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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

The Sweet Smell of Success

Music by
Marvin Hamlisch

Lyrics by
Craig Carnelia

Book by
John Guare

SAMUEL FRENCH

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ISBN 978-0-573-63356-0

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Presents

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Music by Marvin Hamlisch
Lyrics by Craig Carnelia
Book by John Guare

Based on the novella by Ernest Lehman and the MGM/United Artists motion picture with a screenplay by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman.

MARTIN BECK THEATRE

A JUJAMCYN THEATRE

JAMES H. BINGER
CHAIRMAN

ROCCO LANDESMAN
PRESIDENT

PAUL LIBIN
PRODUCING DIRECTOR

JACK VIERTEL
CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Clear Channel Entertainment David Brown Ernest Lehman
Marty Bell Martin Richards Roy Furman Joan Cullman
Bob Boyett East of Doheny Bob and Harvey Weinstein

present

John Lithgow

in

Sweet Smell of Success

A New Musical

MUSIC BY **Marvin Hamlisch**

LYRICS BY **Craig Carnelia**

BOOK BY **John Guare**

Based on the novella by **Ernest Lehman** and the **MGM/United Artists** motion picture
with a screenplay by **Clifford Odets** and **Ernest Lehman**

ALSO STARRING **Brian d'Arcy James**

FEATURING **Kelli O'Hara Jack Noseworthy Stacey Logan**

SCENIC & COSTUME DESIGN BY **Bob Crowley**

LIGHTING DESIGN BY **Natasha Katz**

SOUND DESIGN BY **Tony Meola**

HAIR DESIGN BY **David Brian Brown**

ORCHESTRATIONS BY **William David Brohn**

MUSICAL DIRECTOR **Jeffrey Huard**	ASSISTANT DIRECTOR **Drew Barr**	ASSOCIATE CHOREOGRAPHER **Jodi Moccia**	PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT **Juniper Street Productions**
PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR **Peter von Mayrhauser**	MUSIC COORDINATOR **Michael Keller**	CASTING **Mark Simon CSA**	MARKETING SERVICES **TMG–The Marketing Group**
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CHOREOGRAPHED BY **Christopher Wheeldon**

DIRECTED BY **Nicholas Hytner**

ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING AVAILABLE ON SONY CLASSICAL

CHARACTERS

JJ Hunsecker.....JOHN LITHGOW
Sidney .....BRIAN d'ARCY JAMES
Susan .....KELLI O'HARA
Dallas .....JACK NOSEWORTHY
Rita .....STACEY LOGAN
Madge .....JOANNA GLUSHAK
Congressman .....ERIC MICHAEL GILLETT
Blue Angel Press Agent .....ALLEN FITZPATRICK
Empire Room Press Agent .....DAVID BRUMMEL
Abigail Barclay .....ELENA L. SHADDOW
Tony .....FRANK VLASTNIK
Billy Van Cleve.....MICHAEL PATERNOSTRO
Pregnant Woman .....JAMIE CHANDLER-TORNS
Pepper White's Escort .....ERIC SCIOTTO
Otis Elwell.....ERIC MICHAEL GILLETT
Lester .....STEVEN OCHOA
Dead Actress.. .....DEBORAH LEAMY
Kello .....DAVID BRUMMEL
Club Zan/ibar Singer .....BERNARD DOTSON
Cathedral Soloist.....KATE COFFMAN-LLOYD
Senator.....ALLEN FITZPATRICK
Senator's Girlfriend .....MICHELLE KITTRELL
Tony'sCaprice Bartender.....BERNARD DOTSON
Telethon Announcer .....ALLEN FITZPATRICK
Bobo .....FRANK VLASTNIK
JJ's Vaudeville Partner .....JENNIE FORD
Press Agent .....TIMOTHY J. ALEX
Other parts played by members of the company.

PLACE

New York City

TIME

1952

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Act I

The Column .....JJ, Sidney & Ensemble
I Could Get You in JJ.....Sidney
I Cannot Hear the City .....Dallas
Welcome to the Night.....JJ, Sidney & Ensemble
Laughin' All the Way to the Bank .....Club Zanzibar Singer
At the Fountain..... Sidney
Psalm 151 .....JJ & Sidney
Don't Know Where You Leave Off .....Dallas & Susan
What If .....Susan & Ensemble
For Susan .....JJ
One Track Mind .....Dallas
I Cannot Hear the City (Reprise).....Dallas
End of Act I .....Ensemble

Act II

Break It Up .....JJ, Sidney & Ensemble
Rita's Tune .....Rita
Dirt.....Ensemble
I Could Get You in J.J. (Reprise).....Sidney
I Cannot Hear the City (Reprise) .....Susan & Dallas
Don't Look Now .....JJ & Ensemble
At the Fountain (Reprise) .....Sidney & Ensemble
End of Act II .....JJ, Susan, Sidney & Ensemble

ACT I

Scene 1

(JJ HUNSECKER sits on the edge of his desk, dictating his column to MADGE, his secretary, who takes shorthand. THE ENSEMBLE, the people of New York, wait hungrily around him.)

JJ. Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers packing em in at the Persian Room...Those rumors about Lena Horne just won't quit ...Grace Kelly, fresh off 'High Noon', making yet another married movie star regret he ever said love, honor and oh the hell with it.

MADGE. Got it.

JJ. Advice to a certain polo-playing playboy after the brawl at P J Clark's last night. Learn the difference between men and pigs. Pigs don't turn into men when they drink.

MADGE. I know who that is.

JJ. Talking of tippling: Dean Martin confessing at The Stork Club that he sees a psychiatrist once a week to help him stop drinking. It's working. Every Tuesday from three to four, he stops drinking...Item: Libby James, TV glamazon, at Toni's Caprice with married Wall Street biggie. She's learning the hard way that girls get minks the same way minks get minks...Question in Washington: Will Truman resign before he's impeached? Treason's never a pretty picture...Ava Gardner is finding out that when hubby Frank Sinatra sends her flowers for no reason, there's a reason...

MADGE. Sinatra? You sure?

JJ. Write it down.

ENSEMBLE.
GOTTA GET IN THE COLUMN
IF YOU BURN FOR SUCCESS

ONCE YOU'RE IN IN THE COLUMN
THIS WHOLE FICKLE WORLD'LL WHISPER 'YES'

JJ. The sin-sational Mae West at Sardi's last night says a gal needs four animals in her life. A mink on her back, a jaguar in her garage, a tiger in her bed and a jackass to pay for it all.

ENSEMBLE.
JUST A NAME IN A COLUMN
DOWN THE SIDE O' PAGE 10
GET A NAME IN THE COLUMN
AND IT'S NEVER 'JUST A NAME' AGAIN

OO, JJ TELLS YA WHO JUMPS AHEAD IN THE GAME
OO, GUESS WHO'S HOLDIN' THE SLIPP'RY LADDER TO FAME

JJ. How many more do we need?
MADGE. Four inches.
JJ. Better start answering those phones, Madge. Those press agents will be foaming at the mouths.

(MADGE fields phone calls from PRESS AGENTS as JJ goes through items.)

MADGE. JJ Hunsecker—
PA #1. Madge, any space tonight?
MADGE. Depends on what you got.
PA #1. The Democratic presidential nominee?
MADGE. What did you find out?
PA #1. Tell JJ his divorce papers are sealed.
MADGE. *(To JJ.)*Adlai Stevenson's divorce papers are sealed.
JJ. Why?
MADGE. *(To PA.)*Why?
PA #1. Give me time — he'll mention the Blue Angel?
MADGE. Find out more and JJ loves the Blue Angel. JJ Hunsecker —

(SIDNEY phones in. HE's a young press agent wearing a threadbare suit. He puts on his brightest smile.)

