

IMP

A Two Act Musical

Book and lyrics by Ned Eckhardt

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IMP

SETTING

The main set for IMP is the **IMP Art Gallery** in Hudson, NY (Upstate).

Secondary sets are Margot's Loft Studio, Julian's Apartment, an Abortion Clinic, a Cafe, and a Vacant Shop Space

The time is **NOW**

The stage is minimally set for all scenes.

IMP Art Gallery. The main focus is on large, colorful art canvases sitting on tripod stands or mounted on "walls."

There's a door upstage that leads to a storage area.

A small, reception-bar area is set up stage center for the IMP Gallery scenes.

A small performance area stage left has a microphone, old stand-up piano, and folding chairs. This is where Jack Brennan sings his French songs to the IMP Gallery Goers.

A French flag and other French artifacts and ephemera are mixed into the decor of the IMP Gallery.

Margot's Loft Studio is also filled with large canvases in various stages of completion.

The play takes place over several days.

Note

IMP is a story about an artist who has found refuge from a disturbed childhood in her art. As Margot DuBois navigates her new, dangerous adult world her large paintings provide a visual representation of both her struggles, emotions, and dreams.

IMP**CHARACTERS**

MARGOT DUBOIS (28) A passionate, conflicted, charismatic artist trying to navigate her new world of fast money and packaged art.

JACK BRENNAN (27) A naive, upbeat singer who radiates an innocent charm.

SUSAN PARKER (27) A waitress and loyal, best friend to Margot.

JULIAN THIBOT (53) The owner of the IMP Gallery. He oozes an affected charm and sophistication. He wants to succeed at any price. Margot is his ticket.

DEAN GRECO (42) A wired, angry person with an obsessive loyalty to Jack. His poor self image often leads to emotional outbursts.

LEOPOLD GRASSO (48) A large, crude, aggressive, brutal man. Sex and money drive his actions. He uses violence if it is the only way to achieve his goals.

MINOR CHARACTERS

GALLERY GOERS (8 - 12) The Gallery Goers are a mix of older art lovers, curious Gen X-Y-Zers, and tech-start-up-type Millennials. They act as the chorus. Six of the Gallery Goers have their own lines and songs.

SYLVIA (24) and TYLER (25)

CYRUS (26) and ELLA (25)

QUINN (25) and NINA (28)

YOUNG WOMAN (23) An angry client in the Abortion Center.

A NURSE (34) Runs the Abortion Center.

GARY BENNETT (40) A mostly zoned out real estate agent.

IMP

LIST OF SONGS
(Lyrics Only)

ACT 1

"FANETTE"	Jack
"COLORS"	Margot and Gallery Goers
"COLORS" (REPRISE)	Gallery Goers
"ART ON THE WALL"	Ella and Cyrus
"COLORS" (REPRISE)	Margot
"NOT ME"	Jack and Margo
"DON'T MOVE TOO FAST"	Susan
"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY"	Julian
"MY BODY. MY ART. MY MONEY."	Julian, Leopold, and Margot
"WHY?"	The Woman
"DON'T MOVE TOO FAST" (REPRISE)	Susan
"SA JEUNESSE"	Jack
"PERKS"	Julian and Leopold
"THAT DAY"	Julian
"COLORS" (REPRISE)	Margot
"DON'T MOVE TOO FAST" (REPRISE)	Susan
"I'LL FIND A WAY"	Jack

Act 2

"SO LONG AGO"	Margot
"THERE MUST BE A WAY" (REPRISE)	Jack, Margot, and Susan
"DID YOU ENJOY?"	Margot
"SUCCESS"	Julian
"TWO BULLETS"	Dean
"ART WATERED DOWN"	Sylvia, Tyler, and Margot
"GOLDEN GOOSE"	Margot
"COMPLICATED LIFE"	Susan
"QUELQU'UN M'A DIT"	Jack
"SURPRISES"	Margot and Leopold
"THE BILL HAS COME DUE"	Susan and Margot
"LITTLE NOBODY"	Margot and Jack
"BASEMENT ART"	Quinn and Nina
"COLORS" (REPRISE)	Margot
"TWO BULLETS" (REPRISE)	Margot and Dean
"COLORS" (REPRISE)	Margot, Jack and Cast

ACT 1

SCENE 1: THE IMP ART GALLERY

A small, neo-bohemian ART GALLERY in Hudson, NY. It's the Grand Opening and the stage is full of paintings.

The predominant art style is a wild hybrid that mixes modern Abstract Expressionism with classic French Impressionism. The paintings are large, filled with bright, swirling colors and have hints of sex, violence and anger in them. There is something unsettling, hypnotic, and sensual about them.

Stage center a small, temporary bar area has been set up for the IMP Gallery scenes

A French flag and other French artifacts and ephemera are mixed into the decor.

Stage left there is a small space that has been set up with a floor microphone, an amp, and some folding chairs. This is the area where JACK BRENNAN sings his French songs. There is an old, stand-up piano nearby.

At curtain's rise DEAN GRECO is at the piano accompanying Jack. The GALLERY GOERS are sitting in the chairs. JULIAN THIBOUT is standing at the bar watching Jack's performance.

A spotlight from above comes up and lights JACK BRENNAN as he finishes his song. The rest of the stage is dark. The song is Jacques Brel's haunting ballad: "Fanette." In typical Brel style, Jack pours a lot of emotion into his singing.

#1 SONG "FANETTE" JACK

NOUS ÉTIIONS DEUX AMIS ET FANETTE L'AIMAIT
LA PLACE EST DÉSERTE ET PLEURE SOUS JUILLET
ET LE SOIR QUELQUEFOIS
QUAND LES VAGUES S'ARRÊTENT
J'ENTENDS COMME UNE VOIX
J'ENTENDS... C'EST LA FANETTE

Jack finishes, the lights come up, and the GALLERY GOERS applaud enthusiastically. He enjoys it all and plays the role of the cool, hippie, poet-singer to the hilt.

The Gallery Goers rise and disperse to investigate the paintings. SYLVIA and TYLER approach him.

SYLVIA

That was so inspiring. Where did
that song come from?

JACK

It's by a Belgian-French singer
from the 60s and 70s. Jacques Brel.

TYLER

Reminds me of Lady Gaga in a downer
moment. Maybe you should have a
guitar? Or a beret?

JACK

Good idea. I love the emotion in
Brel's songs. I'm a big fan of the
'60s. The passion was so pure. So
enchante...

SYLVIA

(Gushing)

It's such a great idea to have cool
French music at an art gallery.
God! You are so hot.

TYLER

Hey!

JACK

Stick around. I sing again at 9.
Meanwhile, check out the art.

SYLVIA

Sounds wavy. French men are so
sexy!

JACK

Merci, madamosielle.

Jack takes her hand and kisses it. Silvia squeals.

TYLER

I think we should go.

He begins to pull her away.

SYLVIA

(To TYLER)

Why don't you wear black
turtlenecks....?

They stumble away. Jack catches Dean's eye and they walk to
the temporary bar set-up for a drink. The crowd is buzzing
with awe at Margot's paintings.

At that moment Julian Thibot breaks away from a small group
of Gallery Goers and addresses the gathering.

JULIAN

Ladies and gentlemen, my deepest gratitude for coming out tonight to witness history. The IMP gallery proudly presents the first showing of artist Margot DuBois's singular creations. Margot is a shining light in the modern art universe and we hope you enjoy these intriguing paintings and choose one (or more) to take home. With no further ado, may I present the creator of these masterworks
Margot DuBois!

MARGOT DUBOIS (28) emerges from the upstage door carrying a painting. As she walks and interacts with her paintings, she sings to the Gallery Goers with exuberance and a touch of irony.

#2 SONG "COLORS" MARGOT AND THE GALLERY GOERS

MARGOT

COLOR FOR SALE. DEEP REDS AND BLUES
 SPINNING MY LIFE. JUST FOR YOU.
 DREAMSCAPES ARE CHEAP. PICK A MOON.
 LAST ONE IN GETS A..... MACAROON!

She picks a macaroon off of the bar and flips it to the crowd

COLOR FOR SALE. GREENS AND CYAN.
 PASSION IS EASY. MAYBE IT'S TAN.
 MY BRUSH DOESN'T CARE. AND NEITHER DO I
 SWIRLS ARE MY FAVORITES. AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.

BITS OF POLLOCK. A DAB OF MONET
 GAUGIN'S TOO BOLD. CEZANNE SAVES THE DAY?
 MIXING AND MATCHING, WHO KNEW IT WOULD WORK?
 A DAY IN THE PARK. IN HUDSON, NEW YORK
 APOLOGIES DUE TO DEGAS, A BRIGHT STAR
 AND FINALLY A TIP OF THE HAT TO RENOIR

GALLERY GOERS

MARGOT'S THE NEXT WAVE. NEO-FRENCH WITH A SPLASH
 HER PAINTINGS ARE HOT. HER STYLE MAKES YOU GASP
 SHE'S CAPTURED A STYLE THAT TURNS ART ON ITS HEAD
 NO ONE COMES CLOSE, SHE'S LIGHT YEARS AHEAD
 A SMIDGE OF DEKOONING, MIX ROTHKO AND KLINE
 MARGOT KNOWS ART. SHE LIVES ON CLOUD NINE.

MARGOT

ART FOR THE MASSES. ART FOR THE FEW.
 IS THERE A DIFFERENCE? THAT'S UP TO YOU.
 ABSTRACT EMOTIONS EMBEDDED IN PAINT

SWIM FOR YOUR LIFE. PICASSO IT AIN'T

NEXT TIME I'LL TELL MY BRUSH: TIME TO FLASH
LONG STROKES FOR LOVE. SHORT STROKES FOR CASH
STILL, THERE'S A HINT OF REAL PASSION, IT'S TRUE.
AS LONG AS I BITE OFF LESS THAN I CHEW

HERE'S A MASTERPIECE WAITING FOR YOU
COULD BE A CURTAIN OR FUNKY TATTOO
FEEL THE POWER OF RANDOM RELEASE
AM I JUST PLAYING, OR AM I..... MATISSE!?

GALLERY GOERS

MARGOT'S THE NEXT WAVE. NEO-FRENCH WITH A SPLASH
HER PAINTINGS ARE HOT. HER STYLE MAKES YOU GASP
SHE'S CAPTURED A STYLE THAT TURNS ART ON ITS HEAD
NO ONE COMES CLOSE, SHE'S LIGHT YEARS AHEAD
A SMIDGE OF DEKOONING MIX ROTHKO AND KLINE
MARGOT KNOWS ART. SHE LIVES ON CLOUD NINE.

After the song, the Gallery Goers swarm her and eagerly compliment her on her paintings. A MAN enthusiastically engages her, gives her some money, takes a painting, and leaves. She makes her way to the bar and throws the money on the bar.

MARGOT

That crazy guy just paid \$900 for a painting. Said he loved the colors. I told him I painted most of it blindfolded. He just said "cool."

Margot picks up a glass of champagne and takes a sip

MARGOT (CONT'D)

So everyone is happy our little gallery is bearing fruit? Jack, or should I say: Jacques?

JACK

Mais oui, Madam.

MARGOT

Dean? Piano player extraordinaire? Down and out two weeks ago.

DEAN

Ha. Ha. Very funny. Why don't you take off your top? That's art.

MARGOT

Don't you wish. And Julian. Owner of the IMP Gallery and bank roller of the Art for Pay game plan.

JULIAN

I'll take the money for safe keeping. Everyone will get their share.

MARGOT

Ah, yes.... But when we squeeze the Gallery Man how much money will drop out? And how much will stay in the big, round tummy?

She squeezes Julian's stomach and he exhales loudly. He gives Margot a look and pockets the money. Margot turns abruptly and moves to hang her painting in the empty space as people crowd around her. Julian joins another group of Gallery Goers.

DEAN

This is one strange gig. Definitely need a drink.

He helps himself to a glass of champagne sitting on the bar.

JACK

(laughing)

It's culture, man. Don't fight it. The French music working for you?

DEAN

Yeah. I mean, every song sounds the same. But so what? You OK with what I'm doing?

JACK

Sure. Keep it simple. I need that melody and timing while I'm spinning the *Francais*.

DEAN

Thanks again for calling. I really needed a steady gig. Ever since mom died I've been big time screwed up. Hopefully, this art thing will work.

JACK

Sorry about your mom. That was six months ago?

DEAN

Yeah. I've been staring at the walls, drinking too much, and trying to get started up again.
(Beat)

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

So now it's French music and swirly paintings. Who knew?

He takes another drink.

JACK

Margot's the key. She's gotta deliver on the paintings. So far so good.

DEAN

What's she like?

JACK

Different. Wired. Unpredictable. Super sexy. You know. A crazy artist. Julian says she's like a genius or something...

DEAN

Any perks?

JACK

A few. She's different. Can't quite figure her out.

DEAN

Careful. Don't want to screw this up.

JACK

I hear you. We're cool.

Jack leaves, finds Margot, and pulls her aside. Dean stays at the bar and has another glass of champagne.

JACK (CONT'D)

You've got to be careful with the put downs toward Julian. It doesn't make sense to shoot this gig in the foot.

MARGOT

Give me a break. Cranking out these paintings for the past four months has become a pain in the ass. Meanwhile, what about MY art? I'm starting to lose my grip. What's real and what's fake?

JACK

What difference does it make? People are buying it. Julian's the genius.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

He came to one of my gigs in Schenectady. We talked. I said you were the hell of an artist and he took it from there.

MARGOT

I know. Didn't I already give you a big thank you?.... It is definitely cool having money for the first time in my life. It's just weird who's buying the paintings. Makes me wonder if I really have the talent....

JACK

Maybe your singer accomplice can help ease the pain....?

Jack kisses her neck. Margot pinches his nose. Hard. He yelps.

MARGOT

(Dramatically. Loud)

"Don't bother the artist! Her neck is not for sale!"

The nearby Gallery Goers laugh and applaud as she dramatically hangs the painting.

