

# *TOO DARN HOT!*

Version 4.3

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*Pirate Productions a.s.b.l.*



# ACT I

## Scene 1

*the interior of the Porter household in Peru, Indiana – evening*

*On stage are Samuel (Cole's father), Kate (Mother), Cole Porter (aged approx. 20) a maid, a butler and 3-4 other staff.*

**All (spoken) :** Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom  
When the jungle shadows fall  
Like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock  
As it stands against the wall  
  
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops  
When the summer shower is through  
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you

*Music to Song 1.1 "De-Lovely" starts, the actors "unfreeze"*

**Cole:**  
I feel a sudden urge to sing

**Mother (spoken):** Cole, are you done packing?

**Cole:**  
the kind of ditty that invokes the Spring

**Father (spoken):** Time waits for no man Cole Porter and neither does the overnight train to Connecticut!

**Cole:**  
So, control your desire to curse while I crucify the verse  
This verse I've started seems to me the "Tin Pan-tithesis" of melody  
So to spare you all the pain, I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain

**Maid (spoken):** Really Cole, we have to hurry!

The night is young, the skies are clear  
And if you want to go walkin', dear  
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely  
I understand the reason why  
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I  
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely  
You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance  
You can hear, dear Mother Nature murmuring low "Let yourself go"  
So please be sweet, my chickadee  
And when I kiss ya, just say to me  
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable, it's delirious,  
It's dilemma, it's de limit, it's deluxe, it's de-lovely"

*The scene changes to Cole arriving at Yale carrying a suitcase. Various students & academics are milling about*

All:

You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance  
You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low "Let yourself go"  
So please be sweet, my chickadee  
And when I kiss ya, just say to me  
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable, it's delirious,  
It's dilemma, it's de limit, it's deluxe, it's de-lovely"

*The other students/teachers exit leaving Cole and Gerald Murphy in their room.*

**Cole:** Is this room "Gamma - 89A"?

**Gerald:** Well, if it isn't I've been sleeping in some other poor dolt's bed!

**Cole:** Cole, Cole Porter. Law. Guess I must be your new room-mate

**Gerald** *(looking slightly disappointed)* : Law! Oh Christ! All those rules & regulations & depositions: I mean really ... if you obey all the rules, you miss out on all the fun! Beer?

**Cole:** I'm not much of a drinker

**Gerald:** I am. I'll teach ya

*He hands him a bottle.*

**Gerald:** Gerald Murphy. Nice to make your acquaintance, Mr Cole Porter Law *(they clink bottles)*. I think we're gonna get along just fine

**Cole:** I'd better unpack ....

**Gerald:** Well, don't take to long about it. Tonight's the Freshman's Ball. And I have it on good authority that there'll be some lovely young fillies in attendance.

## Scene 2

*The Freshman's Ball – inside a bar/hall on a balmy September evening. Couples are chatting at the bar & on stage. Slow instrumental version of "You Do Something to Me" plays in the background*

**Gerald:** Cole, may I present Ms. Sarah Elisabeth Fuller, recently of Augusta, Georgia. Miss Fuller, Mr. Cole Porter Law

**Cole:** It's just Porter. Nice to meet you, Ms. Fuller.

**Sarah:** It's just Sarah, Mr. Porter. The pleasure's mine

**Gerald:** Cole here, aims to be a Supreme Court judge by the age of 30, but I have a feeling that's not going to happen for him.

**Sarah:** You look more of the artistic type to me, Mr. Porter.

- Cole:** Well, I do love signing. Not very good at it, though.
- Sarah:** You should try out for the Wiffenpoofs. Gerald was a member in his freshman year, weren't you, sweetie?
- Gerald:** Till my voice broke (*they laugh*) And I discovered the delights of Ms. Sarah Elisabeth Fuller, recently of Augusta, Georgia. (*she swats him with her fan*)

*Music to Song 1.2 "You do Something to Me" starts*

I was mighty blue  
Thought my life was through  
'Til the heavens opened  
And I gazed on you

Won't you tell me dear  
Why when you appear  
Something happens to me  
And the strangest feeling goes through me

*You do something to me  
Something that simply mystifies me  
Tell me, why should it be  
You have the power to hypnotize me?  
Let me live 'neath your spell  
Do, do that voodoo that you do so well  
For you do something to me  
That nobody else could do  
Let me live 'neath your spell  
Do, do that voodoo that you do so well  
you do something to me  
That nobody else could do  
That nobody else could do*

**Clown 1 (Marina):** OK girls, everyone ready?

**Clown 2 (Gulzhan):** Wait! Wait! I Where's my nose? I lost my nose!

**Clown 3 (Zoe):** You're wearing it, you schmuck!

**Clown 2 (Gulzhan):** Oh .... Right

**Clown 1 (Marina):** (*to the band*) Hit it!

### Scene 3

*The inside of some decidedly low-brow musical theatre. Various people are drinking & laughing*

*Music to Song 1.3 "Be a Clown!" starts*

Be A Clown, Be A Clown,  
All The World Loves A Clown.  
Act A Fool, Play The Calf,  
And You'll Always Have The Last Laugh.  
Wear The Cap And The Bells  
And You'll Rate With All The Great Swells  
If You Become A Doctor, Folks'll Face You With Dread,  
If You Become A Dentist, They'll Be Glad When You're Dead,  
You'll Get A Bigger Hand If You Can Stand On Your Head,  
Be A Clown, Be A Clown, Be A Clown.

Be A Clown, Be A Clown,  
All The World Loves A Clown.  
Be A Crazy Buffoon  
And The Demoiselles'll All Swoon.  
Dress In Huge, Baggy Pants  
And You'll Ride The Road To Romance.  
A Butcher Or A Baker, Ladies Never Embrace,  
A Barber For A Beau Would Be A Social Disgrace,  
They All'll Come To Call If You Can Fall On Your Face,  
Be A Clown, Be A Clown, Be A Clown.

