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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Songbook

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SAMUEL FRENCH
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INTRODUCTION TO "SONGBOOK"

by The Authors

This is a musical for two females and three males, who play some one hundred parts between them.

It tells of the life and times of the late Moony Shapiro, a songwriter who survived 69 years of whatever the 20th century might throw at him.

SETS & PROPS

As the title suggests, the show should purposely recall the theater anthologies of real-life songwriters—Stephen Sondheim, Noel Coward, Cole Porter, Fats Waller, and others. The style, therefore, can be as economical as a concert performance; or as relatively elaborate as the London and New York productions (directed by Jonathan Lynn) which contained the following elements:

1) An open space with Moony Shapiro memorabilia—his white grand piano, his trunk of trunk songs and souvenirs, his published songs and shows.
2) Drop cloths and simple cut-outs for production numbers from Moony Shapiro's repertoire. (These are listed in the margins of the script by Capital Letters, and a Plot will be found in APPENDIX: 1).
3) Projections depicting places and people from the 1920's to the 1970's to orientate the audience for each incident and musical number, which flow from one to the other in a fluid and fast style. (These are indicated in the script but feel free to add or subtract from this list). Listed in APPENDIX: 3.
4) 2 chairs and a table on each side of the stage, a lampost, an upright piano, a drumkit and a trolley-table with typewriter. These and smaller props are indicated in APPENDIX: 4. This list can be adapted to the scale of your production.
5) In the original production the grand piano, the small upright piano and the drumkit were winched. Cues are listed in the margins of the script by Numbers: Winch plot in APPENDIX: 2. Positions for grand piano indicated: 1st: CENTER STAGE. 2nd: UPSTAGE RIGHT. Drumkit position: CENTER STAGE. Upright position: UPSTAGE LEFT.

The production benefits from being kept simple and inven-

tive. Indeed it can effectively be performed anywhere from a major small theater (with the above values) to concert-style production with the bare minimum. e.g. piano and drapes.

COSTUMES

The COMPANY start dressed as for a typical songwriter anthology—ACTORS in tuxedos, ACTRESSES in dark evening dresses. Other than the production numbers the minimum change is best—hats, shawls, overcoats, jackets, etc.

For the production numbers some over-dressing may be necessary (e.g. dungarees in "Happy Hickory". Busby Berkely skirts for "Pretty Face", various character costumes for "Les Halles" and "East River Rhapsody"). These should be specifically designed for very quick change. The wings are alive with the sound of Velcro.

CHARACTERS

The performers are 3 ACTORS and 2 ACTRESSES who can sing, act, and move. Dancing is an advantage but not essential. Versatility, however, is vital.

ACTOR 1—is the STORYTELLER, an urbane, debonnair, light comedian anchor man. He is in middle-age. He is the only character whose age is specified, owing to the twist at the end of the show. Singing voice: non-legit but good, stylish interpreter of lyrics with an ear for harmony. He also plays Mr. Shapiro, Italian Shoe Shine Boy, Twenties Chorus Boy, Louis Da Rosa, French Crooner, French Street Musician, Bavarian Singer, Vocal Group Singer, British Colonel, Marvin Brennan, Israeli Singer, Russian Singer, Lee-Pyong-Do, Liverpool Group Drummer, "Climber".

ACTOR 2—is MOONY SHAPIRO, a Liverpool Irish orphan with New York Jewish foster parents. A non-heroic figure, fast-moving opportunist with a great belief in himself and the world's goodness despite all he finds to the contrary. Singing voice: non-legit baritone, slightly dissipated by booze and tobacco. Good with lyrics and an ear for harmony. He ages from teenage to old age. He also plays Chinese laundry boy, Bavarian singer, Victory V singer, Senator "Beanpole" Pickles, Villager, "Climber".

ACTRESS 1—is BELLA SHAPIRO, Moony's wife, a Chicago meat-king's daughter. Vivacious, rebellious, cosmopolitan, strong-willed. Light comedienne. Singing voice: trained mezzo-soprano, good with popular ballads, an ear for harmony with strong top range. She ages from early twenties to old age. She also plays Reverend Mother, Mrs. Shapiro, Mrs. Kleinberg, Twenties Chorus Girl, Torch Singer, Singer With Scarf, Busby Berkely Girl, Bavarian Singer, Vocal Group singer, Marlene Dietrich, Rusty, Israeli Singer, Kim-Sung, Liverpool Group Guitarist, "Climber", Sheila O' Toole.

ACTRESS 2—is BONNY VAN HEYSEN, Moony's mistress. Bonnie is a well-bred New Yorker who rises from child actress to pop star in the Sixties and Seventies. Nubile, sexy, and funny. Singing voice: trained pop singer, good belter of performance numbers (from Ethel Merman to Edith Piaf). An ear for harmony. She plays parts from age eleven to middle-age. She also plays Tilly, Mae Feldman, Mary Cassidy, Astrid Kalmar, Twenties Chorus Girl, Dolly Ralston, Busby Berkley Girl, French Street Singer, Bavarian Singer, Vocal Group Singer, British Forces Entertainer, Jude, Israeli Singer, Russian Singer, KGB, Lin-Chi, Magda Gyor, Liverpool Group Guitarist.

ACTOR 3—plays all the other parts. Good-looking young lead actor with gift for impersonation. Guitar-player an advantage. Singing Voice: legit light baritone or tenor with experience and knowledge of many popular styles. An ear for harmony. He plays parts from childhood to middle-age—Dead End Kid, Rabbi Kotchinsky, Sailor, U.S. Immigration Officer, Banjo Player, Newsboy, Rudy Vallee, Bum, Dance Partner, Parisian Man-About-Town, French Waiter, French Flower Seller, Bavarian Singer, Gestapo, Press Photographer, Vocal Group Singer, Newsboy, German Prison Guard, Victory V Singer, Bing Crosby, Dan Dailey, Mario Lanza, Alvin Burns, Chuck, Israeli Singer, Shmuel Levi, Russian Singer, Harold Prince, Johnny Bakuba, Bob Dylan, Bob Dylan Spokesman, Benedict Rickenbacker, Liverpool Group Singer, Trades Union Leader, Clyde.

