

ALL MY LIFE

Book and Lyrics by Nathan Hartswick

Music by Jennifer, Nancy and Nathan Hartswick

ACT I

SCENE 1

(In front of curtain. Enter robbers: RANDALL, the "brains" of the operation, though only one brick less shy of a load than LYLE, who follows him. Cheerful, comedic music plays. They cross over to SR, each attempting to get in front of the other and gain the audience's attention. As each starts a line, the other trips him, moves in front, and begins to speak. All with smiles galore.)

RANDALL

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, I am your friendly --

(LYLE trips him.)

LYLE

Good evening, gentlemen and ladies. My name is --

(RANDALL trips him. They have reached SR. Music stops.)

RANDALL

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Randall.

(LYLE attempts to trip him, but RANDALL has stopped and instead trips LYLE a second time, sending him reeling. Cymbal crash.)

This is my good friend Lyle, who will be your host for tonight. Why don't you stand right here and tell the nice folks about tonight's show, Lyle.

LYLE

(surprised; excited)

Thank you. Umm, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to 'All My Life.' Tonight --

(RANDALL, behind LYLE, gives light man the "cut" signal and the stage goes black, except for a spot on CS. We hear LYLE no longer.)

RANDALL

(walking into the light)

Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to 'All My Life.'

Tonight's show is about the complicated psychological intricacies that make up this spiraling flagellum of inter-spatial relations we call earth.

(LYLE steps into the light in front of RANDALL.)

LYLE  
(translating)  
It's about life.

RANDALL  
(pushing LYLE out)  
Tonight, for your enjoyment, we shall aspire to cater to your every whim, to present a performance which entertains as well as educates, to transcend the conventionalities of modern theatrical thought to reach a groundbreaking new theory of -

LYLE  
(popping in again)  
It's gonna be real good.

RANDALL  
Shhh! (pushing LYLE out) You will be delighted, we feel, with the troupe of young thespians we have assembled for this evening's performance, for they are of the highest caliber.

LYLE  
They're real good.

RANDALL  
Will you just let me tell them?

LYLE  
(to AUDIENCE)  
He wants to tell you.

RANDALL  
Just go away!

LYLE  
(to AUDIENCE)  
He wants you to go away.

RANDALL  
No, I want you to go away, you cerebrally detained cretin!

LYLE  
I'm not a cretin.

RANDALL  
Oh, you're not, huh?

LYLE  
No, I've never even been to Crete!

(Rim shot.)

RANDALL  
Just be quiet. Now, Lyle, you know we're planning our big bank heist tonight, right?

LYLE  
We are?

RANDALL  
That's right. We're knocking over the biggest bank in town.

LYLE  
No kidding?

RANDALL  
No kidding.

LYLE  
What are we gonna knock it over with?

RANDALL  
Never mind that! We've got to go over our plan!

LYLE  
I've got a baseball bat at home that's pretty big, but I've never tried knocking over anything bigger than my mother's lamp, and she didn't like that too well...

RANDALL  
Quiet! Now, our plan calls for precise timing and accurate planning! Let's go over it once more.

LYLE  
(in his own world)  
Of course, I've got a bowling ball at home that's pretty good for knocking things over, but --

RANDALL  
Lyle! We're not going to knock the bank over!

LYLE  
We're not?

RANDALL  
Of course not. What I meant was, we're going to rob the bank.

LYLE  
What?

RANDALL  
(getting excited, shaking his hand at LYLE)  
Rob! Rob!

LYLE  
(takes RANDALL'S hand and shakes it)  
Pleased ta meetchya Rob! My name's Lyle.

RANDALL  
Ohh! Get a hold of yourself! Now, you know the plan.  
Are you in or not?

LYLE  
I can't decide, Rob -- I mean, Randall.

RANDALL  
Well come on, I haven't got all day! You're so  
indecisive!

LYLE  
That's what I used to think.

RANDALL  
What?

LYLE  
I used to think I was indecisive too...but now I'm not  
sure.

RANDALL  
Let me put it this way: we are robbing the bank  
tonight. Do you know what your job is?

LYLE  
No, what is it?

RANDALL  
Lookout!

LYLE  
(Looking offstage, HE ducks suddenly,  
thinking it was a warning.)  
What??

RANDALL  
No, no, no! Your job is to keep lookout while I break  
into the safe!

LYLE  
Safe?

Safe!  
RANDALL

Out!  
LYLE

Safe!  
RANDALL

Out!  
LYLE

RANDALL  
That's enough! Now, Lyle. Do you know where the bank is?

LYLE  
Yeah, it's right next to the theater.

RANDALL  
Exactly. So your job is to keep a lookout for...shall we say, "unwanted guests."

LYLE  
(getting excited)  
Oh, boy, we're gonna have guests?

RANDALL  
You idiot, I'm talking about the cops. They're the unwanted guests.

LYLE  
Oh. Well, your guest is as good as mine.

SCENE 1 PLAYOFF

RANDALL and LYLE.

RANDALL:  
GOOD EVENING, I AM RANDALL,

LYLE:  
AND GOOD EVENING, I AM LYLE,

BOTH:  
WE'RE BOTH HERE, TO BRING YOU CHEER  
AND CHARM YOU FOR AWHILE  
WE'RE OFF TO ROB A BANK, YOU SEE,  
SO GUESS WE'D BETTER GO  
TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES, IF YOU SO CHOOSE

RANDALL:  
AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE,

LYLE:  
LET'S GET ON WITH THE,

BOTH:  
LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW!

(They exit, music continues, curtain  
opens on...)

## SCENE 2

(The Stanley Price Theater. A rehearsal.  
Backdrop says "Stanley M. Price  
Theater." An easel sits DSR proclaiming  
"Rehearsal Tonight.")

### LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW

CAST.

ALL  
GIVE A WELCOME TO YOUR NEIGHBOR  
AND A FRIENDLY WAVE HELLO  
THE GANG'S ALL HERE, BRING ON THE CHEER  
AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW...

YOU AIN'T GOT NO TROUBLES  
JUST AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE  
YOU'VE PAID YOUR FARE SO FORGET YOUR CARES  
AND FILL YOUR HEART WITH GLEE...

(Music continues as ROBBERS enter. LYLE  
holds a full money bag with a '\$' sign  
on it.)

LYLE  
Gee, Randall, that was the easiest bank job we've ever  
pulled!

RANDALL  
It's not over yet, nimrod, we gotta get outta here.

LYLE  
(pulling a stack of money out of the bag and  
admiring it)  
Take a look at this money. Ain't it beaut-ee-ful?

RANDALL

It sure is.

LYLE

(reading the strip binding the money)  
Hey Randall, what does "Property of Stanley Price Theater" mean?

RANDALL

What? Oh -- maybe they have an account here or something. Let's get out of here, pronto.

LYLE

Who's Pronto?

RANDALL

What?

LYLE

I'm Lyle. You're Pronto?

RANDALL

I'm Randall.

LYLE

(shaking RANDALL's hand again)  
Nice ta meethya Randall, my name's Lyle. (A beat)  
Where's Pronto?

RANDALL

Oh be quiet! We gotta make our getaway.

LYLE

(noticing the CAST behind him)  
Hey, Randall - whaddaya suppose all these people are doing here?

RANDALL

Who knows. Banker's Cabaret Night or something.

LYLE

Yeah. Or maybe it's a...BANKUET!

(He laughs, noiselessly, hysterical.  
RANDALL yanks HIM off stage.)

ALL

GIVE A WELCOME TO YOUR NEIGHBOR  
AND A FRIENDLY WAVE HELLO  
THE GANG'S ALL HERE, BRING ON THE CHEER

½ CAST

AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE --

OTHER ½  
LET'S GET ON WITH THE --

ALL  
LET'S GET ON WITH THE SHOW!

(STANLEY PRICE, the director, appears, addressing the CAST. He is conservatively dressed and lacks any sign of self-confidence.)

STANLEY  
OK! OK, umm, everyone? Could I have your attention? Thank you. My name is Stanley Price, as most of you know, and I am the director. That last number was very good. I am very excited about this. The next Stanley Price show is sure to be -- well -- pretty good. Better than the last one, which, I am convinced, would have been great, but, unfortunately, no one came.

PERSON #1  
That's not true! My Aunt Millie came!

PERSON #2  
Yeah! That's two seats right there!

(CAST laughter)

PERSON #1  
Oh, you should be talking! Your Uncle Lester set off the fire alarm in the second act!

PERSON #2  
That was a blessing! At least the audience didn't have to watch you act!

PERSON #1  
What audience? They all walked out when you came on stage!

(Good-natured pandemonium)

STANLEY  
Uh - uh...excuse me! Could I -- could I have your attention for just a moment? Could everyone please just settle down for a moment so we can --

VIOLET  
QQUUIIEETT!!!

(Silence)

STANLEY  
Uh, thank you, Miss Violet. Everyone? Is it okay if we

do that number again? It was very nice and all, don't get me wrong, it's just that, well, there are some things I'm concerned about, what with the show coming right up and all, and --

VIOLET

OK, LET'S DO IT AGAIN! PLACES, EVERYONE!

(CAST assumes places again)

STANLEY

Oh dear. Thank you, Miss Violet. Yes, places. That's good.

(MOTHER enters. Dressed to the nines, she is undeniably irritating. Though her intentions are well meaning, her nasal voice and nagging demeanor make us dread her every entrance.)

MOTHER

(entering SR)

SONNNNY!! Stanley Price! (SHE knocks over the easel and apologizes to it) Oh, excuse me, dear. Stanley M. Price! What do you think you're doing?

(Two CAST MEMBERS reset the easel.)

STANLEY

I -- I'm running a rehearsal, mother...

MOTHER

Well that can wait. Come here.

VIOLET

Take five, everyone!

(They do.)

STANLEY

Uhh, yes! Take five!

MOTHER

(handing him a brown bag)

You forgot your lunch this morning! How do you expect to be a successful director if you run out of the house without your pickle and pimento-loaf sandwich?

STANLEY

I'm sorry, mother.

MOTHER

(fixing STANLEY's tie)

And look at you! You're a mess! How you can you expect

to be a successful director if you look like a slob?

STANLEY

I'm sorry, mother.

MOTHER

Can't you say anything besides "I'm sorry, mother?" How do you expect to be a successful director if that's all you know how to say? Honestly, sometimes I wish I'd never taught you to speak.

STANLEY

I'm sorry, mother.

MOTHER

Oh, never mind. Now listen to me. You've got an appointment with the orthodontist today at 4.

STANLEY

B-but mother -- I had my braces taken off years ago.

MOTHER

Don't "but mother" me. You can never be too careful.

STANLEY

Yes, mother.

MOTHER

Also, I want you to write a thank-you note to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey for that nice prune casserole they sent you.

STANLEY

Yes, mother.

MOTHER

And the manager of the theater called. The theater's been robbed.

STANLEY

Yes, mother. (double take) What?!

MOTHER

The theater's been robbed.

STANLEY

Robbed?!

MOTHER

That's what I said. What are you, hard of hearing? Maybe we should get your hearing checked. How do you expect to be a successful director if you can't hear anything? A girl's always got to say things twice around here. It's a disgrace, an absolute disgrace --

STANLEY

Mother!

MOTHER

Yes dear?

STANLEY

What did the manager say?

MOTHER

Oh, he said they got all the cash from the safe. He also said be sure and call him as soon as possible to work out the details of the theater's bankruptcy.

STANLEY

Oh, no!

MOTHER

Now, Stanley. Don't concern yourself with business now. Come with me. We're going to miss coupon-day at the wax museum. You know how you love the wax museum...!

(STANLEY stares into space, dumbfounded)

Stanley!

STANLEY

Wha --? Oh, you go ahead, mother. I'll catch up.

MOTHER

(Exiting)

Well, all right. But don't be long! Goodness gracious, sonny, sometimes I swear you're in another dimension. Lord knows how you expect to be a successful director if you're always off in la-la land. (Knocks over the easel again, apologizes to it) Oh, excuse me, dear. Goodbye, Stanley.

(STANLEY stands dumbstruck for a moment, then addresses the CAST.)

STANLEY

Ladies and gentlemen, could I have your attention please?

(They ignore him and continue talking, milling about, etc.)

STANLEY

Pardon me?

(no reaction)

VIOLET  
WE'RE BACK, EVERYBODY!

(CAST straightens out immediately)

STANLEY  
Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you that the theater has been robbed.

(gasps)

The thieves made off with everything, I'm afraid. We're going to have to close down the theatre, at least until further notice, and that means unfortunately, this production, too. I'm very sorry, everyone, you can pick up your things in the...oh dear...

(Confusion. VIOLET brings over a stool for STANLEY to sit on. Amidst the chaos, a lackey named ROGER enters frantically, announcing boldly:)

ROGER  
COULD EVERYONE PLEASE GIVE ME THEIR FULL AND UNDIVIDED ATTENTION!

(The CAST hushes.)

ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE HONORABLE MILLIONAIRE PRESTON W. GOLDBRICK!

(ROGER yanks stool out from under STANLEY, he falls. PRESTON W. GOLDBRICK, a large, well-dressed millionaire enters, followed by a dotting entourage. He sits majestically upon the stool. Entourage sings, as PRESTON looks bored.)

PRESTON W. GOLDBRICK

PRESTON'S ENTOURAGE.

ENTOURAGE  
PRESTON W. GOLBRICK IS A MILLIONAIRE  
HE'S AN EXPERT WHEN IT COMES TO HIS FINANCIAL  
AFFAIRS  
WHEN PRESTON W. GOLDBRICK SNAPS, WE HOP TO IT  
HIS WISH IS OUR COMMAND, IN OTHER WORDS,  
WE DO IT!

BUFF HIS NAILS, GET HIS MAIL, LISTEN WHILE HE

TALKS  
PRESS HIS SUIT, COUNT HIS LOOT, WASH HIS  
DIRTY SOCKS  
FAN HIM WHILE HE'S TANNING, CLEAN THE FLOOR  
BENEATH HIS FEET  
RUNNING HERE, RUNNING THERE, WHEW! WE'RE  
BEAT!

PRESTON W. GOLBRICK IS A MILLIONAIRE  
HE'S AN EXPERT WHEN IT COMES TO HIS FINANCIAL  
AFFAIRS  
WHEN PRESTON W. GOLDBRICK SNAPS, WE HOP TO IT  
HIS WISH IS OUR COMMAND, IN OTHER WORDS,  
WE DO IT!

ROGER  
(to STANLEY, urgently)  
Excuse me. Do you have a telephone?

STANLEY  
Why, yes. Miss Violet, would you kindly --?

VIOLET  
(gives phone to STANLEY)  
Here you are, sir!

STANLEY  
(gives phone to ROGER)  
Here you are, sir!

ROGER  
(gives phone to PRESTON)  
Here you are, sir!

(PRESTON puts phone to HIS ear, hears  
dial tone, yawns, hands phone back to  
ROGER.)

Oh, I'm sorry, sir. (he dials, hands phone back to  
PRESTON) Here you are, sir.

PRESTON  
Max Masterson's office, please... Max! What are you  
doing to me? I hired you as my tax advisor, and you  
assured me everything would be financially hunky-dory  
by the third! Now I'm a fugitive from a team of lawyers  
who want me in court! Just tell me what I have to do so  
I don't have to spend the next 20 years in a prison  
cell with you. Mm-hm... OK. In other words, we're  
legally bound to invest in something artistic,  
preferably of a theatrical nature. No problem. I've  
always liked the theater. Maybe I can direct  
something... why are you laughing? What's so funny?...

Shut up, Max. So you're telling me that in order to get out of this clean, I should buy the next theater I walk into. Great. I can do that... What's that, Max? Where am I now? I don't know, I'm in some bank or something. I probably own it. I'll talk to you later, Max. (Hangs up) So! Who runs the show around here?

STANLEY

Uh - I do, sir. At least, I ran the show, when we had one.

PRESTON

I have a very important purchase to make. I would like some money.

STANLEY

I'd give you some if I had any, pal.

VIOLET

(to PRESTON)

What are you talking about?

PRESTON

I need to make a withdrawal. Isn't this a bank?

VIOLET

A bank? Heck no, this is a theater!

PRESTON

Oh, I see. Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you. Good day.

(HE snaps, walks out with entourage.  
Three seconds pass, HE runs back on  
alone and says urgently:)

--- A theater?

BLACKOUT

SCENE 3

(The street in front of the theater.  
STANLEY ENTERS, followed by PRESTON, who  
is followed by ROGER. PRESTON is  
pestering STANLEY. VIOLET is watching  
from the outskirts, in darkness.)

PRESTON

Stanley, you simply must listen to me. This country  
singer of yours is great, but instead of that whiny  
Texas accent, why don't we give it a Shakespearean

feel? You know, "Don't tell thy heart, thy achy breaky heart, thou just don't seem to comprehend..." Oo! That's good. (to ROGER) Write that down. (HE does) What do you think, Stanley?

STANLEY

Well, it sounds - I mean, I appreciate your input, Mr. Goldbrick, but, umm...

PRESTON

(Slapping STANLEY'S back)

So you'll give it some thought, eh? Great! Come on, Stuart, Samuel, what's your name...

ROGER

Roger, sir.

PRESTON

Whatever.

(ROGER and PRESTON EXIT, STANLEY begins to walk off, VIOLET emerges, taking STANLEY off guard.)

VIOLET

Hello, Mr. Price.

STANLEY

Oh, Miss Violet. Hello.

VIOLET

Everything all right?

STANLEY

Uh -- of course. Why wouldn't everything be all right?

(Awkward pause)

VIOLET

You know you shouldn't let people walk all over you.

STANLEY

What? What do you mean? Who walks all over me?

VIOLET

Mr. Goldbrick, that over inflated millionaire! Just because it's his theater doesn't mean it's his show!

STANLEY

Miss Violet --

VIOLET

Don't you have any confidence in your opinion?

STANLEY  
Well, I guess I do, somewhere...

VIOLET  
Then why don't you voice it?

STANLEY  
I suppose I was waiting for him to ask my opinion.

VIOLET  
Mr. Price, no one ever got anything worthwhile by waiting for it to come to him.

(There is a pause between them. Slowly,  
STANLEY speaks)

STANLEY  
...you know what? Maybe you're right.

VIOLET  
Of course I'm right!

STANLEY  
Thanks, Miss Violet. You've got a good head on your shoulders.

VIOLET  
You think so?

STANLEY  
I know so. Now go practice your lines, we've got a show to put on.

VIOLET  
Yes sir! See you at rehearsal, Mr. Price!

(THEY separate. Lights appear DSL and  
DSR for each of them. Music  
underscores.)

STANLEY  
(mutters)  
"You shouldn't let people walk all over you..."

VIOLET  
(mutters)  
"You've got a good head on your shoulders..."

STANLEY  
(to AUDIENCE)  
I know what you're thinking. I'm a wimp. You're probably right -- heck, I spent the 4<sup>th</sup> through 7<sup>th</sup> grade hanging off the coat rack in Mrs. Wilson's homeroom class. You see, All My Life, people have

pushed me around and taken advantage of me and I just stood by and let it happen. I wish just once I had the courage to say no to a car salesman, or ask a pretty girl out on a date, or tell my mother "I'm 32 years old; I can cut up my own meat at dinner, darn it."

VIOLET

(to AUDIENCE)

I know what you're thinking. I'm just another loudmouth chorus girl. And you're right; I bark orders and I yell a lot. But... I'm not a mean person -- it's just the only way I've found to get people to pay attention to me. You see, All My Life, I've had these great thoughts rattling around in my head. But when I wanna say 'em, I just can't seem to find the right...(pause)... words. And for some reason people don't seem to listen to the words I do find.

ALL MY LIFE

VIOLET and STANLEY.

VIOLET

(sweetly)

ALL MY LIFE I'VE HOPED TO FIND  
ONE WHO LIKES ME FOR MY MIND

STANLEY

ALL MY LIFE I'VE WISHED THAT I  
COULD STAND UP TO THE OTHER GUY

VIOLET

WHY DON'T THEY LISTEN TO ME?

STANLEY

WHY CAN'T I BE HEARD?

BOTH

WHY DO THEY ALWAYS CALL ME  
A "CLASS-A, ROYAL NERD?"  
ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN IGNORED  
I GUESS I JUST MAKE PEOPLE BORED  
WELL THAT STOPS HERE, AND THAT STOPS NOW  
TODAY I MAKE THIS SOLEMN VOW.

ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN IGNORED  
BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN ANYMORE  
I'LL SPEAK MY MIND, JUST WAIT AND SEE

STANLEY

THEY'LL LISTEN

VIOLET  
AND THEY'LL NOTICE ME  
I'LL MAKE THEM LISTEN TO ME

STANLEY  
I'LL MAKE MY VOICE BE HEARD

BOTH  
I'LL NEVER LET THEM CALL ME  
A CLASS-A, ROYAL --

(They bump into each other. Music vamps.  
Dialogue.)

STANLEY  
Oh, hello again.

VIOLET  
Hello, Mr. Price!

STANLEY  
Please, call me Stanley.

VIOLET  
All right.

STANLEY  
Would you --?

(pause)

VIOLET  
Yes...?

STANLEY  
(summoning all HIS courage)  
Would you like to go to dinner with me?

VIOLET  
I'd love to! I know a great Italian place we can go to.

STANLEY  
All right. But I'm cutting up my own meat tonight, darn  
it.

(THEY sing)

VIOLET  
I'LL MAKE THEM LISTEN TO ME

STANLEY  
I'LL MAKE MY VOICE BE HEARD

VIOLET  
I'LL NEVER LET THEM CALL ME  
A "CLASS-A, ROYAL NERD..."

BOTH  
ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN IGNORED  
BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN ANYMORE  
I'LL SPEAK MY MIND, JUST WAIT AND SEE  
THE ME THAT I WAS MEANT TO BE...

(Arm in arm, THEY EXIT SL.)

LIGHTS DOWN

SCENE 4

(An Italian restaurant with red & white-checked tablecloths and curtains. Three tables onstage. CUSTOMERS sit at outside tables. A BAND plays, while the WAITSTAFF sings.)

MANGE, MANGE

WAITSTAFF.

WAITSTAFF  
WE ARE THE STAFF, WE'RE HERE TO SERVE, THE  
PASTA PRIMA YOU DESERVE-A  
AFTER YOU EAT SPAGHETTI GALORE-A  
WE'LL TRY TO GET YOU EAT SOME MORE-A

MANGE, MANGE, MANGE, MANGE  
EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT, A  
MANGE, MANGE, MANGE, MANGE  
EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A

FETTUCINI, TORTELLINI, TEENY-WEENY SCALLOPINI  
RIGATONI, PEPPERONI, MAMA MIA, MINISTRONE

FORK AND KNIFE AND PLATE AND SPOON-A  
NOW WE SING A LITTLE TUNE-A  
COME EAT A LOT FOR LITTLE MONEY  
HERE AT MISS CALZONE'S...

MANGE, MANGE, MANGE, MANGE  
EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT, A  
MANGE, MANGE, MANGE, MANGE  
EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A

ITALIAN ICE IS AWF'LLY NICE

EAT UP, DON'T MAKE US ASK YOU TWICE  
THE PIZZA'S HOT AND READY TO GO  
WITH GARLIC AND OREGENO!

PLEASE HAVE SOME SODA POP TO SIP-A  
DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE A TIP-A  
EAT AND DRINK AND PASS THE BOTTLE  
HERE AT MISS CALZONE'S...

MANGE, MANGE, MANGE, MANGE  
EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT, A  
MANGE, MANGE, MANGE, MANGE  
EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A, EAT-A

PIZZA PARLOR, MOZARELLA,  
RAVIOLI FOR THE FELLAS  
GIRLS WILL EAT FRESH HOT SPAGHETTI  
PARMESAN, ENOUGH ALREADY!

(MISS CALZONE ENTERS, an Italian woman  
of large proportions, wearing a big hat  
and an obnoxious dress. SHE strides out  
proudly, assumes HER position downstage  
center, takes a deep breath and hits a  
piercing note, which causes the  
restaurant's CUSTOMERS, WAITSTAFF, and  
the BAND to leave as quickly as  
possible.)

MISS CALZONE  
MA-AAAAAMAIYAAA---HEY! Where are you going? Come back!

(SHE addresses the real AUDIENCE. Behind  
HER back, STANLEY and VIOLET ENTER and  
are seated by a WAITER at the center  
table.)

I have this affect on everyone. Every time I open my  
mouth to sing, everyone gets up and leaves! I don't  
understand it!

(SHE turns around, notices STANLEY and  
VIOLET.)

Well, at least you're still here.

STANLEY  
We just got here, Miss.

MISS CALZONE  
Oh. Well. (pulls notepad out) What can I get you?

STANLEY

You're... our waitress?

MISS CALZONE

Allow me to introduce myself. I am Maria Capellini-Ronzoni-Retrappelli-Calzone. I am the owner of this restaurant and your waitress for tonight. I was going to be your entertainment as well, but, not to worry, I have abandoned that pursuit, for my dream has been crushed, CRUSHED, I tell you!

STANLEY

Miss, could we --?

MISS CALZONE

I know! People think my singing sounds like-a seals barking!

STANLEY

(gesturing with menu)

Ma'am...?

MISS CALZONE

No, no, seals barking is understatement! VULTURES SQUAWKING, is more like it!

STANLEY

Ma'am? We would like a --

MISS CALZONE

I KNOW what you people would like. You'd like me to LOCK myself in closet and NEVER sing again!

STANLEY

All we want is a toss salad, Miss.

MISS CALZONE

Never fear! That's just what I'm going to do! This croaky throat has sung its final note! Swan song? -- HA!! Ug-aly Duck-aling SQUAWK is more like it! You couldn't get me to sing another note if you paid me all the money in the --

STANLEY

(yells)

MISS CALZONE!

MISS CALZONE

("gives in")

Oh, all RIGHT!!

THE "I'LL NEVER SING ANOTHER NOTE AGAIN" ARIA

MISS CALZONE and CAST.

MISS CALZONE

Hey! Get-a your behinds out here!

(BAND, WAITERS and WAITRESSES run in, form a tableau behind HER. SHE sings, and is terrible.)

I SOUND LIKE THE CROAK OF A BILLY GOAT'S  
THROAT  
THIS, AS THEY SAY MY FRIENDS, IS, QUOTE, "ALL  
SHE WROTE,"  
MUSIC IS MY CASTLE AND I'M DROWNING IN THE  
MOAT,  
THAT'S THAT! I SWEAR I'LL NEVER SING ANOTHER  
NOTE.

(A pause. ALL onstage except STANLEY,  
VIOLET and MISS CALZONE wipe their  
brows, say "Whew!", start to exit. THEY  
are halfway off when MISS CALZONE begins  
another verse suddenly. THEY all leap  
back into position.)

A STAAAAAR, HAS FALLEN TODAY,  
TO TRY TO PUT IT BACK WOULD BE IN VAIN  
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, MY MIND IS MADE UP  
THIS THROAT WILL NEVER VOCALIZE AGAIN.

(Falls to her knees, sobbing. Again her  
backup begins to leave, this time slowly  
and on tiptoes, but SHE pops back up and  
sings:)

I SOUND HORRID! (CHORUS: SHE SOUNDS HORRID!)  
THAT IS MY VOTE! (CHORUS: THAT IS HER VOTE)  
I'LL NEVER SING (CHORUS: SHE'LL NEVER SING)  
ANOTHER NOTE! (CHORUS: ANOTHER NOTE!)

YOU HATE MY VOICE (CHORUS: WE HATE YOUR  
VOICE)  
OH YES YOU DO (CHORUS: OH YES WE DO)  
THOSE FOLKS WHO HEAR IT (CHORUS: FOLKS WHO  
HEAR IT)  
WILL HATE IT TOO! (CHORUS: WILL HATE IT TOO!)

I SOUND LIKE THE CROAK OF A BILLY GOAT'S  
THROAT  
THIS, AS THEY SAY MY FRIENDS, IS, QUOTE, "ALL  
SHE WROTE,"  
MUSIC IS A BLIZZARD AND I'M OUT-A WITHOUT-A  
MY COAT

THAT'S THAT! I SWEAR I'LL NEVER SING ANOTHER  
NOTE.

(SHE turns to STANLEY & VIOLET and  
speaks.)

MISS CALZONE  
So, kids. You haven't left yet. What's wrong with you?

VIOLET  
Nothing! We like your singing, Miss Calzone!

MISS CALZONE  
You do?

STANLEY  
We do? Uh -- yeah -- we do!

MISS CALZONE  
That's strange.

VIOLET  
Why?

MISS CALZONE  
Well, All My Life, people have always left wherever  
I've sung! When I sing my first note, people say, "Oh,  
it must be over," and then they LEAVE!

STANLEY  
Really?

MISS CALZONE  
YES! Or they'll say to each other, "It's not over until  
THAT lady sings." (insanely) WHAT DOES THAT MEAN???

VIOLET  
I think that's an expression.

MISS CALZONE  
Well I've never heard it before.

STANLEY  
Miss Calzone, what they really mean to say is, "It's  
not over until the...(studies HER figure, catches  
HIMSELF)... HAT lady sings!

MISS CALZONE  
Well, that-a lady, hat-a lady, either way I'm insulted!

VIOLET  
But you shouldn't be! They don't hate your singing!  
They just think it means it's time to go home!

MISS CALZONE

They do?

STANLEY

Yes! Why, they think you're so good, you were put last so we could all go home remembering you.

MISS CALZONE

Really? Gee, I guess I never thought of it that way...

(After this moment, the CHORUS, who was greatly enjoying the former theme of the song, bursts in and, all smiles.)

CHORUS (SPLIT)

WE HATE YOUR VOICE (WE HATE YOUR VOICE)  
OH YES WE DO (OH YES WE DO)  
THOSE FOLKS WHO HEAR IT (FOLKS WHO HEAR IT)  
WILL HATE IT TOO! (WILL HATE IT TOO!)

SHE SOUNDS HORRID! (SHE SOUNDS HORRID!)  
HER CROAKY THROAT! (HER CROAKY THROAT!)  
SHE'LL NEVER SING (SHE'LL NEVER SING)  
ANOTHER NOTE! (ANOTHER NOTE!)

(Pause. Tableau of smiling faces. MISS CALZONE looks dramatically hurt.)

MISS CALZONE:

(speaks)

You... SWINE!!

(sings)

YOU THINK YOU'VE HURT ME  
AND MADE ME SOB...  
BUT YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT, CAUSE  
YOU'LL ALL BE OUT OF A JOB! HA HA!

AND I WILL GO ON SINGING  
FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE  
I'LL SING! SING! SING! FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE!

CHORUS

(Not exactly excited anymore)  
SHE'LL SING SING SING FOR AS LONG AS SHE  
LIVES!

MISS CALZONE

AND IT WON'T BE OVER TIL THIS LADY,

VIOLET

THAT LADY!

MISS CALZONE  
THIS LADY!

STANLEY  
HAT LADY!

MISS CALZONE  
THIS LADY!

(shouts)  
LONE CHORUS MEMBER  
FAT LADY!

MISS CALZONE  
You're fired!

(sings)

TIL THIS LADY SINGS --

CHORUS:  
SING SING SING FOR AS LONG AS YOU  
SING SING SING FOR AS LONG AS YOU

ALL:  
SING SING SING FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!

BLACKOUT

## SCENE 5

(Robbers' hideout. A sign on SL says "Home Sweet Hideout," the set is minimal -- a few crates to sit on. LYLE and RANDALL ENTER from SR, tiptoeing. LYLE carries moneybag. Each step they take clacks, as they have tap shoes on.)

INSERT TAP/RAP NUMBER

(THEY settle, in unison THEY prop up their feet, cross them.)

LYLE  
Whew! Hey, Randall, that was some job, huh? We really knocked that bank sideways, didn't we?

RANDALL  
Knocked it over, you idiot.

LYLE  
Knocked it over, right. We toppled it! We really outsmarted them! I've never seen such an easy bank to

knock down.

RANDALL

Over.

LYLE

Over, right. I've never seen a bank with so many singing, dancing customers either.

RANDALL

You've never seen a bank at all, blockhead. Now c'mon, let's count the stuff. (Grabs bag, dumps contents onto floor) Now that's a beautiful sight...

LYLE

Wow! C'mon, let's count it! 1, 2, 6, 3, 5...

(RANDALL stops HIM)

RANDALL

Lyle. All these bunches have "Property of Stanley Price Theater" written on them. This is all the theater's money.

LYLE

So?

RANDALL

So, do you know what this means?

LYLE

We robbed the wrong place?

RANDALL

No, you moron, we only robbed one account! The Stanley Price Theater account! There are probably hundreds more accounts just like this in the bank! And with their security we could probably walk in again and help ourselves!

LYLE

More money?

RANDALL

Yeah!

LYLE

Knock on the bank again?

RANDALL

Over.

LYLE

Over. Right.

RANDALL

Right! And here's how we're gonna do it...

(begins whispering)

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 6

(The theater. Rehearsal in progress.  
PRESTON ENTERS, followed by ROGER,  
followed by STANLEY.)

PRESTON

Hello, ladies and gentlemen! Rehearsals are coming along nicely! Now, your wonderful director and I have been discussing some modifications to the script. I was thinking, wouldn't it be FUN to do a whole number where you all hold plastic garbage bags and wave them around in the air? Of course, if your director approves --

STANLEY

What? Oh, well I --

PRESTON

Great! Keep up the good work, everyone! Come on, Rufus.

ROGER

Roger, sir.

PRESTON

Whatever.

(PRESTON and ROGER EXIT.)

VIOLET

C'mon, stand up for yourself, Stanley!

STANLEY

Okay, everyone, places! What I'd like to do first is --

(ENTER RANDALL and LYLE, dressed as security guards. THEY march in, stand at attention and salute. THEY are shaking uncontrollably.)

Ahem... ah, who are you guys?

RANDALL

Who, us? Why, we're the security guards!

LYLE

That's what we are. Guards.

RANDALL  
We'll guard anything.

LYLE  
We sure will.

RANDALL  
Randall's my name, and guarding's my game.

LYLE  
Y-y-you got something needs guarding?

BOTH  
We'll guard it.

STANLEY  
All right, go back to your work.

(THEY nose around. Music underscores, as  
STANLEY addresses the CAST again.)

Now I'd like to start with scene --

MOTHER  
(ENTERING)  
Sonnnnnnny!

STANLEY  
(attempting to ignore HER)  
...at the top of scene two, where...

(SHE taps HIS shoulder incessantly,  
saying)

MOTHER  
Sonny. Sonny? Son. Sonny?

STANLEY  
(Loses concentration)  
YES, mother.

MOTHER  
I just stopped by to let you know that Ida Mae Bromwell  
has decided to let you into the crochet club after all.

STANLEY  
Mother, I don't want to join the croquet club.

MOTHER  
Oh, quit whining. I've already signed you up.

STANLEY

Mother, I'm trying to run a rehearsal.

MOTHER

Never mind that nonsense. Dinner is promptly at 5 o'clock. We're having chicken. I've cut up the meat real small, just the way you like it.

STANLEY

Swell. Mother, I really need to get back to my --

MOTHER

I'm sorry, sonny, but I can't hang around talking all day. I've got to go down to the Laundromat and get the good dryer before Eleanor Henderson gets there. Goodbye, Stanley!

(SHE EXITS.)

STANLEY

Whew! Okay, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to begin --

(RANDALL and LYLE knock the easel over, then try to look suave and innocent, to no avail. Things begin to go wrong for STANLEY now at a breakneck pace.)

Could we please start on page --

MOTHER

(sticking head onstage)

SONNY, do you have quarters for the Laundromat?

STANLEY

No, mother, I'm sorry. (SHE EXITS) Everyone please turn to page --

(RANDALL and LYLE have disassembled the easel and, in an attempt to upright it, THEY drop several dowels, try to look innocent again. At the same time, PRESTON ENTERS, followed by ROGER, with garbage bags filled with packing peanuts or the like.)

PRESTON

HERE they ARE!

(HE helps ROGER hand them out to the CAST.)

This'll be GREAT! Now everyone just hold up your garbage bag and twirl it around.

(THEY do.)

STANLEY

Excuse me...

PRESTON

Smashing! Now, let me go get the can.

