

WED
AUG. 30 ^{Thalia}
B'way at 95th ST.
(Bkfst at Tiffany's)
(The Trouble With Harry)
AC 2 3370

JACKIE CURTIS

NOTES

monty 57 W 68th St. 5 P.M.
apt 4 Friday

GLAMOUR, GLORY AND GOLD
The Life and Legend of
Mola Noonan;
Goddess and Star.
A new play by
JACKIE CURTIS



Sun + Mon
off

Suzanne Gilbert
~~AC 2 8734~~

CAST
(In Order of Appearance)

PAGE

	(MIZ) MAZIE REVERE to the stage Mickey East	1
	GRACE WILSON CANDY DARLING	"
	NOLA ROOMAN HELEN HANET	"
	DULE WILLIAM SUPASE	"
1.	TRUCK DRIVERS	"
2.	HARVEY KRAVITZ CHARLIE BOURTHAUX HARVEY	2
3.	PETER BILLINGS (COP) — MONY??	3
4.	FLORENZ ZRIGLELD	4
	A STAGE MANAGER	"
	FIRST MAN	5
	SECOND MAN	"
	TWO LADIES	"
	LETTY ROBT KEENEY	"
	THE ROCKETTES	"
	VINNIE CHUCCELLI	"
	JOHNNY APOLLO WILLIAM SUPASE	7
	HENCHMEN	8
	SPEECH TEACHER: MARGARET AMANDA MACRAE or LIDIE MURPHY	8A
	IF MALE: MANFRED MILFORD MACRAE	9A
	Mrs. FREEMAN (The WIFE) — SANFORD	9B
	JERRY (The Husband)	9
	IRVIN, a schleck agent	10
	HAROLD MINSKY	11
	CHORUS GIRLS	12
	THE BOSS	"
	CASTING DIRECTOR } WILLIAM SUPASE	"
	PRODUCER }	"
	A BOY — CLARK	"
	A MAN	"
	SLAVES	13A
	JOHN ARNOLD (The DIRECTOR) J. S. BOVOSO	"
	PAKS	"
	DARRYL P. ZANUCK	"
	LEADING MAN	13
	HATTIE, the Maid — LIDIE MURPHY MORTY	14
	HOLLYWOOD REPORTER	16
	STAGE HAND	17
	SWEEPER	"
	OLD LADY	"
	PRODUCTION PEOPLE	"
	SEVANT	"
	HAIRDRESSER	"
	MAKE UP MAN	"
	COSTUME MAN	"
	MASSEUR — MONY MONTGOMERY	18
	ANNOUNCER	20
	THE LADIES	22
	ANALYST	23
	GRADY EAGLES, an off off B'way actor CHARLIE BOURTHAUX Harry York	24
	ANGIE FINGERHUT, an off-off B'way actress JANET DAVIDSON	25
	REPORTERS	26
	LAWYER Alan	"
	JUDGE Robt —	"

a.
POLA MOONAN: GODDESS AND STAR

MAE MORGAN; MAZIE; GREGG

A small dressing room; in back of a sleazy diner.

Cramped and hot, three girls struggle mercilessly for room, air and respect.

The window is open and the drapes, such as they are, hang limp.

A neon light (we cannot see it) flashes on and off, on and off, etc.

The three girls are waitresses and they are getting ready for the night shift; a rush hour.

MAE MORGAN, MAZIE and GREGG... are present.

MAZIE: (at the mirror) So I says to her, "Those damn slacks are so tight I'll bet you have to carry your handkerchief in your mouth!"

GREGG: (busy with her nylons) Damn fire sale nylons... *ROCKINES*

MAZIE: And she's so dumb... I took her to a very posh soiree the other night, y'know. Didn't she embarrass me?

GREGG: A what did you say dear?

MAZIE: A soiree... a party at sundown... anyway, it was a highbrow affair, terribly draggy except for a truck driver in a corner... who just couldn't take his eyes off the punch bowl...

GREGG: (Applying eyebrows) Or you?

MAZIE: (continuing) But aside from him everyone there was swells, talking very big words and Nola standing around staring like her eyes was gonna pop out any minute...

(Knock on door VOICE: "Hey, Girls c'mon let's go... I'm runnin' a diner here not talkathon, now let's get ready and don't take til Christmas!")