Be A Clown, Be A Clown,  
All The World Loves A Clown.  
Show 'Em Tricks, Tell 'Em Jokes  
And You'll Only Stop With Top Folks.  
Be A Crack Jackanapes  
And They'll Imitate You Like Apes.  
Why Be A Great Composer With Your Rent In Arrears,  
Why Be A Major Poet And You'll Owe It For Years?  
When Crowds'll Pay To Giggle If You Wiggle Your Ears?  
Be A Clown, Be A Clown, Be A Clown

*The 2 couples leave accompanied by 2 further couples they've "acquired" in theatre.*

## Scene 4: Tales from the Riverbank

*They stroll along the riverbank under the moonlight*

**Mitzi:** It's such a lovely evening, aint it?  
**Cole:** De-lovely  
**Mitzi:** Huh?  
**Cole:** Very pleasant. I love the river by moonlight.  
**Mitzi:** Swell! So, what do you think of New Haven girls?  
**Cole:** I ... err.... Haven't really thought about it. I don't have anything to compare it to, really

**Mitzi:** (*repeats*) you don't have anything to compare it to? Oh ..... OH ! You never been with a girl before, huh?

**Cole:** One time back in Indiana, to the theatre

**Mitzi:** Oh you're so sweet!

**Gerald:** Hey, Porter! How you doing back there?

**Cole:** Fine and ... err .... de-dandy

**Sarah:** Leave the poor boy alone, for Heaven's sake!

**Gerald:** Just checking

*They all sit by the river bank, the ladies trailing their hands in the water. The men standing smoking cigars*

**Tito Schipa:** So Cole, you seem to be hitting it off with Miss Mitzi. Better watch yourself there, or she'll eat you alive!

**Cole:** Oh ..... I (*blushing*)

**Gerald:** Now **Tito**, Cole is a little shy. Be gentle with him

**Tito Schipa:** I, Sir, am a gentleman!

**Gerald :** A gentleman is simply a patient wolf!

**Tito Schipa:** Not really a ladies man, eh?

**Cole:** I guess I never really had chance to find out

**Tito Schipa:** I've had chance. Somewhat ..... over-rated ..... in my opinion.

*They exchange a look*

**Gerald:** If you two chatty chappies don't mind, I think it's time we entertained our women folk . If you please?

*They stand in a row as the ladies look on*

*Music to Song 1.4 "In the Still of the Night" starts*

In the still of the night  
As I gaze from my window  
At the moon in its flight  
My thoughts all stray to you

In the still of the night  
All the world is in slumber  
All the times without number  
Darling when I say to you

Do you love me, as I love you  
Are you my life to be, my dream come true  
Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight  
Like the moon growing dim, on the rim of the hill

In the chill, still, of the night  
Like the moon growing dim, on the rim of the hill  
In the chill, still, of the night

## Scene 5:

*A party in a bar*

**Projection: A year later. Congratulation Gerald & Sarah !** *Gerald has married Sarah. Cole has dropped his Law degree in favor of Musical composition. A party is in full swing. The band are playing ragtime jazz. Groups of guests are chatting/drinking*

**Mitzi:** It's such a lovely evening, aint it?

**Professor (David):** *(nervously)* Most enjoyable.

**Mitzi:** Swell! So, what do you think of New Haven girls?

**Tito Schipa:** *(to the barman)* Not really a ladies man, eh?

**Barman (Jan):** Very much a ladies man! *(Tito shrugs and downs his drink)*

**Friend 1 (Natasha):** *(to female Friend 2)* If I drink anymore champagne, I swear I will pass out and be flat on my back.

**Friend 2 (Gulzahn):** Well, it IS your best side! *(Friend 1 feigns to be shocked. They both giggle)*

*(Sarah, Gerald & Cole enter and head to the bar)*

**Cole:** *(to Sarah):* So you're now officially an upright, forthright married lady – congratulations!

**Sarah:** Forthright perhaps ... but definitely not upright or uptight

**Cole:** I'm so happy for you both. My nearest & dearest. I wish you all the happiness on God's green earth

**Sarah:** And you certainly seem happier since you dropped law for musical composition, no? You know what would make me really happy Cole? *(he shrugs)* That you could find your special someone too.

**Cole:** But I'm having too much fun! Sometimes I wonder if men and women really suit each other. Perhaps they should live next door and just visit now and then.

**Sarah:** There's a lot to be said for occasional callers .... Even gentlemen callers *(Cole looks shocked, embarrassed)* Oh, for goodness sake Cole, Gerald & I aren't stupid. We know! .... And believe me, it wasn't too difficult to guess!

**Cole:** That's not the entire sum of it, you know. Maybe if the right gal came along ....



- Sarah:** Oh who gives a crap! As long as you're happy (*they embrace*)
- Gerald:** May I cut in? (*he pours more champagne*) Tonight let's celebrate. First to me finding the one woman in the whole of New England who'll put up with me ....
- Cole:** Cheers to that!
- Gerald:** AND ... to Cole's new adventure in gay Paris! Though why anyone would go there when there's a full blown war on, is anyone's guess!
- Cole:** I told you guys. I want to play my part and, you know, Paris is so .... intoxicating. It'll do wonders for my music. I asked you to come with me!
- Gerald:** Yeah sure. Maybe next year. In the meantime ..... LET'S MISBEHAVE!

*Music to Song 1.5 "Let's Misbehave" starts*

We're all alone, no chaperone  
Can get our number  
The world's in slumber  
Let's misbehave  
There's something wild about you child  
That's so contagious  
Let's be outrageous  
Let's misbehave  
When Adam won Eve's hand  
He wouldn't stand for teasin'  
He didn't care about those apples out of season  
They say the Spring  
Means just one thing to little lovebirds  
We're not above birds  
Let's misbehave  
Let's misbehave  
Let's misbehave  
If you'd be just so sweet  
And only meet your fate, dear  
It would be the great event of 1928, dear  
Let's misbehave  
Let's misbehave

## Scene 6:

*A sleazy bar in Paris (c. 1921)*

- All (spoken) :** Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom  
When the jungle shadows fall  
Like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock  
As it stands against the wall

Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops  
When the summer shower is through  
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you

*Song 1.6*

When they begin the beguine  
It brings back the sound of music so tender,  
It brings back a night of tropical splendor,  
It brings back a memory ever green.  
I'm with you once more under the stars,  
And down by the shore an orchestra's playing  
And even the palms seem to be swaying  
When they begin the beguine.  
To live it again is past all endeavor,  
Except when that tune clutches my heart,  
And there we are, swearing to love forever,  
And promising never, never to part.  
What moments divine, what rapture serene,  
Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted,  
And now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted,  
I know but too well what they mean;  
So don't let them begin the beguine  
Let the love that was once a fire remain an ember;  
Let it sleep like the dead desire I only remember  
When they begin the beguine.  
Oh yes, let them begin the beguine, make them play  
Till the stars that were there before return above you,  
Till you whisper to me once more,  
"Darling, I love you!"  
And we suddenly know, what heaven we're in,  
When they begin the beguine

**Chanteuse (Ciara):** Thank you ladies (and I use the term loosely) & gentlemen. And now for your entertainment, Le Cabaret de l'Enfer presents to you, direct from the United States of America, the exotic, the daring, the incomparable ..... Miss Josephine Baker!!!

