

**SCENE 3: TOTTENDALE'S POOL—EARLY AFTERNOON**

*The Bride entertains the press while lounging by the pool.*

#5a - Janet By The Pool

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**REPORTER ONE**

Miss Van De Graaff, is it true you're giving up a successful career to marry a man you hardly know?

**JANET**

Yes. Robert and I met on the lido deck of the Ile de France. He amused me with stories of his father's oil interests. We spooned, briefly, and then he proposed.

**REPORTER TWO**

So, you won't be returning to the stage? Ever?

**JANET**

I shan't.

**REPORTER TWO**

You shan't?

**JANET**

I shan't.

**REPORTER ONE**

Can we quote you on that?

**JANET**

Of course. One more question.

*(DROWSY raises her hand)*

Yes.

**DROWSY**

Why in the world would anyone put olives in a Gibson?

*Feldzieg and Kitty arrive.*

**FELDZIEG**

I got a question. How can you give up the footlights when you know very well you got grease paint in your veins?

**JANET**

Victor, please.

FELDZIEG

Oh Janet. I am begging you. Dump the mug, stay with the Follies. I'll give you anything you want. I'll... I'll... oh, fine, I'll put your name above mine on the marquee.

*The reporters gasp*

JANET

Oh, Victor, if you think this is about vanity, you couldn't be more wrong.

#6 - Show Off

I DON'T WANNA SHOW OFF NO MORE  
I DON'T WANNA SING TUNES NO MORE  
I DON'T WANNA RIDE MOONS NO MORE  
I DON'T WANNA SHOW OFF

I DON'T WANNA WEAR THIS NO MORE  
PLAY THE SAUCY SWISS MISS NO MORE  
BLOW MY SIGNATURE (KISS) NO MORE  
I DON'T WANNA SHOW OFF

*The other guests gather, including the Gangster #1 & Gangster #2.*

FELDZIEG

Janet please.

JANET

DON'T TRY TO CONTROL ME  
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND  
AND THAT'S IT  
I QUIT  
I'M LEAVING IT ALL BEHIND

I DON'T WANNA BE CUTE NO MORE  
MAKE THE GENTLEMEN HOOT NO MORE

GANGSTER #1 & GANGSTER #2

Hey Baby!  
*(whistle)*

JANET

I DON'T WANNA WEAR FRUIT NO MORE  
I DON'T WANNA SHOW OFF

## SCENE 5: JANET'S BRIDAL SUITE—AFTERNOON

JANET

*(looking in the mirror)*

In a few hours I'm going to be Mrs. Robert Martin. Oh, my head is spinning.

*MAN pulls down the Murphy bed revealing a longing DROWSY. She has an empty glass in her hand.*

DROWSY

Yes, life is a mad whirlwind.

MAN

This is a really interesting scene. This is the only time in the show that Jane Roberts and Beatrice Stockwell are alone together on stage. Jane Roberts was an emerging star, but Beatrice Stockwell was already well established and a force to contend with.

JANET

I'm so full of apprehension, but I suppose that's normal, considering the circumstances. Have you ever been married, Chaperone?

DROWSY

No. I drink for pleasure, not out of necessity.

*UNDERLING enters.*

UNDERLING

Your "ice water" madam. I'm afraid we're fresh out of olives.

JANET

Have you ever been married Underling?

UNDERLING

Heavens no madam. If I'm going to serve a woman I prefer to be paid for my efforts.

*UNDERLING exits.*

JANET

Oh you two. I know it seems crazy to give up a successful career to marry a man I hardly know, but somehow, for some reason when I look into his eyes... his big, monkey eyes...ah gee... I get all woozy. And that's love isn't it?

DROWSY

Not necessarily. The wooziness could be caused by any number of things. I mean, I'm woozy right now and I'm certainly not in love.

MAN

Now, Beatrice Stockwell was famous for her rousing anthems. She entertained and inspired the troops in every major world conflict up to and including the Falklands war. Of course, by that time she was in her late eighties and her anthems didn't so

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(MAN)

much rouse as stupefy. Still, she demanded that a rousing anthem be included in every show she ever did, even if it wasn't appropriate. But you just couldn't say no to her. That's star power.

