

TOO DARN HOT!

Version 4.4a

Note: version 4.4 is not different from version 4.3 in terms of dialogue, however all dialogue highlights have been removed and cues for Lights Sound and Projections have been added, highlighted in yellow.

Also band cues are highlighted in blue

Neil Johnson

Pirate Productions a.s.b.l.

Lighting #1 – House and preset

Projection: 0_1 Pre-show image

Lighting #2 House lights down

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.

Lighting #3

Projection: 1.1_1 Beat Beat Beat

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

Projection: 1.1_2 The Porter household (text)

Projection: 1.1_3 The Porter household (Image)

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

Lighting #4

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

Projection: 1.1_3 Yale University (text)

Projection: 1.1_4 Yale University (image)

Lighting #5

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"

Sound: 1.1_5 Knock on door

Projection: 1.1_6 Yale bedroom (comes up automatically with door knock)

Lighting #6

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 too 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.

Lighting #7

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

Projection: 1.2_1 The Freshman's Ball

Projection: 1.2_2 Rundown Theatre bar

Lighting #8

- 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*

Lighting #8.5

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

Lighting #9

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

Projection: 1.4_1 Tales From the Riverbank

Projection: 1.4_2 Park at Night

Lighting #10

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 one year later. 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

Projection: 1.5_1 A year later.

Band: Tiger Rag

Lighting #11

Projection: 1.5_2 Congratulation Gerald & Sarah !

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 slightly sleazy bar in Paris (c. 1920)

Projection: 1.6_1 Beat Beat Beat (animation)

Lighting #12

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

Projection: 1.6_2 Paris 1920 (text)

Projection: 1.6_3 Seedy Bar (image)

Lighting #13

Song 1.6 Begin the Beguine

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!!!

Lighting #14

(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)

Lighting #15

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 !

Projection: 1.6_4 Pigalle Paris

Lighting #16

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

Projection: 1.6_5 Seedy Bar

Lighting #17

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

Projection: 1.7_1 Meanwhile on the deck of the Normandie

Sound: 1.7_2 Ship's Horn

Projection: 1.7_3 Normandie Deck (follows automatically with horn sound)

Lighting #18

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 Broadwaywell, 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 20th 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 heerr 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.

Sound: 1.7_4 Ship's Horn

Band: "Bon Voyage" going into "I love Paris"

Lighting #19

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

Projection: 1.8_1 Tuesday Evening

Projection: 1.8_2 Paris Restaurant

Lighting #20

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

Lighting #21

Song 1.9 What is this Thing Called Love

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?

Lighting #22

(during the song, Sara & Gerald depart, leaving Cole & Linda alone at the table with a spotlight on them.

Lighting #22a

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.

Lighting #23

Scene 9:

In bed

Projection: 9_1 Later at George V Hotel

Lighting #24

Projection: 9_2 Bedroom George V Hotel

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 otherinterests? 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)

Lighting #25

Projection: 1.10_1 A YEAR LATER Mairie du VIII.

Wedding March

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.

Projection: 1.10_2 Wedding Party

Lighting #??

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

Everyone: To Cole and Linda!

Band 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

Lighting #26

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

End of Act 1

Projection: 2.0_1 Interval

Lighting #27

Lighting #28

ACT II

Lighting #29

Projection: 2.1_1 Beat Beat Beat

Lighting #30

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

Projection: 2.1_2 Broadway 1930 Rehearsal

Projection : 2.1_3 Broadway Theatre

Lighting #31

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)

Lighting #32

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)

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

Lighting #33**Projection: 2.2_1 When the evening shadows fall****Band: Instrumental version of Night and Day**

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

Scene 2 :

(they are in bed together)

Projection: 2.2_2 Suite in Waldorf Astoria**Lighting #34**

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: (confusedhe 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*)

Lighting #35**Scene 3**

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

Projection: 2.3_1 Murphy Apartment (TEXT)

Projection: 2.3_2 Murphy Apartment (IMAGE)

Lighting #36

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..... **Band "True Love"**

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)

Lighting #37

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.

Projection: 2.4_1 Later that night

Projection: 2.4_2 The Back Bar

Lighting #38

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*)

Band: Intro to Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Barman: One for the road? I couldstay a while?

Lighting #39

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

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

Lighting #40

Scene 5

inside a Broadway theatre

Projection: 2.5_1 Two Weeks Later

Projection: 2.5_2 Broadway Theatre

Lighting #41

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 greatyou'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!

Band "I've Got You Under My Skin"

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

Lighting #42

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.

Projection: 2.6_1 Irving Berlin's apartment (text)

Projection: 2.6_2 Irving Berlin's apartment (image)

Lighting #43

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!

Band: *You're The Top*

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 applaud)

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.

Projection: 2.7_1 Six months later (text)

Lighting #44

Scene 7

Gerald & Sarah's apartment

Projection: 2.7_2 Sarah & Gerald's apartment (image)

Lighting #45

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.

Sarah: 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 ...

Sound: 2.7_3 the phone rings

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

Sound: 2.7_4 stop phone ringing

78435. Gerald Murphy speaking oh Hi Linda We were just talking about Whoa! slow down I can't hear you so goodwhat?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

Lighting #46

Scene 8

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

Projection: 2.8_1 Hospital (text)

Projection: 2.8_1 Hospital (image)

Lighting #47

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*)

Band: intro to So In Love

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

Lighting #48

Projection: 2.9_1 Two months later

Scene 9:

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.

Projection: 2.9_2 Broadway Theatre

Lighting #49

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)

Lighting #50

Projection: 2.9_3 Final narrative:

Narrative 1

Narrative 2

Narrative 3

Chorus exit

Projection: 2.9_5 Miss Otis:

Lighting #51

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

Projection: 2.9_6 Just One of Those Things

Lighting #52

David enters:

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

BOWS**Lighting #53**

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

Lighting #54**Projection: 2.9_7 Backing track and video of encore****Lighting #55**

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.

Projection: 2.9_8 Donna Summer video (when music changes)

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

Projection: 2.9_9 The End

Lighting #56

Lighting #57

Lighting #58

End of show