GREGG: Why is he so grouchy? *what the hell is wrong with him?*

MAZIE: Don't pay him no mind Gregg, he'd find fault in paradise... lend me your lipstick hah? That big mouth used mine all up, she can't even buy her own lipstick... *alright?*

GREGG: You don't like working with her, quit.

MAZIE: How can I quit? I'm into three shyders for more than I'm worth now. I quit; I really quit; I mean they'll hand my resignation over to the obituary column and say: HERE LIES MAZIE... LET IT BE KNOWN SHE LOVED NOT *fish wrapper*

NO MORE
GREGG: Yeah the wind blew and the shit flew.

MAZIE: And there she is Gregg, Nola, standing there like she never saw a man before. And then like a bomb was dropped somebody asked her a question.

GREGG: Oh good heavens you mean someone tried to make verbal contact... tch tch

MAZIE: This very good looking gent in a second hand mattress ticking asked her in no five dollar words, what she thought of Kipling?

GREGG: I'm ready... (fixing her hair)

MAZIE: She said, I don't know-I've never kippled.

(NOLA rushes in breathless; practically tearing her clothing off as she enters, she is volatile and alive in every sense of the word.

Flings her bag across the room on a chair)

NOLA: Sorry I'm late, I stopped off at the library.

MAZIE: *She has done the cutest trick Gregg, walks down a street and turns into a saloon. Look what I got - ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASCARA*

NOLA: (Looking at herself in mirror) Gregg, what do you think? How do I look?

GREGG: Like a pigeon that got caught in a badminton game but other than that flawless.

NOLA: Mazie, have you sharpened your tongue yet?

MAZIE: You're looking in a mirror and you still don't know! That's not optimistic; that's a trip...

*Gregg! Where's Nola?
She's a sketch that
one (SORE)*

NOLA: Seriously, do you think I look all right to go on out right now? Duke is pretty steamed.

GREGG: The old crab. MAZIE ←

NOLA: Mazie... ALL

MAZIE: ~~Fire!~~ where's the fire? You look like you're fleeing from a burning automat..(fixes her as she gabs) What did you do with my hair nets...I had three new ones...

MARGIE: It was windy, you don't think just one of those fish haulers would keep my coif in place do you?

G-MAZIE: Where'd you get these clothes Nola? You're not trying to pay off an election bet are you, I mean this town, ~~this bag~~ it ain't big enough...if they ever hear of politics here, Duke is gonna lose out on slave labor.

NOLA: What're you doing?

MAZIE: Tidying you up honey, ~~ohhh~~...you want those guys to think we got an airplane propellor in here? I mean, ~~it's a swell shirt but will this style ever come back?~~

NOLA: Well, I like to dress in season.

M-GREGG: ~~Like an eagle - on a christmas tree.~~ If you ladies will pardon my dust...

G-MAZIE: That's O K just take your rag with you.

G-MAZIE: How about that dame?

NOLA: GREGG? MAZIE?

G-MAZIE: I said dame didn't I?

NOLA: What about her?

G-MAZIE: What-not? Ya get aloof of that upsweep hair-do, it's so hard to tell where she swept it up from, I mean she looks like a professional blind date.

NOLA: Y'know you got a tongue could clip a hedge? Ever think of going into the beauty parlor business?

G-MAZIE: Yeah I'm a dreamer at heart.

NOLA: Your talk alone could curl hair. (In mirror) Why I'm a different person.

G-MAZIE: ~~Yeah, all dress up and no face to go.~~ But are you ready?

NOLA: Honey this body is always ready... (Stopping NOLA from exit)

G-MAZIE: Oh...I decided I needed a new love affair last night

NOLA: ~~Big deal, I needed a lay~~ So naturally you went to see what's for my Jason a lay

NOLA: So when I got him to fall hook line and sinker I accepted and also thought told him that my suggestion on going to New York City was a very good one...

G-MAZIE: So, you're getting out?

NOLA: Leaving tonight. Will you help me pack GREGG?

G-MAZIE: Sure Nola. The first thing we'll tuck away is your head. Let's go. Duke's running a diner, not a waterhole.

DUKE'S DINER: Truck Driver's and Long Shore Men enter...DUKE is seated at end of counter; atmosphere is rusty/lively...GREGG is serving coffee and pie as MAZIE and NOLA enter...

