Iola Brubeck's World Take a Holiday or Blow Stachmo or Everybody's Coming entire musical play

Iola Brubeck
WORKING TITLE: WORLD TAKE A HOLIDAY

POSSIBLE TITLES: BLOW SATCHMO
or
EVERYBODY'S COMING

This is a musical play written by Dave and Iola Brubeck expressly for Louis Armstrong and Carmen MacRae.
CAST OF CHARACTERS

POPS ANDERSON
RHONDA BROWN
SAUL HOFFMAN
ELINORE
MR. FRITZER
QUARTET OF MINISTERS
THE REAL AMBASSADOR
JAZZ MUSICIANS (About 4)
DANCERS
MIXED CHORUS
ACT I

SCENE I

SETTING: Outside the stage door entrance of a New York Theatre

DESCRIPTION:

Waiting by the stage door is Elinor Scott, young dancer, whose mood seesaws from wistful plaintiveness (in the waltz section) to defiant anger (in the 4/4 section) as she sings "WAITING". Through the song her eyes search the street for the appearance of boy-friend, Saul. As each 4/4 line is sung, a member of Pop's band enters from the right and turns into the stage door. Each entrance depicts a definite characterization moving in rhythm with the music. As each man looks her over when he passes by, her fury and embarrassment mount, and she pulls her oversized coat closer around her for protection from both the roving eyes and the elements.
"WAITING"

ELINOR: (SINGS)

waitin'...where is he?
waitin'...won't he come?
Oh, it's a diabolic trick of Satan!
waitin'...where is he?
waitin'...won't he come?
It turns my love to vitriolic hatin'.
Where, oh where can he possibly be?
Can't you imagine just how aggravatin'?
waitin'...for my chance!
waitin'...here to dance
while every passerby gives me the glance!
waitin'...where is he?
waitin'...won't he come?
I'll blow my lid, I feel it percolatin'!
waitin'...where is he?
waitin'...won't he come?
cotta get rid of him, he's so frustratin'!
Then he will appear
Grinnin' ear-to-ear!
He's irresistably irritatin'!
Hear his shufflin' feet
Comin' down the street (SAUL ENTERS FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF STAGE OF ALL THE OTHER ENTRANCES)

That's what it takes to make my life complete!

(ELIE POINTS AT SAUL)
(AS SAUL APPROACHES ELLIE) Look at that grin now ain't that sweet?

(POW! ELLIE SLAPS HIS FACE)

SAUL: (STUNNED) Ellie!

ELLIE: Saul Hoffman if I didn't want this job so bad I'd quit you flat!

SAUL: Am I late?

ELLIE: Are you late? I've watched the entire company go through those doors while I've stood here and waited! You blundering oaf! You get me my big chance, then you goof it! Oh, I'm so embarrassed I could die!

SAUL: But, Ellie--

ELLIE: For hours you've had me pacing up and down this darn street, dressed like a...well, even a street-walker doesn't have to wear this!

(SHE OPENS HER BULKY WRAP AROUND COAT THAT SHE HAS KEPT TIGHT AROUND HER. SAUL'S EYES POP OUT WHEN HE SEES HER NEXT TO NUDE HARUM COSTUME. AT PRECISELY THIS MOMENT, THE DRUM CUE BEGINS. ELLIE SCREAMS.)

Ooooooooh, no! They're startin' without me!

(THE DRUMS CONTINUE LOUDER AS ELLIE AND SAUL RUN INTO THE STAGE DOOR. THE LEFT SECTION OF THE THEATRE BUILDING RISES TO DISCLOSE A DIMLY LIGHTED TABLEAU OF HARUM GIRLS AROUND A CAMPFIRE. ELLIE TAKES HER PLACE IN THE DANCE GROUP, SHEDDING HER COAT AS SHE RUNS. AS THE DRUMS INCREASE IN INTENSITY THE FLAMES MAGNIFY THE SHADOWS OF THE DANCERS DRESSED, LIKE ELINOR, IN HARUM ATTIRE. THE FIGURE OF "POPS" ANDERSON IS A SILHOUETTE OF A SULTAN ON A RAISED CUSHION. WHEN THE DANCERS START TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE SULTAN,
THE LIGHTING BRIGHTENS AND A SPOTLIGHT DRAMATICALLY REVEALS
THE STAR, "POPS" ANDERSON DRAPED IN A WHITE BURNOUS AND ROBE,
SITTING CROSS LEGGED ON A CUSHION, HIS HORN RESTING ON HIS KNEE.
HE SMILES A DAZZLING WHITETOOTHED SMILE AND STARTS TO SING.

POPS:

Pound my campfire
Harem girls are dancing
while the nomads chant their endless stories.

Flames leap high
and pulses start to quicken
as they speak of all their ancient glories.

Cool breezes come with the moon.
Sunrise will beckon us soon.

(we'll go)

Rashing, flashing, skirmishing
across the desert
t'il night shadows overtake us.

Like the hot wind we will roam
across the desert
we know Allah won't forsake us.

This life is so free
No one will change me
A desert nomad that's what I want to be.

POPS STANDS TO PLAY TRUMPET FOR ONE CHORUS. THE DANCING GETS
WILDER PERFORMING A CHOREOGRAPHY AKIN TO THE BELLY DANCE OF THE
MIDDLE EAST. POPS SINGS THE CONCLUDING TAG AS HE SITS BACK ON
THE CUSHION, THE LIGHTS DIM, AND THE DANCERS MOVE BACK TO THEIR
ORIGINAL TABLEAU.
POPS SINGS TAG TO NOMAD AS SOUND, LIGHTS AND DRUMS FADE

Desert Nomad that's the life for me
Desert Nomad that's the life for me.
Desert Nomad that's the life for me.
Desert Nomad that's the life for me.

BLACK OUT
(WHEN THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP FULL, POPES RISES FROM HIS PILLOW, LAUGHING, AND WALKS TOWARDS THE FOOTLIGHTS WIPING HIS BROW WITH HIS TRADITIONAL WHITE HANDKERCHIEF)

POPS: How about that?

(MR. FRITZER, BRIEF CASE IN HAND, POPES OUT OF THE ORCHESTRA AND ON TO THE STAGE IN GREAT EXCITEMENT)

FRITZER: wonderful, pops, wonderful! bravo, bravo, elinore: pops, that tune is one the Arabs will adore.

(A S FRITZER COMES TO THE CENTER OF THE REHEARSAL STAGE, THE DANCERS AND POPES PRESS FORWARD TO HEAR HIS COMMENTS. FRITZER PUTS HIS ARM AROUND POPES, LAUGHING)

Why you old bastard, that's just what I had in mind. (SHOUTS) saul: musicians: All of you: come out here! (TO POPES AS POPES CROSSES TO DIRECTOR CHAIR) thanks, pops, for being so kind.

POPS: (SITS DOWN, PULLING OUT GLASSES AND COPY OF DOWN BEAT, AND BELLOW) saul:

(MEMBERS OF POPES BAND, INSTRUMENTS IN HAND ENTER FROM WINGS.

SAUL COMES RUNNING)

SAUL: yeah, pops, what you want?

POPS: (WITH DETACHED AIR) Fritz wants you. (HE GOES BACK TO HIS COPY OF DOWNBEAT, LETTING THE OTHERS WORRY ABOUT THE PLANS FOR FRITZER'S SHOW)

FRITZER: saul, where did you discover elinor?

SAUL: in the village, where else?

FRITZER: The girl's a find: elinor, there is no ques-
-tion. You are hired. I gave Saul a mere suggestion and you seemed to know what was required.

ELLIE: I'm speechless. Thank you, Mr. Fritzer.

SAUL: Didn't I tell you?

ELLIE: Oh, Saul, I'm sorry I got so mad. Did I hurt you?

SAUL PUTS HAND ON CHEECK AND LAUGHS

HAND: (MOKING) Did I hurt you, Saul?

FRITZER: everybody! your attention! There is something I must mention; this show is scheduled to go out now--right away. While we have the co-operation of every nation, we must move without delay. Pops and Saul, you know, this is my very special show. My dream! My scheme! WORLD TAKE A HOLIDAY!

SAUL: That's a gas of a title!

FRITZER: You will visit many countries; not just presenting jazz, but declaring a holiday, officially. And, almost every country has agreed that pops arrival is a national event. With pops as ambassador, the countries enthusiastically gave me their consent.

SAUL: Well, they'd just better, or I'll pull my attraction right out of there!

FRITZER: don't say such a thing--even in jest! With ambassador "catch" our cause is blessed.

POPS: (LOCKS UP OVER HIS DOWN BEAT) Man, you're out of your skull.
FRITZER: Oh, no. I've dreamed of doing this—a jazz show with modern dance. So that it is more than just a concert, but the dancing will enhance and interpret the whole emotional range. That's the basic problem in cultural exchange. But, my dears, think of choreography that knows no geography. The language of movement is universal. Now, all we need is time, more tunes and rehearsal. You and pops, must dream up an encore, specifically designed for each country that we play. This is the way friends are won for the U.S.A. Look at the triumph the Moyosev scored! What part of their program was most adored? The Russian folk dances were terrific. But what one thing, to be specific, won the audience completely. Ah, they planned it so discreetly! What number did the audience feel? I'll tell you. It was the Moyosev version of the Virginia Reel! Take a number like Nomad—the one we just rehearsed—played as a finale before the crowd's dispersed. Specially written as an Arab show, they'll feel you're specially smitten and they will go away adoring your show, the way you blow, and for all we know, the whole U.S.A. And that—precisely—is the reason for cultural exchange.

(MUSIC SNEAKS IN UNDER FRITZER'S CONTINUED SPEECH)

you see, my unique position here is that of
liaison between the theater, I hold so dear, and
the higher echelon of congressional committees,
who have granted me the power to select and choose
the repertoire for Mr. Eisenhower and his program
of cultural exchange. You see, there is no
politics in art; for the artist stands apart, and
thinks in terms of culture and of man. This, in
essence, is our plan. When diplomatic good will
seems to need a tonic, the state department calls
for help. I send the Philharmonic. That's what
we call cultural exchange!

FRITZER SINGS

"CULTURAL EXCHANGE"

From reports on Dizzy Gillespie
It was clear to the local press, he
culled the riots in far off Greece,
Restored the place to comparative peace.
That's what we call cultural exchange.
That's what we call cultural exchange.

When Diz blew the riots were routed.
People danced, and cheered and shouted.
Headlines hailed the hour as his.
They dropped their stones and rocked with Diz!
That's what we call cultural exchange.
That's what we call cultural exchange.

All:

Now we dig that cultural exchange.
Now we dig that cultural exchange.

-9-
(FRITZER CONTINUES WITH CHORUS SINGING FILLS)

FRITZER: I put "Oklahoma" in Japan,
"South Pacific" I gave to Iran,
And when all our neighbours called us vermin,
We sent out Woody Herman;
That's what I call cultural exchange;

Gershwin gave the Muscovites a thrill.

CHORUS: With ery and Bess
Bernstein was the darling of Brazil.

CHORUS: And isn't he here?

And just to stop internal mayhem
We called on Martha Graham.
That's what I call cultural exchange.

THAT'S WHAT I CALL CULTURAL EXCHANGE.

SAUL: Mr. Fritzer, I must admit, sir (now you've got me doing it) that this world holiday gimmick is the greatest promotion idea of the century and I'm proud that my star jazz attraction is a part of it. With Pops "Satchmo" Anderson, Rhonda Brown, as vocalist, Elinor as choreographer, and the indispensable management of Saul Hoffman, it's going to be a gas of a show. And as for this cultural exchange bit, I agree that your basic premise is sound.
"WORLD TAKE A HOLIDAY"

SAUL: (SINGS)

The world should take a holiday,
Free itself from fear.
A holiday from atom bombs
And all the threats we hear.
In this age of missiles
No one's out of range.
We best bombard each other
With cultural exchange.

FRITZEB:

World, take a holiday, hey!
Your passport's a smile and song.
Lift up your horn and play, hey!
If every nation
Takes a vacation
Who's left to do the wrong?

POPS: (PUTS DOWN HIS COPY OF DOWN BEAT, REMOVES HIS GLASSES &
WALKS FORWARD TO JOIN THE OTHERS, SINGING AS HE MOVES)

I'd like to blow in Tokyo.
There I'll have my fling,
Where geisha girls and cherries
Blossom every single spring.
Don a silk kimono,
Lush on warm saki,
Hire twenty girls to serve tea
And sing to me off key.
ELLIE: Let's go to Barcelona!
Their's dancing in the street.
I'll dance in Barcelona.
Like Jose Greco
My feet will echo
To that flamenco beat. Hole.

SAUL: The world should take a holiday,
A one day guarantee
To give up strife and live up life
The way it ought to be.

FRITZER: Down with all the curtains!
Certainly they'd fall,
If a few good jazz musicians
Could make a curtain call.

CHORUS: World take a holiday, hey!
your passport's a smile and song.
come as you are today, hey!
No R.S.V.P.'s.

POPS: No V.I.P.'s please.

CHORUS: Everyone come along!

(THE TEMPO QUICKENS AND MISS RHONDA BROWN COMES CRASHING THROUGH
THE GROUP GATHERED ON STAGE)

RHONDA: Every day's a holiday.
They're all the same to me,
'cause life's too short to sing the blues
If in a minor key.
I prefer up tempo,
swingin' all the way.
When the ball is never over
The blues refuse to stay.
world take a holiday, hey!
give life a great big cheer!
You know I live to play, dear.
Life is a real thing
give it a big fling
Miss Rhonda Brown is here.

(GREETINGS OF "RHONDA!" FROM POPS AND THE BAND. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY A FAVORITE)

FRITZER: she's here, all right. But late. Sorry,
Rhonda, we couldn't wait. But I guess all we need is your name on the dotted line.
you'll do your usual numbers with the band and as usual you will be divine. There's no commodity quite so strange as a devastating female in cultural exchange. Everybody else will work like hell, and there'll be one name that rings a bell. Mark my words the world around will come to know Miss Rhonda Brown.

RHONDA: I'm not sure what you meant by that remark Mr. Fritzer, but never mind. You and I know what makes the round, round world go round.
And having discovered this bit of knowledge at a tender age, I've helped to keep it spinning. That's the secret of my success. I sell it in every song. Down with the squares! The world is round and life is a ball!
Saul: (SINGS)

well you can think the world is round.
I can prove it's square.
The world is one big showcase
praising all that's false as fair.
shifty, sly promoters—
game the world around.
They will never hear the music.
They only dig one sound. (spoken) Money!
the size of the lousy dollar
measures the sphere we're in.
trapped by the round white collar!
you can't deny it. No!
angles defy it. No.
square is the box we're in.

