



# The *FINAL* CURTAIN

(A MOVIE adapted from the Musical)  
Book and Lyrics by Sidney Goldberg  
Music by

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# The *FINAL* CURTAIN

## CAST

TONY.....50ish, Cute, ex-hairdresser,  
Playwright. Suicidal.

MOLLY.....75ish, Tony's Jewish mother.  
Has personality.

FANCY.....50ish. Sells men's clothes.  
Always in suit and tie.

JOE.....50ish. Sells life insurance.  
Italian, bachelor. Angry.

MIKE.....50ish. High school gym teacher.  
60's hippie.

# The *Final* Curtain

## SONGS

I Miss That Sunny Day (Tony).....

King of the Hill (All except Tony).....

Tom Mix (All).....

Are You Ever There?(Molly).....

Have I Gone Insane?(Fancy).....

Have I Gone Insane?(Underscoring).....

I Miss That Sunny Day (Underscoring).....

I Say Screw It (All).....

14 July (All).....

No Matter How You End It (Joe).....

Bronxtones (All).....

What Can I Say (Tony).....

Worms (Tony).....

14 July (Underscoring).....

King of the Hill (Underscoring).....

Are You Ever There? (Underscoring).....

Bronxtones (ALL).....

Don't Ask Me Why (Molly).....

I've Done It All (Tony).....

When I get to Heaven9Tony).....

14 July (Underscoring).....

You're Supposed To Be Dead (All).....

## The *Final* Curtain

EXT. WE see a lamppost in the Bronx and ALL, appearing 1  
as teenagers are harmonizing.

ALL

(Sings. ♪)

*"Forget your trouble come on  
get happy, you better chase  
all your cares away. Forget  
your troubles come on get  
happy, we're headed for the  
judgment day."*

INT: Last week: Saturday afternoon: Living room: The 2  
kitchen is to the right. The furnishings are seedy. A  
bathroom divides both. There is a barber chair. As WE hear  
FANCY, who is dressed immaculate, ring the door bell. TONY,  
wearing a sweatshirt and jeans, runs to his oven, turns it  
on and sticks his head inside just as he sees FANCY enter.

FANCY

(Runs to oven and pulls Tony  
out.)

What are you fuckin' crazy?  
How many times have you tried  
killing yourself this month?  
and it's only the fifteenth!

TONY

(Gasping.)

How do you know?

FANCY

How do I know? How do I  
know? Last week, when Mike  
brought you those books, he  
said he found you hanging...  
The week before, I found you  
with a gun to your head...

TONY

You forgot about Joey the  
Dick...

FANCY

Well pardon me that I forgot  
the Dick found you on the  
window sill about to jump...  
How can you be so selfish?  
'Cause committing suicide is  
the most selfish thing a guy  
can do. And if you think  
Joey's a dick, what the hell  
do you think you are?

TONY

(Sings. )

I MISS THAT SUNNY DAY

I had some fun, without a  
care.  
Now it's all turned to  
despair.  
Drove fancy cars, spent lots  
of bread.  
Now I wish that I were dead.

All my friends said I  
had  
it all.  
Then suddenly I took a  
fall.  
Just like all those  
losers.  
I'm one of those  
boozers,  
losers, boozers.

Everybody got something to  
live for.  
I got my plays, I wrote a  
song.  
It feels like I'm stuck

inside a revolving door.  
I'm not Samson, I'm not that  
strong.

My days and nights are  
killing me.  
And my dreams that just won't  
be.  
My friends and girls have  
gone away.  
Lord, I miss that sunny day.

          All my friends said I  
had  
          it all.  
          Then suddenly I took a  
          fall.  
          Just like all those  
          losers.  
          I'm one of those  
boozers,  
          losers, boozers.

Everybody got something to  
live for.  
I got my plays, I wrote a  
song.  
It feels like I'm stuck  
inside a revolving door.  
I'm not Samson, I'm not that  
strong.

#### FANCY

Poor little baby ain't wrong,  
you're not that strong. You  
want me to feel sorry,  
because you have nothing left  
to live for? Why, because  
ten years ago you get hit by  
a car and you lose  
everything? Not only don't  
you have a career, you got

'ugatz!' 'Cause with out money, woman don't seem to go for you anymore, do they. Do I know your story or do I know your story, Mr. Cry baby.

TONY

After the accident, I was in the hospital, laying there with a broken tibia plateau, when my mother comes to see me. She said I shouldn't be depressed that I won't be able to work. Everything happens for a reason. Haven't I said that I really wanted to be a writer the past fifteen years? So, now I'll have to be a writer. As far as money's concerned, money's important but chasing a dream is much more rewarding. I guess parking cars, cleaning houses, doing resumes is part of chasing that dream. If you want me to live my dream before I... better get your checkbook.

FANCY

My checkbook? With the wedding and all, I'm embarrassed to tell you what's in my checkbook.

TONY

What's it contagious?

FANCY

I don't know if it's me or what... maybe I'm loosing my touch, but I ain't selling

too many expensive suits lately and I still haven't given the band their down payment, but forget about the wedding for a minute. You gonna throw away 40 years of harmonizing together just like that? What, are we suddenly gonna become a trio?

Trios are

(Slaps Tony five.)

trios. We're The Bronxtones and what do we do, we trios.

(Sings.)

"Harmonize..." And what about the fact that you're my son's G-dfather, and don't think I didn't get any shit from my family 28 years ago for making a Jew my son's G-dfather. I'm still paying for it. And he's getting married in two weeks, remember? Don't you want to see him dance with his bride at the wedding, asshole...? And what about Molly, your sweet little mother? What do you think's gonna happen? Another heart attack, maybe?

And then, no more mushroom and barley soup? And you know how I dig her soup. Since we were kids.

TONY

I can't take it Fancy. It's not only the poverty, the rejection is even worse. I've been writing more than 25 years and nobody even knows or gives a damn. You



know how many plays I've  
written since my accident...?  
Nine. Nine plays.

FANCY

What do you mean nobody knows  
you wrote nine plays?  
Everyone you meet you tell  
about your plays and what  
about Mike and Joey and me?  
How many readings did we go  
to?

TONY

Readings don't count. I need  
an agent. I need a producer,  
someone to invest in one of  
my (Sobs.)  
plays before I die... Would  
you invest in one my plays  
Fancy? You make a good  
living at Bloomies. I mean  
look how you dress. Would  
you... would you invest to  
save a life? Someone you  
know... Me.

FANCY

Please, don't start that shit  
again. How many times have I  
told you? I wouldn't invest  
in yours or anybody's play,  
no matter whose life depended  
on it. I hate the theater.  
I dig movies. They're always  
perfect. Besides, we all  
know that 87 percent of all  
plays fail. You said that  
yourself. And all my bread's  
tied up in making my son's  
wedding. It's costing me a  
fortune and you better make  
sure you come to the wedding  
with a big stuffed envelope,

mister. I hear he's your G-  
dson.

ALL the guys enter laughing. TONY will groan, "You just don't understand" after each statement.

JOE

Get the glasses 'cause uncle  
Joe got the Scotchereenio.

MIKE

And you know what I got.

FANCY

This is no time for laughter,  
gentlemen. The '*schmuck*'  
tried to do it again, and we  
all know why, don't we...?  
Shall we blame it on "*Et tu  
Brute?*" or "*I coulda been  
champion. I coulda been  
champion.*"

TONY

(Acts and speaks  
spooky.)  
Invest... *You must invest in  
one of my plays if you want  
to save this tormented  
soul...* That's s-o-u-l, not  
s-o-l-e. That S-O-L-E is  
almandine.

JOE

So, now you want to be funny.  
You think finding you trying  
to kill yourself every week  
is funny. I'll give you  
funny. Hey, now I got a funny  
idea. Why don't you write a  
play about this ex-haircutter  
that wants to kill himself  
because nobody wants to do  
his boring plays. Sounds

funny, right? I mean is that  
a comedy or what? 'Ugatz!'  
I got wiped out last week.  
Yankees, Mets, Boston,  
Milwaukee and the Dodgers.  
Lost five hundred smackeroos.

I haven't sold a policy in  
weeks and you don't see me  
going around trying to kill  
myself you fuckin' actor.  
And do you know how much I'm  
into the book for? How are  
your wrists feeling? Feel  
like giving me a little trim?  
I hated the last butcher I  
went to and that was over  
three months ago. Three  
months, what a 'schmuck' he  
was! Feel like trying it  
again? Go get your scissors.  
I'll give you a chance to  
experiment on me.

FANCY

The gambler does look rather  
seedy if I say so myself. I  
vote Tony gives Seedy a trim.

ALL

Here, here for Seedy!

JOE

To you everyone must look  
seedy, Mr. Bloomingdale. I  
mean in all these years, I've  
never seen you in a pair of  
jeans, or is that too seedy  
too?

FANCY

Seedy my ass. As far as I'm  
concerned, there are enough  
of you broken twigs already.  
Forget not that I am one of

the top men's salesman this side of Fifth Avenue and that's why I dress this way, Mr. Dick.

JOE

Fuck you and your Mr. Dick, Fancy Dan... Just because you make 40 or 50 grand a year sometimes, and I emphasize sometimes, doesn't mean that your shit doesn't stink sometimes. It stinks all the time. And just remember, your father was part of the '*family*' too, and we were both smart not going into *their* business. And don't forget I used to make almost as much as you. So, business hasn't been that good, that's all...

TONY

I hope you guys will remember me even when business is better, 'cause I'll be leaving.

JOE

Believe me; I don't understand why this idiot wants to kill himself? There gotta be a million other '*schmucks*' that wrote more than nine plays and they're probably better and they don't go around trying to do themselves in... Fuckin' boss, he's always on my ass and so's the book. I have to come up with a score and fast.

MIKE

What about poor Tony? "I write to enlighten the world... G-d gives me these things to say." The poor 'bubby' needs one of his shows to be produced because not only is he's flat broke, he feels hopeless, that's why he's trying to kill himself.

JOE

Yeah, but at least he has the memories of all those models he used to ball when he was making big bread and he was cutting all those famous peoples hair. All those centerfolds...

ALL except TONY sing.

KING of the HILL

MIKE

(Sings. )

Remember all those chicks he used to ball?

JOE

That was before he took a terrible fall.

FANCY

Then the poor boy then lost all his money.

ALL except TONY  
And now he don't seem that funny.

He used to be king of the hill.

Life to him was always a  
thrill.  
He never paid his dues.  
Never sang the blues

MIKE

I can't forget when we sang  
on the street.

JOE

Chicks passing by looked so  
sweet.

FANCY

We'd start to harmonize as we  
would flirt.

ALL except TONY

We'd dance and kick up some  
dirt.

He used to be king of  
the  
hill.  
Life to him was always a  
thrill.  
He never paid his dues.  
Never sang the blues.

MIKE

He used to cut Sonnie's hair.  
Sonnie... we've been living  
together for twelve years and  
she still won't marry me.  
Unless I have the down  
payment for a house in  
Tenafly, she won't marry me.  
Where am I supposed to get a  
hundred grand? All I got's  
about thirty. That's it...  
Or maybe I'm not good enough.

JOE

(To Tony, goes and sits in barber chair.)

Fuck you and your killing yourself, all the broads you used to ball and all your plays, I'm not interested, Tony. Just give me a trim? You need the practice, man. You haven't cut my hair in ten years. So...? Please. This new chic, I think she doesn't like my hair. It's two weeks and we haven't done it yet. And my boss is on my ass about everything, so go on, go get your scissor and you still got that haircutting cape? I don't want to get hair all over me. Jesus, I hate to get hair on me.

FANCY

(To Tony.)

Your lack of fame unfortunately will not be the death of me Mr. Desperate, for once again not only have I detected that your attempted suicide has been once again timed to perfection. A master production if I may say so myself. And you didn't give a shit that you were going to blow up the whole fuckin' building with me in it. I say let's kill him before he kills us. His head was in the oven anyway.

MIKE

(Feigns hanging.)

I wonder why he didn't try to

do this again...?

TONY

(Moans.)

Because that hurts. There  
are other ways. Better ways.

(Snaps fingers.)

Soon it will be all over.  
You have been forewarned of  
my preordained demise,  
brethren.

JOE

I think this whole thing with  
Mr. Loony Tunes trying to  
kill himself might just be a  
big crock of shit... I mean,  
doesn't it seem strange that  
one of us is always there  
just when he's about to pull  
the plug. Doesn't it seem  
like another one of his  
brilliant plots to get us to  
invest in one of his "Great"  
plays? What's sick about it  
is he thinks the production  
of his "Great" plays is the  
only thing in the world that  
matters. All you think about  
is your fuckin' plays. You  
used to cut hair remember?  
Give me a haircut damnit. Do  
me a favor.

TONY

(Spooky.)

Unless you invest in one of  
my plays, there can be no  
hair cuts. Soon, I will tell  
you when I shall make my  
*final curtain call.*

FANCY

You are the most selfish



person I ever met. You don't give a shit about us or your mother's mushroom and barley soup? What am I gonna do...? You know how I dig it. It's my favorite thing.

MIKE

I thought getting head was? Man, I still dig getting head.

