

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

A MUSICAL COMEDY

Book by Joseph Stein
and
Will Glickman

Music by Jerry Bock

Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick

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TORONTO

LONDON

HOLLYWOOD

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

STORY OF THE PLAY

The book of this very original musical deals with the prize ring, and specifically with the woes of a harassed and unlucky fight manager. He thinks his problems are solved when he finds a beautiful specimen of a man, an Ivy League graduate who wants to be a fighter so that he can impress the kids in his charge at a community center in a tough neighborhood. The only trouble is that the Ivy Leaguer can't fight; put him in the ring with the most generous opponent and he's lucky if he lasts out the first round. Through the connivance of the manager, and with the assistance of his lovely secretary, the Ivy Leaguer suddenly embarks on a fantastic win streak. But this isn't good, either, since it gives him a big head and threatens to break up his beautiful romance with the secretary. Tuneful, hummable music, witty lyrics, and a number of really hilarious scenes, combine to make *The Body Beautiful* a thoroughly entertaining musical. "It is a funny, swift-moving and tuneful exhibition; it should be with us for many a moon."—*John McClain in the N. Y. Journal American.*

The following is taken from the playbill for the first performance of *The Body Beautiful* at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on January 23, 1958:

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Musical comedy in two acts and eighteen scenes; book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman; music by Jerry Bock; lyrics by Sheldon Harnick; staged by George Schaefer; orchestrations by Ted Royal; costumes by Noel Taylor; scenery and lighting by William and Jean Eckart; choreography by Herbert Ross; presented by Richard Kollmar and Albert Selden.

CAST

(As they appear)

DAVE	-----	<i>Jack Warden</i>
ALBERT	-----	<i>William Hickey</i>
HARRY	-----	<i>Lonnie Satin</i>
BOB	-----	<i>Steve Forrest</i>
ANN	-----	<i>Mindy Carson</i>
DOMINIC	-----	<i>Edward Becker</i>
EDDIE	-----	<i>Tom Raskin</i>
RICHIE	-----	<i>Bob Wiensko</i>
FLORENCE	-----	<i>Jane Romano</i>
BOXER	-----	<i>Bill Richards</i>
HANDLER	-----	<i>Knute Sullivan</i>
FRANK	-----	<i>Richard Chitos</i>
NICKY	-----	<i>Tony Atkins</i>
TRAINER	-----	<i>Albert Popwell</i>
MARGE	-----	<i>Barbara McNair</i>
JANE	-----	<i>Helen Silver</i>
KATHY	-----	<i>Kathie Forman</i>
DANNY	-----	<i>Tommy Halloran</i>
GEORGE	-----	<i>Armand Bonay</i>
ARTIE	-----	<i>Jeff Roberts</i>
JOSH	-----	<i>Alan Weeks</i>
PETE	-----	<i>Richard DeBella</i>
PHIL	-----	<i>Edmund Gayner</i>
ANNOUNCER	-----	<i>Jack DeLeon</i>
GLORIA	-----	<i>Mara Lynn</i>
CAMPBELL	-----	<i>Mark Allen</i>
BEN	-----	<i>Joe Ross</i>

SCENES

ACT ONE

1. *Dave's office.*
2. *A gym.*
3. *A section of the gym.*
4. *Dave's office.*
5. *A street in vicinity of the Community Center.*
6. *Playground at the Center.*
7. *The street.*
8. *Montage and section of a fight arena.*
9. *The gym.*
10. *Dave's office.*
11. *Two dressing rooms.*
12. *Inside the arena.*

ACT TWO

1. *Training Camp Traveler.*
2. *The training camp.*
3. *Montage and Dave's office.*
4. *A steam bath.*
5. *The street.*
6. *Terrace of the Stockton home.*
7. *Stockton living room.*
8. *Dressing rooms.*

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

WHERE ARE THEY?—*Dave and Chorus*
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL—*Ann and Boys*
FAIR WARNING—*Marge, Harry, Boys and Girls*
LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE—*Ann*
BLONDE BLUES—*Dave*
UH-HUH, OH YEAH—*Pete and Boys*
HIDDEN IN MY HEART—*Bob and Ann*
NOBILITY—*Boxers*
ALL OF THESE AND MORE—*Ann, Bob and Ensemble*

ACT TWO

SUMMER IS—*Ensemble.*
THE HONEYMOON IS OVER—*Gloria, Florence, Jane*
JUST MY LUCK—*Ann and Boys*
ALL OF THESE AND MORE (REPRISE)—*Marge and Harry*
ART OF CONVERSATION—*Boys and Girls*
GLORIA—*Dave*
A RELATIVELY SIMPLE AFFAIR—*Ann and Marge*
FINALE, UH-HUH, OH YEAH—*Entire Company*

The Body Beautiful

ACT ONE

SCENE I

DAVE'S office. Shabby desk, swivel chair, straight back chair, office flat, utility drop. DAVE on swivel chair. PHONE rings.

DAVE. Oh, Charlie— I'm glad you called. Listen, can you set up a bout for my boy? What'a ya mean? He's my best boy. Charlie—he's not that bad. All right, he's a bum, but he's not that bad. What? I know, but do me a favor. I need the money. After all, I got a family to support— You know, my two ex-wives. See what you can do, will you, sweetheart? So long, pal. See you in the funny papers— (*Hangs up—MUSIC.*) Dirty rat. But he's right. The kid's a bum. I got six fighters, six bums. Other managers get champions, contenders— How come I can't get a decent fighter?

(*SONG: "WHERE ARE THEY?"—DAVE*)

Where . . . where are they?
The fighters with style,
The fighters with flair?
I get the lads with the delicate air.
Where? Where are they?
The boys who explode,
The boys who ignite.
Where are the guys who can stand up and fight?
Of course it ain't just a matter of strength,
Or speed . . . or size . . . or brains . . . or weight—
Where are the boys with the color,
The spark, the heart,
Who can draw that million dollar gate?
Where . . . where are they?
They don't come to me,
The comers, the hopes
If I have to work with
Nitwits and dopes,
At least give me guys who
Stay inside the ropes!
And where, where, where, where
Where are they now?

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

Left Iris opens full, utility drop and office flat fly up, office wagon strikes off Right, revealing the GYM and FIGHTERS, etc.

(SONG: "WHERE ARE THEY?")

(BOYS—FIGHTERS)

You are looking at a
Group of coming champions,
With each and every man in fighting trim!
You will never find
A more potential group
Of coming champions
In any other gym!
There's one thing alone
Makes the picture incomplete:
We can't seem to find
Any fellas we can beat!
Oh, where, where, where,
Where are they now?

(DANCE Section.)

(MANAGERS and FIGHTERS)

(Counterpoint Section)

Where . . . where are they
If we have to work
With nitwits and dopes,
At least give us guys
Who can stay inside the ropes!
And where, where, where, where,
Where are they now?

DAVE. (After song.) Hey, Albert—

ALBERT. Yeah, Dave?

DAVE. Listen, if Florence or Jane show up, don't tell them I'm here. I went to Newark.

ALBERT. You going to Newark?

DAVE. No, just tell them that! (To FIGHTER.) Tell Ann I wanna see her. (Crosses Up as BOB enters.)

BOB. Excuse me—my name is Bob Stockton.

ALBERT. So?

BOB. Is Mr. Colman in?

ALBERT. Dave? He went to Newark.

BOB. Oh. (*Starts to exit.*) Isn't that Mr. Colman over there?

ALBERT. Oh. He musta just got back. (*Calls.*) Dave! Dave!

DAVE. What?

ALBERT. Somebody here for ya! (*Exits Left.*)

BOB. Hello, Mr. Colman.

DAVE. Hi, young fella.

BOB. Bob Stockton, remember me?

DAVE. Oh, sure. I saw you win the college championship last year. I asked you to come see me. You never did. This is a little different from Dartmouth College, huh?

BOB. It certainly is.

ANN. (*Enters.*) You want me, Dave?

DAVE. This is the boy I told you about. He was the champ of the collegiates last year.

ANN. Really! Isn't that sweet?

BOB. She doesn't seem very impressed.

DAVE. He's a good boy. (*To ANN.*) I seen him belt out that guy from the Princeton College last year. This is Ann. She's my secretary and does the publicity for these monsters.

ANN. Don't tell me you're shopping around for a cauliflower ear.

BOB. No, thanks. I did all the boxing I intend to do. The reason I'm here, Mr. Colman— I'm working with young boys at a community center downtown, and I thought they'd like to see an exhibition match by some real pros.

DAVE. For how much?

BOB. Well, the Center has no budget for this, but you'll be helping us out.

DAVE. Sorry, fellow, these guys don't operate for free. Look, do you want to do some fighting?

BOB. No, thanks. I plan to do a lot of drinking and smoking in the next few years.

DAVE. Kid, you could make real dough in this racket. (*To ANN.*) He's a natural. He's got speed, he's a boxer, a champ of the collegiates, clean cut, a nice, young American boy. You are American, aren't you?

BOB. That's right.

DAVE. And I can teach you what you don't know: footwork, defense—

BOB. Well, I think I know my way around. For instance— (*Points to ring where HARRY and another MAN are boxing.*)—that fellow in blue—when he pivots on his right foot, he automatically loses leverage and his coordination becomes less effective.

DAVE. (*Suddenly concerned.*) Where? Where did that happen? Where?

ANN. He means he's leaving himself open for a right cross.

DAVE. He is, huh? Kid, that's Harry Marsh. A good boy. He don't get hit much with a right cross.

BOB. Well, he could be, very easily. Now look, see? He's distributing his weight unevenly, and the balance is on his right side, so his left shoulder muscles have an unnatural tension—

DAVE. (*To BOB.*) You mean you think he's a bum, huh?

BOB. No, I didn't say that. It's just that he leaves himself open too much—

DAVE. Uh-huh. You think you could get to him?

BOB. I think so.

DAVE. Would you like to try?

BOB. A little sparring? Why not?

DAVE. Jimmy, get this boy some things. He's gonna work out.

JIMMY. C'mon, kid. The locker room's this way. (*Exits, with BOB following.*)

ANN. Dave, is this fellow any good?

DAVE. I don't know, I saw him belt out some college bum. With their fancy rules, my sister could be champ.

ANN. But he doesn't want to be a fighter.

DAVE. If he don't wanta, he don't wanta. What am I gonna do, get a summons? You try! The way I figger . . .

FLORENCE. (*Enters aggressively. She is a brassy, blonde, about 30. She crosses to DAVE, pushing ALBERT aside. To ALBERT.*) He's in Newark, huh? You're asking for a fat lip, kid! (*To DAVE.*) Hey, you—today is the twelfth. Where's my money?

DAVE. You didn't get it? It was mailed out to you last Monday, wasn't it, Ann?

ANN. It's my fault, Mrs. Colman. Dave made out the check, and I just forgot to mail it.

FLORENCE. I'm here now, honey. I'll save you three cents.

ANN. I forgot to mail it until this morning. I mailed it the minute I came in.

FLORENCE. Honey, why do you keep lying for this bum? What has he got on you? Are you on parole, or something?

DAVE. Florence, the check is in the mail. Use it in good health.

FLORENCE. You bet I will. And if I don't get it the first thing in the morning, I go straight to a certain judge who happens to be a very, very close friend of mine.

DAVE. (*To self.*) And him they call "his honor"!

FLORENCE. Remember, you miserable rat! First thing in the morning! (*Looks at watch.*) Four o'clock! The judge will be furious. (*Exits.*)

DAVE. (*To ALBERT.*) What's so funny, meathead? Go sweep up the locker room!

BOB. (*Enters, in robe.*) All set, Mr. Colman.

DAVE. Oh! I forgot about you. Hey, Harry, c'mere a minute.

ANN. (*Turns around him, inspecting him admiringly.*) You are a lovely animal. 170 pounds?

BOB. 175.

ANN. Don't ever change.

BOB. I'll try not to.

DAVE. Harry, go a couple of minutes with this boy— I want to see if he knows anything.

HARRY. Sure, Dave. (*To BOB.*) Come on—

BOB. (*Shakes hands with HARRY.*) How do you do?

HARRY. Hi'ya.

(BOB and HARRY start sparring.)

DAVE. Moves pretty good—

ANN. I like the way he— (*We hear thump of glove. And BOB falls on canvas in visible corner of ring.*)

DAVE. You all right, kid?

BOB. Sure— (*Rises.*) I don't know how that happened. He was wide open and— I'd like to try it again.

DAVE. Sure. It's your chin. (*They start to spar again.*)

ANN. He's covering up better.

DAVE. Seems to have a good jab.

ANN. Yeah— I like the way he blocks. (*BOB gets knocked down as before. ANN crosses Left to BOB.*) Are you hurt?

BOB. I know what I did wrong—

DAVE. Sure, you walked right into a right cross. Forget it, kid. (*To HARRY.*) Oh, Harry, I got a call from Jersey City. They need a fill-in for tomorrow night. I told them you'd go in—

HARRY. Tomorrow night? Gee, I can't, Dave—

DAVE. Why not?

HARRY. I got a whole big family deal on for tomorrow night. Marge's sister's getting engaged. There's a party at our house.

DAVE. You can get out of it, Harry.

HARRY. I can't. Marge would kill me. Sorry, Dave. (*Exits.*)

DAVE. These married fighters. How are we going to get a light heavy for tomorrow night?

ANN. Maybe he can step in for you. He discusses a good fight.

DAVE. Him?

BOB. I'm sorry. I told you, I don't fight professionally.

ANN. That's true, Dave. We saw it with our own eyes.

DAVE. Hey, how about it, kid? I don't care if you win or lose. Just show up.