SIDNEY. Madge, Liberace at the Club Voodoo —
MADGE. Sidney Falcone, is that you?
SIDNEY. The Club Voodoo is the new hotspot for —
MADGE. For nobodies! Sidney, there's a nice breeze today. Go fly a kite. JJ Hunsecker —

(MADGE hangs up while picking up another phone.)

PA #2. Madge, this new British actor Richard Burton is in town — he's laying everything but the linoleum.
MADGE. *(Mouthing to JJ.)* Richard Burton.
JJ. Does he have names?
MADGE. *(Phone)* You got names?
PA #2. I got names.
MADGE. *(To JJ.)* Yes.
JJ. Yeah.
MADGE. Bring 'em in.
PA #2. The Empire Room at the Waldorf —
MADGE. Yeah, yeah — is the place to go. JJ Hunsecker —

(MADGE hangs up and picks up another phone. SIDNEY's back again.)

SIDNEY. Madge? This new British actor Richard Burton at the Club Voodoo says he's all for sex before marriage, but not if —

MADGE. *(Laughing at him.)* — not if it makes him late for the ceremony. Sidney, JJ's up to here with Richard Burton.
SIDNEY. *(Desperate)* Madge, you'll mention the Voodoo?
MADGE. Buy the morning edition like everybody else.

SIDNEY.
GOTTA GET IN THE COLUMN
OR I'M OUT OF A JOB
GOTTA GET INTO JJ

SIDNEY & ENSEMBLE.
JJ, JJ
GOTTA GIVE HIM THE GOSSIP
GOTTA TELL WHAT YOU KNOW
GOTTA GIVE HIM THE GOSSIP
BLOW BY BLOW BY BLOW BY BLOW BY BLOW

(A CONGRESSMAN, distraught, stands in JJ's office.)

JJ. Well, Congressman?
CONGRESSMAN. I can't name names.
JJ. I name names. I sleep at night.
CONGRESSSMAN. I won't do it.
JJ. Senator McCarthy wants to read your list in my column.
CONGRESSMAN. Saying 'No' to you is the first clean thing I've done in years.

(The CONGRESSMAN starts to leave.)

JJ. Congressman, I have a photo here of you taken in a room at the Willard Hotel.
CONGRESSMAN. Where did you get that?
JJ. From a patriotic bellhop.
CONGRESSMAN. Don't do this to me.
JJ. Congressman...

(JJ hands him a pen. The CONGRESSMAN begins writing.)

ENSEMBLE.
JUST A NAME IN THE COLUMN
CHANGES EVERYTHING

(A YOUNG ACTRESS calls.)

MADGE. JJ Hunsecker.
INGENUE. May I speak to JJ?
MADGE. Who is this?
INGENUE. Hi! This is Abigail Barclay and I wanted to tell JJ I'm up for the new Cole Porter musical *and* the new Tennessee

Williams and I can't decide which one to take!

MADGE. Honey, you want to get in JJ? Hire a press agent like the rest of the world.

(Flashing signs appear: JJ's great eyes glaring at SIDNEY and The PRESS AGENTS and us. The eyes are everywhere: "JJ HUNSECKER BWAY X'RAY".)

SIDNEY.
THERE ARE SIGNS
RISING OVER TIMES SQUARE
THAT SAY IT ALL

ALL.
JJ!

SIDNEY.
FLASHING HIS EYES AT YOU
THIS WAY, THAT WAY
THIS WAY, THAT WAY

PAS & SIDNEY.
HE RUNS HIS COLUMN LIKE A ROAD SHOW GANGSTER

SIDNEY.
BUT IT'S THE COLUMN, IT'S THE COLUMN YOU NEED

PAS & SIDNEY.
BECAUSE IT HAPPENS HE'S A ROAD SHOW GANGSTER

SIDNEY.
60 MILLION PEOPLE READ

PAS & SIDNEY.
BUT WHAT 60 MILLION PEOPLE DON'T KNOW IS
HOW THE WHOLE SYSTEM WORKS

SIDNEY.
A PRESS AGENT WORKS FOR A CLIENT

PAS & OTHERS.
YUP!

SIDNEY.
A PRESS AGENT LIKES TO EAT

PAS & OTHERS.
YOU BET

SIDNEY.
THE CLIENT SAYS, 'GET ME IN JJ'

PAS & OTHERS.
JJ

SIDNEY.
THE PRESS AGENT FEELS THE HEAT

PAS & OTHERS.
OUCH!

SIDNEY.
JJ SAYS, 'WHAT'LL YOU GIVE ME'
HERE'S WHERE YOU CRAWL LIKE A BUG

ALL.
JUST GIVE HIM DIRT
MAKE IT HURT
HE GIVES YOUR CLIENT A PLUG

(MADGE picks up the ringing phone.)

MADGE. JJ Hunsecker —

(SUSAN, a young girl of 21 wearing a plush mink coat, is there.)

SUSAN. It's Susan.
MADGE. *(To JJ.)* It's Susan —

(JJ picks up the phone, happily.)

JJ. Susan!
SUSAN. JJ, could we have dinner?
JJ. Is this an invite?
SUSAN. Absolutely.
JJ. Are you all right?
SUSAN. I'm all right.
JJ. 9 o'clock. My table at The Stork.
SUSAN. I'll be there.

(SHE hangs up.)

JJ. Are you all right?

(But she's gone. JJ, worried, puts on his jacket.)

MADGE. The column needs a finish.
JJ. Sign off with a pearl of wisdom from my favorite source, Anonymous: "No hatchet ever got buried deep enough."

(JJ goes. The PRESS AGENTS are lined up in front of The Globe.)

PA #5. Are they printing that morning edition with molasses?

SIDNEY.
GOTTA MENTION THE VOODOO

PA #1.
GOTTA PLUG THE BLUE ANGEL

SIDNEY.
OR I'M OUT OF A JOB

PA #3.
PEN AND PENCIL

SIDNEY.
GOTTA MENTION THE VOODOO

PA #2.
WALDORF

SIDNEY.
VOODOO

PA #1.
BLUE ANGEL

SIDNEY & PAS.
GOTTA BE IN, GOTTA BE IN

(JJ comes into the street. The PA's, including SIDNEY, flock around him, waving items, trying to get his attention.)

JJ. Too late, boys. It's already gone to press.

(JJ goes. A wall of printing presses creates the image of a giant machine.)

SIDNEY & ENSEMBLE.
AND THE PRESSES ARE ROLLIN'
BANGIN' OUT THE EARLY EDITION
THE PRESSES ARE ROLLIN'
LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD
AND THE CITY IS OUT THERE
WAITIN' FOR THE EARLY EDITION

SIDNEY.
HOLDIN' YOUR BREATH 'TIL THE TIME TICKS BY
PITCHIN' A PRAYER TO THE SKYLINE SKY
WAITIN' TO SEE IF I LIVE OR DIE

(The stack of morning paper drops. The PA's scramble.)

ENSEMBLE.
I'M IN, I'M IN
BLUE ANGEL, BLUE ANGEL
WALDORF, WALDORF
HEY, I'M IN
LOOK AT THIS, LOOK AT THIS
THANK YOU, I'M IN
I'M IN, THANK YOU

ENSEMBLE.
I'M OUT, OUT
OUT I'M OUT
SON OF A BITCH
I'M OUT, I'M OUT
CHRIST, CHRIST, I'M OUT

(SIDNEY grabs a paper. He opens it.)

SIDNEY.
DAMN

(SIDNEY crumples the paper in angry frustration. Others rejoice.)

