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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Scrambled Feet

Book, Music & Lyrics by
John Driver and Jeffrey Haddow

SAMUEL FRENCH
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ISBN 978-0-573-68120-2

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Plays@SamuelFrench.co.uk
020-7255-4302

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THE CAST

SCRAMBLED FEET, by John Driver and Jeffrey Haddow, musical direction and arrangements by Jimmy Wisner and Roger Neil. Settings by Ernest Allen Smith; costumes by Kenneth M. Yount; lighting by Robert F. Strohmeier; assistant musical director and additional arrangements by Roger Neil. Directed by Mr. Driver, production stage manager, Sari E. Weisman. Presented by John Adams Vaccaro and Jimmy Wisner, in association with Ciro A. Gamboni at the Village Gate, 160 Bleeker Street. With Evalyn Baron, John Driver, Jeffrey Haddow, Roger Neil and Hermione

ACT ONE

Haven't We Met . . .
The Avant Garde Playwrighting Kit
Latin American Tour/Making the Rounds
Agent
Composer/Hungup Tango
Huns/British
Intermission/Could Have Been
Christ & Pontius Pilate
Theatrical Olympics
Theatre Party Ladies

ACT TWO

Warmup Guru
Critic Party Doll
Love in the Wings
Stanislaw/Only One Dance
No Small Roles
Child Star
Sham Dancing
Elizabethan Dinner Theatre
Have You Ever Been On Stage . . .
Advice to Producers
One Happy Family

AUTHORS' NOTE

The names of shows and celebrities used herein are indicative of the New York theatre scene the summer of 1979. These, along with the names of theatres and cities, should be changed and updated to reflect the location and time of your production. For instance, "The Avant-Garde Playwrighting Kit" may be adapted and localized to rake your favorite tin gods over the coals. The main thing is to have fun with it. If you let our show be a stimulating challenge to your creative ingenuity, your cast and audience will have a rare and delightful theatrical experience. Break a leg!

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

This script reflects the roles played by the original New York cast. The various parts may be distributed to different actors in a four person cast (three men, one woman) according to the individual actor's strengths.

Scrambled Feet

HAVEN'T WE MET

(*ROGER at piano. Each performer enters on solo line.*)

ROGER.
HAVEN'T WE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE?
JEFF.
DID YOU SEE US PLAY BRECHT IN BERLIN
(*enter from 3*)
EVVIE.
OR WAS IT IN FRANCE AT A PLAY BY MOLIERE
(*enter from 2*)
JOHN.
OR WERE YOU OUT FRONT AT THE FOLLIES BERGERE
(*enter from 1*)
ALL.
WHERE HAVE WE SEEN YOUR FACES BEFORE
WAS IT A VAUDEVILLE IN MAINE
JEFF. (BRRRR)
ROGER and EVVIE. (CHILLY)
JOHN. (COLD)
ALL.
WASN'T IT GREECE IN 400 B.C.
ALL OF YOU LOOK SO FAMILIAR TO ME
ALL.
HELLO, CHARLIE, ROBERT, ALICE, HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?
(*cross* D. *to apron*)
WHEREVER WE MET WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN
WITH COMEDY, INSANITY AND SOMETHING MORE
A TOTALLY ORIGINAL MUSICAL SCORE
ALL.
HOW WAS THE SHOW YOU SAW US IN LAST?
(*cross* U. *to piano*)
WAS IT A HIT OR A FLOP
(GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE)

WAS IT CATHARTIC OR DID IT JUST TRY
WERE THE JOKES FUNNY OR DID THEY JUST DIE
(*sit at piano*)
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA,
(*All die.*)
EVVIE.
HAVEN'T WE SHARED SOME MAGICAL TIMES
JEFF.
AT STRATFORD ON AVON,
JEFF and EVVIE.
THE GLOBE
JOHN.
REMEMBER THOSE NIGHTS AT THE MOSCOW ART
ALL.
THE CURTAIN MAY FALL BUT WE'RE NEVER APART
(*music competition*)
HELLO, HOW ARE YOU, HOW'VE YOU BEEN
WHEREVER WE MET WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN
WITH COMEDY, INSANITY AND SOMETHING MORE
A TOTALLY ORIGINAL
GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY
A TOTALLY ORIGINAL, TOTALLY ORIGINAL,
TOTALLY ORIGINAL
MUSICAL SCORE!

(*BLACKOUT*)

AVANT GARDE PLAYWRIGHTING KIT

(*EVVIE as "wife" dusting* L., *ROGER as "playwright" enters 2 waving check.*)

ROGER. Honey! No more peanut butter sandwiches. Hole in the Wall Theatre is going to produce my play.

EVVIE. Roger, is that you?

