

LOVABLE LUNATIC

The Life & Lyrics of Dorothy Fields

Conceived by Caitlyn Leach

Book by Caitlyn Leach and Talen Piner

Music by Cy Coleman, Albert Hague, Jimmy McHugh, Jerome Kern,
Arthur Schwartz and Irving Berlin

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields and Irving Berlin

Originally Conceived as a fulfillment of the East Carolina University Honors College Senior Honors Project requirement for Caitlyn Leach and Talen Piner

Director Caitlyn Leach

Music Director/Arranger Talen Piner

Choreographer Talen Piner

Dramaturg/Mentor Jennifer-Scott Mobley

Pianist/Rehearsal Accompanist Evan Whitfield



CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

DOROTHY FIELDS- a woman finding her place as a female lyricist in a male driven occupation during Broadway's Golden Age. She is smart, savvy, and quick witted like her lyrics. Throughout the show she finds her confidence and charisma that are embedded in her lyrics by overcoming many social barriers. Dorothy ages from a teenager to her 60s.

LEW FIELDS (POP)- The son of two Jewish immigrants, Lew grew up poor in New York City but managed to survive through vaudeville with his partner Joe Weber in which they called themselves Weber and Fields. He is a hardworking, stubborn man of strict principles.

JOE WEBER- the other half to Weber and Fields.

DENTIST (JACK WEINER)- Dorothy's first husband. A typical white American male who strictly follows the social expectations of men and women of the time.

HERB FIELDS- Dorothy's older brother and libretto writing partner. He is smart, clever, and charismatic like his sister. The two share a strong sibling relationship. Even though he teases his sister, his love and respect for Dorothy is undeniable.

JIMMY MCHUGH- Dorothy's first writing partner. A cocky go-getter from Irish Boston, Jimmy was a master at selling songs. He knows the business: what works and what doesn't.

JEROME KERN- Dorothy's second writing partner. A modest man, Jerome Kern entertained audiences with his moving yet jazzy melodies all throughout the early 1900s. Even though he is a native New Yorker, he spent many years in England during his 20's working and studying composition. He is reserved which may come off as awkward or nervous when around more social characters. He is a caring and gentle man.

EVA KERN- Jerome Kern's wife. Born in England, she is very similar to Kern in character. She is reserved, soft, and cares deeply for Jerome. She was also known to become best friends with Dorothy Fields.

LILY PONS- a movie star from the 1930s. She is well bred, rich, and beautiful. She is always ready for more spotlight.

LUCILLE BALL- a rising star in the 1930s. She is a go-getter but knows she must climb the ladder to reach success.

FRED ASTAIRE- the most charming man to ever live. He is hardworking, creative, and the perfect gentlemen. Must be able to dance.

GINGER ROGERS- the most delectable woman of the 1930s. She is sexy and ladylike. Must be able to dance.

ETHEL MERMAN- one of Broadway's favorite female performers during the early Golden Age. Dorothy's best friend. She is raunchy, headstrong, and will always say what's on her mind.

GWEN VERDON- one of Broadway's favorite female performers during the late Golden Age. She is a very smart, comedic performer but comes off a little spacy in person. She is kind and respectable but knows what she wants.

CY COLEMAN- Broadway's hottest new composer in the 60s and Dorothy's third partner. He is young, fresh, and ready to take the world by storm. He's known to be the biggest charmer at social gatherings.

BOB FOSSE- the most famous director/choreographer to come to Broadway. An extremely intelligent, hardworking performer and director who is very specific about what he wants. He demands the best and isn't easily satisfied.

MUSICAL NUMBERS**PROLOGUE**1) *Seesaw*

SOLOIST, DOROTHY, COMPANY

ACT ONE2) *Camp Paradox Song*

JOE WEBER, LEW FIELDS

3) *Look Who's In Love*

DENTIST (JACK)

4) *I Feel A Song Coming On/Look Who's In Love (Reprise)*

DOROTHY, DENTIST (JACK)

5) *I Feel A Song Coming On (Reprise)*

DOROTHY, ENSEMBLE

6) *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Prelude)*

DOROTHY, JIMMY MCHUGH

7) *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*

ADELAIDE HALL

8) *Exactly Like You*

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

9) *Sunny Side of the Street*

DOROTHY, JIMMY MCHUGH

10) *Too Many Tomorrows*

DOROTHY, LEW FIELDS

10a) *Sunny Side of the Street (Reprise)*

JIMMY MCHUGH, DOROTHY

11) *I Won't Dance*

JEROME KERN, DOROTHY

12) *Lovely to Look At*

DOROTHY, JEROME KERN, EVA KERN

13) *A Fine Romance*

BILLIE HOLIDAY, FRANK SINATRA

14) *The Way You Look Tonight*

ENSEMBLE

15) *April Fooled Me*

DOROTHY

ACT TWO16) *There's No Business Like Show Business*

ETHEL MERMAN, ENSEMBLE

17) *Pick Yourself Up (Prelude)*

DOROTHY

18) *Pick Yourself Up*

HERB FIELDS, DOROTHY

19) *Erbie Fitch's Twitch*

GWEN VERDON

20) *Nobody Does It Like Me*

ETHEL MERMAN

21) *Sweet Charity (Dorothy)*

CY COLEMAN, DOROTHY

22) *Big Spender (Prelude)*

DOROTHY, CY COLEMAN

23) *Big Spender*

GIRLS' ENSEMBLE

24) *(There's Gotta Be) Something Better Than This*

DOROTHY, GIRLS' ENSEMBLE

25) *Seesaw (Reprise)*

DOROTHY

26) *(You're A) Lovable Lunatic*

COMPANY

BOWS/ENCORE27) *It's Not Where You Start (It's Where You Finish)*

COMPANY

ACT ONE
PROLOGUE

Lights come up on Dorothy Fields at desk, as she writes, intro is played.

[SONG: SEESAW]

Dorothy pauses, the music stops, she scratches out what she wrote with a blue pencil, balls the paper up, and throws it in the trash. This repeats a second time. The third time she keeps writing as lights come up on a performer singing. As the performer sings, Dorothy continues to write:

SOLOIST: SEESAW, SEESAW
EVERYBODY'S TRAVELIN ON A CRAZY SEESAW
GOING UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN
SO YOUR LIFE GOES BY
YOU'RE EITHER LOW OR HIGH
ON THE SEESAW, SEESAW
YOU CAN DREAM YOU'LL GO ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO
BUT THAT'S NOT SO
SOMEHOW YOU KNOW
THE TRUTH IS NOBODY IS GOING ANYWHERE
NOBODY IS GETTING ANYWHERE
SO WHAT IF YOU NEVER GET ANYWHERE
IT'S STILL BEEN A HELL OF A RIDE
ONE HELL OF A RIDE...

(Segues into her monologue whilst the underscoring continues. Throughout, the company enters staggered. They are each their respective characters and act as such.)

DOROTHY: *(to the audience)* I wrote that.
And many other words and lyrics, but this
one seems to capture my career the most.
Many people have said to me, you must feel
very lucky to have a career such as yours. It
isn't luck. Ask anyone who writes, it's hard,
slave labor. It's slave labor and I love it. It
hasn't always been easy, but it's been a
helluva ride.

COMPANY: OO, OO
OO, OO, OO, OO
OO, OO, OO, OO, OO, OO...

COMPANY/DOROTHY: SEESAW, SEESAW

EVERYBODY'S TRAVELIN ON A CRAZY SEESAW
 GOING UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN
 SO YOUR LIFE GOES BY
 YOU'RE EITHER LOW OR HIGH
 ON THE SEESAW, SEESAW

ALL: YOU CAN DREAM YOU'LL GO ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO
 BUT THAT'S NOT SO
 SOMEHOW YOU KNOW
 THE TRUTH IS NOBODY IS GOING ANYWHERE
 NOBODY IS GETTING ANYWHERE
 SO WHAT IF YOU NEVER GET ANYWHERE
 IT'S STILL BEEN A HELL OF A RIDE..
 A HELL OF A RIDE

DOROTHY: ONE HELL OF A RIDE!

COMPANY: EV'RYBODY'S
 TRAV'LIN' ON A CRAZY SEESAW,
 SEESAW
 EV'RYBODY'S TRAV'LIN' ON A
 CRAZY SEESAW, SEESAW
 EV'RYBODY'S TRAV'LIN' ON A
 CRAZY SEESAW, SEESAW...
(ensemble fades out and slowly exits)

SCENE 1

(Underscoring slowly shifts from SEESAW to CAMP PARADOX SONG)

DOROTHY: It all began when I first saw Pop perform on Broadway. *(cue: musical shift)* *(As Dorothy patters, the ensemble comes onstage talking excitedly about Weber and Fields)* He and his partner Joe Weber made the whole city shake with laughter back when vaudeville was something special. My brother Herb and I were always at the theatre, wishing that one day we could join him.

ANNOUNCER: *(offstage)* Ladies and gentlemen, children of all ages, please join me in welcoming to the stage, your favorite vaudeville duo: Weber and Fields!

(Enter Joe Weber and Lew Fields)

JOE: Hey Lew!

LEW: Hey Joe!

JOE: You remember Ovid?

LEW: Ovid... Ovid...

JOE: Come on Lew, you know, the only kid at camp who can't swim.

LEW: Oh yeah! He's got such a pretty name too, reminds me of my girl.

JOE: Ovid reminds you of your girl?

LEW: No his last name, Rose. Why are we remembering him?

JOE: Because he finally swam to the raft Joe!

LEW: He made it?!

JOE: He certainly did! (*Lew interjects throughout*) I've written a piece to celebrate that exceeds all others! Irving Berlin (*Lew gasps*), Jerome Kern (*gasps*), Gilbert (*gasps*) and Sullivan (*Lew faints*) will fall to their knees in awe after hearing the musical miracle and melodic maturity that will be performed here tonight to commemorate our dear Ovid.

LEW: No kidding!

JOE: It goes: (*into:*)

/SONG: CAMP PARADOX SONG/

JOE/LEW:

O STANDS FOR OVID WHO SWAM TO THE RAFT.

V STANDS FOR VIOLENTLY SWAM TO THE RAFT

I STANDS FOR I WHO SEEN HIM SWIM TO THE RAFT

D STANDS FOR DID YOU SEE HIM SWIM TO THE RAFT

R STANDS FOR THE RAFT OUT TO WHICH OVID SWAM

O STANDS FOR OVID WHO SWAM TO THE RAFT

S STANDS FOR SWIMMING TO THE RAFT...AND

E STANDS FOR EXCELLENCY OF SWIMMING TO THE RAFT!

(The crowd cheers for Weber and Fields and clear the stage while Dorothy and Herb take center) (Dorothy and Herb are young teenagers)

HERB: (*starts to exit but notices Dorothy*) You coming sis?

DOROTHY: You go ahead.

HERB: You sure? I was thinking we could stop by the carnival on the way home.

DOROTHY: Yeah. I've got to show Pop something.

HERB: (*notices lyrics in her hand*) Good luck.

(Lew enters putting away props/costumes)

DOROTHY: Pop you were great! (*hugs LEW*)

LEW: Thank you dear.

DOROTHY: I've almost got it memorized "O stands for..."

BOTH: "Ovid who swam to the raft."

DOROTHY: "V stands for..."

BOTH: "Violently swam to the raft"

DOROTHY: “ I STANDS FOR I WHO-”

LEW: *(interrupting)* Thank you Dorothy! How about we finish that one later.

DOROTHY: Okay.

LEW: *(packing up)* I’ll see you tonight.

DOROTHY: But I-

LEW: No excuses dear. It’s late enough already.

