

BOYNTON BEACH CLUB

A MUSICAL

based on the movie BOYNTON BEACH CLUB

SCORE HIGHLIGHTS

ACT ONE

THE MOST WONDERFUL PLACE ON EARTH MARTY & NEIGHBORS
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE LOIS, HARRY, & CLUB MEMBERS
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! CAMILE, MIMI, ROZ, LOIS, DONALD & MARILYN
IT'S STILL ME..... HARRY & COMPANY
EVERY MORNING THE SAME..... MARILYN
FIRM AND FIT AGAIN..... AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR & COMPANY
MY FIRST DATE IN A MILLION YEARS JACK & SANDY
JUST MY LUCK..... JACK
DANCING ON THE SAND DONALD & LOIS
COOK ITALIAN HARRY & JACK
THAT'S MY STYLE (LOIS' SONG)..... LOIS
YOU NEVER KNOW..... LOIS, MARILYN, CAMILLE, MIMI, ROZ, HARRY, JACK, BERNIE, MARV & MILTON

ACT TWO

LET ME DO SOME GOOD / JUST MY LUCK (Reprise) SANDY / JACK
Reprise: MY FIRST DATE IN A MILLION YEARS..... JACK & SANDY
ONE LESS NIGHT FLORENCE
ALL I NEED LOIS
DIRTY OLD MEN..... BERNIE, MILTON, MARV, HARRY, & JACK
IS IT TOO LATE FOR LOVE?..... LOIS, DONALD, JACK, SANDY
TAKIN' ON THE TOWN MARILYN with CAMILLE, MIMI, & ROZ
Reprise: ALL I NEED LOIS & DONALD
A NEW BEGINNING COMPANY

BOYNTON BEACH CLUB — CASTING BREAKDOWN (Can be done with 13 actors)

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

JACK GOODMAN: recent widower in his mid 60s; strong baritone voice; old-fashioned, gentlemanly and attractive, if a bit out of shape.

HARRY FANELLI: a "hip" looking guy of 62, who fancies himself a "ladies man." Self-assured, with a full head of hair. A smooth dancer, singer and comic actor; high baritone preferred, comfortable with swing music.

LOIS PAULSON: a vivacious, sexy blonde between 55 and 60; very caring and helpful to others. An interior decorator who's proud of her sense of style and still shapely body. Must have powerful, lyrical voice; soprano preferred, or mezzo with high notes.

MARILYN CARTER: 60-ish housewife who was extremely dependent on her late husband; withdrawn and still reeling from the sudden death of her husband of 35 years. Mezzo with a solid belt. Must be an exceptional singer. In the course of the show, she blossoms into an independent, strong and confident woman.

DONALD BEST: a tall, charismatic Prince Charming type, 50-55. Lois' new "young" boyfriend. Exudes class and confidence. Intelligent and somewhat secretive. Romantic baritone voice, with a cutting edge.

SANDY WILLS: an elegant woman, 60-65. Sexy, attractive woman with an air of insecurity and the need to please.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS (most actors will double)

CAMILLE: Lois's friend from the Bereavement Club. Part of singing TRIO. Sexy, funny and large-figured; 55-60.

MIMI: Lois's friend from the Bereavement Club. Part of singing TRIO. Sweet, prim, and slightly ditzzy; 55-60.

ROZ: Lois's friend from the Bereavement Club. Part of singing TRIO. Energetic and enthusiastic, the eternal optimist of the group; 55-60.

FLORENCE: 40's; a gorgeous Internet date who has a secret life. Needs to be a good "character actress". Doubles as: **ANITA STERN** (65, a self centered and comically gauche platinum blonde); **ELAINE** (the bereavement group leader); **CANDY WILLS** (trophy wife).

BERNIE: 60-65. One of Harry's card-playing friends. Tenor. A gawky, nervous type. Doubles as: suave **LEONARD WILLS**; **PROM NIGHT ANNOUNCER**; **TONY**, a hairdresser.

MARV: 60-65. One of Harry's card-playing friends. Baritone. Candid and brusque. A character type to play various roles. Doubles as: **MARTY CARTER** (Marilyn's husband, balding, cheerful, a lover of life); **AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR**; and **HERMAN** (a hard of hearing 90 year old).

MILTON: 60-65. One of Harry's card-playing friends. Bass. Horny and sardonic. Doubles as: **TAXI DISPATCHER**, **WAITER**, etc.

NOTE: These additional roles will be assigned to the **TRIO [CAMILLE, MIMI, ROZ]: MYRNA**, a woman of 90; **MOLLY**, Jack's daughter; **PHARMACIST**; **COMPUTER-DATING WOMAN #1**, **COMPUTER-DATING WOMAN #2**; etc.

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ABOUT THE SET DESIGN

The story of BOYNTON BEACH CLUB takes place in the present, in and around the area of Boynton Beach, Florida, in multiple locations, both interior and exterior. We are imagining a modern and minimalistic approach to the set design, one that could be suggestive of time and place rather than fully illustrative of every location in the story. The designer might make use of certain objects or visual images common to the story and to Southern Florida, such as (on the exterior) beaches, palm trees, condominiums, driveways, and sun umbrellas; (and in the interior) beds, cell-phones and telephones, bars and barstools, drinking glasses, and poolside lounge chairs. Slides might also be projected to suggest different locales. We would like the action to be fluid from scene-to-scene, and, to the best of anyone's ability, not be slowed down by the hauling of traditional scenery on and off stage. Curtains, scrims, and projections may help in that regard.

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

Our story takes place at an upscale “Adult Community” in Boynton Beach, Florida. On either side of the stage, there are PALM TREES. Downstage are a few different colored GARBAGE CANS and recycling containers.

MARTY CARTER, a cheerful looking man in his mid 60s, enters carrying two large PLASTIC GARBAGE BAGS and a stack of newspapers. He’s dressed in a colorful jogging outfit, sneakers, and a NY YANKEES cap. He’s got sun block on his nose. About to appear is MARILYN CARTER, a wife of about 60.

WOMAN’S VOICE [MARILYN]

Don’t forget, the blue is for recycling. Yellow is for the newspapers. You mixed them up last week.

MARTY

This week the trash will be perfect, dear.

MARILYN

Promise you’ll be home in an hour. The exterminator is coming by. The black ants are back.

MARTY

Home in an hour, I promise, dah-ling.

MARILYN

And if you see Betty or Phil, remind them about our bridge game on Tuesday.

MARTY

Will do. No problem, lovey-dove.

MARILYN

And, Marty, one more thing....

MARTY

(sing-song, expecting another errand)

Whaaat, Ma-ri-lyn!

MARILYN

(but instead:)

... I love you.

MARTY

I love you too, sweetheart.

(MARILYN goes back inside. MARTY stares at the trashcans, trying to remember which bag goes where—then dumps the garbage into the wrong cans. He takes out his iPod, puts on earphones, and turns it on. MUSIC begins to play. SONG: The Most Wonderful Place on Earth.

MARTY

TURN YOUR IPOD ON,
TAKE A JOG AND SEE
THE BRIGHT FLAMINGO-PINK DAWN;

MARTY & NEIGHBORS

(harmonizing)
THE HARMONY AND UNITY
OF THE BOYNTON BEACH ADULT COMMUNITY.

MARTY

Morning, Lou!

LOU

Hi, Marty! Gorgeous day!

MARTY

(jogging)
Isn't it always!

(More NEIGHBORS arrive on-stage)

ALL

HERE'S TO WINTERS OF SUN,
TREES OF ORANGE AND LIME,
RECREATION AND FUN
FREE OF WORRY AND GRIME.
TIME BRINGS SILVER NOT GRAY.
LEARN WHAT LIFE'S REALLY WORTH;
IN THIS BALMY, PALMY,
MOST WONDERFUL PLACE ON EARTH.

MEN

BASKING UNDER BLUE SKIES,

WOMEN

PASSING DAYS BY THE POOL;

ALL

SPORTSWEAR IN EV'RY SIZE.
AT MY AGE, LOOKIN' COOL;
EV'RY MONTH IS LIKE MAY;
IT'S BEEN LIKE A REBIRTH
IN THIS DANDY, SANDY
MOST WONDERFUL PLACE ON EARTH.

WOMEN

YOU CAN LOOK YOUNG AND SPORTY.
SIXTY IS THE* NEW FORTY!
(*pronounce "THEE")
TENNIS WITH MEL AND MORTY
KEEPS ME IN SHAPE.

MEN

GOODBYE TO STRESS AND TENSION
THANKS TO MY BONDS AND PENSION;
I'VE REACHED A NEW DIMENSION—
DON'T HAVE TO SCRAPE.

WOMEN

TO NO BOSS DO I BOW.
NO MORE NINE-TO-FIVE RUT.

MEN

TO NO BOSS DO I BOW.
NO MORE NINE-TO-FIVE...

ALL

WHAT'S MY HARDEST JOB NOW?
WORKING POUNDS OFF MY BUTT.
(taking out garbage, walking dog; etc.:)
EV'RY TASK BECOMES PLAY.
LIFE'S ALL MUSIC AND MIRTH

IN THIS ROSY, COZY,
IN THIS HAPPY, SNAPPY,
THIS AMAZING, BLAZING
MOST WONDERFUL PLACE—
ON—

WOMEN & MEN

THE MOST WONDERFUL PLACE

THE MOST WONDERFUL PLACE

THE MOST WONDERFUL, FABULOUS,
MARVELOUS PLACE

MARTY

EARTH—

ON EARTH—

ON EARTH—

(As the song ends, MARTY separates from the crowd and jogs
off-stage. A moment later, there is the sound of SCREECHING TIRES—
and a THUD. Suddenly, an overdressed FRANTIC WOMAN—with big
platinum hair—runs on-stage)

FRANTIC WOMAN [ANITA STERN]

Oh my Gawd! I hit him.

MEN & WOMEN

ON EARTH!

(Blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

We are in a darkened meeting room, chairs are arranged in a semi circle. Resting on every other chair is a box of Kleenex. A sign on the wall reads:

"WELCOME TO THE BOYNTON BEACH CLUB.
MONDAY: Canasta. WEDNESDAY: Line Dancing.
FRIDAY: Bereavement Group."

Gradually the members of the Bereavement Group begin to wander in. Some "WOMEN" are played by male actors. HARRY—a "hip" looking guy of 62, wearing a bright Hawaiian shirt —walks in talking animatedly on his cell phone. It's clear he fancies himself a "ladies man."

HARRY

(talking on cell phone)

Listen Doris. I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, I had a really nice time, too.... especially looking at all those videos of your grandchildren...and great-grandchildren.

(He rolls his eyes. JACK, a shy 65-year old, enters and looks around the room nervously. He takes a seat next to the only other man in the room, HARRY. HARRY continues on phone)

No, I'll text you. I have your number...yeah, I have your cell and your email....and your daughter's cell....No, I'm busy Friday night, but I'll be in touch...Promise... Toodle-loo.

(turns to JACK)

Women... Sheesh!

(He extends his hand)

Harry Fanelli.

JACK

Jack Goodman.

HARRY

It's nice to have another guy in the group.

(looking around the room)

I've been coming here over a year. There's an eight to one woman to man ratio.

Swear to God I've never been so popular in my life. And let me tell you, some of these ladies are still pretty hot....

(spotting LOIS)

Lois, how ya doing?

(He waves to LOIS, who has just entered. She's a vivacious blonde in tight pants and a low-cut leopard print top. A TRIO of WOMEN—CAMILLE, MIMI, and ROZ—rush over to greet her; she's clearly a popular member of the GROUP)

LOIS

Hello. Harry... I hope you're on good behavior today.

HARRY

(with a wink)
Aren't I always good?

LOIS

But I'm even better.

(SANDY, an elegantly dressed woman of about 60 approaches HARRY.
She's got a sexy voice, but there is also an air of insecurity about her)

SANDY

Harry.

HARRY

Hi, beautiful.

SANDY

(eyeing JACK)
I'd like to meet your new friend.

HARRY

Jack... Jack Goodman.

SANDY

(seductively putting out her hand)
Sandy Wills. Sorry about your loss.

JACK

I'm sorry about yours too.

(SANDY takes a calling card out of her purse, hands it to JACK. He
looks at it, confused)think

SANDY

My card. Elaine, our group leader, encourages us to do this. If you're lonely or just want to talk with someone...call me.

(She smiles and walks away. JACK looks at HARRY, flustered.
HARRY reaches into his pocket, winks, and pulls out a wad of 100
different calling cards)

HARRY

You'll get used to it....

(ELAINE, a social worker and the "Group Facilitator", enters. She's a
middle aged earth-mother type. Very sympathetic. She walks to the
front of the room to get everyone's attention. Meanwhile, MARILYN
enters and takes a seat quietly at the back. MARILYN is dressed in
black and sits clutching her purse, like a security blanket)

ELAINE

Please take your seats. Good morning, everyone.

GROUP

Good morning, Elaine.

ELAINE

Let's get started. Today we have two new members. Let's give a warm "club welcome" to Marilyn Carter.

GROUP

Hi, Marilyn.

CAMILLE

(whispering)

That's the woman whose husband was hit by a car.

ELAINE

I know it's hard in the beginning. But, Marilyn, is there anything you'd like to share with the group?

MARILYN

...No.

ELAINE

That's fine. There's no pressure. Everyone goes through the healing process at their own pace. Whenever you're ready, we're here for you.

(looks around, spotting JACK)

Okay. Now I'd like you all to meet Jack Goodman. Jack, welcome to the Boynton Beach Bereavement Club.

(The MEMBERS applaud)

That's right. He deserves a round of applause. We all know it's not easy coming here for the first time. So Jack, would you like to tell us a little about yourself?

(Nervously JACK stands and faces the group. He speaks slowly—stammering)

JACK

Ummm, my wife, Anne, was my companion and best friend for the past 38 years... and...and my daughter Molly thinks I spend too much time alone now.... Y'see... Ever since Anne died, everything is in slow motion....

(He breaks down and begins to get teary. LOIS passes him a box of Kleenex. Other members take out tissues and dab their eyes)

LOIS

We understand, Jack. Believe me, it gets better with time.

ELAINE

So when did your wife pass away?

JACK

Six months ago.

HARRY

It's tough. Right, everybody?

GROUP

Yeah.

HARRY

But I picked myself up and you're going to do the same thing, Jack.

LOIS

Harry talks big now, but he was a basket case when he first came to the group. We all were.

JACK

Really?

(SONG: That's Why We're Here)

HARRY

MY WIFE WAS MY GOOD SPORT AND BEST FRIEND.

ROZ

I THOUGHT MY LIFE HAD COME TO AN END.

CAMILLE

MY CHILDREN DIDN'T HELP, ONLY HOUND.

LOIS, HARRY, ROZ, & CAMILLE

NO PLACE TO TURN—BUT NOW THAT'S TURNED AROUND.

LOIS

ALL OF US CARE—

SMALL GROUP #1

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE.

LOIS

WHAT CAN YOU DO

SMALL GROUP #2

BUT START ANEW?

LOIS

WORN DOWN TO THE NUB?
WELCOME TO THE CLUB—
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

SANDY

CRYING IS FINE—

CAMILLE

YOU SHOULD HEAR MINE!

ROZ

COME, HAVE YOUR SAY

AND NESCAFÉ.

MIMI

BAD AS THINGS APPEAR,
OPEN ARMS ARE NEAR;
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

MEMBERS (except MARILYN)

PAIN COMES AND GOES,

ELAINE

MARILYN

(to herself)
I STILL WEAR BLACK.

GUILT AND ANGER TOO.

ELAINE

AND, HEAVEN KNOWS,

HARRY

CAN'T GET HIM BACK.

MARILYN

WHAT GOOD IS STAYING BLUE?

HARRY

MEMBERS (except MARILYN)

WHY STAY HOME AND GO NUTS?
FRIENDS AND DONUTS
MAKE THE HARDEST DAY
OKAY.

FOCUS ON WHAT

LOIS

YOU STILL HAVE GOT.

MEMBERS (except MARILYN)

PEOPLE TO KNOW,

SANDY

GREAT SPOTS TO GO.

CAMILLE & MIMI

MONDAY IS CROQUET.

LOIS

TUESDAY—DISCO DAY.

MIMI

WEDNESDAY PLAY MAH-JONG.

ROZ

HARRY

POKER'S ALL WEEK LONG.

MEMBERS (except MARILYN)

MAKE LIFE ALL YOU CAN—
ISN'T THAT GOD'S PLAN?
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

LOIS

COME BY.

SANDY

COME BY.

CAMILLE

SAY HI.

ROZ

SAY HI.

MIMI

(spoken:)
FRESH PIE...

JACK

I'LL TRY.

LOIS

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

ELAINE

Don't forget to sign up for our Monday night cooking class—"Tofu: 101 Recipes." And our "singles-mingles" boat trip through the Everglades.

