FLAPPER!
A Madcap Musical Comedy Tribute to the 1920s

Book by TIM KELLY
Music and Lyrics by BILL FRANCOEUR

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FLAPPER!
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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Speaking)

WANDA ........................................ radio singer, an Everly Sister 13
LYDIA ........................................ another 12
ROBERTA .................................... another 11
AS EVERLY SISTERS ............. Wanda, Lydia & Roberta 19
TED LOVELAND ..................... radio announcer 12
MONICA WOODSQUIRREL .... radio personality 32
MARGARET ................................. maid at Granville Estate 41
WINNIE ..................................... one of Polly’s many friends 43
TWEEDLES ................................... another 33
BUNNY ..................................... another 36
DAISY ......................................... another 31
AUGUSTA GRANVILLE .......... Polly’s aunt, society matron 83
TOMMY .................................... another of Polly’s friends 30
JIMMY ......................................... another 27
POLLY ....................................... high-spirited flapper 115
SUSAN STUYVESANT-FISH .... hates Polly 28
DUKE OF MILFORD .................. con man 71
DUCHESS OF MILFORD ........... con woman 61
TRIXIE ..................................... nite club entertainer 26
MONA SCHLUMPGARDEN ...... owns the Crazy Cat Nite Club 79
NITE CLUB PATRON/NEWSBOY #1/
    PHOTOGRAPHER #1 .......... New Yorker 9
NITE CLUB PATRON/NEWSBOY #2/
    PHOTOGRAPHER #2 .......... another 7
LADY NITE CLUB PATRON #1/
    ZIEGFELD GIRL #4 ........ at the Crazy Cat Nite Club 5
LADY NITE CLUB PATRON #2/
    ZIEGFELD GIRL #5 ........ also at the Crazy Cat Nite Club 5
CHEATER HAYES ..................... gangster 56
MUGGS O’TOOLE ...................... another 59
LIEUTENANT FLUKE ............ police lieutenant 24

For preview only
BUCK WAYNE ......................... young, rich, handsome pilot  53
LENNY KNICKERBOCKER ...... flagpole sitter           15
ZIEGFELD GIRL #1............. of the Ziegfeld Follies  8
ZIEGFELD GIRL #2................ another                  7
ZIEGFELD GIRL #3................ another                  4
MISS MORRIS/PARTY GUEST    Ziegfeld's assistant      16
EXTRAS ........................................... if desired, can be utilized as PARTY
                                        GUESTS, NITE CLUB PATRONS,
                                        POLICE, FRIENDS OF POLLY,
                                        ZIEGFELD GIRLS, TORCH
                                        SINGERS

MISCELLANEOUS LINES FOR CHORUS:
  GUYS ............................... 12
  GIRLS .................................. 56
  ALL .................................... 17
  OTHERS .............................. 16
  BOTH ................................. 9
  EVERLY SISTERS ................. 19
  CHORUS ............................. 13
  SPEAKER ............................. 12
  CHORUS ONE ....................... 12
  CHORUS TWO ....................... 12
  COMPANY ...........................  9
  SHIEKS ............................ 16
  SHEBAS .............................  7
  ZIEGFELD GIRLS ...............  4
  TORCH SINGERS .................  16

SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

MC 1  Prologue—Happy Days are Here Again............................... Company

MC 1a Ev'rybody Charleston— Radio Show................................. Wanda, Lydia, Roberta

MC 2  Flapper ........................................... Polly, Winnie, Tweedles, Bunny, Daisy, Tommy, Jimmy, Mrs. Granville, Margaret

For preview only
MC 3  Stocks and Bonds  Duke and Duchess of Milford
MC 3a  Ev’rybody Charleston—
Nite Club  Wanda, Lydia, Roberta, Trixie
MC 4  The Roaring Twenties  Monica, Everly Sisters, Ted, Trixie, Club Patrons, Mona, Muggs, Cheater, Fluke
MC 5  You’re Making History Today  Polly, Tommy, Jimmy, Buck, Winnie, Tweedles, Bunny, Daisy, Susan
MC 6  Ev’rybody Charleston  Polly, Winnie, Tweedles, Bunny, Daisy, Margaret, Susan, Tommy, Jimmy, Buck, Duke, Duchess, Mrs. Granville, Trixie, Muggs, Cheater

ACT TWO
MC 7  Entr’acte [You’re Making History Today]
MC 8  It Has to be Jazz  Ziegfeld Girls
MC 8a  It Has to be Jazz [Reprise]  Ziegfeld Girls, Polly
MC 8b  Ev’rybody Charleston—
Radio Show  Wanda, Lydia, Roberta
MC 9  Gee, You’re Swell  Buck, Polly
MC 10  Dijja Ever?  Cheater, Muggs, Winnie, Tweedles, Bunny, Daisy, Jimmy, Tommy, Duke, Duchess, Susan, Margaret, Mrs. Granville
MC 11  Mona’s Moaning Low  Mona
MC 11a  Flapper [Reprise]  Company
MC 12  Curtain Call—Ev’rybody Charleston
MC 13  Exit Music [Gee, You’re Swell]
SYNOPSIS
The main action takes place on the Granville Estate in Southampton, Long Island during the 1920s before the stock market crash. There are two acts.

ABOUT THE SETTING
Essentially it’s little more than the bare stage. Locations are suggested by a few props. An OPTIONAL NEUTRAL BACKDROP works nicely, but it’s not necessary.

The patio of the Granville Estate is STAGE LEFT, suggested by some large plants and shrubbery (cutouts will do) and a small garden table with two small chairs.
FLAPPER!

MUSIC CUE 1: “Prologue—Happy Days are Here Again.”

GIRLS: (Sing.) Roll out the mat, let out the cat,
    Strike up the band, throw off your hat.
    Have a hotsy-totsy ride through the twenties,
    Happy days are here again!

GUYs: (Sing.) Get on your feet, move to the beat,
    Turn off the fan, turn up the heat.
    Have a hotsy-totsy ride through the twenties,
    Happy days are here again!

ALL: (Sing.) We’ll Charleston!
    Feel that rhythm!
    Charleston!
    Gonna dance my legs off through the night.

GIRLS: (Sing.) Kick off your shoes, light up the fuse,

GUYs: (Sing.) Let down your hair, forget the blues.

ALL: (Sing.) Have a hotsy-totsy ride through the twenties,
    Happy days are here again!
    Let’s Charleston!
    Feel that rhythm!
    Charleston!
    Gonna hoochie-coochie through the night!
    (Speak in rhythm.) Vo-do-dee-o-do,
    Hey, whattaya know?
    Vo-do-dee-o-do,
    Skid-a-ma-rinky-dinky, do you feel it?
    Vo-do-dee-o-do,
    Let’s start the show.
    Vo-do-dee-o-do,
    Skid-a-ma-rinky-dinky, do you feel it?
    (Sing.) Roll out the mat, let out the cat,
    Strike up the band, throw off your hat.
    Have a hotsy-totsy ride through the twenties,
    Happy days are here again!
    Get on your feet, move to the beat,
    Turn off the fan, turn up the heat.

GIRLS: (Sing.) Have a hotsy-totsy ride through the twenties,

GUYs: (Sing.) A hotsy-totsy ride throughout the twenties,
ALL: (Sing.) A hotsy-totsy ride through the twenties,
    Happy days are here again!
    (A loud whisper.) Yeah!

ACT ONE
Scene One

SETTING: Radio studio. In the darkness, before LIGHTS UP, we hear
SINGING from DOWN RIGHT. MUSIC CUE 1a: “Ev’rybody Charleston—
Radio Show.”

AT RISE: LIGHTS UP to reveal WANDA, LYDIA and ROBERTA grouped
around a standing microphone. We’re hearing the end of their Everly
Sisters’ song. EXTRA GIRL(S) may be used, if desired.

WANDA/LYDIA/ROBERTA: (Sing.)
    Wack-a-doo, wack-a-doo, wack-a-do the
    Charleston! Ev’rybody
    Charleston! Charleston!
    Swing your arms, kick your feet.
    Ain’t it swell, ain’t it sweet!
    Charleston! Ev’rybody
    Charleston! Charleston!
    Come on along and Charleston.
    Ev’rybody Charleston,
    Come on along and Charleston...

WANDA: (Sings.)    LYDIA/ROBERTA: (Sing.)
    With me!     Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
    With me!     Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
    With me!     Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!

WANDA/LYDIA/ROBERTA: (Sing.) Boop be doop boop,
    Boop be doop!
    (A loud whisper.) Yeah!

TED: (At end of song, ENTERS LEFT, applauding. He’s a handsome young
radio announcer. The EVERLY SISTERS step back, and TED takes the
mike.) Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. The wonderful Everly Sisters,
Wanda, Lydia and Roberta. (EVERLY SISTERS EXIT RIGHT.) There
they go, ladies and gentlemen of Radioland, but don’t fret. They’ll be
back. (He takes a script from his back pocket. Reads.) Just another
sample of the wonderful entertainment you can find on radio station
WWWW atop the wonderful Hotel Times Square in New York City. I
know you’re all waiting for tonight’s report from Monica
Woodsquirrel, who not only knows all but tells all. But first a word
from our sponsors Sudzy Sudz. *(He clears his throat. Sings a cappella as best he can.)* “Sudzy Sudz, Sudzy Sudz, Much more suds with Sudzy Sudz. Richer, longer lasting too. They’re the suds with super doo-oo-oo.” *(Speaks.) And Neverdull Fountain Pen. It not only writes on land, it writes—underwater! It’s the perfect gift for anytime of year. *(He clears his throat, sings.)* “Neverdull... Neverdull. I love you-oo-oo.” *(He applauds. Speaks.) I see we have a wonderful audience in the studio tonight. *(He stops applauding.) And now, the woman who knows more about flaming youth and jazz babies than anyone else. All about high society and low, the incomparable—Monica Woodssquirrel. *(He steps back, more applauding.)*

**MONICA:** *(ENTERS RIGHT, a flamboyant personality inclined to gush. Papers in hand.)* Thank you, Ted. Thank you so much. **TED:** My pleasure, Monica. *(He EXITS RIGHT.)*

**MONICA:** Love that Ted Loveland. He’s wonderful. *(She shuffles papers, reads.)* I’m here tonight, ladies and gentlemen, to put an end to the persistent rumor that one day motion pictures will talk. Isn’t that a ridiculous idea? I’ve spoken to several film executives here in New York, and they all assure me that the idea of talking pictures is a lot of rubbish. So there, you rumor-mongers. *(She sticks out her tongue as if the radio audience could actually see her. Shuffles papers, selects another item.)* And speaking of pictures, I have just seen every woman’s hearthrob, Rudolph Valentino, in his latest film triumph, “Cobra,” and all I can say is—Rudy, you may be a snake but you’re a wonderful snake. *(Another item.)* Here’s something that is definitely the cat’s whiskers. That madcap flapper, pretty Polly Pepper, is about to inherit that famous and wonderful diamond necklace known as the “Ice Garden.” It’s worth a fortune and hasn’t been seen in decades. It’s not easy keeping up with pretty Polly Pepper. I can see her now at the estate of her socialite aunt, Mrs. Augusta Granville, up to who knows what... *(The LIGHTS FADE as MONICA continues to move her lips.)*

End of Scene One
ACT ONE
Scene Two

SETTING: The Granville Estate.

AT RISE: MARGARET, a maid, ENTERS LEFT with a vase of flowers. Black dress, starched apron and cap.

MARGARET: (Talks to herself.) Never heard of such a thing. A birthday party to show off a diamond necklace. (She puts a vase on the table, arranges the flowers.) Somehow it don’t seem natural. (GIRLISH GIGGLES from OFFSTAGE RIGHT.) Maybe that’s Miss Polly now. (WINNIE, TWEEDELES, BUNNY and DAISY ENTER, dressed in summer wear. EXTRA GIRLS can be added, if desired. They move DOWN CENTER and effect odd poses as they speak.)

WINNIE: Hi, ho, Margaret.

MARGARET: Good morning, Miss Winnie.

TWEEDELES: Hello, Margaret.

MARGARET: Hello, Miss Tweedles.

BUNNY: Lovely morning, isn’t it, Margaret.

MARGARET: Yes, it is, Miss Bunny.

DAISY: Is Polly here yet?

MARGARET: Not yet, Miss Daisy. (Communal sigh of disappointment.) But she’s expected any moment. (Communal sigh of delight.)

WINNIE: Is she coming on the train?

TWEEDELES: Has someone gone to meet her?

MARGARET: No need.

BUNNY: You don’t mean she’s flying here to Southampton, Long Island, New York, from who-knows-where in an air-o-plane?

DAISY: Only a madcap flapper like pretty Polly Pepper would do such a thing.

BUNNY: I’ll travel on the ground, thank you.

MARGARET: Miss Polly isn’t coming on the train, and she isn’t flying in. She’s driving in her new Studebaker.

GIRLS: (Thrilled.) New Studebaker!

DAISY: We didn’t know she had a new Studebaker.
BUNNY:  We didn't know she had an old Studebaker.

MARGARET:  The Studebaker people gave her the new car for posing beside one. Seems they're going to use Miss Polly in some publicity campaign. "The car every young flapper should drive."

GIRLS:  (Impressed.) Aaaaaahhhhh.

WINNIE:  How do you like that? Pretty Polly Pepper in a publicity campaign.

DAISY:  Her picture is everywhere you look. Billboards, magazines, cigarette packs.

TWEEDLES:  Some girls have all the luck.

BUNNY:  I wish I could be in a publicity campaign. It would be the cat's pajamas.

WINNIE/TWEEDLES/DAISY:  Meow.

MRS. GRANVILLE:  (ENTERS from the house. Long morning dress. A good soul but definitely low wattage in the brains department.) Good morning, young ladies.

GIRLS:  (Without turning. New poses.) Good morning, Mrs. Granville.

MRS. GRANVILLE:  (Moves toward them.) You're all coming to the party, aren't you? My niece would be so disappointed if you didn't attend. (MARGARET EXITS into the house.)

WINNIE:  We wouldn't miss it for the world.

MRS. GRANVILLE:  Splendid.

TWEEDLES:  Mommy and Daddy say the "Ice Garden" is well worth seeing.

BUNNY:  I wish I had a fabulously valuable piece of jewelry like that.

WINNIE:  We've only seen pictures of it.

DAISY:  You know what they say—"A diamond always looks new." (GIRLS giggle. TOMMY and JIMMY bounce IN DOWN RIGHT. EXTRA BOYS can be added. Each carries a tennis racquet. Dressed in white trousers, sweaters. They might wear porkpie hats. They swing the racquets.)

TOMMY/JIMMY:  Tennis, anyone? (GIRLS look RIGHT, change poses.)

WINNIE:  Oh look, everyone.

TWEEDLES:  It's Tommy.
BUNNY: And Jimmy.

DAISY: Hi, boys.

JIMMY: Hi, girls.

TOMMY: Is Polly here?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Expected any moment.

WINNIE: In a new Studebaker.

TOMMY/JIMMY: New Studebaker?!

TOMMY: That's something!

JIMMY: Sure is.

WINNIE: Mrs. Granville?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Yes, Tweedles? (OTHERS laugh.) Have I said something inappropriate?

WINNIE: I'm Winnie.

OTHERS: (Point.) She's Tweedles.

MRS. GRANVILLE: How foolish of me. You young ladies do look so much alike.

