

# *Goodbye Paris*

## Synopsis

Kay Boyle is in love. She's in love with Paris. She's in love with avant-garde publisher Robert McAlmon and, most of all, she's in love with words. An aspiring writer swept up in the madness of The Lost Generation she is determined to assert her place in a male dominant world where the lines between life and art are blurred beyond distraction. Her impossible romance with McAlmon drives the action. He is a powerful literary figure and the first person to publish Ernest Hemingway. Kay believes eventually they will be lovers and McAlmon does love her. Unfortunately he also has a weakness for quick-witted young men. Both end up in affairs with "Buffy" Glassco, a 19 year old poet/pornographer who uses them to acquire a lucrative position as ghost-writer and gigolo to Gladys Brooke, a rich older woman with a taste for kink.

Everyone is entangled in a complex web of fast talk, literary ambition and sexual fluidity. Morley Callaghan, the new genius on the block, is in way over his young head. Scott Fitzgerald, suffering from writer's block, is obsessed with the diminutive size of his penis. Zelda, determined to prove her own worth as an artist, suspects Scott is in love with Hemingway and has her eye on Kay. In short, a grand old time is being had by all until Kay falls under Hemingway's spell. McAlmon explodes, goes on a bender and reveals that he and Hem had a tryst in Spain. Hemingway, confronted by Kay and unable to deal with his own complex sexuality, runs away.

McAlmon realizes he's must let Kay find her own way and says goodbye to Paris and Kay. Left with her aching heart and a new typewriter Kay finds the inspiration she needs to become a great author.

## **Characters:**

4m/3f + ENSEMBLE (8 performers playing multiple roles)

**KAY BOYLE** (27) Ambitious, insecure, volatile and flirtatious - tends towards literary hero-worship. In love with MCALMON.

**ROBERT MCALMON** (31) A destructive force devoted to doing good. Slight, angular with icy blue eyes. A renowned avant-garde publisher. Gay, alcoholic, exploding with restless energy, at the center of everything. Quick-witted, cynical, loves KAY but can't ...

**ERNEST HEMINGWAY (HEM)** (29) A compulsive liar. Deeply conflicted and obsessed with masculinity because he doubts his own. Full of exuberance, opinions and confidence combined with a poisonous need to undermine talented friends. A clumsy but pugnacious boxer.

**BUFFY GLASSCO** (19) Bisexual, narcissistic, witty and opportunistic. Barely surviving as a prostitute and pornographer. A fearless desire to experience everything.

**THE DAYANG MUDA OF SARAWAK** (40's) Ex-wife of the improbable white Raja of Sarawak. She seeks revenge through autobiography. By turns snobbish and silly but when the chips are down a fiercely loyal friend. Oh – and kinky as hell.

**SCOTT FITZGERALD** (33) A failing, alcoholic genius and perpetual adolescent. Handsome, generous and charming but starting to crack-up. Sexually insecure. His marriage is falling apart and he is falling in love with Hemingway.

**ZELDA FITZGERALD** (29) A headstrong southern belle struggling to escape the shadow of her famous husband. She has decided to become a ballerina. Passionate, wild, intense and driven. Flirtatious and unstable. She suspects she is a lesbian and Scott is gay.

**MORLEY CALLAGHAN** (26) An up and coming Canadian novelist. Terribly serious about life and art. Short, pudgy and sporting a pencil thin moustache that does little to hide his boyishness. Hero worships his mentor Hemingway. A skillful, college-level boxer.

**THE ENSEMBLE:** The diverse population of Montparnasse: Bartenders, waiters, Patrons, Artists, Femme fatales, Students, Lesbians, Gay Men, Transvestites, Tourists. A cast of characters fueled by gossip, ambition and sexual fluidity.

## **TIME AND PLACE:**

Paris, Spring 1929. Locations: the terrace of The Café Select, The Jockey, a cowboy-themed jazz club, the Pont Neuf, the American Gym and the streets of Montparnasse.

## **SONG LISTING**

### **Act One**

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Lost In The Shadows               | Kay                                    |
| 2. Montparnasse Strut (song sample)  | Kay & Ensemble                         |
| 3. The Publisher of Paris            | McAlmon, Kay & Ensemble                |
| 4. Words                             | Kay                                    |
| 5. Tickle Me                         | Zelda, Scott & Ensemble                |
| 6. Un Petit Peu Dérangé              | Zelda                                  |
| 7. The Princess of Sarawak           | Gladys, Kay, McAlmon, Buffy & Ensemble |
| 8. Ooo La La                         | Morley                                 |
| 9. What Happened at Gertrude's Salon | Kay, Morley, Buffy, McAlmon, Ensemble  |
| 10. Gigolo Duet                      | Gladys & Buffy                         |
| 11. Rats                             | McAlmon                                |

### **Act Two**

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 12. Hangover Café                   | McAlmon, Scott, Morley, Buffy, Hemingway |
| 13. The Nightinghous of Paris       | McAlmon & Ensemble                       |
| 14. Jumpin' Django                  | Instrumental                             |
| 15. Words (reprise)                 | Kay                                      |
| 16. Un Petit Peu Dérangé. (reprise) | Zelda & Kay                              |
| 17. Hey Gatsby                      | Scott                                    |
| 18. The Column                      | Buffy, Gladys & Ensemble                 |
| 19. One True Thing                  | Hemingway                                |
| 20. Goodbye Paris                   | Kay & McAlmon                            |
| 21. Finale                          | Full Company                             |

## **RECORDED TRACK LIST**

- |                                      |                                     |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Lost In The Shadows               | 12. Hangover Café                   |
| 2. Montparnasse Strut                | 13. The Nightinghous of Paris       |
| 3. The Publisher of Paris            | 14. Jumpin' Django                  |
| 4. Words                             | 15. Words (reprise)                 |
| 5. Tickle Me                         | 16. Un Petit Peu Dérangé. (reprise) |
| 6. Un Petit Peu Dérangé.             | 17. Hey Gatsby                      |
| 7. The Princess of Sarawak           | 18. The Column                      |
| 8. Ooo La La                         | 19. One True Thing                  |
| 9. What Happened at Gertrude's Salon | 20. Goodbye Paris                   |
| 10. Gigolo Duet                      | 21. Finale                          |
| 11. Rats                             |                                     |

**Act One. Scene One. The Terrace of The Café Select. Montparnasse, Paris 1929**

Tight spot on KAY BOYLE, a whippet thin beauty who sits at a table writing furiously in a notebook. The action is underscored. After a few bars she slaps her pencil down, reads what she has written, tears the paper out of the notebook, crumples it and throws it to the ground.

**LOST IN THE SHADOWS**

KAY: **Here lost in the shadows  
Adrift among Les Gens Perdu  
Here trapped in shadows  
Those crazy years les années fou**

**How to begin?  
What tale to tell?  
An empty page  
My special hell  
I've got to laugh  
I feel so small  
Could be that I was never  
There at all.**

KAY discovers an old photograph shoved into the pages of her notebook. She looks at it and her memory is ignited.

**MONTPARNASSE STRUT**

The music goes up-tempo. Lights up. The ENSEMBLE dances on setting up the terrace of The Cafe Select.

*(A general note: EVERY CHARACTER on stage wants to be a writer and they all carry notebooks of one kind or another. Any time there's gossip or something of interest is said or happens, they are likely to pull out their notebooks and write.)*

KAY & ENSEMBLE: **The year is 1929  
The scene is Paris - a magic time  
The war is over, nobody's sober  
And drinking cheap bubbly wine  
In Gay Paree**

KAY & ENSEMBLE: (*cont.*) **In France a dollar can go so far  
No inhibitions - and lots of bars  
And all the artists declare; “My heart is  
In Paris – that’s where the work is  
Avant-garde”**

BUFFY GLASSCO, a beautiful, androgynous 19 year-old enters with ROBERT MCALMON, a world weary fellow just on the edge of 30. They sit and order drinks. KAY joins them.

FEMALE TRIO: **So new**  
KAY& MEN: **Jazz Age - flappers**  
FEMALE TRIO: **So bright**  
KAY& MEN: **Poets - scrappers**  
FEMALE TRIO: **In Paree**  
**Life is free and so easy**  
ALL: **Yeah**  
**So easy**

FEMALE TRIO **So new**  
KAY& MEN: **It’s so crazy**  
FEMALE TRIO **So bright**  
KAY& MEN: **Kinda hazy**  
FEMALE TRIO **In Paree**  
ALL **:Life is always hoppin’  
To a hot quintet**

MORLEY CALLAGHAN, a young, short, slightly overweight novelist with a pencil thin moustache enters, observed closely by the ENSEMBLE. He’s fresh meat.

MEN: **In the Quarter find a place to stay  
Fresh from Kansas learnin’ “qu’est-que c’est”  
Maybe his room’s got no plumbing  
He’s still writing, that’s not slumming**

MORLEY hauls out his notebook and begins to write. Seeing he’s writing, THE ENSEMBLE gather around.

MORLEY & ENSEMBLE: **Specially when there’ll come a day  
When the whole wide world will say  
“His book is so sublime  
It’s altered fiction for all time”**

MUSIC continues under.

KAY: *Living Poetry*. What do you think?

MCALMON: An oxymoron.

KAY: It's a title.

MCALMON: For what? A slim book of typographical errors? A cookbook?

MCALMON catches Buffy's eye. BUFFY smiles flirtatiously.

KAY: An anthology of revolutionary writing destined to rivet the attention of the whole world.

MCALMON: Words? Words, words, words! Rats!

KAY: How can you possible say –

MCALMON: Rats.

KAY: You are the most important publisher -

MCALMON: Rats.

KAY: - of modern literature in the -

MCALMON: Rats.

KAY: In the world and –

MCALMON: Stop! I run a vanity press for former friends and future lovers – that's it.

KAY: Joyce, Stein, Hemingway –

MCALMON: Rats. The lot of them. Gutting and rutting and cutting at each other for some little sliver of fame – a load of steaming crap you're well advised not to step in.

MCALMON shakes his head and pulling out his notebook,  
begins to write.

KAY: What are you writing?

MCALMON: Now.

KAY: Now?

MCALMON: My latest revelation: I am describing what is happening - Right NOW. Nothing else could possibly matter.

BUFFY: Can I have a look?

MCALMON: Of course, but it's terribly dated.

MCALMON hands him his notebook. BUFFY bats his eyes.

KAY: Bob, who is this child batting his eyes at you like a lost puppy?

MCALMON: A writer.

KAY: Like every other clown in this joint.

MCALMON: *(to Buffy)* You should submit something to Kay's new rag.

BUFFY: Perhaps I should. I'm rather good at Submission, if you catch my drift.

KAY: That's probably not all I'd catch. *(to McAlmon)* *Living Poetry* is -

MCALMON: That name is death on a stick.

KAY: Thank you. Will you fund it? *(seductively)* I'd make it worth your while.

MCALMON: Tempting. Will it be magnificent?

KAY: Of course. Once Joyce and Stein and Hem-

MCALMON: Absolutely not. New voices or no voices, that's my position and I'm sticking to it.

KAY: Oh, alright then. Here's something new. *(hands him a notebook)*

BUFFY: Who wrote it?

MCALMON: Kay Boyle.

KAY: It's brilliant.

MCALMON reads the poem.

FEMALE TRIO: **So new**  
 KAY& MEN: **Big time talkers**  
 FEMALE TRIO: **So bright**  
 KAY& MEN: **Café gawkers**



FEMALE TRIO:       **In Paree**  
                           **Life is free and so easy**  
                           **Yeah**  
                           **So easy**

FEMALE TRIO:       **So new**  
 KAY& MEN:         **Poseurs – fakers**  
 FEMALE TRIO:       **So bright**  
 KAY& MEN:         **Epoch makers**  
 FEMALE TRIO:       **In Paree**  
 KAY& ENSEMBLE: **The joint keeps on jumpin’**  
                           **’Til the sun comes up.**

MUSIC continues under.

MCALMON: (*reads*) “So we go on our silence never heard  
 And of this love? Speak not the word.”

KAY:                What do you think?

MCALMON: I think I need a drink. Garcon! Pernod. Kay?

KAY:                Aquavit.

MCALMON: Buffy?

BUFFY:             Both?

KAY:                Bob, from whence did this mooch appear?

MCALMON: I stumbled over him under The Pont Neuf.

BUFFY:             My current domicile.

MCALMON: I couldn’t leave him there, could I?

KAY:                Why not? Fresh air, fascinating roommates.

BUFFY:             Sports fishing optional.

MCALMON: He’s a very talented boy. Had a charming piece in *This Quarter*.

KAY:                Charming?

BUFFY:             (*to Kay*) You must admit I’m charming.

KAY: I'll do no such a thing.

MCALMON: None-the-less Buffy is charming.

BUFFY: And destitute.

MCALMON: His father cut him off

BUFFY: I am sans sou.