Phonda:
sol, the cynic! How could you be 'round pops
all these years and still believe all that jazz?

Pops: (SINGS)
oc! Pops has heard this song before.
I've been 'round for years.
and I can tell you chillun
that he's full of groundless fears.
people's always people.
everyone worthwhile.
and I never played the country
I couldn't get a smile.
I loves the whole darn world, man.
that's all I got to say.
we're all in one big family.
let's stop the fightin'.
let's try unitin'!
world take a holiday. (use final ending)
(THE CHORUS OF MUSICIANS AND DANCERS SHOUT THEIR APPROVAL)

You're right, Pops.

Where Pops goes we go.

When do we start?

Sign us on, Fritzer.

If you got Pops, you got me.

ETC.

FRITZER: Precisely. I'm glad we are all agreed. Now here (DRAWING FROM BRIEFCASE) is a proper list of all the things you'll need. Passports, shots, and identification. Visas and pamphlets for your edifications. (HE PASSES THEM OUT) Be ready to leave by the first of May. We're out to declare a World Holiday!

BLACKOUT AS PIT BAND PLAYS A JAZZ VERSION OF WORLD TAKE A HOLIDAY AS TRANSITION TO NEXT SCENE
Setting: An airport waiting room.

Description: Posters of five different nations dominate the shallow stage. These posters are:

1. Grenadier Guard at Buckingham Palace
2. Spanish dancer a la Jose Greco
3. Ballerina in classical pose (Poland)
4. A belly dancer with Sophia mosque in the background.
5. Indian classical dancer with Taj Mahal in background
6. Sultan on a pillow, surrounded by harem of dancing girls.

These are typical travel posters one could see in most any travel agency or airport.

(Ellinor is alone in the waiting room, dressed for travel. She anxiously looks at her watch and is tapping her foot to the rhythm of the very soft background music, which if you listen carefully you can identify as "waitin". She sees Fritz enter with his usual briefcase tucked under his arm, and is relieved.

Ellie: Oh, Mr. Fritzler, there you are!

Fritz: Yes, my dear. Where are the others?

Ellie: I don't know.

Fritz: Have they gone far?

Ellie: Far? I haven't even seen them. I was beginning to wonder if I was waiting in the wrong place,
until you appeared.

FRITZER: well, that's just about par and just as I feared. There's so much I must discuss with Saul, and it doesn't seem to concern him at all. My dear, you'll never know the distress—

ELLIE: Ooh, yes I do.

FRITZER: I must undergo. I confess, I'll never put together another show.

ELLIE: Oh, I can sympathize, Mr. Fritzer. Indeed I can.

FRITZER: They'll miss the plane if they don't hurry. And I'll forget my speech in all the flurry.

ELLIE: Look, Mr. Fritzer! Look!

FRITZER: wonderful! It looks like they're all together.

ELLIE: Hi, Saul, Pops, everybody!

(Enter all the people who were present in Scene 2: Musicians, dancers, Pops, Rhonda and Saul brings up the rear with the drum cases, labeled "Pops Satchmo Anderson All Stars. There is an exchange of greetings)

FRITZER: Everybody. Everybody. Listen. Now that I have you all together. The plane is on time. I've just checked the weather. Be sure your papers are in order so there will be no problem at the border. Everything's going smoooth.

-17-
...a good omen for our show. Let's see, is there anything else before you go--

How about these fluctuating itineraries? Everything you gave us yesterday still up to date? Any more last minute changes and I'll wig, man. I can see it now. You'll wire me in London cancelling the whole damn thing.

FRITZ EP: Saul, it's difficult to arrange, this cultural exchange—trying not to conflict with holy days, trying not to inflict American ways, and to keep foreign co-operation. It's quite an operation. Here, Saul (HANDS SAUL A PIECE OF PAPER) Here's the latest. And as a tour, it's really the greatest.

SAUL: Yeh? We'll see. London, tomorrow. O.K. Barcelona, Madrid, Warsaw... then all the way to Istanbul?

FRITZ EP: I tell you it is incredulous how they schedule us.

SAUL: Incredulous! Someone's tryin' to kill us off with a jump like that! I see when we finally get to India we have a whole month in that part of the world. That should be a ball. Then back to the Middle East... Iran... Iraq. Look at this. You know where our closing night will be? Yemen.

POPS: Yeah, man... what a night that will be after 60 one nighters.
SAUL: Then home by way of Africa. Wow! This sounds great, Fritzer. Got some extra schedules I can give the troops, here? (Fritzer draws out other copies from his briefcase and helps Saul distribute) Here you are, ladies and gentlemen, subject to change without further notice, you understand.

FRITZER: Saul, we'll just have to keep in touch, you and I. If you need any help, just cry. You know, cable me--any time (extends his hand) and thank you so much. (quickly withdraws hand) Oh, I just had a thought. I almost forgot. I have one more duty to perform. Not that I think with this group we need admonition for reform, but it is required by the department of state, I deliver a certain speech, and so, before it gets too late, let me speak to each.

(MUSIC UNDER) When you travel in a far-off land, remember you're more than just a band. You represent the U.S.A. So watch what you think and do and say.

FRITZER: (with mock seriousness over trickly "Mr. Bones" background) Remember who you are and what you represent. Always be a credit to your government. No matter what you say or what you do, the eyes of the world are watching you. Remember who you are and what you represent.
CHORUS: (CLAPPING HANDS) Represent, represent, represent

SAUL: Remember who you are
and what you represent.
Never face a problem.
Always circumvent.
Stay away from issues.
Be discreet.
When controversy enters,
You retreat.

CHORUS: Remember who you are and what you represent
Represent...represent...represent.

POPS: Remember who you are
And what you represent.
Jelly Roll and Basie
Helped us to invent
A weapon that no other nation has.
Especially the Russians can't claim jazz.

CHORUS: Remember who you are and what you represent.
Represent...represent...represent.

FRITZ ER: Remember who you are and what you represent.

CHORUS: Always be a credit
To your government.
No matter what you say or what you do
The eyes of the world are watching you.
Remember who you are and what you represent.
Represent...represent...represent............

(DURING FINAL CHORUS A VOICE ON P.A. SYSTEM ANNOUNCES FLIGHT.
THE GROUP EXITS ON THE FINAL REPRESENTS...WAVING GOODBYE TO
FRITZER. FRITZER STANDS WAVING TO THEM AS THE SOUND OF THEIR "REPRESENT...REPRESENT...REPRESENT..." FADERS AWAY IN THE DISTANCE...AND FRITZER EXITS)
Scene 4

DESCRIPTION:

We next see our travellers peering out of the portholes of a whimsical cartooned plane, which they "fly" across the stage to the tune of "Represent". As they cross, the English poster, we had seen in the waiting room of the airport, begins to loom larger than life in the darkness up stage center. Uniformed guards march directly from the poster to perform a "dance of the grenadier Guards". When the dance closes, they step back into the poster to form the original picture of guards before Buckingham palace. The lights dim out, and our travellers appear again--this time in a rickety bus, with bass and drums tied on top. They wend and bump their way across the imaginary pyrenees to the tune of a Spanish accented "Represent". As before, the poster from Spain brightens the darkness deep in the stage, and the posed figure of the Spanish dancer comes alive to perform a flamenco dance. This same pattern of animated travel posters is used to depict each country in the ballet. (England, Spain, Poland, Turkey, India, Yemen) However, their mode of transportation is a surprise each time they enter. From Spain to Poland they jerk along in an old-fashioned train. In Warsaw Ellie performs a classic ballet number to the music "There'll Be No Tomorrow". They make their way to Turkey and the belly dancers in a Turkish boat, with its long graceful prow. From Turkey they go in to India riding comically ponderous elephants. Following the Indian classical dance we see them crossing to Yemen, bouncing along on camels' backs.
In Yemen the "Nomad" number (as in Scene 2) is re-enacted with "pops", costumed as a sultan, seated on a royal cushion while harum girls dance about him. At the conclusion of one trumpet chorus, when the lights begin to dim, the small dais "pops" is sitting on begins to revolve so that at the fade out of his chorus pops is facing up-stage instead of toward the audience. The harum forms a tableau as before, only we in the audience see the back view. We hear thunderous applause from the Yemen audience and "pops" stands to take a bow. Lights go up to reveal a sea of faces staring back at us—a cartooned audience of row after row of turbaned and exotic heads. pops waves and thanks them. The curtain falls. Applause continues. pops takes another curtain call. Other members of the troupe appear to take a bow. The curtain rises again— and there is another cartooned audience. This time they are standing and cheering wildly. When the curtain falls for the final time "pops" and the band and dancers walk down stage toward Saul, who is waiting in a dressing room, which has been inobtrusively placed down stage right. A backdrop depicting back-stage closes behind the cast as they walk downstage toward the dressing room.
DESCRIPTION: dressing room backstage at a theatre in Yemen. Saul is loaded with letters and papers. As the cast leaves the "Nomad" number and the curtain calls and moves toward him, he shouts--

SAUL: Mail call everybody! Mail call!

(EVERYONE RUSHES AROUND SAUL, INCLUDING POPS, RHONDA AND BAND MEMBERS. WHEN THE BAND GETS THE MAIL THEY START TO PUT THEIR INSTRUMENTS AWAY. ELLIE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES NOT SEEM TO JOIN IN THE USUAL BACK STAGE COMMOTION)

Hey, pops, you were the end tonight! Look (Holds up pages of clippings) Ol' Fritzer sent me the reviews. I'm tellin' you they've been tremendous. Even better than we expected. I've got a collection here in about ten different languages and man, they are a complete gas! Fritzer says this is the greatest tour in history and I'm beginning to believe him. With the coverage the press has given this show of his, "pops" your name has become a household word.

RHONDA: If it's Satchmo it's got to be good! Let's start a campaign. We'll run pops for president on the "down home" ticket.

POPS: (Seriously as he looks over the reviews) It's goin' to take a lot of blowin' to blow the stink out of Little Rock, but it's been a ball tryin'.

RHONDA: (Noticing Ellie on the sideline) Hey, mail call, Elinor.

SAUL: Yeah, there's some mail here for you, Ellie. You, too, Rhonda. (Hands her some letters. The rest
OF THE DANCERS AND MUSICIANS HAVE PICKED UP THEIR MAIL OFF THE DRESSING ROOM TABLE AND ARE WALKING OFF IN LITTLE GROUPS READING TO THEMSELVES)

RHONDA: (GRABBING A HANDFUL OF CLIPPINGS FROM POPS) Never mind the mail. Let me see those reviews. (SHE FANS THROUGH THEM IN HASTE) Wow! Look at this! Even a reaction from Moscow. "There's been a hot sound in the cold war tonight." That's what it says--right here. (FLOURISHES THE CLIPPINGS THROUGH THE AIR) Look at that would you? What a bouquet! 100 reviews in 10 different languages and every single one a rave!

(MUSIC SNEAKS UNDER) There's nothing like a good review to make me want to blow.

It's my intention
To get a mention
In adjectives that glow!
With memorable phrases
My ego quickly raises!
The critics (SNAPS FINGERS) Who needs 'em?
Who, I wonder, reads 'em?
(Except us)
In the news!
RHONDA SINGS, WITH CAST AS CHORAL BACKGROUND, "GOOD REVIEWS"

RHONDA: There's nothing like a good review to start a day out right. It's just the thing to make us swing and jam into the night. Although reviews can't phase us, it really does amaze us when we don't face rejection in the music section. There's nothing like a good review to make us want to blow. So, affirmation never ration. change the con to pro. for every time they praise us our ego quickly raises with the views in the news.

There's nothing like the good reviews to keep as souvenirs. The other kind we quickly lose and drown 'em out with tears. Although we do regret 'em, we just try to forget 'em and then defy predictions, come through with our convictions. There's nothing like a good review to make our lives complete. Unfortunately, we must take...
The bitter with the sweet.
If good, we just adore 'em.
If bad, we just ignore 'em.
And their views (we hope they like us)
In the news. (and did they like us?)
Good reviews
In the news!

(CHORUS LAUGHS AND START TO PICK UP THEIR INSTRUMENTS TO LEAVE
BUT STOP WHEN RHONDA STARTS TO SING HER FIRST TAG)
So save every little scrap
Of that hard won precious crap!
Good reviews
In the news!

(EVERYBODY LAUGHS AND APPLAUDS. RHONDA IS ENCOURAGED TO SING
SECOND TAG)
So save every little bit
Of that hard won precious--

POPS: (SHOUTS) Rhonda! Now you stop that!

(THE BAND REALLY BREAKS UP OVER THIS ONE)

RHONDA: (TO TUNE OF WORLD TAKE A HOLIDAY**ENDING)
That's why they call me Rhonda!
Rhonda just like a ball.

POPS: Of you I'm growing fonda.

RHONDA: I can't explain it.

POPS: Let's not profane it. Let's get away from it all.

(RHONDA & POOPS EXIT WITH AN EXCHANGE OF GOODBYES. IT IS THE SIGNAL
FOR EVERYONE TO LEAVE)
SAUL: All right, you guys. No sessions with the hip citizens of Yemen tonight. Get home. Get packed. Our bus for Cairo leaves from the hotel at 8 sharp.

MUSICIAN: Then comes flyin' home!

SAUL: We'll fly home from Cairo Monday morning and be home by July 2nd.

MUSICIAN: Aw, that's sweet music to my ears.

2nd MAN: Man, I'm so beat I don't know which way's home.

3rd MAN: But it has been a ball.

1st MUSICIAN: Yeah, it sure has. Well, goodnight everybody.

2nd MAN: Later.

3rd MAN: See you.

(ETC. AS MUSICIANS AND DANCERS LEAVE SAYING THEIR GOODBYES UNTIL SAUL AND ELLIE ARE LEFT ALONE)

(Ellie makes a move to leave)

SAUL: Want to wait for me, Ellie?


SAUL: I gotta check backstage to see everything's loaded on the bus. Get your coat and we'll walk back to the hotel.

ELLIE: Okay.

(Saul starts to move toward backstage area. Ellie picks up coat in dressing room, then puts the coat down on a chair and crosses over to Saul)

ELLIE: Saul!

SAUL: Yeah?
ELLIE: The place seems so empty—with everybody gone.

SAUL: What's the matter, you spooked?

ELLIE: Oh, no. I just wanted to talk to you a minute, you know, while we had the chance. I guess this is kind of the end, isn't it?

SAUL: Two more days and you'll be home.

ELLIE: Doesn't it make you feel a little sad?

SAUL: Sad? I thought you'd be happy to get home. Three months is a long time for a little girl from Brooklyn to be away from home.

ELLIE: Oh, I do want to get back. It's just that I hate to see it all over. Why, I won't know what to do with myself when I get home. After all this excitement, teaching ballet to a bunch of skinny-legged school kids is going to seem pretty dull.

