

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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A... MY NAME WILL ALWAYS BE ALICE

Conceived by
Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd

A...MY NAME WILL ALWAYS BE ALICE
is a combination of songs and sketched from
A...MY NAME IS ALICE and A...MY NAME IS STILL ALICE



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A...My Name Will Always Be Alice

Musical Numbers

Act 1

All Girls Band*	(Lyrics by David Zippel; Music by Doug Katsaros)
A...My Name Is Alice Poems*	(by Marta Kauffman and David Crane)
At My Age*	(Lyrics by June Siegel; Music by Glen Roven)
Trash*	(Lyrics by Marta Kauffman and David Crane, Music by Michael Skloff)
For Women Only Poems*	(by Marta Kauffman and David Crane)
Welcome to Kindergarten, Mrs. Johnson*	(Lyrics by Marta Kauffman and David Crane; Music by Michael Skloff)
I Sure Like The Boys*	(Lyrics by Steve Tesich, Music by Lucy Simon)
Demigod*	(by Richard LaGravanese)
Watching All The Pretty Young Men*	(Lyrics by Susan Birkenhead; Music by Lucy Simon)
Ida Mae Coles Takes A Stand**	(by Lynn Nottage)
The Portrait*	(Lyrics and Music by Amanda McBroom)
I'm Bluer Than You*	(Lyrics by Winnie Holtzman, Music by David Evans)

Act 2

Painted Ladies **	(Sketch, Music, Lyrics by Douglas Bernstein & Denis Markell)
Nonbridaled Passion**	(by Kate Shein)
Wheels**	(Lyrics and Music by Amanda McBroom)
The French Monologue and Song*	(Monologue by Art Murray; Lyrics and Music by Don Tucker)
Hot Lunch*	(by Anne Meara)
A Lovely Little Life**	(by Steve Tesich)
Once and Only Thing**	(Lyrics and Music by Michael John LaChiusa)
Honeypot*	(Sketch and Lyrics by Mark Saltzman; Music by Stephen Lawrence)
Friends*	(Lyrics by Georgia Bogardus Holof; Music by David Mettee)
Lifelines**	(Lyrics by Marion Adler; Music by Carolyn Sloan)

*A...My Name Is Alice

**A...My Name Is Still Alice

A...My Name Will Always Be Alice

- 1. All Girl Band**
- 2. At My Age + transition**
- 3. Trash**
- 4. Welcome To Kindergarten, Mrs. Johnson (also called Teacher)**
- 5. I Sure Like The Boys**
- 6. Pretty Young Men + transition**
- 7. The Portrait**
- 8. Bluer Than You**
- 9. Painted Ladies**
- 10. Wheels**
- 11. French Song**
- 12. Once and Only Thing**
- 13. Honeypot**
- 14. Friends**
- 15. Lifelines**
- 16. Reprise: All Girl Band (Bows)**

ACT I

ALL GIRL BAND

ACTRESS #1

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE DAYS
WHEN YOUR MIND'S IN A MAZE
I WAS TRAPPED IN THE DOUBT OF MY LIFE.

ACTRESS #2

I WAS DOING A QUIZ
FOUND IN COSMO OR MS..
SAID THE MUSIC WENT OUT OF MY LIFE

ACTRESS 1 & 2

BUT I'M NOT THE TYPE
TO FACE THE BLUES ALONE

ACTRESS 1

SO I DUSTED OFF MY FLUTE

ACTRESS 2

AND SLIDE TROMBONE

ACTRESS 1 & 2

AND JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
NOW I JAM FROM THE NIGHT TILL THE MORN
I JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
NOW I CAN BLOW MY OWN HORN!

ACTRESS #3

I WAS FED UP WITH RULES
AND THE ROOMFUL OF FOOLS
AT MY OFFICE WAS DRIVING ME NUTS
AND I NEEDED SOME PEACE
OR AT LEAST A RELEASE
OR I'D KICK IN THEIR IFS ANDS AND BUTTS!
BUT AT FIVE I PUNCH THE CLOCK AND NOT MY BOSS
AND I RUN HOME TO BECOME DIANA ROSS

ALL
I JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
AND THE FEELING IS JUST WHAT I NEED
I JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND

ACTRESS 3
FROM NOW ON I'M SINGING THE LEAD!

ALL (ADD ACTRESSES 4 & 5)
WE'RE SHAKIN' OUR MARACAS
WE'RE MAKING NEWS
MAKING MUSIC THAT'S RHYTHM AND BLUES
TOGETHER WE'RE MUCH BETTER THAN SO-SO
EACH OF US IS A VIRTUOSO!

