

1941

1941

I SPY

A Musical Farce

by

Edward Chambreau

(never produced.
ff. 1976)

' I S P Y '

A musical farce in three scenes.

Words and music

EDWARD CHAMBREAU

Costumes and Settings

LORNA LIVESLEY

Copyright applied for -

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY
DANNY
ZUDUGUE
ZUDUGUE'S FOUR AGENTS
FOUR SELECTIVE SERVICE CLERKS
THE GENERAL
MIKE
THE COOK
MR. BENSON
A SCRUBWOMAN
A DRUNK
THE STATIONMASTER
SOLDIERS



Mary



Danny



The General



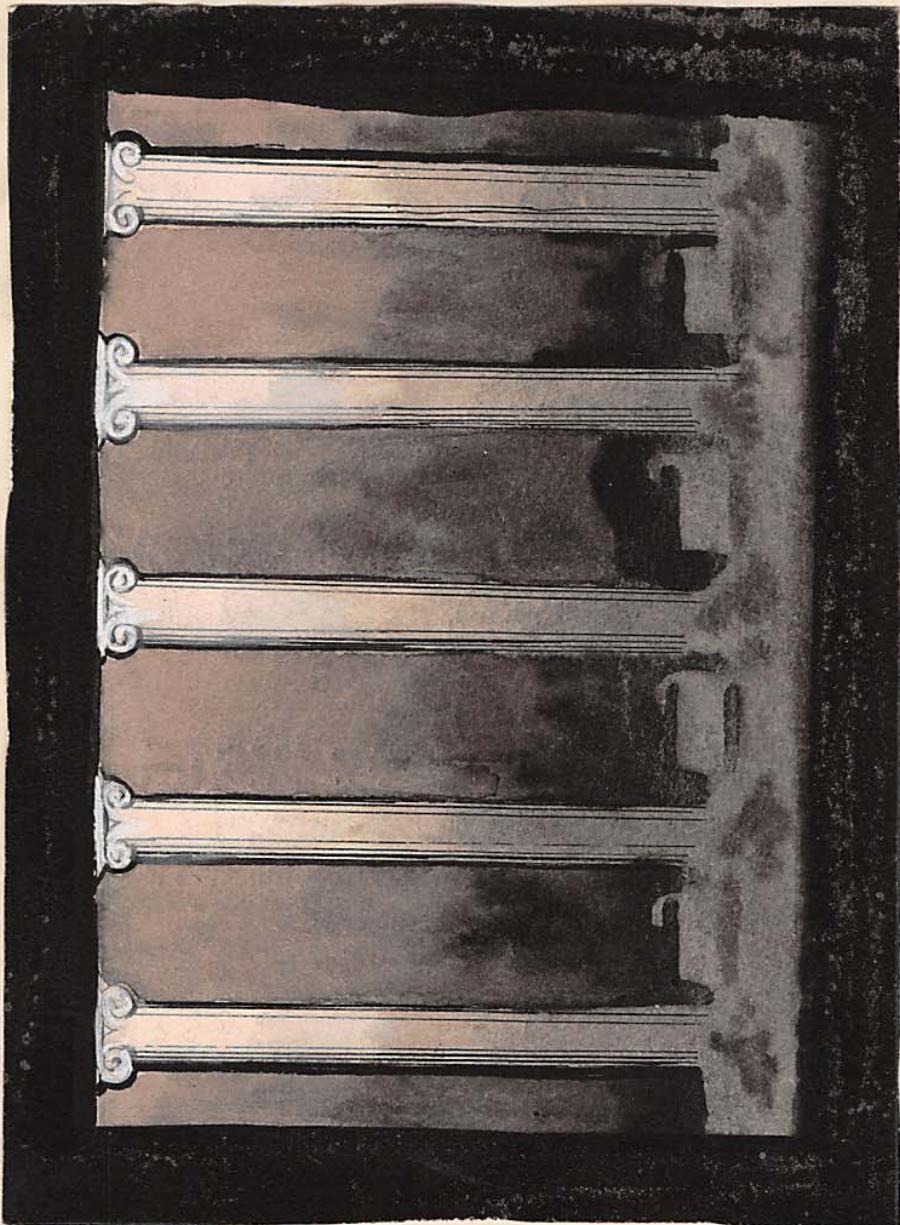
Scrubwoman



Benson



Cook



Scene 1

SCENE ONE

SCENE The interior of a selective service board...in the rear are five huge columns...between each column is a desk for each of the FOUR CLERKS. In front of each desk is a bench...There are other seats right and left and entrances right and left.

Overture

(As the scene opens the stage is dark...lights up slowly, revealing just the five columns...as the lights continue to flood the stage FIVE SCRUBWOMEN are discovered on their hands and knees, scrubbing...each has a pail and a brush...Their cleaning has a definite rhythmic quality which increases as they work. CENTER SCRUBWOMAN stops, throws down brush and beckons others to her. They huddle and discuss important things in undertones...CENTER SCRUBWOMAN stalks toward audience.)

SONG (slowly)

What's wrong with your lot in life...?
It's not so hot...now, is it?
Admit that it's full of strife
And full of rot !...Or is it?
Don't think I'm being flitty,
For listen, boy and man,
Beware the Dies Committee
And use the Five Year Plan !

I'm the subversive element,
I'm as red as the blushing rose.
I'm the subversive element,
Who I am nobody knows.
No matter where you work,
In a drugstore or garage,
Be sure to never shirk
The use of the sabotage.
I'm the subversive element,
I'm a lovely, rosy hue...
I'm the subversive element,
And you might be one, too !

What's wrong with the government?
 It's time for us to wreck it !
 Hold back the armament...
 We'll have to bottleneck it !
 Keep your staunch hearts ready...
 Beware to him who shirks.
 The monkey-wrench is ready...
 We'll throw it in the works !

(They break into a grotesque dance and, at the conclusion of the number, the FIVE SCRUBWOMEN stop center, remove their wigs and mop their brows...they are men !)

ZUDUGUE: Fellow countrymen ! (They all respond with guttural noises.) All hail to the Motherland !. (Guttural shouts.) Line up for inspection ! (They do.) AGENT X-54 : (AGENT X-54 replies with a noise that sounds like a hiccup...) ZUDUGUE inspects him.) AGENT X-79 : (AGENT X-79 replies in a similar manner...) ZUDUGUE inspects him.) AGENT X-48 : (Again the same procedure.) AGENT X-67 : (AGENT X-67 replies with a hiccup...as ZUDUGUE inspects him he continues to hiccup.) Stop it ! (Hiccup.) Stop it ! (Hiccup.) Stop it, I say ! (Hiccup.) What's the matter with you?

AGENT X-67: Your excellency (Hiccup) I have the hiccoughs.
 ZUDUGUE: How inconsiderate of you...what'll we do?
 AGENT X-67: (Weakly) Scare me.
 ZUDUGUE: Fellow countrymen...scare AGENT X-67 !

(The agents leap at X-67 in a ferocious manner and immediately fall back in line...there is a pause...X-67 hiccoughs again...this time ZUDUGUE approaches him with horrible facial contortions and equally horrible noises...X-67 is frightened...so are all the others...they all start to run offstage.)

