



A Fable of Vaudeville

Written, Arranged, and Originally Directed in New York by

CHIP DEFFAA

With songs from the repertoire of Eddie Foy & family,

and originals by

CHIP DEFFAA



Salt Lake City

© 2006, 2007, 2008 by Chip Deffaa

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

A requisite number of script and music copies must be purchased from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 for each infringement, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights inquiries may be made to the authors through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this SCRIPT whether bought or rented, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made and license granted before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be bought and/or rented from:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS
3877 W. Leicester Bay South Jordan, UT 84095
www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com
Printed in the United States Of America

Whenever this play is produced the following notice should appear in the program and on all advertisements under the producer's control: "Produced by special arrangement with Leicester Bay Theatricals, South Jordan UT" In all programs and posters and in all advertisements under the producers control, the author's name shall be prominently featured under the title.

NOTE: Your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. If we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts, by Chip Deffaa

MUSICAL NUMBERS....

ACT ONE

1. "SMILES" (words by J. Will Callahan, music by Lee S. Roberts, 1917)
2. "SINGIN' THE BLUES" (words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young, music by Con Conrad and J. Russel Robinson, 1920)
3. "I WANT TO BE A POPULAR MILLIONAIRE" (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1905)
4. "IF I WAS A MILLIONAIRE" (words by Will D. Cobb, music by Gus Edwards, 1910)
5. "SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON" (words by Jack Norworth, music by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, 1908, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
6. "EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER" (words and music by Jean Havez, 1905)
7. "SOME OF THESE DAYS" (words and music by Shelton Brooks, 1912, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
8. "THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY" (words and music George M. Cohan, 1904)
9. "MOONLIGHT BAY" (words by Edward Madden, music by Percy Weinrich, 1912, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
10. "OH! MR. MOON" (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1901, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
11. "MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND" (words by Beth Slater Whitson, music by Leo Friedman, 1908)
12. "ROW, ROW, ROW" (words by William Jerome, music by Jimmie V. Monaco, 1912)
13. "BALLIN' THE JACK"/Music & Gags Sequence ("Ballin' the Jack"—words by Jim Burris, music by Chris Smith, 1913)
14. "YOU CAN TELL THAT I'M IRISH" (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1916; introduction by Chip Deffaa)
15. "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY" (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1906, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
16. "SMILES"-Reprise (words by J. Will Callahan, music by Lee S. Roberts, 1917)
17. "OH! MR. MOON"—Reprise (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1901, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
18. "MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND"—Reprise (words by Beth Slater Whitson, music by Leo Friedman, 1909)

ACT TWO

19. "EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER"—Reprise (words and music by Jean Havez, 1905)
20. "AN EDDIE FOY SOFT SHOE" (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
21. "I'M TIRED" (words by William Jerome, music by Jean Schwartz, 1901, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
22. "SECOND-HAND ROSE" (words by Grant Clarke, music by James F. Hanley, 1921)
- 22a. "SMILES"—Underscoring (music by Lee S. Roberts, 1917)
23. "SINGIN' THE BLUES"—Reprise (words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young, music by Con Conrad and J. Russel Robinson, 1920)
24. "WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING" (words by Chauncey Olcott and George Graff Jr., music by Ernest R. Ball, 1912)
25. "SOME SUNNY DAY" (words and music by Irving Berlin, 1922)
26. "SOMEDAY" (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
- 26a. "SOMEDAY"—Instrumental Tag (music by Chip Deffaa)
- 26b. "SOMETIMES I MISS NEW ROCHELLE"—Underscoring (music by Chip Deffaa)
27. "ONE MORE CHRISTMAS" (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
28. "SOMETIMES I MISS NEW ROCHELLE" (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
29. "PLEASE WAIT FOR ME" (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
30. "ONE MORE CHRISTMAS"—First Reprise (words and music by Chip Deffaa).
31. "YOU REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER" (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1922)
32. "STRUTTIN'" (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
33. "CHINATOWN MY CHINATOWN" (words by William Jerome, music by Jean Schwartz, 1910)
34. "THE INTERNATIONAL RAG" (words and music by Irving Berlin, 1913)
35. "ONE MORE CHRISTMAS"—Second Reprise. (words and music by Chip Deffaa)

36. **“SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT”** (original words by Joseph Mohr, music by Franz Gruber, early 19th century)
WORLD WAR ONE MEDLEY, introducing...
37. **“AMERICA I LOVE YOU”** (words by Edgar Leslie, music by Archie Gottler, 1915)
38. **“GOODBYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE”** (words by C. Francis Reisner and Benny Davis, music by Billy Baskette, 1917)
39. **“PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG, AND SMILE SMILE SMILE”** (words by George Asaf, music by Felix Powell, 1915, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
40. **“WHEN YOU COME BACK”** (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1918)
41. **“BLUE BELL”** (words by Edward Madden and Theodora Morse, music by Theodore Morse, 1904)
42. **“POPULARITY”** (excerpt) (music by George M. Cohan, 1906)
43. **GOODBYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE”-Reprise** (words by C. Francis Reisner and Benny Davis, music by Billy Baskette, 1917)
- 43a. **“GOODBYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE”-Instrumental Tag** (music by Billy Baskette, 1917)
44. **“ONE MORE CHRISTMAS”- Finale Reprise** (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
45. **“SOMEDAY”-Finale Reprise.** (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
- 46 **BOWS MUSIC-“SOMEDAY”** (words and music by Chip Deffaa)
47. **EXIT MUSIC-“MOONLIGHT BAY”** (music by Leo Friedman, 1909)

* * *

APPENDIX: OPTIONAL EXTRA SONGS

48. **“MUSICAL MOON”** (words and music by George M. Cohan, 1911)
 (Note: This optional song may, if desired, be performed as part of the benefit-show scene in Act One, performed immediately following song #15, “Forty Five Minutes from Broadway”; or else it may be used as part of the performance montage in Act Two, preceding, replacing, or following song #33, “Chinatown My Chinatown.”)
49. **“DADDY, YOU’VE BEEN A MOTHER TO ME”** (words and music by Fred Fisher, 1920,
 with revisions by Chip Deffaa)
 (Note: This optional song may, if desired, be used as part of the performance montage in Act Two, preceding, replacing, or following song #33, “Chinatown My Chinatown.”)

(Both of these optional extra songs are included on our *Seven Little Foys* cast album, available from www.amazon.com, www.CDBaby.com, iTunes, OR from the Leicester Bay Theatricals website)

A NOTE ON CHARACTERS AND SETTINGS...

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS is written for **ten players**. (It is also possible to use 11 players, if you want to have an extra actor play the small role of the judge; but that role can easily be “doubled” by the actor playing George M. Cohan.)

There are three adult roles--**Eddie Foy**, a born showman with a wee bit of bluster and blarney in him; **Mrs. Foy**, his devoted and generous wife, who understands all-too-well her husband's various foibles and imperfections; and their friend, master entertainer/songwriter **George M. Cohan**. The play spans the years 1912-1918. At the start of the play, if we are to be historically accurate, Eddie Foy would be 56; Mrs. Foy, 44; George M. Cohan, 34; however, only Eddie's age is actually specified in the play; Mrs. Foy and Cohan are simply represented as being middle-aged.

The Foy's have **seven children**. At the start of the play, **Bryan** is about 15; **Charlie**, 13; **Richard**, 12; **Mary**, 11; **Madeline**, eight, **Eddie Jr.**, seven; and **Irving**, five. It is perfectly fine, however, to cast actors who might actually be a bit older or younger to portray the various Foy children, so long as they suggest a family with lively kids of assorted ages, heights, and personalities. (The actors playing the Seven Little Foy's in the original production ranged in age from nine to 17.) Only the ages of Bryan (15, at the start of the play), Charlie (13), and Madeline (eight) are actually mentioned in the script.

The kids should be able to sing and move well; at least a couple of them (**Bryan** in particular) should be able to tap dance. The oldest of the Foy kids, **Bryan**--a likeable, lanky, good-looking lad--actually finds show business kind of interesting; and he can be a pretty good big brother to the brood, when needed. **Charlie**, an adolescent with a bit of mischief in him, would probably rather be gazing at the gal he has a crush on than performing. **Richard**, close to Charlie in age, makes a good side-kick to him, ready to join his brother in a wise-crack. He also happens to have a fine, sincere singing voice.

Mary is the most level-headed, responsible, and even-tempered of the kids; it's as if she's realized that someone in the family--at least once in a while--must act like a grown-up. And she does that. **Mary's** younger sister, **Madeline**, is a pistol. **Madeline** may protest (a little too vigorously) that she has no interest in performing, ever--but she was obviously born to perform. She can plant herself on stage and sock out a number with the conviction of a young Sophie Tucker or Ethel Merman. Amiable **Eddie Jr.** is happy enough to follow in his father's footsteps as a song-and-dance man. **Irving**, the littlest, is pretty much just along for the ride; he is too young to worry about too much. In dance routines, he is the child most likely to be out of step.

The Foy's also make reference in the show to their pet dog, **Wilson** (among other pets); if an actual dog can be used in the production, that will add warmth and life to it. It will make a cute effect if the dog can run out to Eddie when he's referenced, or sit on the lap of one of the children when they are at home, or perhaps even be with the family for a musical number or two, or be held by one of the kids in the courtroom scene. It is left to the discretion of the director as how the dog may be integrated into the production. If it is not practical to use an actual dog in your production, that is fine, too; in that case, the dog would be referenced but never actually seen.

In addition, towards the end of the show, the Foy's come before a **judge** in court. In our original production, the voice of the judge was heard, but the judge himself was never actually seen; the same actor who played Cohan provided the voice of the judge (speaking, offstage, into a so-called “god mike,” with added reverb to make his voice sound more authoritative and imposing). If desired, however, the scene can be done with the judge physically present on the stage, in the courtroom with the Foy's; the judge could then be played either by the same actor who'd played Cohan (perhaps wearing a wig, beard, glasses, and robe to change his appearance), or by a different actor altogether. We chose to have the judge represented simply by an imposing offstage voice in our production, so that Eddie Foy and his children could speak their lines straight out to the audience, as if facing the unseen judge, which we thought created maximum dramatic impact.

At various times in the show, we also hear the voice of a **theater announcer**; introducing an act (saying lines like, “B. F. Keith's Theater is proud to present...”); these announcements could be either pre-recorded or performed “live.” For our first production, in Connecticut, we had an actor make pre-recorded announcements. For our subsequent New York production, our music director/pianist did all of the theater announcements, “live.” Both approaches worked well.

This musical play takes place in the Foy's home, in New Rochelle, New York; in various theaters; in a hotel room; and in a New York City courtroom, beginning on the night of July 4th, 1912.

Sets for **THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS** can be as minimalistic or as realistic as you prefer. The show will work perfectly fine even if you use just a few set pieces on a bare stage to suggest a scene. A sofa, some chairs, a table, and an upright piano can suggest the parlor of the Foy home; some simple benches can suggest a courtroom; scenes set in vaudeville theaters can be played in front of a curtain, with an optional vaudeville-style placard on an easel, off to one side.

* * *

This is a copyrighted work. It is recommended that the script be performed “as is.” However, if you wish to make trims or edits, to shorten the running time of your production, you may do so without requesting specific permission. If you wish to extend some musical numbers (adding extra choruses to provide greater opportunities for singing or dancing) or if you wish to use the two optional songs included in this script (and in the piano/vocal score), you may do so. You may not, however, add any new material (beyond that provided in the script and score) or make other changes or alterations, without written permission. If you have any questions about whether a proposed change to the script might be permitted, please send a written inquiry to the publishers of this musical play, Leicester Bay Theatricals, 3877 W. Leicester Bay, South Jordan UT 84095-9067.

* * *

The Seven Little Foys is a full-length, two-act musical for a cast of 10 (or possibly 11) players, with a running time (including intermission) of about two and a half hours. Some theater companies may prefer shows using larger casts. Playwright Chip Deffaa has also written another musical play about the Foy family, **Song-and-Dance Kids**—a full-scale musical with 38 speaking parts; **Song-and-Dance Kids** (which is also published/licensed by Leicester Bay Theatricals) can be performed with anywhere from 24 players (with some “doubling” of roles) to 40 or more players.

* * *

IF YOU’D LIKE MORE INFORMATION ON EDDIE FOY...

This musical comedy, **THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS: A Fable of Vaudeville**, is inspired by the story of entertainer Eddie Foy (1856-1928) and his family. For more information on Eddie Foy and his family, you might enjoy reading Foy’s autobiography, **Clowning Through Life** (by Eddie Foy and Alvin F. Harlow; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1928), and **Eddie Foy: A Biography of the Early Popular Stage Comedian** (by Armond Fields; Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, Inc., 1999).

For additional information on Foy and his era, you might also want to check out **The Vaudevillians** (by Anthony Slide; Westport, Connecticut: Arlington House, 1981); **Show Biz: From Vaude to Video** (by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr.; New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1951); **The Laugh Makers** (by William Cahn; New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1957); and **American Vaudeville: Its Life and Times** (by Douglas Gilbert; New York: Dover Publications Inc., 1963).

