

Totally Gone with the Wind

Book and Satirical Lyrics by Nancy Hersage

Cast

Chorus playing various other roles: Russian peasants, aliens, auditioning girls and women, dancing actors
Crankenshaft
Craft
Evil Impersonators
Donnie Oswald
Sir Michael Schwartz
Set Designer
Stage Manager
Production Assistant
Script Supervisor
Story Editor
Errand Boy
Girl or Woman with Knock Out Voice
Brunhilda
Dirk Donovan
Member of the DAR
DAR Leader
VOICE OVER
Sexy Civil War Singers
Singing Yanks
General Sherman
Citizens
Plantation Ball Goers

ACT I
SCENE 1

CURTAIN UP

Choir and Cast, dressed formally, sing while Crankenshaft and Craft, our two producers, stand to one side watching. Craft holds a ledger book. They are dressed in shoddy suits. ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW

ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW
IN PHILLY, BOSTON OR BALTIMO
A CHANCE FOR STAGE FOLKS TO SAY HELLO
ANOTHER OPENING OF ANOTHER SHOW

ANOTHER JOB THAT YOU HOPE AT LAST
WILL MAKE YOUR FUTURE FORGET YOUR PAST
ANOTHER PAIN WHERE THE ULCERS GROW
ANOTHER OPENING ANOTHER SHOW

FOUR WEEKS YOU REHEARSE AND REHEARSE
THREE WEEKS AND IT COULDN'T BE WORSE
ONE WEEK WILL IT EVER BE RIGHT?
THEN OUT OF THE HAT IT'S THAT BIG FIRST NIGHT

THE OVERTURE IS ABOUT TO START
YOU CROSS YOU FINGERS AND HOLD YOUR HEART
IT'S CURTAIN TIME AND AWAY WE GO
ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW

Choir exits.

Crank: Did you hear that applause, Craft? The Shuberts have another hit on their hands. I can't stand the sound of success. It's too painful.

Craft: Maybe you're just having a run of bad luck, Mr. Crankenshaft.

Crank: Bad luck? I've had to close *three* shows this year. I outta shoot myself.

Craft: At least your last one ran for two months. That's almost enough to pay off your investor

Crank: Almost? You mean I owe money again?

Craft: (Craft opens the ledger and checks the numbers.) Thank god you've got a way with the ladies--well, at least the old ladies, Mr. Crankenshaft, or you wouldn't have any investors left.

Crank: Who woulda thought Bebe Crankenshaft could be such a failure? I used to be the King of Broadway, Craft. Back when a show was really a show. Now the only way to make money in the theater is to write a musical based on a Walt Disney movie.

Craft: (still studying the ledger) Well, there is another way, but I've only been your bookkeeper for two days, Mr. Crankenshaft, and I hesitate to mention it.

Crank: Another way to make money? And you don't want to mention it?!

Craft: It might offend your artistic sensibilities.

Crank: I'm a producer, for crying out loud, I don't *have* any artistic sensibilities.

Craft: Okay. Okay. Just listen: sometimes the best way to succeed in business is to fail.

Crank: I thought I was doing that already.

Craft: No, I mean *really* fail. If you could produce a show that was soooo bad it closed on the first night, you wouldn't have to pay your investors a dime.

Crank: I wouldn't?

Craft: (YOU'RE THE TOP)

I'M NOT TOO TACTFUL, SO HERE'S THE FACTFUL
YOU FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL INVEST
THEN TAKE THEIR MONEY AS I SUGGEST
GIVE IT YOUR BEST--BUT ALL IN JEST.
SO IN THE ENDING, YOU'RE JUST PRETENDING
TO PRODUCE A WONDERFUL SHOW
WHEN ALL THAT YOU NEED IS TO NOT SUCCEED
THAT WAY YOU CAN TAKE THE MONEY AND GO.

WE COULD FLOP, LIKE A BIG FORD EDSEL
WE COULD STINK, LIKE A MOLDY PRETZEL
WE COULD SINK SO FAST THAT WE COULD REACH NEW LOWS
WE COULD FALL LIKE PLASTER
BE A BIG DISASTER
SO WE COULD CLOSE!

Crank: WE COULD CONNIVE?

Craft: CREATE A LITTLE PANIC

Crank: WE TAKE A DIVE?

Craft: JUST LIKE THE OLD TITANIC

Crank: BE A WORTHLESS CHECK, A TOTAL WRECK, A FLOP

Craft: BABY, YOU GOTTA HIT BOTTOM TO MAKE THE TOP.

Crank: WE COULD ROT, LIKE A SOUR GRAPE
BE NOT SO HOT, LIKE AN EIGHT TRACK TAPE
BE A SORRY CHOSER, A WORTHLESS LOSER, A JERK
BY GOLLY I THINK THAT FAILURE MIGHT REALLY WORK.

Both: WE COULD FLOP, LIKE A BIG FORD EDSEL
WE COULD STINK, LIKE A MOLDY PRETZEL
WE COULD SINK SO FAST THAT WE COULD REACH NEW LOWS
WE COULD FALL LIKE PLASTER
BE A BIG DISASTER
SO WE COULD CLOSE!

Craft: So, you see, Mr. Crankenshaft, it's only when you start making money, that you get yourself into trouble.

Crank: (thinking, getting it) Because if there's no profit, there's no return!

Craft: Exactly! The key, of course, is to raise way more money than you actually need.

Crank: You mean, sell more than 100% of the show?

Craft: Sell 200. Sell 2000. What difference does it make? As long as the show closes on the first night, the money's yours. Well, ours, because I'll be doing the bookkeeping, of course.

Crank: Of course. This is fantastic! This is brilliant! This is going to be Bebe Crankenshaft's masterpiece. Now, all I need is a script bad enough to pull it off.

REPRISE: WE COULD FLOP

LIGHTS TO BLACK

SCENE 2

SPOT LIGHT UP

Upstage, right . Crank and Craft are seated at a desk, feet up, surrounded by piles of scripts.

Craft: Here's one about a motley group of young people in Manhattan struggling to do more than just pay the rent. It's a new musical about how they all move to Westchester. It's called 'Mortgage.'