KAY: Your publication did not impress?

BUFFY: Mon Pere's Canadian. The only writing he admires is found in insurance policies..

MCALMON: Buffy hates his homeland.

BUFFY: Canada is too insipid to hate. I merely despise it.

MORLEY: Hey, Canada isn't so bad. (*crossing to their table.*)

BUFFY: Bob – a lunatic approaches.

MORLEY: Sorry to butt in like that, but you're Bob McAlmon, aren't you?

MCALMON: Who wants to know?

MORLEY: (*offers hand*) Callaghan, Morley Callaghan.

MCALMON: Callaghan?! Buffy ! A fellow Canadian. The New York papers all claim he's the next Hemingway.

KAY: I'm not sure Montparnasse can handle another genius.

MCALMON: Alas. One day the neighborhood will capsize like a dory full of literary squid.

BUFFY: How inky.

MCALMON: Exactly. But in the meantime - Kay, Buffy. Morley Calamari. Sit. Sit. What do you think of this?

MCALMON hands MORLEY Kay's notebook. He reads.

ENSEMBLE: **A new face**  
**On the Rue St. Jacques**  
**His first time at the Bar Select**  
**Hey what ya thinkin'**  
**Hey what ya drinkin'**

MORLEY: I'm thinking; "Can I buy a round of cheap Pernod?"

A cheer. To MORLEY'S dismay EVERYONE in earshot orders a drink.

ENSEMBLE  
**Now he's the talk of Harry's Bar**  
**He's a hero, a brand new star**  
**He'll win the Nobel**  
**He's writing so well**  
**We'll have un autre, s'il vous plaît**

**Big time spenders**  
**All night benders**  
**Our sweet land of plenty**  
**The last roar of the roaring Twenties**

**So new**  
**Big time talkers**  
**So bright**  
**Café gawkers In Patee**  
**Love is free and so easy**  
**Easy come and go**

KAY  
**Here lost in the shadows**  
**Adrift among les gens perdu**  
**Here trapped in shadows**  
**These crazy years - les années fou**

**How to begin?**  
**What tale to tell?**  
**An empty page**  
**My special hell**  
**I've got to laugh**  
**I feel so small**  
**Could be they were never**  
**Here at all**

Music continues. ZELDA and SCOTT FITZGERALD, a glamorous, slightly over-dressed couple in their early 30's hurry on.

SCOTT: Bobby!

MCALMON: Children! They let you back in the country?!

ZELDA: Of course they did. We're rich!

SCOTT: She's studying with The Ballet Russe.

ZELDA: And he's going to finish the next novel!

SCOTT: It will be better than Gatsby.

MCALMON: Hard to imagine. Loved those spectacles.

SCOTT: Yes, they were a nice touch weren't they?

MCALMON: They brought the whole thing into focus.

ZELDA: We had a wonderful crossing. Everyone was doing a new dance.

SCOTT: The Tickle.

ZELDA: Come to The Jockey tonight. We'll teach it to you, won't we Scott?

SCOTT: You betcha!

SCOTT exits with ZELDA.

MEN:  
**Hello springtime nineteen twenty nine**  
**All the tourists come to 'have a time'**  
**Though that sight might send you running**  
**Spring is here and summer's coming**  
**Order some wine and raise a glass**  
**To crazy times and red hot jazz**  
**Watchin' the people as they pass**

TRIO:  
**Oh what sweet music** \   
**Oh what sweet romance**  
**Oh what sweet lovin'**  
  
**We'd go all night**  
**Making love and sweet delight**  
**Until daylight**

ALL: **Along the streets of Paris**  
**Along the streets of Paris**  
**Along the streets of Montparnasse**

SONG ends.

MORLEY: That was Fitzgerald, wasn't it?

MCALMON: What's left of him. You want to meet him?

MORLEY: Well, sure, but if the guy's got a new book on the go. Hem says bothering a real writer when they're working drives 'em right round the bend.

MCALMON: Not to worry, Scott's already round the bend.

MCALMON turns his attention to KAY. As they talk MORLEY, inspired by seeing Fitzgerald, starts writing in his notebook.

MCALMON: Will you let me fix this poem before it's published?

KAY: There's nothing wrong with that poem.

MCALMON: It is a sentimental bucket of tripe.

KAY: It's a love poem. Dedicated to you.

MCALMON: I would advise you to sleep with a few more strangers before wallowing in the weighty depths of love. Buffy, still working on your autobiography?

BUFFY: I can't. I'm far too busy living the literary life.

MCALMON: Then what is this?

MCALMON pulls a pamphlet out of BUFFY's suit pocket.

BUFFY: An illustrated pamphlet for a "specialty" publisher. My subject is historical...and Greek.

KAY: And is this your sole source of income?

BUFFY: My other options are distressing, to say the least.

MCALMON: I am certainly not letting you go back there. You should be writing something serious. My new studio has lots of room. We will hole up together and create something piquant.

BUFFY: A tempting offer.

MORLEY laughs.

KAY: Getting it all down, Morley?

MORLEY: I wasn't – sorry – I'm deep into this novel and I can't keep off of it. I just – no sorry - Hem says never talk about what you're writing. (*puts away his notebook*) You haven't seen Hem, have you?

MCALMON: Long gone.

BUFFY: Moved on.

MORLEY: He's coming back for the summer – needs to recharge the batteries.

MCALMON: Then I look forward to a number of electrocutions.

KAY: Shocking.

MCALMON: Ask Sylvia at Shakespeare and Co.

KAY: They're still speaking.

MORLEY: I was just there. That woman cut me something awful.

KAY: Don't worry about Sylvia. She's a Beach.

MORLEY: It's just...Maybe she was offended by all that guff in the papers about me being the "next Hemingway".

MCALMON: Ernest will love that.

KAY: Like a porcupine loves a puppy's nose.

MORLEY: Worst is it came from my publishers. They'll make up any kind of trash to sell a book.

KAY: Might I remind you Bob is a publisher of some note and a better writer than your beery-breathed fake.

MORLEY: Hey, Hem's the real thing.

KAY: Bob gave him a break. Otherwise those fishin' yarns would have ended up in *Boy Scout's Annual*.

MORLEY: Look, I don't know what you guys got against Hemingway. Back when I was a cub reporter on The Toronto Star he was the only one believed I could be a writer and –

MCALMON: Backstory!

BUFFY: We don't believe in back stories.

MCALMON: Stale gossip. Nothing worse.

MORLEY: Fine, but a man stands up for his friends and a pal's a pal and –

KAY: Until you discover his Bowie knife stuck in your back.

MCALMON: Now Kay, there is no need to start a brawl with Morley! He's a stranger in a strange land, unaccustomed to our savage ways.

KAY: You're his first publisher and he's bad-mouthing you in the columns.

MCALMON: Kay, Kay. It's an honour and a privilege to take an occasional punch from an abused genius. All part of the game. Maestro – if you please!

**THE PUBLISHER OF PARIS.**

MCALMON: **I'm the publisher of Paris  
I'm known in all the bars  
I live life to the fullest  
Turn scribblers into stars**

**MCALMON:** (*cont.*) So many friends around me  
 Deserve a life that's better  
 I give them all the help I can  
 We're geniuses together

**KAY:** It is endlessly frustrating  
 How you play your crazy game  
 We spin inside a maelstrom  
 But you remain quite sane  
 You stand aloof avec sang froid  
 Why not reveal your heart?

**MCALMON:** What can I say?  
 I love to play.  
 And devote myself to art.

**KAY:** But –

**MCALMON:** No, please spare me your questions  
 Do not flatter or cajole  
 All hearts remain a mystery  
 Opaque and black as coal  
 So please don't pry. Don't even try  
 To fathom my dark soul  
 Just drink your fill  
 And when they bring the bill  
 I'm always glad to pay

**ENSEMBLE:** Hurray!!!  
 He's the publisher of Paris  
 He's known in all the bars  
 He lives life to the fullest  
 Turns scribblers into stars  
 So many friends around him  
 Deserve a life that's better  
 He gives us all the help he can

**ENSEMBLE & MCALMON:** We're geniuses together

**KAY:** A publisher in Paris  
 Could there be a stranger fate  
 Courted and seduced  
 For the price of a printer's plate

**MCALMON:** I spend my money as I please  
 Publish whom I chose

**KAY:** And somehow it all comes out the same  
 You end up being used

MCALMON: **You'd think I'd have the blues  
Instead I'm quite amused**

KAY and MCALMON tap dance.

KAY & MCALMON: **It's hard to be a genius  
There's so many of us here**

KAY: **You write down everything you see  
And face life without fear**

MCALMON: **Still I hear the laughter, feel the tears  
When a writer is ignored**

KAY; **Then why are you so cruel and calm  
And nasty when you're bored?**

ALL: **He's the publisher of Paris**

MCALMON: **I'm known in all the bars**

ALL: **He's the publisher of Paris**

MCALMON: **I'll turn you into stars**

ALL: **So many friends around him  
Deserve a life that's better  
He gives us all the help he can**

MCALMON: **I give them all the help I can**

ALL: **He gives us all the help he can  
We're geniuses together**

MCALMON kisses KAY. THE ENSEMBLE applauds. KAY and MCALMON take a bow.

KAY: **One day you'll drive me mad.**

MCALMON: **I'm far too drunk to drive.**

KAY: **Then we'll take a cab.**

MCALMON: **Morley, tonight we shall repair to The Jockey, a cowboy-themed dive just down the street. There we shall feast on Le Jazz Hot – my treat. And I will introduce you to Scott and Zelda and any other fools who dance by.**

KAY **We will dance!**



MCALMON: Madly. (*to Buffy*) Come Buffy. We have things to do.

MCALMON and BUFFY exit. KAY looks at MORLEY. MORLEY looks at KAY not sure what to say.

MORLEY: That poem isn't half-bad.

KAY: It's puke on a plate.

KAY tears her poem out of the notebook and turns away. MORLEY exits

### WORDS

KAY: **Words**  
**Words**  
**Words**  
**Words**  
**Words**  
**Confabulation**  
**Acceleration**  
**Manipulation**  
**Ejaculation**  
**Procrastination**  
**And strangulation**  
**The tintinnabulation of The Words**

*(writes)* **"I look into his ice blue eyes**  
**I see my reflection there**  
**He looks away into the café gloom**  
**And I am free to stare**  
**He drowns his heart**  
**In frozen words**  
**A vicious verb**  
**A nasty sneer**  
**All we were just disappears**

**One day before reflection's mirror**  
**Grey and oh so far from here**  
**The man I love**  
**The passion and the rage**  
**The romance and my tears**  
**Will I recall this crowded stage**  
**A desperate poem.**  
**A yellowed page**  
**A remnant of these reckless years**

KAY: *(cont.)* **Shattered infinitive**  
**Laughing intransitive**  
**A color here**  
**A flash of light**  
**A foggy street**  
**A taxi ride**  
**A cabaret**  
**A hint of night**

**Writers and poets**  
**And artists and whores**  
**Battles we fight**  
**The rich and the poor**  
**All writing lies**  
**The passionate cries**  
**Words of rebellion**  
**Words of despair**  
**McAlmon and I were there**

**Some die too young or go insane**  
**To illuminate the night**  
**This much is true: It never is in vain**  
**Let this poor heart take flight**  
**The words will burn like flaming birds**  
**The long lost boys**  
**The dance hall girls**  
**We will live on in the words**  
**We will live on in our triumphant words**

KAY picks up her notebook and determinedly marches off.

**Act One. Scene Two. The Jockey**

A crazy bar that features a band and “la dancing”. The walls are covered with paintings of Cowboys and Indians. THE ENSEMBLE dance on. ZELDA and SCOTT follow, dancing and singing.

**TICKLE ME**

ALL: **Tickle me, oh tickle me  
Put goosebumps on my skin  
Jiggle me and wiggle me  
‘Til my poor head spins  
Hoochee me oh koochee me  
Rubberize my shins  
Jazza me and dazzle me  
And do it all again**

MUSIC continues. MCALMON, BUFFY, KAY and MORLEY enter.  
ZELDA keeps dancing.

MCALMON: Fitzgerald! I bring young acolytes to frolic about beneath your spats.

MORLEY: *(whispers)* Easy there, Bob. *(offers his hand to SCOTT)* Mr. Fitzgerald I’m Morley Callaghan.

KAY: Mr. Fitzgerald I am a great admirer of –

SCOTT: *(ignoring Kay)* Morley! I like your stuff. This is swell. Morley, this is Zelda!

ZELDA: Morley! We’re celebrating!

SCOTT: Paris is a tonic!

ZELDA: He did 557 and a half words today.

SCOTT: His best day in a month. More champagne!

ZELDA: No, no, I couldn’t – not even a single jeroboam.

SCOTT: Who is this tea-totalling stranger masquerading as my notorious wife?