SIDNEY & ENSEMBLE.
GOTTA GET IN THE COLUMN
FROM WHICH EVERYTHING FLOWS
GOTTA GET INTO JJ

ENSEMBLE.
GOTTA RISE IN THE COLUMN
AND THE CHASE NEVER SLOWS
GOTTA GET INTO JJ JJ JJ

SIDNEY & ENSEMBLE.
RISING HIGH
RISING OVER THE TOWN
HE RUNS IT ALL

SIDNEY & ENSEMBLE.
ON AND ON AND ON IT GOES
ON AND ON AND ON IT GOES
ON AND ON IT GOES

Scene 2

(The Club Voodoo is a seedy and empty dive on the far side of 52nd street. DALLAS, a young very cool guy, is at the piano playing an equally cool jazz riff. SIDNEY comes into the Club Voodoo, wearing a big smile. TONY, THE CLUB VOODOO OWNER, looks up from the bar.)

TONY. Are we in?

SIDNEY. Can I get an advance?

TONY. What am I paying you for? The Sahara's got more business —

SIDNEY. Hey, it's your lucky night. I got a great item I'm phoning into JJ. JJ asked me to call him on his private line. *(SIDNEY puts down a dime and dials the bar phone.)* Mr. Hunsecker, please, Sidney Falcone.

(In an apartment, RITA, a little bit older than SIDNEY, a lot tougher around the edges, picks up the phone.)

RITA. *(Phone)* Sidney? I been waiting for you two hours all ready.

SIDNEY. *(Phone)* JJ — great to talk to you —

RITA. *(Phone)* JJ?

SIDNEY. *(Phone)* I got to tell you —

RITA. *(Phone)* Tell me what? The spaghetti's cold. The beer is hot.

SIDNEY. *(Laughs)* Very funny, JJ. But right now I'm looking at Marilyn Monroe at the Club Voodoo — she's listening to the coolest jazz in town trying to make up her mind whether to marry Dimaggio —

RITA. *(Phone)* Sidney? This is your girlfriend Rita you're talking —

SIDNEY. *(Phone)* Love you — you too — tell Garbo to wait!

RITA. *(Phone)* Garbo? Sidney, I got to go to work.

(RITA hangs up.)

SIDNEY. See ya, pal. *(Hangs up phone.)* JJ said tomorrow's filled up but he'll have you in Tuesday.

TONY. You couldn't get an item in JJ Hunsecker if you were JJ Hunsecker.

SIDNEY. I'll tell you a secret. I *am* JJ Hunsecker. It's who I'm gonna be. Only bigger.

TONY. You got a dirty job but I pay clean money.

(SUSAN comes into the bar, very happy, and runs to DALLAS, wearing that full-length mink coat. DALLAS stops playing. SHE leans down and kisses him deeply. HE stands, holding her. She moves away.)

SUSAN. Dallas —

DALLAS. You told him. You're coming with me?

SUSAN. Sometimes I'm afraid I love you too much.

DALLAS. Baby, if you don't love somebody too much, then you don't love em enough. *(THEY kiss again.)* Where's your bag?

We leave for Chicago tonight.

SUSAN. *(Bright)* We were talking about love. Don't talk about luggage.

DALLAS. You didn't tell him.

SUSAN. *(Faltering)* I tried to tell him and he looked at me with those X-ray eyes. I ran out.

DALLAS. I'll go tell him about us —

SUSAN. No! You can't !

DALLAS. I'm not afraid of him.

SUSAN. That's what I'm afraid of.

DALLAS. Chicago would've been fun. I just wanted to show off my girl.

SUSAN. How did you know I didn't tell him?

DALLAS. You're wearing that coat. I hate when you wear that coat. That coat is JJ Hunsecker.

(SHE pulls off the coat.)

SUSAN. I'll lose it. I'll say I lost it.

TONY. Hey, Dallas — it's your last night but I'm still paying you to play. *(To SIDNEY.)* And you — the item better be in Tuesday or you're out.

(*DALLAS starts to play. DALLAS' sound is cool, clean, unadorned, very hip. SUSAN sits at a table. SIDNEY at the bar, looks at DALLAS.)*

SIDNEY. *(To himself.)*
JUST LOOK AT THAT LUCKY GUY
SITTIN' THERE, BEIN' HIP
MAKIN' MUSIC TO MAKE YOU DIE
NEXT LIFE, SIDNEY, PIANO LESSONS

THIS LIFE YOU GOT WHAT YOU GOT
WHAT YOU GOT IS A PIP
YOU'RE A CHICKEN IN A CHICKEN POT
SO DO YOUR DANCE
SHAKE YOUR TAIL
SELL YOUR WARES
MAKE A SALE

GET A CLIENT
ANY CLIENT
MAYBE MR. MUSIC
WHY NOT?

(SIDNEY approaches DALLAS.)

SIDNEY. *(To DALLAS.)*
MAN, BUT YOU'RE GOOD
YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO MAKE IT
I COULD HELP YOU TAKE IT UP A TONE
YOU NEED A WAY TO GET YOUR NAME OUT
TO MAKE IT KNOWN
I COULD GET BEHIND YOU LIKE A BASS TROMBONE

I COULD GET YOU IN JJ
(SIDNEY hands DALLAS a business card.)
I COULD START YOU OFF BIG
(DALLAS reads: 'Sidney Falcone'.)
AND WE'D ONLY BE PUTTIN' OUT COPY
THAT YOU DIG
Give me fifty bucks. I'll start you up.

(DALLAS hands the card back.)

DALLAS. I don't want any part of JJ. I make music. Music's what I do. I'm doing it on my own.

SIDNEY. Hey, you wanna be playin' no name dives all your life? Okay, enjoy yourself. Approach the starlet.

(SIDNEY turns his attention to SUSAN.)

SIDNEY.
PARDON MY FRENCH
BUT, HONEY, YOU'RE A KILLER
READIN' ARTHUR MILLER AT THE BAR
I BET YOU'RE CRAZY 'BOUT THE METHOD
THE TYPE YOU ARE
ME, I GOT A METHOD THAT COULD TAKE YOU FAR

I COULD GET YOU IN JJ
I COULD TAKE YOU SO FAST
THAT IN GOTHAM OR HOLLYWOOD
YOU'RE THE GIRL TO CAST

SUSAN. I don't want my name in a column.

SIDNEY. That I can do also. I'm trying to help a new face. A pretty face. A sad face. Smile. First rule for a chick. And that blouse. Unbutton those buttons. Show off your assets. Remember Lana Turner?

SUSAN. Lana Turner?

SIDNEY. Lana was always well turned out. So when she sat at the soda fountain at Schwab's drug store on that magic day the talent scout saw her, Lana was ready for her life to begin.

THE VOODOO CLUB COULD BE YOUR SCHWAB'S
I KNEW THE MOMENT I MET YOU
I SAID 'SHE COULD GET THOSE JUICY JOBS'
YOU WANNA BET ME
FIRST JUST LET ME
GET YOU IN JJ
I COULD GIVE YOU THE BLITZ
AND THE REST OF THE INGENUES
THEY'D BE HAVIN' FITS

JJ'S MORE THAN A COLUMN
HE'S THE BONE AND THE BLOOD
HE'S THE SPINE, THE SPINAL COLUMN
AND HE'S MY BUDDY, HE'S MY BUD
I CAN GET YOU IN JJ

SUSAN. Sure you can —

SIDNEY.
I COULD CALL HIM RIGHT NOW

SUSAN. No! No!

SIDNEY.
I COULD DO THE FIVE W'S
WHO, WHAT, WHERE, WHEN, WOW

SUSAN. You know what the JJ stands for? Jugular jugular.