Crank: (shakes his head) Not bad enough. None of these scripts are bad enough. We need something like a Beatles' musical, set in---in---in Russia.

Craft: (imagining this) Now there's an idea that really stinks. Just imagine it. An entire chorus of Siberian peasants, thinking they're the boys from Liverpool.

STAGE LIGHTS UP

(Imagination music as the curtain opens and we transition imaginary scene of Russian peasants doing a Russian dance to the Beatles' ...)

ELEANOR RIGBY/TICKET TO RIDE (SEE VIDEO OF GUNN HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION)

STAGE LIGHTS OUT

Crank: I gotta hand it to myself. That idea is so bad, I'm surprised I thought if it.

Crank: I like it but it's not bad enough. Look, Craft, we have to think big here. To go where no producer has ever gone before.

Craft: You mean, like outer space? Aliens or something?

Crank: Aliens. Now you're thinking. What about a show where some creatures from another planet try to take over Broadway!

Craft: I can't imagine.

Crank: Well, try, Craft. Try!

STAGE LIGHTS UP

(Imagination music as we transition to ... Music is BROADYWAY from Gypsy --- SEE VIDEO OF GUNN HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION FOR STAGING)

BROADWAY, BROADWAY, WE WANT IT SO
WE'RE FROM NEPTUNE AND COMING SOON

TO STAR IN EVERY SHOW.
BRIGHT LIGHTS, WHITE LIGHTS, RHYTHM AND ROMANCE
WE'VE COME TO EARTH, FOR ALL WE'RE WORTH
WE'RE GOING TO SING AND DANCE

BROADWAY, BROADWAY, HOW GREAT YOU ARE
WE CAN NOT WAIT TO INFILTRATE
AND BE A BROADWAY STAR
BRIGHT LIGHTS, WHITE LIGHTS, THIS MUST BE THE PLACE
WE'LL STEAL THE SHOW, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW
THAT WE HAVE COME FROM OUTER SPACE!

STAGE LIGHTS OUT

Craft: That's it! That's the worst thing I've ever seen.

Crank: Me, too. But something stinks here, and it's not just that number. (He searches through the pile of scripts) Ah ha! Just what I thought. Somebody's already done it. And guess who it is! Hersage and Liberatore. I'm telling you, Craft, it's impossible to find anything worse than the two of them.

Craft: We'll, let's ask them to write us a script, then.

Crank: What?

Craft: Why not hire *them* to write the script?

Crank: Craft, you're a genius!

Craft: So, where do we find them?

Crank: We don't. These two are so bad, they never show their faces. If you want a script, you get it by mail order. Look, there's a request form in the back of this script. And a 50% off coupon.
(He tears out the order form.)

Craft: What do we say we want?

Crank: High art. A tribute to American culture. We tell them we want Tony material.

Craft: But if we say we want something good ---

Crank: The better they think it is, the worse it's gonna be. Believe me, Craft. (He drops the order form into an envelope.) Now all we need is a really rotten director.

SCENE 3

AREA OR SPOT LIGHT OUT
STAGE LIGHTS UP

A line of six or more Elvis impersonators are being instructed on how to move their hips by choreographer Donnie Oswald as director Sir Michael Schwartz watches. Schwartz sits in a director's chair with a megaphone. He is surrounded by a stage manager, set designer, production assistant, errand boy, script supervisor and story editor.

Donnie: From the pelvis, gentlemen. Everything important happens in the hips. (He demonstrates how to move the hips, then instructs motions for the rehearsal music. The Elvises sing and thrust to several lines of Heartbreak Hotel then are interrupted by the director.)

Sir M: Cut, cut. Donnie, Donnie, Donnie, you must give them more motivation. Motivation didn't matter when we were doing this show in Las Vegas. But this is New York, and theater is much more demanding here.

Donnie: You heard Sir Michael, gentlemen. We open at the Daze Inn near the Bowry next week, so let's stay focused. Now, why do we move our hips?

(Sound of knocking or a door bell.)

Sir M: Oh, that's them, Donnie. Crankshaft and Craft, the two Broadway producers. I'll get the door. You get the Elvises.

(Donnie ushers the Elvises off stage left and Sir M welcomes Crank and Craft stage right. Then Donnie hurries back.)

Mr. Crankshaft. How are you?

Crank: Fine, thank you. Milo Craft, this is Sir Michael Schwartz, director of a truly astonishing review of Elvis Impersonators called—He Never Really Left the Building. I saw it last year when I was staying at the Motel Six in Las Vegas and have never fully recovered.

Craft: We can't tell you how happy we were to learn you were actually here in New York, Sir Michael.

Sir M: Thank you, thank you. And this is my choreographer Donnie Oswald. And my stage manager, set designer, production assistant and errand boy, the script supervisor and the story editor. Ladies and gentlemen, the famous Bebe Crankshaft and his associate Milo Craft.

Crank: So, have you read our new script?

Sir M: It's remarkable. I've never read anything like it.

Crank: Nor have we, Sir Michael.

Sir M: Who could have thought of such an idea?

Crank: Hersage and Liberatore are rare writers indeed.

Sir M: What incredible symbolism! The way they take the greatest American love story ever written ---

Donnie: Gone With the Wind!

Sir M: And infused it with the greatest American music ever written ---

Donnie: Disco!

Sir M: Margaret Mitchell meets Barry Manilow. Can you think of anything more sublime?!!

Donnie: (bursting into song a al Copacabana)

HER NAME WAS SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
THAT CUTE LITTLE REDHEAD FROM TARA!

Crank: I hope that means you're going to take the job.

Sir M: I simply can't refuse, Mr. Crankshaft. It's perfection on the page.

(Crank and Craft give each other a series of high fives.)

Except, of course, for one little thing.

(Crank and Craft stop, look at him alarmed.)

Crank: What little thing?

Sir M: Well, it certainly captures the elegance of the ante-bellum South-

Donnie: And the drama of the Civil War--

Sir M: And the horror of the burning of Atlanta--

Donnie: And the tragedy of Rhet and Scarlet.