ZUDUGUE: Halt ! (They do.) Fall in ! (They resume their positions center.) Now relax ! (They become rigid.) Relax ! (More rigid.) Relax ! (Even more.) That's fine. (ZUDUGUE paces in front of the agents during the following speech.) Fellow countrymen...fellow spys of the Motherland...we have brilliantly secreted ourselves behind the enemies' lines...our disguise is perfect...and likewise the place in which we now find ourselves is equally perfect...the selective service headquarters. (He looks at his watch.) In a few moments the doors will open and the despicable young men of this despicable country will be selected to serve their country... Now this is your duty...while scrubbing you are to perceive the names and addresses of the training camps to which the men will be sent... choose one of the camps and go immediately there and wait for further orders...I, myself, have received employment at Camp Potash...in case of emergency you may reach me there...quiet !... There's someone coming ! On with the wigs !... To work !

(Agents begin to scrub as the FOUR SELECTIVE SERVICE CLERKS enter very cheerily...probably humming. To all appearances they got out of the right side of bed...As they pass the AGENTS they give out a m erry "Good Morning"...The AGENTS reply in a low, masculine "Good Morning"...CLERKS stop in amazement...AGENTS realize their error and reply in a high falsetto "Good Morning". Clerks proceed to their desks... They open their portfolios and pore over their papers... the AGENTS scrub...during the following conversation the CLERKS continue to peruse their papers.)

CLERK 1: It's a lovely day, isn't it?

CLERK 2: Indeed, it is.

CLERK 3: One of the best.

CLERK 4: I should say so.

(Pause.)

CLERK 1: It was a fine day yesterday, too, wasn't it?

CLERK 2: Wasn't it, though?

CLERK 3: I'll say so.

CLERK 4: It surely was.

(Pause.)

CLERK 1: I imagine tomorrow will be another nice day, too.

CLERK 2: I imagine so.

CLERK 3: I'm sure of it.

CLERK 4: It might not.

CLERK 1: How can you say that?

CLERK 2: It's been nice for days.

CLERK 3: For a week as a matter of fact.

CLERK 4: It might rain tomorrow.

CLERK 1: I think it's perfectly ridiculous.

CLERK 2: So do I.

CLERK 3: How can you say such a thing?

CLERK 4: I have a feeling...

CLERK 3: Feeling...?

CLERK 2: What kind of a feeling?

CLERK 1: A feeling in your bones...?

CLERK 4: No, in my bunions...

ALL: Are they stinging?

CLERK 4: Yes!

CLERK 3: Oh, that's different...it probably will rain.

CLERK 2: It might storm...

CLERK 1: Pardon me...I must call my wife...

(The FOUR CLERKS pick up telephones and dial.)

ALL: Hello dear...are you driving to town? Will you bring my rubber, raincoat, and umbrella to the office? ...Isn't it raining out there?...Well, it's going to....

(They hang up.)

CLERK 1: That's that, gentlemen...Shall we proceed?

CLERK 4: (To AGENT, who has been perching over his shoulder) Would you kindly open the main door, please?

(AGENT opens the door and a group of young men saunter in... all dressed in different styles of street wear...they stand about in unorganized groups...during the remainder of the act the AGENTS keep well in the background...just visible enough to keep the audience aware of their presence.)

CLERK 1: Gentlemen, it is with great pleasure that I welcome you...the first draftees to arrive today...there are...let's see...nine of you... that's right...your group will be sent to Camp Potash for a year of intensive training.. And now...if you'll just sit up to the desks... two at a time...that's it...and we'll sign the final papers...

(All draftees move to desks leaving DANNY DANIELS center.)

CLERK 1: (Sees DANNY without a lace in line) Here, young man...here is a book of army rules and regulations...look them over while you're waiting...they might come in handy.

(DANNY takes the book from the CLERK and walks slowly down-stage as he studies it...there is a low hum of conversation from the desks where the draftees and CLERKS are conversing.. DANNY starts to read...as this is building up to a song, he commences in a speaking voice...soon adding rhythm...and then melody...the orchestra takes its cue to begin softly from the hum of the conversation between the CLERKS and DRAF-
Tees and building gradually to the end of the song.)

DANNY: (reads)
 Don't forget
 That etiquette
 In the army must be perfected.
 Realize your shirt and ties
 Are daily going to be inspected.

(DRAFTEES move up toward DANNY.)

DRAFTEES: Are daily going to be...?

CLERKS: Are daily going to be !

ALL: Are daily going to be inspected.

DANNY: When on parade
 Don't ogle the maid
 With the peaches and cream exterior.
 Don't try to pal
 With the General's gal
 Or you'll have a sore posterior.

CLERKS: (Sing)
 For the General is your superior !

DRAFTEES: Who...me?

CLERKS: Yes...you are the General's inferior.

DRAFTEES: We'll see !

(DANNY thumbs throught the book, looking for verification of the CLERKS' remark...the DRAFTEES peer over his shoulder.)

DANNY: (Sings)
 Don't say hello to the General,
 Don't say "Hi-ya, Bud !"
 For the General's a high
 And mighty guy
 And your name will soon be mud.
 Don't say hello to the Major,
 Don't say "Hi-ya, Toots !"
 For the Major, I've heard, is
 A very tough bird
 And he'll make you polish his boots.
 The General might
 Be quite all right
 Back home in Tennessee.

But, in the fort,
Don't try to thwart
His very superior dignity.
Don't say hello the Colonel,
Don't say "Hi-ya, Babe!"
For the Colonel and the Major
And the General, too,
Will put you in the Kalamazoo.

(The DRAFTEES join DANNY in singing the song, and, if desired, a dance number may be included.)

CLERK 1: A fine group.

CLERK 2: Fine, indeed.

CLERK 3: Couldn't be better.

CLERK 4: A joy to Camp Potash.

CLERK 1: And now, gentlemen, if you'll retire to the adjoining room, you will be measured for your uniforms. By that time the army truck will be ready to take you to Camp Potash.

(The DRAFTEES move off.)

CLERK 2: A fine group.

CLERK 3: Fine, indeed.

CLERK 4: Couldn't be better.

(MARY MARLOWE rushes in breathlessly....followed by MIKE... she spies DANNY just as he is about to exit.)

MARY: Danny ! Danny !

DANNY: Mary !

(They embrace...MIKE comes up to MARY.)

MIKE: If you please, Miss Marlowe.

MARY: What are they doing to you, Danny?

DANNY: It's all right, Mary.

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MARY: No...it isn't.

MIKE: (Interrupting) Please, Miss Marlowe...

MARY: Go away...go away...that's it...they're taking you away from me !

DANNY: Only for a year.

MARY: A year ! I can't stand it !

DANNY: It's not that bad, Mary...I'll be able to have leaves.

MARY: I don't believe it...I wouldn't believe anything they say... (points to CLERKS) ...they're just a bunch of...

CLERK 1: No...not that !

CLERK 2: Never !

CLERK 3: Never !

CLERK 4: Never !

MARY: You are so...I'll prove it !

MIKE: (Anxiously interrupting again) Please, Miss Marlowe...

MARY: You prove it...

DANNY: Now, Mary...

MARY: They'll kill you, Danny...why didn't you tell them you were a conscientious objector?

CLERK 1: I'm sorry, Miss...

MARY: Sorry? You will be... (She runs to CLERK 2)... He's got religion, too. He's a pacifist ! He doesn't believe in war !...and he prays...all the time he prays... (She turns to DANNY) Pray, Danny !

DANNY: Now, Mary...

MARY: Pray, Danny...down on your knees and pray !

DANNY: Aw, Mary... (He reluctantly kneels.)

MARY: (To CLERK 3) See, doesn't that touch you? (She goes to DANNY) I'll pray with you, Danny. (She starts to kneel) Oh, no, I can't...I might get a run in my new stockings... (She runs to CLERK 4) And what's more, he's a dope fiend.!