*(Round of applause. Cole & Gerald are quite drunk)*

**Cole:** Not tonight, Josephine!

**Gerald:** Hey, give the girl a chance, Porter!

*(music to "Won't You Charleston" starts – Josephine dances)*

**Cole:** You're right. I apologise. Must be the champagne *(giggles & toasts Josephine)*

**Gerald:** My friend, I've been in Paris 2 weeks and you've drunk an entire vineyard!

**Cole:** Bienvenue à Paris!!

*(a lady of the night approaches them)*

**Hooker:** Bon soir Messieurs

**Gerald:** And a bon “sir” to you, enchanting lady! My, you are HEAVENLY!

**Hooker:** Only good girls go to Heaven, Monsieur. Bad girls go EVERYWHERE ! *(she slinks off)*

**Gerald:** Ahem, moving on ..... so how goes the new show? I hope you’ve come up with a new title?

**Cole:** What’s wrong with the title?

**Gerald:** “Olga, come back to the Volga”? Really Cole! That might pass on Vaudeville but not on Broadway!

*(Cole shrugs)*

**Cole:** I like it – anyway, when did you say Sarah arrives?

**Gerald:** On the Normandie this Tuesday. She’s with some friends. Linda Lee Thomas is one of ‘em? You ever meet her?

**Cole :** Can’t say that I did. So, just 2 more night’s of freedom. Better make the most of it !

*A chanteuse arrives on stage, accompanied by 2 male & 2 female “dancers” The music to 1.7 “Love for Sale” starts*

When the only sound in the empty street  
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet  
That belongs to a lonesome cop  
I open shop  
When the moon so long has been gazing down  
On the wayward ways of this wayward town  
That her smile becomes a smirk  
I go to work

Love for sale  
Appetizing young love for sale  
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled  
Love that's only slightly soiled  
Love for sale

Who will buy?  
Who would like to sample her supply?  
Who's prepared to pay the price  
For a trip to paradise?  
Love for sale

Let the poets pipe of love  
In their childish way

I know every type of love  
Better far than they  
If you want the thrill of love  
She's been through the mill of love  
Old love, new love  
Every love, but true love for sale

Appetizing young love for sale  
If you want to buy his wares  
Follow me and climb the stairs  
Love for sale

Let the poets pipe of love  
In their childish way  
I know every type of love  
Better far than they  
If you want the thrill of love  
He's been through the mill of love  
Old love, new love  
Every love, but true love for sale

Appetizing young love for sale  
Love for sale, honey  
If you want to buy his wares  
Follow me and climb the stairs  
Love for sale

Cole: One for the road?

Gerald: Whoa! Not for me. What time is it, anyhow?

Cole: Time for another drink - say, who is THAT over there? (he nods to a group of men stood near the bar. Gerald instantly knows which one he's referring to)

Gerald : That, my friend ..... is Prince Dimitri Alexandrovich Boris Obolensky, he's a White Russian

Cole: A White Russian, eh? My favorite drink.

Gerald: He's also known as "Alex le taxi", "Dimitri le debile" ..... and to some .... "Obolensky The Obelisk" – if you get my drift

*(Dimitri approaches them)*

Dimitri: Good evening, Gentlemen. Are you enjoying the show?

Cole: Very much so. How about you?

Dimitri: Is OK. I prefer .... other entertainments

Cole: Couldn't agree more. May I buy you a drink?

*(He takes him by the elbow towards the bar. Gerald looks on, despairing)*

## Scene 7:

*The deck of the Normandie – a sunny late afternoon. Sarah is lounging with Linda and 3 other female friends*

**Sarah:** Oh Linda, I'm so looking forward to exploring Paris! And ... err... to seeing Gerald, of course

**Linda:** Of course

**Friend 1:** And I bet you can't wait to get home to Paris?

**Linda:** Well, it's been almost 2 months. I do miss New York but Paris has a certain ..... quality

**Friend 2:** *(smirking)* I hear French men have a certain .... "quality" too

**Linda:** That they do, my dear

*(a waiter offers drinks)*

**Waiter:** Compliments of the Normandie, Madame.

**Linda:** Je vous remercie

**Friend 3:** My, if French men are all like him, I'm going to need to go on a diet when I get back to the States!

**Daughter:** *(who is reading a book, suddenly looks up)* Mother!

*(they all giggle)*

**Sarah:** So Linda, we simply must introduce you to Cole Porter at the earliest opportunity. Did I mention he's already had 2 shows produced on Broadway ....well, off-Broadway to be precise.... Well, upstate, to be exact

**Linda:** You've barely talked about anything else! Do I sense I'm being pushed into something?

**Sarah:** Not at all .... I wouldn't dream of pushing you into anything! Maybe the Seine, if you don't hit it off with Cole!

**Linda:** I'm not promising anything: You know full well I'm only recently divorced.

**Sarah:** And thank the Lord for that! Edward Russel Thomas was a beast!

**Linda:** It's a rare man who can stand being around an intelligent woman, let alone married to one.

*(A handsome Normandie sailor strolls by .... He smiles seductively at Friend 2, nodding)*

**Friend 3:** *(flushed)* Mon Dieu!

**Linda:** Live dangerously, my dear. There's a lot to be said for sinning. We are 20<sup>th</sup> century women. We're independent and strong!

*Music starts for 1.8 "Anything Goes"*

Times have changed  
And we've often rewind the clock

Since the Puritans got a shock  
When they landed on Plymouth Rock.  
If today  
Any shock they should try to stem  
'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock,  
Plymouth Rock would land on them.

In olden days, a glimpse of stocking  
Was looked on as something shocking.  
But now, God knows,  
Anything goes.  
Good authors too who once knew better words  
Now only use four-letter words  
Writing prose.  
Anything goes.  
If driving fast cars you like,  
If low bars you like,  
If old hymns you like,  
If bare limbs you like,  
If Mae West you like,  
Or me undressed you like,  
Why, nobody will oppose.  
When ev'ry night the set that's smart is in-  
Truding in nudist parties in  
Studios.  
Anything goes.

