

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. McAlmon returns her love but 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 unresolved feelings about their sexuality. Except for Morley Callaghan, the naive new genius on the block who is in way over his head. Scott Fitzgerald, suffering from writer's block, is obsessed with the diminutive size of his penis and infatuated with Hemingway. Zelda, determined to prove her own worth as an artist, suspects Scott and he are having an affair and in response 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. After he beats McAlmon up, the community turns on Hemingway. Confronted by Kay and unable to deal with his own sexual fluidity, Hemingway runs away.

In the wake of these events McAlmon realizes he must let Kay find her own way and says goodbye to Paris. Left with her aching heart and a new typewriter, Kay finds the inspiration she needs to become a great author.

Characters: 5m/4f + ENSEMBLE (8 performers playing multiple roles)

KAY BOYLE (27) Talented, 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. Bi-sexual, alcoholic, exploding with restless energy and at the center of everything. Quick-witted, cynical, loves KAY and HEMINGWAY

BRICKTOP (36) An African American entertainer, club owner and ironic observer of the scene. She has become Den Mother to the younger writers who flock to her establishment to flirt and dance and make fools of themselves. Brickie is very protective of their privacy and her own.

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) Narcissistic, witty and opportunistic. Barely surviving as a male prostitute and pornographer. A fearless desire to experience everything. The black sheep of a wealthy Canadian family he is manipulative, funny and, though he doesn't realize it, out of his depth.

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 a wide range of sexual preferences.

TIME AND PLACE:

Paris, Spring 1929. Locations: the terrace of The Café Select, Bricktop's jazz bar in Montmartre, the Pont Neuf, the American Gym and the streets of Montparnasse

SONG LISTING

Act One

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Lost In The Shadows | Kay |
| 2. Montparnasse Strut (<i>song sample</i>) | Kay & Ensemble |
| 3. The Publisher of Paris | Kay, McAlmon & Ensemble |
| 4. Words | Kay |
| 5. Tickle Me | Bricktop, Zelda, Scott & Ensemble |
| 6. Seduction | Bricktop, Zelda, Ensemble. |
| 7. The Princess of Sarawak | Gladys and Cast |
| 8. Ooo La La | Morley |
| 9. The Publisher of Paris (<i>Reprise</i>) | Kay |
| 10. What Happened at Gertrude's Salon | Kay, Morley, Buffy, McAlmon, Ensemble |
| 11. Gigolo Duet | Gladys & Buffy |
| 12. Rats | McAlmon |

Act Two

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 13. Hangover Café | Bricktop, Kay, Male Cast |
| 14. The Nightinghousls of Paris | McAlmon & Ensemble |
| 15. Jumpin' Django | Instrumental |
| 16. Words (<i>reprise</i>) | Kay |
| 17. Un Petit Peu Dérangé. | Zelda & Kay |
| 18. Time | Scott |
| 19. The Column | Bricktop, Buffy, Gladys, Morley & Ensemble |
| 20. One True Thing | Hemingway |
| 21. Goodbye Paris | Kay & McAlmon |
| 22. Finale | Full Company |

Recorded Songs:

Recorded songs come from four sources and may vary in quality.

Sources: Home Demos sung by the composer, Home Demos recorded by friends of the project, In Concert recordings, Production Recordings.

Past recorded versions may differ from the current script in both lyrics, and performer singing.

Reprises are not included in recordings.

Recorded Songs:

Recorded songs come from three sources and may vary in quality.

Sources: Home Demos recorded by friends of the project, In Concert recordings, Production Recordings.

Past recorded versions may differ from the current script in both lyrics, and characters singing the song. .

Two reprises are not included in recordings.

Title	Script Number	Upload File Number
Lost In The Shadows	1.	1.
Montparnasse Strut (song sample)	2.	2.
The Publisher of Paris	3.	3.
Words	4.	4.
Tickle Me	5.	5.
The Princess of Sarawak	6.	6.
Seduction	7.	7.
Ooo La La	9.	8.
What Happened at Gertrude's Salon	10	9.
Gigolo Duet	11.	10.
Rats	12.	11.
Hangover Café	13.	12.
The Nightinghousls of Paris	14.	13.
Jumpin' Django	15.	14.
Un Petit Peu Dérangé.	17.	15.
Time	18.	16
The Column	19.	17.
One True Thing	20.	18.
Goodbye Paris	21.	19.
Finale	22.	20.

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

A neon light flickers to life; "Café Select."

UNDERSCORING: *Lost In The Shadows*. KAY

BOYLE, a striking young writer, sits alone at a table immersed in writing in her notebook. She sings the words she is writing.

1. LOST IN THE SHADOWS

KAY: **Lost. Chasing your shadow
Lost among les gens perdu
Love. Lost in the shadows
These crazy years - les années fou**

**Is it absurd?
A word so small**

**Could be we are not
In love at all**

KAY snaps her notebook closed. MUSIC: *Montparnasse Strut* hits with a comic flourish and the ENSEMBLE enter; WAITERS, PATRONS & STREET MUSICIANS populate the terrace.

(A general note: EVERY CHARACTER on stage wants to be a writer and they all carry notebooks of one kind or another. Any time anything of interest happens or gets said, they are likely to pull out their notebooks AND WRITE.)

2. MONTPARNASSE STRUT

ALL: **April 's here it's '29
For fools in Paris - a magic time
Since we came over, nobody's sober
Drinkin' cheap bubbly wine
In Gay Paree**

**In France a dollar can go so far
No inhibitions - and lots of bars
When you're a writer the future's brighter
Here where the work is
Avant-garde**

ROBERT MCALMON, a world-weary writer/publisher on the verge of 30 sits with KAY, nods and then starts to scribble furiously in his notebook. KAY feels ignored.

CHORUS: **So new
Jazz Age scrappers
So bright
Poets - flappers
In Paree
Life is free and so easy
Yeah
So easy**

CHORUS: **So new
It's so crazy
So bright
Kinda hazy
In Paree
Life is always hoppin'
To a hot quintet**

MEN: **In the Quarter found a place to stay
Fresh from Kansas learnin' "qu'est-que c'est"
So my room ain't got no plumbing
I'm still writing, that's not slumming**

**Cause I know there'll come a day
When the whole wide world will say
My book is so sublime
It's altered fiction for all time**

KAY: McAlmon - What are you writing?

MCALMON: Now.

KAY: Now?

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

KAY: Can I have a look?

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

MCALMON hands her his notebook.

MCALMON: *(takes her notebook and starts looking through it.)* New work?

KAY: Yes. No. It's nothing.

MCALMON: I'll be the judge of that.

KAY: It's just a poem.

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 as A WAITER approaches their table BUFFY GLASSCO, a beautiful, androgynous 19-year-old enters.

BUFFY: Bob, thank God I've found you.

MCALMON: Buffy, what's the word?

BUFFY: Desperate. I'm desperate. What are we drinking?

MCALMON: Pernod. Kay?

KAY: Aquavit.

MCALMON: Buffy?

BUFFY: Both?

KAY: Mooch, where did you come from and could you go back there quickly?

BUFFY: The Pont Neuf. I'm sleeping under The Pont Neuf!

MCALMON: Well you can't stay there.

KAY: Why not? Fresh air, fascinating roommates. Sports fishing optional.

BUFFY: It's not romantic. Just damp.

BUFFY sighs tragically flirting with MCALMON.

KAY: Bob, why is the child batting his eyes at you like a starving puppy?

BUFFY: I'm a writer.

KAY: Like every other clown in this joint.

MCALMON: Last year Buffy sent me a submission.

BUFFY: *(to Kay)* I'm rather good at submission. If you catch my drift.

KAY: I'm sure that's not all I'd catch.

MCALMON: His life story -

BUFFY: In 400 words.

KAY: Overwritten no doubt.

MCALMON: It was charming.

BUFFY: Published at last.

KAY: You published *him*!

MCALMON: Yup.

BUFFY: And a copy got back to Montreal! Papa cut me off without a sou. It's all your fault Bob.

MCALMON: You're welcome.

KAY: You published him. But won't publish me.

As KAY and MCALMON spar BUFF picks up KAY'S notebook and reads her poem.

MCALMON: Not yet.

KAY: I can't spend my whole life lost in the shadows. I can't! I won't!

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

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! I'm studying with The Ballet Russe.

SCOTT: And I'm going to finish the next novel! 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: We're going to teach it to Bricktop and she'll teach it to the world!

MORLEY CALLAGHAN, a young, short, slightly overweight novelist with a pencil thin moustache enters as SCOTT and ZELDA exit. ZELDA grabs MORLEY, spins him around and tickles him.

ZELDA: Coo coochie coo. (*exits*)

MORLEY: Stop the presses.

MORLEY spots MCALMON and approaches.

MORLEY: Say...You're Bob McAlmon, aren't you?

MCALMON: Who wants to know?

MORLEY: And that was – they were The Fitzgeralds!

MCALMON: What's left of them.

MORLEY: Oh sorry I'm... I'm (*offers hand*) Callaghan, Morley Callaghan.

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

CHORUS: **A new face
On the Rue St. Jacques
His first time at the Bar Select
Hey what ya thinkin'
Hey what ya drinkin'
Let's have a round of cheap Pernod**

MORLEY: Why not?.

BUFFY: Garcon! He's paying.

To MORLEY'S dismay EVERYONE within earshot orders a drink.

BUFFY: The next Hemingway? Well hello.

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

MCALMON: One day the whole neighborhood will capsize –

KAY: Like a dory full of literary squid.

BUFFY: How inky.

MCALMON: Exactly. But in the meantime - Kay, Buffy. Morley Calamari. Sit. Sit.

BUFFY: What do you think of this?

KAY is horrified as BUFFY hands MORLEY her notebook.

CHORUS

To be the talk of Harry's Bar
To be a hero, a brand new star
And writing so well
I'll win the Nobel
We'll have un outra, 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 Parea
Love is free and so easy
Easy come and go

KAY

Trapped. Lost in the shadows
Adrift among les gens perdu
Here trapped in the shadows
These crazy years - les années fou

My simple dream
A published poem
Now suddenly
I feel alone
I've got to laugh
I feel so small
Could be that I could never
Write at all.

MORLEY: *(closing the notebook)* Well, I think -

KAY: There's nothing wrong with that poem.

MCALMON: Did you get lost in those losts? Adrift, perdu, boo-hoo.

KAY: *(to MCALMON)* It's a love poem dedicated to you.

MCALMON: *(knocks back his drink)* I would recommend you sleep with a few more strangers before disappearing into the forbidden fog of "love."

BUFFY: I have something that may amuse.

BUFFY hauls out a notebook and offers it to MCALMON. KAY grabs it and leafs through the pages.

KAY: What's this? A slim volume of typographical errors?

BUFFY: A soon to be published illustrated pamphlet.

KAY: *(reading)* Oh! A cookbook.