JOHN. (*enters 1 as "announcer"*) Just three weeks ago, this mediocre young playwright was selling hot orlon stocking caps outside the bus station, and today his option has been picked up. If you've been rejected by every major producer in the country, don't be discouraged. The Avant Garde Playwrighting Kit is the answer to your problem. (*EVVIE & ROGER show kit.*) The Avant Garde Playwrighting Kit! Everything you need to create

your image as an avant garde playwright; a gypsy headband. (*EVVIE & ROGER show headband.*) An ounce of the finest Bolivian Cocaine. (*EVVIE & ROGER show Cocaine.*) I'll take that. Dark glasses to hide your drug-dilated pupils. (*ROGER shows glasses.*) Drug-dilated Pupils. (*EVVIE shows pupils.*) And to give your apartment the perfect ambience, a box of cockroaches, (*EVVIE shows box.*), and your very own rat. (*ROGER shows rat.*) Yes, we'll let you take your pick from the Avant Garde stable of stock protagonists. Unusual and provocative characters like the Bolshevik dwarf, the disembodied head, and who can forget the old standby, the blind war veteran. (*JEFF enters 2 as "blind veteran, singing "Over There".*) We'll even help you build phony mystique and bogus charisma in your dialogue with rock 'em sock 'em phrases guaranteed to amaze your friends and fool the critics. Hard-hitting, realistic lines like:

JEFF. Where the fuck is the chair? (*looking for chair with outstretched arms; finally kicking it, then sitting down in chair* R.)

JOHN. And there's more. You'll learn the theatrical catch-22 casting procedure. (*EVVIE & ROGER cross* D.C.)

EVVIE. Have you worked for us before?

ROGER. No.

EVVIE. I'm sorry. We only use people who have worked for us before.

ROGER. How does anyone get to work for you in the first place?

EVVIE. You have to be born in the building.

JOHN. And from New York, you'll learn the secret Broadway theatre handshake. (*EVVIE kisses ROGER's ass.*) And, if you act now, at no extra cost, we'll send you this rare nostalgic recording of Samuel Beckett's greatest hits. You'll hear such Classics as (*Cast makes funny sounds.*) or this hummable tune, and from the San Francisco Mime Troupe (*Cast does nothing*). Yes, a truly amazing record! And for the first two hundred aspiring playwrights who apply you will receive as an extra-added bonus, this complete set of writing implements.

ROGER. (*holding up shovel and making digging motions*) It really works.

JOHN. Worried about the critics? Don't be. We'll turn your meaningless tripe into a crock of art. Yes. Just send for the Avant Garde Playwriting Kit today and in no time at all, people will be saying things like this about your play.

JEFF. (*standing*) I haven't seen it, but I heard it was good.

JOHN. Send cash or public funds you want to pour down the drain to: All of the people some of the time, converted store front, anytown USA, that's All of the people some of the time, converted store front, anytown USA. (*All wave, with JEFF facing upstage.*)

LATIN AMERICAN TOUR

(*Lights up on JEFF doing crossword. He is wearing bald wig. At piano.*)

JEFF. Nine across. Let's see. A three letter word meaning "domesticated animal" beginning with C and ending with T. Boy *The Times* is sure getting obscure.

ROGER. (*enters 1 wearing hat and bald wig*) Hey, is this where they're auditioning for the Latin American Tour of "Annie"?

JEFF. Yeah, the sign-up sheet's over there. (*on piano*)

ROGER. You reading for Daddy Warbucks?

JEFF. If they ask me. You?

ROGER. I haven't made up my mind yet. (*signs in*) Hey, I'm number 287? What number are they up to?

JEFF. Four. I been here a long time and nobody's come through that door yet.

ROGER. Maybe they're out to lunch. (*cross to* L. *chair and sit*)

JEFF. Maybe they're coming back!

(*EVVIE heard singing in Spanish, enters 1 with sign in dialogue balloon: IGUANAS SALTARINAS.*)

EVVIE. Manana, manana, te amo manana . . .

JEFF. What's the sign say?

EVVIE. Can't you read Spanish?

JEFF. No.

EVVIE. It says "Leapin' Lizards." (*signing in*) I'm only number 288? That's not bad. Hey, aren't you guys too young to play Warbucks?

JEFF. Aren't you too big to play Annie? (*EVVIE cross to stool and sit.*)

EVVIE. No, Uta Hagen says: If you think small, you are small.

ROGER. Wait, I hear something.

JEFF. Maybe it's the casting director. (*Get ready. JOHN enters*

I dressed with dog mask, enters panting with sign "Arfo.") Oh, my God . . .

ROGER. Hey, Fido, the paper's over there.

JOHN. For your information, I signed up three days ago. I'm number 59. They up to five yet? (*cross to* R. *chair, sit*)

JEFF. (*despair*) Nooo.

JOHN. How long you been waitin'?

JEFF. Samuel Beckett would have left by now.

EVVIE. (*reading trade paper*) Oh, no!

ALL. What, what??

EVVIE. (*reading*) "Casting for the Latin American Tour of 'Annie'. All principle parts are already cast. This is for chorus only."

JOHN. What about the dog?

EVVIE. They're using a chihuahua.

(*Ad lib lines of anger pile on top of each other. ALL stand.*)

ROGER. No lousy chorus part for me.

JEFF. No way!

EVVIE. I'd rather starve.

JOHN. I'm not gonna waste any more time here.

ROGER. (*in the clear*) Look, the door is opening!

JEFF. (*to EVVIE*) Gimme that sign.

ALL. No, me, me.

(*ALL cross* D. *to imaginary door. ALL grab sign. "Manana, manana, te amo manana." Nobody comes.*)

EVVIE. Nobody's coming.

JEFF. I smiled for nothing.

(*ALL return to seats.*)

MAKING THE ROUNDS

(*JEFF playing the piano.*)

EVVIE.