WINNIE: Why does Polly get the necklace on her 18th birthday?

MRS. GRANVILLE: That was her father's wish. He felt she would be mature enough at 18 to accept the responsibility of ownership. Mustn't forget the "Ice Garden" is no ordinary necklace. It contains one large perfect diamond set in the design.

TWEEDLES: I wouldn't want to do the Shimmy wearing something like that.

BUNNY: Gosh, Mrs. Granville, I hope you're hiring security.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I am, Daisy.

BUNNY: I'm Bunny. (She points.) She's Daisy.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Displaying the "Ice Garden" will not only celebrate Polly's birthday, it will be the social event of the season. After all, the necklace hasn't been seen for 40 years.

JIMMY: I wish Polly would get here.

TOMMY: Things are never dull when she's around.
WINNIE: Are you saying we’re dull?

JIMMY: ’Course not.

TOMMY: But Pretty Polly Pepper is special.

MRS. GRANVILLE: (Boasts.) That’s because she’s my niece. (SOUND: AUTOMOBILE HORN. CAR comes to a SCREECHING HALT, OFF RIGHT.)

BUNNY: That must be the Studebaker.

DAISY: It’s Polly!

ALL: Polly! (ALL except MRS. GRANVILLE hurriedly EXIT RIGHT.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: (Waves a hanky in way of greeting.) Polly. Polly dear.

MARGARET: (ENTERS LEFT.) The Duck and Doochess have finished breakfast and want you to join them in the drawing room.

MRS. GRANVILLE: For goodness sake, Margaret. How many times do I have to tell you. It’s not “Duck and Doochess.” It’s “Duke and Duchess.”

MARGARET: That’s what I said.

MRS. GRANVILLE: It is not. You said “Duck and Doochess.”

MARGARET: Don’t see what difference it makes. You know what I mean, Mrs. Granville. What do you want me to tell them?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Ask them to join me out here. I want to introduce them to Miss Polly.

MARGARET: Yes, ma’am. (She EXITS LEFT mumbling.) Duck and Doochess... Duke and Duchess... Doochess and Duck...

WINNIE’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) Oh, Polly!

TWEEDLES’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) We’ve all been waiting for you.

BUNNY’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) We want to hear all the gossip.

DAISY’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) We’re going to have such fun now that you’re back. (She, BUNNY, WINNIE, TWEEDLES, JIMMY and TOMMY ENTER RIGHT with POLLY leading the pack. She steps DOWN CENTER. OTHERS gather around. MRS. GRANVILLE remains LEFT. POLLY is the perfect embodiment of the 1920s “flapper.” Unconventional, effervescent, mad for life. Enough energy to run a power plant. Cheerful and talkative. We like her immediately.)
POLLY: (Out to audience.) Hello, everyone. It's good to be back in Southampton, Long Island, New York.

OTHERS: Whoopee!

TOMMY: It's good to have you back, Polly.

POLLY: Thank you, Tommy.

JIMMY: Things have been dull without you. (The GIRLS give JIMMY dirty looks.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: It's going to be a wonderful party, Polly. Anyone who's worth knowing will be here.

POLLY: (Only now notices her aunt.) Hello, Aunt Augusta. Catch. (She blows her a kiss. MARGARET ENTERS LEFT.)

TWEEDLES: We haven't seen you in over a week.

WINNIE: What have you been up to, Polly?

POLLY: Now let me think. (She thinks.) Hmmmm. Not much. (Bright.) I entered a dance marathon and won.

OTHERS: (Impressed.) Wow!

POLLY: I had such aching tootsies. (Laughter.) I had lunch with Johnny Weismuller.

TOMMY: The Johnny Weismuller who set the world record for the 100 meters at the Olympic Games?

POLLY: That's him. I gave him my autograph. I had tea at the Astor Hotel with the mayor of New York.

ALL: (Amazed.) Gentleman Jimmy Walker.

POLLY: Uh-huh. I helped a few girls bob their hair and Cupid bow their lips. I've been to so many parties I can't remember them all. (She remembers something.) Oh, yes. I forgot. Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld of the Ziegfeld Follies is going to let me audition. It's only for a bit in the chorus but I think it will be scrumptious. At least for a week or two. Maybe I'll try vaudeville.

DAISY: Who wants to watch vaudeville when you can stay home and listen to radio or play records on the Victrola?

POLLY: Maybe I'll try radio.

WINNIE: There's no one like Polly.
BUNNY: You’re the bee’s knees.

JIMMY: Anything else?

POLLY: I was judge at a goldfish swallowing contest, and I learned to play the ukelele.

ALL: The ukelele?

MARGARET: Oh, dear. I don’t think the ukulele is ladylike.

POLLY: It is if you’re a flapper. (*Laughter.*)

BUNNY: What more?

POLLY: I met this perfectly scrumptious cowboy. Buck Wayne. He’s from Texas or Arizona or New Mexico. One of those countries.

TWEEDLES: You packed a lot of living in one week.

POLLY: I’ll say.

DAISY: You’re a little mad, Polly Pepper.

POLLY: I like spirited hijinks. Don’t you? (*MUSIC CUE 2: “Flapper.” Speaks.*) After all, we are flappers.

(*Sings.*) A girl of modern fashion, I’m...

A girl loves party crashin’, I’m...

A girl who’s on the go, I’m a flapper!

A girl who’s unconventional,

You bet that it’s intentional,

A one-girl dynamo, I’m a flapper!

With my diamond bracelets, Cupid lips,

A beaded skirt that hugs my hips.

Short, bobbed hair, a fine cloche hat,

Rolled down hose, now how about that?

GIRLS: (*Sings.*) A girl sophisticated, I’m...

A girl emancipated, I’m...

A girl with savoir faire, I’m a flapper!

A girl of independence, I’m...

A girl of social status, I’m...

A girl extraordinaire, I’m a flapper!

POLLY: (*Sings.*) With my powered knees...

WINNIE: (*Sings.*) Plucked eyebrows...

TWEEDLES: (*Sings.*) A ritzy gal...

BUNNY: (*Sings.*) The cat’s meow.
DAISY: (Sings.) Art Deco earrings. Oh, how nice.

GIRLS: (Sing.) And the final touch, a bird of paradise.

GUYS: (Sing.)
A girl that fellas wanna date.
A girl the guys appreciate.
I’m makin’ goo-goo eyes at a flapper!

GIRLS: (Sing.) I’m a flapper!

GUYS: (Sing.)
A girl who’s wheeling, dealing, she’s
A girl who’s gotcha reeling, she’s
A girl of enterprise, she’s a flapper!

GIRLS: (Sing.) I’m a flapper!

MRS. GRANVILLE/MARGARET: (Sing.)
They’re a shameless lot, selfish, bold,
Who never do just what they’re told.

GIRLS: (Sing.) There ain’t nothin’ we can’t do.
   Wack-a-do, wack-a-do, hey di hey there, honey!

GIRLS: (Duet with stanza below. Sing.)
A girl of modern fashion, I’m...
A girl loves party crashin’, I’m...
A girl who’s on the go, I’m a flapper!

TOMMY/JIMMY/MRS. GRANVILLE/MARGARET: (Duet with GIRLS above. Sing.) Flapper!
   Flapper!
   Flapper!

TOMMY/JIMMY: (Sing.) She’s my hoity-toity-honey!

GIRLS: (Duet with stanza below. Sing.)
A girl sophisticated, I’m...
A girl emancipated, I’m...
A girl with savoir faire, I’m a flapper!

TOMMY/JIMMY/MRS. GRANVILLE/MARGARET: (Duet with GIRLS above. Sing.) Flapper!
   Flapper!
   Flapper!

TOMMY/JIMMY: (Sing.) She’s my hoochie-coochie doll!

GIRLS: (Sing.) I’m a bright young thing, a super girl.
POLLY: *(Speaks.* Don’t knock it, honey, ’til you give it a whirl.

GIRLS: *(Sing.* I’m a flapper, flapper girl!

TOMMY/JIMMY/MRS. GRANVILLE/MARGARET: *(Sing.* She’s a flapper, flapper girl!

GIRLS: *(Sing.* I’m a flapper, flapper girl!

GIRLS: *(Duet with stanza below. Sing.* That’s me!

That’s me!

That’s me!

TOMMY/JIMMY/MRS. GRANVILLE/MARGARET: *(Duet with GIRLS above. Sing.* Flapper!

Lookin’ dapper!

Flapper!

POLLY: *(Speaks. Coy.* That’s me!

TOMMY: *(At end of song.* Who’s for a game of tennis?

GIRLS: Tennis? What fun!

JIMMY: Who wants to be my partner? *(GIRLS jump up and down, waving hands for attention. MARGARET EXITS into the house.*)

GIRLS: Me, me, me.

TOMMY: Be my partner, Polly?

POLLY: Not until I’ve had a warm bath and a glass of Sparkling Polar Bear Ginger Ale.

TOMMY: It’ll be dark by then.

SUSAN: *(ENTERS DOWN LEFT, dressed for tennis. Carries a racquet. It’s obvious she doesn’t care for POLLY.*) I’ll play a match, Tommy.

GIRLS: *(Sour.* Hello, Susan.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Haven’t seen much of you lately, my dear.

SUSAN: I’ve been in Boston with Mommy and Daddy. Lovely town, Boston. The lobsters are so red. Hello, Polly. I understand you’ve been to several parties in New York. Do you think it’s wise?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Whatever do you mean, Susan?

SUSAN: A girl could get in with the wrong crowd. Society has rules.

POLLY: A flapper doesn’t need rules.
SUSAN: My point exactly.

WINNIE: Who are you trying to kid, Susan? You’re jealous of Polly.

TWEEDLES: Ever since she won the crown for Miss Southampton, Long Island, New York.

SUSAN: What a juvenile thing to say.

POLLY: I’m sure Susan isn’t jealous of me over a silly crown.

SUSAN: (Deadpan, to audience.) I wouldn’t dream of taking revenge.
(She grins evilly.)

JIMMY: Let’s get over to the tennis court. (ALL except SUSAN, POLLY and MRS. GRANVILLE EXIT RIGHT.)

POLLY: You will be coming to my birthday party, won’t you, Susan?

SUSAN: Unless something promises to be more entertaining elsewhere.
(False smile.) Nice to have you back, Polly. (Racquet over her shoulder, she EXITS after the OTHERS.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: I’m afraid Tweedles is right. Susan did have her heart set on winning that crown.

POLLY: (Carefree.) If she wants it she can have it. Easy come, easy go.

MRS. GRANVILLE: You’re such a card. (The DUKE and DUCHESS OF MILFORD ENTER from the house. The DUKE toys with a monocle. Fake English accents. The two are obvious phonies. When they’re alone they drop the accents.)

DUKE: Ah, there you are, my dear.

DUCHESS: We missed you at breakfast.

DUKE: The codfish cakes were a trifle dry.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I have so much on my mind. Come and meet my niece. (DUKE and DUCHESS step to POLLY.) Polly, allow me to introduce you to the Duke and Duchess of Milford. House guests. They’re advising me on some business matters. You know, stocks and bonds. I never can figure out what’s up and what’s down.

DUKE: Leave everything to me, Mrs. Granville. I’ll lighten your burden.

DUCHESS: The Duke is a financial wizard.

POLLY: I’ve met a king before. Paul Whiteman, the King of Swing. But never a duke or a duchess.
DUKE: You have now, my dear.

DUCHESS: There's no need to feel impressed.

POLLY: I'm not impressed. I get around.

MRS. GRANVILLE: This modern age. I never will completely understand it.

POLLY: I'm for that warm bath, Aunt Augusta. And my glass of Sparkling Polar Bear Ginger Ale. See you around, Duke, Duchess. (*She EXITS into house.*)

MRS. GRANVILLE: Isn't my niece something special?

DUKE: Charming.

DUCHESS: Delightful.

DUKE: So perky.

DUCHESS: Such confidence.

MRS. GRANVILLE: She gets that from my side of the family. I'll make sure she has everything she needs.

DUKE: I do want to explain about those Manchurian stocks and bonds. They're paying 48 percent.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Sounds delightful. I won't be a moment. Maybe we can play a game of mah-jongg later. (*She EXITS into house.* The DUKE and DUCHESS promptly lose their phony accents.)

DUCHESS: As soon as she hands over the check let's head north. For the border.

DUKE: The border can wait.

DUCHESS: What?

DUKE: We're in high society territory. We can't rush these things. You don't have any patience.

DUCHESS: This is too good a deal to mess up.

DUKE: We're not going to mess it up.

DUCHESS: How much do you figure she's good for?

DUKE: Plenty.

DUCHESS: We're lucky she can't tell the difference between sunup and sundown.
DUKE: It’ll make our job a lot easier. (*MUSIC CUE 3: “Stocks and Bonds.”*)

DUCHESS: (*Speaks, scoffs.*) Manchurian stocks and bonds at 48 percent.

DUKE: (*Speaks.*) Forty-eight percent of nothing. Won’t she be surprised?!

BOTH: Ha, ha, ha. (*They shake hands, congratulating one another.*)

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, irresistible.

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, indescribable.

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, how remarkable.

BOTH: (*Sing.*) Forty-eight percent, going up by the minute.

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, how incredible.

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, how delectable.

BOTH: (*Sing.*) Stocks and bonds, get ’em while the tradin’s hot.

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Who would think
   Life could be such an
   Easy haul?

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Cash ’n’ carry all.

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Wine ’em, dine ’em, then the sting.

BOTH: (*Sing.*) Kaching! See ya, honey, we’re in the money!

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, always in demand.

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds, we’ll gladly lend a hand.

BOTH: (*Sing.*) Stocks and bonds,
   The ticket to the promised land.
   (*DANCE INTERLUDE: a soft shoe.*)

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Who would think
   Life could be such a
   Piece of cake?

DUKE: (*Sings.*) Give and then we take.

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Rack ’em, stack ’em, then the sting.

BOTH: (*Sing.*) Kaching! See ya, honey, we’re in the money!
   (*The following is sung as a duet.*)

DUCHESS: (*Sings.*) Stocks and bonds!
DUKE: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds, irresistible.

DUCHESS: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds!

DUKE: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds, indescribable.

DUCHESS: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds!

DUKE: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds, how remarkable.
   Forty-eight percent.

DUCHESS: (Sings.) Going up by the minute.

DUKE: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds!

DUCHESS: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds, so mysterious.

DUKE: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds!

DUCHESS: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds, I'm delirious.

DUKE: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds!

DUCHESS: (Sings.) Stocks and bonds,

BOTH: (Sing.) Get 'em while the tradin's hot!

DUKE: (Sings.) Look out, sister, you've been conned.

DUCHESS: (Sings.) By two piranhas in a goldfish pond.

BOTH: (Sing.) Easy as wavin' a magic wand.
   Honey, you're my one night stand,
   The ticket to the promised land! (BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Two

ACT ONE
Scene Three

SETTING: Crazy Cat Nite Club.

AT RISE: During the BLACKOUT, two small lightweight tables are
moved into place, one LEFT and one RIGHT. There are two lightweight
chairs at each. To cover this movement, we hear the VOICES of the
EVERLY SISTERS (WANDA, LYDIA and ROBERTA) and TRIXIE singing.
MUSIC CUE 3a: "Ev'rybody Charleston—Nite Club," Again, EXTRA
GIRL(S) may be used, if desired.