#3 SONG "COLORS" GALLERY GO-ERS (REPRISE)

MARGOT'S THE NEXT WAVE. NEO-FRENCH WITH A SPLASH
HER PAINTINGS ARE HOT. HER STYLE MAKES YOU GASP
SHE'S CAPTURED A STYLE THAT TURNS ART ON ITS HEAD
NO ONE COMES CLOSE, SHE'S LIGHT YEARS AHEAD
A DAB OF DEKOONING MIX ROTHKO AND KLINE
MARGOT KNOWS ART. SHE LIVES ON CLOUD NINE.

Margot laughs and steps away from the painting. She and Jack return to the bar area. Julian joins them.

DEAN

They all look like they were made in kindergarten.

MARGOT

You would know.

JULIAN

Please. Please. Let's be civil. This is just the beginning. The IMP Gallery is going to be the first of many boutique galleries specializing in one form of art.

(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)

So for now, we are all French
Abstract Impressionists whether we
like it or not.

DEAN

Just keep Jack singing and I'm
happy.

MARGOT

I have to leave. Been going since
early this morning. I'm wiped....

JULIAN

I don't think so. You need to be
here to schmooze and charm the
customers. Beauty and the Brush.
That's part of the deal.

JACK

Hang around 'til I'm done my next
set. I'll take you home.

JULIAN

Now there's a plan. Dean, why don't
you play some French background
music for everyone. Better for
spending money on art. An act you
might not be totally familiar with.
Au Revoir.

Julian leaves to chat up a potential buyer.

DEAN

Phoney prick.

He chugs his champagne and angrily leaves for the piano and
starts playing.

MARGOT

Why do you use Dean? He's such a
lowlife.

JACK

Let's see. He's a good piano
player. Great ear. Doesn't need
music. Works cheap. What's not to
like?

MARGOT

I'm starting to feel like a Hooters
girl when I work the crowd.

JACK

There's a lot worse ways to feel.
This phoney beatnik persona I'm
doing is kind of fun. I'm even
learning some French. Ferme la
bouche....

MARGOT

Mangez merde....

A jittery, millennial, tech-start-up couple, CYRUS (26) and
ELLA (25), come over to join them.

CYRUS

Love the abstractness of the
landscapes.... Or moonscapes... Or
whatever they are.... It's the
opposite of virtual reality. Where
I live during the day. They're an
escape into our lost childhood
imagination.

ELLA

The colors remind me of my favorite
socks.

(to Jack)

Your old-school beatnik stuff is
cool. Like the French songs.
Different. Sexy. Are you on
YouTube?

JACK

Not yet.

ELLA

My mom had a Tie-Die T-Shirt that
looked a lot like that one. How
much is it?

She points to a painting.

MARGOT

It's \$500. Like the price card
says.

CYRUS

Why so much money? I can digitally
reproduce it for pennies.

MARGOT

Right. You're so creative.

CYRUS

Are you being sarcastic?

MARGOT

Is a snake's ass close to the ground?

CYRUS

What?

JACK

What Margo means is her emotions aren't digital....

ELLA

I see a face in there. It's either Nicki Minage or Harry Potter. We'll give you \$400. Cash. Now.

MARGOT

Ah.... Piss off.

CYRUS

Don't talk like that. This isn't a video game.

MARGOT

OK..... Let's do this.... Say you bought the painting. Where would you put it?

#4 SONG "ART ON THE WALL" ELLA AND CYRUS

ELLA

HOW WEIRD IS THIS? LOOKS LIKE MELTED ICE CREAM
REMINDS ME OF JASON OR THE DUDE WHO DID "SCREAM."
MY FRIENDS WILL THINK MY MIND'S OFF THE HOOK
SO I'LL TELL THEM "NO WAY" TAKE ANOTHER DEEP LOOK

CYRUS

THOSE COLORS LOOK WEIRD. IT MIGHT BE A CANOE
A MAGICIAN'S CAPE. OR MAYBE BAMBOO
IT BELONGS IN THE KITCHEN OR MAYBE THE DEN
THIS IS HARD. HEY. RUN THAT BY ME AGAIN

ELLA

I THINK IN THE LOFT OR OUR MUD ROOM BENCH
WHO CARES WHERE? WE'LL JUST TELL THEM IT'S FRENCH.

ELLA AND CYRUS

IT'S ART ON THE WALL. LIFT YOUR EYEBALLS UP TO IT
IS IT DEEP? DON'T WORRY. DRINK IT IN.... THEN SCREW IT
WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU PUT THE SWIRLS AND THE STREAKS?
OUR BEDROOM IS PERFECT FOR TWO NEW AGE ART GEEKS

HOW CLEVER ARE WE WITH THIS OILY APPARATUS
THE PAINTING JUST MIGHT GO UNDER OUR..... MATTRESS!

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Very funny. Well. You missed your chance.

CYRUS

I don't get it. Isn't the idea to sell these things?

ELLA

Who cares? We'll get some graffiti decals instead. Let's go to that new cafe. I need a latte.

CYRUS

Must be nice to piss away \$400.

They leave.

JACK

Why'd you do that?

MARGOT

Because sometimes I need to remind myself I'm still an artist.

#5 SONG "COLORS" MARGOT (REPRISE)

COLORS FOR SALE. DEEP REDS AND BLACKS
NIGHTSCAPES AND BLUE MOONS. IMAGINE THAT?
COLOR FOR SALE. LOTS OF MONEY FOR ME
WILL IT MAKE ME REAL? I GUESS WE'LL SEE

SCENE 2: MARGOT'S LOFT

The next morning. There are three easels set up, each with a work-in-progress abstract/impressionist painting sitting on it. On a small table is a bronze sculpture of a rearing horse. The rider is giving the world the finger. It's painted in Day-Glo colors.

Margot is standing at the middle easel holding a paint brush and palette staring at the uncompleted painting. Absently, she dabs a color onto the sculpture. She isn't happy.

Jack comes in. He's disheveled and smiling.

MARGOT

Who was it this time?

JACK

A dedicated fan. Who loves French everything. Including my mini-moi. Got any coffee?

MARGOT

You are such a shallow asshole.

JACK

They're the best kind.

He pours a coffee from a pot next to the statue, then picks it up and wags the finger toward Margot. She flicks paint at him. He puts the statue back down and walks over to Margot.

JACK (CONT'D)

Got three more in the works. Great. Julian will be happy. They look good.... What's that weird squiggle there?

MARGOT

A thought trying to get out.

JACK

Crazy stuff. Can't believe people are buying these weird paintings for so much money.

MARGOT

Really. Well I can't believe people are buying your French music beatnik routine.

Jack sings a few bars of "FANETTE" and toasts her with his coffee.

#6 SONG "FANETTE" JACK (REPRISE IN ENGLISH)

SHE WAS, SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL
AS RAINBOWS IN THE SKY
SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL
AND NOT AT ALL AM I.....

MARGOT (CONT'D)

You give new meaning to the word "shallow." So, what would you like? A little more reality?

She quickly paints a lopsided, oblong shape on top of the squiggle.

JACK

OK. It's getting better.

MARGOT

How about this?

She adds some small dots and circles.

JACK

Yeah. Now I'm getting it. In all the turmoil of the other colors there is this little bit of almost reality.

MARGOT

You are such an idiot.

She makes some brush strokes and a wobbly face emerges.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

There. Now what do you see?

JACK

A face....?

MARGOT

Bravo. Now imagine a lot of dark colors surrounding the face.

JACK

Hey. Too much for early morning. I do the faux music. You do the bogus art.

MARGOT

Only there's nothing bogus about this.

She points to the painting.

TONY

OK? What's that mean?

MARGOT

It means there is a little form in the real me that YOU put there.

JACK

That I put there?

MARGOT

Yes. You.... Big, clunky, zoned-out You. And now what do we do?

JACK

Holy shit. How did this happen?

MARGOT

It's called too much wine and no protection on the one night you got privileges.

She flicks some paint on Jack's face. He doesn't like it and backs up. Margot flicks more paint on him.

JACK
Stop it. How do you know it was me?

MARGOT
Because I've been painting these crazy pictures non-stop for the past four months. There wasn't anybody else.

She flicks more paint on Jack.

JACK
Stop. What are you going to do?

MARGOT
You are too much.

She walks over to the painting and paints a big X over the small form.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
And YOU are going to help pay for it.

#7 SONG "NOT ME" JACK AND MARGOT

MARGOT

NO WAY "LITTLE NOBODY" SEES THIS BIG MESS.
BETTER OFF NOWHERE THAN STUDIO "YES."
SOMEDAY YOU'LL THANK ME. DUMB AS YOU ARE.
NO TIME FOR MISTAKES. I CAN HANDLE THIS SCAR

JACK

YOU'VE GOT THE ANSWERS FOR EVERYONE HERE
A WAVE OF YOUR BRUSH AND THE ANSWER IS CLEAR.
MAYBE YOU'RE WRONG. A NEW LIFE FORM WILL BE
JUST WHAT WE NEED. A FAT, WONDERFUL THREE

MARGOT

NOT ME. NOT FOR A SECOND
A BUMP IN THE ROAD. I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON

JACK

MAYBE ME. WHEN IT COMES TO THE CRUNCH
A BABY IS COOL I CAN ROLL WITH THIS PUNCH

MARGOT

NOT ME. I'LL NEVER WEAKEN
SORRY, JACK. IT'S A LOST MOHICAN

JACK

MAYBE ME.

I CAN FIGURE THIS OUT
 "LITTLE NOBODY" CAN LIVE. I HAVE NO DOUBT!

MARGOT

NOT ME. NOT EVER MY FRIEND

JACK

MAYBE ME. FORGET THIS DEAD END

MARGOT

NOT ME. MY FREEDOM COMES FIRST.

JACK

MAYBE ME. OUR FREEDOM REVERSED

JACK AND MARGOT

NOT ME.

MAYBE ME.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Next Tuesday "Little Nobody"
 fulfills its destiny. \$500. I'll
 split it with you, but I need the
 money by the weekend. Reality
 check.

JACK

Just when everything seemed to
 finally be working out. Haven't you
 ever heard of birth control?

MARGOT

Haven't you? See you tonight at the
 gallery.

She turns abruptly and goes back to painting. Jack looks
 around, gives the statue the finger, and leaves.

SCENE 3: A SMALL CAFE.

Later that morning. Margot and her best friend, SUSAN PARKER
 (26), are sitting at a table. Susan is wearing a waitress
 uniform.

SUSAN

So the word on the street is your
 gallery gig is working?

MARGOT

Yeah. Don't know how Julian ever dreamed this whole French thing up, but the paintings are selling and Jack's Euro-beatnik songs are a hit.

SUSAN

You're looking a little stressed.

MARGOT

I know. Not enough sleep.... And I keep losing my cellphone... Trying to create these weird, quirky paintings.... I can't tell if they're legitimate or.....?

SUSAN

Don't worry so much. Just ride the wave.

She reaches into her bag and pulls out a very small video camera.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Check this out. My crazy brother works for a contractor and he's been installing these doorbell cameras.

MARGOT

That's small.

SUSAN

Totally. I carry it around. I have no idea why.

MARGOT

Are you a doorbell?

SUSAN

Sometimes I feel like one.

Margot snatches the camera and puts it on top of her own head.

MARGOT

Ring me.

Susan presses on Margot's nose.

SUSAN

Brrring....Anybody home?

MARGOT

(Dramatically)

"Just an innocent, overworked
artist"..... Maybe in over her
head....

SUSAN

Aren't we all. Maybe I'll rig this
camera up for my shift tonight.

MARGOT

You could put it in your bra....

SUSAN

Ha! That would make it the only
thing that's been in there for a
while....

They laugh. Susan snatches the camera back and puts it in her
bag.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Are you and Jack getting along?

MARGOT

That's a joke. He's so out of it.
Just bounces along. Having a ball.
Totally tuned out of my problems.

SUSAN

Problems?

MARGOT

I'm pregnant. And it's his.

SUSAN

What!... That is....
Unbelievable....

MARGOT

Don't I wish. I scheduled an
abortion for next week.

SUSAN

Oh my God! Are you sure that's the
right thing to do?

MARGOT

What's the alternative?

#8 SONG "DON'T MOVE TOO FAST" SUSAN

THINK ABOUT TOMORROW.

FORGET YOUR SKETCHY PAST.

DON'T DO WHAT YOU CAN'T TAKE BACK
JUST DON'T MOVE TOO FAST

SLOW DOWN THESE CRAZY DAYS
THAT GALLERY'S EATING YOUR HEART
MAYBE IT'S TIME
TO TURN ON A DIME
TRY SOMETHING NEW FOR A START

ART IS YOUR DRIVING PASSION
YOUR TALENT IS UNSURPASSED.
BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME
TO RING A NEW CHIME
JUST DON'T MOVE TOO FAST

I KNOW JACK'S A DECENT GUY.
OK. A LITTLE NAIVE
BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME
TO GIVE UP YOUR CLIMB
JUST DON'T MOVE TOO FAST

DON'T MOVE TOO FAST, MARGOT,
OR YOUR LIFE MIGHT HANG BY A THREAD
ONE WRONG MOVE
AND YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE
YOURSELF AND THE LIFE YOU'VE LED
DON'T MOVE TOO FAST.....

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Nice try. Too late. I've got to go.

Margot stands up. They hug. Margot leaves, forgetting her cell phone.

SUSAN

Wait!

Susan runs after her and returns it. They hug again.

SCENE 4: THE IMP GALLERY

Early afternoon. The gallery isn't open yet. Jack and Dean are rehearsing a new song in the show performance area. Françoise Hardy's "Tous Les Garçons et Les Filles." Jack hits a bad note and stops.

JACK

Sorry. My mind is gone today.

DEAN

Too much poontang last night?

JACK
No. Just some weird news

DEAN
Like what?

JACK
Margot's pregnant and it's mine

DEAN
Man. Leave it to her to not take any precautions. So what happens now?

JACK
She wants to get an abortion

DEAN
Good. Then there's no problem.

JACK
I don't know. I'm confused about the whole thing.

Dean starts the song again, and Jack begins singing. Julian and LEOPOLD GRASSO (55) come in and listen from afar.

JULIAN
He's the singer I was telling you about. Loves to do the French-style, 60's chanson songs. The Gallery Goers adore him. They always want more. In the mean time, Margot's paintings are striking a chord. We can't believe how well they are selling. A beautiful combination.