STOP MY ALARM, GIVE MY AGENT A CALL
I CHECK WITH MY SERVICE, BUT THAT ISN'T ALL

FEED THE CAT
PSYCHE MYSELF UP TO GO OUT
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS.
JOHN. (*cross to piano and play*)
GET TWENTY TOKENS AND PLENTY OF DIMES
STEAL ME A CROSSWORD FROM SOMEBODY'S TIMES
ALL. (*stand*)
THEN I'M OFF
HOPIN' TO CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS
ALL.
SHUTTLES AND CHECKERS
(*cross* D. *to apron*)
AND CASTING DIRECTORS
AND WAITING ROOMS FOR WAITING AS WE PASS
OUR MINUTES BY
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS. MAKIN' THE ROUNDS.
(*EVVIE to piano to play.*)
MEN.
GET OFF AT GRAND CENTRAL, AND RUN UP
BROADWAY
(*men at stool*)
JUST TO DISCOVER THEY'VE GONE FOR THE DAY
GRAB A BITE
ALL.
YOGURT AND TEA ON THE BUS
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS, MAKIN' THE ROUNDS.
EVVIE. (*Men look at EVVIE.*)
SHUTTLES AND CHECKERS
AND CASTING DIRECTORS
ALL.
AND WAITING ROOMS FOR WAITING AS WE PASS
OUR MINUTES BY
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS.
ROGER. (*Cross to piano and play. Others gather at piano.*)
THE CALL THAT I LEFT I GET BACK TO AT LAST
WHERE SOMEBODY TELLS ME
JEFF.
IT'S ALREADY CAST
ROGER.
I GO HOME OR MAYBE I TAKE IN A SHOW
ALL.
MAKING THE ROUNDS

I ADD IT ALL UP AS I FALL INTO BED
NO WORK TOMORROW AND I'M IN THE RED
GO TO SLEEP THO' I'M STILL OUT ON THE STREET
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS
SHUTTLES AND CHECKERS
AND CASTING DIRECTORS
AND WAITING ROOMS FOR WAITING AS WE PASS
OUR MINUTES BY
MAKIN' THE . . .

EVVIE. (*The following lines are all sung in unison until the end of the number*):

CALL THAT I LEFT I GET BACK TO AT LAST
WHERE SOMEBODY TELLS ME THE PART'S ALREADY
BEEN CAST
THE CALL THAT I LEFT I GET BACK TO AT LAST
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS.

JEFF.

ROUNDS
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS, THE ROUNDS,
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS,
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS, THE ROUNDS . . .
MAKIN' THE ROUNDS, THE ROUNDS
MAKING THE ROUNDS
MAKING THE ROUNDS.

JOHN.

ROUNDS
SHUTTLES AND CHECKERS
AND CASTING DIRECTORS
SHUTTLES AND CHECKERS
AND CASTING DIRECTORS
SHUTTLES AND CHECKERS
AND CASTING DIRECTORS
MAKING THE ROUNDS.

ROGER.

CALL THAT I LEFT I GET BACK TO AT LAST
WHERE SOMEBODY TELLS ME IT'S ALREADY CAST
I ADD IT ALL UP AS I FALL INTO BED
NO WORK TOMORROW AND I'M IN THE RED
GET OFF AT GRAND CENTRAL AND RUN UP
BROADWAY,
JUST TO DISCOVER THEY'VE GONE FOR THE DAY
MAKING THE ROUNDS.

AGENT

JEFF. (*as "Agent, Marty Gelt" at desk*) Sally, who's on line 5? Nancy? That pig-faced amazon? Put her on. (*on phone*) Hi, cutie. Listen, Nancy, they want you for the movie. I've got the producer, Sid Goldman, on another line. I'm going to ask a 100 grand and a percentage. Hold on, baby.

JOHN. (*enters 1 as "Actor"*) Hello, Marty. Long time no see.

JEFF. Hold on, just let me get this. (*on phone*) Sidney? Hi, Marty Gelt, here. Listen, Nancy's definitely interested in the part, Sid. What kind of monies are we talking about? Come on, Sid. You want the next Liza Minelli to work for peanuts? She's worth at least 100 grand. Alright, forget it. (*to JOHN*) What's up John?

JOHN. Nothing, Marty, I waited an hour and a half to see you. I've had this appointment for three months. I happen to be an exclusive client of yours, Marty.

JEFF. Hold on, just let me get this. (*on phone*) Nancy, I turned the job down for you. Forget about paying your rent. Yo're gonna be a big star or nothing. Trust me. (*hangs up*) Cow. You know, John, you're beautiful. I'm going to climb right over this desk and kiss you on the lips.

JOHN. You don't have to do . . .

JEFF. Hold on, just let me get this. (*on phone*) Gelt, who's this? Mickey? It's Mickey Rooney. Mickey, I adored you in Sugar Babies. Listen, bubbie, I got a new film script I want you to read. It's called "Andy Hardy Gets Sent to a Home" Mickey? Mick. (*hangs up*) Shrimp! You know something, John, you're going to be the next Tovah Feldshuh.

JOHN. That's what I want to talk to you about, Marty. Why am I only being sent out on parts for Jewish women?

JEFF. Look, I got your resume right here. I wrote it down. The next Tovah Feldshuh.

JOHN. Marty, that's my resume, but that's not my picture. That is Tovah Feldshuh.

JEFF. Oh yeah, now that I look at ya.

JOHN. Marty, what about commercials?