(SIDNEY likes her. HE pulls up a chair.)

SIDNEY. Let me buy the runaway debutante a drink before she goes back out into the rain to her penthouse.

SUSAN. It's not raining.

SIDNEY. I see a monsoon. Sit here with me. Nice view of the parking lot.

(DALLAS walks to the bar to get a beer.)

SUSAN. I like the view here.

DALLAS. Susie —

(DALLAS kisses SUSAN.)

SIDNEY. Oh, it's the piano player. You ever get tired of that piano player —

SUSAN. I won't.

DALLAS. I wrote you a song.

(DALLAS starts to play.)

SIDNEY. *(To himself.)*
LOOK AT THAT GUY
KING O' THE WORLD
IN A SALOON

LOOK AT THAT GIRL
LOOK AT THAT GUY
OVER THE MOON

(DALLAS sings. SUSAN watches him, hypnotized.)

DALLAS.
I CANNOT HEAR THE CITY
I CANNOT HEAR A SOUND
THE ROAR AND RUSH
BECOME A HUSH
WHENEVER YOU'RE AROUND

THE WORLD BEYOND THE WINDOW
THE FURY AND THE FUSS
GROW DISTANT NOW
AND FADE SOMEHOW
WITH US

AND HERE INSIDE THIS WORLD
YOU'VE LET ME SEE
IT'S SIMPLER THAN
WE OFTEN LET IT BE
I'LL KEEP YOU SAFE
AND ALSO SET YOU FREE
I OFFER YOU YOU
I OFFER YOU ME

I CANNOT HEAR THE CITY
I KNOW IT MUST BE THERE
THE RAGING TOWN
IS WAITING DOWN THE STAIR
WE'LL MAKE IT VANISH
IN THE THIN THIN AIR
WE'LL MAKE IT VANISH...

(JJ comes in to the Club and goes to the bar.)

JJ. Scotch. Neat.

(SUSAN turns. DALLAS stops playing. SIDNEY and TONY are astonished at this apparition in the seedy Voodoo.)

SIDNEY. Jesus Christ —
SUSAN. JJ!

JJ. *(Turns to SUSAN.)* Fancy meeting you here.

SUSAN. Are you following me?

(JJ is in a rage.)

JJ. What is all this? You ask me to supper. You're nervous as a cat. You stand up and walk out. What kind of games are you playing?

SUSAN. I'm sorry. I remembered I had my acting class —

JJ. What? In this dump?

SUSAN. No. My classes are in a studio down the block. This is our hangout. How did you find me?

JJ. The doorman at the Stork got you a taxi. You said 52nd and 11th.

SUSAN. Why are you following me?

JJ. I worry about you. What the hell are you doing in a dive like —

SIDNEY. The Club Voodoo!

(DALLAS, out of JJ's line of vision, gets up from the piano and moves to SUSAN.)

SUSAN. I remembered I had to meet *Sidney*!

(SUSAN, smiling, takes SIDNEY's arm, turning him so DALLAS is behind JJ.)

JJ. *(Looking at SIDNEY.)* Sidney?

SUSAN. Sidney's my acting partner!

SIDNEY. I didn't mean to butt in on your girl friend — a simple mistake — I'm out of here —

JJ. She's my sister.

SIDNEY. Your sister?

(JJ sizes him up.)

JJ. You're her acting partner.

SIDNEY. *(Extending his hand.)* Sidney. Sidney Falcone.

JJ. I know you —

SIDNEY. I'm also a press agent.

JJ. Get out!
SIDNEY. Yes yes — I better be going.
DALLAS. Susan —

(SUSAN grabs onto SIDNEY.)

SUSAN. *(To SIDNEY.)* Don't go!
JJ. This is the kind of parasite I warn you —
SUSAN. How can he use me? He doesn't even know who I am.
JJ. He's a two-bit press agent.
SUSAN. To support himself til he gets a break. He's a brilliant actor!

(SIDNEY's taken aback.)

SIDNEY. Susan ain't so bad herself.
JJ. An actor? Would I have seen you in anything?
SIDNEY. Wel...
SUSAN. Off-Broadway. Things you wouldn't know about —
SIDNEY. Way Off-Broadway.
JJ. What do you two do?
SUSAN. We're classmates.
JJ. I'm talking to him —
SIDNEY. Acting class. Read plays — see shows —
JJ. So, you don't find her attractive?
SUSAN. JJ —
SIDNEY. Hey, I wouldn't touch her —
JJ. You sound like an altar boy.
SIDNEY. I was an altar boy.
JJ. Are you still an altar boy?
SIDNEY. No! But I drop in from time to time — just in case.
JJ. No romance?
SIDNEY. No romance.

(SUSAN sees DALLAS pick up his bag and put on his coat.)

SUSAN. We're friends.
JJ. Friends. It's impossible for a man to be friends with a woman. Are you a man, Sidney?

SIDNEY. Hey, I got a girl —

JJ. An actress?

SIDNEY. Same thing. A waitress.

JJ. You really didn't know she was my sister?

SUSAN. He didn't know.

SIDNEY. Honest injun.

JJ. You just like her for herself?

SUSAN. Is that so hard to believe?

JJ. Darling, I didn't mean it that way. What're you really after, altar boy?

SUSAN. JJ, the IRS goes easier on people.

SIDNEY. You want honest?

JJ. I want honest.

SIDNEY. To be you.

JJ. What about the acting?

SIDNEY. Acting doesn't grab me the way your column does.

JJ. Really? *(To TONY.)* Give me another —

(SIDNEY puts down a few coins.)

SIDNEY. It's on me.

(As JJ stands at the bar, DALLAS touches SUSAN on the cheek and goes. SUSAN watches him go. JJ stares at SIDNEY. SIDNEY fades under JJ's scrutiny.)

JJ. An actor. I was in vaudeville. I turned out all right.

(SIDNEY laughs eagerly.)

JJ. Who do you rep?

SIDNEY. The Club Voodoo.

JJ. And who else?

SIDNEY. Well, the Club Voodoo —

JJ. — which is an up-and-coming hot spot that needs attention?

SIDNEY. — like a nude starlet posing for a calendar.

JJ. How's the food?

SIDNEY. Betty Crocker works the night shift.

JJ. Is there music? Does anybody play that box?

SIDNEY. Who do you want? Toscannini and the Philharmonic? Benny Gooodman?

JJ. Names, Sidney. Big names! C'mon, c'mon — who comes in here?

SIDNEY. Everybody. JJ Hunsecker was in tonight.

(JJ seethes for a moment, then relaxes. HE even smiles.)

JJ. Very good, Sidney. Why don't you both come with me on my crawl? Relax from your flirtations with Mr. Stanislavski. Rita Hayworth's in town. Hook up with Mr. Hoover back at the Stork —

SUSAN. I have an audition early tomorrow.

SIDNEY. Break a leg.

JJ. Well, will you give me Sidney?

SIDNEY. Huh?

JJ. Keep me company. Believe it or not, it gets lonely out there. I could introduce you to some people.

SIDNEY. I'm sort of dizzy — come with you?

SUSAN. Go with him. You earned it.

SIDNEY. God knows I'm free —

JJ. Good. I'm glad I stumbled in here tonight.

TONY. Thank you, Mr. Hunsecker.

(SIDNEY helps SUSAN on with her coat.)

SUSAN. *(Sotto voce, to SIDNEY.)* Remember you're my friend.

SIDNEY. You're home safe.

JJ. *(To TONY.)* Oh, the Voodoo's in on Tuesday.

(JJ opens the door.)

TONY. *(To SIDNEY.)* I apologize for ever doubting you.