JANET

Really you're not being the least bit helpful. Couldn't you at least allay my fears with a few choice words of inspiration.

#7 - *As We Stumble Along*

DROWSY

Inspiration? Really, dear, that's not my forte.

JANET

Yes. But if you—

DROWSY

AS WE STUMBLE ALONG  
ON LIFE'S FUNNY JOURNEY  
AS WE STUMBLE ALONG  
INTO THE BLUE

WE LOOK HERE AND WE LOOK THERE  
SEEKING ANSWERS ANYWHERE  
NEVER SURE OF WHERE TO TURN OR WHAT TO DO

STILL WE BUMBLE OUR WAY  
THROUGH LIFE'S CRAZY LABYRINTH  
BARELY KNOWING LEFT FROM RIGHT  
NOR RIGHT FROM WRONG  
AND THE BEST THAT WE CAN DO  
IS HOPE A BLUEBIRD  
WILL SING HIS SONG  
AS WE STUMBLE ALONG

JANET

That was quite....

DROWSY

..ALONG

JANET

That was quite nice, Chaperone, but I don't see how it pertains to my situation.

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Let me explain.

DROWSY

JANET

Oh, really, that's not necessary. I suppose I'm just looking for a sympathetic—  
*The Chaperone pulls the screen on stage in front of Janet.*

DROWSY

IT'S A DISMAL LITTLE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE  
IT CAN BORE YA' TIL YOU'VE NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE  
SEVEN OVER-RATED WONDERS  
SEVEN UNDER-WHELMING SEAS  
SIX EXCRUCIATING CONTINENTS  
ANTARCTICA—OH, PLEASE

MAN

"Antarctica, oh please"

DROWSY

STILL YOU MUSTN'T LET IT LICK YA'  
THIS PLANET OH SO BLAND  
KEEP YOUR EYEBALL ON THE HIGHBALL  
IN YOUR HAND

AS WE STUMBLE ALONG  
CROSS LIFE'S CROWDED DANCE FLOOR  
AS WE PUSH AND WE SHOVE  
WE LIVE AND WE LEARN

AND WHEN WE FIN'LLY LEAVE THE BAR  
AND WE SEE THAT MORNING STAR  
WE PULL OUR BOOT STRAPS UP AND HOMEWARD TURN  
THEN WE STUMBLE AWAY  
THROUGH DAWN'S BLINDING SUN BEAMS  
BARELY KNOWING RIGHT FROM RIGHT  
NOR LEFT FROM WRONG

BUT AS LONG AS WE CAN HEAR  
THAT LITTLE BLUEBIRD  
THERE'LL BE A SONG

AS WE STUMBLE ALONG

tuation.

(DROWSY)

AS WE STUMBLE, BUMBLE, FUMBLE..  
PLUMBLE  
AS WE STUMBLE ALONG

MAN

Don't you just love her?

#7a - Stumble Playoff

Basically, she sings a rousing anthem about alcoholism. That's what I love about her. She just does her own thing, when she wants, regardless of the needs and concerns of others. My mother was like that.

JANET

Well, that was quite inspiring, chaperone. But, I'm still conflicted. Oh. Please. Just tell me. Is Robert the man for me?

DROWSY

My dear, that's something you'll have to decide for yourself.

JANET

But, I just don't know if he loves me.

DROWSY

Why don't you ask him? Why don't you say, "Roger, do you love me?"

JANET

It's Robert. And I'm not allowed to see him. In fact, it's your job to keep me away from him.

DROWSY

You're right. And I take the responsibility very seriously. However, I'm just this moment feeling terribly, terribly drowsy. I'm afraid I have to have a lie-de-down. Now whatever you do, don't go wandering through the garden seeking out your fiancé to ask him the question upon which your future happiness depends.

*The Chaperone reclines, and closes her eyes.*

JANET

Oh, thank you, Chaperone. I just have to know if he loves me.

*Janet sneaks out.*

DROWSY

Such a skinny little fool. Still, I envy her. Oh, when will love come crashing though my door?

*ALDOLPHO enters*

SCENE 6: TOTTENDALE'S GARDEN—AFTERNOON

ROBERT

I'M AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN  
LA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA

*Janet enters*

JANET

Robert, look out!

