

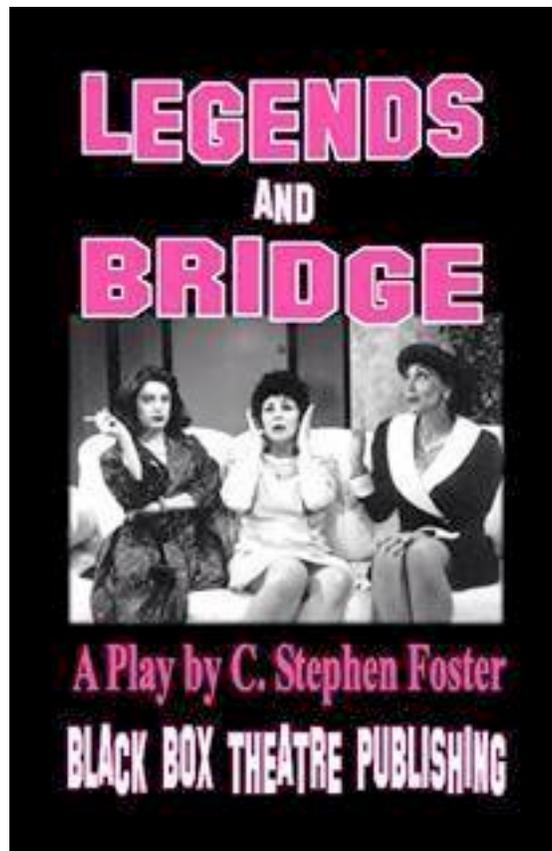
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“Legends”

(At Rise JOAN CRAWFORD sits on the couch inside her immaculate, white living room of her Manhattan apartment. She wears a perfectly tailored pantsuit dated 1965. The ultimate multi-tasker: she has the radio playing softly behind her, reads a fan magazine, and rolls an empty Pepsi bottle under her foot. She picks up her Pepsi from the coffee table and downs it in one gulp then belches loudly. She speaks into the telephone.)

JOAN: Now, Tina, I caught you in your little play last night...Well, darling I sat in the back all by myself and then I snuck out quietly...Darling, I wanted it to be your night. I wanted you to have all the attention...I thought...Well, darling, do you want my praise as a mother or do you want my honesty as a colleague of yours? Are you sure? I thought you were rotten! It's a damned shame you call yourself Crawford. I cringed in my seat. I had to hold my head down in shame. I was mortified! Embarrassed! Now, Tina, don't be a crybaby! You asked me to tell you the truth. Shut that crying up! I do support you! I came to that piece of shit off-off-off Broadway production, didn't I? If I took all my criticism the way you are, I'd have never gotten past silent pictures for God's sake. I'm going to hang up now! Goodbye, dear! I can't wait to see your next piece. Bless you, darling.

(She hangs up the phone with a look of glee in her eyes. She picks up the magazine and snarls at it.)

JOAN. I don't understand the public anymore. Look at this trash! Not a single one of these young modern actresses contain even a trickle of glamour. It's all about ass, tits and muff. Not much has changed if you honestly think about it. I remember when my mug used to grace the cover of this old rag. I was the one who rose to the top out of nothing but sheer determination and all the odds piled up against me, but, now, no one believes in me. But to hell with them! They don't know what I'm made of.

(Joan walks to the bar and mixes herself a drink. She lights a cigarette.)

JOAN. God, I'm so lucky to be in New York and out of that nasty little town. Thank the lord I don't have to play those games anymore! I should have stayed a dancer and became a Broadway star. I'd still be working; that's for damned sure. There are plenty of parts for matrons, excuse me, mothers because on the stage you're ageless! (She picks up a picture of Clark Gable from the mantle.) Oh, Clark I miss you so much. I miss making movies...I miss you and your hot body...I miss our secret excursions to the trailers between takes. Why didn't I marry you when I had the chance? I miss your smell!

(The intercom buzzes. Joan throws on her shoes and answers it.)

JOAN. (Answering it.) Yes. Come up.

(Joan scurries around the apartment double-checking everything. JUDY GARLAND enters draped in a fur coat, sunglasses and carrying two shopping bags. She marches into

the room right past Joan, who has perched herself by the mantle. Judy leaves the door wide open.)

JOAN. Judy!

JUDY. I'm so god-damned mad! I can't stand it.

JOAN. Judy! You left the door wide open. Were you born in a barn?

JUDY. No, I was born in a trunk. But I did many a show in a barn.

JOAN. Judy! Close the door.

JUDY. Where's the maid?

JOAN. Judy! I said, "Close the door!"

(Judy marches to the door and slams it hard like a child.)

JUDY. There.

JOAN. Judy, Darling, how lovely to see you.

JUDY. Joan, darling (They "air" kiss.) Listen, dear, I had to take a taxi...

JOAN. But you're staying around the corner.

JUDY. I know, darling, but I didn't want people to hound me for autographs. But, my problem is that I need to borrow \$50.

JOAN. 50!! Are you crazy?

JUDY. No. Broke...

JOAN. Judy, \$50 is a huge amount for a taxi ride around the corner.

JUDY. I know, darling, but I had to go shopping...

JOAN. I can't image you buying anything for \$50.

JUDY. I didn't...it's for the taxi driver. See...I charged everything. It amazes me how much I can get away with by saying, "I'm Judy Garland." I never realized how many queens will bend over backwards for me.

JOAN. Judy, I'm not one to give hand outs to washed-up, drunk divas turning up on my doorstep penniless...

JUDY. Can't you bend your rule, just once for poor, little "Judy".

JOAN. Darling, this is not MGM and you're not everyone's favorite little tyke anymore.

JUDY. I know that dear, but I don't want to ditch the taxi driver. He's holding my luggage in his backseat for ransom and, you know, my whole life is in that trunk.

JOAN. I'll make an exception, just this once, but you'll have to work it off with two weeks worth of chores.

JUDY. Naturally, I would insist on it.

(Joan rummages through her pocketbook, pulls out money and gives to Judy.)

JOAN. Here.

JUDY. You're a saint. (She exits.)

JOAN. St. Joan, has a ring to it. Damn that woman! (Catching herself) I mean, Bless her! She's gained weight. She's as big as that house that whisked her away to Munchkinland. What does she do all day graze? She'll eat and drink me out of house and home.

(Joan lights another cigarette. Judy comes back in followed by the TAXI DRIVER who lugs a huge trunk on his back.)

JUDY. Oh, you're such a darling. Thank you for giving me a hand with my "bittie" luggage. Just put it down anywhere, darling. Joan, can you please give him just a small tip?

(Taxi driver puts down the trunk with a thud and waits expectantly for his tip.)

JOAN. Judy!

JUDY. Don't want to rumple your impeccable reputation, dear?

(Joan digs into her purse and realizes she doesn't have the cash. She plants a smile on her face and walks seductively to the Taxi Driver.)

JOAN. Listen, mister. I'm a little short on cash. Could you come back a little later, say around midnight, and I'll make it up to you tenfold.

TAXI DRIVER. Sure, lady watterver you say.

JOAN. Don't you know who I am young man?

TAXI DRIVER. Nah, I can never tell you dames apart. You've seen one carpet, you've seen 'em all.

JOAN. Come back after midnight and I'll show how a shaved muff can change your disposition.

TAXI DRIVER. I'll pass. (He makes a quick exit.)

JUDY. Joan, I'm so glad to see you!

JOAN. Darling, little Judy. (She embraces her.) It's been too too long.

JUDY. Thank you for giving me a place to stay. I'm down on my luck since those bastards at CBS fucked me and my little show over. I need a drink.

JOAN. I have Pepsi Cola...

(Joan holds up a bottle of Pepsi as if she's doing a commercial.)

JUDY. Brother, Joan, I had something a little stronger in mind.

JOAN. You should try one of my special Pepsi's. I had the company bottle me an exclusive formula.

(Joan moves to the bar and opens a bottle and hands it to Judy.)

JOAN. See if this doesn't satisfy you.

(Judy takes a sip and it nearly knocks her on her can.)

JUDY. Wow! If they had these at Metro, they would have gotten a hell of a lot more work out of me. You look marvelous.

JOAN. So do you. You look bovine... divine.

JUDY. Look. Hell, You should see me when I unbuckle this dress and it spills all over the floor. I don't look too fat do I?

JOAN. No. No! Not at all. You're just a little round around the edges. Nothing a couple of days on the exercise bike won't fix.

JUDY. Joan, I do have a bit of a problem.

JOAN. Now, Judy, I told you on the phone to leave your trunk full of problems on the doorstep...

JUDY. What kind of project are we going to work on together?

JOAN. I'll tell you when "she" gets here.

JUDY. I'm terrified about going before the cameras again. The last picture I did the critics ripped me a new asshole. Those fucking bastards.

JOAN. Judy, this picture is going to save our careers.

JUDY. Give me a little hint as to what kind of character I'm going to play. Just promise me I don't have to sing. Please, I hate singing. If I have to sing in one more picture, I'm going to just die. I need another Pepsi.

(Joan brings Judy a fresh Pepsi and sits beside her on the couch.)

JOAN. Don't you worry, dear. You're going to be marvelous! It will soon be revealed. This is going to be the most monumental picture ever made in Hollywood. Our names will be in lights again.

JUDY. But, Joan, I'm scared. I haven't been on camera since last year and what if I've forgotten how? What if I forgotten how?

JOAN. It's like a bike, horse or a man...Once you know how the only trick is getting back on.

JUDY. That's easy for you to say. I fall off all three.

JOAN. Judy, Judy, Judy, you're a natural in front of the cameras. You're wonderfully talented and...

(Intercom buzzes. Joan freezes in place. She walks to the intercom and buzzes it.)

JOAN. Yes. Come up...

(She scurries around the house in a panic: fluffing pillows, rearranging objects.)

JOAN. Oh, God! It's her! I'm so scared. How do I look?

JUDY. Embalmed. But what else is new?

JOAN. I have to impress her. She's always scared the shit outta me.

JUDY. You're forgetting who you are.

JOAN. I have to make a good impression.

JUDY. You're a star

(The door flies open and BETTE DAVIS enters like a bull in a China closet. She wears sunglasses, an old mink and twirls a cigarette. She carries a small suitcase in her hand. She slams the door behind her with her foot.)

JOAN. Bette, Darling.

BETTE. What a dump!

JOAN. I worked like a dog scrubbing this place from top to bottom.

BETTE. You nevah had a single grain of taste, Ms. Crawford.

JOAN. Won't you please sit down?

BETTE. If my arse is clean enough to plop down on your plastic covered poof!

JUDY. You look wonderful Bette.

(Bette removes her sunglasses, wrap, gloves and hat without missing a puff of smoke.)

BETTE. Thank You, Jooty! Well, let me tell you, I've been through hell and back. I'm fit to be tied.

JOAN. Would you like a drink?

BETTE. I thought you would nevah ask.

JOAN. Please forgive me. (To Judy) Judy, darling, will you make Bette a drink?

JUDY. Do I look like the pickaninny?

JOAN. Ms. Davis is thirsty and my hands are shaking.

BETTE. Can one of you drunk dames make me a drink for god's sake!

JOAN. Yes, Bette, Darling. (She scurries to the liquor cart.)

JUDY. Fix me one, too.

BETTE. Make that drink strong. I like a drink like my men: lots of muscle. Getting here was a nightmare--a complete nightmare--let me tell ya! I got ambushed by a bunch of screaming fruits who have seen every single one of my pictures over and over. I had to stand there and hear their god-damned jokes and impersonations. It was dreadful! Those momma's boys drive me bats.

JUDY. I would be nothing without my boys. They completely worship me, and I love them.

(Joan approaches them with two cocktails.)

JOAN. Drinks for my two favorite actresses.

BETTE. Thank you! (She takes a sip) Crawford!

JOAN. Yes?

BETTE. This drink is as weak as my last husband!

JOAN. Oh, let me add some vodka.

(Joan hurries to the bar. Judy stops her by holding out her glass.)

JUDY. Ice? I want some ice!

JOAN. You're acting like a spoiled little brat, Judy, and I won't tolerate it.

JUDY. Don't you talk to me that way. I'm Judy Fucking Garland!

BETTE. For heaven sakes, give the bitch her ice. I have a headache.

(Joan practically throws the ice into Judy's glass and then lightly gives Bette her drink.)

JOAN. (Snarls) Here's your ice, Judy. (Heavenly) Here's your drink Bette.

BETTE. Thaaank You!

JOAN. Bette, what have you been doing with yourself since we did "Jane"?

BETTE. I haven't worked in nearly a year and I'm bored--absolutely bored out of my skull! No one remembers that I am the queen of Hollywood. On top of that, I'm flat broke because the divorce from the last S.O.B. I married cost me a fortune. So, Joan, tell me about this picture we're all going to make. Where in God's name did you find a producer to believe in a bunch of old broads like us?

JOAN. Don't ever refer to me as an old broad again.

BETTE. Touchy, touchy, touchy.

JUDY. I want to know about this project, too. I don't have to sing do I? I hate it when I sing.

BETTE. So do I!

JOAN. Well, this is not the big screen epic we're all used to. This is a small feature with an independent producer, but if it's done right and with all of us in it, it could make a fortune.

BETTE. What kind of character do I play? I want a part with some balls.

JUDY. And what about me? I want to play a bitch.

(Bette throws her a look.)

JOAN. Ladies, Ladies...Trust me.

BETTE. Ha! Miss Crawford, I'd rather cut off my friggin' arm.

JOAN. Easy does it, Ms Davis. Now, this picture is going to be huge. It's going to be bigger than Clark's cock. But I digress. There are a few rules...

JUDY. I've got to go to the loo. (She dashes to the bathroom.)

JOAN. There are a few rules I'd like to go over before I talk about the film...This is Crawford's place and although I'm blessed to have you here.

BETTE. Here goes Ms. Bless You with one of her speeches. I need another martini.

(Bette marches to the bar and pours herself a stiff martini.)

JOAN. I want you two to know that I run a tight ship around here. This is not the home for the retired and wayward movie stars. (Raps on the bathroom door.) Are you listening, Judy?

JUDY. Every word!

(A toilet flushes.)

JOAN. I expect discipline, efficiency, order and above all respect. I will not tolerate a moment's slack from either of you...Now, I have posted a list of chores ...

(Lights fade.)

Act One, Scene Two

(Judy sits on an exercise bike peddling slowly. She's extremely depressed and sings a "happy" tune from one of her films in a slurred fashion. She has a cigarette hanging from her lips and a drink in her hand.)

JUDY. I hate this fucking song. I hate this God-damned tractor. And I hate me, too. I do. I'm so hot, ugly and fat. How in the hell did my ass get so big? How in the hell did I get up here? Please call Vincent and tell him to take me home. I don't know why I sing all those "happy" songs when I haven't been happy in years. Can't somebody else be Judy Garland?

(Joan comes busting through the door carrying a portfolio.)

JOAN. Good Morning, Judy! How are you feeling this morning?

JUDY. Like hell!

JOAN. Come on now. You have to have more enthusiasm than that.

JUDY. (With vigor.) Like hell.

JOAN. Dear, Judy, I hate to break it to you, you are never going to lose that fat ass if you don't peddle hard! You have to work that bike. And work hard. Really Peddle.

JUDY. I can't!

JOAN. Can't never could.

JUDY. I'm tired. I haven't slept in years. Look at me. My hair is falling out.

JOAN. You need discipline and structure in your life.

(Joan opens her morning Pepsi and lights a cigarette.)

JUDY. I need my rest.

JOAN. Either you want to lose those ugly pounds or not. You need to take control. When you were unruly at Metro, I'd hear stories at Warner Brothers, and I could have wrung your neck. L.B. would have kicked my ass up and down the lot if I tried any of that nonsense.

JUDY. Those were all lies. All lies. I never did any of that!

(Joan sits down at her desk and begins to sign autographs on her 8x10 photos.)

JOAN. You're talking to the wrong people, girl. You've needed someone to give you a kick in the can for years and that's exactly what I'm going to do. Peddle that god-bless bike!

JUDY. (She makes a weak effort.) Fat, Fat go away, come back another day!

JOAN. That's more like it.

JUDY. What are you doing?

JOAN. Publicity. I'm sending photos to the press. We need all the help we can get for this picture. This is a habit I started when I was at MGM. When I couldn't sleep, I'd send out photos. The public only sees the glamour. They don't understand the hard work.

JUDY. You've said a mouthful there, sister.

(Bette marches into the room holding a small, brightly wrapped package.)

JOAN. Good Morning, dear.

BETTE. (mimics her.) Good morning dear. What the hell is this?

(She throws the package in front of Joan.)

JOAN. Why I don't know. Why don't you open it, dear, and find out?

BETTE. I know what you're up to Crawford!

JUDY. Open it! I love presents! Open it!

BETTE. Hush! I don't want any of your presents. You tried that shit at Warner when you wiggled your ass onto my lot!

JUDY. It's only a present, Bette. She's trying to make up to you.

JOAN. I'm extending my love to you.

BETTE. Those dyke longings might have worked with Tallulah Bankhead, but not me!

JOAN. I think you're being too sensitive.

JUDY. I want it.

(Judy, who can no longer stand it, grabs the package. She rips the paper off the box and pulls out a bottle of perfume.)

JUDY. Oh, Lilly Oil my favorite! Can I keep it, Bette?

BETTE. Be my guest!

JUDY. You know what she gave me?

BETTE. A muzzle?

JUDY. No. A box of chocolates.

(Judy holds up a brightly heart-shaped box of chocolates.)

BETTE. How nice for you!

JOAN. At least one person appreciates my generosity around here.

BETTE. I'm here to work, and I don't engage in social pleasantries!

JOAN. Did you sleep well?

BETTE. I didn't sleep a wink. That mattress was as hard as a rock, for Christ's sake.

JUDY. You're welcome to my sleeping pills...

BETTE. And become a pill-popping, junkie like you! Nevah.

JUDY. That's not very nice.

JOAN. Judy, darling, keep peddling that bike. You still have half an hour.

BETTE. How in the hell do you expect her to lose weight when you feed her chocolate and booze? She's nevah going to be camera ready. At this rate, we should launch her into space and call her a planet!

(Bette grabs one of the chocolates, pops it into her mouth and lets out a cackle.)

JUDY. I'm getting quite cross...

JOAN. Judy...she didn't mean it--she's only joking. You're growing thinner and thinner...

BETTE. Why are you so eager beaver, Ms. Crawford?

JOAN. I awake with a mission in my heart. I have an strict schedule I adhere to. I take a morning walk around Central Park...just to warm up the gams...

BETTE. Crawford, I want to know about this picture. I haven't laid eyes on a script or contract...

JUDY. Me, too.

BETTE. I want to get started.

JOAN. Well, ladies, this movie has everything: war, family, famine, romance. We're going to be catapulted to the top once again.

JUDY. I want to see the script, Joan. I'm not singing a note. I have laryngitis.

BETTE. Who cares!

JOAN. Let's have some breakfast.

BETTE. You can shove those runny eggs, Crawford. You better produce a script right now or I'm walking.

JUDY. Me, too.

JOAN. Ladies, it's not nearly ready yet.

BETTE. Hogwash!

(Joan goes to her bag and pulls out a monolithic script. Judy and Bette make a beeline to her attempting to pull it out of her hands, but she holds it above her head out of their reach. They jump to grab it like two children.)

JUDY. Let me see my part!

BETTE. I better have a good monologue.

JOAN. Ladies, Please! I have been working for several years with various writers on this project...

BETTE. Spare the narrative...I want to see my part.

JOAN. Patience is a virtue.

JUDY. I lost my virtue at the pearly gates of MGM.

BETTE. What's the title?

JOAN. What?

JUDY. The title!

JOAN. "St. Joan!"

BETTE. Ha! Now I've heard everything!

JUDY. Who's going to play Joan?

JOAN. I am, of course!

BETTE. Let me get this straight: You're going to make a picture of St. Joan.

JOAN. That's correct.

BETTE. Who in the hell do I play?

JOAN. The mother.

BETTE. The mother! Are you out of your fucking mind? You're older than me!

JOAN. Not on screen.

JUDY. She does have a point...

BETTE. Why don't you peddle that bike off a short cliff.

JUDY. Screw you! What part do I play?

JOAN. You play the voices.

JUDY. Voices?

JOAN. It's a very important role...It's the voices that Joan hears...It's an off-screen part.

JUDY. You lousy son-of-a-bitch!

BETTE. You tricked the two of us to come up here and live with you only to pitch a piece of shit project like that?

JOAN. This project will save our careers.

BETTE. If anyone in this room plays St. Joan, it's going to be me.

JUDY. Me! I want to play her.

BETTE. I wanted to play that role at Warner...

JUDY. You wanted to play every part at Warner!

BETTE. But that jackass, Mr. Warner kept giving me those shitty ingénue roles...

JOAN. Look, let me show you what I've been working on.

BETTE. Joan, you'll make a complete ass outta yourself, again.

JOAN. Let me at least show you my reading of it, please. I'll change your minds.

BETTE. I doubt it.

(Joan moves center stage, flips open the script to the last page and gets into character. Bette and Judy sit on the couch behind her less than enthralled. Joan begins the burning of the stake monologue.)

JOAN. (As St. Joan.) I'm not afraid of fire...the flames you cast me into; the fires of hell. Why should I be? I fear you not. Mock me, torture me, but I remain firm in my conviction. My voices told me not to trust you mortal men. I thrust myself upon the fire. You'll never destroy my faith. I was ordained by God to save France. I trust God will redeem me. You burn me, you judge me, but one day you'll hold me up, rejoice the name St. Joan. You'll call me the brave, courageous child of God!

(Joan gloats and turns to them for applause—there is only dead silence. Bette has fallen asleep next to Judy. Judy nudges her.)

JUDY. Bette, I think she's done!

BETTE. (Waking up.) I haven't seen acting that bad since your god awful "Mildred Pierce".

JOAN. I've been rehearsing that for a year.

BETTE. It stinks. It's as flat as this Pepsi.

JOAN. What did you think Judy?

JUDY. I thought it was missing something.

JOAN. Tell me, Please.

BETTE. It's about stakes!

JOAN. Stakes?

BETTE. Stakes.

JUDY. Steaks!

BETTE. Not porterhouse! And not those bloody things you throw to your guests at dinner parties--Risk! St. Joan is being burned at the stake for God's sake. She's pleading for her life...

JUDY. Can I say something?

BETTE & JOAN. No!

(JUDY walks to the liquor cabinet pours a drink and sulks.)

BETTE. What I'm trying to say is: your interpretation is rotten! You have to give St. Joan some balls. This isn't one of those melodramas you did at Metro, and she's not wearing an Adrian gown. She's on her death bed. Here, let me show you!

(Bette grabs the script, throws on her glasses, clears her throat and tears into it.)

BETTE. I'm not afraid of fire...the flames you cast me into; the fires of hell. Blah. Blah. Blah. Cut all the rest! It's just tripe! One day you'll hold me up --Crawford, who did you blow to write this crap? You'll call me the brave, courageous child of God! (She takes a big sweeping bow.) Thank you!

JOAN. Oh, Bette, Bless you. That was divine.

(Suddenly out of nowhere, music, a spotlight and JUDY! She sings St. Joan's last speech. Joan and Bette stare in astonishment.)

JUDY (singing):

Umm. Umm. Oh. Oh.

This is a mistake

being burned by stake

Where is God now?

Oh, Lord, How? How?

I had a single vision

one purpose, mission

I'm a heretic

A horrid wreck

Flames touch my hem

My living grows dim

My faint heart beat

I can feel the heat

I'm doing God's will

To honor, to kill
With this song, I plea
Save me, God, save me!
But alas, Heigh ho
I know where I go
Heaven waits for me
You'll see. You'll see
Me shining through
Getting the best of you.
Voiced by a tiny spirit
Can't you hear it?
For my highest Good
A gilded saint hood
If it's Joan you're going to turn on
You're gonna watch her scream and burn on!
So, bring on the wood!
Boys, bring on the wood!

(Applause. Judy bows to the audience pleased with herself.)

JUDY. They call me a living legend, you know.

BETTE. St. Joan is a martyr, not a torch singer.

JUDY. Did you see "A Star is Born"?

BETTE. I slept right through it.

JUDY. Now, you look here, that movie was brilliant.

JOAN. Judy, dear, I must give you an honest appraisal of your work: your weight went up and down from take to take, and ...

JUDY. You take that back, you hussy.

BETTE. Don't get so hot under the collar. It's true. Everyone knows the only drunk in that picture was you.

(Judy tosses her drink in Bette's face.)

JUDY. I hate you! I've always hated you! (Turns to Joan.) And you, too. And I hate me, too. I do.

(Judy, in a fit of hysterics, runs into the bathroom and slams the door.)

BETTE. Now, look at what you did, Joan.

JOAN. Me? Bette, I was being honest.

BETTE. She's gonna try to cut off her fucking head.

JOAN. (in horror) Oh, sweet bloody Mary... My white bathroom rug!

BETTE. You better get her outta there.

(Joan opens a fresh Pepsi and lights another cigarette thinking of what action to take.)

JOAN. Tina used to try this shit with me. Thank god that brat is out of my hair. Judy has that same belligerent mentality. And I'm going to knock it out of her.

(Joan bangs on the door, and then talks sweetly as if to a child.)

JOAN. What are you doing in there, little Judy?

JUDY. (Offstage) I'm looking for pills. I'm going to kill myself.

(Meanwhile, Bette has sat down at the desk and has discovered Joan's portfolio, opens it and begins to mark huge X's over Joan's glossy face.)

BETTE. Here we go again!

JOAN. Now don't do that, Judy. Please come back to the party. We were having such a delightful time weren't we, Bette?

BETTE. (Not looking up from her work.) Of course!

JOAN. Come out, dear. We'll let you sing "Over the Rainbow."

BETTE. What a treat.

JOAN. Will you can it?

JUDY. (Offstage) I didn't say anything.

JOAN. I was talking to Bette, Dear. Judy, please come out of that bathroom. My patience is very low today.

JUDY. (Offstage) I'm going to kill myself. I'm through with pills they take too long. I'm going to slit my throat.

(A glass shatters in the bathroom. Joan runs to the bathroom door and puts her ear to it.)

JOAN. Bette, Help me, Please.

BETTE. When B.D. threw tantrums like that, I would just leave the house. I never had time to put up with her petty bullshit.

JOAN. (Whispers) That's a brilliant idea, Bless you.

BETTE. That'll get her out, besides, I got to piss.

JOAN. May I look?

BETTE. Don't push it, Ms. Hudson.

JOAN. Sorry, Bette, dear. (Loudly) Well, Judy, Bette and I are going out for a little bite to eat.

(Bette stands up and grabs her purse.)

BETTE. Joody. We're going to your favorite restaurant.

JOAN. Hamburgers.

BETTE. French Fries.

JUDY. (Offstage) Go fuck yourself. I'm never going to eat again. Joan called me fat, and I'm going to stay in here until I starve myself to death.

BETTE. Have a nice time. Let's get going, Joan.

JOAN. Okay, Bette.

BETTE. And don't forget the Pepsi. They have this tendency to water down the drinks at the rainbow room those cheap cocksuckers.

(The two women grab their mink coats from the hallway and leave out the front door. Silence. Judy comes out of the bathroom, her hair is disheveled and her make-up smeared. She goes to Joan's record collection and finds her Carnegie Hall album and puts it on the turntable. She puts the needle down and as the overture begins she pumps herself into the legend "Judy Garland" and sways to the memory of her legendary night. She crosses to the phone.)

JUDY. Hello, Butch. This is Judy...Oh, darling, I'm fine! I love you, too. Listen, I'd like to order a meal...Several! I'd like a side of beef, a case of Blue Nun, a gallon of mashed potatoes, and don't forget the gravy this time!

(She hangs up the phone. She spies the St. Joan script on the coffee table, picks it up. She fishes her reading glasses from her handbag and put them on. She leans leisurely back on the couch, props her feet up and throws open the script.)

JUDY. Oh, boy, some light reading.

(Lights fade)

Act 1, Scene 3

(Later that night. Judy is passed out on the couch. The apartment is a wreck! The floor is littered with food containers, alcohol and pill bottles and a record scratches on the last groove. Shortly, Bette and Joan appear in the doorway. Joan is in heaven while Bette is bitter.)

JOAN. Bette, our fans still remember us.

BETTE. Joan, you've always been a publicity whore.

JOAN. I'd bottle myself and sell it door to door if I felt it would help me get ahead.

BETTE. You should stick to head like you've always done.

(Bette throws her fur at Joan who hangs them both up in the closet. Bette enters further into the room, and is the first to discover the trashed apartment and smiles. Bette makes a beeline for the bar and mixes herself a drink.)

JOAN. I tell you, Bette, there's nothing more invigorating than having fans tearing at you begging for autographs.

(Joan turns around and sees the destroyed apartment and her jaw hits the ground. Her eyes survey the damage and then land on Judy on the couch. She moves to her.)

JOAN. Oh, dear God. She finally ended it...

BETTE. She's not dead--unfortunately--she's passed out.

JOAN. Look at that lush: drunk and slobbering all over my couch and my white rug.

BETTE. Joan, turn off that dreadful phonograph.

(Joan, pissed, crosses to the record player, removes the needle and holds up Judy's "Alone" album.)

JOAN. Bette, she's been listening to her own records.

BETTE. How that singing sociopath has made it this far, I'll nevah know.

JOAN. Bette, I can't stand it another second! Help me clean up this pigsty.

(Joan drops to her hands and knees and begins to clean up the mess.)

BETTE. Forget it, Joan. I'll drop my gin.

JOAN. When I get my hands on that lush, I'm gonna...

(Bette, who has sat down, discovers Judy's little black book beneath her. She holds it up.)

BETTE. Look what I found! Judy's diary.

JOAN. Put that down! Rude...

BETTE. I'm going to read it! (She imitates Judy.) "I've decided to write a book. I finally have something to talk about." Christ!

JOAN. Stop that nonsense and help me clean up this mess.

BETTE. "People I hate: LB Mayer, Sid Luft, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Judy Garland."

(Joan picks up a Voodoo doll from the coffee table.)

JOAN. Oh, Bette, look, she made this cute little doll...

BETTE. That's not a doll...

JOAN. She looks like me, but the poor dear has pins stuck in her.

BETTE. Idiot, that's a Voodoo doll.

(Joan screams and throws the doll down. She continues to clean.)

JOAN. She's trying to kill me.

BETTE. Joan, why should that be a surprise to you, everybody wants you dead.

JOAN. That's not very Christian.

BETTE. I'm not a Christian.

JOAN. But God loves me.

BETTE. God might love you, but everyone else thinks you're an ass.

JOAN. I don't know why I allowed you to shack up with me.

BETTE. The same reason you do everything, publicity.

JOAN. I did it out of sisterly love...(Joan lets out a blood curling scream.)
AHHHHHHHHH!

(She staggers onto her feet holding a shell of the "St. Joan" script obviously burned to a crisp.)

BETTE. What the hell is wrong with you?

JOAN. Judy burned my script!

BETTE. Bless her!

JOAN. Put a sock in it!

BETTE. That pile of ashes can't be your only copy!

JOAN. It is! I've been writing this comeback for myself for YEARS!

BETTE. There is a god in heaven!

JOAN. Ohhh, I'm going to slaughter that drunk cow.

(Joan shakes Judy violently.)

JOAN. Garland, this is your wake up call!

JUDY. (mumbling) Tell Mr. Mayer I'm sick.

(Bette crosses to Judy and shakes her, too.)

BETTE. Judy, get your whore ass up.

JOAN. Help me pick her up.

BETTE. With her litter bearing hips, I'll throw my back out.

(They pick her up and she mumbles something incoherently and falls back onto the couch.)

BETTE. I have some smelling salts in my purse.

JOAN. Hurry...

(Bette gets a smelling salt from her purse and puts one under Judy's nose. Judy rouses slowly.)

JUDY. I smell Sid's mother...Where am I?

BETTE. Pay attention for God's sake. This isn't Kansas and we're not friends of Dorothy.

JUDY. Am I over the rainbow?

JOAN. Who the hell do I look like the tin man?

JUDY. Oh, god... No....no!

(She blacks out again falling back on to the couch.)

BETTE. Joan, we better let her sleep it off.

JOAN. (She begins to weep.) My precious script! What am I supposed to do now? That role was my return to the living. I'm ruined.

BETTE. Say, Joan, that's the best acting you've ever done! Joanie...Joanie...It's going to be all right. Darling, sit down.

(She pushes Joan down on the chair.)

BETTE. Shh. Mother God-Damned is here to fix you right up. And you'll be back on your back in no time. Drink this (She hands Joan a drink) and put this under your tongue (She puts a cigarette in Joan's mouth like a thermometer.)

JOAN. (Downing the drink.) What was that?

BETTE. A little pick me up.

JOAN. I couldn't have been kinder to Judy. I was whipping her back into shape and she did this to me.

BETTE. (Playing dumb.) It does baffle the mind why she'd stoop so low.

JOAN. I'm going to throw that bitch out on the sidewalk. We'll see how far she gets on that talent of hers. She can't stay under my roof and betray me!

BETTE. Deah, everything will look better in the morning. Why don't you get some shut eye?

JOAN. I can't sleep with this apartment so filthy.

BETTE. I'll clean it.

JOAN. You don't know how to scrub it the way I like it.

BETTE. Come on, now, let's go beddie by...

(Bette escorts a weary Joan to the bedroom. A few seconds later, Bette reenters with a grin on her face. She crosses to Judy.)

BETTE. Joody...Joody...wake up, dear. It's me, Bette.

JUDY. Crawford gone?

BETTE. I knew you were awake!

JUDY. You're cross with me?

BETTE. No! It was marvelous...Burning that trashy St. Joan saga to ashes! What a performance!

JUDY. Queen Bee makes me so God-Damned mad. How dare that bitch try to pull one over on you and me!

BETTE. Ha! And this dump of hers looks like a cyclone hit it.

JUDY. You know, Bette, it's what I do when I get angry! I destroy things and then I gobble as many pills as I can and then I eat...(A tiny laugh.) It's my act.

BETTE. We know! Jooty, you and I need to gang up on Crawford. To get back at her for double dealing us.

JUDY. Bette! I just thought of something: what if she throws me out?

BETTE. She can't...

JUDY. That's what she just said! Didn't you hear her? I'm scared! I have nowhere to go except "Over the Rainbow." Oh, dear God! I better call Sid...

BETTE. Stop it! Now, listen to me! Joan can't kick us out. Not if we stick together. We'll beat her at her own stupid game.

JUDY. Bette, you're brilliant! All we'd have to do is call the our people and leak the fact that Joan threw us out lock, stock and barrel!

BETTE. Now that's using your noodle! She'd never toss us out knowing the lousy publicity she'd get. You know how she worships everything written about her.

JUDY. So, let's just stay put.

BETTE. Exactly...Besides, I can't leave. Crawford put me in a pickle. Until I'm offered a role in a picture, I'm afraid I'm as broke as you are.

JUDY. This is a marvelous way to stab her in the back after she tricked us.

BETTE. Now, Jooty, will you please clean up this dive?

JUDY. No!

BETTE. I'll give you a present...

JUDY. What?

(She opens her purse and hands Judy a bottle of pills.)

BETTE. These! I was saving them for your birthday, but I think you've earned them.

JUDY. (Reading the label) Benzedrine!

BETTE. Now will you clean up this crap?

JUDY. (Popping pills) Yes!

(Bette begins to put on her coat, gloves and hat.)

BETTE. You and I are going to get along just fine, sister...Just fine!

JUDY. Where are you going?

BETTE. Out! After spending all day with that snake, I deserve some fresh air.

(Judy starts picking up trash from the floor.)

JUDY. Listen, you go out and I'll have this shanty sparkling like a diamond by dawn!

BETTE. Thank you, Jooty! And remember...no matter what Joan says or does: we stay put!

JUDY. Right, Bette.

(Judy has found the Voodoo doll and holds it up. Bette eyes it. They both grab a pin and stab the doll violently.)

BOTH. Take that...and that...and THAT!

(We hear Joan scream. Judy and Bette laugh wickedly as lights fade.)

End of scene 3

Act One, Scene 4

(The next morning. The room has been completely transformed into Joan's palace. The radio, TV, and a record plays simultaneously. We hear Judy humming. She is happy.)

JUDY. Come out, come out wherever you are...Come to Momma.

(She crawls out from behind the couch scouring the floor for pills, finds one and pops it in her mouth.)

JUDY. You little, red devil. Trying to sneak by me!

(Joan, wearing mourning clothes, looking unhinged and scattered enters. She carries a urn and ceremoniously places it on the mantle. Judy crawls behind the couch trying to hide. She turns off the t.v., radio and scratches the record. Joan spots Judy and stares down at her with hatred.)

JOAN. There you are!

JUDY. You scared me.

JOAN. Judy, come here!

JUDY. I'm afraid.

JOAN. You better be. You're in hot water, girl.

JUDY. I didn't do it.

JOAN. God-damned, Garland, why? Why!

JUDY. I told you, I didn't...

JOAN. Then who?

JUDY. Francis!

JOAN. Francis Farmer?

JUDY. No. Francis Gumm. The little Judy Garland...The part of me that died to create this.

JOAN. Shut up, Judy! That double personality, Gemini bullshit might work on those fairies that flock to your concerts, but not me. You destroyed my career in one of your stupid manic tantrums! Are you out of your mind?! Answer me!

JUDY. I plead insanity.

JOAN. You better plead for your worthless life.

JUDY. You're no saint yourself, Lucille...

JOAN. I'm warning you, Francis, don't push me or I'll...

JUDY. Or you'll what?

JOAN. I'll heave that trunk of yours right out the window on to 7th Avenue.

JUDY. You wouldn't dare! I was born in it!

JOAN. The hell I won't.

JUDY. I cleaned your apartment for you.

JOAN. I don't give a shit about this hell hole. That script...

JUDY. That garbage wasn't worth the paper it's written on. "Voices" my celluloid ass. How dare me? How dare you!

JOAN. Judy! There's no controlling you is there? I tried my hardest to be sweet to you, and you shit all over me. I want you out of here! (She crosses to the phone.)
Hello...security...

(Judy crosses to Joan and grabs the phone out of her hand.)

JUDY. Give me that! You don't know who you're dealing with. Go ahead try to throw me out! I dare you. But let me warn you: I'll be on this phone to the papers quicker than you can say Clark Gable.

JOAN. You have no power, girl.

JUDY. I'm not a girl, girl. Now, you get this straight! I'm going to stay here and there's nothing you can do about it. I'm going to park my fat ass on this divan until my next comeback at the Palace.

JOAN. Now, Judy, honey...

JUDY. (Ignoring her.) I'm hearing voices...

JOAN. We have to iron this out...

(JUDY covers her ears and begins to sing at the top of her lungs.)

JOAN. Damn you, woman! I'm fed up! You insubordinate, destructive brat. This is unacceptable! Unacceptable! Do you hear me? I'm tired of dealing with you!

(She storms off into the bathroom. Judy reclines back on the couch satisfied with her victory.)

JUDY. Poor. Poor. phony, Joanie.

(Joan storms out of the bathroom more enraged!)

JOAN. You gobbled every pill in my medicine cabinet!

(Just then, Bette comes through the doorway. She looks radiant.)

BETTE. Guten Morgan, Joan! Bueno Aires, Judy.

JUDY. Good morning.

JOAN. What's good about it?

BETTE. Oh, girls, I have some very important news: I'm in love!

JUDY. Who is he?

BETTE. Shh. You'll wake him...

JOAN. Wake him! You mean, he's here?

BETTE. Oh, yes. (She sits on the couch.) His beauty can't be described. He's charming, he's graceful, and the most attractive man I've ever met. He has the body of a Greek God! And virile! My God! He wore me out. I can barely walk!

JOAN. Where did you meet Mr. Hot britches?

BETTE. Last night after you went nuts, I went to Sardi's! I was having a cocktail at the bar, and he appeared out of thin air.

JUDY. How romantic...

JOAN. This isn't the Hollywood Canteen and you're too old to be entertaining the troops.

BETTE. Jealousy isn't your best color, dear...try peach.

JOAN. Dammit! I want you all to CLEAR OUT! I'm through playing this game!

JUDY. The games have just begun!

BETTE. That's right Crawfish. We're not budging an inch.

JOAN. I'll make you lives a living hell.

BETTE. You're the one who made us move in here with that stupid "St. Joan" idea.

JOAN. I'm at my wits end with both of you two pickled pusses. If you know what's good for you, you'll let the door hit you where the good lord split you!

MAN. (Offstage) Bette?

BETTE. Oh, hush...Here he comes.

(A very handsome man in his mid 20's, enters wearing a towel exposing his chiseled chest. This is MADISON.)

MADISON. Mornin', ladies.

(He drops his towel and walks boldly through the living room into the bathroom. Judy and Joan stare at him in amazement and disbelief. Bette just beams and primps.)

JUDY: So, it's sausage for breakfast!

Blackout

End of act one.

Act 2 “Bridge”

Act Two, Scene One

(Two months later. All four are playing bridge around the coffee table and a thick cloud of smoke hovers above them. Joan and Judy are partners. Bette and Madison are partners. Madison acts as the dummy. A note about their appearance and manner: they have dropped their guards and the gowns are a tad less glamorous. It is obvious they have been living together for a while.)

JOAN. It's your play, Joots.

JUDY. I'm thinking...

BETTE. It's only bridge...

JOAN. Take your time... We're ahead!

JUDY. What suit is trump?

BETTE. Hearts!

MADISON. She's so sweet...

(Joan and Bette look at him. Meanwhile, Judy pulls out a book of hints and reads it.)

JOAN. Bless you.

BETTE. He meant me, dear.

MADISON. Actually... I was referring to her. (He nods to Judy.)

BETTE. Madison, aren't you supposed to be the dummy?

MADISON. Well, I...

BETTE. Act like it and clam it up.

JOAN. Madison, stand up for yourself.

MADISON. Bette, dearest...

BETTE. (She shoots him a look.) What?

MADISON. I...I...

JUDY. I'm trying to concentrate.

JOAN. (Pats Judy's hand.) Shhh. Not now.

BETTE. If you have something to say, spit it out.

MADISON. You look lovely, dear.

BETTE. Thank you.

JOAN. It's clear who wears the pants in your household.

BETTE. And he better nevah forget it. (barking at Judy.) This is the longest game in the history of bridge.

JOAN. Madison, run into the kitchen and grab me a Pepsi out of the Fridgedaire.

MADISON. Yes...Miss Crawford.

(He jumps up.)

JOAN. Oh, dear Madison, you've lived here two months, you can be less formal.

MADISON. Yes, Lucille Lesueur.

BETTE. (Cracks up) Good honey...

(Madison walks into the kitchen. Judy finally throws down her last card.)

JUDY. Read 'em and weep.

BETTE. (Throwing down cards.) I knew you had that ace!

JOAN. Good girl...(She tallies up the score.)

BETTE. What's that in your hand?

JUDY. (She hides book behind her back.) Nothing.

(Bette stands up and tries to pry the book away from Judy who has a death grip on it.)

BETTE. Give me that book you little cuss.

(She bends Judy's arm behind her back.)

JUDY. Ouch. You're breaking my arm.

(Madison comes back carrying a present and reading a letter.)

MADISON. Joan, I can't read your handwriting.

(Rushes to him and snatches the letter, gift and hides them.)

JOAN. Not in front of , Bette, you dope.

MADISON. Oh, I love cufflinks...

BETTE. Say, "Indian" before I twist this off.

(Madison sees Bette twisting Judy's arm for the first time.)

MADISON. Bette! Leave her be.

BETTE. She was cheating us.

JUDY. She's going to murder me.

MADISON. (Crosses to her.) Let her go.

BETTE. No!

MADISON. If you don't let her go, I'm not taking you to "paradise" tonight.

BETTE. You don't play fair. (She releases Judy.) There.

(Bette sits on the chair, removes her glasses and poses seductively.)

JOAN. An innocent game of bridge and you act like it's the God-damned Olympic games.

MADISON. Did she hurt you?

JUDY. She broke my arm. My left one, too. How will I throw the microphone chord? There goes my comeback at the Palladium.

(Judy puts her head down on the table and cries. After about a minute, she looks up to make sure she's getting attention.)

MADISON. (To Bette.) Now, dear, I won't tolerate you persecuting my Judy.

JOAN. She's big bully.

BETTE. Are you two Helen Keller? She was cheating. Cheating!

JUDY. You didn't have to torture me!

MADISON. You should be ashamed of yourself, dear.

BETTE. Jooty, I'm sorry.

JUDY. I'll live...

(She crosses to the couch and sulks. Madison nurses her and she loves the attention.)

MADISON. Shall we finish the rubber?

BETTE. What's the score?

JOAN. (Proudly.) One final hand, and we take it.

BETTE. You padded the deck.

JOAN. That's untrue. We are winning because of skill, engineering, and strategy. Being a sore loser doesn't suit you.

BETTE. I'm not a sore loser! I don't mind losing fairly, but our lady of the diet pill was blatantly cheating. I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't have a card tucked up her ass.

JUDY. (Pouting.) Let's play another game.

MADISON. Old Maid!

(All three recoil in horror!)

JOAN. I could go for a rousing hand of strip poker.

BETTE. I don't want to play cards anymore... like an old biddy. I'm bored with this crap. Playing bridge all day, HA! I'm tired of resting on my laurels. I want to act!

JOAN. (Sweetly.) I was attempting to get you in front of the cameras again....

BETTE. Judy destroying that dismal St. Joan epic was the most humane act of the year! As long as I have nicotine in my lungs, it will be a cold day in hell before I play the mother to that...mother.

MADISON. Why don't you just relax dear?

BETTE. I'm not retired! There's plenty of piss and vinegar in me.

MADISON. If you three stopped bickering for one second and put you're thinking caps on, you could probably come up with a St. Joan script with all of you playing the role.

BETTE. No comments from the penis gallery!

JOAN. Why didn't I think of that? (Brainstorming) Judy could play her as the young maiden on the farm...

JUDY. I do my best work playing girls on farms.

JOAN. Bette can play her on the battlefield, and I could be the Saint!

JUDY. I remember the script. I've got a photographic memory.

(Joan grabs the score pad and a pencil and rushes to Judy's side.)

JOAN. Oh, Joots! Tell me what you remember...

JUDY. Wait a minute, why should I help you when you've been nothing but mean to me!

JOAN. If you tell me, no more punishment?

JUDY. No more dictation?

JOAN. I'll wipe the slate clean. Now, tell me!

JUDY. With all this pressure it went right out of my mind.

MADISON. Maybe we should just hypnotize her.

JOAN. Ooh. Sensational brainstorm, lover.

JUDY. Are you sure that's safe?

JOAN. Certainly! Now, Judy you sit on the davenport and take 5 deep breaths.

MADISON. (Putting a pillow behind Judy's head.) I'll be your fluffer.

JOAN. Now, let your mind go completely blank...and I'm going to count backward from 10 and when I reach 1, you'll be in a deep sleep. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5...

JUDY. I'm scared. What if I go to the dark side and I don't come back?

BETTE. We'll throw a party!

JOAN & MADISON. Shhh.

JOAN. 4, 3, 2, 1...

(Judy suddenly passes out.)

JOAN. (Astonished.) She's out! Madison, write down every detail! (She hands off the pad and paper to Madison.) Judy, can you hear me?

(Judy responds hypnotized.)

JUDY. Yes.

JOAN. I'm going to take you back into your memory where you see a script...

JUDY. I see one...

JOAN. Tell me what you see!

JUDY. France. A layer of fog lies around an old house and a young, androgynous girl appears...

JOAN. That's me! St. Joan! Now, Judy tell mama more!

JUDY. She begins to...

(Doorbell rings. Judy's eyes pop open. Bette makes a beeline for the bar.)

BETTE. Saved by the bell!

JOAN. Dammit!

JUDY. What happened?

JOAN. You failed, like always! Judy, door!

JUDY. You said no more punishment. Liar!

JOAN. My minute of graciousness is over. Open that door.

JUDY. Oh, don't make me answer it.

(Doorbell.)

MADISON. I'll get it for her!

BETTE. You take one step toward that door, buster and you'll be gimpy!

(Doorbell.)

JUDY. I just can't. What if it's one of my creditors and he serves me a subpoena?

BETTE. Pretend you're the maid.

(Doorbell)

JUDY. You think I can?

MADISON, BETTE & JOAN. Sure...yeah...It's not Antigone.

JUDY. As long as you believe in me, I think I can do it!

BETTE. Break a leg!

(Judy crosses to the door. We hear her off-stage. She completely changes her voice to a thick German accent pretending to be the maid.)

JUDY. Guten Tag! Nein, Er ist nach hearen...Ja. Ich leiben dich! Ja.

(She comes back carrying a huge manila envelope.)

BETTE. What's in the package?

JOAN. I love fan mail!

(Joan snatches the envelope and begins to open it.)

BETTE. You're not the only legend around here! Give me that package.

(Bette rips the envelope from Joan and tears the package open. In her haste, Bette doesn't notice the note that falls to the floor. Joan, quickly picks it up.)

BETTE. It's a brand-new script! (She kisses it!)

JOAN. There's a note. "Dear Miss Crawford and Miss Davis, I have written my new vehicle "Winter's Harvest" for the two of you to star in. Pick a scene for me to view, and I'll drop by in 2 weeks to watch it. Sincerely, Tennessee Williams."

BETTE. How did that asshole know I was here?

MADISON. He's my Uncle.

JOAN. Tennessee Williams is your Uncle?

MADISON. Yes. I wrote and told him I was living here with you three.

JOAN. Bette, Tennessee's trying to help you make a comeback!

BETTE. Ha! Just like he did with that crap *Night of the Iguana*! He hired Bette Davis and then tried to write me out of the play!

MADISON. Well... If I would have known it would upturn your apple cart, I would have told him mail it to Ms. Bankhead instead of you.

JUDY & JOAN. Score.

BETTE. Mr. Williams is making a weak attempt to make amends, and I accept.

JUDY. Wait a minute, shouldn't that script be for Joan, Bette and Judy?

JOAN. Why would that be so?

JUDY. Because Tennessee's queer and all queens love me!

JOAN. There's no part in it for you because Tennessee Williams doesn't write musicals!

JUDY. I can do more than sing, you tone-deaf crow.

BETTE. (Sweetly) We'll let you sing the theme song, dear.

JUDY. (Beginning to fume.) I don't want to sing the fucking theme song. I'm sick and tired of being a jukebox!

BETTE. Judy, you're showing your fat ass again.

JUDY. You told me we'd stick together, old woman.

BETTE. Sorry, this is a dame eat dame business.

(Judy throws a fit and tries to run into the bathroom, but Joan is too quick for her this time and blocks the door.)

JUDY. Alright! Fine! You're both cutting me out! I'm so angry! I'm going to go into the kitchen and get the biggest butcher knife and I'm really going to really slit my throat this time.

(She runs off into the kitchen.)

MADISON. Oh, Judy don't! Oh, Judy!

(Madison follows her into the kitchen.)

JOAN. Judy's still milking that victim role.

BETTE. So unprofessional but the nellies flip over that crap!

JOAN. Honestly, I'm glad I've never been a fag hag!

(Bette and Joan cackle like witches.)

(Lights fade.)

Act two, Scene 2

(The following scenes between should be fast and furious like a great game of Bridge. They are the passing of two weeks time. Madison sits alone and Judy peeks her head around the corner.)

JUDY. Madison...Psst.

MADISON. Judy...

JUDY. I'm so embarrassed. I made a spectacle out of myself again.

MADISON. Poor, dear.

JUDY. I never was strong like those two. I wish I was, but I'm more like a paper lantern in the rain.

MADISON. But your talent is astounding.

JUDY. Yeah, my talent. My talent. That's all I ever hear is my talent. I just want someone to love me for me...not my voice, but for me.

MADISON. Lots of people love you.

JUDY. Name one.

MADISON. Well...uh...your fans!

JUDY. My fans...I love them, but you can't take them home. You can't pack them up in your trunk and hold them when it gets lonely and dark. After A show, I walk in the door and Francis Gumm holds out a drink to me and says, "Judy, we need to talk!"

MADISON. That's so sad. I wish I could help you.

JUDY. Maybe you can... See, I'm trying to write my memoirs... I have a publisher who's been hounding me to write my side of things, but I can't concentrate long enough to organize myself.

MADISON. Judy, I'd do anything for you ...

JUDY. If you help me, I'll split it with you right down the middle.

MADISON. I'm very tempted, but what about Bette?

JUDY. She'll be all wrapped up working on that scene with Joan. We'll work on it in the quiet of night. It'll be our secret. Deal?

MADISON. Deal!

(They shake on it as the lights fade.)

(Lights cross fade to where Bette and Joan hold scripts they have been working on. Bette directs Joan. They have been going at it a long time.)

BETTE. Do it again... and remember my notes!

JOAN. You make me nervous

BETTE. Grow some balls. GO!

JOAN. (as Anne.) "Elly, you promised you'd return for me!"

BETTE. (as Elly.) "Anne, I didn't want to betray you..."

JOAN. (as Anne.) "I walked to Vermont freezing to death, starving and here you are living in privilege..."

BETTE. Cut!

JOAN. What am I doing wrong?

BETTE. Everything! You must hold Tennessee in the same regard as Shakespeare!

JOAN. Who?

(Lights cross fade to Judy and Madison. Judy talks while Madison writes notes.)

MADISON. Tell me about your TV show. Rumor on the street is that were drunk.

JUDY. Untrue! That fiasco aged me 30 years.

MADISON. Because they cancelled it?

JUDY. No...I'm used to being cancelled.

(Lights come back up on Joan trying the speech again while Bette watches her like a hawk.)

JOAN. "I starve and froze to death." (She breaks character.) Why won't you let me do my part my way?

BETTE. It's drek. If you want to act with Bette Davis, you have to pay the price.

JOAN. Not everyone can act like you.

BETTE. Well, they should! What does she want?

JOAN. Well, I think...

BETTE. She wants revenge.

JOAN. Oh, that's a good idea. (She makes a note in her script.)

BETTE. What do you do when you want revenge?

JOAN. I...I...I call my press agent.

(Lights cross back to Judy and Madison.)

JUDY. The most horrific thing that ever happened to me during that show actually didn't happen to me. See, my friend, sometimes it's what happens to someone we love that kills us. See, they murdered my friend Jack Kennedy, and I couldn't go on. I was shattered and those producers told me I couldn't cancel my show...And I said I somehow had to pay my respects to this great man and they told me I was insane, nuts, crazy, drunk and that I was the only one who missed him and I said, "He's the fucking President. Somebody's got to do something!" and right then I decided to go behind their backs and do "Battle Hymn" and they couldn't stop me. Not after I sang the roof off CBS. And I didn't sing for me, but for my friend, one of the kindest, sweetest men who lived...I swear to God, after I conquered that song, there wasn't a dry eye in the house! I used to sing "Over the Rainbow" to him on the phone to cheer him up. Not one single day goes by that I don't miss him...

MADISON. I know what you mean...He sure was cute.

(Lights cross fade on Joan and Bette taking a cigarette break. Joan does exercises while Bette mulls over the script.)

BETTE. You're no better than when we started!

JOAN. (Exercising.) That's....not...true. Feel my stomach! I'm as strong as a horse.

BETTE. You're not a Seabiscuit!. What is the significance of the title?

JOAN. I don't have a clue. I throw open the script, read my lines and throw out the rest.

BETTE. Acting a part is a privilege...An honor!

JOAN. This character is beyond me...I can't comprehend her.

BETTE. You must expand your range. That's the trouble with these new dames in Hollywood. We as their elders have to set an example.

JOAN. You're right! These starlets don't know how to get on their knees and really work for a part.

(Lights cross fade on Judy and Madison.)

JUDY. And they think it's funny! Judy the clown had taken another tumble.

MADISON. Well, get back up!

JUDY. There's NOT another comeback left.

MADISON. You don't mean that!

JUDY. I'm thinking of quitting show business. I hate Hollywood and everyone in that cardboard town.

(Lights back on Joan and Bette. Joan tries on gowns.)

JOAN. Should I wear the red or the green?

BETTE. Looking up at Joan.) What in the hell are you doing?

JOAN. I want to dazzle Tennessee.

BETTE. Christ Joan, acting is more than showing off your figure. "No guts, no glory." That's my motto.

JOAN. But I see things differently; “No gowns, no glory!”

BETTE. I’m trying to help you, God-dammit.

JOAN. What makes you such an acting expert?

(Bette reaches into her purse and slams her two Oscars down on the table.)

BETTE. There! That’s why!

(Lights come back on Madison and Judy.)

MADISON. If you throw in the towel and surrender, they win! Movie over, roll credits.

JUDY. But..

MADISON. (Throws pad of paper down!) My God, woman! You don’t know who you are, do you? Don’t you know what you represent? You are a warrior for us. You think it’s your tragedy we’re attracted to, don’t you... it’s not. It’s your strength. It’s how you rise from the ashes like a phoenix over and over again. Mr. Kennedy is dead. You have to stand in his place.

JUDY. There’s not a song left in my body!

MADISON. Sing for your friend, Mr. Kennedy.

(Judy sings the last few bars of a song with a zeal and vigor we’ve never seen. This is not just Judy singing, but a woman fighting for her life.)

MADISON. (Crying.) Oh, that was the prettiest song I ever heard.

(Lights back on Bette and Joan. Bette polishes her Oscar.)

BETTE. Is she playing her God-damned records again?

JOAN. I won an Oscar, too.

(Joan crosses to the mantle and cuddles her own Oscar.)

BETTE. They gave you that out of pity.

JOAN. I worked like a little dog for my statuette!

BETTE. You slept with everyone for it...including Trigger.

JOAN. A diva does what a diva must.

BETTE. Joan, you need to raise your standards!

JOAN. Perhaps you need to lower yours...

BETTE. If I didn't have standards, I wouldn't be where I am now. (Realizing where she is.)

JOAN. (Gloating.) Exactly, dear! Shall we try again?

Act Two, Scene Three

(Midnight. Joan sits on the couch in her robe. She plays solitaire.)

(Madison comes into the room dressed in a robe.)

MADISON. Hi, Joanie...What are you doing?

JOAN. Playing solitary.

MADISON. Oh...

JOAN. Why are you up at this hour?

MADISON. Getting Bette a drink.

(Joan puts a cigarette to her lips and does a helpless pose.)

JOAN. I mislaid my lighter...

MADISON. (pulls out lighter.) I'll light it for you.

JOAN. (She eyes his crotch.) That's BIG of you.

(He crosses to the bar and makes a drink. Joan does a quick repair job on her make-up and crosses to the archway where she poses. Very Crawford of the movies. Madison turns around to see Joan blocking his way. He's stunned.)

JOAN. Not so fast.

MADISON. Oh, dear. (He downs his drink.)

JOAN. Call me, hotcakes...

MADISON. Hotcakes?

JOAN. I don't bite, dear...(She pulls him closer.)

MADISON. I have to get back.

JOAN. That old alligator handbag! Just close your eyes and pretend I'm a man.

MADISON. Joan, stop it!

(Joan rips off his robe leaving him in his underwear. She paws his chest.)

JOAN. Give your momma a little lip lock, handsome.

(Joan pulls down his underpants and pulls him down on the couch with her but he attempts to wiggle away, but she has him caught like a spider does a fly.)

MADISON This is wrong!

JOAN. (She mounts him.) Ride 'em, cowboy.

(Bette walks into the room, and she sees them on the couch.)

BETTE. What the Sam hell is going on here?

(Joan and Madison jump 12 feet apart. Bette charges into the room ready for a fight. Madison hurriedly puts on his robe.)

JOAN. Oh, Bette...

JOAN. You came in the nick of time! Madison's a vulture...

BETTE. Can't keep your claws off anything with a pulse.

JOAN. He was helping me practice the love scene and we got carried away!

BETTE. Can your crap!

MADISON. Can I?

BETTE & JOAN. Shut up!

(Madison runs off yelling!)

MADISON. Fight! Fight! Judy! Hurry! Fight.

BETTE. The night before our big audition with Tennessee Williams. How could you?

JOAN. I was trying to clear up my complexion.

(Madison returns with Judy.)

JUDY. Oh, boy, I love fights.

JOAN. I'm innocent.

BETTE. Get it through your thick wig! That cock is mine!

(Joan and Bette face off with fists raised.)

JOAN. He thrust himself upon my virtue.

BETTE. I'm going to knock your lights out. We've had this date from the beginning, Blanche.

(Bette charges into Joan's midsection and the two of them fall over the couch and the entire fight is a series of cat noises and yelling. We see an occasional arm, leg, shoe, wig. Judy and Madison stand by and yell as if at a spectator sport.)

JUDY. Smack her.

MADISON. Hit her in the head.

(Adlib. All of a sudden, there is a THUD! Bette rises out of breathe wheezing and coughing. Hacking up a lung.)

BETTE. For the love of God.

MADISON. What dear?

BETTE. She nearly killed me with her FALSIES!

(Joan and Bette, out of breath, climb onto the couch. After a moment, Judy begins laughing hysterically and this causes a chain reaction.)

JUDY. You both looked like two cougars in heat!

MADISON. Aren't you mad at each other?

BETTE. Hell no. We needed to clear the air.

JOAN. Shall we have a game of bridge?

MADISON. At this hour?

BETTE. I can't sleep now!

JUDY. (puts a cigarette in her mouth.) Place your bets!

(Judy shuffles the cards like a Vegas player as the lights dim.)

Act Two, Scene Four

(The next day. Madison, dressed in a nice suit, talks on the phone.)

MADISON. Are you sure you gave him the correct address? Tennessee's is definitely coming! That's all I wanted to know. Bless you! (He hangs up the phone.)

(Judy comes into the room. She is dressed in a gown obviously too tight for her.)

JUDY. Good Afternoon, Maddie!

MADISON. (whistles) Look at you! I haven't seen Tennessee in years. I'm just about to fall apart at the seams.

JUDY. Me, too. (She pats her tummy.) I'm about to bust out of this girdle. I've been on my iced tea diet for two weeks in order to squeeze into this old chestnut.

(Bette comes charging through the door dressed in a period dress from one of her films.)

BETTE. Good afternoon, everyone!

MADISON. You look like a million dollars.

BETTE. I feel like 2 million. Where's Lucille?

JUDY. Trying to get her carpet to match her drapes.

MADISON. You ready for your scene?

BETTE. I memorized the entire script: all my lines, her lines...I'm going to show Tenne...

(Joan, suddenly, makes a grand entrance. She stands in the doorway with a gown that's cut up the sides and down the cleavage. She has transformed her hair, her make-up and looks like an image from one of her early films. "Our Dancing Daughters" or one of those relics.)

JOAN. Ladies and Gentleman, Ms. Joan Crawford.

BETTE. Who in the hell are you supposed to be?

JOAN. My dazzle's going to blind him.

JUDY. He's going to take one look at you and his dentures are going to fall out.

BETTE. You're playing a middle-aged madam from the south, not a jazz baby.

JOAN. Tennessee expects Joan Crawford. If he wants the girl next door, he can go to Ms. Garland. (Points to Judy.)

BETTE. Go change! You're going to blow our chances with your tits sagging on the floor.

(Intercom buzzes.)

MADISON. (Goes to the intercom.) Yes! Come up! This is the most exciting day of my life!

JUDY. I need the powder room.

(Judy runs to the bathroom. Joan begins running around the apartment straightening things.)

JOAN. Oh, dear God, look at this apartment. Dirty, shabby...

(TENNESSEE WILLIAMS stumbles in. He looks 99 years old. His clothes are rumpled, dirty and he's obviously drunk. He wears an ugly toupee. Upon his entrance, he stumbles to the ground.)

TENNESSE. Where's the pisser?

MADISON. Right this way. Oh, Judy's in there...Use the one in the hall.

(They exit.)

JOAN. Bette, Tennessee looks like something dragged up from the river.

BETTE. Success has been unkind to him.

JOAN. I'll have to get this entire place dry-cleaned.

(Judy bursts out of the bathroom singing a song trying to impress Tennessee.)

BETTE. Pipe down songbird, He's in the crapper.

JUDY. Damn.

(Madison leads Tennessee back into the room. Tennessee eyes Madison's butt seductively.)

MADISON. I'm so happy you came by.

TENNESSEE. Me, too, honey.

(Joan intercepts Tennessee and puts her arms about him.)

JOAN. Mr. Williams, I wish to tell you how blessed I am to have you in my humble home. Won't you sit down? (She indicates the couch.)

(He sniffs the air and leads her to the bar.)

JOAN. Oh, no! He's tight enough! (Trying a fresh approach.) Dear, dear Tennessee! How lovely to see you again.

(Joan gives Tennessee a tug like a horse and leads him to the mantle.)

TENNESSEE. What in the hell are you?

JOAN. Well...I'm...Joan Crawford.

TENNESSEE. Who in the hell dug you up?

(Joan's jaw drops to the floor. Bette stands up making an attempt.)

BETTE. Hello, old pal!

TENNESSEE. (a little laugh) You're a drag queen?

BETTE. How dare you, you drunk old goat.

(Bette thumps her cigarette ashes on him and crosses to the couch.)

JUDY. Mr. Williams, I loved your play *The Trolley Car Named Desire*.

TENNESSEE. You are?

JUDY. Judy Garland!

TENNESSEE. I thought you were dead!

(A moment of awkward, deathly silence.)

TENNESSEE. (Yelling.) I want a drink.

JUDY. I'll fix you one.

TENNESSEE. Not you hunchback...(points to Madison.) Him.

MADISON. Me?

TENNESSEE. A bourbon stat, boy!

MADISON. He assumes I'm the butler.

(Tennessee plops down in a chair and pulls out his flask. Madison pours him a drink. Bette takes this moment to speak to Madison.)

BETTE. Madison, he sure is disrespectful.

MADISON. I can't help it..Here we are Mr. Williams!

TENNESSEE. Thanks, baby.

JUDY. Dear Jesus, He's double fisting.

JOAN. Now, that we're all set, Bette and I have prepared a little selection from your new script.

BETTE. It's the best script--Ever!

TENNESSEE. Fuck me running! Why is it as soon as people meet me, they want to audition for me. Do I have central casting stamped on my forehead? Huh?

JOAN. Sit back and let Bette and I entertain you.

TENNESSEE. Oh...a floor show. Cripes. (He takes a drink.)

(Joan and Bette begin their little scene. While they are acting, Judy begins to sing at the top of her lungs. Tennessee falls asleep during their scene with his cigarette burning. Madison watches the 3 ring circus taking place.)

JOAN. "You have to take me in!"

BETTE. "I'm not in the position to help you." (She looks at Tennessee and yells:) Stop it! CUT!

(Judy continues to sing.)

BETTE. One more note out of you, Francis, and I'll kick you into next week!

(Judy shuts up)

BETTE. Tennessee fell asleep!

MADISON. With a lit cigarette.

JOAN. He's going to burn my place down.

JUDY. I fell asleep once with a lit cigarette and torched the entire west wing of the house...

BETTE. Save your narrative for your freaks.

JOAN. (Kicking the chair.) Tennessee, wake up!

TENNESSEE. (applauds weakly.) Was that from "Menagerie?"

JOAN. No.

TENNESSEE. "Streetcar?"

BETTE. No! "Winter's Harvest!"

TENNESSEE. Huh?

BETTE. You idiot! It's your new script!

TENNESSEE. Script? I haven't written anything in 6 months. I certainly did not write that drudge. I was told this was a bridge party with three legends.

BETTE. (Gives Madison the stink eye.) I wonder WHO gave you that impression.

TENNESSEE. I'm ready to play cards! The old bag bridge club! I'm lucky at cards, but unlucky in love. Shuffle them cards.

BETTE (to Madison.) You wrote that script didn't you?

MADISON. Yes! I did!

BETTE. I knew that dogshit couldn't be Tennessee Williams. I'm going to strike you!

JOAN. Not so hasty. It's lowbrow and backbiting, but clever...If I didn't possess those qualities, I wouldn't have ever become Joan Crawford.

BETTE. Don't you stand there and protect him.

TENNESSEE. Ladies! Ladies! There's only one talent in this room I'm remotely interested in.

JUDY. Told you so! Oh, Mr. Williams...My bad days are over! (She takes a drink.)

TENNESSEE. Not you! Him. (point to MADISON.) Listen, kid, I like your moxie, your ambition, and your ass. You want a daddy, I'll pretend I'm your uncle. Name your price. (He pulls out his wallet) Oops, I'm fresh out of Pesos...you take Mastercharge?

MADISON. Wait, you mean a date?

BETTE. Madison, don't you dare!

TENNESSEE. Close your mouth woman! (Feeling up Madison.) Boy, let's get out of this cat house while we're both young and virile.

MADISON. I'm scared.

TENNESSEE. That's alright, kiddo, Daddy'll show you the ropes...

(Tennessee escorts Madison out the door coping a feel of his ass as they go.)

JUDY. (As they are leaving.) Tomorrow is my birthday and we're having a little shindig in which you're cordially invited.

(Joan, Bette and Judy have a moment of shocked silence.)

JOAN. That's a fine how do you do.

JUDY. Outfoxed by a fluff.

BETTE. I've never been so humiliated in my life.

JOAN. What shall we do now?

(They sit for a second and Bette picks up Judy's book of hints and reads from it.)

BETTE. "Instructions for an advanced game of....old maid."

(Blackout.)

Act Two, Scene Five

(The next morning. Joan, Bette and Judy play old maid. Each one has a birthday hat on. There are balloons and presents around the room. The radio plays.)

RADIO ANN. Today we celebrate the wonderful Judy Garland's birthday. Wherever you are, we hope you are happy...

(The first strains of one of Judy's songs plays. Bette, in a huff, turns it off.)

BETTE. Where in the hell is Madison? He's been out all night with that pervert.

JUDY. Calm down, Bette, all my husbands did the same thing.

BETTE. It's your play, Joan!

JOAN. Do you have any queens?

JUDY. Do I ever! Oh, boy!

(Madison staggers in with his clothes tattered and torn. His hair is a mass of grease.)

MADISON. Morning, Ladies.

BETTE. Look who finally decided to come home.

MADISON. What a night. What a man. Tennessee's a devil! He took me to his "pad", and we smoked these funny little cigarettes and he defiled me. It was dark, nasty and I'm in love.

BETTE. So, I'll bet you feel mighty proud of yourself! Don't you? Fooling us old fossils?

MADISON. I'm sorry...

BETTE. Sorry my left tit! Building us up with promises of a comeback and not only was he NOT your uncle, but you BANGED him. I'll neveh speak to you again.

JOAN. Oh, don't fight it's Judy's birthday...

BETTE. So what? She's decomposing. Just like the rest of us!

JUDY. Let's leave her to her bitter Bette party of one and open the presents.

(The doorbell rings. They all freeze in horror.)

MADISON. I'll get it.

(Madison goes to the door and talks offstage.)

MADISON. Oh,... Yeah, I'll give it to her.

(Madison comes back on with a telegram.)

MADISON. It's a telegram. One of you ladies is very lucky. Who wants this?

JOAN. Me!

BETTE. I do!

JUDY. I want it. It's my birthday.

MADISON. (commanding) SIT!

(All three sit on the couch in anticipation like Oscar night. Madison rips open the envelope.)

MADISON. And the winner is: Bette Davis!

BETTE. Of course it is! Thaaaaank you! (She reads it and cries.) It's here. Just in time!

JOAN. What?

BETTE. My big break! England wants me for a picture. We begin shooting immediately. I must leave at once.

(She exits.)

JOAN. I have to make her stay! Madison, help me, please!

MADISON. What can I do? She won't even speak to me

JUDY. On my birthday...one less gift.

JOAN. Selfish. Always thinking of yourself!

MADISON. Joan, you should be happy for her!

JOAN. I'm not happy for her!

(Bette enters dressed to the nines again with a suitcase, hat, fur and gloves.)

BETTE. I'm finally coming out of retirement--pulling the fur out of mothballs so to speak! Well, who's going to wish me luck?

JUDY. (Fake.) Bon voyage, dear!

JOAN. Bette, you're just going to throw our friendship out the window?

BETTE. Yes. Joan, I nevah liked you. Nevah. No matter what you say or what you do, I'll always loathe and despise you. (Smiles) Now, do want to help me with my baggage?

(Joan sits down on the couch and pouts.)

MADISON. Bette...Aren't you going to say good-bye?

BETTE. Dear, dear sweet Madison...Our love affair was doomed from the start. Take my advise: nevah love a legend. Jooty, dear, you take care of this helpless sheep.

JUDY. Yes.

BETTE. Jooty, we're all rooting for you so don't destroy yourself... Happy Birthday. (She kisses her.) Well, I'm all set. Ladies and...Laddies, It's been terrific, divine, and torture. But as they say in the pictures! "That's a wrap!"

(She slings her fox over her shoulder, puts her sunglasses on and leaves in divine fashion carrying her suitcases and her head held high. Joan attempts to cry on Madison's shoulder.)

JOAN. Madison, I'm wounded.

JUDY. I'm happy she's gone. I can listen to the radio again. (She crosses to the radio and turns it on.) This song is terrific! Come on, let's dance.

(All three dance. Joan and Madison dance together with Joan leading. Judy dances alone, but does a swell version of a modern dance. After the song, Judy turns off the radio and they all light cigarettes.)

JOAN. I still got it. I started off as a hooper...

MADISON. Hooker?

JOAN. Oh, I'll be right back.

(Pretending to be slick, Joan prances to the kitchen.)

JUDY. I'm so glad you came back!

MADISON. We still have a book to write.

JUDY. Are you really in love with Tennessee?

MADISON. No, it was a one night engagement.

(Joan comes into the room with a lit birthday cake.)

JOAN & MADISON. Happy Birthday, Judy! Happy Birthday! Judy, Blow out your candles!

(The phone rings. The all freeze in horror.)

JUDY. Hell, it's the IRS. I know what I'm wishing for.

(She blows out the candles.)

MADISON. (Crosses to the phone.) Hello...I'm sorry...Miss Garland's unavailable...This is her assistant...Can I take a message? Oh...Oh...OH, hold on, she just walked in the door.

JUDY. No!

MADISON. It's the publisher...

JUDY. Give me that. (She crosses to the bathroom with the phone.)

JOAN. What the hell is that about?

MADISON. Search me.

(Judy comes busting out of the bathroom.)

JUDY. Madison. They want my book. They are paying me an advance of \$50,000. All we have to do is write it.

MADISON. Oh, honey! I'll pack the trunk.

(He runs out.)

JOAN. I don't understand.

JUDY. See, Madison and I have been secretly writing a book...

JOAN. A book?

JUDY. My autobiography!

JOAN. You can't just leave! You ran up my phone bill sky high.

(Madison comes back with the trunk and parks it by the door.)

JUDY. I'll mail you a check.

JOAN. This isn't the God-damned Plaza Hotel!

MADISON. We're all packed!

JUDY. Honey, when we get to California, remind me to give you a raise!

MADISON. Why?

JUDY. You're my new manager and fiancé!

MADISON. Oh, Judy, I love you!

(Madison runs out the door carrying the trunk)

JOAN. But what about your presents?

JUDY. I almost forgot! Now, I'll have something to hock.

(Judy scoops the gifts up in her arms and makes for the door.)

JUDY. Joan...Let's do lunch real soon! My TREAT!

(Judy bows grandly and heads out the door leaving it wide open. Joan slams the door and begins to scurry around the apartment frantically. She grabs her Oscar, lights a cigarette, and opens a Pepsi.)

JOAN. Those bloodsucking leeches. Oh, how could I have been so foolish...Come on, Lucille, pull yourself together. Don't let them beat you. (She crosses to the phone and dials.) Hello, Tima, darling... I'm fine darling, ...Live with me?...No! Why did you get evicted from that dumpster you call an apartment? I see. Well, I'm about to run off to...London to film! ... I won't have you become a pathetic weakling sucking off my sugar tit all your life. I'm not Donna Read, Lucy, or June Cleaver...I'm Joan FUCKING Crawford!

(She slams the phone down and lights quickly black out.)

The End