# SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

*Samuel French Acting Edition*

# The Property Known as Garland

*by* Billy Van Zandt

SAMUEL FRENCH

SAMUELFRENCH.COM SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

Copyright © 2007 by William Van Zandt Living Trust
All Rights Reserved

*THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS GARLAND* is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-64239-5

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

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS GARLAND* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS GARLAND* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

## MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

## MUSIC CREDITS FOR
## *THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS GARLAND*

*THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS GARLAND* includes the music publishing rights to the following songs. Music credits *must* be given to the composers and publishers for all productions.

"Over the Rainbow"
Written by E.Y. Harburg and Harold Arlen
Published by EMI Feist Catalog Inc.

"The Trolley Song"
Written by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blaine
Published by EMI Feist Catalog Inc.

"Cry"
Written by Churchill Kohlman
Used by permission of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.
All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

"Swanee" and "The Land of Let's Pretend" are in the Public Domain in the United States and may be used without permission unless you are using them outside the U.S.

***Rights to the play do NOT include:***
"Zing Went the Strings of My Heart"
Written by James Hanley
Published by Warner Bros., Inc.
*Producers must make separate arrangements with the publisher for the use of this song.*

***THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS GARLAND*** opened Off-Broadway at the Actors Playhouse on Thursday March 23, 2006. It was produced by Billy Van Zandt, Barry Krost, Sally V. Winters, Mark Fleming and Jane Milmore. It was directed by Glenn Casale with the following cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| JUDY GARLAND | Adrienne Barbeau |
| ED | Kerby Joe Grubb |
| *Standby for* ED | Jonathan E. Schultz |

*Set Design by* Charlie Smith
*Lighting Design by* Richard Winkler
*Costume Design by* Cynthia Nordstrom
*Sound Design by* Jill BC DuBoff
*Wig Design by* David H. Lawrence
*Makeup Design by* Stacey Panepinto
*Production Stage Manager:* Thom Schilling
*Assistant Stage Manager:* Jonathan E. Schultz
*General Management by* 321 Theatrical Management
*Press Representative:* Keith Sherman & Associates
*Marketing by* HHC Marketing
*Advertising by* Eliran Murphy Group
*Legal Services by* Mark Sendroff and Associates
*Production Photography by* Carol Rosegg
*Poster Photography by* Danny Sanchez
*Company Manager:* Lauren Yates

*(Curtain rises on the star dressing room of the Falconre Centre, Copenhagen, Denmark, March 25, 1969. A dressing table and chair are D.S.C. A club chair and side table sit S.L. A dressing screen and wardrobe rack sit U.S.R. The chaise is D.S.R. An exit to the restroom is S.R. The dressing room door to the stage is U.S.C. Wine bottles litter the room. There is a knock at the door.)*

ED. *(Off)* Miss Garland? One hour, Miss Garland.

*(ED, a good-looking blonde Assistant Stage Manager of nineteen, enters. We hear the sounds of opening act Johnnie Ray's audience/show outside the open door.)*

ED. Miss Garland? Miss Garland? One hour, Miss Garland.

*(ED flips on the lights, seeing the wine bottles. The great JUDY GARLAND enters from the restroom, bombed, slurring, and out of control. She holds a half-filled wine glass.)*

JUDY. Who the fuck are you?

*(She stumbles. ED catches her.)*

ED. Omigod. Ed.
JUDY. Hello, Ed. *(Staring up into his eyes.)* How old are you?

ED. Nineteen.

JUDY. Nineteen? Nobody's nineteen anymore. Where's Mickey?

ED. I don't know who you mean. Mickey Rooney? Where's Mickey Rooney?

JUDY. How the hell would I know where Mickey Rooney is? Try the track. My husband—the new one.

ED. I'm not sure, Ma'am.

JUDY. Well, you find him and tell him I'm not going on tonight. I just don't feel like it. *(Ed reacts to her casualness.)* Just give them their money back and tell them to come back tomorrow.

ED. You're not here tomorrow. Miss Garland, this is the last night of your tour. And we're sold out. You're sold out.

JUDY. I always sell out! Who do you think I am, Kate Fucking Smith? *(Laughs. JUDY crosses to the chaise and flops down.)* Wouldn't you love to see *that* on a marquee?

ED. Oh, boy. Johnnie Ray's already on.

JUDY. Who?

ED. Johnnie Ray. Johnnie Ray! Your opening act.

JUDY. He's a drunk.