DOROTHY: Yeah, but this will only take a minute-

LEW: I’ll see you at home.

DOROTHY: Wait! *(holds out paper)*

LEW: What’s this?

DOROTHY: More lyrics! I thought your song could use another verse. They’re not as good as yours but-

LEW: Dorothy we’ve talked about this: ladies don’t write lyrics.

DOROTHY: But Dad-

LEW: *(hands back paper)* Enough. Now go find your brother, I’ll see you at home.
(Fields exits)

DOROTHY: Okay! See you there! ...goodnight *(She goes to desk, throws away paper in small wastebasket)* I didn’t mind staying home. But I wasn’t going to be just another housewife. A new age was coming to Broadway and I was going to be a part of it. The next few years, I devoted my life to lyrics. I had plenty of songs. I had plenty of ideas! But I couldn’t get my foot in the door. And I wasn’t getting any younger. Pop said I needed a husband. So I got one.

SCENE 2

(Jack Weiner, Dorothy’s first husband known as Dentist, enters boldly)

[SONG: LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE]

(Throughout this next song, Dentist tries to dance with Dorothy and get her to sing along. He is not successful.)

DENTIST: Dorothy! Dorothy...

LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE! WE ARE... WELL AREN’T WE?

LOOK WHO’S HAP- HAPPY AND HIGH.

WILL YOU LOOK WHO’S IN OUR ARMS?

(spins Dorothy to arms) NO ONE BUT US.

WHO IS TUGGING AT MY HEART? *(Dorothy tries to escape)*

WHO IS? YOU IS!

WHO WAS SURPRISED?

WE WERE... WELL, WEREN’T WE?

YOU LOOK AS TIPSY AS I.

HEAR ME SAY “HEY PEOPLE, HOW BLESSED CAN I BE?”

(pulls Dorothy to him and puts ring on her finger)

(DENTIST:) LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE

LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE

(Dorothy sneaks back to desk)

LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE WITH ME.

(Dentist realizes she isn’t there. Moves to approach her.)

DENTIST: Dorothy? *(she doesn’t respond)* Dorothy!

DOROTHY: *(sees him)* Oh! Yes Jack?

DENTIST: It’s time for dinner.

DOROTHY: I’ll be there in a minute. *(realizes what he means)* Oh I haven’t had a chance to start it yet. I’m sorry.

DENTIST: Caught up again?

DOROTHY: Yes. I’m sorry. *(beat)* Why don’t you sit down and relax? I’ll start dinner in five minutes.

DENTIST: *(starts to leave, then comes back)* Darling, it’s been weeks since the wedding and you’re still at that desk.

DOROTHY: Yes. I’ve been working on a new-

DENTIST: -I know you like to work but how are we going to get to know each other?

DOROTHY: As soon as I’m finished, I am all yours dear.

DENTIST: Come on darling, don’t you want little Jacks running around the house?

DOROTHY: Of course I do. But I can just feel the song...

DENTIST: Don’t worry yourself, we’re married now.

DOROTHY: It’ll only take a few minutes-

DENTIST: Ladies don’t write lyrics!

DOROTHY: *(Beat)* Well maybe I’m not a lady.

(Dentist exits. Silence. Dorothy sings a capella I FEEL A SONG COMING ON. Dentist enters and joins in singing a more desperate LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE)

/SONG: I FEEL A SONG COMING ON/LOOK WHO’S IN LOVE (REPRISE)/

DOROTHY: I REMEMBER MY DAYS OF SOLITUDE WHEN IT WAS FUNNY TO
DREAM

WHEN MY HEARTBEAT WAS NOT REQUIRING A GREAT INSPIRING THEME
BUT TODAY MY DARK CLOUD IS BREAKING

MUSIC DEEP INSIDE ME IS WAKING

I FEEL A SONG COMING ON

AND I’M WARNING YOU

IT'S A VICTORIOUS, HAPPY AND GLORIOUS NEW STRAIN
 (DOROTHY:) I FEEL A SONG COMING ON
 IT'S A MELODY FULL OF THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN OUT AFTER THE RAIN

DOROTHY: I FEEL A
 SONG COMING ON
 AND I'M WARNING YOU
 IT'S A VICTORIOUS,
 HAPPY AND GLORIOUS
 NEW
 STRAIN

I FEEL A SONG COMING ON

I FEEL A SONG COMIN',
 COMIN'!-

DENTIST: LOOK WHO'S IN LOVE!
 WE ARE... WELL AREN'T WE?
 LOOK WHO'S HAP- HAPPY AND HIGH.
 WILL YOU LOOK WHO'S IN OUR
 ARMS?
 NO ONE BUT- ME.
 WHO IS TUGGING AT MY HEART?
 WHO IS, YOU IS!
 LOOK WHO'S IN LOVE?
 WE WERE... WELL, WEREN'T WE?
 YOU LOOK AS TIPSY AS I.
 LOOK WHO'S IN LOVE
 LOOK WHO'S IN LOVE
 LOOK WHO'S IN LOVE WITH-

(Music abruptly stops)

DOROTHY: I'm sorry. *(hands back ring)*

[SONG: I FEEL A SONG COMING ON (REPRISE)]

(A moment of understanding between the two. Dentist takes ring, exits)

DOROTHY: *(once again soft)* AND NOW THAT MY TROUBLES ARE GONE
 LET THOSE HEAVENLY DRUMS GO ON DRUMMING
 'CAUSE I FEEL A SONG COMING ON...

DOROTHY: I REMEMBER MY DAYS OF SOLITUDE WHEN IT WAS FUNNY TO
 DREAM
 WHEN MY HEARTBEAT WAS NOT REQUIRING A GREAT INSPIRING THEME
 BUT TODAY MY DARK CLOUD IS BREAKING
 MUSIC DEEP INSIDE ME IS WAKING
(Ensemble enters)

I FEEL A SONG COMING ON
 AND I'M WARNING YOU

IT'S A VICTORIOUS, HAPPY AND
 GLORIOUS NEW STRAIN

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ENSEMBLE: OO, AH

IT'S A MELODY FULL OF THE
LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN OUT AFTER
THE RAIN!

NEW, NEW, NEW STRAIN!

I FEEL A SONG COMING ON

ENSEMBLE: OO, ON!

IT'S A MELODY FULL OF THE
LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN OUT AFTER
THE RAIN, MMM...

WOMEN: YOU'LL HEAR A TUNEFUL STORY
RINGING THROUGH YOU

MEN: LOVE AND GLORY

ENSEMBLE: HALLELUJAH!

(dance break)

ENSEMBLE: I FEEL A SONG COMING ON
AND I'M WARNING YOU

IT'S A VICTORIOUS, HAPPY AND GLORIOUS NEW STRAIN

ALL: I FEEL A SONG COMING ON

IT'S A MELODY FULL OF THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN OUT AFTER THE RAIN
AND NOW THAT MY TROUBLES ARE GONE

LET THOSE HEAVENLY DRUMS GO ON DRUMMING

'CAUSE I FEEL A SONG COMING ON!

(Ensemble exits- playoff)

SCENE 3

DOROTHY: Being a lady wasn't my cup of tea. It wasn't easy handing back the ring but Jack understood and soon found the next Mrs. Wiener. It was Pop who took it hard. But I couldn't be what he wanted. I was a lyricist. Even if I had no idea what I was doing. But I had to start somewhere. Everyday I ran up and down Tin Pan Alley looking for my big break. *(Spoken declaration:)* "I Feel A Song Coming On!" *(silence)* There was a lot of that. But before I could give in, a slot opened up. Jack Mills Incorporated needed a new lyricist.

[Jimmy McHugh enters.]

JIMMY: Next, Ms. Dorothy Fields!

DOROTHY: *(runs to McHugh)* That's me!

JIMMY: Jimmy McHugh. *(because she's female)* You know we're looking for a lyricist, right?

DOROTHY: Yes sir.

JIMMY: Alright then. You got a resume?

DOROTHY: No.

JIMMY: Any recommendations?

DOROTHY: No...

JIMMY: Okay. What do ya got? (*holds out hand*)

DOROTHY: Oh! (*hands him lyrics*)

JIMMY: (*reads lyrics:*) “My luck is changing, it’s gotten from simply rotten to something worse, who knows someday I will win too-” (*beat, laughs*) You know what kid, I like your style.

DOROTHY: Really?

JIMMY: Yeah. Let’s try it out.

DOROTHY: Okay! (*beat*) You mean now?

JIMMY: Sure, I’ve got a melody that might fit with this.

(*Jimmy and Dorothy both sit at piano and Dorothy tries to sing lyrics with melody:*)

/SONG: I CAN’T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE (PRELUDE)/

DOROTHY: GEE, BUT IT'S TOUGH TO BE BROKE, KID.

IT'S NOT A JOKE, KID, IT'S A CURSE.

MY LUCK IS CHANGING, IT'S GOTTEN FROM

SIMPLY ROTTEN TO SOMETHING WORSE

WHO KNOWS, SOMEDAY I WILL WIN TOO.

I'LL BEGIN TO REACH MY PRIME.

NOW THOUGH I SEE WHAT OUR END IS,

ALL I CAN SPEND IS JUST MY TIME.

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE BABY—

JIMMY: That’s good. But it needs more. Jack wants this song ready in a week. Think you can do it?

DOROTHY: I uh- I have a few ideas.

JIMMY: Good. How about you write a bag of words, and meet me here tomorrow at noon.

Okay kid?

DOROTHY: So I got the job?

JIMMY: Yes you got the job. Now go!

(*Jimmy exits*)

DOROTHY: So Jimmy McHugh and I began writing together. Our official opening was at Harlem’s Cotton Club. Otherwise known as the last place my father wanted to see me. But it was a start. It took a lot of convincing but my brother and I were finally able to drag Pop to the theatre. It was our first chance to show the city what we got, not just to the theatre but to my father.

/SONG: I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE/**ANNOUNCER:** (*onstage*) Put your hands together for Adelaide Hall!*(Adelaide Hall enters)*

ADELAIDE HALL: I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY.
 THAT'S THE ONLY THING I'VE PLENTY OF, BABY.
 DREAM AWHILE, SCHEME AWHILE
 WE'RE SURE TO FIND
 HAPPINESS AND I GUESS
 ALL THOSE THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS PINED FOR.
 GEE I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOKING SWELL, BABY.
 DIAMOND BRACELETS WOOLWORTH DOESN'T SELL, BABY.
 TILL THAT LUCKY DAY YOU KNOW DARNED WELL, BABY.
 I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE.

(Dance/tap break)

ALL THOSE THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS PINED FOR.
 GEE I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOKING SWELL, BABY.
 DIAMOND BRACELETS WOOLWORTH DOESN'T SELL, BABY.
 TILL THAT LUCKY DAY YOU KNOW DARNED WELL, BABY.
 I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE.

*(Tap break)**(Song ends, Adelaide exits)***SCENE 4***(Jimmy and Dorothy are discussing the song while audience members walk by and congratulate the pair)***DOROTHY:** You think they liked it?**JIMMY:** They loved it!**DOROTHY:** Really?**JIMMY:** Yes.**DOROTHY:** I should've written another verse, it would've worked better if it had—**JIMMY:** Kid will you calm down. I'm telling you, we may have a hit.*(Herb Fields enters)***HERB:** Dorothy, that was incredible! I didn't think you had it in you.**DOROTHY:** Thanks, Herb!**HERB:** And same to you Jimmy. I'm Dorothy's older, wiser brother Herb.**JIMMY:** Nice to meet you. And thanks. You a writer too?**HERB:** Somewhat.**DOROTHY:** You are a writer.