(End of song. Lights dim)

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

Outside the Bereavement Club, MARILYN is walking to her car. LOIS hurries to catch up to her. Three other widows—the “TRIO” [MIMI, ROZ, and CAMILLE]—trail behind.

LOIS

Marilyn! ... Marilyn, wait up!

(catching up)

Look... I sure hope you'll come back again next week.

MARILYN

Probably not. There are two things I hate. Telemarketers and support groups...

LOIS

Yeah... I know how you feel.

MARILYN

(snapping)

How can you possibly know how I feel! Was your husband killed by a crazy driver talking on a cell phone?

LOIS

No. But we've all experienced loss.

MARILYN

(realizing her own insensitivity)

Lord...

(LOIS reprises That's Why We're Here; she reaches out to MARILYN)

LOIS

I KNOW WELL HOW GRIEF
SEEMS BEYOND RELIEF—
AND YET I'M HERE.

MARILYN

(taking a deep breath)

I'm sorry. Forgive me.

LOIS

I promise it gets easier with time...

(puts out her hand)

Lois Paulson.

(The THREE WOMEN now come up behind MARILYN and put out their hands. MARILYN finds it a bit overwhelming and reluctantly shakes EVERYONE's hand)

MIMI

Hi, I'm Mimi.

CAMILLE

Camille.

ROZ

Roz.

LOIS

Look—we're all heading over to the Boynton Diner. How about joining us for lunch?

MARILYN

Thank you, but I'm not hungry.

(She begins to walk away)

LOIS

Maybe next week. Okay? I'm gonna call you, Marilyn!

(turning to the TRIO, shrugs)

She just needs more time.

(The GROUP of WOMEN walk off, passing by JACK and HARRY—who are also leaving the club)

HARRY

They have a great All-You-Can-Eat Chinese buffet over in Delray. How 'bout it?

JACK

Nah, I wouldn't be good company.

HARRY

Well, if you need anything, give me a call....

(smiles)

Hey, I bet you're still living off the frozen casseroles. ... I got so sick of tuna noodle, I taught myself how to cook. You should stop by my place and I'll teach you some tricks. So where do you live?

JACK

Valencia Pointe.

HARRY

No kiddin'. We got a Pinochle game going there every Friday. On Mondays we do aerobics, and on Wednesdays, we all take an art class. You should join us. They got nude models. Live, naked ladies with big....

(He gestures with his hands)

JACK

Uh...I'll think about it...

HARRY

(hands JACK a slip of paper)

Look, here's my number. The trick is keeping busy. So don't be a stranger.

(HARRY waves and walks off. A moment later, SANDY comes up behind JACK and taps him on the shoulder. He turns, surprised)

SANDY

(chirpy, breathless)

Hi. Me again... Sorry if I was too forward earlier—but, hey, how else are you going to meet people, right? Anyway, I was wondering if you'd want to go to a dance at my club this weekend. We could just go as friends.

JACK

Umm, I'm sorry—but I'm not much of a dancer.

SANDY

Sure. I understand.... Well, if you ever just need someone to talk to, call me. I'm a really good listener.

(She turns to go)

JACK

(calling out)

Sandy??

(She stops)

If I did go to that dance...I'd certainly want to "boogie" with you.

(SANDY smiles and heads off-stage. JACK suddenly feels embarrassed, mumbles to himself:)

Oh God... Who do I think I am, John Travolta?

(JACK looks after her with a mix of longing and confusion.
The lights go black)

ACT ONE
SCENE FOUR

Inside the Boynton Beach Diner. LOIS and the TRIO
[CAMILLE, MIMI, ROZ] are sitting in a booth having lunch.

DONALD—an attractive man of about 50—sits nearby at the
counter. He glances over at LOIS from time to time.

LOIS

Maybe I shouldn't have ordered a cheeseburger and a milk shake. Do you know, I lost five pounds on that new Malibu diet.

(LOIS stands up to show off her new figure, doing a little "shimmy")

ROZ

You're lucky. You can eat what you want.

LOIS

I don't know why I even bother. It's not like anyone's going to see me naked... Not that I'd mind.

(CAMILLE notices DONALD glancing over at their table)

CAMILLE

Lois, do you know that man over there? I think he's staring at you.

(LOIS looks over and smiles at DONALD)

LOIS

(calling over to him)

Excuse me, do you know me?

DONALD

You look familiar. Where are you from?

LOIS

(walks over)

Philadelphia, originally. But now Boynton Beach.

DONALD

I moved to Palm Beach seven years ago, from Chicago.

LOIS

(flirty)

You look too young to be retired.

DONALD

You're right. I still enjoy my work.

LOIS

That's wonderful. I love a man who still..."works".

Wow! Look at her go. MIMI

She's amazing. ROZ

I'm almost jealous. CAMILLE

(SONG: Will You Look at That!)

CAMILLE (Cont'd)

(breaking up into solos)

HE'S TALL AND GRAY,
SUAVE AND NIFTY.

ROZ

SOME HUNK—HEY, HEY!
MAYBE FIFTY.

MIMI

THAT'S NO TOUPÉ!
NOTHING SHIFTY.

TRIO [CAMILLE, MIMI, ROZ]

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

MIMI

SHE'S MET HER MATCH!

ROZ

NO ONE LESSER.

CAMILLE

HE'S QUITE A CATCH!

MIMI

AND SOME DRESSER!

TRIO

JOINED, THEY'RE A NATCH.

ROZ

HEAVEN BLESS HER.

TRIO

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

(in 3-part harmony)

LOOK, HE'S MAKING BIG EYES.
LOOK, SHE'S MAKING HIM RISE.
FEEL THE SIZZLE, NOT ONLY BY THE GRILL.
EVEN I'M IN THE MOOD,
THIS IS BETTER THAN FOOD.
IF SHE DOESN'T MOVE FAST, I THINK I WILL!

(Music continues, underscoring the dialogue)

LOIS

So what do you do?

DONALD

(evasive)

... Houses...condos...office buildings.

LOIS

Well, maybe that's how you know me! I'm a decorator. I've worked for lots of real estate developers in the area. They love my sense of style.

DONALD

I can see why.

TRIO

WILL YOU LOOK AT...
HEY, NOW LOOK AT...
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

VA-VOOM-VA-VOOM!

LOIS

(fishes around in her oversize handbag, finally takes out a card)

Um, why don't I give you my card.

DONALD

Thank you...

(making mental note of her name)

Lois.

LOIS

Anytime.

(sings:)

THERE IS BUS'NESS WE MIGHT DO.

DONALD

THERE'S A LOT WE COULD PURSUE.

LOIS

I AM KNOWN FOR MY GOOD TASTE.

DONALD

THAT SHOULD NEVER GO TO WASTE.

LOIS

LET US TALK THIS THROUGH.

DONALD

I CAN VISIT YOU.

LOIS & DONALD

WE CAN HAVE A NICE CHAT.

By the way, I'm Donald.

DONALD

Oh, like Donald Trump?

LOIS

Well...in my own way.

DONALD

(DONALD and LOIS now sing aside as "internal thoughts"; this overlaps with the TRIO who sing softly, as if in background. Parts combine:)

DONALD
SHE'S GOT SOME BOD!
IT'S UNCANNY!

LOIS

HE'S LIKE A GOD
THAT'S **SOME** FANNY!
DON'T PROD
LIKE SOME GRANNY!

TRIO

THERE IS BUS'NESS THEY MIGHT DO.
THERE'S A LOT THEY COULD PURSUE.
SHE IS KNOWN FOR HER GOOD TASTE.
THAT SHOULD NEVER GO TO WASTE.
LET THEM TALK THIS THROUGH.
SHE CAN VISIT TOO!
THEY CAN HAVE A NICE CHAT.

STAY COOL.

WE CAN HAVE A NICE CHAT.

WE CAN HAVE A NICE CHAT.

LOIS

(to DONALD)
IT'S A REALLY GOOD SIGN
HOW YOUR WORK FITS WITH MINE.
WHO KNOWS WHAT WE MIGHT MANAGE, YOU AND I!

DONALD

RIGHT, BUT NOW I MUST RUN.
IT'S BEEN FUN, EV'RYONE!
SEE YA LATER, I HOPE. TILL THEN, BYE-BYE!

(He pays WAITER)

Bye-bye!

CAMILLE

Bye-bye!

MIMI

Bye-bye!

ROZ

(DONALD leaves)

MIMI

Oh my God. I can't believe you just did that.

ROZ

Good for you, Lois. You go after what you want!

LOIS

What? Like I'm going to ruin my reputation?

HE SURE WAS FAB!

TRIO

I'D AGREE, GIRLS.

LOIS

A GUY TO GRAB.

TRIO

WE SHALL SEE, GIRLS!

LOIS

HE PAID OUR TAB!

MIMI

COULD IT BE, GIRLS?

LOIS

WILL YOU LOOK AT...
HEY, NOW LOOK AT...
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

TRIO

Classy!

LOIS

(Blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE FIVE

On one side of the stage, a spotlight comes up revealing HARRY sitting at his desk in front of a computer. It's late at night, and HARRY is on-line.

Suddenly we hear a beep along with that familiar
COMPUTERIZED VOICE:

COMPUTER VOICE

You've got mail.

(A spotlight now comes up on the opposite side of the stage and we see a rotund, gray-haired WOMAN #1, wearing a moo-moo. She speaks—as HARRY reads the email)

WOMAN #1

"I'm a five foot six, brunette who loves Shakespeare, opera and taxidermy ...seeking sensitive, intellectual who wants to share a meeting of the minds with a Rubenesque beauty...."

HARRY

"Rubenesque"? What is she—a sandwich? Next!

(CLICK. The spotlight goes off WOMAN #1 and comes up on WOMAN #2— on another part of the stage. This woman is dressed in Tibetan robe and stands in a contorted Yoga position)

WOMAN #2

"...Ohmmmm...I love yoga, the Kabbalah and Zen Buddhism. I was voted "Most Serene" by the members of my ashram. Are we meant for each other? Ohmmmm "

HARRY

Nah, I don't think so, honey. Bye-bye.

(CLICK. Spotlight goes off on WOMAN #2, and another spotlight comes up revealing WOMAN #3. She is bathed in a cool, sexy blue light. We only see her in silhouette. Although we can't make out her face, she's got a great body and wears a slinky black cocktail dress)

WOMAN #3
(FLORENCE)

(sultry)

"Hi. My name is Florence. I am 50 years young. I love concerts, dancing, and theater. I am a creative cook and have been told that I'm still very sexy. If you're an adventurous man who has a good sense of humor, please respond."

(The spotlight fades out)

HARRY

Good cook. Sexy. Sounds promising.

(typing)

Hi Florence. My name is Harry. I'm a virile, well built, guy of 62...

(He erases this, retypes)

...59... I enjoy dancing, tennis, golf, and romantic midnight strolls along the beach. Please send photo.

(CLICK. A moment later, the spotlight comes back up on FLORENCE. We still can't see her face)

FLORENCE

"Dear Harry, I'm intrigued. Love to know more about you. Please describe."

HARRY

Hmmm...let's see...how would I describe myself....

(reading while typing)

"I'm 5 foot...8...**10** inches tall, with a full head of dark brown hair. The ladies think I'm good looking, but you can decide for yourself...."

(HARRY picks up a large hand mirror and studies his reflection)

HARRY (Cont'd)

Yeah. Still good looking. I got what it takes.... So what if the newsboy calls me Yoda! What does he know!

(SONG: It's Still Me)

COME, SEE A GUY WHO'S GOING STRONG,
THOUGH CERTAIN THINGS TAKE TWICE AS LONG;
FOR WORSE OR BETTER, RIGHT OR WRONG—
IT'S STILL ME.
IT'S STILL ME.

WHO HAS A SMILE LIKE CARY GRANT'S—
THOUGH PARTLY CAPPED AND WITH IM-PLANTS;
BUT PROUD TO SAY, WHEN IN TIGHT PANTS,
IT'S STILL ME.
IT'S STILL ME.

WHO'S QUITE THE TOMCAT STILL,
NOT OVER ANY HILL,
DESPITE EACH DAILY PILL
AND ARTHRITIS.

Non c'è problema!

(suddenly aching:)

Oo!

DON'T TELL ME ACT MY AGE,
BE LIKE SOME ANCIENT SAGE;
DON'T SAY I'VE HIT A STAGE—
OR I'LL WISH ON YOU...LARYNGITIS.

HARRY (Cont'd)

I'M JUST A GEM AMONG ANTIQUES,
 ABLE TO REACH ASTOUNDING PEAKS,
 DESPITE SOME BUMPS AND LUMPS AND LEAKS—
 ALL THREE.

BEYOND WHAT GLASSES HIDE,
 THERE'S SUPERMAN INSIDE—
 IT'S ME—OH YEAH!—
 STILL ME!

(Drifting into a reverie)

DUM, DA DA DUM, DA DA DA DA DA...

(The lighting changes—as a fantasy sequence begins where
 HARRY relives his past)

HARRY (Cont'd)

Why, I still feel like the heartbreaker I was back at

(He forgets)

...what was my school?..

(He remembers)

St. Francis High!

(The tempo of the music picks up)

Oh, those were the times!

(HARRY has a fantasy where MEMBERS of the cast are dressed in high school clothes.
 It's the night of the school prom, with a rock 'n' roll band playing)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Gather round, boys and girls! Right now Senior Prom Night is blasting off. Presenting St. Francis' own dancing Adonis. Like Jerry Lee Lewis but with great-er balls of fire! Here's Harry Fanelli!

HARRY

All yours, baby!

OTHER MEN

WHOSE DIRTY DANCE DELIGHTS THE FLOOR?
 WHO WAS THE GRIND INVENTED FOR?
 WHO MAKES THE PROM QUEENS BEG FOR MORE?

HARRY

IT'S STILL ME!
 HORNY ME!

WOMEN

WHO GETS ME OFF...MY DERRIERE?
 WHO IS THE STUD WE LIKE TO SHARE?
 WHOSE PONY IS BEYOND COMPARE?

HARRY

TRUSTY ME!
 LUSTY ME!

OTHER MEN & WOMEN

WHO'S UP-TO-DATE AND HIP?
 MAKES OUT WITH REDDI-WHIP?
 WHO DOES MORE WITH EACH LIP
 THAN MICK JAGGER.

FEMALE

'Cept he CAN get satisfaction!

HARRY

I MAKE THE CROWDS HURRAH,

OTHER MEN & WOMEN

HURRAH!

HARRY

THE LADIES CHA-CHA-CHA!

WOMEN

CHA-CHA-CHA!

HARRY

AS FRESH AS SHANGRI-LA!
 HA!

OTHER MEN & WOMEN

ETERNAL AND...

WOMEN

ONE GREAT SHAGGER.

MEN & WOMEN

WHO SCORES AS WELL AS ANY JOCK?
 WHO CAN OUTSTRUT A BARNYARD COCK?
 WHO REALLY ROCKS AROUND THE CLOCK?
 (looking around—teasingly—till they sight HARRY)
 LET'S SEE!

HARRY

I'M PLEASED HOW YOU'VE EXPRESSED
 THE SUBJECT YOU LIKE BEST!
 IT'S ME!

MEN & WOMEN

(echo)
 IT'S HE!

HARRY

OH YEAH!

HARRY & OTHERS

STILL ME / HE!

(Dream fades. Music resumes its formerly slow tempo)

<p>HARRY</p> <p>ME...</p> <p>ME...</p> <p>.</p>	<p>OTHERS</p> <p>HE...</p> <p>HE...</p>
---	---

OTHERS

(mocking laughter:)

Hee-hee, hee-hee, hee-hee (etc.)

(The lights fade out on the ENSEMBLE, as we return to the present. HARRY sits back down at his computer desk. Shakes his head, as if shaking away a daydream)

HARRY

I don't know...

(sings)

NO ONE CAN TELL ME OTHERWISE;
 THOUGH I CAN'T SAY THE MIRROR LIES,
 I FEEL THE SAME, DON'T CARE WHOSE EYES
 AGREE.

NO QUESTION—ON THE WHOLE—
 THE SPIRIT AND THE SOUL...
 IT'S ME—OH YEAH!—
 STILL ME!

(He looks back at the computer screen; types a few more words;
 and hums two more bars:)

HARRY (Cont'd)

DUM, DA DA DUM, DA DA DA DA—
 (speaks aloud as he types:)

"....P.S. I can drive at night".

(Blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE SIX

Lights come up on one side of the stage where we see JACK, alone in his bedroom – neatly folding his wife ANNE'S clothing into cardboard boxes. He hesitates from time to time to sniff one of the items—or run the material across his cheek—trying to get one last scent of her before packing it away. MUSICAL VIGNETTE: Jack's Reflection.

JACK

(spoken)

Storage...

Salvation Army.

(sings)

SHE SURE LOVED THIS HAT...

(spoken)

Storage...

Salvation Army...