*(JUDY takes a big sip of wine.)*

ED. Yes. But...he's on. And it's packed out there. Some peoples have been waiting—

JUDY. I don't care if they're turning to stone.

ED. But...we've already wheeled the handicapped peoples down front.

JUDY. If you can wheel them in, you can wheel them back

out!

ED. I should get somebody.

JUDY. Ed?

ED. Yes?

JUDY. *(Leaps up, completely sober)* Gotcha! *(JUDY starts clapping and laughing her head off. It was all an act.)* You should have seen your face! *(Laughs)* Well, I didn't want to disappoint you, pussycat. *(Bows, then starting over.)* Hello. I'm Judy Garland. Liza Minnelli's mother.

*(They shake hands.)*

ED. You scared me to death.

*(JUDY crosses for a cigarette.)*

JUDY. Oh, that's nothing. Stick around. I usually do two shows a day.

*(JUDY takes a cigarette from a case. ED quickly lights it with a nervous hand. She hangs onto his arm.)*

ED. The peoples are looking forward to a great concert.

JUDY. Yes. *(JUDY takes a puff on her cigarette.)* You know who Paul Henreid is?

ED. I'm sorry.

JUDY. Why should you? *(Walking him D.S.)* He was famous for this movie he did with Bette Davis where he lit two cigarettes at once and gave one to her. It was all terribly romantic. Before they invented lung cancer. Anyway, it was 1942 and Hirohito

was kind of winning, so the studios put their stars on a train that toured the country to sell war bonds. The Metro Train, they called it. All the movie stars from M-G-M went—Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner...Lucille Ball...you must know Lucy.

ED. Lucy. I love Lucy.

JUDY. Well. We were all there. And at each stop we were trotted out to sing. Or dance. And afterwards people would buy bonds. Well, Paul Henreid was on the train too. And he was the nicest man, very dapper and continental. But he had no act. So I said, "Paul, why don't you do your cigarette bit from 'Now Voyager'?" And he said, "Judy, that's a wahnderfool ahdea." And from then on, everywhere we went he'd light two cigarettes and offer one to a girl in the crowd. Well, suddenly he was a hit. *(Crossing back to chaise)* We used to stop at twenty-thirty towns a day. But after a week we noticed Paul had started to turn a sort of... green. And a few days after that he got sent back to the studio and we found out he had nicotine poisoning. *(Laughs)*

ED. I've seen "The Wizard of Oz" forty-seven times.

JUDY. Huh?

ED. I've seen "The Wizard of Oz" forty-seven times.

JUDY. Are you gay?

ED. No.

JUDY. Of course you're not. *(JUDY sits at chaise.)* Thank you, darling.

*(ED follows with an ashtray.)*

ED. Is it true the Munchkins were drunk all the time?

JUDY. *(Stubs out her cigarette)* I have done other films, you know. *(Off his look of disappointment)* Yes, they were all drunks.

Every one of them. They kept them all in a big hotel in Culver City, right outside the gates of M-G-M. And every night they'd just get bombed and have their little midget ways with each other. Oh, yes. Every morning they had to send a man with a big butterfly net over to the hotel, and he'd just scoop them all up in the net, load them on the truck and bring them to the set.

ED. Really?

JUDY. Of course. There was one little munchkin in particular who kept asking me out on a date. He was about this tall. And I think he was fifty-three. I was only fifteen years old. And he kept coming after me. Now I didn't want to say, "I can't date you, you're a dwarf." So I said, *(Talking down to the floor, coyly)* "Oh, no thank you. I don't think my mother would approve."

But he didn't care. He said, *(Munchkin voice)* "Bring her along, baby. There's plenty of me to go around." Eventually he fell inside one of the toilets at the studio and we never heard from him again. Oh, yes. No one was prepared for how small these people were.

*(JUDY crosses to pour wine, then turns back to ED.)*

JUDY. And after this gentleman fell in, the studio had to station people inside the men's and ladies' rooms to help the Munchkins with their...business. How would you like that for an occupation? That would be a good job for Mel Torme.

ED. I met Ray Bolger once.

JUDY. My darling "Scarecrow?" Is that right?

ED. Nice man.

JUDY. Yes, he is. But every movie *(Imitating Ray Bolger leap)* same goddamn dance, no? *(No response from ED)* Never mind.

*(JUDY sits S.L.)*

ED. Should I send in someone to warm you up?

JUDY. Warm what up? My voice? *(Laughs)* Oh, no, darling. Those days are over. The voice is gone. I just crack my way through for an hour, wave my arms around in that *(Posing dramatically, arms up-stretched)* "Garland way" and hope nobody hits me with an ashtray.