FANCY

My wife says Catholics don't give head. It's "*Sacrilegious.*" Tell you the truth; I have a better chance getting the meat that Molly puts in the soup.


TONY

Flanken. It's called flanken.

FANCY

(Sings to "*I Love Paris in the Spring Time.*")  
I love it, man. "*I love flanken in the Spring time.*"

ALL

(Sings  and will always assume pose as in opening scene.)  
"*And I love flanken in the fall. I love flanken in the winter when it drizzles, and I love flanken in the summer when it sizzles.*"

ALL smile and chant, "*Bronxtones,*" three times.)

JOE

And this *strunz*, with the sweetest mother that ever lived wants to kill

himself... Why don't you ask  
her to take her Social  
Security and put it in one of  
your "Great" plays?  
Go ahead; take your mother's  
(Aside.)  
last dollar... Lewie the  
bookie's on my ass too.

MIKE

...I mean what the hell will  
he think of the next time,  
Fancy? An atom bomb? What  
else is left?

FANCY

You may precede Mr. Gym  
teacher. We await your  
learned observation...

MIKE

(Takes out joint and lights it.)  
Well, in my unbiased opinion,  
I say he'll try poison next.  
Right or wrong, Tony?

TONY

No comment.

MIKE

When he takes arsenic, not  
one of us will be able to  
save him. Because one, two,  
three and it's all over. See  
you later alligator, it's  
*Kaputsville*.

JOE

I agree. If arsenic was good  
enough for Marie Antoinette  
it's certainly good enough  
for our illustrious

playwright.

MIKE

(Smokes.)

I hate to tell you this Mr. Dick: no offense intended, but I believe Marie Antoinette was beheaded. She didn't poison herself.

JOE

Picky, picky, picky. Smoke your dope Mr. Picky. So, I didn't graduate High School or go to City college like you. And what did all that education get you? You're nothing but a freakin' gym teacher. Teacher. You ain't no teacher. You're not smart enough to teach English.

TONY moans.

TONY

No matter what Joe says, he loves you Mike. Even though he feels inadequate because of his lack of education, no matter what Joe says, he loves you, but hates that you smoke that shit because it smells the place up to high heaven. Now you may opine again if you so desire Smokey.

MIKE

How does sleeping pills sound? Or maybe he'll stick

a pipe  
(Laughing, coughs from  
joint.)  
up his ass and choke himself  
to death. You can cut your  
dick off if you want. No  
matter how many sleeping  
pills you take, just leave me  
out of it Tony.

TONY moans.

FANCY

Sleeping pills? I told you  
he tried to gas himself.

(Clicks

heels.)

Think Auschwitz. *SEIG HEIL!*

TONY moans.

JOE

Gas, what a disgusting way to  
go. Smells terrible.

TONY moans.

JOE (cont'd)

Didn't Hitler gas enough of  
you Jew bastards, Tony...?

TONY moans.

FANCY

Yeah, gassing himself!  
BINGO!

JOE

And not one of them had  
insurance. Too bad. I  
could've made a bundle.  
'Specially if it was term  
insurance.

FANCY

Now, do you see why we call you Dick...? He was just talking about the Holocaust and Tony's Jewish, too.

JOE

I'm glad somebody's Jewish around here and by the way Mr. Jew, what do you say? Instead of your mother, how's about making me the beneficiary of your policy? I mean I could sure use the bread, and your mother... how much time does she have left? And who saved you a half-a-dozen times, me or her? At least let's discuss it. We'll do lunch.

FANCY

Tony's trying to kill himself and all you can think of is the almighty dollar. Money, money, money. That's why the name, Mr. Dick is so apropos.

JOE

(Frustrated, he turns to Mike.)  
And all you think of is pot. You're not one of your De Witt Clinton high school students, dummy. Why doesn't someone tell this 56 year old hippie that the sixties are over...? They're over, right, Mike?

MIKE

(Smoking.)

Really...? Why didn't  
someone tell me? I thought  
you guys were my friends and  
you used to smoke... We all  
used to smoke.

FANCY

(To Tony.)

We used to in the sixties.  
(Opens bottle of scotch and fixes drinks.)  
The good old sixties.

JOE

This is the nineties. We  
don't get high anymore, we  
drink ourselves to oblivion.

MIKE

And before we proceed to  
drink ourselves to as Fancy  
so aptly implied, oblivion;  
because I am the only one  
with a degree, I decree we  
all bid our dear friend Tony  
adieu and Sonnie sends her  
warmest regards. Before you  
leave, she asked if you would  
tell us her favorite story.  
How a guy who's name is Tony  
Costello, turns out to be a  
Jew from the Bronx...? She  
always peed and with all this  
suicide going around, I think  
we could all use a little  
peeing ourselves and a double  
scotch. What say fellahs?  
*"We want Tony and his story.  
We want Tony and his story."*

ALL

(Drinks and chants.)

WE WANT TONY AND HIS STORY!  
WE WANT TONY AND HIS STORY!

FANCY  
Please Tony...

MIKE  
I love that story.

TONY  
...Alright, alright, but this is the last time... When my grandfather landed at Ellis Island, he wanted to fit in so, he asked a man standing in line next to him, what's a good Jewish name to take. The guy, afraid that there might be more Nazis in New York, trying to protect his fellow Jew, told my grandfather to say his name was Costello instead of Finkel or Bernstein... Well, it looks like that's the last time I'll ever tell the Costello, Finkel, Bernstein story.

MIKE  
Then I think we should have recorded Tony for future Finkels... 'specially if Bernstein can act.

ALL laugh and chant, *"To the future!"*

JOE  
And if the guy told your grandfather to say his name was O'Reilly, or O'Rourk...?

TONY  
(Irish accent. Sings.)

My name would have been, "Oh  
Danny Boy, the pipes, the  
pipes are call-ing."

ALL

(Sing. 🎵)

"From glen to glen and  
through the mountain side..."

ALL laugh, chant "BRONXTONES," three times.

JOE

Yeah, but you never told us  
how the hell did two  
immigrant Jew parents name  
their kid Tony? Tony's a  
guinea name like Joe,  
Carmine, Angelo, Lewie the  
book, Tony...

TONY sings 🎵 and all join in.

TOM MIX

Tom Mix...  
My father used to love Tom  
Mix.  
He had a horse that did lots  
of tricks  
It was black and very fast.  
He named me after a horse's  
ass.

'Cause my father idolized  
him.  
He was good looking and sorta  
slim.  
Man could he use his six gun.

ALL

The movies in those days  
were lots of fun.

We used to dream about



being movie stars.  
We used to dream about  
racing fast cars.  
It's funny how dreams  
don't come true.  
Not for me and not for  
you, they don't come  
true. Tom Mix.

TONY

And his horse's name was  
Tony.  
I swear to G-d that's no  
baloney.  
He could have named me after  
Lincoln.  
But it rhymed too much with  
stinkin'.

ALL

We used to dream about  
being movie stars.  
We used to dream about  
racing fast cars.  
It's funny how dreams  
don't come true.  
Not for me and not for  
you, they don't come  
true. Tom Mix.

FANCY

And that Tony is exactly what  
you are, a horse's ass.  
Because only a horse's ass  
would try and kill himself as  
many times as you. What are  
trying to set the record for  
attempted suicides this  
month?

JOE

Do you know how worried I've  
been? Sometimes I actually  
can't sleep because I'm  
thinking how you're thinking

about how you're going to try  
and kill yourself again.  
Give me a hint. Tell me  
before I go crazy.

MIKE

He's not the only one that's  
going crazy. You have to cut  
this suicide crap out  
immediately. I mean coming  
to this neighborhood, it's  
making me very nervous and I  
smoke not to be nervous. I  
am truly worried about this  
nervousness, man. One day  
you're timing's going to be  
just a little off and one of  
us might be too nervous to  
save you and that will be it.

Probably from poison 'cause  
that acts the quickest...  
Since you intend on poisoning  
yourself and we're saying  
goodbye, I'd like to bid thee

(Aside.)

'*bon voyage.*' All I need's a  
hundred grand for the down  
payment and she said she'd  
marry me. I'm 57 years old.

Divorced, been alone the  
last twenty years. If she  
won't marry me, who will?

TONY

(Touches pocket.)

You know it's in my pocket,  
don't you? If the three of  
you came up with a measly 15  
grand a piece, maybe I  
wouldn't poison myself. You  
know that probably would be  
enough to do a little  
workshop production, don't  
you? I mean pick any show  
you like, anyone... Then,

maybe I'd have something to live for. Is that asking so much? Didn't I have a production in L.A.? Weren't some of the reviews fantastic? Just because the audiences didn't like it... It's a great play. All my plays are great.

## MIKE

Does all that horseshit you just said, mean you wouldn't kill yourself if we produced one of your plays? Is that all you think your life is worth...? You know, for a moment I thought you were going through a mid-life crisis, but we already went through that 15 years ago, and I'm still the same struggling gym teacher with barely enough to pay my rent. Alright, I have a pension coming and I have a few dollars put away, but that's for my old age and what about me and Sonnie? Who knows, if I some how get the down payment; I might even have a kid with her. She's only 43.

## TONY

Seeing and hearing the audience respond, is that asking so much for a farewell gift. It will be your farewell gift to a poor friend, Mike. See ya... I'm going to the John.

MIKE

...Alone? You're not going  
to the John alone, are you?

Intercom beeps.

FANCY

Who the hell could that be?

JOE

Two-to-one it's his freakin'  
mushroom and barley soup...

TONY

(Answers intercom.)

...Who is it...?

MOLLY

(Outside intercom.)

Who do you expect? It's your  
mother and I brought Fancy  
his soup... Tell him I put  
plenty flanken in it this  
time. Just how he likes it  
and for you I brought my  
chopped liver and a little  
stuffed cabbage to '*nosh*' on,  
and bread. I got a rye bread  
and half sour pickles. I  
almost forgot the pickles.

TONY

Good, Ma, but could you bring  
the pickles back a little  
later? I'm a little too busy  
to start '*noshing*' right now.

MOLLY (o/s)

You want your poor mother to  
come back a little later,

because you're too busy for a  
'nosh' and what about me?  
Maybe I'm in the mood for a  
little something and maybe  
I'm tired, and it looks like  
it's starting to rain, too...  
And hard, too. If you had a  
phone, maybe I wouldn't have  
to walk in the rain.

TONY

(Buzzes Molly in.)

Ma, I'd tell you to come up,  
but the elevator's not  
working...

MOLLY (o/s)

You never had an elevator  
wise guy. And if I can run  
26 miles in the marathon,  
what's six flights? With G-  
d's help I'm thinking.

TONY

It's still only three floors  
and are you sure you want to  
walk up "Six" floors in this  
heat?

MOLLY (o/s)

I hope your air conditioner  
is working.

TONY

Take your time. Don't run,  
Ma. Remember, you have a bad  
hip.

MOLLY (o/s)

Are you sure it's still six  
floors?

TONY

It was yesterday, Ma.

MOLLY (o/s)

So, maybe I won't become a  
'Buhbeh,' a grandma like all  
my friends. Would I  
complain? Do I ever complain?

TONY

For the last five years you  
haven't said a word about my  
celibacy and I want you to  
know I appreciate it.  
Through thick or thin, you're  
the greatest, Ma.

MOLLY (o/s)

So, maybe I'll run up like I  
always do... Time me. Get  
set, go!

MIKE

(To All.)

Oh, my G-d! Get some towels;  
get the 'spritzz...!' You  
know how she always busts  
my...

Panicked, ALL start twirling towels and TONY sprays aerosol  
trying to dispel the pot smell.

JOE

(To Fancy - waving towel  
trying to get rid of smell.)  
Every month his mother brings  
you your fuckin' soup and  
busts Mike's balls about  
smoking. I bet he hates that  
soup more than me. You ever  
taste it Mike? *Dis-gus-ting.*

FANCY

(Waving towel.)

Who asked the Dick to come?  
I mean, who asked him to like  
my soup? And who needs him  
and his fuckin' life

insurance? He already got me to buy a quarter-of-a-million dollars, term. I mean give me a break.

JOE

(Waving towel.)

What kind of break? I wasn't trying to sell you anymore insurance. What are you fuckin' crazy?

FANCY

Crazy? Do you know, besides your games, insurance's all you ever talk to me about. Not my kid or the wedding, or that great book Pat Conroy wrote. You got a one track mind, man. One track and it always leads to cash.

JOE

And how many tracks do you got Fancy? All you ever do is wear your "Fancy" togs and come on like your Mr. Perfect. You're so... you're always dressed like you're going to his majesty's ball, which only makes his majesty perfect. You'll never be perfect. I mean, it's three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, we're all wearing sweatshirts and jeans and look at you. This is your day off, remember? I mean your tie is up to your ears... How can you breathe? You must be suffocating. You can fart, Fancy. Once in awhile you're allowed to pass wind. My father used to say that. He

also said all I'd amount to was a cookie or Avon salesman. Said I could never run a business with people like him. He had a fish store on Bathgate Avenue. Had two guys working for him. He was right. I never had a fish store...

MIKE

Hey, I came here to have a good time. Smoke. Maybe sing a song or two. Have some laughs. Save Tony's life.

TONY

Isn't it strange how my mother's mushroom and barley soup brought us all together?

MOLLY

(Enters with two shopping bags and gasps.)  
I ran up six flights and I didn't even stop for a second and you're just going to look at me?

TONY

That's three flights, but who's counting, Ma?

MOLLY

Are my nylons so crooked?  
And so, nobody helps me with the shopping bags I've been 'schlepping' all over?

ALL run to MOLLY who always wears sneakers.

MOLLY (cont'd)



(Continues to kitchen area.)  
Don't bother. Thank G-d I  
can still manage myself.

TONY  
(Takes bags.)

Yes you can Mama, you  
(Kisses her.)  
certainly can. How are you,  
sweetheart?

(Sings. 🎵)  
MOLLY

ARE YOU EVER THERE?  
What do you care?  
Do you call me?  
Do you come to see me?  
Do you need me?  
Are you ever there?

How I raised you,  
With all my heart.  
We have drifted apart.  
You think you're smart,  
But I still need you.

You will always be my  
sonny boy.  
Because you give so much  
joy.  
In you I always see the  
sun.  
To me you're number one.  
A mother loves her son.  
More than anyone, she  
loves her son.

Said you were G-d.  
You were my king.  
You were my ev'rything.

I loved how you'd sing.  
Nothing was too hard.

You bought me clothes.  
You bought me shoes.  
You didn't know the word  
blues.  
You couldn't lose.  
That's how life goes.

You will always be my  
sonny boy.  
Because you give so much  
joy.  
In you I always see the  
sun.  
To me you're number one.  
A mother loves her son.  
More than anyone, she  
loves her son.

TONY

Ma, I don't have a phone,  
remember and I've been busy.

MIKE

You should only know how busy  
your son was. It would *kill*  
you.

JOE

Should I tell your mother  
what you've been up to, Tony?

TONY glares at MIKE and JOE.

MOLLY

Why is this day different  
from all other days? You're  
(Sniffs.)  
always busy. And I see  
you've been smoking again,  
Michael.

FANCY  
Hi ya sexy...

JOE  
Hi Molly

MIKE  
Sorry Molly.

MOLLY  
Shame on you. A grown man  
still smoking marijuana. You  
know even though they  
legalized it in Arizona and  
Los Angeles, it's still  
illegal over here mister, so  
don't call me up to bail you  
out. If you does the crime,  
you does the time. J. Edgar  
Hoover. A miserable man. He  
was a sissy.

TONY  
Thank you Liz Smith. Err...  
Liz, this is not the right  
time.

MOLLY  
Why didn't you tell me before  
I ran up? You know my  
condition. Hello boys. I  
hope you're in the mood for a  
'nosh?'

MIKE  
We know someone is in the  
mood for 'nosh,' don't we  
Fancy?

JOE  
Do I hear mushroom and barley  
soup?

FANCY  
(Nears Molly.)  
You walked up six flights for  
me, Molly. You shouldn't

have sweetheart. I could  
have waited for the soup. I  
just

(Kisses Molly's hand.)  
don't know how to thank you  
my princess.

MOLLY

(Pinches Fancy.)  
Can Mr. Salesman talk or can  
he talk? I bet that's why I  
put extra flanken in the  
soup.

FANCY

I always thought it was  
because of the twenty percent  
discount you get when you  
shop at Bloomies.

MOLLY

Why else would I still talk  
to you? Anyway, it's in the  
blue shopping bag.


FANCY

(Kisses Molly's hand  
again.)  
Again I am indebted.

MOLLY

And you can kiss my other  
hand next, Michael and then  
you Joey.

MIKE

(Kisses Molly's hand and sings  to Jolson's "Swanee.")  
"Molly, how I love you, how I  
love you..."

MOLLY

With all this kissing,  
'pfeh,' you got it all over  
me. This old lady has to go  
to the bathroom and wash up.

*"But I shall return."*

MacArthur said that. For a  
general he had a  
big mouth... He said a lot of

(Exits.)

things.

TONY

Gentlemen, I give you my  
mother who has also said a  
lot of things...

JOE

Except for that soup, I'd  
take your mother in a second.

Are  
you kidding? She's some  
classy dame and what a  
personality. Too bad she  
doesn't cook pasta primavera.

FANCY

Funny, I was just thinking  
about my old man. Could he  
cook and when he did the  
Lindy, he was hot stuff.  
Remember my father, Joey?

JOE

A nice guy. Very religious.  
I remember how he used to  
make you dress... Jesus,  
nothing's changed, has it  
Fancy. You still look like  
the same altar boy. Bless me  
father for I have sinned.

FANCY

(Goes to mirror and looks at self.)  
It sure doesn't look like I  
changed that much, Joey.

(Takes off jacket and tie.)  
Looks like I'm still papa's  
little boy, don't it?

JOE

That's what I've been trying  
to tell you all these years,  
and your father's dead, so  
grow up.

FANCY

Yeah, maybe it's time I grew  
up and became a man.

JOE

All of a sudden you're going  
to become a man? I like you  
just the way you are.  
Dressed up.

MIKE

But, I sure miss my mother  
too, Fancy... She was our  
Junior high school librarian,  
but more important, she went  
to everyone of my Little  
League games.

TONY

They didn't have the Little  
League when we were kids.  
Not where I lived.

MIKE

Around Claremont Parkway they  
did. And she even caught a  
foul once. My foul pop.

Underscoring of "No Matter How You Did It" we hear later.

JOE

And my father will be gone  
four years this April 6th...  
Ya know, just before he died,  
whenever I saw him, for some

strange reason he'd argue with me. I mean constant picking. Why don't I make a more money. Why don't I have a my own business? Why I get a divorce? Why all my friends make it a big, except me. I tried to tell him that none of my friends made it big. Oh, me and Fancy always had dreams about making it, but, it seems Fancy barely ekes out a living. I know we live on the same block in Riverdale. I see the shit car he drives. He may dress like a million bucks but believe me, he ain't no better off. He says he lives in Riverdale, but it's still the Bronx and like me, he's still a salesman, and it's mostly commission and I say, how many 56 year-olds does he know that still can sell like me and Fancy, so, what does he do? He brings up Tony the Jew. I told him sure, one time the Jew made a lot of money. All Jews at some time in their life make a lot of money, but that was long ago. Now he's more broke than me and he don't even bet.

TONY

You guys are making me feel guilty that I have a mother. If any of you would like to adopt her for a few months, the pleasure will be all mine. In fact please take her home right now.

MOLLY

(Returns looking at bottle.)  
Tony, from running up those stairs, I needed a band aid, because one of my sneakers was bothering me. So I opened your medicine chest and I found this bottle of arsenic. What do you need arsenic for?

ALL look concerned.

CUT: The past. Under lamppost ALL sing 🎵.

ALL

*"Born free, as free as the wind blows. As free as the grass grows. Born will follow your soul."*

CUT: One hour later. MOLLY and TONY are gone. Wearing T shirt, FANCY is relaxing.

MIKE

(Touches Fancy's muscle.)  
Look at this. I thought it was his shoulder pads. The man actually has muscles.

JOE

So, how does it feel to become part of the human race, Mr. Muscles? No tie, no jacket... Letting it all hang out, are you?

FANCY

Thanks to you, I am.

JOE



Thanks to me? For what? I  
didn't do anything.

FANCY

(Sings. 🎵)

HAVE I GONE INSANE

When you said I should look at  
myself.

I did and boy did I need help.  
Seems I haven't changed since  
I was ten.  
Sonofabitch, not since then.

When I looked in the mirror I  
saw.

All-of-a-sudden I knew the  
score.

My dad died four years ago.  
Do you know where I should go?

I still dress like a  
little boy.  
And why does Tony call me  
a goy?  
Inside this rotten pain,  
I live in vain,  
And it's driving me  
insane?

I lived with an Italian ball  
buster.

And I was wounded like General  
Custer.

I guess I'm not much of a man,  
Because I never took a stand.

I still dress like a  
little boy.  
And why does Tony call me  
a goy?  
Inside this rotten pain,  
I live in vain,

And it's driving me  
insane?

JOE

Personally, I think you've  
always been *toozie bahts*,  
nuts.

FANCY

Marie made me like that. I  
think I married her because my  
father told me she'd be good  
for me... Wives, ya know, even  
though you don't get it like I  
do, I envy you three  
bachelors. Now if I was on the  
scene, I'd show you how to  
score better than Tony used to  
and tell you the truth, the  
least he can do is get his  
mother a freakin' cab with out  
bitching about it. You think  
he was doing it for nothing.  
She gives him a couple of  
hundred every month from her  
Social Security. All right so  
she has a few bucks socked  
away. That don't mean he  
should use it all up, and,  
maybe call her once or twice a  
week. Know what I'm saying?  
I use to call my mother at  
least three times a week.

JOE

We know, we know. We heard  
all about it, remember? And  
he'll be back any minute, so  
we better talk and we better  
talk fast. Now that he has the  
arsenic back in his  
possession, like it's in his  
pocket; He can say he's going  
to the bathroom and according

to our learned gym teacher, going to the John with arsenic means only one thing; we might as well start sitting 'Shiva' on those freakin' wooden boxes 'cause he's Jewish and that's what they do when they die. And they eat, man. Do they scarf it up. 'Minke.'

MIKE

I've been to a few 'Shivas' man, and I sat on a few of those 'Shiva' boxes and I didn't dig them, which means we can't just stand around and watch one of the original Bronxtones have a 'Shiva,' can we? We have to do something.

JOE

And what do you propose we do? Follow him around and wipe his ass. A pigeon flies by, you turn your head and just like that, he can down enough arsenic to kill ten horses. We can't watch him every second, can we?

WE hear underscoring of "Have I Gone Insane?"

FANCY

Well, I think it's our responsibility to at least keep our eyes open. We can't leave him alone for a second. I'm determined to delay the inevitable for as long as I can and I will. Rest assure, I will. Seems I have a little time coming to me and what better time to take it than for a dear friend. Once I

explain to Marie about Tony and how he's going to take all that arsenic, and I have to save the life of my dear friend... and I have to move into Tony's shithole immediately, she'll understand. She'll just have to. And except for the Jew, ain't we all Catholic or what? And like it or not, Jesus was a Jew.

Underscoring ends.

MIKE

...Didn't you two little "Jew" boys have your Communion on the same day at "Our Lady of Victory?" That means you're a Catholic-Jew, Joe, which means you have to watch Tony the Jew, too.

FANCY

And under the lamppost in front of the Sugar Bowl on a 170th Street, Joe and I started the Bronxtones. Two weeks later, when we met Tony and you Mike at Poe Park, we became singing fools.

(Sings, "Earth Angel.")

"Ear-th Angel, Earth Angel..."

ALL

(Sing.)

"Will you be mine? My darling dear, love you all the time."

FANCY

(Starts new song for first time. "Life Can Be a Dream")

"Hey narynny ding dong, a doopy day..."

ALL

(Surprised but glad to be singing.)

*"Sha boom ba do, ba dooby do  
ba day. Oh, life can be a  
dream, sha boom. If I can  
take you up in paradise up  
above, sha boom."*

Excited, ALL jump and chant, *"Bronxtones."*

FANCY

Like *'Twenty-Mule Team Borox,'*  
we are the last of a dying  
breed of street corner  
harmonizers, Bronx style, and  
if I heard correctly, not that  
bad... And now that we finally  
sound so good, this *'stunahd'*  
wants to end it all? And  
right under my nose? Never.  
I guess that means if I have  
to move in with the  
dingleberry, so it shall be.  
I better go home and get my  
tooth brush, some clothes, you  
know... If I watch him and he  
lives three or four more days,  
that's three or four more days  
we have him. As St. Peter  
would say, *"Always do your job  
and save a Jew."* After that,  
the good Lord says it's up to  
you guys whether he lives or  
dies. So think about it,  
Mike, Joe. We did our  
Communion together. Are you  
prepared to be called the  
*"Executioner"* for not trying  
to save Tony the Jew?

JOE

Executioner my ass. I'm not living with Mr. Dipso Dingbat in this cockroach infested rat-hole because; "I" will become his executioner. And besides, I got a job. I have to sell insurance or this Wop don't eat, and Lewie, Lewie the book don't let me breathe. Thank G-d I beat him for a few last week, and if you want to live with the Dingbat, be my guest. Far as I'm concerned, if he really wants to blow his brains out, then he'll do it no matter what we say or do. I mean, we can't watch him every minute. When he moves his little bowels and if he wants to take poison, he'll take ten doses and shit his brains out. And if he wants to blow his brains out... I say, let him. Let's see if he really wants to kill himself, that fuckin' part player. Even with the arsenic. I mean give me a break. Can't you see how conveniently he left the '*dreaded arsenic*' in his medicine cabinet, so his mother would find it.

MIKE

She really found it.

JOE

Didn't he tell us she always looks in all his drawers and closets? Can'tcha see? It was all a set up.

## FANCY

His head in the oven was no set up. If someone accidentally lit a cigarette the moment before I pulled him out and fortunately I had the presence of mind to shut the

(Snaps fingers.)

gas, the whole building, like this, blown to smithereens. And let us not forget the 45 I found him holding to his head. Does he have a license for that thing or what?

## MIKE

And don't forget, when I found him hanging, he didn't show me his license for that noose either. It's over there, hanging. That's funny, the noose is hanging. Why is he saving it...? He was turning purple and so was his fuckin' Feigns pulling noose tighter.) tongue...Disgusting. What would have happened if I came five minutes later? How much purpler would his tongue have gotten. Does purpler sound right? I suppose I should take some time off for this 'meshugeneh,' after all we've been singing together since Junior High. 43 years. Guess I'm just not ready to say goodbye to Tony... I'm really not.

## JOE

Even though I'm not crazy about her cooking, when Tony goes, I swear to Christ, I wish Molly'd adopt me. I mean

who can't use an extra two yards a month. The soup you can keep Fancy, I'm really interested in the bread.

MIKE

Even though he gets by working for that cleaning service. Does some resumes and parks cars, all Tony really cares about is his writing. I mean, is that idealism or what? Not to give a shit about the Jones and just pursue your dream. Remarkable and that 'putz' wants to end it all?

JOE

Now that he's back to singing like an original Bronxtone, I think I'm really going to miss the bum.

FANCY

I was right! He was really singing on key for the first time since... I'm not crazy, am I?

JOE

You're not crazy, he finally middle C'd it. How many years have we covered up for his Middle Cs and now, when he finally hits it again...

FANCY

...What do you mean again? He never hit it and now he gonna pack it all in?

MIKE

Didn't he hear how good we sounded today, or is he still really that deaf?



TONY

(Entering.)

Did I just hear you say that I'm deaf...? My big mouth sister finally told you, right...? Well all right. So maybe it happened when I had the accident. So you talk a little louder to me. What's the big deal?

FANCY

If your becoming deaf ten years ago made you sing like that today, then I love you, you deaf bastard, we all do... For the first time since you, you actually sounded wonderful. On key, perfect pitch. We were cookin'.

TONY

I was sort of embarrassed to tell you guys that I became a little deaf, after the accident... And what do you mean I sounded wonderful for the first time? Don't tell me you haven't known? I've been deaf and singing with you guys all these years.

MIKE

Yes, but today's the first time you've hit middle C since  
(Laughs.)  
you became, what's that you said you were there mister?

TONY

I did hit middle C didn't I. I thought I did.

JOE

Took you 40 years, but you  
sure did.

WE hear Underscoring "I Miss That Sunny Day."

TONY

(Rubs pocket with arsenic, melancholy.)

Forty wonderful years. I've  
spent forty wonderful years  
with you guys, but like all  
good things, this too must  
(Starts to go to the bathroom.)  
come to pass. I have to go to  
the bathroom.

FANCY

By yourself?

TONY

Thanks, but I don't feel like  
company right now.

MIKE

(Aware, rushes to bathroom. Enters and slams door.)

Oh, sorry Tony, but I have to  
go! I really have to go.

TONY

He thinks I don't know what  
he's doing. He knows I have  
(Shows bottle of arsenic.)  
the poison and he's afraid I'm  
going to take it when I pee.  
Tell him I will give you all  
fair warning concerning my  
inimitable departure. Now, I  
really have to go, so please  
tell Mike to hurry up.

JOE

(Runs to bathroom and yells.)  
MIKE, COME ON OUT. HE'S NOT  
GOING TO DO IT; HE REALLY HAS  
TO TAKE A...

MIKE

(Runs out of bathroom.)

...So, I thought you had to go, Mr. Suicide...? What the hell are you waiting for? Be my guest.

Underscoring ends as TONY enters bathroom.

MIKE (cont'd)

How do you know he won't take it?


FANCY

You know when he gives his word, he gives his word. He said he'd give us fair warning and that's exactly what he'll do.

I SAY SCREW IT

FANCY

And what does fair warning exactly mean?

MIKE, FANCY and JOE sing .  
A cop calling me at three  
in the morning?  
Is that fair warning,  
I'm asking you. I'm  
asking you.

ALL

How do we stop this nutty  
bastard?

JOE

Do you happen to know  
this crazy playwright.  
Who don't seem alright,

I'm asking you. I'm  
asking you.

ALL

What the hell can we do?

He'll never send a  
postcard or a letter.  
It don't look like he's  
getting any better.  
Forget about sending us a  
telegram.  
The guy's a lunatic, he's  
nothing but a sham,

He won't do it.  
I say screw it.  
He won't do it.  
I say screw it.

ALL

He needs a doctor, he needs a  
shrink!

MIKE

He'll take poison or jump  
out the window.  
Bet that's how he'll go.  
I'm asking you. I'm  
asking you.

ALL

What the hell can we do?

He'll never send a  
postcard or a letter.  
It don't look like he's  
getting any better.  
Forget about sending us a  
telegram.  
The guy's a lunatic, he's  
nothing but a sham,

He won't do it.  
I say screw it.

He won't do it.  
I say screw it.

JOE

(To Fancy.)

This guy's so flaky; he'll do it any time, so if you're as sincere as you pretend to be. Ten minutes ago you pretended that you were going to save Tony's life for three or four more days. Personally, since you, what should I say, let your hair down, take your jacket off. I mean Fancy is actually sitting in his T. shirt. I can't believe what a sweetheart you've become.

(Puts hands on Fancy's  
shoulder.)

How does Tony say it? He's a '*Mensch*,' right?

TONY

(Enters.)

A cheap '*Mensch*.'

JOE

It's like you're taking the burden off of me by going to stick with this bird-brain every second. I really appreciate it. And if I can manage to get my hands on the arsenic, I'm going to cop it just for you Fancy, 'cause you really seem to care, like Mike. Hey, he always cares. That's just the way it is. Mike cares about everything and now, all of you seem to care. What's wrong with me Fancy? How come I only care

about me?

FANCY

Hey, sometimes it takes certain people a little longer to get it. Can't you see? Because of you dummy, I just learned to care about the most important person in the whole world, me, my self... and of course you. It's I, me, who should be thanking you, Joe, and I'll never call you Dick again. If anyone was a Dick, it was me. I mean, did you see what I was wearing...? And all the time. Bet that's one of the reasons Marie left. Any way, how long should it take me to go back

(Looks at watch and starts to exits.)  
and forth? An hour-and-half or two? There's no traffic now. And thanks, Joe. I really mean it. I'll be right back.

TONY

Right back? Where are you going?

FANCY

Err... I was going home to get a few things. I was thinking of maybe moving in for a few days with Mr. Suicide.

MIKE

Some one to sort of watch over things for a few days...

TONY

(Shows arsenic, tosses it up.)  
You mean like this?

JOE

(Grabs arsenic and runs away and tosses it to Fancy.)

Exactly and I ain't giving it  
back. Here, Fancy.

TONY

Keep it. I have ten more  
bottles.

FANCY

You do?

TONY smiles.

FANCY (cont'd)

(Tosses arsenic back to Tony.)  
He has ten more bottles. The  
man never lies.

JOE

I don't believe you're going  
to take it anyway. See I  
think you timed your suicide  
attempts at precisely the  
exact moment one of us would  
be here to save you. Not only  
that, the placement of the  
arsenic, I mean is that not  
obvious?

FANCY

You got it all wrong, Joe.  
He's going to do it. Two  
weeks ago I found him with a  
gun to his head, and today I  
found him with his head in the  
freakin oven. You can close  
your eyes Joe, but not your  
nose. Gas. I'm moving into  
Tony's shithole and that's it.  
I hope he doesn't have mice...

TONY

We have mice. And big ones.  
They call them killer mice.

JOE

What would happen if none of  
us leave? We all move in and  
watch you and your mice  
constantly. Every second.

(Sings.)

*"The eyes of Texas are upon  
you."*

MIKE

Brilliant! We set up mirrors,  
so even when you take a dump  
Joe or Fancy will watch you.  
That's not the kind of job I  
ever assign to myself.

FANCY

We're all going to actually  
move in together? It'll be  
like when we all went to camp.  
Let's order...

JOE

...A pie with everything.

MIKE

No anchovies.

JOE

No anchovies. And a few six  
packs?

TONY

Wait a minute, wait a minute.  
Who said anything about  
dinner? You got an hour and  
you're all out of here.

FANCY

We're not leaving. Wish we



could call the pizzeria.

MIKE

And then we'll all bunk in together. Sounds like fun, doesn't it?

TONY

Hey, nobody's sleeping here tonight so don't get any stupid ideas. In fact I think I want you guys out of here right now. You're pissing me off and I don't like it.

JOE

(Grabs Tony by the shirt.)  
And you're pissing me off and I don't like it even more. What do you think, all I have to do is worry about you, asshole? You want to kill yourself, kill yourself, just leave me out of it 'cause I'm not staying with you Mr. Looney Tunes.

TONY

Nobody is staying with Mr. Looney tunes. I told you, I want all of you ungrateful 'schmucks' out of here... What are you waiting for? I want you all out!

FANCY

I'm not leaving, I'm moving in. Unless you give me your word that you will not kill yourself... Mike, would you like to say a few words re suicide?

MIKE

Fancy's going to stay three or four days and then, I suppose I'll come for a couple of days...

ALL look at JOE.

JOE

Hey, don't look at me. I told you already, I'm not coming. Anyway, what the hell are you moving in for? He said he's going to give us fair warning, didn't he? So, what do you have to move in for? It could take weeks.

TONY

Exactly Joe, there's lots of time. No need for any of you to disrupt your lives over little ole me. Since there is nothing I can do to get you to put a measly \$15,000 in one of my shows on, I'll show you the good sport I am. On, what's today, March 14th? Four months from today, April, May, June, July. 14 July, I will become just a memory.

JOE

(Takes out date book.)

I'm writing that in my date book, Tony. Jews make the funeral the following day, right? But he's doing it on Wednesday, 14 July.

TONY

You can book it. And you can also book this. To show how much I care about each and everyone of you, in my last will and testament, I am going

to give the three of you my nine plays.

FANCY

I don't want your plays. Give my share to Mike...

TONY

...On one condition. When I depart the said premises, in my honor you will have one of my plays produced. And when my dream comes true, even in posterity, hence forth all my plays will belong to all of you and they will make you a zillion dollars one day soon. I promise.

JOE

Tony, I don't want your freakin' plays either, because I don't want you thinking, not that you'll be doing that much thinking where you're going, that there is even the slightest chance of me ever putting one red cent in one of your "great" plays. I gamble but not on '*The Theater.*'

TONY

You see, I would gladly bequeath my shows to my darling mother, but she's old. What does she need them for? You're the guys that need the bread and with you, I know my shows will go on forever.

You don't seem to realize how much money you're all going to make if you get lucky enough to produce one of my comedies. The money. You know that show "*Driving Miss Daisy?*" Oil wells. I'm talking big oil wells. Gushers. And how many comedies have I written? And that's the hardest thing to do. Make'em laugh and comedies make the most money.

JOE

You certainly know how to make them laugh. At everyone of your readings they laughed, didn't they fellas? I didn't think that "*Daisy*" movie was that good either. Maybe all you really need is a break...? Oil wells, huh?

TONY

Exactly and do you know how much that gusher grossed? 275 Million and all it cost to produce at The John Houseman Theater was about 400 grand. Do I hear any takers?

FANCY

And I suppose you think you have a show as good as that "*Daisy?*"

TONY

...Some people think even better.

MIKE

You know how much I like your shows. Came to every reading,

didn't I? That Bronx one is really funny.

JOE

On only a four hundred thousand dollar investment, huh? So, you think you have any plays that could make as much as that "*Daisy*" play?

TONY

All I need is the chance and now if you will excuse me. I'm going to take a shower in anticipation of a lovely evening of despair. In any event, when I return, I shall expect you all to be gone. And don't worry gentlemen; I gave you my word... Bastille  
Tossing the arsenic - laughs and exits to shower.  
Day it shall be.

MIKE

You know, all he wants is to be recognized...

JOE

Don't we all.

FANCY

To us, he was a star. The only one of us that moved to the City and for ten or fifteen years he made some big bucks. At least one time he was sort of famous wasn't he?

MIKE

He sure was a star. All those parties he used to have in his penthouse. Wasn't it on 64th

and Lex.?

JOE

All those gorgeous babes. Remember those women? Mmmm! I still have wet dreams about them. Talking about wet dreams. Did you hear the amount of money that was made on that "Daisy" thing, which I to this day say it was no "Death of a Salesman." A quarter of a billion dollars. That is a lot of bread. I mean a lot of bread. Spielberg country.

FANCY

So?

JOE

So? Correct me if I'm wrong. This idiot says he's going kill himself on 14 July and we're getting all of his plays and as I recall, some of them were quite good. Maybe better than that "Daisy" thing, which I didn't like. Dig this. If we raise some bread and we time it so his show opens the day after he kills himself. With CNN, ABC, NBC, ABC, blasting it on the news, "Bizarre ex-hairdresser, playwright blows brains out the day before opening of off Broadway comedy." Is that ten million dollars worth of publicity or what? And wait until you see how much money we are going to get for the movie... Blockbuster deal. And I will smile with great

pleasure as I pay off Lewie  
the book... See ya Lewie.