BUFFY: *(to MCALMON)* The theme is Greek. Olive oil on flesh. Wrestling. Furry togas. Leather jock straps. In all aspects historically correct.

KAY To be distributed in brown paper bags?

KAY tosses the notebook back to BUFFY.

BUFFY: One hopes. Other options are too distressing.

MCALMON: I am certainly not letting you go back there.

KAY: Back where?

MCALMON: You should be writing something serious.

BUFFY: I'd love to. But living the literary life is so much more engaging than actually being literary.

MCALMON: Morley? The poem?

MORLEY Well –

KAY snatches her notebook out of MORLEY's hand.

KAY: Moving on!

MEN:

**Fame and fortune right around the bend
Days roar by and
Nights that never end
Join the dance toujours romance
Take a chance Vivre le France
To love and life we 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**

The song ends.

MORLEY: Ah.... About your poem –

KAY: Tell me Morley; what brings you Paris in the shimmering springtime of syntax and sin?

MORLEY: Well, Hemingway. He told me I had to come to Paris.

KAY: Oh God.

MORLEY: Hem says Paris is where the real writing happens and mostly he's always right don't you think? I mean look at the list: Joyce, Stein, Pound -

KAY: McAlmon.

MORLEY: Yeah, sure, of course. McAlmon and even Fitzgerald, all here in Paree.

MCALMON: You want to meet him?

MORLEY: Who?

MCALMON: Fitzgerald.

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 a problem. Scott's round the bend already.

MORLEY: Yeah. Hem said - You haven't seen him have you?

KAY: Seen whom?

BUFFY: Who.

KAY: No, whom.

MORLEY: Either way, Hemingway.

MCALMON: Long gone.

BUFFY: Moved on?

KAY: Gone fishin'.

MORLEY: No, he's here. Said he needed to recharge the batteries.

MCALMON: He's here?

KAY: Ask Sylvia at Shakespeare and Co. They're still speaking.

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

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

MORLEY: It's just...Maybe she was offended by all that guff in the papers.

MCALMON: About being the “next Hemingway.” Maybe.

MORLEY: Publishers! They’ll make up any kind of trash to sell a book.

KAY: Might I remind you Bob is a publisher and a better writer than that beery-breathed fake you so adore.

MORLEY: Hey, Hem’s the real thing.

KAY: Those back-woods yarns were headed for *Boy Scout’s Annual* ‘til Bob gave him a break.

MORLEY: Look, I don’t know what you’ve got against Hemingway but back when I was a cub on the Toronto Star he read my stuff and -

KAY: Back story!

MCALMON: We don’t believe in back stories.

KAY: Stale gossip.

BUFFY: Nothing worse.

MORLEY: Fine, but a pal’s a pal and –

KAY: A pal’s a pal ‘til you discover his autographed Bowie knife in your back.

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

KAY: Bob published Hemingway’s first book and now that ingrate is bad-mouthing him 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.

3. 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
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
Courtied and seduced
By every Tom and Dick and Jane
Who wants their book produced**

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.

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: **Impossible. I'm far too drunk to drive. Morley, tonight you are coming to Bricktop's.**

MORLEY: What's Bricktop's. A club?

BUFFY: More like a brothel.

MORLEY blanches.

MCALMON: Morley. He jests. Tonight we feast on Le Jazz Hot. I will introduce you to Scott and Zelda and any other April Fool who comes dancing by. Kay, let's go early.

KAY: Of course. Midnight.

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

BUFFY and MCALMON exit. KAY looks at MORLEY.

MORLEY: You know your poem is pretty good.

KAY: It's puke on a plate.

4. WORDS

KAY: *(sings)* Words
Words
Words
Words
Words
Confabulation
Acceleration
Manipulation
Ejaculation
Procrastination
And strangulation
The tintinnabulation of the words

MORLEY: Ah...Bonjour? *(exits)*

KAY sits and writes.

**I look into your ice blue eyes
I see my reflection there
You look away into the café gloom
And I am free to stare
You drown my 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

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

**Act One. Scene Two.
Bricktop's – That Night**

Bricktop's is a small club in Montmartre presided over by BRICKTOP herself, an Afro-American woman with a shock of red hair. She sings, backed by a band of black musicians and cool Parisians. BRICKTOP keeps a maternal eye on her flock and sometimes works the bar but at the moment she's singing and dancing surrounded by SCOTT and ZELDA and THE ENSEMBLE.

5. TICKLE ME

BRICKTOP **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.

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

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

SCOTT: Morley! I like your stuff. This is Zelda!

ZELDA: Morley! We're celebrating!

SCOTT: Paris is a tonic!

ZELDA: He did 557 and a half words today.

SCOTT: I got stuck on a T. Them, that, the – exhausting decisions. Still, best day in a month. More champagne!

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

SCOTT: Brickie! 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 MORLEY as he tries to escape their attentions. MCALMON and KAY dance together.

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

The song ends with joyous laughter and applause. KAY kisses MCALMON. Everyone heads for the bar as GLADYS, The Princess of Sarawak enters. She is a very English, a tall, beautiful blonde in her 40's, elegantly dressed, obviously wealthy, but with an air of perpetual distraction.

GLADYS: **Brickie! Brickie!**

BRICKTOP: **Your Highness. What's the word?**

GLADYS: **Published!**

ALL: **Published!**

GLADYS: **It's rumoured in the columns.**

MCALMON: **Then 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.

BRICKTOP: 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 Vice Raj of Sarawak.