LEOPOLD
So you think there is room for more of these types of galleries? Money makers?

JULIAN
Absolutely. Without question. Who could guess that these millenials and GenXYZers like art? Come tonight and see for yourself.

LEOPOLD
So why do you need me?

JULIAN

I need money to open new galleries.
Banks aren't interested in art.

LEOPOLD

Neither am I. But I am interested
in profit. OK. I'll be here
tonight. If I like what I see, we
can talk. Who's the cheesy piano
player? For some reason he looks
familiar.

JULIAN

A friend of Jack's. His name is
Dean Greco.

LEOPOLD

Well, what do you know. Small
world. Get rid of him. Jack can use
a tape or get a new piano player.

JULIAN

That's a little abrupt. Jack likes
the live music.

LEOPOLD

I don't care. If you want me and my
money, ditch this piano player.

JULIAN

For sure. A small price to pay.

#9 SONG "A SMALL PRICE TO PAY" JULIAN

IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW EASY IT WAS
TO SET UP A SCHEME WITHOUT ANY FLAWS
PSEUDO FRENCH SONGS, SUNG BY A GUY
WHO NEVER ASKS WHAT
AND NEVER ASKS WHY

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT IN THIS LITTLE HOAX
JACK SINGS THE SONGS THAT WOW ALL THE FOLKS
MARGOT PAINTS THE WORLD IN A SWIRL
MANIC COLORS FROM OUR MATISSE GIRL

ART LOVERS BLINK AND FOLLOW THE DRUM
COULD IMP BE THE FIRST OF MANY TO COME?
SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR A LIFETIME OF CHARM
HUSTLING THE LOCALS, TWISTING THEIR ARMS

SMALL PRICE TO PAY, PULLING THE STRINGS
SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE ONGOING STING
IMP IS THE FIRST. WE'LL SPREAD THE WORD
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, EVERYONE'S ON BOARD

I LOVE IT. IT'S CRAZY. OUR GUARDS SO AVANT
 ART IS THE FLAVOR EVERYONE WANTS
 PICTURES OF SPLASHES, SPIRALS OF GREEN
 THE COLOR OF MONEY IS LIKE A SARDINE

SMALL PRICE TO PAY. MARGOT'S BOUGHT THE WHOLE DREAM
 SHE'S A GENIUS, A TALENT, A GODDESS SUPREME
 SMALL PRICE TO PAY. KEEP HER HAPPY AND FIT
 WE CAN RIDE THIS STRANGE HORSE AND STILL BE LEGIT

Leopold chuckles. Margot comes out from the upstage door carrying a new painting. She has a low-cut, ripped T-shirt on that is splattered with paint. Some paint brushes are sticking out of her jeans pockets.

MARGOT
 Hello, Julian.

JULIAN
 Hello, Margot. Meet Leopold Grasso.
 He's thinking of investing in IMP.
 Perhaps a new gallery in Albany,
 NY.

Margot and Julian exchange a meaningful glance.

MARGOT
 Sweet. Here's my latest. What do
 you think?

She holds her painting up for appraisal.

LEOPOLD
 Uh. Lots of colors.... Don't know
 what to say....

MARGOT
 It's either the inside of Julian's
 mind.... Or the outside of my T-
 Shirt

LEOPOLD
 Uh.... OK....Nice....

MARGOT
 It's worth.... Hmmmm... \$2,000
 dollars....?

LEOPOLD
 Now that part I get.

#10 SONG "MY BODY MY MONEY MY ART" JULIAN, LEOPOLD, MARGOT
MARGOT

WHAT'S THE RELATION OF TITS TO A STROKE?
 TWO SOFT CANVASES: REAL OR BAROQUE?
 STEP RIGHT UP AND GRAB A BRUSH
 TAKE YOUR CHANCES ON A MIDNIGHT CRUSH

LEOPOLD

DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE COLORS ARE BLURRED
 DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT'S A CLOUD OR A TURD
 BUT I DO UNDERSTAND TWO GRAND ON THAT TAG
 AND MARGOT KNOWS HOW TO MAKE MY TAIL WAG

JULIAN

SOON YOU WILL SEE THE GAME IN FULL FLIGHT
 MUSIC BY JACK. THE COLORS SO BRIGHT
 MARGOT IS QUEEN OF OUR KINGDOM BY NIGHT
 MONEY AND SONG. A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

MARGOT

MY BODY IS MINE. IS YOUR BLOOD IN A RUSH?
 ENJOY YOUR LOOK. BUT KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BRUSH

LEOPOLD

THIS MIGHT BE A STEAL. WITH BENNIES TO SPARE
 THE ARTIST IS HOT. AND I'M LOADED FOR BEAR

JULIAN

ART IS FOR ALL. BUT YOU MUST KNOW THE TRICK
 OF PACKAGING COLOR AS PART OF THE SHTICK

ALL

MY BODY.
 MY ART.
 MY MONEY.
 WE PIMP
 COME SEE US TONIGHT AT GALLERY IMP

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
 Crazy stuff. I gotta go.

MARGOT
 See you tonight, Mr Money.

LEOPOLD
 You betcha, baby.

Leopold leaves.

MARGOT
 That was pretty uncomfortable. He's
 a scary looking guy.

JULIAN
Let me handle him. He's only
interested in the money.

MARGOT
I'm not so sure.

SCENE 5: IMP GALLERY.

Later that afternoon. Jack and Dean are rehearsing.

JACK
Looks like a big money guy is
coming tonight to check us all out.
Could be a difference maker.

DEAN
He probably doesn't need to know
about Margot's "situation."

JACK
Jesus. What a monkey wrench to
throw into the mix.

DEAN
Forget about being daddy. Get rid
of the kid and we can all move on.

JACK
Easy for you to say.

DEAN
My mom had six kids. I was the last
one. By the time I was old enough
to really get to know her, she was
a zombie. The kids took it all out
of her. Then she lived for another
10 years. Everyone peeled off. I
had to take care of her myself. Say
good-bye to my life.

JACK
Yeah. A tough time...

DEAN
Let's try the song again. In
English this time.

Jack starts to sing Jacques Brel's "Sons Of...."

#10A SONG "SONS OF....." JACK
SONS OF THE THIEF. SONS OF THE SAINT
WHO IS THE CHILD WITH NO COMPLAINT?

SONS OF THE GREAT. AND SONS UNKNOWN.
ALL OF THEM CHILDREN LIKE YOUR OWN....

He misses some notes and Dean stops playing.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You better get it together. The kid
thing has got you messed up.

JACK

Don't worry.

DEAN

That Julian guy is a creep. Thinks
his clothes and snooty talk make
him better than us. I don't trust
him.

JACK

Hey. You have to watch it. Just
stay cool and we can ride this
gravy train for a while. Let's give
it another try...

#10B Song "Sons Of....." Jack (Reprise)

SONS OF TRUE LOVE AND SONS OF REGRET
ALL OF THE CHILDREN WE CANNOT FORGET...

SCENE 6: ABORTION CLINIC.

Same time. Susan and Margot are sitting and waiting with the
WAITING WOMAN and the YOUNG WOMAN. A NURSE sits at a desk.

SUSAN

You sure this is the right thing?

MARGOT

Yep. "Little Nobody" is about to be
history.

SUSAN

That's a creepy way to put it.

MARGOT

If Julian finds out I'm pregnant
he'll find somebody else to make
these paintings. And I'll be back
where I was. Which was nowhere.

SUSAN

No way there's another you.

A door opens and a YOUNG GIRL comes out crying with her MOTHER. The DOCTOR pats her on the back and says "Next. The WAITING WOMAN gets up and goes into the room. The YOUNG WOMAN moves next to Margot.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
How many weeks are you?

MARGOT
Probably seven or eight.

SUSAN
You need more time to think about this.

MARGOT
Why?

SUSAN
Because being a mom might just work for you. And Jack might step up.

MARGOT
Ha! That's a laugh.

YOUNG WOMAN
Why do men get off so easy?

MARGOT
Because they think they're the hunters and can screw anybody and anything. It's like their job.

YOUNG WOMAN
Wish there was an alternative.

SUSAN
Maybe there is. But it's too late now.

MARGOT
If Jack was just a little more mature. There might be a chance.

YOUNG WOMAN
Who cares about Jack!

#11 SONG "WHY?" THE YOUNG WOMAN

SO EASY TO DO. SO HARD TO UNRAVEL
MEN POP THEIR LOAD. JUMP OUT OF THE SADDLE
WE CARRY THE LOAD THEN LOSE THE BATTLE
WE'RE UP LIFE'S CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE
MEN WALK AWAY WITH THEIR RAZZLE-DAZZLE

WHILE WE ARE STUCK WITH A BABY SHACKLE.

WHY SO UNFAIR? WHY SO ONE-SIDED?
 WHY ARE WE LEFT LIKE DOGS AT THE CURBSIDE?
 WHY NOT WALK OUT, AND TRY MOM FOR A CHANGE?
 FAT CHANCE. LOSING IS THE NAME OF THAT GAME
 NEVER AGAIN WILL I LET A GUY IN
 WITHOUT A GOLD RING AND A LOPSIDED GRIN....

The song is interrupted when the door opens. The doctor looks around and says "Next." The Young Woman gets up and walks toward the Doctor. Susan stands, pulls Margot up, and shakes her.

#12 SONG "DON'T MOVE TOO FAST" SUSAN (REPRISE)

SUSAN

DON'T MOVE TOO FAST, MARGOT,
 OR YOUR LIFE MIGHT HANG BY A THREAD
 ONE WRONG MOVE
 AND YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE
 YOURSELF AND THE LIFE YOU'VE LED
 DON'T MOVE TOO FAST.....

She pulls Margot out of the office.

SCENE 7: THE IMP GALLERY

That night. Jack is introducing a song to the Gallery Goers sitting on folding chairs. Dean is playing the piano. Leopold and Julian are watching. Some of the paintings have "Sold" tags on them. Margot is hanging a painting and adjusting others.

JACK

Thanks for coming tonight. There is something about the mix of French songs and Impressionistic art that is truly special. Here's a Charles Aznavour tune that really captures the moment. After the song Margot DuBois, our wonder child, will be here to tell you about her unique paintings and how she does it. Enjoy....

He begins to sing

#13 SONG "SA JEUNESSE" (HER YOUTH) JACK

ORSQUE L'ON TIENT ENTRE SES MAINS
 CETTE RICHESSE
 AVOIR VINGT ANS, DES LENDEMAINS PLEINS DE PROMESSES
 QUAND L'AMOUR SUR NOUS SE PENCHE
 POUR NOUS OFFRIR SES NUITS BLANCHES.....

LEOPOLD

Not bad. She's sold four paintings
 and it's only nine o'clock. I like
 the way she hustles the buyers.
 Using her tits. That weird French
 music makes for a nice environment.
 Julian, you got something here.

JULIAN

Absolutely. If we can strike a deal
 for an Albany gallery, there can be
 many more down the road. It looks
 like you and culture are going to
 become friends.

LEOPOLD

Who knew? So how much do you need
 for your next gallery.

JULIAN

There's a store front on State
 Street that wants \$3,000 a month,
 plus the renovations and
 incidentals. \$30,000 for starters.

LEOPOLD

That can work. I'll check it out.
 So.... The interest on your loan
 will be 18%. Due every Friday. I
 get 25% of all sales.

JULIAN

That's a little high.

LEOPOLD

Oh, Yeah? Well, money doesn't come
 cheap. I'm taking a big risk on
 this flimsy scheme you got going.
 Take it or leave it.... There's one
 other item.

JULIAN

Yes.

LEOPOLD

Margot. She's sexy and I want some
 of her lovin' on a regular basis.

JULIAN

I'm sorry. I didn't that see coming.

LEOPOLD

She's part of the deal or this conversation is over.

JULIAN

I need to talk to her.

LEOPOLD

Be my guest.

Margot breaks away and comes to them.

MARGOT

Everything's humming along. Music. Art. Us.

LEOPOLD

Like your short dress.

MARGOT

Aren't you observant. Would you like to buy a painting?

LEOPOLD

I'm more interested in the artist.

MARGOT

She's not for sale.

LEOPOLD

Famous last words. Julian, I've got to go. Call me when you're ready.

Leopold leaves.

MARGOT

Ugly man.

JULIAN

Margot, I need to talk with you. In private. Can you come to my apartment tonight?

MARGOT

Whoa. What's so important? I've never been to your place.

JULIAN

Trust me. We need privacy for our talk. Something has come up.

MARGOT
 OK, mystery man. I'll be there
 after we close.

Jack finishes his song.

#14 SONG "SA JEUNESSE" (HER YOUTH) JACK

LORSQUE L'ON VOIT, LOIN DEVANT SOI
 RIRE LA VIE
 BRODÉE D'ESPOIR, RICHE DE JOIES ET DE FOLIES
 IL FAUT BOIRE JUSQU'À L'IVRESSE
 SA JEUNESSE

The Gallery Goers applaud.

SCENE 8: JULIAN'S APARTMENT

Later that night after the Gallery is closed. Julian and Leopold are dressed in robes, drinking, and toasting as they sing. Julian is a little uncomfortable with Leopold's attitude.

#15 SONG "PERKS" JULIAN AND LEOPOLD

JULIAN

NOBODY SAID ART WAS FOR THE FAINT OF HEART

LEOPOLD

TONIGHT OUR SEXY MARGOT GETS A FRESH KICK START
 A LITTLE KISS OR TWO. THEN A PAYOFF IN THE DEN

JULIAN

WHATEVER IT TAKES FOR TWO DODGY BUSINESSMAN
 MARGOT LOVES HER COLORS, HER PALETTE'S ALWAYS FULL

LEOPOLD

WEEKLY VISITS ON MY BOAT WILL HELP HER KEEP HER COOL
 WHY WASTE THAT BODY ON SOME ARTY MILLENNIAL?

