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SF PERUSALS

A Piece of my Heart

A Play in Two Acts

by Shirley Lauro

Suggested by the book by
Keith Walker

A Samuel French Acting Edition



New York Hollywood London Toronto
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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by
Shirley Lauro
Suggested by the book by Keith Walker (50% size of Author's billing)

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"Originally produced in New York City by the Manhattan Theatre Club.
Professionally produced in the 1991 Humana Festival of New American Plays at Actors Theatre of Louisville.
Originally produced by the Philadelphia Festival for New Plays."

To my beloved daughter, Andrea

A Piece of My Heart was originally produced by the Philadelphia Festival Theatre for New Plays.

It was professionally produced in the 1991 Humana Festival of New American Plays at Actors Theatre of Louisville.

A *Piece of My Heart* premiered in New York City on October 15, 1991 at the Union Square Theatre. It was produced by the Manhattan Theatre Club with special arrangement with Roger L.Stevens and directed by Allen R. Belknap. The cast was:

MARTHA .....Annete Helde
MARYJO .....Cynthia Carle
SISSY .....Corliss Preston
WHITNEY .....Sharon Schlarth
LEEANN .....Kim Miyori
STEELE ..... Novella Nelson
All the American Men .....Tom Stechschulte

Sets by: James Fenhagen
Costumes by: Mimi Maxmen
Lighting by: Richard Winkler
Sound by: John Kilgore
Production Stage Manager: Richard Hester

AUTHOR'S SUGGESTIONS

STYLE:

The play is a style piece. It is presentational. All design elements therefore conform to this. Abstracted, suggestive, part for the whole. Nothing in text should be illustrated or literally rendered from the design standpoint.

The characters in the play are in a direct relationship with the audience. They have a great, urgent need to tell their stories to the audience and it is from this urgency that they pull the other characters into helping them tell what has happened to them. Their memories are so vivid as they start to relate experiences that the past comes alive for all of them. It is from this urgent need to communicate that the style of the play evolves.

SET:

The play adapts to many production concepts. It can be staged very simply with benches and black drapes as backdrop. It can be staged in the round with an environmental approach—the audience becoming a part of the environment. It can be staged in a more formal manner with lighting, sound, platforms and scrims denoting changes of place and time. Therefore, directors and designers are encouraged to use imagination in tandem with budgets and facilities to create an appropriate design.

In a more formal design, three platforms of different heights are suggested, plus a downstage center ground level

playing area (see sketch). The use of four portable, *lightweight* bamboo benches is suggested which can serve for various seating needs—airplane seating, bar stools, chairs, hospital beds, stretchers, etc. These can be moved from level to level and area to area during the action by actors. There should be steps between the platforms, and possibly one ramp. Back scrims can be used plain or with projections—a red cross for hospital, impressionistic flashes of tracers, etc. Realistic projections, however, should not be used. Depending on the directoral concept, the play can sustain quite sophisticated light and sound cues, as well as pyro explosions. A bright red scrim is suggested for the end of the Tet scene.

If full platforms are used, it is suggested that projections on the facings of the platforms be used for the names on The Wall at the end of play. Light boxes with scrim are suggested. See special note on The Wall at end of the play text. If full platforms cannot be built, scaffolding is suggested as an alternative platform construction. If scaffolding is used, or if the play is done without platforms, it is suggested that The Wall simply be imagined by the actors as being in front of them, never behind them, in the final scene.

PROPS:

Props should be kept to minimum. No attempt should be made to use all possible props as would be used in a realistic play. The props used should resonate in the play. For example: MARYJO's guitar and case; SISSY's picture; WHITNEY's liquor bottle, glass, candle;

LEEANN's joint, STEELE's Tet Report; MARTHA's nurse's cap in last scene.

A hand-held period microphone with cord may be used throughout the play in various capacities—both to suggest a real mike (MARYJO scenes) and to connote the impersonality and inhumanness of the world surrounding the women (HEAD NURSE's use of mike in Mass Casualty hospital scene and WHITNEY's use of mike as VA SPOKESPERSON).

Clave sticks, small cylindrical wooden sticks used as percussion musical instruments, popular in Asian countries, are suggested for use in various ways throughout play. They are associated with LEEANN both as her own character, and when she portrays BIEN. They are also used to accentuate movement and mark quick scene shifts (first scenes in ACT II).

Duffle bags, military in style and color, are suggested for each actress, except for MARYJO who should carry a small suitcase. In these bags, actresses should store their personal props and their various costume changes. These bags may be carried with actors from scene to scene—or at least give the audience the illusion of being carried through most of the play by the actresses. The duffles serve the practical need of helping costume and prop requirements. They also lend to the sense of the transiency of the lives of the women both in Vietnam and when they come back, and to the shifting, constantly moving structural style of the play. In some sets, sand bags may be piled around the perimeter

of the platforms. These provide perfect areas for hiding props, costumes or ashtrays.

MUSIC:

The songs and lyrics are an integral part of the dramatic through-line of the play. The lyrics become dialogue and MARYJO, as she sings the songs, often is singing the sub-text of the play. To gain an understanding of the kinds of songs the author has intended, producers are urged to contact the author's agent: **Peter Hagen, The Gersh Agency, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10010,** to obtain a list of the songs used in the New York production. If producers wish to use any of these songs in performance, they are required to contact the copyright owners directly. It is further suggested that if any additional background music is added to the show such as first act lead-in, etc., that only instrumental music be used. No vocalization or additional lyrics.

COSTUMES:

The women are haunted. Past in the present. Each carries young, idealistic 60's self with her. Costumes reflect this. Two basic costumes (Act I and Act II)—adding/subtracting pieces from scene to scene—are suggested.

The women are dislocated, fragmented. Something about them looks alike. In some way all add up to one woman as all tell the same experience. As if one person split. Possible use of parts of one costume on several characters.

All in variations of same color scheme which darkens as play progresses.

Each character is in one basic costume (such as khaki pants and a shirt) with pieces subtracted and added to it as the play progresses—i.e., vests, scarves, jumpers, hats, jackets: audience should not be cognizant of when actors change garments. There should *not* be the sense of the actors changing costume pieces with every *role* they play. Rather the additions or subtractions should come out of the sense of what the *action of the play* is—camouflage vests added during Tet, the heavy war scene, for example.

