

The Boy Wonder Excerpt

MUSICAL NUMBERS

(PD = Public Domain)

ACT 1 The Ingénue

- 01-K-K-K-Katy (PD): Wendell
- 02-The Sidewalks of New York (PD): Guy, Victor, Billy
- 03-Alice Blue Gown (PD): Monica
- 04-Beautiful Dreamer (PD): Victor
- 05-But Not For Me (George and Ira Gershwin, © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc)
- 06-Second Hand Rose (PD): Monica
- 07-After You've Gone (PD): Monica
- 08-A Good Man Is Hard to Find (PD): Summer and the Chorus Girls

ACT 2 A Star Is Born

- 09-She's a Latin from Manhattan (PD): Monica, Summer and the Chorus Girls.
- 10-I'm Always Chasing Rainbows (PD): Guy
- 11-You Made Me Love You (PD): Monica and Mitzi
- 12-Mean to Me: Monica (L: Roy Turk; M: Fred E. Ahlert; Cromwell Music; BMG Rights Management (US) LLC
- 13-(What Can I Say) After I say I'm Sorry (Walter Donaldson/Abe Lyman; © EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC): Guy

ACT 3 A Joyful Love

- 14-Alexander's Ragtime Band (PD): Wendell, Victor, Mitzi, Summer and the Chorus Girls
- 15-Heaven Protect the Working Girl (PD): Summer, Victor, Mitzi and the Chorus Girls
- 16-Put Your Arms Around Me (PD): Monica and Guy
- 17-Goodbye Broadway, Hello France (PD): Guy, Monica, Victor, Mitzi, Summer and the Chorus Girls
- 18-Anytime (PD): Guy
- 19-How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm (PD): Mitzi, Victor, Summer and the Chorus Girls
- 20-Come to Me My Melancholy Baby (PD): Monica
- 21-If I Had My Way (PD): Monica and the Cast
- 22-Give My Regards to Broadway (PD): The Cast
- (REPRISE) A Good Man Is Hard to Find (PD): The Cast

ACT 1

The Bradshaw Theatre, an off-off, way off, Broadway theatre. The mid 1930s. The theatre is actually a burlesque house.

SCENE 1

The theatre's office waiting/reception room. MONICA, who wears glasses, is behind a desk. Her hair is done up and she wears no makeup. She's typing some letters. There is a phone on the desk, a box of tissues, some blank paper and carbons as well as some of the letters she has typed. There is a steno pad beside the typewriter which she glances at as she types. There is a door at one side of the desk, on the wall behind it. It has "Office" printed on it. The rest of the wall is covered in autograph photos of burlesque queens. She doesn't look up or seem concerned with the argument she hears. DELORIS and GUY can be heard off stage (ad lib). The argument is heard before the lights come up. Also MONICA's typing before the lights come up. There is a crash of something ceramic.

(On LIGHTS UP)

GUY

(Offstage) No, no. Not the Tiffany.

(We hear another offstage breakage.)

(NOTE: DELORIS speaks with a fake Latin accent that comes and goes.)

DELORIS

(Offstage) To hell with your Tiffany. Now Guy, get out of my way.

GUY

(Offstage) Suzie, you can't do this to me.

DELORIS

(Offstage) Oh can't I? I have a reputation to protect. And my name is Deloris.

GUY

(Offstage) You have a reputation. Why I created your reputation.

DELORIS

(Offstage) Oh don't flatter yourself. I created my own reputation. Now let me out of here.

GUY

(Offstage) You! You were nothing until I took you out of the chorus. Remember? Susie Donahue?

DELORIS

(Offstage) I said, don't call me that. I'm Deloris now. You know that. And your father took me out of the chorus. Not you.

GUY

(Offstage) You leave my father out of this.

DELORIS

(Offstage) Gladly. And you can leave me out of this, too.

(We hear an offstage scuffle and DELORIS enters through the office door.)

GUY

(enters from office) Wait. You can't leave. Not one week before we open.

DELORIS

I can and I am.

GUY

I've a contract that says you can't leave.

DELORIS

Ay caramba! *(stamps foot)* You can tear up your contract.

GUY

The contract's for the run of the show.

DELORIS

Ay caramba! *(stamps foot)* for your run of the show.

GUY

Listen, you can't quit now, Suzie. I'll ... I'll ... Why I'll sue.

DELORIS

Sue, sue. Do whatever you want. I'm still leaving.

(They are either side of the desk as they continue to argue. MONICA tries to ignore them.)

GUY

Over my dead body.

