET.
I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY, HONEY, LIKE I'M LOVING YOU.**

{JEFFERSON disappears off stage for a moment and immediately returns carrying a large potted plant. He places it directly in front of KATHIE, who continues to sing while PENNY lip syncs and dances.}

KATHIE. (cont'd)

**I CAN'T SLEEP. I CAN'T EAT.
I NEVER KNEW A SINGLE SOUL COULD BE SO SWEET.
I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY, HONEY, LIKE I'M LOVING YOU.
HONEY, LIKE I'M LOVING YOU.**

PENNY.

I think that's going to work out just fine.

JEFFERSON.

It's a little unorthodox and the modulation seemed a bit abrupt.

PENNY.

Well, I happen to like it unorthodox and abrupt. What I'm most interested in is will it sell?

JEFFERSON.

Well, if anybody could sell it, that body is probably you.

PENNY.

I'll take that as a compliment. I think.

{PENNY and GABE exit.}

JEFFERSON.

You got a nice set of pipes there, Zelden.

KATHIE.

Thank you Mr. Bland.

{BANKS and SKIP rush in.}

BANKS.

Jefferson, we need to talk to you.

JEFFERSON.

Don't nobody bring me no bad news.

BANKS.

But, we're in trouble. And, that's trouble with a capital T.

JEFFERSON.

Take ten, Miss Zelden.

KATHIE.

(Exiting) Yes Mr. Bland.

BANKS.

You know Gabe Stroman, the Sausage King of Chicago has put up most of the dough for this show? Well, his interest is not really in Broadway. It's in Miss Stuart.

JEFFERSON.

Even I was able to gather that.

BANKS.

Well, there's a strong chance that he's pulling out.

JEFFERSON.

And, why would he do a thing like that?

BANKS.

Because, sweet Miss Stuart is two timing him. Right behind his own back and under his own nose. That's why.

JEFFERSON.

Is it with that Stephen Haines character?

BANKS.

No, it's with the son of her partner from the vaudeville circuit. It seems he's cashing in on this physical fitness craze that's sweeping the nation. He's got a chain of gymnasiums all over the east coast and is back in town for the opening of his newest one out on FLAMINGO ROAD. He's been seen hanging around her all week. From what I hear, he's a good looking mug and a lot, lot younger. I got a call from Winchell. Seems they were both seen checking out of the GRAND HOTEL.

JEFFERSON.

That's all we need. If Stroman gets wise, he'll go BERSERK. Have you tried throwing a little cash at the problem?

BANKS.

You don't know the guy, Bush. Filmore Bush, that's his name. He's not the kind of guy that gets sent places.

JEFFERSON.

Well, that's too bad. I haven't got time for this. I've gotta make sure Stroman doesn't get wind of this Bush.

SKIP.

Yeah, he won't like the smell of it.

JEFFERSON.

No jock is going to ruin my show. Skip, get me the phone and my little black book.

(Rushing off) Yes, chief. **SKIP.**

What are you going to do? **BANKS.**

JEFFERSON.
I'm going to talk it over with Anderson. He's an ex-stage manager I know. He works downtown on the steel pier.

BANKS.
Anderson? Charlie Anderson? Not Charlie Anderson. I don't want to get mixed up with Anderson or any other retired stage managers. It's too dangerous. A boy like that will kill your brother. Why don't we try that Ezekiel Young from Salt Lake City?

JEFFERSON.
I heard he has a drinking problem. I can't risk it. (Skip returns with the phone and address book) I told you what this show means to me. And, I wasn't kidding

{JEFFERSON dials the phone}

BANKS.
This Bush thing makes me uncomfortable.

Why? **JEFFERSON.**

BANKS.
It just leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

JEFFERSON.
(On phone) Hello, Anderson. This is Jefferson Bland. I'm fine. How are you? How's Martha? Oh, sorry to hear that. What about the boys? Jacob and James? That's terrible. And, Anne, too? Maybe you should think about moving. Look Anderson, I'm calling for a reason. I need a favor. You ever heard of a guy named Filmore Bush? Yeah, the gym lug.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE NINE

{Outside the Theatre. KATHIE is sitting on a bench, eating a snack and knitting. BETSY enters}

BETSY.

Hello. I'm Betsy Barker. I was backstage earlier and I heard you sing. Your voice is amazing.

KATHIE.

Thanks.

BETSY.

Why, I'll bet it could coax the blues right out of the horn.

KATHIE.

I don't know about that.

BETSY.

Well, I think it's just terrible the way they hide you behind that plant. You're such a pretty woman.

KATHIE.

There was a morals clause in my contract. (Pointing to her stomach) And, Eve was weak.

BETSY.

But, no one will be able to see you. No one will even know it's you singing. It isn't fair. I wish there was something I could do, some way I could help.

{Suddenly, the ominous, echoing, god-like VOICE of GRANDMA is heard.}

GRANDMA.

Remember your promise.

KATHIE.

(Looking around) What? What promise? Who's there?

GRANDMA.

I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to Betsy.

BETSY.

What? Who is that?

GRANDMA.

It's me. Abuela. Abuela Claudia.

Who? **BETSY.**

Your Grandmother! **GRANDMA.**

BETSY
Grandma? What are you doing here? You're not in this scene. Where are you?

GRANDMA.
In the heights. Betsy, remember your promise. If you find yourself in a position to help another struggling artist-

I remember **BETSY.**

Pay it forward. **GRANDMA.**

I will. Soon, I promise. **BETSY.**

GRANDMA.
(Fading out) Promises, Promises

KATHIE.
Your grandmother sounds like Bea Arthur.

BETSY.
Oh, well. Where were we? Oh yes. If only I was in a position to help. If there was only something I could do.

KATHIE.
You're sweet. (Offering her a snack) Would you care for one of these hard candies? I got them for Christmas.

BETSY.
Oh, no. I'm trying to diet. And, please don't take this personally, but if you ever hope to get the star spot, you might want to try and lose a few pounds.

{THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME REPRISÉ begins}

KATHIE.
I'LL NEVER GET THE STARRING ROLE
THOUGH ALL MY LIFE IT'S BEEN MY GOAL
ONE BRIEF INDISCRETION, I WAS WEAK
AND NOW MY FUTURE SEEMS QUITE BLEAK.
THEY FORCED ME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD
AND TREAT ME LIKE A DAMAGED GOOD.

KATHIE. (cont'd)
I PRAY MY VOICE CAN SET ME FREE,
THEN, THEY'LL BE SORRY THAT THEY PICKED ON ME.

BETSY.
(Exiting) That song sounds familiar.

KATHIE.
WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND IN THE CHOIR
TO BE A STAR I DID ASPIRE.
I KNEW THAT I COULD REALLY SING
SO, STARDOM SEEMED THE NATURAL THING.
I MADE IT TO THE LAND OF DREAMS
BUT FAME IS SELDOM WHAT IT SEEMS.
WAS ON THE ROAD TO BE A STAR
THEN DON LOCKWOOD JUMPED IN MY CAR
NOW ALL THEY SEE IS MY MISTAKE
WHAT THEY DON'T SEE IS MY HEARTACHE.
I WAS SO IN LOVE, THOUGHT IT WAS REAL
BUT MY SOUL MATE WAS JUST A HEEL
SO, I'LL HIDE BEHIND THAT BUSH, IT'S CRUEL
'CAUSE NO ONE KNOWS THE GOLDEN RULE
BUT, WHEN I'M FREE YOU WAIT AND SEE . . .

{After a slight pause.}
THEY'LL ALL BE SORRY THAT THEY MESSED WITH ME.

(To the audience) You thought I was going to say "Fucked", didn't you?

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE TEN

{PENNY'S dressing room. TEENIE is sewing.}

(Entering) What are you doing? **PENNY.**

Finishing a hat. Look, I made a hat where there never was a hat. **TEENIE.**

{The TELEPHONE RINGS.}

(Answering the phone) Miss Stuart's dressing room. Who is this? Hello? **TEENIE. (cont'd)**

What's wrong? Who was that? Your face is white as a milk. **PENNY.**

It was a girl. She just kept saying "I SAW WHAT YOU DID." **TEENIE.**

Impossible. My album is locked. **PENNY.**

Oh, that reminds me. We're going to need some more of your personally autographed photos. The last one went to that Harvey Johnson. **TEENIE.**

There's a stack in the bottom drawer for you to sign. And, try not to rush through those. The last batch was a little sloppy. Did Mr. Bush happen to call? **PENNY.**

No, ma'am. **TEENIE.**

I hope nothing has happened to him. **PENNY.**

We couldn't get that lucky. **TEENIE.**

What? **PENNY.**

I said, "That would be unlucky." **TEENIE.**

PENNY.

Teenie, before I hop in the shower and take off my makeup, I want to run that scene again, the one Republic sent over.

TEENIE.

You're finished for the day?

PENNY.

It seems so.

TEENIE.

Are you sure? It's so early.

PENNY.

I asked twice. Lightly said they were going to work on the MOON number.

TEENIE.

My number? Do they need me?

PENNY.

If they need you Teenie, darling, they know where to find you. Come on, I want to work on my entrance.

TEENIE.

Yes, Miss Stuart.

PENNY.

(Handing her some pages) We'll start on the bottom of page forty seven.

TEENIE.

Who am I?

PENNY.

You're reading the role of the Marshal. OK. (Reading the stage directions) I enter. Turn right. Head down the stairs. Step. Step. Step. Step. I turn and I pull my gun. I take a dramatic pause and then speak. (Acting) Come and get me Mr. McGivers.

TEENIE.

(Acting) We don't want no shootin' Vienna.

PENNY.

(Breaking character) Teenie, you're going to have to do a little better than that. Find the character. Give me something to play off.

TEENIE.

Sorry Miss Stuart. (Acting) We don't want no shootin' Vienna.

PENNY.

Much better. (Reading the line) I'm not coming peaceably Marshall.

TEENIE.

This is a hanging offense.

PENNY.

Someone holds up the stagecoach, your brother is killed and all you can think about is hanging the Dancing Kid? You know he didn't do it. You all know it. What's your real reason?

TEENIE.

'Cause he's a killer.

PENNY.

What has he killed? Why do you hate him so? What did he ever do to you? Maybe you don't hate him. (Reading the stage direction) End of Scene.

TEENIE.

Wonderful Miss Stuart. That was just wonderful.

PENNY.

It will be with a little work. And, it will be so empowering to finally see two strong female characters in the traditionally male dominated western genre. I only hope we are both able to maintain our femininity.

TEENIE.

Only time will tell.

PENNY.

Teenie, you read that scene very well.

TEENIE.

Thank you. I used to run lines with Magnolia on the Cotton Blossom. Showbiz is in my blood. In fact, I was conceived on a trunk in the Princess Theatre.

PENNY.

In Pocatello, Idaho?

TEENIE.

Yes, during a matinee on Friday.

PENNY.

Your mother sounds like a classy lady. I'm going to go take off my make-up and change. Could you be a dear and hang up the rest of those costumes? And, don't use those cheap hangers. You know how I feel about them.

TEENIE.

Yes, Miss Stuart. Oh, be careful. I was in there earlier and there didn't appear to be hot water. I'm going to give that manager a piece of my mind. He's gotta know that some like it hot.

PENNY.

(Exiting into the bathroom) Oh, Teenie. Let it go. Let it go. The cold never bothered me anyway.

TEENIE.

(Looking in the mirror) When will my reflection show who I am inside? Oh, Teenie. Teenie, Teenie. Why do you put yourself through this? Day after day? Why do you do it? What does it get you? Scrapbooks full of you in the background. Teenie's gotta let go.

{A LITTLE KIND TREATMENT begins.}

TEENIE. (cont'd)

WHY SHOULD I BE LONELY?
 CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN, WHY NO ONE CARES ABOUT ME?
 I JUST CRAVE AFFECTION BUT SOMEHOW IN VAIN,
 I'M ALWAYS SIGHING AND EVER CRYING,
 'CAUSE A LITTLE KIND TREATMENT IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED.
 I SIGH CONSTANTLY. I NEED SYMPATHY.
 'TWOULD FILL MY HEART WITH COMPLETEMENT
 IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY READ THAT LOOK IN MY EYE
 AND SAY DON'T YOU CRY, DON'T YOU SIGH.
 LITTLE GIRL, HUSHABYE.
 I'VE NEVER HAD THE BLUES THAT GOES WITH EVERY KISS,
 FROM SOMEONE WHO LOVES YOU TRUE.
 IF I COULD ONLY FIND SOMEONE WHO'D TREAT ME KIND,
 OH WHAT SHE COULD MAKE ME DO.
 I'M JUST A BUNDLE OF LOV'N THAT HAS GONE TO WASTE.
 SOMEONE AFFECTIONATE CAN SUIT MY TASTE,
 JUST A LITTLE KIND TREATMENT IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED.

{The door opens and PENNY yells out. Her face is covered in white cold cream.}

PENNY.

Teenie, bring me the snacks!

TEENIE.