Characters also reflect specific disciplines they were in: Navy nurse, Army nurse, Red Cross, civilian. Also reflect regions they come from: MARYJO and Texas, SISSY and midwest, WHITNEY and New England, etc. One costume for THE MAN, added to and subtracted from as with OTHERS.

CHARACTERS:

The six women characters in *A Piece of My Heart* are seen over a 20-year period, from the sixties to the present. Actresses portraying these roles also portray a variety of other roles in the play: military personnel, friends, relatives, acquaintances. The male actor plays all the male roles in the play.

MARTHA 22-42. Strong, self-composed, aura of self-discipline, military bearing. Strong face, American, almost pioneer in feeling.

MARYJO 17-37. Blond, pretty, outgoing, bubbly personality. Texas accent. Sexy; a funny comedienne quality; but sad inside. Must be skillful guitarist and singer.

SISSY 20-40. Sweet, feminine, outgoing. Sense of fun. Also sense of harmony and warmth to personality.

WHITNEY 21-41. Tall, slender, withdrawn, contained. Very aristocratic in bearing and quality. A Vassar graduate.

LEEANN 20-40. Asian or Amerasian. Attractive. Strong, tough, determined in nature. An urban, hip quality to her personality.

STEELE 35-55. Black. Extremely strong, military bearing. Very intelligent, outgoing, great sense of humor. A pragmatist. Southern.

THE AMERICAN MEN—18-60. Tall, very American looking. Versatile actor needed for variety of roles.

Please note:
Mention is made of songs which are *not* in the public domain. Producers of this play are hereby CAUTIONED that permission to produce this play does not include rights to use these songs in production. Producers should contact the copyright owners directly for rights.

ACT I

The recent past.
DUSK. November.
Outside, somewhere near The Wall in Washington, D.C.
MUSIC from band is heard in background: "Under the Double Eagle." MARYJO, WHITNEY, STEELE, MARTHA, SISSY, LEEANN are discovered onstage, staggered positions, back, profile, SISSY front, looking at the sky. THEY wear coats, jackets, etc. THEY will remain onstage throughout the entire play, always listening. MARYJO has guitar, small suitcase near her. OTHERS have military duffle bags.

MALE. (*Voice over.*) COMMENCE FIRE!

(BLAST of ARTILLERY FIRE heard, seen firing into the sky.)

MALE. (*Voice over.*) COMMENCE FIRE!

(BLAST of another ROUND heard and seen. WOMEN look up at the sky.)

MALE. (*Voice over.*) COMMENCE FIRE!

(BLAST heard and seen again. Then a huge round of APPLAUSE, CHEERING, WHISTLING. MUSIC out.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. (*Voice over.*) Thank you. Thank you ... thank you! We are gathered here today to honor the brave men and women who served so well—and gave so much—

(MARTHA now starts addressing audience.)

MARTHA. (*Smiling a little ruefully.*) I was an Army brat. Martha O'Neill. Dad a career man. Mom a Navy nurse. World War II. I was born at Ft. Benning, grew up at Ft. Bragg. I remember one day in junior high a girlfriend came in crying: her Dad was going to Vietnam. Crying and crying and they sent her home ... must've been around—oh I don't know, 1961 ... so I knew early on about Vietnam. Americans there ... Americans being killed there ... something very wrong there. Back of my mind was: *I* want to go there. Be a Navy nurse and serve my country and protect our men.

(MARYJO turns to audience. MARTHA focuses on Maryjo.)

MARYJO. I was the lead singer and rhythm guitarist in the Sugar Candies All Girl Band. Maryjo Kincaid from Beaumont, Texas. We'd come to LA to get discovered and did Country and Rock and were about seventeen years old and thought we were the livin' end! We hadn't gotten too far *yet,* but one day in '67, an agent told us he could book us—miniskirts and little white go-go boots—to go over and entertain the half a million boys in Vietnam! Well, I

was out of my mind! Half a million American boys groovin' on *my* music and lovin' *me* 'cause I'd be liftin' the worries of war right off their shoulders with *my* love for them? "A thousand dollars a month apiece and airfare and all expenses paid," he said. "Oh boy! Book me on!"

(SISSY turns to audience. MARTHA, MARYJO focus on her.)

SISSY. I wanted *out* of Erie, Pennsylvania. I was turning seventeen and I didn't want to rot in Erie, Pennsylvania 'til I was forty years old! I didn't know anything about Vietnam—that wasn't the point. The point was I wasn't into a college scene, I wasn't into demonstrations, I wasn't into anything—Religious family—playing with dolls 'til I was thirteen years old—well, it was still a very sheltered time for girls! My high school counselor said to me: "Well, now, Sissy, what is it you want to be? A nurse, a teacher or a secretary?" "Oh, well sir, a nurse, I guess. I'll help mankind." Now, my biggest problems my first year in Nursing School were, I had no self-control and I couldn't stand to see people in pain! But my instructors said to me: "You don't have a choice here; you just get in there and do as you're told!" So—there's this old man in a coma and I'm supposed to give him a shot of penicillin in his rear-end, and now I am really a wreck because how can I cause this sick old man more pain? But I do it. And the guy immediately comes out of the coma and goes: "Oh my God, where am I?" And I think, "Oh gosh! I did a miracle! I can do anything! I'll join the Army! I'll save the World!"

(WHITNEY turns to audience. MARTHA, MARYJO, SISSY focus on her.)