THEY go:

Scene 3

(OUT ON THE STREET.)

JJ. Darling, I'll see you at breakfast.

(SUSAN hugs JJ.)

SIDNEY. Hey, Susan! See you in class!

(SUSAN runs off into the dark.)

JJ. So you're her friend.

SIDNEY. Yes!

JJ. She's too trusting. She doesn't see that all her so-called friends only want to get to me. A bunch of nobodies — telling her lies, taking advantage of her. I want to protect her from that.

SIDNEY. Hey, JJ! I can't blame you for that. Look at me calling you JJ.

JJ. Why not? I call you Sidney.

SIDNEY. Hello, JJ.

(THE NEW YORKERS appear.)

JJ. Hello, Sidney. Come on, Sidney. I got a column to write. People check in with me everyday to find out what makes the world go 'round. It used to be love, but now it's — well, it's the word, the dish, the inside scoop. It's information. Listen.

THE STREET IS TALKIN', SIDNEY
EACH NIGHT I DO MY ROUNDS
I LISTEN TO IT TALK
THE BOUNCERS, THE WHORES
THE DOORMEN AT THEIR DOORS
THE SONGBIRDS WHO SCAT
THE CHICK WHO CHECKS YOUR HAT

THE WHISPERERS ARE WHISPERIN'
THEY HISS AND THEY COO
THE STREET IS TALKIN', SIDNEY
TONIGHT IT'S TALKIN' TO YOU

ENSEMBLE.
WELCOME TO THE NIGHT
YOU BEEN EXPECTED AND YOU'RE SUCH A PRETTY SIGHT
WE HEARD A RUMOR YOU WERE SNIFFIN' AT THE BAIT
FLIRTIN' WITH YOUR FATE TONIGHT

JJ & ENSEMBLE.
WE'RE GONNA GET YOU STARTED

ENSEMBLE.
WELCOME TO THE DARK
TO THE ADVANTAGES OF SWIMMIN' WITH THE SHARK
YOU'RE LOOKIN' EAGER IN THAT THIRTY DOLLAR SUIT
TOSSIN' OFF A CUTE REMARK

JJ & ENSEMBLE.
TELL ME, SIDNEY, WHERE YOU BEEN?
WHERE YOU BEEN
YOU BEEN NOWHERE AT ALL
NOWHERE AT ALL
ALWAYS OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN
SO COME ON INSIDE
COME ON INSIDE
ACROSS THE DIVIDE
ACROSS THE DIVIDE
COME ON INSIDE

(THEY go into the Cafe Elysian.)

ENSEMBLE.
SIDNEY'S GOT A FRIEND

SIDNEY.
WHAT A FRIEND I GOT

ENSEMBLE.
DON'T EVEN WONDER WHAT YOUR FRIEND HERE MAY INTEND

SIDNEY.
WHY ME?

JJ.
WHY NOT?

ENSEMBLE.
YOU GOT AN ANGEL AND HE'S PICKIN' UP THE TAB
GRAB WHAT YOU CAN GRAB TONIGHT

(A WOMAN in evening dress leans into JJ.)

WOMAN. JJ, how did you know I was pregnant before I did?

(A MAN IN WHITE TIE and his elegant GIRL come to JJ's table.)

MAN ABOUT TOWN. JJ, do you know my fiancee, Charlotte von Habsburg?

JJ. I knew her when she worked at an escort service under the name Pepper White. Orchids to you, Princess. Moving up in the world.

(THE GIRL runs away.)

MAN ABOUT TOWN. JJ, is that true?

(THE MAN ABOUT TOWN follows her into the dark. BILLY VAN CLEVE, the owner of the Café Elysian, comes to their table.)

VAN CLEVE. JJ! You ever going to mention The Cafe Elysian? Let the world know our business is boffo!

JJ. Your regular boys don't give me any good copy the way Sidney can.

VAN CLEVE. Huh?

JJ. New boy on the block.

BILLY VAN CLEVE. He looks like a rag bag —

JJ. Entertain me, Sidney. The club. The star. Don't be nervous. You're with me.

SIDNEY. Marilyn Monroe, all Sex-clamation points at the

Café Elysian, confided "I never met a guy I hated enough to give him back his diamonds".

VAN CLEVE. Marilyn ain't ever been here.

JJ. She will be now.

VAN CLEVE. But I got a press agent. My wife.

JJ. Now you got a new one. Thanks to Sidney, you're in.

(VAN CLEVE shakes SIDNEY's hand.)

ENSEMBLE.
WELCOME TO THE NIGHT

JJ.
JUST LIKE THAT

ENSEMBLE.
I GOT A DOLLAR SAYS YOUR FUTURE'S LOOKIN' BRIGHT

JJ.
RIGHT OFF THE BAT

ENSEMBLE.
WE GET EXCITED WHEN THE CUB ROOM HAS A CUB

ENSEMBLE & JJ.
WELCOME TO THE CLUB

JJ. Next stop Casa Havana.

SIDNEY. JJ, I can't go there.

JJ. Why not?

SIDNEY. Rag bag —

JJ. Then buy yourself a new suit.

SIDNEY. JJ, I can't afford my next month's rent.

JJ. Live like you're loaded. Be reckless. Buy a suit. Pay me out of your first million. Hurry up. I won't leave without you.

((JJ gives SIDNEY money. SIDNEY runs off. JJ goes into the CASA HAVANA. The DANCERS exult. SIDNEY strides into the CASA HAVANA wearing a shiny Italian silk suit.)

ENSEMBLE.
WELCOME BACK FROM THE TAILOR
NOW YOU'RE LOOKIN' SLICK
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHIN' THE TRAILER
NOW YOU SEE THE FLICK

HELP YOURSELF TO A FREEBEE
JJ'S BEIN' NICE
OH, BUT WHAT WILL THE FEE BE?
FREEBEES HAVE A PRICE

(OTIS ELWELL, a columnist, comes to SIDNEY who sits with JJ.)

OTIS. My my my. Little Sidney —

SIDNEY. Hi, Otis!

JJ. If it isn't Otis Elwell who does such a splendid imitation of me. Your paper hasn't fired you yet?

OTIS. People read me and you hate that.

JJ. I hate that you print any garbage that's handed to you. I print the banquet. You print the table scraps.

OTIS. You got any story for me, Sidney? You're sometimes good for a gag.

JJ. Sidney doesn't need your column, Otis. He's got me.

OTIS. My condolences, Sidney. You were a nice guy.

JJ. Pick your friends, Sidney. A man is known by the company he keeps. C'mon — *(HE leads SIDNEY out of the club.)* Sidney, this girl of yours. I'd like to meet her.

SIDNEY. You sure? She'd love that. She works down the street. I'll go get her.

(SIDNEY runs down a side street off Times Square. A PRESS AGENT approaches JJ.)

PRESS AGENT #4. JJ, Bette Davis and Tallulah in a cat fight at the Blue Note!

JJ. Give it to Madge.

PRESS AGENT #4. *(Desperate)* The Blue Note? Please? The Blue Note?

JJ. Say goodbye, Lester.

(SIDNEY returns dragging RITA in her greasy waitress uniform.)

S**IDNEY.** C'mon, c'mon —
RITA. If I get fired, you're gonna have to marry me —
SIDNEY. I'll marry you. I'll marry you. I got a new suit.
RITA. Did somebody die?
SIDNEY. I'd like you to meet my friend, JJ Hunsecker.
RITA. Are you stoned? Sidney, what are you smoking?
SIDNEY. I'm flying high!

(JJ steps out of the shadows.)

JJ. Hello, Rita.

(RITA is startled.)