Jesus Christ.

YES, A LITTLE KIND TREATMENT IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED.

{There is a KNOCK at the door.}

TEENIE. (cont'd)

Enter.

Miss Beanie . . . **HARRY.**

TEENIE.
It's Teenie. Beanie was in that other show. Briefly.

HARRY.
Miss Teenie, if you're done with your unrequited love solo, they're ready for you on stage.

TEENIE.
I'll be right there. And, this time, it's for me. For me! For me!

HARRY.
For who?

TEENIE.
For me!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE
SCENE ELEVEN

{The stage is dark.}

JEFFERSON.
OK, Skip. Let's run thru this and see what we got.

SKIP.
Attention company, places for MISTER MOON MAN. (Counting them down)
A 2, 4, 6, 0, 1.

{MISTER MOON MAN TURN OFF YOUR LIGHT begins and the
LIGHTS COME UP.}

DICK.
WHEN THE MOON IS SHINING YELLOW

BETSY.
AND A GIRLIE'S WITH HER FELLOW

BETSY. & DICK.
BOTH ARE GETTING NICE AND MELLOW
IN THE BRIGHT MOON LIGHT.

DICK.
IF THE MOON MAN SHOULD DISCOVER
SWEETHEARTS KEEPING UNDERCOVER

BETSY.
CAN YOU BLAME THAT GIRL AND LOVER
IF THEY SAY TURN OUT THAT LIGHT?

{PETER, HARRY, FANNY, MONA, KATHIE and TEENIE enter.
They are dressed as clouds, stars and planets and perform an
elaborate Busby Berkley style routine around DICK and BETSY.}

CHORUS.
TURN OFF YOUR LIGHT, MISTER MOON MAN.
GO AND HIDE YOUR FACE BEHIND A CLOUD.

DICK.
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT COUPLES WANT TO SPOON, MAN?

BETSY.
TWO IS COMPANY AND THREE'S A CROWD.

CHORUS.
SO, WHEN EACH LITTLE LAD AND LADY
FIND A SPOT THAT'S NICE AND SHADY

BETSY. & DICK.
THAT'S YOUR CUE TO SAY "GOOD NIGHT."

CHORUS.
GOOD NIGHT.
AND, IF THEY WANT TO SPOON, MR. MOON,

ALL.
BE A SPORT AND TURN OFF YOUR LIGHT.

{The CHORUS MEMBERS get onto the floor and try to create a kaleidoscope dance effect. TEENIE and KATHIE both have difficulty executing the move.}

BETSY.
ALL YOU LADS AND LITTLE MISSES,

WOMEN.
WHO ARE FOND OF HUGS AND KISSES,

BETSY.
MUST REMEMBER HALF THE BLISS IS,
WHEN IT'S DARK AS IT CAN BE.

DICK.
IF ONCE MORE I START MY PLEADING,

MEN.
TELL HIM DARKNESS WE ARE NEEDING.

DICK.
IN CASE MY PLEADING, HE IS HEEDING,
YOU MUST DO THE SAME AS WE.

ALL.
TURN OFF YOUR LIGHT, MISTER MOON MAN.
GO AND HIDE YOUR FACE BEHIND A CLOUD.
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT COUPLES WANT TO SPOON, MAN?

BETSY.
TWO IS COMPANY AND THREE'S A CROWD.

DICK.
I'LL TAKE MY LADY TO A SHADY PLACE WHERE I CAN HUG MY BABY
AND WE'LL SAY TO YOU "GOOD NIGHT."

BETSY.
GOOD NIGHT.

BETSY & DICK.
WE WANT TO SQUEEZE AND TEASE, IF YOU PLEASE

ALL.
MISTER MOON-MAN TURN OUT YOUR LIGHT.

Wunderbar!
JEFFERSON.

Loverly.
SKIP.

Mr. Bland . . .
KATHIE.

JEFFERSON.
 I know what you're going to say, but we need you in this number. We need your voice. Just follow Teenie. She seems to know what to do.

Thank you Mr. Bland.
TEENIE.

But, Mr. Bland, I'm not feeling . . .
KATHIE.

JEFFERSON.
 Not now Zelden. We don't have time. OK, clear the stage. Let's run through **ALL BY MYSELF**. Everyone take your places. We're going to go from the top. House lights out.

A five, six, seven, eight -
SKIP.

{ALL BY MYSELF begins.}

KATHIE.
I'M SO UNHAPPY. WHAT'LL I DO?
I LONG FOR SOMEBODY WHO WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME.

{The LIGHTS COME UP. The stage is empty, except for KATHIE, who is standing behind a plant and singing.}

JEFFERSON.
 Wait! Wait! What's going on here? Why am I staring at at a strange and exotic plant? Where is Miss Stuart?

She's not here.
KATHIE.

JEFFERSON.
 What do you mean she's not here?

TEENIE.

She's in her dressing room taking off her make-up. She thought she was done for the day.

JEFFERSON.

With only days to go before opening?

SKIP.

Boss, I think this is my fault. I told her we didn't need her for the last number, I guess she thought I meant for the day.

JEFFERSON.

Well, somebody get her. Tell her I don't care what she's doing. She needs to stop and get down here.

TEENIE.

I'm on my way.

JEFFERSON.

(Yelling) Immediately!

KATHIE.

Mr. Bland . . .

JEFFERSON.

Not now, Zelden. Can't you see we're in the middle of a crisis? From now on, no one leaves without my approval. Got it? I said "Got it?"

ALL.

Yes, Mr. Bland.

JEFFERSON.

I don't think you kids grasp what's at stake here. We've got a show to get through and time is not on our side! Do you realize it's been over an hour? We've got to get to the intermission. (Looking out at the audience) Some of these people need to use the bathroom, or check for messages. (Back to the company) OK, let's try this again. And, I don't care if we have an earthquake, I don't want anyone to stop unless I yell STOP. Do you understand? (Yelling) I said, "Do you understand?"

ALL.

Yes, Mr. Bland.

SKIP.

Places!

JEFFERSON.

Now, find your grail!

{The LIGHTS GO OUT.}

SKIP.

A five, six, seven, eight -

{ALL BY MYSELF restarts.}

KATHIE.

**I'M SO UNHAPPY. WHAT'LL I DO?
I LONG FOR SOMEBODY WHO WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME.**

{The LIGHTS COME UP. PENNY is now center stage, lip syncing along to the number. She is dressed in her robe and her face is covered with cold cream.}

KATHIE. (cont'd)

**I'M GROWING SO TIRED OF LIVING ALONE
I LIE AWAKE ALL NIGHT AND CRY.
NOBODY LOVES ME, THAT'S WHY.
ALL BY MYSELF IN THE MORNING.
ALL BY MYSELF IN THE NIGHT
I SIT ALONE IN A BRAND NEW EASY CHAIR
SO UNHAPPY THERE. PLAYING SOLITAIRE.**

{PETER, HARRY, FANNY AND MONA enter and dance with PENNY.}

CHORUS.

**ALL BY HERSELF SHE GETS LONELY
WATCHING THE CLOCK ON THE SHELF**

KATHIE.

**I'D LOVE TO REST MY WEARY HEAD
ON SOMEBODY'S SHOULDER
I HATE TO GROW OLDER ALL BY MYSELF**

CHORUS.

ALL BY HERSELF

KATHIE.

Mr. Bland, something's not right.

JEFFERSON.

Keep going!

KATHIE.

MY NAME AND NUMBER ARE IN THE BOOK

CHORUS.

BOOK.

KATHIE.
THE ONE THAT HANGS ON A HOOK

HOOK. **CHORUS.**

KATHIE.
IN ALMOST EV'RY DRUG STORE.
WHY DON'T SOMEONE BOTHER TO LOOK?

LOOK. **CHORUS.**

KATHIE.
THE SWITCHBOARD TELLS ME ALL DAY LONG
"SORRY, THE NUMBER IS WRONG."

WRONG. **CHORUS.**

KATHIE.
Something is wrong. It's the baby. I think it's time!

JEFFERSON.
(Yelling) Not now! Keep going.

CHORUS.
ALL BY HERSELF IN THE MORNING. ALL BY HERSELF IN THE NIGHT

KATHIE.
I NEVER HAVE ANY SWEETHEARTS CALL ON ME

CHORUS.
THE FOUR WALLS SEEM TO BE HER ONLY COMPANY.

KATHIE.
I think my water just broke!

JEFFERSON.
We'll fix it later. Don't stop!

CHORUS.
ALL BY HERSELF, SHE GETS TEARY
WATCHING THE CLOCK ON THE SHELF

KATHIE.
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE KNOWS THE LOVING
I COULD BE GIVING,
YET I KEEP ON LIVING ALL BY MYSELF.
(Screaming) OOuucchhh! Hasa Diga Eebowai!

JEFFERSON.

Keep going! Chorus, help her out!!

{PENNY continues with the number, despite KATHIE missing words, notes and occasional cries of pain.}

CHORUS.

**ALL BY HERSELF IN THE MORNING.
ALL BY HERSELF IN THE NIGHT
ONCE IN A WHILE, SHE MEETS SOMEONE WHO IS SWEET**

KATHIE.

(Echoing in pain) SWEET.

CHORUS.

BUT, SOON AS THEY MEET.

KATHIE.

(Echoing in pain) MEET.

CHORUS.

HE SAYS "WHEN DO WE EAT?"

KATHIE.

(Echoing in pain) EAT.

CHORUS.

**ALL BY HERSELF SHE'S SO DREARY,
WATCHING THE CLOCK ON THE SHELF
THERE MUST BE SOMEONE KNOWS THE LOVING
SHE COULD BE SHARING. STILL, NO ONE IS CARING**

KATHIE.

ALL BY MYSELF.
(Screaming) OOOUCCCHHHH! I hate men!

JEFFERSON.

You've got to keep going. You're almost there.

{DICK enters. He takes PENNY'S arm and they perform a short dance break. KATHIE remains upstage in immense pain.}

CHORUS.

**ALL BY HERSELF IN THE MORNING.
ALL BY HERSELF IN THE NIGHT.
SHE SITS ALONE AN OL' NOVEL IN HER HAND.
SHE JUST NEEDS A MAN**

KATHIE.

AND A WEDDING BAND!

CHORUS.
ALL BY HERSELF SHE GETS WEARY.
TAKING A TOLL ON HER HEALTH
SHE'D LOVE TO REST HER WEARY HEAD ON
SOMEBODY'S SHOULDER.

KATHIE.
I'M GROWING MUCH COLDER
(Screaming) The baby's coming!!!

{PENNY gets tangled up in the choreography and trips. The MUSIC STOPS, but PENNY, the ultimate professional, sings the last line alone.}

PENNY.
ALL BY MYSELF.

CHORUS.
ALL BY HERSELF.

PENNY.
(Yelling) I think I broke my fucking leg!

{As the LIGHTS FADE, the SOUND OF A BABY CRYING is heard.}

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

SKIP.

A five, six, seven, eight.

{The LIGHTS COME UP on PENNY, who is center stage rehearsing and lip syncing MAMA WHIP! MAMA SPANK! She is carrying a whip and surrounded by the chorus boys. PENNY'S leg is in a cast and she is doing her best to dance}

{As usual, KATHIE is standing upstage behind a microphone and doing the singing. She is now holding her newborn baby.}

KATHIE.

LISTEN HERE, DADDY DEAR,
WHEN YOU FIRST LEFT ME HERE,
I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE.
I WAS OH! SO LONESOME, ALL I DID WAS CRY.
YOU HURT MY FEELINGS BAD.
NOW, I'M JUST FIGHTING MAD,
ANGRY THROUGH AND THROUGH.
AND, IF YOU DON'T HURRY,
WHEN I GET YOU, YOU'LL BE BLACK AND BLUE.
'CAUSE, MAMA WHIP! MAMA SPANK!
IF HER DADDY DON'T COME HOME.
I'VE GOT A NASTY TEMPER WHEN I'M BLUE.
AND, IF YOU DON'T COME HOME, I'LL TAKE IT OUT ON YOU.
YOU'VE BEEN GONE, TOO DARN LONG,
DONE ME WRONG, YOU TRIFLING DADDY.
YOU CAN BET, YOU'LL REGRET
THE DAY YOU LEFT ME ALL ALONE.
IF YOU DON'T COME HOME RIGHT AWAY,
THE UNDERTAKER'S GOING TO HAVE A BUSY DAY.
'CAUSE, MAMA WHIP! MAMA SPANK!
IF HER DADDY DON'T COME HOME.

PENNY.

What do you think? Do you notice the cast?

JEFFERSON.

I'm afraid so. We need something.

SKIP.

A lotta locomotion? Maybe, if Adrian lengthens the dress. . .

JEFFERSON.

Who are we kidding? This show is falling apart. I've got to come up with something and I've got to do it soon!

{KATHIE's Baby begins to CRY.}

JEFFERSON. (cont'd)
And, get that screaming child out of here. I need to think.

KATHIE.
Sorry, Mr. Bland.