DANNY: (He jumps up.) Mary! I am not!

MARY: Oh, yes, you are... You don't want any dope fiends in your ol' army, do you?

CLERK 4: I'm sorry, Miss...

MARY: Oh, Danny... (She sits pathetically on bench in front of CLERK 4)

DANNY: Mary... (He goes to her and sits on bench.)

MARY: If you won't go away I'll give up my career...

DANNY: And live on twenty one dollars a month?

MARY: I never thought of that... (sobs) Oh, Danny, I never think of anything.

DANNY: Mary... (He comforts her.)

CLERK 1: And who, may I ask, is this energetic young lady?

MIKE: That, Lord help us, is Mary Marlowe... swinging Songstress of Polly's Precious Pancake Program... due on the air right now!

CLERKS: Mary Marlowe!

MIKE: May I use your phone?

CLERK 1: Indeed. (MIKE dials.)

CLERK 2: I like Polly's Precious Pancakes...

CLERK 3: So do I.

CLERK 4: I like Mary Marlowe.

CLERKS: Yum! Yum!

MIKE: Hello, Bob...Well, I've got her...Yes, I know, I know...We'll broadcast from here...if I can get her out of a clinch...usual time...O.K. (He runs to MARY) Please, Miss Marlowe...we'll broadcast from here as soon as I set up the mike. (He runs out and returns immediately and sets up equipment.)

MARY: No...

CLERK 1: I don't want to rush things, young man, but the army truck will soon leave for Camp Potash...and you haven't your uniform...

DANNY: Yessir. (Getting up.)

MARY: Camp Potash? Where in the world is that?

DANNY: It's not far.

MARY: Camp Potash...it's a silly name, isn't it?

DANNY: Goodbye, Mary...

MARY: Goodbye, Danny...

MIKE: Good morning, ladies! (He motions to the weeping Mary to come to the mike.) Once more Polly's Precious Pancake Flour Company greets you...and if you've just finished one of those scrumptious breakfasts off Polly's Precious Pancakes, sit back, ...relax...and listen to the lovely voice of Mary Marlowe...the early bird...the nightingale of the morning air waves...

MARY: Good morning, folks ...

MIKE: But, first, a word about Polly's Precious Pancake Flour...if you've tried it there's no use talking...But, if you haven't, we want you to know that Polly's Precious Pancake Flour is not just a flash-in-the-pan pancake flour...It's been proven...It's been tested...and remember...it's fortified! Fortified with a secret formula that puts Polly's Precious Pancake Flour years ahead of any other pancake flour on the market. Flatter your flapjacks with Polly's Precious Pancake Flour! And now...Mary Marlowe, the belle of the breakfast tables, will sing...



"—Penny and I!"

(Music)

(During the following song lights dim gradually, leaving spot-light on MARY...Up at conclusion of song. Song should be built up with choral voices.)

I have some singing to do.
And I can't keep on swinging
When I'm blue.
Seems to me that it's just
A trifle sacrilegious.
I need a waltz for my mood...
I need a waltz for my mood...

Danny and I were sweethearts,
Just for a little while,
Just long enough
To learn that the stuff
That love is made of...
One should be afraid of.
Strange that a world
Could part us...
Strange that a heart must cry.
We were fools to think
That love could never die.
Danny...
Danny and I.

(At the end of MARY'S song the General enters...He is amazed at finding such things in the draft board...he watches MARY incredulously. At the conclusion of the song MARY collapses into the nearest person's arms...and the nearest person is the General. She sobs violently.)

MIKE: Ladies, due to conditions beyond our control...
(He glares at MARY) we are unable to continue
this broadcast. We return you now to the main
studios where you will hear a program by elec-
trical transcription.
(He curses under his breath as he exits.)

(The FOUR CL RKS leave their desks and come to greet the
GENERAL. MARY looks up and is startled to find herself in
such close proximity with a strange man.)

MARY: Who are you? (She sees his medals.) Are you
in the army?

GENERAL: Yes, my dear. I'm a General.

MARY: A General! Than it's your fault...don't tell me it isn't, b cause it is...it is!

(Three CL RKS 1 ad her upstage where she sits and quietly sobs. They return to the G N RAL.)

GENERAL: A bit confusing...

CLERK 1: I find it so.

CLERK 2: So do I.

CLERK 3: Me, too.

CLERK 4: Yeah.

GENERAL: I've come to inspect the new recruits for Camp Potash. I have the truck waiting outside. Are they ready?

CLERK 1: I think so.

CLERK 2: I would say they were.

CLERK 3: I would say they were, too.

CLERK 4: So would I.

GEN RAL: By the way, there's a charwoman coming out, isn't there? The place is filthy...where is she?

(ZUDUGUE c m s running up to the GENERAL.)

ZUDUGUE: Here I am, sir...I'm the one, sir...

GENERAL: Fine...are you all ready?

ZUDUGUE: Just have to get my mop and bucket, sir...and powder my nose.

GENERAL: As soon as you're ready go out to the truck and wait.

ZUDUGUE: Yessir.

GEN RAL: Come, gentlemen...let us inspect the draftees.

(exit GEN RAL and FOUR CLERKS.)

(ZUDUGUE, starting offstage, is stopped by MARY.)

MARY: Pardon me...

ZUDUGUE: Yes ma'm?

MARY: Did I understand you're going to Camp Potash?

ZUDUGUE: Yes, ma'm.

MARY: Well, isn't that fine?

ZUDUGUE: I think so. (Starts off.)

MARY: Wait a minute...how long will you be at Camp Potash?

ZUDUGUE: As long as my work's satisfactory.

MARY: That's fine, too, isn't it?

ZUDUGUE: Yes, it is.

MARY: What kind of work will you do?

ZUDUGUE: Keep the place clean...keep it mopped out...

MARY: Mop?

ZUDUGUE: Yes, ma'm.

MARY: What is a mop?

ZUDUGUE: A mop, ma'm...don't you know what a mop is...?

MARY: No, really...show me one...

ZUDUGUE: Doesn't know what a mop is...for heaven's sake...
(Gets one.) Here, ma'm, this is a mop.

MARY: How silly...how does it work?

ZUDUGUE: How does it work?...Like this... (Demonstrates.)



Scene 1

MARY: Now, isn't that cute? Let me try. (She mops.) Oh, I see, it's just like that one over there... (She points offstage.)

ZUDUGUE: Over where...?

MARY: There...

(As ZUDUGUE looks offstage MARY lifts the mop handle and hits him on the head...he collapses. MARY drags him offstage. A moment later she runs in, gathers up the mop and a bucket, and exits, quietly laughing all the while.)

(Introduction for "Soldier Boy" song begins...the DRAFTES, now in uniforms, march in and take positions on stage...the GENERAL enters last...he ador sees them.)

GENERAL: (Sings.)

You are the faith and the hope
That your country needs today.
You are the strength and th' pow'r
As your country I ads the way
Protecting the flag that is o'er you...
Pres'erving th' freedom that's for you.
So fight on forever,
No sword will unsever
Our faith.

Soldier Boy,
There's a million hearts behind you.
Soldier Boy,
And a million hearts remind you
The flag that flies
In our skies
Must be ever free!
Soldier Boy,
Can you hear the millions cheering
Full of joy?
For, the vict'ry that is nearing
The foe will n'ever destroy.
Soldier Boy!

(The song is repeated by the DRAFTES and they march forward as the curtain closes behind them...at the conclusion of their number they exit right and left and the curtain opens for.....



Scene 2

SCENE TWO...