ZELDA: **Moi, I’m just une pauvre jeune fille  
They call a dancing fool  
Always have such fun, c’est vrai  
By breaking every rule**

SCOTT: **And I am such un homme gentil  
So free and on my own**

SCOTT & ZELDA: **Don't be a tease  
Won't you please  
Tickle my funny bone**

ZELDA: Everybody! Dance!

ZELDA takes Morley's hands and throws him into the arms of THE ENSEMBLE who tickle him until he joins in the dancing. MCALMON, BUFFY and KAY join the dance.

ALL: **Tickle me oh tickle me  
Put goosebumps on my skin  
Jiggle me and wiggle me  
'Til my poor head spins  
Hoochee me oh koochee me  
Rubberize my shins  
Jazza me and dazzle me  
Squeeza me and pleasa me  
Oh tickle me oh tickle me  
And do it all again  
Koo-koo-ko-koochie coo.**

The song ends with joyous laughter and applause. SCOTT and ZELDA head back to the bar along with MORLEY. KAY kisses MCALMON. He pulls away.

GLADYS, The Princess of Sarawak enters. She is a tall, beautiful blonde in her 40's, elegantly dressed, obviously wealthy, but with an air of perpetual distraction. Sort of a cross between Tallulah Bankhead and Gracie Allen.

GLADYS: Kay, Kay!

KAY: Your Highness. What's the word?

GLADYS: (*waves a New Yorker Magazine above her head.*) Published!

ALL: Published!

GLADYS: It's been rumoured in the columns.

MCALMON: It must be true.

GLADYS: (*to The Ensemble*) Did you hear, McAlmon says my book *Relations and Complications* is being published!

A general buzz of jealous approval.

KAY: Congratulations.

GLADYS: I can't wait until the Tuan Muda reads it. That will give his royal butt a kicking.

MCALMON: (*to Morley*) Her hubby Bertie is the part-time Rajah of Sarawak.

KAY: An absurd job for impoverished British nobility.

BUFFY: Then again, what isn't?

GLADYS: I'll get the bastard this time.

KAY: I certainly hope so.

GLADYS: It serves me right I suppose. Marrying into the royal family of Borneo!

BUFFY: Still, I'm sure we'd all love to be a Princess.

GLADYS: Not if it meant your family name became spattered in slander.

MCALMON: (*to Buffy*) The Princess is the Palmer's Biscuit heiress.

GLADYS: Yes, Papa baked biscuits. What of it? He made millions and millions.

BUFFY: That's a lot of biscuits.

GLADYS: Not biscuits. Guineas.

MCALMON: The British love their biscuits.

KAY: Yes. Both dry and tasteless.

GLADYS: I thought it would be fun to be a queen and clever Bertie thought it would be fun to inherit my father's fortune.

KAY: It's a ripping tale.

Every GOSSIP in the room has been listening to this exchange. Which means everybody has been listening and now they chime in.

MCALMON: Unfortunately a very old story so -

ENSEMBLE: Do tell!

**THE PRINCESS OF SARAWAK.**

**GLADYS:** *(intro)* **Although I can't remember  
Many details of my life  
I do recall the episodes  
That made me a Rajah's wife.  
Of all the many marv'lous things  
Born silver-spooned and such  
I have to sing this story,'cause  
The details hurt so much...**

**:** **Tragically the truth, is so  
Outrageous and outré  
It must be told with both a tune  
And Russian style ballet.**

**SCOTT & ZELDA:** We're in!

SCOTT and ZELDA dance across the bar a la the Ballet Russe. Members of the ENSEMBLE dance the roles of characters in the song.

**GLADYS:** **From the playing fields of Eton  
Came a legendary man  
A titled Brooke of Borneo  
That fabled misty land**

**KAY:** **Her father looked down at The Prince  
Came asking for my hand  
But still noblesse oblige can count  
In stodgy old England**

**GLADYS:** **And Bertie offered titles  
A sari and a crown**

**MCALMON:** **"Be royalty in Borneo  
And live a life renown"**

**BUFFY:** **So you forsook the mansion built  
On a soda cracker's back?**

**GLADYS:** **And then before I knew it  
I'm Princess of Sarawak**

**BUFFY:** **So then before you knew it  
You're Princess of Sarawak**

**ALL:** **So then before she knew it  
She's Princess of Sarawak**

**KAY:**           **Deep in New Guinea jungles  
Our story takes a turn  
For in the land of shrunken heads  
Are lessons to be learned**

**GLADYS:**   **My hubby proved a perfect cad  
A monster through and through  
Sleeping with the servants  
There was nothing I could do.**

**So I took the children and tried to run away  
He sued me and won custody  
And has them ‘til this day**

**MCALMON** **He said she caused a scandal  
He said her mind was sick**

**GLADYS:**   **“That is a lie” I cried aloud  
“You selfish greedy prick”**

**BUFFY:**       **Selfish greedy prick.**

**KAY AND GLADYS:** **The selfish greedy prick**

**BUFFY AND MCALMON:** **The selfish greedy prick**

**ALL:**           **The selfish greedy prick**

**BUFFY:**       **So Bertie’s got your children**

**GLADYS:**   **But one day I’ll get them back**

**ALL:**           **And that’s the tragic tale of  
The Princess of Sarawak**

**BUFFY:**       That man is a swine! Why if he were here now I’d...I’d give him what-for!

**GLADYS:**   Kay, who is this delightful child?

**KAY:**           Buffy is one of McAlmon’s strays.

**GLADYS:**   Buffy?

**BUFFY:**       It’s my pet name.

**GLADYS:**   I love pets – Buffy. You may call me Princess.

BUFFY: Prrrrincessss. Mummm.

BUFFY kisses her hand.

GLADYS: Oh. My. Where was I?

KAY: Reputation is in ruins. Children gone.

GLADYS: Oh, yes! My side of the story must be told.

KAY: Hence the book. And now, victory is within your grasp.

GLADYS: Or so I thought, but the publisher wants revisions.

KAY: Oh God! Revisions? No. I couldn't write another syllable.

BUFFY: *(to Kay)* You wrote her autobiography?

GLADYS: Well, I couldn't write it myself - I'm a Royal. Garçon. Le Pims.

KAY: Seriously, your Highness, I'm terribly busy and –

GLADYS: We'll start tomorrow. Toodles.

GLADYS knocks back her Pims, throws the glass in the air and exits. The BAND begins to play a slinky instrumental tango. BUFFY smiles at KAY.

BUFFY: Well?

KAY: Welcome to my nightmare.

BUFFY: Does it pay?

KAY: Cash and cast-off couturier. Hellish work.

BUFFY: Soul crushing, I'm sure. Shall we dance?

KAY: Why not?

KAY and BUFFY dance.

SCOTT: So, when did you get into town?

MORLEY: Just this morning. Hem said a writer needs to know Paris and when I heard he was coming over...

SCOTT: Have you seen him?



MORLEY: Not so far.

SCOTT: Me neither.

ZELDA: Thank God.

SCOTT: He sent me the galleys for *A Farewell To Arms*.

MORLEY: Jeepers! That's an honour.

SCOTT: It's a big book.

ZELDA: Who's the sylph dancing with the pretty boy?

MCALMON: Kay Boyle. She's starting a new magazine.

ZELDA: A publisher? De-lightful.

ZELDA crosses to BUFFY and KAY.

ZELDA: Mind if I cut in?

KAY steps back expecting ZELDA to start dancing with BUFFY. Instead ZELDA sweeps her up in her arms. They spin off together. MORLEY gapes at the girls. ZELDA is a very good dancer. BUFFY laughs and crosses to the bar.

SCOTT: (*watches Zelda dance by*) Tell me, do you think a woman likes a man's private parts large or small?

MORLEY: Huh?

SCOTT: Zelda and I slept together before we were married and I think that may really be the root of the whole problem.

MORLEY: Problem?

SCOTT: Of course we were desperately in love. At least I was and required proof. And I hope she was because she gave me proof, but one can never truly know, can one?

MORLEY: Know what?

SCOTT: About the size of the privates. If she's only slept with one man, me, how could she know? Unless that French fly-boy... If my suspicions are true, then what of love?

SCOTT turns to BUFFY who has sidled up to the bar beside them.

SCOTT: What do you think?

BUFFY: (*flirting*) Size matters. You buying?

SCOTT waves for JIMMY THE BARMAN who takes their order as focus shifts to ZELDA and KAY.

KAY: Mrs. Fitzgerald. You dance with grace.

ZELDA: I practice eight hours a day.

KAY: Really? I thought you spent all your time frolicking in fountains.

ZELDA: Or drinking champagne from random slippers. Why is it necessary for you to make assumptions about me?

KAY: Given the public nature of your existence, it's rather hard to avoid.

ZELDA: Then I assume you assume I'm a lesbian. Do you?

KAY: Are you?

ZELDA: I may have fallen in love with my dancing mistress. What do you think?

KAY: Well, it does seem to be going around.

ZELDA: Like the flu. Maybe I caught it from Scott.

KAY: Scott's a lesbian?

ZELDA: That would be just like him don't you think? Confusing every suspicion. But that is neither here nor there. I am more than my sexual preference, whatever it might turn out to be.

KAY: Still your persona remains elusive.

**UN PETIT PEU DÉRANGÉ.**

ZELDA: **I am a shimmering vision  
I am a modern queen  
The gorgeous diamond  
Big as the Ritz  
And every flapper's dream**

**I live a life of glamour  
There's no reason to be sad  
They say my man's a genius  
But fame can drive you mad**

ZELDA: *(cont.)* I'm a dancer but I told you  
 That I practice every day  
 I'll be a prima ballerina  
 I have mastered my jeté

I'm Scott's muse, he always says so  
 As he orders more champagne  
 And we are toasted to the far stars  
 But fame can be a frightful pain

It's mad, well just a little  
 Un petit peu dérangé  
 It's mad  
 Well just a little  
 Un petit peu dérangé

This jazz age life we're living  
 In the columns and the news  
 Has us trapped inside a bubble  
 That leaves us quite confused  
 We are a perfect couple  
 We both are silly fools  
 But inspiration fails us  
 In this land of costume jewels

But never mind that, where's the party  
 Let's order some fresh champagne  
 And we'll go dancing through this nightmare  
 'Til we're truly both insane

It's mad, well just a little  
 Mad, well just a little  
 Mad, well just a little  
 Mad, well just a little  
 Un petit peu dérangé

SCOTT leads the applause. ZELDA takes KAY'S hand and heads for the bar.

ZELDA: Let's celebrate. What are you drinking?

KAY: Today I drank alphabetically. Absinthe, amaretto, anisette, aquavit. Tonight I'm hitting the B's.

ZELDA: Beer?

KAY: Bourbon.

ZELDA: Beautiful.

ZELDA and KAY approach the bar where SCOTT and the BOYS are deep in conversation.

SCOTT: There's one passage in Hem's new book I found particularly moving; "The world breaks everyone. And afterwards many are strong in the broken places. But those that will not break it kills." Isn't that beautiful?

MORLEY: Yes, but perhaps a bit too...

SCOTT: A bit too what?

MORLEY: Written?

SCOTT glares at MORLEY.

ZELDA: I write too you know.

KAY: I didn't.

ZELDA: I've had lots of stories published. *The Southern Girl*, *The Girl With Talent*, *The Millionaire Girl*. They're accredited to Scott and Zelda but I wrote them.

KAY: Shocking.

ZELDA: Would you publish me without Scott's name hanging off the work like an untucked shirt tail?

KAY: Of course?

ZELDA: Barman! Bourbon!

SCOTT: "Those that will not break it kills." That doesn't impress you?

MORLEY: It's not that. I think Hem is a great writer, but -

SCOTT: I suppose nothing really impresses the "next Hemingway", does it?

MCALMON: Oh for God's sake, Scott. It's preachy - a set piece and a damn silly one too. The story has been set on the sideboard while the great man pontificates.

SCOTT: Nothing can impress you McAlmon, but Morley -

MORLEY: Look, you don't have to impress me. I was just talkin' style, the way a literary man might. Hem always tells it like it is when he reads my work and -

KAY: I swear if I hear another word about Ernest Hemingway I will split a participle.

MCALMON: Hem pretends to be in love with death but reduces it to a literary device.

ZELDA: Sometimes Scott talks about Hemingway in his sleep. Don't ya darlin'?

SCOTT: OK, we're going.

ZELDA: Sugar, things are just beginning to get interesting.

ZELDA slips her arm around KAY.

SCOTT: No. Madame Egorova can tell when you've been up too late

SCOTT and ZELDA exit.

MCALMON: (*still arguing with Morley*) Here's how he does it. Here's what he does. You set up the biggest boogiemán you can find then spit in its face so you can feel heroic.

KAY: Bob, dance with me.

MCALMON: (*ignoring Kay*) And Fitzgerald, a much better writer, falls for it. Jimmy! Another!

KAY: Tell me Buffy, why haven't we slept together?

