

PERUSAL SCRIPT
Original Version

SATURDAY NIGHT AT *Crossinger's*

*A new musical comedy
about the Catskill's brightest star*

Book & Lyrics by **Stephen Cole**
Music by **Claibe Richardson**
Additional Lyrics by **Ronny Graham**

Originally Conceived by **Doris Silverton & Rita Lakin**



Newport, Maine

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SATURDAY NIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S

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ORDER #3034.1

CHARACTERS — 2w 4m

SHELDON SELTZER
HARRY GROSSINGER
PAPA GROSSINGER
ELAINE GROSSINGER
PAUL GROSSINGER
JENNIE GROSSINGER

SONG LIST FOR SATURDAY NIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S

Act One

1. GROSSINGER'S - Sheldon & Company
2. ME - Jennie & Company
3. NOTHING TO BE SCARED - Papa, Elaine & Jennie
4. BY THE COUNTRY - Jennie, Papa & Company
5. A MONTH OF SUNDAYS - Harry & Jennie
6. GROW BOARDERS - Jennie
7. ROCKING ON THE PORCH / YOU'RE MY FAMILY - Jennie & Company
8. TUMMLER'S SONG - Sheldon
9. THE NEW RESTRICTED TWO-STEP - Band Singer (Paul)
10. GROSSINGER'S (REPRISE) Sheldon & Jennie
11. MOVE - Sheldon, Jennie & Company
12. FINALE ACT I - Sheldon & Company

INTERMISSION

Act Two

13. SIMON SAYS - Sheldon
14. GROW GROSSINGER'S (*reprise*) - Elaine, Paul, Jennie, Sheldon, Papa
15. NO TIME - Paul & Elaine
16. THE SAGA OF SADIE GREEN (DEAD ON HER FEET) – Sheldon & All
17. MARRIED TO THE STORE - Harry
18. BEFORE THE BEGINNING - Jennie
19. GRAND FINALE- Company

This version of the script was prepared for the Sonoma Arts production in 2022. It is the author's desire to make this the official version of the show. There is, however, a Family version, that takes much of the innuendo out.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S Book and Lyrics by *Stephen Cole*, Music by *Claibe Richardson*, Additional Lyrics by *Ronny Graham*. (based on an original idea by *Rita Lakin and Doris Silverton*) 4m 2f. About 90-100 minutes. The early 1960's. Saturday Night. The Catskills. It's a snowy winter Saturday night and the stars who are booked — Judy Garland, Alan King and the Nicholas Brothers — are stuck in a snowdrift. When the stars do not show up to entertain the packed house at the brand new nightclub at the greatest hotel in the Jewish Alps, the owner and founder, Jennie Grossinger enlists her family to tell the story of how it all happened. A hilarious, tuneful and ultimately moving 6 character musical about the rise of the Borscht Belt and the hotel that came to symbolize it all: Grossinger's! An on the personal side, author Stephen Cole said, "Jennie decides to put on a show about how she made Grossinger's the great resort it was. As the improvised musical progresses, Jennie learns some hard truths about herself." "A joyful evening of entertainment, with a borscht aroma and schmaltz flavor and multiple opportunities for performers to shine." — **Brian Vinero**. Two Versions available: The Original and the Family version. **Order #3034.1 (Original) or 3034.2 (Family)**

CLAIBE RICHARDSON, Born Claiborne Foster Richardson in Shreveport, Louisiana in 1929, he studied at Louisiana State University. His songwriting career began in the early 1950s with material he contributed to revues staged in New York City by Ben Bagley and Julius Monk. In 1964, he composed *The Brightest Show on Earth* for the World's Fair held in what is now Flushing Meadows-Corona Park. Richardson's first and most notable Broadway theatre score was for the 1971 adaptation of Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp*. Although the production closed a week after opening night, it has developed a cult following among musical theatre aficionados, and is still produced in all types of theatres today. Other Broadway credits include incidental music for the 1978 revival of *The Royal Family* with Rosemary Harris and Eva Le Gallienne, the 1980 revival of *The Philadelphia Story* with Blythe Danner, and the original play *The Curse of an Aching Heart* with Faye Dunaway in 1982. Several of Richardson's other scores, including *Lola* (with a book and lyrics by Kenward Elmslie, his collaborator on *The Grass Harp*), *Bodoni County* and *Congo Square* (with books and lyrics by Frank Gagliano), and *The Night of the Hunter* and *Saturday Night at Grossinger's* (with books and lyrics by Stephen Cole) have been recorded and received off-Broadway and regional theatre productions. Richardson also composed jingles for television and radio commercials as well as scores for industrial shows and sponsored films. Three months before his death in New York City, his final composition, a suite based on *The Grass Harp*, was performed by Skitch Henderson and the New York Pops Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

RONNY GRAHAM, the actor-writer-comedian who wrote for the Broadway revue *New Faces of 1952* and may be best known as a collaborator with Mel Brooks, died July 4, 1999, in Los Angeles. Graham was born Ronald Montcrief Stringer in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the second of five children born to vaudeville performers Florence Sweeney and Thomas Graham Stringer (a.k.a. Steve Graham). Graham, a self-taught jazz pianist, began his career as a nightclub comic with a specialty in wry character monologues for which he provided the musical accompaniment, ala Dwight Fiske. During World War II, Graham served in the Army, where he entertained GIs with a piano trio. He made his Broadway debut in the revue *New Faces of 1952*, to which he contributed sketches and lyrics and in which he performed. He won a Theatre World Award for his efforts. He later made similar contributions to *New Faces of 1956* and *New Faces of 1962*. He wrote the lyrics for *Bravo Giovanni*, which garnered him a Tony Award nomination.

STEPHEN COLE is an award-winning musical theatre writer whose shows have been recorded, published, and produced from New York City to London to the Middle East and Australia and Edinburgh, Scotland. His off-Broadway musical *AFTER THE FAIR* was nominated for the Outer Critic's Circle Award for Best Musical and was subsequently produced in London to great acclaim. The original cast CD featuring Tony winner Michele Pawk won several awards. The *NIGHT OF THE HUNTER* (music by Claibe Richardson) won the prestigious Edward Kleban Award and was produced in San Francisco where it was nominated for several Bay Area Theatre Awards. The musical has subsequently been produced in NYC as part of the New

York Musical Theatre Festival in 2006 (where Cole won a Best Lyricist nod) and in October 2010 at Lyric Stage in Dallas featuring Davis Gaines, Julie Johnson and a 24 piece orchestra. SATURDAY NIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S has had successful runs in Dallas (Starring Gavin MacLeod and Ruta Lee), LA and Florida (starring Barbara Minkus and Barry Pearl). Broadway legend Chita Rivera toured in his show CASPER which also played Australia and had a new world premiere at the Cincinnati Children's Theatre in October 2019 to rapturous reviews. Hal Linden and Dee Hoty starred in the world premiere of his musical adaptation of DODSWORTH. In 2005 Stephen and composer David Krane were commissioned to write the first American musical to premiere in the Middle East and the result was ASPIRE, which was produced in Qatar. Their amazing and hilarious cross-cultural experiences resulted in yet another musical about the creation of ASPIRE entitled THE ROAD TO QATAR! which was produced to rave reviews at the Lyric Stage winning Best New Play or Musical from the Dallas-Ft. Worth Drama Critics Forum. THE ROAD TO QATAR! had a successful Off-Broadway run at the York Theatre Company and was recorded by Jay Records. Saver and Cole's musical TIME AFTER TIME had its world premiere in Feb. 2010 at the Pittsburgh Playhouse under the direction of Gabriel Barre and was subsequently produced in Connecticut under the direction of the late Kevin Gray. Other produced shows include two family musicals commissioned by Walden Media: MERLIN'S APPRENTICE and ROCK ODYSSEY. ROCK ODYSSEY has just completed an unprecedented ten year run at the Adrienne Arscht Center in Miami. Stephen is also a published author with four books to his credit including THAT BOOK ABOUT THAT GIRL and I COULD HAVE SUNG ALL NIGHT, the Marni Nixon story, NOEL COWARD, and Charles Strouse's memoir PUT ON A HAPPY FACE.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S

ACT I

(The time: the early 1960's; place: the new nightclub at Grossinger's. A standup microphone is center stage. A placard reads: "TONIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S - JUDY GARLAND, ALAN KING, THE NICHOLAS BROTHERS". The show takes place in real time; action is continuous, only stopped for applause. It is a snowy Saturday night. The band enters: a drum roll.)

VOICE OVER: Ladies and gentlemen, you've laughed at him in the club house, you've ignored him on the golf course, you've seen him throw Indira Ghandi's luggage in the lake... and now you have to endure him for one more Saturday night...the Catskill's favorite Tumbler... Sheldon Seltzer.

SHELDON: *(Entering)* Welcome to the biggest eating contest on the eastern seaboard! I take it you've had enough to nosh? A woman came up to me today and said, "How do I lose weight at Grossinger's?" I said, "Go Home!" Just this afternoon we were sitting around the pool kibitzing and I was thinking back to my childhood. I remembered when I got my first part in the school play. I was so excited. I ran home and told my mother, "Mama, I got a part in the show. I get to play a Jewish husband." Well she got so mad and she started to shriek. She said, "you go back to that teacher and tell her you want a speaking part!" It's almost time for me to introduce our hosts...it's a Saturday night tradition that they should welcome you to the show and to Grossinger's. By the way, do you know the difference between a guest at Grossinger's and a canoe? A canoe tips. Speaking of tips...a retired man walks into the social security office and says, "I need to apply for social security but I lost my birth certificate and all my papers in a fire." The woman behind the desk say, "don't worry, just open up your shirt and show me your chest hair." He opens his shirt and shows her a chest full of white hair. The woman says, "You're in." The man goes home and excitedly tells his wife: "Bessie, I got the social security! All I had to do was open my shirt and show her my white chest hair." Bessie says, "You should have dropped your pants. You could have gotten disability!"