JULIAN

MISSING OUT ON MONEY IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE

LEOPOLD

MARGOT'S GOT TALENT AS WELL AS THOSE BIG TITS
 SHE'S THE ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THE GLITZ

JULIAN

WE EACH GET OUR SHARE. A GLORIOUS SPLIT
 HERE'S TO OUR DEAL. MAY THE PERKS NEVER QUIT

LEOPOLD AND JULIAN

MARGOT'S THE ONE FOR OUR FRENCH-I-FIED SCHEME

PAINTING AND SELLING AND LIVING HER DREAM
WE EACH GET OUR SHARE. A GLORIOUS SPLIT
HERE'S TO OUR DEAL. MAY THE PERKS NEVER QUIT

They toast.

JULIAN

She's due any minute. When she gets here, why don't you go in the bedroom while I explain what's happening? Then you can emerge victorious and enjoy the fruits of your money.

LEOPOLD

The bedroom? I don't get it?

JULIAN

Because Margot is going to need some convincing.

LEOPOLD

OK. But don't take too long.

The doorbell rings. Julian gestures to Leopold who goes into the bedroom. Julian opens the door.

JULIAN

Hello, Margot. Thanks for coming over.

MARGOT

My pleasure. What's up? You're a little informal.

JULIAN

Just relaxing. The gallery had its biggest night ever tonight.

MARGOT

Amazing. Don't really get the fascination with my art, but these millennials will pay big bucks to get the next big thing.

JULIAN

Which happens to be you.

MARGOT

I guess. So what's the BIG news?

JULIAN

I've found an investor who wants to be part of our Art Gallery movement.

MARGOT

Great.

JULIAN

The next IMP Gallery will be in Albany, NY. On State Street near the Capitol.

MARGOT

Excellent. Who's the angel?

JULIAN

Leopold Grasso. The man you met this afternoon.

MARGOT

Ugh. He's a creepy guy. Bad vibes and teeth.

JULIAN

But you can live with it. Yes?

MARGOT

Why not? This whole operation has been weird from day one.

JULIAN

I'm so glad you feel that way. Let me get you a drink. A fine cognac. To celebrate.

He moves to a rolling bar and pours Margot a drink of cognac

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You are such a strange, beautiful woman. Your art is in your heart as well as your hands.

MARGOT

Are you flirting, Julian?

JULIAN

I suppose so. You are such an enticing mystery.

#16 SONG "THAT DAY" JULIAN

SO MANY YEARS I'VE BEEN LIVING ALONE
PUTTING MY ART ON A MEANINGLESS THRONE

NEVER HAD TIME FOR A LONG TERM AFFAIR
 WHAT GOOD ARE GALLERIES WITH NO ONE TO SHARE?
 KIND OF LIKE LIVING ALONE IN A ROOM
 FILLED WITH ART THAT FEELS LIKE A TOMB

THAT DAY WE MET I FELT SOMETHING SO NEW
 YOU IGNITED MY HEART LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE
 YOUR TALENT IS WRAPPED IN A BEAUTY SO FINE
 I WANTED TO HOLD YOU AND SHOUT "SHE IS MINE"

WE WORKED TOGETHER, WE CREATED THE GALLERY
 CAN WE KEEP UP THE PACE? IS BONDING TOO SCARY?
 MY HEART HAS AWOKEN. CAN I DARE OPEN YOURS?
 WE COULD BE THE NEXT ART WORLD AUTEURS

THAT DAY WE MET I FELT SOMETHING SO NEW
 I WANTED TO HOLD YOU AND SHOUT "SHE IS MINE"
 YOU IGNITED MY HEART LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE
 YOUR TALENT IS WRAPPED IN A BEAUTY SO FINE

MARGOT

(laughs)

Men never stop.

JULIAN

Perhaps. But we have good reasons.

The doorbell rings. Julian is startled. He answers it and Susan is standing there.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Yes? Who are you?

SUSAN

Your worst nightmare?

JULIAN

What....?

MARGOT

(laughing)

This is Susan Parker. My best friend. But I don't know why she's here.

SUSAN

Sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt. Margot forgot her cell phone and it had your address on the open page. I thought I'd return it right away.

MARGOT

Oh my god! Thanks. My life is in this phone.

JULIAN

Well, Susan. Nice to meet you.
Please come in. I'm Julian. The
owner of the IMP Gallery where
Margot's paintings reside in such
splendor.

The bedroom door is suddenly thrown open and Leopold bursts
in. Susan and Margot are startled.

LEOPOLD

Now the party is getting
interesting! Two hot honeys!

JULIAN

This is Leopold Grasso. Our new IMP
angel, so to speak. Margot, I think
you've already met Mr Grasso.

MARGOT

You might say that.

SUSAN

Maybe I should leave. This doesn't
feel right.

JULIAN

No. No. Stay. We're just relaxing
after a long day. How about some
cognac? To relieve the stresses of
life.

Julian moves to the bar, pours a glass of cognac, returns,
and hands it to Susan. She sips while exchanging a glance
with Margot.

LEOPOLD

Well, Girls. You both look very
attractive tonight. Long legs and
all....

SUSAN

Uh. Why are you two in robes?

LEOPOLD

Because they come off so easily.

SUSAN

I think I have to go.

JULIAN

Please. Stay. Excuse Leopold. He
can be crude at times. Everything
will settle down. Cheers.

Julian, Margot, and Susan drink.

LEOPOLD

So. Margot. How did you get into
the art game?

MARGOT

"The art game?" I think you have it
backwards. I got into art first,
then out of the blue Julian and IMP
came along.

#17 SONG "COLORS" MARGOT (REPRISE)

COLORS FOR SALE. MAGENTAS AND GREYS
ALL SWIRLED TOGETHER. A VISUAL BUFFET
IS MY HEART IN THESE OILS? MY PASSIONS IN PAINT?
AM I REALLY AN ARTIST WITH NO COMPLAINTS?

COLORS FOR SALE. DEEP REDS AND BLACKS
NIGHTSCAPES AND BLUE MOONS. IMAGINE THAT?
COLORS FOR SALE. LOTS OF MONEY FOR ME
WILL IT MAKE ME REAL? I GUESS WE'LL SEE

LEOPOLD

And now you're going to be famous.
Thanks to me and my money. How does
that feel?

MARGOT

That's what I'm trying to figure
out.

SUSAN

This is getting a little too deep
for me. Men in robes scare me. I've
got to go.

JULIAN

There's nothing to be afraid of.
Let's celebrate. Susan, you can be
a hostess in the new gallery.

SUSAN

(brightening)

Well. That would definitely beat my
waitress job. You guys might
actually be worth something after
all..... Whoops. I think I have to
go to the bathroom.

JULIAN

It's through the bedroom.

LEOPOLD

Check out the king sized bed.

Susan gives Leopold a look and walks into the bedroom.

JULIAN

Margot, your friend is charming in a forthright sort of way.... This could be a big break for you. Albany is a big city. Lots of art money there.

MARGOT

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.... This is moving pretty fast...

LEOPOLD

The crowd will love your sexy body and pretty face. Just like I do.

He moves toward Margot. She moves away.

MARGOT

Forget it. I'm not a perk.

LEOPOLD

Ha. I've heard that before.

MARGOT

How did you ever get involved with an art gallery?

LEOPOLD

The same way you're drinking cognac.

Susan returns. She's a little wobbly.

SUSAN

Should we trust men in robes with cognac?

JULIAN

Of course. Here's to our futures.

He toasts. They all drink.

MARGOT

(feeling light headed)
Two galleries might be pretty cool.

SUSAN
 (felling light headed)
 Maybe too cool.....

#18 SONG "DON'T MOVE TOO FAST" SUSAN (REPRISE)

SUDDENLY, OUT OF JUST ABOUT NOWHERE
 THIS BIG BOZO HAS A MONSTROUS PLAN
 WRAPPED UP IN A BAG OF MONEY
 TO MAKE YOU THE NEXT CEZANNE

DON'T MOVE TOO FAST, MARGOT,
 OR YOUR LIFE MIGHT HANG BY A THREAD
 ONE WRONG MOVE
 AND YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE
 YOURSELF AND THE LIFE YOU'VE LED

A SMALL GALLERY IN HUDSON, NY
 IS FINE FOR A START UP GIG.
 IS THIS THE TIME
 TO COMMIT THIS CRIME?
 AND OWE SOMETHING TO MR. BIG?

DON'T MOVE TOO FAST, MARGOT,
 THIS COGNAC IS STARTING TO FLARE.
 MEN IN ROBES WITH BOOZE
 MY HEAD COMING UNGLUED
 TELL ME DANGER MIGHT BE IN THE AIR
 DON'T MOVE TOO FAST.....

LEOPOLD
 Maybe you need to move fast. That
 tight little body and beautiful
 face are something special.

SUSAN
 (feeling tipsy)
 Really. I didn't think a big, crazy
 guy like you even noticed.

MARGOT
 Something's happening..... Getting
 hard to think....

LEOPOLD
 Good. Glad you brought Susan. She's
 the one now.

Suddenly, Leopold grabs Susan, spins her around, and gives her a hug. He goes for a kiss. She tries to push him away, but is getting tipsy and disoriented.

SUSAN

Watch it!.... This booze is
starting to Something's not
right....

Margot staggers to Leopold and tries to push him away from Susan.

MARGOT

Hands off, creep head.... Wait a
minute.... I think I have this....
You two want sex for the Albany
deal....

SUSAN

No way.... Whew.... That cognac is
strong....

She staggers and grabs onto Leopold to keep from falling.

LEOPOLD

I like when you grab me. It turns
me on. Let's see the top half.

He tries to pull Susan's top off. She staggers and holds him off. Both women are fighting passing out.

JULIAN

Don't worry. Nothing will happen to
you that hasn't happened before.

Margot shakes her head and sits down on the couch next to Julian, fighting drowsiness. He puts his arm around her.

MARGOT

Don't touch me.... You drugged
us.... Like some stupid frat
guys....

LEOPOLD

I've got something no frat guy's
got....

Susan puts up a feeble resistance to Leopold's groping. He laughs and picks her up. Julian tries to pull a fading Margot close to him. She tries to rally and pushes Julian away.

JULIAN

Sometimes deals are made and there
are extenuating circumstances. In
the transaction with Leopold there
are some unconventional details.

LEOPOLD

You need a strong man, Susan. Feel those muscles. Not some whimpy-assed college kid?

He tosses Susan up in the air and laughs. She struggles weakly.

SUSAN

..... Deals?..... Details?.....

MARGOT

Stop.... You'll hurt her.... Everything is spinning.... Do something.... Julian....

LEOPOLD

Time to cash in, Julian. You can have the bitchy artist.

He tosses Susan in the air again, then turns toward the bedroom.

SUSAN

(dreamily)

Stop.... Don't do it.... Put me down.... I'll hurt you....

She begins to fade in and out of consciousness.

JULIAN

(rethinking the situation)

Let's not do anything we'll regret... Control yourself, Leopold

LEOPOLD

You're weak, Julian, just like that Dean guy. To the victor go the spoils. Nice soft spoils...

He carries Susan into the bedroom and slams the door. Margot rallies.

MARGOT

Julian.... Do something.... This is all your fault...

Margot tries to get up but is overcome by drowsiness and falls back on the couch. Julian sits back down and puts his arm around her.

JULIAN

Thank your lucky stars you ended up with me tonight. Susan is learning a very tough lesson in success.

Suddenly, there is a loud knock at the door.

JACK (OS)

Julian! Open up. I've got to talk to Margot! It's important.

JULIAN

Sorry. I'm busy, Jack. Margot isn't here.

Margot rallies slightly.

MARGOT

.....Jack.....!?

JACK (OS)

I hear Margot! What's going on? Let me in.

JULIAN

Go home, Jack. There's nothing of interest for you here.

MARGOT

.....Jack..... Susan is in the bedroom.... With Leopold....

Jack kicks in the door and sees the scene.

JACK

What's going on? Margot, are you OK? Where's Susan?

Margot points toward the bedroom.

JULIAN

They might not want to be interrupted.

MARGOT

.... Hurry!....

Jack opens the bedroom door. Leopold appears in the doorway pulling up his pants and fastening his belt.

LEOPOLD

Watch out, punk. Just some fringe benefits. Nothing for you to worry about. Guess the party's over.

(MORE)

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
 Julian, I'll see you tomorrow. We
 have a lot to discuss....

He brushes by Jack and leaves. A groggy Susan staggers to the
 bedroom doorway. Her top is ripped and her skirt is pulled
 up.

JACK
 Susan! What happened?

Susan takes a few steps and collapses into Jack. He guides
 her to the couch.

MARGOT
 (Dreamily)
 They put roofies in the cognac...

JACK
 And that big idiot tried to rape
 Susan? Nice work, Julian, you piece
 of shit. Selling out your meal
 ticket for sex.

JULIAN
 Be careful, Jack. You have a lot to
 lose. There isn't anything wrong
 going on here. Just some fun and
 games.

MARGOT
 (Dreamily)
 Jack.... Can't keep my eyes
 open...

JULIAN
 It won't seem so bad tomorrow.

He gets up, walks toward Jack, and extends his hand. Jack
 punches him hard and Julian falls, unconscious. Margot and
 Susan are nearly passed out on the couch.

#19 SONG "I'LL FIND A WAY" JACK

MY DAY SEEMED SO SURE. MY LIFE WAS MY VOICE.
 MAYBE MARGOT RETHINKS HER TERRIBLE CHOICE
 THE FRENCH GALLERY GIG WAS RIPE FOR A BOOST
 THE MONEY WAS FLOWING. FRENCH ART WAS THE GOOSE

NOW EVERYTHING'S FLIPPED. JULIAN'S A CREEP
 LULLED INTO SEX BY A MOB-TYPE BLACK SHEEP
 MARGOT AND SUSAN ASSAULTED BY MEN
 WHO DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT WHO THEY OFFEND

WHEN MARGOT WAKES UP THE IMP GALLERY'S GONE

SHE'LL NEVER AGREE TO BE LUCIAN'S PAWN
WHERE WILL I FIT IN THIS VERSION OF IMP?
MAYBE A BARKER? MAYBE A PIMP?

WHAT ABOUT OUR BABY? IS THE FUTURE UNCHANGED?
CAN WE STICK WITH JULIAN AND FORGET THIS EXCHANGE?
SO MANY NEW WRINKLES. MY TIME LINE'S UPSET
HOW IMPORTANT IS MONEY IF THERE'S ONLY REGRETS?