{KATHIE exits with the BABY.}

JEFFERSON.
Miss Stuart, why don't you go soak your foot? We're not going to need you for a while. The rest of you take a break, too. (They all exit) (To Skip) I've got a leading lady that can't sing or dance. Even I don't think I can make a hit musical under these conditions. We've only got one choice.

SKIP.
Close the show?

JEFFERSON.
Jefferson Bland has never missed an opening night. Not even that year we did summer stock in that barn. Our only hope is to recast.

SKIP.
You think Stroman will allow it?

JEFFERSON.
I don't know. I don't even know if there's time. One thing is for sure, we're going to have to recast from within the company. We need a dancer . . . maybe Mona or Fanny. What do you think? Fanny's got legs

SKIP.
And, she knows how to use them.

JEFFERSON.
Tell her I need to see her in my office right away. I've got to trust my instincts, close my eyes and leap!

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE TWO

{PENNY'S dressing room. TEENIE and FILMORE are present.
Obviously, they do not get along.}

Yes, I can. I can do most anything. **FILMORE.**

Can you bake a pie? **TEENIE.**

No. **FILMORE.**

Neither can I. **TEENIE.**

{PENNY enters.}

Well, hello gorgeous. **FILMORE.**

Oh, Miss, let me help you. **TEENIE.**

Filmore, what are you doing here? **PENNY.**

I told him he wasn't allowed back stage. **TEENIE.**

I heard you were injured. **FILMORE.**

It's just a compound fracture. I can take it. I'm not built like other women. **PENNY.**

You can say that again. **TEENIE.**

Teenie, would you mind giving us a little privacy? **PENNY.**

(Insulted) Well, I never! **TEENIE.**

Maybe that's your problem. **FILMORE.**

{TEENIE exits into the bathroom, slamming the door.}

Oh, that Teenie. **PENNY.**

That Teenie's odd. **FILMORE.**

You really shouldn't be here. What if Gabe sees you? **PENNY.**

We need to talk. **FILMORE.**

Go on. **PENNY.**

About us. **FILMORE.**

I see. **PENNY.**

Penny, this isn't working. **FILMORE.**

No. Stop. Tell me on a Sunday, please. **PENNY.**

We live in two different worlds. I say "potato." **FILMORE.**

And, I say "patattah" **PENNY.**

I say "tomato." **FILMORE.**

And, I say "solanum lycopersicum." **PENNY.**

Show business and fitness just don't mix. **FILMORE.**

What about Magic Mike? **PENNY.**

Penny, I want a wife. You want an audience. **FILMORE.**

PENNY.
Is it the age difference? I know I am a little older.

TEENIE.
(Off Stage) A little?

FILMORE.
What was that?

PENNY.
It's just Teenie in the bathroom. Teenie in the bathroom.

FILMORE.
I'm just one man, Penny. Granted, I've got great hair, great teeth, a great personality and am only five percent body fat, but even I can't compete with your audience. They demand too much and I don't play second fiddle.

PENNY.
I'm not looking for a musician.

FILMORE.
I need to come first.

PENNY.
Don't be vulgar, darling. Oh, why does it have to be so difficult for a working girl?

TEENIE.
(Off Stage) Amen!

PENNY.
Teenie, are you eavesdropping?

TEENIE.
(Off Stage) No.

PENNY.
Well, sit down in there. You're rockin' the boat.

FILMORE.
Penny, I appreciate everything you did for me. What we had was a beautiful thing, but it was fleeting, like the AUTUMN LEAVES. And, I'll pay you back every cent I borrowed.

PENNY.
Oh Filmore, you know money is not important to me.

FILMORE.
But, it makes the world go 'round.

PENNY.

I don't care about expensive things.

FILMORE.

Cashmere coats? Diamond rings?

PENNY.

Don't mean a thing.

FILMORE.

Penny, Penny, Penny. The party's over. It's time to call it a day.

PENNY.

Oh, the bitch of living.

FILMORE.

One last kiss. Gimme one last kiss. Just to show there's no hard feelings.
(They kiss) Is everything OK?

PENNY.

(After the kiss) Yes, but I didn't feel anything hard. Oh Filmore, we should have belonged together.

FILMORE.

What made it so right together is what made it all wrong. I've got to move on.

PENNY.

But, who out there could love you more than I? Stay with me.

FILMORE.

No. If I should stay, I would only be in your way.

PENNY.

I'll always love you.

FILMORE.

Thanks. (Starting to leave) Oh, do you happen to know an old stage manager named Anderson?

PENNY.

No. Why?

FILMORE.

He keeps calling and threatening to report me to Actor's Equity.

PENNY.

How odd.

FILMORE.

I'm gonna miss you kid. You are sunlight.

And, I moon. **PENNY.**

FILMORE.
Penny, I do wish you THE BEST OF EVERYTHING. Goodbye old girl.

{FILMORE leaves.}

PENNY.
Old? (Yelling) He's gone now. You can come from away.

TEENIE.
(Entering) I thought he would never leave.

PENNY.
I'm all alone, Teenie. Here lies love.

TEENIE.
You've got nothing to worry about, Ma'am. Nothing's going to harm you. Not while I'm around.

PENNY.
I've been hurt like this before. Ah, the history of wrong guys.

TEENIE.
Would you like me to rub your foot?

PENNY.
I guess. Teenie, we all live such elaborate lives.

{TEENIE begins to rub her foot.}

TEENIE.
Miss Stuart . . .

PENNY.
God, that feels nice.

TEENIE.
Good.

PENNY.
Nice is different than good. Oh, where is love?

TEENIE.
Penny. . .

PENNY.
(Cutting her off) Don't spoil it, Teenie. Don't ruin the moment. Be more chill.

TEENIE.
But, I had a dream, a dream about you baby . . .

PENNY.
(Cutting her off) Just rub my fibula.

TEENIE.
Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime. Say the word and I will follow you.

PENNY.
Be a good maid, Teenie. That's all I ask of you.

TEENIE.
Everybody ought to have a maid. But, should I speak of love, let my feelings out?

PENNY.
No, Teenie. This isn't the time.

TEENIE.
There's only now, there's only here.

PENNY.
You have to forget that fun-filled month we shared together in the South Pacific. Those carefree days, those erotic nights-

TEENIE.
That real fine clam bake?

PENNY.
We met at nine.

TENNIE.
We met at eight.

PENNY.
Ah, yes. I remember it well

TEENIE.
And, what about that one night?

PENNY.
In Bangkok?

TEENIE.
Yes. The place where nobody dared to go. The love that we came to know. Remember? We danced like it was the last night of the world.

PENNY.
Teenie, Stop, stop, stop. You really gotta stop.

Oh, what a lady, what a night. **TEENIE.** Love changed everything.

It didn't. **PENNY.**

To love another person is to see the face of God. **TEENIE.**

Don't bring God into this, especially when you're caressing my calcaneus. **PENNY.**

Penny, what is it you want from me? What is it you need? You want thingamabobs? I've got twenty! **TEENIE.**

No Teenie. There's a fine, fine line between a lover and a friend, and we shan't cross it again. **PENNY.**

Tell me it's not true. Say you didn't mean it. **TEENIE.**

We'll always be bosom buddies. **PENNY.**

Friends? **TEENIE.**

Sisters. **PENNY.**

Pals. **TEENIE.**

It was all a mistake. I was weak and lonely. It can never happen again. **PENNY.**

Never? **TEENIE.**

{YOU MADE ME THINK YOU LOVED ME begins. KATHIE enters ready to sing.}

Oh, I don't think I need you for this one. (The music stops.) This duet is more of a talk song. I can Rex Harrison it. **PENNY.**

Are you sure? **KATHIE.**

PENNY.
Yes. (Kathie exits) Why don't I go back a line? I was weak and lonely. It can never happen again.

Never? **TEENIE.**
YOU MADE ME THINK YOU LOVED ME.

PENNY.
I LED YOU ON?

TEENIE.
YOU MADE ME THINK YOU WANTED ME.

PENNY.
WE ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS, THAT'S TRUE.
DON'T SAY THAT I ENCOURAGED YOU.

TEENIE.
IT'S VERY PLAIN FOR ANYONE TO SEE
THAT YOU'VE BEEN FOOLING ME.

PENNY.
I'M NOT TO BLAME DEAR IF YOUR HEART WAS LED ASTRAY.

TEENIE.
BUT, THOUGH YOU DON'T WANT ME TODAY,
HEAR WHAT I SAY. I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME

PENNY.
YOU MUST'N'T HAUNT ME.

TEENIE.
I'LL MAKE YOU SIGH TO BE NEAR ME, CRY TO BE NEAR ME

PENNY.
NIGHT AND DAY?

TEENIE.
I'LL FOLLOW YOU DEAR.

PENNY.
MY WHOLE LIFE THROUGH DEAR?

TEENIE.
I'LL WANT YOU EVERYDAY.

PENNY.
WELL, THEN I'LL RUN AWAY.

TEENIE.
I'LL COME AND FIND YOU, TAG RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

PENNY.
YOU'LL LEAD A BUSY LIFE, DEAR I MUST SAY.

TEENIE.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU?

PENNY.
NO.

TEENIE.
I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU,
YES, I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME SOME DAY.
I'LL KEEP YOUR HEART REGRETTING

PENNY.
IT CAN'T BE DONE.

TEENIE.
I'LL MAKE YOU MISS MY GOOD NIGHT KISS.

PENNY.
WHY EVERY KISS YOU HAD FROM ME,
I ONLY GAVE IN SYMPATHY

TEENIE.
EACH WORD YOU SAY IS SIMPLY WAKING ME
FROM MY DREAMS OF BLISS.

PENNY.
I DON'T DENY THERE ARE THINGS WE BOTH REGRET.

TEENIE.
THE END FOR US HAS NOT COME YET
AND DON'T FORGET, I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME.

PENNY.
NOW, DON'T YOU TAUNT ME.

TEENIE.
I'LL MAKE YOU SIGH TO BE NEAR ME,
CRY TO BE NEAR ME.

PENNY.
OH, RAVE AWAY.

I'LL FOLLOW YOU DEAR TEENIE.

MY WHOLE LIFE THROUGH DEAR? PENNY.

I'LL WANT YOU EVERYDAY TEENIE.

WELL, THEN I'LL RUN AWAY. PENNY.

I'LL COME AND HAUNT YOU.
BECAUSE I WANT YOU TEENIE.

YOU'LL HAVE SOME LONELY NIGHTS, DEAR, I MUST SAY. PENNY.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU? TEENIE.

NO. PENNY.

I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU.
YES, I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME TEENIE.

SOME DAY. TEENIE & PENNY.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE THREE

{DICK and BETSY are learning blocking. The scene ends with
BETSY giving DICK an awkward kiss}

SKIP.

It's just a jump to the left and then a step to the right.

BETSY.

Like this?

SKIP.

With your hands on your hips, you bring your knees in tight. OK, that's coming along.

DICK.

Thanks.

BETSY

Thanks.

SKIP.

One little note, Dick, when she kisses you, try and look like you enjoy it.

BETSY.

Do you want to practice it again? I don't mind.

DICK.

(Quickly) No.

SKIP.

(Exiting) Take ten. I need to see how it's going with Fanny.

BETSY.

You seem a little down today, Dick.

DICK.

It's just the pressure of the show.

BETSY.

Whew! For a minute there, I was afraid it was me.

DICK.

No, you're fine.

BETSY.

Really? You know, Dick, I think you're the tops. And, if TAP THAT never opens, I'll never forget this time.

DICK.

That's nice.

BETSY.

I always dreamed of being in a big, Broadway show and finding the perfect guy. Well, I'm in a show. Now, I just need to find the guy.

DICK.

Good luck with that.

BETSY.

Gosh, Dick, grey skies are gonna clear up. Put on a happy face.

DICK.

I'm just not in the mood.

BETSY.

But, if you don't have a dream, how you gonna have a dream come true?

DICK.

I don't know

BETSY.

Happy talk, keep talkin' happy talk.

DICK.

Are you always this perky?

BETSY.

I try to be. After all, the sun will come out tomorrow.

DICK.

OK. You're starting to annoy me.

BETSY.

Don't be silly. Shout Hallelujah, come on get happy. What's got you so down, Dick? You can tell me.

DICK.

It's a long story.

BETSY.

I like long things.

DICK.

Well, once upon a time, there was this guy. He was very handsome and very talented, but he was also very lonesome.

BETSY.

Oh, Dick.

DICK.

And then, one day, after he moved to the big city, he met somebody, somebody he was awfully fond of.

BETSY.

Go on.

DICK.

They ended up spending a lot of time with each other. They worked together, sang together, danced together, talked together.

BETSY.

Yes, I get the idea.

DICK.

But, they never seemed to quite advance. If you know what I mean.

BETSY.

Oh, I know.

DICK.

Well, now this fellow doesn't quite know what to do. He's starting to think that they will never get together.

BETSY.

Maybe you . . . This fellow . . . Ought to tell the other person how he really feels. Has he tried that?

DICK.

No.

BETSY.

Why not?

DICK.

I guess he's chicken.

BETSY.

Chicken?

DICK.

Seriously, you better eat something soon. We've milked this food gag dry.

BETSY.

But Dick, I don't think you understand. Underneath this worldly exterior, there beats the heart of a simple Hoosier. All I want is a room somewhere . . .

DICK.

Far away from the cold night air?

BETSY.

And, I want a wedding in a big church with bridesmaids and flower girls. A lot of ushers in tailcoats, reporters, and photographers . . .

DICK.

(Cutting her off) A wedding? What's a wedding? It's a prehistoric ritual where everybody promises fidelity forever, which is maybe the most horrifying word I ever heard of . . .

BETSY.

(Cutting her off) But the world can change. It can change like that. Due to one little word.

DICK.

Grease?

BETSY.

Dick, you're so cruel. (Rushing off) Oh, Calcutta!

DICK.

I do need somebody. Somebody to crowd me with love. Someone to force me to care. After all, what good is sitting alone in your room?

{GEE! BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE begins.}

DICK. (cont'd)

CROWDS ALL AROUND ME, STILL I'M ALONE,
NO ONE TO SAY "HELLO."
CAN'T EVEN PLACE ONE SINGLE FACE ANYWHERE I MAY GO.
NO ONE TO UNDERSTAND.
I'M A STRANGER IN A STRANGE, STRANGE LAND.
GEE, BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE.
FOR WHEN I CLIMB UP THE STAIR,
THERE'S JUST A BED AND A CHAIR TO GREET ME.
NOBODY WAITING THERE WITH A SMILE.
THAT'S WHY I'M LONESOME, OH! SO LONESOME.
HOME SWEET HOME TO MOST FOLKS
IS THE PLACE FOR WHICH THEY LONG.
HOME SWEET HOME DON'T MEAN A THING,
TO ME IT'S JUST A SONG.
DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYONE TO PHONE,
DOG GONE IT. GEE, BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE.

{PETER enters and silently watches him.}

DICK. (cont'd)

EVERYONE'S HAPPY. SMILE ON EACH FACE.
LAUGHING AS THEY PASS BY.
I FEEL SO BLUE. HONEST AND TRUE.
ALMOST WISH I COULD DIE.
JUST LIKE A ROLLING STONE.

DICK. (cont'd)
I'M JUST ROLLING NOWHERE ALL ALONE.
GEE, BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE.
FOR WHEN I CLIMB UP THE STAIR,
THERE'S JUST A BED AND A CHAIR TO GREET ME.
NOBODY WAITING THERE WITH A SMILE.
THAT'S WHY I'M LONESOME, OH! SO LONESOME.
HOME SWEET HOME TO MOST FOLKS
IS THE PLACE FOR WHICH THEY LONG.
HOME SWEET HOME DON'T MEAN A THING,
TO ME IT'S JUST A SONG.
DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYONE TO PHONE,
DOG GONE IT. GEE, BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE

Wow, that was pretty. **PETER.**

Thanks. **DICK.**

You OK? **PETER.**

Yes. **DICK.**

Girl trouble? **PETER.**

I don't have a girl. **DICK.**

What about Betsy? **PETER.**

She's not my girl. **DICK.**

Well, I just assumed . . . **PETER.**

You know what happens when you assume. **DICK.**

I trip on my trouser leg crossing the room? **PETER.**

Oh, Pete. **DICK.**

PETER.

What? What is it? (Dick is silent) Someone's being bashful. That's no way to be. Not with me.

DICK.

If you only knew who I loved.

PETER.

I think I do.

{They embrace and share a kiss. GEE! BUT I HATE TO GO HOME ALONE REPRISÉ begins.}

DICK & PETER.

**GEE! , I HAVE SOMEONE TO CALL MY OWN.
THANK HEAVEN!
NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME ALONE.**

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE FOUR

{BETSY is on stage talking to FANNY and MONA.}

FANNY.

You've got to snap out of it.

MONA.

Yeah, you've got to get over this Dick.

BETSY.

But, he's so cute. He's such a smart dresser. He has such nice manners. He's so well-toned. He's always writing home to his mother. Any girl would be lucky to get him.

FANNY.

I don't think any girl will get that lucky. Don't take it personally. I just don't think you're his type.

BETSY.

Why does everyone keep telling me that? I can be any type. Oh, where are the simple joys of maidenhood? I just don't understand.

FANNY.

You don't want to understand. Why, it's so obvious, I'll bet even dumb old Mona here can set you straight, so to speak.

MONA.

I'm not that old.

FANNY.

Tell her Mona.

MONA.

Dick likes dick.

BETSY.

I like him, too. I dream about him all the time. About traveling with him to somewhere that's green . . . on his purple Schwinn AutoCycle.

FANNY.

Honey, I think that's an impossible dream.

BETSY.

I want a cool rider. A cool, cool, cool, cool rider.

FANNY.

Oh, you're too much. Just move on. Forget the little shrimp.

Shrimp? **BETSY.**

MONA.
Yeah, there's plenty of fish in the sea.

I'm so hungry. **BETSY.**

{BETSY faints.}

FANNY.
I'm definitely over this running food gag. And, the dick jokes.

{As FANNY and MONA exit, PETER enters and discovers BETSY on the floor.}

Are you OK? **PETER.**

BETSY.
Yes. I guess. For a second there, the room had no ceiling or floor. (Getting up) God, this show is murder on my silk stockings. Pete, can I ask you something?

Sure. **PETER.**

Do you think Dick likes me? **BETSY.**

Of course he does. **PETER.**

I mean, really likes me? **BETSY.**

PETER.
Betsy, you're a sweet girl, a little over weight maybe -

BETSY.
Give me a break. I'm trying.

PETER.
Please, let me finish. You're a really sweet girl, but you don't stand a chance with Dick. I think he likes someone else.

Who? **BETSY.**

Me. **PETER.**

BETSY.
Don't be ridiculous. He's a guy and you're a guy.

PETER.
Betsy, we spent the night together last night.

BETSY.
No, we didn't!

PETER.
Not us. Dick and me. Betsy, have you ever heard the word "Homosexual"?

BETSY.
Of course I have. I wasn't born under a rock. My Grandmother told me all about them. They're ladies who like other ladies.

PETER.
Well Betsy, there's also such a thing as a male homosexual. That's a guy who likes other guys.

BETSY.
We don't have those in French Lick.

PETER.
I'm sure you do, Betsy. The majority of homosexuals can be found in the theatre doing musical comedies.

BETSY.
Really?

PETER.
And the rest are usually found in the audience watching musical comedies. And, sometime in the not so distant future, homosexuals will be allowed to live openly together in public.

BETSY.
I don't believe it.

PETER.
Believe it. In the not-so-distant future, the Supreme Court, the highest court in the land will issue a landmark ruling granting all gay couples the right to marry.

BETSY.
But, what has all that got to do with Dick. He's my man.

PETER.

Betsy, Dick and I are homosexuals.

BETSY.

Please don't take this the wrong way and I don't want to be rude, but I don't think you know Dick.

PETER.

Oh, trust me, Betsy, if there's one thing I do know, it's Dick.

{YOU THINK HE'S YOUR MAN begins.}

PETER. (cont'd)

YOU THINK HE'S YOUR MAN
 BUT HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES.
 AND, WHEN HE'S WITH YOU,
 HE'S ALWAYS GOT ME ON HIS MIND.
 I AIN'T NO HE-MAN, THAT IS TRUE,
 BUT, I CAN CERTAINLY TAKE YOUR MAN FROM YOU.
 MY WICKED SMILE, MY WICKED WALK,
 I'VE GOT THE KIND OF EYES THAT SEEM TO TALK.
 THERE'S NO NEED OF CRYING
 AND IT'S NO USE TO WEEP AND MOAN.
 I WANT YOUR MAN AND I'M GONNA TAKE HIM
 FOR MY OWN, MY OWN.
 I DON'T MEAN TO BE SO BOLD,
 BUT I JUST WANT TO GET YOU TOLD.
 YOU THINK HE'S YOUR MAN,
 BUT HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES.

{BETSY rushes off.}

PETER. (cont'd)

THERE'S NO NEED OF CRYING
 AND IT'S NO USE TO WEEP AND MOAN.
 I WANT YOUR MAN AND I'M GONNA TAKE HIM
 FOR MY OWN, MY OWN.
 THERE'S NO NEED FOR GETTING ROUGH,
 BUT, I JUST WANT TO STRUT MY STUFF.
 YOU THINK HE'S YOUR MAN,
 BUT HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES.
 NOW, PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M A JERK.
 DICK AND BETS WOULD NEVER WORK.
 YES, SHE THINKS HE'S HER MAN,
 BUT HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES.
 YES, HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE FIVE

{JEFFERSON, FANNY and SKIP are working on a routine.}

FANNY.

I'm sorry. I'm just not getting it.

JEFFERSON.

You've got to get it. Let's try it one mo' time. You know these steps. Just try to remember

SKIP.

(Cutting him off) And if you remember . . .

SKIP.

Follow, follow, follow.

JEFFERSON.

Follow, follow, follow.

JEFFERSON

From the refrain.

SKIP.

I'll count you down. Stumble. Bumble. Fumble. Plumble.

{MAMMA WHIP! MAMMA SPANK! resumes. KATHIE, who is holding her baby begins to sing while FANNY attempts to dance and lip-sync along.}

KATHIE.

YES, MAMA WHIP! MAMA SPANK!
IF HER DADDY DON'T COME HOME.
SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE I AIN'T A BIT OF GOOD
YOU NEVER REALLY LOVED ME LIKE A DADDY SHOULD
MONEY'S GONE, CLOTHES IN PAWN,
I'VE GOT ON MY LAST KIMONO.
NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT'LL GO
SO GET IT THRU THAT CONCRETE DOME
IF YOU DON'T COME HOME RIGHT AWAY
YOU'RE GONNA WEAR A FULL DRESS SUIT
'TILL JUDGMENT DAY.
'CAUSE, MAMA WHIP! MAMA SPANK!
IF HER DADDY DON'T COME HOME.

JEFFERSON.

Stop! Stop! Terrible! Just terrible.

FANNY.

I'm sorry Mr. Bland. I am trying. Wouldn't it be easier if I just sang myself?

JEFFERSON.
And, put Zelden out of work? No. Now, get ready. You've got to lip-sync for your life.

FANNY.
I'm so exhausted.

JEFFERSON.
We're all exhausted. Ok, it's not your fault. Take a break.

{KATHIE'S BABY begins to CRY}

JEFFERSON. (cont'd)
And, get that screaming kid out of here.

KATHIE.
Sorry Mr. Bland.

{KATHIE and FANNY exit.}

JEFFERSON.
It's no use. We're kidding ourselves. She's not going to be able to cut it.

SKIP.
We're running out of options.

JEFFERSON.
What about Mona?

SKIP.
I'm not sure she can even read the script.

JEFFERSON.
What if we bump up Barker again? She's a quick study. Fanny can cover her part. Mona can cover Fanny's and Teenie can cover Mona's.

SKIP.
It might work.

JEFFERSON.
We've still got two days to pull it off. Call a company meeting.

SKIP.
There's still a slight problem boss. Someone has to fire Miss Stuart.

JEFFERSON.
You want to do it? She scares me.

SKIP.

I think it would be better coming from you.

JEFFERSON.

God help me. The things I do for this crazy business.

SKIP.

What about Stroman?

JEFFERSON.

Put Fanny onto him. That's her area of expertise.

SKIP.

You think it will work?

JEFFERSON.

It has to! But, it's gonna take a miracle.

SKIP.

A hundred million miracles.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE SIX

{PENNY'S dressing room. PENNY is drinking heavily.}

PENNY.

Fired. Teenie, can you believe it?

TEENIE.

No, ma'am. (Referring to the audience) And they didn't even get to see it happen. We cut that scene.

PENNY.

Why do you seem to be enjoying this?

TEENIE.

Schadenfreude?

PENNY.

No thanks. It gives me gas. And, on top of being fired, Gabe dumped me for that chorus girl.

TEENIE.

I heard. You should sue Stroman.

PENNY.

Gone. Everything's gone. Oh, to hell with them. I'm still popular. The world still loves me.

TEENIE.

Yes, they do ma'am.

PENNY.

I know about popular.

TEENIE.

lar.

PENNY.

I guess we should start packing. We're movin' out.

TEENIE.

I can't leave ma'am. I'm still in the show.

PENNY.

You're actually going to stay? After the way they treated me? You can't. I need you.