STANLEY

Can? What can?

(As PRESTON and ROGER EXIT, the CAST waves the bags gently.)

VIOLET

(to STANLEY)

Be firm, Stanley!

MOTHER

(head-in again)

SONNY? Could I speak to you for just a --

STANLEY

(getting annoyed now)

NO, mother.

MOTHER

OH! Well!

(EXITS. RANDALL and LYLE drop the easel once again.)

STANLEY

Hey! What are you two doing back there?

RANDALL

What? Oh, we're, ahhh, repairing your easel.

STANLEY

I thought you guys were guards.

LYLE

Uh, we are. Guards, and, um, easel-repairmen.

RANDALL

That's right!

(THEY come forward, RANDALL holding a frame with a paper center [reading "Rehearsal Tonight"])

This particular easel is of very fine quality --

(HE trips, STANLEY's head breaks through center of the square - he is framed.)

PRESTON re-ENTERS, holding a garbage can and stick, followed by ROGER.)

PRESTON

Come on, wave those bags!

(THEY do. PRESTON proceeds to stick a kazoo in HIS mouth and march around banging on the garbage can, getting the CAST to stomp around in a silly tribal dance that lasts 30 seconds or so.)

Come on, WAVE 'em! Hut two three four! Feel the burn! Wo-hoo!

(At the end, the CAST throws their bags, which happen to land on a now-fuming STANLEY, whom PRESTON has walked directly into.)

STANLEY

HOLD IT!!!

(PRESTON has stopped, CAST has stopped, everything is silent for a second, then LYLE drops another couple dowels from the easel. Silence again. STANLEY blows up at PRESTON.)

LISTEN UP!! I'm the director of this show, you, you, pompous, preening, pretentious, pimply-faced piglet!

VIOLET

What?

STANLEY

(snaps)

Never mind! (to PRESTON again) If YOU think just because you've got money, you can WALTZ in here and turn my show into a pile of -- of (picks up a bag) GARBAGE, you've got another think coming. You can just take your STUPID money, your excessive control, and your big fat behind out that door -- and never come BACK!

(Pause.)

PRESTON

Very well then. I'm sure there are other theaters that can use my "stupid money." I hereby withdraw my backing from your theater and your show. (gasps from the CAST) Good luck. You shall need it. (EXITING defiantly) Come on, Wilhelm.

Roger, sir.

ROGER

Shut up!

PRESTON

(CAST stands stupefied. After a moment,)

Nice going, Mr. Price!

PERSON #1

Yeah, now we've got no show at all!

PERSON #2

What are we going to do?

PERSON #3

Now everyone just calm down --

STANLEY

(Outraged murmuring from the CAST.)

Listen! Stanley was only trying to do what's best for the theater! Don't you understand, we're better off without that millionaire!

VIOLET

Says who?

PERSON #1

Says me! We'll make it somehow! The important thing is that we're still together!

VIOLET

IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH

FULL CAST.

VIOLET  
YOU NEED DOUGH TO BAKE COOKIES OR AN APPLE  
PIE  
BUT IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH THAT MAKES A THEATER  
FLY  
YOU NEED BREAD TO MAKE A SANDWICH OR TOAST  
BUT IT TAKES SOMETHIN' ELSE TO BE THE TOAST  
OF THE COAST

IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH!  
IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH!

PARTIAL CAST

IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (VIOLET: No, Sir!)  
IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (VIOLET: No, Ma'am!)

MORE CAST (SPLIT)

IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (IT'S MORE THAN MOO-  
LAH!)  
IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (IT'S MORE THAN MOO-  
LAH!)

PERSON #1

This is insane! How are we going to back our show? The show can't go on without money.

VIOLET

So we'll find the money.

PERSON #1

Where? Are you just expecting to bump into a huge pile of money on the street somewhere?

VIOLET

That's not the point.

PERSON #1

What is the point?

VIOLET

THERE'S MORE TO A SHOW THAN JUST THE DOUGH  
MORE TO LUCK THAN JUST MAKING A BUCK  
LIFE CAN BE HAPPY, SIMPLE AND FREE  
MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING, NOW TAKE IT FROM ME

FULL CAST

IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (VIOLET: No, sir!)  
IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (VIOLET: No, ma'am!)

YOU NEED DOUGH TO BAKE AN APPLE PIE  
BUT IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH THAT MAKES A THEATER  
FLY  
YOU NEED BREAD FOR A SANDWICH OR TOAST  
BUT IT TAKES SOMETHIN' ELSE TO BE THE TOAST  
OF THE COAST

IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (IT'S MORE THAN MOO-  
LAH!)  
IT AIN'T JUST DOUGH! (IT'S MORE THAN MOO-  
LAH!)

IT AIN'T...JUST...

(MISS CALZONE rushes in and exclaims)

MISS CALZONE  
IS IT OVER YET??

CAST  
(Shouts)  
NO!!

(Sings)  
IT AIN'T...

(All pull bills out of their pockets)

JUST...

(All rip bills in half)

DOUGH!

(All throw bills in air, waving hands in  
the air.)

BLACKOUT

ACT II

SCENE 1

(In front of curtain. A fanfare. ENTER  
RANDALL and LYLE, from SR. LYLE still  
carries the moneybag. THEY assume  
position SL and LYLE puts the moneybag  
down.)

RANDALL  
Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen! We hope you enjoyed  
the intermission.

LYLE  
I know they enjoyed the intermission.

RANDALL  
Oh? How?

LYLE  
Well, they didn't have to watch the show, did they?

(Rim shot)

RANDALL  
Oh, be quiet. Let's get serious.

LYLE

Okay. Hey, Randall, I thought we were supposed to find more money at that bank. We didn't get nothin'!

RANDALL

Don't worry, we shall return. I'm sure it's there; we're just not looking hard enough. But I must admit, I was as dejected as you.

LYLE

Hey, are you callin' me a reject?

RANDALL

Oh, be quiet. You're such an amentia.

LYLE

Why thank you. I think you're an amentia, too.

RANDALL

No, no, what I meant was, you're full of dementia.

LYLE

Thanks!

RANDALL

...Don't mentiona.

(Rim shot)

LYLE

Huh?

RANDALL

Never mind. Come on, Lyle. We're keeping the audience awake. Don't forget to bring the money.

(THEY begin to EXIT SL.)

LYLE

(picking up the bag from the bottom)

What am I, stupid? You think I'm just gonna leave a bagful of money on the street?

(HE unknowingly spills the money onto stage over his shoulder as THEY are walking out.)

RANDALL

Yes, I think only you would do that. You're unique in your stupidity.

LYLE

Why, thank you!

RANDALL

Put a cork in it.

(THEY EXIT SL. ENTER STANLEY and VIOLET from SR.)

VIOLET

...Don't you worry, Stanley. We'll find the money somehow and the show will go on. No one can keep Stanley Price down!

STANLEY

But Violet, be reasonable. It's like they said in rehearsal: you don't just run into money on the street. We're not magicians, Violet. We don't just say "POOF!" when we want a big pile of money to app --

(THEY stop dead in their tracks. There in front of them is a big pile of money.)

VIOLET

Wow! Look at all that!

(SHE runs to it, picks up a few bundles, examines them excitedly. HE stands motionless, still in shock.)

Stanley! These all say "Property of Stanley Price Theater" on them! This is our money! It's come back!

(HE is walking through HIS speech silently, reenacting the hand gestures, makes a wild face when HE gets to the "POOF!" part, looks at the money confusedly, scratches HIS head.)

Stanley! (Stuffing the money into HER pockets and handbag) We can do the show without that stuck up millionaire! You see? I told you things would work out! Come on! Let's go tell the others!

(HE is still speechless, staring at the spot. SHE grabs HIM and drags HIM off SL. There is a two second pause after THEY EXIT, then STANLEY runs back on alone, points both hands at the spot on the floor, and says:)

STANLEY

POOF!

(Shrugs, looks at AUDIENCE.)

Aw, shucks.

(HE runs out.)

BLACKOUT

SCENE 2

(A bench at a Bus Stop. PRESTON ENTERS, dressed down a bit, and sits on the bench, melancholy. ENTER BILLY-JO, a cowboy or cowgirl [henceforth referred to as female] with a guitar in one hand and a pipe wrench in the other. SHE sits next to PRESTON.)

BILLY-JO

Howdy!

PRESTON

Oh, hello.

BILLY-JO

Name's Billy-Jo!

PRESTON

Preston W. Goldbrick.

BILLY-JO

I hope ya don't mind my sayin' so, Mr. Goldbritches, but you look right down!

PRESTON

I am. I feel lower than a...(searches)

BILLY-JO

Squished June-bug in July?

PRESTON

Yeah, that's not bad.

BILLY-JO

What seems to be the trouble?

PRESTON

Well, All My Life, I've dreamed of being a millionaire. While other kids were out playing ball, I was inside, feverishly counting Monopoly money. While all my friends played musical instruments, I played the stock market. I grew up thinking of nothing but my dream. As a result, today I am Preston W. Goldbrick: multimillionaire. But... what's the point? Where's the respect I worked so hard for?

BILLY-JO

Money cain't buy you respect, Mr. Goldbrick. Don't ya have any friends?