BUFFY: Impossible to believe. It's been hours since we met.

MCALMON: (*starting to lose it*) That first time I took him down to Pamplona. There was this dead dog lying in a ditch and he had to start in on how beautiful it was. I mean, for God's sake its putrefied brains were running out its ears.

BUFFY: You know, I could help out with The Princess.

KAY: We'll discuss it in the morning.

MCALMON: I told him sometimes death wasn't beautiful. Sometimes it's just stinking, flies-screw-on-it death!

KAY: Goodnight Bob.

BUFFY kisses KAY. THEY exit holding hands. MCALMON sighs.

MCALMON: "Flies screw on it." I said that and he never forgave me. Patron! Encore! Encore!

**Act One. Scene Three. The Terrace of The Café Select**

The next afternoon. STREET MUSICIANS are playing outside the Café. MORLEY enters, pulls out a French phrasebook and starts to study. A WOMAN in a suit gives MORLEY the eye. A sleepy WAITER brings him an espresso. He sips it and makes a face. BUFFY and KAY enter.

KAY: So Morley. What do you think?

MORLEY: Think?

KAY: Paris. Isn't it splendid?

**OOO LA LA**

MORLEY: **The coffee may be too strong  
The whole world's speaking French  
So many things I'm seeing  
Just plain don't make sense.  
But Ooo La Ooo La La - quelle experience**

**We go out cabareting  
Gosh the champagne flows  
The chorus girls are dancing  
With fans instead of clothes  
But Ooo la Ooo La La...ain't that quelque chose**

KAY and BUFFY take a table and kiss. MORLEY opens his notebook.

**Got to write  
Got to write  
Got to get my feelings down  
Got to write  
Got to write  
Got to capture this town  
Got to catch the smell of garlic  
Wafting on the breeze  
Got to try and understand  
These guys  
Who do just as they please  
Geeze  
These are the big leagues**

A flirtatious WOMAN enters and smiles at MORLEY. She sits and blows him a kiss.

MORLEY: *(cont.)* **I feel like I am living  
In a land of sweet romance  
And suddenly I'm singing  
Je t'aime la vie de France  
And Ooo La Ooo La La  
Ooo La La  
Ooo La La  
Ooo La La  
Ooo La La  
Ooo La Ooo La La – quelle expérience  
(spoken)Ooo La La**

MCALMON enters, looking very hungover.

KAY: Good morning, Robert.

MCALMON: Good morning, Kay. Have a nice night?

KAY: Delightful. You?

MCALMON: Oh swell. Woke up under the Pont Neuf. Damp down there isn't it, Buffy?

BUFFY: Quite.

MCALMON sits with MORLEY.

MCALMON: Morley, what's the word?

MORLEY: Bob! You'll never guess!

MCALMON: True.

MORLEY: Boxing. I've been boxing Hemingway!

MCALMON: A wonder you're not dead.

MORLEY: I cut his lip!

MCALMON: Modulated tones please. Softly. You and Hemingway had a brawl sometime in the blackness of last night?

MORLEY: Of course not. He got my address from Sylvia and turned up at my door this morning, a big grin on his face and boxing gloves slung over his shoulder.

MCALMON: I suppose he wanted to punish the "next Hemingway"?

MORLEY: Of course not. He spars at this little American gym. Thought I might enjoy working up a sweat.

A WAITER enters with a brandy and soda. MCALMON pounds it back

MCALMON: Merci, Pierre. Un autre. Where were we? Hemingway. Padded mittens... My God. The man's got six inches on you.

MORLEY: True, but I did a little university boxing, so –

MCALMON: They say one night he got tight, climbed into the ring with the Heavyweight Champion of France and knocked him into the front row.

MORLEY: Yeah, I half-expected to get my block knocked off. (*begins shadow boxing*) But I went into a tight crouch and kept moving until I got it. Ernest is big and enthusiastic, but he's an amateur, just like me. He's got the reach, but I'm fast. He can't stop my jab. So, I just kept slipping his right and tagging him on the lip.

MCALMON: This is marvelous.

MORLEY: Just two men doing what men do. Testing themselves.

MCALMON: Let's get to the blood.

MORLEY: Nothing serious - just a cut on the lip. Happens all the time.

MCALMON: Not to Mr. Hemingway.

MORLEY: We were just sparring! Afterwards Hem said; "As long as you can cut my lip like that we're going to be pals."

SCOTT enters.

SCOTT: Morley, I'm just devastated by my goings on last night.

MCALMON: Oh, rats.

SCOTT: No, Bob, I'm sure the story is all over town by now. And it will be in the columns tomorrow. I was ungentlemanly on all counts and Morley is a fine writer. (*to Morley*) For that reason alone I should have the common decency not to humiliate you in front of our whole set.

MCALMON: Consider yourself lucky he didn't knock you through the front door.

SCOTT: Really?

MCALMON: He's a mighty pugilist.



SCOTT: But Hem said Morley's boxing stories show he knows nothing about the fights.

MCALMON: (*laughs*) He may want to recant.

SCOTT: Hem knows the sport inside-out. He knocked out the Heavyweight –

MCALMON: - Champion of France blah-blah-blah. Rats, right, Morley?

MORLEY: How's a story like that get started?

MCALMON: Mr. Hemingway's talent for mythological confabulation.

SCOTT: It's the truth, everybody says so.

MORLEY: It's impossible.

SCOTT: That's alright, Morley. You just don't know –

MCALMON: Rats. Morley's been sparring with The Darling Boy of The Michigan Woods.

MORLEY: This morning.

SCOTT: He's here! Wonderful. It will be good to see the big lunk.

ZELDA enters, swinging ballet slippers over her head.

ZELDA: I'm alive. I'm alive. I'm alive!

ZELDA kisses SCOTT on the cheek.

SCOTT: Good morning, darling. How was class?

ZELDA: Wonderful. I'm in agony. Muscles torn, bruised and battered. Egorova is a genius. (*noticing Kay*) You're that girl from last night, aren't you? The publisher?

KAY: That's right.

ZELDA: Did I make a fool of myself over you?

KAY: Not at all.

ZELDA: I'm so glad. I vaguely remember you being a superb dancer.

SCOTT: Come on darling, Hem's in town. Got to track him down.

ZELDA: Must we?

SCOTT: Of course. And Morley, to make up for our horrible behaviour last night? I want to take you to meet Gertrude Stein.

KAY: Gertrude Stein?

SCOTT: She's having one of her little fetes and she loves young writers.

MCALMON: On a spit.

KAY: I've wanted to meet Gertrude Stein forever.

ZELDA: Then you'll have to come with us.

MCALMON: You'll be disappointed.

SCOTT: You should all come.

MCALMON: A bore is a bore is a bore.

SCOTT: Now for Mister Hemingway. Come along.

ZELDA: Excuse me. I have to go help my husband find his boyfriend. (*exits*)

SCOTT: Don't start in on that muck again, Zelda – I warn you. (*exiting*) Taxi!

MORLEY: Bob, please don't go talking up this boxing thing. It's no big deal.

MCALMON: Odds are it will be. People love to talk about Hemingway.

KAY: The fabled pugilist catches a bleeding lip? Tall tales will blossom like weeds in a ditch.

MCALMON: Gossip has become the highest form of fiction.

MORLEY: Well, I sure as hell am not about to start bragging about me and Hem.

MCALMON: You already have. And everyone's listening.

KAY: How about you Bob? You want to talk about him?

MCALMON: A waste of time.

KAY: Then you wasted a lot of time last night, didn't you?

MCALMON: And you wasted no time at all.

KAY: Quick, write that down.

MCALMON: Too late, the moment has passed.

GLADYS enters.

GLADYS: Kay! Where were we?

KAY: You met with your publisher and...

GLADYS: (*trying to remember*) And? He said...something....

KAY: Now Princess, focus. You met with your publisher and...

GLADYS: Of course! He wants my book right up-to-date. Right up to what I did yesterday.

BUFFY: That shouldn't be all that difficult.

GLADYS: Really?

BUFFY: It's so much easier to remember what happened yesterday than it is to remember what happened when you were fifteen.

GLADYS: That is a relief.

KAY: I brought Buffy with me today because I think we're going to need his help.

GLADYS: With what?

KAY: This re-write has come up so suddenly. I'm about to launch my magazine and Buffy-

BUFFY: Will type for food.

GLADYS: You're hired.

BUFFY: And a place to stay.

GLADYS: Servant's quarters.

BUFFY: Of course.

KAY: He can't impose on you forever, can he Bob?

MCALMON: *Au revoir.*

MCALMON stands and starts to leave. KAY goes after him.

KAY: Bob, wait.

MCALMON: What?

KAY: Oh, look at you. Face all blue around the edges. Like an old Picasso.

MCALMON: Yes, it seems this town gets to me before I can get to it.

KAY: I had to save you from him.

BUFFY: And some small amount to cover my living expenses?

MCALMON: Don't be ridiculous.

KAY: He's just a gigolo.

GLADYS: How much?

BUFFY: One hundred and fifty francs a week?

GLADYS: A hundred

BUFFY: Done.

KAY: Better for him to be picking The Princess' pockets.

MCALMON: Will you spare me? He's a young writer with some talent. I wanted to help him.

KAY: Come on. He obviously doesn't need help.

BUFFY: I just want to say. I feel your suffering. I feel it deeply.

GLADYS sobs and throws herself into BUFFY's arms.

MCALMON: Not with you pimping him out.

KAY: *(pause)* Are you coming tonight? To Gertrude's?

MCALMON: Of course. Someone will have to protect you.

KAY: And if Hemingway shows up?

MCALMON: Then you'll protect me. That's not bad. Must get that down.

GLADYS and BUFFY break. She checks out his package.

GLADYS: Ummm. Yes, you'll do. Come along, Kay. Work to do.

GLADYS, KAY and BUFFY exit..

**Act One. Scene Four. Paris Streets & The Jockey**

MORLEY, MCALMON, BUFFY and KAY, stoned on hash brownies carouse down the street, followed by PASSERSBY then bursting into The Jockey It's joyous, but KAY is morose.

MORLEY: We've been to Gertrude Stein's Salon!

ENSEMBLE: *(all haul out notebooks)* Do tell!!!!

**GERTRUDE'S SALON**

MORLEY: **The Picassos on the wall were...impressive**

BUFFY: **In a dreary sort of way**

MORLEY **The massive plains on Gertrude's face... monumental**

BUFFY: **But rather gray**

MCALMON: **The Matisses are always quite cheery**

MORLEY: **The Courbet is a delight**

BUFFY: **But our hostess Miss Stein,  
I must opine, was a totally arrogant fright**

ALL: **What happened at Gertrude's salon  
It was shocking, absurd and sublime  
It was the best and the worst of all times  
The night that Buffy took  
A stand on a book  
Is a story on which we shall dine**

**What happened at Gertrude's salon  
It was shocking sublime and absurd  
It was worse than the stories you've heard  
In a word, in a word, in a word**

KAY: Disaster

MORLEY: **We all stumbled up  
The rue de Fleurus  
And joyfully joined in the fun  
Scott said "I've brought friends"  
Zelda gave Gert a kiss  
And Alice B. Tolklas  
Stormed off with a hiss**

MCALMON: **But Morley was charming  
And Buffy was boyish  
And Kay admired Gert's poems**

BUFFY: **Stein thanked her quite grandly  
And seriously said**

MCALMON: *(as Stein)* "As a writer, of course, I stand quite alone."

ALL: **What happened at Gertrude's salon  
It was shocking absurd and sublime  
It was the best and the worst of all times  
If you don't agree with Gertie  
She's known to get quite shirty  
You're the lowest of low of mankind**

**What happened at Gertrude's salon  
It was shocking sublime and absurd  
It was worse than the stories you've heard  
In a word, in a word, in a word**

KAY: 'Un debacle'

KAY: **For all of my youth I have wondered  
What that palace of reason might hold  
A room full of artistic genius  
Where all of my dreams might unfold  
And suddenly there she stood standing  
And manfully offered her hand  
I mannishly bowed and curtsied quite cowed  
Then Buffy destroyed all I'd planned**

MCALMON: **The talk was too pompous  
To plain entertain  
And we had to enliven the show**

BUFFY: **So I said that Jane Austin  
Was really quite randy**

MCALMON & BUFFY: **And we waited for Gertie to puff up and blow**

**BUFFY: Like a pachyderm packing a pistol  
And scowling Stein sourly said**

**MCALMON: (*as Stein*) Only silly boys care for Jane Austin**

**MORLEY: Then Buffy shot back and plain cut her dead.**

**BUFFY: All I said was “Only silly old women don’t”**

**ALL: Things got crazy at Gertrude’s salon  
He’d committed an artistic crime  
She went mad without reason or rhyme**

**MCALMON: The only literary genius that doesn’t have a penis  
That insufferable swine called Miss Stein**

**ALL: (*except Kay*) Who cares about Gertrude’s salon  
She is haughty, a bore and unkind  
Guess the night went astray  
At Gertrude’s soirée  
But Alice’s brownies  
Those lovely hash brownies  
Ah Alice’s brownies  
Divine**

EVERYONE laughs and heads for the bar, except KAY who follows looking dejected.