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HERB: I write scripts. Not lyrics. Dorothy's the musical one of the family. She takes after her dad.

DOROTHY: Where is Pop?

HERB: Oh uh- He just stepped out for a minute.

DOROTHY: What, he doesn't want to see me?

HERB: No, no it's not that. He's...well come on, you know him.

DOROTHY: I'll be right back. *(exiting)* Dad? Pop!

(Jimmy and Herb exit)

(Lew Fields enters)

(Dorothy trails from behind him)

DOROTHY: Hey Pop! Herb's wondering where you went.

LEW: I'll be there in a minute.

DOROTHY: Okay. *(beat)* Thanks for coming! *(he doesn't say anything)* You missed it, Jimmy said the funniest thing. He said we might have a hit!

LEW: *(not looking at her)* Really?

DOROTHY: Yeah. I thought he was crazy too. *(Beat)* Pop?

LEW: Hmm?

DOROTHY: Say something.

LEW: Will you please... *(trails off)*

DOROTHY: Pop!

LEW: Will you for God's sake get out of show business?

DOROTHY: *(Beat)* I... I'm sorry. *(beat)* I don't know what you want me to say.

LEW: Really.

DOROTHY: We'll get better. We haven't struck out yet.

LEW: It's not that your songs aren't... It's time to grow up Dorothy.

DOROTHY: I have. If you would give me a chance-

LEW: I'm done talking about this. Where's your brother?

DOROTHY: Inside.

(Lew exits)

DOROTHY: Pop and I didn't talk much after that. I kept writing. The more I worked the more certain we got. And Jimmy was right! That song did become a hit. Two years later, our song made it to Broadway with *Lew Leslie's Blackbirds of 1928*. Leslie liked us so much he signed Jimmy and me for his next production-

ANNOUNCER: *(From offstage:)* Lew Leslie and his *International Revue!* Please give a warm welcome to Gertrude Lawrence.

(Performer enters)

[SONG: EXACTLY LIKE YOU]

PERFORMER: I KNOW WHY I'VE WAITED

KNOW WHY I'VE BEEN BLUE
I PRAY EACH NIGHT FOR SOMEONE
EXACTLY LIKE YOU

WHY SHOULD WE SPEND SOME MONEY
ON A SHOW OR TWO
NO ONE PLAYS THOSE LOVE THEMES
EXACTLY LIKE YOU

YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO GRAND
I WANNA GIVE THE WORLD TO YOU
YOU MAKE ME UNDERSTAND
EVERY FOOLISH LITTLE DREAM I'M DREAMING
EVERY SCHEME I'M SCHEMING

I KNOW WHY MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME TO BE TRUE
SHE MEANT ME FOR SOMEONE
EXACTLY LIKE YOU

YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO GRAND
I WANNA GIVE THE WORLD TO YOU
YOU MAKE ME UNDERSTAND
EVERY FOOLISH LITTLE DREAM I'M DREAMING
EVERY SCHEME I'M SCHEMING

I KNOW WHY MY MOTHER
TAUGHT ME TO BE TRUE
SHE MEANT ME FOR SOMEONE
MY BABY, EXACTLY LIKE YOU
(Performer bows and exits)

SCENE 5

DOROTHY: Jimmy and I were climbing our way to the top. Then out of nowhere, The Depression hit. Shows were closing left and right. People starting leaving town. Everyone in the country was on edge, including Pop.

(enter Lew Fields)

LEW: -But what if there isn't another show? What happens then?

DOROTHY: Leslie's ready for another *Blackbirds*, he's just waiting for the money to come in.

LEW: Money doesn't just appear Dorothy, it could take him months, maybe years to put up another show.

DOROTHY: I've been saving.

LEW: Nickels and dimes no doubt.

DOROTHY: I can make it for a little while!

LEW: And when that runs out? You've got no producers, no other skills, and no husband. A true "modern" girl as they call them. Next you'll be coming home late. Probably drunk, with boys you've just met. Barely getting by with the life you chose. Like all those other girls you write revues for.-

DOROTHY: Pop.

LEW: -New York's full of them! What makes you think you're any different?

DOROTHY: Well what about you Pop? No one's called you lately-

LEW: Do not turn this on me.

DOROTHY: -I'm just as capable as you to survive in this business.

LEW: What would you know about this business!? I've slaved to be where I am today. Joe and I were the "the luckiest guys in town" just because we were funny. We had no choice. If we didn't work, we didn't eat. It took us years to get anywhere beyond that. But I gave you a home, an education, a life for a lady. And you're throwing it away!

DOROTHY: I'm not a lady, I'm your daughter. New York has changed, I don't need to be a "lady" to support myself. I love this work. And I'll do whatever I can to make it happen. Yeah, I don't know all about the business but I know my words mean just as much as yours.

(beat)

LEW: Your words won't mean anything without money.

DOROTHY: I'll find a way.

(Lew exits)

(Jimmy enters)

JIMMY: Dorothy!

DOROTHY: What is it?

JIMMY: They're canceling the show!

DOROTHY: No, they can't be-

JIMMY: No one's got the cash to do it. We're stuck.

DOROTHY: Don't say that.

JIMMY: And why not? There's no openings and we've got no other contacts!

DOROTHY: What about Fred Coots, he said he needed another-

JIMMY: Booked.

DOROTHY: Reisner?

JIMMY: Broke.

DOROTHY: What about the guy who -

JIMMY: Face it Dorothy. There's no one left in New York that can even throw us a nickel. It's over.

DOROTHY: You know that's not true. We're just not getting picked up right now. So what? We'll keep working. *(Jimmy makes sound of disapproval)* Come on, we'll be fine. Everybody's watching pictures now anyway.

JIMMY: Yeah and Hollywood's taking all the dough.

DOROTHY: *(realizes)* Wait that's it!

JIMMY: What is?

DOROTHY: We'll go to California!

JIMMY: Are you crazy?

DOROTHY: Hollywood, Jimmy. Gershwin, Hammerstein, Jerome Kern- they're all making movies now!

JIMMY: Slow down kid, you just want to pick up and leave?

DOROTHY: If that's where the money is.

JIMMY: You sure?

DOROTHY: Of course I'm sure.

/SONG: SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET/

DOROTHY: GRAB YOUR COAT AND GET YOUR HAT
LEAVE YOUR WORRY ON THE DOORSTEP
JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET
TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

CAN'T YOU HEAR A PITTER-PAT?
AND THAT HAPPY TUNE IS YOUR STEP
LIFE CAN BE SO SWEET
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

JIMMY: I USED TO WALK IN THE SHADE
WITH THOSE BLUES ON PARADE
BUT I'M NOT AFRAID
THIS ROVER CROSSED OVER

BOTH: IF I NEVER HAVE A CENT
I'D BE RICH AS ROCKEFELLER
GOLD DUST AT MY FEET
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET!

(Scene transitions to:)

SCENE 6

JIMMY: Hollywood won't know what's coming! I'll start packing and you can meet me here on Friday around noon. Okay kid?

DOROTHY: So I got the job?

JIMMY: *(laughs)* Very funny. Now go!

(Jimmy exits)

(Dorothy walks across stage, runs into her brother)

DOROTHY: Hey Herb, where's Pop?

HERB: He's in the kitchen. *(beat- realization)* You haven't told him yet, have you?

DOROTHY: I...haven't gotten to it yet.

HERB: Dorothy! You need to tell him.

DOROTHY: I will! I will!

HERB: When?

DOROTHY: I mean, I was going to, but it doesn't seem like the right time...

HERB: No, you have to- *(Lew enters during this argument)*

LEW: You're home. *(beat)* Your mother needs help setting the table.

(Herb and Dorothy start bickering, Herb wins)

DOROTHY: *(Lew starts to exit)* Pop, I'm leaving.

LEW: What? *(Awkward long pause)*

HERB: I'm gonna go see if mom needs help....

DOROTHY: There's nothing in the city anymore so Jimmy and I are moving to Hollywood.

Maybe we'll be in the movies! And I know it's crazy and I know it's not what you want but I've got to do this. It's my only chance. *(beat)* Pop, please.

LEW: *(soft)* I didn't think... When are you leaving?

DOROTHY: Soon.

LEW: How long?

DOROTHY: I don't know.

(beat)

LEW: Dorothy I... I'm sorry if I ever made you feel unwanted here.

DOROTHY: It's not that.

LEW: Then why are you leaving?

DOROTHY: Because I've got to! It's the only thing I know how to do. The only thing I want to do.

LEW: Your lyrics are good enough to stay here.

DOROTHY: There's no work! It's like what you said. No one in New York gives a damn about what I'm writing.

LEW: I never- I shouldn't have said that. I was trying to protect you.

DOROTHY: But it makes sense! Jimmy and I won't make it any further out here. We have to go to California.

LEW: Forget what I said before. Dorothy, you're a hell of a lyricist. You don't have to prove that by moving to the other side of the country.

DOROTHY: I'm not trying to prove anything. I need this.

LEW: *(beat)* I should come with you, you'll need help.

DOROTHY: No Pop, I'll be fine. You've got to stay here with Mom.

LEW: Dorothy-

/SONG: TOO MANY TOMORROWS/

LEW: PLEASE DON'T GO, MY LOVE,

I'M FRIGHTENED OF

TOO MANY TOMORROWS

AROUND THIS HAUNTED PLACE.

IF I SET YOU FREE WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME,

TOO MANY TOMORROWS

I SIMPLY CANNOT FACE.

THOSE PASSIONATE WORDS WE FIND

TO GRIEVE EACH OTHER

DO NOT MEAN WE'LL LEAVE EACH OTHER.

SO COME FILL MY ARMS

AND WE'LL FORGET THE MEANINGLESS SORROWS

EACH TIME WE SAY WE'RE THROUGH.

DOROTHY, CAN'T YOU SEE

THERE CAN'T EVER BE

TOO MANY TOMORROWS

IF YOU STAY WITH ME...

DOROTHY: I'm sorry Pop.

LEW: Don't be sorry, I should be the one apologizing. My little girl, all grown up.

(sarcastically) I can't imagine why you don't want me to come with you. *(both laugh)* I'm only a call away.

DOROTHY: I know.

LEW: I'm proud of you.

DOROTHY: Thanks Pop. *(moment of stillness. Suddenly, Dorothy hugs her father. On the release, Lew looks at Dorothy and can't help but smile.)*

LEW: Well, what are you waiting for, go pack!

(Dorothy smiles and runs to her desk and Fields exits)

LEW: SO COME FILL MY ARMS
AND WE'LL FORGET THE MEANINGLESS SORROWS
EACH TIME WE SAY WE'RE THROUGH.
DOROTHY, CAN'T YOU SEE
THERE CAN NEVER BE
TOO MANY TOMORROWS
IF YOU STAY WITH ME...
(Exit)

SCENE 7

(Musical underscoring of SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET begins as the scene transitions to Hollywood. Dorothy enters with her suitcases while Jimmy enters on the other side of the stage. They walk downstage together and end up at the front.)

(On top of each other crossing the stage:)

DOROTHY: I have a call with-

JIMMY: I'm meeting with-

(Beat)

DOROTHY: Who are you meeting?

JIMMY: You have a call?

(Beat)

DOROTHY: You first.

JIMMY: You first.

(Beat)

DOROTHY: Jimmy!

JIMMY: Dorothy!

DOROTHY: I have a call with some producers down at Paramount. *(points SL)*

JIMMY: That's great! I have a meeting with some folks at MGM. *(points SR)*

DOROTHY: Oh!

JIMMY: Oh.

DOROTHY: Another one! That's wonderful, Jimmy. What is it, now, like 4 songs you've written for them?