**Linda:** Aren't I right?

**Sarah:** I think we should change for dinner (*they exit*)

*After a pause :*

**Friend 3:** Anything goes? Really?

**Friend 2:** Do you think she's heard the rumours about him?

**Daughter:** About who? What rumours?

**Friend 2:** Cole Porter, of course!

**Friend 1:** Not rumours .... Facts! All of New York knows that he ....err .... swings both ways..... and I'm not just talking musically

**Daughter:** What are you talking about?

**Friend 3:** Read your book, Dear

**Daughter:** Well, I think you're all beastly. All this gossiping behind people's backs.!  
(*she gets up and flounces off, but catches the eye of the handsome waiter who winks at her and she shuffles off, embarrassed*) There's an awkward silence amongst the "friends", but knowing glances.

**Friend 1:** Shall we?

*(they get up and exit)*

*(musical play out as they “disembarque” from the Normandie SR. The 3 friends exit.*

## Scene 8:

*Posh Parisienne restaurant. Seated at a table are Cole, Gerald & Sarah. Various waitresses are milling about. Josephine Baker is sat at a nearby table with friends. She blows Cole a kiss. He waves back a bit sheepishly*

Sarah: Who is that?

Cole: Ms. Josephine Baker. She’s from back home. St. Louis, I think. I’m writing a show for her. How do I look OK?

Sarah: You’re the top! (adjusting his bowtie slightly) She looks amazing! (catching Gerald waiving at Josephine enthusiastically) And how do you two know her? Or shouldn’t I ask!

Gerald: Everyone who’s anyone knows Josephine!

Sarah: Well, she certainly looks hot enough to burn down a plantation! (*seeing Cole fiddling with his bowtie*) Don’t be nervous. Linda will adore you!

*(Linda approaches the table, very elegantly dressed. Looking gorgeous)*

Linda: Good evening

*(Cole just stares at her, unable to speak)*

Mr. Porter, I presume?

Cole: ..... enchanting .... Enchanted

Linda: I was told you’re something of a wordsmith, Mr Porter. Don’t shatter my illusions

Cole: Please, Cole. And I wouldn’t want to shatter a darn thing ....

*(she smiles coyly)*

Linda: Sarah hasn’t really told me a thing about you, Cole ..... so ..... speak  
*(he chuckles, glancing conspiratorially at Sarah, music starts, instrumental version of “What is this Thing called Love” and an animated conversation ensues) Singer moves centre stage*

### *Song 1.9*

I was a humdrum person  
Leading a life apart  
When love flew in through my window wide  
And quickened my humdrum heart  
Love flew in through my window  
I was so happy then

But after love had stayed a little while  
Love flew out again

What is this thing called love?  
This funny thing  
Called love  
Just who can solve its mystery  
Why should it make  
A fool of me?  
I saw you there  
One wonderful day  
You took my heart  
And threw it away  
That's why I ask the lord  
In heaven above  
What is this thing  
Called love?

This funny thing  
Called love  
Just who can solve its mystery  
Why should it make  
A fool of me?  
I saw you there  
One wonderful day  
You took my heart  
And threw it away  
That's why I ask the lord  
In heaven above  
What is this thing  
Called love?

*( during the song, Sarah & Gerald depart, leaving Cole & Linda alone at the table with a spotlight on them. Towards the end of the song, they kiss) Stage lights dim. They exit. A bed has been moved on stage. Linda is in Cole's arms, wrapped in sheets. It is dawn.*

## Scene 9:

*In bed*

**Cole:** My God, you're so beautiful.

**Linda:** *(she kisses him gently, her eyes locked on his)*

I certainly approve of those lyrics, Mr. Porter

**Cole:** Not exactly original, but I mean them *(he kisses her)* You know, from now on, I think it will be easier to write lyrics thinking about you .... All my music will be about you



*(she tuts and play slaps him playfully) .*

No! Really! Because you are an art form, an art form that deserves to be preserved forever. I can't paint to save my life, so music it will have to be! And when you hear my songs, every song, you will know that I wrote it about you, only you.

*(she looks at him adoringly & snuggles up to him, closing her eyes contentedly)*

Linda, I've never been completely honest with anyone. Until you.

**Linda:** Cole, don't you think I've heard a thing or two about you?

**Cole:** Then you know that I can be ..... that I have other .....interests? Interests that to most might seem .... Bizarre? Cruel .... To you?

**Linda:** *(she sits up in bed looking at him)* You mean men?

**Cole:** Yes, men

**Linda:** Let's agree that you probably like them more than I do. It's not cruel if people promise to be honest with one another. We can fulfil your promises..... together ... as a couple

*(she closes her eyes, smiling. He stares at the ceiling) Fade*

*Projection: A YEAR LATER.*

## Scene 10:

*The Wedding Party – all cast on stage, stand around chatting, drinking. The happy couple are mixing, chatting to their friends. Champagne is flowing.*

**Gerald:** A toast! To the happy couple! Cole and Linda!

**Everyone:** To Cole and Linda!

*Music starts to "Let's do it" duet. Chorus dancing. Cole & Linda looking at each other, so in love*

When the little blue bird who has never said a word starts to sing spring, spring  
When the little bluebell in the bottom of the dell starts to ring ding-ding  
When the little blue clerk in the middle of his work starts a tune to the moon up above  
It is nature that's all simply telling us all to fall in love

And that's why birds do it, bees do it  
Even educated fleas do it  
Let's do it, let's fall in love  
In Spain, the best upper sets do it  
Lithuanians and Letts do it  
Let's do it, let's fall in love

The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it  
Not to mention the Fins  
Folks in Siam do it, think of Siamese twins  
Some Argentines without means, do it  
People say in Boston even beans do it  
Let's do it, let's fall in love, oh

*Chorus*

Electric eels I might add do it  
Though it shocks 'em I know  
Why ask if shad do it, waiter bring me "shad roe"  
In shallow shoals, English soles do it  
Goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it  
Let's do it, let's fall in love  
Let's do it, let's fall in love

**CURTAIN**

## ACT II

*curtains open. Projection : Broadway, NY 1930*

**All (spoken) :** Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom  
When the jungle shadows fall  
Like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock  
As it stands against the wall  
  
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops  
When the summer shower is through  
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you

### Scene 1

*the stage of a Broadway theatre. Various actors/dancers are taking a break. It is mid Summer. Cole is stood offstage with Louis B Meyer who is sweating profusely & becoming increasingly agitated*

**LBM:** What's the hold up Porter? I'm dying here!!

*(he steals a glass of water from a passing stagehand and drinks it down in one)*

**Cole:** I'm sorry Mr Meyer. The heat has frazzled some of the electrics. We're sorting it. Anytime now .... By the way, I think you're really going to like this number ..... and .... It's kinda appropriate *(LBM gives him a withering look)*