Foy’s career spanned six decades. What did the theater mean to Eddie Foy? He once responded: “You have to want to entertain people. It is hard work.... Please the audience. Make people laugh. Make sure no one gets hurt in the process. Give 200 per cent to your acting. Always leave your audience wanting you again. Respect the theater.” And as he told a reporter, late in life: “If I had all the money I’ve spent making my children happy, I’d be a millionaire today. But I wouldn’t want a dollar of it back. Not a dime. Not a cent... Every one of them [*the children*] is wonderful.”

* * *

PRODUCTION HISTORY...

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS had its first reading March 10th, 2007, at Theater Row Studios, 411 West 41st Street, New York City, with the following collective personnel: Michael Townsend Wright, Colin Pritchard, Jennie Cohan Ross, Suzanne Dressler, Chip Deffaa. Demo recordings (produced by Chip Deffaa at Steffan Studios, NYC) were made in 2007 and 2008 with the following collective personnel: Michael Townsend Wright, Colin Pritchard, Clark Kinkade, David Cronin, Suzanne Dressler, Dea Julien, Lynelle Johnson, Keith Anderson, Santino Fontana, Seth Sikes, Robert Micheli, David Herzog, Sophia Howes, David Colbert, Paul Iacono, Michael Knowles, Chip Deffaa, Richard Danley, D. Jay Bradley, Jack Saleeby, Chris Campochiaro, Alyssa Campochiaro, Peter Charney, Devon Eddy, Janell McCarroll, Richard DeRosa.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS had its premiere engagement, opening November 16th, 2007 for a six-week run, at Seven Angels Theatre in Waterbury, Connecticut. The cast was as follows: Eddie Foy: Kirby Ward; Mrs. Foy: Raissa Katona Bennett; George M. Cohan: Colin Pritchard; Bryan Foy: Clark Kinkade; Mary Foy: Jillian Wipfler; Charlie Foy: Jack Saleeby; Richard Foy: Devon Eddy; Madeline Foy: Alyssa Campochiaro; Eddie Foy Jr.: Peter Charney; Irving Foy: Chris Campochiaro. Swings: Patrick Sexton, Caroline Sexton. The co-directors were Chip Deffaa and Keith Andrews, the music

director/pianist was Richard DeRosa; the bass/synthesizer player was Jane Bate; the percussionist was Mark Ryan; the choreographer was Justin Boccitto, the assistant choreographer was Cristina Marie, the costume designer was Renee Purdy; the stage manager was Geneva Monks, the production manager was Maddie Purdy; the set designer was Tony Andrea; the lighting designer was Susan Kinkade; the sound designer was Daniel Brunk.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS had its New York premiere engagement, opening August 9, 2008, 2008, at the Michael Schimmel Center for the Arts, as part of the New York International Fringe Festival (Elena K. Holy, Artistic Director). The cast was: Eddie Foy: Michael Townsend Wright; Mrs. Foy: Beth Bartley; George M. Cohan: Ryan Foy; Bryan Foy: Eddy Francisco; Mary Foy: Dea Julien; Charlie Foy: Eric Stevens; Richard Foy: Mitchell Schneider; Madeline Foy: Rayna Hirt; Eddie Foy Jr.: Brandon Reid; Irving Foy: Alexander Craven. The director was Chip Deffaa, the music director/pianist was Richard Danley, the assistant director was Eric Johnson, the choreographer was Justin Boccitto, the assistant choreographer was Cristina Marie, the assistant to the director was Marci Schein, the stage manager/photographer was Maryann Lopinto, the set designer was Tony Andrea, the lighting designer was Joyce Liao, the company manager was Keith Anderson, the production supervisors were Gregory Garrison and Jennie Cohan Ross, the dance captains were Eric Stevens and Eddy Francisco, the production assistants were Terry Hirt, Barbara Reid, Bill Craven, Allison Schneider, Peter Charney, C. M. Smathers.

A **SEVEN LITTLE FOYS** staged reading, directed by Chip Deffaa, was held on July 13, 2012 at the York Theater, NYC (James Morgan, Artistic Director; Stefanie Wagner, Coordinator of Developmental Reading Series). The cast was: Eddie Foy: Michael Townsend Wright; Mrs. Foy: Beth Bartley; George M. Cohan: Colin Pritchard; Bryan Foy: Devon Eddy; Mary Foy: Casie Pepe-Winshell; Charlie Foy: Matthew Nardozi; Madeline Foy: Emily Bordonaro; Richard Foy: Ethan Haberfield; Eddie Foy Jr.: Zac Ballard; Irving Foy: Alex Dreier. The music director was Richard Danley. Emmaleigh Pepe-Winshell was stage manager/lighting designer; Missy Dreier was assistant stage manager/swing; Alec Bordonaro was an aide-de-camp.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS cast album was released in August 2012 by Original Cast Records, with the following collective personnel: Michael Townsend Wright, Beth Bartley, Jon Peterson, Devon Eddy, Jillian Wipfler, Maxwell Beer, Tyler DuBoys, Emily Bordonaro, Zachary Riopelle, Alex Craven, Peter Charney, Bailey Cummings, Emmaleigh and Casie Pepe-Winshell, Emma Czaplinski, Ben Orlando, Justin Boccitto, Slau Halatyn, Richard Danley, Andy Stein, Chip Deffaa.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR....

ASCAP/Deems Taylor Award-winner Chip Deffaa has written eight published books and ten published plays. Among his books are *Blue Rhythms* and *Voices of the Jazz Age*, both published by the University of Illinois Press. Among his plays are *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *The Fanny Brice Story*, and *Song-and Dance Kids* (all published by Leicester Bay Theatricals).

For 18 years, Deffaa covered entertainment--including jazz, cabaret, and theater--for "The New York Post." He has written for magazines ranging from "Down Beat" to "Entertainment Weekly."

He is a member of the Dramatists Guild, the Stage Directors & Choreographers Society, the Drama Desk, ASCAP, the American Theater Critics Association, the Jazz Journalists Association, and NARAS.

He has written and directed in New York five different musicals about master showman George M. Cohan--the most recent being *George M. Cohan Tonight!*, produced Off-Broadway by the Irish Repertory Theater. The George M. Cohan Project originated at the Chip Deffaa Invitational Theater Festival, held at the Chashama Theaters on 42nd Street, New York City. Deffaa's most recent Off-Broadway show, *One Night with Fanny Brice*, originally ran at St. Luke's Theater in New York City, and then at the 13th Street Repertory Theater in New York City.

Deffaa has written assorted other shows, too, including *Irving Berlin's America*, *Theater Boys*, *The Johnny Mercer Jamboree*, and *Mad About the Boy*. All of Deffaa's shows are available for licensing.

The cast album for *The Seven Little Foy's* is available on Original Cast Records. Cast albums are also available for such other shows of Deffaa's as *Irving Berlin's America*, *George M. Cohan Tonight!*, *The Johnny Mercer Jamboree*, and *One Night with Fanny Brice*.

Deffaa also has written liner notes for countless albums, including ones by such Grammy Award-winning artists as Miles Davis, Ruth Brown, Diane Schuur, Benny Goodman, Tito Puente, Ray Brown, and the Count Basie Orchestra. And he has hosted his own radio program, "Rhythm is Our Business."

Deffaa is a graduate of Princeton University, where he was an editor of the "Tiger" magazine. For a quarter-century, he has been a trustee of the Princeton "Tiger" magazine.

Deffaa is profiled in Marquis' *Who's Who in the World*, *Who's Who in America*, and *Who's Who in Entertainment*.

He is represented by Peter Sawyer, President of the Fifi Oscar Agency, 110 W. 40th St., Suite #704, New York, New

York 10018, tel. (212) 764-100.

For further information, click on to : www.ChipDeffaa.com.

* * *

The music for *THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS* has been arranged primarily by Chip Deffaa. The music has been prepared primarily by Donald Brown and Richard Danley, both of whom made valuable additional arranging contributions, and did the editing of the charts. Richard DeRosa also contributed much-appreciated arranging suggestions, as did Jane Bate, who assisted greatly in preparing/editing charts. The original music copyist for the project was Chase Baird, with additional copywork provided early on by Evan Barker, Peter Ecklund, Shawn Stanley, and D. Jay Bradley. Don Brown prepared the Vocal Book. All music preparation, arranging and editing on this project has been done as work-for-hire for Chip Deffaa Productions LLC; website: www.chipdeffaa.com.

* * *

Playwright/director Chip Deffaa is represented by Peter Sawyer/The Fifi Oscar Agency, 110 West 40th Street, Suite 704, New York City 10018 USA, tel. (212) 764-1100.

* * *

A NOTE FROM THE PLAYWRIGHT ON HOW THIS PLAY CAME TO BE...

Reviewers called Eddie Foy the funniest, gentlest, and most endearing comedian in America—"Broadway's pet." In the early twentieth century, there were "Eddie Foy hats" and "Eddie Foy cigars"; Coca-Cola paid him to endorse it. Although he always insisted he was no vocalist—he liked to speak/sing his numbers—it was Eddie Foy who introduced such hit songs as "Row, Row, Row" and "Chinatown, My Chinatown."

In his late 50's, after a lifetime spent as a single entertainer, Foy embarked on a whole new career, as leader of what became the most popular family act of the era: "Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes." The act faced repeated legal challenges, because newly enacted child-labor laws banned kids under age 16 from performing. Called an "unfit father" in court cases, Foy and his high-spirited kids refused to take such accusations lying down. His oldest son, Bryan—who helped write some of the best gags and songs for the act—actually fed his father lines in court.

By chance, I was born in New Rochelle, New York (where Foy is remembered with an "Eddie Foy Park" to this day); our family lived in the same neighborhood where the Foyes had lived. I grew up knowing of them. And I performed as a child myself.

I was befriended by an old-time vaudevillian, Todd Fisher, who'd played the Keith circuit with the Foyes, and had stories to share. I enjoyed the motion picture inspired by the Foyes' story, "The Seven Little Foyes" (starring Bob Hope), and—even more—the TV special in which the irresistible Eddie Foy Jr. portrayed his father. I read everything I could find on the Foyes.

Because I grew up in an unusually warm family—like the Foyes, we were happy to take in kids with us—I related to the Foy family. In creating this show, I wanted to conjure up a little of the magic of Eddie Foy's era, and I also wanted to say something about the importance of family. My parents, siblings, nieces and nephew, and cousins mean so much to me; this show honors them as well as the Foyes.

As a writer and director, I'm grateful for the contributions that have been made by every actor in my productions. (And this show, more than most shows, has benefitted from the input of the actors who've worked with me as the show has evolved since our first readings. I've taken seriously the suggestions and ideas of cast members.) But I must say I've gotten an especial kick out of the fact—and am especially grateful—that our original New York cast included Ryan Foy, a grandson of one of the original Seven Little Foyes. His participation really added something special.

* * *

MANY THANKS...

My gratitude, always, for their encouragement and wisdom, to the one and only Carol Channing and to master song-and-dance man Tommy Tune (who always felt that the story of “the Seven Little Foys” would make a great stage musical). Special thanks to producer-par-excellence Paul Burchett; Cracking Inc. (C. A. McCarroll, J. M. McCarroll, principals); to the ever-inspiring Matthew Broderick and Sarah Jessica Parker; to the irrepressible Victoria L. Hoffman; to gifted playwright/songwriter Lisa Lambert; to Matt Nardozi, a first-rate actor and valued friend; to that talented filmmaker Max Galassi; to my audience-research consultants, Max and Julia Deffaa; to the ever-magical Ben Loquaisha Youngstone and Sam McCoy, who add brightness my life; to ever-faithful backers Donnie, Earl, and Lucas Snyder; to Toni, Greg, Josh and Ava Schaller; to my Korean producer friends, Hansaem Song and Ungsuh Kenneth Park; to my British producer friend Edmund Sutton; to my American producer friends Jim Morgan, Charlotte Moore, Ciaran O’Reilly; Edith O’Hara, Sandra Nordgren, Meryl Budnick, and Jeffrey Dunn; and to Keith Anderson of Univision. I wrote this show for Michael Townsend Wright and Beth Bartley; I had them in mind, from the start, as my ideal “Mr. and Mrs. Foy”; I’m grateful that they’ve helped bring the show to life, on stage and on disc, just as I’d hoped.