DELORIS

You mean the dead body of this stinker of a play of yours. A Woeful Love. Woeful, it is. And we're stuck out here in this burlesque house in the middle of nowhere.

GUY

Queens is not the middle of nowhere.

DELORIS

Yeah? It might as well be in Jersey for all the good it's going to do you. And have your forgotten Buffalo? And Boston. The reviews. What a fiasco.

GUY

It wasn't a fiasco. Well, such a fiasco. And besides, now I've rewritten the second act just like you wanted.

DELORIS

Ay caramba! *(pounds on desk)* to your second act.

GUY

I put in all your suggestions.

DELORIS

Ay caramba! *(pounds on desk)* to my suggestions. Where's my hat? Where's my purse? What have you done with them?

(MONICA has finished the page she is on and looks up from her typing to get another piece of paper.)

DELORIS (continued)

(in a thick New York accent) Who do'ya think your lookin' at, toots? Open your trap and I'll cram my fist down it.

(MONICA reacts and then goes back to her typing.)

DELORIS (continued)

(dramatically) And to think I wasted all those years on you. *(She exits into the office.)*

GUY

(follows her and exits) What years? You left after The Spring in My Heart closed.

DELORIS

(Offstage) And what a dog that was.

(The following plays over the offstage ad lib argument between GUY and DELORIS.)

(MITZI enters. She's dressed in street clothes. There is an off-stage crash. She stops suddenly, listens for a brief moment to the offstage fight and then quickly exits.)

(VICTOR enters. He's shabbily dressed in what was once expensive but old-fashioned clothes. He listens to the fight and then sits on the edge of the desk.)

VICTOR

Still at it?

MONICA

(not looking up from her typing) Yes, Mr. Sands.

VICTOR

Oh, well. If he wants me, I'll be in my dressing room. *(He exits.)*

(BILLY enters.)

BILLY

What. Not again.

MONICA

(continues typing) Yes, Mr. Radcliff.

BILLY

Oh you know the theatre. There's always more drama backstage than any playwright can put on paper. Call me when they're finished. I'll be in the Green Room. We still have a full day of rehearsal to do. What's left of the day. *(He exits.)*

(WENDELL swaggers in. He wears a natty suit and a hat. Both are too big for him. He listens for a moment and then sits on the desk.)

WENDELL

Hi Babe. *(MONICA ignores him. He leans on desk.)* Have I told you lately that I love you? *(She ignores him.)* Playing hard to get, hey, babe?

MONICA

(still not looking at him) Wendell.

WENDELL

Yes, my love.

Shouldn't you be in school?
MONICA

It's Saturday, my love.
WENDELL

I meant nursery school.
MONICA

(dramatically) Oh, you cut me to the quick.
WENDELL

(not looking up from her typing) Wendell!
MONICA

What, my love?
WENDELL

You're on the letters I've typed.
MONICA

(jumps off the desk) Sorry, my sugar sweet. *(listens to the offstage argument)* How long have they been at it?
WENDELL

All morning.
MONICA

Is she going to leave again?
WENDELL

Who knows.
MONICA

The old man's not going to like this when he hears about it. *(WENDELL listens at the door and then leans on the desk.)*
WENDELL

(warning him) Wendell!
MONICA

(jumps off desk) So is there no hope for us?
WENDELL

(not looking up from her typing) None.
MONICA

WENDELL

You don't know what you're missing, babe.

(SONG: **K-K-K-Katy**)

Words and Music by: Geoffrey O'Hara)

WENDELL

M-M-M-Monica, beautiful Monica,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.
M-M-M-Monica, beautiful Monica,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

(dance interlude?)

M-M-M-Monica, beautiful Monica,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

(After the song ends, he waits for her reaction. There isn't any. She just keeps typing.)

WENDELL

W-w-what d-d-do you say, M-M-M-Monica?

(MONICA hands him a tissue.)

WENDELL

What's this for?

MONICA

To wipe the snot out of your nose.

WENDELL

(Dramatically: this is an Olive Oyl quote.) I have had enough and enough is too much!

(There is another offstage crash. WENDELL exits quickly. MONICA goes back to her typing.)

GUY

(offstage) No, no. Not the Tony. Deloris, what do you want me to do?

DELORIS

(offstage) I don't care what you do. I'm leaving the show.

(She enters followed by GUY.)

GUY

The contract. Don't forget the contract.

DELORIS

You can chew up your contract into little pieces and put them in a taco for all I care.

GUY

But I've rewritten the third act like you wanted.