WHITNEY. I was graduating from Vassar in primary education. Provisional Junior League. Sleeves right down to my elbows. Prim, high proper collars. Already been offered a boarding school position for the fall term when I saw a Red Cross form on the Placement Board. I went to an interview, and they said: "Red Cross has two groups going overseas early summer. Korea. And Vietnam." "Well—Saigon's a sophisticated, cosmopolitan city, they say—diversity of people to meet—all walks of life—and they speak French! I took my junior year in Paris you see—besides—it snows in Korea doesn't it? Whereas Vietnam has this wonderfully warm climate I'm told—" I went home for the weekend to tell my parents. "But Dad—Mother—Vietnam will be my year of service. Besides—if I'm ever going to do anything in my life besides be an old maid boarding-school teacher, I'd better do it now." It grew very quiet in the breakfast room. Sunday morning. Mother's coffee cup rattling in its Dresden saucer. "Look Whitney—if you insist on running off like this to the ends of the earth, do be aware you're making a decision of some consequence. There will be repercussions on your life—not necessarily for the better—so please, dear—please, do think it carefully through—" "But Mother, don't you see, I already have!"

(CLAVE STICKS sound, three beats. LEEANN turns to audience.
MARTHA, MARYJO, SISSY, WHITNEY focus on her.)

LEEANN. I was anti-war! I hated Nixon! Knew he was a liar and evil! So did my friends! We were hippies—Woodstock, bell bottom jeans, headbands, the long hair, the pot. Then I remember Kennedy going, "What can you do for your country?" Well, I was twenty-one when an Army recruiter comes to my nursing school dressed in her uniform—and she is showing us this wonderful film about the glamour of being an Army nurse and all these gorgeous hospitals all over the world with all this modern equipment—we didn't have zip at my nursing school! And I was very impressed! After the film I ask: "But do nurses *have* to go to Vietnam?" "No!" she goes. "Women *volunteer* for Vietnam." My friends are mostly thinking I am crazy but there are two others who are willing to sign up at any minute and I am thinking: "It is perfect for you Leeann. It will pay for this last year of nursing school—because money for me is very tight—and you can express your feelings about the war by taking care of Nam soldiers when they get *back* from Nam—maybe Hawaii or something. I had been born and raised in New York and am half Italian and half Chinese and went through a lot of prejudice in New York! I wanted to go to Hawaii—where everybody looks like me!

(STEELE turns to audience. OTHERS focus on her.)

STEELE. Well now, I'd been a WAC for almost eighteen years when I decided to go on over to The Nam. First joined up in Jackson, Mississippi where I was born and raised. They asked me: "Steele, what MOS would you like to be?" "Well, I'm a college graduate and have been

teaching music, so I would like to join the Army band." So, they gave me the *fourth* trombone part to audition with—and if you know anything about music, you *know* that is the hard part! The "du-pity-do!" So, I am playing along with the band—except Commander-in-Chief Warrant Officer Helen B. Whitehead—you gonna believe that name?—has made some secret prearranged signal with the band to stop at a certain point. So all you are hearing is me going "do-pity-do-pity-do-do-do!" Afterwards she calls me aside and says, "Oh, sorry about this Steele, but we can't have any Negroes in the band because you just don't blend on in!" 1950! My first touch with The American Armed Services. And how they want you—but they don't really want you. Anyhow, by 1967 I'd edited an Army newspaper, run an education center, was a French and Spanish linguist, a Prisoner of War Interrogator, and was in Strategic Intelligence. And I knew I was hearing lies about Vietnam! I'll just go on over there myself I thought. And maybe my intelligence and experience will be used for once to save some American lives.

(Sound of faint WIND CHIMES. LIGHTS shift. WOMEN doff coats putting them into duffles as we shift into past. MARTHA steps forward.)

MARTHA. *(To audience.)* August. 1966. I take my oath, graduate from women's officer school, go to Quonset Point, Rhode Island for two years. Head nurse in the Dependents' Unit. Then I tell my folks I'm volunteering for Vietnam. And they are proud! But not my chief nurse—

(MARTHA goes to STEELE who becomes HEAD NURSE.)

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) You're very young Martha! They're looking for people there with experience.

MARTHA. I've got experience! I'm Head Nurse!

STEELE (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Direct *war* experience!

MARTHA. But I've done everything—and I'm really good! And my folks are military. I've been around it all my life!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) I've serious reservations about endorsing this request—

MARTHA. Oh please!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Well—I—I'm doing it with a *great* deal of hesitation—

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) A Navy Nurse in a War Zone! Like my mother! Glamorous! My deepest childhood dream come true!

SISSY. (*To audience.*) My mother went right down to the Recruiting Office—

(SHE runs to MARTHA who becomes her MOTHER; together THEY hurry to another area where WHITNEY is, WHITNEY becomes RECRUITING OFFICER.)

MARTHA. (*As MOTHER.*) Will my daughter have to go to Vietnam if she joins?

WHITNEY. (*As RECRUITING OFFICER.*) Army nurses *volunteer* for Vietnam. And we have so *many* women wanting to go, madam, we would never even consider a policy like that!

MARTHA. (*To Sissy.*) Good, Sissy! Because what I really want you to do if you're actually going to join, is put in for Germany and meet a doctor and get yourself married and *settle down*!

SISSY. (*To audience.*) My girlfriend and I go for our physicals together—(*SISSY now runs to Leeann as FRIEND, takes Leeann's hand.*) Oh, gosh, kid—I am so nervous—I can't even go in the bottle! Go for me, too!

(LEEANN giggles.)

LEEANN. (*As FRIEND.*) Okay, but I hope I don't have a kidney infection!

SISSY. (*To audience.*) She didn't!

LEEANN. (*As FRIEND. To audience.*) And we passed!

(SISSY and LEEANN now begin running in a circle around the stage, up and down the platforms and ramp.)

LEEANN. (*As FRIEND.*) And ran right out and got a map of Texas! And rented a car.

SISSY. And just flew down the freeways heading south.

LEEANN. (*As FRIEND.*) SOUTH!

SISSY. Ft. Sam Houston! HERE WE COME!

(THEY sit on steps as if in car. MARYJO starts, playing guitar, singing, watching them as does STEELE.
MARYJO sings the first two lines of a popular 40's song desbribing Texas.)

STEELE. (*As if in imaginary bass viola.*)
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

(MARYJO sings third line of a popular 40's song describing Texas.)

SISSY. I'm going to Galveston—first weekend I am there!

LEEANN. *(As FRIEND.)* I'm going to Mexico and buy huaraches first weekend I am there!

SISSY. Oh gosh! Let's do something special *every* weekend we are there!