KAY: An absurd job for impoverished British nobility.

MCALMON: 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: The Palmer name has been splattered with 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.

BRICKTOP: That's a lot of biscuits.

MCALMON: The British love their biscuits.

KAY: Both dry and tasteless.

GLADYS: Not biscuits. Guineas. 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 chimes in.

ENSEMBLE: Do tell!

6. 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...

Hit it boys.

: 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 Ballet Russe.

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 her hand
Alas, noblesse oblige still counts
In stodgy old England

GLADYS: Cruel 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

BRICKTOP: So then before she knew it

She's La Reine of Sarawak

ALL: So then before she knew it
She's La Reine 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"

BRICKTOP: Selfish greedy prick.

KAY AND GLADYS: The selfish greedy prick

BRICKTOP & 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: One of McAlmon's strays.

BUFFY: Buffy.

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. The true 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: 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. Brickie, my love - Le Pims. Book. The publisher says so. "What's a book set in Paris without Bricktop?"

BRICKTOP: I do not want to read a single word about this club. If gossips start writing about what happens in this playpen - my business will be toast.

BRICKTOP has poured the drink. She hands GLADYS the glass.

GLADYS: Well Kay, you'll just have to see about that.

KAY: No. 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. BRICKTOP catches the glass.

BRICKTOP: *(ironic)* Pims.

BUFFY: What a fascinating creature.

KAY: Welcome to my nightmare.

BUFFY: I had no idea you were a ghost. Or at least a ghostwriter.

KAY: Not much difference; both are lost in the shadows. Ignored, invisible and virtually, if not practically, dead.

BUFFY: And in your case hauntingly beautiful

KAY: And in your case you are infinitely insincere.

BUFFY: How cruel.

KAY: Merci.

SCOTT: So, Morley, when did you get into town?

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

SCOTT: He's here? You've seen him?

MORLEY: Not yet.

MCALMON: Who do you have to screw to get a drink around here!

BRICKTOP brings MCALMON a drink while singing.

7. SEDUCTION

BRICKTOP *(intro)* **France is full of lovers
That's something we all know
They have more words for making love
Than Alaska has for snow**

**Fait l'amore, La bete a deux
Sur my couch voulez-vous?
Dans le sack they've got the knack
And never lack le crac, crac, crac**

The Band plays an Instrumental verse.

BUFFY: Shall we dance?

KAY: Why in the world would we do that?

BUFFY: So I can seduce you.

KAY: Hilarious.

BUFFY: Obviously my extraordinary beauty won't do the trick. But you are the sort of woman who can't resist...-

KAY: Punch line please.

BUFFY: A piquant idea.

KAY: That's a punch line??

BUFFY: You can lose the Princess, get me out of the way and capture McAlmon at the same time.

KAY: Let's dance.

**BRICKTOP: What is the nature of seduction
Is it passion obsession or just greed
Is it lust for life that really drives you
Or some burnin', nameless, aching need**

**What is the nature of seduction?
A smile, a fleeting glance, a passing touch
That je ne sais quoi that is calling
Les strings de le coeur have you falling
Why do you need the thrill so much
What is the nature of seduction?**

As KAY and ZELDA dance focus shifts back to the bar where drinks have been served.

SCOTT: Thank you Jimmy. On my tab. Hem sent me the galleys for the new book.

MORLEY: *A Farewell To Arms*. Jeepers! That's an honour.

SCOTT: Yes, well, way back when he asked me to read *The Sun Also Rises* I was happy to offer a few tips and an intro at Scribners. So...

MCALMON: He took advantage.

SCOTT: Of course, it's a two-way street. I offer my opinions and he reciprocates.

ZELDA: Like one of those saws that cuts both ways.

SCOTT: Zelda, Ernest is –

ZELDA: Stop. if I hear another word about Ernest Hemingway I will split a participle. McAlmon, who is that sylph dancing with the pretty boy?

MCALMON: Kay Boyle. A very talented young writer

ZELDA: A woman and a writer. 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. THE BAND plays an instrumental section. MORLEY gapes. ZELDA is a very good dancer. BUFFY laughs and watches them.

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: And 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 you must assume I'm a lesbian. Do you?

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

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

KAY: Scott's a lesbian?

BRICKTOP: **The drop of perspiration as your pulse begins to hum
La belle anticipation of her taste upon your tongue
The wild preoccupation with the dance that's just begun
Un passionate ballet
De hunter and his prey
Begin the passion play**

**As your bodies start to sway
To the dance
To the dance
We call seduction**

SCOTT watches ZELDA as she dips KAY back in a classic tango embrace. KAY is a bit flustered by the intense sensuality of the dance but plays up. ZELDA and KAY continue to dance, watched by the MEN.

BUFFY: I've been cut out.

SCOTT: Never mind Zelda. She always wants to shock. I swear I've been in and out of every low life bar in Pigalle trying to keep her out of trouble.

BUFFY: Interesting. I've been in the very same establishments hoping for the opposite result.

SCOTT: Back to the book.

MCALMON: Hemingway's so damn obvious. He pretends to be seduced by Death just so he can spit in its face. Heroic. Nah. A cheap literary device and you both fall for it. Rats.

SCOTT: Tell me, do you think a woman likes a man's private parts large or small?

MORLEY: Huh?

SCOTT: I seduced her – Zelda. Or maybe she seduced me. In either case we slept together before we were married. And I think that may really be the root of the whole problem.

MORLEY: Problem?

SCOTT: 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 waves for THE WAITER. BRICKTOP keeps singing but picks up Scott's drink and gives it to him.