My gratitude, also, to the late George Burns and Todd Fisher, for the tales they so generously shared with me from their early days in vaudeville, which influence this work; to a much-appreciated latter-day vaudevillian, Michael Kasper; to two fierce and inspiringly focused singing actresses, Betty Buckley and Emily Bordonaro; to show people Okey Chenoweth, Santino Fontana, Tyler D. Patterson, and Anthony Rapp, who’ve helped more than they realized; to ASCAPs unfailingly helpful musical-theatre expert, Michael Kerker, who’s always been there to answer any questions; to Jack Quinn of TheaterScene; to the Foy family--without whom this show would not exist--and to my own wonderful family (ditto). Thanks, too, for the help provided in various ways, by John Kander and his late partner, Fred Ebb, Bailey Cummings, Jerry Herman, Hawkins “Cable” Gardow, Zack Riopelle, Bernice Burge, Max Beer, Giuseppe Bausilio, Joe Franklin, Will Conard, Andrew Jackson, Jack Sprance, Cody Green, Nicholas Gray, Yuri Spindler, Tyler DuBoys; Chase Brock, Howard Cruse, Joe Polsky, Chad Rankin, Nat Wolff, Alex Wolff, Barrett Foa, Matt ZanFagna, Renee Purdy, Jamie DeRoy, Matt Snyder, J. Cortese, Sharon A. Wilcox, Agnes Duggan Dann, Ed Bassett, and the inspiring folk I’ve enjoyed at the Thomaston Opera House. Richard Danley has been more than just a music director on this project; he’s been a good friend and sounding board. And the thoroughly professional, unflaggingly supportive help of Don Brown, who’s overseen music preparation, can’t be beat. The show has been developed by Chip Deffaa Productions LLC (Chip and Deb Deffaa, principals). A tip of the hat to interns Ian Palmer and Michael Herwitz. Special thanks to publisher C. Michael Perry, Leicester Bay Theatricals; I always appreciate his belief in my work.

-- **CHIP DEFFAA**, Paterson, New Jersey, March 2014

DEDICATION

**For my “Royal Children”... For Alex, Alyssa, Bailey, Ben, Brandon, Chris, Clark, David, Dea, Devon, Emily, Emma, Emmaleigh, Ethan, Jack, Janell, Jillian, Matt, Max, Michael, Mitch, Paul, Peter, Robert, Santino, Seth, Sophie, Rayna, Tyler, Zac, Zack... the wonderful individuals who’ve so zestfully played “Foy kids” for me, on stage or on disc, as we’ve developed this show...
with great gratitude.**

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS

A Musical Comedy in two acts,
by Chip Deffaa

(The house lights darken. The pianist begins playing the introduction to the gently nostalgic "Smiles." The lights come up on the Foy family--everyone is there except for the father, Eddie Foy--standing around the piano, in the living room of their big old home in New Rochelle, New York. It is the Fourth of July, 1912. Mrs. Foy and her seven children--five boys and two girls, ranging in age from about five to fifteen--are singing "Smiles." The oldest son, Bryan, is at the piano. Even if the music for the production is actually provided by an offstage pianist, whenever the Foys are supposed to be singing in their living room, some member of the family should be at the piano, as if playing. The youngest son, Irving, is sitting atop the piano, his usual perch. The Foy children are Irving, who is perhaps 4 or 5 years old; Eddie Jr., who's perhaps 7; Madeline, 8; Mary, 11; Richard, 12; Charlie, 13; Bryan, 15. The living room also contains a sofa, some chairs and a table or two--one table should be strong enough for someone to tap-dance upon it--a Victrola, and an assortment of period toys, such as a teddy bear, a toy horse, and so on. It is a well lived-in home; it is clearly more important to the parents that their kids have plenty of toys to play with than that everything in their home be neat and tidy and in its proper place. This is a family with a lot of love and joy in it--even if the high-spirited children like to tease one another. Eddie Foy is a master song-and-dance comedian, who's starred in many shows on Broadway and on the road; he is also a bit of a dreamer, and a gambler. He adores his family but can at times be quite irresponsible. His devoted wife has great warmth, kindness, understanding, and strength; she has held the family together. At the start of our play, she has also been ill for months, although she tries not to let it show too much. Her children or her husband--aware that she is not at full strength--will often give her a hand when she sits down or gets up. She seems to get winded if she exerts herself too much. She may occasionally cough into a handkerchief. Although she has never discussed this subject with the family, Mrs. Foy knows that she is seriously ill; the children, however, do not know this; they know she's been under the weather for some time, but don't really grasp that it might be anything worse than a hard-to-shake cold. On some level, Eddie Foy knows his wife is quite ill--although he does not want to really admit it to himself, much less to anybody else. He always hopes for the best. For the children, at the start of our play, this is just another fine, lazy summer day. The family is enjoying just being together, singing around the piano.)

(SONG #1. "SMILES.")

MARY. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY,
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE.

THE FOY FAMILY. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT STEAL AWAY THE TEARDROPS,

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

AS THE SUNBEAMS STEAL AWAY THE DEW.
THERE ARE SMILES THAT HAVE A TENDER MEANING
THAT THE EYES OF LOVE ALONE MAY SEE--

(The lighting shifts, the actors settle into a soft freeze, the singing stops; but the music continues as underscoring. One of the children, Mary, steps forward and begins speaking to the audience; the pianist continues playing the nostalgic melody softly as she speaks. Mary should be in a spotlight while she speaks to us; the lighting on the others, who are settled into a soft freeze upstage, should be somewhat dimmed. What we're seeing on stage in this play are Mary's recollections. Whenever Mary speaks to the audience, she speaks as an adult looking back on her youth; at such times, the lighting should call attention to her, and the others on stage should settle into a soft freeze. Whenever she speaks directly to other family members, she speaks as a little girl who's about 11 years old, and the lighting should catch the family as a whole.)

MARY. *(To the audience.)* Even today, whenever I hear the song "Smiles," it takes me back to my childhood.

We sang it so many times around the piano in our big old home in New Rochelle, New York. My father, Eddie Foy, was a beloved Broadway star. My mother, Madeline Mary Morando Foy, had retired from the show business to raise her seven children, plus assorted strays she always seemed to be taking in. Every Sunday night--the one night of the week that my father did not perform on Broadway--was reserved for the family. We called it "Family Night." Mother said nothing was more important. On Sundays and on holidays all of us would gather to sing. Well, this was July 4th, 1912. I'll never forget it. And all of us--except for Papa, who'd gone out early in the day for a drive in his new Ford Model T and still hadn't come home yet--had gathered that night to sing...

(The lighting shifts from Mary to the ensemble. She steps back to rejoin the family group. No one is frozen in place any longer. The family resumes singing "Smiles.")

THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY,
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE.

THE FOY FAMILY. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT STEAL AWAY THE TEARDROPS,
AS THE SUNBEAMS STEAL AWAY THE DEW.
THERE ARE SMILES THAT HAVE A TENDER MEANING
THAT THE EYES OF LOVE ALONE MAY SEE--

(The door flings open. In steps Eddie Foy, carrying a container of ice-cream. The other family members stop singing. With an endearing flourish--he a born showman, with great charm--Eddie Foy sings the final lines of the song by himself to his family, ending the song strongly.)

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

--AND THE SMILES THAT FILL MY LIFE WITH SUNSHINE
ARE THE SMILES THAT YOU GIVE TO ME.

(The Foy children, all at once, rush over to greet their father, excitedly.)

IRVING. Papa!

EDDIE JR. Daddy!

MADELINE. You're home at last!

MRS. FOY. How I love having us all here together.

MARY. I was afraid you were going to miss my song!

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

EDDIE. Me? Miss a performance by a Foy? Never!

MARY. I was worried you'd gotten tied up at the race track again--and would miss Family Night. Like you did last week!

EDDIE. Well, Mary, I did stop by the track for just a wee bit. And I did stop by the club for just a wee bit. And finally, on the way home, I stopped by Leacock's Sweet Shop and brought us all some of their unparalleled peach ice-cream, which we shall enjoy later.

(He hands the ice cream to Madeline, who puts it away.)

First we'll all have some dinner, and then we'll all sing until the cows go home!

MRS. FOY. The cows, Edwin, have long since gone home. We had dinner over two hours ago. And you promised you were going to take the children to the ball game today.

BRYAN. We were really looking forward to it, Pop. There's never anything to do in New Rochelle.

CHARLIE. Being forced to live in New Rochelle is cruel and unusual punishment!

MRS. FOY. *(To Eddie.)* Were you really at the track again today? Betting, Eddie? After what happened last week?

MADELINE. Did you win, Papa?

EDDIE. Say... does your dear sweet father ever bet on a loser, Madeline?

(Madeline nods.)

Oh, you should have seen this one dashing steed that I picked. He was so fast that before the other horses could make it around the track once--why, he'd already run around the track two full times and then taken a seat in the grandstand... to see who came in second. What a day! I came home from the track with one hundred dollars in my pocket!

(Eddie makes a great show of counting his money in front of the children.)

BRYAN. *(To his brother Charlie, rather audibly.)* Pop probably went to the track with five hundred dollars in his pocket.

EDDIE. *(To his children.)* Now kids, you know--when your father wins big, we all win big. One hundred dollars! Come and get it!

(Eddie starts passing out all the dollar bills to the children.)

ASSORTED FOY CHILDREN. Thank you, Papa! Thank you!

EDDIE. And there's still a bit left over to buy that cheerful mutt of mine, Wilson, a brand new collar.

(If a dog is used in the production, it might run on to greet Eddie now. Or he can simply be held by one of the kids. It's a cute touch if the dog that Eddie refers to can occasionally be seen in the show; but if it is not practical to have an actual dog in your production, that is fine, too. If a dog is used, Eddie might hand the dog a dog biscuit here, and say to him: Wilson, I'll sing to you, later.)

MRS. FOY. *(To the children.)* Now save some of that money for the Church, children--

MARY. Of course, Mama!

RICHARD. We know, we know!

MRS. FOY. And some goes in the bank, to save for college, and for a rainy day.

EDDIE. I see only sunny days ahead for the Foy Family. But I do want you all getting good educations, so if people ask if you remember the Maine, you can tell them exactly what happened--where, when, and why!

EDDIE JR. *(Earnestly.)* Exactly what did happen, Daddy--where, when, and why?

EDDIE. *(Moving to put some distance between his son and himself. He is obviously avoiding the question.)*

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by *Chip Deffaa*

We'll discuss that another time, Eddie Jr. In great depth.

EDDIE JR. When, Daddy?

EDDIE. You ask such good questions, son. You'll make a good lawyer someday. People will say, "That's Eddie Foy Jr. He's a good lawyer. He charges lots of money. He went to Princeton!"

MRS. FOY. Eddie, did you close that front door good and tight? I'm feeling such a chill right now.

MADELINE. A chill? Oh, Mama, this must be one of the hottest days of the year.

MRS. FOY. Well, maybe I'm not quite feeling myself.

EDDIE. *(To his wife.)* There's good color in your cheeks, today, Mrs. Foy. You're as pretty as the day I met you.

MRS. FOY. Oh, hush!

EDDIE. You're getting stronger every day. I can see it.

MARY. *(To her father.)* Did you really win at the races this time, Daddy?

EDDIE. Mary, dear, let me tell you about the most marvelous dream I had last night. Well, it started the usual way—the ghost of King Brian Boru appears to me. You remember who that is, don't you?

CHARLIE. He was High King of all Ireland a thousand years ago.

EDDIE. That's right! He's watched over me all my life, which is why I've always been so lucky. That's one of the few things I remember my father teaching me as a little boy, that we're descended from King Brian Boru, who's always watching over me.

MADELINE. My best friend, Molly O'Brien, says that SHE is descended from King Brian Boru, too—just like me.

EDDIE. Well, Madeline, my father said you never know when you might run into a fellow descendant of the king; they'll help you if they can. If I were you, I'd hold onto that friend.

CHARLIE. I think that's where I inherited my good looks from, Pop—from being descended from King Brian Boru.

EDDIE. Well, what about me?

RICHARD. Sometimes it skips a generation, Pop.

EDDIE. Ah! My royal children! So anyway, in my dream, King Brian Boru—who's always got such good advice for me-- tells me (speaking with an Irish accent): "Edwin, I'm going to give you a mighty good tip!" And then, in my dream, he shows me horses, horses, horses!

(Eddie picks up a toy horse, to illustrate his point.)

And next, in my dream, he shows me hats, hats, hats!

(Eddie picks up a hat, a fedora—it could be atop the piano, or on a trunk or on a hatrack—to illustrate his point.)

Well today I drove straight over to the Yonkers Racetrack. And in the very first race there's a horse named "Hat Rack." I promptly bet \$1300—a whole week's pay--on "Hat Rack" to win. And my dear children--can you guess which horse won that race?

ALL OF THE CHILDREN. Hat Rack! Hat Rack! Hat Rack!

EDDIE. No... Actually it was a horse named "Fedora." But I haven't lost faith yet in this "Hat Rack." He does have the look of a winner.

MARY. I'm sure he'll do very well one of these days, Daddy.

MRS. FOY. Edwin, you also said you were going to mow the front lawn today.

EDDIE. Mrs. Foy, King Brian Boru says all of that good, green, wild grass of ours reminds him of dear old Ireland. He actually prefers the look of our lawn in its natural state.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

MRS. FOY. Does he now? The ghost of High King Brian Boru has been telling you all this?

EDDIE. Well, it's not so much what he SAYS, sometimes, as what he implies.

MRS. FOY. Edwin, you've been gone the whole day.

EDDIE. After watching a few races at the track, I drove over to the Friars Club for a friendly little game of poker with my fellow actors. And then on the train ride back home to New Rochelle here--

MRS. FOY. You rode the train home? Why didn't you drive our car home?

EDDIE. *(Lowering his voice, as if he does not want the children to hear.)* Well, uh... we don't exactly have our car anymore, dear. We shall talk about the car later, after the children have gone to bed.

