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SLAY IT WITH MUSIC
A Musical Black Comedy

Book and Lyrics by Michael Colby
Music by Paul Katz

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ENID BEAUCOUP

MARCY BEAUMONT

ZACHARY VON ZELL

ROSEMARIE CLINGER / YOUNG ENID / RHONDA CARLISLE / LENORE HOOPER

CHAD WALKER / MARCEL BEAUCOUP / GRANT FOSTER / MELVIN GRUNDY/TELEVISION ANNOUNCER

JILL LITTLE / YOUNG MARCY

+++++

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Overture/Prologue COMPANY

Whatever Happened to...? ROSEMARIE & TOURISTS

Second Chance / Slasher Movie ENID & ZACHARY

My Darling, My Dearest MARCY, ENID, & ZACHARY

In Love ZACHARY

You're There When I Need You ENID & MARCY

Got It All (To Get Ahead) ENID & GRANT

I Gotta Get Her Back CHAD, with ROSEMARIE & JILL

Sisters MARCY

Anything MARCY YOUNG MARCY & YOUNG ENID

Sisters (Reprise) ENID, MARCY, YOUNG ENID, & YOUNG MARCY

Slasher Movie (Reprise) ENID, ZACHARY, & MARCY

ACT TWO

Two Actresses Practicing Their Art ROSEMARIE, ZACHARY, & COMPANY

I Know a Secret JILL

Slay It With Music ENID & ZACHARY

Anywhere But Where I Am MARCY

More Than Just a Movie ROSEMARIE

-Prologue-

PROLOGUE

(The musical begins with an Overture, capped with the following Tag -- uttered by mysterious VOICES [i.e. the COMPANY])

VOICES

(Spoken:)

ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...

(They sing:)

THIS IS THE TALE OF A STAR...
 (THIS IS THE TALE OF A STAR)
 WHO MAY HAVE GONE TOO FAR!
 (THIS IS THE TALE...)
 FOR WHEN THE GREATS HAVE LOST THEIR GLORY,
 IT'S A GORY HORROR STORY!

THIS IS A STAR OF THE PAST
 (THIS IS A STAR OF THE PAST)
 WHO HAD THIS TOWN...AGHAST!
 (THIS IS THE TALE...)
 (YES, THIS IS THE TALE...)

EEEE-NID... *

(The "E" in "E-NID" can be sung like screams, each time it's repeated)

ENID...
 ENID...
 ENID...
 MISS ENID BEAUCOUP!

[* NOTE: The character's name was "EDNA" in the original production but has been changed to "ENID" to avoid comparisons to "EDNA" in the musical *Hairspray*]

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

The musical continues on a sunny day amid a Hollywood street lined with palm and orange trees. It's the not so distant past. Pink stucco houses and verdant lawns fill the background, as we see the phosphorescent sign, "HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD".

Tour guide, ROSEMARIE CLINGER, leads a group of tourists around the California landmarks -- as if these spots were the Wonders of the World. ROSEMARIE is a 25-year-old Jewish American Princess from Queens, who expects to one day be Hollywood's newest Connie Stevens. She carries and uses a whistle to direct traffic.

ROSEMARIE

(Excited; she has a Queens accent -- whereby she pronounces "R"s as "V"s)

Welcome to Hollywood Bull-a-ward: the stveet on which awl L.A. stars have tvamped. I'm yaw tau guide, Vosemavie Clinger. On our tau, we've seen the homes of Lucille Bawl, Caesar Vomevo, Cavy Gvant, and Annette Funicello. But now we're at the manor of perhaps the golden oldie of them awl...

(She can't remember)

uh, her name escapes me. ... You know, the one you never hear about anymore, who appeared in awl those old, old movies...

TOURIST 1 (JILL)

The one my Grandma liked when she was a girl!

(The OTHERS snap their fingers to remember)

ROSEMARIE

The star of SATAN WAS A LADY!

(Now EVERYONE knows whom she means)

TOURIST 2 [CHAD]

Oh, ya mean the sister of who's-it?!

TOURIST 3 [MARCY]

Yeah, I know who you mean! They say she was an incomparable beauty, actress...

TOURIST 1 (JILL)

And wacko!

ROSEMARIE

The critics called her a mankiller, and she took it too seriously.

TOURIST 1 (JILL)

I wanna know everything about her!

TOURIST 3

Yes, me too!

(They sing Whatever Happened to...?)

TOURISTS

YES, TELL US HER STORY!

TOURISTS 2 & 3

THE PLEASURE...

TOURIST 1 (JILL)

THE PAIN!

ROSEMARIE

WELL, NOW SHE'S THE QUEEN...OF AWL MEM'VY LANE!

YOU KNOW THAT MOVIE HEAD-LINER
WHO MADE GVETA GARBO SEEM TAME!

TOURISTS

IS SHE RETIRED?
HAS SHE EXPIRED?

ALL

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME?

ROSEMARIE

STUD-I-OS CLAMORED TO SIGN HER!
THE BOMBSHELL AS HOT AS A FLAME!

TOURISTS

WHAT GOLDEN TRESSES!
WHAT SLINKY DRESSES!

ALL

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME?

ROSEMARIE

FANS LINED UP AT DAWN
TO SEE HER GVEAT SHOW!
NOW SHE'S JUST SEEN ON
"THE LATE, LATE, LATE SHOW"!

ROSEMARIE & TOURISTS

JUST LIKE A THEME BY MAX STEINER
SHE FIDDLED WITH MAYHEM AND SHAME!

TOURISTS

WHAT JOY SHE'D GIVE YA!

ROSEMARIE

NOW SHE IS TVIV'YA! [i.e. "Trivia"]

TOURISTS & ROSEMARIE

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME?

(Dance break; ROSEMARIE takes photos for the TOURISTS)

ROSEMARIE

Next stop! Take your picture? Shaw! Smile... Squeeze together. Not that close!
Say "Cheese"...

TOURIST 2

I can't believe we're at who's-its home!

ROSEMARIE

ONCE AGES AGO...
HER LIFE WAS YUMMY!
NOW NO ONE WOULD KNOW
HER FROM THE MUMMY!

TOURIST 3

THERE WAS NO DIVA DIVINER!

ROSEMARIE

YET NOTHING'S FOVEEVER THE SAME!

ROSEMARIE & TOURISTS

(Dividing parts)

IS OUR STAR TWINKLING
OR MERELY WRINKLING?
IS THERE A TRACE OF
THAT FADING FACE OF...?
IS SHE STILL GROOVING (/GVOOVING)
OR EVEN MOVING?
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME?

ROSEMARIE

Next stop!

ROSEMARIE & TOURISTS

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME...
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME...
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HER-NAME...

(Their voices fade, as they walk onward and off-stage. **Lights fade**)

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

We enter the baroque Hollywood manor of ENID BEAUCOUP, aging movie star of the 40s. Presently, we peek into the entranceway/sitting room of the manor: a nightmare of Hollywood architecture, reminiscent of the House of Usher as depicted by Hammer Films. There are creeping shadows; blood-red, dripping curtains; ominous closets, corners, and cornices; and a general sense of creaky, ghostly luxury. Among furnishings, there are a prop trunk, a television set, a long rug, and a medium-size table with a telephone on top and chairs surrounding it. In addition, the room is bedecked with gaudy souvenirs of ENID's career: movie posters, photographs, and props; as well as a tall French guillotine.

ZACHARY VON ZELL, ENID's faithful retainer, enters with a tea tray. He is a weather-beaten, one-time movie hound -- physically a cross between Leo G. Carroll and Edward Everett Horton. We'll later discover that he secretly loves ENID.

ZACHARY is on his daily rounds: bringing in the mail and dusting around the guillotine. He roams over to a red-draped window to tidy it. Suddenly, unseen by ZACHARY, the drapes start rustling -- to reveal the outline of someone hiding behind them. A hand pokes out, threateningly, with a long shiny dagger. Just as ZACHARY turns around taking notice, the hand jabs the dagger into him, repeatedly and violently. ZACHARY screams out.

ZACHARY

Aaagghhh!

(He reels backwards and discovers the identity of the person behind the drapes: ENID BEAUCOUP, who is just rehearsing a scene. ENID is a pathetic, time-ravaged spectre of what was once "*Glamour*" with a capital "Gee!". Her Medusa-like mop of platinum-pink hair seems to be tied together by an ice-blue ribbon; her lips are a vampire-crimson slash, her eyes whirl around like big, sharp pinwheels, and she is dressed in a shopworn, satin Adrian gown and shawl [probably 25-years old]. Dazed, but unharmed, ZACHARY regains his composure and dusts off. He sometimes uses his pocket handkerchief to wipe off brow sweat)

ZACHARY

Really, Miss Beaucoup. ... Not again!

ENID

Oh, Zachary. Cut it out! I'm just keeping in practice.

ZACHARY

For what, pray tell? Greeting the Avon lady?

(He cleans up the place)

ENID

No, for my comeback, darling. My old producer, Happy Hathaway, confirmed yesterday. He wants me -- the great Enid Beaucoup -- to star in his marvelous new horror flick, CHOP CHOP!

(ZACHARY puts the head back in place, while
ENID sings a preview stanza of Second Chance)

AFTER LONG YEARS OF COLD SECLUSION,
MY CAREER GETS A BLOOD TRANSFUSION,
LOVELY AS SCREEN ILLUSION...
A SECOND CHANCE.

ZACHARY

But you haven't been in anything for twenty five years. And movies today use all kinds of new techniques...

ENID

(Interrupting)

Zip it, Zach. That's the very reason I must make this flick! My creative juices have fermented in the cellar too long. I'm vintage stuff, my darling. And it's time to fizz again!

ZACHARY

(Going through mail)

Junk mail.

ENID

(Sings)

TROUBLE AND RUMOR ONCE CONSPIRED
SO SOMEHOW I COULD NOT GET HIRED;
NOW I'VE WHAT I DESIRED...
A SECOND CHANCE.

ZACHARY

But you're no Juliet anymore. No Blanche DuBois even.

ENID

So, who needs those old chestnuts? Happy's offered me a superb role, one that is a reflection of the real world today. I'm going to play a mass murderer -- masquerading as a housewife!

ZACHARY

Gracious.

(ENID, in her own world, continues singing)

ENID

NOW I'VE FOUND
WITH EV'RYTHING I'VE FACED --
SECOND ROUND --
NO SECOND WILL I WASTE.

FAREWELL TO EV'RY SAD AND BLUE TIME,
DEALING WITH TYPES WHO LIE AND TWO-TIME.
THIS DAY BEGINS A NEW TIME:
(Aloud)
A SECOND CHANCE.

ZACHARY

A second chance?...

ENID

Yes...Now I can show those Lalas in Lotusland what a real actress is! And not in those silly new films with robots and spies and kewpie dolls! No...I'll be in the kind of film only someone with my background and pizazz can do!

ZACHARY

Are you sure?

ENID

(Maniacally laughing, then calmly stating:)
Darling, this is a role I'd kill -- and kill again -- for!

(She sings Slasher Movie)

YOU'RE GONNA SEE MY NAME AGAIN --
OTHER THAN IN THE OBITS!
IT'S TOUGH TO BE TOLD NEWS
THAT YOU'VE BECOME OLD NEWS--
FOR A REAL STAR NEVER QUILTS!

WHEN FEWER ROLES WERE OFFERED,
WAS BETTE DAVIS BLUE?
OR SWANSON OR JOAN CRAWFORD?
WHAT DO THE GREAT ONES DO?
THEY GRAB A GLEAMING CUTLASS
AND CUT THEIR CO-STARS GUTLESS,
MAKING A SLASHER MOVIE!
THAT'S FOR ME!

WAS TONY PERKINS DOUR,
BUT NOW HE'S BACK IN STYLE!
FOR ZINGIN' IN THE SHOWER,
HE MAKES A BLOODY PILE!
NO OTHER FILM OUTGROSSES
LIKE GORE IN DAZZLING DOSES!
FANS LOVE A SLASHER MOVIE!

ENID & ZACHARY

YESIREE!

ENID

MY FILM WILL BE A WHOPPER.

ZACHARY

EV'RY SCENE -- A HEART STOPPER.

ENID

NO CHEAP FILM WHERE PEOPLE SHED CLOTHES...

ZACHARY

NEVER!

ENID

JUST ME, AN AX, AND EDITH HEAD CLOTHES!

(ZACHARY likes the idea)

ZACHARY

CLEVER!

I'M CERTAIN THERE ARE NO STARS
WHO RANT WITH MORE FINESSE...

ENID

WHEN I SLICE UP MY CO-STARS,
I'LL WIN AN OSCAR!

ZACHARY

YES!

ENID

MY FILM WILL HAVE NO EQUAL
UNTIL I MAKE THE SEQUEL --

ZACHARY

ANOTHER SLASHER MOVIE!

ENID

THAT'S MY DREAM!

(She pulls an ax out of the prop trunk)

ZACHARY

YOU'RE GOING TO BE SUPREME!

ENID

(Posing with ax)
HICHCOCK-Y SLASHER MOVIE! (or: A THRILLING SLASHER MOVIE!)

ZACHARY

NO SCHLOCKY SLASHER MOVIE! (or: GUT-SPILLING SLASHER MOVIE.)

ENID

MY SLASHER MOVIE WILL BE A SCREEEEAM!

ZACHARY

Cut! Print!

ENID

Yeah!

(Song ends)

Now I must rehearse some more! I've borrowed Boris Karloff's props.

(She shows off the prop trunk -- with
its guns, crossbows, maces, etc.)

ZACHARY

Oh...

ENID

And, besides, there's always my own guillotine -- to practice with.

ZACHARY

All right. Orate. Just be careful.

ENID

Of course.

(After clearing her throat, she slinks over to the
guillotine and emotes to the dummy:)

So, my darling, you turned your back on me! Well --

(She picks up and slaps the dummy)
smack, smack, smack -- I won't have it! Yes, I know a sure way to
see that you never neck again!

(She pulls the lever of the guillotine -- and the blade
slashes down with a thud, decapitating the dummy)

Yaaa!

ZACHARY

(Having other things on his mind, he
gently interrupts)
Mind if I turn on the television, Miss?

ENID

(Suddenly focussed on the T.V.)
Why? Is one of my movie classics on?

ZACHARY

No, it's time for...

ENID

(Shocked by what she sees)
Aaaah! It's her!

ZACHARY

It's only your sister. I thought it would be nice -- playing her series when she arrives...

ENID

Oooh, I forgot she was coming today. Damn it! I would have stayed in bed!

ZACHARY

Oh, but she's quite good.

(ENID sneers, as they watch the T.V. set)

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER

And now for another episode of the daytime drama,...POUGHKEEPSIE, starring Marcy Beaumont.

(Music underscores the **series**)

ZACHARY

Ah, there's your sister.

ENID

(Dryly)
America's favorite bucktoothed bitch! (*alternatives for "bucktoothed": big bone / big hair*)

(We hear the **daytime show**, already in progress:)

MARCY'S VOICE (**Recorded**)

I warn you. I'll never let you marry Carrie, Larry.

MAN'S VOICE

But I love your daughter.

(We see MARCY BEAUMONT peeking through a window: in a double-vision effect so that the window-frame suggests the "live" MARCY is on television [She even mouths her lines as they are spoken on her series]. MARCY is a well-preserved, glamorous, 45-ish "star". Physically somewhere between Joan Collins, Elizabeth Taylor, and Betty White, she is a survivor. When she became too old to play young leading ladies in movies, She latched onto even more success as the queen bitch of daytime television. In person, she is regal and gracious. She dresses in the

most flattering Jackie Kennedy-style outfits, plus her trademark,
a mauve scarf)

MARCY'S VOICE (*T.V.*)

Listen. You leave her alone, or I'll tell the world your pitiful secret: how your mother sold her body to put you through medical school!

MAN'S VOICE

But I thought my mother was your best friend!

MARCY

My only true friend is...me!

(ENID can't take it. She bangs the
T.V. set, muffling all sound)

ENID

(Shaking)

Ohh. Spare my nerves! Why is it -- all the good television jobs go to the arrogant and chesty!?

(MARCY has moved onward)

ZACHARY

Miss Beaucoup. I was enjoying it!

(She stares at him with dragon eyes)

ENID

Please.

ZACHARY

Oh, give your sister some credit. No one's quite like you. But she's won two Golden Globes, an Oscar, and the Otto Preminger Humanitarian Award.

ENID

All cheap sentimentality.

ZACHARY

For her age, she looks remarkable.

ENID

Sure. She has more plastic in her than Dow Chemical.

ZACHARY

Now, please. I've prepared a tea. You'll be civil to her, won't you?

ENID

(Playing with ax)

Of course, darling. She's my flesh...and blood.

ZACHARY

Yes. Your sister, and I know that you love her.

ENID

I suppose. ... In fact, now that I'm filming CHOP CHOP, I may be lucky to have her around. The great daytime thespian, Marcy Beaumont. Perhaps she can help me rehearse my slasher movie!

(The doorbell rings with a **gong** sound;
ZACHARY goes to answer it)

ZACHARY

It's her. She's arrived! Coming!

ENID

(Fixing herself up)
Am I presentable, Zachary?

ZACHARY

(Glancing back)
You always look beautiful to me, Miss Beaucoup.

ENID

Thank you, my darling.

(He opens the door, finding a beaming
MARCY and her suitcases)

MARCY

Zachary, hello, hello! Would you rescue me?

ZACHARY

(After a double take)
Ah... Certainly, Miss Beaumont.
(He drags in the suitcases)
Come right in. Someone is waiting for you.

(Suddenly, outside the doorway, ROSEMARIE
CLINGER darts into sight. ROSEMARIE has her
autograph book and a pen -- raised in her clutching hands.
She looks like she might stab MARCY, toward whom she
lunges. MARCY, about to enter the manor, is startled)

ROSEMARIE

(To TOURISTS "outside")
It's her! It's her!
(Turning to the sisters)
It's you!

MARCY

(Looking at ROSEMARIE as if she's some
maniac)
Aaaah!

ROSEMARIE

(Thrilled)

Aren't you Mossy Beaumont -- the teviviffic, gorgeous star of films, soap operas, and mouthwash ads?

MARCY

Why, yes, my child.

(With every compliment to MARCY, MARCY swaggers with pleasure and ENID twitches in agony)

ROSEMARIE

Oh, this is the happiest day of my entire life. Yaw my idol! I've seen each last masterpiece you've ever made. Miss Beaumont, if you would be so kind, may I have yaw autogvaph?

(She hands the flattered MARCY the pad and pen)

Why not...

ROSEMARIE

Oh vapture! ... Sign it "to Vosemavie Clinger."

MARCY

(Signing)

It would be my pleasure. "To my dear, dear friend and fan, Vosemarie. All my love, Marcy."

ROSEMARIE

Thank you, Mossy!

(Excitedly spotting the seething, jealous ENID)

Oh, oh -- wait! You're her sister, aren't you!? You're what's-her-name?!!

ENID

What?!

ROSEMARIE

Oh, would you sign my book too?

ENID

(Thinks for a moment; then answers:)

Ssscram, kid!

(ZACHARY forces out ROSEMARIE and bolts the door -- as MARCY steps inside)

ZACHARY

Get!

(ROSEMARIE gives one last admiring look and giggle toward MARCY, then leaves)

ENID

(Greeting MARCY)

My sister -- in person!

(Hereupon, the sisters greet each other with almost forced affection. They sing My Darling, My Dearest!)

MARCY

OH, ENID!

ENID

MARCY!

(They force a hug)

BOTH

OOO!

MARCY

WHY, I COULD CRY!

ENID

ME TOO!

MARCY

MY DARLING,
MY DEAREST,
I'VE LONGED TO SEE YOU SO!THIS WEEK WILL BE
SO HEAVENLY,
YOU WON'T WANT ME
TO GO!I NEVER GET TO SEE YOU...
WE MUST CATCH UP, MY DEAR!
YES, ENID,
MY HONEY,
I'M HERE!

ENID

(Responding -- equally emphatic;
somewhat mocking)MY DARLING,
MY DEAREST,
I'VE LONGED TO SEE YOU TOO!
I'LL MAKE YOUR STAY
SO GRAND -- YOU MAY
BEMOAN THE DAY
IT'S THROUGH.I MISS YOU IN NEW YORK WITH
(Condescendingly)

YOUR T.V. HIT, ALAS...

MY SISTER,
MY ALLY,
 (To herself)
MY ASS!

MARCY

OH DEAR! SHE SOON HAS GOT TO KNOW
THE NETWORK CANNED MY T.V. SHOW,
SO I NO LONGER CAN AFFORD
TO PAY FOR MY SISTER'S BED AND BOARD!

ZACHARY

IT'S DELIGHTFUL
HAVING THE SISTERS TOGETHER AGAIN!
NOTHING SPITEFUL;
IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES, BUT BETTER THAN THEN!

ENID

I HELPED TO LAUNCH HER, YEARS AGO;
WHILE HER FAME ROSE -- MINE TUMBLED SO!
BUT WHAT'S DESERVED WILL BE RESTORED
TILL EACH OF US GETS HER REWARD!

(The parts combine)

MARCY
OH DEAR! SHE SOON
HAS GOT TO KNOW
THE NETWORK CANNED
MY T.V. SHOW
SO I NO LONGER
CAN AFFORD
TO PAY FOR MY SISTER'S
BED AND BOARD!

ZACHARY
IT'S DELIGHTFUL
HAVING THE SISTERS
TOGETHER
AGAIN!
NOTHING SPITEFUL;
IT'S LIKE OLD
TIMES, BUT
BETTER THAN THEN!

ENID
I HELPED TO LAUNCH HER,
YEARS AGO,
WHILE HER FAME ROSE --
MINE TUMBLED SO!
BUT WHAT'S DESERVED
WILL BE RESTORED
TILL EACH OF US GETS
HER REWARD!

ALL

OH DEAR! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL FAINT -- I FEAR!
BUT STILL, AT LEAST I WON'T BE BORED!

(For different reasons, each exclaims,
overlapping:)

OH LORD!...
OH LORD!...
OH LORD!...
OH LORD!

(They look at each other, then continue
as they started)

ENID

MY DARLING!

	MARCY
(Overlapping) DARLING!	
	ENID
DEAREST!	
	MARCY
DEAR...	
	ENID
YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT'S NEW...	
	MARCY
WHAT'S NEW?	
	ZACHARY
(Edging to a corner of the room)	
I'LL GET MORE TEA.	
	MARCY
DO, ZACHAR-Y!	
	ENID
A POTENT, STEA- MY BREW!	
(ZACHARY observes from the side)	
I'VE JUST BEEN HIRED!	
	MARCY
I'VE BEEN FIRED!	
	BOTH
(Shocked -- for different reasons)	
SISTER, I COULD CRY!	
	ENID
MY DARLING!	
	MARCY
MY DEAREST!	
	ENID, MARCY, & ZACHARY
(Facing outward)	
MY, MY!	
	ENID
(Secretly delighted)	
You were fired?	

MARCY

Actually, the whole company was fired. The station axed POUGHKEEPSIE.

ENID

How could anyone be so cruel? Give me the details.

MARCY

Well, our ratings never recovered after my character had that affair with the reformed cannibal.

ENID

(Friendly)

What a shame. But the public doesn't always respond to truth in art.

(ZACHARY serves a tray of tea,
buns, and finger sandwiches)

MARCY

And, what's worse, Enid. I soon may not have the salary to support this house.

ENID

(Lips trembling)

Ww-what! You know this house means my very...sanity!

ZACHARY

Anyone want a bite?

MARCY

Believe me, I don't want to hurt you. I love this house. I love you, Enid.
But I may have no choice.

ENID

(Taking a sandwich)

What about all the loot you snared on T.V.?

(Bites into sandwich)

MARCY

Oh, forgive me, Enid. But it was all squandered by my three ex-husbands.
You know how I'm always falling for young, vital men.

(To ZACHARY)

I'll have a honeybun, please.

ENID

Damn it! Why do you have to marry them all?

MARCY

Well, what should I do? Just let them take advantage of me?

ENID

You sure know how to pick 'em! There was Manuel, the bullfighter who tried to find work...in Manhattan. And Gunther, the Olympic swimmer who almost gave you a stroke. But the worst was Chad Walker, that beach bum who deserted you when the surf was up.

MARCY

Please, Enid. Don't go on. Now, you know that I went to an astrologer to see why I *always* have such bad luck with men. And she said, "Marcy, you can't help it. You've got Pluto in Uranus."

ENID

Oh my.

MARCY

(Changing subjects)

Well, I am sorry that I may not be able to help you financially now. We may have to sell the house.

ENID

(Getting a hold of herself)

No matter. I'll pay my own way. Happy Hathaway wants me to make a comeback in his marvelous new slasher movie!

MARCY

(Her spoon rattling against her tea cup)

Oh my God! A slasher movie... You're kidding!

ZACHARY

No. It's absolutely true.

(ZACHARY nods in concurrence)

MARCY

Oh, Enid, you can't, you mustn't! Why, you'll rattle the skeletons in our closet!

ZACHARY

(Calming MARCY and looking at ENID)

Stir carefully.

ENID

I've nothing to hide!

MARCY

(Jumping up and pacing)

Nothing, hah! Only a lifetime of tragedy, violence, and our rivalry for your hairdresser, Grant Foster, ending in his unsolved murder -- his hair parted by a hatchet!

ENID

(Shaking head)

Oh, bringing that up again! Well, the hell with the past. You're just jealous 'cause it's my turn in the spotlight!

MARCY

Listen, dear! I had to lie on the witness stand to clear you when Grant was hacked up. I had to say you were with me that night, when I was busy on my own.

(MARCY paces nervously)

ENID

(With an edge)

Incidentally, where were you that night...?

MARCY

(Changing subject)

And I won't have you reminding people of it all!

ENID

Aw, stop nitpicking. I want to make this movie!

MARCY

(With angry tone)

I'm putting my foot down!

ENID

My, aren't we sour today.

MARCY

It's hard to be sweet!

ZACHARY

Now, ladies, be nice!

ENID

(Defiant)

Well, what 're ya gonna do?

MARCY

I'm going to march right over to Hathaway's office and convince him what a **bad** idea it is to cast you in a slasher film!

(She prepares to leave, but ENID has her own idea)

ENID

(As if giving her sister a warning shot)

Marcy, don't do that to me. I'm warning you.

(In reflex, ENID bangs the T.V. set.
She hears MARCY'S T.V. VOICE blast out)

MARCY'S VOICE

(From the T.V.)

You'll suffer for what you've done. You parasite!

ENID

You are not going...

(ENID again bangs the T.V.)

You are not going anywhere!

MARCY

(Gesturing determination -- on her way out)

Enid, please -- just drop it!

(MARCY starts to leave, almost tripping over the rug. ENID contemplates pulling the rug under the oblivious MARCY)

ZACHARY

Careful.

ENID

(On cue)

All right, darling. If you insist!

(She subtly pulls the rug, which MARCY doesn't see. Thinking she has mis-stepped, MARCY falls back and hits the ground)

MARCY

Ohh!

(In pain -- her right leg broken)

My million dollar leg. I think I've broken it!

ZACHARY

(Running over to the grounded MARCY; inspecting her leg)

Looks bad. I'd better go make a splint.

(He leaves)

ENID

Yes, Zachary. Use the old sheets, darling.

ZACHARY

Yes, Miss.

ENID

("Comforting" her sister)

Oh, I'm so sorry, sister dearest. But at least this time -- you fell for something other than a husband!

MARCY

Enid, what am I going to do?

ENID

(Her mind drifts)

It'll be okay. You don't need a husband.

MARCY
No, Enid. I mean about my leg?

ENID
Oh, that? Well, don't worry. I'll take care of you!

(They reprise My Darling, My Dearest)

MARCY
BUT WON'T YOU MIND?

ENID
NAH!

MARCY
YOU'RE TOO KIND.

ENID
(Pushy)
NOW JUST UNWIND!

MARCY
I'LL TRY...
MY DARLING...

ENID
MY DEAREST...

BOTH
(With an ominous overtone)
MY, MY!

(Blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

We enter the kitchen of the manor. Therein, a red-curtained, windowed door casts an eerie shadow. A meat cleaver and knives may be in view on a kitchen table.

ZACHARY may have a bucketful of ice nearby. He sings In Love.

ZACHARY
THERE'S TROUBLE AFOOT
AND I NEED A HAND.
SHOULD I STAY PUT?
SHOULD I TAKE A STAND?

WHEN THOSE SISTERS MEET,
IT'S MURDER -- AND SO
CAN I KEEP THINGS SWEET?
KEEP ENID IN TOW?

YES, I MUST
BECAUSE OF JUST
ONE THING ABOUT ENID
NO ONE MUST KNOW...

I'M IN LOVE
WITH THE NUT --
SINCE I FIRST BEHELD HER ON-SCREEN!
THOUGH HER MIND IS KIND OF UNWINDING,
I STILL FIND HER AS SPELL-BINDING
AS THE BEAUTY WHO ONCE STOLE EACH HEART
AND SCENE!

THOUGH HER THOUGHTS AND LOOKS ARE FADING,
AND HER LANGUAGE NEEDS UPGRADING,
SHE'S THE LIFE AND LIGHT PERVADING
ALL I DO!

I'M IN LOVE
WITH THE NUT --
I DON'T CARE WHATEVER SHE'S DONE!
MY INFATUATION IS FERVENT
THOUGH -- TO HER -- I'M JUST A SERVANT;
JOBS WITH NORMAL PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE AS FUN!
SINCE SHE FLASHED THROUGH SOME PROJECTOR,
SHE'S MY CAVIAR AND NECTAR;
AND I'LL STAND BY AND PROTECT HER
MY LIFE THROUGH.

AND ALTHOUGH
SHE'S A NUT,
SO -- SHE'S A NUT!

(Aside, possibly gazing at a
framed picture of ENID)

THERE'S NONE I'D RATHER VIEW...
I'M SLIGHTLY NUTTY...TOO!

(He ponders)

It's not easy being in love with someone who'd put her sister's leg into a cast and then insist on autographing it. Now I have both of them to care for. Oh well, I better prepare today's luncheon -- fruit salad. Ah, bananas. Perfect for Enid. She needs her potassium.

(ZACHARY prepares a lunch of fruit. Meanwhile,
JILL LITTLE is seen peeking through a window.

She is a pretty, creepy 11-year-old girl in the tradition of "*The Bad Seed*," "*Village of the Damned*," and/or *Wednesday* from "*The Addams Family*." Furtively, JILL steals into the kitchen. She silently stares at ZACHARY, who is slicing up a banana. Suddenly, he is surprised to see JILL -- her eyes fixed on him)

JILL

I like bananas. May I have one?

ZACHARY

No, you may not! And who are you?

JILL

Jill Little. The girl next door.

ZACHARY

Next door? Doesn't Mrs. Jenkins live there?

JILL

Yes. She's my grandma. My mom and dad left me with her when they moved to Australia.

ZACHARY

Really...

JILL

Grandma tells me a famous T.V. star is here visiting. Where is she?

(She starts playing with a kitchen knife.
ZACHARY cautiously takes it away)

ZACHARY

Jill! You shouldn't do that.

JILL

Grandma says the lady who lives here was once a star too -- until people said she turned her boyfriend into hamburger with a hatchet!

ZACHARY

That's just not true!

JILL

(Bordering on ferocity)
Are you calling my grandma a liar?

ZACHARY

(Stashing away all the knives in
sight)

Of course not. But no one ever could prove who killed that fellow. So don't spread malicious rumors. You know, the Boogyman punishes bad little girls.

JILL

(Tittering)
 Oh, the Boogyman can't hurt me!
 (She pulls out slingshot and shoots
 at ZACHARY)
 I have a slingshot!

ZACHARY

Ow!

JILL

See how good my aim is!

ZACHARY

Well then,
 (In an annoyed tone:)
 Jill, if you just keep quiet -- why then, you may have a banana.

JILL

Okay.

(He gives her a banana -- stuffing her mouth)

ZACHARY

Here, sweetheart.

JILL

(Her mouth full of banana)
 Mmmm...

ZACHARY

(Gently forcing her out the door)
 Now run along. Go back to Granny.

JILL

But Grandma keeps telling me to go play near the highway.

ZACHARY

Goodbye, Jill.

JILL

Bye -- for now.

(She drops the banana peel and leaves.
 ZACHARY sits and muses)

ZACHARY

Turned her boyfriend into hamburger. What a monstrous thing for that child to say. How horrid to be reminded of the day, twenty-five years ago, when Grant Foster died. Everything started out so well that day. Enid had arranged for Marcy's big break in her new movie SHIEK TO SHIEK. She even gave Marcy a monogrammed mauve scarf...

(Lights dim around ZACHARY, as he recalls that fatal day. We flash back to a shadowy lot. The movie, ***SHEIK TO SHEIK*** is being rehearsed. ENID and MARCY -- i.e. the actresses playing the older versions, now portraying the characters, 25 years beforehand -- enter in costume.
NOTE: Other flashbacks will not feature the "older actresses")

ENID

(Taking out mauve scarf)

Marcy, I have a special, good-luck present for you. A monogrammed mauve scarf --

(Tying the scarf tightly around
MARCY's neck)

as a symbol of our everlasting ties...

MARCY

(Touched)

Aww...

ENID

And to cover that ugly mole on your neck.

MARCY

You're too good to me.

ENID

Right.

ZACHARY

(Recalling)

During the rehearsal, there was no sign of impending mayhem. But after they rehearsed their big musical number, the nightmare began...

(He fades out, as we concentrate on the past. ENID and MARCY are seen, rehearsing their number, You're There When I Need You. They both wear red capes and carry scimitars. RHONDA CARLISLE, a production assistant [portrayed by the actress playing ROSEMARIE], is seen, attending to production preparation)

RHONDA

Places please! People, places. Okay. On-camera rehearsal for SHEIK TO SHEIK! Ready on the controls.

VOICE 1

Ready!

RHONDA

Harem music, Harry.

VOICE 2

Check!

Miss Beaucoup. RHONDA

Yes, darling, let's do it! ENID

Okay. Take it from the last section. And action... RHONDA

Five, six, seven... VOICE 2

(ENID and MARCY sing You're There When I Need You)

ENID
 YOU'RE THE
 HOOD ON MY HEAD,
 THE CAPE FOR MY BACK,
 THE JAM ON MY BREAD,
 THE KNICK FOR MY KNACK.
 YES, I HAVE TO SAY
 YOU'RE THERE WHEN I NEED YOU!

MARCY
 YOU'RE MY
 WINE WHEN I'M DRY,
 MY TOW'L WHEN I'M DAMP,
 THE SUN IN MY SKY,
 THE OIL IN MY LAMP.
 IT'S FUNNY THE WAY
 YOU'RE THERE WHEN I NEED YOU!

ENID & MARCY
 LET OTHER PEOPLE DRIFT
 IN AND OUT OF MY LIFE,
 THERE'S NO ONE WHO'S AS SWIFT
 CHASING MY STRIFE.

ENID
 THAT'S FOR SURE!

MARCY
 YOU'RE THE
 SOAP FOR MY SCENT!

ENID
 THE WALL FOR MY FORT!

MARCY
 THE ROOF TO MY TENT,

ENID
 MY BRA FOR SUPPORT,

BOTH
THE HINGE FOR MY DOOR!

ENID
YOU'RE THERE WHEN I NEED YOU;

MARCY
THERE WHEN I NEED YOU...

ENID & MARCY
(ENSEMBLE may also sing along)
THERE WHEN I NEED YOU...
NEED I SAY MORE?

(The number ends. ENID and MARCY hug each other in triumph)

RHONDA
That's a wrap! Did you get it?

VOICE 1
Got it!

RHONDA
Okay! That's it, everyone. Thanks, Miss Beaucoup.

ENID
Fine, darling.

MARCY
How was I, Enid?

(The following exchange should be reminiscent of the **conversation in Scene 4**: after YOUNG ENID and YOUNG MARCY performed for their father)

ENID
Wonderful, just wonderful. Especially your hair.

MARCY
But you're the real actress, Enid.

ENID
Yes, but you'll get there.

(We see ZACHARY -- looking like a **younger version** now)

ZACHARY
Superlative, Miss Beaucoup. And your sister shows great promise.

ENID

Thank you, Zachary. You're so kind.

(Taking off her red
cape, handing it over)

Now would you ask wardrobe to add some emeralds and sapphires to this.

ZACHARY

Yes, Miss Beaucoup.

(GRANT FOSTER appears, played by the actor also portraying
CHAD. GRANT is a dashing, truly virile 35-year old **hairedresser**
-- a 1940s counterpart to Warren Beatty in "*SHAMPOO*". Though he
is ENID's lover, he seems somewhat infatuated with MARCY,
whom he approaches)

Marcy, Marcy, I adored you. You were magnificent!

(ENID observes and GRANT covers his
tracks with the added statement:)

Just like your sister!

(ENID interrupts, taking GRANT aside)

ENID

Grant, my love. I need you to prepare me for tomorrow's shooting.

(She saunters to her dressing room area)

I'll wait for you in my dressing room.

GRANT

Yes, yes, of course.

(Upset, MARCY approaches GRANT)

MARCY

But, Grant. What about our plans?

GRANT

We'll just have to put them off.

MARCY

Ohh...

(GRANT joins ENID in the dressing room.
ENID poses in front of a dressing-room **vanity**
-- where there is a collection of cosmetics
and hair-styling paraphernalia.)

ENID

Hurry, my love. I'm waiting.

GRANT

I'm coming, Enid.

RHONDA

(Referring to a backdrop)

All right. Let's lose this!

(She practises a tap step. Then becomes frustrated)

I said lose it!

(The focus shifts to the dressing room.

GRANT is somewhat distracted and nervous)

GRANT

Relax, lambchop. I'm here.

ENID

Oh, Grant. Caress me.

(Half reluctantly he hugs -- possibly kisses -- her: actions which ENID passionately reciprocates)

GRANT

(After the fact)

Will that do?

ENID

Oh, Grant. You're as adept a lover as a coiffeur!

GRANT

Yes. But right now your hair needs my attention -- for tomorrow.

ENID

(A bit disappointed)

As you wish, Grant...

(GRANT takes out a comb and other hairdressing items; he acts distracted)

You know, I wouldn't let just anyone else into my curls.

GRANT

Among other things...

ENID

(Laughing)

Oh, you're such a naughty boy. Someone should spank you!

GRANT

(Ignoring her flirtations)

Well, Enid, which would you prefer: rinse or dye?

(He runs his hands through her hair)

ENID

Dye...dye...my darling.

GRANT

As you chose. But first, I must condition.

(He runs his hands through her hair again)

ENID

Oo, Grant. You send caterpillars down my spine. Now make me look pretty. As pretty as Marcy did today.

(Acting as if ENID has hit a raw nerve, GRANT doesn't really notice what he's doing -- as he mixes the peroxide and ammonia proportions for ENID's hair solution)

GRANT

Yes, she was beautiful.

ENID

What?

GRANT

(Covering)

I said...it was beautiful -- beautiful the way you encouraged Marcy today.

ENID

Yes, thanks to me, wasn't Marcy...umm...fairly good?

GRANT

Absolutely.

(While GRANT dyes ENID's hair, they sing Got It All (To Get Ahead))

ENID

HOW OUR POPPA
WOULD BE PROUD!

GRANT

SHE SANG BRIGHTLY...

ENID

(Interrupting to qualify)

IF SLIGHTLY
TOO LOUD.

(Joking)

HER CHURNING
WAS TURNING

MEN RED.

GRANT

SHE'S GOT IT ALL
TO GET AHEAD!

ENID

SHE WAS NEARLY
GOOD AS I.

GRANT

CAN'T DISPUTE YOU...

ENID

(Increasingly verging on jealous sarcasm)
SO CUTE, YOU
COULD DIE.

GRANT

YOUNG, ZESTY,
AND CHESTY!

ENID

WELL SAID.

GRANT & ENID

SHE'S GOT IT ALL
TO GET AHEAD!

ENID

(Catching on, as GRANT feels compelled to confess)
YOU SEEM AS THOUGH SHE IS
YOUR LOVER -- NOT I.

GRANT

MY SWEET -- WHAT YOU SEE IS
NOT FAR FROM A LIE:

THOUGH SHE HAS, IN ESSENCE,
REFUSED ME AS YET,
I'VE LOVED MARCY...YES, SINCE
THE FIRST TIME WE MET.

(The hurt in ENID'S face builds)

ENID

GRANT, YOU MONSTER!

(She starts to rise)

GRANT

PLEASE DON'T LEAP!

ENID

ALWAYS FLIRTING...

(He's unintentionally pulling at her hair)

YOU'RE HURTING
ME, CREEP...

GRANT

YOU'VE FAME AND
ACCLAIM; AND
YOU'LL SEE...
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL --
YOU DON'T NEED ME!

ENID

WE CAN MAKE IT!

GRANT

IT WON'T WORK...

ENID

DON'T FORSAKE ME!
YOU'LL MAKE ME
BERSERK!

GRANT

STOP SHOUTING;
OUR...OUTING
NOW ENDS. (or: *STOP SCREAMING;
THE DREAMING*)

ENID

I WOULD STILL...

CHAD

(Interrupting)
WE COULD STILL
BE FRIENDS...

ENID

DON'T SHAME ME!

GRANT

DON'T BLAME ME...

ENID

DROP DEAD!

GRANT

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL! ...

ENID

SHE'S GOT IT ALL!

OH, DAMN IT ALL...

(Sadly pausing for a moment, then bitterly stating:)

I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD!

(At this point, we see **handfuls of hair** coming out of ENID's head -- as the oblivious GRANT works on her. After the number, she tries to regain her cool)

ENID

Oh, Grant, how could you!

(She notices something strange)

Hey! What's happening here? My head -- it feels so funny... Ahh! My hair -- it's falling out! It's all falling out!

GRANT

(Seeing bunches of hair in his hands; he realizes:)

I've been so nervous talking to you -- I mixed the conditioner with your depilatory.

ENID

Oh no! No! You've scalped me, you savage!

GRANT

This could be serious.

ENID

(Hysterical)

You bet it is! It's bad enough your lusting after my sister! But for doing this to my hair...!

GRANT

Enid, get a grip...

(She has bald spots now)

ENID

Look at me! I resemble Erich Von Stroheim!

(GRANT reaches out to comfort her, possibly with a scarf -- which she may wrap around her head)

GRANT

I'm sorry, Enid.

ENID

Stay away, you butcher! ... I could murder you for this!

(She starts to run off)

Enid, wait!

GRANT

ENID

(Exiting)

No! No!!

GRANT

Wait!

(For a moment, he looks devastated)

Holy smoke! What she looked like!

(Gazing at the hair in his hand)

I guess I did take a little too much off the top.

(Against his better nature, he starts to giggle. Then subdues himself)

Well, on to Marcy -- for a while. No woman ties down Grant Foster for long. ...

(Ominous shadows pervade the area. GRANT gathers his things. Still nervous, he calms himself down by whistling the tune of You're There When I Need You)

GRANT (Cont'd)

Oh shoot, I forgot. They say it's bad luck to whistle in a dressing room.

(Lights dim)

Hey, what's with the lights?

(Suddenly, a FIGURE appears in the shadows -- concealed in a black, hooded coat or robe. The FIGURE carries the hatchet/tomahawk -- used earlier as a prop in the rehearsal. Meanwhile, GRANT overhears something)

Is someone there? ... Who is it?

(The FIGURE approaches GRANT in the dressing room. GRANT is cleaning up the fallen hair)

Oh, it's you. Well, what do you want? I'm waiting. ...

(No answer)

Speak up. ...

(The FIGURE moves in with the weapon)

What are you doing with that? Hey, hold it! That's not funny! Stop!

(He raises his arms to protect his face)

Stop!! Ahhh!!!

(There is a rush of Bernard Hermann-type "Slash Music".
If possible, we see the hatchet plunged into the head of GRANT -- dead with a tortured expression. The FIGURE may run off. Then, the murder tableau fades. In stream-of-consciousness fashion, we see present-day **ZACHARY's shadow** in the **kitchen** -- as his flashback ends with one final vignette: on another side of the stage, LENORE HOOPER -- a quintessential 40s gossip columnist -- broadcasts the **radio news**. LENORE is played by the actress also portraying ROSEMARIE CLINGER)

LENORE

(Tapping microphone)

Good evening! This is Lenore Hooper -- with one of Hollywood's hottest headlines of the 40s. Today, Hollywood queen, Enid Beaucoup, was cleared of charges in the grisly slaying of Grant Foster, her paramour-coiffeur.

(Rolling eyes and acting skeptical:)

Seems there was inconclusive evidence, and Enid has the best lawyers in town. ... Currently, Enid is sequestered in her house -- in a bad, bad way from all the bad, bad publicity. Anyway, while Enid is indisposed, her concerned sister, Marcy will replace Enid in the lead role of SHEIK TO SHEIK. My, what those sisters won't do for each other!

(Lights fade on LENORE, as we return to the modern-day ZACHARY and **kitchen** of the Beaucoup manor)

ZACHARY

How horrid to be reminded of the day Grant Foster died...and Miss Beaucoup went bald.

(He sighs and reprises
In Love)

I'M IN LOVE
WITH A NUT...
LOVE WITH A NUT...
THOUGH IT CAN BE BIZARRE,
I'M NUTS ABOUT THAT STAR!

(He hugs a big cantaloupe or cheese soufflé, as the scene ends. **Blackout**)

ACT ONE
SCENE FOUR

The spotlight hits CHAD WALKER, MARCY's last ex-husband. He is a Troy Donahue-type, aging hunk.

He once used his magnetic good looks to get women, money, and movie roles; but -- in his late-thirties -- the glow has dimmed. Still, CHAD is struggling to maintain his high style of life.

Currently, he is dressed in what resembles an old and moth-eaten outfit of Warren Beatty's -- along with dark sunglasses. He waves goodbye to an unseen woman; she has dropped him off at the corner of a sunny Hollywood Street -- where there's a public telephone. His face and shirt are covered with lipstick marks, and he is somewhat ruffled. On the side, ROSEMARIE CLINGER and JILL have been observing.

CHAD

(Gazing off-stage)

Thanks for the lift. Ciao, baby!

(ROSEMARIE runs over to him)

ROSEMARIE

Wait up, gvous. Hey, you. Aren't you Chad Walker -- Mossy Beaumont's ex-husband and star of early beach movies like LOCO IN ACAPULCO and DANGEROUS BIKINI?

CHAD

(Thrilled to be recognized, he whips off his sunglasses)

Yeah, that's me!

(JILL, who may be playing with a fake spider or snake, notices:)

JILL

Your fly is open.

(CHAD pushes the JILL out of the way. Unseen by CHAD, she puts her licked lollipop or melting candybar into his pocket; then she leaves)

ROSEMARIE

I recognized yaw famous magenta eyes.

CHAD

That's cool, baby. I dig your style!

ROSEMARIE

Now who was that eighty-year old woman, in the Porsche, who left you off?
(She points)

CHAD

(Wiping off lipstick)
Hey, like I don't know what you're talkin' about.

JILL

That lady who was gumming you...

CHAD

An old friend.

ROSEMARIE

(Increasingly annoying him)
Say, Chad. Why haven't you made any films lately?

CHAD

Ya miss me, huh?

ROSEMARIE

Yeah, shaw. Is it because yaw last five films didn't do so hot? Or because of yaw... reviews? Or is it that you can't get a job without Mossy's help?

CHAD

Of course not. I just refuse to take my shirt off for...the cameras anymore.

JILL

I think that's smart.

ROSEMARIE

(Walking away, smugly)
I see...

(To JILL)

Jill, did I tell you that Mossy signed my autogvaph book and called me her deavest fan! Just look! Why, I wouldn't be surprised if she invited me for dvinks at the Polo Lounge next....

CHAD

Ciao, baby.

(To himself)

This is no life for a grown man. Fast flings with great-grandmothers. Spending my last bucks on Ban De Soleil. No one takin' me serious. Still, there was someone, once, who treated me like more than just a plaything, more than just a pretty face. Oh, Marcy, have mercy on me...

(He sings I Gotta Get Her Back)

NO MOVIES WILL CAST ME,
THEY KNOW I CAN'T ACT.
MY BEST YEARS ARE PAST ME,
MY CAPS ARE ALL CRACKED...
MY MARCY HAD FAULTS BUT
HAD MONEY I LACK!
OH, I GOTTA GET HER BACK!

CHAD

I CAN'T AFFORD DRINKIN',
I CAN'T AFFORD DRUGS;
MY ASSETS KEEP SHRINKIN',
(Straightening his hair:)
I'VE BEEN THROUGH THREE RUGS.
BEFORE I'M NO LONGER
THAT GOOD IN THE SACK
I GOTTA GET MY MARCY BACK!

(A CHORUS of HOLLYWOOD OBSERVERS echo:)

CHORUS [ROSEMARIE & JILL]

BACK...
BACK...
BACK...
OOO...

CHAD

CRAZY ABOUT HER;
YEAH! I LOST A LOT!
LIVIN' WITHOUT HER
CAN COST A LOT!

CHORUS

...
YEAH... A LOT!
OOO...

CHORUS

COST A LOT!

CHAD

SHE GAVE ME DIRECTIONS
ON GETTING AHEAD;

CHORUS

AHEAD!

CHAD

WE MADE GREAT CONNECTIONS
AND NOT JUST IN BED.
BUT NOW SINCE I LEFT HER,
THE HARD TIMES ATTACK!
OH, I GOTTA GET HER BACK!

CHORUS

...
...
OH YEAH...
...ATTACK!
...

CHORUS

GOTTA GET BACK!
 OOO...
 AAAH...

CHAD

THAT BABE'S WHAT I NEED --
 KIND O' SLOW -- JUST MY SPEED!
 HER BEAUTY'S A GIFT
 SINCE SHE GOT HER LAST LIFT!
 SHE WASN'T TOO TOUGH:
 ONCE A NIGHT WAS ENOUGH!
 OH, I GOTTA GET HER...
 HOW I GOTTA, GOTTA GET HER...
 NOW I GOTTA GET HER

*(or: ONCE NIGHTLY WE'D WHOOP
 WITH ALL DAY TO RECOUP;
 HEY! I GOTTA GET HER...)*

CHORUS

BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!

CHAD & CHORUS

BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!
 BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!

CHAD

YEAH, I GOTTA GET HER...

CHAD & CHORUS

BB-BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!

*(He pulls out a black book or slip of paper
 and blows the dust off it. Then, he drops a
 coin in the public phone and dials. On the
 other side of the stage, ENID is seen "**in her
 house**" by a telephone)*

CHAD

Hello, operator. Mary Lou. It's Chad. How's my beach bunny?
 Listen, be a sugar. Uhh, get me Sunset Six, Six-Six-Thirteen.

(ENID's phone rings)

ENID

(Running to pick up)

That must be the studio for me.

*(Answering in a mellow voice, she
 even primps her hair -- as if someone
 on the other end can see)*

Hello. This is Enid Beaucoup speaking.

CHAD

Hiya, Enid baby. It's Chad.

ENID

(Surprised)

What?

CHAD

Yeah, Chad Walker. I understand Marcy's there. I'd like to see her.

ENID

Oh, it's Chad Walker, huh? The one who sucked up my sister's money like mother's milk.

CHAD

Aw, Enid. Cut the putdowns. When are ya gonna bury the hatchet with me?

(ENID ponders that idea, then speaks on)

ENID

Listen good. Marcy's had a little accident. She's broken her Leg in three places and can't come to the phone.

CHAD

Bummer! Well, wait. I'm comin' right over.

ENID

Over your dead body.

CHAD

Huh?

ENID

My sister's been through enough -- without the heartache of you.

CHAD

Hey, like what's that -- a song title?

ENID

Look, you stay away, or I'll knock your magenta eyes out!

CHAD

Don't threaten me, baby doll. I've a better bedside cure for Marcy than you've seen in years.

ENID

That's enough, buster! Marcy's in my hands now -- so don't interfere.

(She slams down the phone. Lights fade around her)

CHAD

(Working up a lather)

Oo...wipeout! Well, I'll go to hell on a surfboard before I let **her** cut me off from my Marcy!

(Sure of himself:)

Yeah...

(He reprises I Gotta Get Her Back)

CHAD (Cont'd)

SHE AIN'T NO SPRING CHICK

BUT HER CLUCK MAKES ME CLICK! (*or: BUT NO MULE HAD MORE KICK!*)

OH, I GOTTA BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!

BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!

YEAH, I GOTTA GET HER...

BB-BB-BB-BB-BB-BACK!

(Fade out)

ACT ONE
SCENE FIVE

We shift to inside ENID BEAUCOUP's manor.
ENID is pacing around.

MARCY'S VOICE

(From off-stage)

Enid. Could that call just now have been for me?

ENID

(Histrionically)

No. Sorry -- wrong number.

(Doorbell rings. An envelope or sheet
of paper arrives through the mail chute)

ENID

(Rushing over to fetch the sheet of
paper)

Oh, maybe that's my contract for CHOP CHOP.

(She picks up the paper sheet.
ZACHARY enters)

ZACHARY

Is that your contract?

ENID

(Anxious)

Wait. Let me read. "You are invited to join us at Uncle Chan's. This week's special -- hot and spicy orange beef." Zachary, this couldn't be my contract.

ZACHARY

I doubt it, Miss Beaucoup.

(MARCY enters in a wheelchair. Having broken her right leg, MARCY is encased -- up to her thigh -- in a sequined, designer leg-cast: color-coordinated with her silken robe)

MARCY

Well, you shouldn't make that film anyway.

ENID

Don't start in again! It's not good for your health. Dr. Lewton said to conserve your strength.

MARCY

But you'll just be branded as a hatchet woman again!

ENID

P-lease, Marcy. It's the 60s now. They'll love me!

MARCY

Can't Happy Hathaway find someone else -- like Lana Turner or Mitzi Gaynor?

ENID

(Shifting to anger)

Why? Don't you think I'm up to them?

MARCY

No, it's just that...

ENID

(Interrupting)

It's just that you don't want **me** to be a bigger star than you!

MARCY

Don't be ridiculous! I simply think you're making a horrible mistake!

ENID

Well, I certainly can't depend on you right now. Unless they cast you as...

(She hovers threateningly over MARCY's wheelchair)

"Peer Gimp."

(or: "Auntie Lane." / "Long John Silver.")

MARCY

Enid, that's terrible. Why, if it wasn't for your rug, I wouldn't be in this chair!

ENID

Sure ya would, you klutz!

MARCY

Klutz! I am no klutz! Why, I taught Cyd Charisse to do knee-turns!

ENID

(Rocking wheelchair)

Oh, you're a crazy woman!

MARCY

Who are you calling crazy? You're the one who...

(Calming down, partly to
survive, partly to ponder)

Oh, Enid. Enid...what's happened to us? When we were younger, we used to love each other, protect each other.

ENID

Isn't it that way now?

MARCY

No, it's not. We're at each other's throats like...

(Searching for the
right metaphor)

diamond chokers!

ENID

Ugh...You're exaggerating.

MARCY

No, I'm not. But we can change all that! Yes, what could be more important?

ENID

I dunno.

MARCY

(Clinging close to ENID)

Let's be close again, Enid.

ENID

(Somewhat yielding)

I'll try, Marcy...

(MARCY and ENID sing Sisters)

MARCY

(Reaching out)

Please...

THOUGH I KNOW WE DIFFER,
THOUGH AT TIMES WE FIGHT,
WHO CARES WHY OR WHETHER
WE DO --
WE'RE SISTERS.

INTERLOCKING WHEELS

SHARING MEMORIES AND MEALS,
FEELINGS NO ONE ELSE FEELS
BUT SISTERS.

ENID

SISTERS.

MARCY

HELP YOUR SISTER IF HER
WAYS AREN'T ALWAYS RIGHT.
WE GREW UP TOGETHER --
WE TWO
DEAR SISTERS.
ONE IN HOME AND NAME,
EVEN GESTURES ARE THE SAME;
WHO CAN MAKE SUCH A CLAIM
BUT SISTERS?

ENID

SISTERS.

MARCY

LINKED THROUGHOUT A LIFETIME,
TOUCHED BY WHAT THE OTHER DOES;
THROUGH THE GOOD AND BAD TIMES,
EV'RYTHING THAT WAS,
THERE'S NO ONE ELSE QUITE LIKE A SISTER...

ENID

SISTER.

MARCY

WE SHARED EV'RY BIRTHDAY,
FAM'LY TRIP AND CHRISTMAS TREE;
EVEN WHEN WE ARGUE,
YOU CAN'T DISAGREE,
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER....
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...
YOU'LL NEVER...

(ENID is getting nostalgic as well)

MARCY

Enid, don't you remember our lovely childhood in this house... We were so happy then.

ENID

We were?

(They fondly reminisce)

MARCY

Yes. Remember that Christmas when Mama and Poppa gave us those puppets.

ENID

Sure do. They didn't trust us with pets.

MARCY

My puppet was a small white sheep. I called it "Wee Willy Woolly".

ENID

Yes. And mine was a squirrel. I called it "Squirrel".

MARCY

Things were so lovely before...before...

(She finds it hard to say)

ENID

Before Poppa shot out his brains.

MARCY

Yes. But Poppa didn't do that to himself. Hollywood provoked him!

(Concurrently, we flash back 30 years and see a handsome, mustached man of 40 -- hugging together his two daughters. It is MARCEL BEAUCOUP, father of ENID and MARCY. MARCEL can be played by the actor doubling as CHAD WALKER; 12-year-old YOUNG MARCY is played by the girl later portraying JILL LITTLE; and 17-year-old YOUNG ENID is performed by the actress doubling as ROSEMARIE CLINGER)

ENID

Right. How proud we were of him!

MARCY

Marcel Beaucoup, Hollywood's finest scenic designer of the 30s. He had a vision for designing black and white films like no one else.

ENID

Yeah. He was color-blind.

MARCY

Then, he and his career were destroyed...

ENID

By Technicolor!

(The past and present merge)

MARCEL

(Possibly with a slight French accent)

Enid, Marcy -- what are you two girls up to down there?

YOUNG ENID

Nothing, Poppa. We're just playing dress-up.

YOUNG MARCY

Enid and I are putting on a show with our puppets.

MARCY

He made us so happy to be sisters.

MARCEL

One day you girls are going to be famous.

(YOUNG ENID and YOUNG MARCY giggle)

ENID

Yes. How we cherished each other then.

MARCEL

Poppa's little girls.

(Lights fade out on the present -- and on the older ENID and MARCY -- as we focus on the past; YOUNG ENID and YOUNG MARCY sing Anything, as MARCEL proudly observes)

YOUNG MARCY

THEY SAY I'M A SPUNKY CHILD.

YOUNG ENID

AND I'M FULL OF GRIT AN' CHARM.

BOTH

SO EVEN IF WE ACT WILD,
NOW REALLY WHAT'S THE HA-AH-ARM?!
HA-AH-ARM...

(They affectionately tease each other)

YOUNG MARCY

IF YA SEE ME JUMPIN' ABOUT,
IT'S A JUMP FOR JOY 'CAUSE YOU'RE HERE!

YOUNG ENID

IF I TEND TA HOLLER 'N' SHOUT,
THAT'S 'CAUSE YOU ARE MAKIN' ME CHEER!

BOTH

THOUGH I SEEM QUITE ROWDY NOW
IN THE THINGS THAT I DO:
STILL, ANYWAY,
ANYHOW,
I'LL DO ANYTHING
FOR YOU!

YOUNG ENID

WHEN I PUT A TACK ON YOUR SEAT,
IT'S SO I CAN GIVE YOU A LIFT!

YOUNG MARCY

IF I BAKE YOU MUD PIES TO EAT,
THAT'S MY KIND O' DOWN-TA-EARTH GIFT!

YOUNG MARCY

YOU SPILL RED PAINT ON MY FACE...

YOUNG ENID

'CAUSE I HATE WHEN YOU'RE BLUE.

BOTH

YES, ANY TIME,
ANY PLACE,
I'LL DO ANYTHING
FOR YOU!

YOU'LL FIND OUT IN A WHILE
NO ONE ELSE CAN TOP ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH 'N' SMILE,
AN' NO ONE'S GONNA STOP ME!

(YOUNG ENID jostles YOUNG MARCY who gives
a scream)

YOUNG ENID

Watch it.

YOUNG MARCY

Oww. Don't do that!

YOUNG ENID

Try and keep up with me.

YOUNG MARCY

I just want to play.

YOUNG ENID

Come on.

MARCEL

(Stopping their argument)

Girls, girls.

(Dance break)

YOUNG MARCY

(Blowing a kiss)
HAVE A KISS!

YOUNG ENID

THANK YOU, MISS!

WHEN I PUT A NAIL IN YOUR SHOE,
IT'S 'CAUSE YOU NEED IRON TA GROW!

YOUNG MARCY

WHEN THERE'S FIREBUGS IN MY STEW,
IT'S 'CAUSE YOU LIKE MAKIN' ME GLOW!

YOUNG ENID

WHEN I DROP ANTS IN YOUR PANTS,

BOTH

WE PLAY SKIP TA MA LOU!
YES, ANY TIME,
ANY CHANCE,
I'LL DO ANYTHING
FOR YOU!

YOUNG ENID

IF I PUNCH YOU, IT'S OKAY --
YOU'LL BE THRILLED WHEN I'M THROUGH!

YOUNG MARCY

YES, ANY TIME...

YOUNG ENID

ANY DAY...

BOTH

ANYWHERE,
ANY WAY,
I'LL DO ANYTHING

YOUNG ENID

TO...

YOUNG MARCY

(Correcting YOUNG ENID)

FOR...

BOTH

YOU!

YOUNG MARCY

(Aside)

IT'S TRUE!

(As song ends, the girls curtsy to each
other. Their father MARCEL applauds)

Wonderful, just wonderful!	MARCEL
Thank you, Poppa.	YOUNG ENID
That was so much fun, Poppa.	YOUNG MARCY
My beautiful, talented girls.	MARCEL
(They all hug)	
Ooo.	YOUNG ENID & YOUNG MARCY
(The girls take turns kissing their father)	
I love you, Poppa.	YOUNG ENID
I love you more, Poppa.	YOUNG MARCY
No, you don't!	YOUNG ENID
Do too!	YOUNG MARCY
Do not!	YOUNG ENID
Do too!	YOUNG MARCY
Do not!	YOUNG ENID
Do too!	YOUNG MARCY
Do not!	YOUNG ENID
Do too!	YOUNG MARCY

(YOUNG ENID looks like she may strangle YOUNG MARCY, but MARCEL quiets them down)

MARCEL

Stop it, girls! You are sisters. You should not quarrel. You must love each other.
You need each other.

YOUNG ENID

Why?

MARCEL

It is like when you sing your songs. Things will always be lovelier when there
is harmony between you.

YOUNG MARCY

You're right, Poppa...

MARCEL

(Pushing the girls together)

Show me...

(YOUNG MARCY hugs YOUNG ENID)

YOUNG MARCY

I love you, Enid.

YOUNG ENID

(Reciprocating)

I love you, Marcy.

MARCEL

Ah, girls. You lift my spirits.

YOUNG ENID & YOUNG MARCY

(Embracing)

Ooo!

MARCEL

Remember, no matter what else happens -- I want you sisters to always be close.

(They all cling together)

YOUNG ENID & YOUNG MARCY

Yes, Poppa.

MARCEL

You need each other.

(The focus shifts to the modern-day ENID and MARCY)

ENID & MARCY

Yes, Poppa.

MARCY

Things were so much lovelier before Poppa shot himself.

ENID

Yes. And -- right behind him -- accidentally killed Momma.

MARCY

(Lovingly slipping her arm around ENID)

But things can still be good between us, Enid.

ENID

We'll see, Marcy.

(The lights accentuate the two sets of sisters -- past and present -- as they harmoniously reprise Sisters)

ENID (Cont'd)

WE ARE
LINKED THROUGHOUT A LIFETIME,
TOUCHED BY WHAT THE OTHER DOES;
THROUGH THE GOOD AND BAD TIMES,
EV'RYTHING THAT WAS...

MARCY

THERE'S NO ONE ELSE QUITE LIKE A SISTER...

YOUNG ENID & YOUNG MARCY

SISTER...

ENID, MARCY, YOUNG ENID, &
YOUNG MARCY

SHARING EV'RY BIRTHDAY,
FAM'LY TRIP, AND CHRISTMAS TREE;
EVEN WHEN WE ARGUE,
YOU CAN'T DISAGREE...

MARCY & YOUNG MARCY

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...

ENID & YOUNG ENID

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...

ENID, MARCY, YOUNG ENID, &
YOUNG MARCY (Dividing parts)

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...

BUT...

ME.

(MARCEL BEAUCOUP reappears and gazes lovingly at his daughters. As **lights fade**, the scene ends)

ACT ONE
SCENE SIX

We return to the entranceway/sitting room of the manor. ENID is reading a script -- running through lines -- for her slasher movie. She is using a real ax as a prop.

ENID

Now where was I in the script. Ahh...

(Reading:)

I'm tired of you grubby little girl scouts, testing my sympathy and making me buy your stale cookies. Well, this Mother's gonna teach you a good lesson.

(The doorbell "**gongs**". ENID calls for assistance)

Zachary! The door...

(She tries to rehearse)

Yes. This Mother's gonna teach you a good lesson...

(The doorbell "**gongs**" again. ENID puts the ax down on a table and goes to answer the door)

Never mind, Zachary. I'll get it! ... I'm coming! I'm coming!

(She unthinkingly opens the door without checking. Outside stands CHAD WALKER, possibly drunk)

Oh -- it's Chad Walker!

(She is about to slam the door in his face when he lunges forth, forcing his way into the house and cupping her mouth so she can't scream out)

CHAD

No, you don't, baby! You're not gonna keep me out.

(He muffles her voice and struggles to restrain her)

Listen, your meddling caused enough bad vibes when Marcy and I were married. Now where is she? And speak softly,

(Threatening her mouth with his fist)

or I'll turn you into a **silent** screen star!

ENID

(Trying to be dignified and unfrightened)

Marcy -- she's taking a nap before lunch...

CHAD

Where?

ENID

On her back, I guess...

CHAD

Why? Is she in pain?

ENID

She's used to that!

CHAD

Let me see...

ENID

Leave her alone!

(He releases ENID and starts forward)

CHAD

Leave me alone.

(ENID pounces on CHAD)

ENID

She's not well!

CHAD

Like step aside, baby.

(ENID claws at him)

No, not the eyes!

(They tussle)

No, get your claws off me!

ENID

Get out of my house! Now, you rat!

(CHAD grabs at ENID, shakes her, and grasps her by the hair)

CHAD

Okay, baby doll -- I'm through bein' a gentleman!

(He raises his fist to beat her, viciously pulling at her hair with the other hand. Suddenly -- to gasps -- the hair comes loose: ENID has been wearing a wig and is completely bald underneath)

CHAD (Cont'd)

Oo, Baldilocks!

(ENID stretches her arm to reach the ax.
She clutches it and yells:)

ENID

How could you! Stay away, you monster!

CHAD

I'll take that!

(Either through inebriation or a slip on the carpet,
CHAD staggers forward. The ax accidentally lands
right in his head -- or some other fatal place.
"Slash Music". Eyes rolling back, he falls down dead.
ENID reels in disbelief)

ENID

Oh no! No!

(Addressing body)

What's wrong with you? Why don't you look where you're going?

(She retrieves her wig and puts it back on. ZACHARY
rushes in -- possibly with a tray of food)

You fool!

ZACHARY

What's all the commotion?

(He sees ENID beside the dead body and puts his tray
down on the table. ENID sobs between his comments)

Gracious. ... It's like old times again.

(He either feels the body for a pulse or just recognizes death
when he sees it)

You've been thorough, Miss.

ENID

It was an accident. He attacked me! Actually, he murdered himself! Oh, this is
awful, Zachary. It could delay my **movie comeback!**

ZACHARY

(Closely comforting ENID)

Don't worry, Miss Beaucoup. Everything will be fine. At least, this time there's
no night watchman to discover the body. No one to accuse you. We'll get rid of the body.

ENID

(Excited; somewhat contrite)

Yes. And I have the perfect way, Zachary. I can use it to rehearse my big incinerator scene! Just like in my movie -- I'll use the basement furnace and destroy the corpse. Then he won't have died in vain -- right?

ZACHARY

(Pondering a moment, then concurring)

Precisely.

(She nods "Yes". MARCY, fresh from a nap, wheels in -- unaware of what is happening)

MARCY

Zachary, oh Zachary. It's past two already. When is lunch going to be ready?

(She stops in her tracks, seeing the body)

Oh God! Oh God! Oh Chad! ...

(Getting a hold of herself)

Who did this?

(ENID and ZACHARY throw up their hands like they don't know)

ENID

Did what?

MARCY

Did what?! My ex-husband's lying dead with an ax in his head.

ENID

(Gazing at corpse)

Oh, look at that. ...Sorry, sister.

ZACHARY

These things happen.

MARCY

(Appalled)

Well, you can't just ignore this! Someone's got to report it to the police!

(She wheels to the telephone)

Immediately!

(ENID jumps forward and rips the phone off the wall)

ENID

Zachary, lock the doors and windows, and move Chad to the basement.

ZACHARY

Yes, Miss.

MARCY

Enid, what are you doing? Enid, I want to leave this house. Now!

ENID

You're not going anywhere, Marcy!

MARCY

Enid, I helped you before. And I'll help you through this!

ENID

Baloney! First, you talk about selling the house! Then, you want to call the police and make trouble. And I wouldn't be surprised if you tried to replace me in CHOP CHOP! Yeah, like ya did on SHEIK TO SHEIK. Well, no way, sister! I'll tell you what you're gonna do...

MARCY

(Gulping)

...What?

ENID

You're gonna help me right here. Be part of the fun to come, great actress that you are!

MARCY

Oh?

(Slasher Movie is reprised)

ENID

HEY, SIS, DON'T BE A SISSY,
I NEED YOU BY MY SIDE!
SO DON'T BEHAVE SO PRISSY --
COME, SHOW SOME FAM'LY PRIDE!

(ZACHARY has moved CHAD's body out of sight,
while ENID pulls -- from the prop trunk -- some rope,
manacles, and a ball & chain to restrain MARCY)

ZACHARY

I GOT
RID OF THE BODY...NOW, MISS,
JUST WHAT
ARE WE TO DO WITH YOUR SIS?

ENID

(Patting MARCY as she binds her)

I THINK SHE NEEDS COERCING --
SHE'LL JOIN ME IN REHEARSING
MY COMING SLASHER MOVIE!

ENID & ZACHARY

WHAT A TEAM!

MARCY

IT'S LIKE A DREAM!

(ENSEMBLE VOICES blend in with them)

EVERYONE

THIS SLASHER MOVIE WILL BE A...

(MARCY lets out a Lucille Ball-like
whining/screaming note -- in spooky
harmony with the ENSEMBLE)

MARCY

AAAAAH!

EVERYONE (Except MARCY)

A SCREEEEAM!

(ZACHARY muffles MARCY's screams with the
side of her scarf. Just before the lights **black out**,
JILL LITTLE is spotlighted in the corner, mischievously
observing events. It is:

CURTAIN

ACT ONE

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

We return to the sunny "**HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD**" locale where **ACT ONE** began.

ROSEMARIE CLINGER is guiding another tour group, including JILL LITTLE and a SAILOR TYPE (played by the actor who has doubled as CHAD). In the background, **screams** and **commotion** emanate -- unseen -- from inside the Beaucoup manor.

Let me out! Let me out!

MARCY'S VOICE

Get away from that window!!

ENID'S VOICE

Help! Help!

MARCY'S VOICE

Shut up -- or I'll break your other leg!

ENID'S VOICE

ROSEMARIE

Follow me, group. Stay in line, please. Well, group, our tour has led us back to the home of... uh, what's-her-name.

Help! Help! Won't somebody help me?

MARCY'S VOICE

(ZACHARY steps forth -- to greet the group)

Oo! Oo! Is that what I think it is?

ROSEMARIE

Yes. Madame has asked that I make an official announcement. She is inside rehearsing for her comeback in the new slasher movie, CHOP CHOP.

ZACHARY

Aaahh!

MARCY'S VOICE

Tevific! And the screams we're listening to?

ROSEMARIE

That's Enid with her sister, Marcy Beaumont...

ZACHARY

ROSEMARIE

I love Mossy...

ZACHARY

...who is helping her sister rehearse for this monumental event.

MARCY'S VOICE

Take the chains and padlocks off the doors and windows, and let me out!!

ENID'S VOICE

Never!

ROSEMARIE

Mossy Beaumont must veally be devoted to her sister.

ZACHARY

Inseparably.

MARCY'S VOICE

Psychopath!

ENID'S VOICE

Blockhead!

ROSEMARIE

Listen, gvoup! Isn't this...exciting?

(Two Actresses Practicing Their Art is performed, as observers demonstrate their excitement and we see glimpses of what's happening inside the house)

ROSEMARIE (Cont'd)

THEY'RE IN THERE, VEHEARSING!

MARCY

Damn you!

ENID

Bitch!

ROSEMARIE

WHAT MAGIC!

TOURIST 1 [JILL]

WHAT CURSING!

MARCY

I look a mess!

ENID

(Overlapping)
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

ROSEMARIE

JUST HEAR THOSE TWO
ACTVESSES PVACTICING THEIR ART!

(The sounds -- "**crash**" and "**bang**"
-- are heard)

ROSEMARIE

WOW! ONCE THEY BEGIN IT...

MARCY

You killed him!

THEY THVOW THEMSELVES IN IT!

ENID

An accident. I'll demonstrate!

ROSEMARIE, ZACHARY, & TOURISTS

WHAT THEY WON'T DO --
ACTRESSES PRACTICING THEIR ART!

(ROSEMARIE sings "ACTVESSES PVACTICING...")

ZACHARY

They're so consummate!

(We hear more **screaming** in the house,
contrapuntally to ROSEMARIE's lyrics:)

ROSEMARIE

TOURISTS

I'D LOVE TO PVY AOH- OH!
WINDOW OPEN TILL I'VE SEEN
HOW THIS NEAT DI-A- WHOH-
LOGUE WILL PLAY UPON THEOH-
SCVEEN OH!

ENID

Crap!

ROSEMARIE

BUT I BETTER WAIT TILL* ...
(Pronounce "WAIT 'L")

MARCY

Oh God!

ROSEMARIE
THEY'RE DONE -- 'CAUSE IT'S FATAL...

MARCY
Help!

ENID
Shut up!

ROSEMARIE
MESSING WITH TWO...

ZACHARY
ACTVESSES PRACTICING THE PART!

ROSEMARIE
They work so hard!

ZACHARY
Right.

ROSEMARIE, ZACHARY, & TOURISTS
STILL, WHAT SATISFACTION

MARCY
No!!

ROSEMARIE, ZACHARY, & TOURISTS
TO HEAR THEM IN ACTION...

(Another "crash" is heard)

ROSEMARIE & TOURISTS
TILL BLACK AND BLUE --

ROSEMARIE
ACTVESSES...

MARCY
(An extended scream)
Aaaahhhh!

ROSEMARIE, ZACHARY, & TOURISTS
PRACTICING...
PERFECTING...
PROJECTING...

ENID
Ah, plug it!

ROSEMARIE, ZACHARY, & TOURISTS

THEIR ART!

ROSEMARIE

Tevific!... Next stop – Vosiland Vussell! Follow me... *(or: Next stop – Walt Disney! / Bahbava Stanwyck.)*

(As the OTHERS in the tour exit, the spotlight turns to JILL LITTLE.
With a glazed look in her eyes, she sings I Know a Secret)

JILL

(Coyly and slightly sinister)

I KNOW A SECRET
I OUGHT TO TELL:
HOW PEOPLE ARE CHAINED IN THERE
AND BRAINED IN THERE
AS WELL.

HI HO! A SECRET
BAD AS CAN BE;
I CAN'T SAY TO KILL IT'S FUN,
BUT STILL IT'S FUN
TO SEE!

PLUS, INSIDE THE HOUSE,
THERE ARE GOLD ANTIQUES AND CLOCKS,
AND A JEW'LRY BOX,
AND OTHER THINGS -- NICE.

TO GET IN THE HOUSE --
I CAN SNEAK PAST BOLTS AND LOCKS;
SO I'LL KEEP THE SECRET
FOR A PRICE!

(Optional giggles. Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE TWO

We re-enter the entranceway / sitting room of the Beaucoup manor. ENID and ZACHARY have converted the house into a virtual prison for MARCY. Shafts of daylight break through bars on the room's windows; and padlocks are found on the doors.

MARCY is lying on a couch, deglamorized, haggard, and looking like a "dead body". She is slumped, handcuffed, and possibly covered by a

sheet. ENID hovers over her with a nasty-looking saber or dagger.

Later we'll see that MARCY remains in a cast, but is now using a crutch or cane. Contrastingly, ENID is all dolled up -- in finery and jewelry -- looking relatively attractive.

ENID

(Highly convincing)

Oh no! I'm going to be sick. Of all people, I never wanted to kill you. Just impair you for now, but never to kill you. Still you gave me such a hard time -- what else could I do? Please believe me, I didn't mean to stab you...over and over. I loved you.

MARCY

(Coming alive)

Enid, please! It's itchy down here! Have a heart! How long must I rehearse with you like this? It's been over a month! It's worse than a stay at Forest Lawn!

ENID

Oh, get real! I've gotta get ready today!

MARCY

Please, let me out of this prison. I promise I won't tell anyone you killed Chad.

ENID

(Angry)

You bet you won't! 'Cause if you jeopardize my comeback. Zachary and I would say you killed Chad!

MARCY

Oh, poor Chad!

ENID

Then, you'd really learn what prison is!

(ENID picks up a small box: from atop a shelf, table, or the prop trunk)

MARCY

And I thought I had trouble with the network!

ENID

By the way, sister dearest, I've kept a little souvenir of Chad for you.

MARCY

(Horried)

Oh my God! Enid, what is it?

(Thinking again)

No, don't show me!

ENID

(Sadistically, as she opens the box
and is about to reveal the contents to
MARCY)

You'll recognize them -- what he was famous for! They're still gleaming and magenta,
what you fell in love with the first time you stared into them!

(She forces the box within MARCY's view)

MARCY

(Aghast)

Oh God! Oh God! ... Chad's contact lenses!

ENID

Yes, yes! He yanked off my wig, and now I've got his contacts!

MARCY

Sister, you need help badly!

ENID

Look who's talkin'!

MARCY

Why, you wouldn't even be bald today if not for your deranged mind!

ENID

Whatta ya mean?

MARCY

You know what the doctors all said: you can't go bald from depilatory alone. It's from
alopecia areata...

ENID

Alopecia areata...

MARCY

Alopecia areata -- a disturbance of the **mind!**

(ENID reels)

Yes, after the shock of Grant Foster's murder!

ENID

No, no! It's not true!

MARCY

It is, Enid! Let me get you psychiatric help -- please! You won't kill people. Who knows -- you
might even grow back a bouffant!

ENID

Lies! All lies! I only killed Chad...

(She points to the contacts)

accidentally. But not Grant -- I loved Grant! He meant everything to me. Why, I thought you believed I didn't kill Grant!

MARCY

It's getting tough, Enid.

ENID

(Staring sadly)

Oh Marcy...

MARCY

Oh Enid. Look, I shielded you before -- and I will shield you again -- because you're my sister...

ENID

(Taunting like a child)

Sister, shmister!

(Rapidly)

You used Grant's scandal to worm your way to stardom, replacing me in SHEIK TO SHEIK!

(ENID is out of breath)

MARCY

No! I waited a week!

ENID

(Rolling eyes)

And you were too ashamed to use your own family name! Instead, you changed yours to...Marcy...**Beaumont!**

MARCY

Yes, but only because it was hell going through life named... Marcy Beaucoup!

ENID

Excuses, excuses!

MARCY

Well, no matter my name or sister, I'd have made the grade anyway!

ENID

Hah! You flunked recess!

MARCY

Oh, Enid. Just admit it! You resent me because my fame and talents far exceed your own!

ENID

Only on your Kaopectate commercials! (*or: Imodium commercials!*)

(Miffed, MARCY hops off-stage, as
ZACHARY enters carrying the mail)

Good morning, girls. ZACHARY

Ooo! MARCY

Oh, she's driving me to distraction! ENID

You pulled off that road long ago, Miss. ZACHARY

(ENID notices the mail)

Zachary, what's that? ENID

Your contract has arrived. ZACHARY

At last! (Thrilled) ENID

(Preening as if the contract were
a person)
Do I look all right?

Exquisite. ZACHARY

(ENID picks up two envelopes)

Thank you, my darling. Isn't this marvelous?
(Reading:)

"This letter, blessed by a mystic cult, will bring you untold bliss. However, if you fail
to send out twenty copies overnight, you will be cursed for the rest..."

(She stops)

Zachary, this couldn't be my contract.

No, it's the other one. ZACHARY

(She opens and finds contract)

The day has come!
ENID

Is it official?
ZACHARY

Yes, Zachary. I shall report to the studio today -- ready to work.

(She hugs the contract)

Oh, Miss. Bravo!
ZACHARY

Yes. And, Zachary, have I told you about my brilliant idea for CHOP CHOP.
ENID

What, pray tell?
ZACHARY

Well, surely you remember what a splendid musical star I was.
ENID

Oh yes, yes, you were.
ZACHARY

Then, wouldn't it set apart my slasher movie -- if it included...songs for me?
ENID

Perhaps.
ZACHARY

Then, I'm going to insist! That's right! I can see it now...
ENID

(They sing Slay It With Music)

ENID
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC,
SLAUGHTER WITH SINGING;
I'LL KEEP THINGS SNAPPY,
I'LL KEEP THINGS SWINGING!

ZACHARY
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC,
BELT EV'RY PART OUT;
THOUGH A BIT SAPPY,
I'LL TEAR YOUR HEART OUT!

THROW IN SOME STRINGS,
BRASS, AND HARP --
KILLING OFF THINGS
IN "B-SHARP"!

ZACHARY

BE SHARP!

ENID & ZACHARY

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC!

ZACHARY

WHAT A FINALE!

ENID

THEY'LL ALL DIE HAPPY!

ZACHARY

THAT'S UP YOUR ALLEY!

ENID

IF YOU MUST DO
IT -- I SAY:
SLAY IT WITH MU-
SIC...

ZACHARY

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...

ENID & ZACHARY

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC
TODAY!

ZACHARY

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC!

ENID

OH, HOW DELIGHTFUL.

ZACHARY

WATCHING YOU SHOULD BE
WONDERF'LLY FRIGHTFUL!

ENID

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...
I DO IT OFTEN.

ZACHARY

DANCE! OR YOU COULD BE
BOUND FOR A COFFIN.

(MARCY sneaks in and around, trying to find a way out of the house)

ENID
WHEN THIS SONG BLARES
PEOPLE GAPE...
GIVE IN...

ZACHARY
GIVE IN...

ENID & ZACHARY
GIVE IN, FOR THERE'S
NO ESCAPE!

ENID
ESCAPE!

ENID & ZACHARY
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC.

ZACHARY
YOUR FAV'RITE PASTIME.

ENID
HECK-L-ERS WOULD BE
RUDE FOR THE LAST TIME!

ZACHARY
MURDER THE NEW
NIFTY WAY!

ENID
Take it, Zach!

ENID & ZACHARY
SLAY IT WITH MU-
SIC...
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC
TODAY!

(MARCY is about to use her cane/crutch to ram through
the front door -- when ENID and MARCY spot her.
ZACHARY forcibly intercedes)

ENID
Marcy!

ZACHARY

(Wresting the cane/crutch away from MARCY)

You shouldn't try that, Miss Beaumont.

(ENID angrily takes notice of what's going on, including the key in MARCY's mouth)

ENID

Where is the key, Marcy?

(ENID scoops the key out of MARCY's mouth, then states -- like a scolding parent:)

So you've been bad again, little sister!

MARCY

(Cowering)

Who -- me?

ENID

Well, you'll have to be punished.

MARCY

But...

ENID

Zachary, take her to the den and lock her up!

MARCY

Nooo!

(ZACHARY picks up MARCY and takes her to the "**den**": which may be represented at the far corner -- or just off-stage -- at Stage Left)

ZACHARY

(To MARCY)

It's either this, or she may crack your skull.

MARCY

(Suddenly eager)

Take me fast!

ZACHARY

Yes, Miss Beaumont.

MARCY

Enid, am I to be your prisoner forever?

ENID

Nah! Just a few months...

(MARCY grimaces. ZACHARY forces her to the den)

...till I'm done making CHOP CHOP!

MARCY

Ohhh...

(He tosses MARCY in the den and locks up)

ENID

After that, I'll have the **world** in my thrall!

ZACHARY

And, that reminds me, Miss Beaucoup. ...

(Clock strikes)

It is time to go to the studio.

ENID

(Noticing return address)

Ah yes! And I must not be late -- or heads will roll.

ZACHARY

No doubt.

ENID

Zachary, is Marcy safely locked in the den?

ZACHARY

Yes, on the secluded side of the house...

ENID

...With just one small window -- that Thumbelina couldn't slip through.

ZACHARY

Precisely. And now, Miss Beaucoup, on to your glorious movie comeback!

(They start to leave)

ENID

Right. Oh, Zachary, life would be perfect -- if only I didn't have Marcy plaguing me.

ZACHARY

Ah, you'll find a way. But for now...

(They reprise Slay It With Music)

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...	ENID & ZACHARY
CHARM WITH A CHAINSAW!	ENID
OR KEEP IT SIMPLE... SWING WITH A PLAIN SAW!	ZACHARY
SING "TOODLE-OO" TO YOUR PREY! SLAY IT WITH MU- SIC...	ENID
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...	ZACHARY
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...	ENID & ZACHARY
Chop chop!	ZACHARY
TODAY!	ENID & ZACHARY
Come, Zachary.	ENID
I'll drive.	ZACHARY

(They dance off together. **Blackout**)

ACT TWO
SCENE THREE

We peep into the dark den where MARCY is confined. There is a gauzy, melancholic quality to this room -- which is claustrophobically and minimally represented.

MARCY, wearing her **monogrammed mauve scarf**, is struggling at the shoebox-size window. She sticks her hand, her head, and other parts of her body out

the window -- but realizes there's no way to squeeze herself through (in one piece).

MARCY

Oh, it's no use!

(To herself)

I've always hated the smoggy, crime-filled streets of L.A. But they'd sure look good to me now. What am I going to do?

(She sings Anywhere But Where I Am)

A WEEKEND IN SIBERIA
WOULD SEEM A TREAT TODAY.
THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA
WOULD BE UTTERLY OKAY.
A TABLE IN HELL'S KITCHEN,
OR TRAFFIC ON A FRIDAY...
ANY PLACE IS BETTER
THAN WHERE I'M SPENDING MY DAY!

I WANT TO GET OUT...
I WANT TO BE FREE...
I WANT TO BE ANYWHERE
BUT WHERE I AM RIGHT NOW:
TO LEAVE THIS ROOM BEHIND ME,
GET RID OF TIES THAT BIND ME,
GO OUT WHERE I CAN RUN
AND FEEL THE NOONDAY SUN.

I HAVEN'T A DOUBT
HOW SWEET IT WOULD BE
IF I COULD BE ANYWHERE
BUT WHERE I AM RIGHT NOW:
TO BE MY FATE'S OWN CAPTAIN,
BREAK DOWN THE WALLS I'M TRAPPED IN...
RACE DOWN THE STREET
AS FAST AS FEET
ALLOW...
ANYWHERE
BUT WHERE I AM -- RIGHT NOW!
LIFE IS A CANCELED SHOW,
SPONGING HUSBANDS,
AND A SISTER PAST CONTROL.
I CAN'T TAKE ONE MORE BLOW!
NOW'S THE DAY TO
PULL MYSELF OUT OF THIS HOLE!

I'LL FIND A WAY OUT!
I'LL SEARCH FOR THE KEY
SO I CAN BE ANYWHERE
BUT WHERE I AM— RIGHT NOW!

AND THOSE WHO THINK THEY'RE STRONGER
 WON'T HURT ME ANY LONGER!
 I'LL FIGHT HARD AND I'LL WIN,
 NO DOORS WILL LOCK ME IN!

I'LL KICK AND I'LL SHOUT,
 "HEY, LISTEN TO **ME!**"
 I'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE
 UNLESS I RAISE A ROW!

(Bumps head)

OW!!

NO CRAZINESS WILL DAUNT ME!
 I'LL BE WHERE PEOPLE WANT ME!
 WHO SAYS I WON'T!
 I WILL! I DON'T
 CARE HOW...
 ANYWHERE
 BUT WHERE I AM
 RIGHT NOW!

(She beats and claws at the wall--to no avail)

HELP!

(She takes off her **scarf**, waits for a wind outside
 the window, and reaches out the window -- letting the
 scarf blow away in the gust)

Wind at the window, blow free and far. I want to get out!

(By string or wire -- probably using a concealed duplicate
 scarf -- the scarf wafts above and around the house, eventually
 drifting into the face of ROSEMARIE, passing by)

ROSEMARIE

(Realizing)

Mossy's scarf. Mossy's scarf!

(Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE FOUR

We return to the entranceway / sitting room of the
 Beaucoup manor. It is early evening, and the
 place is barely illuminated -- with eerie shadows
 moving around. Outside the window (which is
 partially barred), there may be the impressions of
 rain, lightning, and thunder.

It is possible that the front door opens, and in creeps the same FIGURE -- in the black-hooded coat -- who murdered GRANT in ACT ONE. However, because of the darkness and the hooded coat, we can't see who it is -- as the FIGURE ambles off-stage ("elsewhere" in the manor).

Soon, ROSEMARIE CLINGER comes a-calling. She rings the front doorbell -- with its usual "gong" -- but no one answers.

ROSEMARIE

Hello, hello. Is someone gonna get it?

(Rings again. No answer)

Hello.

(She discovers:)

Oh, the door's open.

(She enters the room -- in awe. She is holding MARCY's scarf -- which she has found outside the house on her daily tour)

Couldn't you just die! The childhood home of Mossy Beaumont and what's-her-name... And now, I -- Vosemavie Clinger, a tax guide from Queens -- am in the inner sanctum. Yes, to return one of Mossy's famous monogrammed mauve scarfs. What a lucky bveeze it was that blew *this*

(Relishing the scarf)

in *my* face.

(The FIGURE is seen)

All right now -- where's Mossy?

(She starts looking for MARCY, then stops)

Mossy Mossy ... Mossy... Wait a second!

(She sees the guillotine that ENID rehearsed with in ACT ONE)

I vecognize that guillotine!

(An ominous shadow -- that of the murderous FIGURE -- casts over ROSEMARIE)

It's from a movie, umm, ESTELLE OF TWO CITIES-- loosely based on Dickens. (or: THOSE deFARGE GIRLS)

(She touches the guillotine, perilously)

Vevey, vevey nice.

(She moves on, seeing a fedora which may be the one ENID wears in the aforementioned poster)

Wait a second! That fedova. What's-her-name wore this when she played Sadie Thompson in VAIN!

(She reaches for it. Upset by ROSEMARIE's fiddling, the **guillotine blade** suddenly falls -- with a **thud**. ROSEMARIE is so enthralled, she hardly notices)

Ooo. There must be a dvafft.

(Moving on)

And look! A pvop tvunk.

(She opens the trunk and finds the weapons inside)

What a weird collection!

(She pulls out the dummy's decapitated head and puts it by the phone receiver)

Hello. It's for you.

(She giggles. Then she comes upon the box with CHAD WALKER's contact lenses and opens it)

Oh wow, look at this! I haven't seen anything this magenta since Chad Walker's eyes.

(We see the murderous FIGURE watching ROSEMARIE)

This is just so bveathtaking!

(She looks at **ax** or other weapon in the trunk)

All these mementos of the sisters at work.

(She sings More Than Just a Movie Fan, gazing around --
while the KILLER/FIGURE lies in ambush)

THIS IS WHAT I CALL ECSTASY.
THERE'S HER COAT, HER AX, HER COMB. (or: THERE'S HER HAT, HER AX, HER COMB)
HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT I'M NEXT TA SEE --
BEIN' IN A GVEAT STAR'S HOME!

I FEEL LIKE I AM ALICE, AND
DOR'THY GALE, AND PETER PAN --
ENT'VING THIS MAGIC PALACE, AND
MORE THAN JUST A MOVIE FAN!

MOVING THVOUGH MOVIE HISTOVY --
THERE'S THE BATHVOOM WHERE SHE GOES --
AS I UNLOCK THE MYSTEVY,

(Trying on a coat or hat or MARCY's scarf
-- prancing around like Eve Harrington
studying Margo Channing)

EVEN TVY ON ALL HER CLOTHES!

MY EYES ARE OPEN WIDE AT LAST;
I CAN'T HELP BUT SAY, "OH MAN!"
FOR I AM HERE -- INSIDE AT LAST!
MORE THAN JUST A MOVIE FAN!

SO THIS IS IT --
HOW CELEBVITIES LIVE!
THIS IS IT --
NO ONE EVER COULD GIVE
ME MORE;
FOR...

I FEEL LIKE I'VE ASCENDED NOW!
LOOK TO WHERE MY LIFE HAS LED!
YES, IF MY LIFE WERE ENDED NOW,
I WOULD STILL BE WAY AHEAD!

MAN OH MAN! ISN'T SHE A STAR!
IT CAN VUB OFF! YES, IT CAN!
MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL BE A STAR...
WATCH MY DUST!
IT'S A MUST!
MORE THAN JUST A MOVIE FAN!

(MARCY'S VOICE is heard -- moaning)

Agghhh... Agghhh... MARCY'S VOICE

(Thrilled)
That's Mossy's voice. She's here! ROSEMARIE

God in Heaven, have mercy! MARCY'S VOICE

(Misunderstanding)
Mossy Beaumont -- p'aying! I didn't even know she was veligious! ROSEMARIE

(ROSEMARIE makes a loud noise: either
by knocking something over or by closing
the prop trunk. MARCY hears her)

Is someone there? Enid, is that you? MARCY'S VOICE

(Raising voice to talk to
MARCY)
No, Miss Beaumont. It is only I -- Vosemavie Clinger -- yaw big fan. ROSEMARIE

Oh God! MARCY'S VOICE

I'm veturning yaw tvademark... ROSEMARIE

(Not understanding)
What? MARCY'S VOICE

Yaw scarf. ROSEMARIE

Oh, stay there! MARCY'S VOICE

All right. ROSEMARIE

(MARCY tries to compose herself, while ROSEMARIE
stands still in delight)

MARCY
Rosemarie, please listen very carefully.

ROSEMARIE

Shaw.

MARCY'S VOICE

(With a sense of urgency)

I'm locked in here against my will! I can't get out! Please help me!

ROSEMARIE

So this is the veal Hollywood?

(To MARCY)

Well, don't wovvy! I'll get you out -- somehow.

(She heads toward the den, but the
FIGURE intercedes. The **FIGURE's back**
is to the Audience, as he approaches ROSEMARIE)

Oh -- you're here...

(She addresses FIGURE)

Listen -- Mossy needs help. ... She sounds veally hovible! We have
to do something for her, right this minute!

(FIGURE nods in agreement)

Hey, why are you looking so funny? Huh?... Did you lock her up!

(FIGURE takes MARCY's scarf to twist around
ROSEMARIE's neck)

MARCY'S VOICE

What's going on out there!

ROSEMARIE

Hey, gimme back that scarf!

(FIGURE drapes scarf around ROSEMARIE's neck,
possibly in the way ENID tied it around MARCY
when she first gave it to her)

Hey, gimme back that scarf! It's Mossy's. Wait, I don't wanna wear it!

(There's a struggle. ROSEMARIE is
about to be strangled)

Hey, this is not vevy nice!

MARCY'S VOICE

Rosemarie, is anything wrong?

(After a final blow of her tour-guide whistle,
ROSEMARIE is dead. MARCY beats wildly at the
"den" door. The front door rings, MELVIN GRUNDY

[i.e. the actor playing "CHAD"] enters)

MELVIN

Hello. Is anybody here? The front door was open. Is anyone here?
It's Mel Grundy -- Enid's agent from William Morris.

(The FIGURE attacks him -- outside
the door)

Wait! No! Can't we negotiate! Don't be rash! I'll get you a commercial
for Gillette! Agghh! Oww...

(The FIGURE strikes, clobbering MEL with an
ax. As the FIGURE stalks out, JILL pokes her
head out from behind the window drape. **Blackout**)

ACT TWO SCENE FIVE

The time is an hour later. The manor is
darker and spookier than ever. The
television may be on -- watched by an
increasingly disturbed ZACHARY -- or there
may simply be a vignette with a
TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (for **Station**
WXCA), played by the actor who portrayed
CHAD.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER

(In spotlighted person; or just a VOICE,
emanating from the T.V. set)

Welcome to "**The Hollywood Evening News.**" Tonight's fast-breaking story involves
the new slasher movie, CHOP CHOP. Our reporters tell us that what was to be the
screen comeback of 40s star, Enid Beaucoup, became a **scream** comeback. Yes, this is
the same Enid Beaucoup -- suspected of murder years ago. Well, today, she argued with
everyone, making director Happy Hathaway very un-happy. Storming out of the studio at
noon, she returned an hour later, totally freaking out over a new scene requiring her to take
a shampoo. Hathaway reluctantly fired the old-time star and will replace her with June Allyson
in the role of a vicious psycho.

(**Fadeout** on TELEVISION ANNOUNCER.
The focus shifts to ENID, who is somewhere
outside the manor, wandering home in the dark.
The day's events have been an epiphany to her.
She vacillates from madness to sanity, from a
sense of defeat to defiance -- as she sings
That's a Wrap! / Second Chance)

ENID

ONCE I WAS THE GREATEST
ACTRESS ON THE MAP,
BUT NOW THAT'S ALL ENDED...
AND THAT'S A WRAP!

HAVE YA HEARD THE LATEST:
I MADE OUT LIKE CRAP --
ALL FILMING SUSPENDED;
YEAH, THAT'S A WRAP!

AS HARD AS I'D TRY,
THEY TURNED DOWN THEIR THUMBS
TILL THEY MADE ME CRY —
THAT BUNCH OF BUMS!

THEY CALLED ME A "LOONY",
STINGING LIKE A STRAP --
THE NEW MOVIE POWERS --
EACH ONE A HACK. *(or: ALL SECOND-RATE!)*

CAGNEY, BOGEY, MUNI
USED TA CHEER AN' CLAP
WHEN LOVE SCENES WERE OU-RS
IN YEARS WAY BACK! *(or: AND STARS WERE GREAT!)*

NOT THESE LITTLE SNOTS;
BEFORE THEY WERE BORN,
I RULED ON THE LOTS!
WHO NEEDS THEIR SCORN?!

ASKING FOR PERFECTION,
I GOT QUITE A SLAP:
A PINK-SLIP REJECTION,
AND THAT'S A WRAP!
THE SCENE IS DONE!
CAN IT!
CUT IT!
SNAP!

(She snaps finger)

I MADE THE FINAL FADE-OUT,
AND THAT'S A WRAP...

(Her mood changes)

NO MORE MOVIES...

NO MORE ENID BEAUCOUP...
 LOST TO THE LATE SHOW
 AND OTHERWISE -- THROUGH!

(She blames herself in the
Second Chance section)

I MAY HAVE DUG THE RUT I LIVE IN,
 BUT -- ALL THESE YEARS -- I'VE STILL BEEN DRIVEN,
 HOPING THAT I'D BE GIVEN
 A SECOND CHANCE.

FIN'LLY I FOUND A WAY TO DO IT,
 RISING AGAIN -- YEAH, NOTHING TO IT!
 BUT ALL AT ONCE I BLEW IT:
 MY SECOND CHANCE.

I THOUGHT I
 COULD GET BACK WHAT I LOST --
 SECOND TRY --
 BUT I GOT DOUBLE-CROSSED!

I FELT THAT I WAS SUCH A HOT ONE!
 BUT I'VE BEEN SHOWN -- I'M REALLY NOT ONE!
 NOW I WISH I JUST GOT ONE
 MORE SECOND CHANCE!

(She reprises That's a Wrap!)

Well, damn them all!

(Sings)

NOW AT LEAST I'M GLAD IT
 WOKE ME WITH A SLAP!
 A HAS-BEEN WHO'S HAD IT,
 AND THAT'S A WRAP!
 THE CURTAIN FALLS!
 BLACKOUT!
 EXIT!
 SNAP!

(Snaps fingers)

THE HORROR MOVIE'S OVER,
 AND THAT'S A WRAP!
 A DUMB,
 BUM
 RAP!

(ENID circles around the manor, then unlocks the front door. As she is about to enter, JILL accosts her from outside)

Hi. JILL

Hello. ENID

Is something wrong? JILL

No. I'm just surprised that **anyone** wants to talk to me right now. ENID

How come? JILL

A lot happened today, things I'd rather forget. ENID

Oh? JILL

Tell me, who are you? ENID

Jill Little. The girl next door. JILL

Isn't it past your bedtime? ENID

(After nodding "No") JILL

Aren't you one of the famous ladies who live in this house?

(Somewhat flattered; putting on grande-dame airs) ENID

Yes, I am, my child.

You're Enid Beaucoup, right? JILL

Yes, yes! How'd you know? ENID

JILL

My grandma showed me your picture in an old movie magazine. She told me you were like a beautiful fairy princess in the movies, once upon a time.

ENID

Yes, that's me. But now I feel more like Old Yeller. *(or: But now I feel more like Queen Kong.)*

JILL

Guess what?

ENID

What?

JILL

I know a secret. Something that involves...you.

ENID

A secret? What sort of secret?

JILL

Well -- about hatchets lying around, and accidents that can happen.
... You know, you have a very interesting house.

ENID

What are you talking about?

(JILL stares eagerly at some jewelry ENID is wearing)

JILL

I know a secret. But I'll keep it between us two -- if you give me some of your pretty jewelry.

ENID

(Incensed; plying JILL's hands off her jewelry)

My jewelry! You little dragon! Why, you're worse than I was at your age.

(ENID huffs off. JILL takes out her camera)

JILL

I'll be seeing you soon. I love taking snapshots.

(We enter manor -- a while later. ZACHARY is consoling ENID)

ENID

Oh, Zachary. It's been a deadly day.

ZACHARY

I'll say.

ENID

Things didn't work out at the studio... I was chiseled out of CHOP CHOP! Dismissed!

ZACHARY

Oh, I'm sorry. I should never have left you, even an hour, to do some...shopping.

ENID

That's all right, my darling. I wanted you home anyway to watch Marcy.

ZACHARY

Yes, she's been crying like a fish on Friday!

ENID

She has? I must have really scared her.

ZACHARY

But I quieted her down with some sleeping pills.

ENID

Oh, this is getting out of hand...

(Reaching decision,
sounding almost menacing:)

You know, there's no point in having her around anymore...

ZACHARY

(Agreeing)

No, matters are bad enough.

ENID

Exactly, Zachary.

ZACHARY

Would you like to take care of her now?

(They go to fetch MARCY in the den)

ENID

Fine.

(As they disappear, JILL sneaks around, to the tune of I Know a Secret. She may pocket some valuable-looking looking items: e.g. silverware, jewelry, a cigarette lighter, small antiques, etc. Next, she opens the door

of a **closet** and reveals the strangled body of ROSEMARIE CLINGER.

JILL doesn't seem particularly startled, as she pushes the body back out of sight. As VOICES from the "den" approach the main area, JILL hides near the closet)

ENID'S VOICE

Marcy, Marcy, wake up!

MARCY'S VOICE

(Groggy)
What?...Where am I?

(They enter)

ENID

You're safe with Enid! ... My darling, things have changed.

MARCY

Get me out of this room! Get me out!

ENID

All right, all right. Zachary, hold her.

MARCY

I feel like I've been drugged, Enid.

ENID

You're getting carried away. ... Come with us, darling.

(ENID and ZACHARY help MARCY back into the main area. Drowsy, MARCY bobs up and down on her crutch/cane, unintentionally butting into ZACHARY's chin as she rises. She is led to a chair facing the closet, as ENID and ZACHARY face away from it)

MARCY

(Plopping onto chair)
I'm so drowsy.

ENID

Well, I wanna talk -- sister to sister.

(MARCY nods off, snoring)

MARCY

Zzzz...

(ENID wakens her in a loud voice)

ENID

Look!! I'm gonna let you leave here, Marcy.

MARCY & ZACHARY

You are...?

ENID

Yeah! Nothing you do matters anymore! I was dismissed -- dismissed! -- from my movie today. So there'll be no more rehearsals between us.

MARCY

Oh -- it'll be okay....

(Recalls something:)

Wait, Enid. Where's Rosemarie? Where's Rosemarie? What have you...

ENID

(Interrupting)

Rosemarie? I tell you my tragic story, and you ask about Rosemarie? Who's Rosemarie?!

MARCY

She was here. She was going to help me! Then, she screamed -- like she was being strangled!

ENID

Whuh? Zachary, what kind of crazy pills did you give Marcy?

ZACHARY

A mild sedative

MARCY

Enid, Enid... Has someone else died?

ENID

Hey, I've had enough grief for one day!

MARCY

(Increasingly agitated)

You've had enough...You! You! You!

ENID

Yeah -- so quiet down!

(The closet opens. Unseen, JILL pushes out ROSEMARIE'S body. MARCY reacts)

MARCY

Aaaah!

Who's she?!
ENID

It's Rosemarie!!
MARCY

(She starts pulling patches of hair out of
her head, perhaps causing bald spots)

ENID
When did she drop in? ... Marcy! Your hair's coming out! Hell, it must run in the family.

(JILL walks out of the closet)

Hi, there.
JILL

MARCY
(Screams; looks at JILL)
Aaah! Who's she?

The killer?
ENID

JILL
(Shaking head "No")
Well, I know who's been murdering everyone.

MARCY
What?

ENID
How could you?

JILL
I've been watching this house ever since I moved across the street with Grandma.
Did you know my grandma was one of Grant Foster's girlfriends too?
(Possibly holding
a pair of scissors)
She says he was my grandpa.

ENID & MARCY
Grandpa Grant?!

ZACHARY
Oh heavens!

JILL

That's why she moved across from you. All these years, she's been spying on you. And, this week, I've been helping her get a taste of things -- from the inside.

ENID

What are you -- her bridge work?

JILL

I was here this afternoon when Rosemarie was strangled. I witnessed everything.

MARCY

Oh, oh...Then who's the killer? Is it Enid?

ENID

(Incredulously)

The prime suspect?

MARCY

Zachary?

ZACHARY

(Incredulously)

The butler did it?

JILL

Well...

(MRS. JENKINS pokes through the curtain. It is the same actor who has played CHAD, etc. [with a touch of Anthony Perkins in "*Psycho*"]. MRS. JENKINS is dressed in her usual hood and resembles a geriatric version of JILL. She wears the mauve scarf and wields a wicked-looking ax or scimitar)

MRS. JENKINS

No. It was me -- your neighbor, Granny Jenkins!

ZACHARY

Doesn't anyone use the doorbell?

MARCY

Who's she?

MARCY

My scarf!

JILL

(Proudly)

My Grandma...

ENID

A striking family resemblance.

ZACHARY

This is unconscionable.

(JILL bats him from behind -- with
a club or tray)

JILL

(Looking at the knocked-out ZACHARY)

This is unconscious.

MARCY

Zachary!

JILL

(Taking out a bomb)

Wanna use one of my homemade time bombs?

MRS. JENKINS

No. Remember what happened to your brother, Stubby!

JILL

Okay.

MRS. JENKINS

(Swaggers and addresses ENID)

So, Enid, Marcy, do you wanna know the whole stinkin', disgustin' truth?

ENID & MARCY

I dunno...

MRS. JENKINS

I killed Grant -- for two-timing me two times too many. I lost my man and then I lost my mind! And you vain, rotten, sex-crazy sisters were responsible!

MARCY

Don't get personal.

MRS. JENKINS

I've waited years to see you both -- so I could get even. Today, after Jill let me into the house, I was about to murder Marcy. Then Rosemarie intruded -- so I killed her instead. I also killed your William Morris agent.

ENID

Well, that's understandable.

MRS. JENKINS

And now it's your turn, sssiss-ters!

(She goes after MARCY with an scarf or knife. MARCY suddenly jumps up and hops on her good leg -- to escape. Still groggy, she wakens at the thought of extermination)

MARCY

No!!

ENID

(Like a great weight has been lifted off her shoulders)

I'm so relieved! You see, Marcy -- I didn't kill the others!

JILL

Isn't Grandma neat?

(MRS. JENKINS and JILL gang up on MARCY. Meanwhile, ENID's mind wanders into a reverie of exoneration)

MARCY

Save me! Save me!

ENID

I needed some good news today!

JILL

Can I keep some of her pretty things?

MRS. JENKINS

You'll get a cut of everything, cupcake.

ENID

Nobody believed me, but I'm innocent.

MARCY

Help!

ZACHARY

(Waking)

Coming! Coming!

(JILL grabs a pair of scissors and stabs ZACHARY: giving a seemingly fatal whack)

Going! Going...

ENID

Isn't it wonderful!

Oh, I'm so tired. MARCY

This proves I'm not crazy! ENID

(Yawning)
Coffee! Coffee! MARCY

(To MARCY)
Stand still! MRS. JENKINS

(To ENID)
This is my big moment, you big ham!

ENID
Now, wait a minute! Nobody steals a scene from...Enid Beaucoup!

(She grabs MARCY's cane, duels, and knocks weapon
out of MRS. JENKINS' hand)

No! MARCY

Thank you, Marcy. ENID

(To JILL)
Quick, Jill. Give me the ax! MRS. JENKINS

No! MARCY

(JILL stumbles and hits MRS. JENKINS in the solar plexus,
possibly with the ax handle standing out)

Not there. MRS. JENKINS

Sorry, Grandma. JILL

(MRS. JENKINS may die off-stage. JILL is upset.
MARCY runs over, takes JILL's camera and snaps
the little girl who's just killed her grandmother)

Hold it! MARCY

Doggone! JILL

Jill! Go to the den! You must be punished for this!
(She spansks her)
Smack, smack, smack!

All right. (Going) JILL

And stay there! ENID

(JILL acquiesces, so upset that she forgets
about the bomb she's got. ZACHARY revives)

Zachary, did she hurt you?

(It is shown how JILL couldn't stab through
ZACHARY's morning jacket)

No. ZACHARY
(Taking out thick contract)
She couldn't break your contract.

You're such a help, my darling. ENID
(Kissing ZACHARY)

My pleasure, Miss Beaucoup... ZACHARY

(Exhausted, MARCY rests on a chair)

Oh, Enid. If this is real life, I've got to get back to the soaps. MARCY

(ENID returns -- to MARCY's side. We hear JILL's
bomb, exploding in the den)

ENID

Jill! The bomb!

MARCY

(Peeking off-stage)

I'm afraid she's visiting her grandma again!

(May point downward toward "hell")

ZACHARY

(Removing MRS. JENKIN's body; leaving)

Oh dear. It's so difficult to keep this house clean. Well, I think we could all use some tea.

ENID

I'm gonna plug in the phone and call the police.

MARCY

Thank you, Enid, for saving me. You're a...heroine.

ENID

(Proud of herself)

Yeah. I'll tell the police that Mrs. Jenkins killed everyone, even Chad Walker.

MARCY

And I took a family snapshot of Jill playing with bombs and slaying her granny.

ENID

Lovely.

MARCY

Let them take the blame for everything. I'll back you up! You'll get some **good** publicity for this one!

ENID

Uh-huh!

(Suddenly focussed)

But, Marcy, are you okay?

MARCY

I guess. I just wasn't sure who might kill me today...

(She sobs while ENID reassures her, as warmly as ENID can get)

ENID

Well, you can be sure I wouldn't, my darling. I may have cursed you out and tied you up...Even clobbered you at times. But don't all sisters?

MARCY

I don't know. I only have you.

ENID

(Touched)

I know what you mean. Today when I was dropped from CHOP CHOP, I thought my world had shattered. I felt like there was nothing to care about, no one in this cutthroat business who cared about me. Then, somehow I thought about **you** -- my **sister** -- and something Poppa once said...

(MARCEL BEAUCOUP materializes in flashback fashion)

MARCEL

Ah, girls. Remember, no matter what else happens -- I want you sisters to always be close. ... You need each other.

(An **echo**:)

...Need each other...

(His image remains in the background)

MARCY

Yes, I remember too...

ENID

Marcy, this is like a second chance to be **sisters** again -- the way we should be... And I'll bet a film deal for this slasher story will pay for the house!

MARCY

(Lovingly:)

Oh, Enid.

(They reach out tenderly -- to hold each other and hug)

ENID

Oh, Marcy.

BOTH

Oo...

(They reprise Sisters)

MARCY

WE ARE...

BOTH
LINKED THROUGHOUT A LIFETIME,
TOUCHED BY WHAT THE OTHER DOES;
THROUGH THE GOOD AND BAD TIMES,
EV'RYTHING THAT WAS,
THERE'S NO ONE ELSE QUITE LIKE A SISTER...

(ZACHARY returns with tea tray and
sings along)

ALL
SHARING EV'RY BIRTHDAY,
HOMICIDE, AND TEA TIME TOO;
EVEN WHEN WE ARGUE,
ONE THING'S ALWAYS TRUE...

(The sisters each pick up a weapon
in contemplation)

ENID
I'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER....

MARCY
(Aside)
So what if you're wacko...
(Sings)
I'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...

ENID
So what if you're a thorn in the ass...

BOTH
I'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...

(Each sister smiles at the other,
somewhat menacingly)

LIKE YOU!

ZACHARY
(Photographing the tableau)
Cut! Print!

(Optional: JILL may re-appear, battered but alive, with an ax.
Fade out. It is:

THE END
ACT TWO

FINALE

(The show closes with a medley of Sisters and Slay It With Music)

ENSEMBLE

HELP YOUR SISTER IF HER
WAYS AREN'T ALWAYS RIGHT.
YOU GREW UP TOGETHER --
YOU TWO
DEAR SISTERS.

ONE IN HOME AND NAME,
EVEN GESTURES ARE THE SAME;
WHO CAN MAKE SUCH A CLAIM
BUT SISTERS?
SISTERS...

SHARING EV'RY BIRTHDAY,
FAM'LY TRIP, AND CHRISTMAS TREE;
EVEN WHEN YOU ARGUE,
YOU WILL STILL CONCUR...
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER...
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER SISTER LIKE
HER!

...
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC,
SLAUGHTER WITH SINGING;
WE'LL KEEP THINGS SNAPPY,
WE'LL KEEP THINGS SWINGING!

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC,
BELT EV'RY PART OUT;
THOUGH A BIT SAPPY,
SHE'LL TEAR YOUR HEART OUT!

THROW IN SOME STRINGS,
BRASS, AND HARP --
KILLING OFF THINGS
IN "B-SHARP"!

ZACHARY

BE SHARP!

ENSEMBLE

SLAY IT WITH MUSIC!
WHAT A FINALE!
THEY'LL ALL DIE HAPPY!
THAT'S UP OUR ALLEY!

IF YOU MUST DO
IT -- WE SAY:
SLAY IT WITH MU-
SIC...
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC...
SLAY IT WITH MUSIC
TODAY!

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please see the Slay It With Music information page (click on your browser's Back button, or visit <http://www.singlelane.com/proplay/slay.html>)