I wish that were true. **TEENIE.**

It is. **PENNY.**

Don't act with me. I'm not one of your fans. **TEENIE.**

That was a low blow. Why did you take this job with me anyway? **PENNY.**

When Captain Andy let me go, nobody else would hire me. **TEENIE.**

But you had that glowing recommendation from World Wide Wickets. **PENNY.**

I called in a favor. I never really learned how to succeed. **TEENIE.**

But, you must have been warned about me. **PENNY.**

Oh, I heard things. **TEENIE.**

Like what? **PENNY.**

That you had an incredible figure but you throw it around like a burlesque queen. That you have beautiful legs but they are always walking in the wrong direction. **TEENIE.**

And? **PENNY.**

And, that you had a mouth like an angel but the words that come out are pure tramp. **TEENIE.**

I make no apologies. This is me. **PENNY.**

Stop it Penny! Do you think if I believed one word they said that I would have told you? **TEENIE.**

PENNY.

I guess not.

TEENIE.

You're almost impossible to work with, but I understand why. Your first loyalty isn't to money or having your name in lights or even to yourself. It's to your audience, isn't it?

PENNY.

Oh, Teenie. You do understand.

TEENIE.

And, you hate me for it.

PENNY.

I don't hate you.

TEENIE.

Well, you've certainly been giving a good imitation of it. Every time you open your mouth, you expect to rock the world.

PENNY.

I've rocked it a few times, Missy.

TEENIE.

Then, why not give it a rest? If you keep this up, you know how it'll all end.

PENNY.

Suppose you tell me.

TEENIE.

To a day when no producer is going to use you because you aren't worth all the trouble. To a day when you're not the great Penny Stuart but a cheap, vulgar has been. To a day when drag queens in small, fringe theatre companies will pay homage to you in decidedly, low brow parodies. And, then there will be the bottle.

PENNY.

Looks like I hit bottom pretty fast, huh? Oh Teenie, there's gotta be something better than this.

TEENIE.

That morning in Scranton, after our very first night together, you stumbled out of my hotel room without saying a word. You can't imagine how that hurt me.

PENNY.

I'm sorry. I think I was just dazzled by your jodhpurs.

TEENIE.

That's no excuse. I loved you once in silence. And, misery was all I knew.

{There is a KNOCK at the door.}

HARRY.

(Off stage) Miss Teenie, they need you on stage.

TEENIE.

I'll be right there.

PENNY.

Teenie, wait. I admit that in the past I've been a nasty. But, I just realized something. I think I love you.

TEENIE.

So what are you so afraid of?

PENNY.

I'm afraid that I'm not sure of a love there is no cure for.

TEENIE.

Have we really sunk as low as to quote Partridge Family lyrics? What's next? The Silver Platters? The Honey Bees? The Archies? Who wrote this script? These people deserve better than this?

PENNY.

Isn't this rich?

TEENIE.

Are we a pair?

PENNY.

Teenie, stay. I'll let you rub my feet again. When you touch me, you'll understand what happiness is.

TEENIE.

Oh, Penny. (Exiting) I still believe in love

PENNY.

(To the audience) She is gone but she used to be mine. Oh, why did I buy her those damn long pants?

{The introduction of "I'VE GOT THE BLUES begins.}

{At the point where the song should begin, PENNY begins to panic. She looks left and right as the MUSIC continues to vamp.}

PENNY. (cont'd)

(Whispering) Kathie. Kathie. Zelden! (Laughing nervously) Where is that girl? If you want something done, it's best to do it yourself. After all, nobody does it like me.

PENNY. (cont'd)

WHAT GOOD IS SUNSHINE, WHEN YOU ARE BLUE?
WHEN THERE IS NO ONE WHO CARES FOR YOU?
THE BIRDS ARE SINGING SONGS BY THE SCORE
BUT YOU JUST WONDER WHO THEY'RE SINGING FOR.
WHAT GOOD IS MOONLIGHT WHEN YOU'RE ALONE
AND EVERYBODY ELSE IS GAY?
NO ONE TO TALK TO ON THE TELEPHONE,
NO WONDER I FEEL THIS WAY.
I'VE GOT THE BLUES, BUT I'M JUST TOO MEAN TO CRY.
ALL THRU' THE DAY, I JUST WORRY AND I SIGH.
OH POOR LITTLE ME, HOW I LONG TO SEE
SOME SWEET BABY, SOME SWEET BABY,
BOUNCING ON MY KNEE.
OH, WHAT'S THE USE? THEY ALL GO AND PASS ME BY,
IF ANY LONGER I MUST PINE,
I'LL SWALLOW DOWN A QUARTERS WORTH OF IODINE.
'CAUSE, I'VE GOT THE BLUES,
BUT I'M JUST TOO MEAN TO CRY.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE SEVEN

{The Broadway Stage. BETSY is talking with SKIP and
JEFFERSON. HARRY, PETER and DICK are standing nearby.}

SKIP.

You've got to remember to keep your face out. They're good words. The audience needs to hear them.

BETSY.

Words, words, words. I'm so sick of words. I'm sorry.

JEFFERSON.

Quit apologizing. Boys, are you ready to try it again?

PETER.

Yes, Mr. Bland.

HARRY.

Yes, Mr. Bland.

DICK.

It's really starting to come together, Betsy. That audience is going to love you.

BETSY.

At least someone will.

DICK.

Gosh Betsy, I can't believe you're still sore. Are you ever going to forgive me?

BETSY.

I don't know. They say "Time heals everything."

DICK.

Tuesday? Thursday?

BETSY.

I don't know. April. August.

DICK.

I wish you could understand. It's my world that I want to take a little pride in, My world, and it's not a place I have to hide in.

SKIP.

OK Fellows, places.

JEFFERSON.

Let's take it from your last line, where you present her with the bouquet.

DICK.

(Acting) But Sophie, darling, look what I brought you.

BETSY.

What am I supposed to do with those?

{DON'T BRING ME PANSIES begins.}

DICK, PETER & HARRY.

**SOPHIE WAS A CHORUS GIRL IN A BROADWAY SHOW.
AND EVERYWHERE THAT SOPHIE WENT,
THE BOYS WERE SURE TO GO.
ALL THE BOYS FROM MILES AROUND
SENT FLOWERS EVERY DAY.
BUT, WHEN THEY WOULD CALL ON SOPHIE,
THEY WOULD HEAR HER SAY**

BETSY.

**DON'T BRING ME PANSIES,
WHEN IT'S TAP SHOES THAT I NEED.
DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS OR SEND ME THE SEED.
ROSES ARE NICE OH, I BELIEVE,
BUT I CAN'T TAP LIKE MOTHER EVE.
DON'T BRING ME PANSIES,
WHEN IT'S TAP SHOES THAT I NEED.
DON'T BRING ME PANSIES,
WHEN IT'S TAP SHOES THAT I NEED.
DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS OR SEND ME THE SEED.
FLOWERS ARE GRAND, GOODNESS KNOWS
THEY CAN'T WARM YOUR FEET WHEN IT SNOWS.
DON'T BRING ME PANSIES,
WHEN IT'S TAP SHOES THAT I NEED.**

{BETSY stops singing.}

BETSY. (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Mr. Bland. This song is too personal for me right now. The last thing I need to be around are more pansies.

JEFFERSON.

This is the theatre. You better get used to it.

BETSY.

But, I don't think I can do it. It's too much responsibility.

JEFFERSON.

You don't know the meaning of the word responsibility.

BETSY.

Yes I do. Responsibility is the state or fact of being answerable, or accountable for something within one's power, control, or management.

JEFFERSON.

Now, use it in a sentence.

BETSY.

There is a lot of responsibility involved in being the star of Broadway show.

JEFFERSON.

Did someone ever tell you that life in the theatre was easy? It's hard.

SKIP.

Easy to be hard.

JEFFERSON.

And, the only thing harder than getting a show on stage is getting an audience to support it. And, by support, I mean both physically and financially. Did you know that ticket sales for most theatre companies only make up a small portion of their annual operating expenses?

BETSY.

I didn't know that. How can I help?

JEFFERSON.

The next time you find yourself sitting in a theatre, after you've silenced your electronic devices, you should look in your program. Perhaps, you will find a clue there, a clue as to how you can show your support and help a struggling theatre company. And remember, no amount is too small. Now, what do you say? Are you ready to get back down to business and start rehearsing?

BETSY.

I just can't. I need a break. It's too darn hot.

JEFFERSON.

Too darn hot?

BETSY.

Le jazz hot. I'm just not feeling well. The world keeps spinning 'round and 'round. And, my heart's keeping time to the speed of sound. I'm so lost. . .

{BETSY rushes off.}

JEFFERSON.

(To Skip) OK, now I'm starting to worry.

SKIP.

Yeah. I felt the pain when they did the mambo.

JEFFERSON.

The show is going to hell in a handbag. The Barker kid is cracking under the pressure.

SKIP.

Well, it is a lot to ask of her, to learn and carry an entire Broadway musical on her thin shoulders.

JEFFERSON.

Thin? Well, she has to pull it off. The entire company is counting on her. I'm counting on her. My very life may depend on it!

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE EIGHT

{Outside the theatre. BETSY is sitting on a bench, and staring at DICK'S framed 8x10 Photograph.}

{CRY BABY BLUES Begins}

BETSY.

YOU'RE THE BABY I'VE BEEN CALLIN' MY OWN
OH! ME, OH! MY.
YOU'RE ABOUT THE MEANEST BABY I'VE KNOWN
AND, HERE'S JUST WHY
WHEN I WANT TO KISS YOU ANSWER "NO"
I'LL TELL YOU THIS, I'M GONNA GO.
AND BABIES ALWAYS CRY WHEN THEY'RE LEFT ALONE
YOU'LL GET THOSE . . .
CRY BABY BLUES, YOU'RE GONNA CRY BABY.
CRY BABY BLUES JUST MEANS GOODBYE BABY.
SUGAR O' MINE, YOU'RE SO REFINED,
YOU WON'T DO THIS, YOU WON'T DO THAT.
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
CRY BABY BLUES, YOU'RE GONNA DIE BABY.
KISSES YOU'LL LOSE AS SWEET AS PIE, BABY.
ASK MOS' ANY SWEETIE AT THE CANDY SHOP
WHAT GOOD IS A LOLLY WITHOUT ANY POP?
IF I SKIDOOS, YOU'RE GONNA CRY BABY, THOSE CRY BABY BLUES.
YOU MUST THINK YOUR KISS IS MADE OUT OF GOLD.
OH! ME, OH! MY.
THEY WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD WHEN YOU'RE OLD.
AND, HERE'S JUST WHY,
WHEN ROSES ARE RED, BEES HANG AROUND
WHEN THEY ARE DEAD, BEES CAN'T BE FOUND
THERE'LL BE NO BEES AROUND WHEN MY LOVE GROWS COLD.
YOU'LL GET THOSE . . .
CRY BABY BLUES, YOU'RE GONNA CRY BABY.
CRY BABY BLUES JUST MEANS GOODBYE BABY.
SUGAR O' MINE, YOU'RE SO REFINED.
YOU WON'T DO THIS, YOU WON'T DO THAT.
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
CRY BABY BLUES, YOU'RE GONNA DIE BABY.
KISSES YOU'LL LOSE AS SWEET AS PIE, BABY.
I'M THE BESTEST BABY IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD
THEY SAY I'M NOT BAD BUT STILL I'M NOT SO GOOD
IF I SKIDOOS, YOU'RE GONNA CRY BABY, THOSE CRY BABY BLUES.

{FILMORE enters.}

FILMORE.

Excuse me, Miss. I didn't want to interrupt your song.

(Embarrassed) Oh, that's all right **BETSY**

FILMORE
I tried to wait until the applause stopped. Why were you singing to a photograph?

BETSY
It's the type of things we do in musicals.

FILMORE
Are you OK?

BETSY.
(Embarrassed) I guess.

{BETSY starts to stand but stumbles.}

FILMORE.
Bad guess.

BETSY.
My legs. They're so tired.

FILMORE.
Why don't you just sit here a minute? I've seen you around here before. Are you in the show?

BETSY.
Yes. I'm Betsy Barker.

FILMORE.
And, I'm Filmore Bush.

BETSY.
Well, it was nice meeting you Mr. Bush but I need to get back in there and practice my dancing.

FILMORE.
Why don't you sit this one out?

BETSY.
Gee, that sure sounds like a nice idea.

FILMORE.
I've got a lot of nice ideas. But, they're useless without a pair of ears to hear them.

Will mine do? **BETSY.**

Oh, very nicely. And, when are your ears available? **FILMORE.**

At all sorts of odd hours. You should look them up sometime. **BETSY.**

Say, remind me to tell you that I think thou swell. **FILMORE.**

I think thou swell, too. You've got an amazing physique. **BETSY.**

Thanks. Physical fitness is very important to me. **FILMORE.**

Mr. Bush . . . **BETSY.**

(Cutting her off) Filmore. **FILMORE.**

Filmore, have you ever heard of a homosexual? **BETSY.**

No. I'm in the gym business. **FILMORE.**

Do you like girls? **BETSY.**

I like you. **FILMORE.**

Swell. Filmore, can I let you in on a little secret? **BETSY.**

Sure. And, I'll keep it 'till my dying day. **FILMORE.**

When, I came out here from Indiana – **BETSY.**

Indiana? I'm from Indiana! Are you from Indiana? **FILMORE.**

Yes. **BETSY.**

FILMORE.