MRS. FOY. We shall indeed talk about the car, Edwin. And a good deal more.

EDDIE. Well, we still have this big, old house in New Rochelle, don't we? Twenty-odd rooms, on several rolling acres of prime land. An easy stroll to New Rochelle Bay...

CHARLIE. And to Leacock's Sweet Shop. The best ice-cream in America. Seven flavors—one for each Foy kid!

EDDIE. We have our home. And a guest cottage. Plus one devoted dog, Wilson, who dearly loves my singing; assorted chickens out back to provide us with breakfast; one very friendly goat named Sethy... And I never can remember exactly how many children....

MADLINE. *Oh, Daddy...*

EDDIE. Every time I come home, there always seem to be some new children. With names like Marlys and Maybonne, and... Freddy.

(He is not being serious; he is clearly enjoying doing schtick for his family.)

IRVING. *(To Eddie Jr., quietly)* Who's Freddy?

EDDIE JR. *(To Irving, quietly.)* I dunno.

EDDIE. Did we gain any new additions to the family while I was away, Mrs. Foy?

MARY. We've been waiting so long for you to get home, Daddy. We've all prepared our songs, you know, and we're eager for you to hear them.

EDDIE. Whatever songs you've learned or made up this week, this ol' song-and-dance man can't wait to hear 'em. And children, I have the most wonderful surprise for you. We're going to have a very special guest later on tonight. A wonderful entertainer—one of your very favorite people.

MRS. FOY. At this hour? It's almost the children's bedtime.

EDDIE. What a night we'll have! We'll all sing for a while, have our unparalleled peach ice cream from Leacock's... And then they'll be setting off fireworks over New Rochelle Bay. Gonna light up the whole sky.

IRVING. Light up the whole sky!

EDDIE. Word of a Foy! *(He crosses his heart, and Irving imitates the gesture.)* This will be a night you'll never forget. And—enjoy every delicious moment of the anticipation, now—don't forget... the special guest!

EDDIE JR. Is the guest gonna be Harry Houdini, Papa?

EDDIE. Oh, son, I did try to invite Houdini back over here again! But, you know, somehow he keeps disappearing on me.

MADLINE. Really, Daddy...

(There is a general eye-rolling, and murmuring among the kids, as if they are all too used to his way of joking.)

EDDIE. We'd better get this Family Night songfest going before your Mama has my hide. One song from each of you! Now, Irving, you're the littlest--you start!

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

IRVING. O-tay.

(He nods, and picks up a tambourine, which might be preset under the couch or atop the piano.)

Presenting... the Foy Family Night Variety Show. Gentlemen...

(Irving shakes and slaps the tambourine, as if to draw everyone to attention; a show is about to begin)

...be seated! That means you, Papa. You have to sit down while I sing.

(Eddie sits down.)

Thank you. Here is a nice new song that Mama's been teaching me.

(Bryan lifts Irving up, and sets him on the piano. Sitting—and eventually laying down—atop the piano, like some vaudeville torch singer, Irving begins his song.)

(SONG #2. "SINGIN' THE BLUES.")

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

OH! I'M JUST SINGIN' THE BLUES, 'TILL MY DADDY COMES HOME.
THE MEANEST FEELIN' PURSUES, SINCE HE LEFT ME ALONE.
FOR EVERY BLUE STRAIN PUTS NEW PAIN INTO MY HEART.
AND I JUST SIGH AT THAT CRYIN' PART.
BOO-HOO, YOUR BABY'S BLUE.
IT SURE GETS YOUR NERVES WHEN YOU HEAR YOURSELF MOAN.
IF I GOT ALL I DESERVES, I WOULDN'T BE HERE ALL ALONE.
I WOULDN'T WATCH ALL NIGHT,
AND SIT BY THE WINDOW WITH A CANDLELIGHT,
SINGIN' THE BLUES, 'TILL MY DADDY COMES HOME.

Thank you!

(The other members of the Foy Family applaud.)

EDDIE. *(Helping his son down from atop the piano.)* Well, that was some mighty fine vocalizing, Irving. Your papa is proud indeed.

CHARLIE. Oh, that's just kid's stuff. When you get to be big like me, you can handle more mature themes. You learn to look ahead, think about your future.

MRS. FOY. Very wise, Charlie. And I'm sure that with all the time you've been spending at Leacock's Sweet Shop, you've had plenty of time to think.

MADELINE. I think Charlie has a crush on Miss Leacock, Mama. *(Charlie flashes an angry look at her; it is obvious that what she has said is true.)*

MRS. FOY. Hush, Madeline. Now, Charlie, what have you prepared for us this week?

CHARLIE A song of hope and of faith, and of real trust in the future... And now, with the assistance of my brethren and sistren... Presenting my future....

(SONG #3. "I WANT TO BE A POPULAR MILLIONAIRE"...

(Charlie sings this song, while the rest of the children-serve as the chorus for him.)

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

I'M GOING TO HAVE A MANSION DOWN IN NEWPORT.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

NEWPORT.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

FIFTH AVENUE FOR YOU.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

I'M GOING TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT I'M A TRUE SPORT.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

TRUE SPORT.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

DO EV'RYTHING A MONEY'D MAN CAN DO.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

YOU'D HAVE A FEW TO DO.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

I'M GOING TO LOOK THEM OVER DOWN IN WALL STREET.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

WALL STREET.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

I'LL EITHER BE A BULL OR BE A BEAR.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

BE A BEAR!

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

I'LL PAY THE PRICE AND NEVER PAUSE.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

JUST BECAUSE-- I WANT TO BE A POPULAR MILLIONAIRE!

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

HE'S ON THE SQUARE FOR FAIR.

(The other members of the Foy Family applaud.)

BRYAN. Sounds like this younger generation is getting awfully materialistic, don't you think, Pop?

EDDIE. What are you now, Bryan--15? Why don't you tell us what you would do if *you* became a millionaire.

(SONG #4. "IF I WAS A MILLIONAIRE.")

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

I'D BUY UP EVERY SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE NATION,
I'D WRITE UPON THE BLACKBOARD BIG AND CLEAR.
INSTEAD OF ONE THERE WILL BE TWO VACATIONS,

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

EACH VACATION SIX MONTHS TWICE A YEAR.
THERE WOULDN'T BE NO SCHOOL IF IT WAS RAINING.
I'D LET YOU STAY AT HOME WHEN IT WAS FAIR.
YOU'D HAVE FREE SODA FOUNTAINS.
SAY, I'D BUILD YOU ICE-CREAM MOUNTAINS
IF I WAS A MILLIONAIRE.

(The other members of the Foy Family applaud.)

EDDIE. Brynie, I can see you someday as a captain of industry!

MARY. Fine, Daddy. And now, Richard and I would like to offer our impersonation of the most popular and romantic couple in vaudeville today: Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, singing their famous theme song.

EDDIE. Which they wrote one night, as you know, right here in our own home.

RICHARD. They bill themselves as “the happiest couple in vaudeville.”

(As Richard speaks, he places a hand-painted sign or placard on the easel; it reads: “Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth, The Happiest Couple in Vaudeville.”)

MARY. Or, as she prefers: “Nora Bayes, Assisted and Admired by Jack Norworth.”

(As Mary speaks, she places a new sign or placard on the easel, covering up the one Richard had just placed there; it reads: “NORA BAYES, Assisted and Admired by Jack Norworth.”)

RICHARD. Ready, “Nora”? I think I hear our music....

(SONG #5. "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON.")

MARY. *(Sings:)*

OH, SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
UP IN THE SKY.

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

AW, SING IT, NORA.

MARY. **(Sings:)**

I AIN'T HAD NO LOVIN'
SINCE JANUARY, FEBRUARY, JUNE OR JULY.

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

I KNOW.

MARY. *(Sings:)*

SNOW TIME AIN'T NO TIME TO STAY
OUTDOORS AND SPOON,

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

MARY. *(Sings:)*

SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON,

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

FOR ME AND MY GAL.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

Take a second chorus...

MARY. (*Sings:*)

SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
UP IN THE SKY.

I do all the work.

He gets all the money.

I AIN'T HAD NO LOVIN'

SINCE JANUARY, FEBRUARY, JUNE OR JULY.

Jack must be good at something.

He sure ain't a singer.

SNOW TIME AIN'T NO TIME TO STAY

OUTDOORS AND SPOON,

SO SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON,

RICHARD. (*Sings:*)

FOR ME AND MY GAL.

Now, we harmonize...

BOTH. (*Sing:*)

SNOW TIME AIN'T NO TIME TO STAY

OUTDOORS AND SPOON,

SO SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON,

RICHARD. (*Sings:*)

FOR ME AND MY GAA-AAL...

EDDIE. (*To his children.*) Did you know, children, I was actually an enormous help to Nora and Jack in writing that song? I'm the guy who first thought up the idea of their rhyming the word "moon" with "spoon." They were originally going to say "fork" or "knife" instead; but then I told them, "Nora, Jack...try the word 'spoon.'" "

MARY. Oh, Daddy.

EDDIE. Everywhere... skeptics! Now, we still have not heard from my namesake. What words of wisdom does our future lawyer, young Eddie Foy Jr., have to offer us tonight

EDDIE JR. Papa, I have a very serious song that captures the spirit of our whole family. You're gonna love it!

EDDIE. Am I in it? (*Eddie Jr. nods.*) Sometimes I wish your mother had never dreamed up Family Night.

(SONG #6. "EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER.")

EDDIE JR. (*Sings:*)

EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER,

AND HE SITS AROUND ALL DAY.

FEET IN FRONT OF THE FIRE,

SMOKING HIS PIPE OF CLAY.

MOTHER TAKES IN WASHING,

SO DOES MADELINE.

EVERYBODY WORKS AT OUR HOUSE BUT MY OLD MAN.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

AT BEATING CARPETS, FATHER SAID, HE SIMPLY WAS IMMENSE.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

WE TOOK THE PARLOR CARPET OUT AND HUNG IT ON THE FENCE.

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

MY MOTHER SAID, "NOW BEAT IT, DEAR, WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT AND MAIN."

EDDIE JR. *(Sings:)*

AND FATHER BEAT IT RIGHT BACK TO THE FIRESIDE AGAIN.

ALL OF THE CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER,

AND HE SITS AROUND ALL DAY.

FEET IN FRONT OF THE FIRE,

SMOKING HIS PIPE OF CLAY.

MOTHER TAKES IN WASHING,

SO DOES MADELINE.

EVERYBODY WORKS AT OUR HOUSE BUT MY OLD MAN.

(The other members of the Foy Family--except for Eddie, who feigns great outrage--all applaud.)

EDDIE. A mutiny! In my own home. Say, do you kids think it's easy doing eight shows a week on Broadway?

EDDIE JR. What you do sure *looks* pretty easy.

CHARLIE. I wouldn't exactly call singing and dancing and clowning around all week *work*, Daddy.

EDDIE. Well, I don't just sing and dance, and clown around.... I strut, too!

(He demonstrates, strutting with flair; he arches his back, raises his knees high as he struts with pride.)

MADLINE. Yes, you strut very well.

(She struts, too, imitating her father.)

EDDIE. You know, your mother said that's what first attracted her to me—she liked the way I strut.

MRS. FOY. Most folks, they don't know how to strut... Their struttin' don't amount to nuttin'.

EDDIE. And I can do impersonations no one else does. Like the puppy who's trying to convince someone to adopt him.

(Eddie acts like a puppy, licking his kids' hands, barking, saying "I wuv you," and so on.)

That was inspired by Wilson when I first found him in the Mukilteo pound. Or how about my impression of the the head of cabbage being brought to a boil?

(Eddie makes comical faces, closing one eye then another, puffing out one cheek then the other, impersonating a head of cabbage in water that is coming to a boil.)

Inspired by your mother's cooking.

(If the actor playing Eddie Foy in your production has any special skill that might fit in well here, he can mention a skill of his own that he can demonstrate. In our original production, for example, the actor playing Eddie Foy said, "I can balance a derby on my nose," and proceeded to do just that.)

MADLINE. I mean, really, Daddy—

EDDIE. I'm the guy who taught Eddie Jr. how to imitate a sea lion.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

(He starts barking like a sea lion; Eddie Jr., followed by Irving, barks back, and flops around on the floor, clapping hands together like a sea lion.)

MARY. *(Unfazed.)* Really, Daddy

EDDIE. How about my Dying Swan ballet?

(Starts to do his ballet moves, humming as he burlesques the Dying Swan ballet.)

MARY. *(Shaking her head, concerned.)* Daddy. Daddy. You're going to wind up on the floor

(The father winds up on the floor, looking flustered.)

EDDIE. Works better in a tutu. *(Mary and Madeline have to help him up.)*

MARY. *(To her father.)* Your work is pretty easy, Daddy, compared to the work mother does--raising seven kids of her own.

BRYAN. And that doesn't include the homeless kids that she takes in to live with us for a while. Till Father Manzelli can find 'em a good permanent home.

MRS. FOY. I'd rather have them here than at that awful Spindler-Sprack Orphanage in town. Oh, I've made a vow.

MADELINE. And then there's all the volunteering Mother does at the church.