DELORIS

Ay caramba! for your third act. Where's my hat? Where's my hat?

(She has her purse but not her hat. She exits back into the office. He follows her.)

GUY

(as he goes into the office) But I've added a big number at the end and at the beginning of the act.

DELORIS

(offstage) Ay caramba! for your big numbers. *(She enters wearing a ridiculously large hat but doesn't have her purse.)* The acts, she stink. The scenes, she stink. The songs, she stink. The chorus, she stink. This burlesque theatre we're playing in, she stink. And most of all that leading man of yours is the biggest stink of all. I'd rather kiss a dead armadillo than that has-been, never was-been actor. *(stamping foot)* Ay caramba! Ay caramba! AY CARAMBA!

GUY

Now Susie —

DELORIS

Don't you call me that. For the last time, my name is DELORIS.

GUY

Okay, Deloris, if that's the way you want it, that's the way you'll get it. I don't need you. I'll make a star of your understudy. What do you think of that?

DELORIS

No you won't. She's coming with me.

GUY

What! With you! She can't do that. She's under contract. She's under contract.

DELORIS

You and your contracts.

MONICA

(in a small voice) I could play her part. I know all her lines and songs.

DELORIS

Oh, what was I thinking when you talked me into doing this play. Your last three plays were total disasters but you're not going to have me around for this disaster. Not on your life. Now, where's my purse? Where's my purse? *(She exits into the office.)*

GUY

(follows her into office) I didn't talk you into anything. You came to me.

DELORIS

(offstage) What was I thinking? Now out of my way.

GUY

(offstage) You're not going to leave, Susie. Not a week before we open.

DELORIS

(offstage) I told you, don't you call me that. Now get out of my way.

GUY

(offstage) I will not. Not until you agree to stay.

(We hear another breakage.)

DELORIS

(offstage) You let me out of here or the next one will be at your head.

GUY

(offstage) I will not. Ow! You bit me.

(DELORIS enters with both her hat and her purse.)

GUY (continued)

(He enters. His clothes are a bit rumpled.) Well okay, I don't need you.

DELORIS

Ay caramba!

GUY

To hell with your ay carambas! I'm sick of your ay carambas. I'm sick of you. Any damn fool could play your part.

DELORIS

And she'd be a damn fool if she did. *(in her New York voice to MONICA)* Put your eyes back in their sockets, sister. Or I'll do it for you. *(She exits. He follows her to the exit.)*

GUY

Susie! Susie! *(After a long silence as he takes in that she's left the show: To MONICA who has now looked up from her typing.)* She bit me.

(He exits into the office. MONICA continues typing. After a long moment, GUY enters. He stares at her for a long time. She continues typing but her typing gets slower and slower until she looks up at him.)

GUY (continued)

(to MONICA) And you are?

MONICA

(surprised) Uh ... Monica. Monica Jones, Mr. Martin.

GUY

Right. *(He exits into office. After a beat, he enters.)* And why are you here?

MONICA

(surprised again) I'm typing up these letters.

GUY

Right. Letters. *(He exits. After a beat, he enters.)* What letters are those?

MONICA

They're letters asking for donations to invest in your play.

GUY

In my play? Right. *(He exits into the office and immediately comes back.)* And who asked you to do that?

MONICA

You did, Mr. Martin.

GUY

I did?

MONICA

Yes.

GUY
Right. And who hired you?

MONICA
You did, Mr. Martin.

GUY
I did?

MONICA
Yes. When I auditioned for the chorus. You said you already had enough girls but that you needed a typist. Don't you remember?

GUY
Sort of. Yeah. It's been a hellava few weeks. *(He goes back into the office.)*

(Enter VICTOR, MITZI, WENDELL and BILLY. WENDELL who stays at entrance.)

BILLY
(to MONICA) Where is he?

MONICA
He's in there.

BILLY
Is it true? Has she left for real?

MONICA
I don't know. I think so.

MITZI
She's threatened before, Billy.

BILLY
Yeah, but I've never seen her walk out of the theatre in the middle of a rehearsal.

VICTOR
What rehearsal? All we ever do is sit around and wait for the great Deloris.

MITZI
Well, I'm going to find out what's happening. You coming?

(All but WENDELL exit into the office. He leans on the edge of the desk as MONICA goes back to her typing. When he leans, she gives him an annoyed look. He gets off the desk.)

WENDELL

(on the way of exiting, like Mae West) Say doll, why don't you come up and see me sometime.

MONICA

Why don't you grow up?

WENDELL

I'm working on it, doll. I'm working on it. *(He exits.)*