Exterior of an army mess hall. Entrance to Mess Hall Center Left....Entrance to kitchen Center Right. Benches Right and Left. To obtain continuous playing of the show this scene should be played before a backdrop lowered in front of the first scene set. During this scene the set for SCENE THREE can be arranged.

SCENE TWO

(DANNY is discovered peeling potatoes.)

DANNY: Baked potatoes...boiled potato s...mashed potatoes...fried potatoes...Peelings...peelings...peelings

(He drops one in a bucket, picks up another...picks something off it.)

Potato bug...little potato bug...what great attraction does a potato have for you...little bug...is that old, ugly potato your world? It is? Maybe I'm just a potato bug on a bigger potato, little bug...Yes, that's it...my world's just a big, misshapen, dirty potato...and, if you've got guts enough, you can digest it...What a thought, little bug...I should kill you for even suggesting it...all right, I won't..I can see you have a feeling for that peeling..I'm sort of a kin to my skin, too...

COOK: (Enters on last of above speech.) Ah...soliciting...my young friend, are you a poet?

DANNY: Me...a poet? No!

COOK: Methought I heard the rise and fall of rhythmic waves in your speech.

DANNY: Did you...? Did I...?

COOK: I thought so.

DANNY: Couldn't have been...are you a poet?

COOK: Alas, my friend, I am...
A cook by profession,
A t heart a poet,
Through years of digression
You'd never know it.
Alas.

DANNY: Hmmm. Not bad.

COOK: All day I ~~sweat~~ to ~~feed~~ the hordes.
And fate has let me eat my ~~words~~.

DANNY: That's all right...But does hordes rhyme with
words...?

COOK: poetic license, my boy, poetic license. May I
sit?

DANNY: Sure. (Cook sits.) What do you do? Just make
things up and keep them in your head?

COOK: No, no, I write them down...I write for maga-
zines, too...

DANNY: You do?

COOK: Uh-hmm.

DANNY: Which ones?

COOK: Oh, all of them...I write for all of them...but
they always send them back.

DANNY: That's too bad.

COOK: Too bad for the world.
What jewels I would find
If only it were not so blind.

DANNY: I guess that's right.

COOK: But I keep on sending them...Like some fair
hostage
With return
postage.

DANNY: That's good.

COOK: I'm glad you think so, my friend. All my
friends think my poems are good...and that I'm
much above all this...and who but one's friends
can one believe...?

DANNY: I'm sure I don't know.

COOK: But I'll keep on...I won a poetry contest once when I was in high school...and I know...I know some day I'll do it again...Faith, my boy,... Faith, blind as it may be
Enables me to see
Ahead.

DANNY: I...I suppose some people think you're sort of goofy...

COOK: Do you?

DANNY: No, I said some people.

COOK: I suppose they do...I suppose I am. But the whole world's off balance. So I feel I must be off balance the other way...to keep everything balanced...besides, it eases the shock of living..

DANNY: If I could figure it out I'd probably agree...

COOK: And by my own insanity
I do preserve my sanity.

DANNY: Sounds like Shakespeare.

COOK: Might have been...that reminds me...
(He gets up,) I must order some bacon for breakfast. (He exits.)

(DANNY resumes his potato peeling...he is deeply engrossed in thought...he is making up poetry !)

DANNY: I peel potatoes all the day...let's see...play, way, pray,...no,...clay...may...no...All day long alone I sit...flit...knit...bit...no...

(While he is thus absorbed, a SCRUBWOMAN passes about the corner of the house...seeing DANNY alone she starts stealthily toward him...making sounds of "Pssst, pssst" to which DANNY pays no attention...he is TOO occupied. She gets halfway across the stage when the COOK appears in the doorway...he poses on the threshold. She flies away.)

COOK: My soul and I
Must earthward fly...

DANNY: What's that for?

COOK: That means I must get down to earth and cook lunch...so hurry up with those potatoes.

(He exits.)

(DANNY begins to peel in earnest...no thought of poetry now. Once more the SCRUBWOMAN peers around the corn...she tip-toes quietly to the door, looks in...then approaches DANNY. She goes behind him...then clamps her two hands over his eyes...and says in a low voice...

SCRUBWOMAN: Who is it?

DANNY: Hey, what's up?

SCRUBWOMAN: Who is it?

DANNY: Now, Cook, this is going a little too far!

SCRUBWOMAN: I'm not the Cook.

DANNY: Then who are you? (He manages to release himself...sees the SCRUBWOMAN...lets out a yell and runs to the other side of the stage.) Go 'way, please...go 'way! Go 'way!

SCRUBWOMAN: Now, Danny...

DANNY: Who...who are you...?

SCRUBWOMAN: Shhh hh! (She tiptoes to him.) I'll tell you...

DANNY: Well, for heaven's sake...hurry up! (She removes wig and glasses.) Mary! (He grabs her in his arms...she struggles loose.)

MARY: Not now, Danny, not now. (She hastily puts on wig and glasses again.) Now!

(DANNY puts his arm about her just as the GENERAL enters...DANNY sees him just in time and starts to waltz MARY around the stage.)

DANNY: One, two, three...One, two, three...that's it...that's it...

GENERAL: Stop!

DANNY: Yes sir.

GENERAL: What's going on here?

(MARY runs to her mop...DANNY stands at attention.)

DANNY: I was just teaching this young...this old...
hag...a new dance step...

GENERAL: Wer you sent here to be a dance instructor
to charwomen?

DANNY: No, sir...

GENERAL: Why were you sent here?

DANNY: To peel potatoes, I guess.

GENERAL: Well, peel. (He exits into the cookhouse.)

(MARY and DANNY run toward each other once more...and once more the COOK appears in the doorway...MARY utters a scream and runs by DANNY and hides behind bench stage left, unnoticed by DANNY and COOK.) DANNY stops short and faces the COOK.)

COOK: What are you doing?

DANNY: Ah...playing games...

COOK: Games...?

DANNY: Yes...ah...war games...I was showing her what
to do in case of attack...

COOK: Is she being attacked?

DANNY: (Looking offstage.) I hope not.

COOK: Where'd she go?

DANNY: She's hiding, I guess...

COOK: Why didn't you tell me?

DANNY: Tell you what...?

COOK: That you were playing hide and seek.

Ah, youth !
 A crocodile
 Would sh'd less tears
 Than I, forsooth,
 To count the years
 Pass by...my youth
 Backslid,
 So to speak.
 It hid...
 I seek.

 Can I play?

(While the COOK has been eating DANNY has been looking around for MARY.)

DANNY: Play what?

COOK: Hide and seek. Hurry up, I can't wait !

DANNY: (Still dumbfounded.) What...?

COOK: (Pointing offstage) She's hiding...and I'm going to play, too. Hurry up !

(COOK excitedly takes DANNY'S arm, leads him back to house and faces him against the wall.)

Count to ten...and then catch me if you can !
 (COOK starts to leave...he comes back) Count slowly...I'm not so young, you know.

(He claps his hands and exits. DANNY, with his face to the wall, starts to count slowly...the orchestra takes his rhythm slowly for the song which is soon to follow. When DANNY finishes counting he turns around, cups his hands to his mouth and calls out...)

DANNY: Are you hiding?

COOK: (Offstage) Yes !

MARY: (Not seen) So am I.

(DANNY is momentarily startled...he calls again.)

DANNY: Are you ready?

COOK: Yes.

MARY: So am I.

(DANNY is convinced that MARY is somewhere near.)

DANNY: (Sings)

Ready or not
You shall be caught
My heart will lead me to the spot
Where you're hiding.