ANN. This boy can't go in with a pro. Take the loss and forget it.

DAVE. What am I going to do?

ANN. He can't possibly help you, Dave. It would take Brooks Brothers a week to make him a pair of trunks.

BOB. When is this, tomorrow night?

DAVE. Yeah, in Jersey City. I don't care if you get belted out before you get your bathrobe off. Just show up!

ANN. Drop it, Dave. You need a fighter, not just a beautiful body.

BOB. What time do you want me?

DAVE. Be here at seven and don't eat any supper.

BOB. I'll be here. (*Crosses Right to ANN.*) I have to dash over to Brooks Brothers. See you later.

ANN. Will you?

BOB. I think so. (*BOB starts to exit Right. DAVE follows him.*)

(MUSIC.)

(SONG: "THE BODY BEAUTIFUL"—ANN and BOYS.)

ANN.

The body beautiful—
The perfect specimen—
I don't agree that
That's the answer to a maiden's prayer!

When I go for a guy,
I want more than meets the eye;
Just plain brawn
Makes me yawn!

Like any other girl,
I want a man around,
I wanna revel in an appetizing love affair!

But
He's gotta be more
Than just a model body beautiful
To make me care!

When a man has a beautiful head,
Let him crow with legitimate pride;
But oh, for the head
With beautiful thoughts inside!

When a man has a beautiful build,
Then he's off to a beautiful start,

And more so when his torso
Hides a beautiful heart!

When a man knocks another man down,
All the customers shout with glee.
But when a man helps another man up
He's for me!

The body beautiful—
The perfect specimen—
I don't agree that
That's the answer to a maiden's prayer!

When I go for a guy,
I want more than meets the eye;
Just plain brawn
Makes me yawn!

Like any other girl,
I want a man around,
I wanna revel in an appetizing love affair!

But
He's gotta be more
Than just a model body beautiful
To make me care!

ALL.

More than just a model body beautiful
To make her care!

ACT ONE

SCENE III

Section of Gym. The next day.

HARRY and RICHIE are sparring in ring. TRAINER is watching them from ringside. Some men and girls look on from side.

TRAINER. Weave a little, Harry. Weave. (*GONG sounds.*) Okay, take a break. (*They cross to their stools as BOXER and HANDLER cross from Right to Left.*)

BOXER. So, it's gonna cost me forty bucks for a new fender.

HANDLER. If the guys in the parking lot did it, why don't they pay for it?

BOXER. They said it didn't happen in the parking lot.

HANDLER. And you let it go at that?

BOXER. What was I gonna do? Fight with them? (*They exit Left. ALBERT enters Right, crosses Left to HARRY.*)

HARRY. Hey, Albert. How did the college boy make out last night?

ALBERT. Mr. Stockton? He got belted out.

HARRY. Yeah. I figured.

ALBERT. You figured, huh? Did you figure the first minute?

HARRY. No kidding? Was he hurt?

ALBERT. No, he feels okay. He falls down very easy. (*ALBERT exits Left. GONG sounds. HARRY and RICHIE start sparring again.*)

TRAINER. OK fellas. Let's go— Loosen it up, Harry— Don't drop that left . . . (*He starts off. MARGE, young and attractive, enters Left, passing him.*) Hi, Marge.

MARGE. Hello, Benny.

TRAINER. Your boy looks good.

MARGE. Fine. (*TRAINER exits. MARGE stands at ringside.*)

Harry— Harry—

HARRY. (*Continues boxing throughout.*) Oh, H'ya, Marge.

MARGE. Harry, you said you'd leave thirty dollars on the dresser. You forgot to leave it.

HARRY. I didn't get any money last night.

MARGE. But I'm expecting a package from Gimbels. The new lamp. I can't pay for it.

HARRY. I haven't got it, Marge.

MARGE. You said you'd ask Dave for an advance.

HARRY. I forgot.

MARGE. Harry, I need it. Ask him now.

HARRY. I'll ask him later.

MARGE. You'll forget again.

HARRY. I won't forget. (*Hits BOXER.*) I won't forget. (*Hits BOXER.*)

BOXER. (*To MARGE.*) He won't forget.

MARGE. But I need it now. They're delivering it this afternoon.

HARRY. (*Still boxing.*) They'll bring it back tomorrow. (*Turns to her. BOXER hits HARRY hard. Irritated.*) Marge, I can't talk about it now. I'm busy!

MARGE. You're always busy! If you're not working out in the gym, you're running around Central Park, or you're off to Bridgeport or Philadelphia or someplace. (*GONG sounds. HARRY sits at corner of ring, RICHIE in other corner.*)

HARRY. Marge, I asked you to come to Philly last week. You didn't want to. You never come to see me fight.

MARGE. Well, maybe I will some time.

HARRY. After all, a lot of people pay to see me fight. That's how I make my living.

MARGE. Some living. I read about fighters who fight once and

bring home ten thousand dollars. And I can't get thirty dollars for a lamp.

HARRY. I told you—I'll ask Dave for some money.

MARGE. And while you're asking, why can't he get you a fight for some real money?

HARRY. Yeah. Sure, Marge—

MARGE. I mean, everybody says you're very good.

HARRY. Yeah, Marge— I know—

MARGE. So you ought to be doing good. Be somebody—make a name for yourself.

HARRY. You're right, Marge. (*GONG sounds. HARRY rises and starts to box again.*)

MARGE. Harry—

HARRY. Yeah?

MARGE. Did you talk to the landlord?

HARRY. About what?

MARGE. You forgot.

HARRY. About what, Marge? (*BOXER hits him.*) Oh, I remember! About painting the bedroom.

MARGE. What did he say?

HARRY. I forgot to see him.

MARGE. Harry, for months I've been asking you to talk to the landlord!

HARRY. All right, I'll talk to him! (*Hits BOXER.*) I'll talk to him! (*Hits him again.*)

MARGE. You won't talk to him. (*HARRY hits BOXER hard.*)

BOXER. (*Backing away.*) Marge, he'll talk to him!

(*BOXER and TRAINER exit Left.*)

HARRY. Marge, you shouldn't come here and bother me when I'm working.

MARGE. But I never see you, I never talk to you!

HARRY. Not now, Marge.

MARGE. Do you know our parakeet died? Two weeks ago. You don't even know.

HARRY. I know, I know! I meant to send flowers!

(*MUSIC under following speech for background.*)

MARGE. Go ahead, joke. This is no life, Harry. Maybe it's all right with you if we never see each other, and I keep worrying you might get hurt, and I sit home every night with your fat sister Charlotte . . .

(*SONG: "FAIR WARNING"*)

(*MARGE, HARRY, BOYS AND GIRLS.*)

MARGE.

I give you fair warning:
Ignore me if you choose,
But, Harry, I've got news
for you, beware!

I give you fair warning:
You're heading for remorse,
That is, unless of course
You just don't care.

HARRY. (*Spoken.*) I'm trying all I can . . .

Better watch your step,
Take a tip from me,
Or you'll be face to face
With an empty space
Where I used to be.

I'm raising storm signals,
So please repent in haste,
For you can be replaced
By someone new.

Heed my warning,
Or on some dark and dismal morning,
I may stray way away from you,
I may stray way away away from you!

GIRL 1. (*To MARGE.*)

You're doin' great—

GIRL 2.

I think he's weakening—

GIRL 3.

It won't be long,
Just wait and see!

BOY 1. (*To HARRY.*)

Get in and fight—

BOY 2.

You got experience—

BOY 3.

And you're in shape—

HARRY.

But so is she!

(GONG.)

HARRY.

Now, baby, don't crowd
me—

I know you wanna fight,
But though the place is
right,
The time is wrong!

HARRY.

You gave me fair warn-
ing—

Well I don't think it's fair
To bring our problems
where
They don't belong!

HARRY.

I can understand—

MARGE. (*Spoken.*)

You don't understand—

HARRY.

What a life you've got—

MARGE. (*Spoken.*)

It's all your fault—

HARRY.

I know it's all my fault,
But you're rubbing salt,
On a sensitive spot!
I'll make us both happy—

MARGE. (*Spoken.*)

Ha!

HARRY.

But how can I begin
If you keep bargain' in
The way you do?

Heed my warning;
If on some dark and dis-
mal morning,
You should stray way away
from me,

ENSEMBLE.

We'll referee—

ENSEMBLE.

Beware, said she—

ENSEMBLE.

That remains to be seen—

ENSEMBLE.

We know just what ya
mean—

ENSEMBLE.

Keep it ever so clean—

That puts me just as far
away from you!

ENSEMBLE (GIRLS to HARRY,
BOYS to MARGE).

Heed (her/his) warning,
Or on some dark and dis-
mal morning,
She/he may stray way
away from you!

MARGE.
I may stray way away—

HARRY.
If you stray way away—

BOTH.
(HARRY) That puts me
just as far away from
you!
(MARGE) I may stray way
away away from you!

ACT ONE

SCENE IV

That afternoon. DAVE's office.

ANN. (*On phone.*) Okay, Harry, I'll ask him the minute he comes in. Oh, here he is.

DAVE. (*Enters.*) No more whole wheat, honey. (*Tosses sandwich.*)

ANN. Wait a minute. It's Harry. He wants a thirty dollar advance.

DAVE. (*Takes off jacket, puts it on chair.*) Thirty dollars! What for?

ANN. He wants to buy a lamp.

DAVE. A lamp? For God's sake, he can have this lamp! For nothing!

ANN. (*Phone.*) I'll see what I can do, Harry. (*Hangs up.*) I see Bob Stockton's coming in today. What does he want?

DAVE. I don't know. He called me this morning and said he wanted to see me. So I said, come and see me. He said he wanted to see you, too.

ANN. (*Pleased.*) He did? What for?

DAVE. He wants to elope with you tonight to Asbury Park—
How do I know why he wants to see you?

ANN. Where's the Trenton contract? That should have been
signed this afternoon—it's pretty important. (*BOB enters.*) Oh,
hello, Mr. Stockton.

BOB. Hello.

DAVE. Hello, kid. Sorry about last night. (*Back to work.*)

ANN. We really are.

DAVE. What can I do for you?

BOB. (*Aggressively.*) You want me as one of your fighters. I'm
ready to sign.

ANN. You want to be a fighter?

BOB. That's right.

ANN. Can a guy get punchy in one fight?

DAVE. Look, fellow, this is a tough business. It ain't for a guy
that wears button-down collars.

BOB. I won't wear 'em in the ring. How about it?

DAVE. After the way you got bombed last night? Forget it.

ANN. He's right, Mr. Stockton. Maybe you know all the moves,
but you're not the type. You're too—er—loveable or something.

BOB. (*Disregards her.*) What about it, Mr. Colman?

DAVE. Look, kid, it takes a lot of training—and frankly train-
ing costs money—and frankly—

BOB. I'll be glad to pay all the expenses . . .

DAVE. What?

BOB. I'll pay all the expenses.

DAVE. (*Gives ANN a long look.*) You know, Ann— I like this
boy. You know, it might mean sparring partners, training camp
in the country—it could add up.

BOB. Whatever you think is necessary.

DAVE. *I like this boy!*

ANN. Bob, forget it, like the man said. This is a very tough
business.

BOB. (*To DAVE.*) Can I start training tomorrow morning?

DAVE. Sure! Just bring a pair of trunks and a checkbook. (*To
ANN.*) Make out a contract, Ann. The boy wants to try, let him
try. Anyone with that kind of determination—you let him try.
(*Exits.*)

ANN. You don't know what you're letting yourself in for.
Someone keeps punching at you, you can get hurt.

BOB. It's nice of you to worry about me.

ANN. It's part of my job.

BOB. Is it part of your job to talk people out of becoming
fighters?

ANN. You're a special case. (*Hands him contract.*) Are you
sure you want to sign this? You don't have to, you know.

BOB. (*Takes it.*) Keep worrying about me. I like it.

ANN. I'm not worrying about you.

BOB. You know, this is a strange place to find a girl like you.

ANN. Why? Have you been looking for me?

BOB. I don't know. Maybe. What *are* you doing here, anyway?

ANN. It's a job. I answered an ad for a secretary and I found myself working for Dave. That was two years ago. I started to quit a hundred times, but you can't quit a guy like Dave.

BOB. Why not?

ANN. He always owes you money. And besides, he's kind of helpless—somebody has to take care of him. What are you doing here? I mean, why do you want to be a fighter? I thought you were a social worker or something.

BOB. That's right.

ANN. What do you do exactly? Run a club?

BOB. It's not a club—it's more like a gang. A couple of the boys came to see me fight last night.

ANN. Oh?

BOB. I guess they were pretty disappointed. Look, I'm going down to the center in about an hour. Would you like to come along?

ANN. (*Hesitates.*) Well—I have things to do here. (*Hands him contract.*) You sure you want to sign this?

BOB. Sure. (*Signs.*) By the way, what does this thing say?

ANN. It's a legal document. Proves you're out of your mind.

BOB. Guess I should read the fine print. (*Reads.*)

(*LIGHTS dim as he reads. SPOT on ANN as she sings.*)

(*SONG: "LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE"—ANN.*)

ANN.

Play it casual . . . be a skeptic . . .
 Before romance has a chance to start.
 A little doubt at the outset
 Is a handy antiseptic
 For the heart.

Here's a boy you've barely met
 Why start something you'll regret
 While there's time to fly away
 Leave well enough alone.

Can't you see he's not for you
 What's the wisest thing to do
 Just obey that old cliché
 Leave well enough alone.

Dismiss this idle fancy
 With one reluctant sigh
 And kiss this idle fancy
 Goodbye.

Go your single way again.
 Why invite dismay again
 Tell yourself you're satisfied
 To be a rolling stone
 And leave well enough alone.