PRESTON

Not really. Most people think I'm irritating. The funny thing is, I think I'd give up the whole fortune for a decent friend. I can't believe I said that. But it's true, you know? All the money and maid service in the world won't buy you someone who truly cares about you.

BILLY-JO

Sounds like you've been chasing the wrong dream.

PRESTON

Yeah.

BILLY-JO

Runnin' away from somethin'?

PRESTON

A theater. They didn't want me, so I left, and took my money with me.

BILLY-JO

So why don't ya try startin' over?

PRESTON

I don't know. Seems a little late in life to be setting out on a new dream.

BILLY-JO

Are you kiddin'? It ain't never too late! Let me tell you a story...

PRESTON

...Oh?

BILLY-JO

All My Life, all I wanted to be was a plumber. Mama and Daddy worked in the coal mines ta put me through Plumb-Tech. On graduation day, they were so proud a' me, they spent their life savin's on a set of pipe wrenches with "Billy-Jo" -- that's my name -- engraved on every one of 'em. But then one day I realized somethin' was missin' from my life. Yup. Music. Oh, I sing in the shower and all, but I found I wanted to share it with other people. The music, that is -- not the shower. So I saved up some money of my own and bought myself this here guitar, and now I'm a plumber-slash-country singer. Far as I know there ain't nobody this part a' the country has the same career I do. (to AUDIENCE) Any a' you nice folks qualify?

ALL MY LIFE (REPRISE)

PRESTON and BILLY-JO.

(a bit twangy)

BILLY-JO  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE LIKED TO HUM,  
BUT THEN I'D SAY "I LIKE TO PLUMB,"

PRESTON  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN SO GLUM  
I'VE NEVER HAD A SINGLE CHUM

BILLY-JO  
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A DREAMER

PRESTON  
MAYBE I'LL START ANEW

BOTH  
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO DREAM, FOR  
A PERSON SUCH AS...

...You!  
PRESTON

And you!  
BILLY-JO

BILLY-JO  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE LED TWO ROLES  
ONE WITH SONGS AND ONE WITH BOWLS  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE PLUMBED AWAY  
AND ALL THE WHILE I HUMMED AWAY

PRESTON  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN IGNORED  
BUT SOMEDAY I WILL BE ADORED  
ALL MY LIFE, MY FRIENDS WERE BORED  
BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN ANYMORE

BILLY-JO  
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A DREAMER

PRESTON  
MAYBE I'LL START ANEW

BILLY-JO  
IF I CAN FILL TWO DREAMS, THEN  
TELL ME WHY CAN'T YOU?

BOTH  
ALL OUR LIVES, WE'VE LED FOUR ROLES  
EVEN THOUGH WE'VE JUST TWO SOULS  
I'LL DREAM MY DREAM, JUST WAIT AND SEE  
THE ME THAT I WAS MEANT TO BE.

(THEY shake on the last note. RANDALL  
and LYLE sneak in, and MISS CALZONE  
upstages them, ENTERING brazenly.)

MISS CALZONE  
IS IT OVER YET?

BILLY-JO & PRESTON  
NO!

MISS CALZONE  
(to audience)  
Spaghetti-anna-meatballs!

(SHE EXITS. RANDALL and LYLE try to  
steal PRESTON's briefcase without HIM  
noticing.)

PRESTON  
You know, Billy-Jo, you're right. It's never too late  
to dream.

(HE turns, notices and addresses RANDALL  
and LYLE, unaware what they are up to.  
They jump at being "caught.")

Excuse me.

(THEY look behind themselves, at each  
other, try to look innocent, etc.)

Yes, you two. What are your dreams?

RANDALL  
Um, well, my dreams. Let's see.

LYLE  
I had one about a giant antelope once. Yeah, it kicked  
me in the head and then my armchair came to life and  
told me he was going to sell me to a flea circus.

RANDALL  
You idiot, he means our aspirations.

LYLE  
Oh. There's nothing wrong with my aspirations. (draws a  
deep breath) I can breathe fine, thank you.

PRESTON

No, no, I mean what do you hope for?

RANDALL

Well, All My Life, I've always wanted to be a hero. I know what you're thinking, and you're right -- my career has gotten a bit off-track. But it's still my biggest dream. I kept a fire extinguisher in my room when I was young so I could save my family in case there was a fire. I've always wanted to save somebody from great peril. To be a hero. That's my dream. Come on, Lyle.

LYLE

Hey, I want to be a hero, too. Don't I get a nice speech like that?

RANDALL

No. Your dream is the flea circus. Come on.

LYLE

(as RANDALL drags HIM off)

Make that a double! I've wanted to be a hero too! All My Life I have! Honest!

(THEY EXIT.)

PRESTON

Billy-Jo, thank you. I'm going back to that Stanley Price Theater, and I'm going to back their show again.

BILLY-JO

Good for you!

WRITE ENDING FOR THIS SCENE

SCENE 3

(ROBBERS' Hideout. RANDALL and LYLE sit as lights come up. The empty moneybag sits on floor next to LYLE. For a moment, no one speaks. Then:)

LYLE

Hey Randall?

RANDALL

Yeah?

LYLE

Did you ever know that you're my hero?

RANDALL

What? Oh, Lyle, knock it off --

LYLE  
And everything I would like to be?

RANDALL  
No, I didn't know that, thank you, now would you -

LYLE  
(Climbing onto a crate and belting out the  
song)  
I KIN FLY HI-GHER THAN AN EAAAG-L --

RANDALL  
Lyle! Shut up!

LYLE  
Okay.

(HE climbs down)

RANDALL  
Lyle, I've been thinking...

(HE paces, LYLE follows on HIS heels)

LYLE  
A dangerous activity. I try to avoid it myself.

RANDALL  
We ought to make a better effort to blend in with all  
those singers and dancers at the bank.

LYLE  
Sure thing.

RANDALL  
Hey Lyle.

(RANDALL spins around quickly, nose to  
nose with LYLE, who inadvertently shouts  
in RANDALL's face)

LYLE  
What?!

RANDALL  
Call me crazy, but --

LYLE  
(Shaking RANDALL's hand)  
Nice ta meetchya, Crazy! My name's Lyle!

RANDALL

Oh, that's enough! Lyle, I'm beginning to think maybe that "bank" we've been robbing isn't a bank after all.

LYLE

Oh, don't be silly, Randall. If it isn't a bank, then where'd we get all this money --

(HE picks up moneybag. THEY see that it is empty.)

RANDALL

(Grabbing bag)

You LOST our money?

LYLE

I didn't lose it! I just... don't happen to have any idea where it is at the present moment!

RANDALL

Okay, Lyle, think. Where could it be?

LYLE

Let's see, we're looking for money. If I were a great big pile of money, where would I be? Hmmm... well, banks have great big piles of money... that's it!

RANDALL

What?

LYLE

We've got to go back to that bank!

RANDALL

Right! Let's go!

(RANDALL begins to EXIT with LYLE following. RANDALL is almost off, LYLE quietly sings)

LYLE

It must have been cold there in my sha-dow...

RANDALL

(turning back, deliberately)

Knock it off, Lyle.

(THEY EXIT.)

LIGHTS DOWN

SCENE 4

(The theater. It is dress rehearsal. A

large barrel sits in the corner for an unspecified reason. The theater is lustrous, and abuzz with activity.)

GIVE 'EM A SHOW

FULL CAST.

FULL CAST

THE LIGHTS WILL SLOWLY FADE UP  
TOMORROW AT EIGHT  
OUR FACES ALL ARE MADE UP  
WE HARDLY CAN WAIT

THE COSTUMES SEWN, THE HAIR ALL BLOWN  
THE SET NOW COMPLETE  
THE LINES ALL DOWN, FOLKS ALL OVER TOWN  
HAVE PAID FOR THEIR SEATS

AND WE CAN'T WAIT, WE'LL BE JUST GREAT  
LET'S GET UP AND GO  
AND GIVE THESE FOLKS A DARNED-GOOD  
KNOCK-WOOD GOOD HONEST SHOW...

(Dance break)

AND WE CAN'T WAIT, WE'LL BE JUST GREAT  
LET'S GET UP AND GO  
AND GIVE THESE FOLKS A DARNED-GOOD  
KNOCK-WOOD GOOD HONEST SHOW...

TINGLE FROM YOUR FINGERS TO THE TIPS OF YOUR  
TOES...  
LET'S GIVE 'EM A SHOW...

(Music plays, CAST mills about in a frenzy, carrying things, pointing, etc. Everyone has a purpose. STANLEY is the hub of the action, giving unheard directions to everyone. HE now has an ASSISTANT with a clipboard following HIM. VIOLET also helps out. RANDALL and LYLE "creep" out onstage, LYLE still holding the empty moneybag. This time THEY are dressed in gaudy sequined gowns, boas and wigs. As the frenzy and continues, RANDALL and LYLE have an aside conversation DSR.)

LYLE

Oh, boy, this is exciting!

RANDALL

I'm itchy all over. Come on, we gotta find that dough.

LYLE

But, Randall, (reprising) It Ain't Just Dough! No, sir!  
It Ain't Just Dough! (RANDALL is not amused) No...  
ma'am... (dies out)

RANDALL

We've got to find that money. Split up and look for it.

(THEY work their way into the crowd. Music stops, and we can now hear what STANLEY is saying.)