EVERLY SISTERS/TRIXIE: (Sing.)
   Wack-a-doo, wack-a-doo, wack-a-do the
   Charleston! Ev'rybody

For preview only
Charleston! Charleston!
Swing your arms, kick your feet.
Ain't it swell, ain't it sweet!
Charleston! Ev'rybody
Charleston! Charleston!
Come on along and Charleston.
Ev'rybody Charleston,
Come on along and Charleston...

TRIXIE: (Sings.) EVERLY SISTERS: (Sing.)
With me! Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
With me! Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
With me! Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!

EVERLY SISTERS/TRIXIE: (Sing.) Boop be doop boop,
Boop be doop!
(A loud whisper.) Yeah!
(As the LIGHTS COME UP we discover the EVERLY SISTERS CENTER.
They are part of the Crazy Cat floorshow. In front of the EVERLY SISTERS,
doing the Charleston, is the floorshow's star, TRIXIE. At each table sits a
young MAN and WOMAN. The nite club owner, MONA
SCHLUMPFGARDEN, watches from DOWN RIGHT. She holds a long
cigarette holder. MONA is bold and brash. The MUSIC ENDS and the
EVERLY SISTERS and TRIXIE hold out their hands for applause.) Hotcha!
(Feeble applause from the PATRONS. EVERLY SISTERS and TRIXIE frown.)

TRIXIE: (To EVERLY SISTERS.) Catch you later, kids.

EVERLY SISTERS: Later, Trixie. (They EXIT RIGHT. TRIXIE crosses to
MONA.)

TRIXIE: Honestly, Mona, if things don't pick up I'm going back to
shoplifting.

MONA: It's the cops. They've been hassling me. Sheiks and Shebas don't
like to patronize a nite club when cops are hassling. Makes them
nervous.

TRIXIE: What are you going to do about it?

MONA: I'm going to tend to business. I'll get the Crazy Cat jumping.
Watch me. (With a fast stride, she crosses CENTER, waving the cigarette
holder as if it were a fly swatter, roars out—) Hello, losers! Ha, ha, ha.
Is everyone having a good time? Ha, ha, ha. That's what I like to hear.
Stay as long as you like. There's no school tomorrow. Ha, ha, ha. (No
reaction from the bored PATRONS. MONA crosses back to TRIXIE.)
What did I tell you? I got the place jumping.
TRIXIE: If it jumps any higher it'll be in the cellar.

MONA: I'll think of something.

TRIXIE: I hope so. I need a steady paycheck. I get cranky when I don't eat. *(MONICA WOODSQUIRREL and TED LOVELAND ENTER DOWN LEFT. They are both in evening clothes, including a fur coat or wrap draped over MONICA'S shoulders.)*

MONA: Things are looking up. It's Monica Woodsquirrel. If I can get a mention on her radio show I'll be back in business. *(Arms open wide to greet MONICA, she crosses DOWN CENTER.)* Monica!

MONICA: Mona!

MONA: Monica, Monica.

MONICA: Mona, Mona. *(They meet, MONA kisses to the left and MONICA kisses to the right—but they completely miss one another's face.)*

MONA: What brings you to the Crazy Cat? And don't tell me you're slumming.

TRIXIE: I'd better change for my next number. Not that anyone cares. *(She EXITS RIGHT.)*

MONICA: Have you met Ted Loveland, my announcer?

MONA: No, but I'd like to. Hiya, handsome.

TED: This is a great pleasure for me, Miss Schlumpgarden.

MONA: That's what everyone says. Ha, ha, ha. *(She thinks.) I bet I know why you're here at the Crazy Cat.

MONICA: *(Frosty.)* It's rather obvious, isn't it?

MONA: You're here to see the Everly Sisters.

MONICA: I am. Ted, see if you can round them up.

TED: Certainly, Monica.

MONA: *(Nods RIGHT.)* Dressing room's that way. Three stars on the door. One for each sister. Ha, ha, ha. *(TED EXITS RIGHT.)* Let me see if I can find a table for you. *(She looks about.)* I'm afraid we're rather crowded tonight. I'll manage to squeeze you in.

MONICA: Don't talk rubbish, Mona. The Crazy Cat is on its last legs. Everyone knows that. There are far more exciting sewers in Manhattan.

MONA: It's the cops. They've got it in for me. Is it my fault people are always losing their wallets in here? They should be more careful.
MONICA: You've stolen the Everly Sisters because they're something of a name, thanks to me. I won't tolerate it. (PATRONS stand and begin to dance silently in the background, pantomiming a Charleston or any other dance of the period.)

MONA: I don't steal.

MONICA: Since when?

MONA: (A step in.) Don't push your luck, Woodsquirrel.

MONICA: (A step in.) Don't threaten me, Schlumpgarden. (With a squeal, WANDA, LYDIA and ROBERTA bounce IN FROM RIGHT.)

WANDA: Oh, gee, Miss Woodsquirrel. This is an honor. Talk about the cat's meow.

LYDIA: We were going to invite you, but we forgot. (TED ENTERS FROM RIGHT.)

ROBERTA: We were so nervous about making our stage debut.

MONICA: Foolish, foolish children. Appearing at the Crazy Cat Nite Club can hardly be considered a "stage" debut. (NOTE: The PATRONS will eventually move OFFSTAGE LEFT.)

MONA: I resent that.

MONICA: Resent whatever you like. But that doesn't change matters. You girls can't appear here and be on my radio program. It's one or the other. Let me tell you this—the name of Monica Woodsquirrel stands for something.

MONA: So does the name of Mona Schlumpgarden.

TED: So does the name of Ted Loveland.

MONICA: Don't interrupt, Ted.

TED: Sorry, Monica.

MONICA: The Sudzy Sudz people and the Neverdull Fountain Pen people would cancel out if they knew you girls were working here. How much is Schlumpgarden paying you?

MONA: We haven't discussed salary.

MONICA: I thought as much. Remember this, girls. The Monica Woodsquirrel Radio Show is money in the bank. A check every week—and no trouble from the police.

MONA: But the Crazy Cat is more fun.
MONICA: (Looks about the empty room.) So I see. (She gestures to the EVERLY SISTERS, shooing them OFF RIGHT.) Go along, girls. Get your things.

EVERLY SISTERS: (Disappointed.) Oh, Miss Woodsquirrel. Do we have to?

MONICA: One day you’ll thank me for this. (Dejected, the EVERLY SISTERS EXIT RIGHT.)

TED: What about the taxi?

MONICA: Tell it to wait. (She EXITS RIGHT. TED crosses LEFT, OUT. MONA surveys the empty club.)

MONA: Is everyone having a good time? (CHEATER HAYES, a gangster, ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. With him is MUGGS O’TOOLE, another. They wear hats and flashy suits or tuxedos. Each carries a violin case.)

CHEATER: Talking to yourself, Mona?

MUGGS: When you talk to yourself, do you get any answers?

CHEATER: Whattayaknow?

MUGGS: Whattayaguess? (He and CHEATER laugh.)

MONA: (Looks at CHEATER.) Took you mugs long enough to get here.

MUGGS: He’s Cheater. I’m Mugs.

CHEATER: What’s up, Schlumpgarden?

MONA: I heard you characters aren’t running with the Brewery Street Gang anymore.

CHEATER: What Brewery Street Gang? We’re all that’s left.

MONA: What happened to the others? (MUGGS and CHEATER solemnly remove hats and place them over hearts.)

CHEATER: Lead poisoning.

MUGGS: The Feds.


MONA: In that case, I have a little job you guys might be interested in. (She crosses to the table, sits.) Ever hear of the “Ice Garden”?

MUGGS: Don’t think so.
CHEATER: It’s an ice skating rink, ain’t it?
MONA: It’s a hunk of ice but you won’t find it in any skating rink. It’s a diamond that will give you sunburn from the flash.
MUGGS: I getcha. You want us to swipe it.
MONA: *(Irritated.)* Well, I don’t want you to skate on it.
MUGGS: What’s it worth?
MONA: It’s worth a cool million. At least.
CHEATER/MUGGS: *(Impressed, whistle.)* A cool million.
CHEATER: Whattayaknow?
MUGGS: Whattayaguayess?
MONA: It’ll be a hot million once you swipe it, but I have a friend who’ll cool it off.
CHEATER: You mean cut it up.
MONA: That way there’s less danger. Are you in or out?
CHEATER: Depends.
MUGGS: Where is it?
MONA: A society estate on Long Island.
CHEATER: Society?
MUGGS: We ain’t society types.
MONA: I noticed. A madcap flapper by the name of Polly Pepper is getting the stone for her birthday.
CHEATER/MUGGS: Happy birthday, Polly.
CHEATER: Whattayaknow?
MUGGS: Whattayaguayess?
MONA: I’ve got the whole thing worked out. Can’t miss.
CHEATER: What happens if we get caught?
MONA: You won’t get caught because no one will know the necklace is missing. I’ve had a perfect copy made from a picture in an old magazine.
MUGGS: I get you. We swipe the genuine and replace it with the fake.
MONA: That's the general idea.

CHEATER: How will we get in the house?

MONA: You'll walk in.

CHEATER/MUGGS: Huh?

MONA: You'll be there long before the birthday guests. You'll have plenty of time to case the house. When it comes to heisting, Cheater Hayes and Muggs O'Toole used to be the best.

CHEATER/MUGGS: We're still the best! (LIEUTENANT FLUKE of the NYPD wanders IN from DOWN LEFT wearing a hat and topcoat. He's tough as nails, a dedicated servant of the law. A couple of UNIFORMED COPS or ANOTHER DETECTIVE can be added, if desired.)

FLUKE: I hope I'm not interrupting anything. (PATRONS RE-ENTER, dance OFF again.)

MUGGS: It's Fluke.

CHEATER: Lieutenant Fluke. How you doing, copper? Whattayaknow?

MUGGS: Whattayaguess?

FLUKE: (Eyes violin cases.) You boys joining an orchestra?

MONA: (Thinks fast.) I thought I might be able to use a couple of violinists. You know—novelty act. (She stands.)

FLUKE: What are they going to play—staccato?

MONA: Would I lie to a law and order man?

FLUKE: Who are you trying to kid, Schlumpgarden? These two hoodlums are bad news. Leftovers from the Brewery Street Gang. Shouldn't let them in here. Might give the dump a bad name.

MUGGS: (Unintimidated.) Buggs Tulip will settle your hash.

CHEATER: When he gets out of the slammer.

FLUKE: I'm terrified.

MONA: Why don't you give me a break, Fluke? I'm only trying to make a few dollars.

FLUKE: I've told you before, Schlumpgarden, the Crazy Cat is going out of business. Like it or not.

MONA: I don't like it.
FLUKE: Take it up with the commissioner. I intend to close down every illegal speakeasy in town. Starting with this place, Schlumpgarden.

MONICA: (ENTERS, recognizes FLUKE.) Lieutenant Fluke! How nice to see you again.

FLUKE: Surprised to see you here, Miss Woodsquirrel. Gathering material for your radio show?

MONICA: (Gushes.) Everywhere I look there’s material. Flappers, nite clubs, Follies, police. I don’t like crime, however. It’s not nice.

FLUKE: You’ve got to take the bad with the good. That’s what makes the 1920s roar.

MONICA: “The Roaring Twenties.” I like that phrase. I’ll use it on my radio show. (MUSIC CUE 4: “The Roaring Twenties.” Speaks, delighted with the sound of the phrase.) “The Roaring Twenties.” (Those OFFSTAGE quickly RE-ENTER and join in along with MONA, MUGGS, CHEATER and FLUKE. [NOTE: The song should move quickly with much energy and excitement in the spoken headlines. A few performers can share all of the SPEAKER parts, or you may choose to use a different COMPANY MEMBER for each HEADLINE. For maximum effect, HEADLINES should be broadcast over a microphone.])

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “First talking movie produced.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “First public wireless broadcast... Melba sings from Great Britain.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Women get the vote. Suffrage amendment passed.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Calvin Coolidge becomes president.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Jack Dempsey loses heavyweight boxing title to Gene Tunney.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Babe Ruth hits record baseball score.” (SOUND EFFECT: A BAT HITTING A BASEBALL followed by the CROWD ROARING. ALL react to baseball flying over the AUDIENCE from STAGE RIGHT to STAGE LEFT.)

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) Yes, folks, it happened in the roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!
CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

ALL: (Sing.) Today, today!

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Gershwin composes ‘Rhapsody in Blue.’”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Mickey Mouse is created... so is Winnie the Pooh.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Flagpole sitters and dance marathons become national fads.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “First antibiotic, penicillin, discovered by accident.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Einstein awarded the Nobel Prize.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Lindberg makes first solo flight across the Atlantic.” (SOUND EFFECT: PROPELLER AIRPLANE FLYING BY. ALL react to the plane flying over AUDIENCE from STAGE LEFT to STAGE RIGHT.)

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) Yes, folks, it happened in the roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

ALL: (Sing.) Today, today!

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “National Prohibition Act passed.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Alcohol is outlawed across the nation.”
CHORUS: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Illegal bars called ‘Speakeasies’ spring up all over the country.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Racketeering and gangsters come of age.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Gang warfare takes over Chicago.”

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Kingpin mobster, Al Capone, rules over Chicago’s gangland.” (SOUND EFFECT: MACHINE GUN FIRE followed by POLICE CAR SIRENS. ALL fall to the floor, duck down, then quickly get back up.)

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) Yes, folks, it happened in the roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

ALL: (Sing.) Today, today!

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Herbert Hoover becomes president.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

SPEAKER: (Speaks.) “Unemployment rises to new heights.”

CHORUS: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

ALL: (A shout.) “Stock market crashes.” (SOUND EFFECT: A WHISTLING BOMB falls from the sky and EXPLODES. ALL follow the bomb over the heads of AUDIENCE as it descends to the ground; react on explosion.)

CHORUS: (Sings.) Yes, folks, it happened in the...

   Yes, folks, we’re living in the...

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) Roaring, roaring, roaring twenties.

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!
CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Get your paper! Read all about it!

CHORUS ONE: (Sings.) The roaring, roaring, roaring twenties!

CHORUS TWO: (Sings.) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

ALL: (Sing.) Today, today, today! (At end of song, BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Three

ACT ONE
Scene Four

SETTING: The Granville Estate.

AT RISE: In the BLACKNESS we hear a flood of GANGLAND SOUNDS—MACHINE GUNS (RAT-A-TAT-TAT), POLICE SIRENS, SCREAMS, POLICE WHISTLES, etc., to suggest the dangerous side of “The Roaring Twenties.” Pause. SOUND OF TWITTERING BIRDS.

As the LIGHTS COME UP we find MRS. GRANVILLE seated at the patio table with the DUCHESS OF MILFORD. The DUKE stands behind them. MRS. GRANVILLE is studying some papers on the table.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I’m trying to make sense of these papers, my dear Duke. I’m trying very hard. I’m afraid I have no head for figures. Maybe I should speak to my bankers.

DUKE: (Alarmed.) No, no, no.

DUCHESS: You mustn’t do that.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Why not?

DUCHESS: These Manchurian stocks and bonds are virtually a secret. If you told your bankers about them the word would spread.

MRS. GRANVILLE: It would?

DUKE: The value of the stocks and bonds might lessen.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I wouldn’t want that.

DUKE: Of course you wouldn’t. It wouldn’t be sensible.

MRS. GRANVILLE: It isn’t every day I have royalty to advise me. It’s quite a new experience.