Sir M: But it has no hope!

C and C: Hope?

Sir M: That's right. We need to feel uplifted at the end, to know the South will rise again! That's why I suggest we add a new ending.

Crank: What ending?

Sir M: A happy ending!
(HAPPY ENDINGS FROM NEW YORK, NEW YORK)

HAPPY ENDINGS ALL AROUND ME
HAPPY ENDINGS ALL I SEE ARE HAPPY ENDINGS ON A SILVER
SCREEN. THAT'S HOLLYWOOD.

Donnie: Like Bonnie and Clyde. We'd end our movie this way ...

Stage Manager: Oh, Bonnie, the cops are going to shoot us dead.

Set Designer: Oh, Clyde, why don't we shoot them dead instead?

(They take machine guns and spray the production assistant and errand boy)

Set Designer: We end with guns and laughter.

Stage Manager: We live happily ever after!

Sir M: LOVELY LADY, GALLANT FELLOW
MEET ONE EVENING, HEAR THAT CELLO
TROUBLES COME BETWEEN
BUT IN THAT FINAL SCENE ...

Donnie: Like Romeo and Juliet. We end our play this way ...

(The errand boy lies on the floor dead as the production assistant leans over him.)

Production Asst: Poor, Romeo is dead. I could stab myself, but instead--I'll just pull out this wicked knife, sew his wound and save his life!

Errand Boy: (getting to his feet) My recovery will be sweet, she will pull me to my feet. Then we will prove our love is true as we do a short soft shoe.

Sir M: HAPPY ENDING FOR OUR JULIE
HAPPY ENDING FOR OUR ROMIE
HAPPY ENDING TO A BROAWAY SHOW. OH, OH

Donnie: Like Jack and Kate? in the Titanic. We end our voyage this way ...

(A Jack character and a Kate character rush drenching wet.) Kate (script supervisor): Oh, Jack, you hear that sound, this darn ship is going down. We will drown in freezing panic in the icy cold Atlantic.

Jack (story editor)I have some news that's just terrific, we are in the South Pacific, Here's a new bikini, sweetie, so we can swim off to Tahiti!

Sir M: WHY MUST WE MAKE OUR SHOW DRAMATIC?
LET'S MAKE OUR ENDING MORE ECSTATIC
HAPPY ENDINGS AS FAR AS I CAN SEE
SO IF YOU WANT SUCCESS
HAPPY ENDINGS ARE THE KEY.

Crank: All right. I get your point. But what, exactly, do you think this show needs?

Donnie: A sort of savior. A king, so to speak.

Craft aside to Crank: Are they nuts? What are they talking about?

Sir M: I think this script needs Elvis!

Donnie: The Man from Memphis---symbolizing Scarlet's hope for the future!

Craft aside to Crank: These guys are certifiable.

Crank: Oh, no they're not. They're just what we need. Don't you see? (Craft gets it, nods) (to Sir M) We love it! Put in Elvis. Put in as many Elvises as you like. The New York critics won't know what hit them. Let's go, Craft. It's time to start auditions!

Sir M: Get the boys, Donnie, we're hired! (Donnie rushes off stage to get the Elvises.) We're hired.
(The Elvises hug each other excitedly.)
To work, to work, gentlemen. We're going to Broadway.

STAGE LIGHTS OUT

SCENE 4

STAGE LIGHTS UP

A group of auditioning girls and women huddle center stage, holding sheet music and talking excitedly. Some stand to the side, practicing dance steps or vocalizing. Craft and Crank sit at a table, stage left talking to several. Sir M and Donnie enter with a flourish. Sir M speaks through his megaphone.

Sir M: Ladies, ladies, could we have it quiet, please! (to C and C) Are we ready?

Crank: We are, Sir Michael. Let the search for Scarlet begin. (Craft crosses and hands Sir M. the audition list.)

Sir M: First audition, please. (Looking at list) Miss

(Note to the Director: Create your own fun and funny audition numbers for female vocalists. After the final one, continue with the dialogue.)

Craft: This is the last one on the list, Sir Michael.

(A girl or woman with a knock out voice girls the last audition.)

AUDITION SONG OF GIRL OR WOMAN WITH KNOCK OUT VOICE.

(When she's done, Sir Michael is very excited. C and C are upset.)

Sir M: What a voice. We have her, gentlemen. We have our Scarlet.

Craft: Ah, no, no. I'm not sure we do, Sir Michael.

Sir M: But why not?

Craft: Well, she's, she's too, too. (turning to Crank, desperate) She's too what, Crankenshaft?

Crank: I think she's too, too GOOD, Sir Michael. I mean, after all, Scarlet is a bit of a vamp, don't you think?

Craft: That's right. We need someone a little edgier. Don't we Crankenshaft?

Crank: Yes, edgier. But she would make a wonderful script girl. Wouldn't she, Craft?

Craft: Absolutely.

Sir M: (perplexed) I don't know. I loved that voice.

(As Sir M. looks over the list, a woman dressed as Brunhilda from the Wagner opera and a man wander onto the stage in the background.)

Donnie: This is a tremendous role, Sir Michael--bigger than life. We need a real diva with an attitude, if you ask me.

Crank: (to Brunhilda) Excuse me, can I help you?

Dirk: (the man with Brunhilda) We're looking for the Brunhilda audition.

Craft: Brunhilda?

Dirk: The opera, by Wagner. My wife here has an audition.

Crank: (getting an idea) Your wife sings Wagner?!

Dirk: She's brilliant, believe me. She's never actually been cast, but it's only a matter of time.

Crank: Wonderful! How lucky for us! Sir Michael, we have one more audition.

Craft: We do?

Sir M: I thought that was it.

Crank: The gods have smiled on us. And I must tell you, I like her already. She's fresh, completely original. Let's hear her! (to Brunhilda) Go ahead, please.

(Dirk calms Brunhilda and she sings something from Wagner. As she does, Crank and Craft are ecstatic because she's so awful. Donnie and Sir M just stare at her in amazement.)