UNDERSTUDIES (COVERS)—may be used as Pit Singers in the production numbers indicated on the score.

Julian More
Monty Norman
London. 1984

SONGS

ACT ONE

Songbook (from Movie BALTIMORE BALLYHOO) 1948
East River Rhapsody (from Revue FELDMAN FOLLIES OF 1926) 1926
Talking Picture Show (from Movie EVERMORE) 1928
Meg (Trunk Song) 1929
Mister Destiny (Recording) 1930
Your Time is Different from Mine (Recording) 1932
Pretty Face (from Movie PRETTY FACES OF 1934) 1934
Je Vous Aime, Milady (Recording) 1935
Les Halles (Cabaret Song) 1935
Olympics Song (Recording) 1936
Nazi Party Pooper (Trunk Song) 1936
I'm Gonna Take Her Home to Momma (Recording) 1938

WAR SONGS

Bumpity-Bump 1939–45
The Girl In the Window (Das Mädchen Am Fenster)
Victory V

HOLLYWOOD EVERGREENS

April In Wisconsin (from Movie A YANK AT THE VATICAN) 1945
It's Only A Show (from Movie LET'S DO THE SHOW RIGHT HERE) 1946
Bring Back Tomorrow (from Movie BRING BACK TOMORROW) 1947
Songbook (Reprise) 1948

ACT TWO

Happy Hickory (Title Song of Musical)	1954

HAPPY HICKORY Rejects (Trunk Songs)

Climbin'
Don't Play That Lovesong Any More

Vocal Gems from HAPPY HICKORY (From the Musical)

Happy Hickory	
Lovely Sunday Mornin'	
Rusty's Dream Ballet	
A Storm In My Heart	
The Pokenhatchit Public Protest Committee	
Happy Hickory (Reprise)	
Happy Hickory (from Tel Aviv and Moscow Productions)	1956
I Accuse (from Musical RED WHITE AND BLACK)	1957
Messages I (Trunk Song)	1958
Messages II (Version for Bob Dylan)	1963
I Found Love (Recording)	1964
Don't Play That Lovesong Any More (Trunk Song)	?
Golden Oldie (Trunk Song)	1972
Climbin' (Recording)	1972
Nostalgia (Trunk Song)	1977
Don't Play That Lovesong Any More (Reprise)	
Songbook (Reprise)	

Songbook

ACT ONE

OVERTURE [MUSIC CUE A]

Projection: SONGBOOK logo. ACTOR 1 as the STORYTELLER is alone onstage at the piano. The only other furniture is MOONY SHAPIRO's trunk. Opening* [MUSIC CUE 1] [WINCH (PRESET)]

STORYTELLER. (*over music*) Well, here we are again. We've celebrated Cole Porter, Eubie Blake, Noel Coward, Stephen Sondheim, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington. And tonight, ladies and gentlemen, we celebrate the late, great Moony Shapiro. (*A pause for applause—none!*) Apparently some of you have never heard of Moony Shapiro. *Amazing.* (*Music starts again.*) Okay, if you don't know what made Moony Shapiro a unique songwriter, I'll tell you. His very existence, his life style. Moony moved with the times, traveled the world in search of hit songs. Each experience became a song. Was he not the only songwriter to be snubbed by Adolf Hitler, marry a socialist socialite, escape from Colditz, accompany Margaret Truman, be black-listed by Senator McCarthy, take on the Russian Secret Police, and still find time to write a song or two? Quite a life. Moony Shapiro survived sixty-nine years of whatever the twentieth century might throw at him. And, in so doing, gave us songs to lighten our darkest hour. Ladies and gentlemen, a songwriter, his times, his songs. (*taking a piece of music from the piano*) First the famous Fred Astaire number from "Baltimore Ballyhoo" which I like to think of as Moony Shapiro's theme song—

"SONGBOOK"

STORYTELLER. (*continued*)
HARD TIMES
NEED SOFT WORDS
SWEET RHYMES
AND HUMMING BIRDS . . .
AM I FEELING BLUE?

---

*See page 83.

NOT WHEN I SING
A SONG WITH YOU!

DARK NIGHTS
NEED BRIGHT TUNES.
SOFT LIGHTS
AND HARVEST MOONS . . .
I'M BROKE, SONGS ARE FREE
ROCKEFELLER
WOULD ENVY ME

I'VE GOT A
SONGBOOK IN MY HAND,
AND NOW IT'S ON THE PIANO STAND,
I'LL PLAY A HAPPY SONG FROM MY
SONGBOOK
SONG BOOK . . .

DOWN DAYS
NEED UPBEATS,
ALWAYS
MY HEART REPEATS—
KILL THAT WORRIED LOOK
WITH A SONG FROM YOUR
SONGBOOK.
(*spoken*) And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to meet my fellow members of The Moony Shapiro Fan Club.

(*The rest of the COMPANY enter.*)

ACTRESS 1.
HARD TIMES
NEED SOFT WORDS
SWEET RHYMES
AND HUMMING BIRDS . . .
ACTOR 3.
AM I FEELING BLUE?
NOT WHEN I SING
A SONG WITH YOU!
ACTRESS 2.
DARK NIGHTS

NEED BRIGHT TUNES.
SOFT LIGHTS
AND HARVEST MOONS . . .
ACTOR 2.
I'M BROKE, SONGS ARE FREE,
ROCKEFELLER
WOULD ENVY ME!