JEFF. Hold on, just let me get this. (*on phone*) Gelt, who's this? Tony, Tony Perkins. What, huh? Tony, get your mother off the phone, will ya? (*hangs up*) Psycho. You know John, I might have something for you right here on my desk. Yeah, can you look like a steelworker?

JOHN. Yeah, sure

JEFF. Nah, forget it. They're looking for a woman.

JOHN. A Jewish woman?

JEFF. Hold on, just let me get this. (*on phone*) Jane, Jane Fonda, wait, Jane, I can't hear you over the Nautilus machines. I'll get back to you later. Ciao, Baby.

JOHN. You know, if I hadn't done that porno film my kids would be starving. (*stand*)

JEFF. Hold on, just let me get this. (*phone*)

JOHN. I am becoming nationally known as Cowboy Johnny Bulge.

JEFF. Who's this? (*on phone*) Norman Lear, Baby. You're looking for a star for your new series. What do you need, Norman?

JOHN. I hate you! (*takes out gun*)

JEFF. (*describing Actor to a "T"*) A 30-ish Actor?
(*height*)
Young Leading Man
(*hair*) blonde, curly hair
Athletic build
Big Singing Voice?
Nah, sorry, Norman, I got nobody like that. (*Actor strangles Agent.*)

COMPOSER SKETCH

ROGER. (*at piano*) Da Da Da
That sounds good.
Da Da Da Da—That sounds great!
Da Da Da Dah Dah Daaah Daah (*Give My Regards to B'way.*) It's not coming. The second act is crying for a love song and it's just not coming. Inspiration is not with me today. Everything I write seems to have already been done. Done! (*sung:*) Done done done, done done done, done done done done done . . . (*William Tell overture*) I gotta be more careful. All I need is another lawsuit. Suit, coat pants, vest, mittens . . . (*sung:*) Glove me da da, Glove me da, da da da (*Aura Lee*). That's terrible. There must be something that can inspire me . . . a woman . . . Hey, what about Trixie, that waitress at the corner coffee shop . . . (*sung:*) I wish I were in Trixie . . . (*Dixie*) What am I doing? That's my opening number! I'm stealing from the stuff I

already stole. That's sick . . . sick! Of course, now I know. It's her. She's been in the back of my mind all along . . . (*into COMPOSER TANGO*)

HUNGUP TANGO (COMPOSER TANGO)

(*ROGER at piano playing as "Patient."*)

ROGER.
I LOVE YOU, DOCTOR
YOU MEAN SO MUCH TO ME.
OTHER WOMEN SHARE MY BED
BUT IT'S YOU WHO SHRINKS MY HEAD
AND YOU DO IT FOR A REASONABLE FEE.
(*spoken*)
And then she sings . . .

(*EVVIE enters 1 as "Doctor." Cross down to mark A.*)

EVVIE.
YOUR CASE IS CLASSIC
YOUR FATHER MADE IT SO
HE WAS AN ARTIST
WHO MADE MONEY, BUT HE SIGNED HIS PAINTINGS
REMBRANDT AND VAN GOGH.
(*cross to* L *wall*)
ROGER.
MY FUTURE SEEMS SO BLEAK.
EVVIE.
THEN YOU SHOULD SEE ME MORE.
ROGER.
I COME THREE TIMES A WEEK.
EVVIE.
THEN WHY NOT MAKE IT FOUR?
ROGER.
I DO MY PRIMAL SCREAMS.
EVVIE.
HE SHUDDERS AND HE SWEATS.
ROGER.
I TELL HER ALL MY DREAMS.
EVVIE.
I PUT THEM ON CASSETTES.

(*EVVIE cross to piano.*)

ROGER.
YOU UNDERSTAND ME
EVVIE.
I KNOW I DO
ROGER.
IT'S MORE THAN I CAN BEAR
EVVIE.
HE'S A VERY SICK BOY
ROGER.
WE'VE HAD OUR UPPERS AND OUR DOWNS
DESPERATE CALLS FROM OUT-OF-TOWN
BUT THEY HAVEN'T PUT AN END TO OUR AFFAIR
EVVIE.
I KNOW YOUR SECRETS
(*seated next to ROGER on his* R.)
IN ME YOU CAN CONFIDE
ALL YOUR HANGUPS WE'LL UNRAVEL
AN WE'LL ALWAYS TRAVEL SIDE BY SUICIDE
BOTH.
IF YOU FEEL GUILTY
YOUR MUSIC'S NOT YOUR OWN.
JUST SHELL OUT SIXTY AN HOUR
ROGER.
AND YOU'LL NEVER WALK. . . .
BOTH.
BY YOUR SELF.

(*BLACKOUT*)

HUNS

(*JEFF enters 1 as prospective "Hun". EVVIE enters 2 as "Casting Director".*)

EVVIE. Next!
JEFF. (*with yell and cossack leap*) Ugh! (*play the* D.C. *area*)
EVVIE. That's right, you've made the final callbacks.
JEFF. (*Grunt—pleased.*)
EVVIE. As you now, Mr. Attilla is always on the lookout for fresh blood.

JEFF. (*Grunt—I know.*)

EVVIE. Of course that doesn't mean, however, that we take just anyone. We're looking for a few good huns.

JEFF. (*Grunt—That's me.*)

EVVIE. Now, what is your name again?

JEFF. Arrrgghh Uh-huh.

EVVIE. How is that spelled? Two Uh-huh's?

JEFF. Uh-huh.