ROBERT

Don't worry, madam. I'm getting married today, so I have to wear a blindfold.

JANET

A blindfold?

ROBERT

I'm sorry. Who am I speaking to anyhow?

JANET

Why, it's me. I mean... Mimi. Mimi from France.

MAN

This scene couldn't be more ridiculous.

JANET

So, you are marrying Janet Van De Graaff, non?

ROBERT

Oui.

JANET

I hear she's very beautiful.

ROBERT

Oui.

JANET

And glamorous.

ROBERT

Ahh, oui. Oui.

JANET

Is it true that she has an exceptionally broad range and excels at playing both  
comedic and dramatic roles?

ROBERT

Say, I'm having trouble placing your accent. What part of France are you from?

ALDOLPHO

AND WHO IS IT I'LL ALWAYS BE?

DROWSY

ALDOLPHO

ALDOLPHO

NOW SING IT PROUDLY

DROWSY

YOU ARE ALDOLPHO

ALDOLPHO

AND NOW LET ME SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU

FOR ALL YOU LOVELY LADIES WHO DIDN'T HEAR FOR SOME REASON

MAYBE YOU ARE HARD OF HEARING OR SOMETHING - I DON'T

KNOW

IT GOES A-A-A-A-A

DO - HO- HO-HO- HO-HOL

F- F-F-F-F-FO

I AM ALDOLPHO

ALDOLPHO

*ALDOLPHO and DROWSY recline on bed.*

#8a - *Aldolpho Playoff*

MAN

*(raising the Murphy bed)*

This was my mother's favorite number in the show. I think it was her secret fantasy to be swept off her feet by a Latin Lover. I mean a real Latin lover, not a buffoon.

*MAN raises the bed.*

#8b - *"Accident" Preprise*

But that's what musicals are all about, right? Romantic fantasy. Falling in love at the drop of a hat! Spontaneous Tangoing. Suddenly finding yourself in an insanely romantic setting!



JANET

Oh... the middle part... where they make the... toast. You were telling me about your, how do you say it in English; fiance?

ROBERT

That's right.

JANET

Well, tell me, when was the moment when you knew that she was the only one for you.

ROBERT

It's a funny story, actually. We were standing on the Lido deck of the Isle de France—

JANET

Yes?

ROBERT

I was amusing her with stories of my father's oil interests—

JANET

And then what happened?

ROBERT

I looked into her eyes, her big glamorous eyes, and I felt all woozie—

JANET

And then you fell! Uh... and then you fell?

ROBERT

Yes. Right on my keister. And I said, "well, I guess I don't have my sea legs yet".

JANET

*(lost in the moment)*

But we haven't left the dock.

ROBERT

That's what she said. And that's when I knew it must be love.

JANET

And then you said...?

ROBERT

And then I said...

#9 - Accident Waiting To Happen

THERE WAS A TIME I COULD STOP ON A DIME  
FORBEARANCE WAS ONE OF MY TALENTS

(ROBERT)

BUT SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AROUND I CAN'T HOLD MY GROUND  
I'M CONSISTENTLY LOSING MY BALANCE

I'M AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN  
I'M A MISHAP ABOUT TO ENSUE  
I'M THE TOY ON THE STAIR  
THE THREE LEGGED CHAIR  
THE HEM THAT'S BEEN CAUGHT BY A SHOE.

WHEN MY TWO LOVESICK ARMS STARTED FLAPPIN'  
THERE WAS NOTHING MY ANKLES COULD DO  
I'M AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN  
SO HOW BE I HAPPEN TO YOU

JANET

Then what happened?

ROBERT

Then she joined in.

JANET

WHEN MEN SAY I'M SWEET AND THEY FALL AT MY FEET  
MY HEART DOESN'T BEAT ANY FASTER  
BUT WHEN YOU LOSE CONTROL IT TOUCHES MY SOUL  
SO I'M BRACING MYSELF FOR DISASTER  
YOU'RE AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN

ROBERT

That's right.

JANET

A CATASTROPHE DESTINED TO BE

ROBERT

That's me.

I'M THE RAGS IN THE CELLAR

JANET

A BROKEN UMBRELLER

TOGETHER

A BRANCH HANGING LOOSE FROM A TREE