RITA. Mr. Hunsecker!
JJ. I've taken Sidney under my wing.
RITA. Why?
JJ. I like him.
SIDNEY. He loves me!
RITA. What do you have to give him back?

(SIDNEY takes her aside.)

SIDNEY. Jesus, Rita, you got that radio turned up so loud inside your head. Can't you hear opportunity when it knocks?
RITA. I hear something. It don't sound like opportunity —

(JJ steps in.)

JJ. Life behind a steam table, Rita? Call the Elysian. Tell them I said you're the new hatchick. Come on, Sidney. The world is waiting.
SIDNEY. You hear that, Rita? The world!

(SIDNEY kisses HER. RITA, bewildered, is left as CROWDS pour out of the doors of a nightclub.)

JJ. These are my friends, Sidney. I write about 'em. You read about 'em. The most fascinating people you'll ever meet. They carbonate history. And now you're one of them. *(THE DANCERS beckon SIDNEY.)* Go on, Sidney put your toe in. Don't be shy.

(THE DANCERS welcome SIDNEY who joins them, triumphantly. JJ watches approvingly. A GIRL is lifted by one of the BOYS and then rolls down forward and becomes a corpse.
The sound of a siren. A red flashing light. THE GIRL lies sprawled in a pool of blood on the sidewalk. MEDICS throw a cover over her. A dashing MAN with a polo coat over his shoulders watches in agony. JJ and SIDNEY observe. KELLO, a large brute, comes up to JJ and SIDNEY. JJ accepts KELLO's enthusiastic handshake and winces with pretended pain.)

KELLO. Your Honor the Mayor!

JJ. Uncle! I give I give! Hello, Kello.

SIDNEY. Hello Kello. I like that.

JJ. Sidney, this is Lieutenant Harry Kello, artistic director of the Policeman's Ball. What's the news fit to print?

KELLO. Quiet night.

JJ. What's this? Love suicide?

KELLO. Nothing exciting. This is that ingénue with the big future you kept writing about. Her secret trips to the funny farm – the pills —

SIDNEY. I saw her in that show. She was terrific. That's her?

JJ. I gave her a lot of space.

SIDNEY. You called her a walking medicine cabinet.

KELLO. The producers of the comedy fired her. She jumps.

JJ. Show business wasn't for her.

SIDNEY. Jesus —

KELLO. *(Looks at SIDNEY.)* I'm wondering if this guy didn't push her. Who's the cutie?

SIDNEY. Hey — I'm just along for the —

JJ. 'New Faces of '52'. A pal of Susan's.

KELLO. What's your name?

SIDNEY. Sidney Falcone.

KELLO. Not a good name.

SIDNEY. Hey! Blame my parents!

JJ. Kello's right. Harlow Brando Monroe DiMaggio. Keep the O. Sidney Falco. That's a name.

SIDNEY. Sidney Falco?

JJ. Harry, good news — I talked to the mayor this afternoon. I explained to him you didn't mean to hit the colored boy *that* hard.

KELLO. I'm clean?

JJ. Like Doris Day's bottom.

KELLO. Anytime I can return the favor —

JJ. You ever need a friend in this town, Sidney —

SIDNEY. I'm okay —

JJ. Shake his hand. C'mon, shake hands. I like my friends to be friends.

KELLO. Give me a taste of your old act, the old one two —

(JJ dances a few steps. THE MEDICS put the sheet over the girl. The polo coat MAN lunges at JJ.)

MAN. Why did you keep writing about her! You hounded her and hounded her and hounded her until there's nothing left!

(THE MAN is led away. JJ bursts into laughter.)

JJ. I love this dirty town. *(To KELLO.)* So Harry, how's the wife and the kids?

KELLO. Fine.

(JJ takes out a cigarette.)

JJ. Match me, Sidney. *(KELLO does.)* Sidney? Next time, be quicker.

(THE CLUB ZANZIBAR appears. THE ENSEMBLE rushes to get in. THE DEAD GIRL leaps up to join them. THE CLUB ZANZIBAR SINGER is performing at a piano.)

CLUB ZANZIBAR SINGER.

I'LL BE RAKIN' IN THE JACK
JOKIN' IN MY CADILLAC
LAUGHIN' ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

(JJ brings SIDNEY into the room and introduces SIDNEY to the MANAGER. THE MANAGER shakes SIDNEY's hand and takes HIM to the stellar crowd tonight. The CAMERA GIRL snaps flashes of SIDNEY with each famous face. Projections appear above of SIDNEY with MARILYN [yes, she is in here tonight!]. SIDNEY with J Edgar Hoover, SIDNEY with Audrey Hepburn, Ava Gardner, Tom Dewey, Joe McCarthy — all having the time of their lives.)

I HOPE THAT MONEY TRUCK'LL
BE HERE IN A FLASH
I'LL JUST HAVE TO CHUCKLE
I GET A KICK OUT O' CASH

CROWD.
HE GETS A KICK OUT O' CASH

CLUB ZANZIBAR SINGER.
I'LL BE DOING PIROUETTES
WITH BUSTY BLONDES AND BIG BRUNETTES
LAUGHIN' ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

JJ. You like this place? You want to represent it?

SIDNEY. JJ, you could have anybody in the world. What do you want with me?

JJ. Only the little people are frightened, Sidney. Don't be one of the little people.

SIDNEY. No! I'm one of *these* people!

(HE salutes them.)

JJ. There you go —

ENSEMBLE.
JACK BE NIMBLE, JACK BE QUICK
YOU COULD RISE OR FALL
HEAR THE TIME BOMB START TO TICK
TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK
TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK

CLUB ZANZIBAR SINGER.
TELL THE GIRL TO HOLD MY CALLS
TELL THE BOY TO RACK THE BALLS
LAUGHIN' ALL THE WAY
LAUGHIN' ALL THE WAY
LAUGHIN' ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

(THE SINGER has leapt to the top of the piano which spins off into the darkness, followed by THE ENSEMBLE.
SIDNEY, alone, is dumbstruck with joy.)

SIDNEY. I can't believe this!

YOU PUT THE OLD SUIT IN THE TRASH
YOU TAKE THE WHOLE DAMN PAST AND CASH IT IN
CASH THE WHOLE THING IN
YOU'RE NOT CRAZY

A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN ONE NIGHT
WITH HALF A CHANCE WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT BEGIN
FALCONE MIGHT JUST WIN

SO MANY TIMES YOU THOUGHT THE WAY WAS CLEAR
ONLY TO FIND YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
MAKE SOME DOUGH
CHANGE YOUR NAME
KEEP THE 'O'

HEY SIDNEY, YOU FINALLY FOUND SOME LUCK
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN AN ALSO-RAN
JUST RACING FOR A BUCK
A GUY WITH A SMILE
A WAY WITH A WORD
QUICK WITH A JOKE
WE'VE ALREADY HEARD

Y'ever hear the one about Lana Turner? Sittin' at the soda fountain, dreamin' her soda fountain dreams?

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING HE COULD SEE
FOR JUST A MOMENT
IT'S LIKE HE SAW INSIDE OF ME
WHAT'S REALLY THERE
WHAT I WAS
WHAT I AM
WHAT I'LL BE

MAYBE I'M AT THE FOUNTAIN
MAYBE I'M AT THE START
IT'S TIME TO STEP UP AND DRINK
AND NOT EVEN THINK
YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK TO BE SMART

SOMETIMES THE PERFECT TIMING
FEELS LIKE A WORK OF ART
'CAUSE IT CAN BRING YOU YOUR BREAK
AND ANSWER THE ACHE
HE OFFERS, YOU TAKE THE PART

GARBO BRANDO HARLOW MONROE
KEEP THE 'O'
GARBO BRANDO HARLOW MONROE
KEEP THE 'O'

SOMEBODY BUYS A PAPER AT THE STAND
BUDDY, YOU HOLD MY FUTURE IN YOUR HAND

FORTUNES CHANGE
PEOPLE GROW
NOW AND THEN
FOUNTAINS FLOW

IT'S LIKE HE SAW INSIDE OF ME
WHERE I BELONG, WHAT I COULD BE
AND IN THE FLASHING OF THE NEON

I COULD SWEAR THAT HE COULD SEE
WHAT'S REALLY THERE

GARBO BRANDO HARLOW FALCO!