(sings)

WAIT, HOLD ON TO THAT.

(spoken; looking at a beautiful dress)

Give that to Molly.

(Lights fade on JACK as his theme blends into what follows. The spotlight shifts to MARILYN, alone in her bedroom—defined by a couch, a lamp, a dressing table with a few old framed photos.

MARILYN is busy straightening up, puffing cushions, dusting photos. Her efforts at cleaning are frantic, verging on manic.
Song: Every Morning the Same)

MARILYN

GOT TO KEEP BUSY
NOT TO START CRYING.
THEY SAY THIS GETS EASIER—
WELL, THEY'RE ALL LYING!
EACH PLACE I LOOK, THERE'S
ONE MORE REMINDER
THAT GETS TO ME—
PUTTING MY HEART THROUGH THE GRINDER.
SURE! THINGS WEREN'T ALL THEY COULD BE.
STILL HE WAS THERE FOR ME.

(MARILYN dusts off MARTY's framed photo, holds it up)

Look at that funny face... What is it I miss so much?

(She stops her work—in contemplation)

EV'RY MORNING THE SAME:
MARTY SNORING,
ME ADORING
A HUSBAND LOUD BUT WARM AND SWEET.

EV'RY MORNING THE SAME,
CUDDLING, WAKING,
BREAKFAST MAKING—
THEN TRYING NOT TO OVEREAT.

MARILYN (Cont'd)

FUNNY HOW SOME SMALL THING
 THAT YOU DO EV'RY DAY
 IS A MEM'RY YOU CLING
 TO—WHEN IT'S TAKEN AWAY.

MARTY MAY HAVE SEEMED TAME,
 NEVER RUSHING,
 SHAVING, BRUSHING
 THE FEW GRAY HAIRS HE STILL COULD CLAIM.
 WHEN OUR EV'RY BEAUTIFUL MORNING WAS THE SAME...

HIS OUTFIT FOR JOGGING,
 HIS KISS AT THE DOOR,
 THE WAY HE MADE EACH DAY A TREAT,
 NOT A CHORE.
 IT WAS SO PERFECT BEFORE.
 BUT NO MORE.
 NO MORE.

SUCH DEEP MOURNING AND BLAME.
 NOW ALL SEEMS WRONG,
 EVEN DREAMS—WRONG.
 I WAKE AND STILL CALL OUT HIS NAME;
 BUT FROM NOW ON, NEVER WILL MORNING BE THE SAME.

(Song ends with a final echo of Jack's Reflection)

JACK

Storage...
 Storage!

(Phones RING—simultaneously—in MARILYN'S and JACK'S
 rooms. MUSIC out)

MARILYN & JACK

(concurrently picking up their phones)

Hello.

SANDY'S VOICE

Jack? It's Sandy.

LOIS'S VOICE

It's Lois. Remember me?

SANDY

Would you like to get together some time?

LOIS

Got any plans for this afternoon?

MARILYN & JACK

Sorry. I'm busy.

LOIS

Marilyn, you can't mope around your apartment all day—

SANDY

Jack, you've got to move on with your life.

(A BEAT as both JACK and MARILYN think about it. MARILYN puts down the photo of MARTY she is holding. JACK puts down his wife's dress)

MARILYN

Okay....

JACK

So *when* would you like to meet?

MARILYN

So *where* would you like to meet?

(A DISCO BEAT is heard as stage lights fade on JACK and MARILYN)

ACT ONE
SCENE SEVEN

We are in the health club of the “Valencia Shores” community. A strong DISCO BEAT plays over the PA system. An energetic, buff, AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR is leading an exercise class.

AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR

(to the rhythm)

Come on, ladies. Move it, men. Turn it up. Keep it up. Step to the left. Then to the right. People, pull those abs in tight.

CAMILLE

Hey, slow down a little!

AEROBICS CLASS (ALL)

FIRM AND FIT AGAIN
FIRM AND FIT AGAIN
TIGHT AND TONED AND THEN
FIRM AND FIT
AGAIN!

INSTRUCTOR

FACING FORWARD, SHOULDERS STRAIGHT.
STEP-TOUCH—FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT...

MILTON

I USED TO DO A DOZEN SIT-UPS, PUSH-UPS, AND LONG RACES.

CAMILLE

NOW WHEN I DO TWO JUMPING JACKS, I ACHE A DOZEN PLACES.

BERNIE

IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH FOR ME WHEN I BEND DOWN TO TIE MY LACES.

HARRY

THE ONLY THING SOME PEOPLE HERE HAVE LIFTED ARE THEIR FACES.

ALL

FIRM AND FIT AGAIN,

FIRM AND FIT AGAIN.

TRIM LIKE WAY BACK WHEN.

BERNIE

IT'S A DRAG
TO GET TO BE

HARRY

GOTTA STRAIN AND SWEAT TO BE

BERNIE

BUT I HAVE YET TO BE

ALL

FIRM AND FIT
AGAIN!

INSTRUCTOR

MARCH IN PLACE—HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE:
LEFT, RIGHT...FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE...

(ENSEMBLE starts jogging in place)

HARRY

So, did I mention—I met this young woman on the Internet? Named Florence? Sounds really promising.

BERNIE

50 bucks says she's a dog.

HARRY

I asked her to send me a photo.

BERNIE

Did you send her one of you?

HARRY

Yeah, me from 20 years ago.

BERNIE

Hers'll be from 40 years ago.

HARRY

I don't know, Bernie. I got a good vibe about this one.

INSTRUCTOR

OKAY, PEOPLE. KICK IT UP A NOTCH! ZAP...THAT...FAT!

ALL

THOUGH WE'RE NOT ADOLESCENTS
THIS KEEPS US ON THE GO
WITH EXERCISE THE ESSENCE
OF OUR REALLY BIG SHOW
(aside, as they move slowly:)
IN SLO-MO.

(They ALL transition to a new part of the exercise routine)

MARILYN

I haven't done anything like this in years.

LOIS

I'm glad you came. You need to get out of the house more often.

MARILYN

You're right.

(sarcastic, gasping for air)

This is as much fun as a colonoscopy.

CAMILLE

YOU'RE EITHER LIKE A PRUNE OR THROUGH BAD SUR-GE-RY GO MENTAL.

MIMI

MY NOSE WAS ONCE TOO JEWISH NOW MY EYES LOOK ORIENTAL.

ROZ

WHY CAN'T THEY FIND A TRAINER WHO IS SENSITIVE AND GENTLE?

MILTON

I'VE LOTS OF DRUGS BUT NOT THE KIND I ONCE CALLED "TRANSCENDENTAL."

ALL

FIRM AND FIT
AGAIN.

(Suddenly a brassy, platinum blonde joins the aerobics group,
pushing her way into the front row. It's ANITA STERN)

ANITA STERN

Excuse me...excuse me... Make way!

HEY, STEP ASIDE, I'M NEW HERE AND I NEED SOME ROOM FOR MOVING.
I'VE BEEN DEPRESSED—MY SHRINK SAYS EXERCISE PROMOTES IMPROVING;
WITH WHAT I PAY, HE WOULDN'T HAVE ME DO THINGS UNBEHOOVING...
THIS ISN'T EASY, WATCH IT, DOWN-UP, DOWN-UP, NOW I'M GROOVING!

MARILYN

Oh, no. That's her.

LOIS

Who?

MARILYN

Anita Stern! The woman who killed my husband.

LOIS

If I was her, I would have sold my house and moved away.

MARILYN

I'm gonna go home.

LOIS

No. Don't leave.

(taking hold of MARILYN's arm)

Marilyn. Listen to me. You've got to confront her. Just march over and tell her how she has ruined your life. Maybe even POP her one!

MARILYN

Lois—I wish I could rip her heart out. But I can't.

(MARILYN waves goodbye and walks away. LOIS watches her go, when suddenly her cell phone begins to RING. She takes it out of her pocket)

LOIS

Hello, Lois Paulson, home design.

(A spotlight comes up on DONALD, standing on the other end of the stage. He's dressed in a Polo shirt, Bermuda shorts, holds a golf club—very Ralph Lauren)

DONALD

(on cell phone)

Hi. This is Donald Best. We met at the coffee shop. Remember me?

LOIS

Oh, the real estate developer. Yes, of course. How are you?

DONALD

Listen, I thought it might be fun if we got together for lunch.

LOIS

That would be nice.

DONALD

How's Friday?

LOIS

Umm, I've gotta check my book. Will you hold on?

(She holds the phone against her chest, trying to control her excitement, does a little dance, then puts the receiver to her ear)

...Looks like I'm free...

DONALD

Good. Then I'll pick you up at one. The address on your card, right?

LOIS

That's right.

DONALD

See you then.

INSTRUCTOR

(still perky)
 Hey everyone, how ya doin'?
 (OTHERS react with fatigue)
 All right!—one minute to go! Give it all you got. Lookin' good!

WOMAN

I OUGHT TA TAKE A SHOWER BUT MAY SLIP IF I'M TOO SOAPY.

MAN

NO MATTER WHAT I TRY I HAVE THE MUSCLES OF A SNOWPEA.

MAN & WOMAN

RON HOWARD IS A GRANDPA—THERE'S NO GOIN' BACK TO OPIE.

ALL

ANOTHER MINUTE PUMPIN' AND I'M GONNA HAFTA GO PEA.

GROUP

FIRM AND FIT AGAIN...

FIRM AND FIT AGAIN.

GLORY AND AMEN!

CAMILLE

(speaking:)

BEEN THROUGH JACK LALANNE AND BALLY,

ANY PLACE WEIGHT WATCHERS RALLY—

SO I CAN LOOK LIKE KIRSTIE ALLEY?

ALL

FIRM AND FIT
 AGAIN!

INSTRUCTOR

WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

ALL

AGAIN!

INSTRUCTOR

WORK IT TO THE MAX, GUYS.

ALL

AGAIN!!!!!!

INSTRUCTOR

NOW YOU CAN RELAX, GUYS!
 (oblivious, as EXERCISERS let out a loud collective sigh:)

ALL

Ahhhh!!!

INSTRUCTOR

Way to go!
 (Blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE EIGHT

The lights come up to reveal the stage is divided into three sections: representing JACK's apartment/bathroom, SANDY's apartment/bathroom, and a Chinese Restaurant. JACK and SANDY are getting ready for their date.

SONG: My First Date in a Million Years.

JACK

(primping, glancing at his mirror)

AM I STILL ATTRACTIVE?

(spoken aside:)

I guess.

IS THERE COMPETITION?

Who knows?

IF MY WIFE COULD HAVE A SAY,

WOULD SHE GIVE ME PERMISSION?

WILL I PULL MY BACK OUT OR BE RACKED WITH DOUBTS AND FEARS

GOING ON MY FIRST DATE

IN A MILLION YEARS.

WHY'M I GOING CRAZY?

Tsemisht!

(putting on tie or hat:)

IS THIS STUPID LOOKING?

And how!

WILL SHE THINK THE POT I'VE GOT IS NOT

MEANT FOR COOKING?

WILL I BE GOOD COMPANY OR LEAVE HER BORED TO TEARS

SWEATING OUT MY FIRST DATE

IN A MILLION YEARS?

IS IT MUCH TOO SOON?

IS IT MUCH TOO LATE?

AND WAS HER LATE HUSBAND

A BETTER MAN?

WILL MY HOPES BALLOON

AND THEN JUST DEFLATE

ON A LATE NIGHT—NOT WITH

DAVE LETTERMAN...

I'M NOT SOME GEORGE CLOONEY—

(looking downward)

PROSPECTS LOOK PUNY...

MAYBE I SHOULD CANCEL!

That's right.

SAY I HAVE A VIRUS!

Or the runs!

BUT A FUTURE NIGHT WITH ME MIGHT BE

LESS DESIROUS!

WOULD I BE UNFAITHFUL TO MY WIFE,

FACE PEOPLE'S SNEERS?

JACK (Cont'd)

WILL IT BE A GREAT DATE?
WILL IT BE A CURSED DATE?
WHEN I'M ON MY FIRST DATE
IN A MILLION YEARS.

(Focus shifts to SANDY)

SANDY

(primping, glancing at her mirror)

What have I got myself into—this time?

(sings:)

HAVE I BEEN TOO FORWARD?

Oh boy!

LIKE SOME SHALLOW SWINGER?

(looking in mirror:)

How cheap!

AM I GONNA PUT MYSELF THROUGH YET ONE MORE WRINGER?
WILL HE BE MY NEW WHITE KNIGHT OR MORE LIKE DOR'YAN GRAY
GOING ON MY FIRST DATE
IN TOO LONG TO SAY.

IS MY HAIR TOO MUCH?
IS MY BUTT TOO LARGE?
WILL HE TELL THE TRUTH OR
FALSE FLATTERY?
IF WE TURN AND TOUCH
WILL HE FEEL A CHARGE,
OR WILL WE BOTH NEED
A NEW BATTERY.
I'M READY—I KNOW IT—
IF I DON'T BLOW IT!

(We see them both pacing. JACK picks up a bouquet of flowers
he has bought)

JACK

I'm not sure I even remember what to do.

SANDY

Take a deep breath.

JACK

I don't want to hurt her feelings.

SANDY

No turning back now. Not with all this Shalimar.

BOTH

HELP ME FIND THE COURAGE,

SANDY

Please!

God! JACK

SO THIS EV'NING ENDS RIGHT. BOTH

Oh! JACK

Crap! SANDY

IF NOT MEANT AS LOVERS...
WE MAY STILL REMAIN FRIENDS—RIGHT? BOTH

MAY THIS BE THE START OF MAGIC NIGHTS— SANDY

THE MOMENT NEARS. JACK

LET THIS BE THE BEST DATE.
I DON'T MEAN THE WORST DATE.
THIS IS IT— MY FIRST DATE
IN A MILLION... BOTH

(They leave their separate sides of the stage. They meet up,
Center Stage)

Jack. SANDY

Sandy. Terrific to see you. JACK

Me too! SANDY

(handing over roses)
Flowers. JACK

Oh. I'm so touched... SANDY
(She's pricked by a thorn but doesn't want him to know)

Ouch.

OO, DO YOU LOOK SMASHING! JACK

YOU LOOK REALLY DASHING. SANDY

JACK
YOU'RE EXAGGERATING.

SANDY
PLEASE, NO MORE DEBATING.

JACK
(to himself:)
I'M A NERVOUS WRECK.

SANDY
ONE SEC.

JACK
OH HECK.

SANDY
OH HECK.

JACK
OUR TABLE IS WAITING.

SANDY
SO THEN, LET'S SKIDOO!

JACK
THAT SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC

BOTH
TO MY EARS.

SANDY
(to herself:)
HE IS SUCH A NICE DATE.

JACK
(to himself:)
LOVELY AND WELL-DRESSED DATE.

BOTH
THIS 'LL BE MY BEST DATE IN A MILLION YEARS.

(They arrive at the restaurant, *Kingdom Buffet*,
as a WAITER addresses them)

WAITER
Early Bird Special!

(Blackout. As the lights come back up, the date has ended.
JACK and SANDY stand outside of SANDY's door)

JACK

You're such a wonderful listener. I can't believe I talked your ear off for the past two hours.

SANDY

I'm not used to eating at 4:30. But you can't beat the price. I mean, what can you buy these days for \$5.99?

JACK

Yeah, Anne and I used to...I'm sorry. I shouldn't talk about my wife all the time.

SANDY

It's okay. It means you had a really good marriage. And they say, if you had a good marriage, you aren't afraid to enter into another relationship.

JACK

So, um, Sandy... when did your husband pass away?

SANDY

Leonard died four years ago. He was a sensitive man, just like you, Jack.

(She moves closer, flirtatiously)

JACK

(awkward beat)

Well, it's getting late. I better go...

SANDY

Are you sure you don't want to come in. It's only six thirty. The night is young. You can still be home in bed by eight.

JACK

Thanks. But, my daughter is visiting from up north.

SANDY

Oh, okay. Some other time?

JACK

(on the spot)

Uh, sure.

SANDY

(pining him down)

When?

JACK

...Next week?

SANDY

Sure... You know, from what you told me about your wife, she sounded like a wonderful woman. I'm sure she'd want you to go out and enjoy your life.

(SANDY begins to unlock her door. JACK takes the keys and opens the door for her)

JACK

Wait. Allow me.

(He holds the door open as she enters. Does a little "gallant" bow)

SANDY

Thank you.

JACK

Don't get any ideas. I'm not always going to be such a gentleman.

SANDY

(seductive)

Jack, you don't always have to be such a gentleman. Good night.

(She leans in and gives him a soft kiss on the lips. JACK isn't sure how to react. He's shell-shocked)

JACK

Good night.

(SANDY disappears inside. JACK walks away, a bit rattled by this strange feeling he hasn't felt in a long time. SONG: Just My Luck)

JACK (Cont'd)

JUST MY LUCK.
WHEN I SHOULD FIGHT ALL SUCH FEELING,
I SEE A FACE SO APPEALING,
A SMILE TOO SWEET TO IGNORE.