(Pointing to a guest)

Look at her, she gets it! He doesn't get, because he doesn't get it!

MUSICAL #1 — GROSSINGERS

But who cares for earthly pleasures? It's Saturday night. The Manischewitz is flowing... that's wine with no flavor...And we're at Grossinger's! I can remember when I first came to this heaven on earth. It was like yesterday. Wait a minute! It was yesterday.

SHELDON *(Spoken at first)*

IT WAS AN INNOCENT TIME

A FABULOUS PLACE

(Now he is singing but still rubato)

WHERE OPPOSITES DANCED

IN A TORRID EMBRACE
YOU WORE YOUR DIOR
IN THE THREE LEGGED RACE
AT GROSSINGER'S

(In tempo now)

NOW IT'S A COUNTRY ESTATE
WITH URBAN APPEAL
A SHOE BY CHANEL
WITH A TOM MCCANN HEEL
THE END OF THE RAINBOW
AND ONE ENDLESS MEAL
AT GROSSINGER'S

IT'S WHERE A GAME OF GOLF IS NEVER UNDER PAR
YOUR CADDIE IS A FUTURE MOVIE STAR
SO IF YOU'RE DOWN IN THE DUMPS
CAUSE HUBBY HAS GONE
THERE'S LOVE ON THE LAKE
OR CROQUET ON THE LAWN
IT'S HEAVEN TO KNOW THAT THE PARTY GOES ON
AT GROSSINGER'S

HERE WHERE FACTS ARE MIXED WITH FICTIONS
COME EMBRACE THE CONTRADICTIONS
GROSSINGER'S, GROSSINGER'S, GROSSINGER'S
WELCOME HOME...

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Grossinger family, Papa, Harry, Paul and Elaine.

ELAINE:

IT'S WHERE THE BEDS ARE ALL MADE
THE PILLOWS HAVE MINTS

PAUL:

PICASSOS ARE HUNG
BY HISTORICAL PRINTS

HARRY:

YOU'RE HUNGRY AT NIGHT?
THERE IS ALWAYS...A BLINTZ
AT GROSSINGER'S

ELAINE:

IT'S WHERE THE LADIES WEAR MINK

IGNORING THE HEAT

PAPA:

THE HORA IS DONE TO
A CHA-CHA-CHA BEAT

HARRY and SHELDON:

A CITY OF DREAMS
IN A MOUNTAIN RETREAT

ALL: *(With harmony)*

IS GROSSINGER'S

PAUL:

IT'S WHERE AN EASTERN POTENTATE MIGHT TIP HIS FEZ

SHELDON:

AS EVERYBODY DOES WHAT SIMON SAYS

HARRY:

IT'S WHERE THE CLASSES COMBINE
BUT NEVER COLLIDE

SHELDON:

THE HOMELIEST SPINSTER
GOES HOME AS A BRIDE

PAUL, ELAINE, HARRY & PAPA:

COME ORDER YOUR DRINKS
AND YOUR BEEF...

SHELDON:

BY THE SIDE

ALL:

AT GROSSINGER'S

SHELDON: The gonsa mishpucha!

ALL:

COME AND MAKE THE GRAND EXCURSION
BE DIVERSE IN YOUR DIVERSION
GROSSINGER'S! GROSSINGER'S! GROSSINGER'S!
WELCOME HOME!

SHELDON: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the hostess of the east, the mother of us all, the best little blintz maker in the Catskills...Jennie Grossinger!

(Jennie in all her glory enters from the rear of the house to greet her family, meaning the guests. As she makes her way past the tables, she sees old friends everywhere)

JENNIE:

SEE THE PARK AVENUE CROWD
DRINK GLASSES OF TEA
AS FAM'LIES FROM MINSK
TRY TO LEARN HOW TO SKI

AMERICAN CHEESE
MELTING INTO THE BRIE

ALL:

THAT'S GROSSINGER'S

SHELDON: Take a line, Harry.

HARRY:

IT'S WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS
THE MOON ALWAYS GLOWS

JENNIE:

THAT WAITER? NEXT YEAR
HE'LL BE FIXING YOUR NOSE

ALL:

A BIG OPEN HOUSE
WHERE THE DOORS NEVER CLOSE
THAT'S GROSSINGER'S

JENNIE

IT'S WHERE THE BILL OF FARE ARRIVES WITHOUT A BILL
AND EVEN SOPHIE TUCKER GETS HER FILL

SHELDON: We're goin' home!

ALL:

SO JUST COLLECT ALL THE KIDS
AND GET IN THE CAR
YOU MAY HAVE TO PUSH
JUST TO GET WHERE WE ARE
THE MOUNTAIN IS STEEP
BUT IT'S NEAR TO A STAR
AT GROSSINGER'S

JENNIE: *(As Sheldon brings out a plate of potato pancakes and serves them to the front rows)*

BETTER FINISH WHAT YOU GOT 'CUZ
HERE COME THE POTATO LATKES

ALL

GROSSINGER'S! GROSSINGER'S! GROSSINGER'S!

(They finally finish the number)

WELCOME HOME!

(During the applause Jennie hands Sheldon a note. It's not good news.)

SHELDON: Well, normally this is the time where we make a graceful exit and you get to see the biggest stars in show business. But before we go I need to talk about Mr. Schulman at table 20. Mrs. Blackstone saw you peeing in the pool. She has complained bitterly. I told her, lots of people pee in the pool. She said, "yes, but from the diving board?"

HARRY: Sheldon, introduce the stars.

SHELDON: The stars? Who can even see the stars tonight through all that snow? I tell you it's a blizzard out there. It's lucky for you that Grossinger's is a winter wonderland of fun. Just this afternoon I saw Liberace gracefully gliding across the lake. Listen Lee, next time wear skates!

HARRY: Sheldon, why are you stalling?

SHELDON: Why am I stalling? Why am I stalling? Why AM I stalling?

(Taking the plunge)

Well, there's good news and there's bad news. The good news is that Judy Garland, Alan King and the Nicholas Brothers have been booked for months and are dying to knock your socks off tonight. The bad news is that their show bus is stuck in a snowdrift on Route 17.

(This is news to the family)

PAPA: Oy!

SHELDON: But never fear. Until they get here you will be entertained by me...

PAPA: Double oy!

SHELDON: ...and the entire Grossinger Family! We will be the show.

(Big fanfare and dead silence)

HARRY: What? Are you crazy?

ELAINE: We can't entertain them. We're not professionals.

SHELDON: Of course you are. You're the first family of hospitality. And I happen to know for a fact that Harry Grossinger has been studying soft shoe on the sly. And Elaine! Didn't I personally schlep you for 12 thousand dollars worth of tap lessons? And Paul. Paul can sing like a bird. Sing something, Pauly.

(Paul sings a little bit of the "four questions" in Hebrew)

What did I tell you? A regular Eddie Fisher.

ELAINE: A show is more than singing and tap dancing. A good show has a story. Even if we could do one, what would it be about?

SHELDON: What would it be about? What WOULD it be about?

(One by one, they turn to a smiling Jennie who has been silent throughout the above.)

MUSAICAL #2 — ME!

JENNIE: *(She knows damned well!)* What would it be ABOUT?

ME!

IT'S ABOUT ME

IT'S ALL ABOUT ME

SO WHO COULD BE DEARER?

THE STORY YOU'LL SEE

IT'S ABOUT ME

WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?

QUICK GO GET MY MIRROR

THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL

I WILL SAUNTER AND STROLL

(CAN YOU BLAME ME?)

THE ONLY QUESTION LEFT
IS WHO COULD PLAY ME?

ALL:

YOU?

JENNIE:

NOW YOU GOT IT
ME
NO MATTER WHAT IT
HAS THE TOUCH OF QUIET DESTINY
SO WE'LL TELL YOU A STORY
AND YOU'LL BE POLITE
MY FANCY IS READY TO TAKE A FLIGHT
COME SEE
THE NEW MRS. SATURDAY NIGHT...
ME

SHELDON: Jennie Grossinger! You are brilliant. We'll just tell the story of how you built this hotel from nothing into their home away from home.

PAUL: That's a great, Mama. Will you tell about the guests on the rockers and how the farm was failing and...

ELAINE: How do you know that, Paul?

PAUL: Mama used to tell me this part of the story all the time.

ELAINE: You never told me any stories.

JENNIE: Well, I'm telling one now.

ELAINE: It's a little late, mama. Paul got all the love. All the nurturing. It was always...

JENNIE: Darling, I know that self-pity is better than no pity at all, but can we go on? Good. Now, let's talk about...

ME

ALL:

THERE'S MORE TO DISCUSS

JENNIE:

ALL ABOUT ME

ALL:

LIKE WHAT ABOUT US?