*(JUDY stops as her mind drifts. She takes her cigarette and crosses to the dressing table, suddenly distant.)*

JUDY. I will need some mashed potatoes, however.

ED. Excuse me?

JUDY. Mashed potatoes. A big bowl. And a spoon. *(No response)* Ed, are you still with us?

ED. This is a concert hall. Where am I going to get mashed potatoes?

JUDY. Copenhagen's a big city. You tell them they're for Judy Garland and she must have mashed potatoes to sing. *(A subtle but deadly warning)* I really can't go on without them, darling. *(Like a little kid)* Sometimes I like them with green beans. I could eat bowls and bowls of them. You're still standing here, Ed.

ED. You're not joking. *(JUDY turns towards him.)* I'll... Omigod.

*(ED exits.)*

JUDY. I have no intention of going on tonight. *(Pours drink and toasts herself)* Hello. I'm Judy Garland and I'm an alcoholic.

Can you imagine? *(Laughs)* Happy burning. *(Takes a sip)* One of my husbands took me to an AA meeting in Pasadena once. Because he was a drunk! It was so—funny. He got livid because I sat there the entire meeting with a flask of Chivas on my lap. While all those people went on and on about how miserable their lives were. I mean, really. I'll tell you why they were all so miserable. They needed a drink. That would've cheered them right up. Did you ever go to one of those things? You just sit there and sit there and listen to these tortured souls spilling out their troubles like a "who-has-the-most-pathetic-story contest." Ye-Gods.

*(JUDY crosses up to the stage monitor.)*

JUDY. After an hour of this, I turned to my husband and said, "Get me out of here!" So we headed straight to Romanoff's where we just... got plowed.

*(JUDY turns up the stage monitor. We hear:)*

JOHNNIE RAY. *(Off; sings)*
IF YOUR HEARTACHE SEEMS TO HANG AROUND TOO LONG...

JUDY. Johnnie Ray. He's marvelous, isn't he?

*(JUDY turns the volume up and listens a moment.)*

JOHNNIE RAY. *(Off; sings)*
AND YOUR BLUES KEEP GETTING BLUER WITH EACH SONG...

*(JUDY turns off the monitor.)*

JUDY. We understand each other. Before we were booked for this tour, the only work Johnnie could get was singing in exclusive clubs for a certain type of male clientele. Yes. Very European.

*(JUDY crosses D.S.)*

JUDY. I've noticed this same particular group of men follows me around everywhere I go. At first I thought it was the same two fellows, and then I realized, "Oh, no. There are thousands of them."

*(JUDY crosses S.R. to chaise.)*

JUDY. I'm very complimented by it. I must say. I don't understand it, but it's okay with me. I just don't know why they're so fascinated with me. I really don't. But I do love them. I really do. I must. I married a few. A few months ago, I went to see Marlene Dietrich in concert and I noticed those same boys follow her, too. If you've never seen Marlene in concert, it's really fascinating. I don't mean this harshly. However...Marlene isn't one of our better singers. But it doesn't matter—she looks so marvelous. There's not much difference in our ages...anymore. She drops hers down and I can't hide mine, so there you are. Anyway, at a Marlene concert there's always this big overture and you sit there the whole time thinking, "Oh boy she's gonna come out looking great." And she does. It takes them hours to sew her into those dresses. And when she finally comes out, everyone goes *(Gasps)*

"Oh my god she's beautiful." And then that's pretty much the end of the show.

*(JUDY crosses to cigarette case at table S.L.)*

JUDY. It's all down hill from there. She sings a sad ballad. Then an even sadder ballad. And it's just so sad, you just want to slit your wrists—and I know what I'm talking about. But she does look marvelous.

*(JUDY lights her cigarette and stares at herself in the mirror.)*

JUDY. I've never had that luxury. I have a very strange body. I'm all legs with this hump thing here and no neck to speak of.