JUST MY LUCK,
THIS MOMENT IS SUCH BAD TIMING,
MY PULSE RATE IS UP AND CLIMBING;
AND YET I STAND, THIRSTING MORE.

I WOULDN'T WANT TO OFFEND HER,
I WOULDN'T WANT HER TO RUN.
BUT NOW'S NO TIME TO BE TENDER
WITH ANYONE.

I SHOULD DUCK...
BUT LIFE'S SO SHORT, WHY KEEP STALLING?
AND IF, IN FACT, I AM FALLING
(fighting it, but happy)

JUST MY LUCK!
(aside:)

Oh fuck!

(Lights fade)

ACT ONE
SCENE NINE

We skip to the next day—hearing the SOUND OF SEAGULLS. We are now on a beach. In a moment, we see DONALD and LOIS walking along the shore. DONALD carries a picnic basket and blanket. LOIS is stumbling along several yards behind him. She's dressed to the nines, wearing inappropriate high-heeled boots and having a hard time walking in the sand.

LOIS

(calling out)
Are we almost there?

DONALD

Not quite.

LOIS

When you said “lunch,” I wasn't expecting sand.

(LOIS catches up with him)

LOIS (Cont'd)

So...tell me about yourself. Marriage? Kids?

DONALD

No...no, no, no. I don't play that game.

LOIS

What game?

DONALD

Listen—I don't want to know how many kids you have. I don't care what your husband did for a living, and please don't show me photos of your beautiful and talented grandchildren.

LOIS

So, you're not even curious about who I am?

DONALD

I didn't say that. I'm very curious to know who *you* are. How *you* think. What makes *you* laugh.

LOIS

That's a tall order, Mister.

DONALD

You're up to it. That's what I like about you. You're not afraid to say what's on your mind.

LOIS

(flirting)
Some guys don't like a straight shooter.

DONALD

(flirting back)

Well, I do. . I'm looking for a girl who's not afraid to take chances.

LOIS

Depends what's at risk.

(SONG: Dancing On the Sand)

DONALD (Cont'd)

(smiling)

AT FIRST IT MAY SEEM DAUNTING,
 BUT TRY IT AND YOU'LL SEE
 IN NO TIME YOU'LL BE WANTING
 TO MASTER THIS WITH ME.

(An up-tempo samba groove begins. DONALD reaches out to
 LOIS)

LOIS

(teasing)

You're a fast mover.

DONALD

Don't worry. You're in good hands.

(She smiles and takes DONALD's hand)

DANCING ON THE SAND,
 GLANCING AT THE OCEAN,
 WAVES OF WARM EMOTION
 TAKE HOLD.

WALKING HAND IN HAND,
 TALKING LIKE WE'RE TWO KIDS,
 FEELING LIKE BRAND-NEW KIDS—
 NOT OLD.

SO LET ME LEAD YOU;,
 BABE, I NEED YOU.
 NO ONE SHOULD DANCE ALONE.
 STEPS WE'RE TAKING
 HAVE US MAKING
 MUSIC TO CALL OUR OWN.

DANCING ON THE SAND,
 PICKING UP ONE MORE SHELL,
 COMING OUT OF YOUR SHELL—
 PLEASE DO!
 GLIDING, NOTHING PLANNED...
 STRIDING, I FEEL GRAND,
 DANCING ON THE SAND
 WITH YOU.

LOIS

DANCING ON THE SAND,
 CHANCING I MAY STUMBLE
 BUT HOW NICE TO TUMBLE
 YOUR WAY.

BAREFOOT AS WE STAND,
 WHOA! THE SAND IS SO HOT!
 SO WHAT IF THINGS GROW HOT
 TODAY.

(They dance, then conclude:)

DONALD

I'M AT YOUR COMMAND
 AS WE TAKE A SIDE TURN.

LOIS

MAYBE WATCH THE TIDE TURN
 BRIGHT BLUE.

BOTH

COASTING ONWARD AND
 TOASTING TILL WE'RE TANNED
 DANCING ON THE SAND
 WITH YOU...
 WITH YOU.

(They kiss. LOIS takes a few moments to catch her breath
 back)

LOIS

Wow... You know. You're not like most of the guys I meet.

DONALD

Yeah? Why's that?

LOIS

Well, for starters, it looks like you might actually be able to see over your steering wheel—

DONALD

(He laughs)

I'm flattered.

LOIS

It's weird... I feel like I know you, yet I know so little about you....

DONALD

If there's something you want to know—fire away. I'll give you one free question.

LOIS

Okay. Are you widowed or divorced?

DONALD
Divorced, seven years. Does that bother you?

LOIS
No. Okay, you get a free question.

DONALD
What year were you born?

LOIS
(changing the subject)
It's getting late. I should go.

DONALD
Aren't you gonna invite me home?

LOIS
Mmm...I don't know. It's only our first date.

DONALD
You can trust me.

LOIS
You're not the one I don't trust.

DONALD
Can I see you again?

LOIS
(coyly)
Call me. Bye.

DONALD
Tomorrow.

LOIS
(low, to herself, as she walks away)
Don't look back. He's watching. Don't look back.....

(Lights fade out on DONALD watching her go)

ACT ONE
SCENE TEN

The lights come up on the side of the stage revealing HARRY's kitchen. HARRY and JACK are at HARRY's kitchen counter with a bunch of cooking ingredients spread out before them. Both are wearing chef's aprons. HARRY is giving JACK a cooking lesson.

HARRY

A piece of veal is like a good woman. You gotta be tender, but show her who's boss.

(He pounds the veal)

JACK

Harry, just tell me what to do and I'll do it. But don't expect me to be creative.

HARRY

Look, just crack a couple of eggs in that bowl. Take this veal, dip it in the egg and put it in the bread crumbs.

(JACK tries to crack the eggs, makes a mess)

JACK

Oh God...I ahh...

HARRY

(taking over)

Let me help you with that. Okay, we need some oil. There's some in that cabinet on the right.

(JACK pulls out a big can of Citronella bug-repellent oil)

Hey, Galloping Gourmet! This stuff is for keeping mosquitoes away! Olive oil.

(HARRY replaces the Citronella and takes out the olive oil)

JACK

(defeated)

Ahhh...I'm never gonna get the hang of this.

HARRY

Come on. You invited Sandy over for dinner. Don't you want to impress her?

JACK

Yeah...sure...but—

HARRY

Then loosen up. We're having fun here. Let me see a smile.

(JACK forces a smile)

That's the spirit. Now listen to the expert!

(SONG: Cook Italian)

HARRY (Cont'd)

A MAN WHO IS SKILLFUL AT THE SKILLET
CAN TAKE A WOMAN'S LIFE AND FILL IT!

All right, Goodman, take note. Our first dish is Veal Scallopini, alla Fanelli.
(miming or showing how it's done)

TO START, YOU TENDERIZE THE MEAT.

JACK

(like an echo)
THE MEAT?

HARRY

YOU PRESS THE MEAT DOWN HARD AND BEAT!

JACK

AND BEAT?

HARRY

IN FLOU-R IT'S ROLLED—NICE AND NEAT!

JACK

AND NEAT!

HARRY

CHE BELLO
WHEN YOU COOK ITALIAN.

ADD LOTS OF GARLIC TO THIS TREAT...

JACK

THIS TREAT!

HARRY

WITH SALT AND ONIONS—RIPE AND SWEET—

JACK

HOW SWEET!

HARRY

CHOP PEPPERS, ADD VINO—REPEAT!

JACK

REPEAT!

HARRY

(taking a whiff)
THEN SMELL—O
DAT'S A-REAL ITALIAN!

HARRY (Cont'd)

BUTTER AND OIL, CHEESE AND LEMON,
MUSHROOMS AND HERBS—MIX ALL THEM IN;
MAKE IT YOURSELF AND YOU'LL MAKE OUT
MORE THAN YOU WOULD SERVING TAKE-OUT.

A ROME AROMA SETS YOU FREE!

JACK

WOO-WEE!

HARRY

WITH MY ROMANO REC-I-PE!

JACK

MAY-BE!

HARRY

THE ENVY OF CHEF BOYAR-DEE!

JACK

DAT'S-A ME!

HARRY

GOOD FELLOW!

JACK

CHE BELLO!

BOTH

NOT JELLO!

HARRY

COOK ITALIAN AND SEE!

(speaks)

Bene! Now that we've got the veal going, we move on to the pasta.

JACK

I guess I can manage spaghetti.

HARRY

Hey Romeo! You can do better than that!

(sings)

WHEN PICKING A PASTA, WHY STOP AT SPAGHETTI?
THERE'S PEN-NE AND TREN-NE, LINGUINI, GOBBETTI,
ROTELLI, ROTINI, OR FRESH FETTUCINI,
GEMELLI, OR TRY CAPELLINI,
A NICE MEATY ZITI, A CREAMY CAPELLI,
ROBUST RIGATONI OR JUST VERMICELLI;
PASTINA, TUFFOLI, OR ELSE MACCHERONI;
NOT ANYTHING FROZEN OR CANNED BY BUITONI.

(speaks)

Did you get all of that?

I think so. JACK

Good! Then repeat after me.... HARRY

HARRY
 WHEN PICKING A PASTA, WHY STOP AT SPAGHETTI?
 THERE'S PEN-NE AND TREN-NE, LINGUINI, GOBBETTI,
 ROTELLI, ROTINI, OR FRESH FETTUCINI,
 GEMELLI, OR TRY CAPELLINI,
 A NICE MEATY ZITI, A CREAMY CAPELLI,
 ROBUST RIGATONI OR JUST VERMICELLI;
 PASTINA, TUFFOLI, OR ELSE MACCHERONI;
 NOT ANYTHING FROZEN OR CANNED BY BUITONI.

JACK
 (overlapping counterpoint:)
 WHEN PICKING A PASTA, WHY STOP AT SPAGHETTI?
 THERE'S PEN-NE AND TREN-NE, LINGUINI, GOBBETTI,
 ROTELLI, ROTINI, OR FRESH FETTUCINI,
 GEMELLI, OR TRY CAPELLINI,
 A NICE MEATY ZITI, A CREAMY CAPELLI,
 ROBUST RIGATONI OR JUST VERMICELLI;
 PASTINA, TUFFOLI, OR ELSE MACCHERONI;
 YOU THINK I CAN FOLLOW? THAT'S TOTAL BALONEY!

You're doing fine. HARRY

Oxygen! JACK

(HARRY holds him steady)

Steady. But it's not enough to have the right skills. You also need the right attitude. HARRY

Veyez mir! JACK

(He repeats the recipe, trying to show the right attitude)

ACT LIKE THE AB-L-EST OF MEN. HARRY

OF MEN! JACK

LIKE YOU'VE SAUTÉED SINCE YOU WERE TEN. HARRY

SINCE THEN! JACK

SERVED BEEF TO SO-PH-I-A LO-REN! HARRY

OH? WHEN? JACK

STAY MELLOW HARRY

WHEN YOU COOK ITALIAN!	BOTH
AND ON THE SIDE, PLUMP ZUCCHINI	HARRY
SURE BEATS A BUN AND A WEANIE.	JACK
COOK LIKE YOU'RE ROSANNO BRAZZI— SANDY WILL BE YELLING "GRAZIE!"	HARRY
GRAZIE?	JACK
GRAZIE!	HARRY
AH, GRAZIE!	JACK
By Giorgio, you've got it!	HARRY
I'LL COOK ITALIAN AND I'LL FEEL	JACK
YOU'LL FEEL!	HARRY
LIKE CASSANOVA FIXING VEAL!	JACK
FOR REAL! WIN HARRY'S GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL!	HARRY
GOOD DEAL!	JACK
ADD PESTO	HARRY
THE BEST-O	JACK
AND PRESTO— COOK ITALIAN	BOTH
LIKE ME!	HARRY

JACK
LIKE ME!

HARRY
SI SI!

JACK
SI, SI!

BOTH
SI, SI!!

(Song ends. JACK and HARRY smile at each other)

HARRY
Good work.

JACK
This will really impress her.

HARRY
A meal like this'll get you to second base, for sure.

JACK
Geeze, we're not gonna do anything! I just invited her over for dinner.

HARRY
Buy a rubber, just in case.

JACK
WHAT FOR?!

HARRY
Hey....there's a lot of bad stuff out there these days...but let me tell you about the weirdest part.

JACK
(nervous)
What's that?

HARRY
Well...being...naked...for the first time in forty years, with a new person. I mean with your wife it's different because you grow old together. But with a new woman, you notice that her...you know...that her boobs are sort of....
(makes "saggy" hand gesture)
and her butt is kind of....
(“squishy” hand gesture)
...and then it hits you.... You're about to have sex with an "old lady."

JACK
We're gonna have sex?!

(HARRY lifts his wine glass in a toast)

HARRY

To women— God bless each and every one of them. Salud!

(THEME of *Cook Italian* is heard, as the GUYS clink glasses and drink. Lights fade down)

ACT ONE
SCENE ELEVEN

We're back in MARILYN's apartment. MARILYN is seated at her dining table, sorting through an enormous stack of bills, putting papers into piles.

MARILYN

(mumbling to herself)
Junk...junk...tax bill...insurance?
(examining the bill)

Oh my God. Lois!? What the heck is an escrow account?

(We hear an off-stage SHRIEK; then LOIS enters the room, carrying two cups of coffee. Sets one down in front of MARILYN)

LOIS

You've got an army of ants in your sink!

MARILYN

Don't mention it. I've already called an exterminator.

LOIS

Ugh! I hate everything to do with bugs! Here—let me see that.
(She studies the bill)

Who the hell writes these insurance policies? It's like reading Swahili.

MARILYN

Well then I just won't pay it. I don't have a life, so why should I have life insurance.

LOIS

...but speaking of your life, it would be good for you to get out more. Maybe go on a date sometime.

MARILYN

Shhh! Bite your tongue.

LOIS

I know this really nice guy. He owns a car dealership in Boca and his wife passed away last year.

MARILYN

Well, if he's so nice, why don't you go out with him?

LOIS

Because there's somebody I'm already interested in, thank you very much.

MARILYN

(smiles)
The real estate developer? So how are things going?

LOIS

It's weird. I feel like a teenager again. I can't stop daydreaming about him.

MARILYN

Sounds too good to be true.

LOIS

I know. That's what I keep thinking. He's perfect—handsome, funny, sophisticated ... He's the first guy I've met in a long time who can even hold a candle to my Charlie.

(A pause in the conversation. MARILYN looks at LOIS—reflective)

MARILYN

Lois, how long ago did your husband pass away?

LOIS

Eight years.

MARILYN

Really? Eight years?

LOIS

Ah huh.

MARILYN

Then why do you still go to a bereavement club?

LOIS

I didn't go there for my husband. I went there for Matthew—my son.

(MUSIC under. MARILYN puts her hand to her mouth in shock)

Matt and his boyfriend Josh stood by me through Charlie's death. But then, three years ago, Matt got sick. Christ. There's nothing harder than... losing your child.

MARILYN

I'm so sorry. What did you do?

(SONG: That's My Style [LOIS' SONG])

LOIS

I COULD HAVE CAVED IN.
I COULD HAVE GROWN BITTER,
BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN
A COWARD OR QUITTER.
MY SON WOULD HAVE SAID
TO FORGE AHEAD—
THAT'S MY STYLE.

LOIS (Cont'd)

YOU LIVE AND YOU LEARN
LET NOTHING IMPEDE YOU...
THE MOMENT YOU TURN
YOU FIND OTHERS NEED YOU.
I CALM THEIR DISTRESS
AND MINE IS LESS:
THAT'S MY STYLE.

I STRIVE
TO BRING BEAUTY,
REDO WHAT'S BLEAK AND COLD.
I THRIVE
WHERE THERE'S BEAUTY
OTHERS CAN BEHOLD.

AND THAT'S MY DESIGN:
I TRY LETTING LIGHT IN
SO LIVING ROOMS SHINE
AND DARK CORNERS BRIGHTEN.
A STYLE IN A SENSE
THAT'S MY DEFENSE
WHEN LIFE'S A TRIAL.
I FASHION A PLACE—
OF HOPE AND GRACE
THAT'S MY STYLE...
THAT'S MY STYLE...
THAT'S MY STYLE!

(Lights slowly dim as song ends)

ACT ONE
SCENE TWELVE

Lights up on JACK, sitting alongside an OLD WOMAN in the waiting area of a pharmacy. He's waiting for his prescription to be filled.

After a few moments, the OLD WOMAN turns to him.

OLD WOMAN

Excuse me. Are you Jack Goodman?

JACK

(surprised)

Yes?

OLD WOMAN

I'm Shirley Hammond. I was an acquaintance of your wife, Anne's. I was so sorry to hear about her passing. She was such a lovely woman.