**KAY: It’s not funny. I’ve wanted to meet that woman ever since the first moment I arrived in Paris. And now I’m barred for life!**

**BUFFY: How was I to know the old cow would go berserk over poor old Jane Austin.**

**KAY: She is not an old cow – she is a genius!**

**MORLEY: She looked just like her portrait. (*starting to compose in his head*) “A rhomboid in a burlap sack - ”**

**MCALMON: - Surrounded by an adoring clack –**

**MORLEY: - like school of carp feeding on a slow moving -**

MORLEY and MCALMON crack up.

**KAY: Stop it all of you. Everyone knows how she helped Hemingway. I thought...And now she hates me and it’s all Buffy’s fault.**

MCALMON: Rats. You never stood a chance. There is only room for one woman writer on the Rue de Fleurus; Gertrude The Great

KAY: You're just picking on her 'cause she's a girl. (*sobs*)

MCALMON: Jimmy! Liquids!

MORLEY: You're right Bob. You can't "not write" this stuff. It's...It's... epic. Got to get it down before...

MCALMON: Somebody else does.

MORLEY hauls out his notebook and begins to scribble as GLADYS enters, looks around and crosses to BUFFY.

GLADYS: Buffy, I have something we absolutely must discuss, immediately.

BUFFY: You do?

GLADYS: I do. Today the maid was cleaning your room and she came upon some photographs.

BUFFY: Oh drat, you found them. I couldn't be more contrite.

GLADYS: Yes, you are terribly naughty, but...You certainly are a handsome young man.

BUFFY: It's all in the lighting really. The photographer is an artist. (*fake sigh*) Caught. The awful truth emerges. I've posed for smutty pictures. I suppose you'll want me to leave.

GLADYS: Well, I suppose I should, really, but I couldn't help thinking, well...Shall we dance?

BUFFY: Why not!

GLADYS: Yes, let's dance. You can tell me all about your sinful life and then beg for my forgiveness

BUFFY: And then?

GLADYS: And then we shall negotiate your punishment.

GLADYS and BUFFY dance.

### GIGOLO DUET

BUFFY: **I spent last Christmas in a brothel  
Working hard to earn my keep  
Between the crones and Nancy boys  
I barely got a moment's sleep**



**BUFFY:**        *(cont.)* **I posed nude for my new friend Max  
With two delightful femmes d'joie  
And later I did a movie where  
I clearly broke the law**

**F**                **It's a fact that's hard to face  
That I am just a gigolo  
Despite my looks and youthful grace  
I'm a whore don't you know  
I've sold my body  
What else could I do  
And mortgaged my soul  
or a few paltry sou  
And now I live  
On the avails of you  
I've got those gigolo blues**

**GLADYS**       **Don't be blue my darling boy  
My precious porno star  
Performing with such expertise  
In a movie so bizarre**

**I can't say how it moves me  
It's so hard to relate  
To find a man who won't make love  
But simply copulate**

**BOTH:**        **Do, do that gigolo voodoo  
It always works a wonder on me  
Do, do the things only you do  
When I'm sitting on your knee  
I need burning kisses  
And a fond caress  
You take care of my wishes**

**BUFFY:**       **And you'll take care of the rest**

**GLADYS:**     **I'll take care of the rest**

**GLADYS:**     **I love the way you smell  
Like clean linen, like fresh lace  
And I crave the smell, dare I tell  
Of your buttocks near my face  
I sense I'll worship leather  
Being tied up to a chair  
All the things I've read  
All the things you've said  
Oh Buffy strip me bare**

**BOTH: Do, do that gigolo voodoo  
It's bound to work its wonders on me  
Do, do the things only you do  
With a woman on your knee.**

**I need burning kisses  
And a fond caress  
I'll/You take care of my wishes  
And I'll/you'll take care of the rest  
I'll/You'll take care of the rest  
Do-do-do do what you do  
Do that gigolo thing.**

GLADYS and BUFFY kiss. They continue to dance, becoming very handsy.  
KAY watches.

MCALMON: I think we're both losing our young companion.

KAY: As planned.

MCALMON: It's a good thing I suppose. He has no loyalty, just wit and beauty.

KAY: (*laughs*) Oh, Bob, this night has been so impossibly sad. Kiss me, won't you? Just a tender kiss.

MCALMON: Poor Kay.

MCALMON kisses her quite tenderly. The door bursts open and HEMINGWAY strides in with SCOTT and ZELDA. He's a big, handsome man bursting with vitality and self-confidence, dressed in a studied boho manner: sneakers, baggy pants, a tweed jacket with patches on the elbows, a tie hangs loosely around the neck of his plaid flannel shirt - a man-boy.

SCOTT: I've found him at last!

ZELDA: Zip-a-dee-do.

SCOTT: He said he hadn't seen you in years, Bob, so I insisted he tag along.

HEM: How's it going old pal? Still leaching off your father-in-law?

MCALMON stands, the animosity between them is palpable.

MCALMON: Getting by. How runs the bull?

HEM: Sales continue to be impressive, not that that matters.

HEMINGWAY throws a punch at MCALMON'S face. MCALMON jerks backward and moves to block the punch.

HEM: (to Morley) McAlmon married an heiress. She ran off with a dyke and he gets paid to put up with it don't you, McAlimony?

MCALMON: I thought I talked you out of backstories years ago.

HEM: You did!

HEMINGWAY roars with laughter, throws an arm around MCALMON in a friendly, beery hug and slips a quick shot into his gut, hard enough to be felt, not hard enough to be noticed. MCALMON, shaken sits down. KAY throws her arm around him but he shrugs it off. HEMINGWAY looks penetratingly at KAY.

HEM: (to Morley) Scott says you've been to worship at The Shrine of Lesbos. Did you notice the apples?

MORLEY: Apples?

HEM: Above the fireplace – the Cezanne. The sublime power of what he leaves out. I learned that from Cezanne. It's all about what you leave out. You must never forget that, Morley. It will make you the writer I know you want to become.

KAY: Morley has been telling us about your pugilistic pantos.

HEM: Has he?

MORLEY: Well, no, not really I –

SCOTT: I'd like to come along some day.

HEM: (to Kay) Who are you?

KAY: Kay Boyle, if you have to know.

HEM: Kay Boyle. I've read your poems in *transition* and short stories from *Black Rose*. Her prose is clean, isn't it, McAlmon?

MCALMON: She doesn't waste words.

HEM: And, Morley, her poetry. –

MCALMON: Head and shoulders over both of us, but still tripe.

HEM: (to Kay) He's wrong you know.

KAY: No, or...well, I don't know.

HEM: You've got the stuff. And the way you look isn't going to hurt. It shouldn't matter, but it does. How you look. You can't judge a book by its cover, of course you can't, but a good picture on the back leaf sells and you have a look. Bright, beautiful - your hair rich and thick and short and clean.

MCALMON: Like the fur on the back of a fresh-snared mink trapped on the banks of a deep frozen river in the tall-treed woods of his youth.

HEM: I want to see what you're working on. Maybe send it to my publisher.

MCALMON: Or claim to.

SCOTT: Hem, what are you drinking?

HEM: Scotch. Single malt.

THE ENSEMBLE edge closer to hear what HEMINGWAY has to say.

MCALMON: (*to Kay*) Come on. By now The Select will be alive with tortured tales of our exploits, let's see what - .

KAY: You really like my stories?

HEM: You bet I do. You write well and pure. People will see that and know. But remember to keep your eyes open. You'll be amazed at what you can see. Just don't pimp yourself out to *The Post* like Scott or the great work will wither and rot like a dead child inside you. You'll end up like that kid on the dance floor with that old broad. She'll wear his soul to a nub before she's done.

MCALMON: Rats!

HEM: But of course we should never talk about writing, should we boys? It's like catching a moth in your hands to see the intricate beauty of its wings and the dust comes off and the moth is crippled and you have killed the thing you wanted most to celebrate.

MCALMON: Rodents.

HEM: That's when you know that if you can write just one true thing. Just begin with that one true thing then -

MCALMON: Hordes of 'em! Squeaking!

HEM: Of course, at The Front, maggot eaten bodies piled high. I could see beauty in that truth.

MCALMON: Well this is the way we round up the doggies!

KAY:: Bob, please don't -

HEM: McAlmon here knows the truth from bitter experience. You can't fake it. You've got to write what you know. What you've lived through, that's the key.

MCALMON increases his volume.

MCALMON: I got my lasso and soon they'll be swinging.

KAY: Bob!

MCALMON: You're pathetic. All of you gobbling up this romantic slop -

HEM: You learn things when death walks close to your bones, Bob.

MCALMON: As if a pile of corpses or a dead dog or butchering a bull has anything to do with -

KAY: Bob, let him talk!

MCALMON pushes KAY away.

**RATS**

MCALMON: **Rats!**

**Little bourgie poets enraptured by pure pap  
Pompous Ernie dribbles Conrad from a drunken yap  
Good death, bad death, what a pile of crap  
The world's a bloody carcass in a fifteen dollar hat**

**Rats!  
See the pasty poser starving in his loft  
Scrawling out inanities with a tragic cough  
Back in Minnesota everybody scoffed  
Shakespeare and Co. still love him though  
His intellect's gone soft  
Rats!**

**Rats in the gutters.  
Rats on the roof  
Rats inside this noggin  
Drinking over-proof  
It's a little catch all  
Whenever I feel trapped  
I sling my verbal catcall  
And the ass holes smile and clap**

MCALMON: (*cont.*) **Rats!**

**See the pretty nancy boys dancing round and round  
See the girl in the leather tux she never makes a sound  
They speak of love that knows no name  
And wallow in cliché  
And if you want to sleep with them  
They all say “Bon-OK”  
Rats!**

**Literary Infantile, give your head a slap  
Suckered, buying bullshit, you silly little sap  
Dada, Moderns, I could use a nap  
Still they infect your intellect  
Like a nasty case of clap  
Rats!**

**Rats in the gutters.  
Rats on the roof  
Rats inside your noggin  
Drinking over-proof  
It’s a little catch all  
Whenever I feel trapped  
I swing my verbal wrecking ball  
And the ass holes sit there rapt**

**Rats, Rats, Rats, Rats.**

MCALMON takes Kay’s notebook and tears it to pieces. HEMINGWAY laughs. KAY kneels, trying to reassemble her poems. MCALMON exits.

**Act Two. Scene One. The Terrace of The Café Select**

THE BAND is busking. KAY sits at a table, reordering her torn up notebook. MCALMON stumbles in orders a drink. He and KAY exchange glances. Neither speaks. MCALMON polishes off his drink and orders another. As the song progresses MORLEY, BUFFY, HEMINGWAY and SCOTT enter and sit.

**THE HANGOVER CAFE**

MCALMON: **Have mercy.**

**Ah-nother mornin'  
The Ba-ar Select  
Noon time's long gone  
We all stagger in wrecked  
The wages of sin to pay  
And I'm hung over today**

ALL: **Hung over**

SCOTT: **Oh great tears of Christ  
Will I ever learn  
Lit my candle at both ends  
And got my fingers burned  
My life's just a sad cliché  
And I'm hung over today**

ALL: **At the hangover café**

MORLEY, BUFFY and HEMINGWAY all haul out their notebooks and try to write.

MORLEY: **Got to write down everything we said**  
BUFFY: **The Princess shook me and she broke the bed**  
HEM: **Can't write I got a pain in my head**  
ALL: **Just shoot me right now**

ALL: **Oh I got the writer's block  
Don't know what I can say  
Can't think, can hardly talk  
Get in the gutter to play  
Just have to pay the price  
So hungover today**

HEMINGWAY slams his notebook closed. So does everyone else.

MCALMON: Damn I need a drink.

HEM: Damn I need a drink

MORLEY: Damn I need a drink.

ALL: **At the hangover café!**

SCOTT: I'm buying.

BUFFY: Me too?

HEM: You're a serious writer aren't you?

BUFFY: Obviously you've never read my work.

HEM: Give it to me.

BUFFY hands him his notebook. HEM reads it. MORLEY and SCOTT try to read over his shoulder.

HEM: Damn... This is... Well...

BUFFY: Perhaps the bit with the hob-nailed sandals and the ermine comforter is –

HEM: No, no, the juxtaposition of metal and fur is... fascinating.

MORLEY: Mind if I have a look?

SCOTT: If I can help -

HEMINGWAY snaps the notebook shut.

HEM: Don't waste your time, boys. Prurient juvenilia at best.

BUFFY: No, no, you're too kind. Can I still get a brandy and soda?

SCOTT: Sure.

