SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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SF PERUSALS

Henry, Sweet Henry

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Book by
Nunnally Johnson

Music and Lyrics by
Bob Merrill

Based on
The World of Henry Orient
by Nora Johnson

A Samuel French Acting Edition

New York Hollywood London Toronto
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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PREMIERE PERFORMANCE, OCTOBER 23, 1967

THE PALACE THEATRE

under the direction of

MESSRS. NEDERLANDER

EDWARD SPECTER PRODUCTIONS

and

NORMAN TWAIN

present

HENRY . . . SWEET HENRY

Book by NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Music and Lyrics by BOB MERRILL

Based upon the Novel

"THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT"

by NORA JOHNSON

Scenery and Lighting by ROBERT RANDOLPH

Costumes by ALVIN COLT

Musical Direction and Vocal Arrangements by SHEPARD COLEMAN
Orchestrations by EDDIE SAUTER

Dance Music by
WILLIAM GOLDENBERG *and* MARVIN HAMLISCH

Hair Styles Designed by ERNEST ADLER

Production Stage Manager—WILLIAM DODDS

Choreography by MICHAEL BENNETT

Entire Production Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL

CAST

(In Order of Appearance)

KAFRITZ ..... *Alice Playten*
VALERIE BOYD ..... *Robin Wilson*
MISS COONEY ..... *Barbara Beck*
MARIAN GILBERT ..... *Neva Small*
HENRY ORIENT ..... *Don Ameche*
STELLA ..... *Louise Lasser*
MRS. GILBERT ..... *Trudy Wallace*
USHERETTE ..... *Julie Sargant*
MRS. BOYD ..... *Carol Bruce*
RUSS ..... *John Mineo*
CAPTAIN KENNETH ..... *George NeJame*
HAL ..... *Robert Iscove*
POLICEMAN ..... *Gerard Erentte*
MR. BOYD ..... *Milo Boulton*
POLICEMAN ..... *Charles Rule*
BIG VAL ..... *K. C. Townsend*

The entire action takes place in present day New York City.

ACT ONE

Scene 1: A Street in New York City
"Academic Fugue" ..... *Company*
Scene 2: Locker Room
"In Some Little World" ..... *Val*
Scene 3: Central Park Zoo
"Pillar to Post" ..... *Orient, Stella*
Scene 4: Two Bedrooms
"Here I Am" ..... *Val*
Scene 5: Concert Hall
Scene 6: Val's Bedroom
"Whereas" ..... *Val, Gil*
Scene 7: Telephone Booths
Scene 8: Luncheonette
"I Wonder How It Is To Dance
With a Boy" ..... *Gil and Girls*
Scene 9: Street Telephone Booth
"Nobody Steps on Kafritz" ..... *Kafritz*

Scene 10: Orient's Apartment—Exterior and Interior
"Henry Sweet Henry" ..... *Val, Gil*
"Woman in Love" ..... *Val, Gil*
"The People Watchers" ..... *Company*

ACT TWO

Scene 1: Boyd's Living Room
Scene 2: Washington Square
"Weary Near to Dyin'" ..... *Val and Hippies*
Scene 3: Orient's Apartment
Scene 4: Boyd's Living Room
Scene 5: Exterior School and Locker Room
"Poor Little Person" ..... *Kafritz, Girls and Knickerbocker Greys*
"I'm Blue Too" ..... *Val, Gil*
Scene 6: Cocktail Bar
"To Be Artistic" ..... *Orient, Mrs. Boyd*
Scene 7: Exterior Orient's Apartment
Scene 8: Boyd's Living Room
Scene 9: Orient's Bedroom
"Forever" ..... *Orient*
Scene 10: Val's Bedroom
"Do You Ever Go to Boston" ..... *Val*
Finale: Knickerbocker Grey Happening
"Here I Am" (Reprise)

Henry . . . Sweet Henry

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

On the first note of the overture, the House Curtain goes out, revealing the Show Curtain. Later, toward the end of the overture, the lights Upstage of the show scrim bleed through showing a New York street with the skyline at the rear of the stage. The Show Curtain goes out. PIA, *a young girl, enters up right carrying school books. She goes down right to wait for the school bus.*

PIA. (*Sings.*)
FACTUS, FACTUM, FACTU, FACTI
I DON'T SAY LATIN STINKS EXACTLY.
LATUS, LATI, LATUM, TOO
I THINK THAT I WILL LOSE A SCREW.

(*Other* GIRLS *enter and start to gather at the bus stop while* PEOPLE *start to make their crosses as businessmen, lady calling for a taxi, nursemaid, grocery boys, etc.*)

BECKY.
LA MIENNE, LA TIENNE, LA SIENNE, LA LEUR,
JOYCE.
LA MERE, LE PERE, MADAM, MONSIEUR.
LORI.
WHEN I TRANSLATE FRENCH I THINK
ALICE, BAAYORK, CHRIS.
LA BORE, LA NUTS, LA CRAP, LA STINK.

(*MUSIC interlude.*)

PRISCILLA. Taxi! Taxi!
BECKY. Hi, Kafritz!
KAFRITZ. Hi!
GIRLS. (*Sing.*)
H_2O PLUS SO_2 MAKES H_2SO_3 FOR YOU,
AN UGLY MASS OF DEADLY GAS

WHICH I WILL TAKE IF I DON'T PASS.
I DON'T REALLY GIVE A DAMN
ABOUT A PARALLELOGRAM.
IF ANYONE HAS GOT A NOOSE
I'LL HANG BY MY HYPOTENUSE.

(VAL *enters Up Left carrying her books and papers in a paper shopping bag.*)

BECKY. Where's the bus?
KAFRITZ. Here comes Tubby!
LORI. What a mess!
GINA. Look at the coat!
JOY. She can't even keep her shoe on!
JOYCE. Slob!
TERRY. What's the answer to number four?
VAL. (*Going to the* GIRLS.) Is that your Latin homework? Can I copy it? (*She takes paper from* TERRY. *Squats on the floor.*) Anybody got a pencil?
JOY. Here.
VAL. Thanks. (*Takes pencil and starts to copy.*)
KAFRITZ. You can't hand that in, in pencil, stupid!
GIRLS. (*Sing.*)
FACTUS, FACTUM, FACTU, FACTI
I DON'T SAY LATIN STINKS EXACTLY.
LATUS, LATI, LATUM, TOO
I THINK THAT I WILL LOSE A SCREW.

(*The BUS enters Left and stops Center. All the* GIRLS *run and jump on the bus, except* VAL, *who is slow in gathering her books and papers together.*)

VAL. (*Looking for her shoe.*) Hey, where's my shoe? Anybody seen my shoe? (*Runs and gets on the bus. She goes up and down the aisle looking for her shoe.*)

(*MUSIC underscoring.*)

GIRLS. (*Sing as the BUS takes them to school.*)

FACTUS, FACTUM, FACTU, FACTI
I DON'T SAY LATIN STINKS EXACTLY
H_2O PLUS SO_3 MAKES H_2SO_3 FOR YOU
AN UGLY MASS OF DEADLY GAS
WHICH I WILL TAKE IF I DON'T PASS

I DON'T REALLY GIVE A DAMN
LATUS, LATI, LATUM TOO ABOUT A PARALLELO-GRAM
IF ANYONE HAS GOT A NOOSE
I THINK THAT I WILL LOSE A SCREW. I'LL HANG BY MY HY-POTENUSE.

(*The BUS stops and all the* GIRLS *jump off the bus except* VAL, *who is still looking for her shoe.* TERRY *ready to jump off.*)

VAL. Where's my shoe?
KAFRITZ. It's in the back!

(*The BUS drives off with* VAL *going to the rear of the bus for her shoe. The bus is replaced by LOCKERS, which come from Right and Left. In between them is a door, the entrance to the school, above which hangs an American flag.*)

GIRLS. (*As they come running through the door.*)
ICH BIN DU BIST
IHR SEID SIE IST
I MUST BE A MASOCHIST
MIT ICH NIN DU BIST
UN IHR SEID
I AHM COMMITTING ZOO-IZ-SEID.

LA MIENNE, LA TIENNE, LA SIENNE, LA LEUR
LA MERE, LE PERE, MADAM, MONSIEUR.
WHEN I TRANSLATE FRENCH I THINK
LA BORE, LA NUTS, LA CRAP, LA STINK.
I'LL DRINK SOME
INK AND DIE!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

Locker room, Norton School. In the Center of the Stage is a door, with an American flag hanging above. To each side of the door are brightly colored lockers. Downstage of the lockers are two benches.

KAFRITZ. (*Downstage of the Left bench.*) Girls! Girls, I can get any girl who wants it a date for the Knickerbocker Greys' Annual Happening. There are still some very cute boys available. My service fee is a dollar fifteen.

(VAL *runs through the door, late again. As she gets inside the door, her paper bag breaks and notebooks, books, papers, composition books, comic books, etc. fall to the floor.*)

VAL. Any of you guys seen my shoe? (*No one answers. Goes Left to* KAFRITZ.) Kafritz, please give me my shoe.

KAFRITZ. (*Jumping down off the bench.*) How would you like to offer a reward?

VAL. (*Desperately.*) Please! I'll be late again.

MISS COONEY. (*Entering Right.*) First bell, girls.

KAFRITZ. Thank you, Miss Cooney. (*She exits Left.*)

VAL. Kafritz, you— (*She begins to take a swing at* KAFRITZ *with her racket.*)

MISS COONEY. Valerie, what is it now?

VAL. (*Hopping Center.*) Somebody pinched my shoe in the bus.

MISS COONEY. What was it last time, your belt?

VAL. (*Starts to pick up papers from the floor.*) Well, can I help it if this school is full of burglars?

MISS COONEY. You'll do anything for an effect, (*Goes Left, Downstage of* VAL.) anything to draw attention to yourself.

VAL. They pinch my shoes, they pinch my belt, they grab my books, they make me late for class, what can I do?

MISS COONEY. Sometimes I wonder why on earth Norton ever accepted you.

VAL. Then throw me out, shoot me, I don't care any more. It's a rotten world, anyway.

MISS COONEY. That's impertinent, Valerie. Clean that up and report to Miss Beardsley's office after class.

(MISS COONEY *exits. A group of* GIRLS, *Right, giggle and go to classes.* GILBERT *comes forward.*)

GILBERT. I think I know where it is. (*She goes to the Right lockers and gets Val's shoe from the top. She takes it to* VAL.)

VAL. Thanks.

GILBERT. That's all right. You're new this year, aren't you?

VAL. I'm always new. This is my seventh school.

GILBERT. Your seventh?

VAL. I can't integrate, they say—even with white children. Say, what was that "Happening" Kafritz was talking about?

GILBERT. That's what they call the annual dance with the Knickerbocker Greys. (VAL *makes a retching noise.* GILBERT *crosses to* VAL *and kneels Right of her.*) That's what I say!

VAL. Have you ever danced?

GILBERT. Not with a boy.

VAL. Me neither. You know what I saw some of those boys doing at the bus stop the other day? They were having a burping contest!

GILBERT. They are really so disgusting.

VAL. (*Rises, hand full of papers.*) Do you know Paul Henreid?

GILBERT. Is he in the Knickerbocker Greys?

VAL. (*Goes Left to her locker.*) No, he's on some of the olden times movies on the late show. (*She opens the door and reveals the junkiest locker in the school. Puts papers on bench. She takes off her coat and piles it on top of everything else.*)

GILBERT. Oh, I remember now. He's wonderful. The world was really different in the olden days, don't you think?

VAL. (*Returns Center to* GILBERT.) He was really cool on the late late the other night. When he'd light a cigarette, he'd light two, one for Bette Davis so she wouldn't have to light it herself.

GILBERT. I wouldn't mind going to the dance with somebody like that.

VAL. Or with Charles Boyer, or Herbert Marshall or George Brent.

GILBERT. How do you get to see all those shows?

VAL. My parents aren't there and I watch them all night.

GILBERT. Are they divorced?

VAL. No, are yours?

GILBERT. (*Nods.*) Oh, a long time ago. I live with my mother.

VAL. My dad's in some kind of international business so they're away most of the time.

GILBERT. Where is your home?

VAL. We live in hotels mostly. I stay at the Carlyle while my parents are gone. You see, Dad has to travel a lot and Mom's crazy about him, so she goes with him everywhere. But do you know she writes me a letter every day?

GILBERT. Honest?

VAL. No matter where she is. Sometimes six and seven pages, all about what they're doing and everything. She's one of the ten best dressed women in the world, you know.

GILBERT. No kidding?

VAL. And if she makes it one more time, they're going to put her in the Hall of Fame.

(*The second BELL rings and* GILBERT *leaps up, runs to put some papers in Val's locker. Then she runs and gets her books from the Right bench.*)

GILBERT. Oh, golly, there's the second bell. Aren't you coming?

VAL. I've got study first period.

GILBERT. Okay. (*She almost leaves, but turns back to* VAL.) I'm Marian Gilbert.

VAL. I'm Valerie Boyd.

GILBERT. I'm very pleased to meet you.

VAL. I'm glad to meet you too.

GILBERT. Bye now.

VAL. Hey, how about meeting me Saturday in Central Park and go adventuring?

GILBERT. Adventuring?

VAL. Sure, there's a whole other world out there on Saturdays. It's lots of fun.

GILBERT. I don't know if I can. I'll have to ask my mother.

VAL. (*Disappointed.*) Okay.

GILBERT. Bye. (*She exits Right.*)

VAL. Bye. (*MUSIC begins.* VAL *picks up more papers, books, etc., and takes them to the locker. MUSIC underscoring. Some of the papers fall out of the locker. Looking down at the mess on the floor, she sings:*)

IN SOME LITTLE WORLD
STUFF STAYS UP
IN SOME LITTLE WORLD
AND EV'RYTHING'S IN PLACE
IT SHOWS ON EV'RY FACE
THAT IT'S A NICE LITTLE WORLD.
STUFF'LL STAY ON A SHELF
PRACTIC'LY BY ITSELF.
GIVE IT A TRY.
DO YOU KNOW WHY?
WELL IT'S 'CAUSE
NOBODY ROCKS YOUR BOAT—THAT'S WHY!

IN SOME LITTLE WORLD
THINGS STAY PUT,
IN SOME LITTLE WORLD
THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THE AIR
THAT MAKES A PERSON CARE
FOR MORE THAN THEIR LITTLE WORLD.
MY STUFF GETS WRECKED
AND I SUSPECT
IT ISN'T ONLY ACCIDENTALLY.
IT'S THIS LITTLE WORLD
I KEEP ON FIGHT'N
GOTTA FIND A WORLD
THAT I FEEL RIGHT IN
THAT'S A LITTLE WORLD
THE ONLY LITTLE WORLD FOR ME.

MISS COONEY. (*Entering Left.*) Valerie, I told you to clean that up!

VAL. I did, but it fell out again.

MISS COONEY. You don't make things any better by lying, Valerie!

(*She exits Right.* VAL *cleans everything up and closes her locker door.*)

VAL.
IN SOME LITTLE WORLD
NO MISS COONEY HOUNDS YOU TO DEATH.
MISS COONEYS GET THROWN IN
A COONEY LOONEY BIN
'CAUSE THEY JUST RUIN THIS WORLD
AND WHEN A KID COMES TO SCHOOL
MINUS HER HOMEWORK
THEY GIVE HER A BREAK.
HOW MUCH DOES THAT TAKE?
I KNOW THE LAST THING THEY'D DO
IS PINCH HER SHOE.

IN SOME LITTLE WORLD
CHARLES BOYER APPEARS IN THE DAWN
TO TELL ME HE IS FREE
AT LAST TO MARRY ME.
OH BOY, THAT'S SOME LITTLE WORLD.
WE WALK THROUGH WIND,
WE WALK THROUGH RAIN,
WE BRUSH AWAY OUR TEARS AND KISS.
DOESN'T THAT LITTLE WORLD
SOUND REALLY NIFTY,
EVEN IF IT'S ONLY FIFTY FIFTY?
ANY LITTLE WORLD
HAS GOT TO BE BETTER THAN THIS.
(*She exits Left.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE 3

At the end of the song, VAL *runs out Left, and the LOCKERS move out. In a SPOT behind the locker on Stage Left is revealed* HENRY ORIENT, *a mysterious figure in a slouch hat and nineteen thirties trench coat, wearing dark glasses. He stands absolutely still, like a movie poster. As the audience*

catches sight of him, the full orchestra swells into the strains of FOREVER. He holds for a moment, and then the mood is broken as the theme lightens and the ZOO SET falls into place, and PEOPLE *start walking through the park, on bicycles, carrying sailboats, etc. A bench is Center Stage.* HENRY *casually removes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket as* VAL, *from Left, starts across, tapping her way with a cane and a tin cup. She is a sight to wring the hardest of hearts, a beautiful child in a ratty mink coat. Her eyes are out of focus and on her face is the sad, sweet smile of a saint.*

VAL. Alms! Alms! For the love of Allah, Alms! (*A* WOMAN *gives her a coin. MUSIC out.*) God bless you and keep you forever, kind sir . . . Alms! Alms!

(*She taps her way Right, looks at* HENRY, *who ignores her. At the same time* GIL *enters Up Left, also tapping her way with a cane and a tin cup.*)

GILBERT. Unclean! Unclean! I've got leprosy of the eyes! Unclean!

(HENRY *is taking two cigarettes from his pack and is lighting the two of them together as* GIL *passes him.* GIL *looks. MUSIC under. She gets just beyond him, realizes what she has seen and turns, forgetting her blindness for a moment to gawk. The music swells into the full strains of FOREVER.* HENRY *finishes lighting the cigarettes, notices* GIRLS *staring at him. The* GIRLS *run off Right.* HENRY *then turns to hand his second cigarette to someone else, except that there is no one else. Holding the two cigarettes, he lifts his dark glasses and peers about him.*)

ORIENT. Darling? Darling?

(*MUSIC out.*)

STELLA. (*Off.*) Henry?

ORIENT. (*He sees her out of sight in the lion house. Goes Right toward the door.*) What the hell are you doing in there—carissima?

STELLA. (*Points Off Left.*) I thought I saw George.

ORIENT. (*Goes* C. *He looks around nervously. Puts on his dark glasses again.*) I thought you said he was playing golf.

STELLA. He is, (*She enters slowly.*) but sometimes he picks up. Do you really think we're safe here, darling?

ORIENT. I can't guarantee it, no, (*Few steps Right to her.*) but

sure—we'd be a lot less likely to run into your husband in my apartment.

STELLA. No, darling, I couldn't. I really couldn't. (*She moves Downstage, peering about like a frightened bird. He goes to* STELLA.)

ORIENT. (*Takes off glasses.*) Sweetheart, don't you want me to set your beautiful poem to music?

STELLA. You know I do, darling! It's the dream of my life!

ORIENT. Then will you kindly remember that a composer has to sit at a piano to compose?

STELLA. Not today, darling, please!

ORIENT. He can't do it surrounded by lions and tigers.

STELLA. I know, I know . . .

ORIENT. I mean even the fellow who wrote "Only God Can Make a Tree" didn't COMPOSE it in a tree! (*Goes Left to the bench, Upstage of* STELLA.) He had to go back to the piano. In his apartment. (*Sits.*)

STELLA. (*Crosses to bench, sits.*) But GOING there, Henry!—in the STREET—crossing the SIDEWALK—suppose somebody from Scarsdale saw me!

ORIENT. (*Bitterly.*) You mean we're going to spend all our time meeting in zoos and laundromats? (*Sings.*)

WE'VE BEEN FLEEING FROM PILLAR TO POST
BEING CHASED THROUGH NEW YORK BY SOME GHOST
IF NOT SOAKED TO THE SKIN
WE HAVE SURELY BEEN IN DRAFTS A LOT.

WE HAVE KISSED WITH BOTH PASSION AND FRENZY
ON THE RAMPS OF GRAND CENTRAL AND PENNSY
UNDER ROCKS, UNDER TREES
AND HAD INTIMACIES IN SCHRAFFTS A LOT.

IN THE MUSIC HALL'S VERY LAST ROWS
WE HAVE PUT ON SOME INTERESTING SHOWS.
WE HAVE OFTEN BEEN CAUSE FOR
WILD APPLAUSE AND LAFFS A LOT.

THRU THE PARK, IN A HANSOM AGAINST
THE WIND WE'VE SPED.
WE HAVE CERTAINLY CIRCLED THAT COURSE A LOT.
PEOPLE TELL ME I SMELL LIKE A HORSE A LOT.
(*Rises.*)
IT'S BEEN PILLAR TO POST
BUT NEVER TO BED!

(*Speaks.*)
Darling, recite your poem for me.

STELLA. Now?

ORIENT. Now.

STELLA. (*Recites.*)

My heart boom booms
With a crashing din
When flesh meets flesh
And skin meets skin.

ORIENT. (*Long pause.*) Magnificent! Let's go to my apartment.

STELLA. (*Rises.*) Oh, *no* darling, I can't.

ORIENT. (*Crosses Right few steps.*) Here we go again . . . meeting in funeral parlors . . . Gristedes' . . . (STELLA *sits as he sings.*)

IN THE BACK OF SAINT PAT'S AND SAINT LUKE'S
ALL THOSE LOOKS OF DISDAIN AND REBUKES
(*Sits.*)
AS IF YOU WERE SOME TART AND I WAS
JACK THE RIPPER.
AND AT TEMPLE EMANU-EL
I AM CERTAIN THAT RABBI COULD TELL
HE WAS STUCK WITH A COUPLE OF GENTILES
FOR YOM KIPPUR.
(*Rises.*)

FOR A MODERN DON JUAN AND
SIR LAUNCELOT
I DON'T SEEM TO GET OUT OF MY
PANTS A LOT.

IT'S FROM PILLAR TO POST
BUT NEVER TO BED!
IT'S FROM PILLAR TO POST
BUT NEVER TO BED!

(*He goes to the bench and puts his dark glasses down, sits.*) Now look, darling, it's Saturday—not a soul in town. Now you can lie down on the floor of the taxi and I'll get out first and take a look around— (*She moans.*) Sweetheart, now it's only thirteen feet from the curb to the door—I measured it this morning—and if you hike up your dress a bit and make a smart dash—

STELLA. (*Surrender.*) Henry, will you be gentle with me?

ORIENT. Oh, you brave little girl!

(VAL *enters from the lion house, Right. He rises, pulls* STELLA *up and they embrace.*)

VAL. (*Goes to Center, stops, looks at them in embrace.*) Is there anyone here within the sound of my voice?

(*So far as* ORIENT *is concerned, it's to hell with her, but* STELLA *is deeply touched.*)

STELLA. Henry . . .

ORIENT. (*Reluctantly, crosses Right to* VAL.) Can I help you?

VAL. If you would be so kind, sir. There was once a bench around here where I spent many beautiful sunny hours before my tragedy.

ORIENT. (*Leading her Left to bench.*) Is that it?

VAL. (*Sits.*) Ah, yes, this is it—my old good friend! How I've missed you! Were you sitting on it, sir?

ORIENT. (*Crossing back to* STELLA.) It's all right, we were just leaving—

VAL. (*Rising.*) Oh, please! I didn't mean to disturb you. Do sit again, won't you? (STELLA *motions to him; resentfully he sits with her on the bench again.*)

STELLA. Thank you, dear.

VAL. (*A benediction, goes Upstage to bench.*) And may you sit on and on together—side by side—forever—and may God give you both the happiness that was mine before that fatal day when our bus went over the cliff. (*On that cheery note, she goes Up Center.*)

STELLA. Did you ever see anything so sad!

ORIENT. Very rough! (BOTH *start to rise.*) Come on, let's get the hell out—

VAL. (*Returning, Down Center.*) But I was the lucky one. (ORIENT *and* STELLA *sit again.*) The others are all dead—burned to a crisp in the flames that enveloped it like some avenging fiend. But I escaped—flung, through God's mercy, a hundred feet through the air and into a haystack—

STELLA. Oh, my God!

VAL. (*Starts Right, but stops.*) In which there was a pitchfork—

STELLA. Oh, no!

VAL. (*Starts Right, stops again.*) It penetrated my spinal column. (*She taps her way into the lion house.*)

STELLA. (*Holding the base of her spinal column.*) Oh! Oh!

ORIENT. (*Desperately.*) Will you come on!

(BOTH *rise.*)

STELLA. Oh, Henry!

(*This time* GILBERT *emerges from the lion house and stops with a look of exaltation on her face.*)

GILBERT. Hark! Hark!

ORIENT. Hark? Hark?

GILBERT. Was that not a lark?

ORIENT. What the hell is this? A picnic?

GILBERT. How well I remember how they used to nestle in our weeping willow. (*She wanders off Left.*)

STELLA. Those poor children—

(VAL *enters from the lion's house.*)

ORIENT. Look, if we were in my bedroom we wouldn't be able to see 'em.

VAL. (*Going Left.*) Oh willow, willow, weep for me!

STELLA. Oh, I do! VAL. Weep only for me! (*Exits Left.*)

ORIENT. (*To* STELLA.) Are you coming or not?

GILBERT. (*Entering Left, goes Right.*) Heathcliff! (*Exits Upstage of lion's house.*)

STELLA. Don't you see how impossible it is now, darling? Maybe I could see you next Friday night, darling, after your concert.

ORIENT. But sweetheart—

STELLA. George is going to be out of town in a golf tournament and I promise you, I'll come straight to Carnegie Hall. Oh, darling. (*They embrace.*) I've got to get out of here. (STELLA *starts to run off Right.*)

ORIENT. But what am I going to do this afternoon?

STELLA. (*Turns back to him.*) And remember—don't call after six!

(*MUSIC underscoring.*)

ORIENT. But, darling. . . . (*Runs after her.*) Darling! (*He gives up. His shoulders slump dejectedly as* VAL *and* GILBERT *appear, wide-eyed and sympathetic.* HENRY *comes back slowly to the bench, where he has left his dark glasses.* VAL *picks them up and hands them to him.*) Thank you! (*He starts off Right, only to stop a moment later; turns and slowly, ominously staring at the two* GIRLS, *it having dawned on him finally that his glasses were handed to him by a blind child. Under his gaze, the* GIRLS *look at each other, realize the game is up and dash off.* HENRY, *furious, shouts after them.*) You little punks!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 4

Two bedrooms. The GIRLS *run Downstage with telephones,* GILBERT *from Up Right and* VAL *from Up Left. They begin talking at once.* GILBERT'S *bed comes in from the Right, Upstage of* GILBERT. *A messy bed, with a night table and a lamp to its Right, comes in from the Left above* VAL. *The wall of Val's room is decorated with her olden time film idols. Gilbert's wall is covered with pennants, clippings, pictures, scraps of this and that, etc.*

GILBERT. I nearly died when he lighted those two cigarettes.

VAL. And did you notice those eyes, the way they seemed to look right through you?

GILBERT. X-ray eyes, they call 'em. Robert Taylor had them on Greta Garbo the other evening.

VAL. You know what I think?

(*Both* GIRLS *go Upstage.* VAL *sits in the middle of her bed, cross-legged.* GILBERT *kneels on her bed.*)

GILBERT. What?

VAL. I think that was really a romantic tragedy situation.

GILBERT. That's exactly what I think. They were childhood sweethearts and he went to war and she married someone else she really didn't love.

VAL. A lifelong invalid who couldn't get along without her.

GILBERT. Or an Orthodox Catholic who won't give her a divorce.

VAL. That was probably their final parting this afternoon.

GILBERT. Did you get your letter today?

VAL. What letter?

GILBERT. From your mother.

VAL. Oh, sure, every single day. Wait a minute. (*Puts phone down on night table. Picks up a magazine from the bottom shelf of the table.*) This is a real fat one. Wait till I open it. (*Tears the magazine near the phone.*) Want to hear some of it?

GILBERT. Sure.

VAL. It starts out: "Hello, Pretty Thing"—that's what they call me—really—Pretty Thing.

GILBERT. I think that's sweet.

VAL. She's in Greece now and they really miss me.

GILBERT. She sounds awfully nice.

VAL. She really is. Wait till you meet her.

GILBERT. Oh, Mom says you can come to dinner Friday and she'll take us to a concert or something, okay?

VAL. Okay. Gee, can you imagine how lonely he must be now?

GILBERT. Who?

VAL. The man in the park.

GILBERT. Oh, yeah.

VAL. (*Rises. Breaks Downstage.*) I wish I knew him better so I could write him a letter.

GILBERT. You really would?

VAL. I wouldn't have to tell him how old I was. I'd just let him know how I understood and all.

GILBERT. That would be a very nice thing to do, Val.

VAL. I mean maybe if he just knew I was here and really cared, it might comfort him.

GILBERT. I'm sure it would.

MRS. GILBERT. (*Calling from Off Right.*) Marian . . . dinner's ready!

GILBERT. I gotta go now. I'll call you later, okay?

VAL. Okay.

GILBERT. Bye.

VAL. Bye. (*Hangs up. MUSIC underscoring.* GILBERT *has run Off Right; the lights have dimmed on her room.* VAL *puts her phone on her night table. Looks front and sings.*)

HERE I AM
HEY SOMEBODY
HERE I AM, HERE I AM!

I DON'T KNOW YOU
YOU DON'T KNOW ME
BUT HERE I AM.
SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE, HURRY,
FIND ME.
SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE
LOVE ME BLINDLY.

THERE YOU ARE
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE
THERE YOU ARE
WONDERING WILL
SHE EVER APPEAR,
BUT HERE I AM.

HEY SOMEBODY
WHO I DON'T EVEN KNOW.
HEY SOMEBODY
THOUGH YOU MUST NEED ME SO
PLEASE TRY NOT TO CRY SOMEBODY
MY SOMEBODY

HI SOMEBODY
HERE I AM.

WHEREVER YOU ARE
AT THE MOMENT
I SEND YOU SOME KISSES AND LOVE.

PLEASE TRY NOT TO CRY SOMEBODY
MY SOMEBODY
HI SOMEBODY
HERE I AM.

(TRUMPETS.)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 5

Carnegie Hall. Up Right there are two stairs on which a singing CHORUS *is standing. The men are in evening jackets; the ladies, in long black gowns. In front of the group are microphones and white stands with music. Stage Left, we see four masseur tables. Next to each table is a microphone and a white music stand with music. In front of each table stands a* MAN *dressed in a black choir robe. Upstage of the tables are* MEN *in evening jackets and* LADIES *in black gowns. At the rear of the Stage is a huge picture of Henry Orient. He enters Right, goes Center and bows to the audience.*

ORIENT. Mesdames, Messieurs. Welcome to the new new music. (STELLA, *sitting in the Stage Right box, applauds.*) The music of natural sounds ripped from the very gut of life—the music of the street, the factory, the home—the whispery hum of the vacuum cleaner, the tinkle of a child in the bathroom, the melancholy belch of a lonely drunk in the wrong room— All homely sounds indeed, but of the very weft and woft of life. And if there should be any here who lack the courage to face this crash-through into true musical freedom, may I humbly suggest that you leave now, for your place is not here, but in Lincoln Center, or some other such municipal soup-kitchen of mass culture. Tonight, for those whose eyes are on the distant horizon, I beg to offer my new opus, a symphonic history of homo sapiens from his emergence from the primeval slime to five-thirty this afternoon, as scored for and played upon the human body. The first movement—Cosmic Silence.

(MUSICIANS *Upstage of the masseur tables move to the* MEN *Downstage of the tables and remove their choir robes. Now the* MEN *are dressed in white shorts, white false cuffs, white collars and black shoes and socks. The* MEN *lie down on the masseur tables as the* MUSICIANS *take their place Upstage of them.* ORIENT *turns Upstage, picks up his baton and taps the music stand. He then begins to conduct. After several measures, all* MUSICIANS *turn a page. At the same moment, an* USHER, *with a flashlight, shows* VAL, GILBERT *and* MRS. GILBERT *to three seats in the lower box.*)

VAL. Are we late?

GILBERT. Doesn't look to me as if we're late.

VAL. (*To the* USHER.) Hey, has it started yet?

USHER. Shhhh! Please!

GILBERT. Mom, why don't you go in first?

VAL. I'll sit in the middle.

GILBERT. No, let me sit in the middle and Mom can look at my program.

VAL. But she can look at mine, I don't mind.

GILBERT. All right . . . don't make such a big deal.

USHER. Will you please sit down and try to be quiet?

GILBERT. Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know it had started.

(*The* USHER *leaves.* ORIENT *has endured this ordeal with notable patience.*)

ORIENT. May we start again!

(*The* MUSICIANS *turn their pages back to the beginning and once more he begins to conduct.*)

GILBERT. Valerie Boyd, you've shaved your legs!

MRS. GILBERT. Marian, will you please be quiet!

GILBERT. You're going to get bristles.

VAL. Not if I keep shaving them.

GILBERT. But you're not so hairy. You're not half as hairy as Kafritz. Kafritz is the—

ORIENT. (*Turning to the* GIRLS.) If you don't keep quiet—

GIRLS. Eeeeeeeek!

(*They* ALL *recognize each other at the same time.*)

VAL. It's him!

ORIENT. Oh, no!

GILBERT. The man in the park—

VAL. With the lady.

STELLA. Oh, my God. (*She leaves the box.*)

VAL. There she is!

GILBERT. Miss—Miss—come back! Come back! (ORIENT, *helpless, watches* STELLA *leave.*) Oh, that's too bad!

ORIENT. (*After gaining his composure.*) The second movement—Man Emerges from the Muck.

BLACKOUT

ACTION FOR ORIENT'S "NEW MUSIC"

ALL.
BLIP-BLOOP-BLURP-GURGLE
ALL.
WIND-SSSHOOOOOOOOOOOSH
ALL.
BLIP-BLURPS-BLOOPS-GURGLES
ALL.
RAIN-BLOOP, BLOOPS
ALL.
DRIBBLES (BABIES)
ALL.
TEETH CLICKS
ALL.
PUT-PUT
BODY BEATERS.
BODY SLAPS
ALL.
KISS, KISS, KISS, KISS
BODIES.
UH
ALL.
CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK
BODIES.
UH
ALL.
CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK
BODIES.
UH, UH, UH, UH

ACT ONE

SCENE 6

Val's bedroom in the Carlyle Hotel. As the LIGHTS come up, we see VAL *passed out on the bed, Left. To the Left of the bed on a night table is a phonograph. A Henry Orient record album is on the bed. A matching night table, Right of the bed, holds a lamp and telephone. Up Center is an armoire. A vanity and chair are Right. The room is far from neat. On the back wall are huge photographs of Val's late late movie idols. A large three-sheet of Henry Orient's Carnegie Hall concert has been added.* GILBERT *is heard calling from Off Right.*

GILBERT. (*Off.*) Val? Val? (*She comes into the room and goes Left to the bed.*) Val! What's the matter?

VAL. (*She points to the Orient poster.*) I'm in love.

GILBERT. (*Looks at the new poster.*) With that creep?

VAL. (*Sits up.*) What do you mean, creep?

GILBERT. I thought you said his music was terrible.

VAL. Oh, Gil, have you no soul? Of course it's terrible, but this is love! (*She clutches Henry's album to her breast.*) Oh, my beautiful adorable oriental Henry— (*Kisses album.*) Oh, moon of my delight! Isn't he divine?

GILBERT. You mean it's real love?

VAL. Can't think of what else it could be. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't think of anything else.

GILBERT. If it's real love, then it's the most important thing in the whole world, isn't it?

VAL. Of course.

GILBERT. It's got to be a secret then, hasn't it?

VAL. Oh, it's got to be.

GILBERT. (*Going to vanity and looking in the drawers.*) Then we've got to make a blood pact never to betray our secret to anyone—all right?

VAL. Okay. (*Rises.*) And we'll have a secret language. (*Takes bedspread off bed.*) His language—the mysterious language of the Orient!

(*Spreads the bedspread on the floor, Center.* GILBERT *had found a compass and brings it to* VAL.)

GILBERT. Ah, so. . . . Ming-ching-ting-ching-ching-ting.

VAL. Ming-ching-ting-ching-ching. . . . (*Looks at the sharp end of the compass.*) Do we have to really cut?

GILBERT. Of course. How can you have a sacred blood pact

without blood? (*Sticks her finger with the point of the compass.*) Wow! watch it! Not too hard; it hurts. (*Gives compass to* VAL.)

VAL. (*Punches her finger as* GILBERT *did.*) Pain! Pain! Pain!

GILBERT. And now, O Princess Cherry Blossom, the sacred oath.

(*They hold their fingers together. MUSIC.*)

VAL. I do solemnly swear that—what?

GILBERT. (*In absolute earnest.*) That whereas love is the most important thing in the whole wide world, especially true love—therefore, be it resolved that Valerie Campbell Boyd and Marian Byrnes Gilbert will lead a secret life in the name of one Henry Orient, the truly beloved of Miss Boyd.

VAL. I do.

GILBERT. And from the moment on, except during school and homework, we'll follow him everywhere he goes.

VAL. And study his whole life, both public and private—where he lives, who he sees—

GILBERT. And what he really thinks about when he's not practicing his art.

VAL. So help me God!

(*MUSIC out.* MRS. BOYD *is heard Off Right.*)

MRS. BOYD. Anybody home? (*Enters.*) Anybody home?

VAL. It's Mom!

(*Runs to her and into her arms, almost knocking her over.* GILBERT, *subdued by this fashionable jet-setter, picks up the bedspread and takes it back to the bed. Puts compass on night table.*)

MRS. BOYD. Careful, dear. Givenchy didn't design this dress for wrestling.

VAL. Why didn't you let me know?

MRS. BOYD. I'm sorry, darling, but you know how I hate writing letters. (VAL *quickly turns to see if* GILBERT *has heard her mother.* GILBERT *is trying to put the bedspread back on the bed.* MRS. BOYD *notices her.*) And who is that?

VAL. (*Goes Left and pulls* GILBERT *over the bed to her side.*) This is Marian Gilbert. She's my best friend.

MRS. BOYD. How are you, Marian?

GILBERT. Very well, thank you.

VAL. (*Rushing to her* MOTHER.) Where's Father?

MRS. BOYD. At the office, where else? Straight from the plane! But he's going to join us for dinner tonight. (*Turns* VAL *around.*)

A little surprise party, just for you! Dirty face! How would you like the Four Seasons?

VAL. Wow! (*Returns to* GILBERT's *side.*) Can Gil go with us?

GILBERT. (*Quickly.*) Oh, thank you very much, but I have a previous engagement.

MRS. BOYD. (*Just as quickly.*) That's too bad, but we'll make it another time. (*Goes to vanity for her coat, purse and gloves.*) Now if you'll try to make yourself a little more presentable, we can run down to Bergdorf's now and pick up something for you tonight. (*To* GILBERT.) Goodbye, dear. I'm sure that we'll meet again. (*Exits Right.*)

VAL. Isn't she neat? (*Goes to armoire. Opens it.*) That's always the way it is when they get back— Four Seasons, Twenty-one— and just wait till you see the loot! Bergdorf's, Saks, Lord and Taylor—just about anything I want!

GILBERT. But what about—Henry?

VAL. We can do that some other time, can't we?

GILBERT. I guess so.

(MRS. BOYD *re-enters Right.*)

VAL. What about tomorrow?

GILBERT. (*Runs off Right, almost knocking down* MRS. BOYD.) Doesn't matter—

VAL. (*Calling off after her.*) Gil—Gil—

MRS. BOYD. Oops! Goodbye—er— (*To* VAL.) Is anything wrong?

VAL. Oh, no.

MRS. BOYD. I mean we don't want anything spoiling our party tonight, do we?

VAL. No, everything's wonderful really.

(*The TELEPHONE rings.*)

MRS. BOYD. Be a lamb and do hurry, darling. (*Picks up phone on the Right night table.*) Hello? Oh, darling! Where in God's name have you been? No, we were in Greece and it was deadly beyond words. (VAL *crosses Down Center.*) Even New York is better than Greece . . . (VAL *crosses to armoire.*) Tonight? Oh, no, not tonight, I'm afraid. The Boyds are having a little party of their own tonight. (*She blows a kiss to* VAL, *who is picking out shoes and a dress at the armoire.*) Oh, really? I had no idea they were in the States. (VAL *takes a dress to the bed.*) I hear he's really something special. Mm? Mm? You're really making it sound like the party of the year. Look, dear, may I call you back? I won't be five minutes. (*She hangs up and smiles at* VAL. VAL *smiles at her.*) What a bore!

VAL. That's all right.

MRS. BOYD. You know what your father always says! More deals are made at dinner parties than in the office—and I know he'll insist on going to this one. But if you want me to speak to him—

VAL. It's really all right, Mom.

MRS. BOYD. You really don't mind?

VAL. Aw, no—

MRS. BOYD. You are a darling, and now I've got to get started. (*She blows* VAL *a kiss and starts out, calling.*) Alice, would you plug in the steam iron and get the black silk dress out of the green bag?

(*She goes off.* VAL *sits on the bed alone, dejected. She picks up Orient's album as:*)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 7

A telephone BOOTH in the Scarsdale depot lights up Stage Right. STELLA, *in a Mata Hari cloak and heavily veiled, enters it and dials. Another BOOTH comes on Downstage Left.* ORIENT *enters Left just in time to answer. He grabs the phone.*

ORIENT. Yes?

STELLA. (*Nervously.*) Henry?

ORIENT. No names, please. (STELLA *pulls veil down.*) Where are you?

STELLA. I'm in the station in Scarsdale. I'm catching the 11:20. George is playing golf.

ORIENT. Okay now, I've got it all worked out how we're going to tear off that little old song today without your being seen. (*She moans.*) Will you listen first, sweet, before you start whimpering?

STELLA. (*Tremulously.*) I'm sorry.

ORIENT. Now, when you get to Grand Central, take a taxi to Flynn's Fish Haven on the east side of Lexington between 62nd and 63rd. That's right around the corner from my place in the same block. Flynn's an old friend of mine— I throw him all my fish business—and he'll be looking for you.

STELLA. But he'll see me, darling—

ORIENT. Of course he'll see you, sweet—

STELLA. He might tell somebody—

ORIENT. Who the hell could he tell, sweetheart? He doesn't know anybody but other fish people. Anyway you only go through there to get down a ladder into the coal cellar.

STELLA. (*Startled.*) What coal-cellar?

ORIENT. Flynn's.

STELLA. Oh, no, darling, not in a coal-cellar—

ORIENT. Now, you don't have to worry about that, sweet. It's not even used for coal any more—just fish— But you have to go through it to get to the boiler-room, don't you see?

STELLA. Look, darling, have you ever thought of Newark—

ORIENT. Not while I'm in my right mind, sweet. I wouldn't cross the STATE LINE for—Sophia Loren.

STELLA. Oh, but not in a boiler-room, Henry.

ORIENT. If you'd be good enough to stop interrupting, sweetheart, it never even occurred to me to compose in the boiler-room. But that's how you have to get to the alley—

STELLA. Maybe we ought to make it another day, darling.

ORIENT. Listen, sweetheart— (*A pause to gain control.*) Do you want that goddamn poem set to music or not?

STELLA. I was only wondering if we'll have enough time.

ORIENT. We will if you don't yak it all away.

STELLA. But what if he picks up?

ORIENT. Listen, baby, either we take a hack at it today or I'm picking up! So make up your mind, kid, yes or no, and that'll be it, period.

STELLA. (*Crying.*) Go on.

ORIENT. You are my brave little love jug. Now where were we?

STELLA. In the—alley.

ORIENT. We're nearly home now, honey-bun. Once you're over that little barbed-wire fence that some nut stuck up there— (*A groan from* STELLA.) Then you're directly under my fire-escape! I'm afraid you'll have to take a little running jump for that drop ladder.

STELLA. (*Snapping.*) I can't do it, Henry! I can't do all that.

ORIENT. But I've got it all worked out for you, sweetheart.

STELLA. I'm sorry, but I'd better stay in Scarsdale.

ORIENT. (*In alarm.*) Hold it, now! Don't hang up, sweet! Don't you want to hear the rest of my plan?

STELLA. I'd be too scared.

ORIENT. (*Softly.*) You mean even with me at your side you'd be scared?

STELLA. But, Henry—you didn't say—

ORIENT. You and I, darling, are going together, side by side, down the ladder, through that alley, and up that fire-escape— (*Softly.*) to Paradise, macushla!

STELLA. Oh, darling!

ORIENT. Now off you go, my little bundle of goodies, and I'll meet you in the fish house.

STELLA. You won't be long, will you?

ORIENT. I'll be right on your tail, sweet.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 8

Luncheonette. The entrance is Up Left Center. To the Left is a soda fountain with three high stools. Just Right of the door and Downstage of a large store window is a table with two chairs. Another table, with two chairs, is Down Right. GIRLS *are seated at the fountain and at the tables.* GILBERT *enters and goes to the table Down Right.*

GILBERT. (*Sings.*)
I WONDER HOW IT IS TO DANCE WITH A BOY,
A DREAM I KEEP SEEIN'
IS ME 'N A BOY.
I WONDER HOW IT IS TO DANCE WITH A BOY
WHEN YOU'VE ONLY DANCED WITH SOME GIRL.

I WONDER IF MY BRAIN
WOULD JUST KINDA BLUR
IF I SAW A "HIM" THERE
INSTEAD OF A HER.
I WONDER HOW IT IS TO DANCE WITH A BOY
WHEN YOU'VE ONLY DANCED WITH SOME GIRL.

I DO ALL THE STEPS THAT THEY DO
EXCEPT
FOR A FEW
EXCEPT
WELL, IT'S TRUE
EXCEPT

I HAVEN'T UP TILL NOW
BEEN ASKED BY A BOY
BUT JUST BEING ASKED IS A THING I'D ENJOY.
SOMETIMES I JUST VISUALIZE
ME BE'N KISSED BY HIS EYES.
HOLY SMOKE, HOLY COW

I WONDER HOW IT IS.
I WONDER HOW IT IS TO DANCE.
GIRLS.
I WONDER IF MY BRAIN
WOULD ALL KINDA BLUR-UR-UR-UR
IF I SAW A HIM THERE
INSTEAD OF A HER.
(The BACK WALL of the luncheonette flies out as the TABLES and SODA FOUNTAIN go off on each side.)
HOLY SMOKE
HOLY COW
I WONDER HOW IT IS.

(The MUSIC underscoring starts after the applause, at which time the BACK WALL of the shop comes in. Almost set, the Up Center and Right TABLES come back on. The SODA FOUNTAIN reappears from the Left. KAFRITZ *enters the soda shop along with some young* KNICKERBOCKER GREYS.)

KAFRITZ. Say, who here wants to read VALLEY OF THE DOLLS? I can get you my mother's copy for ten cents a day. *(There are no takers. She spots* GILBERT *standing Downstage of the Right table and goes to her.)* You know, Gil, it wouldn't be easy, but I might be able to get you a date for the "happening"—for a consideration.

GILBERT. *(Sits Left of the table.)* Go away, will you?

KAFRITZ. I'd go myself, but I don't neck. My mother said if I didn't neck until I was eighteen she'd buy me a Mustang. But that wouldn't be a problem for you and your dopey friend.

GILBERT. *(Digs around for a coin in one of her loafers.)* Here!

KAFRITZ. What's that for?

(VAL *is seen coming from Up Left, wearing a coolie hat and carrying a shopping bag.*)

GILBERT. A nickel to shut up and leave me alone!

(KAFRITZ *takes the nickel and clears Left a few steps.* LORI *and* CHRIS *leave.*)

VAL. *(Down Center.)* Ching-ming-ting? (GILBERT *turns her back to* VAL.) Ching-ming-ting-ting! That means: Me so solly, Princess Silverbells!

(VAL *holds out a second coolie hat,* GILBERT *turns around.*)

GILBERT. *(Rises and goes to* VAL. *Takes hat.)* Say, these are cool. Where did you get them?

VAL. The Chinese Bazaar.

GILBERT. Ah, ching-ting-ching-ting-toy!

VAL. Ah, ching-ming-ching-Myrna Loy! And look! (*Takes a scrapbook from the bag.*) The Bible! (KAFRITZ *goes Right toward the table.* VAL *takes out a magazine.*) And here's a magazine that tells all about where he lives at 62nd and Third and where he goes every day and everything!

KAFRITZ. They ought to invite you two to a nut-in! (*She retreats Down Left to the soda fountain.*)

VAL. You know the first thing I think we should do!

GILBERT. What?

VAL. Write our first love letters to each other.

GILBERT. How do you mean?

VAL. (*Bringing out notebooks from the bag, along with pencils. Gives notebook and pencil to* GILBERT.) Well, I'll write to him and you be him and write to me.

GILBERT. Say, that's a good idea.

VAL. Okay, how's this: "O Great Lover of the Orient!"

GILBERT. Oh, that's a very good start, Val. Now I'm Henry writing to you: (*Writes.*) "O most beautiful and glamorous love-kitten!"

VAL. Eeeeeeek!

GILBERT. "Your eyes are twin sins."

VAL. "It was a night of love that I will never forget if I live to be a thousand!"

(*At this,* TWO BOY'S *heads come around slowly. The* GIRLS *giggle. The* TWO BOYS *look at each other. Brother! The* GIRLS *continue to write.*)

RUSS. Ho, boy! (*To* HAL.) Do you know those girls?

HAL. No, but I'm already crazy about 'em! (*Crosses Left to* KAFRITZ.) Hey, Kaf!

(RUSS *follows* HAL.)

KAFRITZ. Got a problem, soldier?

RUSS. Are you still fixing dates for the dance?

KAFRITZ. (*Rises.*) For a consideration, of course.

RUSS. (*Points to the* GIRLS *at the Right table.*) What about those two chicks?

KAFRITZ. (*Sees who they are.*) Oh-oh!

HAL. What do you mean, oh-oh?

KAFRITZ. Those might run you a little higher.

HAL. Higher than what?

KAFRITZ. Those are two very exclusive debutantes.

RUSS. Well, we don't have much dough!

VAL. (*Writing.*) "Till the sands of the desert run cold, from your own little passion flower."

GILBERT. "From your adoring Henry in heavenly memory of one glorious night of love."

RUSS. (*He and* HAL *turn together to* KAFRITZ.) Name it.

KAFRITZ. Make it five bucks.

(RUSS *hands over the money.*)

VAL. (*Reading the magazine.*) Say, we're going to have to hurry if we're going to follow him today!

GILBERT. What's it say?

VAL. It says he has lunch every Friday at Flynn's Fish Haven on Lexington. We can follow him then.

GILBERT. (*Gathering stuff together.*) We can paste this stuff in later.

KAFRITZ. (*Sauntering up to* VAL *and* GILBERT, *all smiles.*) I think I've got it worked out for you, kids.

VAL. Well, if it isn't the singing nun!

VAL and GIL. Ah, ching-ting-ming. (*They bow once to her mockingly.*)

GILBERT. Mean old Chinese curse: May you have mouthful peanut butter and no milk.

(*Both* VAL *and* GILBERT *beat a hasty retreat.*)

RUSS. (*To* KAFRITZ.) Boy, are YOU a fixer!

KAFRITZ. (*Grimly.*) Take it easy, will you? I've just started! Wait here! (*She runs out.*)

RUSS. Well, how do you like that?

HAL. And with our dough!

RUSS. Come on!

(*The* TWO BOYS *start to leave.*)

KENNY. Mills, St. James, Fall in!

(HAL *and* RUSS *stop.*)

HAL. But that girl's got our five bucks, Kenny!

KENNY. I said, fall in, soldier!

(RUSS *and* HAL *fall in, walk Down Center towards* KENNY *and look at each other in distress.*)

HAL. What do you think?

RUSS. That's my whole allowance!

HAL. Let's go!

(*Both* HAL *and* RUSS *run out of the shop as fast as they can.*)

KENNY. Doggone it, Russ, halt! (*He runs to the door, but they've gone. Comes back.*) Whitney, Vanderbilt, Stuyvesant! Mikolanvitch!

(*The* SOLDIERS *fall in line.*)

MEN. Yes, sir.

KENNY. This is Operation Search and Seize Deserters! About face! Forward—March! Hup 2 3 4! Hup 2 3 4! Hup 2 3 4!

(*They march out. The remainder of the* GIRLS *follow them as the SCENERY flies out and the TABLES and SODA FOUNTAIN move off.*)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 9

Telephone Booth. Stage Right we see a telephone booth. On the Left side of the Stage, near some buildings are two garbage cans. STELLA *enters from Left and sneaks across Stage, still heavily veiled. A few moments later,* ORIENT *appears from Left, following her. He stops Center, turns Upstage and lowers his head when he sees a* MAN *coming from Right, carrying golf clubs. The* GOLFER *exits Left, and* ORIENT *continues to follow* STELLA *Right. At this moment,* KAFRITZ *enters Up Right and flattens herself against a building, while the two GARBAGE CANS rise and cross Center.* ORIENT *stops. The GARBAGE CANS stop and rest on the ground again.* ORIENT *exits and the GARBAGE CANS again walk toward Right.* KAFRITZ *stops them.*

KAFRITZ. (*Removing the lids.*) I wonder what Miss Cooney would say if she heard that two of her very nice young ladies were following an old man all over town in the middle of the night.

(*Out come* GILBERT *and* VAL.)

GILBERT. All right, how much? (*Starts to take money from her shoe.*)

KAFRITZ. No, I tell you what I'll do. (*Puts lids back on.*) If you'll go to this Knickerbocker Greys thing with a couple of cute

boys I know, I won't tell. And I'll even cut the price for you—a buck and a quarter.

VAL. She's all heart, isn't she?

(*Both* VAL *and* GILBERT *speak in Chinese and run around* KAFRITZ.)

KAFRITZ. Or would you rather I tell everybody where you go every afternoon at three?

(*They stop Down Right.*)

GILBERT. (*Puzzled.*) What's she talking about?

KAFRITZ. She has to go to a shrink, that's what I'm talking about!

GILBERT. A shrink?

KAFRITZ. A head doctor, stupid, for when you're going crazy or something.

GILBERT. (*Crossing to* KAFRITZ.) If you aren't the meanest, nastiest—

VAL. No, wait. If she knows that much, maybe we ought to tell her the whole truth.

KAFRITZ. (*Suspiciously.*) What whole truth?

VAL. I mean why I go to Doctor Leary. You see—I'm a junk eater.

KAFRITZ. A what?

GILBERT. She's hooked on SOB.

VAL. I have to take a trip every afternoon.

KAFRITZ. But that's illegal—especially near a school!

GILBERT. (*Returns to* VAL.) She's got to expand her mind, or she'd go stark raving mad.

VAL. But I missed it this afternoon. His shade was up. That meant he didn't have any.

GILBERT. That's his signal. When he's got some he pulls his shade down.

VAL. (*Groping.*) Gil! (*Wanders toward Center.*) Are the lights going out?

GILBERT. (*Taking her hand.*) Here I am, dear. Don't be afraid.

VAL. My extremities are growing numb. (*Starts Right.*)

GILBERT. (*Going with* VAL, *Downstage of her.*) That's this monkey on her back.

VAL. Will you take me there, please, before it's too late.

GILBERT. Of course, dear. (*Leading her off Right.*) We'll pick up some morphine on the way just to hold you.

(*They exit, leaving* KAFRITZ *glaring after them, unable to decide whether she's been taken or not.* RUSS *and* HAL *run on from Left.*)

HAL. Kafritz! What about that five bucks?

KALFRITZ. How can you talk about five bucks at a time like this? (*She goes to the telephone booth, drops a dime in the phone and dials the operator.*) Hello . . . Give me the police. . . . Police? Drug department, please. Drug department? I'd like to report a cat pushing drugs near the Norton School—an apartment at 62nd and Third. His signal is, if he's got it, he pulls down the shade. Be on the lookout for a couple of addicts from the school that are on the way there now . . . No, not me. I'm the connection. (*She hangs up, checks the coin return slot for her dime, then looks at the* BOYS *significantly.*)

RUSS. We'd better call out the troops!

(*The* BOYS *run off Left as* KAFRITZ *comes out of the booth.*)

KAFRITZ. (*Coming Down Center.*) There! I did it! (*Sings.*)
I OFTEN HAVE THESE MISERABLE INSTINCTS
BUT I ENDEAVOR TO RESIST 'EM
BY CLENCHIN' MY FIST 'N
BY KICKIN' MY SHOE HARD
I TRY, BUT NOT TOO HARD.

SHE WAS OUT TO GET ME
BUT I GOT HER FIRST.
WHEN SHE GOT MALIC-IOUS—SHE
HAPPENED TO PICK A KID
COULD BE JUST AS VIC-I-OUS
AND TWICE AS VIN-DICATIVE.
I AM ROUGH AND I AM RUTHLESS
THOUGH IT'S TOUGH
THE BITTER TRUTH IS—

NOBODY STEPS ON KAFRITZ.
IF THEY DO THEN THEY MUST BE CRUSHED.
MOST OF THE WORLD ARE HALF-WITS
AND THEIR LAUGHTER WILL SOON BE HUSHED.
A SUPERIOR MENTAL I.Q.
MAKES INFERIOR MINDS DISLIKE YOU.
IF THE WORLD STARTS A RUCKUS
WHERE ALL OF THEM RUN A-MUCK IS
TO STEP ON KAFRITZ.

MY FRIENDS, YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BE
ROTTEN
NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BE DOWNRIGHT DIRTY
THOUGH I'M NOT A STINKER YET
I'M A FIRST CLASS STINKERETTE.

NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BE HOSTILE
NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BE JUST PLAIN CRUMMY
YOU CAN CATCH ON IN A WINK
BE A RAT
BE A FINK
I'M A MONSTER, I AM MISER'BLE
AND I'M GLAD IT'S PLAINLY VISIBLE.

NOBODY STEPS ON KAFRITZ
IF THEY DO THEN THEY MUST BE CRUSHED.
OUT OF MY WAY YOU HALF-WITS
NOBODY STEPS ON KAFRITZ!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 10

Orient's Apt. Exterior and Interior. VAL *and* GILBERT *run in from Upstage checking house numbers. They stop in front of Henry's apartment and kneel.*

GILBERT. This is it!

VAL. Eeek! (*She falls to her knees and salaams.*) BANZAI!

GILBERT. (*After a moment, does the same.*) Shalom! Do you remember what a drag everything was until we found our true mission in life?

VAL. Yeah, things are sure different now. (*Sings.*)
HENRY, SWEET HENRY
SINCE I ADORE YOU, HENRY
I'M ALL CHILLS AND THRILLS AND BUTTERFLIES.
YOUR CRAZY MUSIC TRULY TICKLES US

GILBERT.
ALTHOUGH YOUR WHOLE TECHNIQUE'S REE-DICK-EL-US.

VAL.
SOME LOVE VAN CLIBURN
BUT MY SWEET HENRY, I YEARN
JUST TO HEAR YOUR GOLDEN MELODIES.
I LOVE YOU ASTRONOMICALLY

GILBERT.
THO' YOU'VE CRACKED UP HARMONICALLY.

BOTH.
MY SWEET HENRY, SWEET HENRY
I LOVE YOU.

(VAL, *in her excitement, turns a somersault, then reaches for the Bible, lies flat on her back, puts her legs straight up in the air and puts the Bible on her feet.*)

GILBERT.
YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN IN LOVE TO ME,
FLUTTERING PULSE, MOISTURING BROW
HANDS THAT ARE CLAMMY AND TREM-B-LING.
VAL. Wow!
GILBERT.
YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN IN LOVE TO ME
HEAD ERECT BUT SHOULDERS THAT SHOW THE STRAIN
AND THERE'S THE CHIN, RIGID AND TAUT.
VAL.
GOLLY, IT SHOWS EVEN MORE THAN I THOUGHT.
GILBERT.
MY TRAINED EYE CAN SEE, INDUBITABLY
YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN IN LOVE TO ME.
BOTH.
HENRY, SWEET HENRY
SINCE I ADORE YOU, HENRY
I'M ALL CHILLS AND THRILLS AND BUTTERFLIES
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU ASTRONOMICALLY.
THO' YOU'VE CRACKED UP HARMONICALLY
MY SWEET HENRY, SWEET HENRY, I LOVE
HENRY SWEET HENRY, I LOVE
HENRY SWEET HENRY, I LOVE YOU.

(*At the end of the song,* VAL *and* GILBERT *remain on the Down Left fire escape as ORIENT'S APARTMENT moves down into position. Stairs, Left, lead from the street to Orient's building. Downstage of the stairs is a large bay window with three windows facing the street. The entrance to the apartment is Up Left. On this door, there are five locks. On the same wall, to the Right, is a large arch, filled with a beaded curtain. In front of the bay window is a small cabinet which* ORIENT *uses as a bar. In the Center of the room is a chaise filled with pillows. On the Right wall is a window, Downstage of which is a large pillow ottoman. It is still dark.* KAFRITZ *and her cronies come on Down Right. She peers up at* VAL, *follows the direction of* VAL'S *gaze and moves across the street with her friends, now staring at Orient's apartment. A few* PASSERS-BY *note this and stop to stare themselves. Finally there is quite a group of people looking at Orient's apartment and at each other. They are a bit embarrassed by this activity and some turn to explain to the audience. A* LADY,

carrying a bag of groceries, stops in front of Orient's apartment when she notices EVERYONE *staring at the building.*)

ENSEMBLE.
WE ARE WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING.
WE ARE PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE WATCHING
WE MUST WATCH THE PEOPLE WATCHING.

TENOR.
NOT THAT WE ARE NOSEY
I MUST MAKE THAT PERFECTLY CLEAR.
BUT BECAUSE IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS
IS PRECISELY WHY WE'RE HERE.

WE ARE WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING.
WE ARE PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE WATCHING
WE MUST WATCH THE PEOPLE WATCHING.

PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING.

I'M A NATURAL WATCHER.
WATCHING PEOPLE IS A KICK TO ME.
BOTH MY DAD AND MOTHER WERE FRENCH
AND WATCHING PEOPLE WAS THEIR HOBBY.

WE ARE PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE WATCHING
WE MUST WATCH THE PEOPLE WATCHING.

PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE.

(ORIENT *and* STELLA *have entered through the back window of*

Orient's apartment. STELLA *collapses on the floor near the window;* ORIENT *climbs in and goes to turn off the lights.*)

ENSEMBLE. OHHHHHHHHH!

HENRY. Alone at last. (*They embrace. He kisses her through the veil. Gets veil caught in mouth.*) Now, may I suggest that you go in there and divest yourself of that shroud?

(*With a few suitably modest moans she exits into what must surely be the bedroom.* HENRY *nips quickly to his door and locks one after the other five locks on his apartment door, and then disappears around the corner into a dressing room. The* KNICKERBOCKER GREYS *enter Right.*)

KENNY.

HUT 2 3 4
HUT 2 3 4
HUT 2 3 4

COLUMN RIGHT RIGHT!

HALT 2 3 HUT

PRESENT ARMS HUT

ENSEMBLE.
WE ARE WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING.

LEFT FACE MARK TIME MARK

WE ARE PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE WATCHING

WHITNEY, VANDERBILT—FORWARD ESCAPES

WE MUST WATCH THE PEOPLE WATCHING.

ST. JAMES, MILLS — THE REAR MARCH

PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE

ROSS, STUYVESANT—LEFT FLANK

PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE
PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE

HUT HUT

PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE.

DOUBLE TIME

(*A* POLICEMAN *enters carrying guns.*)

HA, HA, HA, HA OHHHHHHHH!
HA, HA, HA, HA

(ORIENT, *resplendent in a showy dressing gown, bounds out of his dressing room, spraying the room with perfume.*)

ORIENT. (*Sings.*)
FOREVER, I SHALL WORSHIP YOU
MY STELLA, DEAR,
FOREVER
YES FOREVER AND A DAY BEYOND
MY HEART WILL . . .
(*In the middle of this,* STELLA *emerges timidly as the MUSIC swells to a passionate climax. She is dressed like Margaret Sullivan in a white pajama top but has neglected to remove her black hat with the veils and her long black gloves and still clutches her purse. He leaps to embrace her again, but she slithers past him and crouches on the sofa shaking with nervousness and whimpering a bit.*) Oh, my precious pearl of great price!

STELLA. (*Sings.*)
HENRY, SWEET HENRY
YOU FINALLY TRIUMPHED, HENRY
I CAN FIGHT NO LONGER.

ORIENT. (*Goes to her.*)
I LOVE YOU WITH SUCH A PASSION
IN MY BRAIN ARE CYMBALS CRASHING.

(*She runs away from him, around the chaise. He follows. They* BOTH *sit on the sofa.*)

STELLA. C-c-could I have a drink first?

ORIENT. But of course, darling! What more beautiful overture to the symphony of love than a belt or two of the grape! Name it, macushla!

STELLA. White mint?

ORIENT. White mint! (*He stops.*) White mint?

STELLA. White mint.

ORIENT. White mint. (*Goes to the bar and starts looking for white mint.*) I'll be a son-of-a-bitch!

(*Outside the* CROWD *has begun to stir again.*)

HOT DOG MAN. Hot dogs!

ENSEMBLE. WALLACE.
WE ARE WATCHING PEOPLE WATCHING. LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, *etc.*)

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