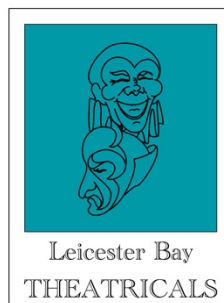


PERUSAL SCRIPT

A Stagedoor Kind of Love
or
A French Woods Kind of Love

A Mini-Musical

Script, Music, Lyrics and Arrangements by
Chip Deffaa



Newport, Maine

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A STAGEDOOR KIND OF LOVE
A FRENCH WOODS KIND OF LOVE

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A Stagedoor Kind of Love

CHARACTERS

THE BOY

THE GIRL

SETTING

Near Hemlock Pond of the performing arts summer camp, Stage Door Manor§

TIME

The Present -- early evening of a day in late Summer

SONGS

#1 -- You Have Captured My Heart* -- (Underscore)

#2 -- Spoonin'*

#2a -- Just You, Just Me*

#3 -- My Musical Comedy Maiden**

#4 -- I've Got to Have Some Lovin' Now!***

#5 -- Spoonin' (reprise)*

#6 -- You've Captured My Heart*

* Music, Lyrics, and Arrangement by Chip Deffaa

** Music and Lyrics by George M. Cohan (adapted and arranged from the Public Domain by Chip Deffaa)

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A STAGEDOOR KIND OF LOVE (A FRENCH WOODS KIND OF LOVE) *a mini-musical by Chip Deffaa*. 1m 1f (both teens) 12-15 minutes playing time. (**Perfect for High-Schools, Youth Theatre Groups, Middle Schools, Summer Camps**) A Stage Door Manor, the best theatre camp in the world, we discover a boy and a girl who have played romantic leads in the shows at camp for years. The girl has developed romantic feelings for the boy, who is oblivious and just thinks of her as his favorite scene/acting partner. It is based on several teens who shall remain anonymous, and is the kind of situation many girls and boys who love theatre can relate to. It is perfect for short play festivals, evenings of varieties of drama, and competitions. It has been performed at several summer theatre camps and will be seen at a theatre in NYC in the fall of 2019. **ORDER #3145.**

A STAGE DOOR KIND OF LOVE

[By Hemlock Pond, at Stagedoor Manor Theatre Camp. Early evening of a day in late summer.]

MUSICAL #1 YOU HAVE CAPTURED MY HEART (Underscore)

[The pianist vamps lightly, softly.]

THE BOY. *(Speaking over underscoring.)* I hope you don't think it strange, me bringing you down to the lake this late at night.

THE GIRL. There's no place I'd rather be, on a warm summer night like this, than sitting here with you. Hemlock Pond—it's so beautiful. We're all alone.

THE BOY. Yeah, just us and the crickets.

THE GIRL. Actually, I was a little bit surprised when you texted me that you wanted to get together.

THE BOY. Why? We've known each other since we were little kids. We've been here every summer for at least ten years.

THE GIRL. Gotta love it here at Stage Door Manor—the best theatre camp in the world! But I'm not sure if I'll be coming back next year. My parents think it's time for me to move on.

THE BOY. *(Sadly.)* Mine too.

THE GIRL. We may never see each other again.

THE BOY. I've been thinking the same thing. We co-starred in so many shows together here.

THE GIRL. Well, of course. You were always the best actor in the whole place.

THE BOY. And you're a good singer.

THE GIRL. And you were the best-looking actor in the whole camp.

THE BOY. You never told me I was good-looking.

THE GIRL. Well, I always thought so.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- A STAGEDOOR KIND OF LOVE by *CHIP DEFFAA*

THE BOY. I once asked you: “Do you think I’m good-looking?” You said I looked just like my dog, Apollo.

THE GIRL. Same face.

THE BOY. I’ll take that as a compliment.... And you said I wasn’t half as good-looking as Justin Bieber.

THE GIRL. I was 13! Then, Justin never even answered my fan letters.

THE BOY (*pleased with himself*). My counselor said I reminded him of James Dean.

THE GIRL. Who?

THE BOY. James Dean. I looked him up on Wikipedia. He was a very important movie star. Famously good-looking.

THE GIRL. Year after year, we’d get so close at camp.... Tulsa and Louise. Harold and Marian.

THE BOY. Yeah. Wenlda and Melchior.

THE GIRL. -- and then you’d ignore me the rest of the year. Even though we live so close to one another.

THE BOY. Well, I was a kid. I didn’t know any better. But now I’m almost finished with high school. My eyes have opened.

THE GIRL. It always seemed crazy that we’d get so tight at camp, and then act like strangers the rest of the time.

THE BOY. We’ve played all the great lovers on stage... We did all the great romantic shows together.

THE GIRL. “The Stage Door Follies”

THE BOY: All those romantic, schmaltzy, funny, sad songs.

THE GIRL. And “Romeo and Juliet.”

THE BOY. “West Side Story.”

THE GIRL. “Grease.”

THE BOY. “Zombie Prom....”

THE GIRL. You were a very believable zombie.

THE BOY. I worked hard at it.... I hope we always feel as close as we do now.

THE GIRL. Actually I was hoping we might even get a little closer.

THE BOY. You feel the same way I do?

THE GIRL. If you’re going to ask what I think you’re going to ask, the answer is yes.

THE BOY. Great! So you’d like to work on a song together?

THE GIRL. What?!?

THE BOY. Why should the good times we had here have to end just because we’ve finished our last session? You know, there’s a talent show coming up back home at the Duplex. I found an old theater song that would be just perfect for us. I brought the sheet music.

THE GIRL. A song?

THE BOY. You’re a good sight-reader.

THE GIRL. I wasn’t exactly planning on singing tonight.

MUSICAL #2 -- SPOONIN’

THE BOY. The song goes like this....

(Sings:)

**HOW’S ABOUT A LITTLE ...
SPOONIN’, ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?
YOU AND I, ‘NEATH THAT BIG BRIGHT MOON?
SPOONIN’, OH A NIGHT OF BLISS.**

THE GIRL. *(Sings:)*

YOU AND ME, ‘NEATH THIS BIG OAK TREE

THE BOY.

SPOONIN’, ON A NIGHT IN JUNE ‘N’

THE GIRL. My “Stage Door” Romeo...

THE BOY.

**SPOONIN’, ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS
SPOONIN’–SUCH A NIGHT OF BLISS.**

THE GIRL. You really brought me out here just so you could do all this singing and talking?

THE BOY. You’re right, I AM doing all the talking and singing.

THE GIRL. So true.

THE BOY. And that’s not fair to you. Here! I’ll let you sing the second chorus. I’ll just listen.

THE GIRL. But, but–

THE BOY. You go, girl!

THE GIRL.

**SPOONIN’... NEATH THAT OL’ HONEY MOON.
KEEP A SHININ’, YA BIG BAD MOON.**

THE BOY.

SPOONIN’ ... ON A NIGHT IN JUNE.

THE GIRL.

HERE WE ARE, ‘NEATH THE BIG BRIGHT MOON

THE BOY.

SPOONIN’... ‘NEATH THAT HONEY MOON ‘N....

THE GIRL. You ARE a good singer.

THE BOY. Thanks!

SPOONIN’, ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS

THE GIRL.

**SPOONIN’–COULD BE A NIGHT OF BLISS...
IF SOMEONE WOULD JUST MAKE A MOVE--.**

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL #2a -- JUST YOU, JUST ME

THE BOY. Hey, no improvisin'! You and your jazz. Just sing what's on the sheet music. Now here comes my favorite part of the song--the beautiful part.

**JUST YOU! JUST ME! AND MY LITTLE UKELELE.
AND THAT BIG GOLDEN MOON ABOVE.**

THE GIRL.

JUST YOU! JUST ME!

THE BOY.