(MARYJO and SISSY sing fourth line of a popular 40's song describing Texas.)

SISSY/MARYJO/STEELE.
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

(SISSY, LEEANN (As FRIEND) MARYJO and STEELE sing last line of a popular 40's song describing Texas. (WHITNEY now comes into new area.)

WHITNEY. *(To audience.)* I report to the Red Cross, Washington, D.C. For two weeks of training.

(STEELE steps into area; on one side of Whitney.)

STEELE *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Ladies! You tell military rank by the stripes on the shirt sleeve. One stripe, two stripes, three stripes. Is that clear?

WHITNEY. Oh, very clear!

(MARTHA comes into area on other side of Whitney.)

MARTHA. (*As INSTRUCTOR.*) Ladies! You tell the difference between the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and the Marines by color—gray, blue, green, black—and style—button up, button down, cut straight, cut away. Is that clear?

WHITNEY. Oh, very clear!

(STEELE takes a step closer to Whitney, closing in a little.)

STEELE. (*As INSTRUCTOR.*) Ladies! There are rules of etiquette—a time to drink, a time not to drink, a way to drink, a brand to drink, a drink to drink. Is that clear?

WHITNEY. Oh, very clear!

(MARTHA steps closer, closing in more.)

MARTHA. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Ladies! There are proper ways to respond to off-color remarks. There are ways to respond to everything! There are ways to be a young lady worthy of the American Red Cross! Is that clear?

WHITNEY. Oh, very clear!

(STEELE closes in one more step.)

STEELE (*As INSTRUCTOR.*) At all times be feminine!

(MARTHA closes in one more step.)

MARTHA. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Never swear!

STEELE *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Never be provocative with men!

MARTHA. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Because you are a Red Cross girl! *(MARTHA puts arms around Whitney.)*

STEELE. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Symbol of Purity!

MARTHA. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Goodness and light!

(STEELE puts arm around Whitney on other side.)

STEELE *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Sister, Mother, Girl-next-door!

MARTHA. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* *The* All American Girl to every service man you meet!

(WHITNEY, trapped, looks from one to other.)

STEELE. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* No sexual involvements of any kind!

MARTHA. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Forbidden! Against all rules!

STEELE. *(As INSTRUCTOR.)* Now—is that clear?

(WHITNEY, scrunched, looks at audience.)

WHITNEY. Oh, it is very, *very* clear!

(LEEANN now stands, humming, "I'M GOING TO A HOUKI-LAU" and doing hula, as:)

STEELE. *(As OFFICER.)* Now then nurses!

MARTHA. (*As SERGEANT.*) Attention!

(THEY fall into line.)

STEELE. (*As OFFICER.*) This morning we are going to march! Hut-2-3-4! Hut-2-3-4!

(MARYJO begins to strum guitar like drum beat, WHITNEY, MARTHA begin marching in place. SISSY goes center, marching up and downstage. LEEANN continues hula as STEELE comes to her.)

STEELE. Well, well. Welcome to the U.S. Army, Miss Noo Yawk! March!

LEEANN. *March*? I'm a nurse!

STEELE. (*As OFFICER.*) You're an *Army* nurse! And you are going to march!

(LEEANN quickly runs center, starts marching upstage, downstage, alternate move of Sissy's marching path. MARYJO now starts singing.)

MARYJO.
THESE OLD GALS
THEY GO ONE—
THEY GO KNICK KNACK
ON MY THUMB
WITH A KNICK KNACK PADDY WACK
GIVE YOUR DOG A BONE
THESE OLD GALS GO ROLLING HOME

(As THEY are marching.)

SISSY. (*ANOTHER RECRUIT.*) Captain? How come you don't teach us to shoot a gun?

STEELE. (*As OFFICER.*) We do not teach you to shoot weapons or carry weapons because women do not go into combat. (*STEELE now goes over to Leeann.*) March! Miss Noo Yawk—march!

(THEY continue to march.)

LEEANN. Say captain—how come we're always pretending to march through the jungle full of punji sticks?

STEELE (*As OFFICER.*) Because you will probably end up in the jungle, Miss Noo Yawk! In Vietnam! March!

LEEANN. *(Chuckling.)* Vietnam? Oh no, ma'am. My recruiter said Hawaii!

(Guitar strumming stops as STEELE stops marching in place, looks at Leeann as do others. SISSY has joined Whitney, Martha.)

STEELE. (*As OFFICER.*) Hawaii, Miss Noo Yawk?

(OTHERS begin to snicker.)

LEEANN. Honolulu—Waikaki—(*LEEANN does a little hula gesture.*)

STEELE. *(As OFFICER. Suppressing smile.)* Well, you must have been slightly misinformed—

(Moves to OTHERS who shake their heads.)

MARYJO. (*Softly, fearful, moves toward Leeann.*)
WITH A KNICK KNACK PADDY WACK
GIVE YOUR DOG A BONE
THIS OLD GAL GOES ROLLING HOME—

STEELE. (*Comes forward to audience.*) Now there was one thing old Intelligence Officer B. J. Steele did before she went to Vietnam: learned to shoot! Steeley was gonna carry her weapon and know how to fire it over there—make no mistake about that! I learned to strip an M-16. I learned to handle it, fire it, and then I learned to shoot a .45. Got so I could cock *that* thing behind my back! Then I thought: well now, I'm about ready to go over to Vietnam and see what I can see!

(MARTHA now as SERGEANT, WHITNEY as OFFICER takes a step in new area.)

MARTHA. (*SERGEANT.*) Attention!

(ALL rise at attention.)

WHITNEY. (*As OFFICER.*) All of you have orders for "Southeast Asia."

LEEANN. "Southeast Asia?"

MARTHA. (*As SERGEANT.*) Dismissed!

(SISSY moves to Leeann.)

SISSY. They wouldn't even say Vietnam!

LEEANN. I'm going to my head nurse—

(LEEANN turns to STEELE, who is near her.)

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Don't worry, Leeann, the hospitals are safe—miles from the combat zone—

LEEANN. But I'm anti-war.

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) So are a lot of the injured boys!

LEEANN. I'll take care of them in Hawaii.