SCOTT: What do you think?

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

Focus shift back to ZELDA and KAY

BRICKTOP: What is the nature of seduction
Oppression, deception or just hate
Is it love or lies, complete destruction
Or some churning, desperate trick of fate

What is the nature of seduction
A frown, a bitter word, un passion play
Then comes le moment tendresse triste
Anger turned to sweet release
And somehow night turns into day
That is the nature of seduction

ZELDA: Of course, I am more than my sexual preference, whatever it might be.

KAY: Of course – you're a shimmering vision

ZELDA: I am a modern queen.

KAY: A gorgeous diamond big as the Ritz

ZELDA: And every...Every flapper's dream.

THEY laugh.

ZELDA: And you are a writer.

KAY: A rumor I've been spreading.

ZELDA: McAlmon says you're brilliant.

KAY: Then it must be true.

ZELDA: I write too you know. I've had lots of stories published. *The Southern Girl, The Girl With Talent, The Millionaire Girl.*

KAY: This fascination with girls seems to be an over-riding theme.

ZELDA: Yes, makes one wonder. The byline says Scott and Zelda but I wrote every word.

KAY: That's criminal.

ZELDA: I couldn't agree more but Scott's name on a magazine cover makes us five times more than I can earn on my own. And believe me, sister – we need the money.

KAY: That still doesn't make it right.

ZELDA: Oh child, let's just dance. I truly need a pal.

**ZELDA: Close your eyes and realize
This has to be
I can't deny you polarize
A pull in me
Now's the time for you to have
Your full of me
Why not just give in
Our hearts are driven
Life is for livin' free**

**BRICKTOP: The feeling of abandon as it slowly draws you in
The feeling of those hands on you awakening your skin
Knowing that you can't undo the spin you're twirling in
Begin the passion play
The hunter and the prey
As your bodies start to sway**

**ALL: To the dance
To the dance
We call seduction
We call seduction
We call seduction
Seduction**

ZELDA leads KAY back to the bar.

SCOTT: You know...*Farewell* is a big book...

BUFFY: Is it full of "seductive ideas"?

SCOTT: There's one passage 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: Breaks, broken, break. Beautiful. Stein. But superb.

ZELDA: *(to Kay)* What are you drinking?

KAY: I'm drinking alphabetically. Just finished the As. Absinthe, amaretto, anisette, aquavit. Tonight I hit the B's.

ZELDA waves for THE WAITER.

ZELDA: Beer?

KAY: Bourbon.

ZELDA: Brick. Booze.

MCALMON: "Those that will not break it kills." Oh for God's sake! It's preachy. A set piece and a damn silly one too. The great man sets the story on the sideboard while he seduces with pompous prose.

SCOTT: Nothing impresses you does it, McAlmon. Well, how about this? Will this impress?

SCOTT staggers out on to the dance floor and stands on his head.

BRICKTOP: Now Scott, don't you go breaking things up again.

SCOTT: Scott breaks everything. And afterwards the odor is strong in the broken places for that that will not break, he spills.

As SCOTT speaks the door to the bar the door bursts open and HEMINGWAY enters just soon enough to hear him. He pauses for a second as SCOTT tumbles to the floor. MCALMON applauds.

MORLEY Hem! I'm here!

HEM: Scott, get up and say hello. Morley you haven't wasted any time have you *(to MCALMON)* How's it going Mac? Still leaching off your father-in-law?

MCALMON: Getting by. How runs the bull?

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

BRICKTOP: Really? What's that?

HEM: Single malt. Best you got. A double. Scott's tab.

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

HEM: *(to MORLEY)* Mac 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.

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: Good thing too.

KAY throws her arm around MCALMON, but he shrugs it off. HEMINGWAY looks penetratingly at KAY.

HEM: *(to Kay)* Who are you?

KAY: Kay Boyle, if you must know.

MCALMON: She's a damn fine scribbler.

HEM: Her prose?

MCALMON: Doesn't waste words.

HEM: And her poetry?

MCALMON: Head and shoulders over you, but still tripe.

HEM: So, she's got the stuff.

MCALMON: Pretty close. Soon.

HEM: And the way she looks isn't going to hurt. *(to KAY)* 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: What are you working on?

KAY: Notes. Fantasies. A novel...

HEM: Do the words come quick and clean?

KAY: I wish.

HEM: You got something I can read?

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

HEM: If you're a serious writer, you know that truth is all that matters. To write one true thing. If you got that - there on the page maybe I'll show it to my publisher.

MCALMON: Or claim to.

HEM: Nothing changes does it, Mac? Scott, I want your notes.

ZELDA: Now?

HEM: Can't wait. The Select. Rarebit. Coffee. Morley tomorrow morning I'll show you the town. Let's go.

ZELDA, SCOTT and HEMINGWAY exit.

ZELDA: Zip-e-dee-doo-dah.

KAY: Come on, Bob, rarebit sounds good. Let's get out of here.

MCALMON: Brick. Encore!

KAY: Bob.

MCALMON ignores KAY focusing on MORLEY.

MCALMON: 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.

KAY: Bob!

MCALMON: I mean, for God's sake, its putrefied brains were running out its ears. I told him sometimes death wasn't beautiful. Sometimes it's just stinking, flies-screw-on-it death!

KAY: *(to BUFFY)* Kiss me immediately.

KAY and BUFFY kiss.

MCALMON: And -

MCALMON sees KAY and BUFFY. They break their embrace.