BOB. (*After song, hands ANN the contract. She takes it, but he hangs on to it.*) Are you sure you can't take off an hour or so?
 ANN. Well, why not? Pick me up in an hour.
 BOB. Fine. See you later. (*Exits Left.*)

(ANN REPRISSES LAST EIGHT BARS OF SONG.)

ALBERT. (*Entering Left.*) Where's Dave?

ANN. What do you want him for?

ALBERT. Where is he? It's important.

ANN. Dave. Dave.

DAVE. (*Enters Right.*) Yeah. (*Crosses Right to ALBERT.*)

ALBERT. Dave, I been looking for you—

DAVE. (*To ALBERT.*) What do *you* want? You're a pest!

ALBERT. Your wife is outside. With a summons.

DAVE. Florence! Ann, quick, make out a check. (*ANN starts making out check at desk. To ALBERT.*) Send her in. (*A brassy BLONDE enters. Picks up check.*) Here's your check, Florence—
 (*He sees her.*) Oh! Jane!

JANE. Yeah, Jane! And I got a little paper for you!

DAVE. (*Turns on ALBERT.*) You idiot! When you say my wife is here, tell me *which* wife! . . . Boy, was I blessed! (*To JANE.*) How are you, honey? How are things at the dance hall?

(ALBERT *exits.*)

JANE. I want my money! That's how things are!

DAVE. Sure, honey. (*Tears up check. To ANN.*) Make out a check to Jane.

ANN. (*Starts making out check. To DAVE.*) What about Florence? (*Tears out another check.*)

DAVE. The hell with her, she missed her turn!

JANE. (*Takes check and starts exiting.*) If that check bounces, you're going right to jail!

DAVE. Don't worry. It won't bounce—it won't bounce. (*JANE*

exits.) How I lived with that woman for three years, I'll never know. And then I had to go and marry her!

ANN. Why do you keep getting involved with all these blondes?

DAVE. Why! Why! Because I'm a dope! I don't know, Ann, I see one of these blondes in their tight skirts—it's chemical. After all, a man's gotta have a wife, he might as well have a wife who jiggles a little.

ANN. Okay, it's your life. (*Exits.*)

(*MUSIC.*)

(*SONG: "BLONDE BLUES"—DAVE.*)

DAVE.

I should fill my lungs full of carbon monoxide
And end it all.
Maybe as a child I was weaned on peroxide—
I can't recall.
Lushes have crushes on booze;
Drink isn't my addiction—
I got a worse affliction—
Blonde blues.

When I see a blonde,
It's like a magic wand was waved,
And I'm depraved.

Without golden curls,
No matter if a girl's well stacked,
I can't react!

For my type of fellow,
The girls that I follow,
The hair must be yellow—
The head may well be hollow.

This mental block
Is something that no doc can cure,
So I'm sure
I'll take golden-haired wife after wife,
After golden haired wife.
What a beautiful, terrible way
To go thru life.

Wife number one had long and lovely locks
Of a lemon colored hue.

My second wife
Was a lemon too.

Already I can see
Wife number three—
Wherever she is she's headed for me.

Soon I'll turn around,
And she'll be standing there,
With the sunbeams bouncing
Off her flaxen hair.
And I'll think to myself on our wedding day
Of the alimony money I already have to pay,
And I'll say to myself as I clutch my wallet,
So pale . . . and bruised . . . and bleedin' . . .
Thank God, I was born in the U. S. A.
. . . and not in Sweden.

Till the day I'm extinct, I'll be linked
With a golden haired wife—
What a wonderful, horrible,
Golden hair-able way to go thru life . . .
To go thru life.

(*BLONDE BLUES BALLET.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE V

An hour later.

In One: a street in the vicinity of the Community Center.

Cross over. Several neighborhood characters enter Down Left.

GIRL jumping rope. BOB and ANN enter Down Right.

GIRL. (*Jumping rope.*) One two, three, alairy— I spy Mistress Mary—

BOB. It's on the next block.

(*Enter DR. PANHANDLER.*)

ANN. (*Picks it up.*) Sitting on he bumble-ary—

GIRL. (*Fresh.*) Who asked you? (*GIRL exits.*)

BOB. I hope you don't mind coming to this kind of neighborhood.

ANN. The one I was brought up in wasn't much different. And I think I know the kind of kids you're working with.

BOB. I doubt it. They're little kids, but they're murder to get to—at least for me.

ANN. Why?

BOB. They act as though I'm from another planet. All they ever hear is tough talk—music out of a juke-box. (*Exiting.*) You see, they never had any . . . (*They exit.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE VI

Community Center on Lower East Side. Group of Boys gathered in playground of the Center, with jungle gym, swings, playground equipment, etc. They are casually using equipment.

FRANK. What do you want to do, guys?

ARTIE. I don't know—

PETE. Hey, how's about we go up on my roof?

FRANK. What for?

PETE. We can lean over. Scare my mother!

(*MUSIC.*)

FRANK. Hey, let's go to the park.

PETE. What are we gonna do in the park?

(*MUSIC.*)

GEORGE. I got some gum. Let's stuff up the water fountains.

(*MUSIC.*)

(*SONG: "UH-HUH, OH YEAH"—PETE AND BOYS.*)

KIDS.

Uh-huh, oh yeah,
I love my lovely love, oh—
Uh-huh, oh yeah,
A love that's truly true, oh—
Uh-huh, oh yeah,

I truly love my love, oh—
Uh-huh, oh yeah!

PETE.

Gonna hold my baby close to me,
Till I'm trem-ble-ing with ecstasy;
When she kisses me it's so sublime—
Love my baby with a love divine!

Uh-huh, oh yeah—
(*Etc.*)

THREE BOYS.

Gonna buy my baby diamond rings,
Pearls and rubies and a lotta things,
Gonna shower her with gifts and wealth—
Till my baby loves me for myself!

Uh-huh, oh yeah—
(*Etc.*)

Gonna go right out and rent a car,
Take my baby to the nearest bar,
Gonna load her up on cherry wine—
Show my ba-aby a real good time!

Uh-huh, oh yeah—
(*Etc.*)

(*Repeat REFRAIN one additional time.*)

(*As number ends, the BOYS sit down in relaxed attitudes.*)

KATHY. (*Enters; to ARTIE.*) Momma says you should be home by five o'clock, or else.

ARTIE. Or else what?

KATHY. Or else by six o'clock.

ARTIE. Beat it! (*She exits.*)

NICKY. Maybe we ought to hang around. Stockton's supposed to be here today.

FRANK. Go on, he won't show up. Boy, is he a clam. You shoulda seen him fold up last night. Boy!

ARTIE. I know—you told us, already.

DANNY. Big fighter! (*Mocks him.*) All right, fellows, you boys can have the best baseball team in the neighborhood.

NICKY. So he lost a fight—so what?

JOSH. Nah, it's later than that—
 DANNY. Anybody know what time it is?
 ARTIE. Must be about four.

(BOB and ANN enter.)

FRANK. Watch it.

BOB. Hello, boys!

NICKY, JOSH and DANNY. (*Coolly.*) H'ya.

BOB. This is Miss Wells. She wanted to meet you— Ann, these are the boys I've been telling you about—the boys I work with.

ANN. Oh. Hello. (*They don't answer.*)

BOB. What's going on? Why the silent treatment? Because of the fight last night?

FRANK. What fight?

BOB. There'll be more. I've just signed to be a professional fighter.

FRANK. Who's she? Your sparring partner?

BOB. Now just a minute, Frankie—about that fight last night. You know, sometimes you win, sometimes you lose. It doesn't really matter as long as you do your best.

FRANK. This guy's a nut.

BOB. Oh, I'll win a couple. (*Trying to change mood.*) I thought you fellows would be playing ball. (*To ANN.*) You know, these boys are going to have the best baseball team in the neighborhood.

FRANK. There he goes again.

BOB. (*Looks at them a moment.*) Okay, boys. I'll be seeing you. Come on, Ann. (*They exit Right.*)

FRANK. Baseball!

ARTIE. Our buddy pal!

FRANK. Guy touches him and he falls over.

ARTIE. What do you say? Wanna go over to Second Avenue and get some hub caps?

JOSH. Hub caps? Nah—

(*Uh-huh Curtain—Wall Drop.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE VII

The street.

ANN and BOB enter Down Left.

ANN. Bob—

BOB. Yes?

ANN. Those kids—they're the reason you want to be a fighter. (He doesn't answer.) They don't want any part of you. Why don't you forget them?

BOB. I don't know— Maybe because everyone else has.

ANN. (After a pause.) You're a funny one—to be mixed up in this kind of thing.

BOB. You think so?

ANN. Well— Dartmouth, rich. Why aren't you out buying a sports car, or something?

BOB. Maybe I should.

ANN. Or if you're worried about them, why don't you donate some money?

BOB. Those kids need more than money. They need—well, I've taken all the courses, I know what they need. I just can't seem to give it to them. Come on, Ann—

ANN. Bob—

BOB. What?

(THEY KISS—BOB SINGS.)

(SONG: "HIDDEN IN MY HEART"—BOB AND ANN.)

BOB.

Hidden in my heart,
Hidden in my heart,
Ever since I met you—
I have kept a secret
Hidden in my heart!

Why was I afraid,
Needlessly afraid,
Worrying and wond'ring
If this hidden dream
Would see the light of day,
Or dream itself away?

Now all at once
I see the love in your eyes—
A warm and wonderful surprise!

Now it can be told
While you're in my arms—
Might as well confess,
For surely you can guess
I've loved you from the start—
And it's growing stronger,

Now that it's no longer
Hidden in my heart.

ANN.

Now all at once
I see the love in your eyes—
A warm and wonderful surprise!

BOB.

Now it can be told
While you're in my arms—
Might as well confess—
For don't you know I've
Loved you from the start?

ANN.

What a fine beginning,
While my head is spinning,
Might as well confess—
For surely you can guess
I've loved you from the start!

ANN.

And it's growing stronger,
Now that it's no longer
Hidden in my heart.

BOB.

Like a sleeping rose—

ANN.

Like a sleeping rose—

BOB.

Ready to unfold—

ANN.

Ready to unfold—

BOTH.

Now it can be told!

ACT ONE

LEAD IN TO MONTAGE—IN BLACK—CROWD roar background.

ANNOUNCER. Well, here we are at the Scranton Arena for the regular Wednesday night boxing bill. Tonight, a young newcomer, Bob Stockton, is making his first professional start. The crowd is just coming in, and . . .

(LIGHTS UP—MUSIC CUE.)

(PANTOMIME OF CROWD ENTERING FIGHT ARENA.)

ACT ONE

SCENE VIII

Several weeks later.

Section of arena corridor. Sign reads "SCRANTON ARENA."

Ramp Center leads up to arena.

BOB, *in robe, enters with* DAVE.

DAVE. Look, kid, everyone's nervous their first couple of fights, but you're in the pink. You trained real nice, so you got nothing to be nervous about. Are you nervous, kid?

BOB. No, Dave, I'm fine.

DAVE. Don't be nervous. Just remember. This boy's a nothing. All you have to do is crowd him. You got it? Understand? Just crowd him.

BOB. Yes. (*They start to exit up ramp.*)

DAVE. Remember this guy is nothing— Just crowd him, understand? Crowd him. (*They exit.*)

(*FIGHT BELL. CROWD ROAR.*)

(BOB, DAVE and TRAINER *come down ramp. BOB is holding an ice bag to his eye.*)

DAVE. My fault, kid. I told you to crowd him. I forgot to tell you to hit him. (*They exit; LIGHTS dim.*)

(*LIGHTS come up as they re-enter. The corridor sign reads: "BRIDGEPORT STADIUM."*)

DAVE. This guy's nothing to worry about, kid. Just stay away from his left, and jab at him—jab, jab, jab—and he'll fall apart. He's a nothing—lost his last sixteen—jab him—jab—

BOB. I understand, Dave. Jab.

DAVE. (*As they exit.*) That's the idea. Just jab—jab—jab— (*They exit up ramp.*)

(*FIGHT BELL. CROWD ROAR.*)

(BOB, DAVE and TRAINER *come down ramp; BOB's arms are draped over shoulders of DAVE and TRAINER; he is rubber-kneed.*)

DAVE. You jabbed him real good. I guess that's what got him mad. (*They exit; LIGHTS dim.*)

(*LIGHTS come up on MUSIC Cue. The corridor sign reads "FITCHBURG ARENA."*)

DAVE. Tonight don't do like last time, kid. Forget the jab, get in there and slug. This boy you're fighting is yellow. Don't box him—just belt him one and he'll run screaming. Belt him, you hear? Belt him!

BOB. Okay, Dave—I'll belt him.

DAVE. Good boy! Let's go! (*They exit up ramp.*)

(*FIGHT BELL. CROWD ROAR.*)

(*DAVE and TRAINER come down ramp, carrying BOB by his feet and shoulders, his arms hanging limp.*)

DAVE. Bob. Bob. Can you hear me, kid—?

BOB. (*Weakly.*) What, Dave?

DAVE. When you won the championship of the collegiates—

BOB. Yes—?

DAVE. Level with me— Was it a fix? (*They exit.*)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE IX

The Gym.

Several BOXERS are on stage, including HARRY. ALBERT enters.

ALBERT. Harry, Marge called you before. Said you should meet her at seven o'clock sharp.

HARRY. Where?

ALBERT. Where?

HARRY. Didn't you ask her where I'm supposed to meet her?

ALBERT. Why should I ask her? It's none of my business where you meet your wife.

HARRY. Albert—next time will you please get the whole message?