EVVIE. Uh-huh. I'd like to introduce you now to one of our most illustrious warriors, Taras Vulva.

(*JOHN enters as "Taras Vulva".*) (*1*)

JOHN. (*grunt*)

EVVIE. That's right, Vulv. This is the new candidate, Mr. Uh-huh.

JOHN. (*shaking hands with "Hun"*) Hi, hun. (*cross to JEFF*)

JEFF. (*Grunt—What's with this guy?*)

EVVIE. I think it only fair to tell you, Mr. Uh-huh, that Vulv's approval is crucial to your success. You see, he has Mr. Attilla's ear.

(*"Vulv" flashes rubber ear. Cross* R. *to chair, sit.*)

JEFF. (*Grunt—I'm impressed.*)

EVVIE. Now, Mr. Uh-huh, let's get down to business. Tell us, how are you at sacking and pillaging?

JEFF. (*Grunt—Great, the best. Short grunts as tells each city he pillaged. Count out on fingers to pinky—"IH—IH".*)

EVVIE. Very impressive. How about rape?

JEFF. (*Grunt—Wait till you see this. Begins to undo belt. Vulv moves in. Casting Director stops him. Return to* R. *chair.*)

EVVIE. No need to go any further. We have been having some trouble lately with the barbarians from Great Britain. How do you feel about Anglo-Saxons?

JEFF. (*Grunt—Hate them. Chops off imaginary head, slurps blood. Grunt—Want some?*)

EVVIE. No, thank you, I've had mine today. Did you bring a classical piece with you?

JEFF. (*Grunt—Of course. Gets up.*)

EVVIE. Would you do it please? (*cross* R.*—stand near JOHN*)

JEFF. (*Takes pose. Grunts—But soft, what light on yonder window breaks. Tis the east and Juliet is the sun.*)

EVVIE. . . . Arise, fair sun and kill the envious moon.
JEFF. (*Grunt—You know it?*)
EVVIE. Yes, I know it. It's one of my favorites. What is your vocal range? (*cross* L. *to JEFF*)
JEFF. (*Grunt—A to E-flat.*)
EVVIE. Can you tap?
JEFF. (*tap with hand on piano*)
EVVIE. Very good.

(*VULV whispers suspiciously to CASTING DIRECTOR. Cross to each other.*)

EVVIE. Your name is not really Uh-huh, is it? (*cross to JEFF* D.C.L.)
JEFF. Uh-uh.
EVVIE. You're a British spy, aren't you?
JEFF. Oh, how did you guess I was British?
EVVIE. (*take to VULV*) Because we are British, too.
JEFF. How do I know that? Say the password.
EVVIE and JOHN. Masterpiece Theatre.
JEFF. Jolly good. Nice to see you. I think this calls for a witty ditty, don't you? (*All shake hands.*)

(*EVVIE cross to piano to play, JOHN stand* L. *of piano. JEFF starts on mark A.*)

BRITISH

JEFF.
EVERYTHING IS ABSOLUTELY BETTER WHEN IT'S BRITISH
WHETHER COMEDY OR TRAGEDY, IT'S BETTER FROM ABROAD.
YES, AND EVERYONE WHO'S ANYONE IS BRITISH THROUGH AND THROUGH,
INCLUDING, I SUSPECT, OUR LORD.

FROM SOCIAL CONSCIENTIOUSNESS TO SILLY BEDROOM FARCE
(*cross* L.)
THE ENGLISH ALWAYS WRITE THE BETTER PLAY
WE'LL GIVE YOU QUITE A THOROUGH LICKING FROM YOUR MOTHER TONGUE

AFTER ALL, WHOSE LANGUAGE IS IT ANYWAY?

ALL.

WE'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH, WE'LL MAKE YOU SOB.
AMERICAN ACTORS WILL HAVE NO JOBS.
WE SET THE STANDARDS, WE ARE THE GUAGE:
RULE BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA RULES THE STAGE
QUITE SO (RADA, RADA, RAH-RAH RADA).

JEFF.

ACTORS WHO CAN ACT ARE ALWAYS INFINITELY BRITISH
(*cross* R.)
WHICH IS WHY WE'RE OFTEN SUMMONED HERE TO STAR IN BROADWAY SHOWS
YOUR PRODUCERS MAY HAVE MONEY BUT YOUR ACTORS GOT NO CLASS
I MEAN YANKEES DOING SHAKESPEARE SOUND LIKE RUTTING BUFFALOES.

ALL.

WE CAN FENCE AND RIDE AND DAZZLE YOU
WITH OUR ABILITY TO ADAPT TO ANY STYLE
USING SLICK TECHNIQUE AND A CONDESCENDING ACCENT
WE WILL NEVER FAIL TO MAKE A PILE.

WE'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH, WE'LL MAKE YOU SOB.
(*JEFF cross up to piano.*)
AMERICAN ACTORS WILL HAVE NO JOBS.
WE TRILL OUR PROSE WITH TRAINED CHORDS
RULE BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA RULES THE BOARDS
BRITANNIA RULES, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA RULES THE BOARDS.

(*FADE OUT*)

INTERMISSION

(*EVVIE as "Woman" and JOHN as "Man" enter from opposite sides. EVVIE 2. JOHN 3. Both have Playbills.*)

JOHN. Evvie.

EVVIE. John.

JOHN. Hey, long time no see. (*cross to each other, play* D.C.)

EVVIE. This is wonderful. Do you realize it's been over ten years!