JACK

Yes, she was.

OLD WOMAN

(flirtatious)

Well, my kids came to visit and I made way too much food, so if you'd like, I could drop off some leftovers. I know Anne was a wonderful cook. You must miss home cooked meals.

JACK

Thanks very much, but that really isn't necess—

OLD WOMAN

(persistent)

It's really no bother. I make a wonderful tuna casserole. The secret is baked potato chips on top. I could drop it off this evening.

JACK

Uh...That's very considerate, but—

FEMALE PHARMACIST

Jack Goodman!

JACK

(glad to leave)

Oops! I've gotta go.

(He approaches the pharmacy counter)

FEMALE PHARMACIST

(loud voice)

Mr. Goodman. You take one "Erectol" tablet 30 minutes before sexual intercourse—

JACK

(looking around, embarrassed)

Yes. Yes. Thank you.

(JACK goes to take the package, but the pharmacist still holds onto it)

FEMALE PHARMACIST

...and one more thing, Mr. Goodman. If you exceed the recommended dose, your erection may persist for several hours afterwards. You may also experience nausea, diarrhea, painful urination, loss of appetite –

JACK

Okay. Thank you.

(Mortified, JACK grabs the prescription bag and turns to leave)

FEMALE PHARMACIST

(calling out after him)

Mr. Goodman! You'll find condoms on Aisle 5!

(JACK hurries on his way, sticking his hand in the air to acknowledge that he's heard. The OLD WOMEN watch him leave, exchange shocked glances, then burst into a fit of giggles—as the stage lights fade down—and we begin to hear the sound of EROTIC MOANS and SIGHS —)

ACT ONE
SCENE THIRTEEN

The stage lights come up in MARILYN's bedroom, where we now find MARILYN, LOIS, CAMILLE, MIMI and ROZ lounging on MARILYN's bed, munching on popcorn and engrossed in a Porno tape. The atmosphere is like a "pajama party" for 60-year olds. They all stare at the screen, mesmerized.

PORN VIDEO VOICES

Ooooh...baby...harder...oh, yessss....Mmmm...Grunt...goodfaster....yes!

MARILYN

I can't believe I found this tape in Marty's drawer hidden under our tax returns.

ROZ

Hey There, Orgy Girl.

LOIS

Typical guy stuff. Charlie and I watched a porno film back in the seventies with that actress...what was her name...she was really, really famous... Linda...Linda something.

MARILYN/CAMILLE/ROZ

Evans?

MIMI

Linda Evans did Pornos?

LOIS

No Lovelace. Linda Lovelace.

ROZ

Deep Throat.

MARILYN

(staring at the screen)

Oh My God! What's going on there!

LOIS

You know what's interesting—how all the vaginas look so different.

MIMI

Lois! Why do you always try to be shocking!

CAMILLE

Lou used to say mine was beautiful.

ROZ

Oh yeah? Is it?

CAMILLE

Oh how should I know, I never looked!

Who can bend over that far?	MARILYN
(The GIRLS bust out laughing)	
Guys, you've all been such great company.	MARILYN
Marilyn, we're more than company.	LOIS
We're kindred spirits.	MIMI
Soul mates.	ROZ
Through thick...	LOIS
And semi-thin.	CAMILLE
(SONG: <u>You Never Know</u>)	
WHEN BEST FRIENDS CONVENE, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T DO. IT'S ONE CRAZY SCENE, WHERE NOTHING IS TABOO.	LOIS
YOU CAN SPEAK YOUR HEART,	MIMI
YOU CAN BELCH OR FART,	CAMILLE
WATCH ANOTHER	ROZ
(in harmony) VID-E-O.	TRIO
WHAT'S THERE LEFT TO SEE?	MARILYN
GIRL, YOU NEVER KNOW!	LOIS & TRIO
YOU NEVER KNOW	TRIO

WHAT YOU'VE GOT HIDDEN. LOIS

YOU NEVER KNOW TRIO

WHAT'S THERE BELOW. LOIS

YOU NEVER KNOW— TRIO

WHAT SEEMED FORBIDDEN
MAY WOW YOU LOIS

SHE'S NOT KIDDIN'! TRIO

YOU NEVER KNOW. LOIS & TRIO

(holding the videotape)
I hope Marty didn't show things like this to his friends. MARILYN

YOU THINK THAT GUYS ARE THIS OPEN ABOUT THEIR LIVES? MIMI

LOU LET EV'RYTHING HANG OUT. CAMILLE

THEY JUST KEEP SECRETS FROM TRUSTING WIVES. ROZ

GOD KNOWS WHAT THEY GAB ABOUT. LOIS

(The lights fade down on the WOMEN, as the spotlight shifts to HARRY's room. HARRY is sitting around the table playing poker with his pals, MARV, BERNIE and MILTON)

So what's it gonna be, boys? HARRY

Fold. BERNIE

I'm out. MILTON

	HARRY
(collecting the pot)	
Wise decision.	
(sings:)	
WHEN BEST FRIENDS COME HERE	
	BERNIE
(low on chips; aside:)	
Crud!	
	HARRY
TO SHOOT THE WORKS AND SHMOOZE	
	MARV
Shmuck!	
	HARRY
IT'S CARDS, NUTS, AND BEER	
(MILTON burps)	
	HARRY (Cont'd)
AND CATCHING UP ON NEWS.	
	MARV
(addressing HARRY)	
HOW'S YOUR LATEST PET?	
	MILTON
FROM THE INTERNET?	
	HARRY
(bragging)	
YOU MEAN, FLORENCE? WORTH THE WAIT!	
	BERNIE
SHE COULD BE A "HE."	
(HARRY laughs)	
	BERNIE, MILTON, MARV
OR SHE'S NINETY EIGHT.	
	HARRY
YOU NEVER KNOW	
	MALE TRIO
UNTIL YOU'VE MET HER,	
	HARRY
YOU NEVER KNOW	
	MALE TRIO
TILL YOUR HELLO.	
	HARRY
BRIGITTE BARDOT	

MALE TRIO

OR IRISH SETTER...

MILTON

BRIDEZILLA MIGHT BE BETTER.

HARRY & MALE TRIO

YOU NEVER KNOW.

BERNIE

You haven't even seen her picture.

MARV

She's probably afraid to send one.

HARRY

YOU LAUGH, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH SHE'S THE REAL McCOY.

BERNIE, MARV, & MILTON

WE'VE ALL HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE.

HARRY

SAY THAT WHEN I'M SCORING NIGHTLY JOY.

BERNIE, MARV, & MILTON

WHO CAN SAY WHAT LIES IN STORE?

(A spotlight reveals SANDY, in her own apartment, primping and about to leave for dinner. JACK's thoughts overlap with hers)

JACK

Gotta do this right!

SANDY

Be positive! Be positive!

(JACK liberally adds cheese to what he's preparing)

JACK

MORE CHEESE! OUR BIG NIGHT MUST BE BRIGHT AND BREEZY.

SANDY

THINGS FOR US ARE LOOKING UP, COOKING UP.

JACK

(looking up to God)

PLEASE... SHE DESERVES THE BEST MEAL IN TOWN.

(tastes and makes a face)

SANDY

MY OH MY, WHY AM I SCARED?

JACK

GEEZE! ALL THIS PEPPER HAS MADE ME SNEEZY!

SANDY

WHAT'S HE GOT PREPARED?

(Each attempting to calm down)

JACK & SANDY

EASY—
CALM DOWN!

SANDY

IS IT WRONG TO COMPLAIN
IF HE OFFERS MORE CHICKEN CHOW MEIN?
(spoken:)
DONT BE A PAIN.

(Pacing, SANDY walks off-stage for a while. We crisscross
between LOIS's GROUP and HARRY's GROUP)

MILTON

I say go for it, Harry. How bad can she be?

ROZ

So, Lois. How's it going with your real estate developer?

LOIS

I couldn't ask for more.

BERNIE

She's gotta be better than that psycho you once dated.

MARILYN

That twinkle in her eye tells it all.

HARRY & LOIS

(together or overlapping phrases)

WITH BEST FRIENDS AND NOW
MY HONEY STANDING BY
IT FEELS LIKE SOMEHOW
EACH DAY'S A NAT'RAL HIGH.

TRIO & MARILYN

THEN EMBRACE DON JUAN.

MARV, BERNIE, & MILTON

HARRY, CARRY ON!

ALL [including JACK & SANDY]

FOR THE TIME, IT'S GOOD TO GO.

LOIS, JACK, & HARRY

WHAT WILL BE WILL BE...

MARILYN, FEMALE TRIO, MALE TRIO

FRIEND, YOU NEVER KNOW!

YOU NEVER KNOW	LOIS, JACK, HARRY, SANDY
HOW THINGS 'LL WIND UP.	ALL OTHERS
YOU NEVER KNOW	LOIS, JACK, HARRY, SANDY
HOW PASSIONS GROW.	ALL OTHERS
YOU NEVER KNOW	LOIS, JACK, HARRY, SANDY
IF WHAT YOU LINED UP IS GONNA MESS YOUR MIND UP—	ALL OTHERS
YOU NEVER KNOW... YOU NEVER KNOW!	ALL
YOU NEVER KNOW	LOIS, JACK, HARRY, SANDY
WHAT CLOUD MAY HOVER;	ALL OTHERS
YOU NEVER KNOW	LOIS, JACK, HARRY, SANDY
WHAT WIND WILL BLOW!	ALL OTHERS
WHAT'S REALLY SO:	LOIS, JACK, HARRY, SANDY
YOU MAY DISCOVER	ALL OTHERS
A LOSER	MEN
OR A LOVER.	WOMEN
YOU NEVER KNOW.	ALL
YOU NEVER KNOW...	ENSEMBLE

(Smoke starts to pour out of JACK's oven.

Frantically JACK tries to fan the billowing smoke away using his apron. At this point, the lights subdivide the stage into three distinct sections: (1) at LEFT, we see MARILYN's home with MARILYN, LOIS, and the TRIO; (2) at CENTER, we see HARRY's den with HARRY, MARV, BERNIE and MILTON; and (3) at RIGHT, we see JACK in his kitchen. Their songs combine)

JACK

Hey, what's going on here?

(MARILYN's phone rings)

MARILYN

One minute girls. My phone.

(She goes to pick up her telephone)

ALL EXCEPT MARILYN

YOU NEVER KNOW...

JACK

What in hell!

MARILYN

Hello.

(HARRY's card game is interrupted by a sound from his COMPUTER)

HARRY'S COMPUTER VOICE

You've got mail.

(We see all sides of the stage. FLORENCE suddenly appears, silhouetted in the darkness)

ENSEMBLE

YOU NEVER KNOW!

FLORENCE

Here's my photo.

(The MEN look at the screen—and their jaws drop! Meanwhile, on the other side of the stage, a spotlight illuminates FLORENCE's face for the first time. She's a knockout—absolutely gorgeous. The MEN ad lib lines, e.g. "She's a knockout!" / "Oh my God—look at this!")

ENSEMBLE

YOU.....!

FLORENCE

Hope you like what you see, Harry.... Call me.

(Lights shifts to JACK, who has burnt the dinner. The kitchen is filled with smoke, setting off the fire detector, which begins to BEEP loudly—SANDY rings the doorbell)

JACK

(frantic)

Oh no. Stay calm. Everything's under control.

ENSEMBLE

NEVER.....!

(Focus shifts back to MARILYN, ending her phone conversation)

MARILYN

(into phone)

So can you fit me in—Friday afternoon.

(We now see the Exterminator, sitting at his desk, wearing workman's overalls. It's DONALD!)

DONALD

No problem. Best Pest Control never lets anyone down!

(JACK's doorbell continues to ring—as stage goes black)

ENSEMBLE

KNOW!!!

YOU NEVER KNOW!

THE END

ACT ONE

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

PRELUDE: Against the backdrop of a moonlit Boynton Beach, DONALD appears, thinking of his future time with LOIS. He reprises The Most Wonderful Place On Earth.

DONALD

BOYNTON BEACH AFTER DARK:
PUT THE SUNBLOCK AWAY;
FIND A GOOD PLACE TO PARK—
MORE THAN BINGO TO PLAY.

THROUGH THE NIGHT YOU CAN HEAR
WAVES CARRESSING THE SHORES;
WHAT A GRAND TIME;
AND TIME
FOR PLEASURE BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

(Lights fade on DONALD and come up on JACK's house.
JACK walks on stage untucking his napkin from his shirt
collar and wiping his mouth. SANDY follows behind him)

JACK

I'm sorry. That was terrible. You didn't have to eat it just to be nice.

SANDY

Well, the effort was lovely...

(an awkward beat)

Jack.... I have a confession to make.

(hesitantly)

If you're still hungry, I brought along a back up.

JACK

What do you mean, a "back up"?

SANDY

I have a lasagna in the trunk of my car.

JACK

A lasagna?

SANDY

What can I say... I was a Girl Scout—always prepared.

(She holds her fingers up in the "Girl Scout salute")

JACK

You're a good sport, Sandy. Next time I'm taking you out to a fancy restaurant.

(SANDY smiles, gets up and goes over to a nearby radio, turns it
on: MUSIC IN)

SANDY
Do you like to dance, Jack?

JACK
My wife Anne loved to dance.

SANDY
What about you?

JACK
No. I was never much of a dancer. Two left feet.

(SANDY holds out her hand to him)

SANDY
Aww, come on. Give it a try. I'll teach you.

JACK
You're making it hard to say "no."

(SANDY lifts him out of his seat and they begin to dance—
tentatively at first.)

SONG: Let Me Do Some Good)

SANDY
WHEN PLANS DO NOT GO IDEALLY
I'M HERE TO HELP OUT—REALLY—
LET ME DO SOME GOOD.
IF YOU WANT TO EAT OR JUST TALK,
I'M AT YOUR CALL—LET US TALK;
LET ME DO SOME GOOD.

NO NEED TO CATER,
I AM EASY TO PLEASE.
SO SAVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR LATER—
LET ME PUT YOU AT EASE.

SANDY (Cont'd)
IT'S MY VERY CONSTITUTION
TO FIND THE RIGHT SOLUTION;
LET ME DO SOME GOOD.
I HAVE GIFTS UNUSED BUT AMPLE,
AND LIPS THAT YOU MIGHT SAMPLE
IF YOU ONLY WOULD.

SINCE YOU MET ME
I'VE LONGED TO DO WHAT I COULD;
WON'T YOU LET ME,
LET ME DO SOME GOOD,
DO SOME GOOD.

(As JACK begins to relax, his dancing improves. He adds in little dips and twirls)

SANDY (Cont'd)

See. You underestimate yourself. You're a good dancer. You just needed a little confidence.

JACK

Well, you're a very good teacher.

(They slow dance and sing contrapuntally:
Just My Luck / Let Me Do Some Good:)

JACK

JUST MY LUCK...
A SMILE TOO SWEET TO IGNORE.
JUST MY LUCK...
THIS SURE WAS WORTH COOKING FOR!

[THOUGH I'M NOT MUCH OF A DANCER
I'M LIKING THIS, I CONFESS.
THIS CERTAINLY IS THE ANSWER
TO MY LONELINESS.

LUCKY DUCK.
WE MAKE A GREAT TEAM—
IF I DON'T CAUSE AN INJURY.

FULL OF PLUCK,
THE TWO OF US SEEM
SO FRED AND GINGER-Y.]

SINCE I MET YOU,
I'VE HAD TROUBLE COPING
BUT YOU'RE ALL THAT I'VE BEEN HOPING.
JUST MY LUCK...
LUCK...
MY
GOOD
LUCK.

SANDY

WHEN PLANS DO NOT GO IDEALLY
I'M HERE TO HELP OUT—REALLY—
LET ME DO SOME GOOD.
IF YOU WANT TO EAT OR JUST TALK,
I'M AT YOUR CALL—LET US TALK;
LET ME DO SOME GOOD.

NO NEED TO CATER,
I AM EASY TO PLEASE.
SO SAVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR LATER—
LET ME PUT YOU AT EASE.

IT'S MY VERY CONSTITUTION
TO FIND THE RIGHT SOLUTION
LET ME DO SOME GOOD.
I HAVE GIFTS UNUSED BUT AMPLE,
AND LIPS THAT YOU MIGHT SAMPLE
IF YOU ONLY WOULD.

SINCE YOU MET ME
I'VE LONGED TO DO WHAT I COULD;
WON'T YOU LET ME
LET ME DO SOME GOOD
DO SOME GOOD
DO SOME
GOOD...

(The stage lights gradually fade to black, as they continue to
dance in each other's arms)

ACT TWO
SCENE TWO

On one side of the stage, we see the dim outline of a bed, with a body asleep under the covers. A phone is RINGING in the background. The person in bed fumbles to turn on the bedside light—revealing HARRY, wearing a hairnet, a blue facial “beautifying mask,” as well as an eyeshade. Still half-asleep, he fumbles to answer the phone, accidentally knocking it onto the floor.