SAUL: What do you mean? You're not going to go back and bury yourself in that studio. What do you think I got you this job for? Ellie, this is just your first. From now on the whole field of show business is yours—TV, Broadway! God knows what will happen next!

ELLIE: God knows! (SHE IS NOT HAPPY)
SAUL: Well it's what you wanted wasn't it? That's all you ever talked about. Ever since we first met at that party down in the Village, remember? As soon as you found out I was a manager you started asking me how to get a start in show business. I couldn't do much, but what I've done is because I believe you have talent, Ellie. And you've got to believe in yourself.

ELLIE: I realize that Saul. I appreciate your getting me this job. This has been an experience I could never duplicate by myself. I know that.

SAUL: Well, how come you're talking about going back to teaching? You're introduced to the world, now, little girl.

ELLIE: I'm sure the world will never miss me.

SAUL: How come you say that? Don't bring me down this way. Hasn't this tour been a ball?

ELLIE: Sure.

SAUL: Well, it's still goin' on, let's enjoy it. Save your worries about tomorrow when tomorrow comes. You'll land a good job.

ELLIE: I wish it was that easy. What will you do, Saul?

SAUL: What a question! I'll go wherever pops goes.

ELLIE: Saul, have you ever thought of quitting?
SAUL: Quitting? I've been pop's manager for 10 years. I don't know anything else. Like the guys in the band say—"I'm their big brother, confessor and mother" and schlepperman for the drums.

ELLIE: I don't see how you stand it—being nursemaid to a bunch of grown men. Why do you do it?

SAUL: Simple. I like it. I believe in pops—what he stands for, and what he says on his horn. A no-talent guy like me has gotta believe in something besides someone has to protect pops from all the squares.

ELLIE: Ah, but pops says there are no squares in the world.

SAUL: That is because I have done my job well.

ELLIE: (LAUGHS) Maybe that's it. Well, I guess this is sort of goodbye then, isn't it, Saul? It has been (SHE STARTS TO TAKE HIS HAND)—very wonderful. In fact, if I may use a pun, the end! I want to say goodbye, now, Saul. (SHE GIVES HIM A CHASTE KISS ON THE FOREHEAD)

SAUL: Elinor, honey, what's this goodbye bit? I'll see you again on the bus tomorrow. We're going to be on the same plane for 24 hours. I can't make this sentimental scene a day ahead of time.

ELLIE: (ANGRY) Saul Hoffman! Tomorrow we won't be alone. Tomorrow we'll have pops and the band.
a chorus line and a million suitcases between us.
I meant for us goodbye.

SAUL: (ALARMED) Ellie, I'll see you in New York, won't I?

ELLIE: Two weeks out of the year? You'll be on the road, Saul. And who knows, maybe I will, too, if I'm lucky. Saul: (WISTFULLY) Goodbye? (SHE WANTS TO BE KISSED)

SAUL: Hey. You're startin' to cry. We don't have to say goodbye. Come on, let's talk about something else. We've got all day tomorrow. (SHE WALKS AWAY IN EXASPERATION)

ELLIE: (TURNS SUDDENLY BACK TO SAUL) Let's not kid ourselves, Saul. After tonight it's all over. There'll be no tomorrow. So, please--

SAUL: (KISSES HER) Goodbye, Ellie.

ELLIE: Can't you see? There'll be no tomorrow--not for us.

(SAUL KISSES HER AGAIN. THIS TIME MEANINGFULLY AND SERIOUSLY. HE RELUCTANTLY ALLOWS HER TO DANCE AWAY FROM HIS ARMS. AS SAUL WATCHES HER HE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THEIR FAREWELL. HER DANCE CONVEYS TWO EMOTIONS, BASICALLY. ONE IS OF HURT AND ANGER AND THE DESIRE TO LEAVE TO BE FREE; THE OTHER IS OF TENDERNESS AND LOVE, AND THE SADNESS OF PARTING. AS ELLIE DANCES, SAUL, WATCHING HER, BEGINS TO SING)
SAUL: (SINGS) "THERE'LL BE NO TOMORROW"

There'll be no tomorrow
No matter how we pretend.
Tomorrow brings sorrow
And loneliness without end.
Darkest night with palest moon!
Dreaded dawn comes far too soon.
Sweet sorrow, tomorrow
Will break this magical spell.
There'll be no tomorrow,
So kiss and whisper farewell.
Parting's all we know of Heaven
And all we need of Hell.

(AS THE SCENE CLOSES ELLIE PICKS UP THE COAT, THROWS IT ACROSS HER SHOULDERS AND WALKS AWAY. SAUL SADLY Follows)
SCENE 6

SETTING: Village Square of Tolgylop, a tiny kingdom in Africa

DESCRIPTION: At stage right there is a castle with the palace gates opening into the square. Left of it is a narrow street. At back stage center is a series of bazaars. Next to them is another narrow street. At the left-hand corner is a mission church; another alleyway, and at extreme stage left is a cafe with tables and chairs set upon the sidewalk. In the center of the stage is a stone pond or well and a fountain which serves as watering place for the community. The village square, which is a mixture of African, Moorish, Arabic and European influences is bustling with activity. There are guards in elaborate costumes stationed outside the palace gate. Throngs of people in colorful costumes wander among the bazaars. Small groups of people are dancing in the streets to strains of native, exotic music. Women come to the fountain to fill their water jugs. A priest looks over the crowd as he tends the potted tree that stands before the mission. It is festival time and the people are in a merry mood. They are looking for excitement. There are shouts of laughter. Songs from the street peddlers.

At the sidewalk cafe, Pops, Saul, Rhonda and Elinor are served tea by a turbaned waiter dressed in white. Other members of the show troupe wander through the square—taking pictures, or haggling with bazaar keepers. A group of street musicians stroll by the cafe tables, where Rhonda and Pops sit watching the spectacle. On a sudden impulse, Rhonda jumps up and joins them, imitating the intonation and style of the native singer. A curious crowd gathers around her and one of the palace guards turns and runs into the castle. Heads appear in the palace windows. By the time Rhonda finished her
song, the quartet of Ministers and the armed guard are standing by her. They eye her ominously.

RHONDA: Oh, god, now what have I done! (Closes her eyes and yells)
SAUL: Saul!

SAUL: What's the matter? Are you in trouble, Rhonda?
MINISTER: Identification, please.

RHONDA: Oh, passports. Yes. Yes. (Turns back to Ministers and pulls out passport from her bosom) Here we are.

POPS: Rhonda!

RHONDA: Always carry your passport on your person, that's what Fritzer said. (Hands passport to guard)

POPS: But not that personal, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Everything, O.K.? I didn't offend anybody, did I? Jammin' with those musicians, I mean. It wasn't against local customs or anything, was it?

MINISTERS: Americans!

RHONDA: What else?

MINISTERS: These are the Americans. Where is the Ambassador? Which one is the Ambassador? (The rumour of Americans whispers through the crowd followed by the word Ambassador)

RHONDA: I'll take you to my leader. (Goes to Pops) Friends, meet Ambassador Satch--the American Ambassador of Good Will.

-35-
(POPS STANDS AND EXTENDS HIS HAND TO GIVE EACH MINISTER A GROOVY GIVE ME SOME SKIN HANDSHAKE. BEWILDERED THEY STAND AT ATTENTION AND SING THE SALUTE, "WELCOME TO TOLGYLOP")

POPS: Why, thank you. You cats is pretty groovy.

MINISTER: sir, as ministers of state, and representatives of His Majesty King Tolg of Tolgylop, we request the honor of your presence within the court.

POPS: Why, that's mighty nice of ol' King Tolg.

MINISTER: Please accept, sir. We had no idea you would be here so soon. Forgive us for not meeting you and making proper arrangements for your arrival. If King Tolg hears about this, he will be most distressed.

POPS: Forget it, man. Forget it. We've just been sittin' here, diggin' the scene. Judgin' from your main street this town got plenty of action.

MINISTER: Pardon, sir. My English, learned only from books.

SAUL: What pops means is that it looks like you've got a thriving community here.

MINISTER: Oh, yes, indeed, we have. It is really quite propitious your coming now. It's our festival time, you know. All of the subjects of King Tolg come to Tolgylop at this time. His Majesty allows the people to elect one of themselves to be King of Tolgylop for one day during the festival. It helps
keep the people happy. But, it is sad, sir, that coming at this time we have no public accommodations for your staff until after the festival. We humbly beseech you to accept His Majesty's invitation to enter the palace.

POPS: Do you think Ol' Rex means all of us?

MINISTER: Oh, yes, sir. Your entire retinue, sir. King Tolg can accommodate hundreds of guests at one time.

POPS: Sounds real groovy. What you say?

RHONDA: Sounds like kicks to me.

ELINOR: Go ahead and accept, pops. I'm dying to see the inside of a real palace.

SAUL: Do you suppose he'll have a harum?

ELINOR: Oh, Saul!

POPS: Tell King Tolg he has got himself a full house.

SAUL: We accept.

MINISTER: Oh, His Majesty will be delighted. Coming at festival time you will see our country in a most happy and festive mood. Tonight there will be music and dancing in the Square and King Tolg will present you to his subjects. It will be a great honor for him to have such a distinguished citizen from such a great country as yours. Now, if you and your party will follow me, I will show you to your quarters.

SAUL: Yes, pops.

POPS: Round up the guys. Tell 'em we're checkin' in at the palace.

SAUL: (YELLS) Come on, you guys. Hurry up. We're late. Come on.

BAND MEMBER: What's shakin'?

SAUL: See that palace? That's where we're stayin' tonight.

BAND: You're kiddin'.

SAUL: I'm not. Am I?

POPS: Hurry up, you guys. They're havin' a big clam-bake down here in the square tonight and the King has invited us to stay overnight in the palace.

BAND: Yeah? You mean we're playin' another concert?

POPS: Man, this is no gig. We might blow a few choruses just to show 'em we're friendly.

SAUL: Come on you, guys. The King of Tolgylop is waitin' for you.

(THE ENTIRE TROUPE FORM A PARADE LINE BEHIND THE MINISTERS AS THEY MARCH INTO THE PALACE. THE VILLAGERS STAND IN ROWS STARING AT THEM)

(They all start to sing)
BAND: got an invitation from the King. They say he's well equipped with everything.

SOLO VOICE: Oh how I hope he's got a harum

POPS: As host, he's got to share 'em.

BAND: That's what we call Cultural Exchange.

BAND: What a life and what a way to live.

(CLICK TONGUES TO RHYTHM OF FILL)

SAUL: I regret I've but one life to give just like a lamb led to the slaughter. Take me to that sultan's daughter, anything for Cultural Exchange.

BAND: He'll sacrifice. That's what we call Cultural Exchange.

(EXIT TO PALACE)

THE PIT BAND TAKES OVER FOR A ChORUS: DIXIELAND VERSION OF "CULTURAL EXCHANGE"
SCENE 7

SETTING: pop's room in the palace. It is furnished with Arabian splendor—an illustration from a fairy tale. There are glass doors leading to a small balcony, which overlooks the village square....a bed....a small table...desk and chairs. It is morning and sunlight is streaming through the open balcony window.

DESCRIPTION: Pops is on the balcony, dressed in robe and slippers. He is looking at the scene below and humming softly to himself the tune of "cultural exchange." Rhonda enters from stage right dressed glamorous harum pajamas. She carries a breakfast tray.

RHONDA: Room service! (LOOKS FOR POPS) Oh, there you are.

POPS: (TURNS) well, look at you.

RHONDA: (MODELS) courtesy King Tolg.

POPS: yeah? What's shakin' up in that harum?

RHONDA: Not much at this hour.

POPS: How come you up so early?

RHONDA: Bringing my master his breakfast. (STARTS TO SET TABLE FOR TWO) Man, you sure got a crazy pad here.

POPS: yeah, how about all this?

RHONDA: (GOES OVER TO BALCONY) Hey, you've got a balcony that hangs right over the square where we were yesterday!
POPS: Yeah. It's like a box seat at the opera house.
      I'm right where I can watch all the action.

RHONDA: (GOING BACK TO SETTING TABLE) Honey, from what I've seen
        you're the cat who provides the action.

POPS: You still didn't tell me what you're doin' up
       at 10 a.m. Aren't you beat?

RHONDA: Huhuh. Too excited. Last night was a gas.
        Have you tried pullin' that bell cord this morning?

POPS: No.

RHONDA: Well try it. You'll see the revolution is on.

POPS: What do you mean?

RHONDA: Remember yesterday, how we couldn't move without
        at least five servants at our elbows? Today--none.
        In this crazy country, festival means the whole
        place is turned upside down; everybody does
        exactly what he wants to do. This morning the
        servants wanted to sleep in. It's the one morn-
        ing out of the year they can do it without losing
        their heads, so I don't blame 'em. Do you know
        that Ellie and I had to find the kitchen and brew
        our own coffee this morning?

POPS: That I don't doubt. It looked to me like the
       populace of Tolgylop got knocked clear out of their
       skulls last night--like flipsville.

RHONDA: For the first time they ever heard jazz it was sure
        a conversion
POPS: (LAUGHS) Yeah, things got pretty far out there. Everybody got sent. I mean everybody.

RHONDA: (RAISES COFFEE CUP) I propose a toast to you, Mr. Ambassador.

POPS: (RETURNS THE SALUTE) Bless you, baby, bless you. (SIPS COFFEE AS THEY SIT TOGETHER AT THE TABLE) You know, Rhonda, baby, I can't get last night off my mind.

RHONDA: It was absolutely the craziest affair I ever saw.

POPS: You know it was beautiful? The entire population of Tolgylop jumpin' for joy—and it was so beautiful! Did you notice how the music sort of dissolved all them tensions and embarrassments and formalities of the court? How everybody forgot who out-ranked who and pretty soon we just settled down to the real business of havin' a ball?

RHONDA: Listen, pops, what happened last night had to be seen to be believed, and nobody's ever goin' to see anything like it again, so nobody's goin' to believe it happened, so we might as well forget it happened. But, pops, YOU I'm not ever goin' to forget. What you did for those people last night was out of this world. You know for an old cat you can blow up a storm any day, but last night—I'm sorry—but last night you were the wailin' end. I mean the end.

POPS: well, now, baby, you got pretty far out yourself. you got a beat goin', once that was just about the grooviest sound this side of Bessie Smith.
RHONDA: You know I don't put down that old jazz. Since last night I'm beginnin' to see you in a strange new light.

POPS: I'm hip, baby.

RHONDA: (SINGS)

you swing, baby. You swing for me.

POPS: And everytime you sing, it's in my key.
you seem to dig my crazy ways.
you're hip to all life's funny plays.

RHONDA: I dig, baby. I dig you so.

POPS: Don't ever leave me if I holler go.

LOVIN' and music...a mellow mix

we'll keep it cool and play for kicks.

RHONDA: I dig every kind of jazz.
The more down home, the more it has.

BOTH: A solid beat

And shufflin' feet

POPS: A date with you and life's complete.

RHONDA: You wail, baby. You wail a storm.

POPS: Venus de Milo should have had your form.

Alone I sing the melody

BOTH: But it takes two for harmony.

RHONDA: when you send me I stay gone

people ask me what I'm on.

To quote a phrase from old Satchmo

If you have to ask you'll never know.

POPS: (SPOKEN) I'm on love.

-43-
RHONDA: You swing, baby. You swing for me.

POPS: Some day the world's gonna find our key.

BOTH: The people needs a philosophy
So here's our thoughts for history.

RHONDA: Singin'
dancin'
A whole life through
Romancin' to the rhythm of God's chosen few.

POPS: Livin'
Lovin'
The human race
will make this crazy mixed up world a swingin' place!

(RHONDA SAYS YEAH! & PLANTS KISS ON TOP OF POP'S HEAD. SAUL BURSTS INTO THE ROOM AND FINDS RHONDA ON POPS' LAP.)
SAUL: Hey, pops. I gotta talk to you. I've just seen King Tolg and his ministers. And they'd like us to stay----

RHONDA: (STANDS UP) Mr. Hoffman, has anyone ever told you it's not polite to enter a private pad without knockin'?

SAUL: Gee, I'm sorry, Rhonda. I didn't mean to break up anything. I thought pops was alone.

RHONDA: Well, I'm givin' you notice. From now on he just might not be alone. So, cool it. (HEADS FOR THE DOOR)

SAUL: Don't get salty with me. I'll come back later.

RHONDA: No, I gotta split anyhow. I promised Ellie I'd meet her for a tour of the city. Let me know when we're pullin' out because I gotta pack. (BLOWS POPS A KISS) Later, Daddy.

SAUL: (WATCHES HER EXIT) What she buildin'?

POPS: (LAUGHS) After five years Rhonda Brown is just settin' out on a voyage of discovery. I'm a man.

SAUL: You mean she's just now comin' 'round the horn?

POPS: (LAUGHS) Yeah, you might say that.

SAUL: Well, pops, you've been king of the playboys for a good many years now, and Rhonda's been right behind you. Maybe it's about time you two settled down with each other.
POPS: Now, come, my bright young boy. You are paid to take care of the affairs of Pops, the musician. I'm not so old but what I can still take care of the other kind myself. Now lay it one what King Tolg and that quartet of ministers are up to.

SAUL: Number 1. They want you to play the festival again tonight.

POPS: what they think this is? Newport? We got to go. We're a day late already.

SAUL: Pops, I'm tellin' you, it's not that easy. This whole country has gone wild. The Prime Minister says that overnight you have become the hottest personality in Tolgylop.

POPS: Well, that's very nice, Saul. For one night it's a gas. But we got to get home. The band wants to get home.

SAUL: And leave the harum, are you kidding?

POPS: Ol' Fritzer will be sendin' out the Marines to look for us if we don't show in Cairo tomorrow.

SAUL: Wait a minute. I haven't told you all. Now get the picture. You're the greatest popular hero since the first King Tolg declared this an independent state. The palace has been besieged with demands for another performance before the festival closes.
POPS: So we come back next year on percentage. Who's supposed to be the manager, me or you?

SAUL: Wait'll I get to the punch line. The prime minister says that without a doubt, when the people elect their festival king today, like they do every year, they are goin' to name you.

POPS: Me?

SAUL: Yes, you. Pops can you see what a great victory this is? Do you realize we are deep in the "yankee-go-home" territory?

POPS: The answer is no. You gotta get me out of this, saul. Tell 'em we got commitments back in the states.

SAUL: Pops it's not so easy to tell these people no. Listen to their crazy scheme, now, and see if you don't dig it. After the people elect you, King Tolg will abdicate for 24 hours. Then you'll be King of Tolgylop for one day. That way the pro-western faction, which means the king, will win complete favor with the people; and the Arab lea quers, and the Commies, and the anti-Westerns and all the rest of the malcontents will be fighting a lost cause against King Tolg. Even the priests in the Mission are pulling for you.

POPS: Yeah, but remember what old fritzer said. (SINGS) stay away from issues, be discreet. When controversy enters you retreat."
SAUL: and what about (SINGS) "Remember who you are/what you represent."

POPS: yeah, that's a good question. Who am I? And what do I represent?

SAUL: Right at this moment you are the hero of Tolgylop one of the smallest countries in the world. But is any country too small to be saved for democracy? where is your patriotism, man? Come on. Let's not goof it. Think of the publicity. "POPS Satchmo Anderson, jazz musician, crowned King of Tolgylop." I can see the headlines now. Come on, Pops. Be King for a Day!

POPS: Are you tryin' to put me on, boy?

SAUL: No, I'm not puttin' you on, Pops. Honest. I'm levellin' with you. I need an answer right away. King Tolg wants to make the announcement as soon as the results are in from the election. Oh, it's a neat piece of strategy, but they have to plan ahead. There has to be a big public coronation, you know.

POPS: (HAS BEEN THINKING SERIOUSLY) What I want to know is, is it like bein' a "Honorary sheriff" or something--all honor and no sheriff, or am I really in power for 24 hours?

SAUL: If they crown you, like they say, I guess you will have all the power that King Tolg has for 24 hours,
and believe me, that is power. But, of course, you have to promise to relinquish your authority when the time is up. You know, no revolution or anything.

POPS: (STILL THINKING) Buddy Bolden was king. King Oliver.

SAUL: Benny Goodman was king of swing.

POPS: And there's always the Duke. And Count Basie and Earl Fatha Hines. You know, Saul, I think I'd kind of dig bein' King for a day. 24 hours is all I need to put some of my secret plans into action.

SAUL: (SUSPICIOUS) what sort of plans have you got pops?

POPS: Well, since I've been on this tour I've been doin' a lot of thinkin'. And I've decided this cultural exchange business is solid stuff, but it don't go far enough. What we need is everybody on the move—especially the leaders. A little travel would round off the corners on some of them squares, tryin' to run the world from some little cube of an office. What we need is more visitin'—folks goin' back and forth like we used to do back home on a Sunday afternoon.
SAUL: I agree, pops, that sounds mighty folksy, but how do you propose to start this "visitin'" policy during your brief reign?

POPS: well, first off, I'd invite every leader of every country to come to Tolgylop to sit in at a session.

SAUL: Now, pops--

POPS: Not a U.N. kind of session, mind you, but a jam session! I don't care what they'd play-- kazoo, pocket comb, or washboard--we'd just sit down together and start blowin' and before you know it all them tensions and frustrations and isms would just blow away and the world could relax and have a ball.

SAUL: Crazy, man, crazy. I do believe'. You got eyes to be King'.

POPS: No', Saul, no. I better stick to blowin' my horn and not mess in no politics.

SAUL: well, I guess you're right. That international jam session idea was pretty corny, anyway. (HE EYES POPS FOR A REACTION )

POPS: what do you mean corny? I'd lay you odds it would work, if I was in old King Tolgy's position.
SAUL: but you're king for only a day
   How'd you go 'bout havin' your way?

POPS: well if my
   every wish is your command
   I'd go and form a swingin' band
   with all the leaders from every land.

SAUL: can't you hear that screwed-up beat?
   I'll tell you now you'll meet defeat.

POPS: why they will
   fall right in a swingin' groove
   And all them isms gonna move.
   Relationships is bound to improve.

SAUL: how can they all agree
   on one melody?
   won't each man call his own tune?
   They will want the song
   They've played all along.
   You're expecting too much too soon.

POPS: don't you mind
   I'll swing this deal.
   Just you send the world appeal.
   'Say 'tis the only session of its kind
   where harmony you're sure to find.'
   The world can take a holiday
   If I'm king for a day.
SAUL: Who'll select the melody?
    Who'll elect a common key?

POPS: Well we can
    Always find a middle ground
    And kick the melody around.
    And finally the band gets a sound.

SAUL: What if there's some tin-eared cat
    Always playin' way too flat?

POPS: Well just so
    Harmony could be restored
    We'd unionize with one accord
    And name him president of the board.

SAUL: Although my king is wise
    Can't he realize
    Rome wasn't built in a day?
    Won't a diplomat just be apt to scat
    In a hippy-critical way?

POPS: Not if they are playing jazz.
    There'll be no such razzmatazz,
    'Cause it's a session with no veto power.
    Even Mr. Eisenhower
    Cannot have the final say,
    If I'm king for a day.

(POPS BEGINS TO PACE UP AND DOWN IN AN EXECUTIVE MANNER)
POPS: As my first official act, I'll notify the president of my plan. Saul, connect me with the White House, please.

SAUL: (INTO A PRETEND TELEPHONE) (SINGING TO TUNE OF STAR SPANGLED BANNER) Oh say Haggerty, is the president free? (PRETENDS TO HANG UP, SHAKING HIS HEAD)

SAUL: (SINGS) If the president you need He's out goofin' with Sammy Sneed.

POPS: Well just tell Someone in the high command That I am goin' to try my hand At bringin' joy to this little land.

SAUL: I'll just say there's some delay Pops was just crowned king for a day.

POPS: And tell 'em I found how to swing some votes That all I did was blow some notes And play some good old Dixieland quotes.

SAUL: Jazz will be the rage In the rocket age The tempo's movin' so fast. Oh, we had our schmaltz With Missouri Waltz And it's Tru-Man that's in the past.
POPS: One thing I've learned on this tour;
Rhythms got the only cure
I'll tell you
I can feel it in the air
Jumpin' in the village square
Tellin' me I got to stay
And be King for a day. (Yea...day...yeah..)
I'll be King for a day.

SAUL: (SHOUTS) Long live the king!

POPS: (HAS STROLLED THOUGHTFULLY TO THE BALCONY) Saul, when I get
to be king, there's one more thing I got to do.

SAUL: What is your wish, your Highness?

POPS: (TURNS AWAY FROM THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE BALCONY, WINCING)
That square down there ---that "upsets" me. It's
got to go.

SAUL: Pops! That's the original village square.

POPS: That's what's wrong with the world--too damned
many village squares.

SAUL: But, pops--you can't destroy a tradition thousands
of years old.

POPS: I'm not destroyin' nothin'. I just want to write
a new arrangement on what's here.

SAUL: O.K. Circle the square. Is there anything else,
your majesty?
POPS: Yes. There is. That fountain. That upsets me, too. It's got to go.

SAUL: Now, pops, let's not get carried away. You're takin' all this too seriously.

POPS: You bet I'm serious. Saul, what do you call those big metronomes that swing all the time in the planetariums?

SAUL: You mean those pendulums that swing back and forth as the earth rotates?

POPS: Yeah. That's it. You know what we're gonna do? We'll put up a swingin' pendulum where that fountain was--a monument for the whole world to see. Under the reign of King Louis of the Flatted Fifth Tolgylop purged itself of all squares, and pledged to the peoples of the earth they'll keep on swingin' until the day the globe stops spinnin'. Saul, I'll do it; I'll do it. Tell King Tolg I am going to dig it the most--wearing that lovely crown for just one day.

(POPS WALKS OUT ON THE BALCONY AS THE SCENE CLOSES.)
Scene 8

SETTING: The village square of Tolgylop

DESCRIPTION: The church bells are ringing. The square is jammed with people. Priests in robes are standing on the mission steps. All eyes are focused on "pops" Satchmo Anderson, who stands on the balcony of the palace. He wears a crown and royal robes of Tolg. He holds his trumpet like a scepter. As the curtain rises....

CHORUS: (SHOUTS) God save the King! Long live the King!

CHORUS: (SINGS) Swing bells! Ring bells!
The great day may now begin.
Ring out the news!
The world can laugh again.
This day we're free!
we're equal in every way.
Ring bells! Swing bells!
Declare a holiday.

(CHILDREN SKIPPING IN AND OUT OF CROWD)

CHILDREN: Holiday! Holiday!
Let's declare a holiday.
Holiday! Holiday!
It's a holiday.

(REPEAT UNDER CHORUS)

CHORUS: Swing bells! Ring bells!
The great day may now begin.
Ring out the news
The world can laugh again.
This day we're free.
We're equal in every way.
Ring bells! Swing bells!
Declare a holiday.

POPS: (SINGING FREE. ONLY BASS ACCOMPANIMENT)
I hear a trumpet blowin' clear
tellin' me the day is near--
The day that I've been waitin' for
Bring peace to earth forever more (and)
There's Gabriel lookin' down at me (sayin')
Blow your horn. Set man free.
One blast that the whole world can hear.
Circle the earth and wipe out all fear.

PRIESTS: (STANDING ON MISSION STEPS. ANTIPHONAL RESPONSE FROM THE CHORUS)
Cry loud! Spare not!
Lift up thy voice like a trumpet
And show thy people
Their transgressions and their sins.
The wicked are like
The waters of a troubled sea.
Undo the burdens
Let the oppressed go free.
CHORUS:

what are you waitin' for?
what are you waitin' for?
Blow Satchmo, Blow Satchmo,
Make that trumpet roar.
what are you waitin' for?
what are you waitin' for?
Blow Satchmo, Blow Satchmo
Blow forevermore.
Blow saaaaaaaaaatchmo
Blow forevermore
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo
Make that trumpet roar.
Blow Saaaaaaaaatchmo
Can it really be
That you'll set all people free?

Joshua stood at the wall
God told him it would fall.
Blow Satchmo, Blow Satchmo
give that horn your all.
Joshua had just a horn
Jericho held him in scorn
Blow Satchmo, Blow Satchmo
That's why you were born.
Blow saaaaaaaaatchmo
Walls will tumble down
Blow Saaaaaatchmo
you can wear the crown
Blow Saaaaaatchmo

-58-
Take us by the hand
Lead us to that promised land.

GROUP #1:
1. Can't you hear us
   You can hear us
   Hear us talkin'
   Talkin' to you.

2. Can't you hear us
   You can hear us
   Hear us talkin'
   Talkin' to you.

3. Can't you hear us
   You can hear us
   Hear us talkin'
   Talkin' to you.

   Good Lord set us free!

FULL CHORUS: Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin',
   talkin' to you.

FULL CHORUS: Come on blow your horn.

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin',
   talkin' to you.

FULL CHORUS: Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin',
   talkin' to you.

CHORUS: That's why you were born.

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin',
   talkin' to you.
CHORUS: Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatcr~o

GROUP #1: can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS: can it really be

GROUP #1: can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS: That you'll set all people

GROUP #1: can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS: free............