ACTRESS 4
I WAS HITTIN' THE SKIDS

ACTRESS 5
I WAS SICK OF MY KIDS

ACTRESS 4& 5
DISCONTENDED TO BE JUST A WIFE

ACTRESS 5
IF I SPENT ONE MORE DAY
WITH THE DAMN P.T.A.
I WOULD DROWN IN THE CARPOOL OF LIFE

ACTRESS 4
BUT THEN WE GAVE UP PLAYING
MAH JONG, BRIDGE,

ACTRESS 5
AND GIN

ACTRESS 4
NOW I PLAY THE BASS GUITAR

ACTRESS 5
AND VIOLIN!

ALL
WE JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
NOW THE MUSIC INSIDE OF US SINGS
WE JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
NOW LOOK WHOSE PULLING THE STRINGS!

WE JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
AND THE HARMONY SOARS THRU THE NIGHT
WE JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
ALICE IS DOING ALL RIGHT

ACTRESS 5 M
A my name is Alice
And my husband's name is Allan
And we live in Alabama
And we sell apples.

ACTRESS 4 I
A my name is Alice
And my husband's name is Albert.
We live in Albuquerque
And I get alimony

ACTRESS 3
A my name is Alice
And I work as an attorney
For Applebaum, Bemshick and Cohen-
And do I have anxiety!

ACTRESS 2
A my Name is Alice
And I live in an apartment
And I live in it alone

And it's kind of anitiseptic
And my boyfriend's an accountant
And he's kind of antisocial
And I wanted to be an actress
But I couldn't get an agent
So I sell Avon

ACTRESS 1 G

A my name is Alice
And my husband's name is Adam
And his girlfriend's name is Amy
And my lover's name is Abbie
And her husband's name is Arnie
And his boyfriend's name is Allen
And my analyst's name is Arthur
And we're working on my anger.

ALL

WE JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND
AND THE HARMONY SOARS THRU THE NIGHT
WE JOINED AN ALL GIRL BAND

ACTRESS 1 & 2

NOW I CAN BLOW MY OWN HORN

ACTRESS 3

FROM NOW ON I'M SINGING THE LEAD

ACTRESS 4 & 5

NOW LOOK WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS

ALL

ALICE IS DOING ALL RIGHT!

AT MY AGE

VICKY

THIRTY TWO YEARS YOU LIVE WITH A MAN
THEN YOU LOSE HIM
THERE YOU ARE
WITH HIS PICTURE
AND A HOUSE FULL OF MEMORIES

KAREN

FIFTEEN YEARS OLD AND I'VE NEVER EVEN GONE STEADY
ALL MY GIRLFRIENDS THINK IT'S KINDA WEIRD

VICKY

DIDN'T WANT TO START AGAIN

KAREN

COULDN'T WAIT TO START
HE'S SO GORGEOUS
AND HE'S GOING OUT FOR TRACK

VICKY

OUT OF THE BLUE AUNT SARAH CALLED
'I'VE GOT SOMEONE FOR YOU.
WALTER'S DEAD-
SITTING HOME WON'T BRING HIM BACK'
AND IT'S MY FIRST BLIND DATE

KAREN

MY FIRST REAL DATE

VICKY

AT MY AGE

KAREN

AT MY AGE

VICKY

I'M NOT READY

KAREN

I'VE BEEN READY FOR SO LONG

VICKY

WHAT'LL WE DO FOR A WHOLE LONG EVENING
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A PERFECT STRANGER?

KAREN

WHY DOES THIS KINKY HAIRCUT LOOK ALL WRONG?
WONDER IF MOM'S CHANEL SMELLS TOO STRONG?
HOW COULD I KNOW THAT MY BROTHER
WOULD GET HIM TO CALL ME?
THEN HE PHONED AND I COULDN'T
GET MY VOICE TO CO-OPERATE

VICKY

FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
IS WHAT I SUDDENLY FEEL LIKE
CLAMMY HANDS
AND THAT LONG-FORGOTTEN ACHE

KAREN

PARALYZED AND TERRIFIED

VICKY

NOT A THING TO WEAR
HE'S FROM SCARSDALE

KAREN

SHOULD I TRY TO SMOKE?
MAYBE HE'LL GET HIS FATHER'S CAR

VICKY

HE'S FIFTY EIGHT YEARS OLD AND A BROKER
SO HE'LL PROBABLY GO FOR BROKE

KAREN

MY FIRST REAL DATE
IT'S CRAZY!

KAREN

WILL HE LIKE ME?

BOTH

WILL 'HELLO' BE JUST GOODBYE?

VICKY

WHAT'LL I DO IF HE WANTS TO KISS ME?

KAREN

WHAT'LL IF DO IF HE TRIES TO FRENCH ME?

VICKY

KISSING IS NOT THE PROBLEM

KAREN

I MAY DIE!

BOTH

WHAT'LL I DO IF HE DOESN'T EVEN TRY?