**AND A HEART FULL OF RHYTHM. AND A GOOD BIT OF LOVE.
I WANNA BE PADDLIN', PADDLIN' MY LITTLE CANOE
OVER THE LAKE, UNDER THAT BIG MOON, WITH YOU....**

THE GIRL. Sometimes, I gotta tell you... I've had dreams about you.

THE BOY. Of course. Sometimes I've had dreams, too -- we're here at camp singing together.

THE GIRL. So sweet.

THE BOY. You know what was my favorite number, out of all the ones we sang at camp?

THE GIRL. What?

THE BOY. We'll probably be singing it when we're 85, returning for "Stage Door" theater-camp reunions.

MUSICAL #3 -- MY MUSICAL COMEDY MAIDEN.

THE BOY.

OH, MY MUSICAL COMEDY MAIDEN, HOW I LOVE YOU.

THE GIRL.

OH, MY MUSICAL COMEDY BOY, I LOVE YOU TOO.

THE BOY.

**YOUR EYES ARE LIKE MUSICAL COMEDY STARS ABOVE YOU.
I'LL MAKE A MUSICAL COMEDY PROMISE
THAT I'LL BE MUSICAL COMEDY TRUE.**

THE GIRL.

**BY A MUSICAL COMEDY PREACHER WE'LL BE MARRIED.
THEN I'LL BE YOUR CUTE LITTLE MUSICAL COMEDY WIFE.**

**THE BOY.
IN OUR MUSICAL COMEDY FLAT,
WITH OUR MUSICAL COMEDY CAT,**

**THE GIRL and THE BOY.
WE'LL SETTLE DOWN
AND LIVE A MUSICAL COMEDY LIFE.**

THE GIRL. You know what was my favorite number, out of all the numbers I ever sang to you in the
“Stage Door Follies”?

THE BOY. What?

MUSICAL # 4 -- “I’VE GOT TO HAVE SOME LOVIN’ NOW.

THE GIRL. (*Sings, somewhat aggressively:*)
**I’VE GOT TO HAVE SOME LOVIN’ NOW;
WON’T YO LET ME SHOW YOU HOW?
NOW HUG ME LIKE A BEAR,
COME AND MUSS MY HAIR,
GIVE ME A KISS ON THE BROW.
COME, BE A NICE, SWEET HONEY, LIKE YOU SHOULD,
AND LOVE ME WHILE THE LOVIN’S GOOD;
I MAY DIE IN THE MORNING,
SO I WANT SOME LOVIN’ NOW.**

A French Woods Kind of Love

CHARACTERS

THE BOY

THE GIRL

SETTING

Near Sand Pond of the performing arts summer camp, French Woods§

TIME

The Present -- early evening of a day in late Summer

SONGS

#1 -- You Have Captured My Heart* -- (Underscore)

#2 -- Spoonin'*

#2a -- Just You, Just Me*

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A FRENCH WOODS KIND OF LOVE

[By Sand Pond, at French Woods Theatre Camp. Early evening of a day in late summer.]

MUSICAL #1 YOU HAVE CAPTURED MY HEART (Underscore)

[The pianist vamps lightly, softly.]

THE BOY. *(Speaking over underscoring.)* I hope you don't think it strange, me bringing you down to the lake this late at night.

THE GIRL. There's no place I'd rather be, on a warm summer night like this, than sitting here with you. Sand Pond—it's so beautiful. We're all alone.

THE BOY. Yeah, just us and the crickets.

THE GIRL. Actually, I was a little bit surprised when you texted me that you wanted to get together.

THE BOY. Why? We've known each other since we were little kids. We've been here every summer for at least ten years.

THE GIRL. Gotta love it here at French Woods—the best theatre camp in the world! But I'm not sure if I'll be coming back next year. My parents think it's time for me to move on.

THE BOY. *(Sadly.)* Mine too.

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AND LOVE ME WHILE THE LOVIN’S GOOD;
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