MRS. FOY. Not as much as I'd like to, this year, I'm afraid.

(She coughs into a handkerchief.)

My strength just comes and goes.

EDDIE. *(To his wife.)* Mrs. Foy, you just need to rest a little while longer. You've had a rough year.

(He helps her to sit down.)

(To his children.)

Your mother's the hardest-working woman

I know--a one-person relief society. No one would ever argue that.

MRS. FOY. But children, singing and dancing and entertaining, like your Papa does--I mean, if you want to be really good at what you do--well, that actually is *work*, too.

MADELINE. Then why do you make *us* work? It isn't fair! Other kids are out playing, and we're inside every Sunday night and every holiday, singing for our supper. I feel like a trained seal.

RICHARD. What's Madeline beefin' about this week?

CHARLIE. She says we haven't been throwing her enough fishes.

EDDIE JR. and IRVING. *(In the manner of a seal.)* Arf! Arf! Arf!

EDDIE. Haven't you found a song for this week, Madeline? Is that it? I'm sure Mary can teach you one of her old songs.

MADELINE. A second-hand song? All I ever get in this family are hand-me-downs! Well I, for one, will not be forced to sing with my family.

(Dramatically.)

Can tyranny be allowed to triumph? "These are the times that try men's souls."

RICHARD. Couldn't she find time to learn one song this week?

EDDIE. It's well and good to fight for justice, and to quote Thomas Paine, my dear Madeline. But this is Foy Family Night--

MADELINE. I am officially quitting Foy Family Night, once and for all. "'Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done...."

EDDIE. Well, Madeline, if you aren't going to sing with us--then you should go to bed now.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by *Chip Deffaa*

MADLINE. (*Dramatically.*) "'Tis a far far better rest I go to than I have ever known.... "
(*Madeline exits.*)

CHARLIE. She'll be back! Richard, time her! Time her!

RICHARD. (*Looking at his wrist watch.*) Five, four, three, two, one--
(*Madeline returns, carrying a small suitcase.*)

MADLINE. I am now walking out that door.

RICHARD. Uh-huh.

MADLINE. And this time I am never returning. I am running away from home. For good!

RICHARD. Watch out for traffic on the Boston Post Road!

EDDIE JR.. Write if you get work!

CHARLIE. You'll be missing the unparalleled peach ice cream that Daddy brought home from Leacock's
Sweet Shop.

MADLINE. Once I step outside that door, none of you will ever see me again.

(*Her siblings, as if eager to see her go, might offer her things like her hat, gloves, perhaps a scarf or a feather boa.*)

BRYAN. The only problem is... every cop in New Rochelle automatically brings any stray child he finds to this
house, figuring: "It's just got to be a Foy."

EDDIE JR. They go, "Oh, them Foy kids!"

CHARLIE. Half the town calls this "the Foy Home for Wayward Youth."

MADLINE. No matter how big and successful I become in life, I will try quite hard never to forget you.
Please play me one last arpeggio to remember you all by.

(SONG #7. "SOME OF THESE DAYS.")

MADLINE. (*Sings, in a big, bold, brassy manner:*)
SOME OF THESE DAYS, YOU'LL MISS ME HONEY.
SOME OF THESE DAYS, YOU'LL FEEL SO LONELY.
YOU'LL MISS MY HUGGIN'.

CHARLIE. (*Spoken.*) Bye-bye.

MADLINE. (*Sings:*)
YOU'LL MISS MY KISSIN'.

IRVING. (*Spoken.*) I don't think so!

MADLINE. (*Sings:*)
YOU'LL MISS ME HONEY,
WHEN I'M FAR AWAY.
YOU'LL FEEL SO LONELY
JUST FOR ME ONLY.

FOR YOU KNOW, HONEY,
YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY.

BRYAN. (*Spoken.*) What was her name again?

MADLINE. (*Sings:*)
AND WHEN I LEAVE YOU,

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

I KNOW IT'S GONNA GRIEVE YOU.
YOU'RE GONNA MISS YOUR SISTER, YOUR DEAR SWEET SISTER,
SOME OF THESE DAYS.

EDDIE JR. *(Spoken.)* Daddy, can I have Madeline's dessert?

MADELINE. *(Sings, aiming her "big finish" directly at her father:)*

AND WHEN I LEAVE YOU,
YOU KNOW IT'S GONNA GRIEVE YOU!
YOU'RE GONNA MISS YOUR DAUGHTER, YOUR DEAR SWEET DAUGHTER--
SOME OF THESE DAYS.

MADELINE. Goodbye forever, family. The world is mine!

(Madeline flings open the door. She is ready to step out--but a man is standing there. He is wearing a straw boater hat, and is dressed in a natty suit. His hand is raised, as if he was just about to knock on the door when Madeline opened it.)

MADELINE. *(Looking at the man with wonder.)* Mr. George M. Cohan!

COHAN. In person! Young lady, do you know there's a goat on your front lawn?

MADELINE. That's just Little Sethy; he's *my* pet goat. And he's very nice. Excuse me, Mr. Cohan, but I am running away from home. Just me. And Little Sethy.

COHAN. Well, that seems very wise. Very. There's a grand and glorious world out there. Even if there's quite a storm heading this way tonight. I can feel it. How old are you, now, Madeline?

MADELINE. I'm eight. Eight years old.

COHAN. Well, it's about time you went to work. When I was eight. I was knocking audiences dead from coast to coast. The Boy Wonder of the American Stage!

(As he talks with Madeline, he nods a greeting to Eddie Foy, and then to Mrs. Foy, taking Mrs. Foy's hand and kissing it.)

MADELINE. People are going to remember this day forever as the day that Madeline ran away. For good.

COHAN. Do you really think that everyone will be saying: "The Fourth of July—I remember that as the day Madeline ran away. For good?" *(He takes the suitcase out of Madeline's hand.)*

MADELINE. What do you think people will be saying?

COHAN. Oh, the usual thing, you know: "The Fourth of July--George M. Cohan's birthday!" You really should leave on a day when nothing big is happening. Why, you could leave on a nice, quiet, ordinary day like March 28th, for example, and I bet everyone would remember that day as the day that Madeline ran away.

MADELINE. But I was just about to leave now.

COHAN. My dear child, no one ever walks out on a performance by George M. Cohan—

MADELINE. A performance?

COHAN. I came over to rehearse with your father. We're going to be performing together at a very special benefit show coming up quite soon—with a chorus, if I can find one. Edwin, my music, please. And in the middle, I just might dance a little.

EDDIE. Try and stop him!

(Eddie begins playing "The Yankee Doodle Boy.")

(SONG #8. "THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY.")

(Cohan sings this number, striding about the room, and tap-dancing exuberantly—perhaps even jumping up and tapping atop a table at one point—with the Foy children joining in on some lines as the chorus.)

COHAN. *(Sings, with spirit:)*

I'M THE KID THAT'S ALL THE CANDY,
I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.
I'M GLAD I AM.

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

SO'S UNCLE SAM.

COHAN. *(Sings:)*

I'M A REAL LIVE YANKEE DOODLE.
MADE MY NAME AND FAME AND BOODLE.
JUST AS MISTER DOODLE DID,
BY RIDING ON A PONY.
I LOVE TO LISTEN TO THE DIXIE STRAIN,
I LONG TO SEE THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.
AND THAT AIN'T NO JOSH.

SHE'S A YANKEE, BY GOSH!

THE CHORUS. *(Sings:)*

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE,

COHAN. *(Sings:)*

ANYTHING ABOUT A YANKEE THAT'S A PHONY!
I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.
A YANKEE DOODLE, DO OR DIE;
A REAL LIVE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE SAM'S,
BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.
I'VE GOT A YANKEE DOODLE SWEETHEART,
SHE'S MY YANKEE DOODLE JOY.
YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO LONDON, JUST TO RIDE THE PONIES.
I AM THE YANKEE DOODLE BOY.

(Cohan struts about the stage, followed by the Foy children, who imitate his forward-leaning stride, as the pianist plays the music corresponding to: I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY. / A YANKEE DOODLE, DO OR DIE. / A REAL LIVE NEPHEW OF MY UNCLE SAM'S. / BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY. / I'VE GOT A YANKEE DOODLE SWEETHEART, / SHE'S MY YANKEE DOODLE JOY.)

COHAN and THE FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO LONDON
JUST TO RIDE THE PONIES.

COHAN. *(Sings:)*

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

I AM THAT YANKEE DOODLE BOY.

COHAN and THE FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

I AM (HE IS) THAT YANKEE DOODLE BOY.

(On the final line, Cohan is singing, "I am that Yankee Doodle Boy," while the children are singing, "He is that Yankee Doodle Boy.")

COHAN. *(To the Foy children.)* Say, you kids are all right. How'd you like to sing in the benefit show I was telling you about?

MARY. We've never performed in public.

CHARLIE. And we never will!

MADELINE. I don't even like performing in private. Daddy makes us. I keep telling him

(dramatically, pushing her brothers and sister out of the way as if to claim her proper place in some imaginary spotlight)

"I will not act. I shall not act. I must not act. No one can ever make me act--"

COHAN. *(To Eddie Foy.)* I can see, this one doesn't like to act.

(To the kids.)

Try this!

(He does an impressive, complicated tap-dance combination. The kids try to imitate what he's done; they dance terribly; one or two might bump into each other, or step on one another's toes; Irving, the littlest, might even fall down. Eddie winces.)

EDDIE. *(To George.)* Do you have any idea how much work it would take to get these kids to dance well?

COHAN. It's in their blood.

EDDIE. George, the show business has been fine for you and me. It's all we've known. My Pop died when I was six. My family had absolutely nothing. I *had* to work. I've toured all my life. And I've done all right. But I want something better for my kids, They're going to grow up right here in New Rochelle, and someday--someday-- they're going to go to college.

COHAN. *(To the Foy kids.)* Touring in the show business is a great life

MADELINE. Well, the show business is not for me. And don't forget, I am officially running away from this house.

MRS. FOY. Madeline, if you run away, who will bring your Papa his cocoa in the morning? And his reading glasses?

CHARLIE. And his Racing Form.

EDDIE. No child of mine ever has to bring me my Racing Form!

BRYAN. Pop keeps it under a pillow on the bed.

EDDIE. I've gotten some very good tips in the night from the ghost of King Brian Boru.

COHAN. You kids really ought to be in that benefit show with your Dad and me. You've got talent in your genes--

EDDIE. *(Preening a bit, enjoying the apparent compliment.)* Well, I don't like to brag, but--

COHAN. *(To the Foy kids.)* I wasn't even thinking about your *Dad* here. Your mother--Madeline Mary Morando Foy--was a terrific dancer and singer in her own right. And when she used to sing with your Dad, my heart would melt. *(Bryan, at the piano, plays an arpeggio.)*

EDDIE. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* Shall we, Mrs. Foy? Just once, for old-time's sake.

MRS. FOY. Why not, Mr. Foy.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

(Eddie takes his wife's hand, leads her to center-stage, and begins singing. When the script says that Eddie, for part of the song, hums, it is fine for the actor playing Eddie to either literally hum—that is, make a humming sound—or do any kind of casual, relaxed, wordless vocalizing, offering phrase like, “la la la la la-la,” or “ya da da da da-da,” or whatever feels natural for him. Eddie and his wife are clearly comfortable with one another, and are enjoying singing and dancing together; being together is more important for Eddie than remembering all of the lyrics.)

(SONG #9. “MOONLIGHT BAY.”)

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

WE WERE SAILING ALONG.

MRS. FOY. *(Sings:)*

WE WERE SAILING ALONG.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

NOT THE RIVER, BUT THE BAY.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

WE COULD HEAR THE VOICES SINGING.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

UH-HUH. WHAT DID THEY SAY?

(The pianist fills out the space.... “dun-dun-dun-dun...”)

EDDIE. (Sings:)

"YOU HAVE STOLEN MY HEART."

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

I HAVE STOLEN YOUR HEART.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

"NOW DON'T GO 'WAY."

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

DON'T WANNA GO 'WAY.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

COME, LET'S SING LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

LOVE TO SING ABOUT THE BAY.

EDDIE. (Hums:)

HMM HMM, HMM, HMM, HMM HMM.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

WE WERE SAILING ALONG.

EDDIE. (Hums:)

HMM HMM, HMM HMM.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

NOT THE RIVER, BUT THE BAY.

EDDIE. (Hums:)

HMM HMM, HMM HMM, HMM HMM, HMM HMM.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

UH-HUH. WHAT DID THEY SAY?

(The pianist fills out the space.... "dun-dun-dun-dun...")

EDDIE. (Hums:)

HMM HMM, HMM HMM, HMM HMM.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

I HAVE STOLEN YOUR HEART.

EDDIE. (Hums:)

HMM HMM, HMM HMM.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

DON'T WANNA GO 'WAY.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

COME, LET'S SING LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

MRS. FOY. (Sings:)

SHALL WE DANCE A BIT NOW, EDWIN?

(The pianist plays a chorus, so that Eddie Foy and Mrs. Foy can dance to the music. The dancing, with piano accompaniment, continues through the through the musical phrase corresponding to the lyric "Don't wanna go 'way." Then Eddie and Mrs. Foy sing the concluding words of the song.)

