

Divanalysis

(The Mechanics of Camp)

A play by

C. Stephen Foster

&

Carey Scott Wilkerson

BLACK BOX THEATRE PUBLISHING

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Cast List

(Featuring original cast members)

Professor.....	Scott Wilkerson
Bette Midler.....	Stephen Foster
Darling.....	Scott Wilkerson
Liza Minnelli.....	Stephen Foster
Karen Carpenter.....	Stephen Foster
Judy Garland	Stephen Foster

Author Notes

SCOTT WILKERSON – When Stephen Foster and I wrote this show, we were running around Los Angeles, reading as much as we could, and dreaming of the theatre. I was country-come-to-town and had never met anyone with Stephen's giant comedic talent or his genius for eerily perfect impressions of every showbiz Diva in the catalog. Whether he was reminding me of scenes from Tina Howe plays or improvising Liza Minelli's answers to SAT questions, Stephen was heartbreakingly honest and unfailingly brilliant. Every time he took the stage, the show burst suddenly into a truly extraordinary fusion of performance art, melodrama, and high-camp drag. We have never stopped working together. I am, as we say in Atlanta, "tickled" to see this revamped show available now to dreamers out there who might begin, just as we did: with a couple of costumes and a borrowed spotlight.

STEPHEN FOSTER – I always say Carey Scott Wilkerson “tricked” me into acting. We were both working at the bottom rung of the Hollywood ladder: Tower Classical Records! I was a blocked actor at the time writing articles and reviews about other artists. Little did I know, my destiny was about to change. Scott would prompt me while we were putting away CDs by asking me questions and I would reply as Elaine Stritch, Karen Carpenter, Bette Midler, Judy Garland and Liza Minnelli....(to name a few!) We share birthday's close to each other, and Scott said, “Let's have a performance birthday party!” And that's how we formed this show! Scott wrote these long, esoteric speeches and I would play Ms. M. Judy & Liza! We put the little show together, and knew we had something great. Around this time, I was buying a boom box and the clerk said, “I have a theater!” and I said (without thinking), “I have a show!” We took the skits, the songs, the monologues, borrowed costumes, wigs and fliers and thus we had a magic show! I blame Scott's brilliance for my career. He started this ball game rolling. So, this is the whole ball of wax. The cave drawings of 2

Hollywood creatives chipping away at the dream that did come true.

This show should be fun. It is built for drag queens. The songs are suggestions. We give you free rein of the art. Build it and they will come, sometimes.

This show is dedicated to our mothers!

DIVANALYSIS

ACT ONE

AT RISE: Darkness. LIGHTS: Rise. A youthful, college PROFESSOR enters carrying a briefcase and wearing nerdy eyeglasses. He walks directly to the podium fussing with his briefcase and coffee, double-checking that his graphs and cutouts are in the right place before launching in. He addresses the audience.

PROFESSOR

Good evening and welcome to Divanalysis. This is an informal lecture in which we deconstruct the diva. We'd like to thank our very kind sponsors: all of you here and sinsexandsadstories.com. Mother knows best because mother knows everything. Whatever else is true of her familial identity or her prevailing social status, Mother's origins are those of cultural mythology and her history is the history of human consciousness. Ovid tells us Mother Earth, impregnated by the blood of the Iron Age's wars, produced what was, more or less, modern humanity: contemptuous, arrogant and violent, but also: articulate, cunning and, presumably, distracted by dreams of morality.

Thus, mother is the provenance of our own multifariousness in which repose the traumas of birth, the bucolic tableaux of youth, the codes of religious meditation, the acuity for logical inquiry, the rituals of heroism, the intricacies of desire, fear of the dark. The principal descendent in this line and the principal heiress to its legacy—because she is both an exemplification and transmutation of these energies—is the archetypal daughter of God: The Diva.

To the extent we can agree upon the terms and style of the Diva, construct, we should note that if our conception traces an arc from remote antiquity to the present, we may find the

differences among our Divas as instructive as the similarities. So, if I offer as examples of Diva masochism, both Cleopatra and Lewis Carroll's Alice, it is with a view toward demonstrating that Cleopatra may have been less controlling than we imagine and Alice may have been less a victim than she seems.

Still, because the Diva is complex and fiercely autonomous, she will resist the constraints and boundary conditions our definition requires. The fundamental characteristics of the Diva construct are these:

1. Sexual Dualism: by which we mean the erotic and the maternal singularly contained; she's both lover and mother.
2. Theatricality: by which we mean the tropism toward ritual display, the ability to move simultaneously through one's physical and metaphoric space.
3. Tragic Inertia: by which we mean the dramatic validation of tragic ends—thus her ability to crash and burn into ashes and then make a triumphant return by 8pm at The Palace, wearing a dress that her designer so believed in, he market-tested it for her during after-hours part in the basement vault at the Berlin Philharmonic. In the Aristotelian sense—as a consequence of the first two characteristics. This will help us distinguish true Divism from mere eccentricity or lurid perversity, that is, from drama queenism.

The polymorphic mechanism of the Diva is best understood as the confluence of two cultural vectors converging on one psycho-sexual environment, that of the rhythms of history and the stylisms of modernity upon the cognitive capacities of the individual. Which is not to say that much of the Diva's persona does not rise up through her viscera, is not improvisational, but Christ's mother would not seem convincing as one of our proto-mythic Divas if we believed the Immaculate Conception was not evidence of her divinity,

but just her way of confronting the prospective humiliation of Lamaze class.

This brings us obviously to a textual reading of the diva: a deconstructed vision of secular divinity will illuminate the equally paradoxical relationship between the Diva of popular culture and the Diva of myth. Clearly, the quantitative identity of the former emanates from the qualitative identity of the latter, but it is only from textual and filmic explorations that we can see the succession from Helen of Troy to Helen Hayes or from Katherine the Great to Katherine Hepburn or to suggest a more difficult relationship, that from Cocco Chanel to Imogene Coca. Our model permits these relationships to exist and, indeed, if we accept them as corollaries to yet other coextensive textual connections, we can assert that just as the Divas of the present reinvent the historic tradition, the Divas of the past are with us now as ghosts from behind the ontological mirror.

MUSIC: The first strains of “Optimistic Voices” and we see a platform shoe, then another and then THE DIVINE MS. M., BETTE MIDLER in her 70’s pre-fame days, SHE sings, “Lullaby of Broadway.”

MS. M

Hello, boys and girls! Class is in session! Actually, class is goin’ to take a fucking backseat, tonight. And haven’t you heard, my honies, I do my best fucking in backseats! If it weren’t for backseats, I would have failed my driver’s test! There I go shooting off my vulgar mouth, so soon. I really didn’t mean it! Sorry kids...Sorry to be so preachy, so anti-establishment! Anyway, I was thrilled when they asked me to come out here and give you a few pointers

(Points to HER tits.)

on what a diva is...I said, Ms. M, you have so much erudition to flaunt...Camille Pagilla, isn’t the only loud mouth in academia! So, what becomes a diva most? You don’t need all those big fancy words, you don’t need a PH.D.

MS. M (Cont'd)

Or even an IUD. It's not brain surgery my dear. It's rather simple! There are three qualities to make a diva 1) Have gorgeous gams and wonderful tits 2) wear outrageous, revealing drag and, most importantly, live by this motto: 3) "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke"

MUSIC: "The Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy"
blares. PROFESSOR exits to prepare the
next scene.

MS. M

Please rise for the national anthem!

(SHE sings the song "The Boogie Woogie Bugle
Boy.")

Thank you. I think you're all lubed up and ready. Live theater is like sex. You do your thing, I do my thing and we create magic. You're all so hot. Come back to my dressing room after the show, and you'll really see what makes this bawdy old broad tick...But I think it's time for the marvelous jokes of Miss Sophie Tucker, a filthy, vulgar old broad!

(SHE does one or two Sophie Tucker jokes.)

Anyway, my loves, I'm now gonna pull a little trick outta my tit

(Slaps HERSELF.)

kit bag and leave you with a little dirge. A dirge for the two of you out there in La La land who don't know is a sad refrain, a lament, a ballad...You know when I first heard this song, I thought it was about tending a garden...You know you plant a seed, you water it and it grows, but now that I've had vast amounts of experience under my divine belt, I realize it's about love.

(MUSIC: "The Rose" begins.)

Oh, you know you recognize.

(SHE sings "The Rose.")

LIGHTS: Rise back up on Professor. HE has set up an easel with graphs and uses them throughout.

PROFESSOR

Any questions so far? The Diva is the axis around which turn the twin forces of concealment and representation. Inasmuch as we can never say to what degree these are synchronous motions, we are in the untenable, but not unenviable position of witnessing, in the Diva, the perpetual—do we dare say eternal—revision of a completely disseminated text, a phantom user's guide to the hermetic procedures of Divism. We are seeing something remarkable unfold as if it were inevitable. It has no ostensible formal properties, but we will see that it has a rigorous grammar of propriety. Put simply, the Diva's state of mind, if we can permit that ambiguous image, is encoded in her behavior or, more to the point, her behavioral patterns, as we can clearly see some Divistic behavior is scarcely determinate or predictable. But, using Thomas Aquinas's exemplary criteria for beauty, we may discern how the Diva, perhaps quite without knowing, affirms three of the constituent virtues of the aesthetical universe. Saint Thomas's program reads thus: 1. Proptio, 2. Integritas, 3. Claritas. Essentially, proportion, integrity and clarity. The Diva is the nexus, the center of her geometric environment and from that her psychological boundaries, whatever they are, are self-generative space for the Diva is occupied from the inside out spilling out in designer parthenogenesis from beneath her dress. This is what we mean when we say a Diva "fills the room." Whatever her proportions are, they are always perfect. The gestural language of the diva most clearly illustrates her command of the external world, the given materials make the integrity of her form. Once again, an over-heated academic term meaning: for the diva the entire universe is a prop. The lexicon of her gestural grammar includes: costumes, props, lighting, dogs, cars, carriages, escorts, protégés, flying carpets, discreet lovers, over-stuffed hand bags, garish hats, legal summons, perfumes, coterie of photo journalists, Cyclops, whips, hypodermic needles, indiscreet lovers, shoes, sex manuals, priests in translucent frocks, vials of pigs milk, hymnals of axioms, irregular verbs on doilies, elixirs of acrimony, caustic dancers, a chorus of eunuchs, protein

rhapsody, letters, angels' diaries, amniotic fluid, parlor demons, the Atlas Eclipticalis, the Magna Carta, the Rosetta stone, and a shit list.

During half of the above, PROFESSOR has changed costume into DARLING. A prissy, snotty, theater queen. He slides a curtain to reveal the "Liza" set. A half-furnished work studio with a chair, ashtray, a package of cigarettes with lighter and wardrobe rack.

DARLING

Okay, Liza! We've been doing this all day long. You think you can get it right this time? Now, in the first scene of "The Tempest", Miranda—that's your character by the way—appeals to her father's charitable instincts in order to promote her own sexual agenda, however naïve. Okay...ACTION.

MUSIC: A huge fanfare of music and LIZA MINNELLI enters wearing a make-shift Shakespearean costume complete with huge sunglasses and a long scarf. SHE enters like a hurricane of a performance at Carnegie Hall. NOTE: We used the opening of "Yes" from "Liza with a Z."

LIZA

"If by your art, dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them!"

(To the audience like a concert.)

YEAH!

(SHE claps.)

It feels good to be back! So, how are you? Me, too. I feel terrific. I've got a new hip, a new nose, and a new face. Yes! You know, this reminds me of my recent tour of the Galapagos Islands. I can really breathe when I'm south of the border...you know what I mean, darling?

LIZA (Cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, Momma always taught me to keep your nose clean and a good comeback lined up, and you can never go wrong...Anyway...

DARLING

Liza...Liza!

LIZA

Did I do something wrong, darling?

DARLING

No. Try to keep a sense of this character's innocence. Use that experience in the Islands to connect with your character's isolation...alone with the old and boring.

LIZA

I know, darling! I've played Orange County. I even played Cerritos Auto Square. And you don't know how desperate it is trying to sing, "Cabaret" while trying to push off a Toyota hatchback to some deadbeat in the front row.

DARLING

Well, you must find a way to evolve beyond that conception.

LIZA

Honey, I'm living proof of the validity of evolution. It's a long road from mamma's womb to a Halston Chiffoon
(DARLING gives HER a tap slap on the face
which snaps HER to HER senses.)

Yeah!

DARLING

Right. Well, maybe you could approach it from the other end. Your own experience is decidedly unlike Miranda's in that you became famous without ever really leaving the island of Manhattan.

LIZA

Darling, I've logged frequent flier miles without ever really leaving my apartment. Can we get a funky little bass rhythm going for my entrance? And you're going to need some tails and tap shoes.

DARLING

Do you want me to help you make a return to the stage or not? Shakespeare requires a degree of respect!

LIZA

Darling, I respect the son of a bitch! I'm only saying that some variation on the text might be illuminating for contemporary audiences. After all, the boys on the front row expect

(SHE sings.)

"Liza with a 'Z' not Lisa with an 's'!"

DARLING

You can't just rewrite a classic by the Bard of Stratford on the Avon.

LIZA

I hate Avon. Lorna used to peddle that cheap shit in the 80's and it gave me a yeast infection. But, lissen, we need some variations!

DARLING

(Annoyed.)

What variations for example...

During HER speech, LIGHTS change to disco and MUSIC intensifies. NOTE: We used the first strains of "I Gotcha" from "Liza with a Z."

LIZA

Darling, I was thinking of a nice white, hot spotlight, a sequined Halston, twenty-five bare chested men coming up out of the orchestra pit, some Bob Fosse choreography... grams and grams of cocaine. I mean, darling, it's going to be my best work since "Cabaret"!

DARLING and LIZA dance a moment
before HE pulls HER out of it.

DARLING

Wait a minute! Liza, maybe you should approach this from the perspective of your real age compared to the age of this character. Now, how old exactly are...

LIZA

Let's just say the jury is still out on that one. Now, I just round off to the nearest fiscal year.

DARLING

In many ways, "The Tempest" is about memory. Memory can be a very painful thing.

LIZA

Tell me about it!

(SHE lights a cigarette.)

When I sat down to write my autobiography, which is loosely based on my life, I couldn't remember anything that happened from New Year's Eve 1972 until the world premier of "Rent-a-Cop" so I started from the end, God-damned it and worked back!

DARLING

How many chapters will it have?

LIZA

12! I think in groups of 12. Old habits are like old friends. Actually, 12-step was never the answer for me. I always required a baker's dozen.

DARLING

And what happens when you get to chapter 11?

LIZA

Well, you just send the bills from Bloomindaes to your attorney and you get your name in Liz Smith's column.

DARLING

Well, as long as we're NOT rehearsing, may I ask you about those "S's"?

LIZA

Yessss!

DARLING

Is that an affectation or just a speech impediment?

LIZA

Both! Darling, my gifts are plentiful.

DARLING

It's very distracting.

LIZA

Maybe so, but oral sex with me is better than the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade...Santa Clause included.

DARLING

You wanted to host the parade last year, right?

LIZA

Hell, yes! But they were afraid I would forget my lines. Ridiculous! Whatever else is true of me, and there are many things, I never forget my lines. I have some in my purse... You want some?

DARLING

No!

LIZA

Anyway, I told them to use my talent as collateral in the deal.

DARLING

So, what happened?

LIZA

They wanted Judy Garland's autograph.

DARLING

Don't you think it's somehow inappropriate for an artist of your importance to engage in all these capricious excesses?

LIZA

Are you saying, darling, that my excesses are irresponsible?

DARLING

Well, let me put it this way: If a gram of cocaine...

LIZA

You got some?

DARLING

...equaled a university credit, why...you'd have an endowed chair in metaphysics from John Hopkins University!

LIZA

Darling, if bad jokes were interior design, we could redecorate Long Island with two minutes of your best shtick!

DARLING

Cultural anthropologists will be at a real loss to name only 7 wonders of the modern world because they won't be able to decide which is more impressive: the Pyramids at Giza, the Great Wall of China or Liza Minnelli's substance abuse!

LIZA

Abuse, maybe! But my exploits are invaluable as research: I could reconstruct the entire periodic table from my medicine cabinet. What have you done for science besides donate your tired dick to MIT for experiments in microbiology?

DARLING

(HE grabs HER and shakes HER.)

Liza May Minnelli! This is your bottom, girl, you just hit it.

LIZA

(Breaking from HIS grasp.)

HA! You're a fine one to talk to me about bottoms!

DARLING

What does any of your life mean?

LIZA

I don't know. But I'm sure there's a glossary at the end.

DARLING

Freak!

LIZA

Tramp!

DARLING

Trollop!

LIZA

Cocksucker!

DARLING

Toll Hole!

LIZA

Mamma's Boy!

DARLING

Is this the real Liza or just an act?

LIZA

I don't know. Is this your real personality or one you borrowed from Dionne Warwick and her psychic friends?

DARLING

What a shame to live twice as long as your mother and accomplish only half as much?

LIZA

MAMMA!

(SHE falls to the floor in a breakdown.)

DADDY! PETER! BOBBY! HALSTON! I feel so desperate! God, grant me the serenity to...

(SHE sobs hysterically.)

I can't even remember the serenity prayer. Shit.

DARLING

(Comforting HER.)

I adore you.

LIZA

Do you really, darling?

DARLING

(Helping HER to HER feet.)

Yes.

LIZA

I adore being adored.

(SHE leaps into HIS arms.)

Darling, do you want a drink?

DARLING

Yeah.

THEY exit. MUSIC: Huge exit music.

LIGHTS: Blackout. End of ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

AT RISE: LIGHTS: Rise on the PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR

We have seen that the Diva is the kind of point of departure for the discourse of grammar: any language we use to speak of the diva will, of course, show its limitation in applications. The principle difference between the diva and her environment in which she occurs has mainly to do with the correlations that we ourselves create. In part, the problem with imaginative experience is, of course, is that it imaginary and the Diva is quite literally real. So, if we speak of Mother as providential force behind reality or if we speak of Mother as kind of limiting condition, then what we really talking about is the way the Diva exhausts her resources and becomes her own worst enemy. The problem is that we intuitively connect to the idea that glamour is camp. Consider the origins of Western Glamour in Ancient high culture Egypt, say 2500 BC. There we see the elaborate reorganization of aesthetics with respect to the body—the reorganization of the criteria for desirability, for beauty. In late 20th century, fashion evocations of asymmetry in form constitute the conditions for camp. Susan Sontag was all wrong in her Notes on Camp. Essentially, camp exposes glamour from within. In general terms, the methodology of camp is the transcription of archetypal representation onto conventional object texts. Which should not be confused with kitsch. A displacement of the archetypal with the merely incongruous or bizarre. Consider the primary camp crossover artist Maria Callas as a public figure: Callas was a projection of ironic large scale ambitions onto a lesser than talent. Hers was not a perfect voice or a perfect life...

MUSIC: “We’ve Only Just Begun” blares.

PROFESSOR looks around annoyed.

KAREN CARPENTER appears wearing an appropriate 1970’s lime green gown with sheer angel sleeves.

KAREN

That was somethin'! I tell ya!

PROFESSOR

What in the hell are you doing here, Karen? And what did you do with Maria Callas?

KAREN

I intercepted her in the green room, jap slapped her and hid her some place where she will never be found.

PROFESSOR

This is the wrong lecture. You're next week with family, food, and psychosis.

KAREN

I know, but I was in the cafeteria drinkin' a Tab...Yea, I fell off the wagon...And I heard you deconstructing those wonderful Divas, and I thought I shoulda been included.

PROFESSOR

Karen, you weren't invited for thematic reasons.

KAREN

Wadda you mean by that?

PROFESSOR

Well, sweetheart, you had a marvelous singing voice, but a Diva? Come on!

KAREN

Well, I was simply thinking that I fit the role of the diva based upon the following criteria: a) sexual dualism, b) theatricality and my personal favorite: tragic inertia.

PROFESSOR

Girl, you have the sexuality of Celine Deon, you have no stage personae, and...

KAREN

But, I have enough tragic inertia for 9 Divas.

PROFESSOR

But you didn't have the body for one!

KAREN

Well, that's the price paid for being a revolutionary.

PROFESSOR

Revolutionary? How are you a revolutionary?

KAREN

Well, I'm finally down to my target, bicentennial weight...a whopping 76 pounds. Yippee.

PROFESSOR

You are a grotesque caricature of the modern female psyche.

KAREN

I'm no Gloria Steniem or nothing, but I'm a model of womanhood.

PROFESSOR

Even if that preposterous idea were true, I still would not accept you as a Diva.

KAREN

Can't you grade on a curve?

PROFESSOR

You have no curves upon which to make an argument.

KAREN

(Seductively.)

Can I try for some extra credit after class?

PROFESSOR

Karen, I can accept you as a creature programmed to self-destruct, but you did it with zero sense of style.

KAREN

That's not all true. You're ignoring my vast body of work and that I had some sensational gingham pantsuits, and my battle with anorexia was dark, turbulent, psychotic, secluded, desperate, and painful.

PROFESSOR

That may be true, but you still died in the closet.

KAREN

Look, professor! Give me a chance! I was planning the greatest of comebacks. I was going to drop my dick brother, cut off all my luscious locks like Olivia Newton-John and put out an 8 track remix of all my hits: (they long to be) on top of you, Rainy Days and P.M.S, Goodbye to Lunch, Top of the Toilet, Jambalaya (rewind for recipe), Hurting Each Other (the leather daddy mix), Please, Mr. Postman ring twice and my personal favorite: There's a Kind of Douche. There would have been no stopping me! I'm going to give you a taste tonight! Hit it boys.

KAREN rips off HER "Prom" dress and stands in revealing, skin tight disco pants and a flashy halter-top. MUSIC "My Body Keeps Changing My Mind" begins. SHE begins to bump and grind with what SHE considers sexy disco moves. PROFESSOR allows HER a moment of fantasy before grabbing HER and shaking HER back to reality.

PROFESSOR

Karen, your comeback was doomed before you began; that shit was retro when it was in!

HE walks HER to the door.

KAREN

I had the voice of an angel.

PROFESSOR

Had, girl, metaphorically, your journey was complete!

(HE pushes HER through the door and slams it in
HER face before SHE can say another word.)

Now, where were we? The question you're all asking which I'm hoping now to finally answer: Which came first the Diva or the dress? Clearly this is a question that commands not only the legitimacy and substance our primary explorations but gets into larger issues of causality: I would not suggest that even in this universe of discourse one event or quality will follow another simply because it looks that way in history. A linear scale of "events" cannot accurately describe a single event. Each unseen event in between contains a highly recursive inventory of modern permutations. So too with the diva, now I'm not talking here of reinventing history or understanding the interpolation of history as some kind of coalescence. ...The Diva is iconoclastic because she repudiates the notion that everyone is created equal. Let's consider the image of Theseus to be our model of adventure, the way that we move through the mystery of life. The problem here is the labyrinth of dreams. Theseus doesn't solve the ultimate riddle of the labyrinth without his Ariadne, his Diva, who gives the magic thread. Now, Carol Burnett is an interesting example of a Diva that has made an extraordinary success without being a Diva in the conventional sense. She is essentially an anti-Diva. The anti-hero. She has no elements of our construct: On the other hand, no one would deny that

(PROFESSOR begins to look around in a panic.
HE checks HIS watch.)

Performance by her would be anything less than a mythic projection; however, there are many truths about the appearance of the Diva. Where is that flaky bitch!?

(HIS cell phone rings.)

Pardon me? Hello? She's ready? Great. Tonight, we have been visited by Divas like Dickens's ghosts for the present, past and future. Unlike Theseus, we find our way out of the labyrinth of dreams.

The set has been transformed into a sound stage with a huge banner that reads "JUDY" with two directors chairs in front of it. JUDY GARLAND enters and sings a medley of "You Made Me Love You", "For Me and My Gal" and "The Trolley Song."

JUDY

Oh, hell, where do I breathe in this God-Damned thing? My goodness, that's the longest number every written. I think I aged 10 years doing that number. Where am I?!

PROFESSOR

Divanalysis, an informal lecture on the diva.

JUDY

Oh, dear! My fiancé, producer, director has booked me on the lecture circuit...Ho hum.

PROFESSOR

We're so happy to have you here, Miss Garland..

JUDY

Just call me Judy, darling.

PROFESSOR

All right, Judy.

JUDY

No, I like Miss Garland better. It sounds more dignified, doesn't it?

PROFESSOR

Whatever you prefer. We're here to make you happy and comfortable as possible.

JUDY

A million dollars would make me quite comfortable.

PROFESSOR

That's out of our pay range. But I have so many questions to ask you about being a Diva.

JUDY

Alright. Shoot.

PROFESSOR

Would you like to have a seat?

JUDY sits down.

JUDY

Thank you. First of all, I must apologize for being late. I was on my way here and the tornado hit.

PROFESSOR

Tornado?

JUDY

Yes, the storm called Judy Garland. It was going fine and then all hell broke loose. I couldn't figure out what to sing, what to wear and my wig wouldn't fit.

PROFESSOR

We're pleased you made it.

JUDY

(To audience.)

I hope they stay with me. They have before. You're the reason I'm still alive.

PROFESSOR

How does that feel?

JUDY

It feels so strange, darling. I stand back stage, a nobody, and then I enter and everyone loves me.

PROFESSOR

I'm curious. What's your view of fame?

JUDY

My view of fame? They--and I don't know who they are, say I'm a legend, but no one wants to fuck me! I only think of myself as a mother, a wife (of several times) and just ordinary girl who happens to croon a few songs.

PROFESSOR

But, you're also an Oscar winning actress who sings a few songs...

JUDY

(Furious.)

Oh, yeah! I got an Oscar this big.

(SHE holds up HER fingers suggesting SHE won a very small statue.)

PROFESSOR

It was a special child's Oscar. And, besides, what's wrong with an Oscar this big?

JUDY

Well, dear, I'm sure you know when you want one this big
(SHE holds up HER fingers suggesting a huge statue.)

and you get one this big,

(Indicating SMALL statue.)

there's something rotten in the state of Hollywood.

PROFESSOR

You worked at MGM. The grand days of Hollywood--The Golden Age. That must have been very exciting!

JUDY

More like the tarnished age. God, those were horrible times. I hated that place.

PROFESSOR

Tell us, Judy.

JUDY

Well, that son of a bitch, L.B. Mayer, was just a horrible, rotten bastard who worked poor Mickey Rooney and I to death. I remember when I first walked on the lot, he called me into his office, and I sat across from him and he leaned across the desk and with his beady old snake eyes and hissed at me, "You're my little hunchback, but I want you nice and trim like Lana Turner, so take these..." And he pushed a big silver tray of pills across the desk and I said, "but Mr. Mayer, I can't take those. They'll turn me into a big drug fiend." And he blew the roof off the building..."You listen here, girl. I own you now. You are Metro property. You're gonna take these god-damned pills or I'll tear up your contract, and you'll be little Francis Gumm singing with your sisters back in Vaudeville." So, I took the pills and look what happened.