KAY: Goodnight Bob.

KAY takes BUFFY's hand and they exit. MCALMON looks at MORLEY.

MCALMON: Morley. Seriously. Have you ever been to a brothel?

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

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. Then he pulls out a French phrasebook and starts to study.

8. 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**

**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 at another table and blows him a kiss.

MORLEY: **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 and
sits with MORLEY.

MCALMON: Morley, what's the word?

MORLEY: You'll never guess!

MCALMON: True.

MORLEY: Boxing. I've been boxing Hemingway!

MCALMON: After last night? A wonder you're not dead.

MORLEY: I cut his lip!

MCALMON: Modulated tones please. Softly. You and Hemingway had a brawl after you escaped my
onrushing blackout?

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

MCALMON: I hope he didn't 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 sorry we abandoned you last night.

MORLEY: That's alright Scott. You and Hem had a book to talk over. If he ever wanted my advice, I'd do the same.

SCOTT: Never-the-less one must consider appearances. And it appeared that we abandoned you.

MCALMON: Oh rats.

SCOTT: No, Bob, between that and my jaunty acrobatics the story will be all over town. And it will be in the columns tomorrow.

MCALMON: How long have you be away? Nobody in Bricktop's is going to gossip about the club. Not if they expect to come back again.

SCOTT: Well never-the-less I was ungentlemanly on all accounts. I'll talk to Ernest and insist we make amends.

MCALMON: Hemingway has beaten you to the punch. Literally.

MORLEY: Hem and I boxed a few rounds this morning.

SCOTT: But he told me he read your boxing stories and you know nothing about the fights.

MORLEY: He did?

MCALMON: 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 splattered The Darling Boy of The Michigan Wood's blood all over the ring this morning.

MORLEY: Bob!

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.

KAY and BUFFY enter.

KAY: Good morning, Robert.

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

KAY: Delightful. I should take your advice more often. You?

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

BUFFY: Sopping.

ZELDA: You're that girl from last night, aren't you? The writer.

KAY: You remembered!

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

KAY: Not at all.

ZELDA: I'm so glad. I have a feeling you were a superb dancer.

SCOTT: Come on darling, we've got to go.

ZELDA: Must we?

SCOTT: I had a few more thoughts and Hem will be at the Lilas.

ZELDA: Excuse me. I have to go help my husband find his boyfriend.

SCOTT: Don't start in on that muck again, Zelda – I warn you. 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: Come along. Taxi!

ZELDA: Write something today, honey. About me. I want to read it.

ZELDA and SCOTT exit.

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

MCALMON: It will be.

KAY: The fabled pugilist catches a bleeding lip? Tall tales will blossom.

MCALMON: Like weeds in a ditch.

KAY: They all love to talk about Hemingway.

MCALMON: Gossip has become the highest form of fiction.

MORLEY: Well, I'm not going to brag about me and Hem.

MCALMON: You already have. And everyone was 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. 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, not yours.

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. GLADYS and BUFFY break.
She checks out his package.

MCALMON: Not with you pimping him out.

GLADYS: Ummm. Yes, you'll do.

KAY: What's wrong with you?

MCALMON: Everything is wrong with me. Haven't you noticed?

KAY: Cheer up. 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, Pound, Stein, Hemingway -

MCALMON: Rats. The lot of them. Gutting and rutting and slashing away at each other for some little sliver of fame and sticking me with a small warehouse full of books I can't ship or sell. Now that I think about it the whole biz is a load of steaming crap and you're well advised not to step in.

9. THE PUBLISHER OF PARIS (Reprise)

KAY sings a cappella. She pulls MCALMON out of his chair and coaxes him into a half-hearted tap routine.

KAY: You're **the publisher of Paris**
You're **known in all the bars**
You **live life to the fullest**

**Turn scribblers into stars
So many friends around you
Deserve a life that's better
You give us all the help you can
We're geniuses together**

KAY: Feel better?

MCALMON: Marginally.

KAY: 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.

 MCALMON pulls out a notebook and makes a note. GLADYS and BUFFY break.

GLADYS: Kay! Come along, Kay. Work to do.

 GLADYS, KAY and BUFFY exit. MCALMON looks around, noticing no one has paid their bill. THE WAITER shrugs.

MCALMON: OK what's the damage?

Act One. Scene Four. Bricktop's

MORLEY, MCALMON, BUFFY, SCOTT, ZELDA and KAY, all stoned on hash brownies, burst in. The BOYS are joyous, but KAY is morose.

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

BRICKTOP: Do tell.

10.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 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

As MORLEY begins to tell the story. The rest of the CAST perform the action taking on the roles of GERTRUDE and ALICE and SALON GUESTS

MORLEY: **We all stumbled up
The rue de Fleurus
And joyfully joined in the fun
Scott said;**

SCOTT: **I've brought friends**

MORLEY: **Zelda gave Gert a kiss
And Alice B. Tolklas
Stormed off with a hiss**

MCALMON: **But Morley was charming**
BUFFY: **And Buffy was boyish**
KAY: **I said I admired her poems**
MCALMON: **Stein thanked her quite grandly
And seriously said**

MORLEY: **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 this palace of reason might hold
This room full of artistic genius
Where all of my dreams might unfold**

MCALMON: **And suddenly Stein stood and standing
She manfully offered her hand
Kay mannishly bowed and curtsied quite cowed**

KAY: **And then Buffy destroyed my big plan**

MCALMON: **I said, Miss Stein is so pompous
It's hurting my brain
Oh we have to enliven this show**

BUFFY: **So I said: Jane Austin
Was really quite randy
And she's far and away the best writer I know.**

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

STEIN; **Only silly young boys like Jane Austin**

MCALMON: **And delightfully Buffy just plain cut her dead.**

BUFFY: **And only silly old women don't.**

ALL: **Things got crazy at Gertrude's salon
He'd committed an artistic crime
Stein 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 soiree
But Alice's brownies
Those lovely hash brownies
Ah Alice's brownies
Divine**

EVERYONE laughs and heads for the bar, except KAY.