Sir M: What in heavens name was that?!

Crank: A diva! A Diva with attitude, am I right, Donnie?

Donnie: I don't know. I've never heard anything like it.

Craft: (playing along with Crank.) Oh, the potential. In the right hands, who knows what the woman could do?

Crank: All she needs is training. And who better than you, Donnie? Think of it---you could make this woman a star!!

Donnie: Yes, a star. A disco diva! I could, Sir Michael. I know I could.

Sir M: Well, we'll have to dye the pigtails red, but I suppose she'll do.

Crank: Fantastic!(to Brunhilda) You've got the role.

Dirk: What role?

Crank: Scarlet O'Hara.

Brunhilda: But I thought I was auditioning for Brunhilda, Dirk.

Dirk: This isn't the time to be choosy, sweetheart. We'll take it. Does that mean you're doing *Gone with the Wind*?

Crank: In a manner of speaking.

Dirk: So you'll be needing a Rhet Butler?

Sir M: My dear sir, I will be needing the entire Confederacy. This is, after all, a Broadway production.

Dirk: (handing Sir M an 8x10 glossy) Dirk Donovan, star of the *Young and the Restless*.

Donnie: I've never seen you on the *Young and the Restless*.

Dirk: I'm a stunt stand-in, specializing in lips. I do all the close up kissing for the leading man.

Crank: Incredible! Really incredible! Can you believe our luck, Sir Michael? Look at those lips. If ever Rhet Butler had lips, those are them.

Sir M: Oh, all right, Crankenshaft, if you really want him. But *I'm* casting Elvis all by myself, is that clear?

Crank: I promise not to interfere again, Sir Michael.

Sir M: Good. Now get these two a contract, Donnie, and we'll set the rehearsal schedule.

(Donnie, Brunhilda, Dirk exit, followed by Sir M.)

LIGHTS DOWN MAIN STAGE

SPOT ON Crank AND Craft

Crank: Can you imagine a worse cast, Craft? Now all we have to do is go out and raise the money.

Craft: But who's going to give you money for a show like this?

Crank: We need a few venture capitalists.

Craft: Are you kidding? There's no way the nerds on Sandhill Road in Menlo Park would give this show their money.

Crank: I was thinking of more 'seasoned' investors.

Craft: Oh, no, you're not going to seduce little old ladies again, are you Bebe?

Crank: Well, not just *any* little old ladies, Craft. I think this time I'll limit myself to the Daughters of the American Revolution. We are, after all, creating a tribute to American history.

Craft: Just don't tell 'em you're calling it Totally Gone With The Wind.

FADE SPOT
LIGHTS UP MAIN STAGE
SOUND OF MARCHING DRUMS AS---

SCENE 5

A gathering of the DAR marches onstage and assembles for a meeting, with women dressed in red, white and blue. They sing (to Yankee Doodle)

YANKEE DOODLE WENT TO LONDON, RIDING ON A PONY,
STUCK A FEATHER IN HIS HAT AND CALLED IT MACARONI
WELCOME TO THE D.A.R. WHERE EVERYTHING IS DANDY
WE HAVE MONEY AND BLUE BLOOD AND KEEP OUR HISTORY HANDY.

YANKEE DOODLE WENT TO LONDON, RIDING ON A PONY,
STUCK A FEATHER IN HIS HAT AND CALLED IT MACARONI
WELCOME TO THE D.A.R. WHERE EVERYTHING IS DANDY
WE HAVE MONEY AND BLUE BLOOD AND KEEP OUR HISTORY HANDY.

As the song finishes, Crankenshaft and Craft step into the scene so that they are standing in front of the women.

DAR Leader: Welcome, Gentlemen, to the Daughters of the American Revolution's two hundred and twenty-fifth annual meeting. God save the Gross National Product!

Members: God save the Gross National Product!

DAR Leader: As you know, Mr. Crankenshaft, everyone of us has a pedigree that goes back all the way back to 1776. And a portfolio to match. We consider ourselves the official guardians of American History. And we don't like anyone---especially *entertainers*--messing with it.

Crank: I understand, ladies, I really do. However, this is the investment opportunity of a lifetime, I assure. If you'll all just sign on the dotted line---

DAR Leader: Absolutely not.

Craft: Not?

DAR Leader: Not without reading the script first. We must ensure its historical accuracy, not to mention its artistic merit.

Crank: Oh, I think you can trust those things to us---

DAR Leader: We don't trust anyone who didn't come over on the Mayflower, Crankenshaft. We want the script.

Crank and Craft huddle together.

Craft: We can't show them the script. They'll have us arrested for treason.

Crank: All right. Let's not panic. We just need some way to get their minds off that script.

Craft: Why don't we cast them?

Crank: What?

Craft: You know, put them in the show. That way they'll be so busy worrying about their part, they won't care about anybody else's.

Crank: By jove, Craft, that's the perfect diversion. (to the DAR) Ladies, we have decided to do more than simply show you the script, we have decided to put you in it.

The ladies look at each other, begin to mutter excitedly.

DAR Leader: Put us in it?

Crank: That's right. If the Daughters of the American Revolution care enough to invest in our production, then we think you deserve your own number.

DAR Leader: Our own number? On Broadway?

Crank: Absolutely. We'll send it over to you in the morning.

Craft: Have you got your check books ready ladies?

(All hands shoot up in the air holding check books.)

Craft: Then right this way.

The DAR ladies follow Crank and Craft off stage to the strains of Yankee Doodle, stage left. MUSIC MORPHS TO 'I WILL SURVIVE', as we transition to ...

SCENE 6

From stage right, Sir M, Donnie, Brunhilda, Dirk and a group of actors enter. Donnie is teaching them the choreography to the number as Sir M and Dirk watch. Brunhilda can't seem to get the movements at all. Finally, Donnie can't stand it any longer.

Donnie: Cut! Cut! Have you people no shame? This is the climax of the show. The Yanks have marched to the sea. Atlanta has burned to the ground. And, Tara, magnificent Tara, is in shambles. The South has been defeated, Scarlet, but not you! You will survive! And how do we know that? You must tell us with your pelvis! (to music) Hit it!

JUST A TASTE OF 'I WILL SURVIVE'

(Donnie demonstrates by dancing up a storm, as Brunhilda struggles to follow his every step. Just as he finishes with a flourish, Brunhilda collapses onto the floor. Dirk and Sir M rush to scoop her up.)

Brunhilda: Oh, my hips! My hips! I have never had such pain.

Craft and Crank enter.

Crank: What's going on here?

Dirk: They are torturing my wife, Mr. Crankenshaft.

Sir M: Nonsense. We are simply rehearsing.

Donnie: And this woman can do nothing. Nothing, I tell you. She dances like an elephant.

Dirk: How dare you insult Scarlet O'Hara!

Donnie: How dare *she* insult Scarlet O'Hara. She's not worthy to stand in that great woman's hoops!

Dirk: Why you sniveling, little----

Crank: Enough, gentlemen, enough. I think it's all coming along splendidly, don't you, Mr. Craft?

Craft: It couldn't look better, Mr. Crankenshaft.

Crank: Carry on, Sir Michael.

Crank and Craft leave, clearly elated. Sir Michael turns back to the players.

Sir M: All right. Let's get back to work. From the top of the scene, please.

(Donnie hurriedly arranges everyone in place. The actors are gathered around Scarlet as she stares, pleadingly into Rhet's eyes.)

Donnie: Final scene. Places, everyone! Scarlet stares pleadingly into Rhet's eyes. And action.

Scarlet: Oh, Rhet, I've, I've, I've----I've forgotten my line.

Donnie: You only have one, for crying out loud!

(Donnie rushes over, stands in Brunhilda's place.)

Donnie: You look pleadingly into Rhet's eyes and say, "I've lost, everything, Rhet. Everything. What do I do now?" Then Rhet drills you with a look, and says ...

Dirk: (dramatically drilling a look) Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

Donnie: Turn and exit Rhet. (Rhet marches off.) And Scarlet moves front and center. The stage is all yours. Set for your final number. (Donnie moves front and center as Brunhilda struggles to follow.) (chords to I Will Survive) Then, left, right, thrust, thrust thrust! (a music chord as Donnie moves his hips left, right, then three thrusts forward)

(He looks at Brunhilda.) Go ahead, you try.

Brunhilda: Left, right, thrust, thrust, thrus----t! Oh, my, god! (She cries out in pain.)

Donnie: Cut! I'm telling you, she's impossible, Sir Michael. I quit.

(Donnie starts to exit.)

Sir M: No, no. You can't quit, Donnie. Take five everybody. (All exit, as Brunhilda cries out in pain again.) Somebody get her Bengay. (to Donnie) Donnie, don't leave me. (to the Script Girl) Go talk some sense into him.

(Everybody exits but Donnie and the Script Girl.)

Donnie: They should have given you the part, Mitsy. You sing like an angel.

Script Girl: It's okay, Donnie. I can't dance. Not like you. You dance like an angel.

(Donnie smiles.)

Donnie: Show business. Can't live with it, can't live without it.

Script Girl: Don't give up, Donnie. Please. Sir Michael needs you. The show needs you. Broadway needs you.

Donnie: You really think so, Mitsy?

Script Girl: I know so, Donnie. Go ahead, Donnie. Dance for me. Please.

Donnie: Only if you'll sing.

(A brief bit from I Will Survive in which Donnie takes centerstage and dances, while the Script Girl stands on the side line and singing fairly softly, just enough so we know how good she could be. Donnie doesn't lip sync here.)

(Sir Michael enters again, clearly upset.)

Sir M: I don't think Bengay is going to cut it. Bruhilda is out for the count.

Donnie: Good! Cancel the show. She's not worthy.

Sir M: We can't cancel the show now. We open tonight.

Donnie: Not without a proper Scarlet. Our heroine deserves only the best.

Script Girl: But the show must go on, Donnie.

Donnie: This is not a show, Mitzy. It's a travesty. I quit, remember.

(Donnie marches off, in a self-righteous huff.)

Script Girl: What are you going to do, Sir Michael?

Sir M: What *can* I do, dear girl? I am going to tell the producers to cancel the show.

Lights out. Curtain down. End Act I.

Act II
SCENE 1

LIGHTS DOWN ON MAIN STAGE AS THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN.
SPOT LIGHT UP ON FAR STAGE RIGHT ON C AND C

Crankenshaft and Craft enter, dressed in tuxedos and carrying field glasses to look out over the audience.

Crank: Look at that audience out there. The theater's packed.

Craft: This is the best opening---and closing night ever.

Crank: How much of the show did we end up selling to the DAR?

Craft: Nine hundred and fifty percent. We're going to be rich by the end of the second act.

Crank: If we're lucky, Totally Gone With the Wind will go down as the worst show in American History.

Craft: Amen to that, Crankenshaft. Amen.

(Sir M suddenly appears.)

Sir M: Mr. Crankenshaft, Mr. Crankenshaft, this is going to be a disaster.

Crank: (alarmed) Wait a minute. Who told you that, Sir Michael?

Sir M: I figured it out, all by myself.

Craft: You did? But no one is supposed to know!

Sir M: How could they? It's only just happened.

Crank: What's happened?

Sir M: Our star--Scarlet--has slipped a disk. In fact, the doctor says she's slipped several.

Craft: Oh, my god, this is going to be a disaster.

Sir M: I already said that.

Craft: We can't close if we don't open.

Sir M: What are you talking about?

Crank: We need a replacement.

Sir M: But we don't have one.

(There is silence for a moment, as they all seem stumped.)

Craft: Oh, yes, we do!

Crank: We do? (realizing who Craft means) You're right. There's someone who knows every step.

(They both turn on Sir Michael, who finally realizes who they mean.)

Sir M: But he doesn't sing!

Crank: Bring on Donnie!

Sir M: Oh, no. We can't do that. Not on Broadway. The critics will kill us. So will the audience. It'll ruin the show.

Crank: Did you hear that, Craft?

C and C: It'll ruin the show!!!