HARRY

Hello!

FLORENCE

(voice on phone)

Hello.

HARRY

(He takes off his eyeshade, finds the receiver)

Speak louder, I can't hear.

FLORENCE

Is this Harry Fanelli?

HARRY

Who the hell is this?

(Spotlight comes up on FLORENCE)

FLORENCE

This is Florence. Did you get my photo?

HARRY

Oh! Florence, Florence. Hel-lo lovely Florence. Yeah, I got it and...woo!

FLORENCE

Did I wake you up?

HARRY

Wake me up!! Of course you didn't wake me up... Who goes to sleep at...
(checks his alarm clock)

8:16. My night is just beginning.

FLORENCE

So am I catching you at a bad time?

HARRY

No, no. I don't have bad times. Life's too short.

FLORENCE

Well, I was wondering if you'd like to go out tomorrow night?

HARRY

Tomorrow night?

(We now hear the sound of another phone RINGING—as spotlights come up on LOIS and DONALD on another part of the stage. HARRY and FLORENCE continue their conversation silently)

LOIS

Hello.

DONALD

Hi. I was just thinking about you. I hope I'm not being a pest.

LOIS

No. Not at all.

DONALD

How'd you like to go rollerblading? Tuesday afternoon.

DONALD

How about rollerblading? Can you handle that—say, Tuesday afternoon.

LOIS

I don't know. I haven't roller-skated since Camp Gitchee Goomie.

DONALD

Don't worry. The most that can happen is you'll fall and break a few bones....

(The lights come back up on HARRY and FLORENCE, mid-conversation)

HARRY

That sounds terrific.

FLORENCE

How's 7 o'clock, my place?

(The focus shifts back again to LOIS and DONALD)

DONALD

How's 1:00? I'll pick you up at your place.

LOIS

Are you sure you can take off from work in the middle of the afternoon.

DONALD

One of the perks of being the boss.

LOIS

(impressed)

The "boss"—I like the way that sounds.

(smiles)
Good. See you at 1:00.

DONALD

See you at 7:00.

HARRY

Looking forward to it. Good night.

LOIS

Sweet dreams.

DONALD

Toodle Loo...

FLORENCE

(One by one the various spotlights go off until the stage goes
BLACK)

(in darkness)
Thank you, Sweet Jesus!

HARRY'S VOICE

ACT TWO
SCENE THREE

A spotlight comes up on one corner of the stage [JACK's bathroom area] to reveal JACK, in his underwear, standing by his sink. He's staring at his reflection nervously in the mirror, holding a PILL in his hand.

REPRISE: First Date in a Million Years)

JACK

CAN I GO THE DISTANCE?
Please God!
WOULD I EVEN SIZE UP?
Don't ask!
WILL I IN THE FLESH
STAY FRESH?
(Looking at "Erectol" vial)
WILL THIS HELP ME TO RISE UP?

SANDY'S VOICE

Jack, are you all right?

JACK

Just fine.

(He takes out a pill)
HOPE THIS WON'T TAKE TIME!
IT FEELS LIKE I'M
IN TOTAL STALL.
NOT SINCE BACK IN FIRST GRADE,
HAVE I FELT SO SMALL!

(A light comes up dimly center stage to reveal SANDY sitting up
in a bed, presumably naked, under a sheet)

SANDY

DARE I SHOW MY BODY?
How much?
HE'LL BE DISAPPOINTED.
Or me?
MUST WE TWIST A BIT
TO FIT?
I AM NOT DOUBLE-JOINTED!

(JACK pops the pill, takes a gulp of water, then a deep breath to
steady his nerves)

JACK

LET'S GIVE THIS A SHOT—
AND TRY HARD NOT
TO DROP THE BALL.
WORRIED I'LL NEED FIRST AID,
WHEN WE GO FOR ALL!

(JACK leaves the bathroom and enters the bedroom. He stops in his tracks when he sees SANDY.

MUSIC continues under)

SANDY

Hey, why don't you join me over here.

(SANDY pats the mattress. Awkwardly, JACK climbs into bed, under the covers, next to her. A long moment of comedic silence as they both lay rigidly, staring up at the ceiling, afraid to make any body contact – or even move)

JACK

Ah...

SANDY

What?

JACK

Actually... you're on Anne's side of the bed.

SANDY

You want me to switch sides?

JACK

That might help.

(SANDY rolls across JACK, while keeping the sheets pulled up around her—so that they have now switched places. Another long, awkward silence, as they both sing internally:)

SANDY

HE CAN SNUGGLE NEAR ME.

JACK

SHE MAY HAVE TO STEER ME.

SANDY

I MAY NOT SURVIVE IT.

JACK

IS THERE FUEL TO DRIVE IT?

SANDY

ARE THERE PARTS HE'LL SEE

JACK

SHE'LL SEE

BOTH

OF ME
EVEN I DON'T—IN PRIVATE?

LET ME GET THIS RIGHT JACK

OR ELSE WE MIGHT SANDY

BOTH LEAVE IN TEARS... BOTH

(MUSIC continues under)

Ah...I haven't done this for a long time. JACK

Well, maybe we could start off by kissing. Take it nice and slow. SANDY

Uh...okay. JACK

(SANDY leans over and begins to nibble on JACK's ear. He scrunches up his face)

No good? SANDY

It's just that Anne – JACK

—Jack, I'm not Anne. And if you gave me half a chance, you might actually enjoy yourself. SANDY

...I'm sorry. But my heart is beating out of my chest. JACK

I don't want you to have a coronary. SANDY

Could we just cuddle? JACK

Sure. No problem. Cuddling's good. SANDY

(SANDY cuddles up next to him, gives him a friendly peck on his cheek. JACK begins to relax)

You're terrific, Sandy. I don't deserve you. JACK

SANDY

(smiles)

I know.

(She shuts off the light. The stage stays in darkness for what seems like a long moment—when suddenly [when we least expect it] we hear the muffled sound of giggling, followed by a sexy sigh)

SANDY'S VOICE

(breathy)

Oooh...Jack!

JACK'S VOICE

Oh, Sandy!

SANDY'S VOICE

Jack!

JACK'S VOICE

Saaan-dy!

SANDY'S VOICE

Jaaaaack!!!

(Another long moment of silence – then:)

JACK

SANDY, THAT WAS NICE!

SANDY

I'LL SAY THAT TWICE!

(smiling)

I AM IN TEARS!

JACK

I'LL REMEMBER THIS DATE!

SANDY

YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSED DATE!

BOTH

THIS HAS BEEN THE BEST ...

(finding a polite way of saying "screw")

"DATE"

I HAVE HAD IN YEARS!

(They go back under the covers)

BOTH (Cont'd)

Again?

(Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE FOUR

A sexy pink light illuminates a seductive looking couch and a nearby cocktail cabinet.

FLORENCE leads HARRY into her living room. He's dressed in a dapper suit, a brightly colored tie and carries a huge bouquet of flowers. FLORENCE gestures for him to sit down. HARRY hands her the massive flowers.

FLORENCE

They're beautiful. Thank you. Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. I made Martinis. I hope you like them. They're my favorite.

HARRY

My favorite too. Straight up.

FLORENCE

With a twist?

HARRY

With a twist. You know, you're even more gorgeous than your picture, Flo. Is it okay if I call you Flo?

FLORENCE

Sure, Harry.

HARRY

Flo, I have to admit, I was a little nervous coming here. You hear all these bizarre stories about people who meet online, but you are one pleasant surprise.

FLORENCE

Thank you, Harry.

(She walks towards HARRY with drinks)

HARRY

Here's to you, Flo.

FLORENCE

And to you, Harry.

HARRY

You know, I made a 7:30 dinner reservation at this great restaurant. Rocco's Grill Room. Best steaks in town.

FLORENCE

Oh...a nice juicy porterhouse with a baked potato. That's my favorite meal.

HARRY

I don't believe it. Mine too.

FLORENCE

(moving closer to him)

Wow.....It seems like we have a lot in common already.

HARRY

I know. My friends are never gonna believe this. Just look at you. I shoulda brought a camera.

FLORENCE

(moving even closer)

Awww...that's so...so...sweet.

HARRY

(getting a little nervous, glancing at his watch)

So ... If we're going to make that dinner reservation we really have to get going.

FLORENCE

Give me a minute. I'll be right back.

(HARRY watches as she sashays out of the room. He takes a deep breath. He can't believe he's with such a sexy woman.)

Woow! You lucky bastard.

(REPRISE: It's Still Me)

HARRY (Cont'd)

(sings)

WHO STILL ATTRACTS WHAT ALL MEN CRAVE?
WHO STILL CAN MAKE THE LADIES RAVE?
WHO'S OVERDUE TO MISBEHAVE?
PLAIN TO SEE
IT'S STILL ME!

(Now FLORENCE appears, dressed in extremely revealing black lingerie, black fishnet stockings and stilettos. She's got a pair of handcuffs in her hand. HARRY is so stunned, he can't move)

FLORENCE

Come here, Harry.

(SONG: One Less Night. During the course of this song, FLORENCE dances around HARRY, enticing him with her menu of possible sexual delights, ranging from dominatrix/light bondage, to "bad-boy" spanking to "naughty schoolgirl" behavior, and more)

FLORENCE (Cont'd)

DON'T BE SHY,
LOVE'S WHAT I'M FOR.
SEXY GUY,
IT'S THE TIME FOR...

ONE LESS NIGHT WITH NO ONE,
ONE LESS BED HALF-USED;
DON'T BE SUCH A SLOW ONE:
SOMEONE'S HEART COULD BE BRUISED.

LET ME TURN YOUR FI-RE UP,
NEVER LEAVE YOU COLD.
RUB YOUR FEET AND HIGHER UP,
(Showing off her assets:)
BLISS IS HERE—BEHOLD!

ONE LESS HOME COMPUTER
FOR YOUR COMPA-NY.
HANDS ON SOMETHING CUTER—
FINGER MY OWN P.C.

TASTE THE PARADISE OF IT,
AND THOUGH IT'S NOT FREE,
IT'S OH SO WORTH THE PRICE OF IT.
ONE LESS NIGHT WITH NO ONE,
FIND TRUE DELIGHT WITH SOMEONE
WHEN THAT SOMEONE IS ME.

(speaks:)

...What's the matter? Something wrong?

HARRY

Uh.... I think we got kind of a weird situation here. I mean, I don't want you to take it the wrong way, but for a moment there, I thought you were a...uh...

(can barely say the word)

hooker.

(Nervous laugh. FLORENCE looks him in the eye, smiles for a beat, then makes a "you got it" hand gesture)

FLORENCE

Bingo.

(HARRY looks shocked)

I could help you relax, Harry.

HARRY

Look, if you could use a little cash...

(He takes a few bills out of his wallet)

FLORENCE

Awww...Don't you think I'm worth more than that?

(FLORENCE dances around HARRY, like a pole dancer using HARRY as her pole)

FLORENCE (Cont'd)

WHY SPEND BEDTIME DREAMING UP
SOME WILD FANTASY
WHEN WE COULD SPEND IT STEAMING UP
ONE LESS NIGHT WITH NO ONE...
COME CLOSE, SQUEEZE TIGHT, BECOME ONE—
ON ONE LONG NIGHT WITH ME.

(She ends the dance wrapped around HARRY, who is now
breathing heavily. He's so excited he looks like he's about to
pass out)

HARRY

Uh.... I think, if you don't mind, I need a little glass of wat-Ahhh!

(He suddenly clutches his chest and drops to the floor)

FLORENCE

Shit!

(Stage lights go black)

ACT TWO
SCENE FIVE

Lights up on MARILYN's house. She enters the kitchen/living room carrying an armload of expensive shopping bags, followed by the TRIO. A moment later, LOIS enters limping behind them, using a wooden cane. They've all just returned from a major shopping spree.

MARILYN

Why don't you sit down and take some pressure off that foot?

LOIS

I'm fine. It's just a little twisted ankle. The doctor said it will be better in a week.

MIMI

(shaking her head)

Who ever heard of rollerblading at our age?

LOIS

It was worth it. I like trying new things.

MARILYN

So do I. I haven't spent this much money on myself in years.

LOIS

You deserve it. Besides—it's your birthday, time to splurge, and we're not done celebrating!

MIMI

Get some glasses.

CAMILLE

Marilyn, got any more skin flicks?

LOIS

A toast to Marilyn...

MIMI

(lifting her glass)

To your age going up—

ROZ

and your boobs going down.

(They all clink and sip)

LOIS

Speaking of age, girls—Donald doesn't know mine. Not that I've lied—I've just been a little "evasive." So should the subject ever come up—

MARILYN

Our lips are sealed.

(All the WOMEN make a "Lip zipping" gesture)

CAMILLE

This is beginning to sound serious.

LOIS

I know. We've been out three times this week.

(beat)

I don't want to jinx things...but... He could be the one.

MIMI

Really! But word-of-warning—take it slow.

CAMILLE

Enjoy it for what it is. A f-ling.

LOIS

I don't know. I think this one's different.

ROZ

Lois, at our age, be cautious. It probably won't last.

LOIS

Why are you all discouraging me?

MARILYN

Honey, we just don't want you to get hurt.

LOIS

I know...I know. But I think I'm willing to risk it this time—

(SONG: All I Need)

I'VE DONE ENOUGH WAITING,
I'M TAKING A CHANCE.
NO POINT HESITATING—
IT'S TIME TO ADVANCE.
I LIKE HAPPY ENDINGS
NOT JUST ONES I READ;
AND HE COULD BE
ALL I NEED.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH NIGHTTIMES
OF DINNER FOR ONE.
MY NIGHTS SHOULD BE BRIGHT TIMES;
WITH HIM, THAT'S BEGUN!
UNLESS YOU TAKE CHANCES,
HOW CAN YOU SUCCEED?
HEY, HE COULD BE
ALL I NEED.

MY NEEDS ARE NOT GIANT:
ONLY TRUST AND CARE .
THOUGH I'M SELF-RELIANT—
NOW HE'S THERE;
WE'RE A PAIR.

LOIS (Cont'd)

I'VE HAD ENOUGH SADNESS;
 I WON'T PASS THIS BY.
 I THINK IT IS MADNESS
 TO NOT EVEN TRY.
 I'D LOVE A LOVE STORY
 WITH ME AS A LEAD;
 FIN-AL-LY
 "I" BECOMES "WE"—
 YES, HE COULD BE
 ALL I NEED.

[Optional continuation:

MARILYN

Lois, how can you be so sure?

CAMILLE

Yeah, aren't you a little old for a schoolgirl crush?

LOIS

That's not it at all.

(sings:)

*WHEN CAREFREE AND YOUNGER,
 I HAD DATES GALORE;
 BUT LATELY I HUNGER
 TO EXPLORE
 SOMETHING MORE.*

*MY DAYS ARE MORE ACTIVE,
 MY NIGHTS ARE LESS COLD;
 BESIDES HE'S ATTRACTIVE
 AND SO NICE TO HOLD.*

*MY HEART THAT FELT HOLLOW
 IS FULLER INDEED;
 I CAN SEE
 HE COMPLETES ME;
 THIS MAN COULD BE
 ALL I NEED.]*

(end of song)

ROZ

I hope it works out, Lois.

MARILYN

Me too. And now, if you don't mind, I'm gonna try on my new outfit. I'll be right back.

*(She picks up her shopping bags and hurries out of the room.
 Suddenly the doorbell RINGS)*

MARILYN (off-stage)

Would someone get the door?

LOIS

Sure.

MARILYN (off-stage)

It's probably my new exterminator. The ants are back again.

LOIS

Eww...That's the worst thing about living in Florida—bugs!

(LOIS opens the door and is shocked to find DONALD standing there in a dirty "exterminator" uniform, with a bug mask around his neck and spray can in hand)

DONALD

(shocked)

Lois?

LOIS

Donald? What are you doing here? What's going on?

(LOIS looks stunned; so are the TRIO)

DONALD

(embarrassed, lifting his hose)

Spraying?

LOIS

I can see that.

MARILYN (off-stage)

Who's at the door?

LOIS

(maintaining eye contact with DONALD)

Your new bug guy.

MARILYN

(enters room, zipping up her new, stylish outfit)

Good. I'm so glad you're here. Those black ants were driving me crazy!

DONALD

(to MARILYN)

Ah...Hello...I...ah...better get back to work ... I think I see where the ants are coming from...

(backing out of the room)

I'll call you, Lois. Hope your ankle's feeling better.

(DONALD walks out, closing the door behind him. A moment of silence, as all the WOMEN exchange glances)

MARILYN

(confused, looking from face to face)

What's going on? What's wrong?

LOIS

(shell-shocked)
My Prince just turned into a frog....

MIMI

That was Donald.

MARILYN

Your Donald?! I thought he was a real estate developer.

LOIS

So did I.