EDDIE. (Sings:)

COME, LET'S SING LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

EDDIE AND MRS. FOY. (Sing:)

YOU AND I 'NEATH THE PALE MOONLIGHT ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

(They bow, as if finishing their number for a vaudeville audience. Mrs. Foy appears happy; but she is also quite clearly winded, and is glad to take a seat again. Eddie helps her sit down.)

EDDIE. Kids, I don't know how she does it--but your mother has put up with me for almost 20 years.

BRYAN. Twenty years. That's an awful lot of card games, Pop.

CHARLIE. And an awful lot of horse races. And billiard parlors.

EDDIE. Twenty years ago, I proposed to your mother on her birthday--

RICHARD. We know!

CHARLIE. Christmas Day!

MRS. FOY. We got married. We both wanted a family so badly.

EDDIE. I was always crazy for kids. My own dear sweet mother said *(with an Irish accent)*, "I'm sure my

Edwin will make a fine father. He's not much of an actor, but he's been a pretty good son." And then we had all of you children.

MRS. FOY. There's much more to the story than that, Edwin.

EDDIE. Oh, we don't need to go into every detail, do we?

MRS. FOY. I want to talk about what happened.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

EDDIE. Maybe when the children are older.

MRS. FOY. No, Edwin. Tonight. Children, we wanted a family so badly. You have no idea. Your father and I were living in a little apartment back then, just big enough for the two of us.

EDDIE. It was really all we needed, you know. Us newlyweds.

MRS. FOY. Well, children, three times, over the next few years, I found myself with child...

EDDIE. We picked out names. We made plans.

MRS. FOY. And three times, I'm afraid, I lost the child.

MARY. I didn't know.

MRS. FOY. Some of my friends and relatives—even my own sister—told me, “It's God's will. If God does not want you to have a family, you must simply accept it.”

EDDIE. Old-world superstition! Who were they to tell us that God didn't want us to ever have a family? Weren't we good enough? Us show people?

MRS. FOY. Well, I pleaded with God. Over and over. I made a sacred vow in church. I promised Him that if your father and I could ever have a real family, I'd not only make a good home for all of our children, but for other children who might need a home, as well.

EDDIE. *(To his children.)* Your mother, you know, can drive a pretty hard bargain.

MRS. FOY. We bought ourselves this house on the hill with 20-odd rooms.

EDDIE. It was your mother who picked this house. Can you imagine your mother and I rattling around in this big old place by ourselves? My friends called this house, “Eddie Foy's Folly.” But your mother was just so sure we'd have a large family.

MRS. FOY. Your father and I painted up the nursery.

EDDIE. Your mother got Father Manzelli over here to bless this house.

MRS. FOY. I prayed every day that someday we'd have children to add life to this home.

EDDIE. *(To his children.)* Who's going to argue with your mother?

MRS. FOY. *(To her son Bryan.)* Bryan, how we celebrated when you were finally born!

BRYAN. Totally understandable.

CHARLIE. And the best was yet to come!

MRS. FOY. Children, I just want you to know how important this family is to me. And this home.

RICHARD. We know, Ma; we know.

MRS. FOY. When you children finally started coming along, I said, “God really is answering our prayers.”

EDDIE. After the fourth or fifth child, I said, “God, you can stop answering now.” But does anyone ever listen to me?

MRS. FOY. And now, look! We have our wonderful home, our family, and our friends.

COHAN. We all need the Foys. Every actor in New York knows that there's always a good meal to be had at the Foys.

RICHARD. If you're hungry, come to the Foys and have dinner!

BRYAN. If you're broke, come to the Foys and play poker with Pop! Every visitor goes home a winner!

EDDIE. Them's fighting' words!

(Eddie playfully chases his kids offstage leaving Cohan and Mrs. Foy alone in the living room. Mrs. Foy beckons Cohan to sit beside her on the couch. Cohan takes a moment to speak to Mrs. Foy in confidence.)

COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* Mrs Foy, I guess you know, Eddie had quite a rough day. Between the horses and

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

poker game at the club, he lost every cent he had on him—more than a grand.

MRS. FOY. Really?

COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* I had to loan Eddie a hundred dollars, just so he'd have something in his pocket when he got home.

MRS. FOY. *(A light going on.)* A hundred dollars.

COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* At the Friars Club, we got into a poker game. By the time it was over, I wound up winning Eddie's new Model T. Even then, Eddie wanted to keep playing. Well, I called the game off. I think Eddie would have bet this house next.

MRS. FOY. Our *home*?

COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* Don't you worry-- I'm not going to keep Eddie's car.

(He hands Mrs. Foy car keys.)

But I have to tell ya, when Eddie gets to gambling, he doesn't want to stop. I'd hate to ever see you lose this house.

(Eddie, carrying Irving on his back, comes back into the living room, trailed by the other kids.)

MRS. FOY. *(To her husband.)* Eddie, I want you to sign this house over to me!

EDDIE. Such serious talk! On a perfect summer day!

MRS. FOY. I made a sacred vow that I'd always provide a good home for our kids and for any other kids who needed one. If I become the legal owner of this house, you could never, ever gamble it away. I want you to go over to Old Man McCarroll's office tomorrow, have him draw up the necessary legal papers. And we'll sign them.

EDDIE. We can certainly talk about all these things someday, if you'd like.

MRS. FOY. With you it's always "someday."

EDDIE. Right now, we have a whole glorious summer to enjoy, don't we? And then there's Thanksgiving, and then Christmas. Oh! No one in the world does Christmas better than my own good wife. Even if your relatives eat us out of house and home.

(To George.)

You should see what her Cousin Schmook can do to a turkey...

COHAN. *(Cutting him off.)* It might not be such a bad idea at that, Eddie, having your wife protect some of your assets.

EDDIE. Oh, George.

COHAN. You're one of the most popular entertainers in America.

EDDIE. *(Lightly, pleased with himself.)* Critic Alan Dale calls me "Broadway's pet." Calls my voice "molasses, with a lisp."

COHAN. You're one of the highest-paid entertainers of them all. Yet you never have a dime to your name.

You've been working your whole life, Eddie. What do you have to show for it?

EDDIE. Seven kids.

COHAN. I don't think you could get through a day without gambling on something.

EDDIE. I bet I could.

MRS. FOY. *(Seriously.)* Did I tell you about the dream I had last night, Edwin? I dreamed there was a Banshee a-heading for our home. I heard a wailing, getting closer. I woke up shivering.

EDDIE. *(To his children.)* Your mother's been living with me for so long, she's even starting to have my own kind of dreams.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

(To Mrs. Foy.)

That's just a wee bit of fancy, you know, stirred up by your over-active imagination. Comes from being tired. You can't pay any attention to a dream like that.

MRS. FOY. I've had that same dream three times now, Edwin. And in some way, to me, it feels real, like the time I dreamed of the fire in the Iroquois Theater.

EDDIE. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* Mrs. Foy, I had a dream the other night that you were with Kings and Queens. I saw you so clearly, I did, with those noble souls.

MRS. FOY. Oh, Edwin.

EDDIE. That's a pretty good dream, isn't it? With Kings and Queens.

MRS. FOY. Children, come over here. I need to talk to you. It's important.

(She gathers the children about her, as she sits on the couch. Some sit beside her on the couch, others are on the floor in front, or standing behind the couch; but they all listen intently; they know this is important to her.)

I want this house to always be in our family. Even when your father and I are gone, I want this house to be here for whoever in the family might need it. What is it I always tell you? *(She raises one hand, the fingers outstretched.)*

MADELINE. *(Raising her hand, in imitation of her mother's gesture.)* You always say that we're like the fingers of your hand, Mama. That we're all different, but that you love us each the same.

MRS. FOY. *(Speaks to her children, while closing her hand into a fist.)* And what else do I always tell you?

That like the fingers of my hand--you're much stronger together than you are separately. You children have to look out for one another.

(She closes her daughter Madeline's hand into a fist.)

You remember that. You're stronger together than you are separately. You children have to stick together. You have to help each other, always. One of you might be richer, one of you might be poorer. But you must always help each other, and you must help Papa. I won't always be here to help you.

(Mary, looking as if she might cry, puts a hand on her mother's shoulder. Of all the children, she alone grasps the implication of her mother's words, "I won't always be here to help you.")

EDDIE. Such talk! Such talk! I see only sunny days ahead for our family.

MRS. FOY. That's fine, Edwin. You see whatever it is that you want to see.

EDDIE. Mrs. Foy, I truly am sorry I wasn't home to take the whole family to the ball game, as I'd promised. I know you kids like to get out, get a little fresh air.

MRS. FOY. Actually, Edwin, the children did get out for a bit of fresh air today. And me, too. I hadn't been out in so long. And today, for the first time in a long while, I had some strength.

EDDIE. Oh?

MRS. FOY. Did you happen to notice, Edwin, that The New York Post had a big story today about your leading lady, Ruth Langdon, and that messy divorce she's getting from her husband.

EDDIE. *(Crossing the room, as if to get away from what's being discussed.)* I've always said... people shouldn't go around reading The New York Post. I have half a mind to cancel our subscription.

MRS. FOY. It said in the paper that she's been seen dining with you at Delmonico's.

EDDIE. Discussing the scripts.

MRS. FOY. And attending horse races with you.

EDDIE. I've been consoling her, while her husband is divorcing her.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

MRS. FOY. And it says that her husband has named you as a co-respondent in the divorce case. Accusing you of alienating his wife's affections. When I read today's Post, I was quite upset.

EDDIE. The Post will do that to you. Personally, I prefer The Morning Telegraph.

MRS. FOY. The Post quoted cast members saying that when you're on tour, you and Mrs. Langdon always get adjoining hotel rooms.

EDDIE. It's libel! I shall call Old Man McCarroll and have him take legal remedies.

MRS. FOY. Edwin.

EDDIE. Casey McCarroll is a first-rate lawyer. A bit pricey, perhaps. But I shall spare no expense to bring my wife peace of mind. I've never spared any expense--

MRS. FOY. Mr. Foy--

EDDIE. Oh yes! Casey McCarroll will put a stop to all this.... Insinuating that there was ever something going on between Ruth Langdon and myself. Can you imagine!

MRS. FOY. Edwin, I decided to take the children over to Mrs. Langdon's house today, thinking it might be helpful for her to get better acquainted with our family.

EDDIE. Well I'm not sure *that's* such a good idea.

MADLINE. She has such a big house, Daddy. With towers and turrets and so many windows.

EDDIE JR.. We counted 43 windows in all.

MADLINE. You've never seen so many windows, Daddy.

EDDIE. It's a lovely house, I know. With custom windows by Tiffany.

BRYAN. It has a garden in front filled with all kinds of fancy stones, Pop. Some small, some as big as baseballs.

CHARLIE. Is she really a terribly wicked woman, like the kids in school say she is?

EDDIE. I'm sure she tries to do her best, son. Like we all do.

RICHARD. You should hear what some of the kids in school are saying about her. Calling her your mistress.

IRVING. What's a mistress?

MRS. FOY. Never mind, Irving.

BRYAN. That divorce case has been in the papers all week, Pop. We've been feeling kinda steamed.

RICHARD. Well, I stood in that garden of hers, Pop, with all those stones. And I didn't know what to think.

MARY. But Mama said it was important to fill ourselves with the spirit of forgiveness.

RICHARD. Mama said, "Whoever among us is without sin should throw the first stone."

IRVING. And so I threw it! Right through the big bay window! Crash!

(He pantomimes throwing a stone. The other children are soon all following suit.)

RICHARD. I took out one of the turret windows.

BRYAN. I got her bedroom window. Twice!

EDDIE. Didn't the neighbors say anything?

RICHARD. They went, "Oh, them Foy kids!"

MRS. FOY. The children all appeared to be having so much fun, Edwin, I'm afraid I joined them.

EDDIE. And how many windows in all, may I ask, did my family happen to be break?

BRYAN. We counted forty-three, Pop.

MADLINE. It was almost like being at a ball game.

MRS. FOY. *(To her husband.)* And you will pay for the damages. Yes?

EDDIE. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* Word of a Foy.... But you know, Mrs. Foy, I always come home to you.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

MRS. FOY. Of course you do. And this shall always be our home.

MARY. *(To the audience.)* None of us Foy kids ever forgot what that was like—peppering that woman’s windows with stones. That’s one of my strongest memories of being with Mama. And, as I recall, that was also my last time outside with Mama. Of all the days of my childhood—which so rapidly was drawing to a close—that is one of two days that seem to stand out in my memory most vividly. Every detail of that day remains penny-bright. And Mama, on that Fourth of July, still seemed so strong to me.

(There is a loud crack of thunder.)

COHAN. What did I tell you? A storm, and a mighty big one. Tain’t a fit night out for man nor beast.

(Another crack of thunder.)

Whoa! Look at that lightning!

IRVING. It’s scary.

COHAN. No, no, Irving... it’s terrific.

MADELINE. Terrific?