Sir M: What if I tell you, I won't do it?

Crank: What if I tell you, you're fired?

Sir M: I just hope he has time to shave under his arms.

(Sir M exits.)

Crank: Somehow this whole idea just keeps getting better and better.

KEEP SPOT ON C AND C WHO CONTINUE TO WATCH THE PERFORMANCE AND CHECK THE AUDIENCE

CURTAIN AND LIGHTS UP ON MAINSTAGE
AS WE HEAR A DRUM ROLL AND VO

SCENE 2

VO: Ladies and gentlemen, travel back with us now to another time and place. Where the air is hot and humid, and the moss hangs in the magnolia trees. It's the eve of the Civil War and music rises from the grand ballroom of a great plantation.

(A GROUP OF GIRLS/WOMEN IN SEXY CIVIL WAR OUTFITS, HALF CONFEDERATE AND HALF UNION sing as they preen around Rhet dressed à la Clark Gable on one side of the ballroom and Ashley, dressed in a Confederate Uniform.)

(MUSIC FROM COPACABANA with Donnie dancing the lead. T)

Sexy Civil War singers:

HER NAME WAS SCARLET, SHE WAS A BEAUTY
WITH A TIARA IN HER HAIR AND A DRESS CUT DOWN TO THERE
SHE HAD A BALL ROOM AND BIG PLANTATION
BUT WHILE SHE TRIED TO BE THE STAR
THERE WAS TROUBLE IN THE AIR
THE NATION VERGED ON WAR, ONLY SCARLET DIDN'T CARE
SHE WAS YOUNG, SHE HAD HER LOVERS
WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE?
NOT OUR SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
THAT CUTE LITTLE REDHEAD FROM TARA
LOVELY SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
MUSIC AND PASSION WERE ALWAYS IN FASHION
FOR OUR SCARLET ... SHE FELL IN LOVE
HIS NAME WAS ASHLEY
HE WAS A SOLDIER
TALL AND DEBONAIRE, WITH LONG, BLONDE WAVY HAIR
AND WHEN THEIR EYES MET, SHE KNEW HE LOVED HER
THEIR LOVE WAS DEEPER THAN THE SEA
BUT IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE

THEIR LOVE WAS DOOMED INSTEAD, BECAUSE HE WAS SOON TO WED
THEY WERE YOUNG BUT IT WAS TOO LATE
HAPPINESS WAS DEAD
FOR OUR SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
THAT CUTE LITTLE REDHEAD FROM TARA
LOVELY SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
MUSIC AND PASSION WERE ALWAYS IN FASHION
FOR OUR SCARLET ... SHE LOST HER LOVE
BUT THEN THE WAR CAME, THE CIVIL WAR CAME
THE PARTIES HAD TO END, AND SHE DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND
NO ONE TO LOVE HER, EXCEPT RHETT BUTLER
HE WAS BLACK-HAIRED AND CAVALEER
HE WAS WAR-TIME PROFITEER
SHE TRIED TO LOVE HIM YET, SHE COULD NOT QUITE FORGET
SHE LOST HER YOUTH AND SHE LOST HER ASHLEY
ALL SHE HAS IS RHET
OUR LOVELY SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
THAT CUTE LITTLE REDHEAD FROM TARA
LOVELY SCARLET, SCARLET O'HARA
MUSIC AND PASSION WERE ALWAYS IN FASHION
OH, POOR SCARLET ... DON'T FALL IN LOVE!

As the song ends, we hear the sound of canons and guns in the background.

Scarlet: Oh, this terrible war. When will it end? Do you hear that Rhet? What is it?

Rhet: Sounds bad, Scarlet. I'd say, the Yanks are comin'!!

(Everyone screams and scatters stage right. From stage left, the Yanks, dressed in Union uniforms, enter.)

(SPOTLIGHT ON C AND C Crank and Craft look out over the audience.)

Crank: Has anybody left the theater yet, Craft?

Craft: No, but everybody out there looks pretty nauseated.

Yanks: (From YMCA, the Village People)

YOUNG MAN, THERE'S NO NEED TO FEEL DOWN, I SAID
YOUNG MAN, PICK YOUR FEET OFF THE GROUND, I SAID
YOUNG MAN, 'CAUSE YOU'RE IN A NEW TOWN THERE'S NO NEED
TO BE UNHAPPY
YOUNG MAN, JUST REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE, I SAID
YOUNG MAN, WHEN YOU INVADE THE SOUTH, OPEN YOUR
MOUTH AND I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND MANY WAYS TO SAY
WHO YOU ARE

IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO BEAT THE REBS AT WAR
JUST SHOW THEM WHAT YOUR GUN IS FOR
IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
YOU CAN MARCH INTO TOWN, BLOW IT ASSUNDER
THEN YOU CAN PILLAGE AND PLUNDER

YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
I SAID, YOUNG MAN WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?

I SAID, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN MAKE REAL YOUR DREAMS
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THIS ONE THING.
NO MAN DOES IT ALL BY HIMSELF
PUT YOUR PRIDE ON THE SHELF
AND JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
I'M SURE THAT'S ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO SAY

IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO BEAT THE REBS AT WAR
JUST SHOW THEM WHAT YOUR GUN IS FOR
IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
IT'S FUN TO SAY YOU'RE A Y-A-N-K
YOU CAN MARCH INTO TOWN, BLOW IT ASSUNDER
THEN YOU CAN PILLAGE AND PLUNDER

(As the song ends, the Yanks march off stage.)

SPOTLIGHT ON C AND C Crank and Craft check the audience again.

Crank: That should be enough to empty half the house.

Craft: They're not leaving, Crankenshaft. I hate to say this, but some of them seem to be enjoying themselves.

Crank: Don't worry. This next number would make anybody sick.

Craft: What is it?

Crank: The Daughters of the American Revolution as Southern Belles----trying desperately to seduce the Union troops.

(The DAR ladies enter dressed as Southern Belles.)