MEN.	WOMEN.
I'VE GOT A	OOOOOO . . .
SONGBOOK IN MY HAND,	OOOOOO . . .
AND NOW IT'S ON THE	OOOOOO . . .
PIANO STAND,	
I'LL PLAY A HAPPY	OOOOOO . . .
SONG FROM MY	

ALL.
SONGBOOK
SONG BOOK . . .

DOWN DAYS
NEED UPBEATS,
ALWAYS
MY HEART REPEATS–
KILL THAT WORRIED LOOK
WITH A SONG BOOK
WITH A SONG BOOK
WITH A SONG BOOK
SONG BOOK
SONG BOOK
SONG BOOK
(*repeats until CAST drops out*)
STORYTELLER. (*indicating piano*) We have here onstage, Moony Shapiro's actual piano.
SONG BOOK
ACTOR 3. (*indicating trunk*) Moony Shapiro's very own trunk.
SONG BOOK
(*ACTRESS 2 takes book from top of trunk.*)
ACTRESS 2. (*holding up book*) Rhyming dictionary.
SONG BOOK
(*ACTRESS 1 takes metronome from top of trunk.*)
ACTRESS 1. (*holding up metronome*) Metronome.
SONG BOOK
(*ACTOR 2 takes* US. *Army Officer's Hat from top of trunk.*)

ACTOR 2. Army hat.
SONG BOOK
(*ACTOR 3 takes hip flask from top of trunk.*)
ACTOR 3. (*holding up hip flask*) Hip flask.
STORYTELLER. (*producing gold watch*) And a gold watch, given him by his Irish mother. And what did he give us, ladies and gentlemen? Songs. From his trunk . . . (*ACTRESS 2 takes from the trunk a pile of manuscript music tied with a red ribbon and hands it to STORYTELLER.*) . . . trunk songs—songs that express his deepest feelings, very personal, strictly not for publication. (*The music fades.*) We're very grateful to the Shapiro estate for allowing us to sing, for the first time in public, this rare and revealing material. (*STORYTELLER places song pile on stage where it remains for entire show.*) [MUSIC CUE 1A] And, of course, Moony Shapiro evergreens you've whistled and danced to for five decades.

[WINCH CUE: 1]

"APRIL IN WISCONSIN"
[MUSIC CUE 1B]

(*ACTOR 3 takes sheet music from piano, opens it, and sings with ACTRESSES 1 & 2.*)

ACTRESSES 1 & 2, ACTOR 3.
WHEN IT'S APRIL,
WHEN IT'S APRIL,
WHEN IT'S APRIL IN WISCONSIN,
OOH-OOH,
OOH-OOH . . .
(*All put memorabilia back in trunk.*)
STORYTELLER. Like this immortal number which I'm sure you all remember . . . (*ACTOR 2 sits at piano as MOONY SHAPIRO.*)
MOONY.
WHEN IT'S APRIL IN WISCONSIN
AND I'M SITTING HERE IN ROME,
I AM LONGIN' FOR WISCONSIN
AND MY HUCKLEBERRY HOME . . .

(*The STORYTELLER continues over humming of song—.*)

STORYTELLER. Little is known of Moony's origins—except this gold watch. Apparently, a well-to-do Liverpool corn merchant's

son gave it to an Irish tweeny for services rendered. Moony was the result. (*The music fades. ACTRESSES 1 & 2 and ACTOR 3 exit with trunk. The STORYTELLER hands the watch to MOONY who now wears it. Projection changes to Liverpool Docks.*) Born Michael Mooney, in Liverpool, 1908, he was abandoned by his unfortunate mother, and raised at St Cecilia's Orphanage, [MUSIC CUE 1B] where he played Honky Tonk harmonium when the nuns were out of earshot. (*takes book from piano*) In his autobiography, "Moon in June," he recalls a significant turning point in his early musical education. (*hands book to MOONY*) [WINCH CUE: 2]

MOONY. (*opens book and reads*) History often repeated itself. I was sixteen and hopelessly in love with Tilly, the orphanage skivvy. One day the Mother Superior caught us together, and dialogue like this you never forget—

(*Enter ACTRESS 1 as REVEREND MOTHER.*)

REVEREND MOTHER. Mother o' God, Michael Mooney, what are you doin' with Tilly?

MOONY. Givin' her a music lesson, Reverend Mother.

REVEREND MOTHER. A *music* lesson?

MOONY. Explainin' the mystery of the missin' black notes between E and F—(*REVEREND MOTHER clouts him.*)—and B and C, Reverend Mother.

REVEREND MOTHER. (*clouting him again*) Then what are Tilly's bloomers doin' hangin' from your harmonium? (*Exit REVEREND MOTHER.*)

MOONY. There was no adequate answer to this, and as the punishment seemed more than usually Jesuitical, I made a dash for the docks, givin' a last prayer that I had not left Tilly in the same condition my mum had been left by my dad—whoever he was. [MUSIC CUE 1C—FIRST START]

(*Enter ACTRESS 2 as TILLY.*)

TILLY. Oh, sweetheart, I'll never see you again!

MOONY. Tilly, take this. (*giving her his gold watch*)—to remember me by.

TILLY. But it was your mum's!

MOONY. It'll bring you luck. (*kisses her*) [MUSIC CUE 1C—SEC-

OND START] (*Exit TILLY. MOONY moves to wings to exchange book for cloth cap and carpet bag.*)

STORYTELLER. Michael Mooney stowed away on the first boat he saw, which happened to be a banana boat bound for Jamaica. [MUSIC CUE 1D] What a trip! Force ten gales, engine trouble, and a tear or two for Tilly. But despite it all, luck was with him. For where did that battered boat reach safe harbor? New York. (*Projection changes to Statue of Liberty.*)

MOONY. New York! A sight beyond my wildest dreams!