## FANCY

The whole thing sounds great,  
I always wanted to be a  
Broadway producer, but every  
cent I have is tied up in my  
kid's wedding, so, I guess Hal  
Prince won't have to worry  
about me out producing him but  
I wish you guys all the best.

## JOE

Hey, wait a minute. You're  
the one that said to me to  
invest in his plays. So, I  
say let us invest, but  
dependent upon Tony giving us  
his word that's he's going to  
pull the trigger on when,  
gentlemen...?

## ALL

(Chant.)

14 July! 14 July! 14 July!

## MIKE

Man, if we could time it so we  
can open his play the day  
after all that media, we'd  
sell out every ticket for a  
year. What a brilliant  
concept. Tony dies and we  
clean up.

## JOE

And then we'll move it to  
Broadway, Fancy. In the  
playbill, of course it will  
say, this hit play, in memory  
of Tony Costello, is produced  
by his close friends, Fancy

Dan Manganno. Michael Gould and Joseph Santucci. So, how does it sound?

FANCY

Great, it sounds great. Now tell me how to get the money. That will even sound greater.

MIKE

I'd like to be a producer too. You're not the only one, you know what I mean? There's more to life than being a high school gym teacher... I became a teacher because I always said I would have a steady paycheck coming in, not like my father who could never hold a job. He died like Willy Loman, a loser. This could be the chance I've been waiting for. Are you saying, all of a sudden I should be rooting for Tony to blow his brains out in some bizarre way on 14 July? For publicity? Is that what our friendship is all about? The all mighty dollar? Does that mean I'm a Dick like you Dick?

FANCY

It certainly seems like that, Dick number two. No offense intended Dick *numero uno*, but it's greed. Written about in the Bible; Man's oldest sin; Cain and Abel. And just because of a couple of hundred million dollars you would



throw Tony away just like that.

JOE

Are you kidding? Forget about a hundred million. I'd throw him away for a half-a-mil. Do you think I have any scruples when it comes to bread?

FANCY

You, never. But what happens if I can't borrow the money? Does that mean I'm out?

JOE

We go to the bank and you co-sign a loan for me and I do the same, and Mike, he got the bread. And then I suppose we better find a director real fast. What about Nichols or Scorsese...?

MIKE

(Excited.)

By Jove, I think he's got it. I'll invest in the show and I'll make a hundred grand and I'll put a down payment down and I'll marry Sonnie and I'll live happily ever after.

ALL

(Sing. 🎵)

14 JULY

14 July, 14 July starts  
our hay day.

14 July gonna be our pay  
day.  
We'll be richer than the  
richest king.  
We'll be so happy that  
we'll always sing,'  
cause...  
14 July, 14 July's gonna  
be our pay day.

MIKE

I'll make enough money to  
marry Sonnie.  
Buy a house in Tenafly.

JOE

I'll pay off ev'ry debt and  
then I'll really bet.  
Move and then I'll get real  
high.

FANCY

And me and my Marie will go to  
Paree.  
She'll want me and she'll know  
why.

ALL

14 July, 14 July starts  
our hay day.  
14 July gonna be our pay  
day.  
We'll be richer than the  
richest king.  
We'll be so happy that  
we'll always sing,'  
cause...  
14 July, 14 July's gonna

MIKE

Hate to see Tony go, but I  
need the dough.  
Time to start a family.

JOE

Never wanted to sell, selling  
was like hell.  
I got to find the real me.

FANCY

Sharp as I dress, inside I'm a  
mess.  
Someday I'm gonna be happy.

ALL

14 July, 14 July starts  
our hay day.  
14 July gonna be our pay  
day.  
We'll be richer than the  
richest king.  
We'll be so happy that  
we'll always sing,'  
cause...  
14 July, 14 July's gonna

CUT: One month later. TONY's typing as we hear buzzer. TONY  
buzzes back and resumes typing. After a beat, a forlorn MIKE  
enters.

JOE

I came a little early because  
I... because I... wanted to  
talk to you.

TONY

Shoot.

JOE

Seems I lost my job. They  
replaced me with a 23 year  
old. I can't believe it. A  
23 year old. I've been with  
them for thirty years. Thirty  
years and now, I don't have a  
job. Like what am I supposed

to do? I sell life insurance and I bet, looks like I'm not too good at either one.

TONY

I'm sorry to hear that Joe...

JOE

Hey, but who am I to complain. You're going to kill yourself in less than three months, right. Today's the 17th.

TONY

I gave you my word, didn't I?

JOE

Just remember, a promise is a promise and you promised that you were going to pull the plug.

TONY

Unless someone produces one of my plays which seems highly unlikely, comes 7/14 I shall bid you all adieu.

JOE

We're sure counting on it. In fact, I think I'm going to tell the guys that we should have a huge party on the day of your funeral. I mean, I want to have a giant celebration, like an opening night, celebrating you and your 'Great' plays. Hey, who deserves it more?

TONY

An opening, wow. I am touched by how you feel about me and my work. I never knew you really cared about my plays...

JOE

Not plays, your "Great" plays.  
Like it's the most important  
thing...

TONY

...The most important thing,  
huh...?

JOE

...Me, if I didn't get paid, I  
would never have sold an  
insurance policy. I hate it,  
I did it for the bread.  
That's why I bet, the bread.  
But you've been writing all  
the years for nothing, because  
you love it and I guess when  
you really get down to it,  
what the hell's life all about  
if you don't love it? I wish  
I had something I loved beside  
gambling. I guess I'm jealous  
of you and it's not only  
because of your plays, Tony.  
I'm jealous because you said  
you can't take it anymore and  
come 14 July, you won't take  
it anymore. I can't take it  
anymore, Lewie the book, my  
job. I'd like to pack it all  
in and say goodbye too, but I  
ain't got the 'Guillones.'

Buzzer sounds.

TONY

(Buzzes back.)

Gotta be Mike and Fancy.  
Listen Joe, if you want a  
hand, I mean about saying  
goodbye, I got plenty of  
arsenic. Bottles. We can hold  
hands if you like... Tell you

the truth, I think I'd like company. So, what do you say, *buhby*?

JOE

Hey, do you think I would kill myself when I suddenly have all these things going on? I didn't tell you, but I've become a major investor in a happening. Gonna pay off Lewie, everybody. I can't tell you what it's all about; sworn to secrecy, but I sure have to thank you, brother. We all believe in your word, your '*Great*' plays and your brilliant talent, but most important, 14 July. We believe in your word.

TONY

Thank you, Joe.

JOE

Think nothing of it, but enough's been said about your brilliant talent. I'm more grateful that you kept your word and did not try to kill yourself the past month. You kept your word like a good piggy should. July 14th, right?

TONY

Promise.

JOE

I know, your word is your

bond. It's who you are...

TONY

Amen, to who you are. I never  
go back on my word.

JOE

YES! NEVER! That's what I  
like about you Tony...

(Sings.)

You're a man of your word.

NO MATTER HOW YOU END IT  
He's a man of his word.  
When he says he gonna do it,  
he does it.  
And when he does it, I'm gonna  
love it.

I'll make some bread.  
Hallelujah he'll be dead.

It will be my dream.  
I'm gonna scream.

14 July's the date.  
I can't wait.

Tony Costello, you're one  
lucky fellow.  
You'll do what you say and  
you're so mellow.  
Promise me it will all come  
true, and...  
Tony Costello, I'll always  
love you.

He never hit middle C.  
All along I never knew that he  
was tone deaf.

I told him to turn right and  
he turned left.

I'll make some bread.  
Hallelujah he'll be dead.

It will be my dream.  
I'm gonna scream.

14 July's the date.  
Man, I can't wait.

Tony Costello, you're one  
lucky fellow.  
You'll do what you say and  
you're so mellow.  
Promise me it will all come  
true, and...  
Tony Costello I'll always love  
you.

TONY

Hey Joe, what's this new thing  
about you becoming a major  
investor? Investor in what and  
maybe I could get into it too?  
I mean if it's that's good and  
I know it's got to be red hot  
for you to invest in anything,  
what about me?

JOE

Why would you invest in  
anything? You won't be here  
to collect, remember?

TONY

Oh, yeah, I almost forgot.

JOE

Well don't forget. 14 July



means July 14th, understood?

TONY

Understood, captain.

Underscoring of, "King of the Hill" throughout as FANCY with bag and MIKE enter unlocked door.

FANCY

Climbing these six floors...  
murder. Mount Everest...

TONY

I do it all the time and it's  
only three floors.

FANCY

If your mother says it's six  
floors, it's six floors.

FANCY and MIKE eye JOE, who grins and wink.

FANCY (cont'd)

I hope everything is okay...?

JOE

Splendid. Everything is right  
on schedule.

MIKE

Sounds good to me.

FANCY

I just happened to find a  
bottle of Chivas in the back  
of my closet, gentlemen.  
Shall we...?

TONY

(Exits to kitchen.)

I know, I'll get the glasses.

ALL will whisper.

FANCY

So?

JOE

What a director. He happens to know everybody. I mean everybody, and the cast, he said he thinks he can get us some real heavy and I mean heavy actors. He loves the show. Says it's "Great," can't miss...

MIKE

...Hear that Fancy? Can't miss. Didn't I say can't miss?

JOE

Listen, we got to get rid of him so we can talk. We'll say we want some Chinks and we'll choose who goes. We all put out paper. He puts out rock and we win. If he puts out scissor then all three of us lose and we'll go to get the Chinks and we'll talk...

TONY brings glasses and pours.

TONY

(Lifts glass -  
laughs.)  
'L'chaim.'

ALL

To life.

MIKE

To life. That's funny, isn't it Tony?

TONY  
Hysterical, just hysterical.

JOE  
(Drinks.)  
I'm hungry.

FANCY and JOE  
Me too.

MIKE  
What are you in the mood for?

FANCY and JOE  
Chinks.

MIKE  
Tony, some ribs, sesame  
chicken?

TONY  
Yeah, I think I could go for  
something.

JOE  
We'll choose who goes...

ALL put hands behind back.

JOE  
...One, two, three...

TONY bares fist, ALL bare flat hand.

MIKE  
Paper covers rock. Looks  
like the good guys win. You  
go Tony.

EACH give TONY a \$20 bill. Underscoring ends as TONY exits.

FANCY  
(Loud, to a departing Tony.)  
And don't forget to take

plenty of mustard and soy  
sauce.

MIKE

And noodles.

FANCY

And now gentlemen, for our  
business report; Joe, would  
you be so kind?

JOE

My pleasure. I got us this  
director. His name's Bruno  
Bank. Never made it big, but  
he's been directing for thirty  
years. Knows e-ver-y-body...

FANCY

Like...?

JOE

Like he knows people. With  
him, I believe it will all  
fall into place, because he  
(Takes paper from pocket and shows.)  
knows how to direct. Here,  
wait'll you see his credits.  
Ya know DeNiro, Pacino, he  
directed them off-off  
Broadway. When they were  
nothing, but he knew. He knows  
talent and he believes our  
show is magnifioso. It can't  
miss and we're going to be  
rich and not a moment to  
soon... because, I got fired,  
fellas. I don't have a job,  
not to mention my bosom buddy  
Lewie.

MIKE

You're kidding.

FANCY

What a fuckin' drag.

JOE

Hey, I'm not doing anything,  
and somebody has to get  
involved with the play. Act  
like the producer, right? Why  
not me?

FANCY and MIKE

(Slap each other five.)

Perfect!

(FANCY, MIKE and JOE sing)

BRONXTONES

JOE

The play's what's important  
right?

FANCY and MIKE

It always is, it always was.

JOE

Comes 14 July at night.

FANCY and MIKE

Take arsenic. He always does.

JOE

Or a bullet to the brain.

FANCY and MIKE

Or maybe he will hang himself.

JOE

I think he's always been  
insane.

FANCY and MIKE

All the '*schmuck*' needed was  
some help.

JOE, FANCY and MIKE  
So long, you tone deaf  
Bronxtone.  
After you're gone, we'll  
just sing alone.  
When we think of you,  
after you die.  
We won't cry, we'll  
laugh, ha, ha, ha and  
here is why.

(They dance.)

We'll be rich, ha, ha,  
ha. We'll be rich.  
Sonofabitch, ha, ha, ha  
will make us rich. Ha,  
ha, ha.

MIKE

Like it's going to change our  
whole life, right?

FANCY

(Again five.)

It better. I borrowed the  
bread from my kid's wedding  
presents. He made some piece  
of change.

JOE

Anyway, if you guys want me to  
put the whole deal together,  
which means hiring a director,  
sets, make up, lighting,  
costumes, publicity,  
etcetera., etcetera, etcetera.  
I think I should get just a  
taste more than the both of  
you.

FANCY

What a worm. What a finagler.  
I thought you changed, but the  
only thing that changed is  
you're now unemployed and you  
want me and Mike to support

you. I thought we were all partners? Even-Steven.

JOE

We 'Are' all partners, but just to pull off getting Bruno, I mean I can't tell you how many times I called and begged him to read the play. The time, the phone calls, being a producer is a full time job. If either of you guys want the job, be my guest. I'll give you 40%. Otherwise, I want 40% and you get 30. It's up to you, and I'll even give you Bruno's number.

MIKE

Tell you the truth, if you put the whole thing together, you deserve 40%

FANCY

What's the difference? We'll be making mega bucks. So you make ten million and I make eight. Does it matter? Since Joe's putting the whole thing together. I vote he deserves it.

JOE

You're both agreeing that I'm the producer. I make the decisions. Agreed?

FANCY and MIKE

Agreed.

MIKE

This is some little power play  
you pulled Mr. Dick.

JOE

He called me Dick. He called  
me Dick. I thought you said  
you wouldn't call me Dick?

MIKE

Fancy said he wouldn't call  
you Dick, Dick. Not me. I'z  
calls 'em as I'z sees 'em  
Dick... Need I say more?

TONY holding two shopping bags and MOLLY holding Chinese  
food, enter. WE hear Underscoring of "ARE YOU EVER THERE?"  
throughout.

TONY

You'll never guess who I met.  
Marathon Molly. She ran right  
by me. I tried to keep up,  
but she actually beat me here.


MOLLY

(To ALL.)

Even with my hip I'm still  
faster than my son. Did you  
hear that fellas?

TONY

You don't have to rub it in  
Flo Jo.

JOE, FANCY and MIKE sing.   
"Hello Molly, well hello  
Molly, it's so nice to have  
you back where you belong."



MOLLY

(gives shopping bag to Fancy and Tony)

Now, you sound like the old  
Bronxtones that I used to  
love.

(Chants slaps Fancy five.)

Bronxtone, Bronxtone, Bronxtone.

FANCY

I was hoping we would meet at  
our secret rendezvous.

MOLLY

This is for your secret  
rendezvous.

FANCY

(Takes bag and kisses Molly's hand.)

'*Merci beau coup, mon  
cheri...*'

MOLLY

(kisses Tony - gives)

'*Feh,*' again with the kissing?  
And here's the *kashe and  
varnishkes.*' So, how are you  
and tell me the truth.

TONY

What can I tell you ma, after  
living in a penthouse in  
Manhattan all those years, and  
then moving back to the Bronx,  
it ain't been easy these last  
ten years. My whole life,  
it's a bitch, Ma. I'm so  
frustrated.

JOE hears MOLLY and we see HIM overhear.

MOLLY

I know. I wish I had enough money to do one of your "great" plays, because you deserve it. You're a true artist, 'buhbaleh.' Maybe I could give you \$5,000. Would that help?

TONY

I can't tell you how much I appreciate the offer, Ma, but it wouldn't help. You keep that money for yourself.

MOLLY

If I can't help my Tony, who should I help? The Bosnians? You ever met a Bosnian? You're my only son. Why else do you think I run up six flights for, my health?

TONY

I know Ma.

MOLLY

That play about the Bronx is my favorite.

TONY

I know Ma.

MOLLY

That's always been my favorite, 'Too.'

TONY

I know Ma.

JOE

(Aside to Mike and fancy.)  
Can you believe it? She has five grand to invest and she

loves the play we're doing.

MIKE

Of course she loves it.

MOLLY

(Sniffs.)

What's the matter Michael?  
Can't get any smoke...?

MIKE

Nothing good.

MOLLY

I'm sorry.

MIKE

So am I.

MOLLY

So, I thought you mentioned  
food?

TONY

It's chow time! Ma, would you  
please have a seat. I got  
well done ribs for you and  
some moo shu.

TONY gets dishes, ALL open bags and nosh.

CUT: Back in time ALL under lamppost, singing.

ALL

(Sing. 🎵)

*"Pack up all my cares and woe,  
here I go, singin' low, bye,  
bye blackbird."*

CUT: A month later. TONY's apartment.

TONY stops typing. HE gets large knife feigns stabbing self then sings.

WHAT CAN I SAY  
Always pulling shtick.  
We call Joe the Dick.  
Fancy was up-tight.  
Mike smoked day-and-  
night.

Thank you for the past.  
It's sure been a blast.  
Singing with you guys.  
Laughing at your lies.

What can I say, except  
all good things must come  
to an end.  
I bid thee au revoir, auf  
wiedersehn, ta ta my  
friend.  
Don't know where or when.  
But, I hope we meet  
again.

We met we were teens.  
Milk shakes and blue jeans.  
When we'd meet a girl.  
She became our world.

One day we grew up.  
And life became tough.  
'Stead of making bread.  
Dreams we had instead.

What can I say, except  
all good things must come  
to an end.  
I bid thee au revoir, auf  
wiedersehn, ta ta my  
friend.  
Don't know where or when.  
But, I hope we meet

again.

Looks at watch as buzzer sounds. As He sees door open  
HE starts to sharpen knife.

TONY

Somebody's early...

FANCY

(Opens door and enters.)

Hey, what the hell are you  
doing with that knife?

TONY

Sharpening it. I want to make  
it real sharp. Here, want to  
feel how sharp it is? You  
know, I still haven't decided  
how I'm going to do it and  
this knife, once I get it nice  
and sharp, who knows, I just  
might be in the mood to slit  
my wrists. They say bleeding  
to death can be beautiful.  
You start to get weak, woozy,  
some even hallucinate and when

(Sings.)

*your dead you're done... "So  
let the good times roll..."*

FANCY

(Sings. )

*"All you gotta do is get  
together and let the good  
times roll."*

TONY

(Hugs Fancy.)

So, let the good times roll,  
huh...?

FANCY

Deaf or not, you sound great  
T.

TONY

(Puts knife to wrist.)

I do, don't I?

FANCY

Hey what the hell are you trying to do? cut your wrist in front of me? At least wait for the guys. And what about your word and listen, I came early 'cause I wanted to talk to you.

TONY

(Takes grenade from under couch pillow and tosses it up.)

So talk!

FANCY

Oh, my G-d. Is that a grenade?

TONY

(Tosses grenade to Fancy.)

Here, catch and it's live.

FANCY juggles grenade.

TONY (cont'd)

Just pull the pin.

FANCY

Are you crazy?

TONY

That's a good question. A very good question.

FANCY

This thing could blow up and we'll both be dead.

TONY

Come to think of it, I could use a little company when I

go.

FANCY

First the sword and now a grenade?

TONY

Tell you the truth, I have mixed feelings about the grenade. You know I donated all my organs... especially my penis. The card's in my wallet

FANCY

Don't be stupid. They transplant hearts and livers and kidneys, but a penis? Who ever heard of a transplanted dick?

TONY

When they see mine, trust me, with all those impotent 'putzes' walking around, I assure you, I won't, but my 'jlambo' will surely survive and I couldn't be happier. That 'devil' is so adorable.

FANCY

Can we please get off of you and your "adorable" and talk about me? Marie says, now that Danny Jr. is married, she's sick and tired of putting up a front for everybody. She wants a divorce and she wants me out of the house immediately. Says I'm a stuffed shirt loser. The divorce part, we haven't been getting along in years. Ten, fifteen. So, where am I

supposed to go? And you know what I figure? You. Hey you got a couple of months left before you say goodbye... and this couch is a convertible. What more could I ask for? After you're gone, things are supposed to get better. Much better and I'm sure Marie'll change her mind, so don't worry about me. Come 7/14, forget about everything. You just do your thing.

TONY

(Shows bottle of pills.)

I think sleeping pills are definitely a possibility. Take eight or ten of these babies and I will sleep forever and anon.

FANCY

(Takes pills.)

Give me those!

TONY

There's plenty more where that came from. And what's the big deal if I kill myself sooner.

FANCY

Because you gave your word.

TONY

My word. I'll be dead. Six feet under. You think I'll care about my word when I'm dead. It's the worms. I'm more concerned about those  
(Sings. 🎵)  
fucking worms.



## WORMS

The worms crawl in.  
The worms crawl out.  
They crawl in your  
stomach and out of your  
mouth.

Won't hear a sound.  
No Chinese food.  
It's too bad I'll say,  
because I'm in the mood.

Maybe I'll go up.  
And I'll meet St. Nick  
Nectar in my cup.  
I'll never get sick.

The music sounds great.  
The angels all smile.  
The girls that I'll date,  
All gorgeous with style.

I'm sure that I'll meet  
All those movies stars.  
I'll kick up my feet  
And then fly to Mars.

I won't have a care.  
With no rent to pay.  
I'll just comb my hair  
And then write a play.

The worms crawl in.  
The worms crawl out.  
They crawl in your  
stomach and out of your  
mouth.

Won't hear a sound.  
No Chinese food.

It's too bad I'll say,

FANCY

Please tell me I'm not hearing what I'm hearing, Tony. When you gave your word, unless there was an earthquake, your word was your bond. Always, and now, all of a sudden you're going to become like everybody... a fuckin' liar? You never lie... Not my Tony.

Buzzer rings and TONY answers it.

TONY

Mike, Joe?

JOE (o/s)

You got it.

TONY buzzes them in.

FANCY

I'll talk to you about moving in when you're in a better mood. Now I'm more concerned

(Sings.)

about, "*Maria, I just left a girl named Maria...*" And if that's not bad enough, I got you and your suicide bullshit again. Didn't you give us your word that you wouldn't try any of this shit until you actually pulled the plug on, your day, you picked 14 July, not me.

Musical refrain of 14 July throughout.

TONY

Again with 7/14.

FANCY

Are you going to wait for July 14th, or are you going to do it before? And I want the G-d's honest truth you lying cocksucker. You promised 14 July and we're all counting on it.

TONY

My integrity tells me to honor my commitment of 14 July, but the pain... of being unrecognized. The pain of once making it big and now living in my cockroach infested rat-trap. The pain of not kissing a woman, I mean really tonguing it for five years. What's there to wake up for any more. So, I finish the play I'm writing. I'll have ten plays. Big deal. Who gives a shit? I'm trying not to take a handful of these sleeping pills right now, or using the knife or the grenade. Should I go to the Sheep Meadow, put the grenade next to my heart and pull the pin? KA-BOOM! I'll be blown from here to Kalamazoo into a million pieces. All the squirrels and birdies and of course those black crows would be eating me for lunch. And I will no longer be tormented.

FANCY

On 7/14 is when you will no longer be tormented. Not before and not after. Please. Will you please remember July 14, July 14!

Buzzer and TONY goes to it.

TONY

(Intercom.)

You rang?

JOE (o/s)

Come on, it's me and Mike.

TONY

(Buzzes them in.)

Have you spoken to Joe this past month?

FANCY

Yeah, err, I spoke to him a couple of times.

TONY

Boy, he must really be busy, because that Dick hasn't seen me even once. Since I gave my word that I'm going to do it on 7/14, suddenly, nobody comes to see me. It's like, unless I'm in the process of killing myself, nobody seems to give a shit about me. I call it callousness and if that's the way you guys want it, just to show you, maybe I'll kill myself tonight, or maybe after I have a little oat meal for breakfast. I'll fix all of your confident asses. From now on, all bets are off. I'll do it when I, not you are ready to say goodbye. And it shall be farewell, not goodbye. I always liked the way farewell sounds.

FANCY

You remember "*A Farewell to Arms*?" Dana Andrews? Tony, you can't be serious about calling off 14 July, can you?

TONY

I most certainly can. Unless you guys start hanging around again, I'll, I'll probably do it... I'll just do it.

FANCY

Hey, don't be stupid. You gave your word. You want us to go around saying you broke your word? Do you know what people will say about you? To your mother? Well, do you? I wonder how Mike and Joe are going to feel when they find out you're a fuckin' liar like them. You were always different.

Underscoring ends. MIKE with bag, and JOE open door and enter.

MIKE

(Shows bottle.)

I'm sure you remember?

(Sings. ♪)

"Tequila. Da dada da dada."

FANCY

Am I glad you guys are here. This fuckin' idiot just tried to kill himself again. Didn't he say Bastille Day, or what?

JOE

You gave us your word that you

were going to end it all on July 14th. Your word Tony, we're counting on your word.

MIKE

So, how'd he try killing himself this time, Fancy? Did he have a bazooka up his ass?

FANCY

Show them your machete, Tony.

TONY

(Dangles knife, over veins.)  
Want to see how sharp it is...? One slit, right here, watch a little T.V. and you fall asleep.

FANCY

He also has a live grenade. Tony, you want to show them your little toy?

TONY

Is this what you're talking about? Here Joe.

TONY tosses grenade to JOE, who tosses it to MIKE who is frightened.

MIKE

(Underscoring, "King of the Hill," as he looks at grenade.)

It looks like a real grenade. It has a pin and it's heavy.

FANCY

First, it was that knife. He was sharpening it. Real scary. I thought for sure he was going to do himself in. I manage to talk him out of it.

I did enough, right? Then, out-of-nowhere, he tosses me that grenade. I don't know how you guys feel about it, but I shit, he wants to blow himself up and become fodder for a few fuckin' pigeons. He could take me with him and feed me to the pigeons. I want you to know, I finally talk him out of the pigeon bit. After I catch my breath, he takes out these sleeping pills. He says he's not waiting. I'm telling you, Tony don't give a shit about us or his 7/14. Well, Jew?