DAR Ladies: ((HOT STUFF))

SITTIN' HERE, EATIN' MY HEART OUT WAITIN'
WAITIN' FOR SOME LOVER TO CALL
DIALED ABOUT A THOUSAND NUMBERS LAELY
ALMOST RANG THE PHONE OFF THE WALL

LOOKIN' FOR SOME HOT STUFF, BABY THIS EVENIN'
I NEED SOME HOT STUFF, BABY TONIGHT
I WANT SOME HOT STUFF, BABY THIS EVENIN'
GOTTA HAVE SOME HOT STUFF
GOTTA HAVE SOME LOVE TONIGHT

((HOT STUFF))
I NEED HOT STUFF
I WANT SOME HOT STUFF
I NEED HOT STUFF

LOOKIN' FOR A LOVER WHO NEEDS ANOTHER
DON'T WANT ANOTHER NIGHT ON MY OWN
WANNA SHARE MY LOVE WITH A WARM BLOODED LOVER
WANNA BRING A WILD MAN BACK HOME

GOTTA HAVE SOME HOT LOVE BABY, THIS EVENIN'
I NEED SOME HOT STUFF BABY TONIGHT
I WANT SOME HOT STUFF BABY THIS EVENIN'
GOTTA HAVE SOME LOVIN'
GOT TO HAVE A LOVE TONIGHT

(HOT STUFF)
I NEED HOT STUFF
HOT LOVE
LOOKIN' FOR HOT LOVE

(HOT HOT HOT HOT STUFF)
(HOT HOT HOT)
(HOT HOT HOT HOT STUFF)
(HOT HOT HOT)

HOW'S 'BOUT SOME HOT STUFF, BABY THIS EVENIN'
I NEED SOME HOT STUFF BABY TONIGHT
GIMME LITTLE HOT STUFF BABY THIS EVENIN'
HOT STUFF BABY
GONNA NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT

(HOT STUFF)
I NEED HOT LOVE
LOOKIN' FOR HOT LOVE
WANNA HAVE HOT LOVE

SITTIN' HERE EATING MY HEART NO REASON
WON'T SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT ON MY OWN
I DIALED ABOUT A HUNDRED NUMBERS BABY
I'M BOUND TO FIND SOMEBODY HOME

GONNA HAVE SOME HOT STUFF, BABY THIS EVENIN'
I NEED SOME HOT STUFF, BABY TONIGHT
LOOKING FOR MY HOT STUFF, BABY THIS EVENIN'
NEED SOME LOVING BABY
GONNA NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT

HOT STUFF BABY THIS EVENING
I NEED SOME HOT STUFF BABY TONIGHT, YEAH YEAH
I WANT SOME HOT STUFF BABY THIS EVENIN'
I WANT SOME HOT STUFF BABY TONIGHT, YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
HOT LOVE, BABY
I NEED YOUR HOT STUFF BABY TONIGHT
I WANT YOUR HOT STUFF BABY THIS EVENIN'
HOT STUFF BABY
GONNA NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT

(The DAR ladies exit.)

SPOT ON C AND C Crank and Craft check the audience again.

Craft: Oh, good lord, that was the worst thing I've ever seen.

Crank: I agree. So why aren't these people leaving?

Craft: Look at that! They're glued to their seats.

Crank: They're actually SITTING THERE WAITING to see the burning of Atlanta.

Craft: Who are these people? This entire audience needs therapy.

(Citizens now run onto the stage.)

Citizen 1: Look, it's General Sherman. He's setting fire to everything.

Citizen 2: Oh, poor, dear Atlanta.

General Sherman: DISCO INFERNO
With Citizens

BURN BABY BURN
BURN BABY BURN
BURN BABY BURN
BURN BABY BURN
BURNIN'

TO MASS FIRES, YES
ONE HUNDRED STORIES HIGH
PEOPLE GETTIN' LOOSE Y'ALL
GETTIN' DOWN ON THE ROOF, DO YOU HEAR?

THE FOLKS WAS FLAMING
OUT OF CONTROL
IT WAS SO ENTERTAININ'
WHEN THE BOOGIE STARTED TO EXPLODE
I HEARD SOMEBODY SAY

BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN
BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN
BURNIN'

SATISFACTION
CAME IN THE CHAIN REACTION
(BURNIN')
I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH
TILL I HAD TO SELF-DESTROY

THE HEAT WAS ON
(BURNIN')
RISING TO THE TOP
EVERYBODY'S GOIN' STRONG
AND THAT IS WHEN MY SPARK GOT HOT
I HEARD SOMEBODY SAY

BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN, YO
BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN
BURNIN'

UP ABOVE MY HEAD, I HEAR MUSIC IN THE AIR

I HEAR MUSIC
THAT MAKES ME KNOW
THERE'S SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE

SATISFACTION
CAME IN A CHAIN REACTION, DO YOU HEAR?
I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH
SO I HAD TO SELF DESTRUCT

THE HEAT WAS ON
RISING TO THE TOP
EVERYBODY'S GOIN' STRONG
THAT IS WHEN MY SPARK GOT HOT
I HEARD SOMEBODY SAY

BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN
BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO, YEAH
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN
GET IT

BURN BABY BURN
BURN BABY BURN, BURN THAT MAMA DOWN
BURN BABY BURN, DISCO INFERNO
BURN BABY BURN

(After the number all exit.)

(SPOT ON C AND C)

(Crank and Craft survey the audience.)

Crank: This is amazing, Craft. We've actually managed to move the entire audience---and I don't mean out of the theater.

Craft: They're hanging on our every number.

Crank: Our only hope is the finale. If this next song doesn't kill the show, then we're dead.

Craft: Chin up, Crankenshaft. Nobody in their right mind wants to see Scarlet O'Hara in drag.

Crank: Especially since he can't sing!

(Scarlet, Rhet and backup Plantation Ball Goers come on stage. Scarlet is distraught, in anguish.)

Donnie dressed as Scarlet: Oh, those damn Yankees. They've destroyed everything. Even Tara is in ruins.

Rhet: It's not all their fault, Scarlet. You've managed to destroy a few things yourself. Including our relationship.