STORYTELLER. This was the land of opportunity.

(*Exit STORYTELLER. Enter ACTRESS 1 as MRS. SHAPIRO and ACTOR 3 as DEAD END KID.*)

MRS. SHAPIRO. Help!! (*MRS. SHAPIRO is being attacked by the DEAD END KID who is trying to snatch her handbag. MOONY intervenes. In the fight, MOONY saves MRS. SHAPIRO's handbag. As he is consoling her, the DEAD END KID rips off MOONY's bag and makes a dash for it.*)

MOONY. It was rather more than I had bargained for, half an hour off the boat. All I had were the clothes I stood up in. But all was not lost. For who should that lady turn out to be? None other than Mrs. Shapiro, wife of Abraham Shapiro [MUSIC CUE 1E] the well-known Lower East Side piano teacher.

[WINCH CUE: 3] (*A small upright piano with a menorah on top comes onstage. ACTOR 1 as MR. SHAPIRO sits at it, playing jazz.*)

MR. SHAPIRO. Illegal immigrant, Minnie? That's trouble!

MRS. SHAPIRO. But such a brave boy!

MR. SHAPIRO. Okay. So what? Let him stay a few days.

MOONY. After a few months, those two wonderful people were treating me like their own son. (*MOONY plays a duet with MR. SHAPIRO.*) Including free piano lessons. I was enchanted by Mr. Shapiro's conservatoire of pupils.

MR. SHAPIRO. (*introducing imaginary characters*) My boy, I want you to know George. And his big brother, Ira. And this is Jerome. And Dick. And Larry. And Yip, Irving, Sammy, and Oscar. (*Exit MR. & MRS. SHAPIRO.*)

MOONY. Hi, Oscar. Broadway beckoned. But my name, Michael Mooney, didn't sound right. So, as the Shapiros had virtually adopted me, I adopted their name and decided to become Jewish. I went to see Rabbi Kotschinsky.

(*Enter ACTOR 3 as RABBI.*)

RABBI. You realize, my boy, you'll have to be circumcised.

MOONY. I decided not to become Jewish. Cutting the E from Mooney was less painful, and Shapiro a better name for a songwriter.

(*Enter STORYTELLER with book.*)

STORYTELLER. (*with book*) Ex-chorus girl and impressario's wife, Mae Feldman, recalls in her autobiography, "The Happy Hoofer"—(*exit*)

(*Enter ACTRESS 2 as MAE.*) [WINCH CUE: 4]

MAE. (*like Mae West*) I had a feeling young Moony Shapiro was going to be big. I was not disappointed. He could write songs, too.

"DON'T PLAY THAT LOVESONG ANY MORE"
[MUSIC CUE 1F]

MOONY. (*sings*)
DON'T PLAY THAT LOVESONG ANY MORE, BIX,
YOU BLOW YOUR HORN AND I FEEL BLUE . . .

MAE. No, no, no! My husband's lookin' for a New York song.

MOONY. Yes, ma'am.

MAE. D'ya think ya can come up with it overnight?

MOONY. Yes, ma'am.

MAE. Right, boy. Let's play some sheet music. (*Exit MAE.*)

MOONY. So I wrote a New York song. It was my way of saying,"Thank you, Abe and Minnie Shapiro . . . and thank you, New York."

(*Projection fades.* [MUSIC CUE 2] *A Musical Fanfare. A poster* [FLY CUE: A]

flies in. THE FELDMAN FOLLIES OF 1926 by Rodgers and Hart.)

MOONY. I was thrilled. And scared. Except for my number, it was a Rodgers and Hart score. I kissed the Shapiro mezuzah and said five Hail Marys. I wasn't taking any chances. (*Exit MOONY.*)

[FLY CUE: B] (*ACTOR 3 enters as SAILOR.*)

"EAST RIVER RHAPSODY"

SAILOR.
THE HOOTING OF A TUGBOAT,
THE HONKING OF A HORN,
THE SWEETEST MUSIC
WAKES ME EVERY MORN.
THE CLANGING OF A TRASH CAN
IN THE EARLY MORNING DAWN—
HOW LOVELY THAT CACOPHONOUS CLASH CAN
BE . . .
THAT'S MY EAST RIVER RHAPSODY.

[FLY CUE: C] [FLY CUE: D] [FLY CUE: E] (*Drop in East River Cloth. ACTRESS 1 is MRS. KLEINBERG; ACTRESS 2 is MARY CASSIDY; ACTOR 1 is Italian SHOE SHINE BOY; ACTOR 2 is Chinese LAUNDRY BOY.*)

COMPANY.
EARLY MORNING,
EARLY MORNING . . .
SAILOR.
SHALOM, MRS. KLEINBERG
SO TELL ME, WHAT IS NEW?
(MRS. KLEINBERG: don't ask!)
TOP O' THE MORNING TO YOU, MARY CASSIDY!
WE GOT A DATE TO EAT AN IRISH STEW!
(MARY CASSIDY: I'll be at Mick's diner, seven o'clock!)

CAN YOU DO MY LAUNDRY
QUICKLEY, MISTER WU?

MARY WILL BE DRESSED UP
I MUST LOOK GOOD, TOO!