JENNIE:

THERE'S ME AS A GIRL
WHEN HARRY WAS COURTING
THIS SHOW WILL GO FAR

ALL:

NO TIME TO TURN BACK

JENNIE:

THEY'LL BOOK US ON PAAR

ELAINE:

AND SHE'LL CALL HIM JACK

JENNIE:

YES, I'LL BE THE STAR

ALL:

AND WE'LL BE SUPPORTING

JENNIE: That's right!

ALL RIGHT, PAULY CAN SING

AND ELAINE, YOU CAN TAP

AND SHELDON... WING IT!

MY LIFE IF FULL OF SONG

BUT WHO'S TO

ALL and JENNIE:

WHO'S TO SING IT?

ALL: (*Wearily*)

YOU!

JENNIE:

DON'T FORGET IT! ME!

ALL:

SHE'S GONNA LET IT OUT IN SONG

JENNIE:

AS LONG AS WE AGREE

BRING ON THE SET

STAGEHANDS HEY WAKE UP

I CAN BE YOUNG

LONG AS THERE'S MAKEUP

THROW ME A SPOT

AND KEEP IT DEAD CENTER

BRING DOWN THE HOUSE

CUE ME AND THEN TER-

RIFFIC I PROMISE I'LL BE

THERE'S MY MUSIC,

ENTER:

ALL:

JENNIE, JENNIE, JENNIE, JENNIE, JENNIE, JENNIE AH!

(Each topping the other)

JENNIE:

ME, ME, ME, ME, ME, ME, ME, ME

JENNIE:

ME!

(After the applause, Jennie hands out scripts to the family.)

JENNIE: Hurry up; we've got to get started!

(To the audience)

I'm so excited I could plutz! You're gonna love this. Who needs Judy Garland? I've got my own boy next door, Harry Grossinger.

(The family gets to work and make the stage look like a dock in the old country.

Placard is changed to read: "DOCK - 1904)

SHELDON: *(Reading from his script.)* The time was 1904.

(KLETZMER MUSIC starts)

The scene is a beaten up old dock in the old country...

(Jennie notices that they are setting up a different scene and that Elaine has sat down and become little Jennie.)

JENNIE: Hey wait a minute. I thought I cut this scene and that's the wrong music.

(But it continues)

This is ten years too early. I didn't want to show me as a little girl in the old country.

PAPA: Think of it as the prologue. Come see how I gave you your dreams.

JENNIE: Papa, I...

PAPA: Sha! You always want to be young. Here's your chance. You're ten years old. Elaine will play you.

She won't need so much makeup,

(He is now in the scene)

What's the matter, Jennie?

ELAINE AS LITTLE JENNIE: *(After a moment)* I don't want to go to America.

PAPA: Why not? It's the land of opportunity!

ELAINE AS LITTLE JENNIE: But why do we have to leave Mama?

MUSICAL #3 — NOTHING TO BE SCARED

PAPA: Why? Because we're the lucky ones. We get to go first. And then we will work and make money and bring Mama to America. Usually a man only brings his son. But I have no son. So I bring you. You're the lucky one.

ELAINE AS LITTLE JENNIE: I don't feel lucky. I feel scared.

PAPA: Scared? No. No. No.

NOTHING TO BE SCARED

MY LITTLE JENNIE

NOTHING TO BE SCARED

YOU NEEDN'T CRY

IN AMERICA WE'LL BE

MY LITTLE JENNIE

ANYTHING WE WANT

GO ANYWHERE WE PLEASE

WITH PAPA STANDING BY

WATCH, YOU'LL SEE, WE'LL REACH FOR THE SKY
Well?

(She hugs him)

Good! So. Hurry up. We've got a cattle boat waiting. We wouldn't want to lose our stall with a view.

(She takes his suitcase and they sing as Jennie watches. Papa has won her over, he thinks. Little Jennie has gotten the idea to dream.)

LITTLE JENNIE & PAPA:

ANYTHING WE WANT
GO ANYWHERE WE PLEASE
WITH PAPA STANDING BY
WATCH, YOU'LL SEE, WE'LL REACH FOR THE SKY

(The lights dim on that scene)

JENNIE: *(She is clearly affected, but wants to go on)* All right! Now can we go to 1914?

(They all nod and set up the scene as the 1914 Ragtime music plays. Placard is changed to read: "LOWER EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN - 1914")

That's better. 1914. The chic and elegant east side...ah... After our trip on the cattle boat, we set up housekeeping in Manhattan, in an intimate *pied-a-terre* with a charming roof garden and...

ELAINE: Mama!

JENNIE: All right! It was a tenement on the lower east side. Are you happy? But there was a roof...covered with all the neighbor's laundry. Oh yes. And from the factory next door...smoke...lots of smoke.

(Sheldon blows some smoke around the stage)

And Papa was coughing all the time.

(Papa coughs)

I was all of eighteen. And so fresh that you'd want to slap my face.

(Sheldon lifts his hand)

Don't try it!

PAUL: Isn't this where you trick Grandpa into going by the country?

JENNIE: I didn't trick him. I...convinced him. It was for his own good.

ELAINE: I see Grandpa, but where's Daddy?

HARRY: Yeah, where am I? I'm the husband.

JENNIE: You're right here with me.

(To the audience)

My papa made the match. Harry was a distant cousin two times removed. So Miss Jennie Grossinger became Mrs. Jennie Grossinger. I always said I married him so that I wouldn't have to change the monograms on the towels. I was on that roof dreaming as usual. I was quite the dreamer and...

PAPA: *(Beginning the flashback)* Can we do this already? I got pinochle game starts in a hour.

JENNIE: All right. Go on, Papa.

(To the audience)

Remember, I'm 18! And gorgeous. Use your imagination.

(Papa looks at her and laughs. She gives him a withering look and he cowers and goes on with the flashback.)

PAPA: *(Acting)* What are you doing on this roof, Jennie? You should be downstairs starting a family.

JENNIE: It's too hot for that, Papa. Why don't we get out of the city, Papa? That cough of yours isn't getting any better.

(He begins a huge coughing jag)

PAPA: What cough?

(He exits coughing.)

JENNIE: Enter our downstairs neighbor Mrs. Auslander.

(Sheldon enters as Mrs. Auslander with glasses, a wig, and carrying a big pocketbook.)

MRS. AUSLANDER (SHELDON): Jennie, darlink! I just got back from by the country. Oy! It was a machia! You remember how sick I was? The way I used to cough

(she is right on top of Jennie and coughs in her face)

and wheeze

(she wheezed in her face.)

and sneeze

(she almost sneezes but doesn't and then does.)

Just like your poor sick father. Well, my daughter Chana Malka...she's a schtickl gold I tell you, I don't know why she can't get a husband, maybe it's the limp, but anyway...she took me for two weeks by Finkelsteins Kuchalein

(the "che" in the word gets Jennie again)

... You know what's a KUCHELEIN?

(She gets Jennie again)

It's a meichel in beichel! Excuse me I didn't mean to spit on you.

(She spits into her handbag ala Carol Burnett)

Anyway, I tell you, there was such colors by the country...such green, such blue...me, I'm color blind, but YOU would've loved it! Well...the upshot was I got my health restored one hundred percent.

Maybe your poor sick father should go by the country.

JENNIE: Of course he should. I've been trying to get him to move there for months. But the only way he would go is if I was sick! Huuuh!

(Choking on the idea and lighting up inside!)

That's it! Listen, Mrs. Auslander, you get the neighbors together and when I give you the signal, you all come out on the fire escape and follow my lead. We're gonna get Papa to go by the country.

MRS. AUSLANDER (SHELDON): Oy! I'm so excited I could spit.

(She spits in her purse again and exits)

JENNIE: *(Grandly announcing to the audience)* I call this next part: "The Idea". Papa! Papa!

PAPA: *(Entering)* What is it, Jennie? What's all the yelling now?

JENNIE: Nothing. I'm all right.

PAPA: Good.

JENNIE: Oh that Mrs. Auslander! She's a witch I tell you! The things she said to me!

PAPA: I never liked that woman.

(with his thickest accent)

She has such a thick accent. Who can understand a word she says?

JENNIE: *(Double take)* I know just what you mean. But let me tell you, today, she made herself quite clear. She was telling me such things. All about sickness and dying. And death.

PAPA: I'm not sick. And I'm not dying. Believe me, I'm as strong like an ox.

JENNIE: Of course you are. You're strong like two oxes. But it wasn't you she was talking about.

PAPA: It wasn't?

JENNIE: *(Practically weeping now that she can let it all out.)* No. It was me!

MUSICAL #4 — BY THE COUNTRY

(Jennie is fully recovered)

SHE SAID I LOOK SICKLY
SO THIN AND SO PALE
BUT SHE SAID THERE'S A CURE ALL
AND THEN SHE TOLD THIS TALE:
SHE SAID

PAPA: What? What? What?

JENNIE

SHE SAID
(With a Yiddish accent.)
ONE OF MY COUSINS
THE ONE WITH THE TROUSSEAU
WAS SICK JUST LIKE YOU SO
I SAID, GO BY THE COUNTRY
AND LAY IN A BED
BUT SINCE LISTEN SHE DIDN'T
IN LESS THAN A WEEK SHE WAS DEAD

PAPA: No!

JENNIE: *(minus the accent)*

THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

PAPA: But you, you're healthy! I've never seen you more alive and glowing.

JENNIE: That's the first sign.

PAPA: Oh my God!

JENNIE: Wait! There's more. She said...she said...

(With a Yiddish accent.)