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) They're overstaffed there. And you're special. Top of the line. You can make a real contribution for your country in Vietnam.

(LEEANN looks at her.)

STEELE. And the credit will do wonders for your career—after the war—

LEEANN. (*Attracted by this idea.*) Yeah? Yeah.

MARYJO. (*To audience.*) The Sugar Candies' last day—San Francisco—we go to a restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf and the next table knows we're heading to Vietnam to entertain the troops. They buy us drinks and whipped cream desserts. And propose a toast: "To Maryjo Kincaid, the star, and the sweetest, prettiest Sugar Candy all girl band in these United States!"

(THEY are beginning to move toward airplane platform.)

SISSY. (*To audience.*) We buy little black lace bras and bikini panties. A nurse who'd been to Nam says: "Whatever you do bring sexy underwear! A year in boots

and fatigues and that dirt and heat and you forget what sex you are."

LEEANN. (*To audience.*) I get to Travis Air Force Base early. I look around. (*SHE now looks at others in astonishment.*

OTHERS. (*Ad-libbing.*) Hi Leeann! Hey—! Hello!

LEEANN. They're from Ft. Sam! Women I *know!*

LEEANN. I'm not special! *Everybody's* here!

(THEY all start climbing onto airplane platform.)

WHITNEY. (*To audience as SHE climbs on airplane platform.*) And they put us on an airplane in little powder blue Red Cross uniforms and dixie cup hats and heels and stockings and girdles!

SISSY. (*To audience.*) And then—for the first time—as we board—they actually announce where they're taking us:

WHITNEY. (*On hand mike.*) Destination Ben Hoa!

(ALL are on platform which has a bench. SOME sit on bench, OTHERS on floor resting on or against their duffle bags.)

MARTHA. And off we go—

(MARYJO begins singing the first verse of an official U.S. Air Force song with guitar.
ALL join in with another verse.)

MARYJO. (*To audience.*) There are just a few women on my plane—two hundred men! And everybody is trying to be sweet ...

SISSY. (*To audience.*) Singing, drinking, playing pinochle, checkers—

WHITNEY. *(To audience.)* And there's this G.I. on my plane coming back from his R&R—

(SOLDIER enters, climbs onto airplane platform.)

SOLDIER. (*To Whitney.*) Well, Doughnut Dollie, you're never gonna make it. There are Viet Cong on the landing fields—

WHITNEY. (*Stunned.*) What?

SOLDIER. The minute the plane lands you'll be shot at—

WHITNEY. Me? That's insane.

SOLDIER. Two bits you don't make it in-country one day—

(MARYJO sings first line of a popular 60's song.)

LEEANN. (*To audience.*) I ask my stewardess for a pillow—she pretends she doesn't hear me—she brings pillows to the men—

(MARYJO sings seond line of the same popular 60's song.)

SISSY. (*To audience.*) My stewardess gives me the same chicken dinner five times going around the world—

(MARYJO sings third line of the same popular 60's song.)

STEELE. (*To audience.*) I'm reading newspapers. The location of American troops from division headquarters down to the platoons. I can do the entire order of battle from my seat on this plane. Now if I know up *here*—the enemy surely *knows* down *there*! So what if we are captured coming down? (*To imaginary captors.*) "I don't know anything about anything! All I am is this expert—on the M-16! I know *why* it jams, *how* it jams, *if* it jams and *when* it jams! Now, you all know yourselves what a horrible old weapon it is! *So* bad, they have to send me over here, just to give advice on how to keep that thing in working order—that's how bad that weapon is!" (*SHE chuckles.*)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) Then suddenly on my plane it all just quiets down—

(THEY start looking out imaginary plane windows, one by one.)

MARYJO. Nobody talks—
SISSY. Nobody says a word.
LEEANN. Everybody has their noses to the window—
WHITNEY. VIETNAM!
STEELE. Coming in over the coast—
MARTHA. Early morning—
MARYJO. Rice paddies—a village way down there—
LEEANN. Green—my God so green—
MARTHA. How can there be a war way down there?
WHITNEY. Look how beautiful it is—

(Sound of BOOM.)

STEELE. My God!!! Tracers!
MARYJO. Look! There—look there!
LEEANN. Puffs of smoke!
MARTHA. A quick turn up!
WHITNEY. (*Stunned.*) We're being fired on!
SISSY. FIRED ON? I haven't done anything to them!
LEEANN. I'm a nurse!
MARYJO. We take a fast, steep dive—
SISSY. The landing strip—the fire department!
MARTHA. With foam!
STEELE. The treads are off the wheels!
LEEANN. We're landing without treads?
WHITNEY. Look, look down there!
MARYJO. We'll have to run for cover—
SISSY. I'm just this normal girl about to do something not real normal at all!
MARYJO. Like a John Wayne movie! WHEE!!!
STEELE. We come down hard!

(LIGHTS go out.)

MARTHA. HARD!
LEEANN. Night! Blackout! Can't see the runway! Nothing! Dead silent on the plane!
SISSY. But I hear two hundred forty-seven souls breathing on this plane—
WHITNEY. The doors open—

(SPOTLIGHTS and RED AMBULANCE LIGHTS begin flashing.)

MARTHA. Spotlights flashing—

(THEY start climbing off, with their duffle bags.)

MARYJO. I'm so nervous some guy lifts me off the plane. My feet never even touch the steps.

(SOLDIER has climbed off, lifted Maryjo off.)

SISSY. A wave of such heat, such stench hits me—(*SHE turns away, sits again.*) I don't want to go out there—(*STEELE pulls her up.*) But someone pulls me—(*SHE climbs off bench.*)

WHITNEY. Everyone shouting orders to everybody else.

(STEELE now climbs down.)

LEEANN. Vietnamese — everywhere — screaming — shrieking —

STEELE. No! Don't *you* know? That's how their language sounds.

(CLAVE STICKS start beating quickly and ALL scurry around airport to the beat. Then STICKS stop and ALL move slowly around.)