(He looks about the stage.)

Ready or not,
You shall be sought.
My heart is much too overwrought
To be biding its time.

(He discovers MARY.)

I'm deciding that I'm
Warmer,
Warmer!
I'm hot!

I spy a lovely lady
And I try to be sane.
Put you addle my brain
And I simply remain
Like a zany.
When I spy a lovely lady,
My sense bids me adieu
When I spy a lovely lady
Like you.

Why keep on hiding?
Why put your heart
Under a camouflage?
Give up the ghost
I've made the most
Of a little espionage.
I spy a lovely lady,
And I never will rue
That I spied a lovely lady
Like you.

(At conclusion of song MARY and DANNY are about to embrace when the COOK runs in.)

COOK: Kings! X! Kings! X! I smell something burning!
(He runs into the house.)

DANNY: You can't stay here, Mary.

MARY: Oh, yes, I can...why not?

DANNY: They'll just make fun of me.

MARY: Are you ashamed to be seen with me, Danny?

DANNY: Of course not, Mary...it's just that...

MARY: What?

DANNY: I can't make love to a scrubwoman...it's just not done...

MARY: I'm not a scrubwoman.

DANNY: You are here.

MARY: That's right...I never thought of that...I never think of anything.

DANNY: Oh, Mary...

MARY: Oh, Danny...

DANNY: (excited) O Mary!

MARY: O Danny...what!

DANNY: I've got a plan.

MARY: Oh, lord, tell me quick and get it over with.

DANNY: At least we can be together for the rest of th day.

MARY: And nobody'll laugh?

DANNY: Nobody'll laugh.

MARY: Will we?

DANNY: Yes.

(The two burst into laughter...MARY stops suddenly.)

MARY: Well, what is it?

DANNY: (Jumps up) Stay right here till I get back... keep on scrubbing...but don't leave. You'll die laughing...you'll simply die...

(He starts laughing...MARY, too...DANNY exits laughing... MARY scrubs and chuckles to herself.)

(As MARY scrubs the STRANGER enters. He watches MARY awhile.)

STRANGER: Hello.

MARY: Hello. (She continues to scrub.)

STRANGER: You're new here, aren't you?

MARY: (Still scrubbing.) Yes.

STRANGER: Just start today?

MARY: Yes.

STRANGER: My name's Benson. (He offers his hand.)

MARY: (Wipes her hand on her dress and shakes hands with him.) Glad to know you. (She continues to scrub.)

STRANGER: You haven't been doing this sort of work very long, have you?

MARY: Why...yes...for a long, long time...why?

STRANGER: Your hands are remarkably soft for a scrub-woman.

MARY: I...I keep good care of them...

STRANGER: Oh. (He exits into the cookhouse.)

(MARY watches him leave...looks at her hands, then shrugs her shoulders and scrubs again...GENERAL and STRANGER appear...they pause in the doorway.)

STRANGER: It's a very dangerous spy ring, General, but at last we are just about ready to close in on them. Can we count on your support?

GENERAL: To the utmost.

STRANGER: Thank you, sir. You see, there are only five of them, sir...only five, mind you...but extremely clever. Disguised as maids, dishwashers, scrubwomen they manage to place themselves within some of our most vital defense areas...

GENERAL: Astounding! Unbelievable!

(MARY, who is thoroughly frightened at this point, takes her mop and bucket and slowly edges offstage.)

STRANGER: Ho, there! You!

(MARY starts to run...the STRANGER runs after her and catches her before she leaves the stage.)

Not so fast!

MARY: Let me go...I tell you. Let me go!

(MARY and the STRANGER struggle and in the excitement MARY'S wig and glasses come off.)

STRANGER: See, General! The first one...caught...

GENERAL: Astounding! Unbelievable!

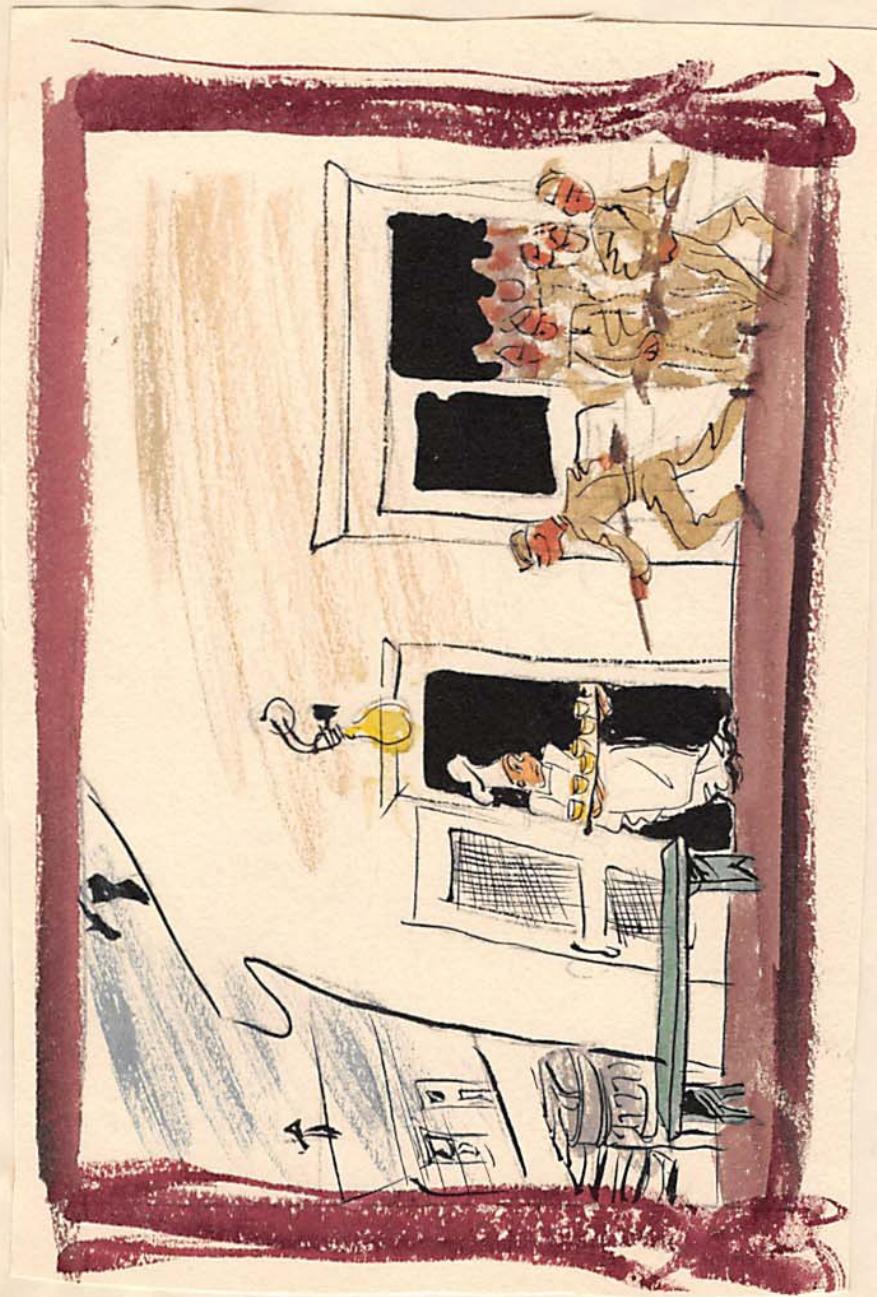
MARY: I'm not a spy...can't you see? I'm not...I'm not!