What part?

BETSY.

All of me. Anyway, when I came out here, I wanted more than anything in the world to be a star on Broadway. Now that I've got the chance, I'm not really sure I want it. It's so much harder than I thought it would be. I'm afraid if it's always going to be like this, I'll end up old, angry and masculine like Miss Stuart. I guess it's true. There are dreams that cannot be. I think I'm going to leave the show.

FILMORE.

Well, you don't strike me as the quitting type.

BETSY.

I just need a goal again. I need a drive again. I want to feel myself coming alive again. I don't think I'm cut out for New York, New York.

FILMORE.

It's a hell of a town.

BETSY.

I've got to be where my spirit can run free. I miss my Grandma. Why, when I think of home, I think of a place where there's love over flowing.

{SWEET INDIAN HOME begins.}

BETSY. (cont'd)

NEVER KNEW I'D BE BLUE.
NOW, I'M MELANCHOLY RIGHT THRU.
THERE'S A SPOT NOT FAR AWAY,
KINDA HAUNTS ME NIGHT AND DAY.
PICTURE ME, CAN'T YOU SEE
JUST HOW DOG GONE HAPPY I'D BE?
EVERY NIGHT, THERE'S A CANDLELIGHT
IN ALL MY DREAMS.
IT SEEMS
I'M DOWN IN INDIANA, INDIANA.

IN MY DREAMS, I'M ROAMIN'
THRU THE SHADY GLOAMIN' WHERE I WAS BORN.
I'LL GO RIGHT BACK TO INDIANA, INDIANA.
COULD ANYTHING BE GRANDER
THAN JUST TO MEANDER THE FIELDS OF CORN?
I LOVE THAT LITTLE HOMESTEAD
WHERE MY HEART'LL BE FED ON SUNSHINE.
I'LL MEET A LADY SO FAIR
IN A ROCKING CHAIR THERE ALONE.
I'LL LEAVE TONIGHT ABOUT ELEVEN.
I'LL BE IN HEAVEN, TOMORROW MORN AT SEVEN
WHEN I'M IN MY HOME SWEET INDIANA HOME.

ONE O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
YOU'LL FIND ME IN AN UPPER BERTH.

TWO O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
I'LL START TO DREAM FOR ALL I'M WORTH.

THREE O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
THEY START THE PULLMAN SYMPHONY.
EVERYBODY SNORING IN A DIFFERENT KEY.

FOUR O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
I'LL KINDA OPEN UP MY EYES

FIVE O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
THE INDIANA SUN WILL RISE.

SIX O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
THE ENGINEER WILL BLOW THE ALARM.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, **FILMORE.**

BETSY.
YOU'LL FIND ME IN MY GRANNY'S ARMS. WAY . . .

BETSY & FILMORE.
DOWN IN INDIANA, INDIANA.
IN MY DREAMS, I'M ROAMIN'
THRU THE SHADY GLOAMIN' WHERE I WAS BORN.
I'LL GO RIGHT BACK TO INDIANA,
INDIANA. COULD ANYTHING BE GRANDER,
THAN JUST TO MEANDER THE FIELDS OF CORN?
I LOVE THAT LITTLE HOMESTEAD
WHERE MY HEART'LL BE FED ON SUNSHINE.

BETSY & FILMORE. (cont'd)

**I'LL MEET A LADY SO FAIR
IN A ROCKING CHAIR THERE ALONE.
I'LL LEAVE TONIGHT ABOUT ELEVEN.
I'LL BE IN HEAVEN, TOMORROW MORN AT SEVEN
WHEN I'M IN MY HOME SWEET INDIANA HOME.**

FILMORE.

Gosh, that sounded good.

BETSY.

It did. Our voices. . . They go together.

FILMORE.

Like rama lama lama

FILMORE.

Ka dinga da dinga dong.

BETSY.

Ka dinga da dinga dong.

FILMORE.

You got a fellow, Betsy?

BETSY.

No. What about you?

FILMORE.

No. But, I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie. But, she died. Then, I had a clandestine affair with a rather masculine movie star. But, that ended a few scenes ago.

BETSY.

That's nice. Well, if you happen to be looking for a girlfriend, I do have an opening.

FILMORE.

Don't be vulgar, Betsy.

BETSY.

I must warn you. The job requires a long term commitment.

FILMORE.

I wouldn't have it any other way.

BETSY.

You're hired. You can start today.

{BETSY kisses him.}

FILMORE.

S'wonderful.

S'marvelous.

BETSY.

Can I treat you to an ice cream?

FILMORE.

Ice cream? Vanilla Ice Cream?

BETSY.

Delovely.

BETSY.

Delovely.

FILMORE.

I've got to find Mr. Bland. I need to put in my notice.

BETSY.

{BETSY rushes off.}

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE NINE

{PENNY'S dressing room. TEENIE is trying to help a very drunk PENNY.}

You've got to cooperate. **TEENIE.**

Who am I anyway? **PENNY.**

You're Penny Stuart. **TEENIE.**

Where am I? **PENNY.**

You're in your dressing room. **TEENIE.**

Who are you? **PENNY.**

I'm Teenie. **TEENIE.**

{TEENIE gets PENNY back into her chair.}

PENNY.
Teenie? You came back. I got you back. Oh, I'm so glad. They'll be coming back for you in a minute. We've got to get away. We've got to run away.

TEENIE.
We can't go anywhere right now. Just sit there quietly in your own little corner. You've had a little too much to drink.

PENNY.
I wish I wasn't in this chair.

TEENIE.
But, you are Penny. You are in that chair.

PENNY.
Nobody puts Penny in the corner.

TEENIE.

Maybe we should get something in your stomach. Would you like me to call Ida down at Mildred's and get you a nice piece of pie? Or how about some popcorn? (To the audience) Penny likes my corn.

PENNY.

Teenie, do you love me?

TEENIE.

Do I what?

PENNY.

Do you love me?

TEENIE.

Do I love you? You're a fool.

PENNY.

I know. But, do you love me?

TEENIE.

For the last five years, I've washed your clothes, cooked your meals, cleaned your house-

PENNY.

Then, you love me.

TEENIE.

I suppose I do. And, how do you really feel about me?

PENNY.

Bewitched?

TEENIE.

Bothered.

PENNY.

Bewildered?

TEENIE.

Really?

PENNY.

Well, I feel so gay in a melancholy way.

TEENIE.

You're drunk. I'll make you a black macoco.

PENNY.

I ain't down yet.

{PENNY collapses. There is a KNOCK at the door.}

Come in. **TEENIE.**

{JEFFERSON and SKIP enter.}

JEFFERSON.
We need to talk to Miss Stuart. Right away.

TEENIE.
As you can see, this isn't a good time.

SKIP.
I smell scotch.

TEENIE.
She's a little drowsy.

JEFFERSON.
I thought you were her chaperone.

TEENIE.
Don't blame me.

PENNY.
Lots of bars in Cremona.

SKIP.
She's blotto!

JEFFERSON.
Curse my lousy luck!

TEENIE.
Is there anything I can help you with?

JEFFERSON.
Not unless you are prepared to take over the lead in TAP THAT.

TEENIE.
What? Me? I don't understand.

SKIP.
Barker wants out. She's met a physical fitness expert and they're going to get married. She just put in her notice.

TEENIE.
God, I hate quitters.

JEFFERSON.

We've bumped her back down to chorus and we need Miss Stuart back in the star spot. Do you think she can handle it?

TEENIE.

I don't know. Miss Stuart? Miss Stuart?

JEFFERSON.

What are we going to do? We open tomorrow night. Everything's set. The press is confirmed, tickets are sold-

SKIP.

Maybe we can put Fanny back in?

JEFFERSON.

She can't handle it. And, Mona's out.

SKIP.

I know this may seem like a wild idea, but what about Pete or Harry? Maybe we could put one of them in a wig and dress.

JEFFERSON.

No one wants to come to the theatre to see a bunch of grown men running around in drag.

SKIP.

I guess you're right. There's no one left, then. We're going to have to close the show.

TEENIE.

Mr. Bland . . .

JEFFERSON.

I can't believe it's this difficult to find someone who can dance, act, lip-synch and memorize a show in less than twenty four hours.

TEENIE.

Mr. Bland . . .

JEFFERSON.

Not now, Teenie. I'm trying to think.

TEENIE.

Perhaps the answer is right here, under your very nose.

JEFFERSON.

We'll never get her sober in time. Besides, she's still got that bum leg.

I was talking about me. **TEENIE.**

Get serious. **JEFFERSON.**

I am serious. I know the show backwards and forwards. If Zelden does the singing, I could pull it off. After all, I have had experience. **TEENIE.**

She has been carefully taught. **SKIP.**

And, luckily we're almost the same size, so the costumes shouldn't be a problem. **TEENIE.**

I'm not convinced. Show me your legs. (Teenie lifts her skirt) What do you think? **JEFFERSON.**

I've seen worse. Remember that Lovett woman? **SKIP.**

Yeah, she had probably the worst thighs in London. (Deciding) All right! We've got no other choice. The part is yours! **JEFFERSON.**

Oh, bless your beautiful hide. **TEENIE.**

Skip, you better schedule her for a sitzprobe. **JEFFERSON.**

(To Skip) Does that involve a shipooopi? **TEENIE.**

And notify the company and the printers. We need to get that program changed. What's your full name Teenie? **JEFFERSON.**

Teenie Tettleschnitzer. **TEENIE.**

That's terrible. That's not the name of a star. We've got to change it to something that's easy to remember, easy to pronounce and looks good on the marquee. **JEFFERSON.**

TEENIE.

I've always kind of liked the name Lester. What do you think? Teenie Lester?

JEFFERSON.

(Thinking) Teenie Lester? Teenie Lester. Say it.

SKIP.

Teenie Lester.

TEENIE.

Teenie Lester.

SKIP.

Teenie Lester.

TEENIE.

Teenie Lester.

JEFFERSON.

(After a moment) I hate it. (To Skip) Think of something else.

SKIP.

Hey, do you by any chance like anagrams? That's where you scramble all the letters of something to spell something else. Let me try. Now Teenie is T. E. E.

TEENIE.

N.I.E.

SKIP.

I'll start with the T. Tee. Teen. Ein. Eineet. I've got it! Neetie!

JEFFERSON.

No, I've got it! Blodgett.

TEENIE.

Blodgett?

JEFFERSON.

Blodgett.

SKIP.

Blodgett?

PENNY.

Blodgett.

TEENIE.

Hmmm. Blodgett.

JEFFERSON.

Yes, from now on, you'll be known as Blodgett Tettleschnitzer.

Beautiful, chief. It's perfect. **SKIP.**

Teenie . . . **JEFFERSON.**

That's Blodgett. **TEENIE.**

Blodgett, it's only the beginning. **JEFFERSON.**

Only the beginning. **SKIP.**

I'm gonna make you the most famous woman who ever lived. **JEFFERSON.**

But, what about her? What about Miss Stuart? **TEENIE.**

I don't have time to worry about her, the little JEZEBEL. **JEFFERSON.**

(Suddenly perking up) God, I hate that movie. **PENNY.**

{PENNY collapses again.}

She's been a pain in my neck since she made her first entrance. **JEFFERSON.**

That's why the lady is a tramp. **SKIP.**

{The lights begin a slow dim and soft music begins to underscore TEENIE's dramatic scene. By the end, she is in a single spotlight.}

You just don't know her. She is trying, trying very hard. I know she is. What is it? What is it that makes her want to destroy herself? **TEENIE.**

You've known her longer than anybody else. You tell me. **JEFFERSON.**

Don't you think I've tried through the years to know why? To help her? **TEENIE.**

I don't know Teenie.

JEFFERSON.

Well, I've got to find the answer. You don't know what it's like to watch somebody you love-

TEENIE.

Love?

JEFFERSON.

Just crumble away. Bit by bit. Day by day. In front of your very eyes. And, stand there helpless.

TEENIE.

Are you trying to tell me that you two are . . . ?

JEFFERSON.

Love isn't enough. I thought it was. And, now, I'm afraid of what's beginning to happen within me. Because, sometimes, I hate her. I hate her promises to stop being so mean and self-centered. And, then the watching and waiting to see it all begin again. And, I hate to go home and listen to her lies. Well, my heart goes out to her because she tries. But, I hate her for failing too. I hate me, too. I hate me because, I've failed, too. I don't know what's going to happen to us. No matter how much you love somebody, how do you live out the days? How?

TEENIE.

{LIGHTS BACK UP.}

That was fantastic. Really. Almost Oscar worthy. Well, come one. The clock is ticking. We've got less than thirty hours to make Broadway history. (Rushing off) Mamma Mia!

JEFFERSON.

(Following him off) Here we go again.

SKIP.

Well Penny, I know you were listening. What did you think?

TEENIE.

There's a name for actresses like you, but it isn't used in high society, outside a butcher shop.