LOOKS LIKE I'M AT THE FOUNTAIN
LOOKS LIKE I'M AT THE START
BEFORE A DOOR CAN BE SHUT
YOU GO WITH YOUR GUT
YES, GO WITH YOUR GUT AND YOUR HEART

IT'S TIME TO TEAR THROUGH THAT DOOR
IT'S TIME NOW TO SOAR
SO LET MY LIFE STORY START

(And the moment breaks. JJ joins SIDNEY out on the street.)

SIDNEY.
GOD, I LOVE THE NIGHT

ENSEMBLE.
YOU KNOW WE LOVE YOU BACK

SIDNEY.
IT TOOK A MONTH TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE HEIGHT

ENSEMBLE.
TO REALLY GET THE KNACK

SIDNEY.
IT TOOK A LIFETIME BUT IT ALL BEGAN TO BREW

ENSEMBLE.
IT ALL BEGAN TO BREW

SIDNEY.
IT ALL JUST KINDA HAPPENED

ENSEMBLE.
IT ALL JUST KINDA HAPPENED

SIDNEY & ENSEMBLE.
IN 1952

ENSEMBLE.
WELCOME TO THE NIGHT
THE STREET IS TALKIN', SIDNEY
WELCOME TO THE NIGHT
IT'S TALKIN' TO YOU
SIDNEY, WELCOME TO THE NIGHT

Scene 4

(Before Dawn. A church bell chimes. SIDNEY comes into ST PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.)

SIDNEY. JJ? Are you here? I got your message. JJ?

(A PRIEST in a cassock appears, startling SIDNEY. JJ steps out of the dark.)

JJ. It's all right, he's with me.

BOY SOPRANO.
O DOMINE DEFENDE NOS
ET PROTIGE NOS A DIABOLO

JJ. The cardinal lets me come in here after hours.
SIDNEY. St Patrick's after hours?

(JJ leads SIDNEY to a bank of candles.)

JJ. Come here —
SIDNEY. It's like a trip back to my childhood.
JJ. What did you do when you were an altar boy, Sidney?

SIDNEY. Steal the wine. Ring the bells. Kneel in front of the Virgin and pray.

JJ. What did you pray for?

SIDNEY. I guess for this —

JJ. Pray with me now, Sidney.

(JJ kneels and opens a hymnal.)

JJ.
‘BATHE ME IN THY EVERLASTING LIGHT

JJ & SIDNEY.
VIRGIN AND MOTHER
REDEEMER OF ALL EARTHLY SHAME
HOLD ME EVER IN THY SIGHT
HEAR MY PRAYER AS THOU WOULDST HEAR NO OTHER
PRAISE BE THY NAME
OH LET ME BATHE IN THY LIGHT

BOY SOPRANO.
O DOMINE DEFENDE NOS
ET PROTIGE NOS A DIABOLO

JJ. Sidney, are you listening to me?

SIDNEY. Avidly, avidly!

JJ. Sidney, I’ve given you a lot these last four weeks.

SIDNEY. For which I am grateful.

JJ. I do have a favor to ask.

SIDNEY. Ask away.

JJ. It’s more than a favor.

SIDNEY. Payback time?

JJ. Are you still going to that acting class?

SIDNEY. I’ve been so busy —

JJ. So you haven’t seen Susie.

SIDNEY. I’ll call her. Take her out to the ballgame.

JJ. I want you to go back to that class. I want to know the names of the people there. I want to know where they live. What they do. I want to know who’s her best friend when you’re not there.

I want you to bring me a minute by minute report of how she spends the day.

SIDNEY. You want me to tail her?

JJ. That's one way to put it. Swear it.

SIDNEY. Swear what?

(JJ lights two candles.)

JJ. Whenever I come here, I light one candle for Susan. Tonight I light one for you, Sidney. Remember this. I believe in the one chance department. Repeat after me:

I WILL PROTECT HER

SIDNEY.
I WILL PROTECT HER

JJ.
IF SOMETHING HAPPENS I'M TO BLAME

Say it.

SIDNEY.
IF SOMETHING HAPPENS I'M TO BLAME

BOTH. *(With SIDNEY slightly delayed.)*
I WILL HOLD HER IN MY SIGHT
I'LL BE EVER SURE THAT MEN RESPECT HER

JJ.
PRAISE BE HER NAME

SIDNEY.
PRAISE BE HER NAME

JJ.
SO DO I SWEAR THIS NIGHT

(No response from SIDNEY.)

JJ.
I SWEAR

SIDNEY. You have my word.

JJ.
I SWEAR

(SIDNEY stands.)

SIDNEY. I'll look after Susan. Easiest job —

JJ.
I SWEAR

(JJ pulls SIDNEY down to his knees at the altar.)

SIDNEY.
I SWEAR

ENSEMBLE.
AMEN

JJ. Go and sin no more. (*SIDNEY exits. THE PRIEST emerges from the darkness.)* Thanks for the use of the hall.

(JJ stuffs money in the box.)

Scene 5

(DALLAS and SUSAN are in bed in his tenement apartment.)

DALLAS.
I WAS IN CHICAGO
WHERE WERE YOU?
I'LL BE DOWN IN PHILLY
WANTING YOU

SUSAN. Give me time.

DALLAS.
LET ME BE LOST IN MY LOVER
LET ME BE FOUND IN HER EYES
SUSAN
LET ME KEEP COMIN' BACK TO WHERE I'VE JUST BEEN
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU LEAVE OFF AND I BEGIN

WHEN WILL YOU COME TO ME EASY
COME TO ME FREE OF ALL TIES
SUSAN
PULL AWAY FROM THE PAST, LET THE FUTURE IN
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU LEAVE OFF AND I BEGIN

SUSAN.
GIMME TIME

DALLAS.
TIME

SUSAN.
GIMME TIME AND I...
I CAN FIGURE A WAY TO BE ABLE TO

DALLAS.
YEAH

SUSAN.
MAKE IT RIGHT

DALLAS.
COME TO PHILLY

SUSAN.
I CAN'T

DALLAS.
BUT YOU CAN

SUSAN.
BUT, DALLAS, I GOTTA WORK OUT A FEW...

DALLAS.
WHEN?

SUSAN.
GIMME TIME

DALLAS.
TIME

(DALLAS starts getting dressed.)

SUSAN.
LEMME THINK

DALLAS.
THINK

SUSAN.
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE WAY THAT YOU WANT
ME
THAT'S HOW I WANT YOU

DALLAS.
YOU MAKE A BLUR OF MY SENSES
YOU MAKE THE HEAT IN ME RISE
SUSAN
'TIL I'M HIGH ON THE SCENT OF YOUR SOFT PINK SKIN

NO MORE SLAMMIN' THOSE BRAKES
NO MORE PULLIN' BACK
DO WHATEVER IT TAKES
SUSAN
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU LEAVE OFF

AND I BEGIN

(THEY kiss.)

SUSAN. Don't catch that train —
DALLAS. I got a gig. I need the dough.
SUSAN. I have money.
DALLAS. I pay my own way. Jesus, we're stuck.