ALBERT. (*To BOB who is entering.*) Hi-ya, killer. (*Exits.*)

BOB. Harry, when you started fighting, did you lose many?

HARRY. Well— I started pretty young. Won a couple—lost a couple.

BOB. I'd like to win a couple—or one.

HARRY. You will.

BOB. Ann thinks I should quit.

HARRY. Sure. They all do.

BOB. Marge, too?

HARRY. She doesn't think I'm getting anywhere. Maybe she's right.

BOB. Well, why don't you get out?

HARRY. What am I gonna do? Work on the docks? Drive a cab? This is a living and I'm pretty good at it.

BOB. It must feel good to win one.

HARRY. You'll win one.

BOB. Sure. When they start giving points for neatness.

ANN. (*Enters Left. Crosses to BOB.*) Bob, there was a newspaperman here this morning. He wanted to do a story on you.

BOB. No kidding?

ANN. Don't be so happy. It was called "The Dartmouth Dud."

BOB. Oh, fine.

ANN. Bob, I know why you're doing this, but why don't you forget it? You're not a fighter. They're laughing at you.

BOB. You're not, are you?

ANN. No, but it's almost as bad. Sometimes I feel like crying for you. Honey, you don't have to be a hero.

BOB. I want to win just one, Ann. I can't go back to the kids as the Dartmouth Dud.

ANN. Bob, by the time you win one they won't be kids any more.

BOB. Ann, I'd get a big charge out of winning one. It would mean a lot to me. And I think I can. I want to walk out of this. I don't want to be pushed out.

ANN. Well—just don't get carried out. If you're a good boy I'll let you take me to lunch.

BOB. It's a date. I'll pick you up at the office. (*Kisses her.*) I like you. (*BOB exits.*)

(DOMINIC *enters Left.*)

ANN. How are things going, Dominic?

DOMINIC. I been readin' that book you brang me.

ANN. I brought you a book.

DOMINIC. You brang me another one? I didn't finish this one yet. Boy, it's pretty good.

ANN. Glad to hear it.

DOMINIC. Yeah, but I don't like the sad part where Black Beauty hurts his leg.

ANN. Well, don't worry about it—it has a happy ending. (*To another FIGHTER.*) Eddie, I thought you were through with those silly comic books.

EDDIE. I been reading the New York Times you gimme, but I gotta rest my eyes.

ANN. Did you really read it?

EDDIE. Did I? I'm up to Incoming Passenger Ships.

ANN. Good boy. If you like, I've got today's copy in the office.

EDDIE. That fat paper comes out every day?

ANN. Rain or shine. (*To another BOXER.*) Listen, I'm giving you a new locker and . . .

JANE. (*Enters.*) Where's your rat boss?

ANN. Dave?

JANE. Ya got two rat bosses? He owes me for three months and I'm going to have him thrown in the cooler to teach him a little respect for a lady.

ANN. Any particular lady you have in mind?

JANE. You're not long for this world, sweetie. (*Starts to exit.*) He's probably hiding in that office. (*Crosses Right.*)

ANN. (*Following her.*) He's not there, Mrs. Colman. He went to Philadelphia last night. He won't be back till Thursday. (*They exit.*)

DOMINIC. You know, that Ann is a real nice dame.

EDDIE. Yeah—too bad her boy friend is such a loser.

RICHIE. He's a nice kid too.

EDDIE. Harry, what's gonna be with this kid, Bob?

HARRY. I don't know. He's a pretty good fighter, but when he gets in the ring he just doesn't have that extra little drive.

RICHIE. You think if we showed him a couple of tricks—the thumb in the eye—the elbow in the clinch—you know, what you don't learn in college . . . ?

HARRY. Oh, he won't go for that stuff.

DOMINIC. Be nice if he could win one.

HARRY. Maybe a win could get him going. Should be somebody he could beat. How about Louie Dambrowski?

EDDIE. He's in the hospital.

RICHIE. Hey—maybe the day he gets out.

DOMINIC. The only way that guy's gonna win one is if somebody takes a dive for him.

EDDIE. Yeah.

DOMINIC. There must be some light heavy we know.

RICHIE. Who'd do the kid that kind of a favor?

HARRY. (*After a long pause.*) I'm a light heavy.

DOMINIC. You!

RICHIE. You'd take a dive for him?

HARRY. Well—why not?

DOMINIC. You're kidding.

HARRY. Well—it would mean a lot to him. What would it cost me? My record is 21 and 12. So it'll be 21 and 13. What's the difference?

EDDIE. Oh, the kid'll never go for it.

HARRY. He won't know anything about it. Or else, what's the point?

RICHIE. A win over Harry Marsh!! He'll feel like a million.

HARRY. I'll ask Dave for the bout. But nobody tell Dave I'm laying down for the kid.

EDDIE. Harry, that's a nice thing to do for him. (HARRY *exits Right*.)

RICHIE. You know, sometimes it's nice to be nice.

(*SONG: "NOBILITY"—BOXERS.*)

BOXERS.

When your conscience feels
Kind of muddy,
Do a turn
For a buddy—
It pays off in dignity and pride—

SOLO.

Espesh'ly when you're bettin' on the side!

ALL.

Yes, it pays to do something nice,
Once or maybe twice—
But be careful that you don't overdo
Nobility—
No-ble.

ACT ONE

SCENE X

DAVE's office in New York.

Several days later.

DAVE is at his desk, ANN standing over him.

ANN. What did you do it for, Dave? What's the angle?

DAVE. There's no angle. The kid wants to fight, so I got him a fight.

ANN. But why with Harry? Harry can slaughter him.

DAVE. Who else can I get him a fight with, my dentist? Maybe after this one, he'll get a little sense and get out of this business.

ANN. I certainly hope so.

DAVE. Since when do you care who beats who? You got a crush on him?

ANN. The answer is, it's none of your business, and yes!

DAVE. If you want to mess around with a fighter, it's your own headache—even a rich fighter—even a fighter who ain't a fighter! Just leave me alone! (*ANN exits Right.*)

ALBERT. (*Enters Left.*) You wanted to see me, Dave.

DAVE. Oh, yeah. Sit down. And pay attention. This is important. (*Takes contract out of desk drawer.*)

ALBERT. Yeah, Dave.

DAVE. I'm signing Bob Stockton to fight Harry Marsh in Hartford Thursday night.

ALBERT. Hartford? Where is that?

DAVE. Never mind. I'll get you there.

ALBERT. Thanks, Dave. (*Rises.*)

DAVE. Sit down. Now, you know I manage both boys, and the boxing commission don't allow a manager to have two of his boys fight each other.

ALBERT. Oh. So the fight's off. Okay, Dave, thanks for telling me. (*Starts to leave.*)

DAVE. Sit down, you idiot!

ALBERT. Sure, Dave. (*Sits.*) What's on your mind?

DAVE. Now, listen carefully, Albert. I can't manage both boys, so you're going to manage Harry. That's what this paper says. Now sign it.

ALBERT. I don't want to manage Harry.

DAVE. Why not?

ALBERT. I don't know what to do.

DAVE. You don't do anything!

ALBERT. Oh, I can do that.

DAVE. Good. Everything clear? Got any questions?

ALBERT. Yeah.

DAVE. What?

ALBERT. (*Suspicious.*) Why don't you sign the paper?

DAVE. Because it says you're taking over Harry.

ALBERT. But I don't do nothing.

DAVE. That's right.

ALBERT. Then why do I have to sign the paper?

DAVE. Because it's the law.

ALBERT. If I don't sign it, I get in trouble?

DAVE. No, I get in trouble.

ALBERT. Then why don't *you* sign it?

DAVE. (*Wearily.*) Albert, I promised my sister I'd take care of you. You eat all right?

ALBERT. Sure, Dave.

DAVE. You got a nice room? You got spending money? You got clothes?

ALBERT. Sure, Dave.

DAVE. Sign the lousy paper!

ALBERT. Sure, Dave. (*Picks up pen. PHONE rings. ALBERT holds pen throughout conversation.*)

DAVE. (*Into phone.*) What?— Yeah, this is Dave Colman, what do you want? I don't know any Frank Scher! You got the wrong number! (*Hangs up; to ALBERT.*) Well . . . what are you waiting for?

ALBERT. I sign this, we go to Hartford?

DAVE. Right.

ALBERT. (*Hesitates.*) You know, I don't want to go to Hartford.

DAVE. (*Quietly.*) Albert, I'm very nervous. Sign that paper. And gimme a dollar.

ALBERT. For what?

DAVE. That makes it legal. I ain't allowed to *give* you a contract, I gotta *sell* it to you. For a dollar.

ALBERT. (*Hesitates.*) A dollar? I don't know, Dave—

DAVE. (*Blows up.*) For God's sake, I'm giving you a real, live light heavy-weight—175 pounds—for one miserable dollar!

ALBERT. I ain't saying it ain't worth it, Dave. It's a good buy. Only, all I got on me is 65 cents. How about selling me a fly-weight for half a buck? How about Mickey?

DAVE. Mickey has nothing to do with this! Look, I'll *lend* you a dollar! (*Gives it to him.*)

ALBERT. Thanks, Dave. (*Rises and starts to exit.*)

DAVE. (*Gently.*) Albert, boy—

ALBERT. Yeah, Dave?

DAVE. You forgot to sign the paper.

ALBERT. Oh. Sure, Dave— (*Signs paper, as PHONE rings. ALBERT starts to go.*)

DAVE. (*Picks up phone and looks at paper. Into phone.*) What!— Yeah, this is Dave Colman, what do you want? Look, Mr. Scher, I told you I don't know a Mr. Scher— (*To ALBERT.*) Wait a minute, you— (*Into phone.*) So you're a lawyer, so congratulations!— Oh, Mrs. Colman's lawyer! I can't talk to you now, I'm taking a shower— What? Look, you tell Florence to get off my back!— Last week I sent her— Oh, you're *Jane's* lawyer!— What happened to Mr. Singer? He always used to call me. Look, if she changes lawyers that's her business, but I'm not sending you a

check, Mr. Scher. I'll send it to Mr. Singer. I've been dealing with him for years! (*Hangs up, mutters. To ALBERT.*) Albert—

ALBERT. Yeah, Dave?

DAVE. Is this the way to sign a paper? You only signed your first name.

ALBERT. Oh. You want the whole thing?

DAVE. The whole thing.

ALBERT. Oh. Like when you rent a bicycle.

DAVE. Like when you rent a bicycle. (*ALBERT hesitates.*) Glick—Glick—G-L-I-C-K. Glick! (*ALBERT signs.*) Now get out of here. And don't tell anybody about this.

ALBERT. About what?

DAVE. What happened between us.

ALBERT. What happened?

DAVE. About—look, tell anybody anything you want. Who's gonna believe you? Beat it! (*ALBERT exits. DAVE looks after him dolefully. The PHONE rings. He looks at it and takes it off the hook.*) World, world, what have you got against me?

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE XI

A week later. The night of the HARRY-BOB fight. Double dressing room, Hartford Arena. HARRY'S dressing room is Stage Left. BOB'S is Stage Right. BOB'S dressing room is dark. HARRY'S room is lit. He is lying on the table, and ALBERT is rubbing his legs.

HARRY. Albert, will you stop it? You've been rubbing that same leg for half an hour. Go sit down.

ALBERT. Harry, I'm your manager—

HARRY. Then rub my back, too! You're not just my manager for one leg.

ALBERT. (*Starts rubbing back.*) Remember my instructions, Harry. Feel him out for the first couple of rounds and then get him with the left hook. Then—

HARRY. Albert, knock off, will you? Go take a walk. (*DOMINIC enters in fight tops. Starts taking off his gloves.*) How'd you make out, Dom?

DOMINIC. I lose. These tank-town referees, what are you gonna do? Harry, what round you gonna take the dive in?

HARRY. I don't know. Whenever it looks good. I hope you guys didn't let the word get around.

DOMINIC. You crazy or something? What are we gonna do, ruin you?

ALBERT. Okay, Dominic, beat it. You're bothering my boy.
(DOMINIC *exits.*)

HARRY. Albert, will you stop making like a manager?

ALBERT. Now remember, Harry, he's a sucker for a left hook, so—

HARRY. You wanna be helpful? Get me an orange.

ALBERT. What do you want an orange for?

HARRY. My mouth is dry.

ALBERT. How about a corned beef sandwich?

HARRY. Get out of here, will you? Leave me alone!

(MARGE *enters.*)

ALBERT. High strung, that's good before a fight. Hello, Marge.

HARRY. (*Sits up.*) Marge! What are you doing here?

MARGE. A little surprise, honey. (ALBERT *exits.*)

HARRY. (*To MARGE.*) What made you come all the way up here?

MARGE. To see you win a fight. You've always wanted me to see you fight.

HARRY. You shouldn't have come, Marge.

MARGE. Why not? I figured as long as you were going to be in Hartford, I might as well come up and visit my folks.

HARRY. Marge, go to your mother's. Right after the fight I'll join you there.

MARGE. My mother and father are here. They're sitting upstairs.

HARRY. Here? Marge, take them home. Go to a movie or something! What did you bring them to this crummy joint for?

MARGE. What's the matter with you? So it's not Madison Square Garden. I want to see you win, wherever it is.

HARRY. I can't guarantee I'll win. I might win, I might lose.

MARGE. Against Bob Stockton? You're kidding!

HARRY. Marge, you won't enjoy this. Take your folks out someplace and I'll meet you.

MARGE. I don't get you. When I don't come to see you, you get mad. When I do come, you get mad. I'll wave to you. Good luck, champ! (*Exits. HARRY looks after her, flings towel down furiously.*)

(*LIGHTS DIM on HARRY'S room, and go up on BOB'S room. DAVE is bandaging BOB'S hands, as he talks.*)

DAVE. What can I tell you, kid? Stay away from him. Keep jabbing, and stay away from him.