*(JUDY sits at the makeup table.)*

JUDY. When I sit down at a table opposite a man, all he can see is the top of my head. I haven't any neck at all. But I do have a lovely nose. Don't you think? And unlike Deanna Durbin I have two eyebrows. Deanna was my rival at M-G-M. She sang the classics and I sang jazz. And she had this one thick eyebrow that wouldn't quit. Like a caterpillar across her entire face. She looked positively Hungarian. And when they released her from her contract at Metro, she went to Universal and someone had the good sense to pluck the middle of that one long eyebrow and she became a very big star after that. I have good eyebrows. And a good nose. That's not much to go on. Mr. Louis B. Mayer, who ran Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer... used to refer to me as "the fat one"

and "the hunchback." And not behind my back, either. He'd do it right on the set. He'd say, "Do you see this little girl? Look what a star I've turned her into. She used to be a fat little hunchback. Isn't that right, Judy?" And I'd have to answer, "Why, yes, Mr. Mayer. I suppose it is." So I have a bit of an inferiority complex about my looks. When I auditioned for M-G-M I was thirteen years old, and someone asked my mother why I had never been under contract to a studio before, and—

ETHEL GUMM. Take a good at her and figure it out for yourself.

JUDY. So, you see. I'm just a hopeless case. My entire career people have been trying to find ways to camouflage me, or make me pretty. They've put rubber pieces in my nose and capped my crooked teeth and changed my hairline and my color. They stuffed me into canvas body stockings to give me a waist. They put shoulder pads here and here. And when I did my TV show, they even built me a, well, a "rear end." "Ass." I can say "ass," can't I? I'm an adult. They built me an ass. For my tight form-fitting gowns. I may have million dollar legs, but in some trunk somewhere I also have a six hundred dollar ass.

But I do what they tell me. I'm conditioned. *(Taking sip)* Back at Metro, my primary function was to work. As long as I worked, the studio's investment in the "property known as Garland" paid off. If I got fat I couldn't work. And therefore I couldn't get fat.

*(JUDY stands next to the dressing table.)*

JUDY. They had this clothes dummy at the studio—a great, fat clothes dummy. And they'd make me stand next to it and stare

into the mirror.

STUDIO BOSS. *(Voiceover)* Take a good look at yourself, Judy. Now look at this big, fat, clothes dummy. Which one do you want to be? A big fat dummy, or a star?

YOUNG JUDY. I want to be a star.

STUDIO BOSS. *(Voiceover)* Good girl. From now on, make sure she gets nothing but chicken soup in the commissary.

JUDY. And that's what they gave me. Every day at noon. For thirteen years. Chicken soup. And water. Like a prisoner's menu.

*(JUDY picks up a scrapbook.)*

JUDY. Now? Even the sight of a chicken? Instant throw-up. Oh. This is my scrapbook. It's not about me. Goodness, no. It's full of just awful news stories. *(Flipping through the pages)* This one's about a girl who was bitten to death by black widow spiders that were living in her beehive hairdo. And this one's my favorite—about a London train wreck where the injured were oh so carefully laid out on an adjoining train track—and killed by the train coming to their rescue. *(Laughs)* Whenever I get really depressed, and need to forget my troubles, I take out this book and say, "Look at this. You think you've got problems!" *(Puts scrapbook away)* It's a chore being Judy Garland. You know how many people pull at me? Demand things of me? Write about me? How many drag queens imitate me? How many people tell my children they know me? They know me. They know Judy Garland. "Poor Judy. She tried to kill herself over four thousand times, you know."

Well, I'm not as helpless as people think! I'm really not. I select all my concert programs, I help design my wardrobe, I su-

pervise my lighting, I help with my musical arrangements. If I didn't know how to do all these things, I'd be pretty dumb after all these years, you know? I'm not in Kansas anymore, folks. But no one wants to hear that. I'll always be Dorothy Gale—just can't get away from "her." Flying over from New York, I can't just sit down. I have to meet the fans. The stewardesses. The pilots.

MAN. *(Voiceover)* Could you sign this for my daughter?

JUDY. Of course, darling.

WOMAN. *(Voiceover)* I loved you in "A Star Is Born."

JUDY. *(Posing)* Thank you, darling.

*(Flashes of a camera go off.)*

VOICES. *(Voiceover)* Judy/Judy/Over here!

*(More flashes)*

VOICES. *(Voiceover)* Judy!/One picture?/One more!

JUDY. Thank you, pussycat.

*(Flash of a camera)*

JUDY. I am so sick of saying thank you! *(Beat)* I've spent years and years and years trying to please people. My mother. Mr. Mayer. You! And no matter how hard I try, I'm constantly written about like I'm some sort of unfit person. Well, I'm not. I'm not! I'm not some sort of a joke. Yet people think I'm either a drunk, or a drug addict or... It's a Goddamned wonder I'm not! But I'm not. I'm just me. I'm loved. I am loved. And fuck anyone who says I'm not. How many deaths do I have to

# FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS