

“ILLUSION”

A New Musical

Book & Lyrics
by
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Music
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“ILLUSION”
Cast of Characters

CASTING NOTE: The casting as outlined below is for a production with a cast of 16. (8 M/8 F). Most of the actors, when not playing a speaking role, can become members of the chorus.

MALE ACTOR 1: **(Ages 8-11)**

WILLIE DALTON	JULIAN as a young boy
TYLER MCCOMBE	A young boy/stage-door fan
WILL STONE	E.C. Stone’s nine-year-old son
NEWSBOY ONE	A young boy selling newspapers
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

MALE ACTOR 2: **(Ages: 17-30)**

WILLIAM DALTON	JULIAN as a teenager
BOBBY MULLIGAN	Diamond Horseshoe’s assistant director
CORMACK	Tremont Theatre’s assistant director
MAE’S ASSISTANT	Mae West’s assistant
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

MALE ACTOR 3: **(Ages: 30-59)**

JULIAN ELTINGE	JULIAN as an adult
VINNY DI FUCCIO	An amateur actor auditioning
REGGIE HAWKINS	A barber shop customer
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

MALE ACTOR 4: **(Ages: 25-35)**

MICHAEL DALTON	Julian’s homophobic, abusive, Irish father
DANCIN’ DONNY	A Diamond Horseshoe Dancin’ Dandy
SCOTT SYDNEY	A silent movie director
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

MALE ACTOR 5 **(Ages: 17-20)**

E.C. STONE	A high school football hero
CONALL	Tremont Theatre’s assistant director
DANCIN’ DENNY	A Diamond Horseshoe Dancin’ Dandy
MAKEUP ARTIST	Mae West’s makeup artist
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

MALE ACTOR 6: **(Ages: 20+)**

ROBERT BARNETT	Tremont Theatre’s Artistic Director
MAYOR STONE	Mayor of Butte, E.C.’s father
CLINTON COLEMAN	A barber shop customer
DANCIN’ DANNY	A Diamond Horseshoe Dancin’ Dandy
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

“ILLUSION”
Cast of Characters
(Continued)

<u>MALE ACTOR 7:</u> (Ages: 20+)	
HARRY BERMAN	The Diamond Horseshoe’s Director
DEWOLFF HALL	Marie Lloyd’s choreographer
EMMIT O'DONNELL	An amateur actor auditioning
JIMMY CREWS	A teenage punk in Butte
WALTER WINCHELL	A famous radio host
JEROME KERN	A rehearsal pianist
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role
<u>MALE ACTOR 8:</u> (Ages: 20+)	
LANKTON DRAKE	A silent movie actor/Julian’s Hollywood lover
DANCIN’ DUNDY	A Diamond Horseshoe Dancin’ Dandy
FURGAL FINTAN	An amateur actor auditioning
JOHNNY BENKO	A teenage punk in Butte
TIMOTHY THOMAS	A barber shop customer
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role
<u>FEMALE ACTOR 1:</u> (Ages: 40+)	
LILLA WYMAN	A wise and kind Irish music and dance teacher
THEATRE BARKER #1	A male theatre barker
MISS HAINES	A Butte librarian
CHAUNCY COBB	An aging stage manager
<u>FEMALE ACTOR 2:</u> (AGE 25-35)	
JULIA DALTON	Julian’s Irish mother
THEATRE BARKER #2	A male theatre barker
BUDDY LOGAN	The Diamond Horseshoe’s stage doorman
GUS EAST	A male production assistant
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role
<u>FEMALE ACTOR 3:</u> (Ages: 40+)	
MARIE LLOYD	A bawdy British music hall performer
CLEANING LADY FLO	A Diamond Horseshoe cleaning lady
MAE WEST	A major stage and screen star
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role
<u>FEMALE ACTOR 4:</u> (Ages: 20+)	
LOUELLA PARSONS	A famous gossip columnist
ROSIE ROSE	A Diamond Horseshoe Radiant Rose
NEWSBOY TWO	A young boy selling newspapers
CHORUS MEMBER	In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

“ILLUSION”
Cast of Characters
(Continued)

FEMALE ACTOR 5: **(Ages: 40+)**
TRIXIE LA TART **An aging chorus girl**
HEDDA HOPPER A famous gossip columnist
DOLLY A British Marie Lloyd chorine
POSIE ROSE A Diamond Horseshoe Radiant Rose
CHORUS MEMBER In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

FEMALE ACTOR 6: **(Ages: 40+)**
DIXIE DEPRÂVED **An aging chorus girl**
POLLY A British Marie Lloyd chorine
JOSIE ROSE A Diamond Horseshoe Radiant Rose
CHORUS MEMBER In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

FEMALE ACTOR 7: **(Ages: 40+)**
NETTIE TAYLOR **Ladies Auxiliary Leader**
HOLLY A British Marie Lloyd chorine
CLEANING LADY ROE A Diamond Horseshoe cleaning lady
CHORUS MEMBER In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

FEMALE ACTOR 8: **(Ages: 20+)**
JENNY STONE **E.C. Stone’s wife**
CHARLIE KELLY Tremont Theatre’s Irish stage manager
GINNY CASE A teenage punk in Butte
NEWSBOY THREE A young boy selling newspapers
COSIE ROSE A Diamond Horseshoe Radiant Rose
CHORUS MEMBER In all chorus numbers unless in a speaking role

ILLUSION

ACT ONE Musical Numbers

# 1	OVERTURE.....	THE ORCHESTRA	1
# 2	'T WAS YOU	THE CHORUS	2 - 3
# 3	GOT NOTHIN' ON YOU	JULIAN & THE CHORUS	6
# 4	FINISHED	JULIAN	9
# 5	WE GOT EACH OTHER	LILLA WYMAN & WILLIE	15 - 16
# 6	WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT.....	MARIE LLOYD & THE GIRLS	22 - 23
# 7	WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT (REPRISE).....	WILLIE	24
# 8	WHAT IF?	LILLA WYMAN & WILLIE	27 - 28
# 9	AUDITIONS MONTAGE.....	AUDITIONEES	30 - 32
# 10	I WANNA DO IT ALL.....	WILLIE	35 - 36
# 11	ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.....	WILLIE & THE CHORUS	37 - 38
# 12	TALK OF THE TOWN.....	COMPANY	39 - 40
# 13	JUST WORDS.....	WILLIE & JULIA DALTON	44 - 45
# 14	HOW COULD HE?.....	MICHAEL DALTON	46 - 48
# 15	KEEPING SECRETS.....	WILLIE & WILLIAM	51 - 52
# 16	FOUNDER'S DAY THEME	THE ORCHESTRA	53
# 17	BUTTE, MONTANA.....	THE COMPANY	54 - 55
# 18	DAISY FROM SKID ROW.....	MICHAEL, TIM, REG & CLINTON	56
# 19	PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE.....	WILLIAM	64
# 20	SHOW 'EM.....	E.C., WILLIAM, TRIXIE & DIXIE	71 - 73
# 21	THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.....	WILLIAM	74 - 76

“ILLUSION”

ACT TWO

Musical Numbers

# 22	IT'S THEN I'LL THINK OF YOU	WILLIAM & E.C.	79 - 80
# 23	THE SUCCESS TOUR MONTAGE.....	THE COMPANY	81 - 93
	THE SUCCESS THEME	THE ORCHESTRA	81 - 93
	SOLITAIRE (Snippets #1-5)	WILLIAM	83 - 88
	MISTER-REE (Snippets #1-4)	JULIAN	91- 93
# 24	THE DAY WE SAID GOODBYE	E.C. STONE & JULIAN	99 - 100
# 25	SILENT MOVIE MUSIC.....	THE ORCHESTRA	101
# 26	ON THE RUN.....	LANKTON DRAKE	110 - 115
# 27	DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE.....	JULIAN	115 - 116
# 28	FINALE	JULIAN & COMPANY	123 - 126

“ILLUSION”

#1 OVERTURE.....THE ORCHESTRA

**ACT ONE
Scene 1**

SETTING: **BILLY ROSE’S DIAMOND HORSESHOE NIGHTCLUB:**
Seen through a scrim are cocktail tables which are scattered about downstage. Chairs sit atop the tables. A small platform stage and bandstand are upstage center.

AT RISE: *Seen through the scrim, all actors are frozen forming a tableau across the stage. THE DANCIN’ DANDIES, wearing top hats and tails, and THE RADIANT ROSES, wearing sparkly dance costumes, are on the platform stage. THE CLEANING LADIES are mopping the floor. BOBBY MULLIGAN is downstage staring at the performers on stage.*

TIME: December 30, 1940, Nearly Midnight

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

**BILLY ROSE’S
DIAMOND HORSESHOE
NIGHTCLUB
*
NEW YORK CITY
DECEMBER 30, 1940**

(As the scrim rises the intro music begins and ALL come to life. THE DANDIES & THE ROSES appear to be singing to someone who isn’t there; the “YOU” of “T WAS YOU” seems to be missing. Throughout “T WAS YOU”, THE CLEANING LADIES mop the floor, unconsciously moving to the beat of the music)

#2 'T WAS YOU..... THE DANDIES & THE ROSES

THE RADIANT ROSES

WHAT'S MADE MY DARK SKIES
ALL SUNNY AND BRIGHT?

THE DANCIN' DANDIES

WHAT'S MADE ME SURMISE
THAT EVERYTHING'S RIGHT?

ALL

IT'S NO DISGUISE,
IT'S NO SURPRISE,
IT'S TRUE THROUGH AND THROUGH,
'T WAS YOU,
'T WAS YOU,
'T WAS YOU.

THE RADIANT ROSES

WHAT'S MADE MY SAD DAYS
A PART OF MY PAST?

THE DANCIN' DANDIES

WHAT'S CAUSED THIS GLAD PHASE
I'M HOPING WILL LAST?

ALL

I REALIZE,
I WON'T REVISE,
NO NEED FOR REVIEW,
'T WAS YOU,
'T WAS YOU,
'T WAS YOU.

THE RADIANT ROSES

THEY SAY WE'RE IN A GREAT DEPRESSION,
THEY SAY A BUCK AIN'T WORTH A DIME,
BUT CAN'T THEY SEE FROM MY EXPRESSION,
I'M STILL DUCKY, LIFE'S SUBLIME.

THE DANCIN' DANDIES

THEY SAY DEPRESSIONS ARE DEPRESSING,
THEY SAY THE HAPPY DAYS ARE GONE,
AND SOME MAY SPEND THEIR DAYS OBSESSING,
BUT I'M STILL BANKING ON HAPPINESS,
CAUSE I'M NOT OVERDRAWN.

(TAP DANCE BREAK)

THE RADIANT ROSES

WHAT'S TURNED UP A SMILE
FROM WHAT WAS A POUT?

THE DANCIN' DANDIES

WHAT'S CHURNED UP MY STYLE
FROM INSIDE TO OUT?

ALL

I'VE BID ADIEU TO SAD AND BLUE,
T'WAS LONG OVERDUE,
CAUSE YOU ARE YOU

WHAT'S MADE MY DARK SKIES
ALL SUNNY AND BRIGHT?
WHAT'S MADE ME SURMISE
THAT EVERYTHING'S RIGHT?

IT'S NO DISGUISE,
IT'S NO SURPRISE,
IT'S TRUE THROUGH AND THROUGH,
'T WAS YOU,
'T WAS YOU,
'T WAS YOU.

(The big tap dance finish is interrupted by HARRY BERMAN who angrily enters from the back of the house. THE DANDIES & THE ROSES step off the stage and scatter about to stretch, smoke, etc.)

HARRY BERMAN

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! 'Twas you??? 'Twas who!?! This whole number is being sung to someone who ain't even on the stage!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

I know Boss...

HARRY BERMAN

We open tomorrow night! And *she's* the one that needs the rehearsin' most of all!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

I know Boss...

HARRY BERMAN

So, where the hell is she?

BOBBY MULLIGAN

I don't know Boss...

HARRY BERMAN

Well...is she here? Bobby! Is she here... in this building?

(After a beat)

That's not that hard a question. She is either here or she ain't here. Is she here?

BOBBY MULLIGAN

No, she ain't.

HARRY BERMAN

Bobby! Bobby! Bobby! I asked you to watch her! Him! It!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

I know! And I asked her to stay in the house. I even asked nicely...

CLEANING LADY FLO

You lookin' for Miss "Hoity-toity"?

HARRY BERMAN

Yeah, you seen her?

CLEANING LADY ROE

Yeah, she just went into his dressing room...

CLEANING LADY FLO

Stinking of hooch juice and them cheap cigars.

(THE CLEANING LADIES laugh and continue to mop)

HARRY BERMAN

Ugh! Eltinge? ELTINGE!!!

JULIAN ELTINGE (FROM OFFSTAGE)

WHAT!?!?!?

HARRY BERMAN

We are ready for you. In fact, we have been ready for you since the scheduled call time!

(After a beat)

Eltinge? ELTINGE!!!

(JULIAN enters wearing an enormous feather headdress, a bathrobe, and army boots. HE is heavily made up in women's makeup and smokes a cigar)

Firstly, it is **Mister** Eltinge...

JULIAN ELTINGE

(Sarcastically)
Oh, I do beg your pardon...

HARRY BERMAN

Secondly, it is **I** who have been waiting for **you** to get this little clambake started!

JULIAN ELTINGE

(JULIAN exits)

Can ya beat that?!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

Forget about it! Okay, let's go! Take it from the top!

HARRY BERMAN

Places, people! From the top!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

(A drumroll as THE ROSES take their places on the platform stage and THE DANDIES move to the microphone at center)

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen... to help us ring in 1941 with a splash...

DANCIN' DONNY

Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Club is proud to present...

DANCIN' DENNY

Billy Rose's dapper and delightful, Dancin' Dandies...

DANCIN' DANNY

(THE DANDIES tip their top hats and bow)

And Billy Rose's luminous and long-stemmed Radiant Roses...

DANCIN' DUNDY

(THE ROSES curtsy)

And the mysterious, magical and ... and marvelous...

ALL DANCIN DANDIES

Magnificent!!!

JULIAN ELTINGE (OFF-STAGE VOICE)

ALL DANCIN DANDIES

And the mysterious, magical, and *magnificent*...Julian El-ting!

JULIAN ELTINGE (OFF-STAGE VOICE)

El-TINGE!!!

(HARRY sits at a table as THE ORCHESTRA begins "GOT NOTHIN...". BOBBY stands at stage-right to watch. The curtain rises to reveal JULIAN in his ill-fitting costume and headdress. Throughout the number, HE sways awkwardly, occasionally making a full turn, leaving the "heavy lifting" to THE DANDIES & ROSES)

3 GOT NOTHIN' ON YOUJULIAN & THE DANDIES & THE ROSES**JULIAN ELTINGE**

IT'S NOT LIKE ME YOU KNOW
TO BE SO BRAGGA-DOCIO,
SO, HERE ARE MY FRIENDS,
ADORED AND ADORNED,
THE ONES THAT I DEPEND UPON,
TO TOOT MY HORN.

THE DANDIES & THE ROSES

A MOONLIT SAIL, A FAIRY TALE,
A MAGIC TRAIL THAT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE,

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh, go on. No, really...go on!!!

THE DANDIES & THE ROSES

A FETCHING TROUSSEAU,
A SKETCH BY ROUSSEAU,
A BRILLIANT THOUGHT
COMING OUT OF THE BLUE,
THEY TOO, GOT NOTHIN' ON YOU

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh, you are just saying that because it's true.

(HARRY, stunned by how badly it's going, interrupts the rehearsal)

HARRY BERMAN

Ugh! Okay, that's it. We're done here.

JULIAN ELTINGE

We're what!?! We can't be done until this number is perfect!

HARRY BERMAN

I gotta believe that's as perfect as it's gonna get.

BOBBY MULLIGAN

That's it for tonight kids. We're done. Sleep tight everyone.

(THE CHORUS react with relief, as they pack up to exit)

JULIAN ELTINGE

This cannot be happening!

JOSIE ROSE

Thank God! I am absolutely drained.

DANCIN' DENNY

I'm downright knackered.

JULIAN ELTINGE

I cannot be hearing this!

DANCIN' DONNY

I'm so tired, my tired is tired.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh, come on! We just got started!

HARRY BERMAN

We did **not** just get started! We've been here for ten hours. We're done!

DANCIN' DUNDY

Thank God! My dogs are yapping! I think I have a blister.

POSIE ROSE

Oh please! My blisters got blisters.

ALL DANDIES

Goodnight, Bobby! Goodnight, Harry!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

Night boys!

(THE DANDIES exit)

JULIAN ELTINGE

We don't stop when we're tired! We stop when it's ...

HARRY BERMAN

We stop when *I* say we stop, Mr. Eltinge!

ALL ROSES

Goodnight, Bobby! Goodnight, Harry!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

Night girls! Remember...tomorrow night is a big night. New Year's Eve means big tippers, so bring your best stuff!

(THE ROSES exit)

HARRY BERMAN

Lock up for me, will ya Bobby?

BOBBY MULLIGAN

Sure Boss. Sleep well.

(HARRY exits)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Where is he going!?!

BOBBY MULLIGAN

We're done Mr. Eltinge. Go home. Get some rest.

(BOBBY exits)

CLEANING LADY FLO

I cannot wait to hit that pillow!

CLEANING LADY ROE

I hear ya sister!

(THE CLEANING LADIES exit)

JULIAN ELTINGE

I am surrounded by whiney, sniveling and ungrateful children!

(The lights dim as a dressing room platform rolls on. JULIAN takes off his costume and hangs it. HE puts on a robe and sits downstage at a vanity table, looking at the audience through a glassless makeup mirror frame, taking off his makeup as he sings)

#4 FINISHED JULIAN ELTINGE**JULIAN ELTINGE**

I'M FINISHED.
 FEELING FULLY DIMINISHED.
 WHO'D'VE THOUGHT THIS FABLED STAR
 OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN,
 WOULD HEADLINE NIGHTLY IN THIS GRIM LATRINE?

DESCENDING...
 NO POINT IN PRETENDING.
 THE DOOM IS IMPENDING...
 IT'S CLEARLY THE ENDING...

(HE snickers at his rhyme. There's a knock at the door)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes!?! What!?! What is it now?!?

(BUDDY LOGAN, the aging stage doorman, enters)

BUDDY LOGAN

Mr. Eltinge... I am sorry to trouble you...

JULIAN ELTINGE

And yet, here you are. What is it?

BUDDY LOGAN

Oh, dear. I am sorry Mr. Eltinge, but there's a young man out by the stage door...

JULIAN ELTINGE

If it's money he wants, tell him he's got the wrong address.

BUDDY LOGAN

No Sir. It's not money... he was hopin' to meet you.

JULIAN ELTINGE

In that case, tell him he's got to buy a ticket like everybody else.

BUDDY LOGAN

(Nervously)

No, I can't do that. Ya see... he ain't nearly old enough to see the show. What I mean to say is... he is a very young man...just a wee boy, in fact. It seems... he sneaked out of the house when his folks hit the hay. But he says he's a big fan of yours. He became so after seeing your old pictures over at that re-run house...The Variety over on Eighth. They show those old films ya know...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Okay, okay Buddy. You say he's a fan, eh?

BUDDY LOGAN

Oh, yes sir! Yes, indeed he is!

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, these days...a fan's a fan. Bring him in... but stay here and take him away after he says hello. I'm in no mood for babysitting...

BUDDY LOGAN

Yes, Mr. Eltinge. I'll go fetch him.

(JULIAN tries to think of more rhymes for his 'FINSHED" song)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Suspending. Upending. Superintending...

(BUDDY & TYLER MCCOMBE enter)

BUDDY LOGAN

Mr. Julian Eltinge...meet Master Tyler McCombe...

(JULIAN sees Tyler in his makeup mirror. HE is stunned. It is him at the age of eight-years-old. JULIAN turns to look at Tyler, and then back at himself in the mirror. HE then looks again at Tyler. ALL freeze as the music swells)

(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT ONE
Scene 1

ACT ONE
Scene 2

SETTING: **LILLA WYMAN'S SCHOOL OF THE PERFORMING ARTS**
Seen through the scrim is the 2nd floor studio. There is a wall clock, a bulletin board, a costume rack, and an upright piano. A door at stage-right leads to an unseen staircase to the street. At stage-left is a mirrored wall with a dance barre and a door that leads to other rooms. Across the up-stage wall are four windows facing Tremont Street with stenciled letters reading, "Lilla Wyman's School of the Performing Arts".

AT RISE: *Seen through the scrim, LILA WYMAN stands frozen near the windows.*

TIME: February 15, 1890, 5 P.M.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

LILLA WYMAN'S
SCHOOL of the PERFORMING ARTS

*

THE 2ND FLOOR ABOVE
THE TREMONT THEATRE

BOSTON
FEBRUARY 1890

(As the scrim rises, music is heard coming from the Tremont Theatre downstairs, and LILLA WYMAN comes to life. SHE shuts the windows and turns out the lights. Suddenly, SHE hears someone coming up the stairs. Startled, SHE turns on the lights)

LILLA WYMAN

Who's there? Is someone there?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, Miss Wyman. It's me...

LILLA WYMAN

Me who, for mercy's sake?

(WILLIE nervously enters out of breath)

WILLIE DALTON

It's me...Willie Dalton.

LILLA WYMAN

Well, well, well... Master Willie Dalton as I live and breathe.

WILLIE DALTON

Ma'am?

LILLA WYMAN

You're late! No, let me rephrase that. You're late *again!* So, what was it this time? No, let me guess! Was it a pet what was sick? A bus what was late? A clock what was broke?

WILLIE DALTON

No ma'am, nothin' like that...

LILLA WYMAN

Master Dalton, may I reminds you, ya was late for your piano lesson Monday, your elocution lesson on Tuesday and now your dance class today. Maybe with your schoolin' and what all...maybe you've bitten off more than you can chew.

WILLIE DALTON

No, I can chew...

LILLA WYMAN

Ya know, some of me pupils have decided dancin' is their passion. For others ... it's playin' the piano...our future Mozart's. Still others are taking me acting classes. But none of me others are tryin' to master more than one of these skills, let alone all three. Maybe you too need to pick one and do it well.

WILLIE DALTON

No, I need to learn them all well.

LILLA WYMAN

And why is that?

WILLIE DALTON

I need to master them all...so's I can make something of myself. Me Ma says, to make somethin' of yourself, you need to have a dream and then you need to picture yourself in that dream. Picture yourself reaching that dream. And by aiming for it every day...by picturing it in your mind's eye...she says, you can make that dream come true.

LILLA WYMAN

And so, your dream is to be a singing, dancing, piano player?

WILLIE DALTON

No. My dream is to be special. To be noticed. My dream is to be seen.

LILLA WYMAN

You do seem determined, I'll give ya that. But there is still one major problem. Your tardiness. You can't be arrivin' 30 minutes after me class has ended?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, I know.

LILLA WYMAN

You say you know, and yet...here we are. So, tell me then...what's causin' that to be the case day after day?

WILLIE DALTON

If you must know...it is on account of me father...

LILLA WYMAN

Ah, 'tis your Da that's preventin' *you* from gettin' to *your* classes on time.

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, he's the real problem. I can't leave the house till he's off to his shop... and some days he's later than others.

LILLA WYMAN

Well, you *can't* keep missing me classes either. If you fall behind, I'll have to ask you to leave me classes altogether. I can't have you slowing down everyone.

(SHE sees HE is about to cry)

Oh, Willie, you're one of the most gifted students I've had in a long time, and I believe you have it in ya to have a great future on the stage. But, having talent ain't enough. And you can't *just* dream about it...you must work for it. Nothin' comes from nothin'! It takes commitment. It takes sacrifice. Do you understand?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes ma'am. I do.

LILLA WYMAN

I do believe you do Willie. Now, you just need to convince your Da. Maybe I should talk to him then... as one adult to another...

WILLIE DALTON

No, please don't do that! Promise me! Promise me you won't do that!

LILLA WYMAN

Okay, okay I won't. But Willie, what's the matter? Oh, dear boy...you're shaking?

WILLIE DALTON

He don't know I'm taking any classes.

LILLA WYMAN

What do ya mean he don't know? How is it he don't know?

WILLIE DALTON

He don't know because he don't...approve. He says the arts are only for men who are odd and eccentric. Men who are bent. He says dancin' is for sissy men... singing is best left for the fairies and queers....and he says all actors are just children who never grew up.

LILLA WYMAN

No!

WILLIE DALTON

Yes! I heard him say so with me own two ears.

LILLA WYMAN

Well, that is just... disgraceful!

WILLIE DALTON

He don't mean to be disgraceful. All the men in his shop talk like that.

LILLA WYMAN

But if he don't know you take me classes, how is it you can pay for the classes?

WILLIE DALTON

My Ma takes in sewing jobs... repairs and such. Laundry too. And if it's slow, she goes without lunch so I can pay you. But my Da doesn't know any of this...

LILLA WYMAN

Your poor Ma. Well, that's going to end today. I can't take her money knowing...

WILLIE DALTON

No, please Miss Wyman...if I can't take lessons...I will... well, I don't know what...

LILLA WYMAN

Hold on! I will hire you! I can't pay you in cash, but I'll pay you in lessons.

WILLIE DALTON

Hire me? But hire me for what? What could I do?

LILLA WYMAN

You can help with the things that are too much for me these days. Moppin' up the floor...runnin' the trash to the basement. Those stairs are murder on me knees.

WILLIE DALTON

And for just doing these chores you would teach me for free?

LILLA WYMAN

Of course! I can't have your mother starving...and taking in the neighbor's wash!

WILLIE DALTON

I don't know what to say! I can't believe you would do this for me!

LILLA WYMAN

Oh Willie, a life upon the stage is hard enough. None of us can do it alone. We've got to help each other. It's just the way it is. That's just the way it's always been.

#5 WE GOT EACH OTHERLILLA WYMAN & WILLIE DALTON**LILLA WYMAN**

AN ARTIST MAKES A LIVIN', BUT THE ROAD IS ROUGH.
TRYING IT ALONE, WE FIND IS TOO DARN TOUGH.
BUT WE LEARN SOON ENOUGH,
WE GOT EACH OTHER.

WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER, THROUGH THE THICK AND THIN.
WE WEATHER LOSSES BETTER, WHEN WE JUST CAN'T WIN,
WE TAKE IT ON THE CHIN...
EASING EACH OTHER.

IF YOU FIND YOURSELF STUCK IN A STEW,
WITH YOUR BILLS PILING UP OVERDUE,
DON'T FRET, DON'T BE BLUE,
I'LL BE THERE TO PULL YOU THROUGH.

YOU MAY BE SPOUTING PLATO, LIKE A GRAND OLD SAGE,
OR MAYBE BUSKER ALLEY'S, WHERE YOU'LL MAKE YOUR WAGE.
I'LL BE THERE EACH TIME, YOU'RE ON THE STAGE

LIKE ANNA HELD HAS GOT THOSE,
CRAZY EYES THAT FLUTTER
WE GOT EACH OTHER,
WE GOT EACH OTHER.

WILLIE DALTON

IF YOU FIND YOURSELF COMING DOWN WITH THE FLU,
FROM A DRAFT FROM THE HOLE IN YOUR SHOE,
DON'T FRET AND DON'T BE BLUE,
I'LL BE THERE TO PULL YOU THROUGH.

BOTH

I'LL BE THERE TO PULL YOU THROUGH.

(Dance break)

WILLIE DALTON

WE MAY NOT HAVE A BROKER AT A COUNTING HOUSE,
INSTEAD, WE MAY BE BROKER THAN AN OLD CHURCH MOUSE,
BUT WE'VE NO CAUSE TO GROUSE,
WE GOT EACH OTHER.

LILLA WYMAN

WE MAY NOT CRUISE THE OCEANS WEARING FANCY JEWELS,

WILLIE DALTON

WE MAY USE CITY FOUNTAINS AS OUR SWIMMING POOLS,

BOTH

BUT AS SHAKESPEARE'S GOT THE WORDS YOU LOVE TO UTTER,
LIKE POE HAS GOT THE TALES THAT MAKE YOU SHUDDER,
LIKE WHISTLER'S GOT HIS EVER-LOVIN' MUD-DUH...
WE GOT EACH OTHER.
WE GOT EACH OTHER.
WE GOT EACH OTHER.

*(HE looks at her, realizing what she is doing for him and suddenly
HE hugs her. THEY both wipe their eyes fighting back tears)*

LILLA WYMAN

Oh Willie, stop now! We can't be all weepy-eyed, can we? We've things to do.

WILLIE DALTON

Yes.

LILLA WYMAN

In fact, you can start your new job right now.

WILLIE DALTON

Yes?!? What can I do?

LILLA WYMAN

You can run downstairs to the Tremont Theatre.

(HE starts heading towards the door)

Whoa! Hold on a minute! I haven't told you what I need yet!

WILLIE DALTON

Oh, right.

LILLA WYMAN

When you get down there, you need to ask Charlie Kelly, he's the doorman...

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, I know Charlie Kelly...

LILLA WYMAN

Well, ask Charlie Kelly to give you some rosin. Tell him it's for me.

WILLIE DALTON

Some rosin. All right.

LILLA WYMAN

Yes, then come back, leave the rosin on my desk, give the place a good sweepin' and off you go.

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, don't worry. I understand.

LILLA WYMAN

I need to run out me-self. I'll leave the key under the mat.

WILLIE DALTON

All right...

LILLA WYMAN

Be sure to lock up before you go and put the key back where you found it. You think you can remember all of that?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes Ma'am! Thank you, Ma'am. I'll be back in a jiffy.

(Music from the theatre's rehearsal can be heard)

LILLA WYMAN

Oh...and I hear that bawdy, "doolally", Marie Lloyd, from the English Music Halls, is working on a new show down there.

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, Bernie Dillon was just changing the marquee. Now it says, "Direct from London... Marie Lloyd, the Queen of the British Music Halls"...

LILLA WYMAN

Yes, well, queen or not, be sure ya don't get in her way.

WILLIE DALTON

Ma'am?

LILLA WYMAN

Those Brits can be tough and from what I hear, those songs Miss Lloyd sings can get near the knuckle from time to time.

WILLIE DALTON

Near the knuckle???

LILLA WYMAN

Never you mind. Just get the rosin from Charlie Kelly and come right back.

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, Miss Wyman.

(WILLIE exits)

LILLA WYMAN

And be careful on the steps.

(The sound of someone stumbling down some steps is heard)

Willie!?!

WILLIE DALTON

I'm all right.

**(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT ONE
Scene 2**

ACT ONE
Scene 3

SETTING: **TREMONT THEATRE – THE BACKSTAGE & THE STAGE**
Seen through the scrim is the nearly bare stage. A piano and some stools are upstage along with a costume rack and some flats which lean against the upstage brick wall.

AT RISE: *Seen behind the scrim are THE ACTORS who stand frozen until the scrim rises. JIMMY, THE PIANIST, tinkers at the piano as THE CHORUS GIRLS warm up, stretching in-sync with JIMMY'S piano warmups.*

TIME: A few minutes later.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

BACKSTAGE
THE TREMONT THEATRE
*
—————
BOSTON
FEBRUARY 1890

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

(As the scrim rises ALL come to life. CHARLIE KELLY & WILLIE enter. WILLIE, excited to be backstage, looks around with wonder. CHARLIE grabs a stool and moves it downstage-right)

CHARLIE KELLY

You can sit here and watch, but don't say nothin'! I'll be right back with the rosin.

WILLIE DALTON

Aye, aye Captain.

CHARLIE KELLY

Remember, Little Man, quiet as a church mouse. Like a fly on the wall, got me?...

WILLIE DALTON

Yes Charlie, I gotcha. I'll be quiet as a church fly...mouse...on the wall.

DOLLY THE CHORUS GIRL

Hey Charlie Kelly, who's your partner there?

CHARLIE KELLY

Girls, this here is Master Willie Dalton. He's come to watch ya.

POLLY THE CHORUS GIRL

The kid's got taste!

HOLLY, POLLY, DOLLY

Hi ya Willie Dalton!

WILLIE DALTON

(Waving shyly)

Hi.

CHARLIE KELLY

And ladies, you should probably know, Willie here, is a big Broadway producer...

WILLIE DALTON

No, I ain't!

DOLLY THE CHORUS GIRL

A big producer, huh? Oh! Please discover me!

POLLY THE CHORUS GIRL

Me too! I want to see my name plastered across that marquee...

HOLLY THE CHORUS GIRL

Yeah, me too! And above the title!

WILLIE DALTON

I ain't no producer. Charlie Kelly is just saying that...

(Flamboyant choreographer, DEWOLFF HALL enters. WILLIE is fascinated with his gay flamboyancy)

DEWOLFF HALL

Hey Charlie, are the fellas nearly done?

CHARLIE KELLY

Almost Mr. Hall. The last of them is being fitted now.

DEWOLFF HALL

How long does it take to get fitted for a tuxedo?

CHARLIE KELLY

Willie, this is Mr. Dewolff Hall...the great choreographer...

(DEWOLFF HALL rudely ignores CHARLIE's words)

DEWOLFF HALL

Get them moving Charlie! I mean, really! Tick, tock, tick, tock. Time is money.

CHARLIE KELLY

(Under his breath)

For some of us I suppose.

DEWOLFF HALL

On the other hand, I suppose there's no need to rush the boys, since the Queen of the British Music Halls also seems to be absent.

CHARLIE KELLY

The fact is, she has just arrived. She's in her dressin' room...

DEWOLFF HALL

What the hell is she doin' in there?

CHARLIE KELLY

Well...I suppose, she's dressin'...

DEWOLFF HALL

I'm done wastin' time. Tell her to get her ample arse on stage.

(MARIE LLOYD enters)

MARIE LLOYD

Watch your mouth, ya manky plonker! We got ladies present.

DEWOLFF HALL

(Faking a British accent)

At last! Her majesty has decided to grace our stage with her presence. Okay, while we're waiting for the boys, let's run "What You're Lookin' At". Take it from the top, girls...this time with the star. Maestro...

(DEWOLFF moves into the house to watch)

CHARLIE KELLY

Okay Willie, now you just sit here and don't say a word.

(CHARLIE exits. MARIE LLOYD moves downstage center, and THE CHORUS GIRLS gather around her. SHE picks out a man in the audience as she begins "WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT")

#6 WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT.....MARIE LLOYD & CHORUS GIRLS**MARIE LLOYD**

I SEE THAT TWINKLE IN YOUR EYES,
 THOSE SMIRKING LIPS.
 YOU START TO FANTASIZE,
 POETIC PARTNERSHIPS.

YOU SEE A LOVING OUTCOME,
 AN AMOROUS FORAY,
 BUT CHEERY, CHUBBY CHUM...
 THERE SIMPLY AIN'T NO WAY!

(ALL choose different men from the audience to sing to)

MARIE LLOYD & DOLLY, POLLY, HOLLY

CAUSE WHAT YOU THINK YOU SAW,
 AIN'T WHAT IT WAS.
 DO NOT ASK ME WHY,
 IT'S JUST BECAUSE.

ONCE A YOUNG PRINCE CHARMING,
 YOUR YOUTH HAS BEEN REPLACED,
 I FIND IT QUITE ALARMING,
 THAT YOUR TIME YOU'D WASTE.

(MARIE LLOYD picks another man out of the audience)

MARIE LLOYD

I SEE YOU LOOK ME UP AND DOWN,
 AND UP AGAIN.
 YOU'RE WOND'RING IF I'M NEW IN TOWN
 AND WHERE I'VE BEEN.

YOU SEE ME AS FLIRTATIOUS.
 YOU THINK YOU SEE ROMANCE,
 BUT BUDDY, GOODNESS GRACIOUS,
 NOT A BLOODY CHANCE!

MARIE LLOYD & DOLLY, POLLY, HOLLY

WHAT YOU THINK YOU SAW,
 AIN'T WHAT IT WAS.
 DO NOT ASK ME WHY,
 IT'S JUST BECAUSE.

MARIE LLOYD & DOLLY, POLLY, HOLLY

IF YOU HAD SOME MONEY,
SOME STYLE, CHARM OR GRACE
IT WOULDN'T BE SO FUNNY
THAT YOU'D SHOW YOUR FACE.

MARIE LLOYD

IF YOU HAD SOME MONEY, HONEY
OR A TINY SPECK OF GRACE
IT WOULDN'T BE SO FUNNY
THAT YOU'D SHOW...
NOW PLEASE GO...
I MEAN, OH, THAT FACE!
I MEAN, OH, THAT FACE!

(The lights fade leaving spotlights on MARIE LLOYD, frozen in a star pose, and WILLIE, who stares at her in awe as the scrim falls)

(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT ONE
Scene 3

ACT ONE
Scene 4

SETTING: **LILLA WYMAN'S SCHOOL OF THE PERFORMING ARTS**
From behind the scrim, and without a pause, we see the set change back to the darkened studio set.

AT RISE: *As the scrim rises, WILLIE gets the key from under the mat, unlocks the door and enters the studio and turns on the lights. Music is heard from the rehearsal downstairs.*

TIME: A few minutes later.

(WILLIE crosses the stage calling out to ensure LILLA is not there)

WILLIE DALTON

Miss Wyman? Miss Wyman, are you here? Miss Wyman, are you back there?

(WILLIE moves to the costume rack and puts on a turban and a feather boa. HE looks in the mirror and smiles. HE opens the door a little so he can hear the downstairs music. HE returns to the mirror and begins to imitate Marie Lloyd, aping her every move)

#7 WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT (REPRISE).....WILLIE DALTON

WILLIE DALTON

I SEE THAT TWINKLE IN YOUR EYES,
THOSE SMIRKING LIPS.
YOU START TO FANTASIZE,
POETIC PARTNERSHIPS.

YOU SEE A LOVING OUTCOME,
AN AMOROUS FORAY.
BUT CHEERY, CHUBBY CHUM...
THERE SIMPLY AIN'T NO WAY!

(LILLA enters and silently watches WILLIE)

WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT,
AIN'T WHAT IT IS.
YES, THERE'S SPARKLE,
BUT THERE AIN'T NO FIZZ.
YOUR EYEBALLS HAVE DECEIVED YOU...

(Suddenly seeing LILLA, WILLIE pulls off his turban)

WILLIE DALTON

Miss Wyman! Oh, my God! Miss Wyman...

LILLA WYMAN

Bravo! Or should I say, "Brava!" That was brilliant!

(WILLIE quickly takes off the feather boa)

WILLIE DALTON

I am so sorry!

LILLA WYMAN

Sorry? What on Earth have you got to be...

WILLIE DALTON

I'm just so ashamed.

LILLA WYMAN

There is nothing to be ashamed of. You were carrying out one of the great traditions of theatre... men playing the roles of women. It's what the Greeks did!

WILLIE DALTON

But that was then...

LILLA WYMAN

Mr. Shakespeare's band did it too. And it's still done in theatres around the world today. And when it's done well, it's among the most respected forms of acting.

WILLIE DALTON

Maybe so but...I...I am just so...

LILLA WYMAN

So what? So incredibly talented? So brilliantly gifted?

WILLIE DALTON

Even if I was...

LILLA WYMAN

Willie, you were not just wearing a turban and a boa... you were not just imitating Marie Lloyd... you became her! It was astonishing. I think you could have a career in this!

WILLIE DALTON

No, no, no. That can never be!

LILLA WYMAN

Never!?! “Never” prevents anything good from ever coming true. Ya know, each year The Boston Cadets put on a show right downstairs at the Tremont Theatre.

(SHE hands HIM a flyer from the bulletin board)

WILLIE DALTON

(Reading from the flyer)

The Boston Cadets, *amateur* theatricals...

LILLA WYMAN

Yes, they are just a group of amateurs, but well-heeled amateurs. Their director is the great Robert A. Barnett and the Banker’s Association funds them...so there is plenty of dough behind them. And best of all...their shows always follow these classical traditions...

WILLIE DALTON

You mean the gents play the birds?

LILLA WYMAN

The ladies...but yes, exactly. The problem is, they look like gents in dresses.

WILLIE DALTON

But they would...wouldn’t they?

LILLA WYMAN

But that’s my point. I think you could convince the audience you were a girl.

WILLIE DALTON

No! I could never do that... not in front of an audience!

LILLA WYMAN

Well, don’t go getting all worked up over it. I don’t even know if they’d take you.

WILLIE DALTON

Not take me? Why wouldn’t they take me?

LILLA WYMAN

Because they normally only cast fully grown men. But... *if* I can get you an audition...and *if* Robert Barnett takes you on...and *if* you knock it out of the park and *if* the audience responds with great applause...

WILLIE DALTON

That is an awful lot of “ifs”.

LILLA WYMAN

So, it is...

#8 WHAT IF?LILLA WYMAN**LILLA WYMAN**

SOME DAYS, YOU'RE SURE YOU CANNOT WIN, WHY TRY?
 YOU KNOW, YOUR NERVES ARE WEARING THIN, BIG SIGH.
 BUT WHAT IF YOU GIVE IT A SHOT?
 GIVIN' IT ALL THAT YOU GOT.
 WHAT IF INSTEAD OF WHINING,
 YOU SEEK OUT THE SILVER LINING?

SOME TREES ARE FAR TOO TALL TO CLIMB, NO DOUBT.
 WHY TRY, YOU'D JUST BE WASTIN' TIME, STRIKE OUT.
 BUT WHAT IF YOU SET YOUR SIGHTS HIGH,
 GO ON AND REACH FOR THE SKY.
 WHAT IF INSTEAD OF RESIGNING,
 YOU SEARCH FOR THE SILVER LINING?

LILLA WYMAN

SOME FOLKS CHOOSE TO SQUANDER AWAY EACH DAY
 WAILIN' 'BOUT ALL OF THEIR FAILIN'S
 ENSURING THAT FAILIN'S PREVAILIN'.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO WASTE YOUR TIME THIS WAY
 IT'LL LEAD YOU TO SAD AND BLUE
 AND YOUR DREAMS WILL NOT COME TRUE

SOME DREAMS, SEEM FULLY OUT OF REACH, WHY TRY?
 WHAT IF IT'S RAINING ON THE BEACH, BIG SIGH.
 BUT WHAT IF YOU CHOOSE TO NOT WHY IT?
 WHAT IF INSTEAD YOU JUST TRY IT?
 AND WHAT IF THE GOOD WHAT IF'S COME THROUGH?
 AND WHAT IF AT LAST, YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE?

LILLA WYMAN

Yes! That's it! I'm going to talk to Robert.

(WILLIE gives her a quizzical look)

Robert Barnett... the director.

WILLIE DALTON

You know him?

LILLA WYMAN

Know him!?! He was one of my best students not so many years ago. And besides that...he is really a good egg.

WILLIE DALTON

Oh Miss Wyman...I don't know. What if...?

LILLA WYMAN

Oh, Willie, let's not worry ourselves with the "what if's". First, he has to say yes.

WILLIE DALTON

I understand.

LILLA WYMAN

All right then, I'm off. Be sure to lock up.

(LILLA exits)

WILLIE DALTON

No wait...Miss Wyman...Miss Wyman?

(HE moves to the mirror and stares at himself)

#8B WHAT IF (TAG).....WILLIE DALTON

WILLIE

SOME DREAMS SEEM FULLY OUT OF REACH
 WHATEVER CAN ONE DO?
 BUT WHAT IF, WHAT IF I DON'T WHY IT,
 WHAT IF I JUST TRY IT?
 AND WHAT IF ALL MY WHAT IF'S COME TRUE?

(BLACKOUT)

**END OF ACT ONE
 Scene 4**

ACT ONE
Scene 5

SETTING: **THE AUDITIONS ON THE TREMONT THEATRE STAGE:**
Seen through the scrim is a piano upstage, and a long gateleg table and 3 chairs downstage left.

AT RISE: *Seen through the scrim, ROBERT BARNETT and CONALL sit frozen at the table. CORMACK stands frozen at stage right near the proscenium holding a clipboard. JIMMY THE PIANIST sits frozen at his piano.*

TIME: March 1, 1890, Two weeks later 6 PM

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

AUDITIONS
THE BOSTON CADETS
AMATEUR THEATRICALS
*
THE TREMONT THEATRE
BOSTON
MARCH 1, 1890

(As the scrim rises, ALL come to life)

CONALL

Next!

CORMACK

(Calling towards off-stage)

Next. Mr. Emit O'Donnell.

(EMIT O'DONNELL nervously enters, hands his sheet music to JIMMY, and moves to center-stage. HE stands frozen nervously staring at ROBERT who stares back with concern on his face)

ROBERT BARNETT

Whenever you're ready Mr. O'Donnell.

(EMIT nervously hands CONALL his hat as JIMMY plays a brief musical introduction)

#9A POLLY WOLLY DOODLE (*in falsetto*)EMIT O'DONNELL**EMIT O'DONNELL**

OH, I WENT DOWN SOUTH FOR TO SEE MY SAL.
SINGING, "POLLY WOLLY DOODLE" ALL THE DAY.
MY SAL SHE IS A SPUNKY GAL...

(ROBERT gives a signal to CONALL to cut the song short)

CONALL

Thank you, Mr. O'Donnell.

EMIT O'DONNELL

SINGING "POLLY WOLLY DOODLE", ALL THE DAY.

(CONALL hands EMIT his hat)

CONALL

And again, thank you... Mr. O'Donnell. We will let you know.

(EMIT exits)

Or not.

CORMACK

What does that even mean? "Polly Wolly Doodle all the day"?

CONALL

I haven't a clue. What time is it?

CORMACK

(Looking at his pocket watch)

Horsefeathers and applesauce! It's almost six. We've been at this for ten hours!?!)

ROBERT BARNETT

Hmm. Seems longer. Who's next?

CONALL

(Calling towards off-stage)

Mr. Vincent Di Fuccio.

(VINNY enters confidently handing JIMMY his sheet music)

VINNY DI FUCCIO

Hey! I'm Vinny. How's youse doin'?

ROBERT BARNETT

Hey Vinnie. We's doin' fine. What are youse going to sing for us?

VINNY DI FUCCIO

A song from that pirate's show...you know...by that Sullivan fella and the other one. Jilbert or somethin.

ROBERT BARNETT

Ah yes, Sullivan and Jilbert. Whenever youse *is* ready...go on and give it a lash.

(JIMMY plays a few notes as an introduction)

#9B I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP *(in falsetto)* VINNY DI FUCCIO**VINNY DI FUCCIO**

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP,
DEAR LITTLE BUTTERCUP,
THOUGH I COULD NEVER TELL WHY.

BUT STILL I'M CALLED BUTTERCUP,
POOR LITTLE BUTTERCUP
SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP, !!

ROBERT BARNETT

Thank you!!!! Who is next?

*(VINNY DI FUCCIO angrily grabs his sheet music and storms out
as CORMACK checks the list on his clipboard)*

CONALL

Furgal Fintan.

ROBERT BARNETT

His name is "Furgal?" What kind of monster would name a baby Furgal?

(FURGAL FINTON nervously enters)

CONALL

Furgal? Did I get that right? That's your name?

FURGAL FINTON

Well, it's just my sta-sta-stage name. It means fearless. My real name is Clem.

ROBERT BARNETT

Ah. Okay, then. Whenever you're ready.

(JIMMY THE PIANST plays an introduction)

#9C AFTER THE BALL (in falsetto)FURGAL FINTON

FURGAL FINTON

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER,
AFTER THE BREAK OF DAWN
AFTER THE DANCER'S LEAVING,
AFTER THE STARS ARE GONE
MANY A HEART IS ACHING...

CONALL

My heart, my ears, my stomach...they are all aching.

(ROBERT gives the signal to CORMACK. FURGAL sees this and takes his music from JIMMY and exits angrily)

CORMACK

Thank you, Mr. Finton.
(Under his breath)
Poor chump.

ROBERT BARNETT

Is that it? Have we reached the bottom of Boston's talent pool? The cellar?

CORMACK

I think we've reached the dunny. The crapper.

CONALL

Wait! Wait! Hold on! There is one more auditionee...

ROBERT BARNETT

For the love of Mike, please tell me it's Sarah Bernhardt's baby brother!

CONALL

I'm afraid not. It's a lad from upstairs...you know... from that song and dance teacher... the Irish old maid...

ROBERT BARNETT

Miss Wyman. Lilla. Her name is Lilla Wyman.

CONALL

Yeah, okay...and his name is Willie and he's been sitting out there for hours.

ROBERT BARNETT

What!?! Why didn't you bring him in sooner?

CORMACK

Because we don't use children...

ROBERT BARNETT

Maybe we should. The role is that of a young girl. Maybe a young boy can pull it off better than a middle-aged man with a pot belly and no ear for music. Bring the boy in.

CORMACK

Mister William Dalton.

(WILLIE enters)

WILLIE DALTON

It's just Willie... actually.

ROBERT BARNETT

Well, Willie Actually... Miss Wyman has told me a great deal about you.

WILLIE DALTON

She has?

ROBERT BARNETT

Yes! She has. Now, do you know who we are and why we're here?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, Sir, I do. You are The Boston Cadets and you put on shows.

ROBERT BARNETT

That is correct! Succinct... but correct.

WILLIE DALTON

And although you are *only* a group of well-heeled *amateurs*, you are sponsored by the Banker's Association...so there's plenty of dough behind you.

(ROBERT, CONALL and CORMACK laugh)

ROBERT BARNETT

Well, Miss Wyman doesn't miss a beat.

WILLIE DALTON

And the show is being directed by the great, Robert A. Barnett who Miss Wyman says is "a good egg".

ROBERT BARNETT

A good egg, eh?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, that's what she said. Do you know him?

ROBERT BARNETT

Ha! Yes, I know him very well. For you see...I am him. I am Robert A. Barnett...

CONALL

"The great director...

CORMACK

And good egg!"

WILLIE DALTON

Oh, I beg your pardon Sir...

ROBERT BARNETT

Did Miss Wyman tell you about this particular Banker's Association's show?

WILLIE DALTON

I know it is called "Miladi and the Musketeer" but I'm afraid that's all I know.

ROBERT BARNETT

Yes, it is called "*Miladi and the Musketeer*" and we are having some difficulty finding the right actor for the leading role.

WILLIE DALTON

The musketeer?

ROBERT BARNETT

No... we've got musketeers in spades. It's the lady that has presented the challenge... Princess Claire de Loinville ...she doesn't want to become queen... so she changes places with a beggar girl. Have you prepared a song?

WILLIE DALTON

Yes, sir. I have the sheet music.

ROBERT BARNETT

Okay, give it to Jimmy...and then whenever you're ready.

(WILLIE hands his music to JIMMY who plays a few notes)

#10 I WANNA DO IT ALL.....WILLIE DALTON**WILLIE DALTON**

SOME FOLKS WANNA DANCE, CHOREOGRAPHY.
THEY DANCE WHEN THEY GET THE CHANCE,
THAT'S THEIR CUP OF TEA,

AND THOUGH IT IS TRUE,
I DO LOVE IT TOO,
BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
NOT ENOUGH FOR ME.

(WILLIE dances as the music continues)

SOME FOLKS WANNA SING, VOCAL EXERCISE.
AND WHEN THEY GET THE CHANCE,
THEY WILL VOCALIZE.

AND THOUGH IT IS TRUE,
I DO LOVE IT TOO,
BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
NOT ENOUGH FOR ME.

I'M GONNA BE A DANCER, MY FIRST MILESTONE
I'M GONNA BE A SINGER, WHEN I AM FULLY GROWN
I'M GONNA BE AN ACTOR, BUT ONE WHO DOES IT ALL,
I WANT TO DO IT, SO, I'LL PURSUE IT
I WANT TO DO IT ALL!

SOME FOLKS WANNA ACT,
STRUT UPON THE STAGE
SPOUTING PROSE WITH GREAT IMPACT
WORDS FLY OFF THE PAGE

(Instrumental music begins and WILLIE moves downstage center to deliver his Shakespeare lines using a Cockney British accent)

WILLIE DALTON

(Spoken with a Cockney British accent)

We strut and fret our hour upon the stage. Lead on, Macduff! What's this then?
Bubble, bubble toil and trouble? Methinks the lady doth protest too much!

WILLIE DALTON

AND THOUGH IT IS TRUE, I DO LOVE IT TOO
BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH, NOT ENOUGH FOR ME.
FOR ME. FOR ME.

CORMACK

He's brilliant!

CONALL

He's smashing.

(CORMACK & CONALL realize ROBERT hasn't reacted)

CORMACK

Of course, it's a pity that we don't use children...

CONALL

Yes, just because he can play a confident young lad, doesn't necessarily mean he can play a sweet young girl.

ROBERT BARNETT

What do you say about that Willie?

(WILLIE does one last verse, this time as a girl)

WILLIE DALTON

AND THOUGH IT IS TRUE,
I DO LOVE IT TOO
BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH,
NOT ENOUGH FOR ME.

ROBERT BARNETT

You're hired! Now, what do you say about that Willie?

WILLIE DALTON

I'M HIRED!

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE
Scene 5

ACT ONE
Scene 6

SETTING: THE TREMONT THEATRE STAGE.

AT RISE: *Seen through the scrim, the cast of "MILADI & THE MUSKETEER" are frozen and dressed in a Renaissance-type costumes as one might see in a Musketeer movie. WILLIE stands at center wearing a wig and a gown.*

TIME: 9 weeks later, May 1, 1890, 10 P.M

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

OPENING NIGHT
THE BOSTON CADETS
Present
"MILADI & THE MUSKETEER"
*
THE TREMONT TEATRE
BOSTON
MAY 1, 1890

(As the scrim rises, the characters come to life)

#11 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.....WILLIE DALTON & THE CHORUS

THE CHORUS (MEN)

THIS LAD HAS GOT HIS LASS,
THIS MAKES HIM VERY GLAD
HIS SMILE'S BRIGHT AS BRASS,
NO MORE WILL HE BE SAD

THE CHORUS (WOMEN)

THIS LASS HAS GOT HER LAD,
THIS SERGEANT IS FIRST CLASS
HE'S HER GALAHAD,
SHE'S FOUND HER LOVE AT LAST

WILLIE DALTON (AS CLAIRE DE LOINVILLE)

I NEVER WANTED OR ASKED TO BE QUEEN

THE CHORUS (ALL)

BUT YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE

WILLIE DALTON (AS CLAIRE DE LOINVILLE)

IF ONLY I COULD LIVE,
SOMEWHERE IN-BETWEEN

THE CHORUS (ALL)

BUT YOU'VE COME SO FAR

MUSKETEER

IT LOOKS TO ME,
LIKE I'M GONNA BE
HAPPY DAY IN, DAY OUT

WILLIE DALTON (AS CLAIRE DE LOINVILLE)

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE,
OR EVER SEE
WHAT HAPPY IS ALL ABOUT

MUSKETEER & WILLIE (AS CLAIRE DE LOINVILLE)

SINCE YOU ENTERED THE SCENE
GONE ARE THE STRIFE AND WOES
WHO'D'VE THOUGHT IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN
RIGHT HERE UNDER MY NOSE

THE CHORUS (ALL)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT MY FRIEND.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
AND OUR PLAY IS AT ITS END.

WILLIE DALTON (AS CLAIRE DE LOINVILLE)

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE MY TRUE LOVE

MUSKETEER

YOU'LL BE MINE FOR EVERMORE

THE CHORUS (ALL)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT MY FRIEND
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
AND OUR PLAY IS AT ITS END

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT MY FRIEND.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
AND OUR PLAY, COME WHAT MAY,
IS AT ITS END!

(ALL take a curtain call and then face the upstage wall to continue their bows...as if the audience were now "out there". A pre-recorded audience ovation is heard. A stage curtain comes down upstage and now THE COMPANY is backstage fawning over WILLIE)

COMPANY (Ad libs)

Here's to Willie Dalton! Bravo Willie! Hey kid, you did it! What a show! Etc.

(ROBERT BARNETT, CORMACK and CONALL, and CHARLIE KELLY, enter and join THE CAST in congratulating WILLIE)

ROBERT BARNETT

Bravo Willie! What a performance!

WILLIE DALTON

Thank you, Mr. Barnett.

CORMACK

You stole the show! You made us so proud!

CONALL

Willie, you were sensational! It is an honor to have you on our stage.

WILLIE DALTON

Thank you.

CHARLIE

It's a night we'll never forget!

ROBERT BARNETT

That is for sure!

#12 TALK OF THE TOWN.....THE COMPANY

ROBERT BARNETT

WHEN THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIMMED THE CONDUCTOR TOOK HIS PLACE
I COULD SEE THE LOOK OF TERROR WRITTEN ON HIS FACE

CHARLIE KELLY

THEN THE NOTES RANG OUT OF THE SASSY, BRASSY SCORE
I COULD FEEL ME HEART A-POUNDING AS ME STOMACH HIT THE FLOOR

ROBERT & CHARLIE

THE BOSTON CRITICS CANNOT SAY ENOUGH.
THEY'LL GO FROM CAUSTIC TO MARSHMALLOW FLUFF.

ROBERT & CHARLIE

PANNING THE OTHERS AND PRAISING YOUR STUFF.
NOW YOU'RE THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

CORMACK

THEN THE CURTAIN ROSE, AND THE STAGE BEGAN TO SPIN,
AND THE CHORUS SANG THEIR NUMBER, O'RE THE DRUMS AND VIOLIN.

CONALL

AND THEN YOU APPEARED AND BEGAN TO LURE THEM IN
AND WE KNEW IT, THEN AND THERE WE'D WIN

CONALL & CORMACK

THE CROWDS WILL LINE UP, BEYOND ANY DOUBT.
THEY'LL HANG A SIGN UP, THE SHOW IS SOLD OUT.
THEN THEY'LL BICKER, AND DICKER AND SHOUT.
NOW YOU'RE THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

CONALL & CORMACK

THE CURTAIN GOES UP AND THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS
EACH CHORUS BOY SINGS, EACH CHORUS GIRL SWAYS

ROBERT BARNETT & CHARLIE KELLY

THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN, THE AUDIENCE STAYS.
THEY'RE SCREAMING FOR MORE, THEY'RE SCREAMING ENCORE.

ALL

THE SOCIAL LADIES, YOUR PRAISES WILL SING
THE HICKS FROM HICKSVILLE, WILL SWEAR YOU'RE THE THING
THE TICKET SALES GO SKYROCKETING!
NOW YOU'RE THE TALK ...NO ONE CAN BALK...
NOW YOU'RE THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

(LILLA WYMAN enters)

LILLA WYMAN

Well, well, Mr. William Dalton, as I live and breathe!

WILLIE DALTON

Miss Wyman, you came!

LILLA WYMAN

Of course, I did! And of course, I loved it! And while your performance was no surprise to me...I do have a surprise for you. Your Mum and your Da are here...

WILLIE DALTON

(Horrified)
What!? What do you mean?

LILLA WYMAN

I invited your Mum. She was here from the start. Your Da came in late. He only saw the finale. Me thinks he stopped at the tavern first. He seems a bit wobbly.

WILLIE DALTON

Oh no. No! Oh my God...

(JULIA and MICHAEL DALTON enter. WILLIE rips off his wig)

Mum? Da? What are you doing here?

(MICHAEL slaps WILLIE across the face causing WILLIE to fall to the floor. ALL OTHERS ad lib shrieks, etc.)

MICHAEL DALTON

Get up boy! GET UP! How could you do this!?!

WILLIE DALTON

(WILLIE struggles to his feet)
Oh, Dad... I am so sorry...

(MICHAEL slaps HIM again. HE falls. THE CROWD reacts)

ROBERT BARNETT

Stop that! Have you lost your mind?!?

MICHAEL DALTON

Stay out of this Mister!

LILLA WYMAN

Better listen to him Robert.

(WILLIE struggles to his feet and MICHAEL slaps HIM again. HE falls. THE CROWD reacts)

MICHAEL DALTON

(To Willie)
How could you do this to me? To your mother?

THE CHORUS

(Ad libs)
Oh my God! What's the matter with you? Hey Bub, what are you doing?

MICHAEL DALTON

What the hell were you thinking boy!?!? Jesus, Joseph, and Mary...look at you!

(MICHAEL tries to grab WILLIE but JULIA blocks him)

JULIA DALTON

Michael! Stop! Stop that!

THE CHORUS

(Ad libs)

Stop that! He's off his nut! What's the matter with you? What are you doing?

JULIA DALTON

Oh, Willie. Baby, I am so sorry... Michael, please...

MICHAEL DALTON

Shut up woman! Shut up all of you! This is *my* son. It ain't your business! Now get out of that ridiculous outfit, boy...and go wipe that ghastly shite off your face!

(WILLIE runs off the stage in tears. JULIA grabs MICHAEL'S arm)

JULIA DALTON

Enough now...Michael...

(MICHAEL shoves JULIA and she falls. THE CROWD shrieks).

MICHAEL DALTON

Get off me and shut your mouth woman! And as for the rest of you...you disgust me. How dare you do this to my boy!?! To our family! Well listen up you collection of carnival curiosities... I'm only going say this just once. Do not be corrupting my son again, because if you do...I'll do somethin' worse than kill ya. Come on woman.

(JULIA and MICHAEL exit)

(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT ONE
Scene 6

ACT ONE
Scene 7

SETTING: **THE DALTONS' KITCHEN/BOSTON'S NORTH END**
Seen through the scrim is a dimly lit eat-in kitchen with a small table with three chairs. The clock on the wall reads 3:00. At stage-left is a small platform stage with Willie's small bed and a nightstand with a lamp.

AT RISE: *Seen through the scrim, JULIA sits frozen crying at the table.*

TIME: May 11, 1890, Several hours later. 3:00 A.M.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

THE DALTONS' ROW HOUSE
THE NORTH END
MAY 2, 1890
3 AM

(The clock strikes three. JULIA puts her head down as WILLIE gets out of bed and moves to the kitchen. HE stares at HER)

WILLIE DALTON

Mama? Is he home yet?

JULIA DALTON

Oh Willie! You gave me such a start. No, he's not come home...not yet...

(HE turns on the light and sees she's been crying)

Oh, Willie, that light is so bright. Turn it off, won't ya?

WILLIE DALTON

Mama, have you been crying? You have. You've been crying. Are you crying because of me? And he's gone out on a drunk 'cause of me...

JULIA DALTON

No...no, Sweetie. Aw, Willie, is that what you think...?

WILLIE DALTON

What if he don't come back? What if he's gone?

JULIA DALTON

What? Oh Willie! Why would you say such a thing?

WILLIE DALTON

He said I shamed him. What if he's run away? Mama, we both know he doesn't like me as I am...but I can change. I can be whatever he wants me to be.

JULIA DALTON

No, Willie! You don't change for no one. You hear me boy? Aw, baby, I know your Da said some cruel things. But these are just words...

#13 JUST WORDS..... WILLIE & JULIA DALTON**JULIA DALTON**

SOMETIMES WORDS ARE SAID,
HARSH WORDS THAT DON'T MEAN NOTHIN',
STILL, THEY HURT WHEN THEY LAND ON YOUR EARS

AND SOME FOLKS LOSE THEIR HEADS,
THEIR TALK GETS LOUD AND ROUGH AND,
SOMETIMES THEIR WORDS CAN BRING TEARS.

BUT THESE ARE ONLY WORDS,
WORDS BETTER LEFT FORGOTTEN,
WORDS THAT ESCAPED IN AN ANGRY RAGE.

WORDS WITHER AND FADE,
WORDS MISBEGOTTEN,
WORDS FROM AN ANGRY TIRADE
ARE BETTER LEFT FORGOTTEN.

SOON HE WILL CALM DOWN,
SOON HE WILL REGRET THEM
WORDS THAT HAD CAUSED YOU TO CRY
HE'LL HOPE YOU CAN FORGET THEM

WHEN THE WORDS ARE SHAMEFUL,
WHEN THE WORDS ARE PAINFUL,
REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY SAY,

WORDS CAN'T HARM YOU. WORDS CANNOT DISARM YOU.
THE WORDS ARE WRONG, BUT YOU ARE STRONG,
YOU ARE STRONG.

JULIA DALTON

SO, FORGET ABOUT THOSE HARSH WORDS,
THEY'LL NEVER BRING YOU JOY
AND YOU DESERVE MUCH BETTER
CAUSE YOU'RE MY SPECIAL BOY

(WILLIE finally understands and a smile comes to his face)

JULIA DALTON

Now, not another word about it! Besides, you should be proud... like I'm proud of you. That grand applause you received tonight was something I will never forget.

WILLIE DALTON

It was something, wasn't it?

(SHE hears someone at the door)

JULIA DALTON

He's here. Quick to bed, Willie! No, he mustn't know you are still awake. Hurry!

(WILLIE returns to his bed as a drunk MICHAEL enters holding a whiskey bottle which HE swigs from throughout the scene)

MICHAEL DALTON

Well...what in the hell are you lookin' at?

JULIA DALTON

I'm lookin' at nothin'.

MICHAEL DALTON

Ain't cha gonna ask me where's I been all this time?

JULIA DALTON

I can smell where you've been.

MICHAEL DALTON

Well, can you blame me? The entire town is laughin' at me.

JULIA DALTON

Believe me...nobody is laughin'...

MICHAEL DALTON

And if they are laughin' at me...they are laughin' at you too. Do you understand?

JULIA DALTON

No, Michael. I have no idea what you are going on about. Who is laughin' at you?

MICHAEL DALTON

Those bloody McPhersons for one.

JULIA DALTON

The McPhersons from down at the corner store?

MICHAEL DALTON

There they were...seated right in the front row of that rat-infested fire trap. The first damned row!!! To taunt me! They wanted to be sure that I'd see them.

JULIA DALTON

Don't be ridiculous. They did no such thing.

#14 HOW COULD HE?.....MICHAEL DALTON**MICHAEL DALTON**

THAT OLD SNOT MCPHERSON AND HIS WIFE?
HIS SARCASTIC, CAUSTIC FISHEYE,
CUTS THROUGH ME LIKE A KNIFE!
AND THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE KERFUFFLE,
I COULD FEEL HIM SHIFT AND SHUFFLE,
AND HE SNORTED AS HE SPORTED WITH HIS WIFE!
OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH.

DID YOU SEE JOHNNY DUFFY WITH HIS CLAN?
THAT OLD HAIRY, HUMPBACKED HALF-WIT,
SAT DEVELOPING HIS PLAN.
AND HE PLOTTED HOW HE'D MOCK ME,
HOW HE'D SQUAWK AND BALK AND KNOCK ME,
THAT OLD HAIRY HUMPBACK HALF-WIT AND HIS CLAN.
OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH.

MICHAEL DALTON

It was so clear. That goat-fathered farm boy kept giving me that look. And...

MICHAEL DALTON

IN THE BACK SAT NAT FROM DOWN THE STREET
THAT CHEEKY, COCKED-UP CODGER,
HE SAT ROCKING IN HIS SEAT.
THOUGH HE CLAIMED ENTHUSIASM, I DETECTED SUCH SARCASM
MY PRIDE WAS SHREDDED AS HE HEADED DOWN THE STREET.

JULIA DALTON

Why do you care what any of them think anyway? The one you ought to be worried about is your son. You've upset him somethin' awful.

MICHAEL DALTON

Oh, I'm thinking about him all right. All the whiskey in town can't wash that disgusting image from my brain.

MICHAEL DALTON

WHY WOULD HE THINK IT WOULD BE OKAY?
WHY WOULD HE THINK IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT?
TO WALK ON A STAGE AND TO DRESS THAT WAY
'T WAS SUCH A SCANDALOUS SIGHT

WOULDN'T HE KNOW WHAT THE FOLKS WOULD SAY?
WOULDN'T HE KNOW THAT IT WAS WRONG?
DANCIN' AND PRANCIN', SUCH A DISPLAY.
LACING DISGRACE WITH EACH SONG!

JULIA DALTON

Michael, you're wrong! Those men were not taunting you. When Mr. Duffy glanced back at you, he was probably checking to see how proud you were...

MICHAEL DALTON

Proud!?!? I should be proud of that circus freak! That State Fair sideshow!

JULIA DALTON

Michael!

MICHAEL DALTON

Well, I hope that that little Nancy-boy is happy! Happy that he's destroyed the Dalton name in this town...and probably my business in the process.

JULIA DALTON

Michael! Stop now!

MICHAEL DALTON

Who is gonna want to get their hairs cut by the guy who gave birth to that oddity?

JULIA DALTON

That is our son you are talking about! I realize there's no talkin' to you when you are this stinkin' drunk, but I do hope that if, and when, you ever sober up, you'll remember how the crowd loved the show and how they loved Willie most of all.

MICHAEL DALTON

SHOULD HE NOT CARE WHAT IT DOES TO ME?
SHOULD HE NOT CARE WHAT HE'S DONE?
DESTROYING OUR NAME,
ENFLAMING SUCH SHAME,
HOW COULD THIS BE MY SON?

MICHAEL DALTON

WHY WOULD HE THINK IT WOULD BE OKAY?
HE SHOULD HAVE HAD DOUBTS TO BE SURE.
WALKING ON THAT STAGE AND LOOKING THAT WAY.
HE'S NOT MY SON ANYMORE! OH NO.

MICHAEL DALTON

From this day forward, I disown him. I'll deny I fathered him. He's not my son!

JULIA DALTON

Michael! You bastard! Of all the hateful words that have come out of that filthy, disgusting mouth of yours...that was...oh my God!

(SHE exits in tears. HE continues to rant and drink)

MICHAEL DALTON

And he's only nine years old! He's just getting started. Before you know it, he'll be workin' at one of those Molly houses down by the docks... a mere rent boy...

(HE slumps down on a chair at the table, and HE takes another swig)

Well, that's not gonna happen. In fact, I've already taken care of it. But in all the excitement, I haven't had a moment to tell you about it. About my grand plan. Julia darling? I have a little surprise for you. Julia! Goddammit woman! You come here when I call you!

(JULIA enters)

JULIA DALTON

What? I've heard about all I can take...

MICHAEL DALTON

It's something I have been working on for weeks.

JULIA DALTON

What then? What is it you've got to say?

MICHAEL DALTON

I got rid of the barbershop tonight.

JULIA DALTON

You what!?!

MICHAEL DALTON

After I left your son's sissy recital, I went and had a couple of drinks. Then I headed over to the home of that bastard landlord...

JULIA DALTON

You what!?! For what purpose?

MICHAEL DALTON

I told him he could shove his overpriced barbershop straight up his arse!

JULIA DALTON

Oh Michael, you didn't! But how are we going to live?

MICHAEL DALTON

Well, don't you worry your pretty, little head about that. For you see, that is my big surprise then, isn't it? I sealed a deal that I have been discussin' for weeks.

JULIA DALTON

You sealed a deal...at the bar? With who?

MICHAEL DALTON

You don't know him. He is...well, he **was** a stranger. He came in a few weeks ago...and we was talkin'...and he came up with an offer too good to pass up.

JULIA DALTON

An offer? An offer for what?

MICHAEL DALTON

I got me a new barbershop...but this time I bought it outright.

JULIA DALTON

You what!?! But Michael...why?

MICHAEL DALTON

I've been seein' what's happening here...and I decided I had to take matters into my own hands. So, I took the money we had saved...and the money your grandpa had left us, and I bought a new shop. No leases. We own it!

JULIA DALTON

How could that have been enough for anything? Even a shop in the worst part of Boston couldn't be had for our measly savings. Where is this new shop?

MICHAEL DALTON

(HE says it but with the bottle to his lips)

Butte.

JULIA DALTON

Michael, put the bottle down...I can't understand...

MICHAEL DALTON

I said Butte. Butte, Montana.

JULIA DALTON

Please tell me this is just the whiskey talking. You've never been to Butte!

MICHAEL DALTON

I know! That's the exciting part!

(HE pulls out a pamphlet and reads)

"Butte Montana, the fastest growing city west of the Mississippi" ... cause of the copper mines...it's become a boomtown. It's bringing miners and such out there in droves...and they all need their hairs cut.

JULIA DALTON

You bought a barber shop sight unseen... in a town you have never been to... from a man you do not know!?!?

MICHAEL DALTON

Why are you always trying to stomp on my dreams?

JULIA DALTON

Your dreams? Your dream is to live in Butte? You've never mentioned it before! Please God, let this all be a dream. Please let me wake up and find out that none of what has happened here tonight actually happened here tonight.

MICHAEL DALTON

And the best part...the real dream part...Butte, Montana is where real men and real women live their real lives...like real normal people. There are no uppity society ladies...no snobby university intellectuals and most importantly, there are no forest fairies parading around in skirts and frills.

(HE takes the last swig from the bottle stands and starts to exit)

JULIA DALTON

Where are you going Michael?

MICHAEL DALTON

Bottles empty. I'm going to bed. And you should too. You'll need your sleep. We've got a lot to do. We leave for Butte on Sunday.

JULIA DALTON

But Michael. Michael, you can't just...

(MICHAEL exits. JULIA sits at the table and begins to cry. SHE hears WILLIE crying. SHE rises and goes into Willie's bedroom. SHE pulls the blanket down so SHE can see his face)

JULIA DALTON (Continued)

Hey Willie, go back to sleep now.

WILLIE DALTON

I heard everything Mama. I heard everything. We can't pretend. He hates me.

JULIA DALTON

No, Baby...

WILLIE DALTON

He called me a circus freak.

JULIA DALTON

He's drunk, Willie. He don't know what he's sayin'.

WILLIE DALTON

But are we really leaving Boston and Miss Wyman and The Cadets?

JULIA DALTON

I don't know sweetie. I don't know for sure. Try to get some sleep.

(SHE kisses him and exits. WILLIE hears Michael's words again)

MICHAEL (OFF-STAGE VOICE)

A carnival freak! Soon to be a rent-boy. I'll deny I fathered him. He is not my son!

#15 KEEPING SECRETS.....WILLIE & WILLIAM**WILLIE DALTON**

THEY MUST NEVER KNOW,
MUSTN'T LET THEM SEE,
CANNOT LET IT SHOW,
WHAT'S HIDING DEEP INSIDE OF ME.

CANNOT LET IT OUT,
IT CAN NEVER BE,
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT,
WHAT I'M ABOUT, INTERNALLY.

BUT WHAT, WHAT IF I COULD BE FREE?
SOMEDAY I'M HOPIN' THE WORLD WILL BE OPEN
AND I CAN BE JUST WHO I AM

(Another identical platform rolls on but this one belongs to WILLIAM (WILLIE at 18) who sits in the same position as his younger self and continues the song)

WILLIAM DALTON

THEY MUST NEVER KNOW,
MUSTN'T LET THEM SEE
CANNOT LET IT SHOW,
WHAT'S HIDING DEEP INSIDE OF ME.

CANNOT LET IT OUT, IT CAN NEVER BE
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT,
WHAT I'M ABOUT,
THE REAL ME

WILLIE & WILLIAM

BUT WHAT, WHAT IF I COULD BE FREE?
WHAT IF THAT HAD HAPPENED?
UNTRAPPED AND UNWRAPPED AND
WHAT WOULD THEN HAPPEN TO ME?

(Willie's bedroom sets moves off)

WILLIAM DALTON

THEY MUST NEVER KNOW,
MUSTN'T LET THEM SEE
CANNOT LET IT SHOW,
WHAT'S HIDING DEEP INSIDE OF ME
THE FEARS, THE TEARS,
WHAT'S HIDING DEEP INSIDE OF ME.

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE
Scene 7

ACT ONE
Scene 8

SETTING: **FOUNDER'S DAY-DOWNTOWN BUTTE, MONTANA**
A 1900's microphone on a stand is on platform stage surrounded by flags and bunting at upstage center.

AT RISE: *Seen through the scrim; a diverse group of Butte's residents. Miners, church ladies, businessmen, housewives and prostitutes stand frozen shoulder to shoulder in front of the platform stage. NETTIE TAYLOR is at the microphone.*

TIME: Founder's Day Celebration. April 12, 1900, Midday

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

BUTTE, MONTANA'S
FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATION
*
BUTTE TOWN SQUARE
APRIL 12, 1900

#16 FOUNDER'S DAY THEME.....THE ORCHESTRA

(As the scrim rises ALL come to life. The "FOUNDER'S DAY THEME" continues under the dialogue. The enthusiastic crowd reacts to the words of NETTIE TAYLOR and MAYOR STONE)

NETTIE TAYLOR

And finally, I want to remind you all of the Ladies of St. Bart's annual bake sale, this Sunday, in the church basement, immediately following the service. And now, it is my great honor to present the new leader of this glorious town...the man you have overwhelmingly elected as your mayor... Mayor Jerimiah Stone!

(THE CROWD cheers as MAYOR STONE takes the stage)

MAYOR STONE

Good morning, folks and thank you for that warm Butte welcome. You know, when I arrived in this fine town, nearly twenty-one years ago, it was not the booming metropolis it is today. Back then it was a town of wooden walks and unpaved streets. And in those twenty-one years, my own life has also changed quite a bit too I suppose. For one, I met and married my sweetheart...the beautiful schoolteacher once known as Miss Florence McNeil and she gave me my incredibly talented son, E.C., the star of our high school's football team.

(THE CROWD hoots and hollers)

MAYOR STONE (Continued)

Also, in those twenty-one years it's been my pleasure to have been the town's only liquor dealer...the longest lasting alderman...

A MAN IN THE CROWD

The city's most treasured city treasurer...

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

And the town's first Fire Chief.

(THE CROWD hoots and hollers)

MAYOR STONE

That's right. Quite a lot has happened. And now I am your mayor, and I could not be prouder! So, here's to The Magic City! Here's to The Mining City! Here's to Butte, Montana...the finest city west of the Mississippi!

(THE CROWD hoots and hollers)

#17 BUTTE MONTANA.....THE COMPANY

THE COMPANY

WE LOOK UP, WE SEE THE MIGHTY ROCKIES,
WE LOOK DOWN, WE SEE THE GLEAMING STREAMS,
WE LOOK OUT, WE SEE A BRILLIANT OUTLOOK,
BUTTE, MONTANA'S MEETING ALL OUR DREAMS,
SO, IT SEEMS, BUTTE,
MONTANA'S MEETING ALL OUR DREAMS.

HIGH AND WIDE AND HANDSOME,
SKY SO BRIGHT AND BLUE,
WORTH A KINGLY RANSOM,
BUTTE, WE DO LOVE YOU!

LAND OF TREASURED TREASURES,
GLORY OF THE WEST,
PLUSH WITH PLEASING PLEASURES,
BUTTE, WE LOVE YOU BEST!

BUTTE MONTANA, EVERYTHING'S SO HIGH AND MIGHTY!
BUTTE, MONTANA, GLORY OF THE WEST!
BUTTE, MONTANA, SKIES ARE CLEAR AND SHINE SO BRIGHTLY,
CLOUDS ARE SCARCE AND LEAVE POLITELY,
GOD HAS BLESSED THIS WESTERN TREASURE CHEST!

(DANCE BREAK)

THE CHURCH LADIES

BUTTE, MONTANA, JUST THE PLACE TO RAISE A FAM'LY.
BUTTE, MONTANA, WE RAISE YOUNG'UNS RIGHT.

THE PROSTITUTES

BUTTE, MONTANA, GIRLS ARE SWEET AND PURE AND FRILLY,
BOYS ARE STRONG AND NEVER SILLY,
BUTTE, MONTANA, WE LIVE OUR LIFE UPRIGHT.

THE MINERS

BUTTE, MONTANA, IT'S PURE AMERICANA
WE'VE GOT COPPER,
WE'VE GOT SILVER,
WE'VE GOT GOLD
WE'VE GOT IRISH, SWEDES AND MEXICANS
WITH STORIES STILL UNTOLD

ALL MEN

IN THEIR BRITCHES THEY DIG IN DITCHES,

ALL WOMEN

WHICH IS HOW THEY'LL REACH THEIR RICHES,

THE COMPANY

IN THE BEST OF AMERICA'S WEST!

(The scrim appears as THE COMPANY dances off. The Founder's Day stage moves off as the DALTON'S BARBER SHOP moves on with a barber chair and 4 chairs for waiting customers. The window has large letters facing the outside which read, "DALTON'S BARBERING EMPORIUM...WHERE MEN CAN BE MEN!" Seen through the scrim and frozen are MICHAEL who is shaving TIM THOMAS. CLINTON COLEMAN and REGGIE HAWKINS sit waiting.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p style="text-align: center;">DALTON'S BARBERING EMPORIUM MAIN STREET * ————— BUTTE, MONTANA APRIL 15, 1900</p>
--

(As the scrim rises, ALL come to life and finish rehearsing a barbershop quartet song)

#18 DAISY FROM SKID ROW.....MICHAEL, TIM, REGGIE & CLINTON

THE QUARTET

AND SOME SAID DAISY,
FROM SKID ROW,
WAS KIND OF LAZY,
DON'T CHA KNOW,

YET SHE WAS PURE
AS THE FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW.
AND SO, I LOVED HER,
THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HER
YES, I WAS CRAZY FOR DAISY,
FROM SKID ROW.

REGGIE HAWKINS

Bravo, my harmonious fellows! We're sure to win the competition this weekend.

(E.C. STONE enters nervously and quickly puts on his apron, grabs the push broom, and begins to sweep the floor)

MICHAEL DALTON

Well, well, well! Can it be that time already?

CLINTON COLEMAN

What time is that, Michael?

MICHAEL DALTON

E.C. Stone time. Can it be E.C. Stone time already?

REGGIE HAWKINS

Yes! Apparently, it is!

MICHAEL DALTON

Welcome me boy! So good of you to join us...

E.C. STONE

Good afternoon Mr. Dalton. Gentlemen...

ALL THE MEN *(Ad lib)*

Hey there, E.C.! How goes the battle? Hey kid. How's it going?

E.C. STONE

I'm sorry I'm late, Sir. The game ran over. But we did win it 13 to 3.

MICHAEL DALTON

So, there it is! Say no more! Well done, E.C.!

REGGIE HAWKINS

You're letting him off the hook so easy? That's not like you, Michael Dalton!

TIMOTHY THOMAS

Goin' so easy on the boy? Is it just because he's the mayor's son?

MICHAEL DALTON

Hell no! I don't give a tinker's curse about the mayor. I'm just so gosh darn proud to have the star quarterback of the number one high school team west of the Mississippi working in my shop! I only wish me own son would take an interest...

ALL

Go mighty, mighty bulldogs! Go! Go! Go! Woof! Woof!

TIMOTHY THOMAS

(Reading the newspaper)

It says here, it was a narrow escape for the seven of them. Old man Martin lost it all. The house...the saloon...all of it...wiped off the face of the earth by that fire. Nothing remains but a cellar filled with charred debris to show where the saloon once stood.

REGGIE HAWKINS

That is a crying shame. 'Tis a real pity they couldn't save the saloon. It will certainly be missed.

CLINTON COLEMAN

I'm wondering...where will all the miners go to crook their elbows on payday? How are they gonna wet their whistles?

REGGIE HAWKINS

They certainly aren't going to go home to their old ball & chains dead dry sober. Not when they've got their week's earnings burning a hole in their pants pockets.

MICHAEL DALTON

Hell no! They can't go home until they have reached that stage where they can't even lie down without holding on.

TIMOTHY THOMAS

You sound like you speak from experience.

MICHAEL DALTON

I had that experience last night don't cha know!

E.C. STONE

A lot of the miners already go to The Blue Range Saloon.

MICHAEL DALTON

What's that, E.C.?

E.C. STONE

Oh, sorry. You had asked where the miners would go... and I was just saying, a lot of the miners already go to The Blue Range Saloon, over on Granite Street.

MICHAEL DALTON

Granite Street! But that's right at the entrance of Venus Alley...

CLINTON COLEMAN

Venus what?

TIMOTHY THOMAS

Venus Alley! The red-light district... where the floozies and tramps congregate.

REGGIE HAWKINS

I think they prefer the term "court-tee-sans" and I don't know if they are doing much congregating...

TIMOTHY THOMAS

Well, whatever you call them and whatever they are doing, I don't think a saloon in Venus Alley is the right solution for the likes of us, fellas.

MICHAEL DALTON

Can you imagine if the Mrs. ever found out?! Me Julia would have both me legs if I even went close to the alley. And even if me Julia left me legs be, those court-tee-sans would probably cripple us all!

CLINTON COLEMAN

Yeah, I'm not going to go to those lengths just to goose me gullet. But I have heard of that saloon E.C. speaks of. It's run by a German fellow.

E.C. STONE

Austrian... Mr. Baumgartner. Mr. Otto Baumgartner. And it is quite something... from what I hear. He's got a floor show and everything.

MICHAEL DALTON

Has he now? And tell me E.C., how is it that my 17-year-old assistant knows so much about such a place located on the edge of the temp-tait-uous Venus Alley?

E.C. STONE

Well...there might just be a young lady named Mary who performs there.

MICHAEL DALTON

Oh, might there be? And she's a pretty lass, is she?

E.C. STONE

Yes, indeed... the prettiest. And if you must know...I've got my eyes on her... so I do spend a bit of time over there...though the neighborhood is kind of wooly.

REGGIE HAWKINS

But show people... the only ones beneath the show people is the circus folks.

E.C. STONE

She's just in the chorus for now. I intend to see that she don't stay there forever.

TIMOTHY THOMAS

Well good luck E.C. but be careful boy! Particularly in that neighborhood!

REGGIE HAWKINS

Come on boys, we got to get to the union hall. It's the 8-hour workday vote today.

MICHAEL DALTON

What about your haircuts?

CLINTON COLEMAN

Next time. I promise.

TIMOTHY THOMAS

All right, Michael. Still two bits? Good day gents.

E.C. STONE

Good day Mr. Thomas, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Hawkins.

*(TIM pays MICHAEL and CLINTON, TIM & REGGIE exit singing
"DAISY FROM SKID ROW")*

#18B DAISY FROM SKID ROW (Reprise) CLINT, TIM & REGGIE

CLINTON, TIM & REGGIE

AND SO, I LOVED HER,
THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HER
YES, I WAS CRAZY FOR DAISY,
FROM SKID ROW.

E.C. STONE

Do you need me for anything else Mr. Dalton?

MICHAEL DALTON

What's that?

E.C. STONE

Well, if you weren't needing anything else, I was...

MICHAEL DALTON

You just got here! So, because you come in late, ya think you can leave early?

E.C. STONE

It's just that, I have an awful pile of homework... so if there's nothin' else...

MICHAEL DALTON

Yeah kid, it's fine. We're done here anyhow. But ya know what though... before ya run out the door... I did want to ask you if you could do somethin' for me. It would be a huge favor. It's about my son... my son Willy. Do you know him?

E.C. STONE

Yeah, I know him. Well, I mean I know of him...sort of. That is to say, I know who he is. I seen him around school...but I don't really know him.

MICHAEL DALTON

Ah. No, I guess you wouldn't. I'm sure you two run in completely different circles.

E.C. STONE

Pardon me for saying so, but your son Willie doesn't seem to run in any circle. What I mean to say, he's a bit of a loner. I've never seen him with anyone else.

MICHAEL DALTON

Yeah, he is a loner. And is there anything else that strikes you about him...apart from him being a quiet loner?

E.C. STONE

Well, I don't know. What do you mean?

MICHAEL DALTON

You mentioned your interest in that young lady who dances in Venus Alley... well, Willie has never talked about any girl. Not ever. In all these years, there's not been one girl in his life. At least not in that way...you know what I'm sayin'?

E.C. STONE

I think I do...and pardon me for being so bold Mr. Dalton, but are you thinking he may be a fairy? A Nancy-boy?

MICHAEL DALTON

No! Of course not! Not at all! Imagine, my son a Nancy-boy!

E.C. STONE

Okay, then. I'm sorry. So, what was the favor you wanted...

MICHAEL DALTON

Yes, well... I was wondering...could you befriend him? Maybe...you could maybe take him to Venus Alley...you know... when you go to see your Mary. Maybe he just needs to see how it's done. I'll pay you.

E.C. STONE

You'll what!?!?

MICHAEL DALTON

Willie must never know. He must think that you really want to be his friend...but I will pay you the same hourly rate I pay you here at the shop. He's over at library...as he is every day. Just bump into him. Start talking. Tell him you work for me. Tell him whatever you must...just get him to go to that saloon with you. See if you can make him more...normal.

E.C. STONE

Well, okay. I suppose I could try. But I'm not promising anything.

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE
Scene 8

ACT ONE
Scene 9

SETTING: **THE BUTTE MONTANA LIBRARY.**
Seen behind the scrim is a library table with four chairs.
Stack of books are on the table.

AT RISE: *WILLIAM DALTON (frozen), is reading at one end of the table. At the other end of the table, GINNY CASE (frozen), sits on (frozen) JOHNNY BENKO'S lap, "making out".*

TIME: APRIL 15, 1900, Thirty minutes later.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p>THE BUTTE-SILVER BOW PUBLIC LIBRARY</p> <p style="font-size: small;">*</p> <hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p>BUTTE, MONTANA APRIL 15, 1900</p>
--

(As the scrim rises, WILLAM comes to life. HE is reading from a large textbook and jotting notes down on a paper while trying to ignore the two lovebirds. JIMMY CREWS enters)

JIMMY CREWS

See Johnny, I told you she was stuck on you.

JOHNNY BENKO

You don't know the half of it!

JIMMY CREWS

Unfortunately, we gotta scam. It's almost game time.

(GINNY and JOHNNY stand and "dust themselves off")

JOHNNY BENKO

Hey Dalton. Time to pack up, ya bookworm. The big game starts in an hour.

GINNY CASE

William Dalton, are you attending the ballgame? I didn't know you went out for such things.

JIMMY CREWS

No, he ain't attending. He's the star pitcher!

JOHNNY BENKO

No, you're both wrong. He's the cheerleader. Aren't ya Sissy Boy?

(MISS HAINES enters)

MISS HAINES- LIBRARIAN

Keep it down! And stop annoying Mister Dalton. He's the only one of you who will make something of his life. Now if you are finished your tomfoolery and childish shenanigans, please be on your way!

JIMMY CREWS

Okay Miss Haines, we're going...

JOHNNY BENKO

Take it easy sissy boy! Come on gang.

(THE TEENS exit laughing)

MISS HAINES- LIBRARIAN

Never mind about them. You stick to your studies, and you will show them all.

WILLIAM DALTON

Thank you, Miss Haines. I appreciate it.

MISS HAINES- LIBRARIAN

I need to run over to the post office, and unfortunately, Miss Doyle is out with a nasty cold. Would you mind keeping an eye on the place while I run my errand. I can't imagine anyone will still be coming in at this hour.

WILLIAM DALTON

Sure, Miss Haines. No problem.

MISS HAINES- LIBRARIAN

Thank you, William. You're a good boy.

(MISS HAINES exits. WILLIAM continues reading for a moment but then stops to sadly reflect on what the TEENS said to him)

JIMMY CREWS (off-stage voice)

Don't take any wooden nickels ya bookworm wanker!

JOHNNY BENKO (off-stage voice)

Take it easy Sissy Boy!

GINNY CASE (off-stage voice)

Aw, let him be. He can't help it...

#19 PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE.....WILLIAM DALTON**WILLIAM DALTON**

I WATCH THE PEOPLE AS THEY'RE WATCHING ME
 THEY SNEER, THEY SNICKER, THEY STARE
 SOME SIMPLY SHOW ME SYMPATHY
 WHILE SOME SIMPLY JUST DON'T CARE

PEOPLE THINK THEY KNOW ME AT A GLANCE
 THINK I'VE EARNED THE LIFE THAT'S COME TO BE
 PEOPLE NEVER KNOW ME, NOT A CHANCE
 'CAUSE PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE...WHAT THEY SEE

I WATCH THE PEOPLE AS THEY STARE AT ME
 EACH SURE THAT THEY KNOW THE SCORE
 THEY SHOUT THEIR SLAMS SO CARELESSLY
 THEY ALMOST NEVER HURT ANYMORE

PEOPLE WANT TO JUDGE ME, LABEL ME
 A FREAK, A JOKE, WORTHLESS STREET DEBRIS
 WHY DO PEOPLE JUDGE ME, CAN THEY SEE?
 THE PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE...WHAT THEY SEE

WHEN I'M ALL GROWN UP AND POLISHED
 MONEY AND STYLE AND GRACE
 THEY'LL SEE THEIR FORECASTS DEMOLISHED
 AS SOON AS I FIND MY PLACE

PEOPLE THINK THEY KNOW ME AT A GLANCE,
 SURE I'VE EARNED THE LIFE THAT'S COME TO BE.
 WILL PEOPLE EVER KNOW ME, NOT A CHANCE,
 CAUSE PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE.
 WHAT THEY SEE.

*(E.C. enters and paces trying to annoy WILLIAM, who ignores HIM.
 Finally, E.C. sits down at his table and stares at him with a big grin
 on his face. Again, WILLIAM pretends not to notice him. Finally,
 exasperated, WILLIAM puts down his book)*

WILLIAM DALTON

(Annoyed)

What?!? What is it?!? What is it you want?!?

*(E.C. moves closer, stares at him and then kisses him passionately
 on the lips. Horrified, WILLIAM pushes him away)*

WILLIAM DALTON (Continued)

What is wrong with you!?!

E.C. STONE

Ain't nothin' wrong with me, my cheeky little chimp.

(E.C., tries to kiss WILLIAM again but WILLIAM pushes him away)

WILLIAM DALTON

Are you out of your mind!?! Someone will see you!

E.C. STONE

You didn't seem to mind last night...

WILLIAM DALTON

This is a public place! What are *you* even doing here?

E.C. STONE

I'm here on a mission. I've come to tell you somethin'.

WILLIAM DALTON

Well, okay then, let's have it.

E.C. STONE

Your father...my employer...thinks you are a Horatian.

WILLIAM DALTON

A what!?!

E.C. STONE

A Horatian.

(E.C. hands WILLIAM a book from the table)

Look it up book-boy!

WILLIAM DALTON

I can imagine what it means. Go away!

E.C. STONE

Your father...my employer...thinks...

WILLIAM DALTON

Keep your voice down! Miss Haines could be back any minute...

E.C. STONE

(Whispering)

Your father...my employer...thinks...

WILLIAM DALTON

You know...I don't give two shites what that ignorant Irish muttonhead thinks.

E.C. STONE

Nevertheless, you saucy baggage...he thinks you're a member of the zipper club.

WILLIAM DALTON

Shhhh!

E.C. STONE

A Nance.

WILLIAM DALTON

Come on! Stop it now!

E.C. STONE

A pansy. A limp-wristed, poofter bum-boy. But I've good news for you my skippy little twidget! He's paying me to cure you.

WILLIAM DALTON

He what!?!

E.C. STONE

You heard me! He wants me to take you to the Blue Range Saloon.

WILLIAM DALTON

For what purpose!?!

E.C. STONE

So that you can hang out with that bandirity of stout and strapping miners, as they ooo-gle and ogle the chorus girls who are performing in the floor show.

WILLIAM DALTON

And does he realize *you* are one of those chorus girls?

E.C. STONE

Well of course he does not! Please! How would your straight-edged, Irish barbering father know about my special talents?

WILLIAM DALTON

You two are becoming such fast friends, I thought maybe you told him so.

E.C. STONE

Ha! We are far too busy recollecting the highlights of last night's game or conferring on the size of the tatas on the lassies that pass by the shop. We've no time to be talkin' of my extracurricular hobbies and pastimes.

WILLIAM DALTON

So now what?

E.C. STONE

So now, we are going to take your dear old dad's spondulicks and we are going to buy us some fancy new costumes and wigs.

WILLIAM DALTON

Costumes and wigs? Why plural? How many do you need?

E.C. STONE

Don't you see Willie? You can now join me in the line.

WILLIAM DALTON

What!?!? Absolutely not!

E.C. STONE

You make a much prettier girl than I will ever make. We both know that. And for all what God's forgotten, we'll just stuff with cotton.

WILLIAM DALTON

No, it is not going to happen. It is out of the question. I could never do that!

E.C. STONE

You've done it. I've seen it.

WILLIAM DALTON

That was one night... and I was drunk...

E.C. STONE

Everybody has got to start somewhere! Come on Kid, it's time you take it out of the closet... and onto the stage. Before you know it, you'll have your own number in the show.

WILLIAM DALTON

I can't, E.C. I'm sorry. Just imagine if he ever showed up there...

E.C. STONE

Your Da, in Venus Alley!?! Ha! He wouldn't go there, any more than my dad, the mighty mayor, would. They believe if they ignore Venus Alley... and all the carrying on that carried out there, Venus Alley won't exist.

WILLIAM DALTON

I suppose you're right.

E.C. STONE

And besides, your dad is so content in his daily routine. Every night he leaves work... goes home...drinks a quart of whiskey... beats your mum and goes to bed. He doesn't have the drive to drive to Venus Alley...

WILLIAM DALTON

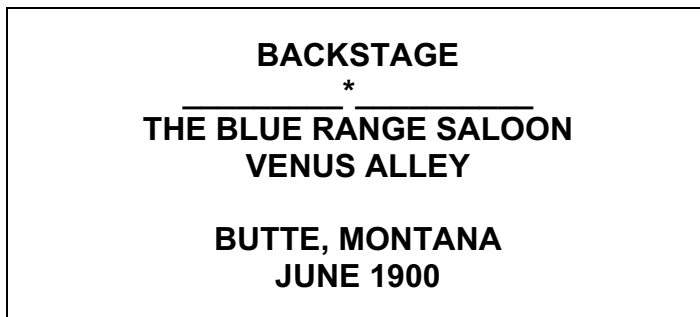
He also doesn't have a motor car to drive to Venus Alley. But regardless E.C., I don't think this is something I could do.

E.C. STONE

Come on. Give it a go. For your old man's sake...

(The scrim reappears and the set transitions to the saloon's dressing room in Venus Alley. WILLIAM and E.C. enter and join TRIXIE and DIXIE, who sit facing the audience looking through the frames of glassless makeup mirrors that stretch across the stage. THE FOUR silently apply their stage makeup)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(The scrim rises)

TRIXIE LA TART

It is so unfair Dixie.

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

What is so unfair Trixie?

TRIXIE LA TART

It is so unfair that night after night, I sit at this mirror for hours upon hours, and I still do not look one-half the woman that that Willie boy does!

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

Well, that's the truth.

TRIXIE LA TART

And he ain't even a woman!

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

I hear ya. Part of the trouble, Trixie-dear, is that you is twice his age.

TRIXIE LA TART

What!?! I certainly ain't twice his age!

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

He's seventeen.

TRIXIE LA TART

Oh.

(After a beat)

Well, like I said, I ain't twice his age then.

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

Yeah, I know. I was being kind. So kid, tell Trixie here, what's your secret?

WILLIAM DALTON

My secret? Well, sometimes in makeup...as in life...less is more.

TRIXIE LA TART

Oh great. Now I'm gonna get beauty tips from a boy-child!

E.C. STONE

Trixie-Honey, I'd take them tips from wherever they are coming from.

TRIXIE LA TART

Drop dead.

(CHAUNCY COBB enters looking at each chorus girl...very closely as his eyesight is as bad as his hearing...and he's nearly deaf)

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

Hey Chauncy...

(CHAUNCY COBB moves to TRIXIE and stares in her face)

CHAUNCY COBB

Willie? You Willie Dalton?

TRIXIE LA TART

Screw you Chauncy Cobb! I'm Trixie La Tart ...a real female female!

(CHAUNCY COBB moves to DIXIE and stares in her face)

CHAUNCY COBB

How about you?

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

Holy Toledo, Chauncy! It's me! Dixie Deprâved! I've been working in this dump for like a century!

WILLIAM DALTON

Mr. Cobb? Chauncy...I'm here. And it's *William*.

CHAUNCY COBB

Ah Willie! Well, it seems tonight is your lucky night! Miss Mona Lott has run off with some bloke who claims he's a producer.

WILLIAM DALTON

It sounds like it's Mona's lucky night, but what's it got to do with me?

CHAUNCY COBB

The boss says you gotta go on in her place. The solo number. It's yours tonight.

TRIXIE LA TART

What!?! That's it! I'm outta here!

(TRIXIE rises angrily and begins to exit)

WILLIAM DALTON

No wait Trixie! No Chauncy...I can't!

TRIXIE LA TART

Why him instead of me? I've been working in this scrap yard like forever...

CHAUNCY COBB

The boss says this here Willie-boy is the only one who can squeeze his heinie into Mona's costumes. Think of it as your big break, kid.

(CHAUNCY COBB exits)

E.C. STONE

That's just dandy, Willie! I told you it would happen.

WILLIAM DALTON

Oh E.C., I don't think I can do this. What if they hate me?

E.C. STONE

Hate you!?! Half of those guys have come back every night just to see you in the lineup. They are going to love seeing you in a solo spotlight.

#20 SHOW 'EM..... E.C., TRIXIE, DIXIE & WILLIAM**E.C. STONE**

THE CROWD HAS COME TO SEE YA,
 THEY KNOW IT AIN'T MEDEA,
 GO OUT THERE AND GIVE IT YOUR BEST SHOT!
 THEY'VE PAID THE STEEP ADMISSION,
 NOW LOSE YOUR INHIBITION
 GO OUT THERE AND SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

E.C. STONE

Tell him girls!

TRIXIE & DIXIE & E.C. STONE

THAT MOB IS GONNA LOVE YA,
 WE'RE GREEN WITH ENVY OF YA
 IT'S TIME THAT YOU UNTIE THAT NERVOUS KNOT

JUST GIVE YOURSELF PERMISSION,
 TO TAKE YOUR STAR POSITION,
 GO OUT THERE AND SHOW
 SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT

WILLIAM DALTON

WHAT IF I LAY AN EGG OUT THERE?
 WHAT IF THEY SCORN AND SCOWL?
 WHAT IF THEY GIVE ME AN UGLY STARE?

E.C. STONE

YOU'LL MAKE THAT AUDIENCE HOWL!

TRIXIE & DIXIE

YOUR GRINDIN' AND YOUR BUMPIN',
 WILL GET THEIR PULSES JUMPIN'
 YOU'RE GONNA WIN 'EM OVER SCOT AND LOT.

E.C. STONE

ATTUNE YOUR NAVIGATION,
 THE MOON'S YOUR DESTINATION
 GO OUT THERE AND SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT

WILLIAM DALTON

E.C., you're much better at this than I'll ever be. You should go out instead!

TRIXIE & DIXIE & E.C. STONE

IN JUST ABOUT TWO HOURS,
THEY'LL SHOWER YOU WITH FLOWERS
BY THEN THESE SQUEAMISH QUALMS YOU'LL HAVE FORGOT

YOU'LL SING OUT YOUR RENDITION,
AS IF YOU'RE ON A MISSION
GO OUT THERE AND SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT

WILLIAM DALTON

E.C. , Trixie and Dixie, I know what you're trying to do... but I'm so afraid I'm...

TRIXIE LA TART

Ya know honey, years ago, the great Miss Birdie Bright played in this very dump.

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

She did! The great Miss Birdie Bright???

TRIXIE LA TART

Didn't I just say she did!?!? *Well anyways...* on her way to the stage, she saw a scared young chorus girl crying at her makeup mirror in her dingy dressing room.

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

Was that chorus girl you?

TRIXIE LA TART

No, it was not me!!! Why would you think it was me?!?

DIXIE DEPRÂVED

Well, I don't know!

TRIXIE LA TART

Well anyways...Miss Birdie Bright said to the girl, "Honey, when I was starting out, I had to perform as a clown because they said I was too fat ugly to be accepted as I was. Then one night the costume was stolen from my dressing room, and I was forced to go on as myself."

WILLIAM DALTON

Oh no!

TRIXIE LA TART

Oh yes! "I was terrified!", she said, "but I walked out on that stage, and I sang from my heart. That night she received the greatest ovation of her career.

E.C. STONE

And that's what you are gonna do tonight, Willie. Knock it out of the ballpark.

DIXIE DEPRÀVED

Go out there and show 'em what you got. Well maybe not all of what you've got...but you know what I mean.

WILLIAM DALTON

Okay, okay. But I gotta know! What happened to the nervous chorus girl that Birdie Bright talked to? Did she do it? Was she a huge success?

TRIXIE LA TART

Oh God no! She was a huge disaster! She made a jaw-dropping spectacle of herself. They fired her ass and she moved back to Hoboken.

(SHE pauses and THEY ALL laugh)

WILLIAM DALTON

I hate you all. But... I think I'm ready now. Hell, I know I'm ready! I am beyond ready! This is what I have been hoping for my whole life!

WILLIAM DALTON

I KNOW THAT I CAN DO IT,
I'M GONNA RIP INTO IT
I'LL MAKE THAT AUDIENCE HOWL!
I'LL SING IT LIKE I MEAN IT, LIKE NO ONE'S EVER SEEN IT
THIS GIRL'S GONNA GIVE IT HER BEST SHOT

ALL

YOU'LL BE SO DAMNED DELICIOUS

WILLIAM DALTON

THEY'LL THINK THAT I'M FICTITIOUS

ALL

GO OUT THERE AND SHOW 'EM
SHOW 'EM WHAT I'VE GOT

WILLIAM DALTON

I'LL BE SO DAMNED ENCHANTIN',
THOSE MINERS WILL GO RANTIN'

ALL

GO OUT THERE AND SHOW 'EM
SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE (I'VE) GOT

(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT ONE
Scene 9

ACT ONE
Scene 10

SETTING: THE STAGE OF THE BLUE RANGE SALOON.

AT RISE: *A spotlight shines on the closed stage curtain. We hear the bar crowd of drunken miners waiting for the stage show to begin.*

TIME: June 1900. Three weeks later.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p>THE BLUE RANGE SALOON VENUS ALLEY * <hr/>THREE WEEKS LATER</p>
--

(A drum roll as the curtain opens on a dimly lit, mist-filled stage)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And now, in her third week here at The Blue Range, is that sultry dame with her sultry song...give a warm hand to Miss Constance Lee...

(After a moment WILLIAM, dressed in full drag, slowly enters from upstage center in the mist. HE begins to sing softly and slowly, eventually building up confidence as the crowd hoots and hollers)

#21 THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.....WILLIAM (AS MISS CONSTANCE LEE)

WILLIAM (AS MISS CONSTANCE LEE)

DREARY DULL AND DREADFUL DRAGS,
ARE THOSE WHERE YOU GET WHAT YOU SEE.
THEY SHOW IT ALL, THE CRICKS AND THE CRAGS,
DISCARDING ALL MYSTERY.

THOSE WHO SPEND EACH COLORLESS DAY,
THEY'RE VOID OF ALL SAVOIR FAIRE.
I'LL TAKE MY DAYS AVEC BEAUJOLAIS,
IT'S ROUNDING WHAT USED TO BE SQUARE.

ENLIST ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
RESISTING TRADITIONS.
TWIST ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
BEYOND RECOGNITION.

WILLIAM (AS MISS CONSTANCE LEE)

FACING THE FACTS IS SUCH A BORE,
 FANTASIES ALLOW YOUR SPIRIT TO SOAR,
 ILLUSIONS CAN BE,
 WHAT SET YOU FREE.

I LOVE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
 THEY'RE SLIGHTLY DECEPTIVE.
 CAST ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
 IT CHANGES PERSPECTIVE.

TURN UP THE HEAT,
 AND MAKE IT GLITTER...
 SOMETIMES IT'S SWEET,
 SOMETIMES IT'S BITTER,
 AN ILLUSION OR TWO,
 CAN CHANGE YOUR POINT OF VIEW.

FEELING YOU'RE IN CONTROL,
 SEALING THAT PIGEONHOLE
 ROUTINES, THAT YOU'RE DEVISING,
 WILL CHANGE THE WORLD,
 WHICH NEEDS REVISING

GRAB YOUR PAINTS
 AND GRAB YOUR CANVAS.
 WITHOUT RESTRAINTS,
 CREATE OUTLANDISH.

RECOLOR YOUR WHOLE WORLD
 WITH ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.
 SWEET ILLUSIONS OF LIFE

(Musical interlude)

GO ON NOW,
 DON'T BE OFFSTANDISH,
 CHANGE WHAT ONCE SEEMED TRITE.
 SHOW THEM NOW,
 YOU WON'T BE SO BLANDISH,
 MAKE THE WORLD AT LAST MORE RIGHT.

IT IS NOW WITHIN YOUR POWER,
 STEP UP TO THE PLATE,
 THE TIME HAS COME...CREATE!

WILLIAM (AS MISS CONSTANCE LEE)

THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
 MAKE LIFE INCANDESCENT
 THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
 MAKE LIFE EFFERVESCENT

NOW THE WORLD YOU TOOK FOR GRANTED
 IS NOT THE SAME, IT'S NOW ENCHANTED.
 THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE, REDUCING LIFE'S STRIFE

SO HOP THE TRAIN AND TAKE CONTROL
 GO ON ESCAPE THAT PIGEONHOLE
 THE NEW ROUTINES, THAT YOU'RE DEVSING,
 WILL CHANGE THE WORLD, WHICH NEEDS REVISING

*(Suddenly MICHAEL DALTON enters from the back of the house
 and stands in the aisle amongst the audience.)*

GRAB YOUR PAINTS, GRAB YOUR PAINT BRUSH,
 WITHOUT RESTRAINT, CREATE A FAINT BLUSH,
 REPAINT THE WHOLE WORLD WITH ILLUSIONS OF LIFE,
 SWEET ILLUSIONS OF LIFE, MAKE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.

(Suddenly MICHAEL pulls out a pistol and aims it at WILLIAM)

MICHAEL

Hey, Fairy!

E.C. STONE

William, look out!

*(Screams and a gunshot are heard as two men grab MICHAEL.
 The blackout comes quickly, and the audience is unclear if
 WILLIAM has been shot. After the blackout we still hear E.C. yelling
 for help, the commotion of a crowd, men carrying out MICHAEL
 and MICHAEL struggling as they carry him off. This should last for
 about 15 seconds and is done in total darkness)*

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT ONE

Scene 10

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

"INTERMISSION"

ACT TWO
Scene 1

SETTING: THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD DEPOT

AT RISE: *Seen through a scrim; E.C. (frozen) sits on a station bench waiting for a train to arrive. Next to him is a large suitcase.*

TIME: July 1900. One month later.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

**THE NORTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD DEPOT**

*

**BUTTE, MONTANA
JULY 1900**

(As the scrim rises WILLIAM enters and sits next to E.C.)

WILLIAM DALTON

The man at the ticket window says the train should be here any minute.

E.C. STONE

I can't believe how calm you are! Aren't you at all nervous?

WILLIAM DALTON

No, I'm not nervous. I'm sad...I mean because of you and my ma...but I look forward to seeing Miss Wyman...and the guys at The Tremont...

(After a beat)

And I'll be glad to be free of *him*.

E.C. STONE

I was just sitting here thinking about *him*. I mean, how is it possible, after what he has done? How can they just release him...like nothing happened?

WILLIAM DALTON

Nothing really did happen. The drunkard is a lousy shot. All's well that ends well.

E.C. STONE

William, he tried to murder you and he gets off with just a warning?

WILLIAM DALTON

They did keep him locked up for thirty days. They said he's "dried out" now and ready to return to Butte society.

E.C. STONE

Some folks are saying the sheriff let him off with just a warning because the town couldn't afford to have the barber shop close.

WILLIAM DALTON

Yeah well...

E.C. STONE

Look William, I do understand that you need to get away from him...but why do you need to go so far away?

WILLIAM DALTON

My ma just wants me safe. Miss Wyman promised she would take care of me...give me a place to live...until I can get a job and afford a place of my own.

E.C. STONE

I'm surprised your ma isn't here to see you off.

WILLIAM DALTON

He's gets out today. She's gotta pick him up at the jailhouse...sign for his release.

E.C. STONE

Your poor mother. How humiliating...

WILLIAM DALTON

Even if she didn't have to pick him up, I'm not sure she could have watched me get on the train. She was up all night, crying. I could hear her...just sobbing.

E.C. STONE

Willie, I too was sobbing. I am gonna miss you like crazy.

WILLIAM DALTON

Aw, E.C., we'll see each other before you know it. You'll come east when you can. Right?

E.C. STONE

Yeah, sure I will.

WILLIAM DALTON

And I'll write to you. I'll write every day.

E.C. STONE

No, William, you can't do that. I can't risk my ma or my dad reading one...and then finding out about you and me. Us. It would break their hearts if they knew what I really was. No, please don't write.

WILLIAM DALTON

Okay E.C., I will just wait for you to come visit.

E.C. STONE

And I will. I will as soon as I can.

WILLIAM DALTON

And E.C., even if we won't be really together...for a while at least... I want you to know...you will always be in my thoughts, in my dreams, and in my heart.

E.C. STONE

Mine too.

#22 IT'S THEN I'LL THINK OF YOUWILLIAM & E.C. STONE**WILLIAM DALTON**

IF I FEEL ALONE,
WITH SADNESS TO THE BONE
THROWN TO A WORLD UNKNOWN
IT'S THEN I'LL THINK OF YOU

E.C. STONE

IF LIFE SHOULD KNOCK ME DOWN,
MY HEART ITS STOMPING GROUND,
IF I FEEL PUSHED AROUND,
IT'S THEN I'LL THINK OF YOU.

BOTH

YOU'LL BE MY DAYLIGHT WHEN DARKNESS NEARS
YOU'LL BE MY MOONLIGHT TO CALM ALL MY FEARS
YOU KNOW, I'LL FEEL YOU THERE
IF LIFE GETS UNBEARABLE, I'LL FEEL YOU THERE

WILLIAM DALTON

WHEN SOLITUDE RUNS COLD
DESPAIR SOON TAKES ITS HOLD
WHEN SADNESS TAKES CONTROL
IT'S THEN I'LL THINK OF YOU

E.C. STONE

WHEN QUESTIONS HAUNT EACH NIGHT
I'LL FIND THEY'RE HARD TO FIGHT
IF THERE'S NO HELP IN SIGHT
IT'S THEN I'LL THINK OF YOU

BOTH

YOU ARE MY WARM TOUCH
 FOR WINTER'S CHILL
 I LOVE YOU SO MUCH,
 I ALWAYS WILL

WILLIAM DALTON

YOU KNOW, I'LL FEEL YOU THERE
 IF LIFE GETS UNBEARABLE
 YOU'LL BE THERE.

(Musical interlude)

E.C. STONE

YOU MUST PROMISE ME
 THAT YOU WILL ALWAYS BE
 THINKING OF ME TOO
 TILL I AM CLOSE TO YOU

BOTH

SOMEDAY WE'LL BE TOGETHER
 WE'LL BE THAT WAY FOREVER
 IT'S SURE TO BE
 YOU WILL BE NEXT TO ME

AND WHEN I'M FEELING BLUE
 WHEN WISHES DON'T COME TRUE
 I KNOW I'LL MAKE IT THROUGH
 EACH TIME I THINK
 I'VE REACHED THE BRINK
 I WILL THINK OF YOU.

(An approaching train is heard)

WILLIAM DALTON

I love you so much E.C.

E.C. STONE

I love you too my skippy little twidget.

(THEY embrace as the train arrives)

(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT TWO
Scene 1

ACT TWO
Scene 2

SETTING: **THE SUCCESS THEME: VARIOUS STAGES**
The scrim is used throughout this scene. As the scene progresses, projections on the scrim announce the new event, location, and date. In addition to the words outlined below, the projections may also include photos of theatre marquees, the performance, newspaper headlines, and/or the show's posters, etc.

AT RISE: *"THE SUCCESS THEME" music begins as the lights rise and continues under the dialogue.*

TIME: Mid-August 1900

#23A "THE SUCCESS THEME"THE ORCHESTRA

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p>THE TREMONT THEATRE</p> <p style="font-size: small;">*</p> <hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p>BOSTON</p> <p>AUGUST 1900</p>

(ROBERT & WILLIAM enter the bare TREMONT THEATRE stage)

ROBERT BARNETT

Willie, it is so wonderful to have you back in Boston...

WILLIAM DALTON

Thank you, sir. I'm thrilled to be back. But the name is now Julian. Julian Eltinge.

ROBERT BARNETT

Julian Eltinge? You've changed your name?

WILLIAM DALTON

Yes, I figured to truly start a new life, I needed a new name. The truth is, Mr. Barnett, I'm trying to erase the past... you know...with my father and all.

ROBERT BARNETT

I understand. I heard about all of that...and let me just say how sorry I am...

(WILLIAM waves it off as he does not want to discuss it)

WILLIAM DALTON

Thank you. But really...it's behind us.

ROBERT BARNETT

I understand...

(An uncomfortable pause)

The Tremont hasn't changed much in the decade that you've been gone.

WILLIAM DALTON

No, it hasn't. It brings back so many wonderful memories.

ROBERT BARNETT

I'm glad to hear that. I was afraid you'd forgotten all about us.

WILLIAM DALTON

Never! The Banker's Association show was something I will never forget.

ROBERT BARNETT

And while this joint may look the same, our Association's theatrical endeavors have expanded quite dramatically...

WILLIAM DALTON

Yes, Miss Wyman was telling me...

ROBERT BARNETT

In fact, several of our productions have been picked up by some highly successful producers who have taken the shows on the road. There is however one thing that hasn't changed.

WILLIAM DALTON

What's that?

ROBERT BARNETT

We haven't abandoned the Ivy League tradition of having the female roles played by male actors. Which brings me to the reason I wanted to see you today. Our next production is getting our largest budget yet and I think you would be perfect for the leading role.

WILLIAM DALTON

The lead role! Are you sure? It's been ten years since you've seen me perform...

ROBERT BARNETT

And it was a performance we've never forgotten.

WILLIAM DALTON

Well, thank you, but I'm not sure...

ROBERT BARNETT

Before you nix it, let me tell you about this play. It's called "Mr. Wix of Wiickham", and in it, the lead character, a handsome young man, much like yourself, is compelled to dress as a woman to win the hand of a lovely young lady...

("SUCCESS THEME" music intensifies drowning out the dialogue)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p style="text-align:center"> OPENING NIGHT "MR. WIX OF WIICKHAM" * <hr/> THE TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON OCTOBER 1900 </p>
--

*(The scrim rises as **THEATRE BARKERS** enter with megaphones and cross to stage-right and stage-left on the apron of the stage)*

THEATRE BARKER ONE

The Tremont Theatre proudly presents, "Mr. Wix of Wiickman"!

THEATRE BARKER TWO

A treat for the entire family!

THEATRE BARKER ONE

Critics agree...this brilliant spectacular *is* brilliantly spectacular!

(BARKERS turn upstage and freeze. "THE SUCCESS THEME" music transitions into "SOLITAIRE" as WILLIAM, dressed as a matronly woman, enters, and moves to center stage)

SOLITAIRE (Snippet #1)WILLIAM DALTON

WILLIAM DALTON

EVERY WINTER, SPRING AND FALL
 IN SUMMER MOST OF ALL
 DAYS ARE SPENT ON REMINISCING
 LONGING FOR YOUR LOVING KISSING

*("THE SUCCESS THEME" continues as WILLIAM exits.
 BARKERS unfreeze and turn to face the audience)*

THEATRE BARKER ONE

Julian Eltinge is smashing as a man!

THEATRE BARKER TWO

Julian Eltinge is smashing as a woman!

THEATRE BARKER ONE

Producer E.E. Rice takes the smash hit on the road...

("SUCCESS THEME" music intensifies)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

**THEATRE BARKER TWO**

Detroit's Temple Theatre welcomes Julian Eltinge in "MR WIX OF WIICKHAM" ...

(BARKERS turn upstage. WILLIAM enters in an even more elaborate costume. "THE SUCCESS THEME" music transitions back into "SOLITAIRE")

SOLITAIRE (Snippet #2)WILLIAM DALTON

WILLIAM DALTON

HOW IS ONE TO VOW TO ONE
WHO LEFT THE ONE BEHIND? OH,
YOUR FAITHLESSNESS WAS MORE THAN CRUEL
YOU PLAYED ME FOR A FOOL

("SOLITAIRE" transitions back into "THE SUCCESS THEME" music. WILLIAM exits. BARKER ONE turns to face the audience)

THEATRE BARKER ONE

Eltinge stars in what The Globe calls "the funniest little comedy in the world"!

("SUCCESS THEME" music intensifies as BARKER ONE turns upstage and freeze)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p style="text-align:center"> JULIAN ELTINGE IN “MR. WIX OF WIICKHAM” * _____ CICERO’S OLYMPIC THEATER CHICAGO DECEMBER 1901 </p>
--

(“THE SUCCESS THEME” continues softly as a young LOUELLA PARSONS enters on a small platform stage. SHE sits typing at a typewriter, saying aloud the words SHE is typing)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Chicago has received a wonderful Christmas present this year and Cicero’s Olympic Theatre couldn’t be merrier as it welcomes the incredibly talented Julian Eltinge in the sensational... “Mr. Wix of Wiickham” ...

(“THE SUCCESS THEME” intensifies, drowning out LOUELLA’S words and transitions to “SOLITAIRE” as WILLIAM enters in an even more elaborate costume and continues his song)

SOLITAIRE (Snippet #3)WILLIAM DALTON

WILLIAM DALTON

WHY SHOULD I NOT CRY
 WHEN I CAN FEEL MY HEART’S BEEN BROKEN
 THE GAME OF LIFE WE ONCE DID SHARE
 IS NOW A GAME OF SOLITAIRE

(WILLIAM begins to exit as LOUELLA enters)

LOUELLA PARSONS

(Nervously)

Excuse me Mr. Eltinge. I’m Louella Parsons from the Chicago Record Herald.

WILLIAM DALTON

Hello Miss Louella Parsons from the Chicago Record Herald. You are a woman!

LOUELLA PARSONS

Yes, I am. Thank you for noticing that.

WILLIAM DALTON

You're awfully young to be a reporter, no?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Yes...well, this is my first assignment for the paper.

WILLIAM DALTON

Ah. Well, lucky me. So, what can I do for you?

LOUELLA PARSONS

It would be grand...I mean, do you suppose...? I mean, would you be so kind...?

WILLIAM DALTON

Breathe, dear lady. I won't bite. Just relax and tell Julian what it is you want.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Oh, yes. Thank you. Okay, yes... well...could I get a quote from you?

WILLIAM DALTON

Yes, I'll give you a quote. You can tell your editor that I find it is refreshingly brave and brilliant that he has hired a young lady as a reporter for his newspaper. We have enough crude and vulgar men in the press corps. Tell him I find it refreshingly and uncommonly brilliant. And you can quote me on that!

LOUELLA PARSONS

Oh, thank you Mr. Eltinge. And congratulations on your incredible performance.

(THEY exit. "SUCCESS THEME" music intensifies)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p style="text-align: center;">JULIAN ELTINGE IS "MR. WIX OF WIICKHAM" * THE CRYSTAL THEATRE SEATTLE FEBRUARY 1903</p>

(BARKERS enter)

THEATRE BARKER ONE

Seattle is head over high heels to have this fascinating woman on our stage...

THEATRE BARKER TWO

Seattle's Crystal Theatre proudly presents that mysterious, magical, and magnificent star of the American stage...Julian Eltinge...

THEATRE BARKER ONE

In the theatrical hit of the season! "MR WIX OF WIICKHAM".

(BARKERS exit. "SUCCESS THEME" transitions to "SOLITAIRE" and builds as WILLIAM enters in an even "fancier" costume)

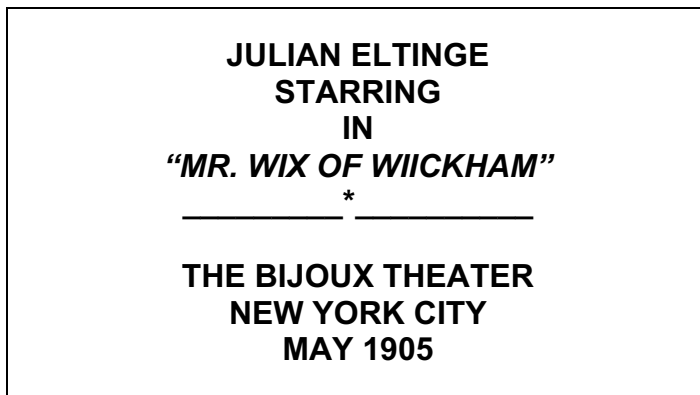
SOLITAIRE (Snippet #4)WILLIAM DALTON

WILLIAM DALTON

BUT HARK, A KNOCK UPON MY DOOR,
AND SHOCK, IT'S YOU DEAR
AND ONCE AGAIN OUR LOVE AFFAIR BEGINS
AND IT GROWS AND IT GROWS, UNTIL ONE OF US GOES...

(WILLIAM exits. "SUCCESS THEME" resumes)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(THEATREGOERS line up in front of the theatre's box office. WILLIAM enters and crosses the stage as THEATREGOERS react to seeing him. LOUELLA PARSONS steps out of the line)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Excuse me Mr. Eltinge. Louella Parsons from the New York Morning Telegraph...

WILLIAM DALTON

Yes, Miss Parsons! Of course!

LOUELLA PARSONS

Of course?

WILLIAM DALTON

Of course, I remember you from Chicago. Does that surprise you?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Yes, it does actually! That was four years ago! Thank you for remembering me!

WILLIAM DALTON

But why are you in line? Does The Telegraph make you buy your own tickets...?

LOUELLA PARSONS

No, no. I need to get a ticket for my mother. She is a huge fan...

WILLIAM DALTON

Ahh. well, please thank her for her support. I hope she likes the show.

LOUELLA PARSONS

I'm sure she will. I loved it when I saw it in Chicago.

WILLIAM DALTON

Yes, and you wrote some lovely words about it. I should warn you; it's changed quite a bit from the Chicago days. There are some great new songs. They were written by a kid... our rehearsal pianist. His name is Jerome. Jerome Kern. You are going to want to remember that name.

(Looking at his wristwatch)

All the best on your new post. It's wonderful to have you in New York. It's where you should be. I must run. I'm due on stage and I have some stuff I gotta do first.

LOUELLA PARSONS

I understand. Thank you. And thanks again for remembering me.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

At long last, the first lady of the national touring stage arrives on our Broadway stage! Julian Eltinge's performance is a triumph of the art of imitation.

(WILLIAM enters dressed in the most extravagant gown yet)

SOLITAIRE (Snippet #5)WILLIAM DALTON

WILLIAM DALTON

BUT HARK, A KNOCK UPON MY DOOR,
AND SHOCK, IT'S YOU DEAR
AND ONCE AGAIN OUR LOVE AFFAIR BEGINS
AND IT GROWS AND IT GROWS UNTIL ONE OF US GOES...

(The actor playing JULIAN ELTINGE enters dressed exactly as the actor playing WILLIAM. JULIAN replaces WILLIAM who exits)

JULIAN ELTINGE

BUT HARK, A KNOCK UPON MY DOOR,
AND SHOCK, IT'S YOU DEAR
AND ONCE AGAIN OUR LOVE AFFAIR BEGINS
AND IT GROWS AND IT GROWS UNTIL ONE OF US GOES...

(JULIAN exits. "SOLITAIRE" transitions to "SUCCESS THEME")

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

**BACKSTAGE AT THE
LIBERTY THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY**

*
—————

**“THE FASCINATING WIDOW”
THE NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN
INTERVIEW
SEPTEMBER 1911**

(Downstage stage-left LOUELLA is interviewing JULIAN)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Mr. Eltinge, it is indeed a delight to have you back on Broadway.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, thank you, but after all these years, I think we can be on a first name basis.

LOUELLA PARSONS

I beg your pardon?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Please, call me Julian.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Very well...Julian.

JULIAN ELTINGE

How long has it been since we first met?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Since Chicago? Nearly a decade. And in that time, you've become quite a star.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Look who is talking! You are the darling of the William Randolph Hearst empire.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Hardly. I'm just one of his many entertainment writers in New York. We're a dime a dozen. But back to you. How exciting. I mean, to have had three plays on the Great White Way...one right after another...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, thank you, kind lady. I am very fortunate...

LOUELLA PARSONS

And what can you tell us about the new show?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, let's see...the show is being produced by E.E. Rice and it is therefore, as you might have guessed, a musical comedy. I play a young man who is compelled to dress as a woman to win the hand of a lovely...

LOUELLA PARSONS

That sounds an awful lot like "Mr. Wixx of Wickham" and "Cousin Lucy" ...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Ha! No... it's quite different. Oh my, look at the time! Forgive me Dear, I gotta run.

LOUELLA PARSONS

I understand. Break legs!

JULIAN ELTINGE

Thank you Darling. I will certainly try to.

("SUCCESS THEME" music intensifies)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

**OPENING NIGHT
THE LIBERTY THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY**

**JULIAN ELTINGE
IN
"THE FASCINATING WIDOW"
OCTOBER 1911**

(JULIAN enters dressed as a society lady. An upright piano moves onto stage-right with a young male pianist)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Hit it, Jerome...

(JEROME KERN begins to play)

MISTER-REE (Snippet #1)JULIAN ELTINGE

JULIAN ELTINGE

THIS LADY'S ALLOWED TO HER SHARE OF SECRETS
THE KIND OF SECRETS SHE'D NEVER SHARE ALOUD,
THIS LADY AVOWED TO HER OWN UNIQUENESS,
A LADY WHO IS OFTEN WOOED AND WOWED

MY MYSTIQUE, AIN'T NO MISTAKE
AT ITS PEAK, IT'LL CAUSE YOU TO SHAKE
YOU'LL SOON SEE, I AM A MYSTERY

(JULIAN exits as "MISTER-REE" swells and transitions to "SUCCESS THEME". THE NEWSBOYS enter)

NEWSBOY ONE

Broadway star, Julian Eltinge wows 'em outta their seats! Outta their minds!

NEWSBOY TWO

He is outta this world! Read all about it!

NEWSBOY THREE

Julian Eltinge glitters in one extraordinary gown after another!

(NEWSBOYS exit as ROBERT BARNETT & LOUELLA enter)

ROBERT BARNETT

A great transition is taking place. Operetta, in the tradition of Gilbert & Sullivan, has fused with vaudeville and burlesque, to give us a new American art form.

LOUELLA PARSONS

A new art form?

ROBERT BARNETT

Yes. It's known as the American Musical Comedy and Julian Eltinge has played a large role in this theatrical transformation that will change the world.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Yes. Julian has conquered burlesque, vaudeville, and Broadway. What's next?

ROBERT BARNETT

He is on his way to conquer Europe!

("EUROPEAN TOUR...PARIS THEME" music begins)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p style="text-align: center;">THE EUROPEAN TOUR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">The Théâtre du Vaudeville PARIS, FRANCE MARCH 1912</p>

("EUROPEAN TOUR" music transitions to "MISTER-REE". JULIAN enters dressed as a Parisian Can-Can dancer)

MISTER-REE (Snippet #2) JULIAN ELTINGE

JULIAN (WITH A FRENCH ACCENT)

I CANNOT SAY ANY MORE
THIS INTRIGUE CREATES THE ALLURE
MYST'RY, QUITE SIMPLY, IS A PART OF ME

(Music transitions to "EUROPEAN TOUR...GERMAN THEME")

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p style="text-align: center;">THE EUROPEAN TOUR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">THE KÖNIGLICHES OPERNHAUS BERLIN, GERMANY APRIL 1912</p>

("THE EUROPEAN TOUR" music transitions to "MISTER-REE". JULIAN enters dressed as a German folk dancer (a Schuhplattler)

MISTER-REE (Snippet #3)JULIAN ELTINGE

JULIAN (WITH A GERMAN ACCENT)

I KNOW MANY, OH YAH PLENTY
 THINGS YOU DO NOT KNOW
 NO SENSE PRESSING, NO SENSE GUESSING
 SECRETS STAY IN THE DOWN LOW
 NO SENSE PRESSING, NO SENSE GUESSING
 SECRETS STAY IN THE DOWN LOW

*(Music transitions to "EUROPEAN TOUR...BRITISH THEME")
 A projection appears on the scrim which reads...*

<p>THE EUROPEAN TOUR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*</p> <hr style="width: 50%; margin: auto;"/> <p>THE ROYAL THEATRE</p> <p>LONDON, ENGLAND</p> <p>SEPTEMBER 1912</p>

(JULIAN enters as a Queen enters singing with a British accent)

MISTER-REE (Snippet #4)JULIAN ELTINGE

JULIAN (WITH A BRITISH ACCENT)

INTRIGUE RAISES THE SCORE
 BETTER YOU NOT KNOW ANYMORE
 WONDERING KEEPS YOU FROM WANDERING

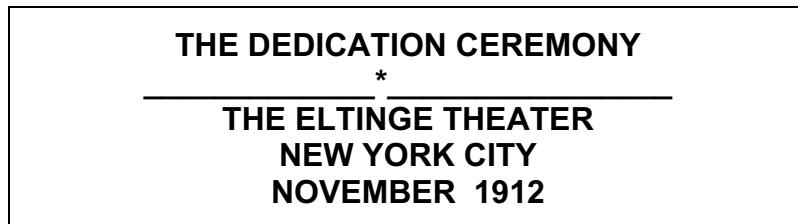
I KNOW MANY, OH YES PLENTY
 THINGS YOU DO NOT KNOW
 NO SENSE PRESSING, NO SENSE GUESSING
 SECRETS STAY IN THE DOWN LOW

I KNOW MANY, OH YES PLENTY
 THINGS YOU DO NOT KNOW
 NO SENSE PRESSING, NO SENSE GUESSING
 SECRETS STAY IN THE DOWN LOW

NO SENSE PRESSING, NO SENSE GUESSING
 SECRETS STAY IN THE DOWN LOW

("SUCCESS THEME" music resumes)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(JULIAN enters and moves to a podium in front of the scrim. "THE SUCCESS THEME" music continues softly as he speaks)

JULIAN ELTINGE

I am so honored that my good friend and longtime producer, Al Woods, has commissioned this beautiful Broadway theatre to honor me. I am also delighted to be back from my European tour in time to attend this dedication.

A LADY IN THE CROWD

Will you be in a play here soon?

A MAN IN THE CROWD

Will you be in the first production perhaps?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Many have asked if I will be performing on this magnificent stage anytime soon. Alas, I will not, as I am off to Hollywood to make my first Hollywood photo play, "The Crinoline Girl". It's a story about conquering a dream. I play a man who is constrained by circumstance to dress as a woman in order to win a woman's love. I think you'll agree...*that's* never been done before.

(HE winks at the audience)

Once I finish the photo play...or "movie" as some people call it, I hope to return to New York to appear on the stage of this beautiful theatre. Thank you all for celebrating this grand day with me! Have a wonderful day!

(A huge applause is heard as "SUCCESS THEME" music swells. E.C. STONE, JENNY and WILL enter)

E.C. STONE

Julian! Julian, over here!

(JULIAN shocked to see E.C., rushes to hug him. SUCCESS THEME softens)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh my God! E.C.? E.C.! I cannot believe this! Oh my God!

(E.C. stops JULIAN giving a side look to JENNY & WILL)

E.C. STONE

William... sorry, I mean Julian...this is my wife... Jenny...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Your what?

E.C. STONE

And my son, Will...

JULIAN ELTINGE

You married...?

E.C. STONE

Yes. Yes, I did...

(JULIAN stares at E.C. in disbelief, but HE greets JENNY)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, how lovely. How do you do...Jenny is it?

JENNY STONE

Yes, Jenny. How do you do? It is so exciting to...

JULIAN ELTINGE

And this little fella is Will?

JENNY STONE

Yes. Say hello, William.

WILL STONE

Hello.

JULIAN ELTINGE

William! That was once my name!

WILL STONE

What happened to it?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well little guy, that is a very long story.

(They all laugh)

JENNY STONE

Well, I'm sure you men have a lot to talk about.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes, I suppose we do.

JENNY STONE

We will leave you to it then. I'm going to take Will to Katz's Deli for a quick lunch and then he's going to take his nap back at the hotel. Isn't that right, Will?

WILL STONE

Yes, Mommy.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, it was a pleasure to have met you both.

JENNY STONE

You too, Mr. Eltinge.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Please...call me Julian.

JENNY STONE

Okay, then. Julian. And congratulations again on your theatre. I must say... I will never forget this day.

JULIAN ELTINGE

(HE gives a side eye to E.C.)

Nor will I. All the best.

(JENNY & WILL exit)

JULIAN ELTINGE

So...

E.C. STONE

William...I'm sorry about that. I now realize just how wrong I was to have...

JULIAN ELTINGE

How wrong you were to have forgotten your promise to me?

E.C. STONE

No, I mean...

JULIAN ELTINGE

What we promised each other?

E.C. STONE

William please...

JULIAN ELTINGE

How wrong you were to have forgotten what we meant to each other?

E.C. STONE

William... I...

JULIAN ELTINGE

The name is Julian.

E.C. STONE

Julian...that was more than a decade ago...

JULIAN ELTINGE

I didn't realize we had put a deadline on our commitments to each other. And then you just show up here with your wifey and son? No warning... no letter...no nothing? In fact, I never heard a word from you in all the time I was gone...

E.C. STONE

I would have gladly written to you, but I had no idea where you were on any given day of the past decade. You knew where I was. You knew how to reach me. And yet, I never heard a word.

JULIAN ELTINGE

At the train station that day, you asked me not to write. You were concerned that your daddy, the mayor would find out. And what's worse...what if the town found out about their football hero? So, I didn't write. But certainly, you could have written to me through the production company. They knew where I was...

E.C. STONE

I also didn't think it was the kind of news you should find out about in the mail.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And it's not like this happened yesterday. The boys look to be at least eight...

E.C. STONE

He's just turned nine. We've come to New York to celebrate his birthday.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Ahh...so I just happen to be a happy coincidence...

E.C. STONE

William... Julian... let me try to explain.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Please do. I'm keen to know how the man I used to do chorus girl numbers with...and a whole lot more... suddenly became a devoted husband and father...

E.C. STONE

I became a dad first...and then a husband. Or at least, we had conceived the boy before the engagement ring was even an idea. But don't get me wrong...as sorry as I am for upsetting you like this...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Upsetting???

E.C. STONE

Upsetting you... surprising you...betraying you. Let me just get through this....

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes...all those would seem to apply.

E.C. STONE

I realize all of that... but I had no other choice.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Of course, you did!

E.C. STONE

No, try to understand...you were gone, but I was still there...in Butte, Montana. I was the town's former football star...a deacon in my church...the scout master. I had to play that part. But please know... as much as I would have loved to have kept my promise to you from that day at the train station... I don't regret where I am now. I love Jenny and I love Will. I love them very much. And I love my life.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Okay. I do understand. I hate it...but I do understand...and I am happy for you.

E.C. STONE

Thank you, Willie. Thank you so much. I'd better get going. Jenny will be wondering where I am.

JULIAN ELTINGE

You think she'll become suspicious???

(After a beat)

Aw, I'm just teasing you, my skippy little twidget!

E.C. STONE

Aw...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Before you go E.C., I do want to ask you...

E.C. STONE

Yes, what is it?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well... I was just wondering...in your new life as a married man, a father, a scout leader...is there ever a moment where you think about us? Do you ever find yourself looking back on that day at the train station?

E.C. STONE

Yes. I think about it all the time. I think about that day...that day we said goodbye.

#24 THE DAY WE SAID GOODBYEE.C. & JULIAN**E.C. STONE**

I REMEMBER HOW YOU LOOKED AT SUNRISE
TIMID, SCARED AND SHY
I REMEMBER HOW I HELD YOU CLOSELY
SO, I COULDN'T SEE YOU CRY

JULIAN ELTINGE

I REMEMBER ALL THE WORDS UNSPOKEN
THOUGHTS I LET PASS BY
I REMEMBER HOW MY HEART WAS BROKEN
THE DAY WE SAID GOODBYE

BOTH

THOUGH THAT DAY WAS LONG AGO,
MAY'S NOW DECEMBER,
DO YOU SOMETIMES THINK ABOUT IT?
DO YOU STILL REMEMBER?

JULIAN ELTINGE

I REMEMBER HOW YOU EASED MY SORROW
YOU WERE BRAVE AND STRONG
I REMEMBER HOW YOU SAID TOMORROW
WOULD COME BEFORE TOO LONG

E.C. STONE

THROUGH THE YEARS MOST MEM'RIES FADE
THE SPARK LEAVES THE EMBER
BUT THAT DAY, IT STAYS WITHIN ME

JULIAN ELTINGE
YES, I TOO REMEMBER

BOTH
I REMEMBER HOW THE CLOUDS ABOVE ME
SEEMED TO LEAVE THE SKY
ON THAT DAY YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU LOVED ME
THE DAY WE SAID GOODBYE.

JULIAN ELTINGE
Okay E.C., thanks for being honest with me. I know it couldn't have been easy...

E.C. STONE
Julian, none of this has been easy...

BOTH
I REMEMBER HOW THE CLOUDS ABOVE ME
SEEMED TO LEAVE THE SKY,
ON THAT DAY YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU LOVED ME,
THE DAY WE SAID GOODBYE.

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT TWO
Scene 2

ACT TWO
Scene 3

SETTING: **HOLLYWOOD:** THE FILM SET OF “THE FASCINATING WIDOW”. A door, a Victorian fainting couch, and a movie camera are downstage left on an otherwise bare stage.

AT RISE: *“SILENT MOVIE MUSIC” is played on a piano as JULIAN and LANKTON DRAKE, finish shooting a scene.*

TIME: August 1921 at 1 PM

#25 SILENT MOVIE MUSIC.....THE ORCHESTRA

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



*(As the scrim rises JULIAN (as the widow), silently orders her leading man, **LANKTON** to leave by pointing to the door frame. LANKTON exits begrudgingly. JULIAN then falls into a femme fatale faint onto the settee as the music intensifies. The director, **SYDNEY SCOTT** claps his hands to indicate “cut” and his assistant, **GUS EAST** claps the clapperboard)*

SCOTT SYDNEY

And cut!

GUS EAST

Cut. End scene.

SCOTT SYDNEY

That’s a take.

GUS EAST

That’s a take. Roll five, scene two, take four.

SCOTT SYDNEY

Okay gang let’s take thirty for lunch.

GUS EAST

Take thirty.

SCOTT SYDNEY

Thank you, Gus, but I believe they can hear me!

GUS EAST

Oh right. Sorry Boss.

SCOTT SYDNEY

Lankton, I'll see you back here at half past for the poker scene.

LANKTON DRAKE

You got it, Scott.

(LANKTON and GUS exit)

SCOTT SYDNEY

Nice work today, Julian. Much better on the collapse there at the end.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh, thank you Scott. I've been working on it.

(SCOTT exits as a dressing room flat rolls in. JULIAN sits at his makeup table and begins to remove his makeup. GUS re-enters)

GUS EAST

Mr. Eltinge, you've got a visitor.

JULIAN ELTINGE

A visitor!?! Who on Earth...?

GUS EAST

Miss Parsons, that busybody from the Herald. She says she has an appointment.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Louella? Oh, hell! Yes, I totally forgot.

GUS EAST

You want I should send her away?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Good God no!!! You can send her back... but tell her I've only got a few minutes...and then interrupt us after about five...or maybe seven minutes...

GUS EAST

You got it.

(GUS exits. JULIAN snips the end off of a cigar and lights it. LOUELLA enters)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Louella! Darling.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Hello Julian! You did remember I was coming?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Of course! I've been sitting here all morning just waiting to see that cunning little smile walk through that door. Cigar?

LOUELLA PARSONS

(Waving off the cigar smoke)

Christ no! Ugh, that smell! It's disgusting! Must you?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes Sweetheart... I must.

(JULIAN rises and hugs LOUELLA as HE takes a drag on the cigar. SHE takes his cigar and puts it out in his water glass.)

Oh my. Okay then. Well, Louella, I must say, you do look divine! Radiant really...

LOUELLA PARSONS

That's nice to hear. It was touch and go there...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes, I heard you were ill. I was very worried about you. Was it the flu?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Tuberculosis. It was terrifying. I was told I only had six months to live. So, I spent a year in Palm Springs for the dry climate. I told myself I was not going to allow myself to succumb to that nasty disease and now I am apparently in remission.

JULIAN ELTINGE

You are one tough cookie, Louella, but then I guess you'd have to be to have survived Mr. Hearst all these years.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Mr. Hearst has been a Godsend. When I knew I wanted to come West, he immediately offered me my own column at The Herald Examiner...a column that has changed my life.

JULIAN ELTINGE

"Louella's Hollywood". I read it every day! It's quite...what? Informative?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Well, I try...

JULIAN ELTINGE

And sometimes rather shocking? Well, that may be too strong a word. How do you describe this dishing that you do?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Dishing?

JULIAN ELTINGE

This tattling of Hollywood's celebrity secrets to the great unwashed?

LOUELLA PARSONS

It's called gossip. I write a gossip column.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And how is this gossip column categorized at the paper? I mean is it considered news or opinion or entertainment?

LOUELLA PARSONS

It's considered a huge money-maker. So much so that Mr. Hearst has taken "Louella's Hollywood" global. Syndicated it. It is now appearing in over 700 newspapers the world over, with a readership of more than twenty million.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Jeez Louise... or rather, Jeez Louella! That is incredible! You know, when first I met you in Chicago, you were a shy little girl...but that has been a few years I suppose.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Twenty to be exact.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And today you are one of Movieland's most powerful voices with your own daily dispersal of gossip.

LOUELLA PARSONS

You had a lot to do with that.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Nonsense.

LOUELLA PARSONS

You gave me confidence when others were casting doubts. You convinced me to forge ahead in a man's world... to conquer the newspaper world.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, thank you, but I think you are giving me far too much credit.

LOUELLA PARSONS

You always made me feel special.

JULIAN ELTINGE

I recognized your specialness from the moment I met you and today, I am damned proud of you. You have made quite a success of your specialness.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Look who's talking! In fact, I want to get you talking and I want to get to taking notes. That is what I'm here for after all. Are you ready?

JULIAN ELTINGE

By all means...fire away. But I'd better choose my words carefully for your twenty million readers looking for gossip.

LOUELLA PARSONS

So, in the two decades that I've known you, you've vanquished vaudeville, bested burlesque, ruled The Great White Way, ruled Europe, and had a Broadway theatre named after you. Then, after all that, you came to Hollywood to conquer your next...conquest. How many pictures have you made so far?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Let's see, in 1914 and 15, I did "The Crinoline Girl" and "Cousin Lucy". I had a couple of cameos in '16, while I was still performing in live theatres here and there. My biggest screen success came in '17 with "The Countess Charming".

LOUELLA PARSONS

I've seen and adored them all! And you just finished one with Rudy Valentino and that lovely girl, Virginia Rappe.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh yes. That was fun. In fact, it's all been fun.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Fun and lucrative. I understand you are one of the highest paid actors in show business. The talk on the street is that you are making \$3,500 a week.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, I'm not sure it's that much...

LOUELLA PARSONS

Oh please... your home is one of the most lavish mansions in Southern California. What is it you call it...?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Villa Capistrano.

LOUELLA PARSONS

No... no...no, the other name you have for it...

JULIAN ELTINGE

The pink castle on Silver Lake.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Yes, that's it! And speaking of pink castles suitable for queens...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes? I mean, were we?

LOUELLA PARSONS

Well...I mean...over the years you have perfected the art of being female. You have launched a successful beauty magazine which instructs your readers on how to apply their makeup to create the looks that you have created for yourself.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes, I even have a cold cream...

LOUELLA PARSONS

Yes, I know! I use it! I read the magazine! But here's what I am getting at...through it all...and through all the years that we have been friends... you have always walked a tightrope when it came to questions about your sexuality.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well, my darling Miss Parsons, as the song says, mystery is a part of me.

LOUELLA PARSONS

But there has been so much speculation...backstage murmuring...whispering in the hallways. Perhaps it's time for some clarification for your fans...

JULIAN ELTINGE

I know where you are going here, and while I'm not clarifying anything today, I think we both must remember, a homosexual lifestyle is still highly illegal...

LOUELLA PARSONS

You've never married ...

JULIAN ELTINGE

I am a confirmed bachelor.

LOUELLA PARSONS

You've never had a serious girlfriend...

JULIAN ELTINGE

I've been incredibly busy...

LOUELLA PARSONS

You make a living dressed as a woman and you live with your mother!

JULIAN ELTINGE

Mother went through hell with my alcoholic "da". She deserves a little pampering. And so what? I like pearls. Look old friend...please don't print any of this and please don't pursue this line of questioning! You, with your twenty million readers, could destroy me.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Nonsense. How could I destroy you?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Louella, I have spent much of the last two decades driving my own self-preservation through self-promotion. I have planted countless newspaper stories, given endless interviews, and created hundreds of photo ops all aimed at counteracting speculations about my sexual inclinations. I smoke these damned cigars because it makes me look more masculine. I have even staged boxing matches to prove my manhood...

LOUELLA PARSONS

And at the same time, you promote your own lines of cosmetics and corsets!

JULIAN ELTINGE

As I have said...mystery is a part of me.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Enough cat and mouse... let's have it.

JULIAN ELTINGE

I think you should go now.

LOUELLA PARSONS

I've come to get story and I intend to get it.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And what story is that?

LOUELLA PARSONS

I'm a gossip columnist for Christ's sake and I've come for the gossip.

JULIAN ELTINGE

It seems to me that you've come only to collect the trash. Sorry darling, I'm not interested in participating.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Have it your way, but do understand, I didn't get to twenty million readers by being America's Sweetheart. I've got informants in every studio corridor in this town. I've got stoolpigeons in every hairdressing salon... moles in every pool hall, and snoops in every steam bath. I've got dozens of snitches on my staff, and I've got six telephones in my office to take their calls. I don't miss a trick. I will get the story.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Goodbye Louella.

(LOUELLA exits in a huff. LANKTON enters)

LANKTON DRAKE

Julian, baby, are you okay?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Did you hear any of that?

(LANKTON hugs and kisses JULIAN)

LANKTON DRAKE

Aw, I heard all of it, sweetie. She's a monster.

JULIAN ELTINGE

She could destroy me.

LANKTON DRAKE

No, it's going to be all right.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And exactly how do you come to that conclusion?

LANKTON DRAKE

Julian, you are the highest paid entertainer in the world. Last year you made more than Chaplin! More than Pickford! More than Douglas Fairbanks! Haven't you earned the right to live the life you want to live? You are always giving advice to others to be who they are...and to be proud of who they are...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Women! Under-valued women hiding who they are! Afraid they aren't good enough.

LANKTON DRAKE

Afraid they won't be accepted? Listen to yourself! Who cares what that two-bit ink-slinger has to say?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Her twenty million readers?

LANKTON DRAKE

You are Julian Eltinge, for God's sake. It's time for Julian Eltinge to take a stand.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And I want to remain Julian Eltinge. There will be no stand taking.

LANKTON DRAKE

Okay, but we are coming up on the holiday weekend...

JULIAN ELTINGE

So what? Louellas don't disappear because it's Labor Day.

LANKTON DRAKE

All the "Louellas" will be at the beach tanning their flabby thighs. Come on. I want to take you on a tour of Pansy Town. We've got the whole weekend to do what those who are... "light in the loafers" call "The Run". We'll start tonight. Maxwell's, Johnny D's, Numbers... we'll hit them all.

JULIAN ELTINGE

And what if people see us...

LANKTON DRAKE

Oh, people will see us, and we'll see people. Scores of handsome young men in skimpy swim trunks and oodles of hot chippies in cheesy, scanty togs. We'll see coalitions of politicians, and constellations of movie stars...like Jean Harlow, Theda Bara, and your boy Rudy Valentino, with both of his former bull-dagger wives...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Geez, Lankton...I don't know.

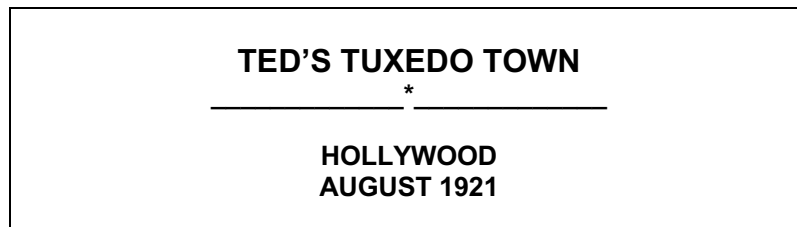
LANKTON DRAKE

Just give me three nights...

#26 ON THE RUN.....LANKTON DRAKE

(Throughout this scene, the entire chorus is dressed as men...dark suits or tuxedos. Their hair is slicked back and under bolero or fedora hats)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(As LANKTON sings, the dancers dance behind the scrim. TED'S TUXEDO TOWN is the most conservative club. The clientele are primarily closeted homosexual businessmen. One would never know it was a gay club, except there are no women. The dance behind the scrim can be something quite traditional...like a minuet)

#26 ON THE RUN.....LANKTON DRAKE**LANKTON DRAKE**

FIRST, WE'LL VISIT TED'S TUXEDO TOWN
BUTTONED UP AND BUTTONED DOWN
THERE THEY CATER TO THOSE MODEST MEN
THEY'RE RARELY OUT, JUST NOW AND THEN

(DANCERS stop as JULIAN enters from stage-right and addresses the audience)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Okay, Ted's Tuxedo Town was interesting...and I'm happy we tried it...but I don't think the experience was worth risking sacrificing my entire career!

(JULIAN exits stage-right as LOUELLA enters stage-left to address the audience)

LOUELLA PARSONS

It's been just a year since Hollywood faced its first scandal... the tragic death of Olive Thomas...the twenty-five-year-old eye-fluttering flapper of the day. We now know the sweet star's suicide was a desperate cry for help after she failed to score dope for her junkie, syphilis-ridden husband! And though shocking at the time, it now seems it was just a Hollywood preview of scandals yet to come!

(Lights dim on LOUELLA who exits stage-left. As LANKTON continues, photos of the clubs he is discussing appear on the scrim. A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(Once again, as LANKTON sings, the dancers behind the scrim dance. The Paris Club is bit wilder. The men are laughing and occasionally hugging...and the dance can be a bit hotter too...maybe a sensuous waltz?)

LANKTON DRAKE

NEXT, WE'LL MOVE ONTO THE PARIS CLUB
THE JAZZER'S AND THE JOCKER'S PUB
ON THE DANCE FLOOR YOU CAN FEEL THE BEAT
WATCH THESE MEN RAISE THE HEAT

(DANCERS stop as JULIAN enters from stage-right)

JULIAN ELTINGE

The Paris Club was fun... okay, it was even exhilarating...but again...I'm still apprehensive about this whole experiment...

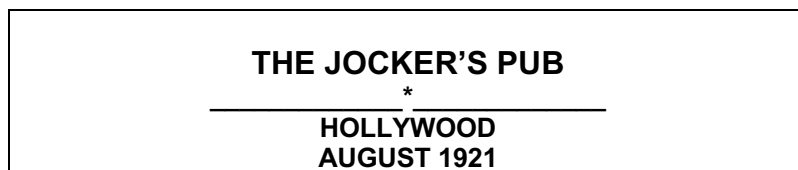
(JULIAN exits stage-right as LOUELLA enters stage-left)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Hail, hail, the gangs all here... or rather there. And by there, I mean "The Run" ... that strip along Sunset that caters to those Mollywood freaks following an unnatural, nefarious, and pernicious lifestyle. Yes! I'm talking about the homosexuals. There! I've said it!