WHITNEY. (*To audience.*) I walk around the airport in Saigon. The Red Cross is supposed to meet me here. I can't find a soul. It's raining. Coming into monsoon season. Raining hard. A limousine comes, takes VIPs from my plane away. School bus, wire on the windows, takes officers—and then, a big, open *cattle* truck pulls up in the rain—the young men I flew with—herded in—

(SHE turns away. MARTHA is near her.)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) The guy *I* flew with—drank champagne with—God, I don't know if I'll see him again—or what—

(The SOLDIER calls to Martha.)

SOLDIER. Hey—so long Martha—

(MARTHA runs to him.)

(MARYJO with guitar, slowly sings second line, second verse of a popular 60's song.)

MARTHA. So long—

(MARYJO sings third line, second verse of the same popular 60's song.)

(SOLDIER EXITS.)

STEELE. (*To audience.*) I get to some temporary billet. And I'm dirty and wrinkled so I take a shower, start

washing, look at my washcloth, and oh my God! It's brown! I'm turnin' *WHITE*? (*SHE bursts out laughing at herself.*) Oh Lord. It's just the dirt of Vietnam.

(WHITNEY steps to new area.)

WHITNEY. (*As OFFICER.*) Attention! All new nurses report to North area at once to volunteer for where you want to serve.

(LEEANN and SISSY move to Whitney.)

SISSY. Just send me where I'm needed most.

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) I can't do that, nurse. Volunteer, please.

SISSY. I can't volunteer. I don't know where I am.

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) The other nurses have managed to figure it out. Please volunteer.

(LEEANN whispers to Sissy.)

LEEANN. A G.I. on the plane gave me a list. Vung Tau?

SISSY. (*To Whitney.*) Vung Tau!

LEEANN. (*To Sissy.*) Right on the beach, I hear.

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Oh, that's filled. Volunteer again.

LEEANN. (*Whispering.*) Phan Rang.

SISSY. (*To Whitney.*) Phan Rang.

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Filled. Volunteer again.

LEEANN. (*To Sissy.*) Cam Ranh Bay?

SISSY. (*To Whitney.*) Cam Ranh Bay.

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Sorry! Volunteer again!

LEEANN. That's the bottom of my list.

(A huge EXPLOSION. SISSY and LEEANN scream, fall to ground hugging each other.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Two of you want to stay together I suppose?

(SISSY and LEEANN are terrified.)

SISSY. Oh sure!

LEEANN. If we could—

(WHITNEY sizing them up.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) How about Cu Chi?

LEEANN and SISSY. Cu Chi?

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) I can keep you together—for a while—*if* you *volunteer* for Cu Chi—

SISSY. All right—fine—

SISSY and LEEANN. We *volunteer* for Cu Chi!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) C-130's loading. There. Get on! Fast!

(WHITNEY stands, motions toward bench where SISSY and LEEANN run.
SISSY and LEEANN climb on bench, as SOLDIER enters, sits on bench.)

SISSY. (*To audience.*) We pile in and it is all men. (*To Soldier.*) Hey, who are you?

SOLDIER. The spray boys!

LEEANN. What's *that* mean?

SOLDIER. We spray the area with heavy chemical spray—to kill weeds.

SISSY. (*Surprised.*) Weeds?

SOLDIER. So Charley can't hide in the jungle!

(SISSY looks at him.)

(MARYJO comes forward as SOLDIER exits. MARYJO circles downstage area.)

MARYJO. (*To audience.*) I live out of my suitcase. On the road! Three shows a day! Up in a C-130 to Danang, down to Marble Mountain in a chopper, back up to Danang at night. I'm at the airport hours, days—or I sleep in a military truck—or officers' quarters they give up for us—or a trailer pulled up close. My first show is at the USO club up north. And we are wall to wall Marines! And they are *so* cute! They are *so* adorable! With those great big eyes and their shaven heads and their green fatigues! I'm just falling in love with every single one of them at first sight!

(MARYJO comes onto platform in new area. SOLDIER sits nearby. MARTHA, SISSY, STEELE, LEEANN start gathering around her as her BACK-UPS.)

WHITNEY. (*To audience.*) We help the USO girls serve eight hundred hot dogs and shakes the night of the first show!

MARYJO. I come right on stage with my signature song—

WHITNEY. (*Speaking into hand mike.*) And here they are—for your listening pleasure—The Sugar Candies All Girl Band with MARYJO. Let's hear it for The Sugar Candies All Girl Band!

(SHE holds hand mike up for Maryjo as SOLDIER and OTHERS clap, whistle, stomp their feet for her. As SHE sings a country-rock song of the 60's, BACK-UPS do "sixties movements."
SOLDIER, BACK-UPS clap, yell, whistle loudly, then it dies down.)

MARYJO. (*Softly.*) Thank you! I love you all! Every single one—

WHITNEY. (*Moves to new area. To audience.*) I live in the city—lovely villa—except it's right on Prostitute Row—(*SHE laughs softly.*) Several Red Cross women to share with. A housekeeper, Bien, whom I *love!* Oh I like *all* the Vietnamese ... But not the Vietnamese Army Guards outside our house at night—ARVN guards they call them. Protecting us, they say. But the way they look at me—I don't know—something seems fishy to me—

(MARTHA steps forward.)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) The hospital is a series of Quonset huts—I'm assigned to the night shift.

(WHITNEY as HEAD NURSE. leads her from platform to platform, explaining.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Captain, as you can see, the Quonset huts are divided into orthopedics, surgery, medicine, intensive care—and then we have our pre-op, x-ray, post-op, recovery and the offices. Now, all these huts are lined up, one after the other—and between them please notice we have bunkers.

MARTHA. (*Surprised.*) Bunkers?

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) In case of a rocket attack. Then we're on what we call "red alert."

MARTHA. "Red Alert?"

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) "Red Alert" means you are in immediate danger—a direct rocket hit. Or a sapper attack. When the enemy penetrates our perimeter. If you're off-duty you crawl immediately into a bunker. If you're on duty, put on flak jackets, helmets, and put the mattresses *over* all your patients, then take cover yourself, while someone guards the door.

MARTHA. (*Stunned.*) I see—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) We're on "Red Alert" most of the time—

MARTHA. I see.