HEM: Don't sweat it, kid. I've read worse. Morley's early stuff was horsemeat. Kay, how you doing?

KAY: Fine.

HEM: Bobby got a bit loco last night, didn't ya Bob?



MCALMON doesn't reply.

HEM: *(to Kay)* That's alright, not the first time. Do you want a drink?

KAY: Of course, but...No I've got to... *(gestures at her notebook)* Reassemble my life.

HEM: What are you working on?

KAY: Notes. Fantasies. A novel about Now.

HEM: Do the words come quick and clean?

KAY: I wish.

HEM: You're a serious writer, same as me. We both know that truth is all that matters. To write one true thing. I want to see all that you have seen – there on the page. And I'll bet my editor at Scribner's will want to see it too. Let me take a look.

HEMINGWAY reaches for the notebook on the table. KAY holds onto it

KAY: Oh no, not that. That's a volume reserved for "Buckets Of Tripe." I've got some short stories in here.

KAY hauls another notebook out of her bag and gives it to him.

HEM: OK, a quick one and then Morley and I are going to punch each other in the face!!!  
Garcon! Rum St. James!

GLADYS enters.

GLADYS: Buffy! I have the most exciting news!

THE PATRONS all open their notebooks and get ready to write

GLADYS: You won't believe it.

MCALMON: Nor will anyone else.

GLADYS: My book -

BUFFY: I wrote a new chapter in the ravaged dawn.

GLADYS: And my publisher loved it. He wired a very influential editor at one of the less progressive papers. *(whispers)* I have been asked to pen a weekly, syndicated column. There will be much work to do, my roguish boy.

BUFFY: But I cannot let my own work suffer. I never get the time to focus and the result?  
Prurient juvenilia.

GLADYS: Sez who?

MCALMON: Hemingway.

GLADYS: Really? Oh, well...Perfect or prurient we mustn't lose track of what's important.

BUFFY: What's that?

GLADYS: Me.

BUFFY: Of course.

GLADYS: Quotable quotes s'il vous plaît. *(long pause)* Anybody?

BUFFY: Unsubstantiated gossip?

GLADYS: Innuendoes?

BUFFY: Outright lies?

ZELDA enters swinging ballet slippers over her head.

ZELDA: Scott! Scott! Scott, I've had the most exciting news!

GLADYS: Perfect.

BUFFY: What's the word?

ZELDA: Italy.

SCOTT: Italy?

ZELDA: Italy! Italy! Italy.

GLADYS: Italy?

ZELDA: Naples. I have a job offer. A solo role in the San Carlo Opera Ballet production of *Aida*.

MCALMON: There you go, Princess; 'Zelda nabs Naples niche.'

GLADYS: Perfect.

HEM: I don't know. Ya got to ask; "Where did the offer come from, and why?"

ZELDA: I've earned it.

HEM: Sure and the publicity will make it worth their while.

ZELDA: Leave it alone, Bub.

HEM: What was it Ring Ladner said? “Mr. Fitzgerald is a novelist and Mrs. Fitzgerald is a novelty.”

SCOTT: Steady on, old chap.

HEM: I’m not saying this to be cruel. Performance is a blood sport in Italy. Thumbs up. Thumbs down. Brutal. They’ll be waiting for her.

SCOTT: That would be horrible. She’s emotionally exhausted already.

ZELDA: I want something for myself!!!

HEM: Sure you do. We all do. But best to look before ya leap. *(to Scott)* Morley and I are on our way to the gym and we need a time-keeper. Wanna come?

SCOTT: Time-keeper. Will I have a huge bell to pound on as you two pound on each other?

HEM: Nah, stopwatch .

HEMINGWAY hauls a stopwatch on a chord out of his pocket and swings it back and forth like a hypnotist. SCOTT moves his head back and forth following the swing of the watch.

MORLEY: There’s not even a ring. Just some mats on the floor.

SCOTT: Still, it sound’s wonderful.

HEM: It’s the best.

SCOTT: I’m in!

SCOTT, HEMINGWAY and MORLEY exit.

GLADYS: “Zelda Nabs Naples Novelty Niche”? It’s rather “N:-ey isn’t it? I mean for an opening entry. What do you think Buffy? Too “N”-ey?

BUFFY: Maybe trim the Headline: “Novelty Niche Nabbed” and start the copy with: “ Mrs Scott Fitzgerald.”

ZELDA: I’m not going.

KAY: Why not? I mean that’s what you’ve been -

ZELDA: They only want me because I sleep with Scott Fitzgerald. But he's found someone else to love. Ernie and Scotty at the gym. Could it be he's kissing him?

MCALMON: Come on, kid, don't let that son-of-a-

ZELDA: You see it, don't you Bob? Only way he'll finish that new book is to cook me up in the stew.

ZELDA executes a flashy, slightly mad series of moves and dances off.

ZELDA: "Aida"! Adieu.

MCALMON: There! There! You see. You see how he does it?

KAY: Does what?

MCALMON: How are you ever going to be a writer if you don't - Are you really that blind?

KAY: How many of those have you had? (*points to his drink*)

MCALMON: Who's counting?

KAY: Absinthe?

MCALMON: Totally prohibited, unless you ask politely. I'm hoping for hallucinations but things remain crystal clear. Here's to Hem! (*drinks*) He destroyed her dreams and left her with nothing – in about six clipped sentences. He'll do the same to you. Or worse.

KAY: Hey, I haven't heard you saying you'd show my stuff to Scribner's.

MCALMON: Because your stuff is not ready to be shown.

KAY: Well, Hemingway doesn't agree

MCALMON: Oh forget it. Deep down in your avaricious, self-obsessed soul you're little better than a camp follower.

KAY: Why are you behaving like a monster?

MCALMON: It isn't about you. It's about...

KAY: What? (*no answer*) What!? Him? It's all about him but you tore up my writing, called me a fraud and left me in a crumpled heap on the floor.

MCALMON: Watching you swallow the slop that braggart spouts –

KAY: Him! You are a man so afraid of human affection that you will slowly, methodically destroy yourself.

MCALMON: You're wasting my time.

KAY:: Fine. Let's just never speak to each other again forever and a day.

MCALMON: Perfect.

KAY exits.

GLADYS: Oh dear, everyone is going to pieces. It is so tres, tres tragique.

BUFFY: Not at all. Our first column is writing itself.

GLADYS: It is? It is!

GLADYS and BUFFY exit. MCALMON waves for another drink.

### NIGHTINGHOULS OF PARIS

MCALMON: **Hemingway and Kay  
Kay or Hemingway  
He comes back into my life  
And blows my life away  
I don't know what to do  
I don't know what to say  
I think I'll have another  
To chase the hurt away**

**Those steamy nights in Spain  
Me and Hemingway  
A picture etched in acid  
That haunts my every day**

THE WAITER returns with McAlmon's drink. MCALMON notices that THE WAITER is now wearing a mask.

**I soak my soul in absinthe  
But now I have to quit  
'Fore the spirit in these spirits  
Crack my crackling wit  
That's it!**

MCALMON pushes the drink away and looks around the bar terrace. A GROUP OF NIGHTINGHOULS enter, all in grotesque costumes. They cross to MCALMON

**GHOULS: The Nightinghous of Paris sing a song  
No need to despair  
We Nightinghous will frolic all night long  
In ev'ry low life lair**

**We will play until the break of day  
Breaking ev'ry rule  
We are here and then like that we're gone  
We are the Nightinghous**

**Won't you join the dance  
The night will soon be here  
So bid adieu  
To all your foolish fears**

**Bid all love goodbye  
Emotions always lie  
We laugh out loud and cry  
Hey let's get high!**

**Come and join the dance  
And night will soon be here  
And there's no need  
For you to shed a tear**

**Break that woman's heart  
Just crush it like a stone  
No need to mope or moan  
We all will die alone**

**We Nightinghous of Paris on the prowl  
Say the night is young  
Won't you come a hooting like an owl  
And have a little fun**

**We will play until the break of dawn  
Breaking ev'ry rule  
We are here and then kapoof we're gone  
We are the Nightinghous**

**We're the Nightinghous**

MCALMON: Forget the man

**GHOULS: We're the Nightinghous**

MCALMON: Forget the girl

GHOULS: **We're the Nightinghous**

MCALMON : Love's a dirty word

GHOULS: **We're the Nightinghous**

MCALMON: Absurd

GHOULS: **Nightinghous of Paris!**

MCALMON drains his glass.

**Act Two. Scene Two. The American Gym**

SCOTT sits on a wooden chair with a stopwatch in his hand. A bunch of thin gym mats define a ring. MORLEY and HEMINGWAY enter in sweats with boxing gloves on. SCOTT is playing with the stopwatch.

**JUMPIN' DJANGO. (Instrumental)**

SCOTT: Don't worry, Morley. If it gets too rough I'll stop the fight.

MORLEY: Scott, we're just –

SCOTT accidently starts the stopwatch.

SCOTT: Damn. Start. Go. Box. Ding!!!

HEMINGWAY and MORLEY begin to spar. This is a stylized battle set to the music. HEMINGWAY advances quickly throwing a big roundhouse which MORLEY dodges and lands a quick jab. Hemingway's head snaps back. He tries to deliver a jab. MORLEY knocks it to one side and hits him again. He's clearly the superior boxer. HEMINGWAY wipes his mouth. He's bleeding.

SCOTT: Oh my God! Ernest – you're cut! Should I...

HEMINGWAY glares at SCOTT who is silenced. HEM spins on MORLEY and rushes him, flailing away aggressively. He lands a few punches and MORLEY steps back, surprised by his aggressiveness.

MORLEY: Steady!

HEM bulls forward, trying hard to land a solid blow. MORLEY counters. A hail of blows. And HEMINGWAY goes down.

SCOTT: Oh, my God, should I count or...

But HEM is already back on his feet and going for MORLEY. They clinch and as they come out of the clinch HEM spits blood in MORLEY'S face. MORLEY steps back, shocked, wiping it off.

MORLEY: What in hell!

MORLEY trips on the edge of the gym mats and goes down.

SCOTT: Oh my God! The Time! Time. Time Time!



HEM: How long was that?

SCOTT: It's... I don't know. I'm sorry Ernest, but when he cut your lip I just – I expected you to... And then he knocked you down ...and I just...

HEM: You just wanted to see me get my block knocked off.

SCOTT: Of course not. Anyway, it was a draw. One knockdown to Morley and one to you.

MORLEY: Scott! I tripped on the mat, he didn't – You jerk!

MORLEY wipes the blood off his face and exits.

HEM: Everything you touch turns into a joke. Morley, wait!

HEMINGWAY exits.

SCOTT: Hem! I'm sorry! Wait.

**Act Two. Scene Three. The Pont Neuf**

Night. KAY stands on the Pont Neuf looking into the Seine. She takes out a notebook and starts to read.

**WORDS (Reprise).**

KAY: **We are one and we are two  
Together and alone  
But come what may I say this much is true  
Our love is etched in stone  
The words will hold  
Each memory  
Each fond caress  
Will always be  
And will live on in the words**

KAY begins to tear pages out of the notebook and throw them into the river.

**Writers and poets  
And artists and whores  
Battles we fought  
The rich and the poor  
All writing lies  
The passionate cries  
Words of rebellion  
Words of despair  
Despair and despair. Despair...**

KAY laughs bitterly and throws her whole notebook into the river. She climbs on to the bridge railing, just as ZELDA enters.

ZELDA: That's my spot.

KAY: I beg your pardon?

ZELDA: This is really very inelegant. I come down to hurl myself into the river and find you already standing on the rail. It's...it's just...un-neighbourly.

KAY: Still lots of room on the ledge.

ZELDA: Don't be ridiculous; what do you expect us to do – hold hands and Ker-splash? What would they write in the columns?

KAY: Lesbian suicide pact?

- ZELDA: Well, I suppose that would be alright for us, but The Saturday Evening Post would cut Scott off like an unpaid utility. That would be a terrible way to say goodbye, don't you think?
- KAY: Did you leave a note?
- ZELDA: What? And see it turn up uncredited in Chapter Twelve? *Tender Is The Night*? That's what he's calling it.
- KAY: Good title.
- ZELDA: It is, isn't it? Tender. Does he mean it's gentle and sweet or is it tender like that blue black bruise on your inner thigh?
- KAY: Will you please stop looking up my dress.
- ZELDA: Sorry, but your legs seem to go on forever from down here – false perspective I suppose. Lovely though.
- KAY: Oh God, if you don't stop talking I swear I will throw myself off this bridge immediately.
- ZELDA: (*climbing up on the rail*) Not without me you won't. You ready?
- KAY: Just about. I mean, I'm never going to get ahead. Not in this boys' club. Even Gertrude Stein won't take me seriously. And when Hemingway decides to say a few encouraging words Bob goes crazy.
- ZELDA: Now don't be too hard on him. You don't have to hang from a tree to be a nut. We do the most inappropriate things we can manage and then...then we all have something to write about. Something delicious and daring and delightful.
- KAY: "Write what you know." Everybody says that. Art imitates life.
- ZELDA: No, you got that backwards. Life imitates Art. Somewhere down the line I stopped living my life and started giving a performance instead. You're no different – just not as good at it yet. .
- KAY: That's not what this is about. Not for me.
- ZELDA: Sweetie, every time you open your mouth you're hoping something clever will pop out. And you will be rewarded by McAlmon writing it down. Same for me and Scott.
- KAY: Well, that's got to stop.
- ZELDA: It should stop, right away but...Well, it's a living.
- KAY: It's still crazy. We're crazy.