(To Joe and Mike.)

Do you? What are we going to do if he goes back on his word?

JOE

We still go ahead with our plans. It's good and I

(Feigns whisper.)

predict a hit show!

TONY

What's a hit show?

FANCY

From now on we ain't telling you shit, Tony, because you lied about 7/14. We can't trust you.

MIKE

Nor me.

JOE

Or me.

TONY

What are you guys making such a big deal about 7/14? I know how important my word is to you and I appreciate it. So, I was only teasing... 7/14 is D Day!

ALL romp and chant "*Bronxtones*".

JOE

(With back to Tony, whispers to Joe and Mike.)

We have to get rid of him.  
Thai, rock.

FANCY

I'm in the mood for a little  
Thai food...

TONY

I could go for a little Thai  
myself.

MIKE

Yeah, I could go for some  
Thai. Let's choose who goes.

ALL put hand behind back.

MIKE (cont'd)

One, two, three...

TONY shows two fingers, 'scissors' and THEY bare fist,  
'rock.'

MIKE (cont'd)

Looks like the good guys win  
again.

TONY

Hey, wait a minute. There's  
something fishy going on. For  
the last two months, every  
time we choose, I lose. And  
what's more amazing is you  
guys always throw the same



thing. I think this is a set up.

JOE

Would we do such a thing? You're just on a losing streak, Tony.

TONY

Don't I know. Nine plays and one nibble, soon it will be ten plays and one little nibble. That's why... that's the reason why I must keep my date with destiny...

JOE

...Which is when...?

TONY

(Underscoring ends as he exits with mock tears.)

11/14... And even though I feel like doing it sometimes earlier, I gave you my word... 11/14.

JOE  
NOT 11/14!

FANCY  
What are you crazy?!

MIKE  
11/14?!

TONY

I know. I was just teasing. 7/14. July 14, are you  
(Exits.)  
satisfied?

FANCY

So, lay it on us Mr. Producer. We got the lights and sets and what about the logo?

JOE

The lights, the set, we got three very good actors, everything, everything is

falling into place. The only problem we have is we need another five thousand.

MIKE

Another five grand.

FANCY

Where are we going to get it?

JOE

Wait a minute. Didn't I hear Molly offer Tony five grand for one of his plays? Isn't this one of his plays? We just tell her we've already invested \$45,000 of our own money in Tony's "*Bronx Bombshell*."

MIKE

I think that's her favorite play.

FANCY

I'll tell her we want to make it a surprise. We're keeping it a secret from him, and would she either lend us or invest in our secret production of her beloved son, Tony's favorite play, "*Bronx Bombshell*." We believe this is his chance to be recognized. She'll melt in my hands like she always does.

MIKE

(Laughs.)

Tell her it's our secret... We have to keep it a secret.

Underscoring, "Are You Ever There," as buzzer rings and FANCY answers it, "Yes."

MOLLY (o/s)

It's me. Fancy? Is that you  
Fancy, darling?

FANCY

Who else, my beloved. Shall I  
fetch you the elevator?

MOLLY (o/s)

You and my son; two comedians.  
Tell him to get his stop-watch  
and time me. Even with the  
shopping bags I'm running all  
the way. On your mark. Get  
set. Go!

MIKE

That Tony doesn't know how  
lucky he is that he still has  
a mother that runs.

FANCY

Especially since she's going  
to invest in his play and our  
(Mimics Molly's accent.)  
play, right 'boichic?'

JOE

That's why she brings you that  
soup. You're so Jewish, you  
Catholic ass-hole.

FANCY

(Sings with Jewish accent)  
Aren't we all? Even J.C.? "*I  
love flanken in the Spring  
time...*"

JOE

...I'm trying to fill you in  
on our show and you're singing  
about flanken? What am I here  
for? Do you want me to tell  
you or what?

MIKE

Of course Joe. We're both real anxious to find out how things are progressing, aren't we Fancy?

FANCY

All I think of is the show. Like to me, it represents the only chance I ever had to make it. Everyday, I struggle to make a sale; Now, at last I have a shot at the big time. I'm jealous of you Joe. You're involved with the show everyday. I love the show too and I wish all I had to do was talk to, to everybody like you're doing. It's got to be exciting, man. Me and you Mike, we made an investment, but Joe's actually involved with making the decisions. He's making a dream come true. Too bad our Mr. Dream-come-true won't be around to enjoy the fruits of his "*Bronx Bombshell*," but we will, won't we?

Underscoring ends. THEY sing reprise of  
"BRONXTONES" chorus.

MIKE, JOE and FANCY

So long, you tone deaf  
Bronxtone.  
After you're gone, we'll just  
sing alone.

When we think of you, after  
you die.  
We won't cry, we'll laugh. ha,  
ha, ha and here is why.

(They dance.)

We'll be rich, ha, ha, ha.  
We'll be rich.  
Sonofabitch, ha, ha, ha will  
make us rich. Ha, ha, ha.  
The sonofabitch, will make us  
rich.

JOE

We better be rich, because I  
sold the last 200 shares of  
I.B.M. my father left me...  
How else was I supposed to get  
the fifteen grand and I gave a  
few to Lewie. I'm running out  
of money and I'm not working.  
This has to work or not only  
will Tony be finished, so will  
I.

FANCY

Me too. I borrowed the money  
from Danny Jr. I think that's  
another reason Marie left me.  
She said I was a low-life for  
taking my son's money. I told  
her I was only borrowing it so  
I could invest in a sure  
winner. This is a sure winner  
ain't it Joe?

JOE

It better be, or my ass is in  
big trouble.

MIKE

Don't worry. As long as Tony  
(Sings.)  
does it on 7/14, "We're in the  
money, and I'll have my  
Sonnie."

Doorbell rings.

FANCY

(Goes and opens door.)

Molly, you shouldn't have. I could have waited for the flanken.

MOLLY

How could you wait? It's been a month.

FANCY

Has it been that long? Why it feels like I just saw you yesterday, '*mon cherie.*'

MOLLY

You are such a talker. Hello boys and where's my Tony? Don't tell me. He went to get lunch... I hope he gets something good.

MIKE

Thai. He went to get Thai.

MOLLY

I like Thai. Even when it was called Chinese food and this  
(Gives Fancy bag and Mike package.)  
is for you Fancy and this is  
(Sings ♪.)  
for you, Michael.

DON'T ASK ME WHY

Did you think I'd forget?  
I got you a cigarette.  
Don't ask me why.  
And I won't lie.

I once called you my  
rabbit.  
Smoking is a habbit.  
So did my son.  
You call that fun?

I guess I'm too old to

understand.  
Why most people need a  
helping hand.  
People used to drink to  
get away.  
Today they smoke, what  
can I say.

Even though you're not a Jew.  
I have always loved you.  
I think you're nuts.  
I call that guts.

I guess I'm too old to  
understand.  
Why most people need a  
helping hand.  
People used to drink to  
get away.  
Today they smoke, what  
can I say.

MIKE

You really got me a few  
joints? Really? Who's better  
than you, Molly?

MOLLY

My girl friend Frieda is  
taking Chemo, so she smokes.  
Says she doesn't get so  
nauseous. I remembered that  
you said you couldn't get  
anything, so I asked her for a  
few joints.

MIKE

I can't thank you enough,  
Molly. I haven't smoked in  
(Lights joint.)  
months. Ooh, this is pretty  
good.

MOLLY

You mean there's good and bad?

MIKE

Exactly. And this is pretty good.

MOLLY

And pretty good is good?

MIKE

Very. Would you like to try it?

MOLLY

I didn't try when my son smoked it and hid it in his sock drawer. I should try it when I'm an old woman?

MIKE

(Demonstrates then gives Molly joint.)

Here, just take a puff and hold it in like this. You'll really like it.

MOLLY

(Takes big puff on joint,)  
All right. What do I have to lose... How'd I do?

MIKE

Very good, but you have to hold the smoke in for as long  
(Demonstrates and gives joint to Molly.)  
as you can. Watch.

MOLLY

(Puffs and holds it longer then laughs.)  
Better?

MIKE



Much...

MOLLY

(Puffs.)

By Jove, I think she's got  
it... and she likes it... and

(Puffs.)

she doesn't even have cancer.  
I'm gonna start hanging'  
around with Frieda. Beats  
Martinis anytime. And you

(Puffs.)

know what, Michael, when you  
smoke it, it doesn't smell  
that bad.

FANCY

(Nears Molly.)

Something smells gosh awful  
disgusting around here  
wouldn't you say, Joe?

MOLLY

Never mind you. You saw me  
take a puff on that joint, and

(Laughs.)

I think I feel silly.  
Michael, do you feel silly?

MIKE

No, but I'm getting there.  
Hey Joe, didn't you say you  
wanted to speak to Silly about  
our '*joint*' venture?

JOE

I guess I did, Molly. You  
see, because we believe so  
much in your son, each of us  
has put up \$15,000 and we are  
secretly going to produce  
Tony's smash new comedy,  
"*Bronx Bombshell*." It's going  
to be our gift to him for

being a true Bronxtone all these years, but remember, we are all sworn to secrecy.

MOLLY

(Laughs.)

We are all sworn to secrecy, now, how much is this secrecy going to cost me?

FANCY

A mere five thousand and your son's dream of being discovered will come true. Molly, all we need's another five. We already put in forty-five. We got a great director '*mon cheri.*' The set, the lighting, costumes, actors, everything's going '*perfecto mundo.*'

MOLLY

What do I get for the five?

JOE

Exactly what you should get. You're putting up, theoretically one tenth. Five thousand plus forty-five equals fifty. You get ten percent.

MOLLY

Ten per cent, my name as co-producer and we got a deal.

JOE

As long as it remains a secret.

ALL put finger to mouth and make Shhh sound as door opens and TONY enters with bags.

MOLLY

Mum's the word...

ALL

...Mum's the word.

TONY

(Looks at ALL and sings 🎵)

"I'VE DONE IT ALL."  
With friends like these,  
I'm the happiest guy in  
town.  
Without enemies,  
Ready to do the town up  
brown.  
I'm having a ball,  
'Cause I've done it all.

Before I disappear,  
Everyone I love is here.  
Who wants to be sad or gloomy.  
Won't you listen to me.

Thanks to you I'm grinning.  
Apologize for sinning.  
To you my friends it's  
goodbye.  
I know it's sad, but don't  
cry.

With friends like these,  
I'm the happiest guy in  
town.  
Without enemies,  
Ready to do the town up  
brown.  
I'm having a ball,  
'Cause I've done it all.

I'm grateful that I was a  
star.  
Out to L.A., went really far.  
I'm so happy that I could

burst.  
I have this hunger and thirst.

With friends like these,  
I'm the happiest guy in town.  
Without needs enemies,  
Ready to do the town up brown.  
I'm having a ball.  
'Cause I've done it all.  
I've done it all...

CUT: Back in time. Under lamppost ALL sing.

ALL

(Sing. 🎵)

*"Earth angel, earth angel,  
will you be mine? My darling  
dear, love you all the time.  
I'm just a fool. A fool in  
love with you."*

CUT: One month later. FANCY in pajamas is sprawled out in the convertible bed, making lots of noise eating sunflower seeds, watching T.V. Pacing, TONY seethes.

TONY

Where the hell did you put my knife? And where is my grenade? Since you moved in here, I can't find a G-ddamn thing and those nuts are driving me crazy! I find them everywhere I look.

FANCY

Stop being so picky. You only got one more month to go, remember? and then I'll give you back your knife. So, why do you want the knife now?

TONY

To slit my wrists, because I can't live with you, your

sunflower seeds, your sports. With you, it's either sports or clothes and always nuts. I don't know who I hate more? The Mets, those nuts or the fact I don't have space in my own closet. How many suits does a person need?

FANCY

To keep up my front, I guess I needed a lot of them. Unfortunately, clothes do not make the man...

TONY

...Tell me something I don't know...

FANCY

Not according to my mother, "You are who you dress like" she said... I've worn a jacket and tie since I was two.

TONY

Your mother's been dead a long time and you've changed. Look at you, in jeans and a sweat shirt. You're a new man.

FANCY

You know, for as long as I can remember, Marie's been after me to dress like this. To be natural. She always said that I was so stuffy and it's because of my mother. She did it to me... Here I am in jeans and a sweat shirt and Marie's no where to be found. She doesn't understand that this old horse can change. I'm

wearing jeans and I finally  
took a shot with...

TONY

...You took a shot with what?

FANCY

I didn't take a shot? I'm  
Mister conservative, remember?  
What kind of shot? Joe  
gambles, I don't gamble.

TONY

I thought I heard you say you  
took a shot and to tell you  
the truth, I was glad for you.  
How long have you been selling  
'schmates?' And you never  
made it. That's why, if  
you're taking a shot on  
something, then I hope you  
make it real big, and anything  
I can do to help out, name it.

FANCY

7/14?

TONY

(Gives five and sings. 🎵)

WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN

July 14th is my due date.  
Let me tell you I can't wait.  
One of my plays got produced.  
So I have deduced.  
No one likes my work.  
That's why I feel like a jerk.