Scarlet: Oh, Rhet, Rhet, I'm so sorry. I've lost, everything, Rhet. Everything. What do I do now?

Rhet: Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

(Rhet exits as music rises. We watch as Scarlet moves her hips: left, right, thrust, thrust, thrust.)

Just before he opens his mouth, however, he looks toward the curtain stage right and we see him signal Mitsy, the script girl. He opens his mouth, as she sings.)

Donnie as Scarlet with Mitsy singing:

AT FIRST I WAS AFRAID I WAS PERIFIED
THINKING I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU BY MY SIDE
AND I'VE BEEN SPENDING NIGHTS
THINKING HOW YOU DID ME WRONG
AND I GREW STRONG
AND I LEARNED HOW TO GET ALONG
AND NOW YOU'RE BACK
FROM OUTER SPACE
AND I FIND YOU HERE WITH THAT SAD LOOK UPON YOUR FACE
I SHOULD HAVE CHANGED THAT STUPID LOCK
OH MADE YOU LEAVE YOUR KEY
IF I'VE KNOWN FOR A SECOND YOU'D BE BACK TO BOTHER ME
GO ON NOW, GO WALK OUT THE DOOR
TURN AROUND NOW
YOU'RE NOT WELCOME ANYMORE
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO HURT ME WITH GOODBYE
DO YOU THINK I'D CRUMBLE
DID YOU THINK I'D LAY DOWN AND DIE?

NO, NOT I, I WILL SURVIVE
LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO LOVE
I KNOW I'LL STAY ALIVE
I'VE GOT ALL MY LIFE TO LIVE
AND ALL MY LOVE TO GIVE AND I'LL SURVIVE
I, I, I WILL SURVIVE

IT TOOK ALL MY STRENGTH NOT TO FALL APART
TRYING' WITHOUT MY MIND TO MEND MY BROKEN HEART
I SPENT SO MANY NIGHTS
FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, HOW I CRIED
BUT NOW I HOLD MY HEAD UP HIGH
AND YOU SEE ME, SOMEBODY NEW
I'M NOT THAT LONELY LITTLE PERSON WHO'S STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU
NOW YOU COME DROPPING IN
EXPECTING ME TO BE FREE
NOW I'M SAVING ALL MY LOVIN' FOR SOMEONE WHO'S LOVING ME
GO ON NOW, WALK OUT THE DOOR
TURN AROUND NOW
YOU'RE NOT WELCOME ANYMORE
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO HURT ME WITH GOODBYE
THINK I'D MIGHT CRUMBLE
DID YOU THINK I'D LAY DOWN AND DIE?

NO, NOT I, I WILL SURVIVE
LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO LOVE
I KNOW I'LL STAY ALIVE
I'VE GOT MY LIFE TO LIVE
AND ALL MY LOVE TO GIVE AND I'LL SURVIVE
I, I, I WILL SURVIVE

GO AND GO, WALK OUT THE DOOR
TURN AROUND NOW

YOU'RE NOT WELCOME ANYMORE
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO HURT ME WITH GOODBYE
DO YOU THINK I'D CRUMBLE
DID YOU THINK I'D LAY DOWN AND DIE?

NO, NOT I, I WILL SURVIVE
LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO LOVE
I KNOW I'LL STAY ALIVE
I'VE GOT ALL MY LIFE TO LIVE
AND ALL MY LOVE TO GIVE AND I'LL SURVIVE
I, I, I WILL SURVIVE

IT TOOK ALL MY STRENGTH NOT TO FALL APART
TRYING' WITHOUT MY MIND TO MEND MY BROKEN HEART
I SPENT SO MANY NIGHTS
FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, HOW I CRIED
NOW I HOLD MY HEAD UP HIGH
AND YOU SEE ME, SOMEBODY NEW
NOT THAT LONELY LITTLE PERSON WHO'S STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU
NOW YOU COME DROPPING IN
EXPECTING ME TO BE FREE
BUT I'M SAVING ALL MY LOVIN' FOR SOMEONE WHO'S LOVING ME

GO ON AND GO, WALK OUT THE DOOR
TURN AROUND NOW
YOU'RE NOT WELCOME ANYMORE
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO HURT ME WITH GOODBYE
THINK I'D MIGHT CRUMBLE
DID YOU THINK I'D LAY DOWN AND DIE?

NO, NOT I, I WILL SURVIVE
LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO LOVE
I KNOW I'LL STAY ALIVE
I'VE GOT MY LIFE TO LIVE
AND ALL MY LOVE TO GIVE AND I'LL SURVIVE
I, I, I WILL SURVIVE

GO ON AND GO, WALK OUT THE DOOR
TURN AROUND NOW
YOU'RE NOT WELCOME ANYMORE
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO HURT ME WITH GOODBYE

SPOT ON C AND C Crank and Craft look out into the audience.

Craft: Oh, no. I don't believe this. They liked it. No, I think they loved it.

Crank: That damn script girl. Nothing can save us now. Not even this ridiculous ending!

(Back on stage, Scarlet/Donnie steps front and center.)

Scarlet: Not only will I survive, but the South will rise again. Sometime around 1952 ----

(She points off stage as music rises and the Elvis impersonators enter and dance with Scarlet in a final number.)

ELVIS NUMBER (choose your favorit Elvis number or medley here!)

(The number ends and everyone on stage bows.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

SPOT LIGHT ON C AND C

Craft: Oh, my god, it sounds like a hit, Crank.

Crank: But we've sold over 900 percent of the show. We'll never be able to pay that back.

Craft: No unless we somehow get rid of our profits.

Crank: How can we possibly lose all these profits?

Craft: By investing them in something else. Something really risky.

Crank: What could be riskier than a script by Hersage and Liberatore?

Craft: (considering) I don't know. Wait. Wait! How about an internet start up?

Crank: Of course! We'll tell everybody we put the money into www.dixiedisco.com.

Craft: And by the time the stock tanks, we'll be basking on some tropical island!

Crank: Craft, you are an absolute genius. Let's disco!!

CURTAIN UP

as the entire cast is assembled onstage for a reprise of COPACABANA and bows.

The End.