BUON GIORNO, ROCCO BABY,
FOR A DIME-A SHINE-A MY SHOE!
HOW'S YOUR MOMMA? HOW'S YOUR POPPA?
WHAT'S THE WORLD A-DOING TO YOU?
COMPANY.
NO MUSIC TAKES ME HIGHER
THAN THE MUSIC OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE . . .
SAILOR.
THE SIREN OF A SQUAD CAR
WHICH COMES AND GOES ALONG,
A DIMLY HEARD SALVATION ARMY SONG,
A BABY WHO'S A SHOUTER,
THE SCHOOLYARD GOING STRONG,
THE WIND WILL TAKE MY MELODY OUT TO SEA . . .
ALL.
THAT'S MY EAST RIVER
SAILOR.
EAST RIVER
ALL.
RHAPSODY

(*During applause two chairs are set.* [MUSIC CUE 2A] *Enter STORYTELLER, taking off SHOE SHINE BOY costume.*) [FLY CUE: F]

STORYTELLER. Moony Shapiro was launched. The first night party, given by young society hostess, Pookie Van Heysen, was packed with Broadway celebrities. Moony was walking on air. He could hardly believe that one song had changed his life. Here were all these people treating him as one of them. Rodgers, Hart, P.G. Wodehouse, Governor Al Smith and a then-unknown actress by the name of Astrid Kalmar, (*The music stops.*) who recalls her first days with Moony in her autobiography, "You're Never Alone with An Ego." [FLY CUE: G]

(*Enter ACTRESS 2 as ASTRID KALMAR.*) [FLY CUE: H]

ASTRID. (*like Greta Garbo*) I don't know whether to curse or bless that party. But you never forget your first true love. I was afraid I would never see him again.

(*Enter MOONY.*)

MOONY. She was leaving the next day for Hollywood to become a star.

(*Enter ACTOR 3 as U.S. IMMIGRATION with MRS. SHAPIRO.*)

U.S. IMMIGRATION. (*with press clipping*) U.S. Immigration, Mrs. Shapiro. Do you know this man—Michael Mooney?

MRS. SHAPIRO. (*also with press clipping*) Moony Shapiro, you mean. The New York Times picture is better.

U.S. IMMIGRATION. We have reason to believe you have been harboring an illegal immigrant for two years.

MRS. SHAPIRO. Two years? Time flies. [MUSIC CUE 2B] (*Exit U.S. IMMIGRATION and MRS. SHAPIRO.*)

MOONY. The heat was on. And I was off. On the Pullman Express with Astrid. (*Train whistles. MOONY and ASTRID sit on two chairs and bounce up and down with the movement of the train.*)

ASTRID. Four wonderful days! (*Train whistles.*)

MOONY. We never even made it to the diner!

ASTRID. We laughed so much!

MOONY. We loved so much!

[WINCH CUE: 5] (*Enter STORYTELLER wearing straw boater.*)

STORYTELLER. Cue for song. But in 1926 movies were silent. (*The music stops.*) And nobody wanted a songwriter. [MUSIC CUE 2C]

ASTRID. I went from motion picture to motion picture.

MOONY. I went from movie house to movie house. Playing the piano. What else could I do?

ASTRID. I played with John Barrymore, Buster Keaton, and Ramon Navarro. (*ACTRESS 2 begins onstage change to 20's CHORUS GIRL.*)

MOONY. I'd love to have written songs for them, but who likes silent songs?

STORYTELLER. Then—1927. (*drum roll*) "The Jazz Singer." The talking picture show was born. And Moony wrote his first talking picture song. [MUSIC CUE 3] (*ACTRESSES 1 & 2 as 20's*

CHORUS GIRLS join STORYTELLER. ACTOR 3 plays banjo and sings.)

"TALKING PICTURE SHOW"

LISTEN TO MY FEET DANCE,
LISTEN TO MY VOICE SING,
LISTEN TO THE BAND GOIN' VO-DEE-OH
IN A TALKING PICTURE SHOW

For optional 2nd Chorus add—(TAPPING)
(YAH-DI-YAH!)

LISTEN TO MY CLOCK TICK,
LISTEN TO MY HORSE NEIGH,
LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF THE RODEO
IN A TALKING PICTURE SHOW.

(TICKING)
(NEIGHING)

THAT MIRACLE OF SCIENCE
WE KNOW
IS HERE TO STAY.
THAT POPULAR APPLIANCE
SHOWS ME
TALKIN' TO YOU,
I'M HERE TO SAY—

LISTEN TO THE BIG SCENE,
LISTEN TO THE KISSES,
SINGIN' HI-DI-HI AND A-HO-DI-HO
IN A TALKING PICTURE SHOW.

(I LOVE YOU)
(KISSING)

LISTEN TO MY FEET DANCE, (TAPPING)
LISTEN TO MY VOICE SING, (YAH-DI-YAH!)
LISTEN TO THE BAND GOIN' VO-DEE-OH
IN A TALKING PICTURE SHOW

LISTEN TO MY CLOCK TICK, (TICKING)
LISTEN TO MY HORSE NEIGH, (NEIGHING)
LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF THE RODEO
IN A TALKING PICTURE SHOW.

THAT MIRACLE OF SCIENCE
WE KNOW
IS HERE TO STAY.
THAT POPULAR APPLIANCE
SHOWS ME
TALKIN' TO YOU,
I'M HERE TO SAY—

LISTEN TO THE BIG SCENE, ("I LOVE YA!")
LISTEN TO THE KISSES, (KISSING)
SINGIN' HI-DI-HI AND A-HO-DI-HO
IN A TALKING PICTURE SHOW.
(*dance break*)
LISTEN . . . FEET DANCE,
LISTEN . . . VOICE SING,
LISTEN . . . VO-DEE-OH

IN A TALKING PICTURE
TALKING PICTURE

TALKING PICTURE
SHOW . . .
PICTURE SHOW

(*Exit STORYTELLER, ACTRESSES 1 & 2, ACTOR 3 taking off his chair. Projection: Palm Tree. Enter MOONY with large cigar, newspaper and director's chair. He sits.*) [WINCH CUE: 6]

MOONY. So at last I was writing songs in Hollywood. Big deal. In those days a studio songwriter made about as much as a janitor. But I was living like a king in Astrid's Beverly Hills château, imported brick by brick from Bordeaux, France, complete with vineyard. Around this time, Dolly Ralston, Hollywood columnist and all-round-bitch-on-wheels, took her first snide dig at me.