DUKE: It’s the sort of thing we do for all our friends. Think nothing of it.

MRS. GRANVILLE: How generous.
DUCHESS: Today the stocks and bonds are paying 48 percent. Tomorrow they might pay only 47. You mustn’t delay.

DUKE: Time is money.

MRS. GRANVILLE: That’s what my husband used to say. (POLLY ENTERS DOWN RIGHT carrying a golf club. Eavesdrops as she pretends to field a ball across the estate grounds.) How much money do you think I should invest?

DUKE: It’s entirely up to you, but the more you invest the more you get back.

MRS. GRANVILLE: That makes sense. Perhaps I could invest, hmm...

DUKE/DUCHESS: (Practically drooling.) Hmmm...?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Fifty... 60... 70... (DUKE and DUCHESS exchange a happy look.) 80. One hundred thousand is a nice round number.

DUKE/DUCHESS: (Can’t control their enthusiasm.) Bingo! (They quickly recover.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: Who should I make the check out to? Some Manchurian corporation or to the Duke and Duchess of Milford?

DUKE: (Flat.) Make it out to cash. (SOUND: AIRPLANE overhead. ALL shade their eyes and look to the sky.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: (Sees POLLY.) Polly, I didn’t see you standing there. What are you doing?

POLLY: Practicing my swing. I really must work on it. (She “fields” another imaginary golf ball across the lawn.) Fore!

MRS. GRANVILLE: Busy, busy, busy. That’s my Polly.

DUKE: She’s charming.

DUCHESS: She’s delightful.

DUKE: So modern.

DUCHESS: So high-spirited.

DUKE: About that check—

MRS. GRANVILLE: I want to think about it some more. I’ll give you my decision at Polly’s party. (DUKE and DUCHESS look unhappy.)

DUKE: We’re leaving soon for Europe. Don’t wait too long, Mrs. Granville. Forty-eight percent isn’t offered every day.
MRS. GRANVILLE: I'm sure it isn't.

DUCHESS: Remember, Mrs. Granville—not a word to your bankers.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I won't forget. See you at mah-jongg. (DUKE and DUCHESS EXIT into the house. MRS. GRANVILLE stands, moves CENTER.)

POLLY: Aunt Augusta.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Yes, dear?

POLLY: Where did you meet the Duke and Duchess?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Sailing back from Europe. They're marvelous mah-jongg players. That's why I invited them for a visit. Good mah-jongg players are hard to find. (GIRLS GIGGLES from OFFSTAGE RIGHT. MRS. GRANVILLE looks OFFSTAGE.) Oh, look, Polly. It's some of your young friends.

POLLY: Edna, Amy, Georgia and Theodora?

MRS. GRANVILLE: No. Winnie, Tweedles, Bunny and Daisy.

GIRLS: (ENTER RIGHT) Hello, Mrs. Granville.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Girls. What have you young things been up to?

WINNIE: Practicing our Charleston. (They do a few steps.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: When I was your age I never got to practice anything but the Virginia Reel. (Laughter.)

TOMMY: (Runs IN RIGHT, excited.) Hey, kids. An airplane has landed on the polo grounds!

ALL: (To audience.) The polo grounds?!

MRS. GRANVILLE: What will the neighbors think?

TOMMY: You can get a good look from here. (ALL crowd RIGHT, gawking for a view.)

WINNIE: Is it legal to land an air-o-plane on polo grounds? In Southampton?

TWEEDLES: I wonder who the pilot is?

BUNNY: Maybe the plane had to land. No gasoline or something.

DAISY: I hope he isn't hurt.

POLLY: Maybe he's a stunt flyer.
TOMMY: It was a smooth landing.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Perhaps I should notify the authorities.

POLLY: Wait a minute! I know that plane.

OTHERS: (Astonished.) You do?

BUCK: (ENTERS from DOWN LEFT. He's a good-looking young Westerner, wearing cowboy boots, a leather flight jacket and a pilot's cap with goggles pushed back on his head.) She sure does. (ALL turn to the voice.)

GIRLS: It's the pilot.

POLLY: Buck Wayne! (She crosses to meet him, delighted.) Everybody, this is the boy I was telling you about.

WINNIE: The one from Texas—

TWEEDLES: Arizona—

BUNNY: New Mexico—

DAISY: Someplace like that.

POLLY: He's the one. Buck, what are you doing here?

BUCK: I told you I'd drop in one day.

MRS. GRANVILLE: And you certainly have.

POLLY: This is so unexpected.

BUCK: Just had to see you again.

POLLY: (Innocent, bats her eyelashes, out to audience.) I can't imagine why.

BUCK: Because you make my heart beat faster than a cattle stampede. (GIRLS sigh.)

WINNIE: Oh, Polly, he's a real sheik.

BUCK: And Polly Pepper is a real sheba.

GIRLS: (Thrilled.) Did you hear that, Polly? You're a real sheba. (They giggle.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: (Moves to him.) Mr. Wayne, you may be one of my niece's many admirers, but I consider cluttering up my grounds with your flying machine vulgar.

BUCK: Sorry, ma'am. I didn't mean to cause any problem.
MRS. GRANVILLE: Kindly remove your vehicle as soon as possible.

BUCK: Right you are, ma’am.

POLLY: This is my Aunt Augusta, Buck.

BUCK: (Removes his cap and goggles.) Pleased to meet you, ma’am. 
(During this discourse the OTHERS hang on every word.)

WINNIE: He’s so handsome.

TWEEDLES: And young.

BUNNY: Are you rich, Buck?

DAISY: Are you single?

BUCK: Now hold on with them thar questions. I flew up here to help Polly celebrate her birthday. But to satisfy your curiosity, I am handsome and I am young and I am rich and I am single.

GIRLS: (Delighted, applaud.) Whoopee!

TOMMY: Ah, what’s so special about being handsome, young and rich? Every guy in Southampton is handsome, young and rich. I’m handsome, young and rich.

POLLY: Yes, but you can’t fly an airplane.

SUSAN: (Saunters IN from DOWN LEFT.) Aren’t you going to introduce me to your friend, Polly? (It’s plain she is quite interested in the dashing pilot.)

GIRLS: (Sour.) Hello, Susan.

POLLY: Buck, this is one of my oldest and dearest friends. Susan Stuyvesant-Fish.

TWEEDLES: She’s a debutante.

BUNNY: Last year she came in second at the Miss Southampton contest. (SUSAN seethes.)

DAISY: Polly came in first.

SUSAN: (Fumes.) I’m sure Mr., uh... what did you say your name was?

BUCK: Didn’t say, but it’s Buck Wayne.

SUSAN: I’m sure Mr. Wayne isn’t interested in mundane matters.

BUCK: I’m interested in everything if it concerns Polly.
POLLY: Isn’t he scrumptious?

JIMMY: *(Runs IN DOWN LEFT.)* Something terrible has happened!

OTHERS: What?!

MRS. GRANVILLE: The stock market hasn’t crashed?

JIMMY: Worse than that. Lenny Knickerbocker says he’s giving up the fight!

OTHERS: Oh, no!

JIMMY: Oh, yes.

POLLY: This is terrible.

BUCK: Who’s Lenny Knickerbocker?

OTHERS: Who’s Lenny Knickerbocker?!

BUCK: That’s what I said.

JIMMY: The guy who’s about to break the world’s record for flagpole sitting. That’s who.

TOMMY: It would be a great honor for Southampton.

POLLY: Not if he gives up the fight. We’ve got to do something.

GIRLS: What do you suggest, Polly?

POLLY: What a flapper always suggests—action!

BUCK: That’s my Polly. *(POLLY EXITS DOWN LEFT and OUT. ALL but MRS. GRANVILLE follow.)*

MRS. GRANVILLE: Lenny Knickerbocker comes from such a good family. Why would he want to sit on a flagpole? *(BLACKOUT.)*

End of Scene Four

ACT ONE

Scene Five

SETTING: Nearby.

AT RISE: A SPOTLIGHT picks out LENNY, UP RIGHT. He is seated on a chair and swaying slightly from side to side to suggest the chair is atop a flagpole. *(NOTE: The “effect,” of course, is ludicrous, but it’s good for a laugh.)* He holds an umbrella over his head to shade himself from the sun and for balance.
LENNY: (Sways.) OOOOOooooo. OOOOOooooo. OOOOOooooo. I don’t know how much more of this I can take. OOOOOooooo. OOOOOooooo. OOOOOooooo. OOOOOooooo. I don’t feel so good. (He tries to sing, but he’s terribly nervous.)
He’d fly through the air
With the greatest of ease.
A daring young man
On the flying trapeze-eze-eze...
(LIGHTS UP STAGE LEFT as POLLY and the OTHERS rush IN. EXTRAS can be utilized. POLLY has a megaphone. They hurry to the edge of the STAGE and look up. [NOTE: They never look directly at LENNY. They are supposedly far below him. Likewise, LENNY always looks down to speak to them.])

POLLY: (Jumps up and down to attract his attention. Waves her arms.)
Lenny, Lenny! Lenny Knickerbocker! Can you hear me?

LENNY: (Looks down. Hollers back.) Who’s down there?

POLLY: (Hollers back, uses megaphone.) It’s me, Lenny. Polly.

LENNY: Polly who?

OTHERS: Polly Pepper!

LENNY: Hello, Polly.

POLLY: What’s this I hear about you quitting?

LENNY: I don’t think I can take much more of this.

POLLY: You can’t quit. You’re no quitter.

BUCK: How long has he been up there?

TOMMY: Twenty-seven days, ten hours.

WINNIE: They send food up to him in a bucket.

BUCK: What’s the record for flagpole sitting?

JIMMY: Twenty-seven days, 20 hours and 15 minutes.

POLLY: Oh, Lenny, you’re so close to breaking the world’s record.

LENNY: Tell that to my stomach. I’ve got a headache. My vision is blurry, and my arms and legs are numb.

SUSAN: It’s all so juvenile.

BUNNY: He’s not going to make it.
DAISY: He'll either come down or fall down.

LENNY: I have bad dreams.

POLLY: Think of what's at stake.

LENNY: Remind me.

WINNIE: The honor of Southampton.

LENNY: I've done my best. I'm calling it quits. (OTHERS moan.) I'm coming down.

POLLY: (Forceful.) No, Lenny. You mustn't.

LENNY: I can't do it, Polly.

POLLY: Oh, yes, you can, Lenny Knickerbocker. I know you can. You've got the stuff.

LENNY: Thanks for having faith in me, Polly. But it's not enough.

POLLY: Have faith in yourself, Lenny.

LENNY: (Sways.) I wish I could.

POLLY: We believe in you, Lenny. (To OTHERS.) Don't we, gang? (MUSIC CUE 5: "You're Making History Today.")

ALL: (Speak, ad libs.) Yea! That's right! Hotchka! You can do it, Lenny!

POLLY: (Sings.) Say, don't you ever give up the fight!
    Stay on the job morning and night.
    You're a hero, we all agree,
    The kind of hero people walk for miles to see.
    So don't you ever give up the fight.
    You're heading right to the stars.
    Just a little bit longer, and you'll be on your way.
    You're making history today!

TOMMY/JIMMY/BUCK: (Sing.) Think of the fame, the sudden reputation.

WINNIE/TWEEDLES/BUNNY/DAISY: (Sing.) You'll be a hit, you'll be a big sensation.

GUYS: (Sing.) Hold up your head,

GIRLS: (Sing.) Stick out your chin.

POLLY: (Sings.) We know you're not the kind of guy who'd ever give in.

GUYS: (Sing.) So don't you give up now! Whattaya say?
GIRLS: (Sing.) You're making history today!

ALL: (Sing.) Say, don't you ever give up the fight!
Stay on the job morning and night.
You're a hero, we all agree,
The kind of hero people walk for miles to see.
So don't you ever give up the fight.
You're heading right to the stars.
Just a little bit longer, and you'll be on your way.
You're making history today!
Think of the fame, the sudden reputation.
You'll be a hit, you'll be a big sensation.
Hold up your head, stick out your chin.
We know you're not the kind of guy who'd ever give in.
So don't you give up now! What'attaya say?
You're making history today! (BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Five

ACT ONE
Scene Six

SETTING: A street [FORESTAGE].

AT RISE: NEWSBOY #1 and NEWSBOY #2 quickly ENTER from DOWN RIGHT on FORESTAGE. (NOTE: NEWSBOYS are portrayed by male NITE CLUB PATRONS. Or you can use ADDITIONAL ACTORS for these roles.) Each carries newspapers under his arm or in a canvas shoulder sack. Caps sideways on head. Each waves a newspaper: As they swiftly move across the FORESTAGE they cry out the news to the audience.

NEWSBOY #1: Extra! Extra! Read all about it! D.A. wants to know who shot Legs Diamond in the foot.

NEWSBOY #2: Extra! Extra! Read all about it! New York's district attorney declares war on Public Enemies One, Two and Three and a half.

NEWSBOY #1: Extra! Extra! Read all about it! New Follies to open at Ziegfeld Theatre. Tickets to cost ten dollars apiece. Will the public stand for it?

NEWSBOY #2: Extra! Extra! College boy swallows 36 goldfish in one gulp. Burps them back.

NEWSBOY #1: Extra! Extra! President Coolidge says things have never been better.
BOTH: Extra! Extra! Social event of the season on Long Island. Polly Pepper turns 18 and gets ice for her birthday. Read all about it! Read all about it! (They EXIT DOWN LEFT, but their voices continue to be heard from OFFSTAGE for a few seconds.)

BOTH VOICES: (From OFFSTAGE LEFT.) Extra! Extra! D.A. wants to know who shot Legs Diamond in the foot...

End of Scene Six

ACT ONE
Scene Seven

SETTING: The Granville Estate.

AT RISE: DUKE and DUCHESS ENTER from the house.

DUCHESS: Things aren't working out.

DUKE: There you go again. No patience.

DUCHESS: If she was going to do it, why didn't she give us the check right away?

DUKE: You heard what she said. She wants to think about it a little longer.

DUCHESS: Probably wants us to stick around so we'll play some more mah-jongg.

DUKE: We'll get the check. Didn't you see her eyes light up every time I said 48 percent? She's rich and happy, but she's also greedy. Relax.

DUCHESS: I wish I could.

DUKE: Why don't you fix yourself a glass of Sparkling Polar Bear Ginger Ale?

DUCHESS: Because I don't like ginger ale and I don't like polar bears.

MARGARET: (ENTERS from house.) Duck and Doochess.

DUKE/DUCHESS: Duke and Duchess.

MARGARET: Mrs. Granville wants to know if you'd like to play a game of—

DUKE/DUCHESS: (Resigned, out to audience.) Mah-jongg.

MARGARET: No. Chinese checkers.

DUKE: We'd be delighted.
MARGARET: I'll tell her. *(She EXITS into house.)*

DUCHESS: There's a switch. Chinese checkers.

DUKE: Let's humor the old girl. There's a lot at stake here.

DUCHESS: No need to remind me of that. *(She crosses for the house.)*

DUKE: Let her win. *(He follows after her.)*

DUCHESS: Don't I always? Chinese checkers. Big deal. *(They're OUT. CHEATER and MUGGS ENTER DOWN RIGHT. They now wear waiters' jackets, but they still carry the violin cases. TRIXIE is with them wearing a maid's uniform.)*

CHEATER: *(Impressed by his surroundings.)* Dijja ever see such a place? This is what I call living.

MUGGS: Polo grounds, swimming pool, fancy gardens.

TRIXIE: An airplane parked on the grass like it was a taxicab.

CHEATER: What if the real waiters show up?

TRIXIE: Mona took care of that. She gave them each 20 bucks and told them to get lost.

CHEATER: Whatayaknow?

MUGGS: Whatayaguess? *(MARGARET ENTERS from house with a bug spray can.)*

TRIXIE: Careful. Company.

MARGARET: *(Sees the new arrivals.)* About time you got here. I called the agency twice. There's a lot of work to be done.

TRIXIE: Where do we start?

MARGARET: Let me spray these flowers. Bugs.

MUGGS: *(Misunderstands.)* Buggs ain't with us. He's in the slammer. *(TRIXIE hits him on the head. MARGARET sprays the flowers, moves CENTER.)*

MARGARET: I'm Margaret. If you have any questions I'm the one to ask. Don't bother Mrs. Granville. This birthday party has her on pins and needles.

MUGGS/CHEATER: Ouch.

MARGARET: Was that meant to be funny?
TRIXIE: Sometimes the boys say things when they shouldn’t. They’ve got a warped sense of humor. *(She gives them each a shove.*)

MUGGS: Easy, easy. I don’t want to get the jacket wrinkled.

MARGARET: You have names, I suppose.

CHEATER: Uh, my name is Rudolph.

MUGGS: Uh, my name is Sylvester.

TRIXIE: Uh, my name is Rose Marie.

MARGARET: What have you got in those violin cases?

CHEATER: Change of shirt.

MUGGS: In case someone spills something on what we’re wearing.

CHEATER: Y’know, like gravy or tomato sauce.

TRIXIE: What did you think was in there?

MARGARET: I’d expect to find a violin in a violin case. But these days who knows? *(Light.*) You could be carrying machine guns.

MUGGS: Who told you?

MARGARET: I like hired help with a sense of humor, but we can’t stand here wasting time. I’ll show you to the kitchen. Follow me. *(She crosses DOWN LEFT. The OTHERS follow.)*

CHEATER: *(Pretends to be shocked by MARGARET’S comment.)* “Youse could be carrying machine guns.” Dijja ever?

TRIXIE: Yeah. Dijja ever? *(They all EXIT. Again, GIRLISH GIGGLES from OFFSTAGE RIGHT. POLLY, WINNIE, TWEEDLES, BUNNY, DAISY and SUSAN ENTER, followed by JIMMY, TOMMY and BUCK.)*

POLLY: I’d better start getting ready for the party. After all, a girl doesn’t turn 18 every day.

WINNIE: Only once in a lifetime.

TWEEDLES: Darn.

TOMMY: Save a Charleston for me, Polly.

JIMMY: Me, too.

BUNNY: I can’t wait to see the “Ice Garden.”

BUCK: Is that the rock I keep hearing about?
DAISY: I wouldn’t call it a rock, Buck. It’s a diamond. A great—big—
diamond.

WINNIE: (Flat.) It shines.

BUCK: I didn’t come all this way to see a diamond. I came to see Polly.

SUSAN: (Steps to BUCK and slips her arm into his.) Since Polly’s going
to be busy, let me show you around Southampton.

WINNIE: (Worried.) She’s trying to vamp Polly’s beau!

BUCK: I reckon I can take care of myself.

MARGARET: (ENTERS from the house, carrying a small silver tray with
a telegram on it. Crosses to POLLY.) This just came for you, Miss Polly.

POLLY: What is it?

MARGARET: A telegram.

POLLY: I love getting telegrams. (She takes the telegram, opens it. Reads.)
I certainly didn’t expect this.

BUCK: Anything wrong?

POLLY: It’s from Mr. Flo Ziegfeld of the Ziegfeld Follies. He says I’ll
have to audition within the hour. It’s the only time he has free.

WINNIE: But this is your birthday, Polly.

TWEEDLES: Maybe you could take a fast train.

BUNNY: Or drive to New York in your fast new Studebaker.

POLLY: There wouldn’t be enough time. Oh, dear. I did want to be in
the chorus. (She frowns.)

BUNNY: It’s every flapper’s dream.

BUCK: (Steps forward.) No problem. We can fly to Manhattan in my
plane. I’ll get you there in plenty of time.

DAISY: What a wonderful idea!

POLLY: Oh, Buck, I could kiss you.

BUCK: Be my guest.

POLLY: Today’s my birthday, and I’m going to get a beautiful diamond
necklace and an audition for the Ziegfeld Follies. I’m so happy I could—

[NOTE: To emphasize the zaniness of the plot, OTHERS appear from
OFFSTAGE and join in the lunacy—DUKE, DUCHESS, MRS. GRANVILLE, TRIXIE, MUGGS, CHEATER.]

POLLY: (Shouts.) Charleston!

COMPANY: (Sings.) Wackadoo, wackadoo, wacka-do the Charleston! Ev’rybody
Charleston! Charleston!

POLLY: Swing your arms, kick your feet.
Ain’t it swell, ain’t it sweet!

COMPANY: Charleston! Ev’rybody
Charleston! Charleston!
Come on along and Charleston with me.

SHEIKS: (Sing.) Hey there, cutie, sweet patootie.

SHEBAS: (Sing.) Honey bun, just for fun.

COMPANY: (Sing.) You and me, me and you,
Let’s diga-diga-do, diga-do, diga-do the Charleston! Ev’rybody
Charleston! Charleston!
Come on along and Charleston with me!
Charleston!
Charleston!
(A shout.) Ev’rybody Charleston!
(DANCE INTERLUDE.)

SHEBAS: (Sing.) Hey there, dearie, feelin’ cheery.

SHEIKS: (Sing.) Honey bee, can’t you see.

COMPANY: (Sing.) You and me, me and you,
Let’s wack-a-doo, wack-a-doo, wack-a-do the Charleston! Ev’rybody
Charleston! Charleston!

SHEIKS: (Sing.) Come on along and Charleston,

SHEBAS: (Sing.) Ev’rybody Charleston,

COMPANY: (Sing.) Come on along and Charleston...

SHEBAS: (Sings.) SHEIKS: (Sings.)
With me! Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
With me! Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
With me! Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
COMPANY:  *(Sing.)* Boop be doop boop,
Boop be doop!
*(A loud whisper.)* Yeah!

End Of ACT ONE

ACT TWO
Scene One

MUSIC CUE 7: “Entr’acte.”

SETTING: Stage of the Ziegfeld Theatre, home of the Ziegfeld Follies.

AT RISE: A small table with a telephone on top is DOWN RIGHT.

LIGHTS UP to reveal a song and dance routine being performed by five
CHORUS GIRLS. They are ZIEGFELD GIRLS #1, #2, #3. The other two
members of the line are the actresses who played NITE CLUB PATRONS
in ACT ONE, Scene Three. EXTRA CHORUS GIRLS can be added, if desired.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: *(To AUDIENCE, with exuberance.)* Good evening,
   ladies and gentlemen. Is everybody happy?

GIRLS/AUDIENCE: Yeah! *(MUSIC CUE 8: “It Has to be Jazz.”)*

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: Well, as Al Jolson always says, “You ain’t heard
   nothin’ yet!”

ZIEGFELD GIRLS: *(Sing.)*
   Hey there, Mr. Ziegfeld, pardon us if we’re confused,
   But are you really sure you want a waltz or a tango?
   There’s a sound that’s come of age, it’s the latest rage.
   It’s played from New York City all the way to Pago Pago.
   Gimme a little bit o’ rat tat tattin’,
   Gimme a trumpet splat splat splattin’.
   Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   It has to be jazz!

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: *(Sings.)* Gimme a little bit o’ low notes glidin’,
   Gimme a trombone slip, slop slidin’.

ALL GIRLS: *(Sing.)* Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   It has to be jazz!

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: *(Sings.)* Gimme a little bit o’ high notes rootin’,
   Gimme a clarinet toot toot tootin’.

ALL GIRLS: *(Sing.)* Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   It has to be jazz!
Feel that rhythm, feel that beat,
Gonna shimmy, gonna shake down to my feet,
You’ll find me at the Ritz Savoy,
Kickin’ my legs up. Hey there, boy!

**ZIEGFELD GIRL #3:** *(Sings.)* Gimme a little bit o’ slink, slank, slinkin’,
Gimme a piano plink, plank, plinkin’.

**ALL GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
It has to be jazz!
*(INSTRUMENTAL/DANCE INTERLUDE.)*
Hoochie coochie, coochie coo,
I’ve got a little dance for me ’n for you,
You’ll find me at the Cotton Club,
Kickin’ my legs up. Hey there, bub!

**ZIEGFELD GIRL #4:** *(Sings.)*
Gimme a little bit o’ chink, kachink, hummin’,
Gimme a banjo, strum, strum strummin’.

**ALL GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
It has to be jazz!

**ZIEGFELD GIRL #5:** *(Sings.)*
Gimme a little bit o’ boom, boom zottum,
Gimme a tuba umpah bottom.

**ALL GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
It has to be jazz!
Gimme a little bit o’ zim zam zoomin’,
Gimme a drummer crash bam boomin’.
Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
It has to be jazz!
It has to be jazz!
Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
It has to be jazz! *(A loud whisper.)* Yeah!

**MISS MORRIS:** *(At end of song, nothing for a second and then a TELEPHONE RINGS. MISS MORRIS, Ziegfeld’s assistant, ENTERS DOWN RIGHT and picks up the receiver. She’s professional and brisk.)*
Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld? *(Listens.)* Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld. *(Listens.)* Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld. *(Listens.)* Whatever you say, Mr. Ziegfeld. *(Hangs up, faces ZIEGFELD GIRLS.)* Mr. Ziegfeld says the number is flat.

**ZIEGFELD GIRLS:** Flat?!
ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: We gave it everything we had.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: And then some.

MISS MORRIS: Mr. Ziegfeld says the routine lacks something.

ZIEGFELD GIRLS: Like what?

MISS MORRIS: He didn’t say. (POLLY ENTERS from LEFT. BUCK walks IN behind her.)

POLLY: Isn’t this scrumptious, Buck? Being on the stage of the Ziegfeld Theatre, auditioning for that great American showman, Flo Ziegfeld.

BUCK: It’s scrumptious if you say it’s scrumptious.

POLLY: Aren’t you sweet.

MISS MORRIS: Is there something I can do for you?

POLLY: I hope I’m not too late.

MISS MORRIS: Too late for what?

POLLY: Ziggy didn’t give me much notice.

BUCK: I flew Miss Pepper in my plane.

MISS MORRIS: (To POLLY.) Who’s he?

BUCK: I’m an admirer of Miss Pepper’s.

MISS MORRIS: (Flat.) Is that a fact?

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: Your own plane?

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: That’s what I call easy traveling.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #3: Where you from?

POLLY: Mr. Wayne comes from Arizona, uh, New Mexico, uh, Texas. I never can remember. (ZIEGFELD GIRLS giggle. They find POLLY rather silly.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL #4: I know who you are. You’re Polly Pepper! (Reaction.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL #5: You’re in all the papers.

POLLY: Uh-huh. (To MISS MORRIS.) I have Ziggy’s telegram.

MISS MORRIS: May I see it?

POLLY: Certainly. (She crosses to MISS MORRIS, hands her the telegram.)
MISS MORRIS: *(Takes it, reads.)* I see. *(She crumples the telegram and tosses it over her shoulder. Picks up the telephone, dials.)* Mr. Ziegfeld, there’s a Polly Pepper here. You sent her a telegram about an audition. *(Listens.)* Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld. *(Hangs up.)* Mr. Ziegfeld says to watch the routine and see if you can pick it up. Do you think you can do that?

POLLY: I’ll try.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: Mr. Ziegfeld is always auditioning society flappers.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: Mr. Ziegfeld says it’s good for business.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #3: Sometimes he does it as a personal favor for a friend.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #4: Not many society flappers make the grade.

BUCK: You gals don’t know Polly.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #5: Can you sing?

POLLY: A little.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #4: Can you dance?

POLLY: A little. *(She looks out into the audience, shields her eyes.)* Where is Ziggy?

MISS MORRIS: *(Points high.)* That’s his office up there.

POLLY: *(Looks high.)* Where?

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: *(Points up.)* There. Don’t worry about it. You can’t see him but he can see you. *(TELEPHONE RINGS.)*

MISS MORRIS: *(Picks up the phone.)* Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld? *(Listens.)* At once, Mr. Ziegfeld. *(Hangs up. To BUCK.)* You’ll have to leave the theater.

BUCK: Do I have to?

MISS MORRIS: Mr. Ziegfeld insists.

POLLY: I won’t be long, Buck.

BUCK: I’ll be waiting outside the stage door. *(He EXITS LEFT.*

MISS MORRIS: Are we ready?

ZIEGFELD GIRLS: We’re ready.
MISS MORRIS: Hit it! (MUSIC CUE 8a: “It Has to be Jazz—Reprise.”
POLLY watches for only a moment or two and then she throws herself
into the routine with gusto—as if she’s always known it.)

ALL GIRLS: (At the conclusion of the DANCE . Sing.)
   Hoochie coochie, coochie coo,
   I’ve got a little dance for me ’n’ for you,
   You’ll find me at the Cotton Club,
   Kickin’ my legs up. Hey there, bub!

ZIEGFELD GIRL #5: (Sings.)
   Gimme a little bit o’ boom, boom zottum,
   Gimme a tuba umpah bottom.

ALL GIRLS: (Sing.) Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   It has to be jazz!
   Gimme a little bit o’ zim zam zoomin’,
   Gimme a drummer crash bam boomin’.
   Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   It has to be jazz!
   It has to be jazz!
   Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   Kazooie, kazowie, raza-ma-taz,
   It has to be jazz! (A loud whisper.) Yeah!

MISS MORRIS: (At end of song, picks up the receiver.) Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld?
   (Listens.) Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld. (Listens.) I’ll tell her. (Hangs up.)

POLLY: (Wide-eyed and hopeful.) What did he say? Am I in the chorus?

MISS MORRIS: He’ll let you know. (She picks up the table and telephone,
   EXITS DOWN RIGHT.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: Sorry, Polly.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: Better luck next time.

POLLY: You mean he didn’t like me?

ZIEGFELD GIRL #3: When he says he’ll let you know—forget it.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #4: I’m starved.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #5: Me, too. Let’s get something to eat.

ZIEGFELD GIRL #1: Hot dog and orange soda?

ZIEGFELD GIRL #2: Sounds good to me. (ZIEGFELD GIRLS EXIT.
   POLLY steps to the edge and calls up to ZIEGFELD’S office.)
POLLY: Maybe I could just walk around the stage wearing a pretty costume and a beaded headdress. Mr. Ziegfeld, you up there? Mr. Ziegfeld? Mr. Ziegfeld? Mr. Ziegfeld? (LIGHTS FADE OUT on poor POLLY.)

End of Scene One

ACT TWO
Scene Two

SETTING: Radio Studio.

AT RISE: The EVERLY SISTERS (WANDA, LYDIA and ROBERTA) ENTER DOWN RIGHT, singing. WANDA has the standing mike, sets it in place. MUSIC CUE 8b: “Ev’rybody Charleston—Radio Show.” EXTRA GIRL(S) may be used, if desired.

EVERLY SISTERS: (Sing.)
Wack-a-doo, wack-a-doo, wack-a-do the Charleston! Ev’rybody
Charleston! Charleston!
Swing your arms, kick your feet.
Ain’t it swell, ain’t it sweet!
Charleston! Ev’rybody
Charleston! Charleston!
Come on along and Charleston.
Ev’rybody Charleston,
Come on along and Charleston...

WANDA: (Sings.)  
With me!  
Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!

LYDIA / ROBERTA: (Sing.)  
With me!  
Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!

EVERLY SISTERS: (Sing.) Boop be doop boop,
Boop be doop!
(A loud whisper) Yeah!

TED: (At end of song, bounces IN from RiIGHT and takes the mike.)
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. The wonderful Everly Sisters. Wanda, Lydia and Roberta. (EVERLY SISTERS EXIT RIGHT as TED belts into the microphone.) It’s the Monica Woodsquirrel Show! (He applauds.) But first a word from our sponsors, Sudzy Sudz. (He warbies.) “Sudzy, Sudzy Sudz
Much more suds with Sudzy Sudz.
Richer, longer lasting too.
They’re the suds with super doo-oo-oo—”
(Speaks.) And Neverdull Fountain Pen. It not only writes on land, it writes—underwater! (He warbles.) “Neverdull... Neverdull. I love you-oo-oo.” (Speaks briskly.) This episode of the Monica Wood squirrel Show is being prerecorded just in case anything goes wrong with our transmission this afternoon from the grounds of the Granville Estate on Long Island. (He looks OFFSTAGE.) And here she is. The woman who knows all about the Roaring Twenties—Monica Wood squirrel. (He steps back, more applauding.)

MONICA: (Sweeps IN from LEFT, takes the mike.) Thank you, Ted. Thank you so much.

TED: My pleasure, Monica.

MONICA: Love that Ted Loveland. He’s wonderful.

TED: Thank you, Monica. (He EXITS RIGHT. MONICA shuffles a few papers. Selects an item. Reads.)

MONICA: Isn’t it wonderful the way the New York City Police Department is dealing with gangsters and mobsters? Locking them up, I mean. I think it’s swell. (She shuffles papers, selects another item.) I’ve spoken to several film executives here in Manhattan and they all assure me that very shortly motion pictures will talk. Isn’t that what I’ve always said? (She shuffles papers for another item.) Here’s a delicious tidbit. I have it on the best authority that flapper Polly Pepper has tried out for a chorus job in the next Ziegfeld Follies. Lots of luck, Polly. Not that Polly has to worry about working. She has a million dollars safely invested in the stock market, thanks to a trust fund. If all goes well with our remote transmission, you’ll hear me broadcasting live from Polly’s birthday party... (LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK as MONICA continues to move her lips, her voice drowned out by the HUMMING SOUND OF A PROPELLER AIRPLANE FLYING.)

End of Scene Two

ACT TWO
Scene Three

SETTING: In the sky.

AT RISE: SOUNDEFFECT: PLANE’S MOTOR continues to hum. SPOTLIGHT hits DOWN LEFT. In a moment BUCK and POLLY “fly” INTO VIEW. (NOTE: The effect is decidedly cartoonish. They simply walk in the small aircraft, which is a side view made out of heavy cardboard or
plywood. To give the effect that their scarves are blowing in the wind, the scarves, too, can be made out of cardboard. They both wear goggles.)

BUCK: I thought you were wonderful, Polly.

POLLY: What?

BUCK: (Louder.) I said I thought you were wonderful.

POLLY: I can't hear you with all this noise. (BUCK touches something on the unseen dashboard, and the SOUND goes OUT.)

BUCK: How's that?

POLLY: Much better.

BUCK: We'll glide for a bit.

POLLY: Is that safe?

BUCK: It is the way I glide.

POLLY: What were you saying?

BUCK: Not important, just that I thought you were wonderful. I didn't leave the theatre. I hid behind some scenery.

POLLY: I'm glad you liked me, Buck. I wish Mr. Ziegfeld had.

BUCK: What do Broadway producers know?

POLLY: Buck, may I ask you a question?

BUCK: Ask away, Polly.

POLLY: Why do you like me?

BUCK: Who wouldn't like you, Polly? (He thinks hard.) You're... You're...

POLLY: I'm what? (MUSIC CUE 9: "Gee, You're Swell.")

BUCK: (Speaks.) Well, let me explain it to you this way...
   (Sings.) Dear one of mine, how I love
   The way you smile when I'm with you.
   The laughter in your eyes
   Has made me realize
   You're something special,
   You're one of a kind.
   Dear one of mine, how I wish
   That I could make time stand still.
   I would fly you away,
   Simply to say, gee, you're swell.
POLLY: *(Sings.)* Dear one of mine, how I love  
The things you say when I’m with you.  
I love your self-esteem.  
You’re every woman’s dream.  
You’re something special,  
You’re simply divine.  
Dear one of mine how I wish  
That I could make time stand still.  
While we’d fly like the birds,  
I’d whisper the words, gee, you’re swell.

BUCK: *(Speaks.)* You know, Polly. I really mean it. Gee, you’re swell.

POLLY: *(Speaks.)* I think you’re swell, too, Buck.

BUCK: *(Speaks.)* But you’re really swell, Polly.

POLLY: *(Speaks.)* You’re really swell, too, Buck.

BUCK: *(Speaks.)* No, I mean it. You’re really, really swell, Polly.

POLLY: *(Resigned. Speaks.)* Okay. So we’re both really, really swell. *(She suddenly looks down.)* Oh, look, there are two lovers rowing a canoe on the lake... how romantic.

BUCK: *(Looks. Speaks.)* Yeah. *(After a pause.)* I wonder if they feel as swell as we do?

POLLY: *(Dreamy.)* Probably not.

BUCK/POLLY: *(Sing.)* Dear one of mine, how I wish  
That we could make time stand still.

POLLY: *(Sings.)* Come and fly me away.

BUCK: *(Sings.)* Let me fly you away.

POLLY: *(Sings.)* Fly me away.

BUCK: *(Sings.)* Fly you away.

BUCK/POLLY: *(Sing.)* Holding you close by my side,  
I would fly to the heavens for you.  
Just to say... gee, you’re swell.  
*(On the last chord of music,* *staring into each other’s eyes, they BOTH let out a long sigh. BLACKOUT. In the BLACKNESS, POLLY and BUCK EXIT RIGHT with the cartoon plane.)*

End of Scene Three
ACT TWO
Scene Four

SETTING: The Granville Estate.

AT RISE: GIRLISH GIGGLES from OFFSTAGE RIGHT. IN come WINNIE, TWEEDLES, BUNNY and DAISY. They cross DOWN CENTER.

WINNIE: I keep searching the skies, but I don’t see Buck’s air-o-plane. I hope they’ll be back in time for the party.

TWEEDLES: I hope Buck Wayne isn’t reckless.

BUNNY: Polly has all the luck. Buck is such a sweet guy.

OTHERS: Oh, you kid!

DAISY: Polly’s rich and famous, and now she’s going to be in the Ziegfeld Follies.

WINNIE: That’s what happens when you turn 18.

TWEEDLES: She’s such a flapper.

WINNIE: I’m a flapper, too.

TWEEDLES: We’re all flappers.

BUNNY: But not like Polly.

DAISY: When it comes to being a flapper, Polly has “it.”

WINNIE: Susan Stuyvesant-Fish is so jealous of Polly.

TWEEDLES: Did you see the way she tried to vamp Buck Wayne?

BUNNY: I don’t trust her. I wish she weren’t coming to the party.

DAISY: What could she possibly do?

WINNIE: Say nasty things about Polly behind her back.

TWEEDLES: We won’t let her get away with it, will we, girls?

OTHERS: No, Tweedles, we won’t. (SOUND OF AIRPLANE. They look up into the sky.)

BUNNY: Oh, look!

DAISY: It’s Buck’s air-o-plane.

WINNIE: Polly’s back!

ALL: What fun!
TWEEDLES: We don’t want to miss the landing. (*With a whoop of glee, they run OFF RIGHT. CHEATER and MUGGS ENTER DOWN LEFT, cross DOWN CENTER. They still carry the violin cases.*)

CHEATER: This isn’t going to be as easy as Mona said.

MUGGS: We can’t switch necklaces until we find out where they’re hiding the “Ice Garden.”

CHEATER: I’m strictly a grab-and-run man. I don’t like all this fancy pants society jazz.

MUGGS: For the price the “Ice Garden” will bring, I can like anything.

TRIXIE: (*ENTERS from DOWN LEFT, crosses to duo.*) This house has more rooms than a hotel.

MUGGS: Did you find out anything?

TRIXIE: Only that Mrs. Granville turns over the necklace at the party.

CHEATER: That’s no good. We’ve got to make the switch before that.

TRIXIE: I’d better give Mona a call on the telephone. She’s going to be very angry.

MUGGS: Tell her we’ll think of something.

CHEATER: We’ve got our reputations to think of.

MARGARET: (*ENTERS from the house.*) You people were hired to work, not stand around making chitchat. (*She points to TRIXIE.*) You. Get back into the kitchen and help with the pimento and cucumber sandwiches.

TRIXIE: Yes, ma’am. (*She EXITS DOWN LEFT.*)

MARGARET: You two help set up tables around the tennis court.

CHEATER/MUGGS: Yes, ma’am. (*MARGARET turns and EXITS into the house.*)

CHEATER: A self-respecting gangster shouldn’t have to take no orders from a dame.

MUGGS: We haven’t got much time to pull off this caper.

CHEATER: Whatsayaknow? (*He EXITS DOWN RIGHT.*)

MUGGS: Whatsayaguess? (*He EXITS. SUSAN ENTERS DOWN LEFT with the DUKE and DUCHESS.*)

SUSAN: It’s always nice to meet royalty. One seldom gets the chance during the summer season. It’s different in the winter.
DUKE: Quite. (*They move CENTER.*)

DUCHESS: I understand you and Miss Pepper are the best of friends.

SUSAN: Oh, yes. Of course, I'm more mature than Polly. More serious. Life is just a lark to Polly Pepper.

DUKE: What you Americans call flaming youth.

SUSAN: If Polly flames anymore she might burn out. Underneath it all Polly's a lost little girl. Last year I allowed her to win the Miss Southampton, Long Island, New York crown. I thought it would build up her self-confidence.

DUCHESS: You are a friend.

DUKE: Quite.

SUSAN: (*Out to audience.*) What are friends for?

WINNIE: (*Runs IN from RIGHT.*) Come on, everyone. We're going to watch Buck Wayne refuel!

SUSAN: We wouldn't want to miss that, would we. (*She EXITS RIGHT after WINNIE.*)

DUCHESS: I'm nervous about tonight.

DUKE: If you don't stop telling me you're nervous, you're going to make me nervous.

MRS. GRANVILLE: (*ENTERS from the house carrying a jewel case.*) Ah, there you are, Duke, Duchess.

DUKE/ DUCHESS: (*With false smiles.*) Ah, there you are, Mrs. Granville.

DUKE: What's it to be? Mah-jongg or Chinese checkers?

MRS. GRANVILLE: No time, no time. So much to do.

DUCHESS: We're going to the plane. Care to join us?

MRS. GRANVILLE: I'll be there in a moment. I hope the plane hasn't damaged the grass.

DUKE: By the way, Mrs. Granville. That Manchurian stock is now paying 50 percent.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Fifty percent? That does sweeten the pot. (*DUKE and DUCHESS EXIT RIGHT. MRS. GRANVILLE tries to remember all the things she has to do.*) The buffet down by the tennis court... candles on every table. If it rains, we use the ballroom.
CHEATER: *(ENTERS DOWN RIGHT with MUGGS.)* I don’t do manual labor. It’s humiliating.

MUGGS: *(Indicates MRS. GRANVILLE.)* Shhhh.

MRS. GRANVILLE: The orchestra can stroll about, playing here and there.

MARGARET: *(ENTERS from the house.)* Mrs. Granville, cook says the birthday cake is ready for your approval.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Yes, yes.

MARGARET: She doesn’t know how you want the candles arranged.

DUKE’S VOICE: *(From OFFSTAGE RIGHT.)* Are you coming, Mrs. Granville?


MARGARET: The society editor from the New York Times is on the telephone.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Tell her I’ll be right there.

MARGARET: Yes, Mrs. Granville. *(She EXITS into the house. MRS. GRANVILLE is so flustered she starts to head for the plane, turns and heads for the plane. Then for the plane again.)*

MRS. GRANVILLE: What a day, what a day! *(She notices CHEATER and MUGGS and the violin cases.)* You’re here with the orchestra, aren’t you? Please be kind enough to hold this for me. I’m so flustered I don’t know what I’m doing. *(She thrusts the jewel case at CHEATER. He takes it.)*

MARGARET’S VOICE: *(From OFFSTAGE.)* Mrs. Granville!

MRS. GRANVILLE: Yes, yes, Margaret. I’m coming. A person can only do so much. *(She EXITS into the house. CHEATER and MUGGS are awestruck as they stare at the jewel case. Can it possibly be?)*

MUGGS: Are you thinking what I’m thinking?

CHEATER: It can’t be. Can it? *(He puts down the violin case and opens the jewel case for audience view. Inside is the “Ice Garden” necklace. Both gasp.)*

CHEATER/MUGGS: *(Hushed tone.)* The “Ice Garden.”

MUGGS: Quick, quick. Make the switch before she comes back. *(Fast, CHEATER kneels down and opens his violin case. He takes out the...*
fake necklace, handing the real necklace to MUGGS, who pockets it. CHEATER puts the fake necklace into the jewel case and shuts it.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: (RE-ENTERS, screaming, from the house.) Aaaauuugggh! What am I thinking of! Have I lost my senses! (In a panic she hurries to CHEATER and grabs back the jewel case. Frantic, she opens it and gives an audible sigh of relief when she sees the [fake] necklace inside.) If you only knew what was inside this jewel case.

CHEATER/MUGGS: We can’t imagine. (MRS. GRANVILLE EXITS back into the house again, sighing in relief.)

TRIXIE: (ENTERS DOWN LEFT.) I called Mona. She says we shouldn’t do anything until she gets here.

MUGGS: She’s coming here?

TRIXIE: She sounded annoyed with us. We’re doing our best, aren’t we? (She turns, EXITS DOWN LEFT.)

MUGGS: We’ve got the ice. Who needs Mona? Let’s make a run for it.

CHEATER: We’d better not cross Mona. She can play mean.

MUGGS: (Takes out necklace and dangles it in front of his eyes.) Dijja ever think it would be this easy?

CHEATER: Dijja ever think we’d have such luck? (MUGGS pockets the “Ice Garden.” MUSIC CUE 10: “Dijja Ever?” CHEATER and MUGGS pick up their violin cases and turn them around. They become “ukeleles.” [NOTE: As they sing and pluck the strings of the “ukeleles,” CHEATER and MUGGS, by the end of the verse, EXIT DOWN RIGHT. See ROUTINE NOTES throughout the song.] Sings.) Dijja ever have the feelin’ things were lookin’ good?

MUGGS: (Sings.) Dijja ever have the feelin’ you’re a big shot lucky hood?

CHEATER/MUGGS: (Sing.) Dijja ever have the gut feelin’ fortune’s headin’ your way?

CHEATER: (Sings.) Dijja ever?

MUGGS: (Speaks.) Huh?

CHEATER: (Sings.) Dijja, diijja ever?

MUGGS: (Speaks.) Huh?

CHEATER: (Speaks.) Dijja ever?