I've lived in pain noon and

night.  
Nothing seems to turn out  
right.  
Thought everyone cared for me.  
Pity, woe is me.

I must say goodbye.  
For me it is time to die.

When I get to heaven,  
Guess who will do my  
plays.  
Gonna roll a seven,  
Say hello sunny days.

No one will be happier than  
me.  
I'll be a star for eternity.

I don't want to live anymore.  
Through the mill I've learned  
the score.  
Say goodbye to my old mother.  
And to you brother.  
It sure has been swell.  
I hope I'm not going to...  
When I get to heaven,  
Guess who will do my  
plays.  
Gonna roll a seven,  
Say hello sunny days.

No one will be happier than  
me.  
I'll be a star for eternity...  
Now close the couch, get  
dressed, the guys are going to  
be here any minute.

FANCY

You forgot about your mother.

TONY

No I didn't. She'll be here too, so get a move on.

FANCY

(Salutes - close couch.)

Aye, aye sir.

TONY

Aren't you going to brush your teeth?

FANCY

(Exits to bathroom.)

Aye, aye sir...

TONY

(Throws sunflower seeds in garbage can.)

I'll give him sunflower seeds. Hasn't even brushed his teeth and he's eating this shit. They make me nervous.

(Yells to Fancy.)

He makes me nervous... I want you out of here, you understand Fancy? O-U-T...!

FANCY

(Enters.)

...And where should I go, to the Y? You agreed I could stay until 14 July. So, I'm staying. I'm paying half the rent, ain't I? So, what do you want?

TONY

You know, I have one month before it's goodbye and I want to live it the way I've always lived it, alone. You are just too much of a pain in the ass. Tell you the truth, I don't know how Marie took you for 29



years. She must be a saint.

FANCY

She sure is... Went on three vacations in all that time. Imagine that and it was all because I never had enough money. No matter how hard I tried, when you're selling, it's always a struggle. I think that's one of the reasons Marie left me. Tired of struggling. If she only knew what was going to happen. That I was going to make a lot of bread. She'll beg me to come back.

TONY

You're going to make a lot of bread with something and you won't tell me what it is?

FANCY

I can't tell 'cause I'm sworn to an oath of secrecy.

(Finger to mouth.)

Remember, mum's the word?

TONY

Tell me the truth Fancy. Have you guys been setting me up when we choose?

FANCY

(Finger to mouth.)

Mum's the word.

Buzzer sounds and FANCY answers it.

FANCY (cont'd)

Costello residence.

JOE (o/s)

I'll give you Costello residence. Will you let us in?

FANCY buzzes them in.

FANCY

With only a month left, I suppose you don't want me to tell them that you me asked for your knife. This past month, you were doing so good. What happened? What triggers it off?

TONY

You forgot about the grenade, and I don't give a shit what you tell them, because I'm pissed, at all of you. One of the reasons I'm going to do myself in is because my supposed best friends wouldn't come up with a few measly dollars and produce a play. To tell you how disgusted I am, I could end it all right now. Fuck 7/14. Right now, because my own friends wouldn't save my life, I couldn't give two shits about it!

FANCY

Hey, take it easy. Don't get so emotional. You said you were going to do it on 7/14. We agreed, so, let's not jump to conclusions. Don't make any rash decisions about you keeping your word. You always keep your word, because you're Tony.

TONY

Well just don't be too sure  
and just remember, I still got  
(Tosses pills in air and

laughs.)

plenty of Arsenic.

FANCY

I see you sitting at your  
computer, typing away. It's  
like you're in dream world.  
You really don't want to kill  
yourself, do you.

TONY

No comment.

FANCY

Hey Tony, remember what you  
said about us and your will?

TONY

That I would give you all my  
plays, including the one I  
hope to finish before...  
providing one of my plays is  
produced? Remember, it's all  
dependent upon your  
production.

FANCY

Did you write it and sign it?

TONY

Top drawer in my desk.

FANCY

Would you mind if I took a  
look at it?

TONY

Be my guest.

FANCY is looking at will as JOE and MIKE enter. HE shows the will and they are delighted.

MIKE

(Shows bottle.)

We all chipped in and bought this bottle of Dom to sort of say goodbye while we still have a chance... There was a time, when you had your run and you were king of the hill. Had all those gorgeous babes around, I was jealous of you. But now, knowing the pain you must be in to plan your own funeral on 14 July, I'm not jealous of you anymore, but I'll still miss you... Want to take over Joe?

JOE

You know your leaving us is very emotional. We know when you blow your brains out, which is what I say you're going to do, by yourself, alone. That's why we all want to say goodbye while we're still together.

ALL hug TONY.

MIKE

So I say let's open the suds and lets say our goodbyes to the best Bronxtone there ever was and that includes you Fancy. Joe, would you like to do the honors?

TONY

I'll get the opener and  
(Exits to kitchen.)  
glasses.

JOE

(Whispers.)  
There's so much I have to tell  
you. Rehearsal started and is  
it exciting.

MIKE

We have to get rid of him.  
Paper and heroes. I'm in the  
mood for some egg plant.

TONY

(Returns with tray and drinks.)  
Gunga Din has returned.

ALL lift glasses and toast.

MIKE, JOE, FANCY

14 JULY!

TONY

(Sad.)  
Yeah, 7/14.

JOE

Tony, why so remorseful?  
We're celebrating your death.  
(Raises glass and sings.)  
"To life, to life,  
'L'chaim..."

ALL

(Sing. 🎵)  
'L'chaim, L'chaim to life.

MIKE

That 'L'chaim' just got me  
hungry...

FANCY

Me too.

JOE

Me three...

TONY

I suppose you want to choose  
as to who goes for it, right?

JOE

You got any better ideas?

TONY

Hey, I know the bit. I'll  
show rock and all three of  
you'll show paper. I know  
it's a set up and I'm going to  
lose, so give me the bread,  
tell me what you want and I  
shall depart.

MIKE

Heros. I want egg plant.

FANCY

Make that two egg plant, but I  
want parmegian.

JOE

You know what, make that two  
parmegians and get two six  
packs, I mean the champagne's  
almost gone.

TONY

I know you guys are getting  
rid of me so you can talk. I  
know all about the deal the  
three of you are in cahoots  
with. I know what it is, but  
I'm not saying, so there.

(Laughs.)

I shall return with your ham  
(Exits.)  
and cheese, gentlemen.

As TONY opens door, MOLLY enters with bags.

MOLLY

(Kisses Tony.)

I didn't buzz because the  
super let me in. So, how are  
you my darling? and how is  
your new play coming along?  
(Winks to Mike.)  
And hello, fellas. I have  
something for you, Michael.

MIKE

Again? My cup runneth over.

MOLLY

The A and P bag is for you  
Fancy and this is for my Tony.  
Where are you going?

TONY

The guys are in the mood for  
heroes, want anything Ma?

MOLLY

Maybe I'll have an egg plant  
parmegian.

TONY

That makes it unanimous. You  
heard of Labor Day? Today's  
egg plant day. I'll be right  
back. Ma, behave yourself. I  
know what you did the last  
(Exits.)  
time and I'm proud of you.

MOLLY

I'm proud of him and he says  
he's proud of me. For what?

I smoked a joint? 75 years old and I finally get high? I should have gotten high 50 years ago instead of drinking

(Gives to Mike.)

all that crap. Here, Michael, four more, and I think it's better than the last time. Not that I'm a 'maven.'

MIKE

Gee, that's really sweet of you Molly.

MOLLY

Shut up and let's start smoking before my son comes back and Joseph, I believe a report is in order.

JOE

Well, all I can tell you is rehearsal started and it's fantastic. I've never been through this before, but let me tell you it's "Ex-cit-ing." I'm seeing Tony's play actually come to life.

FANCY

What about the set and the logo? I keep asking you about the logo because it's important.

JOE

The set is being built right now. As far as the logo is concerned, I have a couple of advertising agencies trying to come up with something, but don't worry, we still got another month.



MOLLY

The opening is still the  
fifteenth, isn't it?

JOE

It most certainly is, and wait  
until you see the show. It's  
so funny, so sensitive... You  
know how I say "Prisoner of  
Second Avenue" is Simon's  
best, well let me tell you...

MOLLY

...To me "Bronx Bombshell" was  
always his best. I can't wait  
to see his face opening night.

CUT: Back in time. ALL under lamppost, singing. ♪

ALL

*"Got a date with an angel.  
Gonna meet her at seven. Got  
a date with an angel. Tony's  
on his way to heaven."*

CUT: 11/14 - D DAY. 11:30 P.M. FANCY looks at watch and  
paces. Musical refrain of 14 July.

FANCY

Where the hell could he be?  
Today's the day. 14 July.  
It's 11:30 at night and he's  
supposed to be dead. It's 14  
July! It's 14 July! He gave  
us his word and tomorrow's the  
opening. The fellas are  
supposed to be here any  
minute. Joe has an in with  
CNN and ABC. They're supposed  
to take pictures of the body.  
The dead body. After that,  
all the stations will pick it

up. And the headlines in the papers are supposed to say; "Ex-bizarre hairdresser, turned playwright, with new comedy opening tomorrow, July 15, kills self."

Refrain ends. Buzzer. FANCY answers it, "Yeah?"

JOE (o/s)

Yeah my ass. Let us in.

FANCY

(Buzzes.)

They'll blame this whole mess on me. It's my fault Tony didn't do himself in, they'll say. I should have known, when he said he was going to the museum of Modern Art, he... no one in their right mind goes to the museum the day they're supposed to... What does he need culture for when he's gonna kill himself. It's my fault they'll say. If we didn't need the publicity, I would have let him cut his balls off long ago... But this show means too much to me. I thought I finally found a way out. Instead of me struggling

(Picks up knife.)

until I can't struggle any more, and it's getting harder, everyday is getting harder. Thank G-d for this show, it's gonna put me on easy street. Ain't never been on easy street... Even when we first got married, it wasn't easy. Then Danny Jr. was born and things got a little tighter.

College was murder and then he gets married. Thirty years go by just like that. Seems my father never understood me and neither did... With Marie gone, Tony's show seems to be the only thing that matters, which reminds me, I wonder where that lying bastard is? He doesn't know Joe arranged to have a private ambulance pick up his body and bring it to the morgue. What a bit. He figured to save time, they'll take some stills on the way. I mean this Tony is fuckin' ridiculous. He's screwing everything up.

JOE and MIKE enter on beat.

JOE

What's ridiculous and who's screwing up what? The ambulance is going to be here at 12:30 and I don't see the body. Where's the body, Fancy? There's supposed to be a body. CNN and ABC should be here about the same time. Fancy, we need Tony's body.

TONY

(Opens door and almost dancing enters on beat.)  
Did someone mention my name?

JOE

I certainly did asshole. Where the hell were you? And you're supposed to be dead hours ago. You gave us your word.

TONY

Well, you can forget about my word because I am in love. I met her having coffee at the Met.

FANCY

The Met? I thought you said you were going to the Modern, you lying sonofabitch.

TONY

I changed my mind and lucky for me, because I met the most beautiful woman that ever lived. Better than Ava. She has a smile... and these eyes and this body, what can I say. We spent the entire day in her apartment, the Dakota 'Schmoozing.' Is she interesting and is she gorgeous. It was meant to be.

FANCY picks up knife. MIKE gets gun. JOE picks up noose and all will surround TONY.

TONY (cont'd)

Just imagine this fantastic penthouse in one of the most beautiful buildings overlooking the park. We drank the best French wine I ever drank. Played Mozart as she read three of my plays. Calls me Tennessee. She has so much bread you wouldn't believe it. CBS... Her father used to own CBS or was it RCA? Says she wants to produce my plays.

JOE

(Menaces with noose.)

Really? Anyone in particular?

you fucking liar!

TONY

"Bronx Bombshell." Said she loved that show and yes I lied, so, sue me, shoot me Mike. Stab me Fancy. Better yet, hang me Joe... And Molly told me about her investing in (Laughs.) my play. See you at the opening fellas.

FANCY

You knew all along.

MIKE

And we fell for it.

JOE

You just strung us along so you'd get your play produced.

TONY

(laughs.)

Exactly. I swear I'll kill myself, really.

MIKE

(Menacingly waves gun.)

I say we kill him before the ambulance gets here.

FANCY

(Menaces Tony with knife.)

I second the motion.

JOE

(Tries to put noose on Tony, who flees.)

Well, what are we waiting for?

(THEY chase TONY and

sing. 🎵)

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD  
You told us you were on  
your way to hell.  
What's gonna happen to  
our Bronx Bombshell?  
With you alive we won't  
have a hit show.  
And like shmucks we put  
up all our dough.

Let's put a bullet in his  
head.  
You're supposed to be dead.  
And we're supposed to be rich.  
You lying sonofabitch.

You swore you never lied.  
We told the papers you died.  
You gave us your freakin'  
word.  
Supposed to lay there like a  
turd.

You told us you were on  
your way to hell.  
What's gonna happen to  
our Bronx Bombshell?  
With you alive we won't  
have a hit show.  
And like shmucks we put  
up all our dough.

Chasing TONY, ALL exit apartment

THE END

S. Goldberg  
Curtain  
+

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The Final