(grimacing)
He kills *bugs* for a living.

(beat)
Anyone got a Valium?

(All the women nod, open their handbags and take out their medication, then: Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE SIX

Lights come up to reveal Harry in bed, resting. He's wearing a blue hospital gown, implying that this is a hospital room.

BERNIE, MILTON, MARV and JACK enter, carrying flowers and a white cardboard box of pastry, tied with string.

JACK

Hey, Harry. How you feeling?

HARRY

Pretty good fellas. Fit to go home, any day now.

BERNIE

Cute nurse out there. Looks like an extra from *Ben Casey*.

MARV

It's amazing the lengths Harry will go to just to get a pretty broad to tuck him in bed.

MILTON

(handing Harry the pastry box)

Here, we brought you some Danish from Flakowitz.

HARRY

Thanks. That'll give anyone a heart attack.

BERNIE

But it would be worth it.

HARRY

(a little embarrassed, lowering his voice)

So guys... Promise you won't tell anyone about this little..."episode". I don't want it ruining my reputation with the ladies.

JACK

You have our word.

HARRY

But I should be back to my old self next week and ready for action!

MARV

(concerned)

Harry... You really think that's a good idea?

(SONG: Dirty Old Men)

BERNIE

YOU GOTTA LAY OFF A BIT—

MILTON

STAY HOME, STAY HEALTHY, AND STAY DRESSED.

YOU NEED A SHORT VACATION
BERNIE

FROM TITILATION.
MILTON

THE URGE TO MERGE MAY NOT QUIT.
MARV

BUT NOW AND THEN, OUR BONES MUST REST!
JACK

WE MIGHT COMBU-UST!
BERNIE

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, & JACK
WE'RE NOT JUST

DIRTY OLD MEN—
AT TIMES WE MAY BE LIKE
DIRTY OLD MEN.
BUT WHO WANTS TO FEEL LIKE
DIRTY,
FLIRTY,
VERY OVER THIRTY
OLD MEN.

CRUDE, HAWAIIAN SHIRTY OLD MEN.
MILTON

THINK I'M A DIRTY OLD GUY?
HARRY

WE ALL HAVE THOUGHTS I'D CALL IMPURE
BERNIE

WHEN WE SEE STACKED SEX SYMBOLS.
MILTON

MY WIFE HAD THIMBLES.
MARV

STOP GIVING BIMBOS THE EYE.
BERNIE

TRY SOMEONE SAFE AND MORE MATURE.
JACK

LET'S GET THIS CLEA-EAR:
MARV

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, & JACK

WE'RE NOT MERE

DIRTY OLD MEN—

HARRY

IN NEED OF CONTAINMENT.

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, & JACK

DIRTY OLD MEN—

ONE STEP FROM ARRAIGNMENT.

LUSTY,

CRUSTY,

EVEN THOUGH WE'RE RUSTY OLD MEN.

MILTON

NOT TO MENTION MUSTY OLD MEN.

BERNIE, MARV, & JACK

SPEND* YOUR NIGHTS MORE WISELY.

(*Note: "SPEND" overlaps with MILTON'S previous "MEN")

HARRY

I'LL WITHER AWAY!

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, & JACK

THERE'S PLENTY TO DO WHERE YOU DON'T PAY.

HARRY

(spoken)

ONLY IF YOU ALL WILL SHUT UP, OKAY?

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, & JACK

OKAY.

MILTON

YOUR LOVE LIFE AS STANDS 'LL BE LEFT IN YOUR HANDS.

JACK

AND PLEASE, NO PINCHING YOUR NURSE

BERNIE

EXPECTING HOME CARE SHE'LL REFUSE

MARV

'CAUSE IF YOU MAKE GUESS-WHO CROSS

MILTON

YOU'LL GET NO BLUE CROSS.

JACK

DON'T RISK YOUR HEART GETTING WORSE...

MARV & BERNIE

YOUR BED'S AS GOOD A PLACE TO SNOOZE.

MILTON

BEWARE HOW WE-E

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, & JACK

CAN ALL BE

BERNIE, MARV, MILTON, JACK, & HARRY

DIRTY OLD MEN
NO GAL TAKES A CHANCE ON
DIRTY OLD MEN
WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR PANTS ON.

WANGLING,
ANGLING
DING-A-LINGS LEFT DANGLING.

PASSION
SPLASHIN',
WATCHING KIM KARDASHIAN.

GAWKY,
ROCKY,
DIRTY ALTER COCKY—

MILTON

IT'S NOT ONLY TI-RING—
WHY END UP EXPIRING
AS DIRTY OLD MEN?

ALL

YEAH!!!!

(Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE SEVEN

A spotlight comes up—Center Stage—JACK and SANDY are leaving an elegant restaurant.

SANDY

That meal was so delicious. Everybody raves about this place. I don't know why I'd never been here before.

JACK

Me neither. But you deserve it.

SANDY

(taking his hand)

You're a very attractive guy, Jack.

JACK

You're just saying that.

SANDY

No, it's true. A lot of guys improve with age. Especially the shy ones.

JACK

....You know, I was married to Anne for 40 years and you are the only other woman I've ever been with.

SANDY

You were a very loyal husband, Jack. You'd be surprised how many men cheat on their wives...

(JACK kisses her hand, romantically. Meanwhile, a COUPLE walks by, about to enter the restaurant. The MAN is in his 60s, the woman much younger, maybe 30. The MAN stops, turns back and approaches SANDY. SANDY does a double take, then looks away)

MAN

Sandy? My God! It's been a few years. You haven't changed. You look fantastic.

SANDY

(awkwardly)

Thank you.

(eyeing the young woman)

I see you haven't changed either.

MAN

What a small world. I'm here on vacation...well...actually, it's my honeymoon.

(The YOUNGER WOMAN looks from the MAN to SANDY, waiting to be introduced)

MAN (Cont'd)

Oh, oh, I'm sorry, honey. Sandy—meet my wife, Candace. Candy—meet Sandy... the first Mrs. Wills.

(JACK looks up, surprised. The MAN puts out his hand)

MAN [LEONARD WILLS]

Hi, Leonard Wills.

JACK

(shaking hands)

Jack Goodman.

LEONARD WILLS

Hello, Jack. My bride, Candace.

CANDACE

Like Wow! This is so, like, totally, kharmic ...or whatever.

SANDY

(flatly)

Like totally.

LEONARD WILLS

Well...we better go. It was great seeing you both. And Sandy...you look fantastic. Have a wonderful dinner.

(JACK turns to SANDY, totally bewildered)

JACK

I'm confused. That was Leonard, your husband?

SANDY

Yeah.

JACK

I thought you said he was dead.

SANDY

(getting up)

I...um....I've got to go.

(SANDY leaves the table in a hurry. JACK throws some money down on the table and goes after her)

JACK

I don't understand.

SANDY

I don't expect you to.

JACK

(upset)

Why would you join a bereavement club if your husband was alive?

SANDY

Because when Leonard left it was like a death. I have no family. I have no children. A lot of women are threatened by divorcees. They think we're all out to steal their husbands.... At least if you're a widow you get sympathy...

JACK

But why didn't you tell me? You could have just—

SANDY

(cutting him off)

I'm sorry, Jack. You're a really nice guy. You deserve a nice, uncomplicated woman. Not me.

(SANDY runs off-stage. JACK stands there watching her go.
The stage goes dark for a moment. Then a spotlight comes up—
isolating one character at a time, in a halo of light—as JACK,
LOIS, and DONALD appear in different corners of the stage.
SONG: Is It Too Late For Love?)

LOIS

WHEN YOUR BEST TIMES ARE THE PAST,

DONALD

WHEN YOUR HEART'S BEEN BROKEN BAD,

JACK

WHEN YOU'RE SURE NO ONE COULD LIVE UP TO THE PARTNER YOU ONCE HAD.

SANDY

(reappearing)

WHEN YOUR LATEST CHANCE AT HAPPINESS TURNS OUT MOSTLY SAD.

ALL

THEN, IS IT TOO LATE FOR LOVE?

LOIS

WHEN YOUR HOPE AND TRUST DON'T LAST,

JACK

WHEN THERE'S NO ONE REALLY RIGHT.

SANDY

WHEN THE WAY YOU END YOUR DAY IS WITH ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

DONALD

WHEN YOU'VE WAY TOO MANY OBSTACLES AND TOO LITTLE FIGHT.

ALL

THEN, IS IT TOO LATE FOR LOVE?

DONALD & SANDY

WHEN YOU'VE MANAGED ON YOUR OWN,
GROWN USED TO LIFE ALONE,
MUST YOU BE SHOWN
THIS HELL?

LOIS & JACK

WHEN YOU'VE CAUGHT HIM/HER IN A LIE
THAT MAKES YOU WANNA CRY,
YOU QUESTION WHY
YOU FELL.

(HARRY and MARILYN are spotlighted, becoming participants in the song. HARRY is looking ruefully at his computer, and MARILYN is gazing at MARTY's framed photograph)

ALL

WHEN THE PASSIONS OF THE PAST
HAVE—THROUGH TIME AND NATURE—COOLED,
WHEN YOU'VE LIVED ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW WISHFUL DREAMERS CAN BE FOOLED.
WHEN YOU'RE SCARED OF WHAT YOU MIGHT LEARN NEXT, TOO OLD TO BE SCHOOLED.

MARILYN

WHEN YOU'VE LOST A MATE—

SANDY & DONALD

FEEL LIKE YOU DON'T RATE—

HARRY

WHEN YOU CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT—

LOIS & JACK

THE PAIN IS TOO GREAT—

HARRY, DONALD, SANDY, MARILYN

THEN IS IT TOO LATE...

LOIS & JACK

IS IT TOO LATE

ALL

FOR LOVE?

(three-bar interlude, during which the characters contemplate their feelings.

Lights change)

IS IT TOO LATE FOR LOVE?

DONALD & MARILYN

IF IT SEEMS THE DIE IS CAST:

SANDY & HARRY

WHEN YOU'VE MORE TO LOSE THAN GAIN.

LOIS & JACK

WHEN YOUR COMMON SENSE SAYS "RUN" YET YOUR HEART TELLS YOU "REMAIN":

ALL

CAN YOU THE TENDERNESS YOU RESIST IN VAIN?

MARILYN

WHEN YOU FACE THIS FATE.

DONALD & SANDY

THROUGH YOUR TROUBLED STATE.

HARRY

STILL, YOU CONTEMPLATE...

LOIS & JACK

DEEP DOWN YOU DEBATE...

HARRY

(continuing his thought)
THAT IT'S NEVER...!

MARILYN, SANDY, DONALD

(overlapping)
IS IT EVER...?

LOIS & JACK

IS IT...

ALL

TOO LATE
FOR LOVE.

(The spotlights gradually go off, leaving the stage in darkness)

ACT TWO
SCENE EIGHT

When the stage lights come up, we find ourselves in the meeting room of the *Boynton Beach Bereavement Club*. MEMBERS begin to enter, chatting amongst themselves, drinking coffee, waiting for the meeting to begin.

The room is decorated with assorted Christmas and Chanukah decorations. HARRY stands by the refreshment table, loading his paper plate up with holiday cookies. JACK approaches him.

JACK

Hello, Harry.

HARRY

Hi, Jack. So, how's it going with Sandy?

(JACK doesn't respond)

Hey, she's a real sweetheart. And she likes you a lot. Even though you can't cook worth crap.

JACK

Well, it's over. End of conversation. Pass me a cookie.

(JACK takes a cookie; then he and HARRY take their seats.)

The stage light shifts onto MARILYN and LOIS—mid conversation—
as they pour coffee)

MARILYN

Maybe you thought he was a developer because that's what you wanted him to be.

LOIS

He misled me. He said he "did" houses, condos and offices. So I just assumed—and he never corrected me. So that's the same thing as a lie!

MARILYN

True...but you lied to him too.

LOIS

No, I didn't.

MARILYN

You lied about your age.

LOIS

Oh, Pleeese! That was not a lie. That was an omission—or at most, a teensy little "fib."

MARILYN

Lois, be honest. Would you have been as attracted to him if you knew he killed bugs?

(A beat, as LOIS thinks about this)

LOIS

Do you think I'm a snob?

MARILYN

Are you?

LOIS

He called a few times—but I didn't pick up the phone. I didn't know what to say.

MARILYN

Lo... If you think he's a nice guy, don't lose him over some silly fairy tale you built up in your head. So he's not perfect. Who is?

(ELAINE enters. She's dressed festively for the holiday)

ELAINE

Welcome everyone.

GROUP

Hi, Elaine.

ELAINE

Please take your seats.

(The GROUP sits down)

We all know that this is a difficult time of year. Especially for those of you celebrating the holidays for the first time without your spouse. So there's been a suggestion from several of the other clubs in the area that we all celebrate the New Year together.

(murmurs as everyone agrees)

Okay. So let's hear some party ideas.

MARV

(always the smart Alec)

How about a wet T-Shirt contest?

(All the WOMEN groan)

HARRY

Sounds good to me.

CAMILLE

What about a 1960's theme party, like a disco or a prom?

ELAINE

Okay. Let's take a vote. Who would like a wet t-shirt contest?

(The three MEN in the room raise their hands)

Who would like a 1960's style New Years Eve dance?

(All the WOMEN raise their hands)

Okay, a disco it is. So we're going to need to form some committees...

(As ELAINE continues to talk to the GROUP, making party arrangements, the lights lower on the group meeting.

Concurrently, a spotlight comes up on LOIS and MARILYN, who are seated next to each other on one side of the room. As they speak, behind them, in the darkness, the set is transformed from the *Bereavement Club* meeting room to a *Hair Salon*. Hair dryers and various props are invisibly wheeled on-stage)

LOIS

So...what about it, Mar, you gonna be my date?

MARILYN

Yeah, sure. There's no one else I'd rather spend New Year's Eve with.

LOIS

So, what are you gonna wear? I've got an old mini dress and go-go boots in the back of my closet.

MARILYN

Lo, admit it. Whatever you wear, all the men at the party will be drooling.

LOIS

Big deal. Most of them are already drooling.

(The lights come up to reveal that the stage has been transformed into a *Hair Salon*.

TONY, a hair stylist, approaches LOIS and MARILYN, who are now seated in front of two large vanity mirrors)

TONY

Oh, you're both Timeless Goddesses! And don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Now follow me.

(MARILYN begins to get up off her chair, then suddenly gasps and grabs LOIS by the arm)

MARILYN

Oh my God. Lois! I don't believe it! That's her.

LOIS

Who? Where?

MARILYN

(pointing)

Under that hair dryer. HER! The woman who killed Marty!

LOIS

(taking MARILYN by the shoulders)

Okay, Marilyn—now's your opportunity. Go over and talk to her! Tell her how you feel. Get it off your chest. It'll make you feel a whole lot better.

MARILYN

I can't. I'm not ready.

LOIS

Marilyn. You are ready, I promise. You are soooo ready!

MARILYN

I am?

LOIS

(confidently)

You are!

(Bracing herself, MARILYN strides over to ANITA STERN, seated under a hair dryer. MARILYN knocks on the hood of the dryer; ANITA looks up, surprised)

MARILYN

I'm Marilyn Carter, Marty Carter's wife.

ANITA STERN

(caught off-guard)

I... I know who you are. I'm sorry—maybe I should have called you.

MARILYN

I wish you had.

ANITA STERN

(defensive)

I've had a very rough time too. A real nervous breakdown.

MARILYN

Look, I just wanted to tell you how angry I am that you destroyed my life. I needed to get that off my chest.

ANITA STERN

(aggressive)

Wait a minute! I...I've been in group therapy for months. You're not going to ruin all the progress I've been making.

MARILYN

You killed my husband!

ANITA STERN

My entire group said it wasn't my fault. Even my therapist said it wasn't my fault!

MARILYN

You shouldn't drive and talk on a cell phone. You should have been looking behind you.

ANITA STERN

Your husband wasn't paying attention! Your husband walked behind my car! It was his fault!

(That's it! MARILYN loses it. She can no longer hold back her anger and finally just slaps ANITA across the face. ANITA is stunned. So are all the other ONLOOKERS. Even MARILYN is stunned by her own actions.

Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE NINE

On one side of the stage, a spotlight reveals MARILYN's dressing table — perfumes, cosmetics, a few framed photos and a large makeup mirror. MARILYN enters dressed in a slip, sits at the table and begins to put on makeup, getting ready for the New Year's Eve party. After a few moments, she glances at a photograph of MARTY, resting nearby.

MARILYN

Marty, I can't believe I hit that woman. I don't know what came over me. I've never hit anyone before.

(A spotlight comes up in the opposite corner of the stage—and we see MARTY, still in his jogging outfit, baseball cap, sunblock on his nose)

MARTY

(smiles)

That's okay, hon. You must've lost your cool.

MARILYN

But, Marty, I have to admit—it felt kinda good to let it out.