MUGGS: (Speaks.) Huh?
CHEATER: (Speaks.) What?
MUGGS: (Speaks.) Yea.
CHEATER: (Speaks.) Sure.
MUGGS: (Speaks.) Okay.
CHEATER: (Sings.) Dijja ever have the feelin' you were on a roll?
MUGGS: (Sings.) Dijja ever have the feelin' that you're fin'ly in control?
CHEATER/MUGGS: (Sing.) Dijja ever have the feelin' you're a step ahead of the rats?
   Dijja ever have the feelin' you're the "cat's"?
(MUSIC INTERLUDE. CHEATER and MUGGS EXIT DOWN RIGHT, only to return almost immediately with WINNIE, TWEEDLES, BUNNY and DAISY following them in a straight line. Each girl holds a cardboard ukelele, unless you can find the real thing.)
GIRLS: (Sing.)
   Dijja ever have the feelin' you're a ritzy gal?
   Dijja ever have the feelin' you're a high-brow femme fatale?
   Dijja ever have the gut feelin' fortune's headin' your way?
WINNIE/TWEEDLES: (Sing.) Dijja ever?
BUNNY/DAISY: (Speak.) Huh?
WINNIE/TWEEDLES: (Sing.) Dijja, dijjja ever?
BUNNY/DAISY: (Speak.) Huh?
WINNIE/TWEEDLES: Dijja ever?
BUNNY/DAISY: (Speak.) Huh?
WINNIE/TWEEDLES: (Speak.) What?
BUNNY/DAISY: (Speak.) Yea.
CHEATER: (Speaks.) Sure.
MUGGS: (Speaks.) Okay. (They are joined by TOMMY and JIMMY, who ENTER LEFT, if possible wearing raccoon coats and porkpie hats. They, too, carry ukeleles, real or fake. The straight line moves DOWN RIGHT.)
TOMMY/JIMMY: (Sing.) Dijja ever have the feeling you're a ladies' man?
   Dijja ever have the feeling you're a real live Dapper Dan?
ALL SOLOISTS: (Sing.)
   Dijja ever have the feelin' you're a step ahead of the rats?
Dijja ever have the feelin’ you’re the “cat’s”? Life can be one big bowl of cherries, Delectable and sweet tastin’ bit by bit. Yes, life can be one big bowl of cherries, Just eat all the good stuff ’n’ toss away the pit! (The straight line is joined by DUKE, DUCHESS and SUSAN, who ENTER RIGHT, plucking ukeleles. The line moves DOWN LEFT.)

DUKE: (Sings.) Dijja ever have the feeling you’re a bird of prey?

DUCHESS/SUSAN: (Sing.) Dijja ever have the feeling it’s a rich sunshiny day?

DUKE/DUCHESS/SUSAN: Dijja ever have the gut feeling fortune’s heading your way?

DUCHESS/SUSAN: (Sing.) Dijja ever?

DUKE: (Speaks.) Huh?

DUCHESS/SUSAN: (Sing.) Dijja, dijja ever?

DUKE: (Speaks.) Huh?

DUCHESS/SUSAN: (Sing.) Dijja ever?

DUKE/WINNIE/TWEEDLES: (Speak.) Huh?

BUNNY/DAISY: (Speak.) What?

TOMMY/JIMMY: (Speak.) Yea.

CHEATER: (Speaks.) Sure.

MUGGS: (Speaks.) Okay. (The line is joined by MARGARET and MRS. GRANVILLE, who ENTER LEFT.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: (Sings.) Dijja ever have the feeling you’re a socialite?

MARGARET: (Sings.) Dijja ever have the feeling things are finally looking bright?

ALL: (Sing.) Dijja ever have the feeling you’re a step ahead of the rats? Dijja ever have the feeling you’re the “cat’s”?! Dijja ever have the feeling you’re the “cat’s”?! (BLACKOUT. During the BLACKOUT, we continue to hear UKELELE MUSIC as the CAST quickly makes its EXIT.)

End of Scene Four
ACT TWO
Scene Five

SETTING: The Crazy Cat Nite Club. The tables and chairs are not necessary.

AT RISE: The EVERLY SISTERS ENTER LEFT.

WANDA: I know we’re doing the right thing.

LYDIA: I hope Mona Schlumpgarden agrees.

ROBERTA: I know she will.

MONA’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE RIGHT.) Who’s out there?

WANDA: We are, Mona.

MONA’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE RIGHT.) Who’s we?

LYDIA: The Everly Sisters.

ROBERTA: Wanda, Lydia and Roberta.

MONA: (ENTERS.) What are you kids doing back here?

WANDA: We’ve given it a lot of thought, Mona.

MONA: What are you talking about?

LYDIA: We want to leave radio.

ROBERTA: No one ever sees us in radio. We want to be seen.

WANDA: We can be seen at the Crazy Cat. Even if the pay isn’t much.

LYDIA: What pay?

MONA: You can’t be seen at the Crazy Cat anymore. Look around. The joint’s been padlocked.

GIRLS: (Look around.) Oh, Mona. How terrible.

MONA: Did you tell Woodsquirrel you were leaving her radio show?

WANDA: Not yet.

MONA: Then don’t.

WANDA: I don’t want to go back to Sudzy Sudz and pens that write underwater.

LYDIA: We want to spread our wings and fly. After all, this is the Roaring Twenties.
MONA: Well, you can't fly in here. You can't roar, either. I hear Ziegfeld is looking for talent. He's putting on a new Follies.

ROBERTA: That's a wonderful idea.

MONA: I didn't mean it as a suggestion. The competition is heavy.

WANDA: We know. Polly Pepper.

MONA: How do you know Polly Pepper?

LYDIA: We don't.

ROBERTA: Polly Pepper's trying out for the Follies was an item on Monica's prerecorded show.

MONA: What do you know.

WANDA: Sorry about the padlock, Mona.

LYDIA: Better luck next time, Mona.

ROBERTA: Keep your chin up, Mona. (She, WANDA and LYDIA EXIT LEFT.)

MONA: Good luck, kids. Learn to take it on the chin. (As the EVERLY SISTERS EXIT, FLUKE ENTERS LEFT.)

FLUKE: Aren't they the Everly Sisters? Wanda, Lydia and Roberta?

MONA: No, they're the Dum-Dum Brothers. Eenie, Meenie and Mo. What are you doing here, Fluke?

FLUKE: No, I'm not here on a fluke. I'm looking for those friends of yours. Muggs O'Toole and Cheater Hayes.

MONA: I hear they left town.

FLUKE: I hear they're wanted for back taxes. If you hear anything give me a call. I'd appreciate it. No hard feelings?

MONA: About what?

FLUKE: Closing down the Crazy Cat.

MONA: Don't worry about Mona Schlumpgarden. She knows how to roll with the punches.

FLUKE: One tough lady. (He EXITS LEFT.)

MONA: (Looks about the empty club.) Hello, losers! Is everyone having a good time? (STAGE DARKENS and MONA is caught in a SPOTLIGHT. TORCH SINGERS ENTER and are dimly LIT behind MONA. MUSIC CUE
11: “Mona’s Moanin’ Low.” [NOTE: About the TORCH SINGERS: There may be as many or as few as desired. Three to six is usually a good number. Any combination of male/female is workable. Costumes should be very elegant: evening gowns and tuxes, if possible.]

MONA: (Sings.) Mona’s moanin’ sadly,
Don’t know what to do.
Mona’s moanin’ all night long,
Mona’s feelin’ low-down blue.
Mona’s in hot water,
Mona’s in a stew,
Mona’s moanin’ up a storm,
Yes, Mona’s feelin’ low-down blue.
Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!

TORCH SINGERS: (Sing.) Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!

MONA: (Sings.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!

TORCH SINGERS: (Sing.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!

MONA: (Sings.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!

TORCH SINGERS: (Sing.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!

MONA: (Sings.) Mona’s moanin’ low,
Mona’s moanin’ softly,
Mona’s moanin’ loud,
Mona’s just one lonely face,
Lost in a ruthless crowd.
(She and TORCH SINGERS encourage AUDIENCE to sing.)
Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!

TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE: (Sing.) Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!

MONA: (Sings.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!

TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE: (Sing.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!

MONA: (Sings.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!

TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE: (Sing.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!

MONA/TORCH SINGERS: (Sing.) Mona’s moanin’ low.

MONA: (Sings.) How could I be such a “Dumb Dora,”
Workin’ and a-slavin’ in this crazy racket?
I swear the heebie jeebies got me fallin’ on the floor-a.
A hopeless situation, no matter how you stack it! (Sigh.)
Mona’s feelin’ lonely,
Best be passin' through.
Ain't no man ever done me wrong.
Yet, Mona's feelin' low-down blue.
Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!

TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE:  (Sing.) Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!
MONA:  (Sings.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!
TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE:  (Sing.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!
MONA:  (Sings.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!
TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE:  (Sing.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!
MONA/TORCH SINGERS:  (Sing.) Mona's moanin' low.
MONA:  (Sings.) Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!
TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE:  (Sing.) Hi-di-hi-di-hi-di-hi!
MONA:  (Sings.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!
TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE:  (Sing.) Hey-di-hey-di-hey-di-hey!
MONA:  (Sings.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!
TORCH SINGERS/AUDIENCE:  (Sing.) Ho-di-ho-di-ho-di-ho!
MONA/TORCH SINGERS:  (Sing.) Mona's moanin' low.
  (LIGHTS slowly DIM on TORCH SINGERS.)
MONA:  (Sings.) Mona's moanin' low.
  Mona's moanin' low.
  (During the song, MONA pulls a long gossamer hanky from her costume and uses it for emphasis. At end of song, MONA quickly snaps out of her blue mood and yells after FLUKE, even though he can't hear her.) The Crazy Cat Nite Club was peanuts, Fluke! Peanuts! I'm out for some big money, thanks to a flapper named Polly Pepper! (BLACKOUT.)

End of Scene Five

ACT TWO
Scene Six

SETTING: A street (FORESTAGE).

AT RISE: As soon as MONA exclaims “Polly Pepper,” NEWSBOY #1 and NEWSBOY #2 ENTER from DOWN LEFT. If possible, a SPOTLIGHT follows them across the FORESTAGE as they yell out the news. If the
spotlight is not used, there should be just enough LIGHT for the audience to see them.

**NEWSBOY #1:** Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Welsh schoolgirl crosses English Channel in hot air balloon from Dover to France without any assistance.

**NEWSBOY #2:** Extra! Extra! Read all about it! D.A. still asking—“Who shot Legs Diamond in the foot?”

**NEWSBOY #1:** Extra! Extra! President Coolidge says things have never been better. Now’s the time to invest in the stock market.

**NEWSBOY #2:** Extra! Extra! Gangland mobsters cry “foul” to the Internal Revenue Service.

**NEWSBOY #1:** Extra! Extra! Mobster Buggs Tulip says he was framed. *(By now the NEWSBOYS are DOWN RIGHT on the FORESTAGE.)*

**NEWSBOY #2:** Extra! Extra! Big doings on the Long Island estate of Mrs. Augusta Granville. Fabulous necklace known as the “Ice Garden” to be displayed.

**NEWSBOY #1:** Society’s favorite young flapper, Polly Pepper, turns 18. *(They EXIT, their VOICES echoing back.)*

**NEWSBOYS’ VOICES:** *(From OFFSTAGE.)* Extra! Extra! Society’s favorite young flapper, Polly Pepper, turns 18 and gets the “Ice Garden” necklace. Extra! Extraaaaaa...

End of Scene Six

**ACT TWO**

Scene Seven

**SETTING:** The Granville Estate.

**AT RISE:** LIGHTS UP BRIGHT to suggest a lovely, colorful summer afternoon. *(NOTE: If you have the lighting resources, the party could take place in the evening.)* LAUGHTER, SOUNDS of party OFFSTAGE RIGHT. APPLAUSE, CHATTER. DUKE and DUCHESS back IN from RIGHT. They are pretending to be lighthearted and carefree, waving to OFFSTAGE GUESTS, using their phony accents.

**DUCHESS:** Lovely party.

**DUKE:** Marvelous time.

**DUCHESS:** Can’t recall when I’ve had such a good time.
DUKE: Happy birthday, Polly.

DUCHESS: (Waves OFF to an unseen POLLY.) Happy birthday, happy birthday. (She and the DUKE turn, move CENTER. They lose accents.) If I have to drink one more glass of that nauseating ginger ale, I'll turn into a polar bear.

DUKE: We're sure to get the check any moment now.

DUCHESS: We've earned it. Mah-jongg, Chinese checkers, ginger ale.

DUKE: Let's get inside and put on the pressure.

DUCHESS: How?

DUKE: I'll tell her those Manchurian stocks are paying 103 percent.

DUCHESS: That ought to do it. (As she and the DUKE EXIT into the house, MONA ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, followed by TRIXIE, MUGGS and CHEATER. The last two carry their violin cases.)

MONA: I could have stayed in Manhattan.

TRIXIE: But, Mona, we didn't have the necklace when I called you.

MUGGS: I still think we should get out while the getting's good.

MONA: Muggs.

MUGGS: Yeah, Mona?

MONA: Don't think. We play it cool. I'm a guest here. No one knows me. You three are temporary help. After the party we'll slip away and no one will be the wiser. (Hint of a threat.) Understand?

CHEATER: Sure, sure. We understand.

MONA: Keep that ice warm.

MUGGS: You can count on me, Mona. (He hugs the violin case close to his body and pats it as if burping a baby.)

MONA: I'm going to take a walk around the place. I could do with some fresh air. You three stay out of mischief. Especially you, Trixie.

TRIXIE: Me?

MONA: Don't pick up anything that doesn't belong to you.

TRIXIE: Gosh, Mona, you make it sound as if I was a shoplifter or something.

MONA: You said it, I didn't. Get lost. (She crosses to DOWN LEFT and
MRS. GRANVILLE: I can't thank you enough, Lieutenant. I'm most grateful.

FLUKE: (ENTERS behind MRS. GRANVILLE.) Think nothing of it, Mrs. Granville. Your husband did me a few favors when I was a rookie cop.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I must pay you something. I insist.

FLUKE: I won't take a penny.

MRS. GRANVILLE: Then I'll make a donation to the Policeman's Fund.

FLUKE: Fine by me.

MRS. GRANVILLE: (Checks pendant watch.) Oh, dear. It's almost time for the presentation.

FLUKE: I'll make myself scarce. You might not see me but I'll be here. Some of my men, too.

MRS. GRANVILLE: You make me feel so secure.

FLUKE: That's what a cop's supposed to do. (He EXITS UP LEFT. MONICA sweeps IN from RIGHT. TED and the EVERLY SISTERS are with her. TED carries a large hand microphone.)

MONICA: (Gushes.) Augusta, Augusta. It's been too long.

MRS. GRANVILLE: How nice to see you, Monica.

MONICA: You know Ted Loveland, my announcer.

MRS. GRANVILLE: I'm afraid I don't. How do you do, young man?

TED: This is a great pleasure for me, Mrs. Granville.

MONICA: Isn't he polite? And these charming girls are the Everly Sisters.

EVERLY SISTERS: Pleased to meet'cha.

MONICA: When do we see the necklace?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Now's as good a time as any.

MONICA: Wonderful! Isn't that wonderful, Ted?

TED: Wonderful, Monica.

MONICA: Isn't that wonderful, girls?