GROUP #1: can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

(THE SHIFTING CROWD HAS REGROUPED SO THAT WE SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME A GROUP OF BARE CHESTED MEN, WORK NG IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE BAZAARS. THESE MEN ARE THE OPPRESSED WORKERS OF TOLGYLOP. THEIR MUSCULAR MOVEMENTS CATCH THE LIGHT SO THAT RESEMBLE FIGURES PAINTED BY REMBRANDT GLOWING IN THE SHADOWS.)

WORKERS: Been waitin' so long Lord!
How long will it be?
been waitin' so long Lord--
an eternity.
Been waitin' so long Lord!
will we ever see
The day that we long for
The day we'll be free
The day we'll be free
The day we'll be free.

-60-
So heavy the load, Lord
oh, help us to pray!
so heavy the load, Lord
oh, don't let us stray!
so heavy the load, Lord,
The sky's lookin' grey.
oh, lift up the load, Lord,
and show us the way,
and show us the way,
and show us the way.

we're goin' to Heavin
we're goin' to fly.
we're goin' to Heavin
way up in the sky.
we're goin' to Heavin
Oh, sweet bye and bye.
And we will be free, Lord,
The day that we die,
The day that we die,
The day that we die.

you can hear us
Can't you hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.
Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin',
talkin' to you
Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin',
talkin' to you
Good Lord set us free.

-61-
CHORUS:  
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaatchmo

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS:  
Make that trumpet roar

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS:  
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS:  
Blow forevermore.

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS:  
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you.

CHORUS:  
Can it really be

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you

CHORUS:  
That you'll set all people

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you

CHORUS:  
Free.

GROUP #1: Can't you hear us, you can hear us, hear us talkin', talkin' to you

CHORUS:  
What are you waitin' for? (POPS GLISS UP)
What are you waitin' for? (POPS GLISS DOWN)
Blow Satchmo, blow Satchmo
Come on blow some more.
What are you waitin' for? (POPS GLISS UP)
What are you waitin' for? (POPS GLISS DOWN)
Blow Satchmo, blow Satchmo
We all want some more.
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo (POPS BLOWS TRUMPET OVER CHORUS)
Walls will tumble down
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo
You can wear the crown
Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo
Take us by the hand
Lead us to that promised land.

CHORUS REPEATS FROM THE LAST BLOW SAAAAATCHMO, EVERYONE IS DANCING, POPS IS KING, BLOWING HIS HORN WHILE THE CROWD GOES WILD.
SETTING: The Village Circle of Tolgylop

DESCRIPTION: In accordance with King Pop's edict, Tolgylop Square has been circled. The center fountain has been replaced by a swinging pendulum that beats like a heart within a shining brass sphere that represents the world. It is light and airy and shimmering. The familiar palace, the mission and the cafe are still there, but have been so renovated that the plaza now looks clean, modern and uncluttered, but still notably Arabic in influence. There is no one on stage except Rhonda, who sits on the church steps, eating a pomegranite. She scuffs her toes back and forth in obvious irritation and boredom. She does an impromptu dance (TO "IN THE LURCH") as she circles the empty plaza, glancing all the while to the balcony, hoping that Pops will appear. Giving this up, she goes to the sphere and watches the pendulum as it swings back and forth. She begins to move in rhythm with the pendulum in such a way that it reminds one of a snake being charmed as she sings a few bars of a wailing oriental melody. Suddenly she breaks off, in disgust--

RHONDA: Bah! (SHE THROWS THE POMEGRANITE WITH ALL HER
MIGHT AND IT DISAPPEARS OVER POP'S BALCONY)

(SAUL POES HIS HEAD OUT. SEEING NO ONE HE STEPS OUT ON THE BALCONY
AND SPIES RHONDA AS THE ONLY LIKELY CULPRIT)
SAUL: Rhonda! For Pete's sake, cut it out! Get lost, will you?

RHONDA: Where's Pops?

SAUL: Rhonda, I've warned you, leave us alone, or I'll call the palace guards and have you arrested for loitering.

RHONDA: I just want to talk to Pops. What is this a Tibetan monastery or something?

SAUL: Pops is busy.

RHONDA: Busy, is he?

SAUL: Look, the guy has serious responsibilities, now. Can't you understand that? He can't spend his time messin' around with some chick when he's got an international session on his mind.

RHONDA: Tell him if he keeps on playin' around with this chick he's gonna face some responsibilities that are serious. Tell him I think he's a dirty crowd-lovin', crown-pickin' ba-

(SAUL SLAMS THE WINDOWS CLOSED) (RHONDA SHRUGS AND TURNS AWAY)

If this isn't a hell of a note.
RHONDA: (SINGS) In the lurch
Caught standing in the shadow of the church
Just like a lovebird pining on his perch
Where's my mate?
Must I always wait?
So now I will reverse that old cliche
This gal intends to make
The piper pay
Then I'll be on my way
It's touche
If he's gonna play
I think I've waited long enough for him to come
Some guy some where will want some
One to love as I love him
Tired of sitting on a limb
Though I'm burned
I'll chalk it up to one more lesson learned
And wonder why my heart can't be returned
I might need it some day.
(ELLIE DESCENDS THE CHURCH STEPS. SHE IS DRESSED FOR A DATE, PICTURE HAT AND GLOVES—BUT SHE IS ALONE AND DEJECTED)

ELLIE: Rhonda! There you are.

RHONDA: Here I am. Hi, Ellie.

ELLIE: Where is everybody? I haven't seen you, pops, or—anybody (SHE GLANCES SIGNIFICANTLY TOWARD THE BALCONY WINDOW) since the band and the rest of the girls went on to Cairo. I thought maybe you'd decided to go home, too.

RHONDA: No, I'm just a sittin' and a waitin'.

ELLIE: You, too?

RHONDA: Me, too.

ELLIE: I let Saul talk me in to staying and I haven't even seen him. You don't suppose he's gone and left me. Have you seen Saul?

RHONDA: Oh, yes. Saul and I just exchanged greetings. (NODS TOWARD BALCONY) He is up in his honor's royal pad.

ELLIE: Why that—! He had a date with me two hours ago. To make up for the one he missed two days ago! But at least that time he was thoughtful enough to send a message.

RHONDA: Well, he tells me serious responsibilities get first priority.
ELLIE:  Rhonda, I've scarcely seen him since pops decided to stay here. I don't know what they think they're doing, do you?

RHONDA:  pops was king for a day and his head swelled so damn much he can't get the crown off.

ELLIE:  But what are they doing up there?

RHONDA:  The message I get is that Saul and pops have some cocklemania scheme to save the world.

ELLIE:  How?

RHONDA:  They've invited every leader on the international scene to come to Tolgylop.

ELLIE:  Why?

RHONDA:  For a jam session—what else?

ELLIE:  What!

RHONDA:  Why, Ellie, you know about cultural exchange! All those great leaders will get so knocked out in a jam session that they will forget all about their strategies and political conflicts and the whole world can relax and have a ball.

ELLIE:  Are they serious?

RHONDA:  Are they serious? They're sittin' up there just waitin' for the confirmations to come pourin' in.
ELLIE: Ye gods, Rhonda. They belong in the loony bin.

RHONDA: I agree. Along with King Tolg himself. He's given them free reign to do this thing.

ELLIE: Well, I don't know about you, Rhonda, but I've had enough. I didn't want to stay here in the first place. I can't stick around and see both of them make complete fools out of themselves. This whole situation is too ridiculous.

RHONDA: I must admit, it's a pretty crazy scheme. I don't get it. pops has always had so much sense.

ELLIE: I guess I shouldn't have come on the tour in the first place. I'm just not made for this kind of life. I had some stupid idea that this tour was going to transform me. You know like the travel folders say--love, adventure, romantic places. It sounded exotic. I'm afraid I'm ending up neurotic.

RHONDA: You're beginning to sound like Fritzer.

ELLIE: Everything would have gone fine if I hadn't started taking Saul seriously. And now--here am I--waiting.

(THE TWO GIRLS BEGIN TO SING "IN THE LURCH" AS A TWO PART INVENTION. THE UNDERLINED WORDS INDICATE THAT THE TWO LINES CROSS ON THIS WORD)
ELLIE:

In the lurch
Caught standing in the shadow of the church
Just like a lovebird pining on his perch
Where's my mate?
Must I always wait?
So now I will reverse
That old cliche. This gal intends to make
The piper pay
It's touche
If he's gonna play

I think I've waited long enough for him to come
Some guy some where will want some
One to love as I love him (SIGH)

Tired of sitting on a limb

Though I'm burned
I'll chalk it up to one more lesson learned
And wonder why my heart can't be returned.
I might need it some day

RHONDA:

Caught in the lurch
For him I search
Too late.
That's fate.
Weight is on my mind.
He's so blind.
Love never pays.
To coin a phrase
He'll stray.
Don't stay
Play it on the line.
I resign.

Gee, I want some guy
One I can flaunt, just one
Not inspired
I'm too tired

Limbo lost
The devil's fired.
He's not so hot
I've learned a lot.
I've yearned.
Day by day I've been spurned.
(MELODY GOES BACK TO BRIDGE)

ELLIE:

If they would only try to get us out of here
Home is where we ought to be
Go ahead and run their land

They can't even run the band

who we are

Let's go and tell 'em that they've gone too far
They'd better find themselves another star

I won't stay one more day.

RHONDA:

Hear me talkin' home
Be so kind and let me go
Cut the gaff
That's a laugh
And a half.

Band together and we'll show them

It serves 'em right.

Let's start a fight.

Tonight

We won't stay one more day.

(WHEN THEY FINISH THE SONG THEY STAMP OFF TOWARDS THE PALACE FOR A SHOWDOWN)

RHONDA: Come on, 'Ell. Let's give 'em hell!

EXIT
SCENE 2: POPS ROOM IN THE PALACE. THE SAME AS IN ACT I.

DESCRIPTION: POPS AND SAUL ARE SEATED AT A TABLE AT STAGE CENTER. THERE ARE SCRAP S OF PAPER SCATTERED ABOUT THE ROOM. THEY ARE IN THEIR SHIRT SLEEVES AND WORKING HARD—RIGHT NOW IN THE MIDST OF COMPILING A HOUSING LIST FOR THEIR EXPECTED GUESTS.

POPS: Now we can put King Hussein in Room 10 and De Gaulle can occupy the suite across the corridor.

SAUL: You sent an invitation to Charles de Gaulle?

POPS: And why not?

SAUL: (SHRUGS) What about the King of Thailand?

POPS: Oh, man I hope he shows. He's the only musician of the bunch. Benny Goodman say he doubles on clarinet, piano, drums and plays alto like Desmond.

(RHONDA FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR. SHE STANDS IN HER MOST COMMANDING POSE. SHE HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE)

SAUL: Rhonda!

RHONDA: Saul Hoffman, get thee hence! Like blow. (POINTS TO DOOR) Pops! Get up off your fanny there's a lady in the room.

POPS: (RISES) Rhonda, baby--

SAUL: I'm sorry, pops. I told her not to come here. Rhonda, get out will you? I told you we were busy.

RHONDA: Saul, just get lost, will you?

-72-
SAUL: Can't you wait until we get our work done. Pops doesn't have time to mess around with a no-good chick like you.

POPS: Easy, Saul, easy. You're talkin' to Rhonda.

RHONDA: Saul Hoffman, while you're still able to move--do it. (AGAIN POINTS TO DOOR) Get out. Split. Blow! (SHE SCREAMS THE LAST COMMAND)

POPS: Rhonda, that yellin' upsets me. Now, let's just cool it.

SAUL: You can't come up here screamin' at me like a chippie in the back room of some bar.

RHONDA: Oh, I beg your pardon. My crude ways upset you. Why, of course. How could I forget? I am in the presence of royalty. And just what was your title, Saul? Privy Councillor, wasn't it?

SAUL: (WARNING) Rhonda!

RHONDA: Very well, privy councillor, I respectfully request a private (PRONOUNCED PRIVET) audience with his majesty, Pops Anderson, ex-king, ex-musician--and from this day forward ex-boy friend of Rhonda Brown. And as for you, Mr. Hoffman, I suggest you find a certain innocent maid from Brooklyn named Elinore, and you'll have plenty to keep you busy while Pops and I settle our score. Dig?
SAUL: Elinore! Oh, my God, Elinore! Pops, I was supposed to meet her two hours ago!

RHONDA: And the date two hours ago was supposed to make up for the one you also forgot two days ago. Right?

SAUL: Oh, my God! She won't even speak to me, Pops. I got to go find her.

POPS: Easy, Saul. By all means go, man, go, but take it easy.

SAUL: (RUSHING OUT, GRABS RHONDA'S HAND) Rhonda, I'm sorry.

RHONDA: Forget it, Saul.

(SAUL EXITS)

POPS: Now, Rhonda. Out with it. What's bitin' you?

RHONDA: pops, level with me, will you?

POPS: You know I never play no other way, baby.

RHONDA: What's wrong with me, Pops?

POPS: Wrong? What you mean wrong! There's nothin' wrong.

RHONDA: How come you fluff me off like you do, if nothin's wrong?

POPS: Rhonda, you don't understand.

RHONDA: Oh, I'm supposed to be hip. Rhonda, the frantic frail. I'm supposed to be hip to all this love
bit. I thought I'd seen it all. Gettin' hurt, and feelin' lonely and singin' the blues—it's a big act for the squares you know. Nobody really feels like that. But for some damn reason, I do. I feel just like those blubberin' ballads. I've wigged. I'm not myself. Why, I've put up with stuff from you that no man would ever dare pull on me before. You know, Pops, I've never takin' this pushin' around crap from any man. Life is supposed to be a ball, and I am to keep it that way. Entanglements upset me. I'm serving notice on you, Pops. You asked me to stay in Tolgylop. The fact is, you pleaded with me to stay with you. And I did. And you haven't. Or maybe I should say I have, and you didn't. Anyway, I've had enough of nothin'.

POPS: Rhonda. I'm sorry, baby. Let me explain.

RHONDA: What's there to explain? I kept foolin' myself by makin' excuses and tellin' myself, it's because Pops is different. He's a big man. He's got other things on his mind. Just be patient, Rhonda, and wait for the proper time. Well, I've waited. I've waited in this God forsake country till the grapes are withered on the vine and I'm not waitin' no more. No more. Look at me, Pops. You're losin' a good woman. (RHONDA BEGINS TO SING)
I neither smoke, nor drink, nor swear.  
My habits are sublime.  
And at the risk of seeming square,  
Resist temptation all the time.  
Just one weakness I possess.  
In all meekness I confess.  
My one bad habit is falling in love  
And falling right out again.  
My resolution: Forget the past.  
Don't fall so fast.  
And make it last.  
The dreams that mattered  
Have all been shattered.  
They're long since scattered --  
Gone!  
My grand illusion  
Was all delusion.  
My revolution is on  
To break that habit of falling in love  
With someone who doesn't care.  
I'm out to conquer,  
So, love beware—  
No more despair  
In this love affair.  
It's now or never—  
My last endeavour  
To love forever—  
More
So please treat me gently,
for evidently,
your bad habit like my bad habit
Is falling in love—
Just one little shove
And I'll start falling again.
Oops!
Let's try falling again.