JIMMY: Yeah...yeah...um, seven...

DOROTHY: Oh! Even better. Paramount's been looking at me for their new musical...um..

JIMMY: Oh? You mean the one-

DOROTHY: Yeah- the one with-

JIMMY: Oh! That sounds swell. *(Awkward beat)* Dorothy, I think it's time...

DOROTHY: Yeah, I know...

(Jimmy begins to leave and stops and sings a capella:)

[SONG: SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET (REPRISE)]

JIMMY: NOW IF I NEVER MADE ONE CENT
I'LL STILL BE RICH AS ROCKEFELLER
THERE WILL BE GOLD DUST AT MY FEET
ON THE SUNNY...

BOTH: ON THE SUNNY, SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

JIMMY: I'll see you later, Dorothy. (*exits*)

DOROTHY: So Jimmy and I decided to keep working... in completely different directions. Doesn't change the hell of a run we had together. (*beat*) I worked with a few new composers here and there but nothing fit. Then I got a call from RKO Radio. They said they needed a new lyricist for a song written by none other than Jerome Kern. (*Kern enters and sits at piano*) I asked when I'd meet him. They said "you shouldn't need to meet him to write the lyrics". So I wrote them. Then I got another call. Apparently, Mr. Kern had no idea that his song was being rewritten until he saw it at the premiere. He asked to meet with me. I couldn't say no.

KERN: Ms. Fields.

DOROTHY: Jerome! I mean-Mr. Kern. Thank you so much for inviting me. (*he says nothing*) And may I just say, it's an honor to meet you. You know, officially. (*beat*) I mean I feel like I know you. I listened to your music all the time when I was little. Not saying that I ever stopped. I still do. I mean I obviously had to listen to it when I was writing-um... when I was asked to change your-uh... yeah.

KERN: So you're the woman who wrote over my song.

DOROTHY: Yes.

(*Kern gets up from piano, walks to Dorothy*)

KERN: Thank you.

DOROTHY: What?

KERN: I loved it.

DOROTHY: Really?

KERN: I always thought it was missing something. I guess that "something" was you. I do believe I "owe you one."

DOROTHY: You owe me one?

KERN: So I have an offer for you. I have signed off on three more films with RKO Radio, but I need a lyricist. A good lyricist. After hearing your work, it was clear that you were my first choice. And before you ask, you have already been approved by the studio. (*Dorothy reacts*) AND if you agree, I can get a contract for you by tomorrow. All you have to do is say yes.

DOROTHY: Me?

KERN:... Yes.

DOROTHY: I'm sorry I'm just and you're-. I mean your work is beyond description!

KERN: Thank you.

DOROTHY: -And *Show Boat!* That show was brilliant! I mean the music, it just rips your heart out!

KERN: Yes, thank you.

DOROTHY: -When Pop hears about this, I don't know what he'll do! I'm talking too much aren't I? I promise I'll start writing more and talking less.

KERN: Yes well...thank you.

DOROTHY: I would be honored to work with you Mr. Kern.

KERN: Wonderful. We can start as early as today.

DOROTHY: Right now?

KERN: Yes. Is that an issue?

DOROTHY: Not at all.

KERN: I admire your enthusiasm. You would be surprised at how many others would say the opposite.

DOROTHY: You must have been through a lot of partners. (*clarifying*) Writing partners.

KERN: That's true. My wife says I don't work well with others.

DOROTHY: I don't believe that.

KERN: She says I'm a little stiff.

DOROTHY: Really? I don't see it. (*beat*) Well maybe if we loosened up a bit we'll get along.

KERN: What do you suggest?

DOROTHY: You've got a case full of records. (*finds one she likes*) Wanna dance? (*plays record*)

(*underscoring starts*)

[SONG: I WON'T DANCE]

KERN: Oh no, thank you.

DOROTHY: Come on Kern, I won't bite.

(*Kern shakes head*)

DOROTHY: (*grabs his hand*) It'll be fun!

KERN: Ms. Fields, please!

DOROTHY: THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE LOSING BY CONSTANTLY REFUSING TO DANCE WITH ME.

YOU'D BE THE IDOL OF FRANCE WITH ME.

AND YET YOU STAND THERE AND SHAKE YOUR FOOLISH HEAD DRAMATICALLY WHILE I WAIT HERE SO ECSTATICALLY, YOU JUST LOOK AND SAY EMPHATICALLY.

KERN: NOT THIS SEASON,
THERE'S A REASON.

I WON'T DANCE DON'T ASK ME.
 I WON'T DANCE, DON'T ASK ME
 I WON'T DANCE MADAME WITH YOU
 MY HEART WON'T LET MY FEET DO THINGS THEY SHOULD DO.
 YOU KNOW WHAT, YOU'RE LOVELY.

DOROTHY: AND SO WHAT I'M LOVELY.
 BUT OH WHAT YOU DO TO ME.

KERN: I'M LIKE AN OCEAN WAVE THAT'S BUMPED ON THE SHORE
 I FEEL SO ABSOLUTELY STUMPED ON THE FLOOR

DOROTHY: WHEN YOU DANCE YOU'RE CHARMING AND YOU'RE GENTLE
 'SPECIALLY WHEN YOU DO THE CONTINENTAL
KERN: BUT THIS FEELING ISN'T PURELY MENTAL
 FOR HEAVEN REST US, I'M NOT ASBESTOS
 AND THAT'S WHY I WON'T DANCE WHY SHOULD I?

DOROTHY: YOU WON'T DANCE?

KERN: HOW COULD I?

I WON'T DANCE, MERCI BEAUCOUP

I KNOW THAT MUSIC LEADS THE WAY TO ROMANCE

BOTH: SO IF I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS I WON'T/YOU WILL DANCE!

(Song ends with Kern and Dorothy laughing with their newfound friendship, pretty much a new team)

KERN: You truly are a treasure Ms. Fields.

DOROTHY: Oh please Jerry, call me Dorothy.

KERN: Well then Dorothy, let's begin.

(The two cross stage as the lights change:)

SCENE 8

KERN: June would like a love song for Fred Astaire and Ms. Rogers by Friday. I have the melody but I need your lyrics. *(plays LOVELY TO LOOK AT)*

DOROTHY: That's lovely. "Lovely" "Lovely to hear that." "Lovely to feel" no, "For we're together, the sky is blue" no... *(as she's going through possible lyrics, Eva Kern, Jerome's wife, comes on stage with tea, as she sets it down she can't help but stare at Kern, Dorothy notices:)* "Lovely to look at." *(smiling, she begins writing furiously)*

KERN: *(to Eva)* Oh excuse me darling. *(to Dorothy)* Dorothy, I'd like you to meet Eva, my wife.

EVA: It's a pleasure to meet you.

DOROTHY: *(still writing)* Yes, you too. *(finishes writing)* There. Jerry will you sing this for me? The last half of the chorus.

KERN: *(spoken)* YOU'RE LOVELY TO LOOK AT,
IT'S THRILLING TO HOLD YOU TERRIBLY TIGHT.
FOR WE'RE TOGETHER, THE MOON IS NEW,
AND OH, IT'S LOVELY TO LOOK AT YOU TONIGHT!

(song ends and Kern and Eva sit looking at each other in love)

DOROTHY: I'll leave you two lovebirds for now. Can we meet again tomorrow?

KERN: Of course. I'll meet you here at 10. *(Dorothy exits)*

/SONG: LOVELY TO LOOK AT/

KERN: LOVELY TO LOOK AT,
DELIGHTFUL TO KNOW AND HEAVEN TO KISS.
A COMBINATION LIKE THIS,
IS QUITE MY MOST IMPOSSIBLE SCHEME COME TRUE,
IMAGINE FINDING A DREAM LIKE YOU!

(Dorothy enters to grab her blue pencil she left behind but stops and listens, watching this so-in-love couple)

EVA: YOU'RE LOVELY TO LOOK AT,
IT'S THRILLING TO HOLD YOU TERRIBLY TIGHT.

BOTH: FOR WE'RE TOGETHER, THE MOON IS NEW,
AND OH, IT'S LOVELY TO LOOK AT YOU TONIGHT!

(Eva and Kern walk offstage together, arm in arm)

(Dorothy watches them off wistfully)

SCENE 9

DOROTHY: "Lovely to Look At" still remains one of my favorite songs Jerry and I wrote together. As a writing partner, he was my soulmate. The next few months, our piano was constantly surrounded with an exciting amount of characters to write for.

(This next scene plays out as a montage: fast and constantly moving)

(Lily Pons, Kern, and Lucille Ball enter)

KERN: Ms. Pons, lovely to see you again.

LILY: The same to you darling. I see you've got a new lyricist.

KERN: I certainly have. Ms. Pons, this is-

DOROTHY: Dorothy, Dorothy Fields.

LILY: Pleasure dear.

DOROTHY: I've heard you've-

LILY: I hope you won't mind Jerry but I brought a friend along.

KERN: Oh! Pardon me, your name?

LUCILLE: Lucille.

KERN: Lucille...

LUCILLE: Ball. Lucille Ball.

LILY: This is Little Lucy's first role in a film so I thought she could sit in.

KERN: Pleasure to meet you.

LUCILLE: The pleasure's all mine, Mr. Kern! I never imagined I'd be-

LILY: So what have you got for me today Jerry?

KERN: Well today we have...

(Lily and Lucille exit while Ethel Merman enters)

DOROTHY: Some of our company like Lucy were on the rise to stardom. Others were right in the middle of it.

ETHEL: So he says to me-

KERN: Ms. Merman I believe we should be getting back to...

ETHEL: This is the last one Jerry, I promise.

(Kern nods head)

ETHEL: So the guy says to me "Ethel, come out with me, I'll show you a good time." And I say "yeah all two inches of it." And he hasn't troubled me since.

DOROTHY: You certainly know how to handle them.

ETHEL: Darling, I trust a man as far as I can throw a piano. Like this one time I...

(Ethel exits while Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers enters)

DOROTHY: Mermsie and I shared similar ways of thinking. But besides headstrong women, we were often visited by America's favorite Hollywood couple: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

(chord indicating end of a song)

DOROTHY: Think it'll work?

ROGERS: It's wonderful, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Great... I suppose it's ready for George.

ROGERS: He'll love it. Don't you think so Eva?

EVA: Absolutely. Don't second guess yourself darling, it's beautiful.

DOROTHY: Thank you dear. I just feel like it's missing something.

KERN: We can work on it again tomorrow if you'd like.

ASTAIRE: *(thinking)* I want to try something. Let's pick up the tempo. Ginger?

ROGERS: Fred.

ASTAIRE: Will you do us the honor Mr. Kern?

(small dance to underscoring of:

[SONG: A FINE ROMANCE]

(Kern, Eva, and Dorothy applaud as the two bow)

(Astaire and Rogers exit)

DOROTHY: This song was also sung by the beautiful Billie Holiday...

(Billie Holiday comes onstage and sings in a very slow, stylized jazzy tempo)

HOLIDAY: WE USED TO BE A COUPLE OF HOT TOMATOES
BUT YOU'RE AS COLD AS YESTERDAY'S MASHED POTATOES

DOROTHY: and later by — *(Frank Sinatra)*

(Frank replace Billie and perform at a much faster tempo very stylized with a big finish)

FRANK: A FINE ROMANCE WITH NO CLINCHES
A FINE ROMANCE WITH NO PINCHES
YOU'RE JUST AS HARD TO LAND AS THE ILE DE FRANCE
I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE
THIS IS A FINE ROMANCE!