PENNY.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO
SCENE TEN

{The Stage. Opening Night.}

{FANNY is talking to MONA and BETSY. DICK, PETER and HARRY are warming up. Everyone is dressed in sparkling costumes. GABE and BANKS enter.}

BANKS.

Can you believe the show is opening on your birthday?

GABE.

And if it goes all right, who knows, I might propose tonight.

BANKS.

Really?

GABE.

It's time I settled down. I'm going to ask Fanny to marry me a little.

BANKS.

Here she comes.

GABE.

I'm calm. I'm calm. I'm perfectly calm. (To Fanny) Hello little girl.

FANNY.

Just look at you, dressed up like a million dollar trooper. (Handing him a gift) Happy Birthday Gabey baby.

GABE.

(To Banks) She loves me. (To Fanny) What is it?

FANNY.

A pineapple for you.

GABE.

I am overwhelmed. How's my little Poopsie?

FANNY.

Nervous. I peeked out and saw Mayor Shinn. You should see the jewels on Eulalie.

GABE.

(Handing her a jewelry box) Maybe you'll like these.

FANNY.

(Kissing his cheek) Hey, big spender.

GABE.
It's just a little something for opening night.

PETER.
Every night for her is opening night.

FANNY.
Jealous?

PETER. Yes. **HARRY.** Yes.

FANNY.
Get that ice.

MONA. Or else no dice. **FANNY.** Or else no dice.

DICK.
How do you feel Betsy?

BETSY.
Pretty, witty and bright. But, it's all happening so fast.

SKIP.
Well Betsy, if this were a movie instead of live theatre, there would have been some sort of a montage here.

DICK.
Yeah, they would have shown us rehearsing and dancing and putting on our costumes and make-up.

SKIP.
And, they probably would have shown people buying tickets and complaining about the convenience fees. And, they would have shown the audience arriving at the theatre and the orchestra warming up. But since this production isn't creative enough to find a way to stage all that, we just had to jump to right here.

BETSY.
It's opening night!

FANNY.
Another opening, another show!

PETER.
Give my regards to Broadway!

Remember me to Herald Square! **HARRY.**

Luck be a lady tonight! **DICK.**

Steam Heat! **MONA.**

SKIP.
OK, everyone, listen up. Mr. Bland will be down here in a second. He wants to have a quick word with you before the curtain goes up.

BANKS.
Come on Gabe, we better grab our seats.

GABE.
(To Fanny) Maybe after the show we can dine on my fine finnan haddie?

FANNY.
Oh, that sounds naughty. (Kissing his cheek) My heart does belong to daddy.

GABE.
(Exiting) There really is no business like show business.

BANKS.
(Exiting) Like no business I know.

SKIP.
Before we open, I just want to thank you all for your hard work. It's been a long week but we've got a great show. It's got everything. Something familiar

Something peculiar **HARRY.**

Something for everyone. **PETER.**

Starlight Express! **MONA.**

SKIP.
Now kids, everything's alright. Everything's fine and I want you to do well tonight. But, if things start to go wrong out there just remember one important thing, the farmer and the cowman should be friends.

{They all cheer.}

SKIP. (cont'd)

Quiet kids, here's Mr. Bland.

JEFFERSON.

OK, company. I'd like to say a few words.

{They all gather around, sit down and stare at JEFFERSON.}

JEFFERSON. (cont'd)

What are you all doing? Why are you sitting?

FANNY.

We've assumed a listening position. Aren't you going to sing?

JEFFERSON.

No.

HARRY.

But, this is the place for the rousing inspirational number. Most Broadway shows have one.

JEFFERSON

I have a non-singing role. Now get up and listen. (They all stand back up.) You've all been personally selected by me. I'm the best director around and I always have my choice of the best. That means, you're the best. I have complete confidence in you all. In just a few moments, that curtain is going to go up and TAP THAT will take its' place in the annals of Broadway history. Why, this show is what Broadway is all about. Yes, it's a tale as old as time. A song as old as rhyme. The dreams, the heartaches, the sacrifices. It's all those things and so much more rolled into one. Think about it. Right now, seated out there in this house is our audience.

{The house LIGHTS COME UP.}

JEFFERSON (cont'd)

Look at them. We don't know where they came from, why they are here or where they are going after the show, which mercifully is in about ten minutes. Look at this woman. We don't know her, but it's obvious that many men have. And this one, look at the complete lack of pride he has in his personal appearance and hygiene. I think this one was sleeping. And, I can sum this one up using the two most glorious words in Musical Theatre: Comp Ticket. Yes, this is our audience. Rich, Poor, Young and Old. Look at those faces. Look at these people. These people who need people. Why, they're the luckiest people in the world. They came here tonight to be entertained, to take a short break from their dull, hum drum lives, to watch you glamorous people strut and fret your hour upon the stage. They don't ask for much, this lowly audience, and that's exactly what we're going to give them.

SKIP.

Boss, it's almost time for me to call places.

JEFFERSON.

I know it's been a long week, but we're not finished yet. The toughest part is coming and we can't afford to be a flash in the pan. Just remember, everybody out in that house is behind you. And, there isn't an actor in the world who doesn't know what we're up against, who isn't pulling for you tonight. Now, relax if you can. Save your energy. Save everything you've got. You're going to need it. And, don't forget, no matter what you do, you've gotta have heart.

SKIP.

Miles and miles of heart.

JEFFERSON.

And, you've gotta get a gimmick, if you want to get ahead.

DICK.

But, where is Blodgett?

JEFFERSON.

Don't you worry about her. None of you worry about her. She's just a little nervous but she's a trooper. I tell you, she can do it. She can throw a whirling dervish out of whirl. But, nobody bother her. Nobody talk to her. Nobody even look at her.

{TEENIE enters dressed in her glamorous, sparkling evening gown.}

SKIP.

Listen up everyone, they're giving the five minute call.

{Everyone starts off stage.}

PETER.

(Exiting) (To Dick) Welcome to the Theatre!

PETER.

You'll love it so!

HARRY.

You'll love it so!

{KATHIE takes her usual place upstage behind the potted plant. She is still holding her baby.}

BETSY.

(On her way off) Break a leg Miss Zelden.

KATHIE.

Thanks.

BETSY.

You're the real star of this show. It's a shame the audience will never know it.

KATHIE.

Don't that take the rag off'n the bush?

BETSY.

(Exiting) I have no idea what that means but it sounds disgusting.

{All the actors disappear, except for TEENIE, who looks terrified as she takes her position center stage.}

{PENNY enters.}

PENNY.

Well, here's a how-de-do. You're taking my place.

TEENIE.

I'm sorry Ma'am.

PENNY.

What for? It's your chance, isn't it? When I decided to limp out here tonight, I planned on ripping that tastefully styled Raquel Welch Trend Setter wig right off your head. And, then I got to thinking. Why? I've had my chance. This ain't my first time at the rodeo. Now, it's your turn. You want fame? You want a career? Well, I guess anyone can have one, with the right breaks. Now, you go out there and you be so swell that I'll have no choice but to hate you.

TEENIE.

So, this means you're not angry? That you're going to stay and finish the show?

PENNY.

Of course. There's no way I can ever go. No, no, there's no way. No way I'm living without you. I don't wanna be free. I'm staying.

TEENIE.

Staying?

PENNY.

And, you're gonna love me.

TEENIE.

I do love you, Penny. (Catching herself) I mean, Penny, dearest. I'll never forget this night.

PENNY.

(Limping off the stage) Enjoy it while you can. When the dawn comes, tonight will be a memory too. And, a new day will begin. Te adoro Teenie. Te adoro.

JEFFERSON.

(Entering) Teenie . . . I mean, Blodgett, are you all right? Can you hear me? You don't have a thing to worry about. You've got to snap out of it. Can you hear me? Blodgett? Blodgett?

{JEFFERSON slaps her}

TEENIE.

Mr. Bland, is it possible for someone to hit you hard like that, real loud and hard and not hurt you at all?

JEFFERSON.

You tell me.

{JEFFERSON slaps her again and she immediately slaps him back}

JEFFERSON. (cont'd)

Now, you listen to me and you listen hard. Sixteen people, fifteen jobs, one hundred sixty four dollars, seven days of blood and sweat, and it all depends on you. It's the very life of all these people who have worked with you. You've got to go on and you've got to give and give and give. And when you've given all you have, you've got to give some more! You've got to go out there and seduce that audience. They've got to love you. They've got to! Do you understand? You can't fuck up. You can't! Your future's in it. My future's in it. And, everything that all of us have is staked on you. I'm through. Now, it's up to you. You've got to shine. You've got to sparkle. Do you hear me?

{JEFFERSON slaps her again.}

TEENIE.

Yes! Sparkle Teenie, Sparkle!

JEFFERSON.

Glitter and be gay! Now, you keep those size twelves on the ground and your head on those broad, masculine shoulders of yours and you go out there and show them what you've got. And, Blodgett, you're going out there a maid, but you've got to come back a star!

TEENIE.

As long as there is no pressure.

SKIP.

Curtain going up.

(Rushing off) Hakuna Matata. **JEFFERSON.**

Are you ready? **SKIP.**

Almost. Minor wardrobe malfunction. **TEENIE.** (Adjusting her gown) The tip of a stay. Right under the tit.

Don't give in. **SKIP.** Adjust the arm a bit. And go Tootsie, go!

{The lights come up. TAP THAT begins.}

{TEENIE is center stage and giving it her all as she performs. She is clearly in her element as she dances and lip syncs along to KATHIE's vocals.}

{Throughout the song, BETSY, DICK, FANNY, MONA, PETER and HARRY enter and join in. At one point, near the end, PENNY stumbles on stage and joins in for the finale.}

KATHIE.
ON THE BROADWAY STAGE MOST EVERY NIGHT,
HERE I MUST DECLARE I'M QUITE A SIGHT.
ALL MADE UP WITH PAINT AND POWDER PUFF,
DANCE AROUND WHILE THE CROWD
YELLS "STRUT YOUR STUFF."
AS THE NIGHT GOES ON, INHIBITIONS GONE.

TAP THAT **ALL.**

SHAKE YOUR SHOULDER. **KATHIE.**

TAP THAT, **ALL.**

GET A LITTLE BOLDER. **KATHIE.**
YOU WILL HAVE YOUR WAY
WHEN YOU MAKE 'EM STAND UP AND SAY

"TAP THAT." **ALL.**

TOP TO BOTTOM. **KATHIE.**

TAP THAT. ALL.

KATHIE.
NOW YOU'VE GOT 'EM.
DON'T BE SLOW, JUST GO AND GRAB YOUR BEAU AND YELL

"TAP THAT." ALL.

KATHIE.
ONE STEP, TWO STEP, AIN'T NO NEW STEP.
BALL THE JACK AND SHIMMY TOO.
WE USED TO LOVE THEM SO, BUT THEY ALL HAD TO GO.
AND WHEN THE TAPPING, TAPPING, TAPPING CAME ALONG,
WE HAD TO LEARN A BRAND NEW SONG.
I HOPE YOU LIKE THIS STRAIN,
HERE IT COMES AGAIN.

TAP THAT. ALL.

KATHIE.
HEAR THAT CROWD ROAR.

TAP THAT. ALL.

KATHIE.
WHEN YOU HIT THAT DANCE FLOOR.
YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR SHELL,
WHEN YOU HERE 'EM STAND UP AND YELL

TAP THAT. ALL.

KATHIE.
ONCE YOU'VE CAUGHT 'EM.

SLAP THAT. ALL.

KATHIE.
TOP OR BOTTOM.
NOT TOO ROUGH
'CAUSE ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH. JUST GO

"TAP THAT." ALL.

"TAP THAT." KATHIE.

ONCE YOU FOUGHT 'EM.

"TAP THAT." **ALL.**

KATHIE.
 NOW, APPLAUD 'EM
 DON'T BE LATE,
 JUST GO AND GRAB YOUR DATE AND YELL

"TAP THAT." **ALL.**

{BANKS and GABE rush up on to the stage and the number stops.
 They are carrying newspapers.}

BANKS.
 Wait! Everyone, wait! Listen up. The early reviews are in. The show is a hit!
 Just listen to what Hal wrote. (Reading) It's uncategorical!

GABE.
 (Reading) It's phantasmagorical!

BANKS.
 (Reading) It's wizard.

GABE.
 (Reading) It's smashing.

It's keen! **GABE.** It's keen! **BANKS.**

SKIP.
 That Hal is a prince.

BANKS.
 And just listen to what that Sunshine woman wrote. (Reading) "At the end of
 the play"

GABE. "You're another day older." **BANKS** "You're another day older."

SKIP.
 Is that good?

BANKS.
 Well, it looks like there might be a Tony or a Jeff in our future.

GABE.
 Or a Jimmy or Obie!

Who? **MONA.**

JEFFERSON.
Let's not count our awards before they've hatched, kids. Don't forget, we have to run at least eighteen performances to even be considered.

SKIP.
Not for a Broadway World Award. Anyone can vote for those. And for as many times as you want.