BOB. I might have a chance to get to him with a left hook—

DAVE. Stay away from him, kid. He can outpunch you.

BOB. Maybe I should get in close and tie him up.

DAVE. Stay away from him. He can outbox you too.

(ANN enters.)

BOB. I'll feel my way, till I see what he's trying to do—

DAVE. Do that, but stay away from him— (To ANN.) How's the house?

ANN. Not bad.

DAVE. (To BOB.) You got about ten minutes. Relax. Lay down or something. (To ANN.) Who's in the box office?

ANN. Jack Brady.

DAVE. Jack Brady? Alone with all that money? (Exits.)

BOB. I have a feeling I'm going to win this one.

ANN. I know. You've had the same feeling four times in a row. When do you figure to give up?

BOB. Ann, I want to win. Just once.

ANN. I know, I know, for the kids. But you're going to lose tonight, Bob.

BOB. Thanks.

ANN. Harry is better than the fellows who've beaten you before. How many times do you have to get beaten, waiting to win one? Ten times? Fifteen? Thirty times?

BOB. Let's see what happens tonight.

ANN. Who cares? Look, beautiful young man, I'm not talking to you as a fighter, I'm talking to the guy I'm in love with. Tonight isn't important. I'm important and you're important. Or don't you agree?

BOB. I know, Ann.

ANN. And about the kids. Do you have to win them over with your fists? Is that the only way you can get to them? If you can't make it with them because you're Bob Stockton—then you're wrong for them. You made it with me, Bob—just as you are.

BOB. So?

ANN. So please—no more.

BOB. Maybe you're right. About the whole thing. What am I trying to prove?

ANN. Then will you give up this nonsense? Please.

BOB. All right. This is it. The last one. And you know something?

ANN. What?

BOB. I'm crazy about you.

ANN. Look who's talking.

(*They embrace.*)

(*SONG: "ALL OF THESE AND MORE"—ANN, BOB, AND ENSEMBLE.*)

VERSE

ANN.

Knowing what you are
Has opened up a door
To a brand new you.
How wonderful to meet
A different kind of man
Than the ones I knew!
Seeing what you are,
Liking what I see,
Suddenly I can't help smiling.

BOB.

Knowing how you feel,
I'm higher than I've been
In a long, long while.

A shooting star,
A rising tide,
A sea-gull sailing on the breeze—
You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more!

A bouncing ball,
A whirling top,
A hero on some high trapeze—
You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more!

ANN.

I know my feelings
Have overflowed—
If I suppress them
I might explode!

BOB.

A dashing prince,
A cavalier,
A smooth Don Juan who woos with ease—
You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more, and more.

CHORUS.

A shooting star,
A rising tide,
A sea-gull sailing on the breeze—
You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more!

ANN.

A rosy cloud,
A toy balloon,
A kite that soars above the
trees—

You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more.

CHORUS.

A rosy cloud,
A toy balloon,
Way up—way up—
Way up so high—
—All of these
—More and more and
more!

CHORUS.

I understand now
What love's about,
And crazy phrases
Come tumbling out!

ANN and BOB.

A sparkling wine,
A sweeping waltz,
That sings of something Viennese—

CHORUS.

You make me feel as though
I'm all these
And more, and more,
When I'm with you,
I'm all of these and more!

DAVE. (*Enters after song.*) C'mon, Kid. Save your clinches for Harry.

BOB. Are you coming, Ann?

ANN. No. I'll see you after the fight.

(DAVE and BOB *exit.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE XII

At the end of the Reprise of "Body Beautiful" the following things happen: Left and Right wagons go offstage. Iris

header goes to high trim. Dressing room and utility drop fly out.

(GONG.)

ANNOUNCER (2). That's the end of round 4. Marsh was a little slower in this round—and very much on the defensive. So far, young Stockton has been forcing the action against the seasoned veteran. The newcomer has been putting on a surprisingly aggressive fight, and he's showing real style. Well, they're just about ready for Round 5 . . . (*During the ANNOUNCER's speech, and in the BLUE LIGHT, the bleachers move into position. GONG.*)—and there goes the bell! (*First Crowd Movement is simultaneous with this speech.*) Stockton lands a hard right to the midsection! (*Second Crowd Movement.*) Marsh blocks a right cross! (*Third Crowd Movement.*) Marsh looks bad. He's hanging on to the ropes! (*Fourth Crowd Movement.*) The veteran is down. (*Fifth Crowd Movement.*) Stockton lands a sharp right. (*Sixth Crowd Movement.*) Marsh is in trouble! He's badly hurt! He's down—5—6—7—8—9—10. It's Stockton by a knockout! (*Seventh Crowd Movement.*)

(*LIGHTS DIM for a moment. As LIGHTS come up, HARRY and MARGE are seen.*)

MARGE. Harry! (*He turns to her.*) You all right?

HARRY. Sure. Sorry you saw me get beat.

MARGE. I don't want you to go on like this, Harry. It was awful—in front of my parents too.

HARRY. Now listen, Marge—I gotta make a living.

MARGE. Not this way. I don't want to talk about it. Will you get out of this?

HARRY. I can't. Don't go by what happened tonight!

MARGE. Then I'm getting out!

HARRY. Marge!

(*LIGHTS up on arena. BOB, surrounded by NEWSPAPER MEN, PHOTOGRAPHERS, HANGERS-ON, SECONDS, and DAVE. ANN climbs into ring during scene.*)

REPORTER No. 1. This is your first win, right?

BOB. That's right. And I've been waiting a long time for it.

REPORTER No. 2. How did it feel?

BOB. Great. Just great.

REPORTER No. 3. What put him down, a left hook?

BOB. Yes, but that right cross slowed him up, and then I knew I had him.

DAVE. Come on, boys— Lemme get him under a shower. (*The CROWD, with BOB in Center of it, moves toward other side of stage.*)

REPORTER. Wait a minute! Who you fighting next, Bob?

BOB. Anybody! My manager will pick the man. I don't care who it is. I just want to fight. Anybody!

DAVE. I got a real tiger here!

REPORTER. Hold it a minute.

BOB. Wait a second, Dave, he wants a picture— Hi, Ann. I knocked him out!

ANN. I know. But what's this about more fights? You told me—

BOB. Oh come on, you wouldn't want me to quit now!

DAVE. Let's go, kid.

BOB. Ann—aren't you going to congratulate the winner? (*Starts to hug her.*)

ANN. (*Holds him off.*) No— I go for losers.

(ORCHESTRA: "AND LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.")

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE I

Several days later.

Country Traveler. FIGHTER enters Right jogging. Behind him are two TRAINERS on a tandem bicycle. They cross over, Right to Left.

BOXER. They stuck me in a room with Richie and Dominic over the kitchen.

TRAINER ONE. Better to be training up here than in the hot city.

TRAINER TWO. I didn't figure Dave would be able to afford this year.

BOXER. I think Stockton's kicking in a little bit.

TRAINER TWO. It was real nice of Harry to give him that fight the other night.

TRAINER ONE. Yeah—makes the kid feel great. (*They exit Left. FIGHTERS and TRAINERS enter from Right as they exit, with flowers, picnic baskets, etc.*)

(*SONG: "SUMMER IS"—SINGERS AND DANCERS.*)

Boys.

Summer is lazy weather,
Summer is stretch and yawn—
I should be throwing leather,
But my strength is gone—
Overdrawn
Summer my resistance is low.

Summer is picnic lunches,
Served on a paper plate,
Better than trading punches
With a second rate
Swelterweight—
Summer is for taking it slow.

Why abuse ourselves?
We might bruise ourselves—
Let's all choose ourselves a squaw
And politely withdraw.

NORA. Tennis, anyone?

SHELLIE. En Guard.

PATTY. I think I got a bite.

YVONNE. What a gorgeous Lepidotera.

ALL. UGH!

GIRLS.

Summer is relaxation,
Summer the sun is high,
Summer's an invitation
From a smiling sky—
Days drift by—
Summer is a shoe full of sand!

Summer's the philharmonic
Out in the open air,
Summer is gin and tonic,
With a love affair
Everywhere—
Summer is a bird in the hand!

Stars and fireflies
Brightly fraternize—
While I memorize it all—
To recall in the fall!

Summer is roasting wienies,
Marshmallows on a stick,
Thermoses of martinis,
And an ice cream brick—
I'll be sick—
Summer I behave like a fool!

Winter is gloves and homburg,
Winter is cold cement—
Summer is Sigmund Romberg
In a music tent—
Pleasure bent—
Summer is for playing it cool!

Sun and water skis,
Love and lilac trees—
All too soon the season ends
And September descends!

Summer is golf and tennis,
Summer is wish and whim,
Summer the moon's a menace

When a her and him—
Midnight swim—
Summer is for taking a chance!

Summer is tea and salad,
Summer's a choc'late shake,
Summer's a dreamy ballad
From across the lake—
Hearts may break—
Gently from a summer romance!

(*"SUMMER IS" BALLET.*)

(*AFTER BALLET.*)

ALL.

Take my picture please—
I want all of these
Lovely memories to stay
For a cold winter's day—
We know what summer is.

ACT TWO

SCENE II

(*HARRY enters at end of number.*)

FIGHTER. Great up here, huh?

HARRY. Yeah— (*ANN enters on bike.*) Any mail for me, Ann?

ANN. No. Have you patched things up with Marge, yet?

HARRY. I keep calling her, but she just hangs up on me.

ANN. What's she so mad about?

HARRY. She keeps saying I'm not getting anywhere. Then she had to come to that fight with Bob the other night. That convinced her.

ANN. She'll cool off.

HARRY. I hope so.

ANN. Sure she will. I have an idea she kind of likes you.

BOB. (*Enters.*) Ann, I've been looking for you— Hello, Harry. I've been meaning to tell you you put up a darn good fight the other night.

HARRY. Thanks. (*Exits.*)

BOB. When did you come up?

ANN. On the 2 o'clock train.

BOB. You know, I'm fighting in Bridgeport next week.

ANN. I heard. You're really serious about all this, aren't you?

BOB. Well, it's just that I got a big kick out of winning that fight. I'd like to stay with it for a little while.

ANN. Uh-huh.

BOB. I mean it. When Harry went down and the people started yelling, I felt like I was twenty feet tall.

ANN. Instead of just a little old six foot two.

BOB. I know that before the fight I told you I'd give it up, and I will, Ann. I will. But I felt as if I caught the ring on the merry-go-round.

ANN. Bob, you've got something more important to do than ride on a merry-go-round.

BOB. Oh, I'll get with the kids. Soon as I get back to town. They're not exactly crying their eyes out for me, you know.

ANN. Sorry, but I don't buy it. When you come down to earth, let me know.

BOB. You haven't been listening, Ann.

ANN. See you, Tiger. (*Exits Left. BOB exits Left after a moment.*)

DAVE. (*Enters with GLORIA.*) And this is where the boys work out.

GLORIA. Oh, it's all so lovely.

ALBERT. (*Off.*) Dave—

DAVE. Yeah—

ALBERT. (*Enters.*) Dave, is it okay if I—

DAVE. No.

ALBERT. Okay. (*Exits.*)

GLORIA. Dave, how many fighters do you own?

DAVE. Oh, a few. I once figured out—in weight I own 1250 pounds of fighters.

GLORIA. My! Is that worth much?

DAVE. It depends. You get a bum lightweight, you got 135 pounds of salami. But you get Rocky Marciano, that's worth more than 180 pounds of uranium.

GLORIA. Who is he?

DAVE. You never heard of Rocky Marciano?

GLORIA. No, the other fellow.

DAVE. What other fellow? Oh, you mean uranium. That's not a fighter, that's like—let's see, what would you understand? Like diamond bracelets.

GLORIA. And you own 1000 pounds of them?

DAVE. More.

GLORIA. My! I like you, Dave.

DAVE. I like you too, Gloria. You're my kind of girl, God help me.

GLORIA. Oh, it's such a beautiful day! What shall we do?

DAVE. (*Pats couch.*) Sit down, we can be alone here for a minute.

GLORIA. What for? There's nothing to do here.

DAVE. Sit down!

GLORIA. But it's so dull here.

DAVE. Because you won't sit down.

GLORIA. Now Dave, I know what you have in mind.

DAVE. You do? Sit down. (*GLORIA sits.*)

(*FLORENCE enters, pushing ALBERT out of the way.*)

ALBERT. This is a training camp. You gotta have a pass, Mrs. Colman!

FLORENCE. You want a slap in the teeth?

ALBERT. Well, okay. But next time get a pass.

FLORENCE. (*Sweetly.*) Oh, Mr. Colman!

DAVE. Jane!

FLORENCE. Florence.

DAVE. Yeah— Florence! Glad to see you.

FLORENCE. That's a lie. Who's your friend?

DAVE. Gloria, this is Mrs. Colman.

GLORIA. Mrs. Colman?

DAVE. Ex!

GLORIA. Oh. It's very nice to meet you.

FLORENCE. Thanks. You're two payments behind, lover.

DAVE. It's in the mail, sweetheart. What are you doing here, anyway?

FLORENCE. I'm staying at the Flamingo with a friend of mine.

DAVE. The judge?

FLORENCE. Not him. This is a Senator—and he can make plenty of trouble for you. He's from one of those little Western states nobody ever heard of, but he's just as important as a Senator from a regular state.

JANE. (*Enters.*) Well, how do you do!

DAVE. Jane! How are you, doll?

JANE. So you're up here living like a king.

DAVE. What king? I do my own laundry!

GLORIA. Who is this?

DAVE. Gloria, this is Mrs. Colman.

GLORIA. She is?

DAVE. Was.

GLORIA. Oh. How do you do?

JANE. Guess why I'm here.

FLORENCE. It's in the mail.

DAVE. That's right, dear.

JANE. Get it out of the mail and give it to me. Right now.

FLORENCE. Get in line. I was here first.

DAVE. Look, girls, first thing next week I'll—

JANE. First thing next week I'll— I'll slap you in jail so fast that—

FLORENCE. I can get him in jail out west. He'll never be heard from again.

DAVE. All right, all right, I'll cash a check— I should have listened to my father and become a drunk! (*Exits.*)

JANE. (*Looks GLORIA over for a moment.*) You going to marry him?

GLORIA. I don't know yet. I think he likes me.

FLORENCE. What makes you think so? Did he give you anything? Furs, jewels, anything?

GLORIA. Why should he? I just met him this morning.

JANE. So—this is the afternoon.

GLORIA. Listen, you girls know Dave very personally. Do you mind if I discuss something intimate with you?

FLORENCE. How intimate exactly?

(*SONG: "THE HONEYMOON IS OVER"—GLORIA, FLORENCE, JANE.*)

GLORIA.

Question . . . when is it proper for a
girl to accept
Tokens of affection from a man?

FLORENCE and JANE.

Answer . . . during the courtship,
Before the divorce,
And as long, long after as she can.

No matter what you get,
It's never quite enough
To pay for what you suffer day by day.
Although the honeymoon is fun,
The first year is rough,
And after that it's rotten all the way.

JANE.

And then?

FLORENCE.

And then . . .

GLORIA.

And then . . .

JANE.

It gets worse.

Husband comes home,
Day's work is through—
You stare at him,
He stares at you—
You get the strangest feeling that you
Never really saw him before.

FLORENCE. (*Spoken.*) Who is this man?

JANE.

And that means—

FLORENCE *and* JANE.

And that means—

The honeymoon is over!

FLORENCE.

While you're his bride,
You are adored,
He brings you gifts
He can't afford.
But now you wait 'til
Mother's day,
And then you get a box of cigars . . .

JANE.

That's a sign . . .

JANE *and* FLORENCE.

That's a sign . . .

The honeymoon is over.

The man you married was good and kind,
A tender lover was he,
But sweet Sir Galahad overnight
Turns into Simon Legree.
At first it's hard to believe, but soon,
You see he's worse than you think,

That selfish, ignorant, clumsy, clammy,
Egotistical fink.

We don't disparage marriage,
Of course, of course.
We don't disparage marriage,
But neither do we knock divorce.

GLORIA.

Question . . . What does it signify if
someone should say
My man is incompatible with me?

JANE and FLORENCE.

Incompatible . . . here is the meaning:
You must know his income,
To determine just how patible to be.

Before you're man and wife,
Impassioned is his kiss,
And words of milk and honey
Fill your cup.
He'll have you living in a dream
Of sheer domestic bliss,
Until domestic blisters
Wake you up!

GLORIA.

And then . . .

FLORENCE.

And then . . .

CHORUS.

And then . . .

FLORENCE.

It's like this:
Just for a change,
You move a chair—
You put it here,
He wants it there.
A small domestic argument,
And suddenly he's waving a knife.

GLORIA. (*Spoken.*) Who, Dave?

JANE.
That's a clue—

FLORENCE *and* JANE.
That's a clue—

The honeymoon is over.

JANE.
Lying in bed,
Just took a shower,
Waiting for him,
Hour after hour.
But Romeo is all tied up
With Charlie Chan on channel 13.

That's a hint—

FLORENCE *and* JANE.
That's a sign—

ALL.
That's a clue—

The honeymoon is over.

FLORENCE *and* JANE.
Now you've been warned:
Chapter and verse;
You take this man,
Better or worse.
So wed him, bed him, swiftly shed him—
What's the use of waiting around?
All too soon, all too soon,
The honeymoon is over.
Dead . . . gone . . . kaput!
The honeymoon is over.

MONTAGE:

ANNOUNCER: Here we are at the St. Louis Arena for the Stockton-O'Leary fight. The crowd is just coming in and—

(*MUSIC. PANTOMIME OF CROWD ENTERING ARENA.*)

(*DAVE and BOB enter Up Center.*)

DAVE. I can't believe it. Two fights and two knockouts. How do you feel?

BOB. Get me another fight!

DAVE. You did everything right tonight. You jabbed, you blocked, you punched real good. Just one thing I'm a little sorry about.

BOB. What's that?

DAVE. I bet on the other guy.

(BLACKOUT.)

(MUSIC.)

DAVE. Five fights, five wins. I must be dreaming. How do you feel?

BOB. Get me another fight!

DAVE. (*Crosses to BOB.*) I finally got a winner. That's what I've always wanted. I don't care about money or wealth— I just want a fighter who'll make me rich.

(BLACKOUT.)

(MUSIC.)

DAVE. A knockout over Kid Williams. Nine in a row. How do you feel?

BOB. Get me another fight!

DAVE. I made it. I got me a real fighter—a gold mine— After all these years, I made it. World, world— I'm a member!

(BLACKOUT.)

(MUSIC.)

ACT TWO

SCENE III

DAVE'S office. HARRY seated.

BOB. (*Enters Left.*) Isn't Dave here?

HARRY. He'll be back in a minute.

BOB. Harry, I was watching you work out this morning. You ought to get a little more snap into it.

HARRY. Really?

BOB. You're not getting the combinations.

HARRY. Thanks.

BOB. And watch your footwork. You're telegraphing every punch.

HARRY. Look, I didn't ask you.

BOB. No offense. Just trying to be helpful.

DAVE. (*Enters with ANN, Left.*) Sorry I'm late, kid. (*ANN sits at desk.*)

HARRY. Dave, how about a rematch with my friend here?

DAVE. A rematch? Might be an idea. What do you think, Bob?

BOB. What for? A workout?

DAVE. He'll give you a battle.

BOB. Tell you what. I'll fight him on one condition. If you get me Johnny Bello next.

HARRY. The champ! You kidding?

BOB. I'll fight Harry, winner to meet Bello.

DAVE. You know who owns Bello? John Campbell. When he thinks we're ready, he'll tell us.

BOB. This time you tell him.

HARRY. Take care of it, Dave. (*Exits.*)

DAVE. Take care—tell him. How am I gonna tell John Campbell? He won't even see me. Who am I? Why shouldn't he see me? Who is he to ask who I am? I'm Dave Colman. That's who I am! But he's John Campbell— Oh, I've got a terrible headache! (*Exits.*)

ANN. So you think you're ready to meet Bello?

BOB. Sure. Did you see the way I knocked out Kid Williams last night?

ANN. Hooray for you. So you beat up another kid.

BOB. What does that mean?

ANN. Have you ever noticed how many boxers are called Kid? Kid Williams, Kid Jones, Kid Hernandez—

BOB. I don't know what you're talking about.

ANN. Bob, I once fell in love with a grown up man—and he turned out to be just another kid.

BOB. Don't be ridiculous. I enjoy what I'm doing.

ANN. Well, have fun. Keep handing out autographs and fill up your scrapbook. I just don't know you any more.

BOB. Nothing's changed, except with you.

ANN. I told you— I liked the other fellow. (*Exits Right.*)

BOB. He's not around any more.

FADEOUT

ACT TWO

SCENE IV

The next day.

Steam room in a Turkish Bath. There is a row of shower booths in rear. CAMPBELL and two other MEN are lounging in chairs, wrapped in sheets. There is steam coming up at rise. There is a table next to CAMPBELL, with pitcher and glasses on it.

CAMPBELL. Did you tell Harris that was my final offer?

MAN 1. Yeah, but he said he can't do it for a cent under fifty thousand.

CAMPBELL. Then call him back and tell him to forget it. He'll come around . . . (*Calls to attendant.*) Hey, Ben, it's getting cold in here. Let's have a little more steam.

BEN. (*Enters.*) Okay, Mr. Campbell, in a minute— Mr. Campbell, there's a Dave Colman outside—asked if he could see you when you're through.

CAMPBELL. Who?

BEN. Dave Colman, he said.

MAN 2. Oh, Stockton's manager. He's been trying to get you for days. Called a dozen times, hung around the office—

CAMPBELL. What does he want?

MAN 2. I don't know.

CAMPBELL. (*To BEN.*) Okay, send him up— And don't forget the steam!

BEN. Okay, Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL. Remind me to send a wire to Jimmy Cannon. Got a great idea for a column for him. "You are John Campbell."

MAN 1. Hey, that's a great idea.

CAMPBELL. You are John Campbell. You pay men to beat each other, yet you love your fellow man. And, Ben, how about that steam?

BEN. In a minute, Mr. Campbell— (*Off.*) Come on in. (*He exits, as DAVE enters.*)

DAVE. Nice to see you again, Mr. Campbell.

CAMPBELL. Be with you in a minute. (*To MAN 1.*) Remember about that wire to Cannon.

MAN 1. Sure thing. (*Exits.*)

CAMPBELL. That'll do it. What's on your mind, Colman?

DAVE. Well, if you want, I can wait till you're finished here. Meet you in the bar downstairs—

CAMPBELL. No, go ahead and talk. I do a lot of my business here.

(OTHER MEN *lie down, cover themselves with sheets.*)

DAVE. Well, it's about that boy of mine, Bob Stockton—
CAMPBELL. What about him?

DAVE. Well, he's been coming along real good. I guess you know that—

CAMPBELL. I been following him. So what do you want?

(*STEAM starts rising slowly.*)

DAVE. Well, I think he's ready for a pretty big bout. I don't know if you seen the way he handled Tommy Burke.

CAMPBELL. I heard. What can I do for you?

DAVE. (*Starts fanning himself with his hat.*) Well, I'm thinking of putting him in again with Harry Marsh—

CAMPBELL. He took Marsh a couple of months ago, didn't he? What's the re-match for?

DAVE. Well, Harry's a very good boy and—look, Mr. Campbell, can't we talk someplace else? I'll meet you any place you say. (*Takes glass from CAMPBELL and drinks.*)

CAMPBELL. So you want to put him in with Harry Marsh. What's that got to do with me?

DAVE. What did you say, Mr. Campbell?

CAMPBELL. Colman—(*Takes glass.*)—what do you want?

DAVE. Do you mind if I take my coat off?

CAMPBELL. Look, you wanted to see me. (*Puts glass on table.*) Get to it. What is it? (*Yells.*) Ben, what's with the steam? (*DAVE touches pipe—puts hand in ice pitcher.*) You can freeze in here! (*To DAVE.*) So what do you want?

DAVE. You see, I'm figuring on putting Stockton in with Harry Marsh—

CAMPBELL. You told me that. What do you want?

(*STEAM rises.*)

DAVE. Is this where you always do business?

CAMPBELL. Look, Colman, you had to see me. So here I am. What do you want?

DAVE. Well—(*Wipes his face with shirt.*)—I figured that you might want to promote the Stockton-Marsh fight in one of your arenas, and the winner could meet the champ.

CAMPBELL. That's what you figured, huh?

DAVE. That's right—(*Breathing heavily.*)

CAMPBELL. Well, let me tell you something— Before anyone

fighters for the championship, he has to have a pretty powerful record. I'll admit that Stockton has done all right, and he's got style, he's a college boy and all, he's got appeal, but— (*During above speech, DAVE has been mopping himself with sheet that covers CAMPBELL, and he is slowly pulling it off CAMPBELL; he is not listening. At this point in speech, CAMPBELL grabs the sheet which is about to slide off him completely and yells.*) What the hell are you doing?

DAVE. Oh, I'm sorry! What were you saying, Mr. Campbell?

CAMPBELL. It's true there's no real contender around—it might not be a bad idea. I don't know if it would bring them in, though, at the box office—

DAVE. It would be a natural, Mr. Campbell! Marsh is a solid veteran and Stockton is the hottest boy around and—if you promote it, winner to meet the champ, how can it miss?

CAMPBELL. Well, I got to think about it— (*Calls.*) Hey, Ben, more steam!

DAVE. (*Desperate.*) Think about it fast, will you please, Mr. Campbell? (*Starts gulping for air, sinks slowly to floor.*)

CAMPBELL. Well, let's see— I'm leaving this afternoon for Boston— Be back late tomorrow—then I'm leaving the next day for San Francisco— I can talk to you tomorrow.

DAVE. Here?

CAMPBELL. Sure.

DAVE. (*Gulps for air.*) Mr. Campbell, Bob Stockton is throwing a party tomorrow night—very fancy—why don't you come there? He'd love to have you— Please, Mr. Campbell—please!

CAMPBELL. Party at the Stocktons, huh? Might be fun— (*Through this DAVE crawls to shower at Rear of room—crawls up wall.*) Okay, see you there, tell you yes or no then— I want to meet the kid anyway—

DAVE. (*Turns on shower, and talks normally, under shower.*) Fine, then it's settled. Tomorrow about nine o'clock. And I hope we can make a deal. (*Walks out, dripping but refreshed.*) Nice having this little talk with you, Mr. Campbell. See you tomorrow.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

SCENE V

Several days later.

Section of street, the Boys are sitting around idly.

GEORGE. Lucky I waited for the mailman today. The school sent a letter about me not showing up for a whole week.

FRANK. My old man got a letter, too.

ARTIE. What did he do?

FRANK. He clouted me one. But I ain't going back.

ARTIE. (*Reading paper.*) Hey, looka this. There's a picture of Stockton. (*OTHERS crowd around to look.*)

JOSH. Boy, he might even be the champ, huh?