DOROTHY: I started to lose count of how many songs we wrote together. We never stopped!
The pace quickened and-

ANNOUNCER: *(from offstage)* And the Oscar goes to... "The Way You Look Tonight" from
Swing Time! Music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by-

DOROTHY: ME! Dorothy Fields!

ANNOUNCER: And now, *(music cue)*, please give a warm welcome to the cast of *Swing Time!*

(Ensemble enters)

[SONG: THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT]

ALL: SOMEDAY, WHEN I'M AWFULLY LOW
WHEN THE WORLD IS COLD
I WILL FEEL A GLOW JUST THINKING OF YOU
AND THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

WOMEN: YES, YOU'RE LOVELY,
WITH YOUR SMILE SO WARM
AND YOUR CHEEKS SO SOFT
THERE IS NOTHING FOR ME BUT TO
LOVE YOU
AND THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

MEN: LOVELY, WITH YOUR SMILE SO
WARM
AND YOUR CHEEKS SO SOFT
YES, BUT I LOVE YOU
AND THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

WOMEN: WITH EACH WORD YOUR TENDERNESS GROWS
TEARIN' MY FEAR APART

MEN: AND THAT LAUGH..WRINKLES YOUR NOSE

ALL: TOUCHES MY FOOLISH HEART

(Instrumental- dance break)

(Pianist can improvise as he/she desires)

ALL: MMM.....

MMM....

MMM....

MMM...OO...AH!...

JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

ALL: LOVELY ... NEVER, NEVER CHANGE

KEEP THAT BREATHLESS CHARM

WON'T YOU PLEASE ARRANGE IT? 'CAUSE I LOVE YOU

JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT.

JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT.

JUST THE WAY YOU LOOK... TONIGHT.

(Ensemble exits)

SCENE 10

DOROTHY: Winning the Oscar turned my life upside down. People starting calling me for jobs! I was lucky to have Kern but I felt even luckier to find the next important man in my life. I wasn't Daddy's little girl anymore, I was an Oscar winning lyricist, and a new bride. I even got the whole Fields gang to come to California to celebrate.

(Herb enters during her monologue)

HERB: Looks like Hollywood's hottest new lyricist has tied the knot!

DOROTHY: Good to see you too Herb.

HERB: Tell me sis, what is it like being the new Mrs. Elliot Lahm? Or have you already run off and left the poor fellow?

DOROTHY: We're doing just fine. But I'm keeping my name.

HERB: Does he know that?

DOROTHY: *(laughs)* Yes!

HERB: *(jokingly)* If you say so. *(changing the subject)* I heard the carnival's in town. Think I can I steal you away for a moment?

DOROTHY: Sure.

(Dorothy takes his arm and they walk)

HERB: *(in big interviewer voice)* So now that you've won the Oscar, Mrs. Fields, what will you do next?

DOROTHY: Oh I don't know, maybe settle down, have a few kids.

HERB: Very fitting! And what will you do in your spare time?

DOROTHY: Take care of my husband no doubt.

HERB: Well said, well said. Looks like you've got a lot of work on your hands Mrs. Fields, does that mean you're quitting the business?

DOROTHY: Certainly not! Who else is going to provide for the family?

HERB: Not him! *(they both laugh)*

(“Carnival music” underscores, Dorothy and Herb stop for a moment to listen) (Herb then gestures for Dorothy to sit on bench with her to watch)

HERB: You know I had a few ideas while you were away.

DOROTHY: Yeah?

HERB: I was thinking we could write something together.

DOROTHY: Herb. We both know writing songs isn't exactly your strong suit.

HERB: No I mean a script! I'm getting bored of writing Cole Porter shows by myself. And you've learned a lot these past few years, especially with Kern. You're good Dorothy. What do you say we write a show together?

DOROTHY: I can't say I haven't thought about it.

HERB: YES! I knew you'd want to do it!

DOROTHY: Oh really?

HERB: Yeah. At first I wasn't sure if I should ask you. I mean between all your obligations at home and serving your husband I wasn't sure if you'd have time to. *(Dorothy hits him)* I'm pulling your leg! It would be an honor to write with “Dorothy Fields- Oscar award winning lyricist”.

DOROTHY: That's why you brought me here?

HERB: Well, yeah! Seems like everyone in New York wants you, so I'd thought I'd ask you first.

DOROTHY: And this has nothing to do with the carnival?

HERB: Well—

DOROTHY: That's what I thought.

HERB: Oh come on, you always loved the carnival.

DOROTHY: Yeah, if you didn't spend all our money on the-

HERB: I was always close.

DOROTHY: You keep telling yourself that.

HERB: Well, what's worth your money?

DOROTHY: I don't know!

HERB: Oh, I remember. The shooting gallery!

DOROTHY: Oh yeah! I'd pretend I was Annie Oakley.

HERB: The greatest female sharpshooter!

DOROTHY: The greatest sharpshooter!

HERB: "You keep telling yourself that."

DOROTHY: It's true! I bet Mermsie would agree with me. She would make a great Annie.

HERB: She would.

(long beat)

HERB and DOROTHY: She would!

DOROTHY: Wait- What if this was a musical?

HERB: Yeah!

DOROTHY: Mermsie as Annie Oakley! Can you imagine? Who wouldn't love Ethel Merman, singing her pipes off!-

HERB: -With a gun in her hand!

DOROTHY: This could be a hit!

HERB: It will be a hit! But let's start with a few more characters. It can't just be a one woman show... well-

DOROTHY: Oh, hold that thought. I've got to leave for a bit. I'm meeting Jerry about his next film. But I'll be sure to mention it to him!

HERB: You're right! We're going to need a good composer to write a show this big.

(Dorothy hugs him)

DOROTHY: I'll see you soon.

(Eva enters composer space in a rush, packing)

DOROTHY: Jerry... Jerry! Eva- Where's Jerry I've got this huge idea that will... *(noticing she's upset)* Eva- Eva calm down. What's wrong?

EVA: I got a call—... He's in the hospital. *(beat)*

DOROTHY: Jerry?

(Eva nods)

DOROTHY: I'll come with you.

(both exit)

(lights down as LOVELY TO LOOK AT is underscored throughout this unspoken scene)

(lights up on Kern's office)

(Dorothy enters in black clothing, looking around Kern's room)

(Eva enters in funeral dress with a record)

(Dorothy notices her and embarrassedly starts to exit. Eva stops her, looks at record, and gives it to Dorothy. Dorothy takes record. They both know it is one of Kern's songs. They hug)

(Eva exits)

(Dorothy looks at record player, walks over to it, and plays the record. She listens and soon finds a legal pad and blue pencil nearby and begins to write)

(Kern appears and begins to play the piano)

(Dorothy looks at lyrics, looks up and joins him:)

/SONG: APRIL FOOLED ME/

DOROTHY: ONCE APRIL FOOLED ME

WITH AN AFTERNOON SO GOLD SO WARM SO BEGUILING

THAT I THOUGHT THE DROWSY EARTH WOULD WAKE UP SMILING

BUT APRIL FOOLED ME THEN,

THE NIGHT WAS COLD.

ONCE SOMEONE FOOLED ME,

WITH A KISS THAT TOUCHED MY HEART

BEYOND ALL BELIEVING

BUT LIKE APRIL, THAT SWEET MOMENT WAS DECEIVING

IT WAS NOT REALLY SPRING OR REALLY LOVE

YOU WERE ALIKE YOU TOO

RESTLESS APRIL FOOLED ME, DARLING SO DID YOU.

CURTAIN

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**SCENE 1****[SONG: ENTR'ACTE]****[SONG: THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS]***(Ethel Merman as Annie Oakley enters)*

ETHEL: THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW
 EV'RYTHING ABOUT IT IS APPEALING, EV'RYTHING THAT TRAFFIC WILL ALLOW
 NOWHERE COULD YOU GET THAT HAPPY FEELING WHEN YOU ARE STEALING
 THAT EXTRA BOW

THERE'S NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE, THEY SMILE WHEN THEY ARE LOW
 EVEN WITH A TURKEY THAT YOU KNOW WILL FOLD, YOU MAY BE STRANDED
 OUT IN THE COLD

STILL YOU WOULDN'T CHANGE IT FOR A SACK OF GOLD, LET'S GO ON WITH THE
 SHOW!

(Ensemble 'a la Annie Get Your Gun' enters)

ALL: THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS I KNOW
 TRAV'LING THROUGH THE COUNTRY IS SO THRILLING, STANDING OUT IN FRONT
 ON OPENING NIGHTS
 SMILING AS YOU WATCH THE THEATER FILLING, AND THERE'S YOUR BILLING
 OUT THERE IN LIGHTS!

WOMEN: THE COSTUMES, THE SCENERY, THE MAKEUP, THE PROPS**ETHEL:** THE AUDIENCE THAT LIFTS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN**MEN:** THE HEADACHES, THE HEARTACHES, THE BACKACHES, THE FLOPS**ENSEMBLE:** THE SHERIFF WHO'LL ESCORT YOU OUT OF TOWN

ETHEL: THE OP'NING WHEN YOUR **ENSEMBLE:** OO, AH
 HEART BEATS LIKE A DRUM

ENSEMBLE: THE CLOSING WHEN THE CUSTOMERS DON'T COME**ALL:** THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW

FEMALE SOLOIST #1: YOU GET WORD BEFORE THE SHOW HAS STARTED
 THAT YOUR FAVORITE UNCLE DIED AT DAWN

FEMALE SOLOIST #2: TOP OF THAT, YOUR PA AND MA HAVE PARTED,
#1, #2, ETHEL: YOU'RE BROKEN-HEARTED, BUT YOU GO ON!

ALL: THERE'S NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE LIKE NO PEOPLE I KNOW
ANGELS COME FROM EV'RYWHERE WITH LOTS OF JACK, AND WHEN YOU LOSE
IT, THERE'S NO ATTACK

ETHEL: WHERE COULD YOU GET MONEY THAT YOU DON'T GIVE BACK?

ALL: LET'S GO ON WITH THE SHOW!

(Big Build- classic Broadway kickline)

ALL: THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW
EV'RYTHING ABOUT IT IS APPEALING, EV'RYTHING THAT TRAFFIC WILL ALLOW
NOWHERE COULD YOU GET THAT HAPPY FEELING
WHEN YOU ARE STEALING--

ETHEL: THAT EXTRA BOW.

ETHEL: THERE'S NO.....

ENSEMBLE: THERE'S NO PEOPLE
LIKE SHOW PEOPLE, THEY SMILE
WHEN THEY ARE LOW.

ENSEMBLE: EVEN WITH A TURKEY THAT YOU KNOW WILL FOLD, YOU MAY BE
STRANDED OUT IN THE COLD

STILL YOU WOULDN'T CHANGE IT FOR A SACK OF GOLD,

ALL: LET'S GO ON WITH THE SHOW!

LET'S GO ON WITH THE SHOW!

(Applause cues payoff. Ensemble and Ethel bow, as if finishing a show. Ensemble exits and Ethel stays on taking in the applause. Dorothy joins her.)

DOROTHY: Where'd you get such big pipes?

ETHEL: That's not the first time someone's asked me that. *(both laugh)* What's it like being back home? New York treating you well?

DOROTHY: Oh, yes. The show's a hit. New York's treating you well.

ETHEL: Well Broadway has always been good to me. *(innuendo)* But then again I've been very good to Broadway.

DOROTHY: *(laughs)* I can't argue with that.

ETHEL: You and Irving helped a bit.

DOROTHY: Yeah, he sure made a great score. Now everybody's got "The sun in the morning".

ETHEL: *(beat)* Jerry would be proud.

DOROTHY: He would.

ETHEL: *(beat)* You going to the party? I need a date. I'm in between husbands again.