**UN PETIT PEU DÉRANGÉ. (reprise)**

ZELDA:     **We're mad, well just a little  
Un petit peu dérangé  
Crazy, well just a smidgeon  
We've learned to live that way  
Yes we're trapped in our illusions  
They get richer day by to day**

KAY:       **I can't live with this confusion  
Should I run or should I stay?**

BOTH:      **Oh we're mad  
Well just a little  
Un petit peu dérangé**

KAY:       **Goddamn McAlmon  
My man of mystery  
Hates the world and loves us all  
Come the dawn when we're out drinking  
His eyes will flash he'll start a brawl  
And then he'll sing ever so softly  
And he'll gently call my name  
And we'll be dancing in the sunrise  
Both together, both insane**

ZELDA & KAY: **Oh, mad, well just a little  
Un petit peu dérangé  
Crazy, well just a smidgeon  
But we can't go on this way  
So much in love, so much confusion  
Here we stand with feet of clay  
Wrapped up tight in our delusions  
We dance a dark ballet  
Or go mad  
Well just a little  
Mad, well just a little  
Mad, well just a little  
Un petit peu dérangé**

ZELDA:     **Maybe it's time to write a new chapter.**

KAY:       **Perhaps.**

They kiss lose their footing and fall into the river.

KAY and ZELDA: Ahhhhhhhh!

**Act Two. Scene Four. The Jockey**

JIMMY the barman is polishing glasses. SCOTT and MCALMON enter. They are drunk.

MCALMON: No, no, I'm serious Scott. You write so well about failure.

SCOTT: At this point I can't write well about anything.

MCALMON: Don't sell yourself short. I mean, sure you make a fool of yourself every second night but even then - *(to Jimmy)* Whisky.

SCOTT: Doubles.

MCALMON: *(to Jimmy)* Hey! You haven't seen Kay have you? I wish to atone for my inexcusable behavior but she seems to have disappeared.

SCOTT: Zelda is among the missing as well.

JIMMY gestures towards the backroom but before he can answer SCOTT distracts MCALMON.

SCOTT: Perhaps they have run off together.

MCALMON: Who could blame them?

SCOTT: Don't joke. Zelda is so confused about who she is and so convinced that Hem and I...

MCALMON: One time you told me, "A first rate mind can believe two opposing ideas at the same time and still function."

SCOTT: Did I? I must write that down. Never know, might come in handy. When did I say that?

MCALMON: One blurry night or another. A few blurry years ago. *(a pause to drink)*  
Maybe...maybe – You can feel – never mind.

SCOTT: No, no go on.

MCALMON: I don't know. It seems obvious when you say it but it just isn't said; You can have feelings for a woman and...a man. At the same time. It's not the end of the world to feel that way, but Hem's the kind of man who'll break your heart.

SCOTT: I'm sorry old sport. I don't follow.

ZELDA comes out of the backroom dressed in an oversized men's suit followed by KAY who is dressed like a waiter. Both have towels wrapped around their heads. ZELDA slaps two sodden dresses down on the bar.

ZELDA: (to Jimmy) Jimmy, can you hang these up over the stove or something?

JIMMY exits to hang up the dresses.

KAY: And thanks for the dry clothes.

SCOTT: Zelda, not another fountain.

ZELDA: The Seine.

SCOTT: How? Why?

ZELDA: We fell off a bridge.

SCOTT: Jumped off a bridge!

KAY: Fell off a bridge. While the physics are similar the intent is different.

MCALMON pulls out his notebook.

MCALMON: That's good. Do tell.

KAY: No.

MCALMON: Why not?

KAY: Because it's my story, not yours.

MCALMON: Fair enough.

MCALMON closes his notebook. KAY goes to an empty table and begins to write.

KAY: The water was fast, cold and filthy. Zelda's *élan vital* and her Bergsonian backstroke barely kept us from becoming fish food.

JIMMY returns.

ZELDA: Did you hear that, Scott? Her story. And mine. Jimmy, a warming beverage that starts with "B" (*back to Scott*) and don't think we couldn't hear you from the backroom. We could.

SCOTT: It's ridiculous! (to McAlmon) I mean for you to suggest there is something unmanly about our relationship! Hem's a married man!

MCALMON: Of course. So are you!

SCOTT: So am I!

SCOTT: There is nothing unmanly about my relationship with – The man's a war hero, for God sakes.

MCALMON: He hunts.

SCOTT: He skis.

ZELDA: He's gay as a box of birds.

BUFFY enters with GLADYS.

GLADYS: Do you think I should have a *nom de plume*? I've noticed a lot of people in my position use *noms*.

BUFFY: And a lot of people in my position use plumes.

GLADYS: Egad! Damp damsels and blotto boys and. Buffy, unsheathe your stylo.

MORLEY enters.

SCOTT: (*to Morley*) Have you seen him?

MORLEY: I haven't been looking.

BUFFY: Him who?

SCOTT: Hem him. He hates me.

BUFFY: Ho-Hum.

GLADYS: How come?

SCOTT: This afternoon at the gym -

MORLEY: Scott let a round go a bit long and I knocked Hem down. No big deal.

SCOTT: I couldn't believe it. Ernest was like a big bear shambling around the ring and Morley just kept hitting him in the teeth. When Hem's lip started bleeding I thought I'd caught a bad dose of Surrealism. Thank God he knocked you down too.

MORLEY: I tripped on the edge of the mat!

SCOTT: (*whispers*) I know, but I'm sure calling it a draw will make him feel better.

SCOTT puts his arm around MORLEY in an affectionate gesture.  
MORLEY shakes him off.

MORLEY: I'm not going to bullshit about – Sometimes it really does seem like you're in love with the guy!

SCOTT: You think I'm a fairy just like Zelda and McAlmon.

MORLEY: No, I was just saying -

SCOTT: I should have never mentioned my penis. You all took it the wrong way.

GLADYS: How do you spell penis?

BUFFY: P-E-N-I-S.

HEMINIGWAY enters, unseen by SCOTT.

SCOTT: And the idea that Hem and I and – Zelda, why in heaven's name did you have to start in on me and Hem!

ZELDA: Because he tells you how to write and what to write and now you don't write at all.

SCOTT: That's absurd. We're close friends. Literary friends. McAlmon, how could you get an idea like that?

MCALMON: The first time I took him down to Spain -

HEM: That's a lie!

HEMINGWAY attacks MCALMON.

HEM: Tell him you're a liar! Tell them nothing happened in Pamplona!

MCALMON: Except for one true thing.

HEMINGWAY hits MCALMON. They fight. KAY jumps into the fray trying to pull HEMINGWAY off MCALMON.

KAY: Leave him alone! Stop it!

HEMINGWAY accidentally backhands her.

MORLEY: That's enough!

MORLEY grabs HEMINGWAY and pulls him back.



HEM: *(to Morley)* The next Hemingway! There's only one Hemingway.

HEMINGWAY takes a swing at MORLEY. MORLEY slips his punch and nails him. HEMINGWAY steps back and looks around the room. Everybody is watching. He points at MCALMON.

HEM: You're a liar!

HEMINGWAY exits. GLADYS rushes to help KAY up.

GLADYS: Are you alright, dear friend?

KAY: Sure, fine.

GLADYS: That Hemingway is a frightful bully. Just like the Tuan Muda. I hate bullies.

BUFFY: I'm thinking Mr. Hemingway must be taught a lesson.

GLADYS: I am thinking the same thing. Come, we will retire and...conspire!

BUFFY and GLADYS exit.

MORLEY: I just don't get any of this. I mean, you know Hem ...well he's... a guy sometimes... Ah, damn. None of this makes a lick of sense. Bon nuit!

MORLEY exits.

KAY: *(to McAlmon)* What in hell? Spain?

MCALMON: Leave it. The world is not right with Mr. Hemingway.

KAY: I think he would have killed you if Morley –

MCALMON: He's got his reasons. Look, I was just trying to warn Scott and -

SCOTT: Shut up! Hem's a man's man. If I have to choose between believing him or you -

MCALMON: Believe what you want Scott. You know the truth.

MCALMON exits. KAY sits at the bar.

ZELDA: Ice.

JIMMY offers an ice bucket. ZELDA wraps some ice in a napkin and gives it to KAY who holds it to her cheek.

SCOTT: Zelda I –

ZELDA waves him away. SCOTT sits and pulls the stopwatch out of his pocket. A pause as he swings it back and forth.

**HEY, GATSBY**

SCOTT: **Time, time keeps chasing my tail  
It's sad but it's a fact  
Time to succeed, more time to fail  
American lives don't have Second Acts**

**The poorest boy at a rich man's school  
That's what I'll always be  
I try my best not to be the fool  
But it never goes ever goes right for me**

**And the man at the end of the jetty'  
Reaching out into the night  
Trying to catch I don't know what  
Some kind of receding light  
So distant and yet so near  
All wrapped in fog and yet so clear  
Gatsby. My Gatsby. I'm standing right here**

**And the novel sits in the bottom drawer  
A child ignored by its dad  
Torn up pages, scraps on the floor  
I'm so tired and the novel is bad**

**And the man at the end of the jetty  
Reaching out into the night  
Trying to catch I don't know what  
Some kind of receding light  
So distant and yet so near  
All wrapped in fog and yet so clear  
Truth is... The truth is I'm standing right here  
I'm standing right here  
Right here**

ZELDA crosses to SCOTT.

ZELDA: Oh darlin' I talk too much – it's like words get caught in my mouth and I have to spit them out to breathe.

SCOTT: (*tenderly*) I know, dear.

ZELDA: It's been the most extraordinary day. I just wandered around missing you and I got so low.

But now here you are and here I am and here we are together and nothing else matters.  
Everything will be fine, won't it?

SCOTT: Of course. Of course!

ZELDA: Come back to the hotel. We'll tell our stories and you can write about how I was thinkin' terrible things and how Kay saved me from myself. I can help.

SCOTT: How very kind.

ZELDA: Of course.

SCOTT and ZELDA exit. KAY sits alone in the bar with JIMMY watching over her.

**Act Two. Scene Five. The Terrace of The Café Select**

The usual crowd is stumbling in to The Select. GLADYS and BUFFY enter with a pile of newspapers and start giving them away.

**THE COLUMN.**

**BUFFY:** Now gossip is just gossip  
When spread around a bar  
But a column in a paper  
Can spread that scandal far.

**Harsh words can be quite useful  
When joyfully they're hurled  
At a pompous posing pile of poo  
And read all round the world**

**“Now here's the latest gossip  
On Ernest Hemingway  
And how he got his just desserts  
In a café yesterday...”**

Song goes up-tempo. Soon everyone is reading the column

**NEWBOY:** (*enters*) Extra! Extra! Hemingway Bragarre!

**MALE TOUREST:** (*reading aloud*) **Now Hemingway's a boxer  
Just ask anyone  
Up and down the Boulevard  
He's got shadows on the run**

**FEMALE TOUREST:** **Last night he picked a battle  
That he was sure to win  
Until a man called Callaghan  
Put his two fists in.**

MORLEY innocently walks in and finds himself the center of attention. BUFFY hands him the paper.

**ALL:** **Hey Callaghan  
You're a big man**  
**BUFFY:** **You're the king of this cafe**  
**ALL:** **We're your fan  
Mr. Morley  
You made that bully pay**

:

ALL:           *(cont)* **You're just grand**  
**Mister Big Shot**  
**What more can we say**  
**You kicked his ass**  
**Now that's called class**  
**On the streets of Montparnasse**  
**Yeah**

MORLEY:      *(reads)* **"Now no one likes a bully**  
**But what we'd like to know**  
**What happened in Pamplona**  
**That made that bully blow"**

As MORLEY reads HEMINGWAY enters angrily clutching a copy of the paper.

HEM:           *(quoting)* **"We know Hem loves his matadors**  
**And his women dress like men**  
**You know it makes you wonder**  
**Does he have a secret yen?"**

HEM:           I demand a retraction.

MORLEY:      I can't retract a story I didn't write.

HEM:           Tell the truth. We were full of wine. You sucker punched me and I knocked you out.

HEMINGWAY exits.

MORLEY:      That's not the truth!

PATRON A:     Tell us then:

PATRON B:     Hemingway?

PATRON C:     Is he fey?

MORLEY:      This place isn't even in France! It's a little American village full of gossip and misplaced self-importance and failure. Oh, I'm going home

MORLEY tries to exits. PATRONS block the way. They loved being told off.

ALL:           **Hey Callaghan**  
**You're a big shot**  
**You're the guy who won the day**  
**We're your fan**  
**Mr. Morley**  
**Gonna buy your book today**

ALL:           *(cont.)* **You're just grand**  
**Mister Big Shot**  
**What more can we say**  
**You kicked his ass**  
**Now that's called class**  
**On the streets of Montparnasse**

MORLEY escapes and exits. THE PATRONS form a kick-line celebrating MORLEY.

**The way he clocked him**  
**He really socked him**  
**The way he knocked him on his ass**  
**Oh yeah**

**Act Two. Scene Six. The American Club Gym**

HEMINGWAY sits in a silk robe at a small table in the gym. There's a half-empty bottle of wine and a glass in front of him. Kay's notebook is on the table. He tries to write but fails.

**ONE TRUE THING.**

HEM: **When I can write just one true thing  
The truest sentence I know  
The lies I live, the shameful stings  
Fade away and go**

**I am a lonely man  
Without a home without a place  
I wander the world running  
From a part of me I just can't face  
I tell myself that's the writer's way  
But damn when I think about that guy  
And all the debts I can't repay  
And lies I'll be living 'til the day I die**

HEMINGWAY tries to write again. And fails.

**If I can write just one true thing  
The truest sentence I know  
The tales I tell, the crap I sling  
Are just a public show  
If I can write just one true thing  
That somehow will conceal  
The truth that is the perfect lie  
And never will reveal  
One true thing**

HEMINGWAY drinks.

**The nighttime gathers round  
And pushes out the day  
The nightmares come in creeping  
And I know they're here to stay  
I pray for dawn's first healing light  
To save me from these fears  
And once again I start to write  
To hide my pain and childish tears**

HEMINGWAY breaks his pencil in two and drops it on the table.

**When I can write just one true thing**  
**The truest sentence I know**  
**The lies I live, the shameful stings**  
**Fade away and go**  
**If I can write just one true thing**  
**That somehow will conceal**  
**The truth that is the perfect lie**  
**I never will reveal**  
**One true thing**  
**Not one true thing**  
**Not one true thing**  
**Not one true thing**

HEMINGWAY drinks again. KAY enters.

KAY: What happened in Spain?

HEM: How's he doing?

KAY: What do you care?

HEM: First guy to ever give me a chance and it ends with fists in a bar.

KAY: What happened in Spain.

HEM: He lies to you, you know. He lies to everybody.

HEMINGWAY stands and starts to shadow box.

HEM: That's why he'll never be a great writer. He just can't face the truth. He always has to look away.

KAY: You're playing to a mirror.

HEMINGWAY stops shadow boxing.

HEM: This whole mess is Scott's fault. Most things are. He doesn't know how to behave. You can see he's got problems. That beautiful sensuous mouth. It worried me from the get go.

KAY: Zelda's right then? About him?

HEM: She may be right about him but she's way off-base about me.

KAY: Then why did you beat the shit out of Bob?

HEM: You tell me.

KAY: Maybe I could. I'm keeping my eyes open, like you said.



MCALMON enters. HEMINGWAY sees him first.

HEM: You're just like him. You're blind. You're blind to everything except McAlmon. That's why you'll never be a great storyteller. He knows it too. And he doesn't care.

MCALMON: You want to hear a story, I've got a story.

KAY: Bob why are you –

MCALMON: I came to get your notebook back. Guess you beat me to it.

HEM: Here it comes.

MCALMON: About this writer. First heard it in Spain. Big manly fellow. Turns out he was raised as a girl.

HEM: Lay off.

MCALMON: He had a sister, barely a year older and his mother decided she wanted twins. Two little girls..

HEM: Sounds like an all-American bitch. Glad I never met her.

MCALMON: Then when he turned six she changed her mind and dressed then both as boys. And then girls. And then boys -

HEM: Shut up!

MCALMON: This isn't going anyplace outside the room "Ernestine".

HEM: That All-American castrating bitch. I'm ten years old and Dad, he's put my first shotgun under the Christmas tree. And there's her present - a pretty lace slip for her little Fweetee. He let her do that to me. He was that weak. No wonder he killed himself. Oh, I forgot to tell you that didn't I, Bob? Last Christmas. He blew his head off.

MCALMON: I'm sorry.

HEM: I can't write, Bob. I can't write a thing.

KAY: So you and Bob –

HEM: I was drunk. I was drunk.

MCALMON: And I was in love. All that business in Spain...All the things we said to each other. And it ends up as an angry punch line.

HEM: Punch line?

MCALMON: That's weak isn't it? I turn everything into a joke. That's my curse. Ruins my prose.

HEM: Yeah.

MCALMON: So that's the story, Kay. In all its confusion. .

HEM: Bob may be confused. Me, I know exactly who I need to be.

KAY: Right. You're the guy who's desperate to write "one true thing" because he's forever trapped in one big lie.

HEM: Tell me something I don't know. But I don't write lies.

KAY: Why bother when you can live them?

HEM: I'm going home. I can't work here. Can't work there either but at least nobody's gonna drag me through the muck.

HEM gives her back her notebook.

HEM: The truth is; you can write. Can't she, Bob?

HEMINGWAY exits.

KAY: Well you were right about that.

MCALMON: About what?

KAY: Hemingway's a bastard, but he has his reasons.

MCALMON: We all do. Living in this steel-edged world where every thought and feeling has to be defined and quantified and judged... He can run away from Paris but you can't run away from yourself. You can't feel what you feel, be who you want to be, even when you know...So here we are. Me and Hem; hard-boiled, monosyllabic - masculine. And I...I can't get him out of my head.

KAY: He hides behind his stories and leaves things unsaid and that's what gives those stories power. But you can't hide from who you are and survive.

MCALMON: No. And now, I should say something witty and make you laugh...But let's just go out and watch the sunrise instead.

**Act Two. Scene Seven. The Bar Select**

MCALMON enters, carrying a small portable typewriter and a suitcase. He sits. The Waiter brings a drink. He waves it away.

MCALMON: Café.

KAY enters and slaps her notebook down on the table.

KAY: I want you to publish it.

MCALMON: I can't.

KAY: Why not? Because Hemingway -

MCALMON: Because.

MCALMON puts the typewriter on the table.

KAY: What's that about?

MCALMON: My Corona Four. You're going to need it.

MCALMON gives her an envelope.

MCALMON: There's enough in there for one issue of your magazine, but if I were you I'd put it to better use. You know, get yourself something entirely frivolous - like food.

KAY: I can't take your typewriter. You're going to -

MCALMON: I'm traveling light.

KAY: Where are you going?

MCALMON: Away.

KAY: Why?

MCALMON: You know why.

KAY: Why him? Why not me?

MCALMON: I do love you, but my heart? That's a fragile toy undeserving of your affection.

KAY: That's my decision to make not yours. And I love you.

MCALMON: You, woman, you are the most insufferably romantic, dewy-eyed naïf -

KAY: After what we've been through together –

MCALMON: After what we've been through together you must know there will always be a Hem or a Buffy lurking about.

KAY: I don't care.

MCALMON: Well I do. I'm a jumble of bits and pieces in desperate need of re-assembly and I won't have you waste your life trying to piece me together. I know who I am and maybe I'm running away from this place but I'm not running away from that ...any more.

KAY: But I love you. You're a great writer and –

MCALMON: No I'm not. And Hem was right. You could be great. Once I get out of your way. Me? At best I'm a footnote.

KAY: No, you'll be remembered.

MCALMON: It's all rot, this grubbing for fame, trying to outlive our bones. Stupid.

### **GOODBYE PARIS**

MCALMON: **This nightmare is over  
The dreamer awakes  
Suddenly sober  
The dawn slowly breaks  
The streets are now empty  
The revelers gone  
Take one last look  
It's time to move on**

**Goodbye beau Montparnasse  
The illusion was grand but this too will pass**

BOTH: **Goodbye beau Montparnasse  
Goodbye Paris Goodbye.**

KAY: **With the night sky above us  
How little we feel  
And our deepest love's just  
A spin of the wheel**

**You come and you go  
Or just walk away  
At least now I know  
I cannot make you stay**

MACALMON & KAY **Goodbye beau Montparnasse**

MCALMON: **A photograph fading into the past**

BOTH: **Goodbye beau Montparnasse**

KAY: **The mirror's now broken pieces of glass**

BOTH: **All the promises just made to break  
All the tears too cold to fake  
All the years of heartache  
Must end with a sigh  
Goodbye Paris  
Goodbye Paris  
Goodbye Paris Goodbye**

KAY rushes into McAlmon's arms. They kiss goodbye.

BUFFY: (*enters*) Hemingway! Complaints have been made. Legal action threatened. Pugilistic peril possible and The Princess has lost her column. Oh God, the Princess. She blames me. She's heart-broken and insists the only thing that will alleviate her grief is a vat of hot wax and a device she calls "Mister Big Boy." (*notices McAlmon's suitcase*) Where are you going? Can I come?

KAY: That would defeat the purpose of his departure.

BUFFY: But –

MCALMON: Here.

MCALMON hauls out a pocket roll of bills, peels off a wad and gives the money to BUFFY.

MCALMON: That should buy you a one way passage to Montreal.

BUFFY: Montreal? Why in the world would I want to go there?

MCALMON: It's the only place nobody would go looking.

GLADYS: (*off*) Buffy! Buffy wait up!

BUFFY: Good point!

BUFFY snatches the money and runs off. GLADYS enters.

GLADYS: Hello. Where's Buffy?

KAY: He's on the lam.

GLADYS: On a lamb. How beastly. No, not even I will put up with ... Buffy! (*exits*)

KAY and MCALMON look at each other. They laugh.

MCALMON: It's been fun, hasn't it?

KAY: What's been fun?

MCALMON: Being geniuses together. You remember all this, Kay. All of us. Everything that happened and you write it. You write it and tell the truth. Unless you think of something more amusing.

MCALMON exits laughing. KAY looks at the typewriter. There's a piece of paper loaded. Slowly, but with growing confidence, she begins to type, conjuring up memories as the cast enter

### **THE FINALE.**

KAY: **Words, chasing our shadows  
We called ourselves "Les Gens Perdu"  
Words, chasing our shadows  
The crazy years "Les Années Fou"**

**To take this truth  
And make it rhyme  
Could be I could truly  
Capture time**

KAY: **Words capturing shadows**

ZELDA: **The year was 1929**

KAY: **We called ourselves "Les Gens Perdu"**

MORLEY: **That was the time in Gay Paree**

KAY: **Words shattering shadows.**

HEM: **If I could write one true thing**

ZELDA: **I'm mad well just a little**

KAY: **The crazy years Les Années Fou**

ZELDA: **I'm mad well just a little**

KAY: **The dancers dance**

**SCOTT & ZELDA: Passion rages**

**KAY: They twirl and whirl**

**MORLEY & GLADYS: Torn up pages**

**KAY: The band plays on**

**BUFFY: The last sou that McAlmon lent me**

**KAY: The city swirls**

**ALL: The last roar of the Roaring Twenties**

**KAY: We were so young**

**BUFFY & GLADYS: Gossip scandals**

**KAY: We had to fall**

**SCOTT & ZELDA: Burnt out candles**

**KAY: We laughed, we cried and we loved that's all**

**ALL: Here's to the morning after  
At the Hangover Café**

**WOMEN: So long sweet music**

**GLADYS: Do do that gigolo voo doo  
It always works a wonder with me**

**SCOTT & MORLEY: What happened at Gertrude's Salon**

**WOMEN: Adieu sweet romance**

**SCOTT, MORLEY, ZELDA & KAY: It was worse that the stories you've heard**

**WOMEN: Farewell sweet lovin'**

**GLADYS: Do do the things only you do**

**SCOTT, MORLEY, BUFFY, ZELDA & KAY: In a word in a word in a word**

**ALL: We'd go all night  
Makin' love and sweet delight  
Until daylight  
Along the streets of Montparnasse**

ALL: All chasing our shadows

KAY: Words, words, words ,words

ZELDA & MORLEY: The year was 1929

KAY: I've walked with them; Les Gens Perdu

ZELDA & SCOTT: That was the time in Gay Paree

KAY: Here chasing our shadows

MCALMON: Rats in the gutters rats on the roof  
Rats inside this noggin drinking over-proof

WOMEN: Words, words, words , words, words

HEMINGWAY: Not one true thing

ZELDA: Mad well just a little.

KAY I'll trap this time Les Années Fou

ZELDA: Mad well just a little.

KAY: When I recall  
These tender times  
Take memories  
And make them rhyme  
The days long past  
I don't know why

ALL: We will live on in these triumphant words

KAY: We will never really  
Say goodbye

The End