PROFESSOR

Judy, I have something for you!

JUDY

What?

PROFESSOR

(HE pulls out bottle of pills.)

Here!

JUDY

(Grabs pills.)

Give me those pills.

(SHE rips off the lid and gobbles a few down.)

PROFESSOR

Do you really think that these controlled substances are necessary?

JUDY

Absolutely. Substances have been controlling me for centuries.

(SHE smiles.)

Now, I really feel like Judy Garland. Say, you're kinda handsome. Will you marry me?

PROFESSOR

(Whispers in HER ear.)

Judy, I'm gay!

JUDY

That never stopped me before.

PROFESSOR

Why do you think us gay men love you?

JUDY

I wish I knew. They always have adored me. You know, they call each other Friends of Dorothy. I think they can relate to me—to my pain, my sense of drama, and they love good music, dancing and costumes. I mean something to them. They are the underdogs and so am I. They belong to me and I belong to them! We complete each other.

PROFESSOR

So, you consider yourself a victim.

JUDY

I'm afraid I do. I'm flawed. I don't mean to be, but I am. They understand my traumas, misfortunes and they help pull me out of it. When I sing, I want to love those boys who have no love. I want to hold them, to heal them, to bring something good from the bad and they know that.

PROFESSOR

What was your favorite film you made?

JUDY

What was your favorite film?

PROFESSOR

“Summer Stock.”

JUDY

Oh, no! I looked dreadful in that picture. I looked like a fat, ugly gas station attendant. That was a horrendous picture. “A Star is Born” was my masterpiece.

PROFESSOR

Did you like the Barbra Streisand version?

JUDY

No. That film was a wreck! That perm of hers, those nails, those dreadful pantsuits—not that I haven't ever worn a bad pantsuit, those loud rock numbers were just asking too much...

PROFESSOR

She won an Oscar for hers!

JUDY

(Flipping out.)

You listen here, you lousy faggot son of a bitch! That bitch Grace Kelly stole my Oscar from me! She slept with the entire voting committee and I couldn't because I was pregnant with Joe. That Oscar was mine! Do you hear me?

PROFESSOR

I agree. I'm sorry. You should have won it. Judy, calm down, please.

JUDY

You made me quite cross, buster.

PROFESSOR

I'm sorry. Judy, I have one final question for you!

JUDY

Good, then we can go out!

PROFESSOR

Yes. Who is Judy Garland?

JUDY

I don't know. It's bizarre. The whole phenomenon. I can't explain it. I go out and sing, dance and make people happy, but then I go home, alone, and it's quiet—A sound like being deaf and I walk into the living room and she's there...

PROFESSOR

Who?

JUDY

Francis Gumm...and she's sitting on the couch as plain as you're sitting here now, and she holds a drink out to me and says, "Judy, it's time to talk..." and I can't stay there. I run around the house trying to shake her, to forget her and I turn up all the house lights and the radio and the television and she won't leave me alone. And I call people on the phone...

PROFESSOR

Judy, I'm afraid we're out of time. Would you sing for us one more time?

JUDY

Alright. I guess I can sing. I know how to do that much.
Wheel her out boys and let her sing.

JUDY sings “The Man That Got Away.”
During the last strains of the song, a knock
comes on the door. JUDY deflates like a
balloon and shakes HER head “no.” We
hear the PROFESSOR’S voice off stage.

PROFESSOR

Judy, they’ve played the overture 2 times.

He enters.

JUDY

I can’t sing!

PROFESSOR

Judy, get your fat, drunk ass out there and sing!

HE picks HER up and carries HER off stage
kicking and screaming like an alley cat.
LIGHTS: BLACKOUT

THE END

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LEGENDS AND BRIDGE



A Play by C. Stephen Foster

Legends and Bridge is "Feud" meets "End of the Rainbow". It's the imagined story of Joan Crawford inviting Bette Davis and Judy Garland to live with her to work on their comeback film. They agree all eager beaver until they see what project she has in mind. Toss in Tennessee Williams and a YOUNG boy toy and you got a card game filled with Hollywood backstabbing!

Cast Size: 6

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 120 minutes.



SEVEN DREAMS OF FALLING

A play by Carey Scott Wilkerson

Seven Dreams of Falling, is a re-thinking of the Icarus myth. It's late in the post-modern day and Icarus has grown weary of falling out of the sky over and over: in painting, poetry, and myth. Having decided it's time for a career change, he plots his escape from a cycle of doomed repetition even as family and friends, who are part of his story, find themselves struggling with the idea of letting go. Can Icarus simply fly out of his own life? And if he can, what does that mean for those he leaves behind.

Cast Size: 5

Royalty Rate: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 60 minutes.



"Poop Happens!" in this family friendly cowboy comedy!

So, Who Was That Masked Guy Anyway? is the story of Ernie, the grandson of the original Masked Cowboy, a lawman who fought for truth, justice and the cowboy way in the old west. Now that Grandpa is getting on in years he's looking for someone to carry on for him. The only problem? Ernie doesn't know anything about being a cowboy. He's never seen a real cow, he's allergic to milk and to tell the truth he doesn't know one end of a horse from another...but beware, before it's all over, the poop is sure to hit the fans!

Cast Size: 21 Flexible M-F Roles Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 90 minutes.



WANTED: SANTA CLAUS is the story of what happens when a group of department store moguls decide to replace Santa Claus with the shiny new "KRINGLE 3000", codenamed...ROBO-SANTA! Now it's up to Santa's elves to save the day! But Santa's in no shape to take on his stainless steel counterpart! He'll have to train for his big comeback. Enter Mickey, one of the toughest elves of all time! He'll get Santa ready for the big showdown! But it's going to mean reaching deep down inside to find "the eye of the reindeer"!

Cast Size 23 Flexible M-F Roles Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 90 Minutes.



At the edge of the universe sits The Long John Cafe. A place where the average guy and the average "Super" guy can sit and have a cup of coffee and just be themselves...or, someone else if that's what they want. The cafe is populated by iconic figures of the 20th Century, including cowboys, hippies, super heroes and movie stars. They've come to celebrate the end of the old Century and the beginning of tomorrow! That is, if they make it through the night! It seems the evil Dr. McNastiman has other plans for our heroes. Like their total destruction!

Cast Size: 17 9M 8F.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 90 Minutes.