EVERLY SISTERS: If you say so, Miss Woodsquirrel. (In a bizarre action,
MRS. GRANVILLE produces a whistle and blows on it. She directs the sound UP RIGHT, RIGHT, DOWN RIGHT, UP LEFT, DOWN LEFT, to the house. MRS. GRANVILLE EXITS into the house as EVERYONE EXCEPT FLUKE, MARGARET and LENNY comes ON STAGE from all directions. [NOTE: Characters we've met previously will now double as GUESTS—e.g., ZIEGFELD GIRLS. NEWSBOYS will now become PHOTOGRAPHERS, large cameras in tow. Or NEW ACTORS can be utilized.] There is a MURMUR of ad lib conversation: “Wonderful party.” “I love birthday parties.” “Now we see the necklace.” “Lucky Polly.” At this point the CAST stands LEFT and RIGHT, UP and DOWN STAGE. MONICA motions TED and he holds out the microphone so she can speak into it.)

MONICA: Monica Woodsquirrel here, ladies and gentlemen. Radio station WWWW. Speaking to you from the fabulous Long Island estate of Mrs. Augusta Granville. The birthday guests have assembled and any moment now the wonderful “Ice Garden” necklace will be revealed. The suspense is mounting... (As before, her lips continue to move but we can’t hear what she is broadcasting.)

WINNIE: (Looks about.) Oh, my goodness, where’s Polly?

GUESTS: Polly! Polly! (POLLY ENTERS LEFT on BUCK’S arm.)

BUCK: Here she is, everyone. The birthday girl herself. Happy birthday, Polly.

ALL: Happy birthday, Polly. (Sing a cappella.)

Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday, dear Polly.
Happy birthday to you.

DAISY: Where’s Mrs. Granville?

MRS. GRANVILLE’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE LEFT.) I’m coming.

MRS. GRANVILLE: (A pause for dramatic impact, then she ENTERS with the jewel case. With great pride she steps UP CENTER.) May I have everyone’s attention, please? It’s your eighteenth birthday, Polly, and that means this famous necklace that has been in the family for generations is now yours. Wear it with pride and dignity. (With a flourish, she opens the jewel case and displays the necklace. The GUESTS gasp at its beauty and then applaud. MONICA continues to babble soundlessly into the microphone.)

POLLY: Oh, Aunt Augusta, I don’t know what to say.
SUSAN: For once.

TOMMY: Get a picture. *(MONICA and POLLY stand together, each with a hand on the open jewel case. They smile and the PHOTOGRAPHERS snap a picture. GUESTS applaud.)*

SUSAN: May I have a closer look, Polly? You know, I'm something of an expert when it comes to jewelry. After all, it is the family business.

POLLY: Well, uh, uh—

SUSAN: Thank you. *(POLLY looks ill at ease. SUSAN steps close and begins to examine the necklace. OTHERS, curious, gawk for a better view.)* I thought as much.

OTHERS: What?

SUSAN: The large diamond is nothing but a piece of glass. *(Reaction.)*

OTHERS: Glass!

SUSAN: I know glass when I see it.

BUNNY: What a nasty thing to say, Susan Stuyvesant-Fish.

TWEEDLES: You just want to spoil Polly's birthday party.

POLLY: *(Matter-of-fact.)* I'm afraid what Susan says is true. *(Gasp from GUESTS.)* The police told me someone most likely would attempt to steal the real one, so I had this copy made and put it in the jewel case without Aunt Augusta knowing about it.

BUCK: That took brains.

TOMMY: Where's the real necklace, Polly?

POLLY: In a vault at the Chase Manhattan Bank.

CHEATER: *(Without thinking.)* You mean the necklace we swiped was a fake?

MUGGS: Two fake necklaces?!

MONA: Shut up, you fools. *(GUESTS are astonished.)*

FLUKE: *(Steps IN.)* Still hiding loot in your violin case, Cheater?

CHEATER/MUGGS: Fluke!

MRS. GRANVILLE: His name's not Cheater. It's Rudolph, I believe.

FLUKE: It's Cheater Hayes. And that's Muggs O'Toole. Petty gangsters.

CHEATER/MUGGS: Petty!
FLUKE: Used to be part of the Brewery Street Gang.

MRS. GRANVILLE: It’s so hard to get good help these days. (MONA and TRIXIE try to disappear.)

FLUKE: Stick around, Mona. I’ll have a few questions. You, too, Trixie. Same for you guys. (MONA and TRIXIE freeze. They are not happy. MUGGS and CHEATER look as if they’re about to cry.)

POZZY: I’ll show you the real necklace one day, Susan.

SUSAN: (Sour.) How nice.

DUCHESS: You’re a clever young woman, Polly.

DUKE: Quite.

POZZY: Aunt Augusta, did you give the Duke and the Duchess any money?

MRS. GRANVILLE: Why, yes, I did. A check for a hundred thousand dollars. The Duke of Milford has it.

POZZY: May I see it? (DUKE and DUCHESS are uneasy.)

DUKE: I don’t see why not. (He produces the check. POLLY takes it, looks. Rips it in two. Communal gasp.)

DUCHESS: Polly, why did you do such a thing?

POZZY: Because you’re not the real Duke and Duchess of Milford.

BUCK: What makes you say that, Polly?

POZZY: Because I met the real Duke and Duchess when I was vacationing in Florida. And they didn’t know how to play mah-jongg.

BUCK: You mean these two are phonies?

POZZY: I’m afraid so. (Another communal gasp.)

MRS. GRANVILLE: Oh, Polly, you’ve saved me a hundred thousand dollars.

DUCHESS: This is all a misunderstanding.

DUKE: We’ll pack and leave immediately.

FLUKE: No, you won’t. I’ll have a few questions for you, too. (DUKE and DUCHESS pout.)

POZZY: I’ve got a good idea. Why don’t we all go down to the polo grounds and have some cake and Sparkling Polar Bear Ginger Ale? And I’ll open my other birthday presents.
LENNY’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE RIGHT.) Polly! Polly! (ALL look RIGHT.)

JIMMY: Who’s that?

TOMMY: It’s Lenny.

OTHERS: Lenny?

TOMMY: Lenny Knickerbocker! He’s down from the flagpole. (LENNY stumbles IN, looking exhausted. He drags the chair.)

LENNY: I did it, Polly. Thanks to you. When I was about to give up the fight you gave me the inspiration to keep going. (Ecstatic.) I broke the world’s record for flagpole sitting!

OTHERS: Whooppee!

TWEEDLES: Southampton will be so proud.

POLLY: This has to be the happiest day of my life.

BUNNY: You saved the “Ice Garden.”

MRS. GRANVILLE: You exposed those wretched confidence people.

LENNY: You helped me break a world’s record.

POLLY: I can’t imagine what else can happen.

MARGARET: (On cue, ENTERS from the house. She carries a small silver tray with a telegram on top.) A telegram, Miss Polly.

POLLY: I suppose it’s someone wishing me a happy birthday. (She takes the telegram. Opens it. Reads.) Isn’t this the cat’s meow?

BUNNY: Who’s it from?

POLLY: It’s from Mr. Flo Ziegfeld.

BUCK: Is he going to let you in the chorus?

POLLY: He doesn’t want me in the chorus. He wants me to be the star of the Ziegfeld Follies.

OTHERS: The star!

POLLY: (Pause, out to audience.) Isn’t that scrumptious? (MUSIC CUE 11a: “Flapper—Reprise.” At first the BAD GUYS look on, and then, caught up in the silliness of the action, they join in for all they’re worth.)

GIRLS: (Sing.) A girl sophisticated, I’m...
   A girl emancipated, I’m...
   A girl with savoir faire, I’m a flapper!
A girl of independence, I’m...
A girl of social status, I’m...
A girl extraordinaire, I’m a flapper!

**POLLY:** *(Sings.)* With my powered knees...

**WINNIE:** *(Sings.)* Plucked eyebrows...

**TWEEDLES:** *(Sings.)* A ritz-y gal...

**BUNNY:** *(Sings.)* The cat’s meow.

**DAISY:** *(Sings.)* Art Deco earrings. Oh, how nice.

**GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* And the final touch, a bird of paradise.

**GUYGS:** *(Sing.)*

**GIRLS:** *(Speak.)* That’s me!

A girl that fellas wanna date.
A girl the guys appreciate.
I’m makin’ goo-goo eyes at a flapper!

**GIRLS:** *(Duet with GUYGS below. Sing.)* A girl of modern fashion, I’m...
A girl loves party crashin’, I’m...
A girl who’s on the go, I’m a flapper!

**GUYGS:** *(Duet with GIRLS above. Sing.)* Flapper!
Flapper!
Flapper! She’s my hoity-toity-honey!

**GIRLS:** *(Duet with GUYGS below. Sing.)*
A girl sophisticated, I’m...
A girl emancipated, I’m...
A girl with savoir faire, I’m a flapper!

**GUYGS:** *(Duet with GIRLS above. Sing.)* Flapper!
Flapper!
Flapper! She’s my hoochie-coochie doll!

**GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* I’m a bright young thing, a super girl.

**POLLY:** *(Speaks.)* Don’t knock it, honey, ’til you give it a whirl.

**GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* I’m a flapper, flapper girl!

**GUYGS:** *(Sing.)* She’s a flapper, flapper girl!

**GIRLS:** *(Sing.)* I’m a flapper, flapper girl!

**GIRLS:** *(Duet with GUYGS below. Sing.)* That’s me!
That’s me!
That’s me!
GUYs: (Duet with GIRLS above. Sing.) Flapper!
    Lookin’ dapper!
    Flapper!

POLLY: (Speaks. Coy.) That’s me!

END OF MUSICAL

(MUSIC CUE 12: “Curtain Call—Ev’rybody Charleston.”)

SHEBAS: (Sing.) Hey there, dearie, feelin’ cheery.

SHEIKS: (Sing.) Honey bee, can’t you see.

COMPANY: (Sing.) You and me, me and you,
    Let’s wack-a-doo, wack-a-doo, wack-a-do the
    Charleston! Ev’rybody
    Charleston! Charleston!

SHIEKS: (Sing.) Come on along and Charleston,

SHEBAS: (Sing.) Ev’rybody Charleston,

COMPANY: (Sing.) Come on along and Charleston...

SHEBAS: (Sings.) SHEIKS: (Sings.)
    With me!
    Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
    With me!
    Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!
    With me!
    Vo-do-de-o, vo-de-o-do!

COMPANY: (Sing.) Boop be doop boop,
    Boop be doop!
    (A loud whisper.) Yeah!

MUSIC CUE 13: “Exit Music—Gee, You’re Swell.”
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES LIST

ON STAGE: Small garden table with two chairs (Granville Estate).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene One: Standing microphone, script (TED); papers (MONICA).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Two: Vase of flowers (MARGARET); tennis racquet (TOMMY, JIMMY, SUSAN); hanky (MRS. GRANVILLE).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Three: Two small tables, four small chairs (during BLACKOUT); violin case (CHEATER, MUGGS); cigarette holder (MONA).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Four: Papers (MRS. GRANVILLE); golf club (POLLY); flight jacket, pilot's cap with goggles (BUCK).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Five: Chair, umbrella (LENNY); megaphone (POLLY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Six: Newspapers, canvas shoulder sack, cap (NEWSBOYS).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Seven: Violin case (CHEATER, MUGGS); bug spray can, small tray with telegram (MARGARET).

ON STAGE, ACT TWO, Scene One: Small table, telephone.

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene One: Telegram (POLLY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Two: Standing microphone (WANDA); papers (MONICA).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Three: Cutout of small plane [side view], goggles, cardboard scarf (BUCK, POLLY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Four: Jewel case with sparkling necklace inside (MRS. GRANVILLE); violin case (CHEATER, MUGGS); duplicate sparkling necklace (CHEATER); ukulele cutout (WINNIE, TWEEDLES, BUNNY, DAISY, JIMMY, TOMMY, DUKE, DUCHESS, SUSAN, MARGARET, MRS. GRANVILLE).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Five: Long gossamer handkerchief (MONA).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Six: Newspapers, canvas shoulder sack, cap (NEWSBOYS).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Seven: Violin case (CHEATER,
MUGGS); watch, jewel case with necklace, whistle (MRS. GRANVILLE); hand microphone (TED); cameras (PHOTOGRAPHERS); check (DUKE); chair (LENNY); small silver tray with telegram (MARGARET).

SOUND EFFECTS

The following sound effects will be needed: auto horn; car coming to a screeching halt; birds; humming airplane motor; phone ringing. The following sound effects for the musical number “The Roaring Twenties” are included on the production/rehearsal tape and CD: bat hitting a baseball; crowd cheering; propeller airplane; bomb whistling and exploding; gangland sounds, including machine guns, police sirens, screams, police whistles.

COSTUMES

The 1920s were extremely colorful in terms of clothing. Flappers usually wore headbands, pearls and fringed dresses. Older society women often wore full-length frocks even in the daytime. Men often wore bell-bottoms. But it’s really a question of using your imagination. Odds and ends, a touch of period dress here and there will suffice. Raccoon coats and porkpie hats, if you can find them, for TOMMY and JIMMY in ACT TWO, Scene Four, will get a big laugh. Try to make the costuming in the final scene as colorful as possible since it is a party. There are countless books available with clothing illustrations of this period. Anything essential is mentioned in the text. For an excellent costume guide rent a video of the Gene Kelly/Donald O’Connor/Debbie Reynolds classic, “Singing In the Rain” (MGM). Other costumes include a monocle (DUKE); fur coat-wrap (MONICA); flashy suits and hats or tuxedos (CHEATER, MUGGS); hat and topcoat (FLUKE); waiters’ jackets (CHEATER, MUGGS) and a maid’s uniform (TRIXIE) in ACT ONE, Scene Seven; a flight jacket and pilot’s cap with goggles (BUCK), and goggles (POLLY) in ACT TWO, Scene Three; caps (NEWSBOYS); and tuxes and gowns (TORCH SINGERS).

MISCELLANEOUS

FLEXIBLE CASTING: For a larger cast add to POLLY’S GIRLFRIENDS, PATRONS in Crazy Cat Nite Club, PARTY GUESTS, ZIEGFELD GIRLS. Have the NEWSBOYS and PHOTOGRAPHERS played by different actors other than CLUB PATRONS. NEWSBOYS could become NEWSGIRLS, MISS MORRIS could become MR. MORRIS, and so on. For a smaller cast cut POLLY’S GIRLFRIENDS to two or three. Same for ZIEGFELD GIRLS. Use only one NEWSBOY. Have two EVERLY SISTERS instead of three. Combine characters of TOMMY and JIMMY, etc.
DANCE OPPORTUNITIES: Don’t miss any—particularly in the “Ev’rybody Charleston” number.

1920s SLANG: Expressions like Flapper, Flaming Youth, Hot Cha, Jazz Baby, Oh, You Kid, Sheik, Mobster, Sheba, Public Enemy, Cat’s Whiskers, Whattayaknow, Whattayaguess, Cat’s Pajamas, Whoopee, etc. were in common use.

STYLE: FLAPPER! is a breezy show. Keep it moving. Everything should be slightly overdone and exaggerated. A musical comic book of the period. Another way to go is to present the show as if the audience is actually watching a giddy Broadway musical of the period. Such musicals often produced now-classic song standards.

Individual scenes are indicated as such for rehearsal purposes, but the musical should flow seamlessly in the manner of a breezy film. Breaks between scenes should last only a few seconds.
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