STANLEY

Betty, could you help George fix that spotlight before he kills himself? (to ASSISTANT) Make a note -- I want Violet and Eddie to do their duet tonight downstage right, not left, the lighting will look better there.

(ENTER VIOLET.)

VIOLET

Stanley, the chorus is getting restless, I think they either need to rehearse now or take a break so they can go cash their paychecks.

STANLEY

Oh, all right. TAKE 10, EVERYONE! Honestly, with the way people are concerned about money around here sometimes I think I'm running a bank and not a theater.

(CAST begins to EXIT, RANDALL loudly announces:)

RANDALL

WAIT A MINUTE! EVERYBODY JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

(THEY do.)

Hey, Lyle, guess what? I just figured something out.

LYLE

What?

RANDALL

(Grabbing LYLE, freaking out)  
THIS ISN'T A BANK! IT'S A THEATER!!!

(Small pause.)

FULL CAST

DUH!!

(ENTER MISS CALZONE)

MISS CALZONE  
IS IT OVER YET?

FULL CAST  
NO!!

(SHE EXITS)

STANLEY  
Go on, everybody, take your break!

(ALL EXIT except RANDALL and LYLE, who  
are left alone.)

RANDALL  
(taking off wig)  
So we figured it out, Lyle. It's a theater, not a bank.

LYLE  
No wonder that guy in tights and lipstick looked at me  
weird when I asked for a loan.

RANDALL  
Say, Lyle. What do you say to helping these folks out?

LYLE  
What about the money?

RANDALL  
Ah, forget about the money. Here's our chance to go  
straight, make some friends -- maybe if we're lucky  
we'll get a chance to be heroes!

LYLE  
Great! I've always loved heroes. Turkey heroes, bologna  
heroes...

RANDALL  
Come on, you dope.

(HE snatches LYLE's wig, whose hands go  
to HIS head as he screams like a girl,  
runs off after RANDALL. PRESTON ENTERS,  
dressed again in his suit, finding an  
empty theater.)

PRESTON  
Hello? Anybody here?

(STANLEY ENTERS in a mad rush, followed  
by ASSISTANT. Doesn't notice PRESTON at  
first.)

STANLEY

And find somebody to do that little solo in Act Two tonight, we need to make sure that -- (sees PRESTON)  
Oh, hello.

PRESTON

Hello.

STANLEY

(to ASSISTANT)

Go on, find someone.

(ASSISTANT EXITS.)

What can I do for you, Mr. Goldbrick?

PRESTON

I've come to inquire about backing your show again.

STANLEY

Oh. Well, as it happens, Mr. Goldbrick, we got our money back and we're able to do the show without your money after all.

PRESTON

Oh, I see. Then you'd obviously have no use for me.

STANLEY

I'm afraid not. I'm sorry. (pause) Well, I've got to get back to work.

PRESTON

Oh, yes. By all means, don't let me keep you.

(STANLEY EXITS. PRESTON stands alone, sings softly.)

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A DREAMER  
MAYBE THAT'S ALL I'LL BE  
I GUESS IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE FOR A  
NO-GOOD GUY LIKE ME...

(STANLEY re-ENTERS, stands listening.)

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN SO GLUM  
I'VE NEVER HAD A SINGLE CHUM  
WILL I FAIL? OR WILL I SEE...  
THE ME THAT I WAS MEANT TO BE...?

(A moment of silence. Slowly, STANLEY claps, PRESTON turns and realizes HE was watched.)

STANLEY  
Mr. Goldbrick, that was beautiful!

PRESTON  
Oh, why, thank you.

STANLEY  
Would you like to sing a little solo in Act Two? I need somebody with a nice voice to do it.

PRESTON  
Me? Really? Well, I'd love to.

STANLEY  
Great! No garbage bags, though.

PRESTON  
Deal. Thank you.

STANLEY  
You're welcome. Come on, let me show you the part...

(THEY EXIT together. Fast music plays.  
ENTER DELIVERY MAN with a big box  
reading "COSTUMES" on the side.)

DELIVERY MAN  
DELIVERY for Stanley Price Theater!

(RANDALL and LYLE run on, tripping over  
each other to be the first on their new  
quest to help the theater.)

RANDALL & LYLE  
We'll take that!

(Frenetic music plays, RANDALL and LYLE  
take the box together, DELIVERY MAN  
EXITS. RANDALL and LYLE run with the box  
eagerly, then trip together and send the  
box reeling into the right wing. A loud,  
clanging backstage disaster is heard.  
ENTER from SR a COWBOY, GIRL, ORCH.  
MEMBER 1 and ORCH MEMBER 2. THEY all  
suffer from injuries, their complaints  
overlapping each other. A few have  
costumes draped over THEM.)

COWBOY  
My hand! I think it's broken! How am I gonna play my  
guitar tonight --

GIRL  
(Hitting LYLE with purse)

You broke my ankle! I'm supposed to go onstage tonight and sing! I can't even walk! How in the world --

ORCH MEMBER 1

You broke my instrument!

ORCH MEMBER 2

I think my hand is sprained! Why don't you klutzes watch where you're going next time...

(General agreement, THEY EXIT. RANDALL and LYLE look disappointed.)

RANDALL

C'mon, Lyle, let's clean up this mess.

(THEY set about to picking up the costumes. LYLE fetches the barrel from the corner. THEY pile the costumes into it. In the process of replacing the drum to the corner it gets turned 180 degrees, so that as RANDALL and LYLE are dusting their hands off proudly and EXITING, audience can see that it reads "BATTERY ACID." STANLEY ENTERS, followed by ASSISTANT.)

STANLEY

Oh, this is great. Now my Texas Wild West singer, two of the orchestra members and my closing act are all hospitalized!

MOTHER

(ENTERING)

SONNNNY! Sonny!

STANLEY

Just what I need. Yes, mother.

MOTHER

The maintenance crew just called and said that the plumbing in the restrooms is broken and they don't know how to fix it.

STANLEY

Oh, wonderful.

MOTHER

They said if we can't find someone to take care of it we'll have to cancel the show! Honestly, sonny, I don't know how you let these things happen.

(SHE turns around and the AUDIENCE sees that SHE has a toilet seat stuck to the

rear of her dress. SHE EXITS. ENTER  
PRESTON and BILLY-JO.)

PRESTON  
Stanley! I want to introduce you to someone!

BILLY-JO  
Howdy! Name's Billy-Jo, Country singer slash plumber.

(THEY shake hands.)

STANLEY  
Stanley Price, director.

PRESTON  
Billy-Jo just stopped by to see how the show's coming  
along.

STANLEY  
Oh, I see. Well, unfortunately, not very well. (to  
ASSISTANT) Where in the heck are we going to find a  
plumber on such short notice?

(THEY think a second, then a tableau as  
STANLEY looks at the audience and a  
LIGHT BULB appears above HIS head.  
STANLEY turns to BILLY-JO.)

I'm sorry, did you say you were a plumber?

BILLY-JO  
I've been known ta plumb a little.

STANLEY  
Would you be willing to take a look at our restrooms?  
We'll pay you of course.

BILLY-JO  
Well, it ain't the money I'm concerned with.

STANLEY  
Oh?

BILLY-JO  
Ya see, I come as a package deal. If I'm gonna plumb, I  
think I'd like ta perform in this here show too.

STANLEY  
Oh, I'm very sorry Billy-Jo, but there's really no  
place in my show for a -- what did you say you were?

BILLY-JO  
I'm a country singer!

(Another LIGHT BULB appears.)

STANLEY

Why, that's perfect! You can replace the Texas Wild West Act that I lost! Mr. Goldbrick, take her backstage and find her a costume. But first take a look at those restrooms!

(During this RANDALL and LYLE have ENTERED and begun sweeping, and VIOLET has discovered the costumes in the barrel. SHE holds up a shirt with many holes in it. Takes it over to STANLEY.)

Okay! We're doing all right now! All we need are a couple of musicians and a closer.

VIOLET

And costumes.

STANLEY

And costu -- what do you mean, "and costumes?"

VIOLET

Look, these costumes are ruined. I just found them over here in this --

STANLEY

(inspecting them)

Oh, no! Those were the new costumes for -- now the chorus has absolutely nothing to wear! Can anything ELSE go wrong? What are we going to do NOW?

VIOLET

Don't worry, Stanley, we'll figure out someth --

STANLEY

Miss Violet, there are a lot of things this show can go without, but costumes is not one of them! I'm not running that kind of show!

(HE EXITS in a panic. VIOLET sits on stool, sighs. Music plays. Thinks for a minute as RANDALL and LYLE sweep. Raises HER head in a moment of inspiration, smiling. Music stops. Begins to EXIT with a sense of purpose, stops and addresses RANDALL and LYLE)

VIOLET

Hey, you guys.

LYLE

Who, us?

VIOLET

Yeah. I've noticed you hanging around here quite a bit.

RANDALL

Well, we do. But we're not trying to rob the theater or anything. We just want to help.

VIOLET

Huh?

LYLE

Yeah. Rob? (Laughs nervously) If we had wanted to rob the theater, I'm sure we would've decided not to by now.

RANDALL

Definitely.

VIOLET

(Confused)

...well, okay. So do you guys want to help me?