DON'T WAIT A MINUTE
YOU GOTTA START PACKING
BEFORE YOU ARE HACKING
AND SNEEZE
GO BY THE COUNTRY

AND KEEP YOU SOME BEES

PAPA: Bees?

JENNIE: Bees!

PLEASE BELIEVE ME OR NOT
BUT YOU GOT TO GO LOOK ON SOME TREES
OR YOU'LL COUGH AND YOU'LL WHEEZE

PAPA: But me! I'm the one who wheezes and coughs. I'm the one who's sick. Where did she say to go?
(With a whistle, Jennie summons her children to help her here. They enter dressed as lower east side neighbors. Sheldon as Mrs. Auslander joins them.)

JENNIE, SHELDON, ELAINE & PAUL:

BY THE COUNTRY
BY THE COUNTRY
WHERE MOUNTAINS CAN WORK ALL THEIR CHARMS

JENNIE:

"GO BUY A FARM"

JENNIE, SHELDON, ELAINE & PAUL:

SHE SAID

JENNIE:

I TOLD HER, "WHO KNOWS FROM FARMS?"

PAPA: I do! I know from farms. I'm a farmer.

JENNIE: That was in the old country, Papa. Here, who ever heard of a Jewish farmer? And as good a deal as it is, who even has the money?

PAPA: Money? Deal? What are you talking?

JENNIE: I'll tell you. You see, she went on and she said...she said...
(With a Yiddish accent.)

LISTEN I KNOW OF A
DEAL ON A FARM AND
IT WON'T COST AN ARM AND
A LEG
GO BY THE COUNTRY
YOU WON'T HAVE TO BEG
'CAUSE FOR SIX HUNDRED THIRTY NINE DOLLARS
THIS BARGAIN'S IMMENSE
AND FORTY NINE CENTS"

PAPA: Six hundred thirty nine dollars and forty-nine cents! That's exactly what I've been saving in a can in the closet.

JENNIE: *(After a pause)* You're kidding!

JENNIE, SHELDON, ELAINE, PAUL & PAPA:

BY THE COUNTRY
BY THE COUNTRY
WHAT BETTER A PLACE TO BE BY

FAR FROM THIS HEAT YOU'LL FLY

JENNIE:

DO IT OR ELSE I MAY DIE

(Harry & Sheldon enter now and join Elaine and Paul under the dialogue)

PAPA: Die? It's settled! I've got the money and I'm a farmer. And your health

(he wheezes)

is very important to me.

JENNIE: Thank you, Papa.

PAPA: What? I'm glad I thought of it.

(Everyone enters with suitcases, pushcarts, etc....they are all going "by the country")

LET'S GET AWAY FROM THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE

ALL:

THE STRUGGLE AND TUSSLE

SO RUSTLE A TRAIN THAT'LL FLY

ELAINE:

AND SINCE IT'S JULY

ALL:

WE'LL TRY THE COUNTRY

GO EYE THE COUNTRY

GO BY THE COUNTRY

AND WE'LL BID THE BIG CITY A BIG GOOD-BYE!

(Jennie and the company exit, leaving Harry, dressed in his salesman clothes, carrying a suitcase. Placard is changed to read: "THE FARM - 1915" Elaine and Paul are behind a fence manipulating chicken puppets)

HARRY: Jennie! It's Saturday night! I'm...

(looking around as what passes as a farm)

... home!

(Notices chickens)

Hello, little chicken.

(Chicken squawks at him)

(Jennie appears in an exaggerated farm lady outfit. She looks like Rebecca of Sunny brook Farm. She carries several bottles of store-bought milk. She pours them into a butter-churn that Papa brings on. Papa churns.)

Jennie...

JENNIE: Shh! Quiet, you'll wake up the cow. It's exhausted.

HARRY: Jennie! What are you dressed up for?

JENNIE: It makes me feel...authentic.

PAPA: She looks like Rebecca from Sunny-schnook Farm.

HARRY: And why are you pouring bottled milk into the churn? What's wrong with the cow?

JENNIE: The cow? That lazy cow that sleeps all the time? The one Papa bought from the man who sold

us this land that won't grow anything? That cow?

PAPA: Here she goes...

JENNIE: It turns out, her name is Irving. And she's in love with one of my chickens.

PAPA: Don't exaggeration-ate!

JENNIE: Either way, Irving ain't giving any milk. So I bought some to make butter. Then we sell the butter.

PAPA: We're only losing a dollar a stick!

(He exits, stooped over, carrying milk bottles)

HARRY: Jennie, it's time for you come home. It's been two months and you promised you would only be here to get your father started.

JENNIE: Harry, does he look started to you?

(During the following dialogue, Jennie goes egg collecting. At first she actually finds a few small eggs. Elaine and Paul hand her the eggs or items passing as eggs)

HARRY: Jennie, this isn't how a man and wife should live. When I married you...

JENNIE: When you married me, we were kids. What did we know?

HARRY: I knew I loved you. I've always loved you. And I promised to take care of you. But if we're living apart most of the week, how can I?

JENNIE: I can take care of myself. I'm not made of glass, Harry.

(She finds an odd "egg" under a chicken)

HARRY: I know that, Jennie, but...

JENNIE: *(She stops and gets serious for a moment. She knows how to win this man over.)* Harry, this farm, this time...it's a gift. And you've given to me. Please don't take the gift away too soon.

MUSICAL #5 — A MONTH OF SUNDAYS

HARRY: *(He is at a loss for words after that heartfelt speech)* Jennie... I... You... We... What more can I say?

SIX DAYS A WEEK I'M SELLIN' AND SHMOOZIN'

READIN' THE NEWS IN BED

BUT I GOT DREAMS I BOUGHT 'EM AT

THE HORN AND HARDART AUTOMAT

AND POPPED RIGHT IN MY HEAD

CAUSE THERE MUST BE A WAY

THERE'S GOTTA BE A WAY

TO KEEP US TOGETHER FOR MORE THAN ONE DAY

JENNIE: It's a gift, Harry. A gift.

(Jennie goes back to egg collecting as Harry follows her and tries to woo her back to the city. She finds all sorts of objects under puppet chickens on their roosts, but none of them are actually eggs -- perhaps a rock, a diamond ring, a book, etc)

HARRY

IF ONLY I COULD BUY

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS
THAT'S THIRTY DAYS
THAT I COULD SPEND WITH YOU
FROM THE EIGHT FIFTEEN ON SATURDAY
TO THE FIVE-O-FIVE ON MONDAY
FOR A LITTLE WHILE, WE SHARE A SMILE
BUT WHY HAVE A LIMIT OF ONE DAY?
I'D DO MUCH MORE THAN REST
ON ALL THOSE SUNDAYS
I'D NEED 'EM TO
EXPRESS MY POINT OF VIEW
FOR SUNDAY CAN TEND TO
REALLY FLY
UNLESS I CAN MANAGE TO MULTIPLY
AND HAVE A MONTH OF SUNDAYS HERE WITH YOU

JENNIE: Harry, you know I would be thrilled to go back to the city with you. The dirty, filthy city. But we had a deal.

HARRY

YOU TALK ABOUT A DEAL, JENNIE
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I NEED
YOU KNOW THE WAY I FEEL, JENNIE
WITHOUT YOU MY LIFE'S FROM HUNGER
WE'VE GOT THE AFTERNOON, JENNIE
TO PLANT A LITTLE SEED
WE'D BETTER DO IT SOON
CAUSE, JENNIE, YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER

JENNIE: Harry! You know I'm not more than...

(Whispering)

What year is this?

(Harry points to the placard that says 1915)

Well, then I'm still young. All right. All right. Here's the deal. You give me nine months and I'll give you nine months.

HARRY: It's a deal!

*(The chickens cluck a chorus as Jennie and Harry go somewhere secluded and "make a baby."
They reemerge behind the fence, with only their heads showing.)*

BOTH

WE DID MUCH MORE THAN REST
ON ALL THOSE SUNDAYS
WE USED THEM TO EXPRESS OUR POINT OF VIEW
YES, SUNDAY CAN TEND TO REALLY FLY
UNLESS YOU CAN MANAGE TO... MULTIPLY

(Jennie walks from behind the fence, pregnant)

AND MAKE A MONTH OF SUNDAYS HERE WITH YOU

(Harry exits leaving a very pregnant Jennie who then exits all the way offstage (unseen). We hear a slap and a scream and a baby crying and she enters with a baby.)

JENNIE: Amazing what a couple of Sundays can do.

(Papa enters)

I must have been crazy! I tell you, giving birth is like pushing a piano through a transom! See what I do for you, Papa!

PAPA: For me? Don't do for me! Go home! That baby should be by the city. This is no place for a woman with a child. And besides you're driving me *mishuga*.

JENNIE: Your grandchildren are going to grow up where the air is so fresh it talks back. Here on our thriving farm. Has anything grown yet, Papa?

PAPA: Not a thing. Here in the Catskills may be beautiful mountains, but you can't eat a view, Jennie.

(Harry enters with his suitcase)

Oh, Harry! Is it Sunday, already?

JENNIE: *(All in one breath.)* Harry! Darling! I'm so glad to see you. Come give the baby a kiss. Did you bring your paycheck?

HARRY: Yes. Jennie, this can't go on. When your nine months ended so did our deal. And besides the farm is failing.

JENNIE: We are not going back to the city, Harry. I belong here.

HARRY: Jennie, we had a deal. I kept my part of the bargain.