(Lights dim on LOUELLA who exits stage-left. As LANKTON continues, photos of the clubs he is discussing appear on the scrim.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(Once again, as LANKTON sings, the dancers behind the scrim dance. The Jocker's Pub is wilder yet. A couple of men are making out at one end. The dancing is even sexier... maybe a tango?)

LANKTON DRAKE

AND WITH EACH STOP YOU'LL SOON REALIZE
AS YOU LOOK INTO EACH STRANGER'S EYES
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR OR TO HIDE
YOU'VE GOT FRIENDS AT YOUR SIDE

(DANCERS stop as JULIAN enters from stage-right)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Oh my God! I can't believe I have never been to The Jocker's! This was a night I will never forget! And those men! I must admit...I could really get into this.

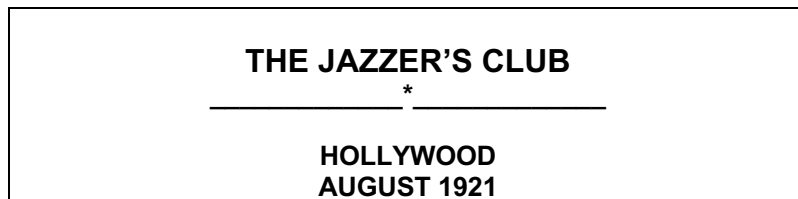
(JULIAN exits stage-right as LOUELLA enters stage-left)

LOUELLA PARSONS

It turns out, it's not just the nances, the margies and the pansies that have been frequenting these dens of salacious sin. Spotted this week at the prurient Paris Club were none other than Rudolph Valentino, Cary Grant, and Gloria Swanson! Julian Eltinge was also there...but that somehow seemed less surprising.

(Lights dim on LOUELLA who exits stage-left. As LANKTON continues, photos of the clubs he is discussing appear on the scrim.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(Once again, as LANKTON sings, the dancers behind the scrim dance. The Jazzer's Pub is the hottest. Most of the couples are in passionate hugs and a few are in threesomes. The dance is wildly sexy. Maybe a CHA CHA)

LANKTON DRAKE

AND WITH EACH STOP YOU'LL SOON REALIZE
AS YOU LOOK INTO EACH STRANGER'S EYES
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR OR TO HIDE
YOU'VE GOT FRIENDS AT YOUR SIDE

(DANCERS stop as JULIAN enters from stage-right)

JULIAN ELTINGE

Okay, that's it! Without a doubt, the best night of my life!

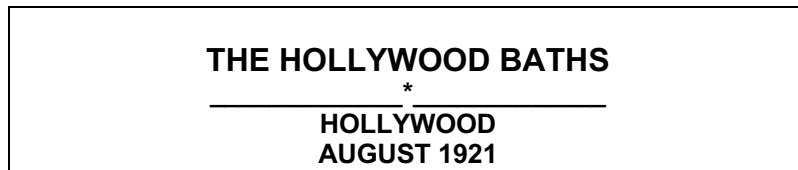
(JULIAN freezes as LOUELLA enters stage-left)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Movie legend-wanna-be, Joan Crawford, has long been plagued by rumors that she once danced naked in arcade peep shows during her early, more desperate days. Last night, Saint Joan revived her salacious table-top performance at the Moroccan styled Coconut Grove. It seems Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks, along with Louis B. Mayer, Howard Hughes, and Julian Eltinge were among the morally corrupt who observed the pathetic display as the vodka freely flowed.

(Lights dim on LOUELLA who freezes. As LANKTON continues, THE DANCERS continue to dance behind the scrim)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(The HOLLYWOOD BATHS is by far the hottest so far. Maybe it's all in one group moving in a sexual huddle.)

LANKTON DRAKE

NEXT, WE'LL HIT THE WILD TILED BATHS
QUEENS AND PUNKS, PSYCHOPATHS
IT'S LIKE A PRETTY PANSY SMORGASBORD
THERE'S NO ROOM, NO ROOM FOR BORED

JULIAN ELTINGE

I cannot believe such a place of awe and wonder is even allowed to exist. I'd often fantasized about a threesome...but I never imagined a baker's dozen! My heart is still pounding and I feel truly alive for the first time in ages!

(The lights dim on JULIAN and rise on LOUELLA)

LOUELLA PARSONS

The Turkish Steam Baths are another venue frequented by the panty-waisted pansy pack. Back in 1906, when the Palace Turkish Bath House first opened, it offered massages and steam baths to normal, ordinary men looking for a respite after a hard day's work. Today, these clandestine hovels of depravity offer a fully different menu for letting off steam!

(LOUELLA freezes)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(At the TIKI TORCH all of the dancers face the upstage wall and only LOUELLA and JULIAN tango as LANKTON sings)

LANKTON DRAKE

NEXT, WE'LL MINGLE AT THE TIKI TORCH,
BALI BAY, PADDY'S PORCH
WHILE WE'RE SINGLE, WE SHOULD SPREAD OUR WINGS
PULL SOME STRINGS WITH QUEENS AND KINGS

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yeeeeesssssssss!

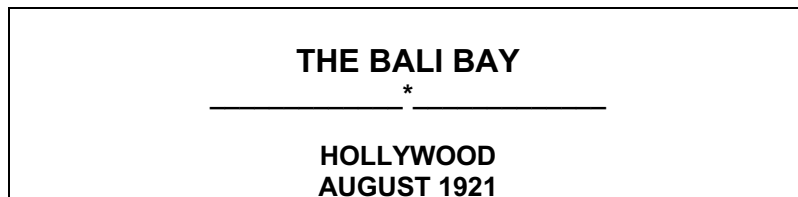
(JULIAN exits as the lights at center dim and rise on LOUELLA. As she speaks THE DANCERS behind the scrim continue their dance)

LOUELLA PARSONS

What's going on in Movieland? It seems like Clara Bow, Tinsel Town's "It Girl", has become one of the town's most talked-about residents. But the chat is not about her acting. That's been overshadowed by the multiple, scandalous trysts ...

(The music rises drowning out LOUELLA'S words. Lights dim on LOUELLA, who freezes, and rise on LANKTON)

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



LANKTON DRAKE

WITH THE PANSY CRAZE HOT AS A PITCH
 WE HAVE TO NOW SET OURSELVES FREE
 NO MORE HIDING IN FEAR, BEWITCHED
 YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME

(A major dance break as the scrim rises and THE DANCERS in the bar give it their all)

COME ON FOLLOW ME TO FAIRY TOWN
 ALWAYS UP, NEVER DOWN
 YOU ARE GONNA LOVE THIS TOUR
 COME WITH ME, MON AMOUR.

YOU ARE GONNA LOVE THIS TOUR
 COME WITH ME, MON AMOUR.

WE'LL CONTINUE ON THIS WILD RUN
 IN OUR QUEST FOR LUSTY FUN
 WITH OUR ATTITUDE OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE
 COME WHAT MAY, WE DON'T CARE

AND ON THIS ROUTE COMPRISED OF FAIRY QUEENS
 FLAPPER GIRLS, TEMPTING TEENS,
 YOU'LL DISCOVER WHO YOU REALLY ARE

(Music stops. The lights behind the scrim become bright white and reveal the empty stage. THE DANCERS turn to face the audience with expressionless faces. They stare out frozen. Lights up on LOUELLA, who now uses her most dramatic and severe voice)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Tragedy struck on Labor Day, 1921 at the conclusion of a three-day bacchanalia in suite 1219 of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Party host, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, was arrested on manslaughter charges after apparently raping and murdering the disreputable starlet, Virginia Rappe. You may recognize her name from the recent Valentino/Julian Eltinge film, "The Isle of Love." Neither Valentino, nor Eltinge could be reached for comment.

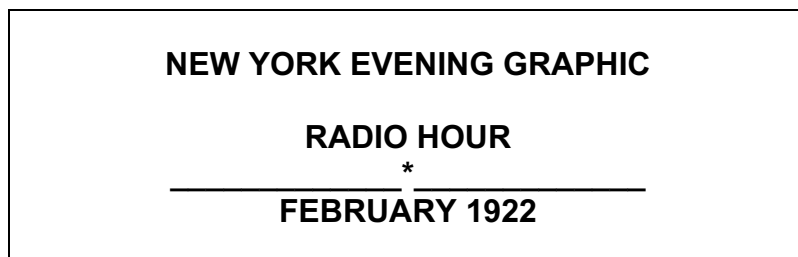
(Lights shift. THE DANCERS and LOUELLA exit. The scrim rises. JULIAN enters and crosses the bare stage to a microphone downstage center)

#27 DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFEJULIAN ELTINGE**JULIAN ELTINGE**

THE WORLD ONCE TURNED AT A MARVELOUS PACE,
 A PLANET OF WISHES AND DREAMS.
 BUT AS EACH YEAR MOVES ON, DREAMS GET REPLACED,
 AND NOTHING IS QUITE AS IT SEEMS.

DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, NO MORE MY FIXATION.
 DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, I'M THROUGH WITH FRUSTRATION.
 I HAD MY DREAMS TO SEE ME THROUGH,
 BUT NOW THEY'RE GONE, MY WISHES TOO,
 WHAT ONCE SEEMED POSSIBLE AND REAL,
 TURNED OUT TO BE A MISDEAL.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(WALTER WINCELL enters sitting at a table with a microphone)

WALTER WINCHELL

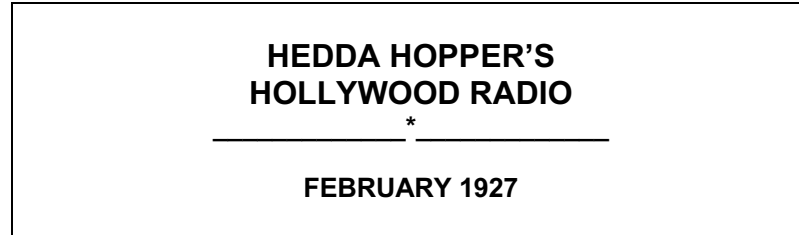
Good evening, Mr., and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea! Walter Winchell here from The New York Evening Graphic. Let's go to press! So, Hollywood has gone haywire! After producing many risqué films thereby shocking the world, Hollywood is doing it again with a series of off-screen scandals involving real Hollywood stars. The murder of apparently bisexual William Desmond Taylor has once again brought wide condemnation from religious, civic, and political organizations. Many who thought the movie industry has always been morally questionable are now totally convinced.

(WALTER WINCHELL'S platform rolls off as JULIAN continues)

JULIAN ELTINGE

DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, I'M DONE WITH PRETENDING.
 THE CONFUSION AND STRIFE, AND SPIRITS DESCENDING.
 WHAT ONCE MADE LIFE ENDURABLE,
 HAS CAUSED A PAIN, INCURABLE.
 DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, IT'S NOT FOR ME.

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...



(HEDDA HOPPER enters sitting at a table with a microphone)

HEDDA HOPPER

Hedda Hopper here. So, with political pressures increasing, and with 37 states introducing almost one hundred movie censorship bills, the studios, faced with the prospect of having to comply with hundreds of inconsistent decency laws, have committed themselves *to self-regulation*.

(HEDDA HOPPER'S platform rolls off as JULIAN continues)

JULIAN ELTINGE

DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, AND ALL IT'S DISPARING.
ALL DELUSIONS OF LIFE, CAUSE PAINFUL IMPAIRING.
WHAT ONCE WAS FUN, HAS COME TO BE,
A SAD AND DISMAL, TRAGEDY,
DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, IT'S DONE FOR ME.

(LANKTON enters with a piece of paper and moves to JULIAN)

LANKTON DRAKE

You send me a note?!?

JULIAN ELTINGE

I'm sorry. I just couldn't imagine telling you face to face.

LANKTON DRAKE

What does this even mean? It's over? What the hell does that even mean?

JULIAN ELTINGE

The studio ended my contract today. I'm done.

LANKTON DRAKE

What!?! They can't do that!

JULIAN ELTINGE

And yet they did.

LANKTON DRAKE

We'll sue the hell out of them!

JULIAN ELTINGE

They have no choice. The new code...the new decency regulations...men are no longer allowed to be seen in women's clothing. It's out of their control.

LANKTON DRAKE

(Glancing at the note)

But what's this about Villa Capistrano? How is that possible?

JULIAN ELTINGE

I've lost that too. It's been repossessed. That was going to happen either way. We just got carried away. The trips. The gambling. The wardrobes. I'm broke. I'm sorry.

LANKTON DRAKE

So now what?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Mae & Fanny have suggested I go back to New York.

LANKTON DRAKE

New York!?! Why would you ever...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Mae's in a new show and Fanny just finished a stint with The Follies. They are both getting plenty of work and I ...

LANKTON DRAKE

And they are Mae West and Fanny Brice. And you are not!

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yes. Okay. Maybe I'm not... either one of them. Thank you for reminding me... but nonetheless, they think they can help me get re-established there.

LANKTON DRAKE

And what about me?

JULIAN ELTINGE

I was hoping you would come along. Will you?

LANKTON DRAKE

No, Julian. I won't be coming along. And as horrible as this whole situation is for you, it is probably best for me. I should have told you before, but Frankie and I...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Frankie, the chorus boy?

LANKTON DRAKE

Yes. And although neither of us can afford the lifestyle you and I had...we do love each other.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Wait! You love the chorus boy!?!

LANKTON DRAKE

I have been wanting to tell you for some time...but there just wasn't...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Get out! Get out now!

(LANKTON exits)

DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE (Tag).....JULIAN ELTINGE

JULIAN ELTINGE

DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, IT'S TIME FOR AN ENDING
DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE, NO SENSE IN EXTENDING.
MY DREAMS ARE SHOT, THEIR OUT OF VIEW
NO SENSE IN HOPING THEY'LL STILL COME TRUE
DISILLUSIONED WITH LIFE

(Spoken)

I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

(BLACKOUT)

END OF ACT TWO

Scene 3

ACT TWO
Scene 4

SETTING: **BROADWAY: MAE WEST'S DRESSING ROOM AT THE ROYALE THEATRE.** A makeup table, racks of costumes and 4 chairs fill the crowded dressing room.

AT RISE: *The dressing room set platform stage rolls on. MAE WEST sits at her makeup mirror. MAE WEST'S MAKEUP ARTIST applies her makeup as MAE'S ASSISTANT hangs & organizes costumes, etc.*

TIME: October 1929

A projection appears on the scrim which reads...

<p>BACKSTAGE THE ROYALE THEATRE</p> <hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p style="font-size: small;">*</p> <hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> <p>NEW YORK CITY OCTOBER 1929</p>
--

(There is a knock at the door)

MAE WEST

Whoever that is...send them away.

(JULIAN enters)

Julian, darling!

JULIAN ELTINGE

Hello Mae.

MAE WEST

(To her makeup artist and assistant)

Thanks dolls, I can take it from here.

(MAE'S MAKEUP ARTIST & ASSISTANT exit)

MAE WEST

Julian, you look... dreadful!

JULIAN ELTINGE

Ha! I'm not surprised. I am dreadful.

MAE WEST

Well, with the crash...and all that's gone on in this crazy world, I guess we all are.

JULIAN ELTINGE

You seem to be all right. I mean, "Diamond Lil" is a huge success.

MAE WEST

So, what's up Julian? I don't mean to give you the bum's rush, but I need to get out of here. I'm having dinner with Fanny and Billy Rose...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Ha! It's funny you should mention them.

MAE WEST

Why's that?

JULIAN ELTINGE

It was the three of you who convinced me to come back to New York.

MAE WEST

I don't understand...

JULIAN ELTINGE

It was the three of you that promised to help me re-establish myself...

MAE WEST

We didn't promise... we just said we'd try...

JULIAN ELTINGE

That was nearly eight years ago, and nothing has happened.

MAE WEST

So sweetheart, you are blaming us for where you are today?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Well I...

MAE WEST

Julian...wake up! You are not going to like what I'm about to say...but face it...you are a one-note performer...

JULIAN ELTINGE

Mae!

MAE WEST

Don't get me wrong...I once loved that one note. I even copied it myself. You know I did. I was one of your greatest fans. But when the world came down on that kind of entertainment...you needed to find another note...and you didn't.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Mae, I've tried... and now I am at the end of my rope. I'm dead broke...and I don't know where to turn.

MAE WEST

Oh baby, I'm so sorry. Tell you what...let me see if Billy will give you a spot in his lineup at the club.

JULIAN ELTINGE

What! The Diamond Horseshoe? That embarrassment in the bowels of The Paramount!?!

MAE WEST

Are you kidding me? The Diamond Horseshoe is one of the most prestigious nightclubs in Manhattan...and it is gorgeous. Absolutely magnificent.

JULIAN ELTINGE

For some I suppose...but let's not forget...I once played for English Royalty. I once played to sold out crowds in the greatest theatres in the world.

MAE WEST

Julian! Look in the mirror Pal! Those days are over! You'd be damn lucky if he took you.

(JULIAN does look in the mirror and seems to realize how ridiculous and ungrateful HE was being)

JULIAN ELTINGE

No, you're right. I'm sorry. Yes, please ask him...

MAE WEST

I will...but don't get your hopes up.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Okay, thanks Mae.

MAE WEST

Okay. Sorry Kiddo, I gotta go. Can you let yourself out?

JULIAN ELTINGE

Yeah, sure.

MAE WEST

And Julian... I am sorry for what's going on with you. I truly am. And in these tough times, I want you to always remember all the happiness you brought to millions of people around the world. Remember the lives you've touched...the lives you improved...mine included. You must never forget the impact you have had on so many people...and especially on women. Especially on women.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Thank you, Mae.

(MAE WEST exits as her dressing room platform moves off-stage left. Julian's Diamond Horseshoe dressing room moves on from offstage right. TYLER MCCOMBE stands frozen, exactly as HE was at the end of Act one, Scene 1. JULIAN crosses and takes his seat at his makeup mirror. JULIAN looks at TYLER. TYLER exits)

#28 FINALE..... JULIAN ELTINGE & COMPANY**JULIAN ELTINGE**

I'M FINISHED.

FEELING FULLY DIMINISHED.

WHO'D'VE THOUGHT THIS LEGENDARY STAR
OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN,
WOULD HEADLINE NIGHTLY
IN THIS GRIM LATRINE?

DESCENDING...

NO POINT IN PRETENDING.

THE DOOM IS IMPENDING...

(A ghost-like group of people from his past, enters from an upstage fog. These include WILLIE, WILLIAM, BOBBY MULLIGAN, E.C., ROBERT BARNETT, LANKTON DRAKE, LILLA WYMAN, JULIA DALTON, MARIE LLOYD, LOUELLA PARSONS, and TRIXIE & DIXIE. THE FULL COMPANY is now onstage. THEY stand behind JULIAN and sing straight out to the audience expressionless)

'TWAS YOU REPRISE.....THE COMPANY**OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES**

WHAT'S MADE MY DARK SKIES ALL SUNNY AND BRIGHT?

BOBBY MULLIGAN

And that mysterious, magical and ... and magnificent...

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

WHAT'S MADE ME SURMISE THAT EVERYTHING'S RIGHT?

LILLA WYMAN

Oh, Willie, I believe you have it in ya to have a great future on the stage...

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

IT'S NO DISGUISE, IT'S NO SURPRISE,

CORMACK & CONALL

He's brilliant! He's smashing.

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

IT'S TRUE THROUGH AND THROUGH...

JULIA DALTON

No, Willie! You don't change for no one. You hear me boy?

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

'T WAS YOU...

E.C. STONE

I love you my skippy little twidget.

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

'T WAS YOU...

LOUELLA PARSONS

You gave me confidence when others were casting doubts.

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

'T WAS YOU...

LANKTON DRAKE

You are Julian Eltinge for Christ's sake!

OFF-STAGE CHORUS VOICES

'T WAS YOU...

(THE COMPANY backs up into the upstage fog)

PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE.....JULIAN ELTINGE

JULIAN ELTINGE

I WATCH THE PEOPLE AS THEY'RE WATCHING ME
 THEY SNEER, THEY SNICKER, THEY STARE
 SOME SIMPLY SHOW ME SYMPATHY
 WHILE SOME SIMPLY JUST DON'T CARE

PEOPLE THINK THEY KNOW ME AT A GLANCE
 THINK I'VE EARNED THE LIFE THAT'S COME TO BE
 PEOPLE NEVER KNOW ME, NOT A CHANCE
 'CAUSE PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE
 WHAT THEY SEE

I WATCH THE PEOPLE AS THEY'RE WATCHING ME
 THEY EACH KNOW THE SCORE
 SHOUT THEIR RAVES UNGRUDGINGLY
 THOUGH THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR

PEOPLE WANT TO JUDGE ME, LABEL ME
 A FREAK, A JOKE, JUST WORTHLESS STREET DEBRIS
 WHY DO PEOPLE JUDGE ME, SCORNFULLY?
 THE PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE
 WHAT THEY SEE

WHEN I'M ALL DRESSED IN STEEP FINERY
 DIAMONDS ^{AND} LACES AND PEARLS
 THEY'RE SURE TO SEE THAT I'M FINALLY
 JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS

PEOPLE THINK THEY KNOW ME AT A GLANCE
 SURE I'VE EARNED THE LIFE THAT'S COME TO BE
 WILL PEOPLE EVER KNOW ME, NOT A CHANCE
 CAUSE PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE
 WHAT THEY SEE. PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE
 PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE
 PEOPLE ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY SEE

(THE COMPANY reappears in the upstage fog)

'Twas YOU (TAG).....THE COMPANY

COMPANY

WHAT'S MADE ME SURMISE
THAT EVERYTHING'S RIGHT?
IT'S NO DISGUISE, IT'S NO SURPRISE,
IT'S TRUE THROUGH AND THROUGH,
'Twas YOU, 'Twas YOU, 'Twas YOU.

(THE COMPANY exits into the upstage fog. JULIAN lowers his head as if in prayer as a montage of the highlights of his life flash on the scrim as the music builds to a crescendo. The final photo flashed on the scrim is a New York Times headline announcing Julian Eltinge's death)

**(BLACKOUT)
END OF ACT TWO
Scene 4**

(END OF PLAY)