(THEY LAUGH AND SING THE TAG TOGETHER..."LET'S TRY FALLIN' AGAIN")

(HE LEADS HER TO THE SOFA AND ON THE LAST TAG THEY FALL ON THE BED LAUGHING)

POPS: I fell. (HOLDS HER IN HIS ARMS FOR A MOMENT) but first you and me got to do some talking. You and me needs to agree on what key we are goin' to play this in.

RHONDA: I thought that was all agreed. Keep it cool and play for kicks. Wasn't that what you wanted? (SILENCE) Now what, Pops? Did I say something wrong?

POPS: Rhonda, you don't know it, but fallin' in love with you has shaken up this old man like he never been shook before. I want you to know I've got a personal revolution goin' on—all on account of you. It's on account of you, I'm workin' so hard to make this world jam session come true.
RHONDA: (WHO SEES A POTENTIAL LOVE SCENE THWARTED IS INDIGNANT)

I don't see the remotest connection between me and Nasser playin' nose flute. And that's another thing, pops. This world jam session of yours is nuts. I don't know why I came here askin' what's wrong with me. Obviously it's you who's flipped your wig completely.

POPS: Now, don't be too sure.

RHONDA: Now, let's try to be realistic. Who's goin' to pay any attention to an invitation comin' from you? Who do you think's comin' to this jam session of yours?

POPS: Everybody's comin'.

RHONDA: Everybody! Were you ever teased when you were a kid, "Smarty, smarty, gave a party?" Well, that's just what's goin' to happen with this big idea.

POPS: Maybe so. I've just got to chance it.

RHONDA: Why for God's sake!

POPS: Because I believe it. I'm gettin' to the age now, Rhonda where I got to start doin' the things I talk about doin'--things I dream about doin'--things I believe in--but never did. Listen to me, Rhonda. It's important you understand. Long time ago when I was a boy back in New Orleans I learned to play my horn, and I told myself if I ever got to be famous--if I ever got to be big--if I ever got ahold of
money, I'm goin' to do something with that fame, with that bigness and with that money. Somethin' worth doin'. Somethin' to help all those other folks who just weren't born as lucky as me; and got no chance for fame or money or even doin' somethin' big like every kid dreams he's goin' to do some day.

The Good Lord saw fit to give me a talent. I don't know why. Why I know lots of cats back in New Orleans who were more deservin'--with talent, too--but somehow it all came to me.

RHONDA: The breaks you mean?

POPS: No, it was more than the breaks, or good luck. It was more like--power. It's something I knew was there. When I first got a horn in my hands and felt the power that was in that horn, I knew that this was it. This was my horn of plenty.

RHONDA: It sure has been a horn of plenty, hasn't it, Pops. It's not let you down.

POPS: The question is--am I lettin' it down?

RHONDA: What do you mean, Pops?

POPS: Well, one thing has just kind of lead to the other, Rhonda. You know. Just naturally. I got the fame, and long came the money--all I'll ever need--but I still haven't done that big thing yet--that thing that will pay back to the world, what the world has given me.

RHONDA: You wouldn't have the biggest name in the business, Pops, if people weren't pleased with what you're givin' 'em.
POPS: No, Rhonda, it's not what I'm after. And I know it's not what I'm after because I haven't got some of the other things I promised myself I'd have some day. Look at me. I ain't got a home. No wife. And no peace of mind.

RHONDA: In this crazy business, Pops, you can't expect to have all that.

POPS: Yes, I can. I ain't got those things for myself, Rhonda, because I haven't done what I'm supposed to do for other people.

RHONDA: Pops you knock people out every time you pick up your horn. What more can you give?

POPS: I used to tell myself that that was important and that was enough. I gave myself, I said, and what more is there to give? But the question is Rhonda, what part of myself have I given. Corny as it sounds, Rhonda, I've got to give something that comes from deep down in old Pops soul.

RHONDA: Pops, you're the most soulful man I know.

POPS: There's many ways to express that soul. I feel like I gotta do somethin' crazy big. Rhonda, don't you see I got to use the power of the horn in whatever way it seems right. I got an opportunity here in Tolgylop that never came before and I can't turn it down. The way the people in the streets of Tolgylop look up at me, with hope in their eyes, I just can't let 'em down. I gotta try. And I gotta do it the only way I know how to do it.

RHONDA: Gee, I don't know what to tell you, Pops. You kind of upset me there. Now, Pops, I may be slow, but I'm not quite sure what all this has got to do with me, and that's what I came here to find out. You know, I don't exactly have the reputation of savin' men's souls.
POPS: You saved this one. It's all got to do with you. You're the reason I think this way. I love you, Rhonda. I mean love—like marry you, baby.

RHONDA: Marry me?

POPS: Yeah, marry you. I'm gonna take you back to New Orleans with me this summer. You and I will have a time for ourselves. We're goin' fishin', and swimmin' and lyin' in the sun, and doin' all those crazy lazy things I almost forgot how to do. But, Rhonda, I can't do that until I fulfill my other promises—about doin' somethin' for the world. Then you and me can escape the world.

RHONDA: How do you know I want to escape the world?

POPS: Rhonda, my mind is made up. This time I'm goin' to do everything right. We're goin' to have a real old-fashioned wedding—church, champagne and rice.

RHONDA: Go on.

POPS: Then we're goin' to a place I know in the country. No baloney about the show must go on for us. Huhuh. Not for us—with a honeymoon on pullman cars and planes and buses. We're goin' off all by ourselves all summer long. We're goin' to take it slow and easy and deep.

RHONDA: Go on, Pops.

POPS: Everything's goin' to be sunny. No clouds. No worries. We're goin' to buy happiness with all the loneliness that you and me
felt. And don't tell me you haven't cause I am also one of those
"life is a bell" characters, and I can tell you all about lonesome.

POPS: (SINGS)
(WITH CHORAL B.G.)

All of my life I've been lonely.
I'll go way back in my past.
I'll tell you all about lonesome—
How the winters last and last.
I've known the loneliest autumns
Watching the leaves slowly turn.
Sad is the tag end of summer
When dreams with leaves will burn.
I've stood alone in Springtime
High upon a hill,
Cried in the rain in Springtime
Because no one's there to share the thrill.
There is a certain glory in summer—
A quiet contagious joy.
There is a silent story in summer
That calls to mind a young boy
Who fell in love in the summer
Then grew up far too fast,
But still he returns each summer
To visit in the past.

Love to me is like a summer day.
Silent 'cause there's just too much to say—
Still and warm and peaceful.
Even clouds that may drift by
Can't disturb our summer sky.
I'll take summer, that's my time of year.
Winter shadows seem to disappear.
Gayest, warmest season,
That's the reason, I can say
That I love a summer day.
I hear laughter from the swimmin' hole,
Kids out fishin' with a willow pole.
Boats come driftin' 'round the bend,
Why must summer ever end?
Love to me is like a summer day.
If it ends, the memories will stay
Still and warm and peaceful.
Now the days are getting long,
I can sing my summer song.

RHONDA:
Pops, you're givin' me more than I bargained for. Man, you set me straight. I'm tellin' you its too much, I never felt like this before. Pops—it's sure enough love!
(SINGS)

I didn't know 'til you told me
That fallin' in love could be lonely.
Waitin' for your one and only
Makes a day an eternity.
I just thought to be free was the answer—
A detached, but avid romancer,
Changing partners just like a dancer
At the Art Ball in Gay Paree.
It's time that I reconsider.
Life is losing all its glitter
The sweetest things somehow seem bitter
You're a stayer, I'm a quitter.
I believe all the things that you told me
Since I've just found the man that can hold me.
On all of these points you have sold me.
It's goodbye to my life so free.
Love say hello to me.

POPS: (SINGS)
Since love had its way
Life has more meaning
I'm noticing things
Not seen before.
I was lookin' for something new
Something left to do
Life was such a bore
Then I found
When you came around
That I heard a sound
Straight from Heaven's door.
Since Love's here to stay
Why do we linger?
That old marriage vow
Now seems worthwhile.
You smile! Suddenly it's Spring!
There's a wedding ring
On your finger!
And Love's had its way.

RHONDA: (Caught you by surprise, too, huh?)
POPS & RHONDA: I believe all the things that you told me
Since I've just found the one that can hold me.
On all of these points you have sold me
It's goodbyes to my life so free
Love say hello to me.

RHONDA: Hello, Pops, hello. I hope you get the biggest jam session
the world has ever known. I hope that Kruschev, Dulles and
Nasser and all them high up thoroughbred cats get sent right
out of their minds and start wailin' and talkin' in tongues,
just like my grandma in church. Peace, brother, peace.
(SINGS) Love, say hello to me.
SCENE 3

SETTING: In the Palace garden.

DESCRIPTION: Ellie sits alone on the garden bench. She is a lonely pathetic figure. Saul enters behind her and slips his hands playfully over her eyes. Ellie's fighting spirit immediately returns.

ELLIE: Oh, no! Saul, how could you? Get out!

SAUL: Ellie.

ELLIE: Get out of here.

SAUL: Ellie.

ELLIE: Get out of here, now.

SAUL: Let me explain.

ELLIE: In vain. Save your breath. My mind's made up. I'm through.

SAUL: Now, wait a minute, Ellie. I'll admit I'm kind of dumb. It's taken me a long time to catch on. But you know we really do love each other.

ELLIE: We do?

SAUL: You can't throw a whole lifetime away just because you're mad at me this minute.

ELLIE: I can't?

SAUL: Ellie, obviously you and me were made for each other.

ELLIE: We were?

SAUL: Ellie, please.
ELLIE: (SINGS) Must I spend a lifetime just in waiting,
While others have fun?
I am unequivocally stating
That brother you're done.

SAUL: (SINGS) Stop and think it over just a minute.

ELLIE: I've had time to think for several days.

SAUL: Let me plead my case and I will win it.

ELLIE: Enough of your ways.

SAUL: It can happen just once in a lifetime
That a touch can bring visions of bliss.
So don't wait for perfection
Stop for reflection.
Yield with a tender kiss.
Dry your tears and just think of this moment,
One moment worth years.
Only once in a lifetime of waiting
Does the world seem to promise you more
Than you thought could exist.
So please don't resist.

You'll discover what living is for.
It may happen just once in a lifetime.
It's a moment too rare to ignore.
It's you I need.

So follow my lead.
Let's see what life has in store.
Dry your tears and just think of this moment,
One moment worth years.

(BACK TO BRIDGE AND SING AS DUET)

SAUL: (SECOND ENDING) And baby (2-3-4-1)
It's worth waiting for.
(AS SAUL CONCLUDES THE TAG, HE PICKS ELLIE UP AND SWINGS HER HIGH INTO THE AIR. AT
PRECISELY THIS MOMENT THE QUARTET OF MINISTERS BOUNCE ON TO THE STAGE. THEY STRIDE
ACROSS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT TO THE RHYTHM OF THEIR SONG, PAUSING ONLY AS EACH MAN
DELIVERS HIS SOLO LINE. THIS IS TIMED SO THAT THEY ARE EXITING ON STAGE RIGHT AS THEY
REACH VERSE V: "PROCLAMATIONS". AT THEIR EXCITED ENTRANCE SAUL DROPS ELLIE QUITE
UNCEREMONIOUSLY, BUT THE NEWS PROCLAIMED BY THE QUARTET IS SO MOMENTOUS THAT ELLIE FORGETS
TO BE ANGRY AND SHE AND SAUL JOIN THE QUARTET AS THEY LEAVE THE COURTYARD. ALL ACTION
IS SYNCHRONIZED WITH THE MUSIC.)

QUARTET: Invitations! Invitations!
BASS: They were sent abroad to all our neighbour nations.
QUARTET: Confirmations! Confirmations!
BARIPLACE: They've confirmed and even asked for reservations.
QUARTET: Indications! Indications!
2nd TENOR: We have finally established good relations.
QUARTET: Situation! Situation!
1st TENOR: I must write the King a speech of dedication.
QUARTET: Proclamation! Proclamation!

(THE FINAL "PROCLAMATION" IS REPEATED AS THE QUARTET, FOLLOWED BY SAUL AND ELLIE EXIT
AND THE COURTYARD BACKDROP IS RAISED TO THE VILLAGE CIRCLE FOR SCENE 4)
SCENE 4: THE VILLAGE CIRCLE

(STILL SINGING PROCLAMATION, THE MINISTERS, FOLLOWED BY SAUL AND ELLIE, AND RHONDA AND POPS, ENTER FROM THE PALACE GATES INTO THE CIRCLE. PEOPLE BEGIN TO FLOW INTO THE VILLAGE CIRCLE FROM EVERY DIRECTION, ECHOING "PROCLAMATION...PROCLAMATION" IN ORDER TO SPREAD THE NEWS THROUGHOUT THE CITY. THE MINISTERS STAND IN FRONT OF THE SWINGING PENDULUM, THEIR HANDS RAISE FOR SILENCE, AND THE PRONOUNCE:

QUARTET: The world will stop and have a celebration.

Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.
Sent the invitations out
Got the confirmations back
Sent the invitations out
Got the confirmations back

CHORUS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin.

(AS THE CHORUS SEQUENCE BUILDS THERE ARE GROUPS WHO BEGIN TO DANCE. THEY START THE CELEBRATION BY RAISING POPS ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND PARADING HIM AROUND THE CIRCLE)

QUARTET: Nasser is a 'comin'.
Nehru is a 'comin'.
Dulles is a 'comin'.
Kruschev is a 'comin'.

WOMEN: Nasser's a comin' and
Nehru's acomin' and
Dulles's acomin' and
Kruschev's a comin'

(WOMEN'S VOICES REPEAT "NASSER'S A COMIN' AND" SEQUENCE UNDER FOLLOWING:)

-89-
BASS VOICES: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.
Everybody's comin' here
Every nation will appear
There's nobody needs to fear
Shout the good news loud and clear.

CHORUS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.

TENORS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.
On this day we'll all agree
That the world should all be free
All the nations then will see
People want their liberty.

CHORUS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.

(MEN'S VOICES NOW TAKE UP THE CHANT "NASSER'S A COMIN' AND" ETC. UNDER THE FOLLOWING:)

SOPRANOS & ALTOS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.
Freedom's cause we're goin' to plead.
Every color, every creed.
Just one day is all we need.
Stop this world from Sin and Greed.

CHORUS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.

SOPRANOS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.
Worldly evil gonna die
To all troubles say goodbye.
Lift your voices to the sky
Sound the trumpet note on high.

CHORUS: Everybody's comin'. Everybody's comin'.

-90-
WOMEN:  
Nasser is a'comin'!
Nehru is a comin'!
Dulles is acomin'!
Krushchev is a comin'!
Nasser's a comin' and
Nehru's a comin' and
Dulles' a comin' and
Krushchev's a comin'


THE REAL AMBASSADOR: (AS HE MOVES FORWARD)  

The real ambassador.  

I will make you face this great disgrace of lying and duplicity.

Who would know you'd go so low to glow in cheap publicity.

On demand, I scanned your plan. I reprimand simplicity

As something I abhor.

I'm the real Ambassador.

All your falsehoods I'll explore.

One! You can't be King

Or be anything!

-91-
Why our work is so meticulous, and you are so ridiculous,
The diplomatic corps
Has been analyzed and criticized by NBC and CBS.
Senators and Congressmen are so concerned they can't recess.
The Department stands in awe. Your coup d'état
Has met success.
Order I'll restore.
I'm the real Ambassador.

CHORUS:
Who?

AMBASS:
The real Ambassador. (speaks) with proper papers to prove it.

(THE REAL AMBASSADOR HANDS PAPERS TO THE QUARTET OF MINISTERS)

AMBASSADOR: (CONTINUES TO SING AT A FASTER TEMPO**"GILBERT & SULLIVAN STYLE")

I'm the real Ambassador.
It is evident I represent American society,
Noted for its etiquette, its manners and sobriety.
I must follow protocol with absolute propriety,
So listen I implore.
I'm the real Ambassador.
Though I may appear a bore
I'm a diplomat
In a proper hat.
My attire becomes habitual
Along with all the ritual
Of real Ambassadors.
We have learned to be concerned without displaying our anxiety
And we stress in grave duress, no undue notoriety.
Now for fame you claim the name and shame us with impiety.
We can stand no more!
I'm the real Ambassador.
CHORUS: Who?
AMBASS: The real Ambassador.

POPS: (SINGS AT SLOW SWING TEMPO) He's the real Ambassador. (and a bore.)
It is evident I wasn't sent to come out here to take his place.
My intent is to prevent involvement that will bring disgrace.
I'll explain, and make it plain, I represent the human race,
And don't pretend no more.
He's the real Ambassador.
Why I can't get past the door.
I am declassé
In the U.S.A.
Though I represent the government, the government don't represent the policies I'm for.
Oh, they've learned to be concerned about the constitutionality.
Segregation in our nation isn't a legality.
Soon our only differences will be in personality.
That's what I am for.
Who's the real Ambassador?
Yeah
The real Ambassador!

(POPS EXPECTS TO CONVINCE THE MINISTERS AND THE PEOPLE BY HIS SONG AND HE IS SHAKEN WHEN THE MINISTERS REPLY)

MINISTERS: (POINTING TO AMBASSADOR)
He's the real Ambassador.
It is evident he represents American society
Noted for its etiquette, its manners and sobriety.
He has followed protocol with absolute propriety.
A Yankee to the core
He's the real Ambassador.
Though he does appear a bore,
He's a diplomat
In a proper hat.
The attire becomes habitual
Along with all the ritual
Of real Ambassadors.

(TO POPS) He has learned to be concerned without displaying his anxiety
And to stress in grave duress no undue notoriety
And he claims you've shamed the name, defamed us with impiety,
Caused this great uproar!

(POINTS TO AMBASSADOR) He's the real Ambassador!

MINISTERS: (STAND AT ATTENTION AND SPEAK IN UNISON) Mr. Ambassador, we respectfully request the honor of presenting you to his Majesty, King Tolg.

MINISTERS: (SING) Welcome to Tolgylop!

POPS: I didn't mean to mislead anybody, Mr. Ambassador.

MINISTERS: (SING) Welcome to Tolgylop!

POPS: I'm just a plain old musical Ambassador.

MINISTERS: (SING) Welcome to Tolgylop!

POPS: I didn't want to take any of the honors away from you, sir.
All I do is play the blues. Everybody knows that.

(THE MINISTERS AND THE REAL AMBASSADOR WALK TOWARD THE PALACE GATES. SAUL, POPS AND RHONDA FOLLOW)

SAUL: Mr. Ambassador, surely you know that Pops Anderson would never be guilty of doing a stunt like this for publicity.

POPS: And what about our jam session, sir. You know, it just might do some good.
RHONDA: Yeah, you guys are gonna feel funny if those international cats start showin' up—and no Pops.

SAUL: What they gonna think of Pops can't even organize the session for them?

(THE PALACE GATES SLAM SHUT IN THEIR FACES. THE MINISTERS AND THE REAL AMBASSADOR DISAPPEAR INTO THE PALACE WITHOUT A WORD OR A BACKWARD GLANCE)

SAUL: (OUTRAGED) I'll report this outrage to the President of the United States.

POPS: Easy, Saul. Never mind. Let 'em go. It don't matter, no way. The people know. They know I'm their friend. (TURNS TO CROWD) You know Pops don't lie, don't you? You're with me, ain't ya? We're still gonna have a world celebration. All the leaders of the world are gonna come right here to Tolgylop...and we're gonna show 'em how the people feel. We're gonna shout and dance and there ain't gonna be no cause to fear. We're gonna speak to the leaders and have our say. You know I don't lie about that, don't you?

(ALL THROUGH POP'S SPEECH THE CROWD GRADUALLY WITHDRAWS SO THAT THE EMPTINESS AROUND POPS GROWS GREATER AND GREATER AS HE PLEADS) All I'm tryin' to do is bring the world together so's we can live in peace. That's what all of us want, isn't it? I wasn't tryin' to be Ambassador. I didn't even want to be King. It was you elected me. (HE IS NOW FACING UPSTAGE) I'm tryin' to do what you want me to do!

(THE CROWD HAS NOW WITHDRAWN INTO THE SHADOWS. THEY COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR AS THEY SING IN A MINOR KEY)
CHORUS: Who's the real Ambassador? 
It is evident you can't prevent his coming here to take your place. 
He was sent with one intent to send you home in great disgrace. 
You must explain, and make it plain, you represent the human race. 
And don't pretend no more.

(SAUL AND ELLIE AND RHONDA MOVE CLOSER TO POPS, AS IF TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE EMPTINESS)

ELLIE: Pops, they don't understand. They think you're afraid of the Ambassador. That makes them afraid. Pops, we understand.

(POPS CONTINUES TO STARE UPSTAGE WHERE THE PEOPLE HAVE DISAPPEARED)

RHONDA: We're here, Pops. Those who know you are here.

SAUL: Come on, Pops. Don't worry. I'll explain everything when we get back home. It's not so bad. We're not being thrown in jail or anything. This guy is just mad because he doesn't know the whole story, that's all. Why, I'll bet he doesn't even know you really were elected King.

POPS: (TURNS TO SAUL) He thought I was misleading people on purpose—for the publicity. 
He thought I was tryin' to pass myself off as a real ambassador.

SAUL: Pops, the whole world knows you as Ambassador Satch. That's not mis-representation.

ELLIE: Pops, none of us knew that they mistook you for the real Ambassador. It was a natural mistake. How would we know that they were expecting an American ambassador? After all we weren't treated any more royally here than any other place in the world, except for the Festival—

SAUL: --and the election. I should never have allowed the election.
RHONDA: Yeah, that King for a Day bit, just wrapped it up fine. Even so, I think we could explain everything away but those damn invitations.

POPS: It's all my fault. I'm sorry. I got you all in such a mess.

SAUL: Nothin' we can't get out of Pops. We'll catch the first bus out of here tonight. There's one goes through every night headed for Asmara. We can get from there to Cairo on the train. Once we're out of Tolgylop we can start cabling home and get this mess straightened out. It's not as serious as it sounds. At least we're not in jail.

RHONDA: We gotta move fast if we're goin' to catch tonight's bus. I think the sooner we get Pops out of here the better.

SAUL: Ellie, you get my things packed for me. I'll go right now to the station and arrange the tickets. Rhonda, you help get Pops on the road. Agreed?

ELLIE: Wait a minute. What if those people do start to show up for the session?

SAUL: Ellie, sweetheart, your faith is touching, but after the reaction of our own ambassador, what do you think?

ELLIE: But those confirmations!

SAUL: Look, honey, somebody way down at the bottom of the staff probably thought it was a big joke—and answered as a joke.

RHONDA: What else could they think? Come on, Saul, let's get going. I can't make this scene much longer.
O.K. See you later. (SAUL EXITS UP NARROW STREET NEAR CHURCH)

Well, I'd better start packing or Saul will be waiting for me for a change. Coming, Rhonda? (STARTS TOWARDS PALACE, THEN HESITATES) I just had a horrible thought. What if they won't let us back in the Palace to get our bags?

Good God! What if they won't let us out once we're in? This is such a creepy place no tellin' what will enter King Tolg's head once he hears the story.

Well, at least, we have an American ambassador on the premises to protect our rights. (ELLIE WALKS TO THE GATES AND LOOKS INQUIRINGLY AT THE GUARDS. THEY GLANCE AT EACH OTHER, SHRUG. THEIR SHOULDERS AND OPEN THE GATES FOR HER) See? Open sesame. Coming, Rhonda?

Later, Ellie. I want to talk to Pops. (ELLIE ENTERS PALACE)

Never mind me, Rhonda, You better go get packed.

What about you?

I need time to think this whole thing over.

Come on, Pops, we can talk while we pack. I'll help you throw your things together. Once we get out of this place it won't bug you so. When we get home, we'll look back on Tolgylop and have a big belly-laugh for ourselves.

Rhonda, how can I face the people back home? I can't figure myself out. How could I be such a dumb bastard? It all made sense. Now, I see it in the Ambassador's eyes and it's just a dumb, stupid, ignorant—
RHONDA:

Cocklemania?

POPS:

Yeah. Cocklemania scheme. Who ever heard of music really bringin' peace to the world? Or of jazz changin' anything.

But damn it all, it seemed logical at the time. When you see what it does for a crowd of people—how it brings 'em together, and carries 'em outside themselves and lifts up their spirit—you get to thinkin' if you could just reach everybody this way...

...and teach the leaders how to reach everybody...and make that good happy feelin' last...you got the whole thing licked.

When we're up on the stage blowin' in some strange country, I look out and see nothin' but smiles—miles of smiles. I say, man, you got the whole world by the tail, keep it swingin'!

RHONDA:

You know somethin'! When you put it that way it don't seem so crazy.

POPS:

But what scares you is the whole thing begins to get out of hand. The people start thinkin' of you as the second comin' or some-thing—and it keeps buildin' wilder and wilder—and suddenly you got something on your hands bigger than you ever dreamed.

Look at me. I came over here just another jazz musician blowin' my horn. Then I get this Ambassador Satch title laid on me. And I'm kinda proud of that, so I calls myself Ambassador. The next thing you know those poor ignorant people are takin' me serious. Then I start takin' myself serious.

RHONDA:

Pops, it's not your fault if the people are lookin' for some-boby to lead 'em.
POPS: And like I told you, Rhonda, I thought by stayin' here and bein' king for one day, I'd leave my mark—that this old swingin' pendulum here would remain as a kind of reminder for what the earth should aim for. But, pretty soon bein' a 24 hour king wasn't enough. I had to stay and help old King Tolg make his mark in the world. I can see, now that old Rex was just usin' me.

RHONDA: Saul says there's have been a revolution here if you hadn't come along. You just saved Rex's neck by comin' on the scene when you did. That's why those four "cucks", who call themselves ministers, were so anxious for you to stay.

POPS: I know that, now. That's what worries me. How do I know King Tolg deserves to stay on the throne? Maybe there should be a revolution here. Somethin' ought to be done for these people that's for sure, but is what I'm doin' right? And while I'm askin' myself these questions, I get myself bogged down deeper and deeper, till there's no way out. I wanted this session with all the heads of the governments, 'cause I really thought it was goin' to do some good. It was a joke, I know, but bringin' these men together on friendly terms would help the cause of peace...that's what I thought. But look, the Ambassador from my own country doesn't even understand, how can I expect those other men to dig?

RHONDA: Pops, you can't expect a square like that to dig you. Not until you really lay it on the line and spell it out for him.

POPS: I'm tellin' you it's frightenin', what I started here. The
crowd looks at my horn and it means freedom for them—and hope.

Then they saw me back down to the Ambassador. Runnin' away

like this I leave 'em worse off than when I came. I started

something I ain't man enough to finish.

It's up to them to finish it, Pops

Is it? I don't know. Only once before I felt like this—this

terrible responsibility. The boys and I played a mental

hospital. And I saw what jazz did for those patients. I saw

men who hadn't moved or spoken or looked at the outside world

for months—maybe years—suddenly begin to tap their feet...and

to speak...and even to dance and sing. And I asked the Doc,

"Good God", I said, "What have I done?" And he said, "You done

a miracle, Pops." "But what will happen to them", I said,

'cause I didn't want to stir up trouble. What if they couldn't

get calmed down again. And the Doc said, "Don't you worry,

Pops. The important thing is you sent them outside themselves,

and when they get sent even for one moment, then we know it

can be done. The way out is still open. The will to live—

the spark is still there. It just needs fanmin' to bring it

to life. And the rhythm of jazz is the bellows that breathes

life. Rhythm is the universal beat that sets the tempo of man.

From the beginnin' of time, there's been a rhythm—a heartbeat—
a tempo. God created man and gave him a beat. The first sound

in the human ear is a heartbeat—poundin' a way—settlin' a tempo—
a tiein' him with the past. And the last thing he hears is the

pulse beat in his ears—poundin' away until the end of time.

That's what ties us/together from Adam and Eve to you and me.

-lol-
It's so simple we can't know it. I look around me and the world don't seem much different than that mental hospital—makin' the same mistakes over and over from the beginnin' of time—locked inside ourselves so much we can't be free. It's like we've all been dumped into a great big loony bin and we're tryin' to beat our way out with a rhythm, but somehow the beat don't get set and we get nowhere.

RHONDA:

You continually amaze me. Pops, you're too much. I never knew you went so deep.

POPS:

It don't always pay to show it.

RHONDA:

Pops, I know you know this already, but I'm goin' to say it, anyway. All this mess with the Ambassador doesn't make any difference to me. I just admire you more.

POPS:

That's something else we got to talk about. Rhonda, it does make a difference to me.

RHONDA:

What do you mean?

POPS:

I can't ask you to marry me, now.

RHONDA:

Why not?

POPS:

Pops is through, Rhonda. I can see now what the papers back home will do to me.

RHONDA:

Not when you explain how it happened. Saul will get to the right people and you can be completely cleared.

POPS:

Once somethin's been printed in the papers, it's been printed in people's minds and no retractions goin' to erase it. I'll
explain. I gotta explain. Then, I'm quittin'.

**RHONDA:** Pops, you can't mean that.

**POPS:*** Rhonda, I just can't face an audience. I can't go on and play to people who think I was a liar and an imposter tryin' to use other people for my own glory.

**RHONDA:** Pops, don't you know the people will be on your side? You just get your story to them and they'll be with you all the way. Besides what other people think has nothin' to do with me.

**POPS:** Yes, it does, Rhonda, 'cause it's got to do with me. The plans I had for you and me were farther out than anything I cooked up for Tolgylop. Just more wild ideas that won't work. Deep down we both knew it couldn't work. Remember how right at first we decided to just keep it cool and play for kicks? We were bein' smart then, Rhonda. Then we started thinkin' wild—takin' ourselves serious. You know us, Rhonda. Why you said yourself you and me were alike. Our one bad habit is falling in love—and fallin' right out again.

**RHONDA:** This time it's for keeps, Pops. Like I said it's now or never.

**POPS:** Makin' over the world by a jam session in Tolgylop was for keeps, too—a now or never endavour. Look what happened. No, Rhonda, you don't want to tie yourself to a crazy old mixed-up cat like me.

**RHONDA:** But I do, Pops/

**POPS:** Forget all those things I said, Rhonda. We'll just play it cool. This way no one will ever know. You got a great career.
ahead of you and you don't want to be tied up with an old guy who'd hurt your name with bad publicity. Besides you and me belong to entirely different schools. Everybody says you're the swingenest chick on the scene today. You belong with some of those young modern guys, not an old New Orleans man like me.

RHONDA: Pops, are you tryin' to say you're not only disengagin' yourself, you're firin' me, too? We're through?

POPS: That's right, Rhonda.

RHONDA: But, Pops, you promised. Rice and champagne, remember?

POPS: I said forget all that. We'll go as far as Cairo together, then Saul and me can take off for the States.

RHONDA: You promised me a summer holiday, have you forgotten?

POPS: That way I can meet the press and all the bad publicity by myself, and you and Ellie won't be hurt. You girls can follow us on a different plane and the reporters won't even bother you.

RHONDA: That's a pipe dream. Down Beat will be askin' me for the real inside story. They know who's on this tour.

POPS: Nobody needs to know you stayed with me here. If anybody asks just say you and Ellie stopped over in Europe for a vacation. That way they'll leave you alone. Don't you say nothin' to nobody, you hear? I don't want no public defender.

RHONDA: If you're doin' this for my sake, Pops, forget it. If it didn't make you feel any better I could go to New Orleans and meet you there when the fuss blows over.

POPS: I don't want to hurt you, Rhonda.
RHONDA: Then trust me a little, will you?

POPS: Stickin' with me, would ruin you, Rhonda.

RHONDA: How you goin' about ruinin' me? You got me picturin' myself in a whole new life—your kind of life—where it's summer all year long. (SINGS)

I hear laughter from the swimmin' hole

Kids out fishin' with a willow pole

Boats come driftin' 'round the bend

Why must summer ever end?

POPS: Love to me is like a summer day

When it ends the memories will stay

Still and warm and peaceful

RHONDA: Now the days are getting long

Let us sing our summer song.

POPS: Those memories make it hard, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Pops....that's our future.

POPS: No, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Are you sayin' what you really feel, Pops?

POPS: What I want and what can be are two different things. I can see it just won't work, Rhonda.

RHONDA: Give me a chance.

POPS: You're too young for last chances. I never stuck with a woman in my life. This wouldn't be any different.

RHONDA: Pops, think it through. You gotta be sure.
POPS: You know me. "Love is like a faucet. It turns off and on. When you think you got it, it done up and gone."

RHONDA: Don't joke, Pops. You gotta level. If you say we're through, we're really through. I'm not waitin' around for a change of heart. You got to be honest with me. Because I meant what I said. I want to stay with you. If you leave me, now, there'll be no comin' back. This is it. So be sure.

POPS: You make it hard, Rhonda. I don't want to hurt you.

RHONDA: Never mind the talk. Just tell me if you're sure.

POPS: I'm sure.

(THERE IS SILENCE AS RHONDA LOOKS DOWN WAITING FOR SOME INDICATION FROM POPS THAT HE IS WEAKENING. FINALLY POPS CONTINUES) Now we understand each other you'd better go pack.

RHONDA: How could you do this, Pops? (WALKS TOWARD THE PALACE GATES)

POPS: (FOLLOWS HER) Easy, Rhonda. Easy as you go.

RHONDA: Do you know what you're askin'? (SINGS) Easy as you go

It's over completely.

Who will ever know

If it's done discreetly

There's no need to talk

Just be on your way.

If I plead with you

Don't stay. Still be

Easy as you go.

-106-
Why must you speak sadly?
Keep your tale of woe.
Did things turn out badly?
You said when we met
That it might not last.
If you're sure you're through
Let the past be past.
Easy as you go.
Easy as you go......away.

(RHONDA TAKES POPS HAND TO SING THE FINAL LINES OF EASY AS YOU GO, SO THAT THE FINAL NOTE OF "AWAY" SHOWS A SLOW AND RELUCTANT RELEASE OF THEIR HANDS AS SHE TURNS TO ENTER THE PALACE. THE GATES BANG CLOSED. POPS WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE SIDEWALK CAFE, WHICH IS EMPTY AND DARK.)

NIGHT SHADOWS HAVE COMPLETELY SUBMERGED THE CIRCLE SO THAT THERE ARE ONLY LITTLE PATCHES OF LIGHT FROM THE CASTLE AND FROM WITHIN THE CHURCH, AND DOTTED IN THE WINDOWS IN THE DISTANCE. AS POPS SLOWLY CROSSES TO THE CAFE, THE MUEZZIN CALL TO PRAYER CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE AND ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE CITY. THE CHURCHBELLS AT THE MISSION BEGIN TO TO:
POPS SITS WITH HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS ARMS AND PEOPLE BEGIN TO APPEAR IN THE CIRCLE. THEIR MOVEMENT IS A CHOREOGRAPHY EN MASSE. THE FIGURES ARE UNIDENTIFIABLE. THE WOMEN ARE COVERED BY DARK SHAWLS. THE RUSTLE OF THEIR MOVEMENT IN AND OUT OF THE VARIOUS ENTRANCES AND EXITS IS LIKE THE SCURRYING OF DRY LEAVES PUSHED BY THE WIND ACROSS A DESERTED STREET.
THE BACKGROUND MUSIC IS BASS AND NATIVE GOURDS. POPS SITS ALONE AND UNNOTICED. THE DOORS TO THE MISSION ARE FLUNG OPEN BY TWO PRIESTS AND A STREAK OF LIGHT POURS OUT ON TO THE STAGE AS PEOPLE ENTER THE CHURCH. THE TEMPO OF MOVEMENT LESSENS. THE PRIESTS FROM WITHIN THE CHURCH BEGIN THEIR CHANT AS THE LAST STRAGGLERS ENTER THE CHURCH.

PRIESTS: (OFF STAGE CHANT) God created man in His image and likeness
In the image of God created he them
Male and female created He them
And God saw everything that he had made
And behold it was very good.

PRIESTS: God created man in His image and likeness......

POPS: (SINGS) They say I look like God!

PRIESTS: Alleluia........In the image of God created He them....

POPS: Could God be black? My God! (CHURCH DOORS CLOSE SHUTTING OUT LIGHT)

PRIESTS: Alleluia........In the image of God created He them

POPS: If all are made in the image of Thee,

PRIESTS: Alleluia........Male and female created be them.....

POPS: Could thou perchance a Zebra be?

PRIESTS: Alleluia........In the image and likeness of God....

POPS: Can it be?

PRIESTS: Created He them

POPS: No not he

PRIESTS: Alleluia........These are the generations of the Heavens....

POPS: He's watching all the Earth.

PRIESTS: Alleluia.......These are the generations of the Heavens and of the Earth

POPS: He's watched us from our birth.

PRIESTS: Alleluia...............And god saw everything that He had made...

POPS: And if He cared if you're black or white,

PRIESTS: Alleluia...............And behold it was very good

POPS: He'd mixed one color, one just right.

PRIESTS: Alleluia........These are the generations

POPS: Black or white.....

PRIESTS: ....of the Heavens and of the Earth...

POPS: One just right...

PRIESTS: Alleluia.
POPS: (SOLO ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY BASS AND DRUMS)

Oh, Lord, please hear my plea!
Oh give me eyes to see
That our creation was meant to be
And Act of God to set man free....
Set man free....
Set man free.....

You raised us from the dust,
And breathed in life with trust,
And gave to Man the great choice to be
Alone on Earth, or One with Thee....
One with Thee...
One with Thee....

PRIESTS: Beloved let us love one another for love is of God...alleluia....
POPS: When will that great day come?
PRIESTS: And everyone that loveth is born of God...alleluia...
POPS: When everyone is one?
PRIESTS: There is no fear in love, because fear has torment
POPS And there will be no more misery
PRIESTS: Perfect love casteth out all fear, alleluia
POPS: When God tells man he's really free.
PRIESTS: He that loveth God loveth his brother also...alleluia....
POPS: Really free....
PRIESTS: He that loveth God...
POPS: Really free
PRIESTS: Loveth his brother also.
POPS: Really free
PRIESTS: Alleluia.....Alleluia....Alleluia..........................
SAUL: (ENTERS FROM LEFT REAR) (SHOUTING) POPS! POPS! POPS!

(SINGS) everybody's coming!

POPS: (SPEAKS) what ya say?

SAUL: (SINGS) everybody's coming!

POPS: (SPEAKS) comin' this way?

SAUL: (SINGS) everybody's turnin' out!

even those who were in doubt!

now it's time to sing and shout!

something bells can ring about! (CHURCH DOORS OPEN)

everybody's comin'! (BELLS RING)

POPS: where? where?

SAUL: everybody's comin'! (BELLS RING)

POPS: there! there! (POINTING UP THE STREET SAUL HAS USED TO ENTER)

(PEOPLE FROM THE CHURCH CROWD TO LOOK UP THE STREET AND ONCE MORE START THE GOSSIPY CHANT, WHICH CONTINUES UNDER THE REMAINING CHORUSES OF "EVERYBODY'S COMIN'")

WOMEN: Nasser is acomin'

Nehru is acomin'

Kruschev is acomin'

Dulles is acomin'

-110-
WOMEN: (CONT.)
Nasser's a comin', and
Nehru's a comin', and
Kruschev's a comin', and
Dulles's a comin', and (REPEAT UNDER NEXT VERSE)

MEN:
Everybody's comin'! (JAZZ DRUM CADENCE FILL...SOFT)
Everybody's comin'! (REPEAT SOFT DRUM CADENCE)
They have come from every land
They are marchin' hand in hand
To that beat you cannot stop
Down the streets of Tolgylop!
Everybody's comin'! (REPEAT CADENCE...LITTLE LOUDER)
Everybody's comin'! (SAME CADENCE...A LITTLE LOUDER)

(CASTLE IS BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED. HEADS PEER OUT WINDOWS. THE CIRCLE IS FILLING WITH PEOPLE WHO START TO DANCE. ELLIE RUNS OUT THROUGH THE GATES TO THE ARMS OF SAUL, TO LEAD IN THE DANCING)

(MEN CONTINUE UNDER WOMEN'S CHORUS)
Nasser's a comin', and
Nehru's a comin', and
Kruschev's a comin', and
Dulles's a comin', and

WOMEN:
Everybody's comin'! (DRUM CADENCE...LOUDER)

KING'S MEN:
Welcome to Tolgylop! (SUNG OVER DRUM CADENCE)

WOMEN:
Everybody's comin'! (DRUM CADENCE...LOUDER)

KING'S MEN:
Welcome to Tolgylop! (OVER DRUMS)

(INCREASED MOVEMENT AND EXCITEMENT HAS NOW SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE VILLAGE CIRCLE SO THAT THE STAGE IS TEAMING WITH COLOR, MOVEMENT AND LIFE)

WOMEN:
Worldly evil gonna die
To all troubles say goodbye
Lift your voices to the sky------!
(RHONDA APPEARS AT CASTLE GATE, BEARING POP'S TRUMPET LIKE A CROWN ON A ROYAL PILLOW)

RHONDA: (SINGS) Sound the trumpet note on high!

(RHONDA CROSSES TO POOPS IN A TRIUMPHANT PROCESSIONAL MARCH, HOLDING THE TRUMPET HIGH OVER HER HEAD)

CHORUS: Everybody's comin'! (JAZZ DRUM FILLS WITH TYPANON ACCENTS)

Everybody's comin'! (DRUM FILL REPEATS)

Everybody's comin'! (DRUM FILLS LOUDER)

Everybody's comin'! (HUGE TYPANY ACCENTS)

(RHONDA CEREMONIOUSLY KNEELS BEFORE POOPS, EXTENDING THE TRUMPET TO HIS HANDS....THIS MOVEMENT ACCOMPANIED BY DRUM ROLL...WHEN THE HORN IS IN POP'S HANDS, SHE STEPS ASIDE AND SHOUTS:

RHONDA: What are you waitin' for? (POPS ANSWERS ON TRUMPET)

What are you waitin' for? (POPS ANSWERS ON TRUMPET)

CHORUS: Blow Satchmo! Blow Satchmo!

Make that trumpet roar!

What are you waitin' for? (POPS ANSWERS ON TRUMPET)

What are you waitin' for? (POPS ANSWERS ON TRUMPET)

CHORUS: (WITH POOPS BLOWING TRUMPET OVER)

Blow Satchmo! Blow Satchmo!

Blow forevermore.

Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo

That's a mighty horn!

Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo!

That's why you were born!

Blow Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaatchmo!

Take us by the hand

Lead us to that promised.....

BASSES: Everybody's comin'!

CHORUS: To that promised....

-112-
SOPRANOS: They are really comin'!

CHORUS: To that promised....

SOPRANOS: Lift your voices to the sky---------------------------------

CHORUS: Take us to that promised land!

(POPS TRUMPET DOUBLES WITH VOICES ON FINALE. AFTER FINAL NOTE OF "PROMISED LAND", HE STEPS FORWARD, FRONT STAGE CENTER. THE SOPRANOS STILL HOLD THE HIGH NOTE OF SKY!)

POPS: Now, I leave you.

Now, I go.

(ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY BASS)

And, now,

I think you know as much

As old Satch-mo.

CURTAIN