**Director:** *OK OK everyone, the lights are fixed. 2 minutes and we're good to go! (turning to Ant McCarthy in the tech booth) Please fucking say we're good to go!*

**Ant:** *(shouting) We're good to go (under his breath) You fuckin fascist bastard!*

**Director:** *What's that?*

**Ant:** Err ... I said, call the actors

**Director:** Everyone on stage! Act 1 scene 4. POSITIONS!!!!

*(the remaining cast assemble on stage. Music starts for "TOO DARN HOT")*

It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
I'd like to sup with my baby tonight  
Refill the cup with my baby tonight  
I'd like to sup with my baby tonight  
Refill the cup with my baby tonight  
But I ain't up to my baby tonight  
'Cause it's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot

I'd like to coo with my baby tonight  
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight  
I'd like to coo with my baby tonight  
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight  
But brother, you fight my baby tonight  
'Cause it's too darn hot

According to the Kinsey Report, ev'ry average man you know  
Much prefers his lovey-dovey to court  
When the temperature is low  
But when the thermometer goes 'way up  
And the weather is sizzling hot  
Mister, pants for romance is not  
'Cause it's too, too, too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too, too darn hot  
I'd like to coo with my baby tonight  
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight  
I'd like to coo with my baby tonight  
And pitch the woo with my baby tonight  
But brother, you fight my baby tonight  
'Cause it's too darn hot  
According to the Kinsey Report, ev'ry average man you know  
Much prefers his lovey-dovey to court  
When the temperature is low  
But when the thermometer goes 'way up  
And the weather is sizzling hot  
Mr. Gob for his squab  
A marine for his queen  
A G.I. for his cutie-pie is not  
'Cause it's too, too, too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot  
It's too darn hot

*(LBM stands there silently sweating)*

Cole: So?

LBM: Listen Porter, I like you! You're a queer but at least you ain't a commie!  
Not like Irving Berlin and that crowd! But you gotta realise that Broadway  
ain't Hollywood. We do things different out West

Cole: *(confused)* Yes and so what exactly is the problem?

LBM: Get rid of the lead singer. We need a name! Ditch the fag dancers in tights  
pants. More girls with bigger tits!

**Cole:** But Mr. Meyer ... this is the show! How I wrote it! It's been a huge success here on Broadway!

**LBM:** My point exactly! On Broadway! I'll get my script people to send you a revised version. OK? Right I'm outta here. See ya Porter (*he exits*)

*Sarah & Gerald, who have been waiting in the wings, enter SR*

**Director:** So? Wot did he say?

**Cole:** That at least I'm not a communist

**Director:** Well, zank Gott the for the small mercies! And did you ask him if I can direct ze movie?

**Cole:** I wouldn't count on it! *Director exits*

*Gerald and Sarah approach Cole*

**Gerald:** We heard most of that. You OK? (Cole shakes his head, looks downcast)

**Sarah:** It's a shame Linda isn't here. Maybe she would have charmed him!

*(Cole looks pained)*

**Cole:** She needs space. She wrote me. Did I tell you? She might come to New York in the fall

**Sarah:** Oh, I do hope so. The two of you just don't seem to "work" when you're apart ..... listen, come back to ours for a nightcap, why don't you? I hate to think of you alone in that hotel room?

**Cole:** Why, Ms. Sarah Elisabeth Fuller, if I didn't know better I'd swear you're trying to keep me out of trouble!

**Sarah:** I'm trying to keep you out of Central Park!

**Cole:** Exactly!

*(Gerald and Sarah exist)*

**Cole:** OK, Armando? Let's try your number

*Armando enters from the wings and starts to sing "Night & Day". Something is not right. He becomes increasingly frustrated*

**Armando:** Aaaahh ! Stop! I can't do it! (*he kicks out at something*) ..... I JUST DON'T **FUCKING GET IT!**

**Cole:** Armando, what can I do to help?

**Armando :** (*more calmly*) Change the goddam fucking song? That would help!

**Cole:** You know I can't do that. We open in 4 days!

**Armando:** Mr. Porter, the song is so high, then low, then it goes high again. It's ... it's killing me!

**Cole:** I know you can sing it! It's the perfect song for you. Trust me. Don't think about the melody, think about the words – it's all about obsession, about being in love. You've been in love, right?

**Armando:** Well ....sure, I guess ..but .....

**Cole:** Just think about the lyrics and look at me. Sing it again and look straight at me. Into my eyes

*(Armando looks directly at Cole, a moment passes, he exhales slowly and prepares to sing it again)*

***Night & Day music starts***

Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom  
When the jungle shadows fall  
Like the tick, tick-tock of the stately clock  
As it stands against the wall  
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops  
When the summer shower is through  
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you

Night and day, you are the one  
Only you beneath the moon and under the sun  
Whether near to me or far  
It's no matter darling where you are  
I think of you  
Night and say, day and night, why is it so  
That this longing for you follows wherever I go?  
In the roaring traffic's boom  
In the silence of my lonely room  
I think of you

Night and day, night and day  
Under the hide of me  
There's an oh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside of me  
And its torment won't be through  
'Til you let me spend my life making love to you  
Day and night, night and day

*(Linda enters SR and observes them)*

***FADE TO BLACK***

*Cole & Armando embrace, staring into each other's eyes, Linda exits.*

*A BED IS BROUGHT ON STAGE. Armando appears silhouetted against it. He approaches the bed, undressing.*

## Scene 2 :

*FADE TO BLACK – they are in bed together*

- Cole:** My God, you're so beautiful (*stroking his hair*)
- Armando:** (he rolls over, looks at Cole, gives him the briefest of peck on the cheek)  
Well, aren't you sweet!
- Cole:** Err ... I mean it. That was .... De-licious ..... de-lectable ... de-limit !
- Armando:** (confused ....he snorts, laughing, almost choking) Honey, are you still high?  
(reproachfully) Too much cocaine makes Cole a dull daddy, you know! (He snorts a line of coke, offers it to Cole, who refuses)
- Cole:** Hey! I'm serious! I had the most wonderful time .....
- Armando:** (*on a coke hit*) ..... Sure, we both did. And you won't forget what you promised me? A Hollywood audition for the movie? Imagine what we could achieve together! You'll write great roles for me .... great songs..... that only I can interpret ..... And I'll make them even greater!! There'll be no stopping me ..... us!

*(Cole looks slightly baffled)*

That's what you promised, right? (he ruffles Cole's hair, kisses him in a perfunctory, dismissive way)

- Cole:** For sure. But you haven't forgotten what you promised me?