(*Enter ACTRESS 2 as DOLLY RALSTON, with trolley-table with typewriter which she sets in front of chair and sits.*)

STORYTELLER. (*reads paper*) Major star weds Minor Musician. Can the duet last? So far Moony and Astrid are very amicable about money. Astrid pays the bills and Moony leaves the tips.

DOLLY RALSTON. (*like Hedda Hopper, typing*) A little songbird tells me of ruffled feathers in a certain Beverly Hills love nest. Could it be hubby's ever-growing shopping list?

(*ACTRESS 2 begins fast onstage change to ASTRID.*)

MOONY. A Rolls Royce for Astrid. A Ming dynasty vase for Bugsy who got me my U.S. citizenship. A Cartier tiepin for me. A pair of Bechsteins for me. A polo pony for guess who? Me.

(*ACTRESS 2 is now ASTRID again.*)

ASTRID. With my money!

MOONY. I started to play the stockmarket.

ASTRID. With my money!

MOONY. My stockbroker pal, Maxwell Chesterfield, had gotten me in on some pretty hot investments.

ASTRID. With my money! (*Exit ASTRID with table and chair.*)

MOONY. I felt like Midas. Everything I touched turned to blue

chips. Abe and Minnie Shapiro were visiting with us. I got them in on the bonanza, too.

(*Enter MR. & MRS. SHAPIRO with suitcase.*)

MR. SHAPIRO. What's to lose, Minnie? After all, the money's only sitting in the bank.

MRS. SHAPIRO. If Moony says it's alright, then it's alright.

MOONY. It was all wrong. Two weeks later the Shapiros had lost everything. [MUSIC CUE 3A] (*MR. & MRS. SHAPIRO crumple and exit sadly. Enter ASTRID.*)

ASTRID. My money! (*music out*) Get out. (*ACTRESS 2 begins fast onstage change to DOLLY.*)

MOONY. I felt like emptying the pool, and diving from the top board. As for Maxie, he dived—right off the top of the Empire State Building.

(*ACTOR 3 crosses over as NEWSBOY, taking off director's chair.*)

NEWSBOY. Read all about it! Maxwell Chesterfield suicide!

(*ACTRESS 2 is now DOLLY again.*)

DOLLY. Isn't the Wall Street Crash becoming a bore? I'm tired of reporting suicides. Now for the good news. Moony Shapiro has left Hollywood. (*Projection changes to Times Square.*)

MOONY. I went back to New York to see the man in my life, music publisher Louis da Rosa, who described me in his autobiography, "Tin Pan Alleycats."

[WINCH CUE: 7] (*Enter ACTOR 1 as LOUIS DA ROSA, smoking cigar.*)

DA ROSA. Moony drank a helluva lot of black coffee that morning in my 28th Street office. He stank of bathtub gin. He had been fired by the studio. I asked him—(*to MOONY*) What about you and Astrid?

MOONY. Give me a drink and I'll tell you!

DA ROSA. By his face, he didn't have to tell me. So I didn't have to give him a drink. I told him—forget your troubles, write a song for the crooner, Rudy Vallee.

MOONY. *The* Rudy Vallee?

DA ROSA. Sure. He's one of my dearest friends.

MOONY. Boy, have I got a song for you! This is the greatest song I've ever written. I'll never be able to write another one like it. Listen—

"DON'T PLAY THAT LOVESONG ANY MORE"
[MUSIC CUE 3B]

MOONY.
DON'T SING THAT LOVESONG ANY MORE, RUDY,
YOU CROON AND ALL THE GIRLS GO WILD . . .

DA ROSA. I hate it.

MOONY. You're right. How about this—?

DA ROSA. Ten o'clock, Thursday.

MOONY. Right!

DA ROSA. I called in Rudy Vallee.

(*Enter ACTOR 3 as RUDY VALLEE with megaphone.*)

"MELODY OF WHIFFENPOOF SONG"
[MUSIC CUE 3C]

RUDY. (*through megaphone, croons—*)
I'M LOOKING FOR A LOVESONG AT THE PLACE
WHERE LOUIS DWELLS . . .

DA ROSA. H'ya, Rudy.

RUDY. H'ya, Louis.

DA ROSA. Good to see you. Better to hear you. Let me take your megaphone. Have I got a lovesong for you!

RUDY. That's what I'm here for.

DA ROSA. Bing wants it. But you've got it.

RUDY. Bing who?

DA ROSA. Listen to this! The boy's a genius.

(*MOONY takes a swig from his hip flask, takes music from trunk song pile and sits at piano.*)

"MEG"
[MUSIC CUE 4]

MOONY. (*sings drunkenly*)
I LOVE MEG O'FLANAGAN
MEG O'FLYNN

AND MEG O'DONOVAN TOO
I LOVE MEG O'HARA AND MEG O'NEIL
BUT THE BEST OF THE MEGS IS YOU

MEG O'PHONE
YOU'RE THE SWEETEST THING I'VE EVER KNOWN
I GET TINGLES IN MY FINGERTIPS
WHEN I PRESS YOU TO MY LIPS

MEG O'PHONE
THROUGH YOUR APERTURE I SOFTLY MOAN
I CARESS YOU LIKE YOU WERE MY WIFE
I'D GIVE AN ARM AND LEG
MY LITTLE GOLDEN MEG
IF ONLY YOU WOULD COME TO LIFE

(*MOONY collapses and passes out. Furious, RUDY gets up. DA ROSA hands him his megaphone.*)

RUDY. Thanks a lot! (*RUDY storms out. DA ROSA picks MOONY up and gives him a rough time.*)

DA ROSA. What kind of crap is that for a Rudy Vallee love song? Put it back in your trunk and forget it. I kicked him out, all the way down. But he had a lot further to go down yet. Moony found himself in the Tombs prison—among petty thieves, alcoholics, drug addicts, male prostitutes, pimps.