DOROTHY: No, I'm staying in tonight. Let me know if you find the next one.

ETHEL: You'll be the first to know. Night Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Goodnight Mermsie.

(Ethel smiles then exits)

(Dorothy goes back to desk, takes legal pad out, writes something, crosses it out, balls it up and throws it away. Maybe repeats a second time or a third until she gives up. A capella:)

[SONG: PICK YOURSELF UP (PRELUDE)]

DOROTHY: NOW NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE, I'VE FOUND FOR WHEN MY CHIN IS ON THE GROUND,

I PICK MYSELF UP, DUST MYSELF OFF, AND START ALL OVER AGAIN....

(gives up, head on desk)

SCENE 2

(Herb can be heard offstage getting closer to onstage)

HERB: Dorothy!! Dorothy! Dorothy! *(she doesn't respond)* Dorothy.

DOROTHY: What is it, Herb?

HERB: Ok, here me out.

DOROTHY: *(still down in the dumps)* I'm all ears.

HERB: *Boys From Syracuse. Pal Joey. On the Town.* What do all of these shows have in common?

DOROTHY: Um..., I don't know.

HERB: C'mon, it's easy.

DOROTHY: Ok...

HERB: Lemme re-word it: who do all of these shows have in common?

(beat) (Dorothy realizes)

DOROTHY: George Abbott!

HERB: George Abbott.

DOROTHY: What about him?

HERB: He wants you.

DOROTHY: What?

HERB: He wants you for his next musical.

DOROTHY: To write lyrics?

HERB: No, to run lights. Yes, to write lyrics!

DOROTHY: Really? What- wha- how did you- why me?

HERB: He needs a lyricist. A good lyricist.

DOROTHY: How did- *(shift)* you did something.

HERB: Maybe a little....

DOROTHY: Herb!

HERB: Listen! He was talking about adapting *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* into a full musical. He already got a composer, he just needs a lyricist. So...I might've mentioned you..

DOROTHY: Good god, you didn't have to do that.

HERB: I wanted to.

DOROTHY: Who's the composer?

(Herb waits for anticipation)

DOROTHY: Herb!

HERB: Arthur Schwartz.

DOROTHY: Arty??

HERB: Yeah.

DOROTHY: Oh god, I haven't worked with him since the 30s...

HERB: It's been a while, yeah.

DOROTHY: I don't know...

HERB: What do you mean?

DOROTHY: Herb, it's been so long...I don't know him anymore. He doesn't know me-

HERB: Come on, sis.

DOROTHY: I've changed so much since then. What if he doesn't like me? My style? He doesn't....

HERB: Hey! *(she stops rambling)* Yeah, you've changed. You're not the same lyricist.

DOROTHY: I can't.

(Herb goes to desk and picks up lyrics. Musical underscoring slowly 'picks up' in the song. Dorothy eventually comes to)

[SONG: PICK YOURSELF UP]

HERB: NOW NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE, I'VE FOUND FOR WHEN MY CHIN IS ON THE GROUND,

I PICK MYSELF UP, DUST MYSELF OFF, AND START ALL OVER AGAIN.

DON'T LOSE YOUR CONFIDENCE IF YOU SLIP, BE GRATEFUL FOR A PLEASANT TRIP

AND PICK YOURSELF UP, DUST YOURSELF OFF, START ALL OVER AGAIN.

WORK LIKE A SOUL INSPIRED UNTIL THE BATTLE OF THE DAY IS WON.

YOU MAY BE SICK AND TIRED, BUT YOU'LL BE A MAN, MY SON.

WILL YOU REMEMBER THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE TO FALL TO RISE AGAIN, SO TAKE A DEEP BREATH, PICK YOURSELF UP, START ALL OVER AGAIN.

YOU GOTTA WORK LIKE A SOUL INSPIRED UNTIL THE BATTLE OF THE DAY IS WON.

YOU MAY BE SICK AND TIRED, BUT YOU BE A MAN, MY SON.

WILL YOU REMEMBER THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE TO FALL AND THEN TO
RISE AGAIN,
SO TAKE A DEEP BREATH, PICK YOURSELF UP, DUST YOURSELF OFF, AND START
ALL OVER AGAIN.

(Dance break)

DOROTHY: WILL YOU REMEMBER THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE TO FALL AND
THEN

RISE AGAIN, SO TAKE A DEEP BREATH,

HERB: PICK YOURSELF UP,

DOROTHY: DUST YOURSELF OFF...AND

BOTH: START ALL OVER AGAIN.

DOROTHY: *(sighs with contentment)* You're the best.

HERB: I'll go tell him you're interested.

(Herb starts to exit and Dorothy picks up her blue pencil and looks at it. Herb turns around:)

HERB: You've come a long way sis. *(Dorothy smiles. Beat. singing)* "O stands for..."

DOROTHY: *(sings)* "Ovid who swam to the raft..."

(Herb & Dorothy both smile at each other. Herb exits)

SCENE 3

DOROTHY: *Brooklyn* actually ended up being a flop. My first real flop. Every lyricist needs
one. But that's not what was important. This project helped me get me back on track. A stepping
stone of sorts. Not to mention, it made me realize I had the best big brother anyone could ask for.
The next year, Herb and I came up with a unique idea for a musical but this time, I took the lead.

(Scene transitions to Dorothy's office)

DOROTHY: You can have a seat in here Ms. Verdon. Ms. Verdon?

(Gwen Verdon enters)

GWEN: Is anyone else joining us?

DOROTHY: Herb is a little under the weather today so it's just me.

GWEN: I'm sure we'll be fine without him.

DOROTHY: Yes, I'm sure.

(Beat)

GWEN: So what's this new idea of yours?

DOROTHY: Well, it's about a sheltered young woman, Essie, who runs a wax museum in
London. And one night a local chorus girl is murdered in the museum by a "Jack the Ripper"
type character. And Essie, your character, tries to find out who the murderer is but ends up

finding love on the way! It's a new concept Herb and I are working on: a murder mystery musical. *(beat)* What do you think?

GWEN: I like it! What are you calling it?

DOROTHY: Redhead.

GWEN: *(beat)* Oh I get it.

DOROTHY: We'd love to have you on our team, Ms. Verdon.

GWEN: Thank you.

DOROTHY: I can let you read what we have. *(hands script to Gwen)* It isn't much but it'll give you a better idea of what we're doing.

GWEN: If you don't mind me asking, who else is working on this 'murder mystery musical'?

DOROTHY: Well we have the composer Albert Hague, Herb and I on the script, Richard Kiley for the lead, and Berkeley as our director.

GWEN: *(getting up to leave)* This sounds lovely! *(hands back script)* But I'll have to pass. Thank you so much for the offer. *(starts to leave)*

DOROTHY: Wait! Gwen- Ms. Verdon please! You haven't even read the script yet.

GWEN: I'm sorry dear, but I know my answer.

DOROTHY: At least think about it.

GWEN: I don't think I'd fit in this, this musical. *(starts walking)*

DOROTHY: But we need you! Is there anything we can do- I can do, to persuade you? Ms. Verdon!?

GWEN: *(stops)* Hire Fosse.

DOROTHY: Bob Fosse, the choreographer?

GWEN: Bob Fosse, the director. *(turns around)* Hire him as the director and I'm on the team.

DOROTHY: Okay- I'll do it. I'll call him right away!

GWEN: Don't trouble yourself, I'll bring him by tomorrow! Pleasure meeting with you Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Thank you, Ms. Verdon! Or- Gwen?

GWEN: *(laughs)* Redhead. *(exits)*

SCENE 4

DOROTHY: She's good. But this wasn't my job! Herb could do this, but me? I was leading this one. But before I could even get a chance to fire our first director, the two of them were at my desk. *(to Gwen offstage)* Yes, this way! Ms. Verdon? Ms. Verdon?

GWEN: *(Gwen Verdon and Bob Fosse enter)* Yes we are here.

DOROTHY: Good to see you again "Redhead".

GWEN: Oh you! Dorothy, I'd like you to meet the man that I owe all of my success to-

FOSSE: That's not true dear. Got a light? *(opens cigarette box)*

GWEN: Dorothy, Mr. Bob Fosse.

DOROTHY: *(Pulls out lighter)* Thank you for coming.

FOSSE: Well I owe that to Gwen. She's a hell of an agent.

GWEN: *(laughs)* Oh darling! what? No! I'm not. I mean...

FOSSE: *(carries on conversation)* Your brother has done great things for the theatre.

DOROTHY: Uh, thank you.

FOSSE: And Gwen told me about your show. What was it again a "murder-

GWEN: "Murder Mystery Musical"!!

FOSSE: That's it. I'm always looking for new material and this could bring something fresh to the theatre.

GWEN: That's what I thought.

(Pause. Fosse smokes while Gwen and Dorothy just look around, awkwardly)

GWEN: He's in!

DOROTHY: Oh! Uh thank you! Well- Gwen here is the script, I wrote some new lyrics if you'd like to take a look at that-

GWEN: Oh, yes-

DOROTHY: -And for you Mr. Fosse, I have a few contracts that you can sign.

FOSSE: Thank you.

DOROTHY: There may be a few more when Herb and the others join us, but most of it's here.

FOSSE: Before I officially agree, I have one condition.

DOROTHY: Yes?

FOSSE: Yes.

DOROTHY: Okay.

FOSSE: It will guarantee our success.

DOROTHY: Shoot.

GWEN: *(laughs)* "The witch which I ditch will pitch a rock at me head". *(Dorothy and Fosse look at her)* Oh sorry.

FOSSE: I need absolute control of the musical.

DOROTHY: *(laughs)* Absolute control? I suppose you'd like to write a few songs as well! *(still laughing)* Maybe run sound. *(still laughing)*

GWEN: Dorothy?

DOROTHY: Wait, wait, one more: you'll sweep the stage after the show.

GWEN: Dorothy...

DOROTHY: What? *(realizes Fosse)* Oh.

FOSSE: *(smokes)* Let me make it clear: if I need a scene rewritten, it will be rewritten. If I need new dancers, you get new dancers. If I need a song to be cut, it will be cut. Is that clear?

DOROTHY: Alright. Absolute control.

FOSSE: Yes.

DOROTHY: And if I agree, we can have Gwen?

FOSSE: Of course. I can't imagine this show without her. *(both look at Gwen- she's still enjoying the script)* It was made for her.

GWEN: It was made for you.

DOROTHY: Well I can't tell you how important it is to have you both. We could have a hit!

FOSSE: We do have a hit.

DOROTHY: Well, *(laughs stiffly)* I can't disagree with you...

FOSSE: Great. Well it has been a pleasure meeting with you Dorothy. I'm positive we will create something incredible. *(as he's getting up to leave)* I'll come by tomorrow to meet Herb and the rest of the team.

DOROTHY: I'm sorry?

FOSSE: I expect them all here tomorrow at 10.

DOROTHY: I'm not sure if we can-

FOSSE: Make it happen.

GWEN: Really darling. I think that's a little much to ask by tomorrow...

FOSSE: *(sighs)* Friday then. Everyone here, 10 o'clock, and we'll all go over the script. Is that possible, Mrs. Fields?

DOROTHY: Absolutely, Mr. Fosse.

(Fosse exits)

(Gwen winks at her)

(Gwen exits)

(Dorothy sits exhausted. She looks at the cigarettes, shrugs, lights cigarette, sits smoking)

(Herb enters in a rush but seems weaker than the last time we saw him)

HERB: Dorothy! Sorry I'm late. Have they come yet? *(Dorothy shakes head yes)* How'd it go?

DOROTHY: *(beat)* They're in.