*(Armando looks puzzled for a brief moment, tries to wing it)*

- Armando:** Err ... of course not, Daddy Cole. How could I? (*another brief peck, Cole tries to pull him in for an embrace, Armando pulls away*) .....I have to go (*getting out of bed, pulling on his clothes*)
- Cole:** Stay, why don't you?
- Armando:** Huh? Fraid not Mr. Porter. Rehearsal at 9 am, remember? And I have to look my best! .....Maybe next time (*he squeezes Cole's cheeks with his hand, as though with a young child*) See you at rehearsal! (*exits jauntily, swinging his jacket over his shoulder... Cole looks downcast*)

*FADE TO BLACK*

## Scene 3

*Sarah & Gerald's Manhattan apartment. They & Cole are sitting on sofas, drinking cognac*

- Gerald:** Honestly Cole, it'll be OK. You know what these Hollywood types are like. They'll probably get Ethel Merman or Ginger Rodgers in the lead, Neither of which would be THAT bad
- Cole:** (*rolling his eyes*) I know, I know

**Sarah:** *But more importantly, you need to see Linda. You need her (Gerald gets up and moves to the piano)*

**Gerald:** *You wrote it yourself my friend..... (he begins to play) Sarah joins him at the piano*

Suntanned, windblown  
Honeymooners at last alone  
Feeling far above par  
Oh, how lucky we are

While I give to you and you give to me  
True love, true love  
So on and on it will always be  
True love, true love

For you and I have a guardian angel  
On high, with nothing to do  
But to give to you and to give to me  
Love forever, true

For you and I have a guardian angel  
On high, with nothing to do  
But to give to you and to give to me  
Love forever, true

**Cole :** *Love, forever more (he wells up with emotion, wiping away tears)*

## Scene 4

*A New York bar, late at night. Linda is sat on her own sipping a martini. A barman is cleaning glasses, desperate to close. "Veronica Lake", the owner/nightclub singer enters SL and notices Linda.*

**Veronica Lake:** You still here, honey? You OK?

**Linda:** I'm OK .... Really

**Veronica Lake:** Uh uh? Man trouble? (*Linda nods*) Can I offer you a piece of advice?

**Linda:** Sure

**Veronica Lake:** Most men need boundaries, so they know how far they have to go to get beyond them. And sometimes a woman has to fight for something she really wants. Take me. I have loved and been in love. There's a big difference. Do you know the difference?

**Linda:** I ... I'm not sure I do.

**Veronica Lake:** Well, hell girl! You ain't gonna find out sat on your ass in this goddam awful dive of a place..... GO FIND OUT!!!

*(Linda tears up. She gets up and moves to exit.*



**Linda:** Thank you *(she exits)*

**Barman:** One for the road? I could ....stay a while?

**Veronica Lake:** No, you get off home to that wife & kid of yours. I'll lock up *(barmen exits)*

Ev'ry time we say goodbye  
I die a little  
Ev'ry time we say goodbye  
I wonder why a little  
Why the Gods above me  
Who must be in the know  
Think so little of me  
They allow you to go  
When you're near  
There's such an air of spring about it  
I can hear a lark somewhere  
Begin to sing about it  
There's no love song finer  
But how strange the change  
From major to minor  
Ev'ry time we say goodbye  
When you're near  
There's such an air of spring about it  
I can hear a lark somewhere  
Begin to sing about it  
There's no love song finer  
But how strange the change  
From major to minor  
Ev'ry time we say goodbye

*PROJECTION: A Broadway theatre, 2 weeks later. Rehearsals are taking place. Various actors are on stage, having just finished a number*

*Scene change to inside a theatre. A rehearsal is in progress.*

## Scene 5

### inside a Broadway theatre

**Cole:** OK everyone. We're going to run it from the top again .... That was great. Ginger? May I have a word? *(she moves slightly off stage to Cole)*  
Everything OK Miss Rogers? It's great ....you're great! What do you think of Armando?

**Ginger Rogers:** Who? Oh you mean the kid from Nebraska?

**Cole:** Wyoming

**Ginger Rogers:** Well, he's no Astaire, that's for sure!

**Cole:** I know, I know. He's really got potential though, don't you think?

**Ginger Rogers:** Sure Cole. I hear his potential is huge. *(she winks at him)*

**Cole:** I'm thinking of making him the male lead in the show. George is fine but he's lacking .... A certain something. What do you think?

**Ginger Rogers:** Cole, I think that you're thinking with your .... Potential .... And not your head. But hey, it's your show! Just let George down gently won't you?

**Cole:** Of course. Positions please!

I've got you under my skin  
I've got you, deep in the heart of me  
So deep in my heart that you're really a part of me  
I've got you under my skin  
I'd tried so, not to give in  
I said to myself this affair never will go so well  
But why should I try to resist when baby I know so well  
I've got you under my skin

I'd sacrifice anything come what might  
For the sake of having you near  
In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night  
And repeats, repeats in my ear  
Don't you know, little fool  
You never can win  
Use your mentality  
Wake up to reality  
But each time that I do just the thought of you  
Makes me stop before I begin  
'Cause I've got you under my skin  
I would sacrifice anything come what might  
For the sake of having you near  
In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night  
And repeats how it yells in my ear  
Don't you know, little fool  
You never can win  
Why not use your mentality  
Step up, wake up to reality  
But each time I do just the thought of you  
Makes me stop just before I begin  
'Cause I've got you under my skin  
Yes, I've got you under my skin

## Scene 6

– 3 weeks later, a swanky Upper East Side apartment

*Cole Porter and his wife Linda are invited to dinner at the Manhattan apartment of composer Irving Berlin. Linda is talking to Dorothy Parker and Ethel Merman. They are*

*enjoying cocktails before dinner .....Cole is talking to Irving Berlin and Armando is hanging on their every word but also checking out the other people in the room.*

**Ethel Merman:** So, I says to him .... What exactly do you expect me to do with that? Use it as a hat pin! *(guffawing, she leaves Linda and Dorothy Parker and heads towards William Gaxton)*

**Linda:** Dorothy, I'm absolutely famished. Will dinner be long?

**Dorothy Parker:** *(she swills her martini)* Interminable.

**Linda:** *(sighing)* Cole and I have to be up early tomorrow morning ..... a church service in New Haven.

**Dorothy Parker :** I stopped going to church years ago. The priest talking endlessly about the evils of sin ..... and looking directly at me.