(THEY are winding around in a circle on the stage from platform to platform.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Now here, on the wards, since you will have a lot of corpsmen to assist you,

you will be responsible, Captain, for three hundred to three hundred and fifty patients in all. And, as supervisor you will be expected to care for the sickest patients yourself.

MARTHA. (*Staggered.*) Three hundred and fifty patients?

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Night duty is the hardest, of course. People die at night. And wounded people, Captain, get very frightened at night. They moan, they cry out—here—here—this way please—

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) She was right—my chief nurse stateside—I don't have the experience for this—

(THEY stop by a bench.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Now, your job will include all the routine things, of course—reading the charts, checking the IVs, the dressings, the casts—

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) Suction! Respirators! Infusing fluids! Catheters! Tubes! Drains! I don't know what I'm looking at! I can't find the patient here!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Don't think about it in that way! What you must do is focus on the facts. And write the data down.

MARTHA. But I've never seen anything like this in my life!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Captain please! Just keep on checking the charts, the dressings, the IVs and the casts. Think only of what you're checking. Shut out all the rest! Build a psychological wall! Now, come on Captain—we'll go to the next ward—

(SHE starts walking, MARTHA trailing.)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) Please God—don't let there be so many horrible things wrong on the next ward—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Here are the more seriously injured men—our intensive care patients—come along—

MARTHA. (*Stops.*) I can't take anymore!

(WHITNEY turns to regard her.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Stuff it, Captain! Behind that wall! Or you will never function or be of use!

MARTHA. But there are so *many* injuries—and the *kinds* of injuries—and the—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE. Interrupting.*) The Medical Corps motto is: "Conserve the Fighting Strength!" Your work is to patch up the soldier so he can get back to the battle field—

MARTHA. Yes, ma-am—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Keep walking—briskly—ward to ward to ward. Walk!

MARTHA. (*Starting to briskly walk ahead of WHITNEY as THEY march one way, turn, march back again.*) Yes—I—I'll just have to keep walking along—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Walk and don't think! Write and don't think! Don't think! Don't think! Don't let those thoughts come through that wall! Stay behind your wall!

(WHITNEY and MARTHA continue to march across stage, turn, march back again as:)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) I volunteered.
MARYJO. (*Singing softly, looking at Martha.*)
KNICK KNACK PADDY WACK
MARTHA. (*To audience.*) I asked for it—
MARYJO.
GIVE YOUR DOG A BONE
MARTHA. (*To audience.*) I have to come through somehow—
MARYJO.
THIS OLD GAL GOES ROLLIN' HOME

(SISSY comes forward.)

SISSY. (*To audience.*) My first day at the hospital they had a mass casualty—

(LEEANN comes forward.)

LEEANN. *(To audience.)* I was in Emergency—

(MARTHA comes forward.)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) Post-op—
SISSY. (*To audience.*) Pre-op—
LEEANN. (*To audience.*) Surgery—a circulating nurse—

(MARYJO picks up hand mike, stands on high platform.)

MARYJO. (*As VOICE on intercom.*) This is Receiving. There is a mass casualty coming in. All

doctors, nurses, corpsmen able to leave your lines please report at once to Emergency. I repeat: mass casualty is coming in. All doctors, nurses, corpsmen please report—I repeat, a mass casualty—I repeat—

(MARYJO keeps repeating as WHITNEY [NURSE], STEELE [NURSE] go to high platform with MARYJO. LEEANN, SISSY, MARTHA, downstage center area speaking to each other.)

SISSY. I don't know how to describe it—
LEEANN. I was just thrown into it—
MARTHA. Thrown!

(THEY stop, standing huddled together.)

MARYJO. (*Voice over.*) All *new* nurses! Please report to first group at the left for Orientation please! All *new* nurses report! *Please*!

(SHE keeps repeating now under dialogue. MARTHA, SISSY, LEEANN run up to a platform.)

MARTHA. They tried to show us where the equipment was.
SISSY. Bandages—
LEEANN. Sterilizers—
SISSY. Catheters.
LEEANN. IVs.
MARTHA. Medications—
LEEANN. But there's so much to remember—

(Sound of CHOPPERS begins.)

SISSY. It's getting terribly confusing in here!

(SOUND grows louder.)

MARYJO. (*Voice over.*) Helicopters coming in! Attention Emergency! Helicopters coming in!

(THEY run toward SOUND, back to downstage area.)

LEEANN. Coming! Coming!

(SOUND louder.)

SISSY. Closer—closer—

(SOUND of landing.)

SISSY. Landing!
MARTHA. Wind—dust flying in my face—
SISSY. Corpsmen running to the chopper, getting injured men—

(SISSY, LEEANN now carry bench up to another platform, MARTHA coming with them.)

LEEANN. Running back with stretchers—
MARTHA. Leaving men on metal beds—
LEEANN. Across sawhorses—

("BEEP" heartbeat sound of CARDIOMETER begins.)

MARTHA. On the floor—

(G.I. enters, stands before them center stage, back to audience. THEY freeze.)

LEEANN. (*Looking at him.*) Holy SHIT!
SISSY. He's got no legs!
MARTHA. Gone!
SISSY. Thighs down!

(LEEANN, then SISSY, then MARTHA start down from platform toward G.I., looking at him.)

LEEANN. So much blood!
MARTHA. Mud!
LEEANN. Green fatigues soaked!
SISSY. Funky!
MARTHA. Brown gauze soaked bandages—
MARYJO. (*On hand mike.*) Doctors and nurses! Take your posts please! Doctors and nurses *please*!
LEEANN. The doctors and nurses are doing ten thousand things!

(MARYJO's announcement continues. WHITNEY and STEELE come on high platform in front of Maryjo.)

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE. To new nurses.*) We need IVs. We need all the uniforms off!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE. To new nurses.*) We need name, rank, serial number on each one!

MARTHA. But look! Blood is spurting up!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE. To new nurses.*) We need IVs and uniforms off!

SISSY. BLOOD IS SPURTING UP!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) We need name, rank, serial number please!

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) I can't move! I can't talk! I can't do anything!

SISSY. (*To audience.*) I can't even look at the second stretcher 'cause I'm still stunned by the first.