ANNOUNCER: *(offstage)* Nominated for 9 Tony's including Best Musical, please welcome to the stage Ms. Gwen Verdon, star of *Redhead!* *(Verdon re-enters)*

[SONG: ERBIE FITCH'S TWITCH]

GWEN: ERBIE FITCH IS ME NAME AN I'M IN RATHER A PICKLE

I MUST SAY, TO ME SHAME, I'M FICKLE.

IPSWICH ENGLANDS ME'OME. I MARRIED SOMTHING CALLED EMMA.

ONE NIGHT I CHANCED TO ROAM AND ROAMED INTO A DILEMMA

I'VE A BIT OF A TWITCH FOR A WITCH I MET IN IPSWICH.

BUT THE HITCH IS THE IPSWICH WITCH WHICH ONCE I WED.

IF I SHOULD UN-HITCH THE WITCH WHICH I WED

AND SWITCH TO THE WITCH WHICH GIVES ME THE TWITCH,

THE WITCH WHICH I DITCH WILL PITCH A ROCK AT ME 'EAD.

WHAT A PETUNIA! THO' I CAN'T LOSE THE ITCH FOR THAT WITCH IN IPSWICH
 THE WITCH WHICH I WED IS RICHER THAN THE WITCH TO WHICH I'M LED.
 NOW LOOK, 'ERBIE FITCH, YOU DON'T OWN A STITCH,
 DON'T SWITCH TO THE WITCH WHICH GIVES YOU A TWITCH, WHICH WITCH IS
 NOT RICH AS THE WITCH YOU WED INSTEAD.

CRAWL INTO YOUR NICHE AND TAKE MISSUS FITCH TO BED.
 THO' I CAN'T LOSE THE ITCH, THE ITCH FOR THAT WITCH IN IPSWICH,
 THE WITCH WHICH I WED IS RICHER THAN THE WITCH TO WHICH I'M LED.
 NOW LOOK, ERBIE FITCH, YOU DON'T OWN A STITCH.
 DON'T SWITCH TO THE WITCH WHICH GIVES YOU A TWITCH,
 WHICH WITCH IS NOT RICH AS THE WITCH YOU WED INSTEAD.
 CRAWL INTO YOUR NICHE, AN' TAKE MISSUS FITCH TO BED.
 (*Gwen exits*)

SCENE 5

DOROTHY: *Redhead* won Best Musical that year but lost one of its writers. (*long beat*)
 My brother Herb joined Jerome after we opened the show, so I was left without a partner. That
 year turned out to be more difficult than I expected. (*beat*) I took a break. But when I was ready
 to make my big return to the theatre, there was nothing left. A new wave of Broadway
 composers were taking over the city and I didn't know any of them. I was getting older, but I
 wasn't ready to give up. So I started looking. If there was a party in New York, you can bet this
 woman was there.

(*Ethel and a jazz band enter and begin this next song, as if at a cocktail party. Ensemble
 members enter excitedly. Gwen enters and sits at the bar. Cy Coleman is among the partygoers.
 Dorothy is looking for potential partners, being unsuccessful at each attempt. She is drinking
 heavily throughout.*)

(*Her actions are reflected in the lyrics- a montage:*)

/SONG: NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME/

ETHEL: IF THERE'S A WRONG WAY TO DO IT
 A WRONG WAY TO PLAY IT
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME
 IF THERE'S A WRONG WAY TO DO IT
 A RIGHT WAY TO SCREW IT UP
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME

(*Dorothy tries to speak to a new composer, he turns away*)

LOVABLE LUNATIC

I'VE GOT A BIG LOUD MOUTH
 I'M ALWAYS TALKING MUCH TOO FREE
(offended, makes a scene, other socialites notice and step away from her)
 IF YOU GO FOR TACT AND MANNERS
 BETTER STAY AWAY FROM ME
 IF THERE'S A WRONG WAY TO KEEP IT COOL
 A RIGHT WAY TO BE A FOOL
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME

(walks back to bar asks for drink)
 I HEAR A LOVE SONG OR BALLAD
 I TOSS LIKE A SALAD
 NOBODY TOSSES LIKE ME
 AND WHEN MY EVENINGS GET TOUGHER
 I JUST TAKE TWO BUFFERIN'
(throws drink back)
 AND DRINK A HOT CUP OF "TEA"
(Dorothy is still chugging her drink when the soloist, band, and crowd notices. The band stops. Dorothy urges them to continue. Key change:)

IF THERE'S A WRONG BELL, I RING IT
 A WRONG NOTE, I SING IT
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME
 IF THERE'S A PROBLEM, I DUCK IT
 I DON'T SOLVE IT, I JUST MUCK IT UP
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME

AND THOUGH I TRY TO BE A LADY
 I'M NO LADY, I'M A FROG
(Dorothy burps)
 AND WHEN I TALK LIKE I'M A LADY
 WHAT I SOUND LIKE IS A FROG
 IF THERE'S A WRONG WAY TO GET A GUY
 THE RIGHT WAY TO LOSE A GUY
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME

NOBODY DOES IT
 NO, NOBODY DOES IT
 NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME

LOVABLE LUNATIC

NOBODY DOES IT LIKE ME!

(Dorothy's blitzed by the end of the number) (pianist continues to play Nobody Does It Like Me under scene with slower tempo)

DOROTHY: *(shouting so everyone can hear)* WOOO Yeah Mermsie! You know we're the best of friends! We know everything about each other. Like this one time she told Elaine Stritch to "Go to New Haven and just sing the fu-

ETHEL: -Oh! They don't wanna hear about that. How ya doing sweetheart?

DOROTHY: Doing swell. *(takes another drink)*

ETHEL: I think that's enough of that. *(takes away drink.)*

DOROTHY: *(reaches for drink)* Noo. No.

ETHEL: Yep. Time to head home. Right Gwen? *(Gwen notices Fosse motioning her away)*

GWEN: Oh yes! *(exits with Fosse)*

DOROTHY: Come on, one more. Please! This crowd thinks they can do better.

ETHEL: Oh really? I'd like to see them try. Nobody does it like me.

DOROTHY: *(laughs)* You're right! *(realizing)* Must be nice being exactly what everyone wants. *(starts to cry)*

ETHEL: Hey. Hey don't be like that. We're gonna figure this out.

DOROTHY: I can't talk to these kids. They've never even heard of me or Herb! I won a Tony for Christs sake!

ETHEL: Screw these kids, they wouldn't know talent if it hit them in the face. See? *(hits someone in the face)* *(Dorothy laughs)* You are a lyricist. Why would you wanna settle for some no name composer anyway?

DOROTHY: Maybe if I changed my style, the way I write, maybe-

ETHEL: You will not go backwards just to be at their level. *(beat)*

DOROTHY: What am I supposed to do?

ETHEL: Be yourself- it's the one thing you can do better than anybody else.

DOROTHY: *(giving in)* Okay.

ETHEL: That's more like it. Wanna share a taxi? I got a meeting for this new show Jerry Herman's doing.

DOROTHY: I think I'm gonna stay here for a little while.

ETHEL: Not too late.

DOROTHY: I won't.

ETHEL: Night Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Thanks Mermsie.

ETHEL: Anytime.

(Ethel exits humming the tune of "Hello, Dolly!" by Jerry Herman)

(as soon as she leaves, Dorothy takes another shot. Time passes)

(Cy Coleman has been watching and approaches Dorothy)

CY: Ms. Fields! Let me introduce myself. I'm Cy Coleman.

DOROTHY: Cy Coleman. Cy Coleman! You're a composer aren't you?

CY: I am! Well trying to be. I'm a big fan ya know.

DOROTHY: Thanks.

CY: Can I get you a drink?

DOROTHY: Why not?

CY: I gotta say it's pretty funny meeting you here.

DOROTHY: Why's that?

CY: I didn't think you were much of a partier. *(Dorothy chugs the drink)*

DOROTHY: Me either. These parties are so boring. I mean, the people! They don't care about the song. They don't care about anything! Everybody just lives the same routine, over and over again. But I cared. I worked. *(beat)* But the world doesn't want me to do that anymore. So why care? *(drinks)* Can you get me another drink?

CY: We're not all like that.

DOROTHY: Oh you young writers are so full of new ideas aren't you. Sure, you'll have a hit or two, win some awards. But one day you'll be sitting alone at a bar with no work, no partner, and listening to the same damn song over and over- will you please play something else? *(Yells at pianist.)*

(cue piano intro to:)

[SONG: SWEET CHARITY (DOROTHY)]

CY: Well you're not alone now, Dorothy. Neither am I. We may have more in common than you think.

HERE WAS A MAN
WITH NO DREAM AND NO PLAN,
AND ONE LOVELY NIGHT I FOUND
SWEET DOROTHY.
YOU'LL MADE LIFE FUN FOR ME,
OH, WHAT YOU'LL DO FOR ME,
HAVING YOU AROUND,
SWEET DOROTHY.

CY: I need a partner! What do you say?

DOROTHY: You want me?

CY: Of course! I need someone with your taste to write for *Charity*. I can't buy what these new guys in town are selling. But with your words, this could be a hit! I've already mentioned it to Ms. Verdon- she's interested! And she's got a director in mind that would be great for this!

(Dorothy laughs) So...Dorothy, what do you say? Will you be my lyricist?

DOROTHY: *(smiles)* Thank god someone asked.

CY: SUDDENLY I'M THE GUY
 I NEVER DARED TO BE,
BOTH: WATCH US TOUCH THE SKY
 QUITE EASILY.
 SO, IF YOU ARE FREE,
 SWEET "CHARITY",
CY: PLEASE, WILL YOU WRITE WITH ME?

CY: How's tomorrow sound?

DOROTHY: Perfect. I'll meet you at 10!

CY: That early? (*Dorothy gives him a look*) Okay, 10 it is. I'll see you then, "Sweet Dorothy".
 (*Cy and ensemble leave the stage*)

SCENE 6

DOROTHY: I found my next collaborator. The musical followed a taxi dancer who continues to have faith in herself despite endless disappointments. Sound familiar? With Cy composing and Bob Fosse directing, our team was unstoppable.... But Fosse was a little harder to please than we expected. Well, than Cy expected.

(*Bob Fosse enters with girls practicing a dance number*)

FOSSE: No! Sharper! Eyes up eyes up! You're wrong Cathy, the head goes on the end of the 3rd beat. (*etc.*) No, stop-stop! Everyone take 5. Cy, it isn't working.

DOROTHY: We can try to-

FOSSE: (*interrupting*) (*to Cy*) I expect something new by tonight.

CY: Tonight? But we've written two songs today already...

FOSSE: Well let's hope three is your lucky number.

CY: But sir-

FOSSE: Enough! Make it happen.

(*Fosse exits with girls*)

DOROTHY: Come on, let's get to work.

CY: He thinks he's better than us.

DOROTHY: Cy-

CY: No. He can't do this.

DOROTHY: Well...

CY: We aren't getting paid just to please him! We wrote it, we deserve a say.

DOROTHY: We do have a say.

CY: Not when Bob Fosse is in charge!

DOROTHY: He's the director! You're a writer. Say it through the music.

CY: Say it through the- what?- no. I'll "say it" to his damn face! (*aggressively starts to exit*)

DOROTHY: (*stops him*) Not without the song!

CY: What makes you think he'll like the next one?

DOROTHY: Because I've got some new lyrics. Here me out:

[SONG: BIG SPENDER (PRELUDE)]

DOROTHY: (*spoken*) THE MINUTE YOU WALKED IN THE JOINT,
I COULD SEE YOU WERE A MAN OF DISTINCTION,
A REAL BIG SPENDER,
GOOD LOOKING, SO REFINED.
SAY, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN MY MIND?