IT'S ALL SO NEW

IT'S A FIRST ALL RIGHT

KAREN

LIKE ALGEBRA OR CHAUCER

VICKY

LIKE THAT FIRST NIGHT

BOTH

AND HERE I AM, ANOTHER FIRST

WELL, IT WON'T BE THE LAST

BUT IT MAY BE THE WORST!

KAREN

MY FIRST REAL DATE

VICKY

MY FIRST BLIND DATE

KAREN

WHO'S NERVOUS?

VICKY

WHO'S NERVOUS?

BOTH

I HOPE I DON'T START ACTING LIKE A FOOL

KAREN (

MY FIRST REAL DATE

VICKY

MY FIRST BLIND DATE

KAREN

AT MY AGE

VICKY

AT MY AGE

KAREN

HE'LL THINK I'M A WIMP

VICKY

OLD FASHIONED OR ODD

KAREN

MY I.D.!

VICKY

MY NEW BAG!

BOTH

HE'S HERE, OH MY GOD!
BE COOL...

(both stand and take a few steps downstage)

HELLO...

FOR WOMEN ONLY #1

(lights up to reveal the Poetess, lugging a huge, elaborate book)

A Poem. From my collection, For Women Only.

(she recites)

I am woman.
A crippled bird.
The ledge is cold.
He did it.
He did it.
I was his pretty Polly.
Pity Polly.
Pity Pretty Polly
Doesn't want a cracker.
I am woman.
A crippled bird.
F-flap. (the lights start to fade)
F-flap
F-flap
F...

(the lights are out)

TRASH

(Lights come up to reveal MINDY sitting SL, reading a paperback novel. A desk is set SR)

VOICE OVER

"Jacqueline: she had the kind of beauty that made men burn with desire. She was every woman's envy and every man's dream. Yet she was possessed by a lover whose cruelty was ravishing torment."

(MINDY sets down the first novel and picks up a second from the table beside her.)

VOICE OVER

"Babette: the world was her bedroom. From the beaches of St. Tropez to the boardrooms of Manhattan's Super-Rich; from the backstreets of Florence to the pyramids of Cairo; from the casinos of Las Vegas to the jungles of Peru. Babette: she was a woman who couldn't stay put."

(MINDY puts the paperback down.)

MINDY

Mindy: she had everything. An exciting job as receptionist for a woman's shoe manufacturer; a studio apartment in Queens; a boyfriend of limited qualities, and yet, somehow she know, there had to be more.

SHE DRESSED AND TOOK THE DOUBLE 'R'
AND PRESSED INSIDE THE CROWDED CAR
REGRETTED HAVING LEFT THE LIMOSINE AT HOME
SHE HID BEHIND HER 'DAILY NEWS'
AND WONDER WHAT HAD MAKE HER CHOOSE
THIS CRAZY LIFE OF DANGER, SEX, AND BOOZE
AT KAPLAN'S SHOES.

SHE FOUND HER OFFICE DOOR UNLOCKED
SHE HELD HER BREATH AND GENTLY KNOCKED
SHE HEARD A SOUND AND HID BEHIND HER DESK

(MRS. KAPLAN enters from CS)

HER RIVAL ENTERED DRESSED IN RED
AND MINDY SWORE SHE'D SEE HER DEAD
SHE GRABBED THE ROLODEX AND RAISED IT,
BUT INSTEAD THE WOMAN SAID:

MRS KAPLAN

Mindy, type this up for me and I'll need three copies. *(Sees Rolodex)* Oh, and can you get me Milton Glasser's phone number?

(MRS KAPLAN exits)

MINDY

WHY CAN'T MY LIFE BE TRASH?
WHY CAN'T I WAKE UP TO SCORCHING ROMANCE?
TORN FROM THE PAGES OF COLLINS OR KRANTZ?
OH WHY CAN'T MY LIFE BE TRASH?

(HOWARD enters USC and rushes to MINDY)

THEN HOWARD RUSHED INTO THE ROOM,
AND MINDY SENSED IMPENDING DOOM
HE SLIPPED AN INVOICE IN HER 'IN' BOX AND HE SMILED.

HOWARD

Hi, Mindy.

(HOWARD flexes throughout the next verse)

SHE MARVELED AT HIS FINE PHYSIQUE
HIS BULGING PECKS THAT LEFT HER WEAK
SHE WATCHED HIM FLEX WITH THOUGHTS OF SEX
AND MINDY TRIED TO SPEAK
SHE TOUCHED HIS CHEEK...

MINDY

You have something here, Howard...

HOWARD

Oh, tuna salad...Listen. Mindy, I've been thinking. I think maybe we should

start seeing other people. I mean we work in the same office and all, and we've been seeing each other for three years now, and I dunno...

(MINDY pushes HOWARD off)

MINDY
WHY CAN'T HE TREAT ME LIKE TRASH?

We'll talk about it later, Howard.

WHY CAN'T HE PULL ME TO STRONG SPANISH HIPS?
TAKE ME AND TEAR OUT MY HEART WITH HIS LIPS?
UNLEASH ALL I'VE HELD IN ME?
COMPLETELY SIDNEY SHELDON ME?

(A man enters SL, carrying a briefcase)

May I help you?

STANLEY

Stanley Henderson. I have an appointment with Mrs. Kaplan. Leather samples.

MINDY

Have a seat. *(sees thick paperback he has pulled out and is reading.)* Oh, I've been meaning to read that-how is it?

STANLEY

Pretty good. I liked 'Forbidden Tears' a lot better.

MINDY

(into intercom) Mrs. Kaplan, your ten o'clock appointment is here.

STANLEY

(to himself) From the moment he laid eyes on her he knew he had to possess her.

MINDY

Pardon?

STANLEY

Nothing. He knew that behind that icy exterior lived a hot-blooded siren, sensuous and exotic.

(MINDY has gotten a stick of gum from her desk and has slunk to the other side of STANLEY)

MINDY

Gum?

(STANLEY shakes his head)

Her heart was pounding. She looked at him again and raw passion welled within her.

STANLEY

He met her gaze, and his eyes danced with cruel amusement. *(they do so.)*

MINDY

She had to turn away...how does he do that? *(Mimics his eyes)*

STANLEY

He approached her slowly, and touched her arm...

MINDY

Sending shivers up her spine.

STANLEY

He held her close...

(MINDY is wrapped in STANLEY'S arms. They sing romantic nothing to each other.)

AAAHHH...

MINDY

AAAHHH

AAAHHH

STANLEY

AAAHHH

MINDY

AAAHHH

STANLEY

AAAHHH

MINDY

Mindy closed her eyes, secure at last in the strength of his firm embrace.

STANLEY

But of course, theirs was a love that was never meant to be.

MINDY

(puzzled) Oh yeah? Why's that?

STANLEY

Because of the secret pact they had made years before aboard the Baron's yacht.

MINDY

(thinking fast) Ah, the Baron's yacht, yes, but...but she was suffering from amnesia then and has only recently begun to piece together the puzzle of her former life...

STANLEY

Perhaps, but of course she remembers that she was lady of the evening then, and he a simple priest. *(assumes a priestly pose)*

MINDY

(desperate) But things have changed! Now she's a world famous fashion model!

STANLEY

And he's the Pope!

MINDY

Oh...

(the intercom buzzes and the fantasy is over)

Mrs. Kaplan will see you now. *(STANLEY prepares to leave.)* We always have tomorrow...*(drapes herself on the desk)*

STANLEY

I already read it. It's not very good.

(He exits. MINDY returns to her desk and sits dejectedly)

MINDY

Broken and defeated, Mindy sat down at her desk. She filed some invoices. Wrote out a disbursement, sharpened a pencil...

WHY CAN'T MY LIFE BE...

(inspiration hits. She presses the intercom button)

Howard, it's Mindy. Can you come in here? I got a book I want you to read...

BLACKOUT

WELCOME TO KINDERGARTEN, MRS. JOHNSON

(Lights up on a simple schoolroom set. MS. THOMAS is at her desk SL. She is wearing a bright smock. MRS. JOHNSON enters)

MS. THOMAS

Welcome to kindergarten., Mrs. Johnson.

MRS. JOHNSON

How do you do? It's a pleasure meeting you. Janie has told me so much about you.

MS. THOMAS

It's a shame you couldn't make it last week with the other mothers.

MRS. JOHNSON

I'm sorry. I was speaking at a conference in Zurich.

MS. THOMAS

Well, come along. (crosses to her seat.) I've been observing Janie very closely. Have a seat.

(She indicates a kiddy chair. MRS. JOHNSON sits, nearly toppling off)

MS. THOMAS

Sit up straight.

SHE'S A VERY BRIGHT GIRL, MRS JOHNSON
WORKS BEYOND POTENTIAL
A MODEL FOR HER PEERS
EXPLORING AT A LEVEL
THAT IS WAY BEYOND HER YEARS
AND I'M SORRY
BUT IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES.

MRS. JOHNSON

(not understanding) I'm sorry...

MS. THOMAS

Don't fidget. Mrs. Johnson.

SHE'S A DIFFICULT GIRL, MRS JOHNSON.
SHE HELPS THE OTHER CHILDREN
LORD KNOWS WHERE IT WILL LEAD
AND I'VE LEARNED THAT WHEN MY BACK IS TURNED
SHE'S TEACHING THEM TO READ.
I'M TO SAY THE LEAST DISMAYED.
WHAT DOES SHE THINK THIS IS, THIRD GRADE?

SHE'S INDEPENDENT
SHE'S ASSERTIVE
SHE'S ALWAYS SELF-ASSURED
NOW I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'S GETTING THAT
BUT IT'S NOT TO BE IGNORED
AND IT GENERALLY STARTS AT HOME.

(sits back at her desk) Did you know that Janie is the only child in class with an even reasonable self-image? Now who's responsible for that?

MRS. JOHNSON

(thrown) I am...

MS. THOMAS

I'm sorry?

MRS. JOHNSON

(louder) I am.

MS. THOMAS

I am what?

MRS. JOHNSON

I am, Ms. Thomas.

MS. THOMAS

Good. Well, how do you expect her to be intimidated by simple authority?

MRS. JOHNSON

Well, I...(starts to sit on her hands)

MS. THOMAS

Keep your hands where I can see them.

(MRS. JOHNSON jerks her hands out)

NOW, I'M NOT SAYING YOU'RE A BAD MOTHER
EVEN THOUGH YOU MISSED OUR PAGEANT
AND THE HALLOWEEN PARADE
NO, NO ONE'S SAYING YOU'RE A

(flashes "Bad Mother" card)

BAD MOTHER
BUT YOUR COOKIES AT THE BAKE SALE,
WELL, THEY CLEARLY WEREN'T HOME MADE!

MRS. JOHNSON

They were Pepperidge Farm Mint Milano cookies...

MS. THOMAS

The other mothers baked.

MRS. JOHNSON

I know, but...but I hate baking!

MS. THOMAS

Janie was humiliated!

MRS. JOHNSON

She never said a thing to me!

MS. THOMAS

Well...

YOU'RE A BUSY LITTLE BEE, MRS. JOHNSON
ZIPPING OFF TO ZURICH.
I HEAR NEXT WEEK IT'S ROME.
IS THERE REALLY ANY WONDER

THINGS ARE SUFFERING AT HOME?

(MRS. JOHNSON starts to object)

OH, THERE'S NO NEED TO OBJECT
IT'S ALL HERE IN JANIE'S ARTWORK.
YOU CAN SEE THAT I'M CORRECT.

(She produces a large piggy made out of a bleach bottle, and shows it.)

MRS. JOHNSON

(delighted) It's a pig! Made out of a Clorox bottle!

MS. THOMAS

Oh come on, Mrs. Johnson! There are domestic problems written all over this pig. I know what I'm talking about. I've taken psychology courses.

MRS. JOHNSON

(starting to stand) But...

MS. THOMAS

(raising the piggy over MRS. JOHNSON'S head) If you have something to say, you raise your hand!

NOW, NO ONE WANTS TO BE A

(flash card)

MRS. JOHNSON

BAD MOTHER

MS. THOMAS

AND I THINK WE CAN DO BETTER
IF WE JUST MAKE UP OUR MINDS
'CAUSE WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO A

(flash card again)

MRS. JOHNSON

BAD MOTHER

MS. THOMAS

AND THERE'S EV'RY INDICATION
THAT THIS SUITS YOUR SITUATION.
HERE IS MY EVALUATION
TAKE IT HOME AND GET IT SIGNED!

(She picks up an evaluation card with "Bad Mother" written on it and pins it on MRS. JOHNSON, who is totally crushed)

Now, wasn't it nice meeting and getting a chance to chat like this.

MRS. JOHNSON

(thru tears) Un-huh.

MS. THOMAS

Did you know we have these parent-teacher conferences every Monday at four o'clock?

MRS. JOHNSON

(shaking head) Un-un.

MS. THOMAS

Well, I hope I'll be seeing you again very soon.

MRS. JOHNSON.

(sniffing) Ye-yes Ms. Thomas.

MS. THOMAS

That'll be all. (MRS. JOHNSON tears out of the room) No running in the halls!

(she sees the next mother waiting)

Welcome to kindergarten, Mrs. Feldman. Have a seat...

BLACKOUT

I SURE LIKE THE BOYS

(Lights up on actress SR.)

I SURE LIKE THE BOYS WHO LIKE TO DANCE REAL SLOW
WHERE THEY LEAD IS WHERE I GO
DIP ME DOWN, SPIN ME 'ROUND,
WE'LL MAKE HISTORY IN THIS LITTLE TOWN
I SURE LIKE THE BOYS
WHO LIKE TO DANCE REAL SLOW.

I SURE LIKE THE BOYS WHO LIKE TO DRIVE REAL SLOW
NO RUSH, YOU KNOW WE'LL GET THERE
PARKING BY THE LAKESIDE
HEADLIGHTS IN THE MOONLIGHT
ONE LOOK AT ME AND OFF THEY GO

KISS ME REAL SLOW
NO RUSH, YOU KNOW.
FEEL EV'RY CORNER
TRY EV'RY SPOT
HERE ARE MY LIPS, MY HAIR
MY EYES, MY HEART
I SURE LIKE THE BOYS
WHO LIKE TO DANCE REAL SLOW

I SURE LIKE THE BOYS WHO LIKE TO HUM REAL SLOW
TO THE LOVE SONGS WE LOVE ON THE RADIO
TOO SHY TO SAY 'DON'T EVER GO'
AND TOO SHY TO SAY 'I LOVE YOU SO'
BUT HUMMING ALONG AND LETTING ME KNOW.

(HUMS FIRST TWO LINES OF CHORUS)
FEEL EV'RY CORNER
TRY EV'RY SPOT
HERE ARE MY LIPS, MY HAIR
MY EYES, MY HEART
I SURE LIKE THE BOYS
WHO LIKE TO DANCE REAL SLOW

DEMIGOD

I know you're gonna go...I know it. I've been thinking a lot about what you said and I believe that you love me too...and I understand that she gives you something else, something you need I guess is what you said. I want to apologize for yesterday. I was so confused, you know. I didn't know what to do with myself...I mean, two years...what does a person do? Do I have a nervous breakdown? Do I start a new career? Do I go and have an affair with O.J. Simpson? I mean, what do I do? I felt so ugly, Frank, and I don't mean just looks, I mean ugly...you know?

Then you held me and touched the back of my neck and kissed me and said the things you said, and I felt a lot better. So I did our laundry, like I always do on Sundays. And in the middle of folding our bedspread, I noticed your jockstrap in the washing machine. Drowning in the wash cycle.

It was twisting and turning , being mangled and manipulated into all sorts of painful positions. It looked as if it were crying out for help, poor little thing. Then the strangest thing. I imagined you were still in it...the jock strap, I mean. I got hysterical. I mean I couldn't stop laughing. I thought it was the funniest thing I ever thought of. People started staring at me. A woman came up to me and said I should be careful not to inhale too much of that fabric softener. Then all of a sudden I heard your voice. So I ran over to the machine , lifted the lid, and I could hear you in there, choking on the Clorox 2 and the Lemon Fab. But I couldn't make out what you were saying, so I yelled "Frank, what is it, what are you saying?", and the manager of the laundermat yelled back, "I'm

gonna call the police if you don't stop yellin' at your wash, lady!"

It made me think , Frank. It made me think that maybe I'm not handling this too well. I can't drop two years of being lovers and go back to being friends. We never were friends, Frank. We slept together on the first date, remember? And I know you wanted to leave on good terms, like telling me you still love me and all, but I really think it'll be easier for me if we break up as enemies. It'll be better for me just to hate you openly instead of being so adult about it, don't you think? I mean, why be adult about it? So we can meet for lunch and laugh about all this? So you can tell me about your lovers and I can tell you about my lovers? So we can sleep together for 'old times sake?' I don't want to be your friend, Frank. I loved you, but I never said I liked you. And if being adult means throwing me away for that slut-rag you picked up on the god-damned train platform, then the most mature thing I could do for you would be to rip your face off.

Oh yes! That feels much better!

-WATCHING ALL THE PRETTY YOUNG MEN

(lights come up to reveal three chairs in a semi-circle. Cocktail lounge music plays as the women enter)

ARLENE

Are you sure the parking lot is open all night? The last train is at 10:40, and if we miss it we'll be stuck here all night...

ROZ

Arlene, will you stop already? The parking lot is open all night. Now this is a great table!

(they begin to settle in)

HELEN

I didn't know we'd be so close to the stage.

ROZ

They say there is one guy here who is really...

ARLENE

(trying to exit) I've got to call the sitter...(others stop her)

ROZ

I don't believe it.

HELEN

Arlene, you're making me nervous. Sit down.

ROZ

Anybody has to go to the ladies room do it now while I order the drinks. (the lights dim as an anticipatory chord is heard) Too late.

ARLENE

Oh my god.

HELEN

Oh my god.

ROZ

Oh my god!

ALL

OK, ALL RIGHT
THIS IS GONNA BE THE NIGHT
I GUESS WE'RE IN FOR QUITE AN EXPERIENCE
CURTAIN UP, THERE GOES THE LIGHT
AND OH, MY GOD, JUST LOOK AT THAT!
A G-STRING AND A COWBOY HAT!

(The following are done first as solos, then as a round)

ROZ

HEY, HEY, HEY, YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY
WHEN YOU MOVE SO LAZY, MOVE SO HOT!

ARLENE

MOTHERS DON'T GO TO THIS KIND OF SHOW
THEY STAY HOME WITH CHILDREN
AND BAKE CUPCAKES A LOT

HELEN

COME AND SHOW YOUR MAMA HOW SWEET YOU ARE
AND SHE'LL TAKE YOU RIDING IN HER CADILLAC CAR.

(HELEN takes a pair of binoculars out of her bag. ARLENE nudges her, and she puts them away.)

ALL

THIS CAN'T BE ME
I CAN GUARANTEE
IT SEEMS SO WELL, YOU KNOW, UNINHIBITED
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT I'D EVER BE
AND OH MY GOD, JUST LOOK AT THOSE
I WONDER HOW THEY'D LOOK IN CLOTHES!

(ROZ stands and starts to walk towards the dancers. ARLENE pulls her back.)

(the following is done as a round, with each person moving on to the next verse in the progression until they arrive back at their original verse)

VERSE 1

HEY, HEY, HEY, YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY
WHEN YOU MOVE SO LAZY, YOU MOVE SO HOT!

VERSE 2

BABY IS BAD AND MAMA IS GLAD
'CAUSE IT'S OH SO WICKED WHEN YOU SHAKE IT ALOT!

VERSE 3

COME AND SHOW YOU'RE MAMA HOW SWEET YOU ARE
AND SHE'LL TAKE YOU RIDING IN HER CADILLAC CAR

(they slowly pull themselves together after their display)

ALL

O.K., I'M SHY
I THINK I'D DIE
IF SOMEONE SAW THE WAY I'M BEHAVING NOW
SAW THE LOOK THAT'S IN MY EYE.
AND OH, MY GOD! THERE'S MARY STEIF
WITH MRS. SCHWAB, THE RABBI'S WIFE!

ROZ

(pointing at Mrs. Schwab)

HEY, HEY, HEY, IT'S DRIVIN' THEM CRAZY
WHEN THEY MOVE SO LAZY, THEY GET SO HOT!

ROZ & ARLENE

IF THEY KNEW WE SAW THEM HERE, OHH
THEY'D BE SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED
AND HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT

HELEN

STILL AND ALL MY DEARS,
THE ODDS ARE EIGHT TO TEN
COME NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT
WE'RE GONNA SEE THEM AGAIN!

(The three ladies go wild, throwing money at the dancers, swinging their purses, and jumping onto the chairs.)

ALL

HEY, HEY, HEY, YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY
WHEN YOU MOVE SO LAZY, YOU MOVE SO HOT!
HEY, HEY, HEY, YOU'RE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY
WHEN YOU MOVE SO LAZY, YOU MOVE SO HOT!

(lights dim and the women pull themselves together)

WATCHING ALL THE PRETTY YOUNG MEN
WE ARE WATCHING ALL THE PRETTY YOUNG MEN
WATCHING ALL THE PRETTY YOUNG MEN
WATCHING....

ARLENE

Next Wednesday, girls?

(they all nod in eager agreement)

ALL

ALL THE PRETTY YOUNG MEN!

BLACKOUT

IDA MAE COLE TAKES A STAND

(IDA MAE COLE stands at the bus stop counting the change in her purse. She snaps her gum furiously, then sucks her teeth when she realizes that she is twenty-five cents short. IDA stops abruptly to gaze at the passersby, cutting her eyes as she meets unwelcome stares. Her clothing is overstated, though clearly color-co-ordinated)

IDA

Go on, look! Go on! *(resumes counting her change)* Does anybody know if this is the bus that go downtown, 'cause if it is I need another quarter. Anybody got an extra quarter? *(places her hand on her hip and steps forward)* Well? WELL? CAN'T ANYBODY HEAR ME? *(freezes in her pose for a few seconds)* I'm one of those loud-speaking women you always fear on the bus...The women you walk around and say excuse me to at least three times..*(raises her eyebrows)* I dare any of you to tell me otherwise...Yeah! 'cause you see..I'm the loud-speaking woman who pushes her way forward and always grabs the last potato...peel it, slice it and eat it right there so that everybody knows that it's mine...Ain't no trace of attitude here, 'cause attitude is passe'. What I got is posture! *(Hits a pose)* Punctuated! *(rolls her neck)* PERIOD! There are three postures that I'm known to assume... Numero Uno. Head cocked, eyebrows arched, lips pursed, hand on hip, finger pointed and a-waving. *(assumes posture number one. Without taking a pause)* This is the tell me why I was docked a days' pay for coming in an hour late 'cause my daughter had a fever. This is the try me stance, the tell me stance, the why don't you take your fingers off me muthafucka stance. *(a moment)* Lawd, I stepped on into this posture just the other day. I'd pulled number twelve down at the health clinic, and then had to wait eight hours for the doctor to tell me he...ain't...gonna...see..me...Well, I marched on into his office. I stripped down to the paper robe, oh yes, which