RANDALL

Hmm...a lady in distress, huh? Would this be a...heroic deed?

VIOLET

We're going to save the show. We'll all be heroes. (RANDALL and LYLE elbow each other.) I don't suppose you sew, do you?

LYLE

Of course we sew, whaddaya take us for, undomestics?

VIOLET

Then come on. We've got a lot of work to do.

(THEY EXIT.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

(A beat, then LIGHTS UP on the "street" in front of the curtain. A chase scene of sorts ensues. Music plays [a fast version of the Aria], and the following events occur:

RANDALL, LYLE and VIOLET run from SL to SR.

RANDALL, LYLE and VIOLET run back from SR to SL, with MISS CALZONE following THEM, carrying a sewing machine.

RANDALL, LYLE and VIOLET run back [SL to SR], MISS CALZONE running behind THEM with the sewing machine.

RANDALL, LYLE, VIOLET, BAND MEMBERS from restaurant with tablecloths run across [SR to SL], MISS CALZONE falling further behind, still laboring under the weight of the sewing machine.

RANDALL, LYLE and VIOLET run across [SL to SR] with boxes. MISS CALZONE appears with sewing machine at SL, drops to HER knees and begs:)

MISS CALZONE

Is it over YET?

BAND MEMBERS  
(ENTERING SL)

NO!

(THEY pick HER up by the elbows, struggling, and drag HER off SR, feet trailing. A stray BAND MEMBER picks up the sewing machine, EXITS. Chase music ends.)

LIGHTS DOWN

SCENE 5

(The theater. ENTER STANLEY, followed by ASSISTANT, followed by PRESTON.)

STANLEY

Now, I want Preston to sing his bit tonight from the --

MOTHER

(ENTERING)

SONNNY! Did you remember to turn the iron off when you ironed that shirt this morning?

STANLEY

YES, mother. Must you bother me right now, I'm really very busy --

MOTHER

(overlapping)

Bother you? Well! Treating your own mother this way, I've never heard such --

STANLEY  
(overlapping)  
Mother, can't you see I'm trying to --

(MOTHER holds up HER hand, all onstage  
freeze. Lighting changes. SHE sings:)

MOTHER  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE COOKED AND SCRUBBED  
HOPING THAT I WOULD BE LOVED  
WORKING FINGERS TO THE BONE  
BUT I STILL FEEL ALL ALONE

WHAT'S A MOTHER TO DO?  
HE DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE  
I JUST NEED SOMEONE TO LOVE AND  
SEE MY POINT OF VIEW

ALL MY LIFE I'VE NURTURED HIM  
CATERED TO HIS EVERY WHIM  
NOW HE'S GROWN AND I CAN SEE  
I NEED SOMEONE WHO NEEDS ME...

(Lighting changes back, tableau drops.)

STANLEY  
-- rehearse, I really need to get some work done!

MOTHER  
Only reminding you, sonny. Lord only knows how you  
expect to be a successful director if...

(The rest we know, and is swallowed by  
the wing as SHE EXITS.)

PRESTON  
Who was that?

STANLEY  
Oh, that was... (Dangerous piano chord)...Mother. She  
thinks it's her obligation to keep track of everything  
from my car payments to my underwear. The thing is,  
deep down inside, she's a sweet person. She just needs  
someone to love. Only she's smothering me.

PRESTON  
You don't know how lucky you are. I've always wanted  
someone to take care of me. No matter how much money  
one has, he can't buy a mother's love. I'd give  
anything to be in your place.

(STANLEY looks at AUDIENCE.)

BLACKOUT

(HUGE LIGHT BULB appears.)

LIGHTS UP

STANLEY

Oh, mother!

MOTHER

(Re-ENTERING)

Yes, dear?

STANLEY

I have someone for you to meet! (To PRESTON) You're going to love my mother. (Puts HIS arms around both of THEM) And she's going to adore you...

(HE gives a thumbs-up to the AUDIENCE behind PRESTON and MOTHER as HE escorts THEM off.)

As THEY are EXITING, MISS CALZONE ENTERS, followed by VIOLET, LYLE, RANDALL and MUSICIANS from the restaurant, who hold stacks of clothing made from the same red & white checkered material as made up the décor in MISS CALZONE's restaurant. MISS CALZONE sees the three leaving and shouts after them:)

MISS CALZONE

GO AHEAD! LEAVE! THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY DOES! I'm so insulted!

(STANLEY immediately re-ENTERS, followed by HIS ASSISTANT. During this the CAST filters in gradually.)

VIOLET

Stanley! Stanley, we --

STANLEY

Is Billy-Jo through fixing the plumbing yet? And how are we going to --

VIOLET

Stanley --

STANLEY

Not now. Even if we can find costumes, Lord only knows where, what are we going to do for a finale?

VIOLET

But Stanley, we --

STANLEY

And musicians! Ha! That's a laugh! There's not a musician within twenty mi --

(HE turns on HIS heel and runs face-first into the MUSICIANS. LIGHT BULB.)

VIOLET

That's what I've been trying to tell you, Stanley! We found musicians at Miss Calzone's Italian Restaurant! And look! We made these costumes, too!

STANLEY

(Inspecting them)

Hm. They look like tablecloths.

VIOLET

See, I told you everything would work out!

STANLEY

Oh, Violet, this is wonderful! You saved the show! You're my hero!

VIOLET

These two are the real heroes. The plan never would have worked without their help.

STANLEY

Gentlemen, I thank you. I don't know how I can possibly --

(LYLE, overcome by emotion, breaks down and hugs STANLEY, weeping. STANLEY is stunned. RANDALL pulls HIM off.)

RANDALL

Lyle, cut it out, now. Come on.

(THEY stand there a minute; RANDALL breaks down weeping, hugs STANLEY, then LYLE joins in again. Finally VIOLET has to intervene.)

ASSISTANT

Mr. Price, we still don't have a closer.

MISS CALZONE

AHHHHEEMMMM!

STANLEY

Oh, that's right. I just need one more act to end the

show with, and everything will be perfect. (MISS CALZONE smiles and waddles around) But who could I find who would want to go last on the show?

MISS CALZONE  
Ahem. (sings) MI MI MI...!

STANLEY  
Hmm...we need someone at the end of the show --

MISS CALZONE  
LA LA LA...

STANLEY  
-- to make people know it's time to go home.

MISS CALZONE  
LA LA LA LA LA...(a final piercing note) LA!!

STANLEY  
That'll do. (turns to MISS CALZONE) Excuse me, are you busy tonight?

MISS CALZONE  
(Batting eyes; feigning surprise)  
Who, me..?

(Music swells)

## ACT II FINALE

FULL CAST.

FULL CAST  
LIFE IS SHORT, SO DON'T COMPLAIN  
AND PLEASE DON'T DILLY-DALLY  
HERE WE ARE, WE SING TO YOU  
OUR GRAND OLD FINALE

LEAVING YOU WE WISH YOU WELL  
AND HERE IS THE THEME  
DO YOUR THING AND SING YOUR SONG  
AND DREAM, DREAM, DREAM...

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE WISHED THAT I  
COULD BRING JOY INTO PEOPLE'S LIVES, AND  
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE STRIVED TO BE  
ONE WHO LOVES LIFE CONSTANTLY

STANLEY  
(turns to VIOLET, takes a deep breath)  
Marry me.

VIOLET  
(caught off guard)  
Why, Stanley! This is so sudden, I -- I --

STANLEY  
Miss Violet, no one ever got anything worthwhile by  
waiting for it to come to him.

VIOLET  
Oh, Stanley...

(THEY lean forward to kiss, MISS CALZONE  
pushes HER way in between them and  
sings:)

MISS CALZONE  
IT'S OVER!

FULL CAST  
LEAVING YOU, WE WISH YOU WELL  
AND HERE IS THE THEME  
DO YOUR THING AND SING YOUR SONG  
AND DREAM, DREAM, DREAM!

THE END.

PRESTON W. GOLDBRICK

Curtain calls.

## All My Life

Book and Lyrics by Nathan Hartswick. Music by Nathan and Nancy Hartswick. 5m. 4w. 1 either. Chorus, extras. Age range: 10-18.

This delightful musical comedy tells the story of two bumbling robbers, a shy director, a loudmouth chorus girl, an insecure millionaire, a smothering mother, a country singer/plumber and an Italian opera singer as they follow their dreams. Stanley Price is trying to direct a show when, being mistaken for a bank, the theater is robbed - and that's only the beginning! As problem after problem arises for Stanley, each endearing character is given a chance to fulfill a lifelong dream to help the show go on. With a lively score and hilarious characters such as the meddling Preston W. Goldbrick and the flamboyant Miss Calzone, All My Life is sure to be a hit with your company and your audience.

Simple to produce - scenes alternate between onstage and in-front-of-the-curtain action, making the minimal set changes easy to execute.

### SPEAKING CHARACTERS

Stanley M. Price  
Violet  
Miss Calzone  
Preston W. Goldbrick  
Billy-Jo  
Randall  
Lyle  
Mother  
Roger

### 1 LINERS

Deliveryman  
Cowboy  
Orchestra Member 1  
Orchestra Member 2  
Person 1  
Person 2  
Person 3

### NO LINES

Assistant

Plus a chorus