FRANK. He's a bum. So he beat a couple of other bums.

HARRY. He won twelve in a row. That ain't bad.

GEORGE. Wish he'd come around again.

JOSH. You know, I was getting to kinda like him.

PETE. Yeah, he was okay in a way. Be nice if he did come around.

ARTIE. Why should he? He's a big man now.

PETE. They got a new picture at Loweyes.

FRANK. Anybody got any money?

ANN. (*Enters. They quiet down.*) Hello, boys. Remember me?

DANNY. Yeah. You're Stockton's girl, ain't you?

ANN. Well—that's right.

NICKY. You looking for him, he ain't been around lately.

ANN. I know—that's what I came about. (*They wait.*) You know why he hasn't been here?

NICKY. Sure. He's too busy getting his picture in the papers.

FRANK. Who needs him?

ANN. I think he needs you boys more than you need him.

JOSH. What for? He's doing okay.

ANN. He's winning fights, but he's not doing okay. I thought if you told him you'd like him to come back—

DANNY. Why doesn't he come here himself? Why did he send you?

ANN. He didn't send me. He doesn't even know I came.

FRANK. How come? He give you the brush?

ANN. Well, not exactly—

ARTIE. You give him the brush?

ANN. Well, not exactly that, either.

FRANK. Somebody give somebody the brush.

(MUSIC.)

ANN. To tell the truth, boys, I'm kind of in the same boat you are . . . (She sits on cart Center.)

(SONG: "JUST MY LUCK"—ANN AND BOYS.)

ANN.
Just my luck,
Found me a lover—
Now I discover
I was unwise.

My Don Juan
Fooled me completely—
Spoke too sweetly—
Nothing but lies!

So I rave and I rant,
And I run from his kiss,
But it seems that I can't
Get him out of my system.

There was I,
Passing through heaven,
Up on cloud seven,
Flying about—
Then it was just my luck
That my luck ran out.

INTERLUDE

KIDS.
We could have told you,
That guy's a square,
And saved you
From the trick he played.
You must remember,
He ain't all there,
So cheer up—
You're a very nice lady!

KIDS.
Just your luck,
Loving this bonehead—

ANN.
Such bad luck—
Bob is a bonehead—

Where was your own head
When it began?
Your romance
Could have been so good,
But for this no good—

Make up your mind.

ANN.
I could run to his arms,
But it just wouldn't last;
To give in to his charms
Would be courting disaster

Lightning struck—Ooo—
 wuop—

Oh, what a feeling!
That's when the ceiling
Fell from above.
Why is it just my luck
That I'm still in love?

KIDS. (*Tag.*)
That's the trouble—
That's the trouble—
The trouble with being in love!

KIDS and ANN.
That's the trouble—
That's the trouble—
The trouble with being in love!

Where!
What was I thinkin' of?
My romance
Could have been so good—
Bob is a no good—
Loveable man.

Boys.
The trouble with being in love—
The trouble with being in love—
The trouble with being in love—

Ooh—
Look out below!

ACT TWO

SCENE VI

Terrace of Stockton home.

EDDIE, DOMINIC, RICHIE and three other BOXERS are standing
in an uncomfortable cluster.

DOMINIC. Hey, why is Stockton giving this party?

BOXER. If you won twelve in a row, wouldn't you give a party?

DOMINIC. I'd give a party if I won one in a row.

DAVE. (*Enters Left with GLORIA.*) . . . and of course this is
the terrace.

GLORIA. My, Mr. Stockton has a lovely home. I've never seen such a huge place.

DAVE. Honey, someday I'll take you to the lobby of the Hotel Edison. It'll knock your eyes out. (*To BOXERS.*) What are you monkeys standing around for? It's a party, go inside and talk to the girls.

BOXER. They ain't our type, Dave.

DAVE. Get to know them. Every one of them went to college—nothin' but brains! Come on, inside! (*Shoos them in.*)

BOXERS. (*Ad lib.*) Sorry I came— My collar's killin' me— Wish I was watchin' TV— I don't understand them— (*Etc.*)

GLORIA. You know, I've never seen them with clothes on before. Let's go inside. I'm hungry.

DAVE. I'll take you to a restaurant later. We can be alone here for a minute.

GLORIA. What for? I'm hungry.

DAVE. I am, too. Gloria, from the first minute I laid eyes on you, I had a hunger for you. It's like you called to me, like one mate to another mate. Gloria, I'm trying to say something to you, and I just can't find the right words.

GLORIA. I think I know what you mean.

DAVE. You do?

GLORIA. Yes. (*Simply.*) You want to get in the hay with me. Right?

DAVE. Gloria, I'm glad you said it and not me. But you're right. That's what I'm trying to say. To me, Gloria, that's important. It's the main thing between a man and a woman. I really believe that. It's almost like a religion. So—okay?

GLORIA. I'll tell you, Dave, as long as we're talking about serious matters, let me give you my philosophy about things like that.

DAVE. Gloria, don't let's talk a beautiful thing to death.

GLORIA. I believe—

DAVE. Gloria!

GLORIA. I believe in getting married.

DAVE. Gloria, you're talking like a child. That's two separate things.

GLORIA. Yes or no?

DAVE. It's got to be like that? (*Ad lib as GLORIA fixes stocking.*)

GLORIA. Yes.

DAVE. Well— Okay, we're engaged.

GLORIA. Oh, Dave, darling. (*Hugs him as ANN enters.*)

ANN. He's out here, Mr. Campbell. (*CAMPBELL enters.*)

GLORIA. Ann! I want you to be the first to know. Dave and I—

ANN. Naturally. Congratulations. Here's Mr. Campbell, Dave—

DAVE. Oh, hello, Mr. Campbell. Glad you could make it.

CAMPBELL. Looks like a nice party.

GLORIA. Introduce me to your friend, Dave.

DAVE. Beat it. I'll see you later. (*She exits ruefully.*) Look, Mr. Campbell, I hope you've thought over that proposition we discussed.

CAMPBELL. Relax, Colman, I'm here to enjoy. Say, if Stockton lives in a place like this what does he want to fight for?

ANN. Oh, he's the toughest kid on the block.

DAVE. Come on, Mr. Campbell, I'll get you a drink and we'll talk. If you want, we can go in the kitchen. It's nice and hot in there.

(ALBERT enters Right—sits on stool.)

ANN. Albert, what are you doing out here? Why aren't you inside?

ALBERT. It's so quiet in there. The fellas ain't talking to the girls. Nothin's going on. They won't even play any games.

ANN. Well, you tell them I said to get friendly. Tell them not to be so shy. (MARGE enters Right.) Hello, Marge. I'm glad you decided to come.

MARGE. When you called, you made it sound so important. It's just a party, isn't it?

ANN. Well, we have some very important guests. Albert, see if you can find Harry.

ALBERT. Sure. (*Exits Right.*)

MARGE. Ann, you didn't tell me Harry was going to be here.

ANN. I know.

MARGE. I'd better be going.

ANN. Oh, come on, Marge. Sit down, have a drink. Relax. Eat something. They have marvelous roast beef. Please, Marge. (HARRY enters.) I'm going to sample some of that high-priced Stockton food. (*Exits Left.*)

HARRY. Take your coat, ma'am? (MARGE moves away.) Marge! I want to talk to you.

MARGE. I don't feel like listening.

HARRY. Why didn't you answer my letters, or my phone calls?

MARGE. I told you. I don't feel like listening.

HARRY. (*Takes her coat.*) Marge, I've missed you—a lot. Why can't I come home?

MARGE. Because.

HARRY. Because why?

MARGE. Because I'm mad at you.

HARRY. Please, Marge, when can I come home?

MARGE. (*Takes coat.*) When I get glad at you.

HARRY. Listen, Marge—will you listen? I'm your husband. The least you can do is listen.

MARGE. All right. But talk fast. The roast beef will be all gone.

HARRY. Look, Marge, I've been thinking. It's not worth it. The fight business I mean. I'll get a job someplace. A regular job. Like you want.

MARGE. Sure you will.

HARRY. I mean it. I'd rather have you.

MARGE. I've heard that before.

HARRY. That's right. I'm even going to tell Dave to forget about the fight I asked for.

MARGE. What fight?

HARRY. With Bob Stockton.

MARGE. Good. He beat you once and there's no sense in your getting beat again.

HARRY. He didn't beat me, Marge. I laid down for him.

MARGE. You did? Why?

HARRY. I was sorry for him. He was dying to win one—

MARGE. (*Warmly.*) And you did that for him?

HARRY. But now I'd love to take him. Especially in this fight.

MARGE. What do you mean?

HARRY. Dave is talking to John Campbell right now— Winner of this fight meets the champ.

MARGE. (*Pause.*) Really?

HARRY. Yeah—but look, Marge, I said I'd give it up, and that's it.

MARGE. I just didn't want you to become an old broken-down fighter in a couple of years. I want you to be somebody, whatever you're doing.

HARRY. I know.

MARGE. But if this is a chance at the title—

HARRY. You mean it's okay with you?

MARGE. Well—will you talk to the landlord about painting?

HARRY. You know, Marge, you're gorgeous. (*They embrace.*)

MARGE. Harry—

HARRY. What?

MARGE. You can move right back in.

(*MUSIC.*)

(*SONG: "ALL OF THESE AND MORE"—REPRISE—
MARGE AND HARRY.*)

HARRY.

A shooting star—

MARGE.

A rising tide—

- HARRY. A sea gull sailing on the breeze!
- BOTH. You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more.
- HARRY. A rosy cloud—
- MARGE. A toy balloon—
- HARRY. A kite that sails above the trees!
- BOTH. You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more.
- HARRY. I know my feelings have overflowed;
If I suppress them,
I might explode.
A dashing prince—
A cavalier—
A smooth Don Juan who woos with ease!
- BOTH. You make me feel as though
I'm all these and more—
And more!
When I'm with you,
I'm all of these and more.
- MARGE. I understand now
What love's about,
And crazy phrases
Come tumbling out.
A sparkling wine—
A sweeping waltz—
That sings of something Viennese!
You make me feel as though
I'm all these,
And more, and more,
- BOTH. When I'm with you,
I'm all of these and more.

(LEAD into "ART OF CONVERSATION.")

ALBERT. (*Enters Up Center.*) Come on, fellows— Ann told me to tell you to mix with the girls. It's not hard. Watch what I do. (*Waves to the GIRLS. They wave back.*) Rockie, talk. Dominic, speak. Richie, converse. (*ALBERT exits Right.*)

ACT TWO

SCENE VII

Stockton living room.

(*SONG: "ART OF CONVERSATION"—BOYS AND GIRLS.*)

GIRL.

Happy to meet you—

BOXER.

Pleasure is all mine—

GIRL.

Haven't I seen you fight?

BOXER.

It's possible.

BOTH.

Charmed I'm sure!

BOXER. (*Spoken.*) What a tomato!

GIRL 1. (*Spoken.*) What a gorilla!

BOTH. (*Spoken.*) Shall we?

ALL.

Let's chat.

GIRL 1.

About the drama—

Important playwrights—

BOXER. (*Spoken.*)

The drama?

All right.

BOTH.

Let's chat.

GIRL 1.

Eugene O'Neill—Sean O'Casey, Graham Green,
Anouilh, Christopher Fry, Giradoux,

BOXER 1.

Christopher Robin, Winnie the Pooh!

GIRL 1.

I'll be at your place—

BOXER 1.

A quarter to two.

ALL.

Let's chat!

GIRL 2.

Of Mother India—

And Eastern culture—

BOXER.

Mother India?

And Eastern Airlines—

BOXER 2.

And Eastern Airlines—

BOTH.

Let's chat!

GIRL 2.

The Ramayana—Bhagavad-Gita—Vedanta
The Upanishads—Swami Vivekananda!

BOXER 2.

Oh! Like Yogi Berra! The Last of the Mohicans—

GIRL 2.

My car's outside—

BOXER 2.

Let's take a ride.

ALL GIRLS.

Let's chat
About a topic
That's philosophic—
Let's chat!

GIRL 2.

I'll convert you—to existentialism
Albert Camus—Colin Wilson
I have the key to what John Paul Sartre meant.

BOXER 3.

And while you're at it here's the key to my apartment.

ALL.

Let's chat!

GIRLS.

The art of conversation
Fills all the social gaps—
Without its lubrication,
Every simple social function
Would be headed for collapse.

ENSEMBLE.

The art of conversation—
If what we find is true—
Provides an indication
As to what will happen later,
When the conversation's through.

GIRLS.

Happy to meet you—

BOXERS.

The pleasure is all mine!

GIRLS.

Weren't you on TV?

BOXERS. (*Flexing muscle.*)

A week ago!

BOTH. (*As girl feels muscle, sighs.*)

Charmed I'm sure!
Let's chat.

GIRL. Of famous novels,
About the classics—

BOXER.
Oh, books
Oh, *old* books

ALL. Let's chat!

BOXER 4.
I just read Heidi—
It tells the story of this young Swiss broad,
And how she discovers
It's all right in the city with a middle aged man,
But it's better in the mountains with an old goat.

BOXERS *and* GIRLS.
Let's chat!

GIRL.
Let's chat
About the opera—
Italian opera—
Let's chat.
Guiseppe Verdi, Giacchamo,
Puccini, Bellini, Rossini

BOXER.
Linguini, Zucchini, Minestrone—

GIRL.
Tosca, Aida, Traviata—
Do you know Lakme?

BOXER.
Ah lak you fine.
Let's chat.

GIRL 6.
Of automation—
Its destination—

BOXER.
Automation?
Destination?

ALL. Let's chat!