MEN: Nola! Mazie! Where you been keeping them dry goods? Nola! ~~Mazie~~ GREGG!

GUY: Hey Mazie! It's ne Georgie...remember you told me I had early american features?

MAZIE: How about this guy gang? Doesn't he look like a buffalo?

GREGG: Why so quiet Nola? And so reserved...

MAZIE: Just like a lady

GREGG: ~~And so innocent-the little bitch.~~ With both eyes peeled.

MAZIE: Hey Butch where ya been keeping yourself? In Hock? Your not on the lamb again?

MEN: Mazie you remember me don't you? Tijuana last June?

MAZIE: Oh those tropical moons, I never forget a face Moose but in your case I'll make an exception...

(NOLA is reading a book)

DUKE: Suddenly you took up literature?

Get those buns on the fire or it's out you go.

GREGG: Why don't one of you sweet boys put a nickel in the great big nickelodeon?
MAZIE: Yeah drop a coin big Boy, wasn't you longshore for music?
(Music)
(everyone starts dancing and having fun... suddenly: silence. The door swings open... Everyone freezes; NOLA steps down and speaks to audience:

NOLA: It was my newly elected boyfriend, Harvey Kravitz... I'm Nola Noonan, I'm a waitress here in Duke's Diner and unlike Mazie or Gregg if you can see I have a face that didn't wear out six bodies, you can see I've got a face that will be my fortune and not my chaperone. I've got a future harvey tells me, it takes a lot to get him to say it right but I need reassurance, I'm emotionally insecure... I need love. I was raped at an early age, seven to be exact, by a door to door salesman... he asked me if my Mommy was at home... Is anything strange about admitting you're a bastard and no your mommy is not home, you have no idea where she is let alone who she is... I had become at age 7 - delivering at the time... I was reading Mother Goose...
~~"There was an old lady who lived in a shoe she had so many children~~

hand up
Note

MAZIE + Gregg
Mother Goose

~~she didn't know what to do... there was another old lady who lived in a shoe; she didn't have any children... she knew what to do!"~~
~~she screamed upon completion of my dissertation on pending population~~
asked me if I was interested in bringing back vaudeville since he had run out of bible's three doors back, and me coming from a truly musical background... my guardian was a saxophone player with a tight lip. I let the guy in and he took out a brochure that read VAUDEVILLE AGAIN IN 7 DAYS ON YOUR MONEY BACK... it was somewhere between bird-calls and his soft shoe that I found myself at his mercy... brutally attacked... slapped down... pinned forcefully to my lumpy, old mattress... his big, muscular, hairy arms held me down... sweat trickled from my forehead... tears streamed from my cheeks... I loved it!
Oh but the panting... breathing and panting...
panting and breathing... well, I was never a screamer...
I knew somewhere in the back of my brain what we were doing couldn't be justified, but what the dumb iceman didn't know would hurt his tight lip would it? I was enjoying this adulation, this stranger making violent, passionate love to me... an animal in my bed... ripping and tugging and my brand new all white starch pressed crinolins... His manliness penetrated the starch and I screamed I HATE CRINOLINS... I HATE STARCH AND STA PRESS I HATE THIS LUMPY MATTRESS but I shut up screaming can be very distracting to a frenzied rapist and I didn't want to distract him... I ripped the crinolins down to the linoleum, yes the ice man was a pollack, an ugly pollack who dreamed that one day he would buy out his five pawn tickets and regain possession of that goddamn saxophone and blow on it on the fire escape so that he could drive me to drink, drive me to suicide, drive me to the neighbor... a very sweet longshoreman who understood my seven year old mind... Suddenly it was over... He took me with him to Chicago and I made him forget all about bringing back vaudeville and one morning while I was warming up some V-8 and scraping toast I turned around and just like in a movie he was gone and the sonofabitch didn't even leave a note... and I never did get my money back!
(light on HARVEY KRAVITZ,) Harvey is my ticket outa this shlock diner. I hate Chicago, the town that Billy Sunday couldn't shut down... the pansy!
I met Harvey at Mazie's party the other night. It was love at first sight; but I took him away from Mazie. Harvey has a truck that never runs out of gas; New York City is where it'll take me to. And there I'm gonna start my climb up the ladder of success. I'm emotionally unstable... I always feel undressed and scared but if I could feel undressed and not scared maybe it would start paying off.