KAY: **It's not funny. Oh Brick, 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?**

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.

BRICKTOP: Now boys –

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

ZELDA: *(to BRICKTOP)* They're just picking on her 'cause she's a girl. *(sobs)*

SCOTT: Brickie, 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: Too late! It's backstory already.

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 handsomely hung human.

BUFFY: It's all in the lighting really. The photographer is an artist. *(fake sigh)* Caught. 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.

11. 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
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

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
For 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 kiss becoming very handsy. KAY watches.

MCALMON: We're losing our young companion.

KAY: As planned.

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

KAY: Stop! (*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.

HEM: (*to Morley*) The news is out. You've been to worship at The Shrine of Lesbos.

MORLEY: The Shrine of –

ZELDA: Stein.

HEM: Did you notice the apples?

MORLEY: Apples?

HEM: Above the fireplace – the Cezanne. What he leaves out. I learned that from Cezanne. It's all about the sublime power what you leave out. Never forget that, Morley. It will make you the writer I know you want to become. Isn't that right Mac?

MCALMON: Morley has been bragging about your pugilistic pantos.

HEM: Has he?

MORLEY: Well, no, not really I –

SCOTT: I'd like to come along some day. *(no reply)* Hem?

HEM: Scotch. Single malt.

BRICKTOP: Best I got.

HEM: I read your stuff. It's good.

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?

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

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

MCALMON: Rats!

HEM: Sorry. We should never talk about writing, should we Mac? 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 to celebrate.

MCALMON: Rodents.

HEM: 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: Mac 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: Stack 'em in piles and gobble their brains.

KAY: Bob, stop.

MCALMON: You're all pathetic. Slurping 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.

12. 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
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 gather her poems. MCALMON exits.

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

The next day. BICKTOP sits at a table looking through the columns in some of the English language papers.
Bricktop sings.

13. HANGOVER CAFÉ

BRICKTOP: **Another mornin'
After the night before
Time to find out
Who'll be sour and sore
The gossips will have their say
Paree's hung over today**

KAY enters and sits with BRICKTOP

KAY: **Oh sad Sunday -
Feelin' tattered and torn
Drank myself to sleep
Wish I'd never been born
Don't know what I can say
Feel like I'm busted today**

BRICKTOP: It could be worse.

KAY: Did we make the columns?

BRICKTOP: Nothing.

KAY: It *is* worse.

BRICKTOP: Honey, you don't want to be in the columns. Found this cleaning up.

BRICKTOP pulls out a piece of notebook and hands it to KAY.

KAY: Oh a love poem. Hilarious. Have you seen Bob yet?

BRICKTOP: Not sure I want to.

KAY: I don't know what I did to deserve that.

BRICKTOP: I don't think it had much to do with you.

KAY: No, of course not. He insulted me, tore up my notebook and left me in a rumpled heap on the floor. Other than that, it had nothing to do with me.

BRICKTOP: Hemingway comes around and Bob goes off the deep end. That guy gives me the willies.

KAY: He reads my stuff and says "Yes". With McAlmon it's always, "No."

BRICKTOP: Honey, I wouldn't put much faith in anything those boys got to say. They're all like Scott, but not so sweet.

KAY: How are they all like Scott?

BRICKTOP. They're 13 years old and have no intention of ever growing up.

KAY laughs.

BRICKTOP: Gertrude calls them the Lost Generation. Makes more sense to call them "The Lost Boys", like in Peter Pan. You want some good advice? If you're looking for a boyfriend 'round these parts – pick a girl!

MCALMON: *(off)* Have mercy!

BRICKTOP: And here they come.

MCALMON, SCOTT, BUFFY, MORLEY and HEMINGWAY enter and sit.

ALL: **Ah-nother mornin'
At the Ba-ar Select
Noon time is long gone
We all stagger in wrecked
The wages of sin to pay
So hung over today**

MCALMON looks at KAY sheepishly then looks away

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. They all exit into the bar. 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 Mac?

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 tattered notebook)* Reassemble my life.

HEM: You will. 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?

GLADYS: Bricktop! You absolutely must be in my column. The publisher asked me: "What is a story about your life in Paris without Bricktop?" And the obvious answer is – incomplete. So you must tell me everything... Anything?

BRICKTOP: La, la, la, la, la.

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. Brick - 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 timekeeper. Wanna come?

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

HEM: Nah, stopwatch . We do one minute rounds.

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 sounds 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?

KAY: 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?

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

ZELDA: You see it, don't you Brick? Only way he'll finish that new book is to turn me into pate.

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

ZELDA: "Aida!" Adieu.

BRICKTOP: I got to talk to that girl. *(exits)*

KAY: So?

MCALMON: So what?

KAY: So what do you have to say for yourself.

MCALMON: 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: Since when? Anyway, 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.

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.

14. 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 and pounds it on the table as the song buttons.

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.

15. JUMPIN' DJANGO. (Instrumental)

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

MORLEY: Scott, we're just –

SCOTT accidentally starts the stopwatch.