JOHN. Ten years.

EVVIE. Well, at least, since Northwestern University.

JOHN. "Uncle Vanya", remember?

EVVIE. Oh yeah, that was a terrific show.

JOHN. Ah, we were just kids then. What did we know?

EVVIE. Are you connected with this production?

JOHN. No, I'm working out in Flushing.

EVVIE. Oh, is there a dinner theatre out there? I didn't know that.

JOHN. No, I'm working for my dad.

EVVIE. Aren't you acting anymore?

JOHN. Well, there was a time there when nothing was happening. There weren't any decent parts and the old man offered to put me on the payroll. So what happens? After two weeks I'm promoted, I got fifteen guys working under me, a new car and a condominium. Listen, if you ever need any zippers, we make all kinds. So what about you? I bet with that voice of yours, you work all the time.

EVVIE. No, I haven't kept up at all really. Two children take up a lot of one's time.

JOHN. You got two kids?

EVVIE. Yes, John, I do. A boy and a girl.

JOHN. Is your husband here? I'd like to meet him.

EVVIE. No. For George the theatre is nothing but a high risk investment.

JOHN. You know, I've been thinking of getting back into it again.

EVVIE. Acting?

JOHN. Yeah, just gonna chuck it all and start making the rounds again, if Dad doesn't make me a vice-president pretty soon.

EVVIE. What do you think of this show we're seeing tonight?

JOHN. Terrific. Great.

EVVIE. Our old friend up there, Peter.

JOHN. He's wooden.

EVVIE. He always was. You were better than him. Remember, he only had a walk-on in "Uncle Vanya".

JOHN. Yeah, but he was always pushy. That's why he got the breaks. I could never do that.

EVVIE. Neither could I.

(*Lights blink twice. ROGER enters and sits piano.*)

ROGER. Curtain going up, folks.
EVVIE. Well, let's keep in touch, okay?
JOHN. You bet. Bye now.
EVVIE. Nice to see you again. Bye John.

(*They separate into two spots.*)

JOHN. I'll send you a gross of zippers, assorted.

(*They part, with lingering hands and glances. EVVIE crosses to mark A, JOHN to mark C, where they sing the song in spotlights.*)

COULD HAVE BEEN

(*ROGER playing piano.*)

EVVIE and JOHN.
SEND ME TWO TICKETS WHEN YOU GET TO BROADWAY
I CAN TELL MY FRIENDS THAT I KNEW YOU WHEN.
EVVIE.
I COULD HAVE BEEN AN ACTRESS
I COULD HAVE BEEN A STAR
JOHN.
I COULD HAVE BEEN A LEADING MAN
I COULD HAVE GONE SO FAR
BOTH.
BUT CIRCUMSTANCES CAME ALONG
AND PUT ME THROUGH A CHANGE
IT WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND I HAD TO REARRANGE MY LIFE.
JOHN.
EVERYONE SAID THIS BOY'S GONNA MAKE IT
BORN TO THE STAGE, ANY FOOL CAN SEE
EVERYONE SAID THIS BOY'S GONNA MAKE IT
WISHFUL WORDS NEVER MEANT TO BE.

EVVIE.
EVERYONE SAID WHAT A SOPRANO
SHE SHOULD BE SINGING ON THE STAGE OF THE MET
EVERYONE SAID WHAT A SOPRANO
WHY DO I REMEMBER WHAT I WANT TO FORGET.
BOTH.
SEND ME TWO TICKETS WHEN YOU GET TO BROADWAY
WILL YOU STILL REMEMBER ME THEN
SEND ME TWO TICKETS WHEN YOU GET TO BROADWAY
I CAN TELL MY FRIENDS THAT I KNEW YOU WHEN.
JOHN.
EVERYONE SAID I HAD SUCH PROMISE
EVVIE.
I WAS HEADING FOR A BRILLIANT CAREER
BOTH.
EVERYONE SAID I HAD SUCH PROMISE
THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY APPEAR.
BOTH.
SEND ME TWO TICKETS WHEN YOU GET TO BROADWAY
WILL YOU STILL REMEMBER ME THEN
SEND ME TWO TICKETS WHEN YOU GET TO BROADWAY
I CAN TELL MY FRIENDS THAT I KNEW YOU WHEN.
EVVIE.
I COULD HAVE BEEN AN ACTRESS
I COULD HAVE BEEN A STAR
JOHN.
I COULD HAVE BEEN A LEADING MAN
I COULD HAVE GONE SO FAR
BOTH.
BUT CIRCUMSTANCES CAME ALONG
AND PUT ME THROUGH A CHANGE
IT WASN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND I HAD TO REARRANGE MY LIFE
MY LIFE, MY LIFE, MY LIFE, MY LIFE.

(*Slow fade to black on last word.*)

CRIST AND PONTIUS PILATE

(*Lights up on JOHN as "Pontius Pilate." Sitting on stool.*)

JOHN. Next!