BEAUTIFUL MARGOT HER FINGERS STILL STAINED
WITH THE COLORS OF LOVE, AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN
HOW ONE SO SECURE CAN STILL FEEL THE PAIN
OF THE CHOICES WE MAKE TO GET OUT OF THE RAIN

I'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT
I'LL WATCH OVER MY MARGOT TONIGHT
SUSAN AN INNOCENT VICTIM OF MEN
SHE NEEDS ME TOO. THREE DESPERATE FRIENDS
SUSAN AND MARGOT, A NEW BOND FOR THIS TRIAL
AND I'LL FIND A WAY TO WALK THIS NEW MILE

BEAUTIFUL MARGOT HER HEART STILL IN PAIN
WITH COLORS OF HURT. WILL THE PASSION REMAIN?
SHE NEEDS ME NOW. I FEEL DRAWN TO HER LIGHT
I'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT
I PROMISE, MARGOT
TO MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT

Jack gets Margot and Susan up and walking. They are groggy
but mobile. They leave Julian's apartment as he groans.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

SCENE 9: MARGOT'S LOFT. THE NEXT DAY.

Susan is asleep on a couch. Margot is painting a large, wild, abstract picture at an easel. She stops and stares at the painting. She dabs a color onto the rearing horse sculpture, then slowly caresses the canvas with her paint brush.

#20 SONG "SO LONG AGO" MARGOT

SO LONG AGO

I WOKE UP TO THE MAGIC OF ART.
LITTLE GIRL ON A BED.
SEEING COLORS INSIDE MY HEART.

WILD SWIRLS OF CRIMSON
DROWNED OUT THE ACHES AND PAIN.
MOM GONE IN A CRASH.
DAD DRUNK.... THEN LOST IN HIS CHAINS

SO LONG AGO
I WOULD BARE MY HEART.
LITTLE GIRL IN A SCHOOL.
SAVED BY THE POWER OF ART

DANCING WITH COLORS
RUNNING FROM SOMETHING OBSCENE
ESCAPE IN MY CANVAS
BLOCK OUT THE PAIN AT FIFTEEN

SO LONG AGO.....

Margot stops singing and hums the tune as she swiftly paints on the large canvas. A form begins to take shape out of the swirling colors. A face emerges surrounded by threatening, vibrant, violent colors. She steps away and continues singing.

#21 SONG "SO LONG AGO" MARGOT (CON'D)

NOT LONG AGO

I WAS OUT ON THE STREET.
MAKING MY WAY
BROKE GIRL INCOMPLETE.

SPINNING AROUND
ASKING WHAT COMES NEXT?
STUCK IN MY WORLD
ART, MONEY..... AND SEX.

NOT LONG AGO
 A BIG GIRL SO LOST
 FACING THE TRUTH
 AT A TERRIBLE COST

IMP'S UNDERBELLY
 RIPPED ART FROM MY GRASP
 NO COLORS FOR GREED
 OR THE SNAKES IN THE GRASS

SO LONG AGO
 I WAS ON MY OWN
 NOW I'M READY TO FIGHT
 DEEP REDS.... THE UNKNOWN

SO LONG AGO.....

Jack enters. Susan wakes up groggy.

JACK
 You two OK?

SUSAN
 (To Margot)
 Does your head hurt as much as mine?

MARGOT
 Worse. But for different reasons.

JACK
 Good thing I remembered you told me you were headed to Julian's.

MARGOT
 Once again, you were in the right place. Thanks for the rescue.

SUSAN
 Julian sure turned out to be a sick perv. Sandbagging me after trying to hook you up with his disgusting friend. That's the last glass of cognac I'll ever drink.... Really don't feel right.

MARGOT
 That Leopold guy was very scary. I could see myself killing him.

JACK
 He was buckling up his pants when I first saw him. Did he.....?

SUSAN

I don't remember what happened in the bedroom. My clothes were a mess. I'm a little sore in the wrong places.... Sorry, I'm not thinking straight....

She sits on the couch holding her head.

JACK

Two horny old guys. Using roofies. Pretty pathetic.... So, where are we? Leopold is the money guy now. If he bails we're back to just the IMP Gallery.

MARGOT

Would be weird to go on after what happened last night. But don't we hold the cards now? We call the cops and they go down.

JACK

Somehow calling the cops doesn't seem worth it. Too many hassles. We can fix things.

MARGOT

And don't forget. Little Nobody will soon be checking out. Susan talked me out of it once. Not twice.

SUSAN

Life sure got complicated fast.

JACK

There must be a way....

#22 SONG "THERE MUST BE A WAY" JACK, MARGOT, AND SUSAN (REPRISE)

JACK

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET OVER LAST NIGHT
SEX ON THE RUN. A CLOSE CALL FOR SURE
TWO CREEPY GUYS WANT SOME NIGHTTIME DELIGHT
TAKE THEM OUT OF THE MIX. WE CAN EVEN THE SCORE

MARGOT

EASY FOR YOU TO JUMP OVER THE FACTS
YOUR BODY WAS NOT ON THE LINE
TRY DEFENDING YOURSELF WHEN YOUR MIND'S OFF THE TRACKS
TRY FINDING YOURSELF IN A RACE AGAINST TIME

SUSAN

MY BODY IS MINE AND NO SCUMBAG WITH MONEY
 IS GOING TO GET NEAR MY POT OF HONEY
 MARGOT AND I STAND TOGETHER FULL TIME
 PARTIES LIKE LAST NIGHT ARE OVER THE LINE

JACK

I HEAR YOU BOTH. CAN'T BLAME YOU AT ALL
 BUT NOW THAT IT'S OVER, WE HOLD THE TRUMP CARD
 WE TWIST THOSE TWO CREEPS TO OUR BECK AND CALL
 JULIAN AND LEOPOLD. WE CAN HIT THEM HARD
 NO PAINTINGS. NO MUSIC. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT
 WE NEED THE MONEY. NOW WE SKIN THE CATS

MARGOT, SUSAN, AND JACK

THERE MUST BE A WAY. WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT
 NO WAY WE RUN FROM THESE PITIFUL PRICKS
 WE'VE GOT THE GOODS AND NOW THE CLOUT
 WE'LL FIND A WAY. WE'LL SPIN SOME NEW TRICKS.

WE'VE GOT THE GOODS AND NOW THE CLOUT
 THERE MUST BE A WAY. TO RIP THESE TWO DICKS
 WE'LL SHOW THEM THAT WE ARE THE ONLY WAY OUT.
 NOW!

The three of them raise their fists, then join in a raised hand clasp.

SCENE 10: THE IMP GALLERY.

That afternoon. Julian and Leopold are upset and talking. Dean is in the performance area rehearsing his piano parts for Rina Ketty's "J'attendrai" The music plays under the scene.

JULIAN

Last night was a strange, sad thing. We might have made a big mistake.

LEOPOLD

Forget about it. There will be other girls and nights.

JULIAN

I don't think you understand. Margot is unpredictable. Without her paintings we don't have anything.

LEOPOLD

She'll get over it. She's broke.

JULIAN

Not since her paintings started selling. We need a strategy that should start with apologies.

LEOPOLD

Ha! Be my guest. I don't apologize to anyone.

JULIAN

What about the Albany Gallery money? The expansion?

LEOPOLD

The money's still there as long as Margot and Jack are on board. Patch up last night then give me a call. A friend of mine told me about a place in Albany that might be perfect. I'm gonna check it out. Another thing. Get rid of that piano player.

JULIAN

We might lose Jack if I do.

LEOPOLD

Just do it. Jack will follow the money.

Leopold leaves. Julian walks over to Dean. Just then, Margot and Jack enter the Gallery. They walk over to Dean and Julian.

MARGOT

How does it feel to be a sexual predator and pimp? Limp dick approach with roofies for balls.

JULIAN

Margot, I'm sorry. I don't know what possessed me. Please forgive me.

JACK

I think we know what possessed you.

DEAN

What happened?

MARGOT

Julian and his money friend,
Leopold, ambushed Susan and I at
Julian's apartment last night and
drugged us for some free sex.

DEAN

Why you piece of shit!

Dean leaps at Julian, but Jack intervenes.

JACK

Easy. We're going to settle things,
aren't we Julian?

MARGOT

And by "settle" we mean the rest of
the IMP plan and beyond goes
through us.

Margot walks up face to face with Julian. She slowly pushes
him backwards as she emphasizes her thoughts.

#23 SONG "DID YOU ENJOY?" MARGOT

DID YOU ENJOY YOUR SICK LITTLE TRIP
THROUGH DOMINANCE LAND. WHEN YOU LOST YOUR GRIP
SLIPPING ROOFIES INTO OUR GLASSES
SO YOU COULD FEEL US UP AND GRAB OUR ASSES
I THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN THAT, GALLERY MAN
BUT YOUR LITTLE HEAD WON. NOW THE SHIT'S HIT THE FAN

NEVER AGAIN. THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH
WE HOLD THE CARDS. WE OWN THE "GOOD-BYE"
THERE ARE WITNESSES NOW TO YOUR FELONY ACTS
HANDS OFF THE MERCHANDISE. THESE ARE THE FACTS

DID YOU ENJOY YOUR SHORT MOMENT OF FUN?
DID YOU ENJOY YOUR SEX ON THE RUN?
DID YOU ENJOY THE POWER OF LIES?
DID YOU ENJOY YOUR BIG SURPRISE?
WELL, I DIDN'T ENJOY IT AND NOW YOU CAN FEEL
THAT THE FUTURE IS MINE. AND I'LL MAKE THE DEALS!

Margot pushes Julian into one of her paintings and pins him
there.

DEAN

I'll kill your slimy ass.

Jack holds him back.

MARGOT

Where's Leopold?

JULIAN

He's waiting for me to tell him you
two still buy into the plan.

MARGOT

You aren't listening. We run things
now.

Julian pushes back against Margot.

JULIAN

Oh, really. Well. Last night was a
mistake. My sincerest apologies.
But you might need a refresher on
recent history.

#24 SONG "SUCCESS" JULIAN

YOU SEEM TO FORGET WHERE I FOUND YOU, MY DEAR,
STARVING AND LOST IN THE ESSENCE CAFE
YOUR PAINTINGS ON WALLS COVERED IN BEER
THE FURNITURE BROKEN, NEEDLES SQUIRTING ALL DAY

I SAW THE SPARK, FELT YOUR PASSION IN PAINT
DREAMED UP THE IMP, GAVE YOU GALLERY CACHE,
NOW, YOU'RE MY STAR, NOW YOU WANT THESE RESTRAINTS
BETTER THINK TWICE ON THE GAMES THAT YOU PLAY

MY LIFE HAS BEEN STRANGE, A LONG, SCARY RIDE
ART IS A SLIPPERY SLOPE FOR A MAN
WHO NEVER HAD MONEY, FAMILY, OR PRIDE
SO I TOOK A LOW ROAD TO WORK OUT MY PLAN

SUCCESS IS NOT A ROAD THAT RUNS STRAIGHT
LEOPOLD'S PRICE MIGHT SEEM TOO MUCH TO BEAR
BUT. LET'S ALL ADJUST IF LEOPOLD CAN'T WAIT
HE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR THE MONEY, MON CHER.

I'VE SEEN MEN LIKE HIM. HE'S A BEAST WITH AN ITCH
BUT YOUR PAINTINGS WILL SERVE AS A BRILLIANT RUSE
WE'LL PROTECT YOU, FOR SURE, AS HE MAKES ALL OF US RICH
BACK OFF ON THE THREATS, WE'VE ALL PAID OUR DUES

MY LIFE HAS BEEN STRANGE, A LONG, SCARY RIDE
ART IS A SLIPPERY SLOPE FOR A MAN
WHO NEVER HAD MONEY, FAMILY, OR PRIDE
SO I TOOK A LOW ROAD TOWARD MY MASTER PLAN

THE IMP GALLERY IS MY OWN MASTERPIECE
LET'S ADD A FEW MORE. I'LL TAKE ALL OF THE HEAT

MARGOT

Easy for you to say. I don't think
Susan would agree with you.

JACK

We want contracts. And you and Leopold sign them.

JULIAN

He doesn't like contracts with performers..... Or artists.... Or anybody....

MARGOT

He can get used to it.

DEAN

Both of you guys need your balls cut off.

JULIAN

So delicate. Unfortunately, there's another development. Leopold doesn't want you around any more.

JACK

What?! Dean stays or there is no me.

JULIAN

As much as I hate to say it, there are plenty of singers looking for work.

DEAN

You set Margot and Susan up for rape, then think you're still in charge?

JULIAN

The answer to that is yes. Luckily, nothing really happened.

MARGOT

A lot happened. Susan's body was the slime balls play ground for a while..... I guess you didn't get the message. You do what we say or you and your money friend are in jail on felony sexual assault charges. With witnesses.

JULIAN

You're forgetting I have a witness, too. Leopold Grasso.

DEAN

I will make you pay for this.

JULIAN

We open in two hours. Can I call Leopold and tell him you're both still all in?

JACK

Dean, let's run through some numbers.

JULIAN

Leopold says no more Dean or there's no deal.

JACK

Well, screw Leopold.....

JULIAN

That brings things to a halt, then.

DEAN

No. No. Wait.... I'll go. No sense messing up everyone else's future. It was too good to be true, anyway. Grasso and I have a history you don't know about. See you, Jack. Margot. Good luck.

Dean gathers up his music.

JACK

That's crazy. We can work this out.

Dean leaves with Jack following.

MARGOT

Bad choices, Julian.

JULIAN

Sometimes they are unavoidable. Do you have any new paintings?

MARGOT

A few. And there's another item. What about Susan? She's part of the picture now.

JULIAN

Where is she?

MARGOT

At my loft sleeping off the nightmare.

JULIAN
Please tell her I'm sorry.

MARGOT
I would If I believed you.

JULIAN
Have it your way.... So, I can tell
Leopold you and Jack are still on
board?

MARGOT
Yes. For now. Just don't do
anything without checking with us.

JULIAN
I promise.

SCENE 11: ALBANY VACANT PROPERTY.

The next day. Leopold and GARY BENNETT, the owner, are walking around.