**Linda:** Tell me .... honestly, what do you think of the new show? Cole is so very proud of it.

**Dorothy Parker:** Honestly? My, we are being brave tonight. I'd go easy on the martinis. It's a fine show, really it is.

**Linda:** Thank you so much. And of course, he's been so lucky with the cast. Cole tells me it was really hard to get Armando.

**Dorothy Parker:** From what I hear, Armando is incapable of playing "hard to get"

**Linda:** I'm sorry?

**Dorothy Parker:** My dear, that boy is the original "good time, had by all" Why, your priest in New Haven, has probably had him. He's on his back so often, he's seen more ceilings than Michelangelo!!

*(Linda looks downcast & sips at her martini)*

**Linda:** He's from Wyoming originally, no?

**Dorothy Parker:** And I'm the Queen of Sheba! That boy is no more from Wyoming than you are. Irish Brooklyn, I'd say.

**Irving Berlin:** Cole, Armando. May I introduce Mr. Mario Lanza, the most talented tenor of his generation.

**Both:** A pleasure. Nice to meet you

**Mario Lanza :** So Armando, Mr. Berlin tells me you grew up in Wyoming?

**Armando:** Cheyenne, Wyoming Mr. Lanza. I'm what you might call a "cowboy in Camelot"

**Mario Lanza :** A cowboy with a golden voice. I hear you will go far, young man.

**Armando:** You're too kind

**Irving Berlin:** I have an aunt in Cheyenne, Alicia Mountford. Do you know the Mountfords?

**Armando:** I .... don't believe I do. I was at boarding school and didn't meet many local dignitaries.

**Irving Berlin:** Which school? Alicia worked at the Heritage Christian Academy for several years....

**Armando:** Would you excuse me while I get myself a refresher?

*(he raises his empty glass and heads towards the bar. He passes Linda & Dorothy Parker who catches his arm)*

**Dorothy Parker:** Speak of the devil .... And here's the prodigious, young talent himself!

**Armando:** Ms. Parker. Ms. Porter.

**Linda:** That's Mrs. Porter

**Armando:** Of course. How silly of me.

**Dorothy Parker:** I was just telling Linda here that you hail from "The Wild West"! Wyoming, if I'm not mistaken?

**Armando:** That's right. I'm a graduate of the Heritage Christian Academy. As I was just telling your husband and Mr. Berlin. Would you excuse me, my glass needs refilling *(he heads to the bar)*

**Dorothy Parker:** That boy reminds me of my grandfather's old farmhouse – all pretty as a picture on the front side, a nice swing on the backside, and nothing whatsoever in the attic.

*(Linda hears her but stares icily at Armando)*

**Irving Berlin:** May I have your attention everyone *(tapping a champagne flute)* I'm sure you all know ----- Ms. Ethel Merman.

*(Ethel curtsies)*

**Ethel Merman:** Say Irving, everyone knows little 'ol me!

**Irving Berlin:** As a special treat tonight before dinner, Ethel & I would like to perform a little treat for you.

*(the guests applause)*

**Dorothy Parker:** *(under her breath)* Oh Christ!

At words poetic, I'm so pathetic  
That I always have found it best  
Instead of getting 'em off my chest  
To let 'em rest unexpressed  
I hate parading my serenading  
As I'll probably miss a bar  
But if this ditty is not so pretty  
At least it'll tell you  
How great you are

You're the top!  
You're the Coliseum  
You're the top!

You're the Louver Museum  
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss  
You're a Bendel bonnet  
A Shakespeare's sonnet  
You're Mickey Mouse

You're the Nile  
You're the Tower of Pisa  
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa  
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top

You're the top  
You're Mahatma Gandhi  
You're the top  
You're Napoleon Brandy  
You're the purple light  
Of a summer night in Spain  
You're the National Gallery  
You're Garbo's salary  
You're cellophane  
You're sublime  
You're a turkey dinner  
You're the time of a Derby winner  
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom  
You're the top

*(the guests applause)*

*Armando is stood near Linda and Dorothy Parker*

**Dorothy Parker:** Tell me my dear, what's your preference?

**Armando:** I'm sorry?

**Dorothy Parker:** Top or bottom?

*Armando has a face like thunder, is about to say something, thinks better of it and moves over to Cole, all smiles, where he places his hand on the small of Cole's back.*

*Dorothy gives Linda a knowing glance. Linda downs her martini in one.*

## Scene 7

*Gerald & Sarah's apartment*

*Projection: 6 months later*

*Gerald is sitting on the sofa, smoking a pipe & drinking a Scotch and reading a newspaper. Sarah enters SL*

**Sarah:** Well, he's finally down and sleeping like, well .... A baby *(she slumps down on the sofa next to Gerald, clearly exhausted)* I said .....

**Gerald:** I heard you Sweetheart. You OK?

**Sarah:** Oh, it's not the baby. I was just thinking about Cole & Linda. Do you think they'll ever get back together?

**Gerald:** I sure hope so. But one thing's for certain. Armando has to go. I can't see Linda going back to Cole if he's still around.

**Saraha:** Well no, but Cole's not happy with him, right?

**Gerald:** Nope . It's like Armando has this .... "hold" on him. I've tried talking to him but ...

*(the phone rings)*

I'll get it *(he goes to pick up the phone)*

78435. Gerald Murphy speaking ..... oh Hi Linda .... We were just talking about ..... Whoa! ..... slow down ..... I can't hear you so good .....what? .....when? .....is he OK? .....Jesus ..... we'll be right over!

Cole's had a horse-riding accident ..... he's beaten up pretty bad ..... The horse fell on him. Linda's over at Mount Sinai now ..... come on. Let's go. Get Bobby

*They exit hurriedly*

## Scene 8

*A hospital bedroom. Cole is in bed unconscious. Linda is sat next to him, distraught.*

**Linda:** It's OK baby .... Everything's going to be all right.... Everything's going to be ..... De-lovely again ....., you'll see *(she chokes back tears. Cole slowly starts to come round. His eyes open)*

**Cole:** Linda?

**Linda:** Hello my darling. I'm here *(she stokes his brow)* Gerald & Linda are on their way. *(Cole nods, but grimaces in pain)*

**Cole:** Is Armando coming? Does he know?

**Linda:** I phoned the theatre. I left a message. I'm sure he'll be here soon.

*A doctor enters SR*

**Doctor:** Mrs. Porter? *(Linda nods)*

**Linda:** How is he, Doctor?

**Doctor:** I'm afraid it's not good news. The leg has multiple bone fractures. Muscle tissue and arteries have been completely crushed. The chances of regaining even partial mobility, are virtually non-existent. Given that, my recommendation would be amputation of the limb, just below the hip.