BANKS.
Regardless, we're going to make a fortune. The gods do love Nubia.

SKIP.
Looks like you're going to be set for quite a while, boss.

JEFFERSON.
At last, I can afford that bunion surgery.

SKIP.
Should I wrap the company?

JEFFERSON.
Not without a curtain call.

{KATHIE'S BABY begins to CRY.}

KATHIE.
(Starting off stage) Oh, I'm sorry.

{The ominous, god-like VOICE of GRANDMA can be heard.}

GRANDMA.
(Off Stage) Remember your promise.

JEFFERSON.
What?

GRANDMA.
(Off Stage) Remember your promise.

SKIP:
Who is that talking?

KATHIE.
I think it's for Betsy.

JEFFERSON.

It sounds like Bea Arthur.

GRANDMA.

(Off Stage) This is your chance, Betsy. What are you waiting for? This is the moment!

BETSY.

What?

GRANDMA.

(Off Stage) Do unto others. Pay it forward.

BETSY.

Grandma?

GRANDMA.

(Off Stage) The golden rule! Now!

BETSY.

(Realizing) Oh, shit. (Yelling) Wait! Ladies and gentleman, stop that unwed mother, that one running up the aisle! Stop her. That's the girl whose voice you heard and loved tonight. She's the real star of the show, Miss Kathie Zelden. And, unfortunately, it is Miss.

{KATHIE stops in her tracks, drops her baby and returns to the podium on the stage. As the lights dim, she resumes her acceptance speech from the start of the play.}

KATHIE.

Now here we are, I'm suddenly standing at the beginning with you. You see, it is possible to go back to before. So, it is with great pride that I accept this award. And, it means all the more because it comes from you, from all you wonderful people out there in the dark. I love you all. You've been just great. I know the show's been long. So now, it's time to celebrate the end with one last song.

SKIP.

(Yelling) A five, six, seven eight-

{KATHIE launches into 43RD STREET.}

KATHIE.

**LOOK AT THAT CROWD UP THE AVENUE.
OH, DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO?
THEY'RE ON THEIR MERRY WAY TO SEE A BRAND NEW PLAY.
HEIRS, MILLIONAIRES, ALL THE UPPER CRUST,
GLIDE, SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE SCHMUCKS LIKE US.
IF YOU LIKE THE THEATRE, JUST PURCHASE A SEAT.**

KATHIE. (cont'd)
FORTY-THIRD STREET. FORTY-THIRD STREET.
IT'S A SHOW THAT'S STRICTLY TONGUE IN CHEEK.
MOVE YOUR BEHIND. GO WHERE YOU'LL FIND

THE GIRLS.
GAIETY, GLAMOUR, GLITZ AND

PENNY.
GIRDLES.

KATHIE.
IT MAY LACK SOME CLASS.
THE JOKES ARE CRASS.
STILL, IT'S A SMASH.

DICK.
ALTHOUGH THE TIRED OL' PLOT MAY MAKE YOU GROAN,

BETSY.
AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT HOME ALONE.

BETSY. & DICK.
IT'S STILL A TREAT THAT FORTY-THIRD STREET.

ALL.
FORTY-THIRD STREET. FORTY-THIRD STREET.

KATHIE.
THOSE OLD SONGS WILL MAKE YOU TAP YOUR FEET.

PETER.
MAY BE A SIN T'STEAL FROM BERLIN

FANNY.
YES, IRVING HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR.

KATHIE.
I WILL SING THEM LOUD TO PLEASE THE CROWD
AND MAKE MOM PROUD.

HARRY.
HER STAR ASCENDS SO HIGH THEY'LL PUT HER FEET

MONA.
AT GRAUMAN'S IN WET CONCRETE.

ALL.
YES, SHE'S THE STAR OF FORTY-THIRD STREET.

{Suddenly, KATHIE breaks character and SCREAMS.}

KATHIE.

Wait! Wait. Hold everything! Nobody move. (The MUSIC stops) I've lost my daughter. Has anyone seen my child?

PENNY.

How odd. I wonder WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?

SKIP.

(Yelling) A five, six, seven, eight . . .

{43rd STREET resumes.}

ALL.

FORTY THIRD STREET. FORTY THIRD STREET.

PETER.

LET'S RECAP IN CASE YOU TOOK A NAP.

HARRY.

BETSY AND DICK PLAYED UP THE SHTICK.

FANNY.

JEFFERSON JUST IGNORED HIS BUNION.

MONA.

**KATHY BELTS THE TUNES THAT PENNY CROONS
WHILE TEENIE SWOONS.**

ALL.

IN JUST ONE WEEK, WE CAST AND MOUNT THE SHOW

TEENIE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GO.

ALL.

**YOU JUST CAN'T BEAT THAT FORTY-THIRD STREET.
THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG WE DANCED AND PAID OUR DUES.**

PENNY.

IN A WOMAN'S PAIR OF SHOES.

ALL.

THIS IS THE END OF FORTY-THIRD STREET.

MONA.

I WISH.

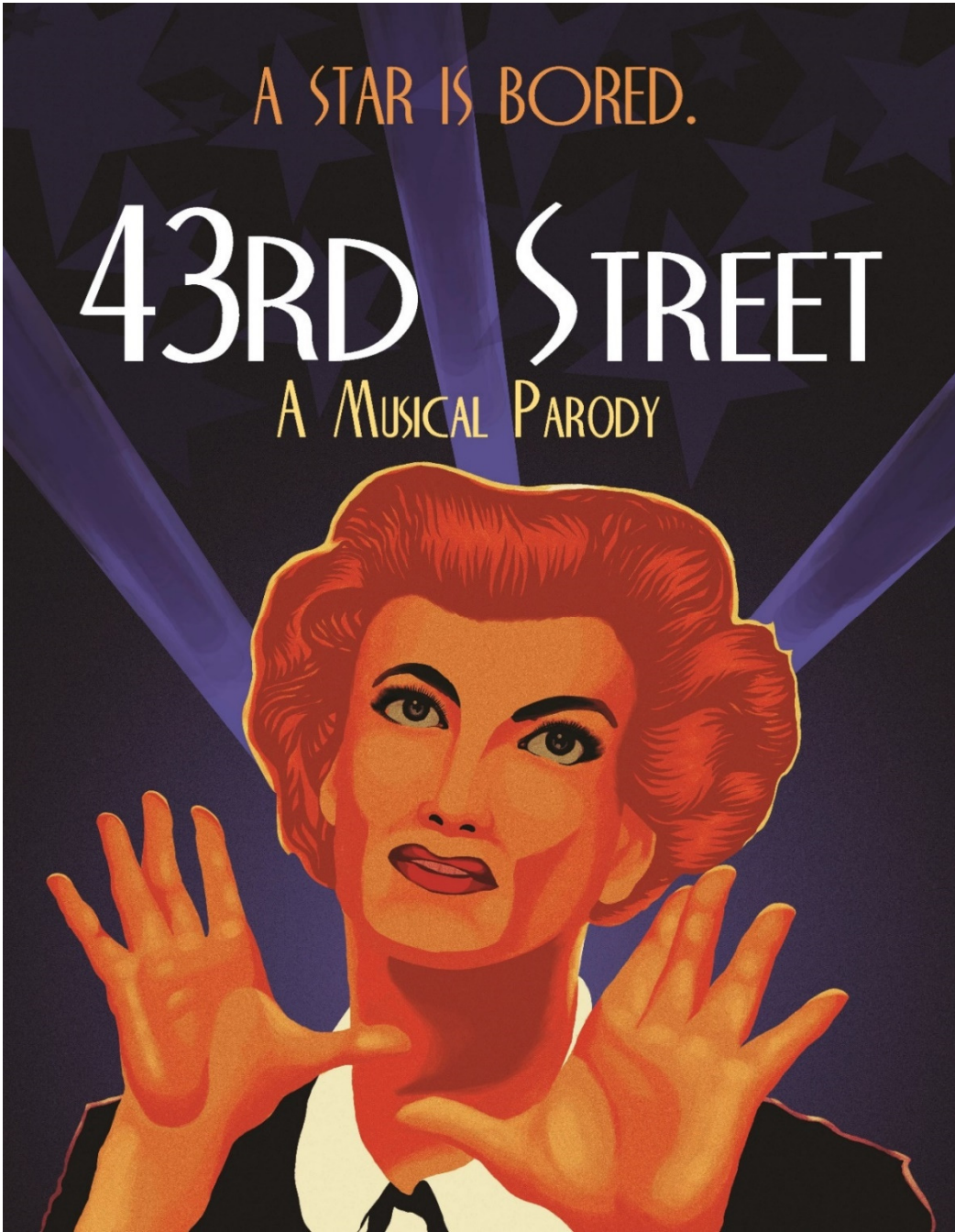
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END OF PLAY

A STAR IS BORED.

43RD STREET

A MUSICAL PARODY



IT TAKES BALLS TO BE A LEADING LADY.



43rd Street is dedicated to anyone who has ever appeared in a musical, to anyone who has ever watched a musical on television, in a theatre, a gym, or a church basement and to anyone who has ever sang along to a cast recording.

Without the following shows, dialogue in this script would not exist.

42nd STREET, 1776, A CHORUS LINE, A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM, A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC, A MIGHTY WIND, A STAR IS BORN, AIDA, ALL ABOUT EVE, ANNIE, ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, ANYTHING GOES, APPLAUSE, ASPECTS OF LOVE, AVENUE Q, BABES IN ARMS, BE MORE CHILL, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, BELLS ARE RINGING, BLOOD BROTHERS, BYE, BYE BIRDIE, CABARET, CAMELOT, CAN-CAN, CANDIDE, CAROUSEL, CARRIE, CATS, CHESS, CHICAGO, CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG, CINDERELLA, COME FROM AWAY, COMPANY, DAMN YANKEES, DEAR EVAN HANSEN, DIRTY DANCING, DREAMGIRLS, EVITA, FAME, FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, FLASHDANCE, FLOWER DRUM SONG, FROZEN, FUNNY FACE, FUNNY GIRL, GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES, GIGI, GREASE, GREASE 2, GREY GARDENS, GUYS & DOLLS, GYPSY, HAIR, HAIRSPRAY, HAMILTON, HELLO DOLLY!, HERE LIES LOVE, HOLIDAY INN, HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS, IN THE HEIGHTS, INTO THE WOODS, JECKYLL & HYDE, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, JOSEPH & THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT, KIMBERLY AKIMBO, KINKY BOOKS, KISS ME KATE, KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN, LA CAGE AUX FOLLES, LEAVE IT TO ME, LES MISERABLES, LI'L ABNER, LITTLE JOHNNY JONES, LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, MACBETH, MACK & MABLE, MAGIC MIKE, MAMA MIA, MAME, MEAN GIRLS, MARRY ME A LITTLE, MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG, MISS SAIGON, MOMMIE DEAREST, MOVIN' OUT, MULAN, MY FAIR LADY, NEWSIES, NUNSENSE, OH, CALCUTTA!, OKLAHOMA!, OLIVER, ON THE TOWN, ONCE UPON A MATTRESS, ONE MO' TIME, PAINT YOUR WAGON, PAL JOEY, PIPPIN, PRETTY WOMAN, PROMISES, PROMISES, RAGS, RAGTIME, RENT, SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN, SEESAW, SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS, SHALL WE DANCE, SHE LOVES ME, SHENANDOAH, SHOW BOAT, SHOWGIRLS, SHUCKED, SILK STOCKINGS, SINGIN' IN THE RAIN, SITTING PRETTY, SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ, SOME LIKE IT HOT, SONG & DANCE, SOUTH PACIFIC, SPAMALOT, SPRING AWAKENING, STARLIGHT EXPRESS, STATE FAIR, STEEL PIER, SUMMER STOCK, SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE, SUNSET BOULEVARD, SWEENEY TODD, SWEET CHARITY, THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS, THE BODYGUARD, THE BOOK OF MORMON, THE COLOR PURPLE, THE DROWSY CHAPERONE, THE FANTASTICS, THE GREATEST SHOWMAN, THE KING AND I, THE LION KING, THE LITTLE MERMAID, THE MIKADO, THE MUSIC MAN, THE PAJAMA GAME, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE PIRATE, THE PRODUCERS, THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW, THE SOUND OF MUSIC, TOOTSIE, SPAMALOT, THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN, VICTOR / VICTORIA, THE WIZ, THE WIZARD OF OZ, THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG, VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, WAITRESS, WEST SIDE STORY, WICKED, WORKING GIRL, XANADU and YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

JOAN CRAWFORD FILMS

ABOVE SUSPICION, AUTUMN LEAVES, BERSERK, DANCING LADY, FLAMINGO ROAD, GRAND HOTEL, I SAW WHAT YOU DID, JOHNNY GUITAR, MILDREN PIERCE, POSSESSED, QUEEN BEE, RAIN, STRAIGHT JACKET, THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, THE WOMEN, TORCH SONG, TROG and WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE