Give My Regards to Broadway

Book by Shubert Fendrich
Music and Lyrics by George M. Cohan

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For preview only
### GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**
(In Order Of Appearance)

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**TIME:** The present

**PLACE:** The stage of an Off-Broadway theatre

#### SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

**ACT ONE**

- *GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY* .......... Chorus
- *FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY* ..... Dick, Mary
- *THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY* ..................... Legs, Trixie
- *VIRGINIA SONG* .................................. Betty
- *LIFE'S A FUNNY PROPOSITION AFTER ALL.* .. Eddie, Legs, Chorus

*FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY*   
*REPRISE* ........................................ Mary

**ACT TWO**

- *IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG/THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY* .......... Mary, Millie, Legs, Chorus

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LIFE'S A FUNNY PROPOSITION AFTER ALL
REPRISE ............................................ Mary
SO LONG MARY .................................................. Mary, Chorus
*WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING
HOME AGAIN ........................................... Chorus
IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG .................................. Legs, Dick, Eddie
MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME ........................... Mary, Hilda, Suzie,
                                             Flossie, Connie
FINALE—GIVE MY REGARDS TO
BROADWAY .......................................... Company
*Music by Louis Lambert
GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

ACT ONE
Scene One

SETTING: A bare stage with miscellaneous flats and work materials about.

AT RISE: EDDIE COWLES is playing the piano, STAGE LEFT. A small chorus of about six girls in rehearsal clothes is running through a song and dance number. DICK FOSTER, the director, is watching from DOWN RIGHT.

CHORUS GIRLS: (Sing. GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY.) Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Herald Square. Tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street that I will soon be there. Whisper of how I’m yearning to mingle with the old time throng; Give my regards to old Broadway and say that I’ll be there e’er long. (THEY wrap up the song with a flourish.)

DICK: All right, girls, that’s not bad. Trixie, you need to kick a little higher. And Betty, try to straighten up the line a bit. Now let’s take a one hour break for lunch and we’ll see you all back here at one.

TRIXIE: Okay, but when you gonna get some heat in here?

BETTY: Yeah, it’s so cold my goose bumps are frozen. I gotta iron them out every night!

FLOSSIE: When my mother warned me about the theatre, she didn’t say anything about frostbite.

SUZIE: When you design the costumes, pick something that goes with blue. I don’t want it to clash with my skin.

DICK: When you’re all rich and famous, you’ll laugh about this.

CONNIE: Those of us that survive, anyhow.

FLOSSIE: Let’s get some hot coffee, Maybe that will help.

CONNIE: How about the place across the street?

BETTY: Their food is terrible! It tastes like sawdust.

FLOSSIE: Yeah . . . but they give second helpings free.

SUZIE: And their thermostat is high. We might actually thaw out in an hour.

CONNIE: That’s all the recommendation I need. Let’s go.

TRIXIE: (Getting a paper bag.) I’m brown bagging it today.

HILDA: Me, too. With the cost of rent around here, I can’t afford to go out.

TRIXIE: If it gets any higher, we’ll have to make sandwiches out of the bag.

SUZIE: Well, we’ll see you later, then. (SUZIE, CONNIE and
FLOSSIE EXIT. HILDA and TRIXIE put on coats, retreat to back of stage and take out sandwiches from bags.)

BETTY: (Turns to EDDIE at piano.) How about you, Eddie? Aren’t you hungry?

EDDIE: Sure. (Holds out hands with fingers slightly curled.) But could you help straighten out my fingers before I go?

DICK: Come on! It’s not that cold.

EDDIE: Then why am I learning how to play the piano with gloves?!

DICK: We’ve been working together a long time. You’ve got to have faith.

EDDIE: All right . . . but whatever happened to hope and charity?

DICK: Hope and charity! They just opened a new musical out of town.

EDDIE: Seriously, this is a good show, but how are you going to get it off the ground? You don’t have any money, and you don’t even have a leading lady.

DICK: That’s where you’re wrong. Do you know Mona Monroe?

BETTY: Mona Monroe! She’s playing the lead in that revival of ANNIE! It’s the hottest ticket in town.

DICK: But she outgrew the part. You can’t stay fourteen forever.

EDDIE: How old is she?

DICK: Thirty-one.

EDDIE: I see what you mean.

DICK: As soon as we sign Mona for the lead, we’ll get the backing we need. We’ll be able to buy costumes, scenery, advertising . . .

BETTY: Lights . . . heat . . . water . . .

DICK: We’ve just got to hold down expenses for now. Mona’s meeting me here later today and we’ll work everything out.

EDDIE: All right, but I wouldn’t put too much faith in Mona. I hear she tends to be tempermental.

DICK: Don’t worry . . . we’ve been friends for years.

EDDIE: That was when she was a poor, struggling actress.

MARY: (ENTERS.) Excuse me, I’m looking for Mr. Foster. Richard Foster.

EDDIE: (Indicating DICK.) This is Mr. Foster. (To DICK.) See you after lunch. Stay cool.

DICK: Very funny.

BETTY: We’ll have to hurry, Eddie. I’ve got something important to talk to you about. (THEY put on coats, EXIT.)

MARY: Mr. Foster, I thought I’d never find you.

DICK: You’re not a bill collector?!

MARY: (Laughing.) Nothing like that. I’m an actress.

DICK: I see.
MARY: Look... *(Takes out letter from handbag.)* I brought you a letter of recommendation. *(Hands him letter.)* It’s from my drama coach.

DICK: *(Takes letter, reads it.)* Very good. You’ve had a lot of amateur experience.

MARY: Oh, yes. And you know my drama coach, of course.

DICK: Phyllis Jones. It’s not exactly a household name. *(Hands letter back.)*

MARY: But she’s a good friend of your uncle’s psychiatrist. She was sure you’d remember her.

DICK: I didn’t know my uncle had a psychiatrist. I just knew he needed one.

MARY: *(Crestfallen.)* You’re not very impressed, are you?

DICK: Look, kid. Out there is a street called Broadway. It could just as well be called the street of broken dreams and lonely hearts.

MARY: That would be a funny name for a street.

DICK: Hundreds of kids like you come here every day... to New York... to the Big Apple. Kids with talent, good looks, ambition... all wanting the same thing. Success, adulation, recognition.

MARY: I’m willing to work hard.

DICK: Of course you are. They all are! Hoping for their big chance. Tell me, where are you from. Nebraska? Colorado? California?

MARY: New Rochelle.

DICK: New Rochelle?

MARY: So what’s wrong with New Rochelle?

DICK: Nothing... but whether it’s California, Colorado or New Rochelle... it doesn’t make any difference. They’re just not New York.

MARY: What do you mean? New Rochelle is less than an hour from here.

DICK: That’s right, it’s only about 45 minutes. But what a difference that makes. *(TRIXIE and HILDA step forward to join in song. DICK sings: FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY.)*

The West so they say is a land far away,
Where actors put talent behind them.
This may all be, but just take it from me, you don’t have to go out West to find them.
If you want to see a real fine congregation, the place where real amateurs dwell.
Just hop on a train at the Grand Central Station, get off when they shout, "New Rochelle".

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DICK, TRIXIE, HILDA:  (Sing Chorus.)
Only forty-five minutes from Broadway, think of the changes
it brings;
For the short time it takes, what a difference it makes in
the ways of the people and things.

DICK:  (Sings.)
Oh! What a great bunch of actors, oh! What a fine
atmosphere.
It’s amateur’s day, and imagine Broadway only forty-five
minutes from here.

MARY:  I don’t have to stay here and be insulted. I can go
anywhere.

DICK:  Don’t take it personally. It’s just that . . . well . . . if
you want to make it in theatre, it’s got to be on Broadway.

MARY:  Maybe so, but that doesn’t mean all the talent is here.
There’s a lot of good people all over the country, and a lot of
them nicer than the ones I’ve met here, too.  (Sings:  FORTY-
FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY.)
The West, you may say, is a land far away, where actors
put talent behind them.
This may all be, but just take it from me, you’ll never get
out there to find them.
If you want to see a real fine delegation of people who really
are swell,
Just hop on a train at the Grand Central Station, get off
when they shout, “New Rochelle”.

MARRY, TRIXIE, HILDA:  (Sing.)
Only forty-five minutes from Broadway, think of the changes
it brings;
For the short time it takes, what a difference it makes in the
ways of the people and things.

MARY:  (Sings.)
Oh! There is talent to spare. Yes! There are great people
there.
They’re nicer each day, and imagine Broadway only forty-five
minutes away.

DICK:  Guess I’ll have to apologize. I haven’t been too cordial.

MARY:  I thought I was getting the cold shoulder . . . but it’s so
cold in here I couldn’t tell the difference anyhow.  (She
shivers, rubs arms for warmth.)

DICK:  Look, you have a great voice, and I wish we had a spot
for you in the show . . . but I just finished casting.

MARY:  Well, maybe next time.  (FLOSSIE and CONNIE rush in.)
FLOSSIE:  Mr. Foster, something awful has happened!
CONNIE:  It’s Suzie. She collapsed in the restaurant.

DICK:  Is she all right?
FLOSSIE: I don’t know. She’s on her way to the hospital.
DICK: What seems to be the problem?
FLOSSIE: Double pneumonia and malnutrition... that’s what
the doctor said.
DICK: You mean a doctor was eating in that restaurant?
CONNIE: He was a health inspector. They were closing it down.
FLOSSIE: What are we going to do?
DICK: I don’t know. Maybe I’d better go see how she is? Do
you know where they took her.
FLOSSIE: I wrote it down. (Holds out paper.) It’s not far.
CONNIE: You’re pretty busy, Mr. Foster. Flossie and I can run
over and make sure she’s all right.
TRIXIE: (Checking paper.) And I’d better call Suzie’s folks.
They’ll be worried. (She EXITs.)
FLOSSIE: Maybe we can finish our lunch in the hospital cafeteria.
CONNIE: I hear hospital food isn’t too good.
FLOSSIE: That’s only when you’re sick. (THEY start out.)
HILDA: Wait a second. I’d like to come along, too. (Gets coat.)
DICK: Do you think she’d enjoy some flowers?
CONNIE: Only if she can eat them.
DICK: (Hands CONNIE some money.) Well, buy her some
anyhow.
CONNIE: We’ll be back as soon as we can.
FLOSSIE: But I wouldn’t count on Suzie for rehearsal for a while.
(THEY EXIT.)
DICK: What a shame. But I’m sure things will work out. (To
MARY.) You know, Shirley...
MARY: It’s Mary.
DICK: You know, Mary... I’ve been thinking. Anyone with
your ability and perserverance deserves a break.
MARY: Really?!
DICK: Yes. I knew the minute you walked in the theatre you
had that certain something.
MARY: A letter of recommendation!
DICK: Talent... good looks... ambition!
MARY: I think you said that before.
DICK: The pay is low.
MARY: I can make it.
DICK: The hours are long.
MARY: I can do it.
DICK: You’ll have to start in the chorus.
MARY: I can work my way up.
DICK: The job is yours. Come on, I’ll buy you lunch.
MARY: Thanks, Mr. Foster. But where are we eating? I’m not
terribly well dressed.
DICK: You’re fine. We’re going to McDonalds.
MARY: McDonalds.
DICK: Yes . . . like I said. You deserve a break today.
LEGS: (ENTERS.) Hi yuh! I'm lookin' for a doll name of Trixie.
DICK: Trixie? I think you'll find her right off stage left.
LEGS: Right off left?
DICK: I believe that's right. (To MARY.) Isn't that the way she left?
LEGS: Right? Left? Could yuh just point?
DICK: (Pointing STAGE LEFT.) Sure, over there. Tell her Mr. Foster just left for lunch.
LEGS: Left? Uh, right! I'll tell her. (DICK and MARY EXIT.)
TRIXIE: (ENTERS.) Legs! I thought that was you I heard.
LEGS: Hey, Trixie, don't call me Legs. (Looks about suspiciously.)
TRIXIE: But Legs, I always call you Legs.
LEGS: Not now! I'm on the lam. I just got off the subway.
TRIXIE: What happened to your limo?
LEGS: It's full of bullet holes. Even the bulletproof windows.
TRIXIE: Gosh, Legs . . . you think someone is mad at you?
LEGS: Yeah. It's those mugs from the North Side, the South Side and the East Side.
TRIXIE: What do they want?
LEGS: The West Side.
TRIXIE: But you got the West Side.
LEGS: That's the problem. Here I am . . . just an honest bookie trying to turn a buck with a little off-track betting, and they bums keep tryin' to muscle in.
TRIXIE: Maybe you ought to call the police?
LEGS: I dunno. I think mebbe they wouldn't understand.
TRIXIE: What about the Small Business Administration?
LEGS: I don't think they'd be of much help.
TRIXIE: (Indignant.) Well . . . this is some country . . . when an honest citizen can't go out for a ride in his bulletproof Cadillac without havin' it shot full of holes.
LEGS: They jus' don't make bulletproof cars the way dey used ta.
TRIXIE: Sometimes I think I'd like to move off to a foreign country somewhere. Like Hawaii, maybe.
LEGS: Now don't go knockin' the good old U.S. of A. America has been good to me. You know, my folks went through Ellis Island.
TRIXIE: No kiddin'. Was they tourists?
LEGS: Naw, they was immigrants. Come here without a dime. Now where else in the world could a kid like me grow up and earn a million dollars just runnin' a couple of little horse parlors. This here is really the land of opportunity!
TRIXIE: You been real lucky, Legs.
LEGS: Sure. I was born on a lucky day . . . the Fourth of July!
TRIXIE: Hey, you're a regular Yankee Doodle Dandy!!!
LEGS: I sure am. And what's more, you're my Yankee Doodle sweetheart. *(Sings: 'I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.)*
I'm the guy with all the candy, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, I'm glad I am.
TRIXIE: *(Sings.)*
So's Uncle Sam.
LEGS: *(Sings.)*
I'm a real live Yankee Doodle, Made my name and fame and boodle just like Mister Doodle did,
By riding on a pony,
I love to listen to the Dixie strain, I love to see the girl
I have beside me,
And that ain't a josh. She's a Yankee, by gosh.
TRIXIE: *(Sings.)*
Oh, say can you see . . . anything about a Yankee that's a phon . . . ey?
TRIXIE, LEGS: *(Sing.)*
I'm (He's) a Yankee Doodle Dandy, A Yankee Doodle do or die;
A real live nephew of our Uncle Sam's.
Born on the Fourth of July.
LEGS: *(Sings.)*
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart. She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
LEGS, TRIXIE: *(Sing.)*
Yankee Doodle came to London, just to ride the ponies,
I am (He is) the Yankee Doodle Boy.
I am (He is) the Yankee Doodle Boy
Oh, I am (He is) the Yankee Doodle Boy!!!
TRIXIE: But what about those mugs that are after you, Legs?
What are you gonna do?
LEGS: I dunno. Can't go back to my place. They'll be watchin' it. How about your place?
TRIXIE: My place! There's four of us livin' there already. It's about as public as this theatre.
LEGS: *(Gets an idea.)* That's it!
TRIXIE: What's it?
LEGS: I'll hang around here for a couple of days. This is the last place anyone would look.
TRIXIE: I know of an extra dressing room that has a cot. It might work. *(THEY hear VOICES from OFFSTAGE.)*
LEGS: Someone's comin'! Let's go have a look at that pad. *(Looks down at his typical gangster-style suit.)* Better see if we can find some new clothes, too. This outfit is kind of conspicuous.
TRIXIE: Quick . . . down this way. (She and LEGS EXIT RIGHT. EDDIE and BETTY ENTER LEFT.)

EDDIE: Okay, Betty, what’s this news that’s so important that we had to rush back so quick. Anything that interrupts my second cup of coffee has got to be bad.

BETTY: I was trying to tell you at lunch, but the restaurant was so noisy.

EDDIE: And besides that, we were sitting at opposite ends of the counter.

BETTY: Those were the only seats they had left.

EDDIE: All right. So what’s the news?

BETTY: Well, it’s kind of good . . . and kind of bad.

EDDIE: Then I better sit down. (He sits at piano.)

BETTY: My niece, Little Millie, is coming to visit me from Virginia.

EDDIE: (Standing up.) Is THAT all? Well, what’s the good news?

BETTY: That WAS the good news.

EDDIE: I think I’ll sit down again. (He sits.)

BETTY: You see, I told the family I was this big star in a Broadway show . . .

EDDIE: So you told a little fib.

BETTY: And that I was going with this rich and famous New York pianist.

EDDIE: Me?

BETTY: You!

EDDIE: Well, maybe she’s too young to tell the difference.

BETTY: No; that young I’m afraid.

EDDIE: Virginia? Nobody comes from Virginia.

BETTY: George Washington did.

EDDIE: So he’s an exception.

BETTY: Thomas Jefferson did.

EDDIE: I mean recently.

BETTY: I’m from Virginia.

EDDIE: Oh, yeah. I forgot.

BETTY: Well, if you’d ever been there, you wouldn’t have forgot, I’ll tell you. (Sings: VIRGINIA SONG.)

I was born in a southern state where all nature’s sublime,
In a city where all the girls are pretty, and the sun shines nearly all the time.
Hospitality there you’ll find, bright smiles everywhere.
When I look ‘roun’ and see some other town,
I’m mighty glad I came from there.

(CHOIRUS:)
I was born in Virginia, that’s the state that will win yer
If you’ve got a soul in yer;
Ain’t no Southern frown in the city of Nor-folk,
Home of beauties and more folk.
Reckon you'll stay there, if you ever play there;
That right fine town.

(VERSE:
Something nice about Southerners you don't find everywhere;
Never con you, but they smile upon you,
And they'll make you happy while you're there.
Old Kentucky and Tennessee, they can certainly go some;
Travel far and wide, still I'm satisfied remembering the state
I'm from.

(CHORUS:
I was born in Virginia, that's the state that will win yer
If you've got a soul in yer;
Ain't no Southern frown in the city of Norfolk,
Home of beauties and more folk.
Reckon you'll stay there, if you ever play there.
That right fine town.

EDDIE: Well, when are we gonna meet this little niece from back home?

BETTY: I told her to come to the theatre when she got into town.
I figured we'd be in rehearsal.

EDDIE: How old's the little tyke?

BETTY: Well, she was eight when I left home.

EDDIE: That shouldn't be any problem.

BETTY: That was ten years ago.

EDDIE: (Pause.) That's a problem.

BETTY: Let's call the airport and see if her flight's in. We can worry about the rest later.

EDDIE: An eighteen year old from Virginia in Manhattan for the first time. I think you should start worrying now. Might as well get an early start. (THEY start OFF. A slick but rough-looking couple ENTER.)

MUGSY: Uh, hey there!

EDDIE: (Turns.) Can we help you?

BABS: Yeah. We're lookin' for a friend of ours. Legs Ruby.

MUGSY: You ain't seen him, have yuh?

BETTY: Is he in the theatre?

MUGSY: How should I know. That's why I'm askin' you.

EDDIE: She means . . . does he work in the theatre?

MUGSY: Naw. He's got some horse parlors.

BETTY: I thought horses lived in stables.

BABS: He takes bets on the nags.

MUGSY: He's a bookie.

EDDIE: Who's got the money to gamble on horses?

BABS: We got word that Legs is going with this doll, Trixie, who works here. There's some guys uptown want to find him.

MUGSY: Yeah. They want to give him a new overcoat.
EDDIE: You could use one around here.
MUGSY: A cement overcoat.
BETTY: Ahhh... that must be awfully heavy in the summertime.
MUGSY: Never mind. We'll just look around for ourselves. (Points
      OFF RIGHT.) You look over there, Babs.
BABS: Sure thing, Mugsy.
MUGSY: And I'll check over here. (ENTER LEGS in an outland-
      ish costume. It can be anything from Shakespeare to "Wild West"
      or any combination thereof. He has obviously raided the wardrobe
      room.)
EDDIE: What's that?
LEGGS: It's my... uh... my costume. Waddaya think?
EDDIE: That looks like something that Dick would come up with.
      Probably a new production number.
MUGSY: (To LEGS.) You seen any strangers 'round here?
LEGGS: Naw. Nobody here but us... uh... thespians.
MUGSY: Hmmm... I think Legs is Hungarian.
BABS: (Taking out list.) We still got these other places to try,
      Mugsy.
MUGSY: Yeah, we can check back here later.
BABS: (Takes out pictures.) Sure wish these pictures were better.
MUGSY: You got a picture of me, doll. That oughta be enough.
      (THEY EXIT.)
EDDIE: Now there's a pair to draw to, if I ever saw one.
MILLIE: (ENTERS, preferably down the aisle from the rear of the
      theatre. She is an attractive young "Southern belle", carries a
      suitcase.) Aunt Betty! Aunt Betty!
BETTY: Why, it's little Millie!
EDDIE: Don't look now but I think she just grew up.
MILLIE: (Rushing to BETTY and embracing her.) Aunt Betty!
      I recognized you right away from your publicity pictures.
BETTY: Millie! I'm so glad you could come to New York for a
      visit.
MILLIE: Oh, I'm not here for a VISIT! I want to be a big star
      like you!
EDDIE: A what?
MILLIE: And you must be the rich, famous piano player Betty
      wrote me about. (Shakes his hand.)
EDDIE: I'm the one she wrote you about, all right.
MILLIE: (Looking him over.) Do all famous piano players dress
      this way in New York?
EDDIE: Only when they don't want to be recognized.
MILLIE: (To LEGS.) You look like an actor, at least.
LEGGS: I do? I mean, yeah, I do! (ENTER DICK and MARY.)
MARY: Thanks for lunch, Mr. Foster.
DICK: Oh, it was nothing.
MARY: I haven’t had a “Big Mac” since I left home.
DICK: When was that?
MARY: Yesterday.
BETTY: Mr. Foster, I’d like you to meet my niece, Millie.
MILLIE: So you’re the famous Broadway producer and director,
Dick Foster. (Shakes his hand.)
DICK: (Flattered.) You might say that.
EDDIE: And then again, you might not.
DICK: (Sees LEGS.) I hope this isn’t another of your relatives.
BETTY: Him? Never saw him before in my life.
TRIXIE: (ENTERS, rushes to LEGS.) There you are! I been
looking all over for you.
LEGs: Sorry, Trixie. After I got dressed, I must of took a wrong
turn someplace.
DICK: Now I remember. You were here before lunch. I don’t
know who you are but you can’t stay in the theatre.
TRIXIE: Come on, Mr. Foster. He don’t have no place to go.
MARY: Gosh, mister. Things must be pretty tough when you have
to get your clothes from wardrobe.
LEGs: Lady, tough ain’t the word. You might call it a case of life
and death.
MARY: Maybe we could all pitch in and help.
TRIXIE: I don’t think Legs . . . I mean, my friend here . . . would
take no charity.
DICK: Okay, okay, okay . . . he can stay. Maybe we can use him
as a walk-on in the show or something.
LEGs: Thanks, Mr. Foster. You won’t be sorry.
DICK: I’m sorry already. Can’t you find something that won’t make
you look like a walking ad for the Globe Theatre?
LEGs: Sure, pal. I don’t want to do nothin’ that will help your
competition.
TRIXIE: (Takes LEGS’ arm.) Come on. We’ll find you something
to wear.
DICK: And show Mary the dressing rooms, Trixie. She’s taking
Suzie’s place in the chorus. (TRIXIE, LEGS and MARY EXIT.)
BETTY: I got to get Millie settled in our apartment. But I should
be back in time for afternoon rehearsal.
MONA: (ENTERS, preferably through the audience. She is the
epitome of the successful star; overdressed, over-sophisticated and
very impressed with herself.) Oh, Richard, darling! I just HAD
to come over and see how your new show is going.
DICK: (To BETTY.) Go ahead. Take all the time you need.
(BETTY and MILLIE EXIT, ad libbing. When MONA reaches the
stage, DICK embraces her, steps back and admires her, holding her
hands.) Mona Monroe! You look every inch a star!
MONA: Yes, I do . . . don’t I? (To EDDIE, at piano.) Hello, Eddie, dear.
EDDIE: (Unimpressed.) Hi, Mona.
DICK: We’ve been holding your part for you, Mona. When can you start rehearsals?
MONA: That’s why I came by, my love. I understand you’ve been having some difficulties raising the money to open.
DICK: We’re just a few dollars short. Nothing to worry about.
MONA: Exactly how much is a few dollars? What’s the budget for the show?
DICK: About a hundred thousand.
MONA: I see. And how much do you still need?
DICK: About a hundred thousand. But, Mona, as soon as I announce that you’re playing the lead, I can get the money in a minute.
MONA: I understand, but my agent has found me this other role, and he insists I take it. After all, your last two shows didn’t do very well. You can’t ask me to take a chance at this point in my career!
DICK: But, Mona . . . remember, I was the one who discovered you in the chorus.
MONA: Yes, I know. (She admires some of her jewelry.)
DICK: I was the one who gave you your first big break.
MONA: Yes, I know. (Fusses with her hairdo.)
DICK: I made you a star!
MONA: That’s true. And now I have a responsibility to my public.
I hope you understand!
DICK: (Disappointed.) I’m afraid I do. All too well.
MONA: I’d love to help you, dear, and if I find someone with a hundred thousand dollars, you’ll be the first one to know. Meanwhile, you should do something about this theatre. (Shivers, pulls her fur coat around her.) It’s an absolute refrigerator.
DICK: Sure, Mona. Thanks a lot.
MONA: Well, I must be away to Sardi’s. I’m lunching with my agent. There’s a new producer he wants me to meet. Ta, ta.
DICK: Don’t be a stranger now.
MONA: Sure, I’ll see you around.
EDDIE: (Waves weakly to EDDIE.) Goodbye, Eddie.
MONA: (Not even hearing.) It was so nice seeing you all again. (She exits.)
EDDIE: Sure. I’ll see you around.
DICK: Looks like we have two chances . . . slim and none. The heat’s turned off, the rent’s past due and I owe money to everyone I see. (Sits, dejected.)
EDDIE: Sounds like you’re living the American dream.

End of script preview.
PROPS

Sack Lunches (TRIXIE, HILDA)
Handbag with letter (MARY)
Sheet of paper (FLOSSIE)
Money (DICK)
List, pictures (BABS)
Suitcase (MILLIE)
Briefcase with check (DONALD)
Handguns (MUGSY, BABS)
Flags, decorations, miscellaneous props
  (EDDIE, BETTY, MILLIE, SUZIE)
Newspaper (DONALD)
Two coffee cups (MILLIE)
Coffee cups (CAST)
Military rifles (DICK, EDDIE, LEGS)
Hospital gown, arm sling (DICK)

PRODUCTION NOTES

The set calls for a piano on stage for EDDIE. This may be a practical piano (one that plays) or a set piece where EDDIE can sit and mime playing. Either way, the keyboard should be placed away from the audience so EDDIE can be seen and give the impression of playing while the regular pianist handles the actual music.

ACT TWO, Scene Two is a set of three very brief scenes and should be virtually continuous, one running into the next. Throughout this portion of the "play within a play" the illusion should be theatrical rather than realistic. A good deal of rushing about, confusion and ad libs between the cast should be used to assure the audience that they are, indeed, seeing the "play within a play". Recorded applause may be added over the sound system to heighten this illusion.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

You may order a paper preview copy or gain instant access to the complete script online through our E-view program. We invite you to learn more and create an account at www.pioneerdrama.com/E-view.

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