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE. To Leeann.*) Nurse! Move! Go with that *experienced* nurse! (*To Sissy.*) Move! Nurse! Go to Post-Op! Move!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE. To Martha.*) Nurse! Pre-Op! Move!

MARTHA. I can't move!

LEEANN. Can't think!

SISSY. I don't know what to do!

MARTHA. Amputations—

LEEANN. Burn cases—

SISSY. Tracheotomies—

MARTHA. G.I.s—

LEEANN. Vietnamese—

SISSY. Women—and a *child*—

MARTHA. Part of me is saying:

LEEANN. Jesus Christ! Just look at this!

SISSY. The other part says:

LEEANN. What's your problem?

WHITNEY and STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE. To Leeann.*) Move!

MARYJO. Doctors and nurses take your posts please! Mass casualty coming in!

SISSY. I thought they'd orient me somehow—oh God!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE. To Leeann.*) Nurse, start the IV! Nurse!

LEEANN. I can't! Doctors did it at home! I don't know how!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) START THE IV!

LEEANN. Then show me! For God's sake show me how!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) With twenty men watching? You have to have their confidence!

LEEANN. By making them guinea pigs? SHOW ME WHAT TO DO!

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Get over there! I'll *tell* you what to do. Then you just get in there and do it nurse! *CAN DO*!

LEEANN. *CAN DO*!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Here! Nurse? Cut off this patient's clothes! He's very bad! Hold his head.

SISSY. (*To audience.*) And I turn, and I look at this patient—

LEEANN. *(To audience.)* And half this soldier's face is gone!

(MARYJO stops announcement. G.I. turns front to audience.)

SISSY. It's okay, I'm here—I'm right beside you ... His name is Jimmy. And he's *wide awake*! Jimmy? You're not alone—I'm here—

JIMMY. (*To audience.*) Where?

SISSY. Here, Jimmy. Here—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Cut off his clothes! Take off his boots!

SISSY. (*To audience.*) So I do.

LEEANN. (*To audience.*) And his foot is in his boot!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Draw four tubes of blood, type-cross him, get it over to the lab! *Move*!

(SISSY starts to go.)

JIMMY. (*To audience.*) No! Don't go! Stay!

SISSY. It's just across the hall—I'll be back—I have an order to go!

JIMMY. (*To audience.*) No—

(SHE starts away again. "FLATLINER" sound on CARDIOMETER begins.)

MARTHA. (*To Sissy.*) He's dead!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Cover him! Move on! Move on!

LEEANN. He knew he was going—he knew—

SISSY. I should've stayed—oh God, I should've held his hand—

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Next patient! *Move on*!

SISSY. My first patient—my first day—

MARTHA. Jimmy!

SISSY. I should've stayed—

LEEANN. I'm holding his boot with his foot in it—

SISSY. Oh God!

LEEANN. I'm going to pass out—

MARTHA. I fall across him—

LEEANN. Trying to deep breathe—trying to stay with the program—trying—

SISSY. Jimmy—

(SOLDIER exits.)

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE.*) Take that part in the boot and these other parts in that plastic bag—haul it all out of here—put it in the drum—throw gas on it and burn it up!

WHITNEY. (*As HEAD NURSE. To all on hand mike.*) All right. *New* nurses, you are relieved! Your shift is done.

STEELE. (*As HEAD NURSE. On hand mike.*) Go to your hooches now.

WHITNEY. Relax! Have fun!

(THEY stand stunned, unable to move.)

MARYJO. (*With guitar, slowly.*)
KNICK KNACK PADDY WACK
GIVE YOUR DOG A BONE
THESE OLD GALS GO ROLLING HOME!

(As MARYJO sings, THEY slowly move to new area, sinking down on floor, benches. WHITNEY and STEELE move into new area too, sitting.)

WHITNEY. (*To audience.*) Well, I started drinking over in Vietnam. (*SHE pours a drink, then sips it.*)

MARTHA. (*To audience.*) A lot. Spent most of my spare time in fact hitting the old booze bottle—

MARYJO. (*Joins them, reclining on bench with her guitar.*) And playing my guitar—

WHITNEY. To make it all go away for a while—

MARYJO. (*Singing and strumming.*)

NINETY NINE BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL—
NINETY NINE BOTTLES OF BEER—

SISSY. Well, you couldn't drink beer while you were working—then you just kept smoking cigarettes and drinking cokes—eighteen, twenty, twenty-five cokes. Every break you got! But on your day off—

MARYJO.

IF ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES
SHOULD HAPPEN TO FALL—

STEELE. I am here to tell you we consumed an enormous amount of booze in Vietnam.

MARYJO.

NINETY EIGHT BOTTLES
OF BEER ON THE WALL!

(MARTHA stands. SHE is smoking joint.)

LEEANN. Well—the corpsmen usually had pot—so we all did a little pot!

MARTHA. (*Laughing.*) A *little*!

LEEANN. But I only did it with other people! (*SHE giggles.*)

STEELE. Tell it to the Marines!

(THEY all laugh. MARTHA hands LEEANN joint.)

LEEANN. Well, *one* person at least—

WHITNEY. You?

LEEANN. All right! One of the things I did *with* people or *without* was *get stoned* on a *lot* of pot!

(THEY laugh.
MARYJO sings first line of a popular 60's song with references to pot.)
LEEANN takes big toke of joint, exhales slowly as WHITNEY rises.)

WHITNEY. We used to go to these marvelous Basque restaurants and stay 'til the wee hours drinking French champagne—whole gang of us—Red Cross gals—military guys—officers—

MARYJO.

VIVE LA, VIVE LA, VIVE L'AMOUR!

(WHITNEY begins to dance to the music.)

WHITNEY. (*Singing.)*

VIVE LA, VIVE LA, VIVE L'AMOUR!

MARYJO and WHITNEY.

VIVE LA, VIVE LA, VIVE L'AMOUR!

WHITNEY. I remember one night we were all pretty mellow and a Marine gave me a bunch of things on a string—and I say: "Oh, gosh, apricots for me! Here I am in a war zone and you got me apricots!" And he goes: "Those are Gook ears ma'am!"

(THEY all laugh.)

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