(beat, still staring at the photo)

I'm changing Marty. I'm not the same person since you've been gone. I feel different...stronger.

MARTY

You're on your own now, hon. You need to be strong...independent.

MARILYN

I know. But sometimes I miss you so much, I can barely get out of bed. And other times, I feel like I can...conquer the world.

MARTY

You can do anything you set your mind to.

(smiles)

That's why I married you.

MARILYN

I wish you could be here with me, Marty.... I love you.

(The spotlight begins to fade down on MARTY)

MARTY

I love you too, sweetheart.

(MARILYN puts MARTY's photo back on her table; stands up and steps into her party dress. She studies her reflection in the mirror, likes what she sees, and smiles.)

SONG: Takin' On the Town)

MARILYN

MARILYN CARTER, LOOK AT YOU:
THE WOMAN WHO THOUGHT HER LIFE WAS THROUGH.
ONCE AFRAID OF THE FUTURE,
DWELLING ON THE PAST—
YOU CAN STAND UP FOR YOURSELF AT LAST.
NOW I RE-A-LIZE THAT EACH DAY IS A GIFT;
IT'S TIME TO LET THE CLOUDS AROUND ME LIFT.

WELL, I'M READY TO ROCK,
READY TO ROLL,
BEATIN' THE CLOCK
AND IN CONTROL.
I'M A WOMAN
NO ONE CAN HOLD DOWN.

I AM DRESSED TO THE NINES,
ALL SET TO GO,
MY LIGHT OUTSHINES
THE LUNAR GLOW.
I'M A WOMAN
WORTHY OF RENOWN.

AND I'M TAKIN' ON THE TOWN
WAKIN' UP THE PLACE!
THERE IS NO CHALLENGE I CAN'T FACE.
NO WEAK, MEEK HOUSEWIFE WITH A FROWN.
I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
MAKIN' MY OWN PACE;
READY TO GET BACK IN THE RACE.
THERE'S NO MISTAKIN'
I AM TAKIN'
TAKIN' ON THE TOWN!

LIGHTS THAT WERE RED
NOW HAVE TURNED GREEN—
FULL SPEED AHEAD,
NO IN-BETWEEN.
I'M A DRIVER
NO ONE CAN SLOW DOWN.

HELL, I'M READY TO ROCK,
READY TO ROLL;
NOTHING CAN BLOCK
ME FROM MY GOAL:
A SURVIVOR
ROUGH SEAS CANNOT DROWN.

MARILYN (Cont'd)

AND I'M TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
 BREAKIN' THROUGH THE HAZE,
 WAY PAST MY "GLOOMY SUNDAY" PHASE,
 THE REAL DEAL IN MY PARTY GOWN.
 I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
 MAKIN' OTHERS GAZE!
 NO SHRINKING VI-O-LET THESE DAYS;
 I AM NOT FAKIN'—
 I AM TAKIN',
 TAKIN' ON THE TOWN!

(We now see the TRIO: CAMILLE, ROZ and MIMI appear in spotlights around the stage, as they also primp and get dressed for the New Year's Eve party. They join in the song with MARILYN)

MARILYN

I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
 STAKIN' MY OWN CLAIM.
 PROVIN' THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS DAME!
 NO NITWIT WHO CAN'T LAUGH OR CLOWN.
 I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
 PRACTICING MY AIM!
 SCORIN' A BULL'S-EYE EV'RY GAME.
 FEEL THE EARTH QUAKIN'—
 I AM TAKIN',
 TAKIN' ON THE TOWN...
 OO, TAKIN' ON THE TOWN...
 TAKIN' ON THE TOWN!

I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN!

(Blackout)

TRIO

I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
 STAKIN' MY OWN CLAIM.
 ...NOTHING LIKE THIS DAME!
 OO, AAH!
 I AM TAKIN' ON THE TOWN,
 PRACTICING MY AIM!
 BULL'S-EYE EV'RY GAME.
 FEEL THE EARTH QUAKIN'—
 I AM TAKIN',
 TAKIN' ON THE TOWN...
 OO, TAKIN' ON THE TOWN...

TAKIN' ON THE
 TOWN!

ACT TWO
SCENE TEN

Lights up—Center Stage—to reveal a room that has been festively decorated for the New Year's Eve party. PEOPLE are dancing, drinking, chatting—having a good time.

MARILYN, LOIS, and the TRIO enter, dressed in 1960's style disco attire, looking terrific.

The TRIO go off to mingle with the crowd. MARILYN and LOIS lag behind.

MARILYN

(looking around room)
Marty would have loved this.

LOIS

Aren't you glad you came?

MARILYN

(smiling)
Yeah, I really am.

(HARRY walks up, wearing a "snazzy" tuxedo)

HARRY

Hey! You girls look hot.

LOIS

Oh, thanks. You look pretty groovy yourself, Daddy-O.

HARRY

So...come on, Lo. How 'bout a spin? I promise no dirty dancing.

LOIS

Sorry, I'm not in the mood right now. But thanks.

HARRY

Marilyn? A little cheek-to-cheek?

MARILYN

No...no, no, no. I don't think so, Harry.
(to LOIS)

Let's go find a table before they're all taken.

(As the PARTYGOERS continue to dance, the Center Stage lights dim.)

A spotlight comes up on JACK, alone at home, sitting on his couch, waiting by the phone. He picks up the receiver, begins to dial, then changes his mind and hangs back up. Suddenly the phone RINGS)

JACK

Sandy?

MOLLY

Hi Dad. You're home?

JACK

Molly!

I just called to wish you a Happy New Year... Hey, why aren't you out partying with your...“ladyfriend.”

JACK

We had a little falling out. Turned out she had a few...“secrets”.

MOLLY

Every woman has secrets. That's what makes us all so fascinating. You should go out and have a good time.

JACK

That's okay with you?

MOLLY

Sure... Enjoy your life.... Mom would have wanted that, too.

JACK

Thanks, honey.

MOLLY

Dad.
(beat)
I still really miss her.

JACK

I miss her, too. She was a special lady.

MOLLY

(smiles)
Yeah. She really was. Happy New Year.

JACK

Happy New Year, sweetheart.

(JACK hangs up the phone, lost in thought. The spotlight goes down on JACK; concurrently, the center-stage lights rise on the New Year's Eve party—in progress.)

HARRY is in the middle of a "Line Dance". Most of the other dancers are WOMEN. As the energetic dance ends, HARRY breaks away from the group and sits down at LOIS and MARILYN's table, out of breath. LOIS hands him a drink)

HARRY

Thanks. These women are killing me.

LOIS

You know you love every minute of it.

HARRY

So, what's with you? Why aren't you dancing?

LOIS

Just not in the mood.

MARILYN

I know what's bugging her.

LOIS

Forget it, I'm fine.

HARRY

Not very convincing.

LOIS

(breaking down)

Oh God—I'm such a jerk. I should have called him. Secretly I was hoping he would show up.

MARILYN

It's not too late. Here's my phone. Text him.

LOIS

(surprised by MARILYN's new "hip" lingo)

Text him?

MARILYN

Yeah. Wish him a Happy New Year.

LOIS

I feel like an idiot... Acting like a spoiled teenager.

HARRY

Y'know, Lo. The best thing about getting older is that you can make a complete fool of yourself and no one cares.

MARILYN

Go on, call, just to say "Hello"—maybe you'll get lucky.

(MARILYN hands LOIS her cell phone. LOIS hesitates, then dials a number)

TAXI DISPATCHER'S VOICE (over phone)

Sunset Taxi.

LOIS

Yes, hello. Would you send a taxi to 1010 South Federal Highway? Thanks. I'll be waiting outside.

(She hands the phone back to MARILYN)

I'm sorry, but I'm not in the mood to celebrate.

MARILYN

Sweetie, you can't leave now. You'll be all alone at midnight.

HARRY

Oh, don't be a party pooper.

LOIS

No. I want you guys to have fun. You deserve it... Besides, I don't want to be the one kissing Harry at midnight.

(She gives HARRY a friendly peck on the cheek)

Happy New Year, Har.

(turning to MARILYN)

Happy New Year, Marilyn.

(They hug)

MARILYN

Happy New Year, Lo.

(beat)

You know—you're the best thing that's happened to me this year.

LOIS

(beat, smiles)

Same here.

(LOIS walks off-stage, leaving MARILYN and HARRY alone at the table. They look at each other, look away, then simultaneously, take big swigs of their drinks. Then MARILYN picks up her cell phone, pulls out a piece of paper and dials a number.

The stage lights dim on the Party—Center Stage—and a spotlight [street lamp] comes up on LOIS as she paces, outside, in front of a TAXI STAND. She sits down on a bench, takes off her high heels, rubs her feet. A moment later, a very OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN—both with aluminum walkers—sit down on the bench next to her. They appear to be in their 90s. They wear New Year's Eve party hats and hold party blowers)

OLD MAN (HERMAN)

(talking in a very loud voice)

Why isn't a pretty young girl like you in there having fun. Huh? Don't tell me you turn into a pumpkin at midnight?

LOIS

Guess my Prince Charming didn't show up.

OLD MAN (HERMAN)

(shouting)

Huh? Speak louder! Can't hear ya.

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

(to LOIS, confidentially)

Don't mind him. He's stone-deaf, but damn good-looking. I'm 93 years old and I still appreciate a good-looking guy.

LOIS

Why are you both leaving? It's almost midnight.

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

(leans in to talk to LOIS confidentially)

Well, I got lucky tonight. I just picked up Herman and he's taking me back to his bachelor pad for our own private party... Right, Herman?

OLD MAN (HERMAN)

Huh?

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

(She toots a "party blower" in HERMAN's ear. No reaction)

Totally deaf.

LOIS

(smiling)

Really? Lucky you, he looks like quite a stud.

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

At my age, I don't know what's coming round the corner. So I say "get it while you can."

(A car HORN honks, off-stage)

That your taxi?

LOIS

That's okay. You folks can take it. I'm not in a rush.

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

Well, thank you, honey. I want to get Herman home while he's still frisky. Happy New Year to ya.

LOIS

You too.

(very loudly:)

Happy New Year, Herman!

OLD MAN (HERMAN)

Huh?

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

(loudly, in HERMAN's ear)

She said "Happy New Year"!!

(The OLD COUPLE wave and head off in the direction of the taxi)

MAN'S VOICE [DONALD]

(off-stage)

Here. Let me hold that car door for you.

OLD WOMAN (MYRNA)

Well, thank you—you good-looking hunk.

(We hear the sound of the taxi drive off. DONALD now rushes on stage. He sees LOIS—sitting by herself at the taxi stand)

LOIS

Donald!

DONALD

(breathless)

Can we talk for a minute?

LOIS

What are you doing here?

DONALD

(talking in an emotional, rambling manner)

Lois...these last few weeks have been awful. I've really missed you. And I just wanted to say that I'm...I'm sorry if I'm not the person you thought I was or the kind of guy you wanted me to be.... I'm sorry if I disappointed you.

(LOIS puts her hand over his mouth to hush him up)

LOIS

Don, the only thing that would disappoint me is if you weren't the guy kissing me at midnight.

DONALD

Do you mean that?

LOIS

I do.

(REPRISE: All I Need)

LOIS (Cont'd)

I'M THROUGH WITH ILLUSION—
I WANT SOMEONE REAL.

DONALD

THERE'S NO MORE CONFUSION...

BOTH

WHY CONCEAL
HOW WE FEEL?

LOIS

NO MORE EXPECTATIONS
THAT CAN'T BE ACHIEVED.

DONALD

NO MORE DECLARATIONS
WHERE YOU FEEL DECEIVED.

LOIS

LET'S PICK UP THE PIECES,

DONALD

AND SLOWLY PROCEED.

BOTH

EACH DAY MORE
WONDERFUL, FOR
YOU'RE THERE AND YOU'RE
ALL I NEED.

(They kiss passionately, as the spotlight goes down on them.
Concurrently, lights come up on the opposite side of the stage
where we see JACK, standing in front of SANDY's door.

Hesitantly, he knocks. SANDY opens the door, dressed in a
bathrobe. She is surprised to see JACK standing there at this
late hour)

JACK

(nervously blurting it out)

Sandy I...I don't care if you're a widow or a divorcee. That guy was a jerk to let you go.

SANDY

Do you mean that?

JACK

Yeah. I don't know how it's going to work out with us. It may. It may not. But if you're willing to give it a shot—

SANDY

(interrupting)

—I'm willing.

JACK

Good. Now put on your party dress. It's New Year Eve and we're going to celebrate.

(SANDY whips off her bathrobe, to reveal a sexy cocktail dress underneath. JACK is surprised)

Wow. That was fast.

SANDY

What can I say...

(does the "Girl Scout salute")

Always prepared.

(JACK smiles; they kiss.

OFF STAGE: The New Year's Eve countdown begins:)

GROUP VOICES

Ten...nine...eight...seven...six...

(The spotlight comes back up on LOIS and DONALD: still locked in a kiss. Now there are "kissing couples" standing in pools of light—on both sides of the stage)

CROWD

(off-stage)

Five...four...three...two...one... Happy New Year!

LOIS

Happy New Year, Don.

DONALD

Happy New Year, Lo.

LOIS

Ah...Donald... There's something you need to know about me.

DONALD

What?

LOIS

I lied. I'm not fifty five. I'm...

(DONALD puts his finger to her lips)

DONALD

Shhh.

LOIS

(beat)

...forty eight.

(LOIS and DONALD re-enter the party as EVERYONE begins to sing to celebrate the New Year. SONG: A New Beginning)

ELAINE

THE TIME IS HERE AT LAST
TO RAISE A GLASS OF CHEER;
NO DWELLING ON THE PAST—
A NEW YEAR'S ASCENDING.

LOIS & DONALD

FAREWELL TO WHAT HAS BEEN;
LET'S SET THE WHOLE ROOM SPINNING!
AND WELCOME IN
A NEW BEGINNING.

(The ENSEMBLE provides choral counterpoint during the following stanza)

JACK

THERE'S LAUGHTER ALL AROUND,

SANDY

AND NOW AND THEN A TEAR.

JACK & SANDY

THE PARTY GAMES AROUND
FOR ALL THOSE ATTENDING.

MARILYN, HARRY, JACK, SANDY

WE'VE LOST A LOT—IT'S TRUE—
BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR WINNING.

MARILYN, HARRY, JACK, SANDY, LOIS, & DONALD

WE'RE MOVING TO
A NEW BEGINNING.

EVERYONE

(in harmony:)

A BRAND-NEW CHAPTER'S AHEAD
AND CERTAIN TO BE GLORIOUS—
MANY DAYS
THE NEW YEAR THROUGH.
I KNOW MY DOUBTS WILL BE SHED
AND STRUGGLES BE VICTORIOUS
ANY DAYS
THAT I'M WITH YOU.

LOIS, DONALD, JACK, SANDY, MARILYN & HARRY (Cont'd)

(more choral counterpoint:)

SO OPEN THE CHAMPAGNE,
AND SING OUT LOUD AND CLEAR
THE HAPPIEST REFRAIN
WILL ALL VOICES BLENDING.

IF LAST YEAR, YOU STRUCK OUT,
PREPARE FOR THE NEXT INNING;
TONIGHT'S ABOUT
A NEW BEGINNING.

(MUSIC continues to play a Latin, conga-style beat—as a Conga line forms and begins to snake its way off stage and through the Audience. HARRY and MARILYN remain on stage.)

HARRY

So Marilyn. Are you ready for our dance, now?

MARILYN

Sure Harry. I'm ready—

(HARRY puts his hands low down on her hips, from behind,
guiding her to join the Conga line. MARILYN readjusts HARRY's
hand position)

But watch your hands. Keep 'em where I can see 'em.

HARRY

What a woman!

(SHORT CONGA-LINE DANCE, spotlighting ENSEMBLE)

MEN

A NEW BEGINNING

A NEW BEGINNING

IS NOW

BEGINNING!

WOMEN

A NEW BEGINNING

A NEW BEGINNING

EVERYONE

THE END
ACT TWO

FINALE

For Final Bows, the COMPANY reprises A New Beginning.

EVERYONE

A BRAND-NEW CHAPTER AWAITS:
START FILLING UP THE PAGES NOW.
DAYS AHEAD
TO PROSPER BY.
SO MARK YOUR CALENDAR DATES
NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE IS NOW;
GAZE AHEAD
WITH SPIRITS HIGH!

THE WORLD'S YOUR VALENTINE,
LET TROUBLES DISAPPEAR;
COME, JOIN THE CONGA LINE
THAT KEEPS ON EXTENDING.

FEEL GOOD IN EV'RY SENSE—
LET'S SEE THE WHOLE ROOM GRINNING—
AS WE COMMENCE

MEN

A NEW BEGINNING

A NEW BEGINNING

IS NOW

WOMEN

A NEW BEGINNING

A NEW BEGINNING

EVERYONE

BEGINNING!