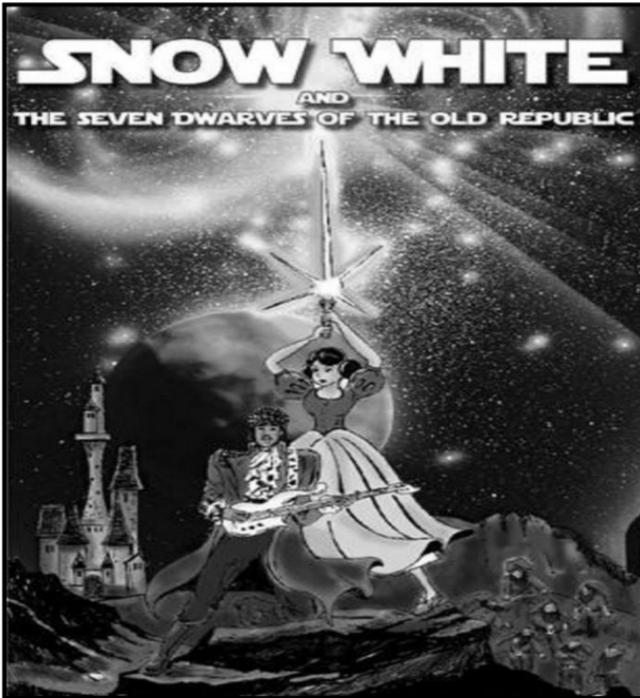
Jacklyn Sparrow and the Lady Pirates of the Caribbean is our brand new swashbuckling pirate parody complete with bloodthirsty buccaneers in massive sword clanking battle scenes!! A giant wise cracking parrot named Polly!! Crazy obsessions with eye liner!! And just who is Robert, the Dreaded Phylum Porifera!!!

Please Note: We offer large and small cast versions of this play. Cast and royalty numbers for both are below.

Cast Size: 45/13 Flexible M-F Roles Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 120/45 Minutes.



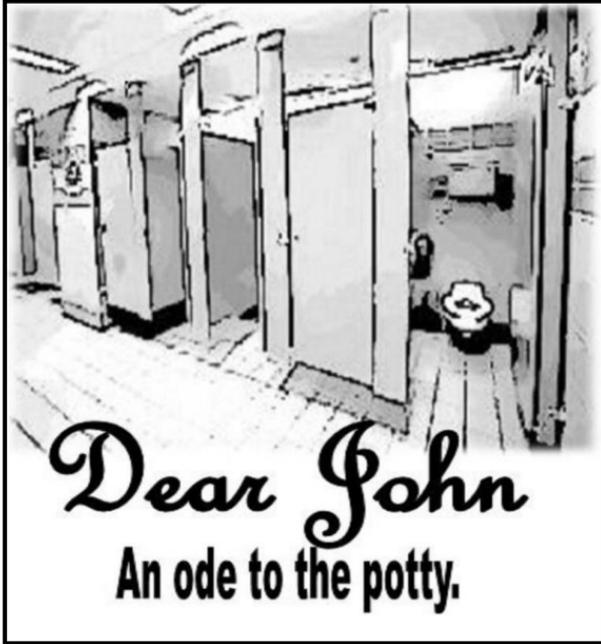
"May the Dwarf be with you in this wacky take on the classic fairy tale which will have audiences rolling in the floor with laughter!"

What happens when you mix an articulate mirror, a conceited queen, a prince dressed in purple, seven little people with personality issues, a basket of kumquats and a little Star Wars for good measure?

Cast Size: 12 Flexible M-F Roles.

Royalty: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 45 Minutes.



"My dreams of thee flow softly.
They enter with tender rush.
The still soft sound which echoes,
When I lower the lid and flush."

They say that porcelain is the best antenna for creativity. At least that's what this cast of young people believe in Dear John: An ode to the potty! The action of this one act play takes place almost entirely behind the doors of five bathroom stalls. This short comedy is dedicated to all those term papers, funny pages and Charles Dickens' novels that have been read behind closed (stall) doors!

Cast Size: 10 5M 5F.

Royalties: \$35.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 15 Minutes.

ELVIS MEETS NIXON

(OPERATION WIGGLE)



Declassified after 40 years!

On December 21, 1970, an impromptu meeting took place between the King of Rock and Roll and the Leader of the Free World.

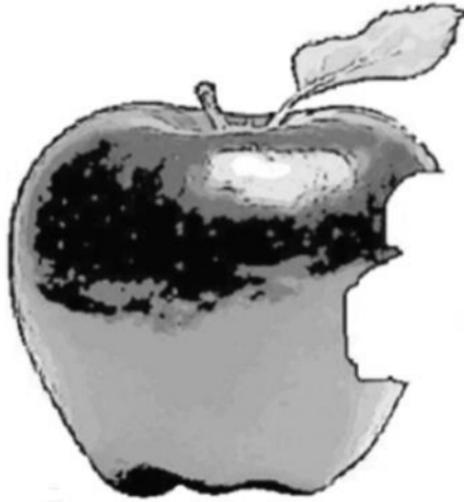
Elvis Meets Nixon (Operation Wiggle) is a short comedy which offers one possible (and ultimately ridiculous) explanation of what happened during that meeting.

Cast Size: 2 M with 1 Offstage F Voice.

Royalties: \$35.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 10 Minutes.

Even Adam



In the beginning, there was a man.

Then there was a woman.

And then there was this piece of fruit...

...and that's when everything went horribly wrong!

Even Adam is a short comedy exploring the relationship
between men and women right from day one.

Why doesn't he ever bring her flowers like he used to?

Why doesn't she laugh at his jokes anymore?

And just who is that guy in the red suit?

And how did she convince him to eat that fruit, anyway?

Cast Size: 3 2M-1F.

Royalties: \$35.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 10 Minutes.

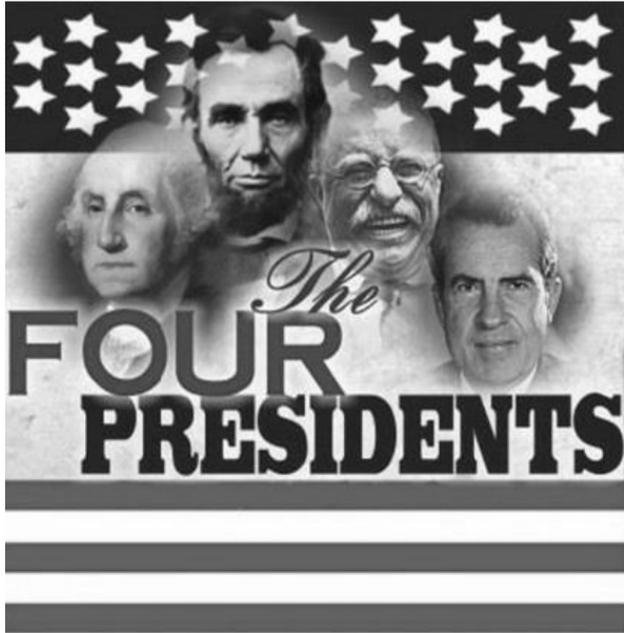


Count Dracula is bored. He's pretty much sucked Transylvania dry, and he's looking for a new challenge. So it's off to New York, New York! The Big Apple! The town that never sleeps...that'll pose a challenge for sure. Dracula purchases The Carfax Theatre and decides to put on a big, flashy Broadway show!