LEOPOLD
A nice space.

GARY
It's 1,500 square feet and \$3,000 a
month. The people who rented before
you had a photography gallery.
Sounds like that's close to what
you want.

LEOPOLD
Yeah. We want to have live music,
too. Just one guy and an amp.

GARY
OK. Just don't get too loud.
There's a church next store.

LEOPOLD
This is like an art district? Lots
of shops, galleries, and
restaurants?

GARY
Right. It's a one-year lease with a
first refusal for the next year. I
want 3 months down payment or
\$9,000. The renovations you want
will cost another \$21,000.

LEOPOLD

You got a deal. We'll start next month. I'll be back tomorrow with the money. You have the Lease.

GARY

Works for me.

LEOPOLD

Mind if I look around?

GARY

Be my guest. I'll be in my office in the back.

Gary leaves. After a moment, Dean Greco walks in.

LEOPOLD

Well. Well. Look who's here. Jack Brennan's ex-piano player.

DEAN

I heard what you did to Margot and Susan. Disgusting. I should cut your balls off.

LEOPOLD

Ha. You make me laugh, piano man. You're in over your head already. Don't push your luck.

DEAN

I needed the gig at the IMP Gallery.

LEOPOLD

Ah. That's a shame. Life can be a bitch sometimes. Just what your ex-wife said until I straightened her out.

DEAN

Why she fell for an asshole like you....

LEOPOLD

Well, she did. Dumping you was her life's highlight, until I came along.

DEAN

How is she?

LEOPOLD

She has her own life. But she looks good, keeps her mouth shut, and is great in the sack. To her, you were a joke.

DEAN

What if Susan charges you with rape? I heard about your little "roofie" party.

LEOPOLD

That's a laugh. I do that to your ex every night. Sometimes worse. How's your love life?

DEAN

My mother just died.

LEOPOLD

Tough. Don't show up at the Gallery anymore. You're fired forever.

DEAN

Please. I need the job. You'll lose Jack if I'm gone.

LEOPOLD

Don't flatter yourself. He needs the money and the publicity. Singers like Jack are a dime a dozen.

DEAN

You're not hearing me. I'm desperate. Just keep me playing and I won't cause any trouble.

LEOPOLD

(Laughing)

Like I said, you're fired. If I see you around the IMP Gallery I'll call the police... Or worse...

He grabs Dean by the neck and squeezes. Just then Gary returns. Leopold releases Dean and laughs.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

No problem. Just having some fun.

GARY

OK.... Who are you?

LEOPOLD
 Nobody important. I'll see you
 tomorrow.

Leopold leaves.

GARY
 You're with him? You can look
 around if you want.

Gary leaves. Dean rubs his neck and walks slowly around the
 space.

#25 SONG "TWO BULLETS" DEAN

NO EASY LIFE FOR ME AND THE BROOD
 SIX KIDS. NO MONEY. NO DAD TO INTRUDE
 MOM LOST HER MIND ALONG THE WAY
 NO TIME FOR LOVE. FORGET TIME FOR PLAY

I WATCHED IT ALL LIKE MY OWN HORROR FLICK
 ONLY SOMETHING WENT WRONG. MY LIFE GOT TOO SICK
 THE PIANO SAVED ME FROM A LIFE OF SHAME
 LOST IN THE MUSIC I GOT BACK IN THE GAME

BUT MOM GOT TOO SICK, THERE WAS NO ONE WHO CARED
 ALL THOSE SISTERS AND BROTHERS WERE NEVER THERE
 MY WIFE TOOK A WALK. LET ME DROWN IN A DITCH
 I WAS TRAPPED WITH MY MOM WITH NO WAY TO SWITCH

JACK TRIED TO SAVE ME BUT I SCREWED THAT UP TOO
 NOW LEOPOLD'S SQUEEZED ME TO THE POINT OF TABOO
 I NEVER KILLED ANYONE. NO MATTER HOW MEAN
 BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO WIPE MY LIFE CLEAN
 JUST PULL THE TRIGGER. HOW HARD CAN IT BE?
 LEOPOLD DEAD. QUICK. HASSLE FREE

TWO BULLETS. ONE SHOT. THEN THE LAST ONE FOR ME.

Dean reaches into his jacket, pulls out a gun, and holds it
 aloft.

#25A SONG "TWO BULLETS" DEAN (CON'D)

LEOPOLD DEAD. QUICK. HASSLE FREE
 TWO BULLETS. ONE SHOT. THEN THE LAST ONE FOR ME.

SCENE 12: IMP GALLERY.

Same time. Jack and Margot are alone. She is hanging some
 paintings.

JACK

Can't believe they fired Dean. He's been a rock for me. It didn't take long for all this to turn to shit.

MARGOT

Julian was a big surprise. Pulling the Bill Cosby drug move. What is the matter with men?

JACK

You sure you want to keep going? Some bad stuff went down last night.

MARGOT

I think so. Nothing really happened to me... Susan's the one with the question mark..... Julian's basically harmless. This might even give me some power down the line if I ask for more money. Witnesses are a great little asset.

JACK

So what do I do?

MARGOT

Keep singing. Use a tape for accompaniment. Go a cappella. Or get a new piano player. How hard can it be?

JACK

Not so easy.

MARGOT

Leopold is a bigger problem. He's got Julian, and us too, I suppose, convinced there are big bucks in these boutique galleries. And Susan is really spooked over last night.

Julian comes in.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

So. The Gallery perv returns.

JULIAN

That hurts. Last night did get out of hand. Probably my fault.... But perhaps some good news will soften your sarcasm.

(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)

A young couple is coming over to look at your paintings. They want to buy a few for their new loft. They are *extremely* wealthy. They're due any moment.

JACK

I'm going to try some songs a cappella tonight.

JULIAN

Good. That should work.

Jack goes to the performance area, sits down at the piano, and rehearses Rina Ketty's "J'attendrai" SYLVIA and TYLER walk in.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Hello, Sylvia. Tyler. Thanks for coming. You're lucky. Margot DuBois, the artist, is right here.

SYLVIA

So cool. We love your mad-splash take on reality.

MARGOT

Really?

TYLER

Yes. Especially the still lifes. Your way of painting glass takes my breath away.

Sylvia goes to one of the paintings and points

SYLVIA

And those abstract bananas! So real.... Yet not.... Because they're also fuzzy.

MARGOT

What would you say if I told you I painted this painting in thirty minutes? And those aren't bananas. They're swirls of yogurt mixed with Kool-Aid.

SYLVIA

That you are a genius.

TYLER

Look at that apple. I feel it looks
the way it tastes rather than how
it really is....

MARGOT

You two are very observant.

SYLVIA

We want to furnish our loft with
objects that enhance our shabby-
chic furniture... And lifestyle!

TYLER

This one would work great in our
bathroom just above the towel rack.
So you can see it while you take a
long, introspective, liberating
dump. Very deep stuff.

SYLVIA

Yes! And this one would work in our
kitchen. Instead of hanging it
we'll use it as..... a coffee tray!

#26 SONG "ART WATERED DOWN" SYLVIA, TYLER, AND MARGOT

SYLVIA

ART IS FANTASTIC. SO COOL AND SO HOT.
WE'LL STUFF OUR TASTES INTO OUR LOFT
STILL LIVES WERE MEANT TO SHOW OFF THE WALLS
LOTS OF BLURRY FRUIT WITH WARTS AND ALL

MARGOT

MONEY CAN MAKE YOU FORGET MATISSE
LOTS OF OIL IN THE PAINT. LOTS OF ANGST TO RELEASE

TYLER

STILL LIVES HAVE STOLEN MY EYEBALLS AND HEART
IF IT'S ON A TABLE. IT'S OFF THE CHART
THROW IN SOME GLASS AND A BASKET OF FRUIT
I CAN LOOK FOREVER. THOUGH I'M BALD AS A COOT

MARGOT

IS THIS FUNNY OR SAD? IT'S HARD TO TELL
THEY LIKE IT ALL. OILS AND PASTELS
WHEN THEY FORK OVER THE CASH, I'LL TURN A BLIND EYE
TOWARD MY SHABBY-CHIC STILL LIVES, AN ENDLESS SUPPLY

SYLVIA

FORK OVER THE CASH? OH YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASS
THESE PAINTINGS WILL LOOK LIKE WE TRAVEL FIRST CLASS
EVERY MOTEL ROOM FROM TROY TO LAKE PLACID
WILL THINK MARGO DUBOIS IS TRIPPING ON ACID

TYLER

WE'LL HAVE THE ART, THE WORLD WON'T HAVE A CLUE
 HOW YOUR STILL LIFE BECAME.... A BADASS TATTOO.
 OUR LOFT WILL BE THE TALK OF THE TOWN
 WHEN OUR GUESTS SEE THE POWER OF ART WATERED DOWN

MARGOT

SO THIS IS WHERE I'VE COME IN MY LIFE
 TWO GEN Y TRICKSTERS HAVE SWALLOWED THE HYPE
 BUT THE FUTURE HAS CHANGED, GONE NUTS IN A FLASH
 I'LL CLOSE MY EYES. FORK OVER THE CASH.

ALL

OUR/THEIR LOFT WILL BE THE TALK OF THE TOWN
 WHEN OUR/THEIR GUESTS SEE THE POWER OF ART WATERED DOWN

SYLVIA

We'll take these four!

TYLER

Can you deliver them to this
 address?

He hands Margot a card.

MARGOT

Of course. That will be \$2,000.

SYLVIA

Cool. Here's my phone. Just click
 on the page. Can't wait for our
 cleaning lady to see them.

TYLER

Thanks. Keep up the still lifes and
 the fuzzy glass. Bye.

As they leave they sing

#27 SONG "ART WATERED DOWN" SYLVIA AND TYLER (REPRISE)

OUR LOFT WILL BE THE TALK OF THE TOWN
 WHEN OUR GUESTS SEE THE POWER OF ART WATERED DOWN

Sylvia and Tyler leave.

MARGOT

Just have a hard time wrapping my
 head around the money.

Julian returns.

JULIAN

Well done. How much?

MARGOT

\$2,000.

JULIAN

This softens the blow for last night?

MARGOT

I suppose. Why did you guys fire Dean? He's harmless.

JULIAN

To me. Yes. To Leopold. No. There's some nasty past there.

MARGOT

Well. Jack is upset.

JULIAN

He'll get over it. Going a cappella might actually be even better. More raw.

Leopold enters.

LEOPOLD

How is everybody? I made the deal with the landlord in Albany. We can open it next month. That means we need more paintings and another singer.

MARGOT

What did you do to Susan last night?

LEOPOLD

Not as much as I wanted to, thanks to your lame boyfriend. I just broke the surface.... So to speak.

MARGOT

You are a real scum bag.

LEOPOLD

(laughing)

That's *Mister* Scum Bag to you.

JULIAN

(to Margot)

Why don't you replace the paintings
you just sold? We don't want any
empty spaces when we open tonight.

MARGOT

How many Golden Eggs do you think I
have left?

#28 SONG "GOLDEN GOOSE" MARGOT

SOMEHOW THIS GALLERY GOT OUT OF HAND
WHEN LEOPOLD, THE BLOWHARD MOBSTER MAN
TOOK A SHAMELESS ROMP WITH MY BEST FRIEND
THAT TURNED INTO SEX. NO NEVER AGAIN

MY PAINTINGS REACH DOWN. TOUCH THE TIPS OF MY DREAMS
THEN SOMEHOW END UP IN EVERYONE'S SCHEMES
THE LANDSCAPES ARE TINGED WITH THE BROWNS OF REGRET
THE STILL LIFES AND GLASS.... I'D LIKE TO FORGET

I'M THE GOOSE THAT BURPS OUT THE ART
"MARGOT'S THE NEXT BIG THING." A LA CARTE
THE TROUBLE WITH PAINTING ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT
IS YOU LOSE ALL SENSE OF WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT'S RIGHT

POLLOCK CAN DRIP HIS DREAMS WITH HIS PAINT
BUT LOOK AT THESE SWIRLS, DO THEY MEAN I'M INSANE?

LEOPOLD

Who cares. Just paint. And it
better be a lot, or you will be in
big time trouble. It's hard to
paint with broken fingers.

MARGOT

Really. Well, screw you, asshole.
Don't forget there are witnesses
for last night.

LEOPOLD

It's your word against ours. And
you and Susan were drunk? Right
Julian?

JULIAN

So it seems.

MARGOT

Up yours. I'll be back in an hour.

Margot leaves.

JULIAN
They want contracts.

LEOPOLD
Ha. Fat chance.

Jack moves from his performance area.

JACK
Where's Margot?

JULIAN
She just left to get more
paintings.

JACK
I don't like singing without
accompaniment.

JULIAN
I understand. But tonight it's a
cappella. Stick to the songs you
know best.

JACK
I'm worried Dean might do
something. He's not in good mental
shape. His mom just died.

LEOPOLD
Good riddance. Trust me. Dean won't
be a problem.

SCENE 13: MARGOT'S LOFT.

Moments later. Susan is lying on the couch. Margot comes in.

MARGOT
How are you feeling?

SUSAN
Not great. Still can't remember
much. Leopold was feeling me up, I
was fighting him.... Then it's a
blur. I just hope that's as far as
he got.

MARGOT
So sorry, Susan. What a slime.
Thank god for Jack.

Margot begins to pack up some paintings.

SUSAN

You're not still working for those guys?

MARGOT

Unfortunately, yes. I just sold four paintings for \$2,000. Leopold is renting another gallery in Albany. It opens next month. He promised you a job. Remember?

SUSAN

How did I get myself into all this?

MARGOT

I guess we're growing up.