**Cole:** *(distraught)* Absolutely not! No!

**Linda:** Darling .....

**Cole:** Just patch me up. Do the best you can. But I will not lose the leg. Do you hear me? I saw what that did to those young boys in France during the war. You won't do that to me! DO YOU HEAR ME!!! *(Cole collapses into tears)*

**Doctor:** We'll talk about this later. I'll leave you two alone *(she exits)*

**Linda:** It's OK my love, it's OK..... . Shhssh.... There, there. I'm here. Linda's here.

Strange dear, but true dear  
When I'm close to you, dear  
The stars fill the sky  
So in love with you am I  
Even without you  
My arms fold about you  
You know, darling, why  
So in love with you am I

In love with the night mysterious  
The night when you first were there  
In love with my joy delirious  
When I knew that you could care  
So taunt me, and hurt me  
Deceive me, desert me  
I'm yours 'til I die  
So in love, so in love

So in love with you, my love, am I  
In love with the night mysterious  
The night when you first were there  
In love with my joy delirious  
When I knew that you could care  
So taunt me, and hurt me  
Deceive me, desert me  
I'm yours 'til I die  
So in love, so in love  
So in love with you, my love, am I

*Stage lights fade.*

## Scene 9:

*Projection: Inside of a Broadway theatre "2 months later"*

*Various people are milling about on stage. Armando is chatting to a pretty, young actress at the bar. Linda enters and heads straight to them.*

**Linda:** *(to the young actress)* Leave ..... *(he moves onto stage quickly)*

**Armando:** Why Linda, to what do we owe the pleasure?

**Linda:** *(glancing at the retreating actress)* Busy, I see

**Armando:** *(ignoring her)* Do you want something, Mrs. Porter?

**Linda:** Cole came out of hospital yesterday, did you know?

**Armando:** Oh? Well that's great news. How is he?

**Linda:** Oh, you're suddenly interested to know? I presumed you'd forgotten all about him. Given you haven't once visited him or called him in the past 8 weeks. Do you have any idea how sad that's made him? Do you have any idea how many times he's asked for you? And I've made excuses for you

**Armando:** I've been busy

**Linda:** Well, I've been busy too *(she hands him a brown envelope, he opens it and takes out a cheque for \$ 5,000)* I think \$ 5 000 is more than generous, don't you?

**Armando:** What's this for?

**Linda:** It's amazing what you can find out about people .... If you dig deep enough. First of all, your name is not Armando Smith. It's Dermot Doyle. You were not born & raised in Wyoming but in Dublin, Ireland. You emigrated to the States when you 16. You never attended Heritage Christian Academy in Cheyenne. That was a stupid mistake. An easy lie to find out. You've spent most of your life in the Bronx where you were known for selling your ass to any guy with 5 bucks. You've hauled yourself up to where you are now by blackmail & extortion. So, all things considered, I think \$ 5000 is more than enough to start a new life as far away from New York and Cole as possible. And for me not to inform Cole or the police. Do I make myself clear?

**Armando:** *(in strong Irish accent)* You fucking bitch!

**Linda:** Yes, I think I probably am. But I'm a fucking bitch who loves her husband and who will no longer allow you to hurt him. So, get your things and get on the first train out of this city.

*(he pockets the envelope and exits, while the rest of the cast/crew look on)*

*(Linda exits watched by cast & crew)*

*fade*

*projection : Cole and Linda remained together for another 5 years. They were devoted to each other. Linda passed away from Emphysema in 1954. Cole achieved great success with his show "The Taming of the Shrew."*

*By 1958, Porter's injuries caused a series of ulcers on his right leg. After 34 operations, it had to be amputated and replaced with an artificial limb*



*Porter never wrote another song after the amputation.*

*He passed away in 1964 and is buried next to Linda in the family cemetery in his hometown of Peru, Indiana.*

**All (spoken) :** Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom  
When the jungle shadows fall  
Like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock  
As it stands against the wall  
  
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops  
When the summer shower is through  
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you

*Chorus exit*

*Maiken enters:*

Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today  
Madam Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today  
And she's sorry to be delayed  
But last evening down at lover's lane she strayed  
Madam Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today

When she woke up and found that her dream of love was gone  
Madam, she ran to the man who had lead her so far astray  
And from under her velvet gown  
She drew a gun and shot her lover down  
Madam Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today

When the mob came and got her and dragged her from the jail  
Madam, they strung her up on the willow across the way  
And the moment before she died  
She lifted up her lovely head and cried  
Madam Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch  
Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today

*David enters: (the bows take place during "Just One of those Things")*

It was just one of those things  
Just one of those crazy flings  
One of those bells that now and then rings  
Just one of those things  
It was just one of those nights  
Just one of those fabulous flights  
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings  
Just one of those things  
If we'd thought a bit 'bout the end of it  
When we started painting the town

We'd have been aware that our love affair  
Was too hot not to cool down  
So good-bye, dear, and amen  
Here's hoping we meet now and then  
It was great fun  
But it was just one of those things

It was just one of those nights  
Just one of those fabulous flights  
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings  
Just one of those things  
If we'd thought a bit 'bout the end of it  
When we started painting the town  
We'd have been aware that our love affair  
Was too hot not to cool down  
So goodbye, goodbye, bye, bye, goodbye baby and amen  
Here's hoping we'll meet now and then  
It was great fun  
But it was just one of those things

*Lights fade after applause. The fade up to disco lights for the encore:*

From this moment on,  
You for me dear,  
Only two for tea dear,  
From this moment on,  
From this happy day,  
No more blue songs,  
Only whoop-de-doo songs,  
From this moment on

You've got the love I need so much  
Got the skin I love to touch  
Got the arms to hold me tight  
Got the sweet lips to kiss me goodnight  
From this moment on  
You and I babe  
We'll be ridin' high babe  
Every care is gone  
From this moment on.

Ooh it's so good, it's so good It's so good,  
it's so good, It's so good

Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love  
I'm in love, I'm in love

I feel love, I feel love, I feel love.

From this moment on  
No more blue songs,  
Only whoop-de-doo songs,  
From this moment on

For you've got the love I need so much  
Got the skin I love to touch  
Got the arms to hold me tight  
Got the sweet lips to kiss me goodnight  
From this moment on  
You and I babe  
We'll be ridin' high babe  
Every care is gone  
From this moment on.

This moment on  
This moment on

*End of show*