(*JEFF enters as "Crist." Gives picture and resume to Pilate.*) (*2*)

JOHN. Hello, I'm Pontius Pilate. Crist?
JEFF. Christ.
JOHN. (*shows picture to audience*) You don't look like your picture, Crist.
JEFF. No, I shaved it off for a commercial.
JOHN. Doing anything now, Crist?
JEFF. No, I just got back from forty days in the wilderness.
JOHN. That's a long time. Couldn't you break your contract?
JEFF. I was tempted.
JOHN. OK, you cause the lame to walk and the blind to see, you talk in tongues, . . . what's this? You turn water into champagne?
JEFF. Champale.
JOHN. Don't pad your resume, Crist. Have you done anything in Jerusalem, Crist? Something I might have seen?
JEFF. Yeah, I rode an ass through town last Sunday.
JOHN. Sorry I missed it.
JEFF. Oh, you missed it?

(*JOHN dies. JEFF tries to resurrect; fails.*)

JEFF. (*looking heavenward*) What's the matter?

(*JOHN is revived.*)

JOHN. Okay, so you do revivals.
JEFF. I did the Dead Sea Water Ballet.
JOHN. Big part?
JEFF. No, just a walk-on.
JOHN. Any representative roles?

(*JEFF holds up a bagel.*)

JOHN. That's it? OK, let's hear you sing. Hey Tony!

(*ROGER enters as "Tony." Sits at piano.*)

ROGER. Yeah, whatta you want?
JOHN. This is our accompanist, Antonio DeMentis. Crist.
JEFF. Hi, Tony.
ROGER. Hi, Chris.

(*JEFF puts music in front of ROGER. ROGER plays intro to "Hallelujah Chorus."*)

JEFF. (*positioned at tip of piano D*) Hal . . .
JOHN. (*interrupts*) Thank you. Next.
JEFF. Forgive him. He knows not what he does. (*cross* L. *of piano*)
JOHN. Who are you talking to?
JEFF. My Dad.
JOHN. Your Dad?
JEFF. Yeah, he's the producer.
JOHN. Why didn't you say so in the first place? Look. Just sign here. You don't have to read it. (*cross to piano, give clipboard*)
JEFF. Gee, Mister Pilate, does it really mean so much to know somebody?
JOHN. You bet your hot cross buns, kid. (*Both cross* D.C.)

GOOD CONNECTIONS

(*ROGER playing piano.*)

JOHN.
THOUGH AN ACTOR MAY LOOK LIKE APOLLO
HAVE A VOICE THAT IS CLEAR AS A BELL
JEFF. (*bell*)
JOHN.
IF HE HAS NO RELATIONS
IN OUR OPERATION
HE'S GOT AS MUCH CHANCE AS A SNOWBALL IN HELL,
BOTH.
SNOWBALL IN HELL
YOU GOTTA HAVE GOOD GOOD GOOD CONNECTIONS

(*Cross up to get hats and canes, JOHN from 3, JEFF from 1.*)
PUTTING FAITH IN TALENT IS A COMMON MISTAKE
BETTER NOT FORGET THAT YOU NEED LOTS OF
FRIENDS TO GET THAT
LUCKY BREAK
2,3,4,
GOOD GOOD GOOD CONNECTIONS
(*cross* D.)
WILL LEAD YOU ON TO FAME
JOHN.
NO MORE COMPETITION,
JEFF.
NO CATTLE CALL AUDITIONS
BOTH.
WHEN YOU MENTION THAT HOLY NAME.
JEFF. (*spoken*) Hey Mr. Pilate. (D. *of mark B in spot*)
JOHN. (*spoken*) Yes, Mr. Christ.
JEFF. (*spoken*) What do you get when you cross King Tut, a water tap and the three wise men?
JOHN. (*spoken*) I give up. What do you get?
JEFF. (*spoken*) Pharaoh Faucet Magi
BOTH.
IF YOU WANT
(*JEFF cross* R., *JOHN* L. *ROGER plays under tempo.*)
JEFF. Hey, hey!
ROGER. (*spoken*) I'll follow you.
JEFF. (*spoken*) No, thanks. I have twelve already.
JEFF.
IF YOU WANT TO BE SEEN BY THE EMPEROR
(*cross to mark B*)
WHEN YOU GET TO THE CITY OF ROME
JOHN.
(THAT'S HOME.)
JEFF.
PLEASE DON'T BE SELF-CONSCIOUS
JOHN.
JUST TELL'EM YOU KNOW PONTIUS
BOTH.
AND YOU WON'T END UP IN A COLD CATABOMB,
COLD CATACOMB.
(*cross to mark A*)
YOU GOTTA HAVE GOOD GOOD GOOD CONNECTIONS

EVEN WITH SOME PEOPLE THAT YOU'D RATHER SEE
DEAD
NOW CAESAR IS YOUR SAVIOR BUT AT LEAST
YOU'LL NEVER CRAVE YOUR
DAILY BREAD.
(*grapevine* L.)
'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T HAVE THOSE GOOD
CONNECTIONS
YOU'LL END UP IN DESPAIR
(*JEFF grapevine* L., *JOHN* R.)
JOHN.
NON COMPOS MENTIS,
JEFF.
A CARPENTER'S APPRENTICE
BOTH.
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, NO
(*cross to* D.C. *spot*)
DON'T FORSAKE IT, THO'
NEVER MAKE IT NO
(*Voice-Over of "God"—"That's my boy!"*)
WHERE.

(*Fade out on last word as they exit 2.*)

THEATRICAL OLYMPICS

(*Lights up on ROGER and JOHN upstaging each other a la Carol Channing. JEFF and EVVIE enter and sit on the piano.*)

JEFF. Ladies, and gentlemen, welcome to the 25th annual Theatrical Olympics. What is it we're seeing here, Evvie?