STRANGER: And a beautiful spy, too.

GENERAL: I thought they went out of date in the last war.

MARY: (Screams) Danny! Danny!

STRANGER: Who is this Danny?



" Soldiers, away ! with nerves so taut — "

GENERAL: One of our new recruits...assigned to kitchen duty...you don't think...

STRANGER: Most likely...so that he is rounded up and brought to trial with the rest.

(STRANGER starts to take MARY off.)

GENERAL: At once...oh, what shall we do about scrub-women?...whom can we trust?

STRANGER: I've arranged that...I thought we'd find at least one here...so I brought you one who's too old and dull to even think of being a spy.

GENERAL: Fine.

STRANGER: And now, sir, if you'll please round up this Danny person...I'll see that this young lady is well locked up...

GENERAL: Right away.

(STRANGER and MARY go off. The GENERAL disappears into the house...here one can hear him giving orders to the men. A moment later SOLDIERS swear out of the house...guns in hand...and exit in different directions...COOK comes to the door and watches them leave.)

COOK: Soldiers, away! With nerves so taut...
And all their courage mustered,
But, yet delay! They hav forgot
To eat their lemon custard.

.....
.....
And it was such good custard, too.

(He sinks onto a bench and in mournful meditation contemplates the custard...he stares blankly ahead. While the COOK is thus meditating a slovenly SCRUBWOMAN enters. She stares at the COOK for a while.)

SCRUBWOMAN: Who are you?

COOK: I don't care...who are you?

SCRUBWOMAN: Such impudence! Get up and let a lady scrub!



" Mary - you're wonderful!"

COOK: (Gets up) All right...all right... (He exits.)

SCRUBWOMAN: Sometimes I think m n ain't got no manners at all...no sirree...not at all... (She starts to scrub.)

(Again, another SCRUBWOMAN peers around the corner of the house...tiptoes silently to center stage...looks in the door.. and proceeds toward the other SCRUB WOMAN. If one could see behind the drapes, costume, and glasses one would see that it is DANNY ! He pokes the SCRUBWOMAN in the ribs.)

DANNY: Boo !

SCRUBWOMAN: (She lets out a scream and jumps back) My God, dear !, what's that for...? who are you...?

DANNY: (Looks the SCRUBWOMAN in the face and bursts out laughing.) It's wonderful ! (He points at her face.)

SCRUBWOMAN: What's wonderful? (Looking about her.)

DANNY: Your face ! It's marvelous !

SCRUBWOMAN: (Startled) My face? What's wrong with it?

DANNY: (Still laughing) Mary, where did you get that mask?

SCRUBWOMAN: Mask? Mary? This is my own face and my name's not Mary ! It's Connie !

DANNY: (Goes to her and puts arms about her) Mary, you're wonderful.

SCRUBWOMAN: (struggling) You shameful hussy !

DANNY: (Holding her tighter) Let's stop playing games now...give me a kiss.

SCRUBWOMAN: (Struggling more) Listen, sister, the Greeks had a word for this...But I'm no Greek...see? (She struggles loose and slaps DANNY in the face...She removes her glasses and puts them in her pocket.)

DANNY: Mary ! Stop this nonsense...take off that wig ! (He pulls at her hair.)

SCUBWOMAN: OW ! So you want to play, huh? (She grabs his hair and the wig comes off.)

My God...a beast man ! (She runs screaming off-stage.)

DANNY: (Dazed...looks after her) It's not Mary...it must be...but it's not.

(Sound of SOLDIERS returning.)

Good Lord, they're coming back ! They can't see me like this !

(He hastily puts wig and glasses back on, falls to the floor, and begins to scrub. The GEN RAL, followed by SOLDIERS, enters...the GEN RAL takes position close to DANNY.)

GEN RAL: I don't understand how he could have made such a quick get-a-way. We've made a thorough search... I can't understand it... (He looks at DANNY, who is still scrubbing, awhile.) You haven't seen anyone go by lately, have you?

DANNY: (Falsetto) No, sir, I haven't. Who are you looking for, sir?

GENERAL: We're looking for a new recruit, Danny Daniels a desperate criminal.

DANNY: (Gulps) No, sir, I haven't ! (He begins to scrub furiously.)

GEN RAL: I'd better notify the investigation bureau. (He exits into the house.)

(The SOLDIERS sit about the stage and silently watch DANNY work.)

SOLDIER 1: What are you doing tonight, Jim?

SOLDIER 2: Nothing special...might go to a show...

SOLDIER 3: What's on?

SOLDIER 4: I don't know...nothing special....

SOLDIER 5: I'd go if I could get a date...the women in these parts just don't do it.

SOLDIER 5: Do what?

SOLDIER 4: Date.

SOLDIER 5: Oh.

SOLDIER 6: (Points to DANNY.) Why don't you take grand-ma there? I bet she'd love to see a show.

SOLDIER 4: How about it, granny, want to see a show?

DANNY: Oh, pshaw...I don't go out with strange men...

SOLDIER 4: Why, granny! We're not strange men. Come on, fellers...let's take her to a show.

(All the SOLDIERS agree...DANNY is panicked.)

DANNY: At my age? I'm too old to go out with you young ones...besides....I ain't party....

SOLDIER 3: We think you're party.

SOLDIER 1: We think you're beautiful.

SOLDIER 5: We think you're wonderful.

(Once more the dialogue goes into music for "I Spy A Beautiful Lady", which the SOLDIERS sing to DANNY. As the song progresses DANNY dances with the SOLDIERS...at the very end of the number, as DANNY is finishing an intricate dance step, his wig and glasses fly off.)

ALL SOLDIERS: DANNY DANI LS!

(The SOLDIERS all make a leap for DANNY as the curtain falls.)



Scene 3

SCENE THREE...

Interior of train station. Center Rear exits to Track One and Track Two. Left Rear and Right Rear tickets offices. Center Left and Center Right Waiting Benches. Stage Right and exit to a Ladie's Washroom. Exit to telephone booth Stage Left.

SCENE THREE

MUSIC: "Scrubwomen" theme.

(As the scene opens the FIVE SCRUBWOMEN of the first scene are discovered cleaning in much the same manner as in Scene One. The STATION MASTER enters main entrance, proceeds to ticket office, opens door and disappears within. ZUDUGUE throws down his mop.)

ZUDUGUE: Fellow countrymen, closer and closer we arrive at our goal... He looks about him)... This building must be destroyed. The Potash City Railroad is a military objective.

AGENT: (Awed) It is?

ZUDUGUE: Yes, have you any objections?

AGENT: No, only military.

ZUDUGUE: Fine...come along.

(He motions mysteriously to agents to follow...They do. They stop and ask in a whisper...)

AGENTS: Where are we going?

ZUDUGUE: (Whispers) To have a cigarette!

(They all follow ZUDUGUE into the Ladies' Wash Room.)

(DRUNK walks up from behind right bench...stretches and yawns as the STATION MASTER comes out of office.)

DRUNK: Hey you....where am I?

MASTER: You're in Potash City.

DRUNK: Well, how's I get here?

MASTER: I don't know.

DRUNK: Imagine that. Tell me quick...where'm I going?

MASTER: I'm sue I don't know.

DRUNK: Don't know wher I'm going?

MASTER: No !

DRUNK: What kind of a business man are you, anyway ? You're supposed to tell people where to go. Why, if I ran this place I'd tell you where to go...in no uncertain terms ! What time is it?

MAST R: Right.

DRUNK: Evening?

MASTER: Morning.

DRUNK: Too early...too early...come back later.