MOONY. It was like Hollywood—without the swimming pools.
[MUSIC CUE 4A]

(*Enter ACTOR 3 as BUM.*)

BUM. (*Harvard accent*) Could you let me have a cigarette? (*pause*) Don't you recognize me? (*pause*) I used to be president of your bank.

MOONY. (*handing him cigarette*) I gave him my last cigarette. And he gave me a bit of advice. All experience is rich. If you use it right, it can make you richer. (*Music out, exit BUM. Projection changes to Statue of Liberty in black & white.*)
[WINCH CUE: 8]

DA ROSA. Moony was growing up. And the outcome was one of the most popular songs of the Depression.

(*Enter ACTRESS 1 as TORCH SINGER.*)

"MISTER DESTINY" [MUSIC CUE 5]

TORCH SINGER.
NOT A DIME IN THE BANK,
EV'RY CHECK IS A BLANK,
AND MY MAN SINGS AN OUT-OF-WORK SONG.
WHEN HE LINES UP FOR SOUP
WITH THE REST OF THE GROUP,
MISTER DESTINY, YOU DONE HIM WRONG!

THOUGH HE HELPED WIN THE WAR,
WHAT THE HECK WAS IT FOR?
UNCLE SAM CLEAN FORGOT HIM AND ME.
WHY OH WHY IS OUR FATE
JUST A BIG EMPTY PLATE?
I'M TALKIN' TO YA, MISTER D!

HE'S ONLY A BEGGAR,
NOT A BOOT-LEGGER,
AND OUR HOME AIN'T SUPER-DE-LUXE,
LIVIN' ON THE FREIGHT TRAINS,
WAITIN' FOR THE LATE TRAINS,
THROWN IN JAIL JUST FOR STEALIN' TWO BUCKS.
IS THIS A LAND FIT FOR HEROES?

(*Music continues. Exit TORCH SINGER.*)

DA ROSA. (*moved to tears*) What a song! I always knew the kid would land headfirst on his feet again. Radio and recording stars fell over themselves to sing his songs. All except one, that is. Pity about Rudy Vallee.

(*Enter ACTRESS 2 as DOLLY.*) [WINCH CUE: 9]

DOLLY. Rumor hath it, Moony Shapiro is hoping for a reprise of his duet with Astrid Kalmar. Can they ever be in tune again?

(*ACTRESS 2 begins fast onstage change to ASTRID. Projection changes to New York Skyline at Night.*)

MOONY. I wanted her to see the swell Park Avenue penthouse I had rented. I invited her to spend Christmas amid the wall-to-wall Picassos.

(*ACTRESS 2 is ASTRID again.*)

ASTRID. New York in winter?
MOONY. I sent her two dozen roses every day.
ASTRID. He forgot. Roses make me sneeze.
MOONY. I wrote her poems.
ASTRID. I always hated his lyrics.
MOONY. I kept phoning her.
ASTRID. Always five a.m., my time.
MOONY. That late?
ASTRID. He never owned a watch.
MOONY. I left messages.
ASTRID. They weren't answered.
MOONY. And finally I got the message. It made a quite a song.

[WINCH CUE: 10]

(*Exit MOONY and ASTRID, opposite sides of stage.*)

"YOUR TIME IS DIFFERENT FROM MINE" [MUSIC CUE 6]

(*Enter ACTRESS 1 as SINGER WITH SCARF. The scarf is very long and used to comic effect.*)

SINGER WITH SCARF.
THE TELEPHONE DOESN'T RING,
I'M WAITIN' HERE ON A STRING.
OUTSIDE THE AUTUMN LEAVES FALL
AND I SUDDENLY RECALL
YOUR TIME IS DIFFERENT FROM MINE.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE,
YOU WEAR YOUR TANGERINE ROBE,
YOU'RE IN A TROPICAL NIGHT,
FIREFLIES ARE BURNING BRIGHT.
YOUR TIME IS DIFFERENT FROM MINE.

DARLIN', I KEEP ON REHEARSIN'
ALL THAT I'LL SAY TO YOU WHEN
I HEAR THAT PERSON-TO-PERSON
REVERSIN' THE CHARGES AGAIN . . .

CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT GOES ON,
OR WHERE YOU ARE NOW YOU'VE GONE.
WHY'S THERE NO SOUND FROM MY PHONE?

MAYBE YOU ARE NOT ALONE!
YOUR TIME IS DIFFERENT FROM MINE.

(*Enter ACTOR 3 as DANCE PARTNER. He joins SINGER WITH SCARF in a comic pas-de-deux of melodramatic passion. Exit DANCE PARTNER.*) [WINCH CUE: 11]

SINGER WITH SCARF. (*continued*)
CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT GOES ON,
OR WHERE YOU ARE NOW YOU'VE GONE.
WHY'S THERE NO SOUND FROM MY PHONE?
MAYBE YOU ARE NOT ALONE!
YOUR TIME IS DIFFERENT FROM MINE.

(*Exit SINGER WITH SCARF. Enter DOLLY RALSTON.*)

DOLLY. October 14, 1933. Boo hoo. Your columnist used a dozen handkerchiefs over the forthcoming divorce of fading film star, Astrid Kalmar, and hit songwriter, Moony Shapiro. He is citing Nelson, Clark, Franchot, Gary, and the Barrymores—Lionel, John and Ethel.

(*Exit DOLLY. Projection changes to Eiffel Tower. Enter MOONY.*)

MOONY. In the old Yiddish phrase, "Spielkus in tokis," I had pins and needles in my backside. I just couldn't sit still—even in success. Armed with introductions to Henry Miller, Hemingway, and all the intellectuals, I went to Paris, France. I learned French. I needn't have bothered. [MUSIC CUE 7] Paris seemed to be fifty million Americans, burning the candle at all ends. I had visions of twice nightly orgies—(*sings*)
OH THOSE NIGHTS OF BEAUJOLAIS AND BUTTOCKS!