#29 SONG "COMPLICATED LIFE" SUSAN

WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE STICKS
WOULD END UP IN BED WITH A CREEPY OLD MAN
WHO DRUGS UP HIS WOMEN THEN PLAYS DIRTY TRICKS
A PERVERT SUPREME A SEX HATCHET MAN

BUT THERE MIGHT BE A FATAL FLAW IN HIS PLAN
SOMETHING SO WEIRD HE'S NOW A MARKED MAN

LIFE WAS SO SLOW WHEN I WENT TO HIS PLACE
A CELL PHONE RETURN. THEN I'M ON MY WAY
BUT A PARTY BROKE OUT. A NICE CHANGE OF PACE
TILL COGNAC AND ROOFIES BLEW ME AWAY
THIS MORNING MY BODY SAID HIS HANDS WERE TOO ROUGH
THERE'S AN ACHE IN MY GROIN MY LEGS FEEL SO WEAK
BUT HE DIDN'T GET IN. AND I'M CALLING HIS BLUFF
IF I SEE HIM AGAIN I'LL SPIT ON THE FREAK

BUT THERE MIGHT BE A FATAL FLAW IN HIS PLAN
SOMETHING SO WEIRD HE'S NOW A MARKED MAN

MARGOT

Fatal flaw? That sounds ominous.

SUSAN

I don't know.... I did something last night that might seem a little strange.

MARGOT

OK?

SUSAN

After I saw those guys in robes... When I went to the bathroom I got scared and put that small doorbell camera I carry around with me all the time in the smoke detector in the bedroom. It's easy to do. My brother showed me how... So we might have some video of Leopold and me on the bed.

MARGOT

That's totally crazy. You are an ingenious maniac. Will Julian see the camera?

SUSAN

I don't think so. Not if he's not looking for it. The camera's about as big as a gum drop and it's inside the smoke detector. I removed the batteries and the little red warning light, that's how the camera can see the room.

MARGOT

Well done! Now all we need to do is get the camera. It should be our insurance policy against Leopold.

SUSAN

Let me handle it.

MARGOT

Are you sure? I hope what we see isn't too harsh on you.

SUSAN

Me too.

They hug, then Susan takes out her cell phone and takes a picture of the rearing horse statue.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Gottcha!

MARGOT

I'll tell Jack about your camera. I've got to get back. If you're up for it, stop by the gallery tonight. We've got those two perverts on the run now. Remember that. See ya.

Margot puts some paintings under her arm and runs out.

SCENE 14: THE IMP GALLERY

Later that night. The Gallery Goers are there. Jack is in the performance area.

JACK

Bonjour, everyone. Merci beaucoup for joining us here in the IMP Gallery tonight. It's hard to beat a summer night filled with music, wine and mind-blowing art work. The French have been the leaders in the Impressionistic art world for so long... we are so lucky that our resident artist, Margot DuBois, has chosen us to be her showcase gallery. Her French blood runs deep and her paintings tell amazing stories of passion, conflict, and love.... Before Margot meets you in the gallery, please enjoy some French songs that express the joys and struggles of life....

Jack begins to sing Carla Bruni's "Quelqu'un qui m'a dit"

#30 SONG "QUELQU'UN M'A DIT" JACK

QUE TU M'AIMAIS ENCORE,
SERAIT-CE POSSIBLE ALORS?
NOS VIES
ELLES PASSENT EN UN INSTANT
COMME FANENT LES ROSES....

As Jack continues to sing, Margot runs in with her paintings, sets them down, takes out a knife to cut the hanging wire, and begins to hang them to replace the four that were sold. Julian is there.

JULIAN

I like your new work. It's a little darker than the others.

MARGOT

I wonder why? How is everything in your apartment after the sick seductions?

JULIAN

Ah... Normal. Where did that come from?

Leopold arrives.

LEOPOLD

Well. The Golden Goose and her stuffy Gander.

JULIAN

Hello, Leopold. Jack is making it through without Dean.

LEOPOLD

Of course. Nobody needs a stupid piano player.

MARGOT

So tell me again. What went on in the bedroom with Susan?

LEOPOLD

We had a nice little chat. About art.

MARGOT

She's upset because she doesn't know what happened after she passed out.

LEOPOLD

Poor baby. Tell her not to worry. She got lucky.

MARGOT

What?! You prick.

LEOPOLD

Careful. You have a lot to lose here. Right, Julian?

JULIAN

Let's calm down and focus on the good things.

MARGOT

You might have some surprises coming, Leopold, that will put your sorry ass in jail.

LEOPOLD

Ha. Ha. Tough girl.

MARGOT

Tough enough to take you out.

She raises the knife up to Leopold's face and wags it.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Lame pervert.

#31 SONG "SURPRISES" MARGOT AND LEOPOLD

MARGOT

DUMB GUYS LIKE YOU HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN
MONEY AND SEX AND EGO TO BURN
BUT THE END IS IN SIGHT IT'S FAST AND COMPLETE
A BIG SURPRISE THE DAY YOU'RE DEAD MEAT

LEOPOLD

SMART ASSES LIKE YOU THINK THE WORLD DOESN'T SPIN
PAINT A FEW SCENES AND THE MONEY ROLLS IN
THINK AGAIN, BITCH, THE FREAK THAT YOU ARE
A BIG SURPRISE COULD BURY YOUR STAR

MARGOT AND LEOPOLD

SURPRISES NEVER GIVE WARNINGS OR SIGNS
THEY TRAMPLE US ALL. THEY'RE THE BOTTOM LINE
YOU WON'T SEE THE BOLT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE
SURPRISES ARE COMING. BELIEVE IT, DAMN STRAIGHT.

LEOPOLD

SMART ASS ARTISTS THINK THEY'RE SPECIAL SOMEHOW
ART DOESN'T MEAN SQUAT IF THERE ISN'T PAY "NOW"
IF YOU DON'T FORGET WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT
YOUR NEXT SURPRISE WILL BE PAIN AT FIRST SIGHT

MARGOT

NO WAY YOUR CHILDISH TAKE ON MY LIFE
AFFECTS WHAT I DO. BACK OFF... LIKE MY KNIFE?

Margot suddenly places the knife on his neck. As she sings
she backs Leopold up at knife point.

#31A SONG "SURPRISES" MARGOT AND LEOPOLD (CON'D)

MARGOT

LAST NIGHT WAS SO DUMB. NOW YOU'RE MY PAWN
HOW'S THAT FOR SURPRISE? THE LINES ARE NOW DRAWN
MAYBE YOUR NECK IS SO SOFT AND SO WHITE
A LITTLE RED BLOOD SHOULD..... MAKE YOU UPTIGHT?
AFRAID TO FIGHT? SNEAK AWAY IN THE NIGHT?

MARGOT AND LEOPOLD

SURPRISES NEVER GIVE WARNINGS OR SIGNS
THEY TRAMPLE US ALL. THEY'RE THE BOTTOM LINE
YOU WON'T SEE THE BOLT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE
SURPRISES ARE COMING. BELIEVE IT, DAMN STRAIGHT.

Margot lightly cuts a line on Leopold's neck. Julian is
shocked. Leopold swipes some of his blood onto his finger,
licks it, and laughs.

LEOPOLD
I like tough girls.

MARGOT
Not this one.

As he lunges to grab her knife hand, Margot reacts and cuts his hand. Blood spurts out of the cut. Leopold yells as Julian moves to help him.

Jack finishes his song to applause. The Gallery Goers rise and move toward the paintings.

Suddenly Leopold grabs the knife and stabs one of the paintings. Then violently shreds it. The Gallery Goers are shocked and let out a loud, collective gasp. Leopold raises his knife hand in triumph.

Margot laughs.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Like an ignorant ape....

JULIAN
Everyone. Please. Don't be alarmed. Artists are temperamental and our beloved Margot DuBois is no exception. That painting is not valuable and my friend Leopold is just being dramatic. A petty spat. Please, enjoy the art and forgive our passions.

The Gallery Goers breathe a sigh of relief and disperse among the paintings. Leopold wraps his hand in a handkerchief, then gets in Margot's face.

LEOPOLD
I'll remember this....

He leaves in a hurry. Margot and Julian pick up the mutilated painting.

SCENE 15: JULIAN'S APARTMENT

Later that night. Susan picks the door lock and lets herself in. She tiptoes to the bedroom, stands on a chair, and removes her doorbell camera from the smoke alarm.

As she heads for the front door, Julian arrives.

JULIAN
What's going on?

SUSAN

I left my cell phone here the other night.

JULIAN

So you broke in to get it?

SUSAN

Yes. What are you going to do about it? Call the police?

JULIAN

Something is not quite right here.

SUSAN

The only thing off is you, Julian. Get out of my way.

Susan tries to pass him. Julian blocks her way.

JULIAN

Let me see your cell phone.

She pulls out her cell phone and shows him..

SUSAN

Get out of my way or I'll call the police. Something about roofies and sexual assault. Remember?

JULIAN

Don't leave. We have to talk about some things.

SUSAN

Sorry, Julian. There's nothing to talk about. Creep.

Julian lunges toward her. She easily avoids him, knees him hard in the crotch, and runs out the door. Julian crumbles to the floor.

SCENE 16: MARGOT'S LOFT.

Moments later. Susan runs in.

SUSAN

I got it.

MARGOT

You broke into Julian's apartment?

SUSAN

You bet your sweet ass I did. Here
it is.

MARGOT

Sweet. Let's check it out.

Margot opens her computer, hooks up cables, and they watch
the video.

SUSAN

Oh my god, he did try to rape me!
That bitch. That no good,
disgusting prick. Thank god Jack
showed up.

MARGOT

Susan. I'm so sorry.
But.... We've got him now.

#32 SONG "THE BILL HAS COME DUE" SUSAN AND MARGOT

SUSAN

IT'S NOT FAIR
NEVER HAD A CHANCE
TO DEFEND MYSELF
OR STOP HIS ADVANCE

I'M NOT A SAINT
I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE MILL
BUT UP UNTIL NOW
I'VE HANDLED THE THRILL

IT'S NOT FAIR
ONE SIP DID IT ALL
THE DIRTY OLD PERV
MADE MY PRIVATE FLESH CRAWL

MARGOT

HE'S A CREEP
AND WE'LL HANDLE HIS ASS
BIG CLUMSY OAF
WITH BALLS MADE OF BRASS

REVENGE IS SO SWEET
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH
NO CHANCE. NO CONSENT
BUT THE BILL HAS COME DUE

THE TIME IS RIPE
WE'LL GIVE IT ALL BACK
LEOPOLD'S GUILTY
WE'RE ON THE ATTACK

SUSAN

THANK GOD HE FELL SHORT
 OF THE ULTIMATE CRIME
 NOW IT'S TIME TO STRIKE BACK
 PUT HIS LIFE ON THE LINE
 FOR TOO MANY YEARS
 HE'S THOUGHT GIRLS ARE HIS DISH
 TOO SCARED TO SCREAM
 THEY GAVE IN TO HIS WISH

BUT THE BILL HAS COME DUE
 SUSAN'S STEPPING RIGHT UP
 LEOPOLD'S THE ONE
 WHO'S THE SICKEST PUP

SUSAN AND MARGOT

THE BILL HAS COME DUE
 WE'RE THE ONES WITH THE GOODS
 THE BILL HAS COME DUE
 FOR THIS CHEAP, UGLY HOOD

SUSAN

I've got to sort this out. I'll see
 you later.

Susan takes the camera and leaves. Margot angrily throws
 paint on her canvas and brushes it into the painting. She
 flings a brush full of paint on the sculpture.

Jack arrives.

JACK

Thank god you're painting again. It
 looks..... different....

MARGOT

You just cruise along. Roll with
 whatever happens. Even when it's
 sexual assault, attempted rape, and
 dirty money.

JACK...

OK. We... You have been through a
 lot. But Julian has seen the
 light... He won't try any more
 tricks.... And Leopold is only
 concerned about money...

MARGOT

So simple for you. I got lucky.
 Susan didn't. Is that something to
 skip over?

JACK

What? How do you know that? Susan was passed out.

MARGOT

A small little surveillance camera she was smart enough to hook up when she went to the bathroom. It's all on video.

JACK

Jesus. What a mess. I feel bad for Susan. What is she going to do?

MARGOT

I'm not sure. It might be an insurance policy for us if we keep doing this stupid, crazy art thing.

JACK

What about the baby? Have you changed your mind?

MARGOT

No. It will all be over in a few days. Little Nobody will be gone for good.

#33 SONG "LITTLE NOBODY" MARGOT AND JACK (REPRISE)

JACK

WHO COULD BELIEVE I'D BE IN THIS POSITION
ARGUING TO KEEP YOUR CURRENT CONDITION
MAYBE WE NEED TO CLEANSE THIS DISTRUST
A BABY WOULD OPEN A NEW WORLD FOR US

MARGOT

AS ALWAYS, ITS EASY FOR YOU JUST TO SAY.
YOU'D FLOAT THROUGH OUR LIFE. THEN YOU'D SLIP AWAY
OFF TO THE NEXT FUN-FILLED GIG WITH NO PAY
A BABY'S TOO MUCH. I CAN'T MEET YOU HALFWAY

JACK

YOU UNDER ESTIMATE MY NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE
I CAN TURN A NEW LEAF. YOU CAN BE A WILD WIFE
YOU CAN KEEP UP YOUR ART. I'LL BE STAY-AT-HOME DUDE
THE BABY WILL LOVE THE COOL VIBES WE EXUDE

MARGOT

IT SOUNDS SO GOOD. MINUS ALL OF THE GRIND
AFTER TWO WEEKS YOU'D BE OUT OF YOUR MIND
A BABY'S TOO MUCH. I CAN'T MEET YOU HALF WAY
SORRY, JACK. YOU MEAN WELL, BUT THE COLD LIGHT OF DAY
TELLS ME THIS ISN'T THE TIME. THE PLACE. OR OK.

THE FUTURE MIGHT HOLD A BABY SURPRISE
BUT RIGHT NOW WE FOCUS ON BABY'S GOOD-BYE

JACK

Can we wait a little longer? Until
things sort themselves out a little
more?

MARGOT

Always the dreamer. I've got to
finish this painting. I'll see you
at the gallery tomorrow.

Jack leaves.

SCENE 17: IMP GALLERY

The next evening. The Gallery Goers are there. In the
performance area Jack is finishing up singing Lucienne
Boyer's "Parlez-Moi d'Amour."

#33A SONG "PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR" (SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE) JACK

PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR
REDITES-MOI CES MOTS SUPRÊMES
JE VOUS AIME...

The crowd applauds enthusiastically, gets up, and disperses
toward the paintings. Margot is hanging the painting she was
working on earlier. Two millennials, QUINN (25) and NINA
(35), approach her.

