

Headset Check:
Lx: Jerb
Sound: Conor
ASM: Rien and Tessa
Wardrobe: Hannah

Time Calls:
15
10
5 (FOH Checkin)
Places @ 2

Places:
SR: Robert + Ethan
SL: Becca + Andrew

Preshow	Lx 2 & S 1
To SL ASM: Send Andrew	
Ragtime	Lx 3 + S 5 + H2H
End of Ragtime	Lx 4 + H/O

*(MAN enters and sits down at the piano.
JO and CHARLIE walk downstage, look out.)*

Viz Onstage
Lx 5
X DS
Lx 6

JO. Let's get something straight. A tough girl, more than anything else, is a girl who doesn't care if you're shocked. Doesn't care if you don't think she's a nice girl or "someone you'd bring home to Mother." Because she doesn't *want* you to bring her home to Mother, she doesn't want to *meet* your Mother.

CHARLIE. A tough girl doesn't sit like a lady or laugh like a little girl. She goes where she shouldn't, and when she gets there, she does exactly what she wants ... *and she likes it*. Doesn't care if you don't think she's a nice girl—"someone you'd bring home to Mother." Because she doesn't *want* you to bring her home to Mother, she doesn't want to *meet* your Mother.

JO. She doesn't want anything to do with your fucking mother.

CHARLIE. She wants to dress up—

JO. She wants to *go out*.

CHARLIE. Get dressed up and go out where there is dancing—

JO. —not 'stepping little steps to the music' dancing—but close and tight and hot.

CHARLIE. A tough girl walks like—well, she walks like she knows you're looking. She walks with her whole body, she swings her hips and tosses her head and the more you stare and disapprove—

JO. Or stare and wink—

CHARLIE and JO. *The more she does it.*

CHARLIE. A tough girl doesn't talk all refined—

JO. Talk like she doesn't know who she is, where she's from—

CHARLIE. Talk like she'd like to be someone else.

JO. She talks tough, says it like it is.

CHARLIE. "Here's to the girl that smiles so sweet—

JO. —she makes things stand that never had any feet."

B X SR

Lx 11

(*Lights change.*
JO steps forward.)

JO. My *nephew* knows who she is, okay? The butchers at Dean and Deluca, a phone repair guy at a deli, a stockbroker next to me on the subway know who she is. I'm in a coffee shop near my house, and I'm watching as the cook pours a blob of grease on the griddle to make my ... egg whites and an old guy behind me says:

MAN. (*At piano.*) "You gotta Mae West or just an old-fashioned?"

JO. "Excuse me? What'd you just ask for?"

MAN. "A ka-rulla. A Mae West is a ka-rulla—show the lady."

JO. Girl holds up this raised curvy *cruller*. Now *that's* famous. Lasting, legend famous. *Donut* famous.

CHARLIE. When I was a boy growing up in the Midwest you wore khaki trousers, blue oxford button-down shirts, Bass Weejuns, white socks. Your Daddy dressed like that and that's what your Momma dressed *you* like. I remember when Madras came in, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven—and if you got caught in the rain and the colors ran ... oh.

Lx 13

JO. When I was in high school, there was a *very cool*, very sexy senior named Darla Ferro who was always obsessed with someone or something—for a while it has been Kaiser Wilhelm—now, she was a Hare Krishna—complete with a chalky white line drawn down her nose. One day she got up on the tiny stage in the study hall and sang □

S 6

MAN. "I CAN MAKE IT HEAVEN WHEN THE SHADES ARE DRAWN, I'M NO ANGEL"

JO. I loved that line—it was so *dirty*. Darla sang that and I caught a whiff of the real thing—naked and alone in a room with a man.

CHARLIE. My parents worked at the university and when I was a little kid, they would sometimes park me in the campus theatre. It was a March afternoon, my school was closed and that was the very first time I saw "I'm No Angel."

JO. "What's that song?" I asked Darla. "I'm No Angel. It's Mae West," she said, then she did the song full out, complete with eye rolls

and hip thrusts, a skinny teenager in a Catholic school girl uniform and Hindu accoutrements doing a *knockout* impersonation S 7

CHARLIE. I went to see it every day that week.

JO. —because obsession grants the patience to really fine-tune the details.

MAN. "I'M NO ANGEL"

Lx 21 &
Boards ON

MAN, JO and CHARLIE. "BELIEVE ME"

(MAN, JO and CHARLIE exit.)

POLI'S THEATRE, NEW HAVEN CONNECTICUT, 1912

(CHARLIE, as HARRY in a bowler hat, enters and walks downstage.
JO, as MAE, enters and stands behind him.)

MAE. Harry, Harry, Harry? Don't forget this is New Haven, last night you said Bridgeport.

HARRY. (*Impatiently.*) I won't.

MAE. Don't forget the new bit.

HARRY. (*With a wealth of meaning.*) Yeah, who could.

MAE. (*Bulldozing on.*) I want that "bum, bum" for the finale and then off, and don't forget the vamp to the chair, don't forget the hold for the leg bit, remember to *really* hit

HARRY. I got it. I got it.

MAE. Harry, you're not looking at me ... you worry me when you don't look at me. Look at me here, Harry—look at me here.

(MAE points between her eyes until HARRY gives her a mulish look.)

HARRY. Oh, I see ya, Mae—(*Indicating her revealing top.*) I see a whole lotta ya, as a matter of fact. You better take it easy, Poli didn't like last night.

MA. So?

HARRY. So, it's his theatre. If you get bumped 'cause of your wriggles you're gonna get a bad name on the circuit.

MAE. I don't care if it's a bad name, as long as it's my name. e S 10
(Music, applause are heard.) That's our cue. Come on, gimme a push. I gotta get hotted up.

(They push against each other's outstretched hands. Scene changing music jangles to a close.)

MAE. Kill the people.

HARRY. Kill the people.

FOH to
theatre

Close Boards

(HARRY crosses downstage as the curtain falls behind him.)

Eth X DS
Lx 23

HARRY. Hey, Bridg—New Haven! Ready for Mae West? Vaudeville's hottest headliner? Okay then. Here's the debutante who came out in 1910 and hasn't been home since. The girl who proves ya don't need feet to be a dancer! Mae West! e Lx 25 +
S 15 +
Boards

(The curtain rises on MAE in a chair. She stands and walks to the edge of the stage, coolly surveying the audience.)

B X DS
Lx 27

MAE. Hiya boys ... How are ya? Now, you Yale boys gotta promise me ya won't get riled up like last night. All that screamin' makes Harry nervous, don't it, Harry? *(HARRY responds with jangly chord. MAE walks up to HARRY, leans on him.)* Harry and me, we've been in twenty-three cities together, ain't we, Harry? B X SL
Lx 29

HARRY. Twenty-four.

MAE. Harry—what he don't got in speed ... *(HARRY slows down.)* ... he makes up for in rhythm. *(MAE bumps the piano causing HARRY to hit wrong notes.)* Uh, oh, look who's watching me from back there, Mr. Poli, the theater owner. He doesn't like it when I wriggle. Harry's afraid we're gonna get in trouble. Whaddya think boys? You know how I feel about trouble. e X CS
Lx 41
(The crowd roars.) Easy S 20
does it, easy does it. No, you're good boys ain't ya? All that Yale'n must make ya good boys—if you're good boys ... you'll come when I