(*Exit MOONY. Enter STORYTELLER.*)

STORYTELLER. A bit strong for Hollywood in those days. But the line leads to one of the first Americans-in-Paris songs. Moony sent it home to Busby Berkely for his motion picture, "Pretty Faces of 1934."

(*Exit STORYTELLER. Enter ACTOR 3 as PARISIAN MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.*)

"PRETTY FACE"

PARISIAN MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.
OH THOSE NIGHTS OF BEAUJOLAIS AND BAWDY,
WOOING ALL LES GIRLS OF MONTPARNASSE.
OH THOSE NIGHTS SO GLAMOROUS AND GAUDY,
ACTING OUT MY ONE-MAN FEYDEAU FARCE—
WITH MANNEQUINS FROM MOLYNEUX
TO WINE AND DINE,
A PRETTY LITTLE POETESS
CHEZ GERTRUDE STEIN,
A FEW WHITE RUSSIAN PRINCESSES,
IN FACT, ALL SORTS—
LIKE THOSE CULTURAL CAMP-FOLLOWERS
MARYLOU AND SADIE SCHWARTZ . . .

(*Exit PARISIAN MAN-ABOUT-TOWN. Enter ACTRESSES 1 & 2 as BUSBY BERKELY GIRLS. GIRLS sing and dance a la Dolly Sisters.*)

GIRLS.
I'M NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE
WHICH IS WHAT YOU MIGHT SUSPECT.
UNDERNEATH YOU'RE GONNA FIND THAT I'VE GOT
INTELLECT.

I'M NOT JUST A DIZZY BLONDE.
ALL THE COLLEGE GUYS I'VE PAL-ED
KNOW THAT I HAVE READ THE WORKS OF F. SCOTT
FITZGER-ALD.
NO, I'M NO FLOOZIE.
GEE, I'M CHOOSEY!
MY NEW FELLOW
STRUMS A CELLO.
MEASURE MY BROW.
AIN'T IT HIGHBROW?
READIN' SCHOPENHAUER
HOUR AFTER HOUR.
THERE IS MORE TO ME THAN MEETS THE NAKED
EYE . . .

I'M NOT JUST A COMELY SHAPE.
I GOT INTELLECTUAL PACE.
PLEASE REMEMBER I'VE A BRAIN, FORGET MY
PRETTY FACE!

SCIENTIFICALLY.
YOU'RE TERRIFICALLY
ALL MINE.
EINSTEIN. BRRR . . .

I'M NOT JUST A DUMMY DUMB,
WHAT A LOVELY VOICE I'VE GOT
WHEN I'M READIN' POETRY BY T.S.
ELI-OT.
I'M NOT JUST A VAPID VAMP,
IF I EVER WAS SEDOOCED.
WHO'S THE GUY I'D LOVE TO HAVE? WELL, I GUESS
MARCEL PROUST.
OH, SHOSTAKOVITCH
KNOWS I KNOW VITCH
TOONS ARE HIS TOONS,
NOT SHOW BIZ TOONS.
I CAN GAZE AT,
DAYS AND DAYS AT
MY SURREALISTIC
HIGHLY MODERNISTIC
PICTURE OF THE MONA LISA WITH MUSTACHE . . .
I'M NOT JUST A BROAD ABROAD.
I'M THE TOAST OF LA COUPOLE.
WITH A NICE BOHEMIAN BEAU, I AIN'T NO
PRETTY DOLL
ROUND THE PLACE.
BELIEVE ME
I'M NO HEAD CASE
I'VE GOT AN INTELLECT
TREAT IT WITH DUE RESPECT
OR KISS MY
PRETTY FACE.

(*BLACKOUT. Projection, Gare de Lyon. Enter MOONY with two chairs.*)

MOONY. I had to get out of town fast, anywhere, just for a week's sleep. But I never got further than the Gare de Lyon.

(*Enter STORYTELLER with table.*)

STORYTELLER. For it was at this romantic railroad station that he bumped into the woman who was to play such an important role in his life.

(*He stays and watches scene. Enter ACTRESS 1 as BELLA with fur coat slung over shoulders. MOONY and she collide.*)

BELLA. (*holding her arm, yelling*) Ouch!
MOONY. Sorry.

(*MOONY helps her to a table. They sit. ACTOR 3 as FRENCH WAITER brings two brandies and exits.*)

BELLA. Clumsy sonofabitch. I think I'm going to faint.
STORYTELLER. Moony bought her a brandy. She was wearing white mink which blended beautifully with her sling. (*BELLA reveals her arm in a sling.*)
MOONY. What happened to your arm?
BELLA. Bullet wound.
MOONY. How?
BELLA. Asturias.
MOONY. What's that?
BELLA. Asturias, Spain! Haven't you heard of the Spanish Miners Revolution? The country's in chaos. There could be Civil War—and you don't even know the place exists!

(*Projection fades. Enter DOLLY RALSTON.*)

DOLLY. Is it red roses for a Red Lady? Socialist socialite, Lady Arabella Klintoch, estranged wife of the Earl of Klintoch and disinherited daughter of Chicago meat king, Paxton Rickenbacker, is hitting the night spots with footloose commoner, Moony Shapiro. My Parisian spies tell me they are head over heels in love. (*Exit DOLLY. Projection Moulin Rouge.*)
BELLA. I love you, Moony!
MOONY. Je vous aime, Milady! [MUSIC CUE 8]
BELLA. Sounds like a song title.
MOONY. (*taking out pencil and scribbling*) Hey, not bad! But . . . something more romantic than a station meeting.

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