QUINN

So. You're the almost famous Margot
DuBois?

MARGOT

So they say.

NINA

Love the French thing. Always loved
Matisse and those crazy swirls.
Your paintings look like Matisse
and Monet had a lot of love
children.

MARGOT

Clever. Never thought of it that
way.

QUINN

We run a Daycare center and these paintings would sure brighten up the place. It's in a basement with no windows.

NINA

This one would look good next to the furnace. Kind of a visual representation of carbon emissions.

QUINN

Yeah! And that one would work if we hung it on the ventilation duct by the stairs. Be the first thing you'd see when you came down the stairs.

MARGOT

Whatever.

#34 SONG "BASEMENT ART" QUINN AND NINA

NINA

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T LIVE FLY IN A CELLAR?
FOR PLENTY OF PEEPS THAT SPACE IS SO STELLER.
IMPRESSIONIST ART CAN MASK ALL OF THE PIPES
WILD COLORS IN SWIRLS, STREAKS, DABS, OR STRIPES

QUINN

BASEMENTS ARE COOL. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN CHARM
SIGHT LINES ARE GREAT NEAR THE FIRE ALARM
DAYCARE HAS CHANGED. KIDS WANT LOTS OF COLORS
PARENTS ARE ZONED. WAY LIGHT ON THE NURTURE

NINA

WE'LL MAKE YOUR ART INTO PART OF THE WALLSCAPE
PLEASE TOUCH THE PAINTING BUT DON'T EAT THE SCOTCH TAPE
WE'LL HANG IT ALL UP IN FUNKY PANORAMAS
THEN MAKE ALL THE KIDS WEAR THEIR WILDEST PAJAMAS

QUINN

BASEMENT ART IS THE NEXT DOWNSTAIRS BIG THING
SHEET ROCK AND LOSE WIRES FROM HERE TO BEIJING
FLOOR DRAINS CAN BE SPIFFED. CEILING TILES SPRAYED GREEN
DAY-GLO FUSE BOXES, YOU SEE WHAT WE MEAN?

NINA AND QUINN

BASEMENTS CAN ROCK WITH WEIRD STUFF AND ART
KIDS DIG THE COLORS. AND RASPBERRY TARTS
WE'LL PAY BIG BUCKS FOR MARGOT'S WILD VISION
TO BE THE COOL PLACE IN OUR NEW SUB-DIVISION

QUINN

We'll buy these two.

NINA

Let's get that one, too. The kids can try to figure it out while they're eating lunch.

QUINN

Cool. It actually looks a little like a salad... With some hellfire dressing....

MARGOT

That will be \$1,500. You can pay that man over there in the red vest.

NINA

Cool. You are a real gun.

Jack arrives as they are leaving.

JACK

Unbelievable. They just keep selling. You've got something they want.

MARGOT

That's why I'm so confused.

SCENE 18: MARGOT'S LOFT

Later that evening. Margot enters and throws her coat and purse on the couch. She's humming "Colors" as she moves. She puts on her painting smock, whose pockets are filled with brushes. She picks up her palette, whimsically gives the sculpture the finger, then dabs a blob of red paint on the finger. As she starts to paint, she sings.

#35 SONG "COLORS" MARGOT (REPRISE)

COLORS FOR SALE. MAGENTAS AND GREYS
HOW DID MY LIFE GET SO OUT OF PHASE?
COLORS FOR SALE. MY BODY IS TOO?
SUSAN'S PALE YELLOW. JACK'S MIND A SAD BLUE

COLORS FOR SALE. ALL SCRAMBLED AND GREEN
TONIGHT AT THE IMP, I WAS A SAD.... TANGERINE?
I THOUGHT BEING REAL WAS SUCH A BIG DEAL
MAYBE LEARNING TO FEEL IS MY NEW COLOR WHEEL....

The song is interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

MARGOT

Who's there?

Silence. Margot takes a few tentative steps toward the door. Another knock.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Yes? Jack?

Silence. Then another knock. Margot opens the door a crack. Leopold bursts in.

LEOPOLD

Hello Meal Ticket. Thought I'd check in with the Golden Goose.

MARGOT

Get out. Or I'll call the police.

She reaches for her cell phone in her purse, but Leopold beats her to the purse. He holds it up, opens it, and takes out her cell phone.

LEOPOLD

These are such stupid things. I think I'll hang on to yours for a while.

MARGOT

Give it to me!

LEOPOLD

So this is the painting factory. Where sexy Margot scams the art world. Not bad.

MARGOT

You're in deep trouble, Leopold. So deep you may never get out.

LEOPOLD

Really. What do you know that I don't?

MARGOT

Enough to put you in jail for a long time. Maybe forever.

LEOPOLD

Well. We'll just have to see if there might be other ways to work this out.

He steps toward Margot and slowly forces her backward until she is standing by the couch. Leopold puts a hand on her breast.

MARGOT

Never! Don't even try!

Margot rips his hand off of her and tries to jab a paint brush handle into one of his eyes. He grabs her arm. She tries to knee him in the crotch. They struggle, until he pushes her onto the couch and holds her down.

LEOPOLD

A fighter. The best kind... Let's see what's under your work clothes.... Or you've painted your last picture... Fingers break real easy....

MARGOT

Maggot.

Leopold laughs and begins to undo his belt with one hand. Suddenly, Dean appears in the doorway with a gun.

DEAN

Stop!

LEOPOLD

What!? You! Mama's boy.... Give me the gun. You don't have the balls to shoot....

Leopold slowly walks toward Dean.

DEAN

Don't come any closer.

LEOPOLD

I'll shove that gun down your throat.

MARGOT

Dean! Don't do it. He's not worth it.

LEOPOLD

Give the gun to Daddy....

Dean lowers the gun and shoots Leopold in the stomach. Leopold goes down. Dean and Margot are frozen. Then Leopold stands up again and limps toward Dean in the doorway. Leopold snatches the gun.

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
Say good-bye, asshole.

DEAN
One bullet for me....

As Leopold raises the gun, Margot picks up the bronze sculpture, rushes across the room, and delivers a huge blow to Leopold's head. He starts to crumble to the floor. Margot hits him hard in the head again. Leopold slowly collapses onto the floor and begins to groan.

Margot stands over Leopold, kicks him hard, then goes to Dean, who is still paralyzed in the doorway.

MARGOT
Dean! Thank god you're here. It's OK. It's over.

She hugs Dean then turns to look at Leopold on the floor.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Look at that piece of shit. Got what he deserved, at last.... How did you get here?

DEAN
I've been following him for days. Waiting for the right time to kill him.

Dean walks to Leopold, picks up the gun, and stands over him.

MARGOT
Don't kill him. We can call the police. We've got a video of him assaulting Susan. He broke into my apartment. He was assaulting me. You saved my life.

Leopold is weakly groaning. Dean lifts the gun to his own head.

DEAN
One bullet left. That one's for me.

MARGOT
No. No. You can't do it!

#36 SONG "TWO BULLETS" MARGOT AND DEAN (REPRISE)

MARGOT

FORGET YOUR BULLET. JUSTICE BLEEDS ON THE FLOOR
LEOPOLD IS DYING. YOU SETTLED THE SCORE.

WE'RE FREE FROM HIS GRASP. YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY.
LIFE ISN'T SO BAD ANYMORE.

DEAN

WHY DID I THINK KILLING WAS RIGHT?
COPS WON'T UNDERSTAND: MY LIFE HAS BEEN SWIPED
MY MIND WENT BLANK. THE GUN WENT OFF.
LEOPOLD'S GONE. MY LIFE HAS BEEN WIPED

MARGOT

YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT. HE WAS SICKO Hardcore
HE MOLESTED SUSAN, AND A WHOLE LOT MORE.
WE'RE FREE FROM HIS GRASP. YOU SAVED THE DAY!
LIFE ISN'T SO BAD ANYMORE.

DEAN

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. I GOT LUCKY AT LAST?
HE CAME AT ME. LEOPOLD ATE THE BLAST.
SELF DEFENSE WE CAN SPIN. IT WILL SAVE MY DUMB ASS.
WE'LL TURN THIS AROUND. NO MORE SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

MARGOT AND DEAN

YOUR/MY LAST BULLET CAN STAY IN THE GUN
SITTING ALONE. AIMED AT... NO ONE
YOUR/MY LIFE IS REBORN WITHOUT PRISON OR PAIN
YOU/I CAN PICK UP THE PIECES AND LIVE LIFE AGAIN
WE'RE FREE FROM HIS GRASP. YOU/I SAVED THE DAY!
LIFE ISN'T SO BAD ANYMORE.
WE'RE FREE FROM HIS GRASP. YOU/I SAVED THE DAY!
LIFE ISN'T SO BAD ANYMORE.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

We can work things out. You're a
hero now!

She hugs Dean. He removes the bullet from the gun, gives it
to Margot, then puts the gun on a table. Margot gets her cell
phone from the dying Leopold and calls the police.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Hello. Police? I'd like to report a
break in, a sexual assault, and a
shooting.

SCENE 19: IMP GALLERY.

The next day. Jack is finishing Joe Dassin's "Les Champs-
Élysées" to rapt Gallery Goers. Margot and Susan are standing
and listening.

#36A SONG "LES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES" JACK

AU SOLEIL, SOUS LA PLUIE,
 À MIDI OU À MINUIT,
 IL Y A TOUT CE QUE VOUS VOULEZ
 AUX CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES....

JACK

Thank you. For the love of music and art. The IMP Gallery prides itself on being a small, independent place where art lovers can enjoy the strange, wonderful world of Impressionistic and Abstract art. These paintings are the result of the passion and care our resident artist, Margo DuBois, puts into every piece of her art. Enjoy her work and say hello to her as you do. She's right over there.

The Gallery Goers disperse as Dean plays some French-themed background music. Jack chats with folks.

Julian approaches Margot and Susan.

JULIAN

Thank you both for not reporting me to the police. I probably didn't deserve it.

MARGOT

You learned a hard lesson about women and life. Susan and I will be your rehab.

SUSAN

What about Leopold?

MARGOT

Looks like he might survive. Unfortunately. I'll paint a picture for his jail cell. Color him puke green.

SUSAN

I wish Dean would have killed that slimy bastard.

MARGOT

We'll help you get over it. Right, Julian.

JULIAN

Absolutely.

Dean finishes playing, meets Jack, and they make their way to the others.

SUSAN

You sounded great, Jack. I think you picked us all up a little.

JACK

Thanks. Margot, are you holding up OK?

MARGOT

Never better. Unless you count a few bumps and bruises.

JULIAN

You are amazing. Wish I had your strength. Dean, it's nice to have you back.

DEAN

So now you can handle crude piano players?

JULIAN

I'm working on it.

The Gallery Goers surround the group. They include all of the previous singing pairs.

#37 SONG "COLORS" GALLERY GOERS AND MARGOT (REPRISE)
GALLERY GO-ERS

MARGOT'S THE NEXT WAVE. NEO-FRENCH WITH A SPLASH
HER PAINTINGS ARE HOT. HER STYLE MAKES YOU GASP
SHE'S CAPTURED A STYLE THAT TURNS ART ON ITS HEAD
NO ONE COMES CLOSE, SHE'S LIGHT YEARS AHEAD
A DAB OF DEKOONING MIX ROTHKO AND KLINE
MARGOT KNOWS ART. SHE LIVES ON CLOUD NINE.

MARGOT

ART FOR THE MASSES. ART FOR THE FEW.
IS THERE A DIFFERENCE? THAT'S UP TO YOU.
ABSTRACT EMOTIONS EMBEDDED IN PAINT
SWIM FOR YOUR LIFE. FORGET YOUR RESTRAINT.
STILL, THERE'S A HINT OF REAL PASSION, IT'S TRUE.
AS LONG AS I BITE OFF LESS THAN I CHEW.
MIXING AND MATCHING, WHO KNEW IT WOULD WORK?
A DAY IN THE PARK. IN HUDSON, NEW YORK!

The Gallery Goers laugh, cheer, and disperse.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

So now it's just the IMP Gallery
with a French twist.

MARGOT

Back where we started. Jack, I've
got some news for you. And
everybody, I guess.... Little
Somebody is due in seven months.

SUSAN

Yes! A wise and fantastic choice.

JACK

I love you, Margot!

MARGOT

Of course you do. You're Jack.

DEAN

Do I get to be an uncle.... sort
of....

MARGOT

Only if you promise to teach Little
Somebody the piano.

JULIAN

Now we'll have a real imp in the
Gallery.

MARGOT

And..... Maybe I'll change my
style. To..... Realism!...

#37 SONG "COLORS" GALLERY GOERS, MARGOT, JACK (REPRISE)
GALLERY GOERS

COLORS FOR SALE. BLUE OR DEEP PINK
A BABY WILL SOON MAKE ALL OF US BLINK
MARGOT AND JACK. NEW MOM AND NEW POP
CHANGING DIAPERS IN A STUDIO LOFT
THE BABY WILL CRAWL THROUGH PUDDLES OF PAINT
WHILE MARGOT DOES SWIRLS AND JACK DOESN'T FAINT

OLDER AND WISER. THEY JUST TURNED THE PAGE
WILL ART WITH A FRENCH TWIST STILL BE THE RAGE?
WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN. IT'S NEVER TOO CLEAR
FOR ONCE THE "GOOD" MADE "BAD" DISAPPEAR
MARGOT AND JACK, TWO OPPOSITE SORTS,
FOUND OUT ABOUT LIFE, ITS ROSES AND WARTS

JACK

SOMEHOW THE WORLD TOOK A TURN FOR THE BEST

THIS LITTLE LIFE FORM WITH WHOM WE ARE BLESSED
HE OR SHE WILL LEARN TO SING WHILE THEY PAINT
ART IS COOL NO MATTER HOW BOLD OR HOW QUAIN

MARGOT

COLORS FOR SALE. BURNT ORANGE AND GOLD
WHO KNEW MY LIFE WOULD JUMP OUT OF THE MOLD
COLORS FOR SALE. LET THEM SWING IN THE BREEZE
THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT. AU REVOIR, MES AIMES

END ACT 2