(*Cy starts underscoring and singing with her*)

BOTH: SO LET ME GET RIGHT TO THE POINT,
I DON'T POP MY CORK FOR EVERY GUY I SEE.
HEY BIG SPENDER,
SPEND A LITTLE TIME WITH ME.

CY: Call Fosse, tell that cat he can't say no to this one. (*Dorothy laughs and they both exit*)
(*Scene transitions to ensemble performing, Cy playing, and Fosse watching*)

[SONG: BIG SPENDER]

GIRLS' ENSEMBLE:

THE MINUTE YOU WALKED IN THE JOINT,
I COULD SEE YOU WERE A MAN OF DISTINCTION,
A REAL BIG SPENDER,
GOOD LOOKING, SO REFINED.
SAY, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN MY MIND?

SO LET ME GET RIGHT TO THE POINT,
I DON'T POP MY CORK FOR EVERY MAN I SEE.
HEY BIG SPENDER,
HEY BIG SPENDER!
HEY BIG SPENDER!
SPEND A LITTLE TIME WITH ME.

(*Dorothy and Cy exchange looks, Fosse looks at them, shrugs approvingly then exits with girls*)

DOROTHY AND CY: He loves it!

(*Scene transitions to:*)

SCENE 7

(sound cue of applause)

ANNOUNCER: *(offstage)* Sweet Charity tops ticket sales this week. Goodbye Dolly. Hello Charity. Hail Gwen!

(Cy enters excitedly with a newspaper trailed by Fosse and Gwen. Fosse is uneasy.)

CY: Dorothy! The reviews are out!

DOROTHY: What do they say?

GWEN: Let me see!

CY: Sweet Charity is “a hit”! *(reads newspaper article)* “Gwen Verdon owns the stage in this new musical. *(under his breath)* Direction by Bob Fosse...” *(looks at Dorothy, shrugs)*....*(skipping through Fosse’s blurb)* yah-dah-yah-dah-yah-”

FOSSE: What was that?

CY: Oh, nothing! “The musical is written by newcomer Cy Coleman and Broadway veteran Dorothy Fields. Coleman’s new rhythms and musical variety entertain listeners of all backgrounds.” “Fields compliments his lively energy with her saucy, rhythmic lyrics even though-” *(pauses, looks at Dorothy, looks paper)* Uh...

DOROTHY: What is it?

CY: Um... “even though she’s long in the tooth.” *(Fosse laughs)*

DOROTHY: *(glares at Fosse)* My age?

GWEN: *(not sure)* It’s a compliment?

DOROTHY: What did they expect? Lyrics so easy a kid could spell ‘em? *(sings, angrily:)* O-K-L-A-H-O-M-A!?!

CY: Dorothy.

DOROTHY: I liked *Carousel* more anyway. *(beat)*

(Fosse grabs paper and exits reading it with Gwen trailing behind:)

FOSSE: “Direction by Bob Fosse is a wonder to behold. It combines brilliance and specificity mixed with a dash of insanity....”

GWEN: *(sees Dorothy is distressed and tries to help:)* I love your lyrics.

FOSSE: “Gwen Verdon shines as the title character...”

GWEN: Oh! *(exits with Fosse)*

(Dorothy sits down defeated)

CY: Dorothy! I’m sure they didn’t mean it like that-

DOROTHY: I’ve been writing before these critics could walk. They’d think I’d have learned something by now.

CY: Hey, who cares?

DOROTHY: I do! No one *ever* wrote about how old Hammerstein was! Or Rodgers! Or how young that Sondheim guy is!

CY: Who?

DOROTHY: (*nonchalantly*) He's new.

CY: Oh.

DOROTHY: My point is- *nobody's* work has been criticized like that. Just me.

CY: What are you getting at?

DOROTHY: Do you think this is really is about my age?

CY: Your age?

DOROTHY: It isn't. (*beat*) No woman has ever gotten this far in show business.-

CY: Dorothy-

DOROTHY: -And Fosse hasn't respected me this whole process.

CY: That's not true.

DOROTHY: He hasn't respected both of us. (*beat*) You think *I* haven't thought about the fact that I'm a woman? In a man's world? (*beat*) I've proven myself. I don't need some critic's validation. I don't need anyone's.

CY: You don't even need mine. (*Both laugh.*) Come on, let's go have a drink with Fosse. He's probably dying to hear about himself. (*exits*)

(*Dorothy is looking at the newspaper*)

DOROTHY: (*looks up*) I'M YOUNGER THAN MEREDITH WILLSON. (*beat- sigh*) I'm an award-winning lyricist. I can do anything. (*beat*)

(*Looks back down at newspaper:*)

/SONG: THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS/

DOROTHY: THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS,
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO.

(*girls' ensemble enters in "performance space"*) (*underscoring starts and as song plays the two worlds of performing and writing intermix*)

AND WHEN I FIND ME SOMETHING BETTER TO DO,
I'M GONNA GET UP, I'M GONNA GET OUT
I'M GONNA GET UP, GET OUT AND DO IT!

ALL: THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME RESPECTABLE TRADE,
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING EASY TO LEARN.

AND IF I FIND ME SOMETHING I HALFWIT CAN LEARN,
I'M GONNA GET UP, I'M GONNA GET OUT
I'M GONNA GET UP, GET OUT AND LEARN IT!

ALL THESE JOKERS, HOW I HATE THEM
WITH THEIR GROPING, GRABBING, CLUTCHING, CLINCHING,
STRANGLING, HANDLING, BUMBLING, PINCHING

THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME LIFE CLEANER THAN THIS,
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME GOOD REASON TO LIVE.

AND WHEN I FIND ME SOME KIND OF LIFE I CAN LIVE,

I'M GONNA GET UP, I'M GONNA GET OUT,
I'M GONNA GET UP, GET OUT AND LIVE IT!

(Dorothy balls up newspaper)

DOROTHY: RIGHT! *(throws newspaper)*

(Dance break)

ALL: AND WHEN I FIND ME SOME KIND OF LIFE I CAN LIVE

I'M GONNA GET UP...

I'M GONNA GET OUT...

I'M GONNA GET UP, GET OUT AND LIVE IT!

SCENE 8

(SEESAW is underscored throughout scene. The tempo slowly accelerates as CY gets more and more agitated)

DOROTHY: *Sweet Charity* was nominated for 9 Tonys. It only won one, though: Bob won for Best Choreography.

FOSSE: *(crossing upstage with his Tony in hand)* I know.

DOROTHY: No surprise there. As for Cy and I, we lost the Tony, but that didn't matter. We knew exactly what we were doing.

(Dorothy goes to desk.)

DOROTHY: After *Charity*, Cy needed me for his next musical. I couldn't say no. But it seemed like the world was saying no.

(Cy enters)

CY: We cannot keep this director, the show's going off the rails! And do you know how much dough he's spent on the set so far?

DOROTHY: Call the producers. We'll get someone new.

CY: Fine by me.

(Cy exits)

DOROTHY: And after they hired Michael Bennett-

(Cy enters)

CY: He's fired half the cast! He hasn't even found our leading lady yet.

DOROTHY: He'll find her.

CY: You know I almost wish we had Fosse back.

(Cy exits)

DOROTHY: And even when Michael's changes were starting to please the producers, Cy was not a fan.

(Cy enters)

CY: Who cares if they like him? You know how much he's paying Tommy Tune to be in this?! We won't be able to open with the kind of money he's throwing everywhere. And don't even get me started on the score. He thinks-

DOROTHY: We'll make it happen!

(Cy exits)

DOROTHY: And by some miracle we did. With barely enough money to keep it going. It's impossible to do a Broadway show today, but you do it anyway, for love. The only promotion we could afford were our own actors handing out flyers outside the theatre just to get people in the seats. And after all was said and done, the people loved it. We even got a nomination for best score. Michael and Tommy were the only ones to win, of course. *(beat)*

/SONG: SEESAW (REPRISE)/

DOROTHY: YOU CAN DREAM YOU'LL GO ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO
BUT THAT'S NOT SO
SOMEHOW YOU KNOW
THE TRUTH IS:
NOBODY IS GOING ANYWHERE
NOBODY IS GETTING ANYWHERE
SO WHAT IF YOU NEVER GET ANYWHERE
IT'S STILL BEEN A HELL OF A RIDE
ONE HELL OF A RIDE....

(Dorothy puts down pencil and paper, leaves the desk)

(Jimmy McHugh enters as Dorothy finishes the reprise while the underscoring slowly changes to:)

/SONG: (YOU'RE A) LOVABLE LUNATIC/

JIMMY: YOU'RE A LOVABLE LUNATIC
AN IMPOSSIBLE CASE
BUT I'M QUEER FOR LUNATICS
SPECIALLY A LUNATIC
WITH A LOVABLE FACE!

(Jimmy McHugh enters)

KERN: AN INCREDIBLE MANIAC
YOU'RE SO FIERCELY INTENSE
BUT WHATEVER YOU DO
IS SO RIGHT AND SO TRUE
THAT SOMEHOW IT MAKES SENSE

(Cy Coleman enters)

LOVABLE LUNATIC

CY: IN YOUR INSANELY GENEROUS WAY
YOU GAVE MY WORLD A LIFT
WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS:
YOU'RE A VERY SPECIAL GIFT
(Lew Fields enters)

LEW: YOU'RE A FUNNY PHENOMENON
AND WE LOVE WHAT YOU DO

HERB: THOUGH YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND
WE'RE SO LUCKY TO FIND

ALL MEN: A LOVABLE LUNATIC LIKE YOU
(Ensemble and Herb Fields slowly make their way onstage behind Dorothy)

ETHEL: WITH EVERY CRAZY THING YOU SAY
YOU MAKE ME LAUGH AND SMILE

GWEN: YOU ARE WARM, YOU'RE VERY SWEET
I'D LIKE TO STAY A WHILE

EVA: SO I'M CHANGING MY ALPHABET
NOW IT STARTS WITH A "U"

WOMEN: I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE AROUND

MEN: WE'RE SO GLAD WE HAVE FOUND

ALL: A LOVABLE LUNATIC
GUESS WHO?

DOROTHY: Dorothy Fields.

Blackout

CURTAIN
END OF ACT TWO

BOWS (I FEEL A SONG COMIN' ON)

(goes right into:)

ENCORE

[SONG: IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START (IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH)]

DOROTHY: IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
IT'S NOT HOW YOU GO, IT'S HOW YOU LAND
A HUNDRED TO ONE SHOT, YOU CALL HIM A CLUTZ
CAN OUT RUN THE FAVORITE, ALL HE NEEDS IS THE GUTS

YOUR FINAL RETURN WILL NOT DIMINISH
AND YOU CAN BE THE CREAM OF THE CROP
IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
AND YOU'RE GONNA FINISH ON TOP

(Company enters)

MEN: IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH,
IT'S NOT HOW YOU GO, IT'S HOW YOU LAND

DOROTHY: YOUR FINAL RETURN
WILL NOT DIMINISH
AND YOU CAN BE THE CREAM OF
THE CROP

COMPANY: FINAL RETURN WILL
NOT DIMINISH
YOU CAN BE THE CREAM OF THE
CROP

ALL: IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
AND YOU'RE GONNA FINISH ON TOP!

(dance break)

DOROTHY: IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
+ **WOMEN:** IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
+ **MEN:** IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
(ALL:) IT'S NOT WHERE YOU START, IT'S WHERE YOU FINISH
AND YOU'RE GONNA FINISH ON TOP!

END OF SHOW

THE END