(He disappears and goes to sleep. STATION MASTER go's back to tick t office. DANNY and MARY come in with BENSON. It is apparent that he has them covered with a gun. The two are still in their scrubwoman costumes, but are carrying th ir glasses and wigs.)

BENSON: You two sit here...(Indicates bench right) while I go look for magazines. And no funny business, se ? I've got you covered. (He goes to ticket office.)

MARY: (Weeps) Oh, Danny, this is terrible.

DANNY: Yes, Mary.

MARY: (Looks at watch) Here I should be going to the radio station at this time, but I'm going to prison ! (Weeps)

DANNY: Now, Mary...

MARY: And they'll probably shoot me, Danny.

DANNY: No, Mary...

MARY: And they'll shoot you, too, Danny. (Weeps)

DANNY: Mary !

MARY: Oh, what'll I do?

DANNY: I don't know.

MARY: I think I'd better wash my face.

(Sh gets up and goes to Wash Room. BENSON looks around and notices that MARY has gone. He runs to DANNY.)

BENSON: Where is she? Where'd she go?

DANNY: Don't get so excited. She's washing her face.

BENSON: Oh...well...no funny stuff, see? (He goes back to tick t window.)

(ZUDUGUE comes out of washroom. He sits on far end of bench that DANNY is sitting on to tie a loose shoe string. DANNY thinks it is MARY.)

DANNY: (Sliding toward ZUDUGUE) How do you feel, dear? Everything will be all right. Don't worry, dear.

ZUDUGUE: Huh? (DANNY puts his arm around ZUDUGUE.) Say...don't try to get fresh w th me, mister. (He pushes DANNY in the face.)

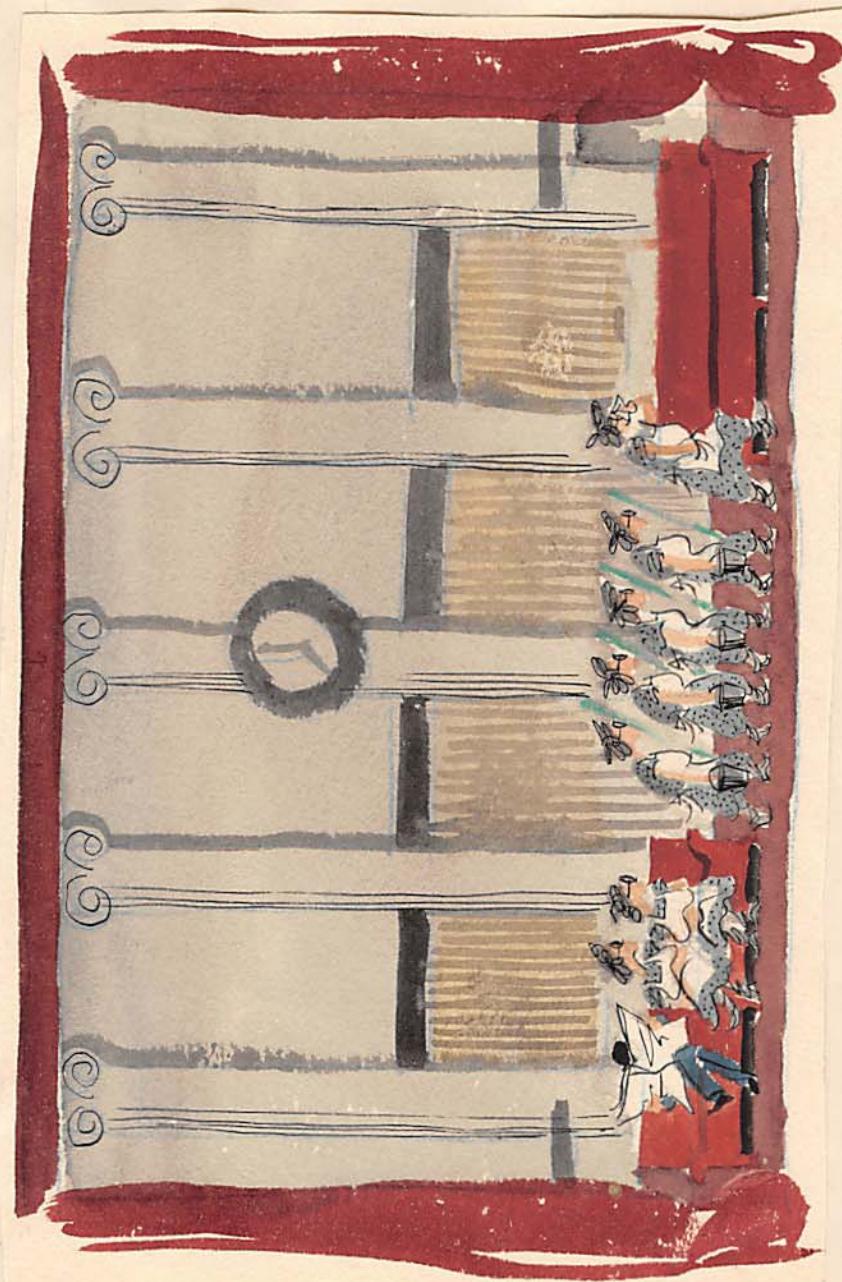
DANNY: Mary !

(ZUDUGUE walks toward th entrance left. BENSON looks up from his magaz n and sees him. He looks back at bench and sees that DANNY is there.)

BENSON: Hey, sister ! (He pulls out a gun.) Stick 'em up !

ZUDUGUE: (Turns quickly around) Stick 'em up?

BENSON: That's what I said. Lift them, sister. (ZUDUGUE does) Now, get back to that bench where you belong. (They both move to where DANNY is sitting.) I thought I said no funny stuff. Now, sit down !



Scene 3

(ZUDUGUE sits next to DANNY, BENSON next to ZUDUGUE. BENSON opens up a newspaper which conceals his face.)

DANNY: (In a loud whisper) I'm surprised at you.

ZUDUGUE: Shut up! (Whisper.)

(They glare at each other. MARY comes out of washroom with her wig and glasses on. She is daubing her eyes with a handkerchief, still sobbing. Directly behind follow the FOUR AGENTS each carrying a buck t. MARY crosses in front of the three on stage with the FOUR AGENTS trailing after. She goes to phone booth and closes door. AGENTS exit through main entrance. BENSON is still behind paper. DANNY and ZUDUGUE watch them in amazement. ZUDUGUE perceives that there are five. DANNY realizes one of them is MARY. In an act of desperation ZUDUGUE leaps toward BENSON, grabs his hat and pulls it down over his face. ZUDUGUE runs quickly to Wash Room as BENSON has a terrific struggle trying to extricate his face. MARY comes out of phone booth and sits where ZUDUGUE was. She takes off wig and glasses just as BENSON removes his hat, revealing a very mad visage.)

BENSON: (Raging) You little vixen! I'll fix you for this! You'll regret it. Yes, you'll regret it!

MARY: (Innocently) Regret what...that I washed my face?

DANNY: You shouldn't have done it.

MARY: Well, why not?

BENSON: You'll find out why not! You sit here, you g lady, and don't you budge! Bah! (He stalks back to magazine rack.)

DANNY: Mary, I think there's something wrong with my eyes.

MARY: Is there?

DANNY: Ever since you went to the washroom I've been seeing double.

MARY: That's funny, my eyes hav been sort of strange, too.

DANNY: Maybe it's just so much excitement.

MARY: Mayb so.

DRUNK: (Raising up directly behind MARY and DANNY.) Hello, kids ! (MARY and DANNY are startled) Do you know where you are going?