(SUSAN starts getting dressed.)

SUSAN. Is this our life?
DALLAS. Maybe you dig it like this.
SUSAN. I can't stand living in secret.
DALLAS. Then, baby, do something about it. I'm back from Philly in three weeks. Tell JJ about us.

SUSAN.
GIMME TIME
AND I PROMISE...
I CAN FIGURE A WAY TO BE ABLE TO

DALLAS.
YEAH

SUSAN.
WHILE YOU'RE GONE

DALLAS.
IF YOU NEED ME TO HELP

SUSAN.
BUT YOU CAN'T
JUST LET ME WORK OUT WHAT I'M GONNA DO

DALLAS.
GOOD

SUSAN.
GIMME TIME

DALLAS.
SURE

SUSAN.
I'LL BE YOURS

DALLAS.
YES

SUSAN.
THERE'S NO WAY IN THIS WORLD I WON'T HAVE YOU

DALLAS.
OH MY SUSAN

BOTH.
I'VE GOT TO HAVE YOU
MAKE A BLUR OF MY SENSES
MAKE THE HEAT IN ME RISE

DALLAS.
SUSAN
PUT THE PAST IN THE PAST

SUSAN.
LET THE FUTURE IN

DALLAS.
LET THE FUTURE IN

SUSAN.
SWEEP ME UP
LIFT ME HIGH
AND DON'T LET ME DROP

DALLAS.
SHOW MY HEART IT CAN FLY
AND DON'T EVER STOP

SUSAN.
NO MORE SLAMMIN' THOSE BRAKES

BOTH.
NO MORE PULLIN' BACK

DALLAS.
DO WHATEVER IT TAKES

SUSAN.
I'M YOUR SUSAN

BOTH.
FROM THE MOMENT I FOUND YOU
I DON'T KNOW WHY
I BEEN WHIRLIN' AROUND
AND AROUND TILL I
DON'T KNOW WHERE I LEAVE OFF
AND WE BEGIN

(THEY are dressed. HE picks up his bag. THEY are in:)

Scene 6

(PENN STATION.)

DALLAS. Three weeks.
SUSAN. I'll be ready.
ANNOUNCER'S VOICE. Track 17. Newark. Trenton. Philadelphia. All aboard.

(SUSAN hangs onto him. SIDNEY in the shadows watches DALLAS and SUSAN embrace. DALLAS runs to the train. SUSAN waves forlornly. SIDNEY bumps into her.)

SIDNEY. Susie! What a coincidence! I'm seeing Greer Garson off on the Twentieth Century Limited!

SUSAN. That train leaves from Grand Central.

SIDNEY. That's why she missed it! C'mon, I'll walk you home. I've got to thank you. Twenty six items in JJ in the last four weeks. Six new clients. Was that Dallas? That was a kiss like the end of a war.

SUSAN. That's what it feels like.

SIDNEY. Oh, baby, why throw yourself away on a tomcat? What do you see in him? Put the obvious aside — first love — dynamite sex — good musician — good looks — aside from that, what's he got?

SUSAN. Did JJ send you to follow me?

SIDNEY. Bulls-eye. First toss.

SUSAN. Have you told JJ about us?

SIDNEY. Frankly, I'd be sitting on top of the world if there wasn't anything to tell him.

SUSAN. Don't tell him anything.

SIDNEY. He's gonna find out someday.

SUSAN. Not from you!

SIDNEY. Not from me. Because you're gonna straighten this out. You did something for me. I'm doing something for you. I'm buying you time. Break it off.

SUSAN. Never.

SIDNEY. How pleased will JJ be when he finds out you're wasting your time on a nobody like Dallas?

SUSAN. Well, here's an idea. Dallas has to become somebody.

SIDNEY. Dallas somebody? Hey, Esther Williams, try swimming the breast stroke up Niagara Falls. Dallas would drown.

SUSAN. Then somebody has to throw him a rope.

SIDNEY. Who'd help Mr. Isolation Ward?

SUSAN. You.

SIDNEY. Dallas doesn't want my help. *(Mocking)* 'No part of JJ. I'm making it on my own.'

SUSAN. If Dallas ever thought I was pulling strings to help him, he'd leave me.

SIDNEY. There we are. Nobody represents Dallas. He doesn't want any help. The end.

SUSAN. Suppose Dallas didn't know you represented him.
SIDNEY. A secret client? That's a first.

SUSAN.
WHAT IF YOU COULD MAKE HIM A SOMEBODY
SOMEBODY EVERYONE KNEW

SIDNEY. Dallas is a nobody.

SUSAN.
WHAT IF YOU COULD BUILD HIM UP BIG
I MEAN, THAT SHOULD BE EASY FOR YOU
IF DALLAS WERE ONE OF THOSE MEN
WHAT WOULD MY BROTHER SAY THEN?

SIDNEY. Me make him a star?
SUSAN. Get Dallas New York press. Start the word.

WHAT IF WE GOT EVERYONE BUZZING
'BOUT SOMEONE EXCITING AND NEW

SIDNEY. The guy's in Philly.

SUSAN.
NOT IF YOU GOT WORD TO THE PRESS
OF THE SIZE OF THE CROWDS THAT HE DREW
A COUPLE O' BREAKS AND HE'S HOME
COMBING HIS HAIR WITH MY COMB

SIDNEY, MY LIFE COULD BE MINE
SIDNEY, OUR GOALS INTERTWINE

WHAT IF YOU DECIDED TO HELP
THE WAY I MADE A CHOICE TO HELP YOU

SIDNEY. Let me figure this out —

ENSEMBLE.
BOY, YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL

IF YOU DO WHAT SHE WANTS
BETTER BETTER BE CAREFUL
SIDNEY

SUSAN.
WHAT IF?

ENSEMBLE.
CAREFUL

SUSAN.
SIDNEY

SIDNEY. Okay. I owe you. Give me the name of the dump in Philly. I'll get him a mention in Dorothy Kilgallen — or Otis Elwell. People read him.

SUSAN. No, I want Dallas in JJ.

SIDNEY. Ask me easy. Put a man on the moon.

SUSAN. One item in JJ can do the job. I've seen it happen.

WHAT IF HE COULD BURST ON THE SCENE
IN A HIGHLY AWAITED DEBUT

SIDNEY. You're talkin' crazy.

SUSAN.
WHAT IF YOU REMEMBER HOW RECENTLY
YOU WERE A NOBODY TOO
JUST GIVE HIM THE START HE DESERVES
WE CAN MANUEVER THE CURVES

SIDNEY, DON'T TAKE US HALFWAY
I WANT MY BROTHER TO SAY:

'SUSAN, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET
A GIFTED YOUNG MAN
A MAN YOU SHOULD KNOW
A MAN IN MY COLUMN'

SIDNEY. You want JJ to introduce you to Dallas?

SUSAN.
THINGS ARE GONNA HAPPEN, CAN YOU FEEL IT?
THINGS ARE GONNA CHANGE AND CHANGE FOR GOOD
COULD YOU JUST IMAGINE BEING HAPPY
JUST HAPPY?
I COULD
WHAT IF?

(THE ENSEMBLE appears to warn SIDNEY.)

ENSEMBLE.
BETTER BE CAREFUL

SUSAN.
LIFE COULD BE MINE

ENSEMBLE.
IF YOU DO WHAT SHE WANTS

SUSAN.
LIFE COULD BE DALLAS

ENSEMBLE.
YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL

SUSAN.
WHAT IF?

ENSEMBLE.
THINK ABOUT JJ

SUSAN.
SIDNEY

ENSEMBLE.
CAREFUL

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