COHAN. I like everything that’s big and bold, and larger than life. Teddy Roosevelt! Sitting Bull! Broadway! Niagara Falls! And thunderstorms! And George M. Cohan—

IRVING. And what about us Foy kids!

COHAN. Exactly! That’s the spirit!

EDDIE. Look at the time! All good Foy kids—big and bold, and larger-than-life though they all may be--should now be on their way to dreamland.

(General mutterings of protest from the children.)

IRVING. It’s too early.

RICHARD. This is the Fourth of July.

EDDIE. And then perhaps Mr. Cohan and I can stay up for a bit, and make our plans for the benefit show.

MRS. FOY. Will this be a benefit for the Actors’ Fund? Or the Friars Club? Or--

COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* Didn’t Eddie tell you? Why, it’s a benefit for your very own church, right here in New Rochelle.

EDDIE. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* I wanted to surprise you. You’ve done so much volunteering over there--

MRS. FOY. Not as much as I’d like, lately, I’m afraid.

EDDIE. I know, I know. Well, I thought it was time I do something, too. And George is going to host the benefit with me. For one night, New Rochelle is going to feel like Broadway. We’re getting some mighty talented performers to join us.

COHAN. Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. And Andrew Mack, and Fanny Brice. *(The kids get excited, hearing the names of these talented celebrities.)*

EDDIE. Madame Luisa Tetrazinni from the Metropolitan Opera--

BRYAN. You can make her that new turkey dish they’ve named in her honor, Ma.

EDDIE. Just don’t overcook the turkey, Mrs. Foy.. You always make the turkey just a bit too dry.

(Mrs. Foy swats at her husband in mock protest.)

COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* This benefit show is gonna be the biggest thing that ever happened to New Rochelle. It’s in just two weeks.

MRS. FOY. You know... maybe just this one time, the children ought to sing a song outside of our own house. It will be like having a Foy Family Night for the church. I would really like that, seeing you children singing on stage with your Papa.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

EDDIE. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* And maybe you could perform one of our old numbers with me.

MRS. FOY.) That would be fun, to sing and dance with you on stage just once more. Maybe if I rest up enough, I'll have the strength that night.

(But she seems winded, and we get a sense that she is hoping for something she knows may not happen.)

It'd be like when we first met, 20 years ago.

(SONG #10. "OH! MR. MOON.")

EDDIE. *(Sings, tenderly, sincerely to Mrs. Foy:)*

OH, MR. MOON, MY SWEET THING,

LOOK DOWN HERE AS I CROON.

I AM SO HAPPY!

LOOK AT THIS CHAPPY--

EDDIE FOY and **MRS. FOY.** *(Sing:)*

–IN LOVE UNDERNEATH THE MOON.

EDDIE. Loved, despite my great faults!

(Looking at his pocket watch.)

Eleven o'clock! I don't believe it. I know some children who are up way past their bed times.

IRVING, But Papa, you pwomised us there'd be fireworks over New Rochelle Bay. Lighting up the whole sky.

EDDIE. They can't set off fireworks tonight, Babykins. Not with that big storm out there.

IRVING. But you pwomised, Papa.

EDDIE JR. You did; you said "Word of a Foy."

(He crosses his heart.)

EDDIE. *(Thinking things over for a moment.)* Look out that window. What do you see?

IRVING. Thunder and lightning.

EDDIE. Not just any old lightning, Babykins. Why, that's some of the very best lightning you've ever seen.

Isn't it?

(Irving nods.)

And what's it doing?

IRVING. *(Smiling; he gets it.)* Lighting up the whole sky.

EDDIE. Better than any puny man-made fireworks display ever could. Your papa always keeps his word, doesn't he? Now will you go to bed without any stalling?

IRVING. I pwomise.

EDDIE. Good.

IRVING. Well, there's just one more thing before bed...

EDDIE. Babykins, you said, "I promise..."

IRVING. Actually, I said, "I pwomise." That's not quite the same thing.

COHAN. A true Foy.

IRVING. *(To his mother.)* Mama, could you sing us our song? So we'll have sweet dreams?

(The children gather around Mrs. Foy at the piano.)

(SONG. #11. "MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND.")

MRS. FOY. *(Sings tenderly, to her children:)*

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND,
UNDER THE SILV'RY MOON.
MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND
WHERE LOVE'S SWEET ROSES BLOOM.
COME WITH THE LOVELIGHT GLEAMING
IN YOUR DEAR EYES OF BLUE.
MEET ME IN DREAMLAND,
SWEET, DREAMY DREAMLAND.
THERE LET MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

(The kids softly "ooh" eight bars of the melody, corresponding to the words COME WITH THE LOVELIGHT GLEAMING / IN YOUR DEAR EYES OF BLUE as--one by one--they hug or kiss their mother and file off the stage. Irving is the last of the children to kiss his mother goodnight; Mrs. Foy then gives Irving to Mary, who carries him offstage.)

MRS. FOY. *(Sings:)*

MEET ME IN DREAMLAND,
SWEET, DREAMY DREAMLAND.
THERE LET MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

(The lights fade to black. They come up gradually on a new scene--the benefit concert for Eddie Foy's church. A sign overhead, or a vaudeville-type placard on an easel, says something like, "Welcome to the Gala Benefit--Eddie Foy & George M. Cohan, Co-Hosts. We hear a drum roll, and then the voice--it could be pre-recorded or "live"--of an offstage announcer.)

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER. Ladies and gentlemen, a man who truly needs no introduction...

(The music starts to play. and Eddie Foy bounds on stage, singing. Then Cohan will join him. About halfway through the number, Eddie's kids--all dressed alike for their stage debut, perhaps in sailor suits--come on stage, too, to sing and dance with him; they are exuberant, unruly, and generally underfoot, in a good-natured way. The Foy kids appear to be having fun, even if some seem a little nervous, or scared of the audience at first. They certainly do not appear to be polished, or very much under Eddie's control, in this, their first-ever public appearance.)

(SONG # 12. "ROW ROW ROW")

EDDIE. *(Sings, with sprightly vaudevillian flair:)*

YOUNG JOHNNIE JONES, HE HAD A CUTE LITTLE BOAT.
AND ALL THE GIRLIES HE WOULD TAKE FOR A FLOAT.
HE HAD GIRLIES ON THE SHORE,
SWEET LITTLE PEACHES BY THE SCORE.

COHAN. *(Sings:)*

BUT JOHNNIE WAS A WEISENHEIMER YOU KNOW.

HIS STEADY GIRL WAS FLO.
AND EV'RY SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
SHE'D JUMP IN HIS BOAT AND THEY WOULD SPOON.

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*
AND THEN HE'D ROW, ROW, ROW!
WAY UP THE RIVER HE WOULD ROW, ROW, ROW.
A HUG HE'D GIVE HER.
THEN HE'D KISS HER NOW AND THEN.

COHAN. *(Sings:)*
SHE WOULD TELL HIM WHEN.

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*
HE'D FOOL AROUND AND FOOL AROUND
AND THEN THEY'D KISS AGAIN.

COHAN. *(Sings:)*
AND THEN HE'D ROW, ROW, ROW
A LITTLE FURTHER HE WOULD ROW,
WITH GOOD OL' FLO!

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*
THEN HE'D DROP BOTH HIS OARS,
TAKE A FEW MORE ENCORES,
AND THEN HE'D ROW, ROW, ROW.

(And now there is a dance break. The Seven Little Foys enter—awkwardly but with energy. The kids are trying to dance in unison, but are certainly not succeeding; in particular, Irving—too young to handle group choreography well—seems to be somewhat of a free-agent, obviously out of step with the others. The singing resumes with the following lines.)

COHAN, EDDIE, AND THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*
AND THEN HE'D ROW, ROW, ROW
A LITTLE FURTHER HE WOULD ROW,
OH, OH, OH, OH!

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*
WITH HER HEAD ON HIS BREAST,

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*
THEN THERE'S TWENTY BARS REST!

(Pause.)

COHAN, EDDIE, AND THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*
AND THEN HE'D ROW, ROW, ROW!

EDDIE. *(To the audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen, America's oldest boy wonder—Mr. George M. Cohan!

COHAN. *(To the audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen--the one-and-only Eddie Foy. Assisted--if you can call it that--by the seven--and-only Little Foys. Singing "Row Row Row" from Eddie's hit musical of last season, "Up and Down Broadway."

EDDIE. I want to welcome everybody to the first annual benefit for our church. Oh! It's great to see a standing-

room-only crowd.

COHAN. Well, you have a lot of friends, Eddie.

EDDIE. I'm sure far more people are here because of my wife, Madeline, than me. I'm not much of a church-goer myself. But Mrs. Foy really lives her faith.

COHAN. Father Manzelli tells me you take in kids who've been kicked out of their own homes. And some infants who've been left at the church by unwed mothers.

EDDIE. Well, Mrs. Foy always says, "For all I know, Eddie might be the father." I'm afraid Mrs. Foy can't be with us tonight. She hasn't been feeling well.

COHAN. But we're dedicating tonight's show to her.

EDDIE. Yes, I'm going to surprise her and telephone her later in the show, tell her how much we've raised tonight. Let her hear us sing "Smiles" over the phone.

COHAN. I think Eddie darned near supports the phone company. You all know how expensive long-distance calls are. Well, last summer Eddie joined me on a 12-city national tour, doing benefit shows for the Red Cross. And every single night his wife would make a long-distance call to him.

EDDIE. I think she just wanted to make sure I was in my own hotel room.

COHAN. And those kids would sing to their father over the phone.

EDDIE. Well, George, shall we dance a bit now?

COHAN. Why not? Some music please--lightly and politely.

(#13. "BALLIN' THE JACK" DANCE/JOKE SEQUENCE)

(This will be a vaudeville routine in which light dancing by Cohan and Foy is interrupted by a series of jokey exchanges. The pianist starts playing the refrain of "BALLIN' THE JACK." Cohan and Eddie Foy begin doing an amiable soft-shoe dance. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the following words: "First you put your two knees close up tight, / Then you sway 'em to the left, then you sway 'em to the right." Then the music stops; Cohan and Foy banter as follows:)

COHAN. Say, are you following me?

EDDIE. I have to, George. We're both going to the same place.

COHAN. What place is that?

EDDIE. I dunno. That's why I'm following you.

COHAN. Music!

(The music picks up, just where it had left off. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the next line of the song "BALLIN' THE JACK": "Step around the floor kind of nice and light." Then the music stops so that Cohan and Foy can do another joke:)

EDDIE. I got a telegram from my boss, who's hunting big game in Africa. He says he mailing me some lions tails.

COHAN. Your boss is mailing you some lions tails?

EDDIE. Sure. Read the telegram for yourself. It says: "Just got two lions. Stop. Am sending *details* by mail."

COHAN. That's some lion. Music!

(The music picks up, just where it had left off. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

next line of the song "BALLIN' THE JACK": "Then you twist around and twist around with all of your might." Then the music stops so that Cohan and Foy can do another joke:)

EDDIE. Could I borrow a hundred bucks for a week, old man?

COHAN. Sure. Who is the weak old man? Music!

(The music picks up, just where it had left off. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the next line of the song "BALLIN' THE JACK": "Stretch your lovin' arms way out in space." Then the music stops so that Cohan and Foy can do another joke:)

EDDIE. Too bad about the disappearance of my Cousin Willie. He was a mighty profound thinker, you know.

COHAN. Yes, yes he was. Always, no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was swimming in the East River, and he suddenly called out, "I 'm thinking, I'm thinking."

EDDIE. You fool! My Cousin Willie spoke with a lisp.

COHAN. A true Foy!

EDDIE. "I'm thinking. I'm thinking."

(Pantomimes a drowning man going down.)

COHAN. Music!

(The music picks up, just where it had left off. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the next line of the song "BALLIN' THE JACK": "Then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace." Then the music stops so that Cohan and Foy can do another joke:)

COHAN. Say, Eddie, I would like to know how long cows should be milked.

EDDIE. Oh I'd say... the same as short cows.

COHAN. Shall we dance a bit more, Edwin?

EDDIE. We'd better. We'll go to jail for doing this!

COHAN. Music!

EDDIE. We dance, folks! We dance!

(The music picks up, just where it had left off. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the concluding lines of the song "BALLIN' THE JACK": "Swing your foot way 'round, then bring it back. / Now that's what I call Ballin' the Jack.'" The pianist puts a button on the number, and sequence is over. Applause segue to song #14. "You Can Tell That I'm Irish.")

(SONG #14. "YOU CAN TELL THAT I'M IRISH.")

COHAN. *(Sings:)*

THE IRISH ARE RUNNING THE SHOW BUSINESS...

THANKS TO COHAN...

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

...AND WHAT ABOUT THE FOYS?...

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT IN SHOW BUS'NESS,

YOU HAVE TO KNOW

HOW TO MAKE

A LITTLE NOISE...

(Spoken.)

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by *Chip Deffaa*

And ask anyone in New Rochelle-- my kids are probably the world's noisiest. This is the first time my kids have ever performed in public. And I'm sure it will be the last time. Ladies and gentlemen... The Seven Little Foys...