DANNY: I'm afraid we do.

DRUNK: Do you really know where you're going?

DANNY: Yes. Why?

DRUNK: (Sadly) I don't know where I'm going...and nobody'll tell me. Isn't that horrible?

DANNY: Go away !

DRUNK: Shall I?

DANNY: Yes.

DRUNK: I wonder how much a ticket would cost to go there? Anyway the ticket office isn't open. What time is it?

MARY: Eight twenty.

DRUNK: Too early...too early...come back later. (He disappears behind bench.)

MARY: Danny, I feel like a fool sitting around looking like this.

DANNY: Don't think I don't.

MARY: What if somebody recognized us?

DANNY: Put on that wig and lasses. Nobody'll recognize you in them. I'll put mine on, too.

(They put on wig and glasses. The DRUNK raises up again.)

DRUNK: What time did you say it was... h, pardon me, ladies...where'd they go?

MARY: Who?

DRUNK: Those two young people who were here.

MARY: OH, they went away.

DRUNK: They went away? And they didn't take me with them. Nobody ever takes me anywhere. Isn't that horrible?

MARY: It certainly is.

DRUNK: Would you take me anywhere? Where are you going?

MARY: We're just waiting.

DRUNK: That's fun. Can I wait, too?

MARY: Yes.

DRUNK: All right. Then I'll just wait.

(He turns around and waits. The STATION MASTER comes out of ticket office and speaks to BENSON)

MASTER: Good morning.

BENSON: Good morning. Oh, by the way, have you any train schedules?

MASTER: Why, yes. The office isn't open yet, but you may go in and help yourself.

BENSON: Thanks. You see I have an urgent criminal case that I'm taking to the city. (He points to bench where DANNY, MARY, and the DRUNK are sitting.) I don't want to change trains too many times.

MASTER: I see. Go right in and help yourself.

BENSON: Thanks. (He exits into ticket office.)

(TRAIN MASTER comes toward bench where the three sit.)

DRUNK: Hello, pop.

MASTER: Hello, son.

DRUNK: Do you know where I'm going yet?

MASTER: (Shakes his head) I'm afraid I do...I'm afraid I do.

DRUNK: Where's that?

MASTER: (Moving toward DANNY and MARY) The wages of sin...the wages of sin.

DRUNK: How much do they get?

MASTER: (To DANNY and MARY) I realize that your work is a bit tedious at times, but you must know that you're not being paid to sit around. Come to my office. I have some cleaning in there to be done.

DANNY: But...

MASTER: I know you're probably tired but I must be firm. Come along.

(MARY and DANNY meekly follow the TRAINMASTER to the ticket office. Just as they reach the door BENSON comes out. He is deeply engrossed in a time table and MARY and DANNY pass into the office without his noticing.)

MASTER: Did you find everything you wanted?

BENSON: (Looking up) Yes, this is fine. Thanks.

(TRAINMASTER goes into office and BENSON comes down stage, still studying table. He looks up.)

BENSON: Good Lord! Where'd they go?

DRUNK: Who?

BENSON: (Points to bench) The two that were there.

DRUNK: They didn't go anywhere. They're waiting.

(BENSON whips out revolver and runs to main entrance. He sees nothing. He comes back onto stage just as ZUDUGUE starts to come out of Wash Room.)

BENSON: Eh, there you are.

(He runs toward Wash Room. ZUDUGUE ducks back in. Before BENSON gets halfway across the stage TWO AGENTS come in the opposite side of the stage. BENSON sees them.)

BENSON: Good Lord, How'd you get over there? Come here, you two!

(He runs toward AGENTS brandishing gun. The two turn and flee in the direction they came.)



"I think I'll kill myself."

DRUNK: Oh, everybody's going...always going, and never waiting like they said they would! (He pulls a gun out of his pocket.) I think I'll kill myself...that'll show them. That'll prove I'm not kidding. (He puts revolver to head just as two other AGENTS come in main entrance with pails and buckets. DRUNK lowers gun.) Oh, they've come back...to take me with them. (He sobs.) It's too good to be true.

(The TWO AGENTS sit down on bench left, tired from their work. DRUNK runs to them.)

DRUNK: I knew you wouldn't leave me, you cute little ol' ladies. I knew you wouldn't forget little me!

AGENT: Go away!

DRUNK: (Hurt) Go away? Aren't you going to take me with you? Poor me.

AGENT: No. Shut up and go away!

DRUNK: So that's the way you treat an ol' pal. (He pulls out gun) Well, see that? Stick 'em up! If I can't go, you can't either, so there!

(AGENTS put up hands.)

AGENT: Now, listen...

(BENSON comes on stage left holding a gun up to two AGENTS.)

BENSON: Thought you'd get away, eh? Get in here. (He sees DRUNK with two other AGENTS.) Good Lord protect me, I'm seeing double!

DRUNK: What have I been drinking?

BENSON: No, I'm not! Sit down there, all of you. Now, take off your wigs, take them off!

(The FOUR take off their wigs and reveal that they are men.)

DRUNK: (Runs to bench right) Never again! Never again! So help me! Never...never...never! (He hides his face in his hands.)

BENSON: So ! The whole bunch of you, huh? Wait a minute...there's supposed to be five. Where's that woman? Where is she? (He looks toward Wash Room) Now I remember. (He calls to DRUNK) Hey you, come here ! (DRUNK, sufficiently shaken to be a little sober, comes over.) Here, take this gun, and don't let one of these go. If one is gone when I come back, I'll kill you !

DRUNK: Me?

BENSON: Yes, you !

(DRUNK guards over AGENTS and BENSON rushes to Wash Room. He gets to door and is stopped by sign that says "Ladies". He thinks a moment, then runs back to bench 1 ft and grabs one of the wigs that the AGENT has discarded. He thrusts it on his head and runs into washroom.)

DRUNK: (To AGENTS) I think it's awful for people like you to go around and fool little people like me. You raised my hopes...that's what you did. And you dashed them, too...and that's awful.

(BENSON appears at door of Wash Room with ZUDUGUE)

BENSON: Thought you were in the holy of holies, didn't you, girlie? Well, you can't outwit me. Now, get over here and take off your wig. Take it off ! (ZUDUGUE does) Well, what's this? You're not the one I started with, but I got five and that's what I came after. (A train whistle blows) Come on, let's get going. (He starts to herd his group toward the gate. DRUNK goes back to bench right.)

DRUNK: Never again...never again !

(As BENSON gets his group to the gate the MASTER comes out of the office and opens the "To Train" and "From Train" gates. As BENSON gets his group halfway through the gate MARY and DANNY come out of the office. BENSON sees them.)

BENSON: Go away, I tell you, go away. (Shakes his head as he goes out the gate) Enough is enough.

(MARY and DANNY come to center. The DRUNK watches them as they take off their wigs.)

DRUNK: Oh, no ! Please ! No ! No ! No ! (He runs out the gate.)

(MARY and DANNY watch every thing in a dazed condition. Soon people and soldiers begin to enter from the train gates and the stage looks like a busy depot. MIKE comes running in with the ever ready microphone.)

MIKE: Mary Marlowe, if you ever call me up again, I won't answer. (He signals to assistants who have been making everything ready for a broadcast. He signals to orchestra...fanfare...) Good morning, ladies ! Once more Polly's Precious Pancakes brings you that unusual personality--that very unusual personality--Mary Marlowe....

(Introduction for song Soldier Boy. MARY sings the song and the crowd joins in as the

CURTAIN FALLS.

1941