Cast Size: 50 Flexible M/F roles with Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 90 Minutes.



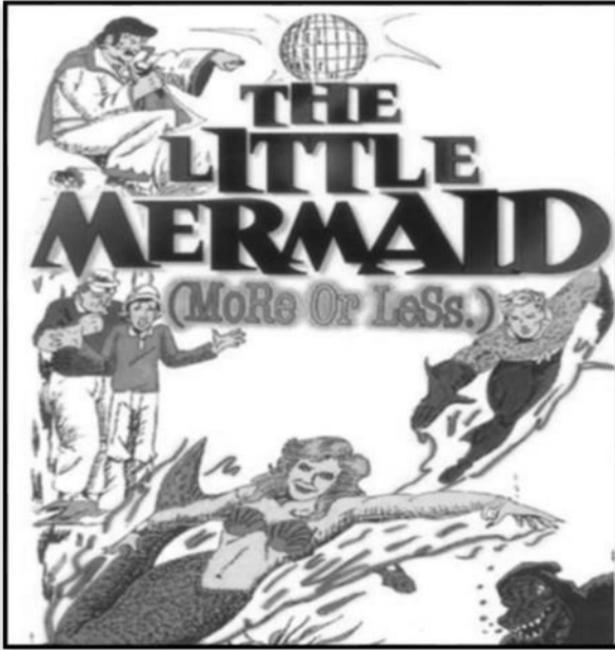
THE FOUR PRESIDENTS is an educational play which examines the lives and characters of four of the most colorful personalities to hold the office. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Richard Nixon. Much of the dialogue comes from the Presidents' own words.

A perfect show for schools!

Cast Size: 10 Flexible M-F Roles with Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 60 Minutes.



The lights rise on a beautiful sunset.
A mermaid is silhouetted against an ocean backdrop.
Hauntingly familiar music fills the air.
Then...the Lawyer shows up.
And that's when the fun really begins!

It's The Little Mermaid (More or Less.)

Cast Size: 30 Flexible M-F Roles with Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 45 Minutes.

CINDERELLA

***AND THE
QUEST FOR THE CRYSTAL PUMP***



Cinderella and the Quest for the Crystal Pump, is the story of a young girl seeking a life beyond the endless chores heaped upon her by her grouchy stepmother and two stepsisters. But more than anything, Cinderella wants to go to the prince's masquerade ball, but there's one problem...she has nothing to wear! Luckily, her Fairy Godperson has a few ideas.

Please Note: This play is available in large and small cast versions. Both cast sizes and royalty rates are listed below.

Cast Size: 30/13 Flexible M-F Roles with Some Doubling Possible.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Running Time: Approximately 90/45 Minutes.



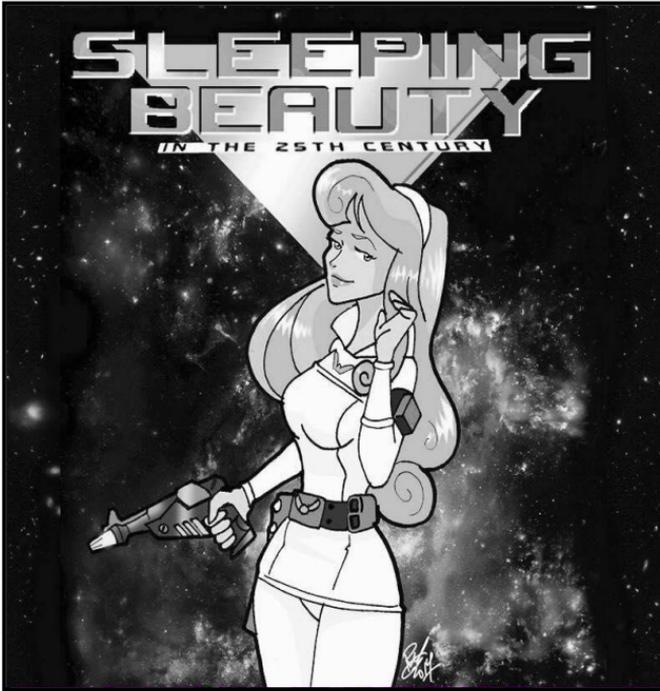
Shorespeare is loosely based on a Midsummer Night's Dream. Shakespeare, with the help of Cupid, has landed at the Jersey Shore. Cupid inspires him to write a play about two New Jersey sweethearts, Cleo and Toni. Shakespeare is put off by their accent and way of talking, but decides to send the two teenagers on a course of true love. Toni and Cleo are determined to get married right after they graduate from high school, but in order to do so they must pass this course of true love that Cupid's pixies create and manipulate. As they travel along the boardwalk at the Jersey Shore, Cleo and Toni, meet a handful of historical figures disguised as the carnies. Confucius teaches Cleo the "Zen of Snoring", Charles Ponzi teaches them the importance of "White Lies", Leonardo Da Vinci shows them the "Art of Multitasking", and finally they meet Napoleon who tries to help them to "Accept Shortcomings" of each other. After going through all these lessons, the sweethearts decide that marriage should wait, and Cupid is proud of Shakespeare who has finally reached out to the modern youth.



Everyone has heard the phrase, “it’s the squeaky wheel that gets the oil,” but how many people know the Back-story? The story begins in a kingdom far, far away over the rainbow – a kingdom called Spokend. This kingdom of wheels is a happy one for the gods have blessed the tiny hamlet with plentiful sunshine, water and most important –oil. Until a terrible drought starts to dry up all the oil supplies. What is to be done?

The powerful barons of industry and politicians decide to hold a meeting to decide how to solve the situation. Since Spokend is a democracy all the citizens come to the meeting but their voices are ignored – especially the voice of one of the poorer citizens of the community suffering from a squeak that can only be cured with oil, Spare Wheel and his wife Fifth Wheel. Despite Spare Wheel’s desperate pleas for oil, he is ignored and sent home without any help or consideration.

Without oil, Spare Wheel’s squeak becomes so bad he loses his job and his family starts to suffer when his sick leave and unemployment benefits run out. What is he to do? Spare Wheel and Fifth Wheel develop a scheme that uses the squeak to their advantage against the town magistrate Big Wheel who finally relents and gives over the oil. Thus, for years after in the town of Spokend citizens in need of help are told “It’s the squeaky wheel that gets the oil.”



Once upon a time, a beautiful princess was placed under a magic spell by an evil fairy. A spell that would cause her to fall into a deep, deep sleep. A sleep from which she would awaken 1000 years later.

It's "Sleeping Beauty meets Buck Rogers" in this play for young audiences.

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Cast Size: 13 with flexible extras.

Running Time: Approximately 45 minutes.



Santa Claus. Frosty. Rudolph. Jack Frost.