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

YOU CAN TELL BY THE TOUCH OF THE BROGUE,
YOU CAN TELL, BY THE WINK OF THE ROGUE;
YOU CAN TELL ALL THE WHILE,

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

BY THE STYLE,

MARY. *(Sings:)*

BY THE SMILE;

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

YOU CAN TELL, BY THE WIT OF THE TALK,
YOU CAN TELL, BY THE SWING OF THE WALK,
YOU CAN TELL VERY WELL,
THAT WE FEEL MIGHTY SWELL,
THAT WE'RE IRISH.

(SONG #15. "FORTY FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY")

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

OUT WEST, SO SOME SAY,
IS WHERE THE HAYSEEDS STAY,
AND MISSOURI'S THE STATE THAT CAN GRIND THEM.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

THIS MAY ALL BE.
BUT JUST TAKE IT FROM ME.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT WEST TO FIND THEM.

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE HAYSEED DELEGATION,
THE PLACE WHERE THE REAL HICK FOLK DWELL,
JUST HOP ON A TRAIN AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.
GET OUT WHEN THEY SHOUT "NEW ROCHELLE."

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

"NEW RO-CHELLLLLLLE."

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

ONLY FORTY-MINUTES FROM BROADWAY.
THINK OF THE CHANGES IT BRINGS.
FOR THE SHORT TIME IT TAKES,
WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES,
IN THE WAYS OF THE PEOPLE AND THINGS.
OH! WHAT A FINE BUNCH OF REUBENS,

OH! WHAT A JAY ATMOSPHERE.
THEY HAVE WHISKERS LIKE HAY,
AND IMAGINE BROADWAY
ONLY FORTY FIVE MINUTES FROM HERE.

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*
FOLKS HERE THINK IT'S GRAND
TO LIST' TO THE BAND
IN THE PARK ON A WARM SUMMER'S DA-AY.

MARY. *(Sings:)*
EXCEPT FOR THE FOYS.
WE'D RATHER MAKE OUR OWN NOISE,
AT HOME IN THE FOY FAMILY WA-AY.

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*
EACH SPRING, PREACHERS BRING A GREAT CHURCH REVIVAL.
THEY SAVE LOTS OF SOULS, UNDER TENTS.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*
THEY PREACH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE TILL YOU GET AN EARFUL.
MOST EV'RYONE ATTENDS--AND REPENTS--

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*
FOR A WHILE...

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*
BUT....
YOU'LL FIND OUR POP IN THE POOL HALL.

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*
I PLAY BILLIARDS, A GENTLEMAN'S GAME.

MADELINE. *(Sings:)*
OR ELSE AT THE TRACK,
PLACING BETS ON "HAT RACK."

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*
OH! I DO LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT NAME.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*
SOME DAYS POP'S OUT SEARCHING FOR OYSTERS
IN THE WATERS OF NEW ROCHELLE BAY.

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*
A GREAT PEARL ONCE WAS FOUND
IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.
I'LL FIND A BIGGER ONE 'ROUND HERE SOMEDAY.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*
ONLY FORTY-MINUTES FROM BROADWAY.
NOT A CAFE IN THE TOWN.

COHAN. *(Sings:)*
OH, THE PLACE IS A BIRD.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

NO ONE HERE EVER HEARD
OF DELMONICO, RECTOR, OR BROWN.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

OH! WHAT A FINE BUNCH OF HAYSEEDS,
OH! WHAT A RUBE ATMOSPHERE.

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

FOLKS WHILE AWAY THE DAY,

EDDIE. *(Spoken.)* If the Good Lord had wanted us to work hard all the time, he wouldn't have invented cat-napping, would he?

EDDIE JR. *(Sings:)*

WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY?

EDDIE. *(Spoken.)* A man really does need to take time to dream. And that ain't no stage joke, folks.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

JUST IMAGINE BROADWAY

ONLY FORTY FIVE MINUTES FROM HERE.

(Optional song: If desired, another song, "Musical Moon," can be inserted here, to be performed by Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys as part of this benefit-show scene, immediately following "Forty Five Minutes from Broadway"; this optional extra number may be found in the appendix at the end of the script, and also in the appendix at the end of the piano/vocal score.)

COHAN. *(To Eddie Foy.)* I love seeing a family on stage like this. With a little work, they could become pros.

EDDIE. Eeek! I don't want my kids to be *actors*.

MADELINE. *(To audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen, we *hate* performing.

EDDIE. This is just a one-time thing, for their mother. Speaking of which, I think it's time that we telephone Mrs. Foy, and let her hear her children singing. Children, you start our song, while I get your mother on the line. I'll come in on the end. *(Eddie gets a telephone from the wings.)*

(SONG #16. "SMILES"-Reprise.)

MARY. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY,

MADELINE. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE.

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT STEAL AWAY THE TEARDROPS,

EDDIE JR. *(Sings:)*

AS THE SUNBEAMS STEAL AWAY THE DEW.

EDDIE. *(Standing at stage left, speaking into telephone.)* Hello. Is Mrs. Foy there?

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

THERE ARE SMILES THAT HAVE A TENDER MEANING

EDDIE. *(Standing at stage left, speaking into telephone.)* Could you put her on the line, please?

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

THAT THE EYES OF LOVE ALONE MAY SEE.

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

AND THE SMILES THAT FILL MY LIFE WITH SUNSHINE--

EDDIE. *(Standing at stage left, speaking into telephone.)* I don't understand. Who's this? Father Manzelli?
(Eddie Foy, on the telephone, appears shaken, dazed. Bryan reaches out and grabs him.)

BRYAN. *(Speaking, to his father.)* Pop, you sing now. Come on, Pop. I'll cue you again.

(Bryan repeats the line he's just sung, as if hoping to prod his father to sing.)

AND THE SMILES THAT FILL MY LIFE WITH SUNSHINE--

EDDIE. *(To the audience.)* Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry. We have to stop.

(To his children.)

That's Father Manzelli on the phone, children. He says we must get home right away. Your mother's suffered a set back.

(Eddie Foy and his children leave. The lights shift. The curtain opens up on the living room of the Foy home. Mrs. Foy is seated in a wheelchair.)

MARY. *(To the audience.)* When we got home, Father Manzelli was giving Mother the last rites. She was very weak. She could no longer talk. Mother held up her hand, the fingers outstretched.

MADELINE. I know what you're trying to say, Ma. You love us like your own fingers.

CHARLIE. And, we're all individuals.

RICHARD. And you love us all equally.

MARY. *(To the audience.)* And Mom closed the fingers of her hand into a fist.

BRYAN. And we're stronger together than we are separately.

(SONG #17. "OH! MR. MOON"-Reprise.)

EDDIE. *(Sings, to Mrs. Foy, tenderly:)*

OH! MR. MOON, MY SWEET THING,

LOOK DOWN HERE AS I CROON.

I AM SO LONELY.

I NEED YOU ONLY

WITH ME, UNDERNEATH THE MOON.

EDDIE. *(To his wife, tenderly.)* You're the strong one in this family, Mrs. Foy. Don't you even think of leaving us. I'd be nothing without you.

(SONG #18. "MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND"-Reprise)

IRVING. *(Sings, to his mother)*

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND,

UNDER THE SILV'RY MOON.

MARY. *(To the audience.)* I watched father kiss mother's hand. When he let go, it fell limply at her side. I think I was the only one of the children who understood that mother was gone.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by Chip Deffaa

EDDIE. *(Sings, to his wife:)*

COME WITH THE LOVELIGHT GLEAMING
IN YOUR DEAR EYES OF BLUE.
MEET ME IN DREAMLAND,
SWEET, DREAMY DREAMLAND.
THERE LET MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

(The melody of "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" continues as soft, gentle, nostalgic underscoring. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the final three lines of the song—"MEET ME IN DREAMLAND, / SWEET, DREAMY DREAMLAND / THERE LET MY DREAMS COME TRUE." Eddie lets go of his wife's wand, which falls limply.)

EDDIE. *(To his children.)* You go to bed now, children. It's way past your bedtime. Let your mother rest.

(The children hug their mother and file off. The last to bid his mother goodnight is Irving.)

IRVING. Good night, Mother. I love you more than applesauce.

(Kisses his mother on the cheek. His sister Mary carries him offstage.)

EDDIE. *(Sings, to his wife:)*

MEET ME IN DREAMLAND,
SWEET, DREAMY DREAMLAND.
THERE LET MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

END OF ACT ONE

37 more pages in Act Two

CONCERNING “THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS,” REVIEWERS HAVE NOTED...

“**The Seven Little Foys Provide Seven Little Joys,**” write Barbara and Scott Siegel in “The Siegel Column” (TalkinBroadway.com). “It’s an unexpected pleasure to discover a retro musical at The Fringe. Chip Deffaa’s loving ode to a simpler form of musical comedy, built around the story of Vaudeville star Eddie Foy and his seven children, is a **delightful charmer...Chip Deffaa has done a wonderful job of writing and directing this piece, keeping it well-paced and, most important, keeping its sentimentality honest and true.**”

Joe Franklin (Bloomberg Radio, WBBR) raved: **“I have rarely been so riveted to a stage.... This is what show business is really all about.”**

Rob Lester writes on EdgeNewYork.com: “‘The Seven Little Foys’ is an old-fashioned charmer....Leave it to Chip Deffaa, a lover of old-time show biz quality, to tell this story with affection and musical numbers that will leave you smiling. **There’s a lot of heart in the show itself. This valentine to show business and family values is a pleasure to recommend....** Writer-director-arranger Chip Deffaa has written some very **pleasing and attractive numbers. (Bravo!) The choreography is excellent...in this top-notch family show...**”

“I went to see ‘The Seven Little Foys’ at the Fringe Festival because I remembered fondly the movie with Bob Hope. **What I experienced was something far more creative, far more entertaining, far more original, and far better-acted than the movie was....** Chip Deffaa wrote original music and also included songs of the period—a perfect mix. **I hope this play goes beyond the Fringe. I hope it goes uptown and is able to be seen by more people, who’ll enjoy it and learn from it....**” David G. Meyers, WGBB-AM

“Magnificent! I loved every moment of it.... The direction was superb, and the additional songs by Chip Deffaa were delightful. The show deserves to move to Broadway.”

--Robert Dahdah, playwright/director (“Curly McDimple,” “Dames at Sea”)

On NYTheatre.com, David Fuller declares: **“Writer-arranger-director Chip Deffaa has concocted a charming homage.... This is sweet nostalgia.** The music is mostly early 20th century American, but also includes original tunes that echo the period and are written by Deffaa himself. **The musical bits are geared to bring a smile to your face and a warm fuzzy feeling to your heart....This is a feel-good musical in the best sense of that adjective.”**

Bettina Paley writes, on BroadwayAfterDark.com, **“Garnering kudos as the ‘Fringe Festival’s’ contribution to family fare, ‘The Seven Little Foys’ takes a contemporary look at the family act that quickly became a national institution in the early 1900’s.”**

TIME OUT-NEW YORK notes: **“The audience loved it, singing along and at times moved to tears....** The first act is mostly a vaudeville revue, with lots of old-timey favorites; in the second act, Deffaa adds original numbers, charmingly and lovingly choreographed. (Where did he find seven kids under 20 who can tap-dance

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS by *Chip Deffaa*

so well?) If you're a fan of old Broadway, you'll get a kick out of 'The Seven Little Foys.'"

"'The Seven Little Foys' brings back the good old days of great musicals...." --Barry Z, "BarryZShow.com"

And on Stage-Space.biz, Rob Adams writes: "My hunch is that 'The Seven Little Foys'--Chip Deffaa's ebullient new musical, now getting its New York premiere in the Fringe Festival--will get lots of productions. It is a family musical that works for both adults and young people.... By the time the Seven Little Foys perform the big show-stopping numbers---Deffaa's own 'Struttin' and 'Someday'--the kids are dancing with panache.... 'The Seven Little Foys' should have a bright future."

AND HERE ARE SOME REVIEWERS' COMMENTS ON THE CAST ALBUM OF
"THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS"....

"This mostly cheery, perky collection of nifty nostalgia is most welcome: the sentimental time-travel trip to a bygone innocent time is **entertaining and loveable**. Wearing its corny heart proudly, brimming with energy and unpretentious bubbling joy, the project is sweet and swell, fully embracing the style.... **The new songs by Chip Deffaa, who also revised and tweaked some of the oldies, are delicious**. It's always dangerous (some would venture to say foolhardy) to add new bits to the mix of the authentic, no matter how successful the pastiche is. But Deffaa, who does his homework and immerses himself happily in the era and its sensibilities, is the right man for the job, and **his work makes for highlights** rather than also-ran wannabes." --- **Rob Lester, TalkinBroadway.com**

And **John Hoggund** noted in TheaterScene.net: "Chip Deffaa's 'The Seven Little Foys' is a bustling musical all about vaudevillian Eddie Foy and his Irish family of seven kids..... **Deffaa has affectionately captured the heart of an era...** A heartfelt piece capturing the warmth of a kindly family that sticks together through the good and the bad... The cast displays period accuracy with ample affection all lavished on these songs. Repeatedly, they bare their souls adorned with affection for each other.... **More charm than a litter of kittens lapping up spilled milk... a must-have album.**"