GIRL 6.
They're designing gadgets, electronic marvels
That will run fact'ries—and do our eating
And drinking and planning and thinking
And maybe even some day do our sleeping!

BOXER 6.
Let's go while there's still time!

ALL. Let's chat!

ENSEMBLE.
The guest who has no small talk
Commits a social crime—
So join the wall-to-wall talk.

BOXERS.

While you're making conversation—

GIRLS.

While you're making conversation—

ALL.

You will find you're making time.
Making time!

GIRL. Let's go on the terrace and have a drink.

BOXER. Only thing I'm allowed to drink is milk.

GIRL. Milk! Isn't that adorable!

DAVE. Bob! Bob! We're in. I got it!

BOB. You did?

DAVE. You fight Harry a week from Friday at the Arena. Campbell had the main event open and he gave it to us.

BOB. Winner to meet Bello?

DAVE. Yeah, yeah. What I went through for this one! I crawled, I begged, I cried like a baby— I humiliated myself.

BOB. You shouldn't have done that, Dave.

(ANN enters Left.)

DAVE. Why not? That's how I make all my deals . . . Ann, I got it. We get a crack at the title.

ANN. I'm delighted.

BOB. (To DAVE.) She isn't, you know. She'd like me to quit fighting.

DAVE. You're kidding.

ANN. No, he's not.

DAVE. Why? Are you a religious fanatic all of a sudden? Why?

ANN. (To BOB.) He knows why.

DAVE. Why? What's happening? Who knows what? Tell me!

ANN. You always said the boys didn't want you. Well, I think they do.

BOB. Don't be ridiculous.

ANN. I was there. I spoke to them.

BOB. You did?

DAVE. Who did you speak to? Where? Tell me! I'm his manager.

BOB. What did they say?

ANN. Bob, you should be with them and forget about Bello and the title and all the rest of it.

DAVE. (Crossing between BOB and ANN. To ANN.) Wait a minute. What are you talking about? You trying to ruin me? I broke my back for this. All my life I've been waiting for a contender. Campbell will—

GLORIA. (Enters Right.) Dave, honey—

DAVE. What do you want?

GLORIA. I told everybody here, and everybody asked me—when's the date?

DAVE. Date for what?

GLORIA. When we get married.

DAVE. Married? Who's getting married? You nuts or something? Beat it.

GLORIA. Now wait a minute. You said—

DAVE. I didn't say nothing. Go home. You're drunk. Campbell will drive me out of this business and—

BOB. Don't worry about it, Dave. I'm going to fight.

ANN. Sure he will. He's a nice, strong healthy boy. (*Exits Left.*)

DAVE. Kid, you gave me heart failure for a minute. (*BOB exits Right.*)

GLORIA. Listen you, you made a promise and you're going to keep it. I'll sue you for every cent you've got. I'll make your life miserable.

DAVE. It is miserable, it is miserable.

GLORIA. You don't know what misery is yet. After all you said to me. My brother-in-law is a lawyer—he can make plenty of trouble for you— (*Etc., ad lib.*)

DAVE. What's the matter, doll?

GLORIA. Don't you doll me! After what you said—

DAVE. I didn't say anything. Don't listen to what I say. I'm a nervous type. Gloria, you know how I feel about you—Gloria—Gloria—

(*MUSIC CUE.*)

(*SONG: "GLORIA"—DAVE.*)

DAVE.

Gloria, darlin' Gloria—
You're the only girl I love—
Named Gloria!
First I'll marry you,
Then I'll carry you
To a sweet little suite
In the Waldorf Astoria.

Gloria, you're so feminine—
You're a cup of tea with cream—
Or lemon in
Darlin' Gloria—
Dainty Gloria—
Don'tcha know that I

Wanna see more, more and more o'ya?
Gloria,
You're my girl.

CHORUS. (*Repeat 2 verses.*)

(TAG)

My love—
My life—
My God—
My wife—
Gloria,
You're my girl!

ACT TWO

SCENE VIII

*Split dressing room set. LIGHTS up on HARRY's dressing room.
BOB's is dark.*

ALBERT. Just take it easy now, Harry boy.

HARRY. Albert, stop it. Your hands are clammy.

ALBERT. I gotta make sure you're relaxed.

HARRY. I am relaxed. Now be a good little manager and get me my gloves.

MARGE. Are you feeling all right, Harry?

HARRY. Yep, I feel great. I'm gonna take this guy tonight.

ALBERT. Yeah?

MARGE. There's no reason to give him this fight, too.

HARRY. Forget it, Marge.

ALBERT. You laid down for him the last time?

DOMINIC. That's what he did.

HARRY. Just forget about last time. You, too, Albert. That kind of thing can be trouble.

ALBERT. Oh sure. The Boxing Commission. Sometimes they're very strict about fixing fights.

ANN. (*Enters Left.*) Seen Dave around, Dominic?

DOMINIC. I think he's in with Bob.

ANN. (*About to exit.*) You look good, Harry.

ALBERT. Oh, he's gonna take this one quick. This one's for real.

ANN. Well, good luck.

MARGE. Thanks, Ann.

ANN. What does that mean?

ALBERT. Nothing. I didn't say nothing.

ANN. What do you mean, this one's for real? (*To HARRY.*)
What happened in your other fight with Bob?

ALBERT. Harry dumped it. You might as well tell her. She's in the family.

ANN. You threw the fight? Why?

HARRY. Forget it. (*To ALBERT.*) Rub my back.

DOMINIC. The guy was dying to win one. So Harry gave him one.

HARRY. Listen, Ann, don't ever—

ANN. I know. (*Exits.*)

HARRY. Albert, haven't you got any brains?

ALBERT. Why? What's the matter? Am I rubbing too hard?

(*FADEOUT on HARRY'S room. LIGHT up BOB'S room. BOB and RICHIE on stage. RICHIE is lacing BOB'S gloves.*)

BOB. Hey, not so tight, Richie.

ANN. (*Enters.*) Where's Dave?

RICHIE. Just went up to the office.

ANN. (*Starts to exit Right. Turns to BOB.*) Good luck, I'm supposed to say.

BOB. Then why don't you?

ANN. Because I don't exactly mean it.

BOB. I'm going to finish this one fast, and later I want to talk to you.

ANN. I don't think you'll finish this one so fast.

BOB. Don't worry about it. I took Harry when I didn't know anything. This one will be even easier.

ANN. Oh, for God's sake! He gave you that one! He handed it to you. Because he's a nice guy, and because he thought you were.

RICHIE. Shut up, will you, Ann? He's going into the ring.

BOB. What are you talking about?

ANN. You heard me. He laid down for you. He gave you your first win!

BOB. I knocked him out!

ANN. All right. You knocked him out. (*Starts to exit.*)

BOB. Didn't I, Richie?

RICHIE. Forget it. You're a good boy now. You can take any one in the division. (*To ANN.*) What are you starting up for now?

BOB. He did give it to me. Just to be nice. And I've been building on that fake ever since.

RICHIE. You won all the others for real.

BOB. Did I?

RICHIE. Sure you did.

BOY. (*Offstage.*) Stockton! Ready?

RICHIE. Come on, kid, we got to get upstairs. (*Exit Right.*)

BOB. (*A little nervous.*) Funny! Everyone knew it was handed to me—except me. (*Smacks gloves.*)

ANN. Bob— (*BOB turns to her.*) Good luck.

BOB. Thanks. (*He exits.*)

(*LIGHT up HARRY's room.*)

BOY. (*Offstage.*) Marsh! Ready?

MARGE. Harry— (*HARRY kisses her.*) Good luck.

HARRY. Thanks. (*Exits Left.*)

(*SONG: "RELATIVELY SIMPLE AFFAIR"—ANN AND MARGE.*)

ANN.

You wake refreshed each morning,
You calmly sip your coffee,
While you decide which dress to wear—
And life is a relatively simple affair.

Your working days go quickly—
The nights are yours to play with—
The world's a big reclining chair,
And life is a relatively simple affair.

You can always see a movie,
Or visit the zoo,
Thousands of things you can do.
But fall in love in love with someone—
There goes your independence—
It's broken down beyond repair,
And what was comparatively simple before
Is a relatively simple affair no more.

MARGE.

We share the same apartment,
Though not the same opinions,
But we're in love so we don't care—
And life is a relatively simple affair.

He gets my comb all messy,
I use his safety razor,
We're always in each other's hair—
Yet life is a relatively simple affair

Hardly ever see a movie,

Or visit the zoo—
Always there's housework to do.

There will be many moments
When things get complicated,
And life seems more than I can bear,
But I've been available and single before—
It's comparatively simple but what a bore.

(*Counterpoint*)

ANN.
You wake refreshed each morn-
ing,
You calmly sip your coffee,
While you decide which dress
to wear—
And life is a relatively simple
affair.

Your working days go
quickly—
The nights are yours to play
with—
The world's a big reclining
chair,
And life is a relatively simple
affair.

You can always see a movie,
or visit the zoo,
Thousands of things you can
do.

But fall in love with someone—
There goes your independ-
ence—
It's broken down beyond re-
pair.

Your heart isn't really any
longer your own,
And gone is the luxury of liv-
ing alone,
And what was comparatively
simple before

MARGE.
We're in love so we don't care,
And life is a relatively simple
affair.

Always in each other's hair—
And life is a relatively simple
affair.

Hardly ever see a movie—
or visit the zoo—
Always there's housework to
do.

Though at times he's hard to
bear,

My heart isn't really any longer
my own—
To hell with the luxury of liv-
ing alone—
For I've been available and
single before,

Is a relatively simple affair no more. It's comparatively simple but what a bore.

ANNOUNCER. (*In black.*) Marsh lands a left—another hard left and Stockton is down—6—7—8—9—10. It's Marsh by a knockout.

(*LIGHTS UP in Corridor.*)

REPORTER. What put him down, Harry, a left hook?

HARRY. Yeah, I think so.

KATHY. Can I have your autograph, Mr. Marsh?

HARRY. (*Still has gloves on.*) I can't now, sweetie.

REPORTER 2. Did you expect to get him that easy?

HARRY. Look, not now, huh, fellows? I'm a little beat. (*They exit.*)

(*ANN is alone as BOB and DAVE enter.*)

DAVE. You left yourself wide open! How come? You never done that before.

BOB. Forget it! He won, that's all. Forget it.

ANN. Bob, are you all right?

BOB. Fine, fine—

DAVE. But you practically stuck your chin out at him! (*ALBERT enters.*)

BOB. Relax, Dave.

DAVE. How come you didn't cover up when Harry threw that left?

BOB. Relax, Dave. Relax.

DAVE. Relax— I lose a crack at the title, he wants me to relax. I gotta see how Harry is—

ALBERT. (*Blocks him.*) Just a minute. Why do you want to see my boy?

DAVE. Your boy?

ALBERT. (*Takes document out of his pocket.*) I got a paper. It's legal.

DAVE. (*Patiently.*) Albert, there's a loophole in it.

ALBERT. What?

DAVE. This. (*Deliberately takes paper and tears it in half.*)

ALBERT. So give me back my dollar.

DAVE. Here. (*DAVE starts to exit as GLORIA enters.*)

GLORIA. Oh, here you are! Wasn't that fight exciting? I—

DAVE. Yeah. Knock off!

GLORIA. Introduce me.

DAVE. They know you. Come on!

GLORIA. Go ahead. Introduce me!

DAVE. Oh— Meet Mrs. Colman, my future ex-wife! (*They exit Right followed by ALBERT.*)

ANN. You didn't even try to win, did you?

BOB. C'mon, Ann.

ANN. Did you?

BOB. (*Simply.*) That first fight with him— I wanted it very much. And he gave it to me. This one—well— I could see how much he wanted it, and— I don't know— I kind of owed it to him.

ANN. But you could have won.

BOB. I don't know, Ann. Harry is a hell of a fighter.

FRANK. (*Offstage.*) Hey, there's Stockton.

(KIDS enter.)

BOB. Oh, hiya, fellows.

ANN. What are you kids doing here?

DANNY. He sent us tickets to the fight. For all of us.

ANN. He did? (*Turns to BOB.*) Mr. Stockton, that was very nice.

NICKY. Sorry you got knocked out.

FRANK. All the papers say you could have been champ.

BOB. (*To BOYS.*) Look, I called the Director at the Center. I can meet with you down there—the way we used to. How about it?

NICKY. You mean, you're giving up fighting?

BOB. That's right.

NICKY. Wait a minute—you give up a crack at the title to hang around with us?

ANN. That's what he did.

FRANK. This guy's a nut!

BOB. I'll see you Monday. Okay, Nicky?

NICKY. Okay, Mr. Stockton.

BOB. Okay, fellows?

KIDS. Okay. (*BOYS exit Right.*)

BOB. Will you be there, Frankie?

FRANK. Monday? I don't know—

BOB. Be there!

FRANK. Okay, Champ.

BOB. (*To ANN.*) I'm free tomorrow night. I was wondering, maybe—

ANN. Okay, champ! (*They kiss.*)

(FINALE: ENTIRE COMPANY.)

KIDS.

Uh huh, oh yeah,

BOB.

I love my lovely love, oh—
Uh huh, oh yeah,
I truly love my love, oh yeah,
Uh huh, oh yeah!

(MARGE and HARRY from Left. DAVE and GLORIA from Right.)

Gonna hold my baby close to me,
Till I'm trembling with ecstasy—
When she kisses me it's so sublime—
Love my baby with a love divine!

Uh huh, oh yeah,
I love my lovely love, oh—
Uh huh, oh yeah,
A love that's truly true, oh—
Uh huh, oh yeah,
I truly love my love, oh yeah,
Uh huh, oh yeah!

CURTAIN