JENNIE: So did I. Let's go upstairs and I'll keep it again.

HARRY: It would be one thing if the farm were making any money. Without my job selling, you'd all starve. Face it Jennie, you've all got to come home.

PAPA: I'm not going. I like it here. I don't care if the only corns I grow are on my feet. But I agree with Harry. You should go, Jennie. What kind of place is this to raise a child? No doctors, no lawyers, no moils! I had to do the job myself. Snip, snip!

JENNIE: Harry, please... why don't you move here?

HARRY: If there were some way to make a go of it, I'd give in. You know I would. I always do.

JENNIE: So what you're saying, Harry, is that if this place were more self sufficient, I could stay a little longer? Maybe forever. And maybe you would even join me?

HARRY: But it's impossible, Jennie.

PAPA: Of course it is.

JENNIE: But if it were possible...

PAPA: Don't listen to her, Harry. She'll hys-notize you.

HARRY: I guess I could endure it a little longer... if you can make it work... but something big has to change. Financially.

PAPA: It'll never happen.

JENNIE: It'll happen. I can feel it in my bones. You take Pauly inside and leave it to me. I promise. Something big is about to happen.

(Harry takes the baby and exits into the house. Her bravado gone, Jennie turns to Papa in desperation.)

JENNIE: Papa, what are we going to do? Harry's gonna make us sell this place and move back to the city. And I can hear you coughing already. *(Music begins)* We've got to come up with something else to do with this land, besides farming. Think, Papa, think.

MUSICAL #6 — GROW BOARDERS

WHAT HAVE WE GOT, PAPA?
ONE COW IN A MEADOW
TWELVE CHICKENS ON A ROOST
AND NOTHING GROWING IN THE GROUND BUT WEEDS
A MONEY CROP IS WHAT THIS FAMILY NEEDS
BUT WHERE ARE THE SEEDS?

PAPA: Oy, my little Jennie. What you need is a miracle.

JENNIE: *(To the audience)* I call this next part: "The Miracle".

MRS. GOLD: (SHELDON as a Bronx matron) Yoo hoo!

JENNIE: Enter Mrs. Gold!

MRS. GOLD (SHELDON): Our car broke down and we've been walking for miles and my little Renee is practically starving.

(Screaming offstage)

Stay by the car with your father, Renee!

(To Jennie)

If I passed a lake I would have drowned myself. Do you know of any place nearby with a bed and some kosher food?

JENNIE: *(The miracle!)*

WE'RE GONNA GROW BOARDERS

MRS. GOLD (SHELDON): Listen, if you got a room, my husband will pay.

JENNIE

WE'RE GONNA GROW BOARDERS

MRS. GOLD (SHELDON): I've already paid. My best shoes are shot.

JENNIE

EACH SUMMER ON THIS MOUNTAIN TOP

WE'RE GONNA RAISE A BUMPER CROP

A CROP TO THRIVE AND BLOOM

THREE MONTHS A YEAR

WE'LL PLANT PEOPLE HERE

AND WATCH THEM GROW

PAPA: My farm is not a hotel.

JENNIE

LET ME PAINT A PICTURE, PAPA

LET ME DRAW FOR YOU, WITH WORDS
THE WAY THAT IT COULD BE
LET ME MAKE YOU SEE

PAPA: Go ahead! Make me!

JENNIE

COMES A FAMILY
LIKE THE GOLDS
BY THE COUNTRY FOR A WEEK
TIRED OF COUGHING, TIRED OF COLDS
FRESH AIR AND SUN IS WHAT THEY SEEK
AND WHAT THEY FIND IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU
SO PLEASE, PAPA DEAR
I'M NOT GOOD AT BEGGING, PAPA
LET ME DO
WHAT I THINK
WHAT I KNOW
I CAN DO

Well, Papa, what do you say?

PAPA: I say... I say...

(To Mrs. Gold)

...we couldn't let the room go for less than twelve dollars a week.

MRS. GOLD: We'll take it!

(During the following the others bring on chairs, umbrellas, potted plants, anything that makes it look like a country hotel.)

JENNIE

WE'RE GONNA PLANT PEOPLE
GET OUT AND PLANT PEOPLE
WE'LL HARVEST THEM ON HESTER STREET
AND BRING THEM HERE
AND PLANT THEIR FEET
WE'LL PLANT SO MANY PEOPLE
WE'LL GROW THOUSANDS HERE

PAPA: Thousands?!

JENNIE

YES, PAPA, THOUSANDS HERE
AND WATCH THEM GROW

(Harry enters with his suitcase as usual).

Harry! You're just in time. Welcome to Grossinger's!

(Placard is changed to read: WELCOME TO GROSSINGER'S)

COME WATCH IT GROW!

(After the applause Jennie exits. The others all put on wigs and become alta cockers (old farts).)

They bring on rocking chairs during a musical interlude. They sit on the rockers. After they sit, there is a collective sigh. On every other rocker is a dummy and when the people rock all the chairs go. So we have the impression of eight guests.)

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL #7 ROCKING ON THE PORCH

HARRY: And grow it did. From a small farm to a boarding house with a porch full of *alta cockers* on rockers.

ELAINE (alta cocker...another Bronx Matron)

IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THE BRONX
THE HUSTLE AND THE BUSTLE OF THE CITY
TO SPEND A COUPLE WEEKS
WHERE I DON'T HAVE TO COOK
OUT HERE WHERE THE SCENERY IS PRETTY
BUT TO ME, A GOOD RESORT IS NOT A HIT,
UNLESS THERE IS A PLACE WHERE WE CAN SIT
AND SIT AND SIT

ELAINE & PAUL (alta cockers)

AFTER SUPPER
WE'RE HERE
ROCKING ON THE PORCH
BRAGGING 'BOUT OUR
CHILDREN
ROCKING ON THE PORCH

HARRY (alta cocker)

(Entering, with Sheldon, still dressed as Mrs. Gold)

THE FOOD'S DELICIOUS
ENORMOUS DISHES

SHELDON (Mrs. Gold/alta cocker)

GEFILTE FISH IS MY FAV'RITE

ALTA COCKER QUARTET (PAUL, ELAINE, HARRY, SHELDON)

WE'RE NOT
ONLY RESTING
WE'RE DIGESTING
ROCKING, ROCKING ...ON THE FRONT PORCH
SAVE YOUR MONEY
SPEND IT
ROCKING ON THE PORCH
TWO WEEKS EVERY SUMMER
ROCKING ON THE PORCH

ON THIS OASIS
WE STUFF OUR FACES
THEN TAKE OUR PLACES AND SIT TO-
GETHER
ROLY POLY
ROCKING SLOWLY
ROCKING, ROCKING, ON THE FRONT PORCH

(Jennie enters in a lovely hostess gown of the period, serving noshes.)

ELAINE (alta cocker): Oh Mrs. Grossinger, you know how to make a guest feel good.

(Jennie pops little appetizers into the guests' mouths as she rocks them.)

JENNIE

FIRST LET ME SAY
YOU'RE MORE THAN JUST A GUEST
YOU'RE MY FAMILY
YOUR ROOM IS HERE
THIS YEAR AND EVERY YEAR
YOU'RE MY FAMILY
PLAY IN THE YARD, EAT! YOU'RE TOO THIN!
WHEN YOU GO TO BED,
IF YOU'VE BEEN GOOD I'LL TUCK YOU IN
I'M SAYING
YOU'RE NOT MY GUEST
NOT MERELY CLIENTELE
BUT YOU ARE THE WORLD AND ALL TO ME
YOU'RE MY FATHER, MOTHER
SISTER, BROTHER
DAUGHTER AND SON
MY ONE AND ONLY FAMILY!

Now, Elaine, now...

(Elaine gets up and does a little geriatric tap step.)

(Introducing guests to each other)

Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Silver. Mrs. Silver, Mrs. Gold. Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Silver, Mrs. Diamond.

(Aside)

She thinks she's better than everybody.

(Elaine gets up and does a little geriatric tap step; the others join in from their rockers.)

As you can see, Mrs. Rabinowitz isn't with us this summer. I was informed by her daughter Ruchel Fayge that last Passover she ate a tainted matzo brie and went to that big blintz stand in the sky. May we all eat an extra helping tonight in her honor. Amen.

(They all tap again.)

JENNIE: Oh this fresh air! You gotta breathe it in. Come on, everyone, breathe!

(They all breathe it in)

That's right! Take a big breath.

(They all breathe even harder)

And another.

(One more big breath)

One more.

(This time they are practically blue in the face. They all let it out except for one person)

Hey, leave some for someone else.

(Music begins; alta cockers rise as if to begin a dance, and then give up, sinking back into their rockers. YOU'RE MY FAMILY & ROCKING ON THE PORCH become a counterpoint duet)

GUESTS

ONE MORE SEASON
WE'RE HERE
ROCKING ON THE PORCH
WHAT'S MORE PLEASIN'
THAN TO
PARK IT ON THE PORCH?
WE LOOK DEMENTED
BUT WE'RE CONTENTED
OUR ROOMS ARE RENTED
INCLUDING ROCKERS
ROCKING, ROCKING
ANY OTHER
MOVEMENT'S SHOCKING

ALTA COCKERS
ON THEIR ROCKERS
ROCKING
ON THE FRONT PORCH

(Alta cockers sleep and snore. Jennie speaks to one of the dummies on the rockers.)

JENNIE

FIRST LET ME SAY
YOU'RE MORE THAN JUST A GUEST
YOU'RE MY FAMILY
YOUR ROOM IS HERE
THIS YEAR AND EVERY YEAR
YOU'RE MY FAMILY
PLAY IN THE YARD
EAT! YOU'RE TOO THIN!
WHEN YOU GO TO BED IF
BEEN GOOD, I'LL TUCK YOU IN
I'M SAYING, YOU'RE NOT A GUEST
NOT MERELY CLIENTELE
BUT YOU ARE THE WORLD AND
ALL TO ME. YOU'RE MY
FATHER, MOTHER, SISTER, BROTHER
DAUGHTER AND SON,
MY ONE
AND ONLY FAMILY

JENNIE: So, Mrs. Rosenblatt, how's your laryngitis?

(Alta cockers stop snoring -- no answer)

Glad to hear it.

(Alta cockers resume snoring)

Everyone one of you looks so content... so happy...

(Yelling)

Papa!

(To the audience)

Watch this. It's what we call adding some tension.

(Screaming)

PAPA!

PAPA: (*Entering*) What? You could wake the dead!

(*We hear snores from the dummies on the rockers*)

JENNIE: (*Referring to the sleeping dummies*) Apparently not! Papa, we have got to do something to liven this place up. It's 1925.

(*to the audience*)

See how I got that time passage stuff in!

PAPA: So it's 1925! What about it?

JENNIE: Out there the twenties are roaring. At Grossinger's, their snoring! We're losing our clientele... look at them! They sit, they eat, they rock, they die! We've gotta give them something new to attract some fresh blood.

(*Alta cockers exit with rockers*)

PAPA: Like what?

JENNIE: Like entertainment.

PAPA: My darling Jennie, I have three little words for you. No. No. NO! Forget it! I'm not shelling out any more money for entertainment.

JENNIE: What if the entertainment came free?

PAPA: Free is a good price.

JENNIE: Good. This Friday night we're trying out a Rumanian dance team from the Bronx. And I was thinking of starting a Saturday afternoon mah-jongg club for the women.

PAPA: Friday night? Saturday afternoon! Are you crazy? On the Sabbath? No, no, no! We can't have people singing and dancing on the Sabbath. Not on my property. God will be smiting me down! The prophets have decreed it!

JENNIE: The prophets! What about our profits? Or should I say our losses? Papa...

PAPA: No, no, no. The only way you can have entertainment is if I don't own this land! And that will never happen.

(*Paul enters dressed as a farmer. He carries a pitchfork.*)

JENNIE: Look over there! There's that farmer from next door. Be nice to him.

FARMER (PAUL): (*A total hick from the sticks*) Howdy, Mr. Gross-sanger!

PAPA: Howdy do to you too, Farmer Jones!

FARMER (PAUL): I gotta say, Mr. Grossinger, your wife is awfully young looking.

PAPA: She's my daughter! A head made from potatoes this man has. What can I do for you, Mr. Farmer?

FARMER (PAUL): I was just admiring your layout here.

PAPA: It's not for sale. Nothing grows anyway.

FARMER (PAUL): I don't want to buy it. I was just thinking how nice it would be to sit and rock on porch once in a while...one that wasn't your own. And maybe have some of that pink fish you people eat.

JENNIE: You mean lox?

FARMER (PAUL): Yeah, that stuff you put on the round hard bread with a smear.

JENNIE: He means a bagel *mit a schmere*.

FARMER (PAUL): Your wife sure is smart.

PAPA: She's not my wife! Broccoli for a brain he has.

JENNIE: So, Mr. Farmer, you like Jewish cooking?

FARMER (PAUL): I loved that purple soup you gave me last week. Especially when I warmed it up on the stove.

JENNIE: You warmed up cold borscht?

PAPA: I told you...he's Mr. Potato Head. He probably sweetened up the sour cream with sugar.

JENNIE: Mr. Jones, what if I told you that this place WAS for sale?

PAPA: No, no, no!

JENNIE: Papa, I don't mean for always.

(To the farmer)

But let's say from sundown on Friday to sunset on Saturday? If you owned the place then you could have all the pink fish and hot borscht you wanted and have it served to you on a rocking chair.

FARMER (PAUL): That would sure be nice. But how could I afford that?

JENNIE: You can afford a dollar can't you?

PAPA: Jennie!

JENNIE: *(Taking Papa aside)* Papa! If this nice farmer owns the land on the Sabbath, then what does it matter if we have entertainment and gambling here? You'll be off in temple. And if you don't own it, no one can smite you down. And who knows, maybe Farmer Jones will let you come over once in a while and plow.

PAPA: You think?

JENNIE: Not to mention the money from the new guests...

PAPA: *(Hesitant at first but seeing her point)* But... I... well... where do you come up with these things?

JENNIE: Necessity is the mother of Grossinger's.

FARMER (PAUL): So you mean if I buy the land for one dollar I can sit on the porch and eat all I want?

JENNIE: That's right.

PAPA: But you have to sell it back to me on Saturday night.

FARMER (PAUL): And I would.

PAPA: Good.

FARMER (PAUL): For two dollars!

PAPA: What? You're gonna make a profit and eat my food? This guy's not as dumb as I thought.

JENNIE: Well, what do you say, Papa?

(Before Papa can get a word out)

Good! Then it's settled.

(Jennie and Farmer cross upstage to make their deal)

PAPA: Well... at least this time you didn't give me that *facackta* story about how you're dying...

(Singing)

"By the Country, By the Country."

(To the Farmer)

I'll see you in the back forty!

(There is a big fanfare. Papa exits and Jennie & Farmer pose a la "Jewish Gothic." They shake hands and Farmer exits.)

JENNIE: It's not easy creating an empire. *(Screaming)* Sheldon! *(To the audience)* I bet you were

wondering when Sheldon was going to appear. And I bet you thought that he was the entertainer I was bringing in. Wrong! Sheldon Seltzer was Grossinger's first jack-of-all-trades...

(We hear a crash of dishes)

...and master of none. Sheldon!

SHELDON: *(Enters, carrying a tray)* You shrieked?

JENNIE: Sheldon! I don't know what I am going to do with you. Every job I give you turns out worse than the one before it. Last week you were helping Mama in the kitchen and four people got ptomaine.

SHELDON: Not from my toe!

(Rimshot)

Jennie, I want to entertain.

JENNIE: Yeah, sure! That's what I got the Rumanian dance team for!

SHELDON: I can sing and dance. I'll promise I'll kill 'em.

JENNIE: Like when I asked you to mow the lawn and you killed Mrs. Sapperstein's toy poodle.

SHELDON: Okay! But I can tell jokes.

(Quickly going into his act)

My wife just found out I replaced our bed with a trampoline; she hit the roof. Later she said, "I look fat. Can you give me a compliment." I said, "you have perfect eyesight."

JENNIE: *(Groaning, but enjoying his joke)* You know what, Sheldon? I'm gonna give you a chance.

SHELDON: You're going to let me go on?

JENNIE: Yep! In the dining room.

(Dubbing him as if he were a knight)

Starting tonight, you are the headwaiter. But, no joking with the guests!

(She exits)

(Suddenly we are in the dining room. Sheldon becomes a waiter.)

ELAINE: *(as old lady guest)* Waiter! I ordered over 15 minutes ago. I want my food before I get old.

SHELDON: Too late!

HARRY: *(as guest)* Waiter! Where's my liver?

SHELDON: Right under your spleen?

PAUL: *(as guest)* Waiter, where's the rolls?

SHELDON: Right by the Cadillac!

PAPA: *(as guest)* Waiter, where's my kreplach?

SHELDON: I'm not touching that.

ALL: Waiter! Waiter! Waiter!

SHELDON: Wait!

MUSICAL #8 — TUMMLER'S SONG

(He pulls out his big pad with the orders and starts serving as he sings.)

YOU WANT THE MELON BALLS

THE MATZA BALLS

THE MEAT BALLS

THE KNISH
THE LIVER AND THE ONIONS
FIRST YOU GOTTA TASTE THE FISH
CAUSE OUR CHEF, SHE WENT AND BUILT A
NEW WAY TO GEFILTE
AND SPEAKING OF WHICH THE POOL IS GEFILTERED TOO
YOU'LL SEE THAT LATER WHEN I SWIM AROUND TO YOU
NOW!
WITH STUFFED CABBAGE AND STUFFED KISHKA
I'LL STUFF MRS. WASSERSTEIN
THERE'S A TURKEY
AND A CHICKEN
AND A GOOSE!

(He gooses Elaine and she screams!)

SEE WHAT I MEAN
HERE WHAT WE GOT IS A LOTS A
BREAD AND CAKE AND MATZA
TUREENS AND BOWLS AND POTS ARE
WHATS IN STORE
YOU GOT GRIEF HERE'S WHAT THE CURE IS
TRY OUR TZMIS FOR YOUR TZURIS
AND OUR BORSCHT IS BESHT
SO BUSHT YOUR BELTS
COME ALONG!

(Singing an operatic laughing song.)

AHAHAHAHAHA!

HAHAHAHHAH!

Nothing!

GUEST: Waiter!

ANOTHER: Waiter!

ALL: Where's my order?

SHELDON: Hold it! I am on top of it!

(Singing as fast as he can)

YOU GET THE MELON BALL
THE MATZA BALL
THE MEAT BALL
THE KNISH
THE LIVER AND THE ONIONS
THE DELISH GEFILTE FISH
SINCE THE SALMON WON'T DELIVER
CAUSE THEY'RE SPAWNING IN THE RIVER

WHY NOT RISK IT
WITH A BRISKIT
AND A CHERRY BLINTZ?
TOP IT OFF WITH CHOC'LATE AFTER DINNER MINTS
KASHA VARNISHKAS WITH GRAVY AND
A BAGEL SCHMERED WITH LOX
CHICKEN CROCHETTES, CHICKEN CHOW MEIN, CHICKEN SOUP
...AND CHICKEN POX!
JUST PUT YOUR TIP IN THE PISHKA
AND YOU'LL GET ANOTHER KISHKA
MAKE A WISH AND GET A DISH OF FISH KABOB
HAVE A PICKLE FOR YOUR POODLE
TRY A DIETETIC STRUDDLE
HAVE SOME RUG'LACHE, KREPLACHE, KNAD'LACHE
(As if he were choking on a hairball)
L'ACHE, L'ACHE, L'ACHE
I'm like a cat with a hairball!
IF THE MEAL DOESN'T SIT ON YOUR STOMACH LIKE LEAD
IF YOUR HEART DOESN'T BURN WITH AN ACHE IN THE HEAD
IF YOU DON'T WAKE AT NIGHT AND WISH YOU WERE DEAD
THEN WE KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING SOMETHING

ELAINE:

WRONG!!!!!!!!!!

(The last note, sung by Elaine, is mouthed by Sheldon. He falls to the ground at the end of the number. Jennie enters on the applause.)

SHELDON: Have the entertainers arrived yet?

JENNIE: I just got a telegram from the Red Apple Rest on Route 17. It'll be a while.

SHELDON: Oy!

(The others exit, groaning)

JENNIE: Don't worry. We're gonna show them how we conquered prejudice and became the fancy-schmancy hotel that they see today. It's 1928, Sheldon, and we are going to pay a visit to the Lily Lodge.

SHELDON: But that's one of those restricted hotels in the Berkshires.

JENNIE: I know.

SHELDON: Jennie! We can't go there.

JENNIE: Why not?

SHELDON: N.J.A. No Jews allowed.

JENNIE: Sheldon, you worry too much.

SHELDON: I worry too much? They're not like us, Jennie. They heat their soup and they lift their pinkies... and... they have dancing. During dinner!

JENNIE: I can dance.

SHELDON: Yeah, but this time, you're gonna be dancing to a different tune.

JENNIE: I call this part: "When the Jew hits the fan" or "Babes in Goyland."

(A spotlight hits Paul who is made to look like a young Rudy Vallee, megaphone and all. He leads the society band and we are at the Lily Lodge. The placard is changed to read: THE LILY LODGE - NJA - 1928.)

MUSICAL # 8 — THE NEW RESTRICTED TWO-STEP

BAND SINGER (PAUL):

TAKE YOUR DEBUTANTE BY THE HAND
LEAD HER TO THE SOCIETY BAND
AND DO THE NEW RESTRICTED TWO-STEP
CHECK THE DOOR BEFORE YOU BEGIN
AND DON'T LET THE WRONG PEOPLE IN
TO DO THE NEW RESTRICTED TWO-STEP
WE ARE NEVER IMPOLITE
OR INTENTIONALLY RUDE
IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE HATE IT'S A FUSS
BUT WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EXCLUDE WHO WE EXCLUDE
ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY SIMPLE AREN'T US
IF YOU'RE NOUVEAU AS WELL AS RICHE
IF YOU DO NOT SPEAKA DE ENGLISH
YOU CAN'T DO THE NEW RESTRICTED TWO-STEP

SNOOTY MAITRE D' (HARRY): Welcome to the Lily Lodge. May I show you to your table, Mr. and Mrs. Hellman?

SHELDON: Hellman?

JENNIE: I got it off a jar of mayonnaise! But listen, do you think that this place would let in a Grossinger? Please, Sheldon.

SHELDON: What about my name?

(They are at their table by now.)

JENNIE: *(Disdainfully)* Seltzer? Don't even ask.

(Mimes squirting seltzer)

Look, Sheldon! All the glasses match. Did you ever see such a thing? I make a vow right here! No more jelly jars for us. It's crystal or nothing.

(Counting the forks)

Now, how many forks does a person need, I ask you?

(Jennie takes in all the other diners)

Sheldon, you know how I know these people aren't Jewish?

SHELDON: How?

JENNIE: They're all eating off their own plates. Oh, but listen to the band, Sheldon. We gotta have a real band. Not that little Renee Gold squeezin' the accordion on Saturday night.

SHELDON: God, I hate the accordion!

JENNIE: Who doesn't?

(Jennie looks at the couples dancing. Hardly moving.)

Get a load of that dancing! They're hardly moving. Come on, Sheldon, let's show 'em how to shake a leg.

(Jennie and Sheldon get up and Jennie swings into a Charleston. The Maitre D' enters.)

MAITRE D' (HARRY): Excuse me, but would your name be Gross-singer?

JENNIE: I beg your pardon. Do I look like a Grossinger?

MAITRE D' (HARRY): Well... There is a phone message for a Mrs. Grossinger. You may pick it up on your way out.

SHELDON: Out?

JENNIE: Are you throwing us out?

(Very loudly)

Throwing us out! Throwing us out! All right! This place was dying anyway.

(Jennie pulls out some "Grossinger's" flyers from her purse and begins passing them out.)

Folks, if you want to have real fun, come to Grossinger's in the Catskills. Don't worry, we let your kind in. And without a blood test. Sing, Rudy, sing!

BAND LEADER (PAUL)

(Underneath Sheldon and Jennie being given the bum's rush.)

FOR THE NEW TWO STEP IS FORBIDDEN TO

A MICK, A SPICK, A WOP, A FROG, A CHINK, AND A JEW

THEY CAN'T DO THE NEW RESTRICTED TWO-STEP!

(Lights out on Paul as the band singer; Jennie and Sheldon re-enter laughing. It's late at night back at Grossinger's. Placard is changed to read: "LATER THAT NIGHT AT GROSSINGER'S")

JENNIE: Did you see the look on that guy's face?

SHELDON: *(Imitating the Maitre D')* Is your name Grossinger?

(They both crack up.)

JENNIE: Do I look like a Grossinger? Oh, Sheldon, wasn't it beautiful?

SHELDON: What? Getting thrown out?

JENNIE: No! The elegance and the taste. That's what we need here at Grossinger's. Taste.

SHELDON: Speaking of taste. I didn't even get to taste our appetizer.

JENNIE: I'll make you some lox and eggs. On a silver platter.

SHELDON: Is that what you learned tonight, Jennie? How to serve lox and eggs?

JENNIE: No. I got a lot more than that tonight. Tonight I made a decision. At my hotel no one will be excluded. Everyone will be welcome here. No restrictions.

SHELDON: That's a good decision.

JENNIE: I don't want anyone to ever feel the way we felt tonight. Left out. And I've also made another decision.

SHELDON: What's that?

JENNIE: I've been watching you with the guests. Playing games and making them laugh. I'm gonna let you go on one Saturday night.

SHELDON: Really?

JENNIE: You really love to entertain don't you? I bet you would love to entertain those people day and night if I let you.

SHELDON: I would.

JENNIE: Unfortunately, I still need you as a waiter

SHELDON: I can do both, Jennie.

JENNIE: What do you mean?

SHELDON: I mean I can wait tables AND entertain. Somehow I think that's future of the theatre.

JENNIE: (*All business*) So, what you're saying is, I can pay you one salary and you'll do two jobs?

SHELDON: Well...

JENNIE: Or maybe more than two jobs. Three...four...oh, let me think about this.

MUSICAL # 10 — GROSSINGER'S (reprise)

(Con conversationally at first)

ALRIGHT, YOU'RE SERVIN' 'EM LAUGHS
ALONG WITH THEIR FOOD
YOU'RE TENDIN' MY GARDEN

SHELDON

BUT I'M DOIN' IT NUDE

JENNIE

THAT'S FUNNY! BUT MAYBE A LITTLE BIT CRUDE
FOR GROSSINGER'S

We're going to be getting very classy here.

SHELDON: (*Getting into tempo*)

WELL, I COULD GIVE 'EM A SONG

JENNIE

WHILE CLEANING THEIR ROOM

SHELDON

A DANCE AT THE STABLES

JENNIE

WHERE YOU'RE ALSO THE GROOM

WITH ALL THAT I'LL SAVE

HOW THE PROFITS WILL ZOOM

BOTH

AT GROSSINGER'S

SHELDON

I'LL THROW MYSELF INTO THE POOL MOST EVERY DAY

Fully dressed.

JENNIE

THAT'S ONE MORE SAL'RY I WON'T HAVE TO PAY
You'll be a lifeguard.

SHELDON

I'LL GIVE 'EM FUN ROUND THE CLOCK

JENNIE

AND ALL THROUGH THE YEAR

BOTH

WE'VE GONE AND INVENTED A BRAND NEW CAREER

JENNIE

I'M GLAD THAT I THOUGHT OF THIS BRILLIANT IDEA

BOTH

FOR GROSSINGER'S

JENNIE

WELCOME HOME AND ALL ABOARD TOO
NEVER LEAVE

SHELDON

I CAN'T AFFORD TO

(They laugh and wind up in each other's arms...there is a sexual tension that Jennie immediately breaks as her father walks in.)

PAPA: What are you two singing? And that clinch? No clinches. No clinches! Keep your distance, Mr. Tumbler. Six feet apart. And remember! This is a family show!

JENNIE: *(Coming out of it and realizing she has gone too far)* What are you talking about, Papa? It was just a song. You heard it last year in our Purim production of "West Side Tzuris".

HARRY: *(Entering.)* Jennie, you promised not to show this...

JENNIE: And no matter what, Sheldon and I were always just friends. Right, Sheldon?

SHELDON: *(Not pleased. There is more here than meets the eye)* Yes, right... of course.

HARRY: I know that, but...

JENNIE: Good.

(Harry exits)

PAPA: Don't forget your audience, Sarah Heartburn.

JENNIE: How could I forget my family? And anyway, it's time to show the history of entertainment at Grossinger's!

SHELDON: What? How are we going to do it? Who's going to play all the stars? There was Sophie Tucker, there was Eddie Cantor, there was...

(Getting it)

Oh no! No! No! No!

JENNIE: You sound like Papa already!

PAPA: He should be so lucky.

(He exits)

SHELDON: *(Not at all prepared)* Jennie! I can't...

JENNIE: Remember, Sheldon, this is what you wanted! To be a star! This is your tour de force. So do it...or you'll be forced to tour.

SHELDON: Very funny, Mrs. Grossinger, but...

JENNIE: Hit it!

MUSICAL # 11 — MOVE (SHELDON & PAUL)

It all began in 1929 when we booked that wonderful singing group, The Tune Twisters! You're on Sheldon!

(Paul puts banjo into his hands and Paul & Sheldon turn into a late 1920's brother act. Placard is changed to read: "THE TUNE TWISTERS - 1929")

MOVE

GETTIN' OFF THE DIME

THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

MOVE

GETTIN' OFF YOUR DUFF

GETTIN' UP AND GETTIN' OUT

MOVE

GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT, PUSH AND SHOVE

SHAKE EM UP, GET TOUGH

MOVE

DO YOU HEAR THAT SOUND?

YOU'VE SAT AROUND

LONG ENOUGH

MOVE

MOVIN' ON AND OUT AND UP NO MORE DOWN

MOVIN' PROVIN'

GOTTA KEEP IT MOVIN'

MOVIN', MOVIN', MOVIN' GOIN' TO TOWN

(We see Jennie talking to Elaine dressed as a reporter.)

JENNIE

HERE WE'LL HAVE A GOLF COURSE

AND THEN OVER THERE WE'LL SEE THEM LOOKIN' IN AGOG

AT THE ROMAN CATH'LIC CHURCH

THAT'S SITTING SIDE BY SIDE WITH PAPA'S SYNAGOGUE

BIGGER'S ALWAYS BETTER

GARBO? WE CAN GET HER

BETTER YET, GET LASSIE

THAT'S IF M G M WILL LET HER
COME ON, MOVE

PAUL: Ladies and Gentlemen, Grossinger's, the Mecca of the Borscht Belt is proud to present the last of the Red-hot mamas... Miss Sophie Tucker.

(Placard is changed to read: "SOPHIE TUCKER - 1941")

SHELDON: *(From offstage)* Oh, no. I can't do this. Jennie... Besides I look terrible as a blonde and I hate that big ugly corsage...

(Sheldon enters with a dress and large corsage that almost reaches down to his waist...he pushes out his arms to give the illusion of bulk and hunches over and becomes Sophie Tucker. He uses a scarf to accentuate every word.)

SHELDON (AS SOPHIE TUCKER): Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. World War Two has been good to your old friend Sophie. Uncle Sam said "Sophie, go down and entertain our boys." And when Uncle Sam tells ya to go down... well... a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do! Hit it, Professor.

MOVE, DO YOU HEAR THAT SOUND
YOU'VE SAT AROUND LONG ENOUGH
MOVE, MOVIN' OUT AND ON AND UP NO MORE DOWN
LIFE'S A DRAMA
FOR A RED HOT MAMA
MOVIN', MOVIN', MOVIN' GOIN' TO TOWN

JENNIE: *(To the audience)*

SOPHIE WAS A HIT
WHICH LED TO EDDIE CANTOR LONG AS HE WAS ABLE TO

SHELDON (AS EDDIE CANTOR):

IF YOU KNEW JENNIE

JENNIE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND BOJANGLES PUNISHED THE PARQUET
AND BETTY GRABLE TOO.
PAID A PRETTY PENNY
BOOKIN' SONIA HENJIE
ALICE FAY AND DANNY KAYE,
MAE WEST AND BENNY
GOODMAN PLAYIN'

ALL

MOVE

PAUL: Ladies and gentlemen, those pistol packin' mamas, the Andrew Sisters

(The placard is changed to read: "THE ANDREWS SISTERS - 1949" Sheldon and Elaine and Paul are now all three Andrew Sisters. Sheldon never quite gets the harmony.)

SHELDON & SISTERS

DOODLE OO DOO DO
DOODLE OO DOO DO
DOODLE OO DOO DO OOO

MOVE

GETTIN' OFF THE DIME

THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

MOVE

GETTIN' OFF YOUR DUFF

GETTIN' UP AND GETTIN' OUT

MOVIN' MOVIN', MOVIN'

DRINKING RUM AND COCA COLA

MOVIN', MOVIN', MOVIN'

TO THE BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY FROM COMPANY B

MOVIN', MOVIN', MOVIN'

TO BEI MIER BIST DU SCHONE

BEI MIER BIST DU SCHONE

MOVIN', MOVIN', MOVIN'

GOIN' TO TOWN

(As the placard is changed to read: "JIMMY DURANTE - 1951")

JENNIE: Ladies and gentlemen, Jennie Grossinger presents Jimmy Durante.

SHELDON: *(Putting on a nose and hat)* Ha-cha-cha-cha-cha!

(As the placard is changed to read: "CARMEN MIRANDA - 1952")

JENNIE: I give you that bombshell from Brazil... Carmen Miranda.

(Sheldon comes out with fruit on his head and maracas and dances)

(As the placard is changed to read: "PATSY KLEIN - 1953")

JENNIE: Ladies and gentlemen, Grossinger's presents recording star, Patsy Cline.

SHELDON: *(From offstage)* Patsy Cline?

JENNIE: That's right! K-L-E-I-N. She sang "Crazy" in Yiddish. Don't ask.

(Sheldon puts on cowgirl hat, and sings the opening line of "Crazy" in Yiddish.)

SHELDON

MISHUGA, THAT'S WHAT I AM MISHUGA

(As the placard is changed to read: "Radio City Rockettes - 1955")

JENNIE: Ladies and gentlemen, the Radio City Rockettes.

(Everyone enters dressed as a Rockette with two Rockette dummies strapped to their sides. They all form a kick line.)

ALL

MOVE

GETTIN' OFF THE DIME

THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

MOVE

GETTIN' OFF YOUR DUFF

GETTIN' UP AND GETTIN' OUT

MOVE

GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT, PUSH AND SHOVE

SHAKE EM UP, GET TOUGH
MOVE
DO YOU HEAR THAT SOUND?
YOU'VE SAT AROUND
LONG ENOUGH
MOVE
MOVIN' ON AND OUT AND UP NO MORE DOWN
MOVIN' PROVING
GOTTA KEEP IT MOVIN'
MOVIN' MOVIN' MOVIN' GOIN' TO TOWN!
MOVE! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

JENNIE

WHO WOULD EVER GUESS THAT WE WOULD RISE
FROM NEXT TO NOTHING TO THE PINNACLE

ALL

MOVE! MOVE!

JENNIE

BY WORKING HARD AT BEING BEST
AND FOLLOWING THE LAWS... WE MEAN RABBINACAL

ALL

MOVE! MOVE!

JENNIE

ASK LEO DUROCHER

ALL

MOVE!

JENNIE

EVERYTHING IS KOSHER

ALL

MOVE!

JENNIE

I'M SOMEONE WHO'S NOT HIGH BRED
BUT MY FACE IS STILL ON RYE BREAD

ALL

WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE
HOW IT PAYS TO MOOOOOOOOO
MOOOVE!
MOVE!

HARRY: *(After applause, he goes and gets a note from bandleader)* Jennie, good news. The show bus is on the move. The stars should be here in another 20 minutes.

JENNIE: Great! Just enough time for Sheldon to do a few more of his impressions.

SHELDON: No!!! Please...I need some water, I need some rest, I need some oxygen!

HARRY: What about my number, Jennie? When do I get I get to sing my love song to you?

JENNIE: Harry, don't be silly. You don't know any love songs. Sing Sheldon!

SHELDON: Sing? Jennie!

JENNIE: Sing or I'll dock you two weeks pay.

SHELDON: Oy!

SINGING IS MY GREAT AMBITION

PLEASE LET'S TAKE AN INTERMISSION

ALL

GROSSINGER'S

SHELDON

GO HAVE A GLASS OF TEA

ALL

GROSSINGER'S

SHELDON

AND DON'T FORGET TO PEE!

ALL

GROSSINGER'S

SHELDON: And when we come back, Jennie will tell you all about the dead body.

JENNIE: Oh no, I won't! Sheldon! I'm not telling that.

SHELDON: You're gonna love it!

(He exits with Jennie running after him)

JENNIE: Sheldon! Come back here!

OTHERS

WELCOME HOME!

(Blackout and Intermission)

16 MORE PAGES IN ACT TWO