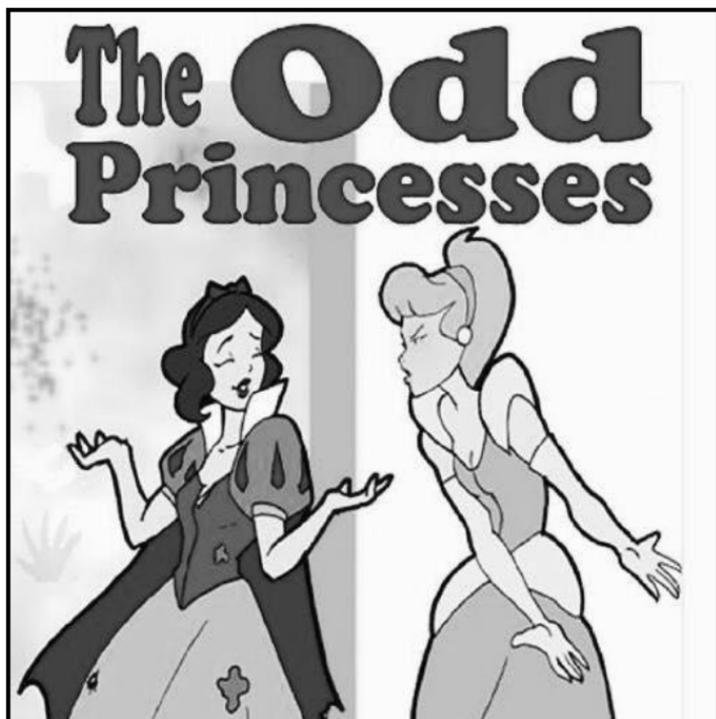
This Christmas...if you've got a problem and if you can find them then maybe you can hire...THE SLEIGH TEAM!!!

The team is hired by lowly clerk, Bob Crachit to help his boss, the miserly old Ebenezer Scrooge find a little "Christmas Spirit"!

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Cast Size: 6

Running Time: Approximately 45 minutes.

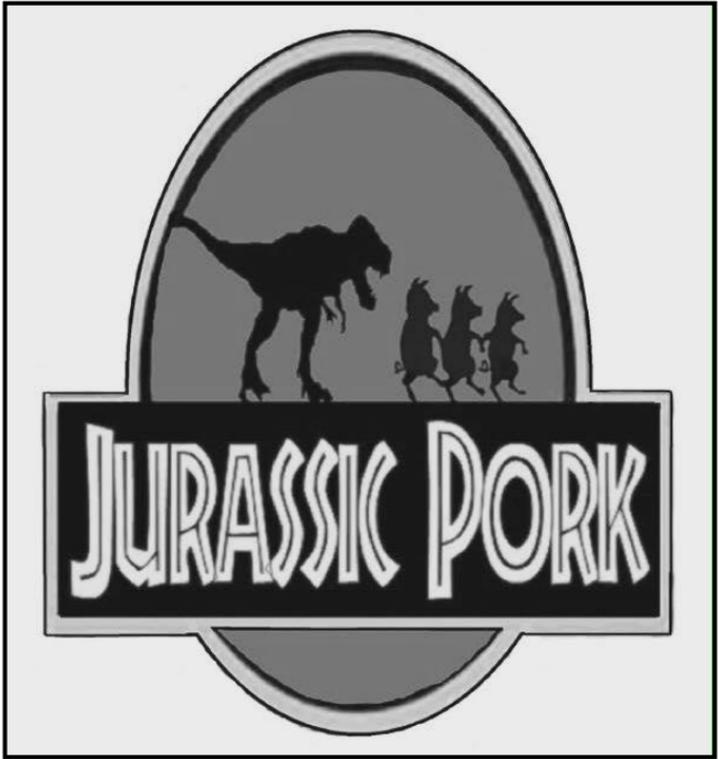


The Odd Princesses is a parody/mash-up that opens with a group of princesses assembled for a card game in the palace of the notoriously messy Snow White. Late to arrive to the party is the perpetually neat Cinderella who has run away from home after becoming fed up with being treated like a maid by her stepmother. With nowhere else to turn, the two total opposites decide to move in together! What could go wrong?

Royalties: \$50.00 per performance.

Cast Size: 8 with extras possible.

Running Time: Approximately 45 minutes.

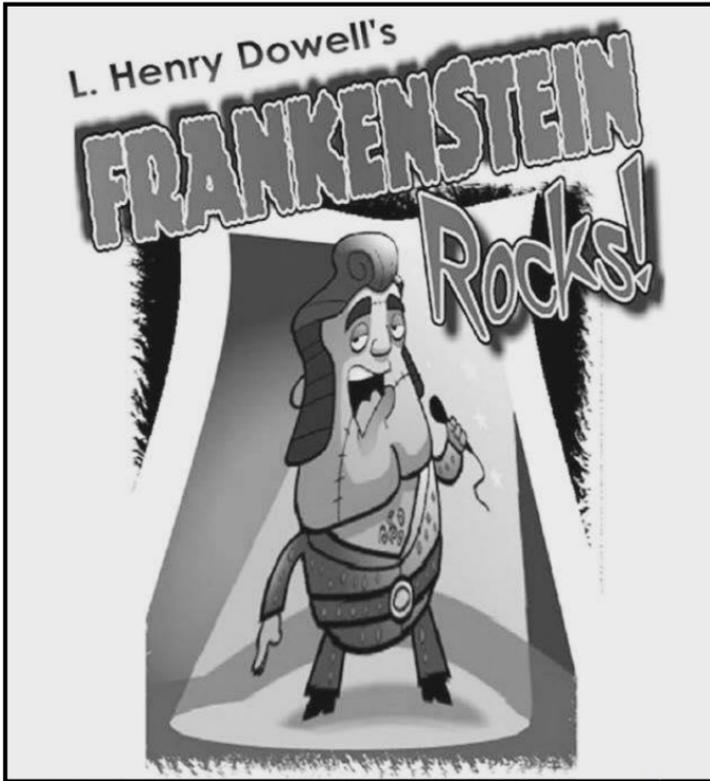


Eager to escape the clutches of the Big Bad Wolf once and for all, the Three Little Pigs build a time machine and travel back in time 150 million years to the Jurassic era where they quickly discover they have problems much bigger than the Big Bad Wolf. Much, much, much bigger!!!

Royalties \$35.00 per performance.

Cast Size: 6+ extras with flexible M-F roles.

Running Time: Approximately 30 minutes.



Dr. Victor "Vickie" Frankenstein has just inherited his grandfather's castle in foggy Transylvania...but what secrets lie in the ultra-secret, sub-terranean laboratory located beneath the castle??? It's a little bit monster story and a little bit Rock and Roll!

Royalties \$50.00 per performance.

Cast Size: 16. 8 principle roles, 8+ Extras possible.

Running Time: Approximately one hour.