covered everything but the bootie. MMM!...You have to leave, he said, like he's just been served the last pig's foot in the jar, and you know how that taste after it been sitting in the sun for a few months, *(moves into position number one)* Try me! I said...And he did, he tried me...And you know what happened...*(takes two definite steps forward)* I GOT EXAMINED! The first time in four years too, and waited for eight hours for the doctor to feel my ti...toddlytutus *(touches her breast)* and ask me how come I hadn't come in sooner, sooner? Sooner! Only day off in the last year and he's going to ask me how come I didn't come in sooner...Shoot...*(stares, then releases posture number one, eases into posture number two, a more relaxed position)* Posture number two. Legs spread, smile taut, head swaying...the go 'head ask me girl, I won't tell. The oh really, the oh no, oh but it ain't true that he wears her panties beneath his suit. That's what I told her, least five times that he was no good, 'cause I know his type. He gonna make you clean up, then won't show. He gonna make you full up, then won't stay, make you pay out, then won't go. And I know what I'm talking about 'cause if you shift the posture on just one foot it becomes a welcoming posture, a thank-you posture, the yes I will marry you, the no, I love only you...The where were you, the what do you want looking at me that way? I need you, I'm sorry, I'm here stance...The one that receives the drunken blows and the casual insults, that took an extra shift in the factory to pay for his new suede coat from Vim's, that prayed the siren wasn't going to bring me no bad news about my child, that...*(counts her change again)* Shucks...that don't forget, no punctuation needed...Not even that time on the bus when...when...*(smiles, then laughs)* I turned my head, and here comes in one of the big-thighed women travelling in my direction, and I'm not in the mood to move...bump! She slaps one of her thighs up against mine and the vibration sends a tremor on through my body

(shakes her body) Excuse me! we say in unison. I strike posture number one. *(does so)* She don't move. I don't move. Her finger starts a waving *(begins to wave her finger to emphasize her words)* my finger starts a moving. You going to let me by? she says, deep like Barry White! No place to go! I say, smooth like Anita Baker. I eased on into posture number two to let her know that I'm flexible. Then she had the nerve to pull a posture on me I'd never seen before. So I tried all variations. *(explores a range of positions)* And she kept throwing them back to me. *(gives a long penetrating stare)* We locked eyes, and I thought, oh lawd, we're gonna throw down right here on the bus heading out to Kings Highway. Then I saw in her eyes the night she'd gotten drunk, the vacationless year, the death of her youngest child, *(touches her side)* the mammogram results she hadn't told anybody about, and the new suede coat she bought at Vim's for her man...I turned away quick, damn if we didn't have the same posture, damn if we didn't. *(a moment)* I took two steps to the side, and said GO ON SISTER! GO ON! And that big thighed sister shoved on down to the back. until she disappeared behind a bus full of attitude. *(assumes her final position)* And it all leads to the head tilted, muscles relaxed, arms crossed and feet firmly planted, this is the just so position. It's the just so position you see on the bus...Yes, I'm the loud-speaking woman you avoid on the bus, with the steadfast posture you can't get around. *(counts her change again)* Anyone got a quarter? I don't have enough change...*(assumes posture number one)* I said does anybody got a quarter?

BLACKOUT

THE PORTRAIT

THERE'S A PICTURE IN A SILVER FRAME
HANGING DUSTY ON MY WALL
AND TWO PEOPLE WITH THEIR EYES THE SAME
HOLDING DAISIES, I RECALL
AND THE BABY IN THE SAILOR DRESS
AND THE PIGTAILS-THAT WAS ME
AND THE OTHER WAS MY MOTHER
ON OUR EASTER BY THE SEA.

PEOPLE TELL ME THAT I'M JUST LIKE HER
AND I WONDER WHAT THEY SEE
SHE WAS A LADY, LACE AND CAMEO,
NOT THE GYPSY THAT IS ME.
SHE SPENT HER EVENINGS MAKING POETRY
I SPEND MY NIGHTS MAKING TIME.
AND I WONDER, AM I LIVING
PARTLY HER DREAMS, PARTLY MINE?

WHAT WOULD SHE THINK OF THE TOO MANY MEN
THE LIES I GET LOST IN, AGAIN AND AGAIN
THE TEARS IN THE MORNING, THE BOOZE
AND THE BLUES IN THE NIGHT?

IT'S BEEN YEARS NOW SINCE I'VE SEEN HER FACE
HEARD HER FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR
BUT JUST LATELY IN MY DREAMS AT NIGHT
I WILL CALL HER, AND SHE'S THERE
LOOKING PRETTY, LIKE SHE USED TO
BEFORE TIME AND TEARS TORE HER APART
AND SHE TELLS ME THAT SHE LOVES ME,
THEN SHE LEAVES ME IN THE DARK.

MAMA, DON'T LEAVE ME, MAMA DON'T GO
YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS TO ALL I DON'T KNOW
MY DREAMS COME UP EMPTY
AND MY HEART'S LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR.

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