EVVIE. These are the finals in the Carol Channing event, Jeff. In it the actors must sing, dance and act while preventing any other performer on stage from being seen.

(*JOHN and ROGER exit.*) (*2*)

JEFF. Earlier today the Russian contender, Olga Popov, was disqualified when it was discovered that she actually was Carol Channing. Evvie?

EVVIE. We are about to see the exciting semi-finals in Curtain Call Milking, and the first contender up on the boards is the Italian competitor, Rebobo Spinoza.

(*JOHN enters as "Rebobo," gesticulating.*) (*2*)

JEFF. What an entrance. He's no stranger to the stage. It's all in the wrists, isn't it, Evvie?

EVVIE. He makes it look easy, but in reality it takes a well-developed lumbar region and a whole lot of chutzpah to do this as well as he does.

(*JOHN exits.*) (*2*)

JEFF. Spectacular! And now it is time for an event I'm sure we're all looking forward to: Broadway All-Star Wrestling. (*JEFF exits.*) (*3*)

EVVIE. In this corner, the horribly deformed hero of the hit show "Elephant Man."

(*ROGER enters as Elephant Man.*) (*3*)

ROGER. Sometimes I think my head is so big because my show won three Tonies.

EVVIE. And in this corner, the pathetically paralyzed star of "Whose Life is it Anyway?"

(*JEFF drags JOHN out as paralyzed star.*) (*2*)

JOHN. Kill me, won't you kill me, please. I want to die.

JEFF. Alright, men, watch that trunk, no kicking.

(*bell*)

JEFF. And the match is on. (*ROGER cross to JOHN.*)

JOHN. You watch what I can do with my tongue.

ROGER. Stand up and fight, shorty.

JOHN. Hey, Dumbo, your shoe's untied.

ROGER. Uh-oh (*ROGER starts to shake and falls to knees.*)

EVVIE. What's happening to the Elephant Man, Jeff?

JEFF. His head's too heavy, Evvie. He's going down.

(*ROGER's head hits floor.*)

JEFF. One, two, three . . .

JOHN. I can still raise my head.

ROGER. I can't believe I'm doing this for peanuts.

(*JEFF finishes countdown.*)

JEFF. Ten! The Winner! There you have it, Broadway All-Star Wrestling!

(*JEFF picks up dead hand, drops it. ROGER drags JOHN Off-stage.*) (*2*)

JOHN. Kill me. Won't you kill me, please.

ROGER. I hope you live forever, you putz.

EVVIE. I have a regrettable announcement to make at this time. There will be no award given for Plot Lifting this year.

JEFF. Oh, why not?

EVVIE. One of the judges invalidated the whole event because he thought "Dream Girls" and "Sophisticated Ladies" were the same show.

JEFF. Well, I guess that means the old record still stands. As you know, it was held by the show "Shenendoah: which lifted 250 lines and eight songs from the musical "Oklahoma!". We have some cheap thrills coming up now, don't we Ev?

EVVIE. That's right, and the contenders are waiting in their wings.

JEFF. First, from Broadway, the Martin Beck theatre in New York, Count Dracula.

(*ROGER enters—suave vampire.*) (*3, cross to mark C.*)

EVVIE. And from the Secaucus Community Theatre production, Count Dracula.

(*JOHN enters—ratty vampire.*) (*1, cross to mark A.*)

JEFF. Now, for the first time anywhere, we present the world premiere of the Freestyle Suck. Our own galant co-host volunteered to be the donor today.

EVVIE. I think my official title is Suckee. (*jump off piano, go to B*)

JEFF. I think you're right. The Jersey Vampire won the toss so he goes to bat first. (*JOHN cross to EVVIE, suck.*) That's the

direct approach. Just look at that overbite. What a set of choppers! Uh-oh, he's slowing down. Yes, it looks like he's had enough.

(*JOHN belches and exits.*) (*1*)

JEFF. How was it, Ev?
EVVIE. Oh, he's an animal.

(*ROGER cross to EVVIE, suck.*)

JEFF. Well, I guess that leaves it up to you, Count. Look at the difference. Such nuance, such subtle nibbles. He's a professional alright. A quick fondle. Oh my God, he's opening his shirt. Could it be? Is it? Yes it is. It's a double suck! Look at that sucker go. I think we have a winner. Yes, we have a winner. Count? You won, Count. Count, you can stop now. Count (*holds up a cross*)

(*ROGER fades and exits.*) (*2*)

EVVIE. That was fun. Now, in a different vein, here are the results of the iambic pentameter and the 500 word mixed review.

JEFF. But coming up right now we have a special treat. If you've ever sat down front during a show, you'll know how important spittle projection is to an actor's performance.

EVVIE. The French in particular have developed this technique into a fine art. We are now going to watch the favorite in the "Hop Skip and Spit" event, Monsieur Jacques La Phlegm.

(*ROGER enters as Jacques.*) (*1*)

JEFF. Here's Jacques now, checking out the playing area, warming up for his attempt. His selection is from Moliere's "Would Be Imaginary School for Misanthropes." He's on his mark, the crowd is breathless in anticipation, and he's on.

ROGER. (*bound, bound, bound*) Aujourd'hui du Saint Louis, du deux soir et (*hock*) tui! (*cross from* R. *wall to* D.C., *spit*)

EVVIE. Spectacular.

(*ROGER exits.*) (*1*)

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