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

HEMINGWAY and MORLEY begin to spar. This is a stylized battle set to the music. The sequence is balletic in intent. 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. This action continues until Morley's quick jabs do their damage. 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 tries 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.

HEM: I told you. One minute rounds!

SCOTT: 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.

16. 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 her notebook and dump them in 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 all 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.

ZELDA: I'm crazy?

KAY: You're crazy. So am I.

ZELDA: No.

KAY and ZELDA sing and dance an impossible number on the rail of the bridge,
each keeping the other from falling in.

17. UN PETIT PEU DÉRANGÉ

ZELDA: I am a shimmering vision
I am a modern queen

KAY: A gorgeous diamond
Big as the Ritz

BOTH: And every flapper's dream

ZELDA: I'm Scott's muse, he always says so
As he orders more champagne

KAY: Yes you're toasted to the far stars
But you're fame's a pool of pain

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

ZELDA: And your McAlmon
A man of mystery
Hates the world and loves us all

KAY: Comes the dawn when we're out drinking
His eyes will flash he'll start a brawl

ZELDA: I've seen him sing ever so softly
As he gently calls your name

KAY: And we'll be dancing in the sunrise
Both together, both insane

BOTH: **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

ZELDA: **This jazz age life I'm living**
In the columns and the news
Has me trapped inside a bubble
I'm angry and confused

KAY: **We are a perfect couple**
We both are silly fools
And inspiration fails us
In this land of costume jewels

BOTH: **Oh, mad, well just a little**
Un petit peu dérangé
Crazy, well just a smidgeon
And we can't go on this way
So much in love, so much confusion
And it gets stranger day by day
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

They kiss, lose their footing and with a scream fall into the river.

Act Two. Scene Four. Bricktop's

It's the end of the night. BRICKTOP is polishing glasses in the empty bar. 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 – Brickie, we thirst. Whisky.

SCOTT: Doubles.

MCALMON: Hey! Brickie, 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.

BRICKTOP just shakes her head and doesn't answer.

SCOTT: Perhaps they have run off together.

BRICKTOP: Who could blame them?

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

BRICKTOP: I don't want to hear it.

SCOTT: Of course not. I'm a fool.

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 so 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... 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: Brick can you hang these up over the stove or something?

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.

BRICKTOP: Did you hear that, Scott? Her story.

ZELDA: And mine. Brick, 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.

BRICKTOP: And so are you!

ZELDA: So are you.

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.

BRICKTOP: 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 a bent idea about...things?

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.

BRICKTOP: That's enough!

BRICKTOP rushes to help KAY. 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!

BRICKTOP: Get out of here you punk.

HEMINGWAY exits. GLADYS rushes to help KAY up.

GLADYS: Are you alright, dear friend?

KAY: Sure, fine.

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.

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

BRICKTOP: Princess, I got a story gonna knock your socks off.

BUFFY: At last, Bricktop speaks.

GLADYS: Buffy. Stylo.

BRICKTOP: Outside. This is strictly privé.

BUFFY and GLADYS follow BRICKTOP outside.

KAY: 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.

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.

18. TIME

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 will matter. 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. And tomorrow we'll pack up our bags and go down to the Riviera and bake in the sun and you will write and I will help.

SCOTT: How very kind.

ZELDA: Of course.

SCOTT and ZELDA exit. KAY sits alone in the bar. When BRICKTOP re-enters. KAY sobs. BRICKTOP takes her in her arms.

Act Two. Scene Five. BRICKTOP'S

BRICKTOP starts to sing. The usual crowd is stumbling into Bricktop's. GLADYS and BUFFY enter with a pile of newspapers and start giving them away.

19. THE COLUMN

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

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

GLADYS: **"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!

MORLEY innocently walks in and finds himself the center of attention.

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

BRICKTOP: **Hey Callaghan
You're a big man
You're the king of this cafe**

ALL: **We're your fan**

Mr. Morley
You made that bully pay

BRICKTOP: **You're just grand**
Mister Big Shot
What more can I say

ALL: **You kicked his ass**
Now that's called class
On the streets of Montparnasse
Yeah

MORLEY: What the heck?

BRICKTOP: Un scandale! Bravo!

BRICKTOP reads the column to him.

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

MORLEY grabs the paper from BRICKTOP and reads.

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

HEMINGWAY enters and storms up to MORLEY

HEM: I demand a retraction.

MORLEY: But...I can't retract something 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.

BRICKTOP: You tell 'em Morley. They like it.

MORLEY: Oh, I'm going home

MORLEY tries to exit. PATRONS block the way.

BRICKTOP: **Hey Callaghan
You're a big shot
You're the guy who won the day**

ALL: **We're your fan
Mr. Morley
Gonna buy your book today**

**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**

Member of THE ENSEMBLE lift MORLEY up on their shoulders.

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

They carry MORLEY, still protesting, into the street.

MORLEY: Put me down! I need to pack. I'm going home!

GLADYS and BRICKTOP shake hands. Victory

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. He takes a drink.

20. 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. And drinks.

**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**

**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. 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: 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. Neither will he. 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. Guess you beat me to it.

HEM: Here it comes.

MCALMON: It's a story about this writer. First heard it in Spain. Big manly fellow.

HEM: Lay off.

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

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

MCALMON: He was raised as a girl. 'till he turned six. Then she changed her mind and dressed them both as boys. And then girls. And then boys -

HEM: Shut up! 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: *(pause)* I'm sorry. Back in Spain -

HEM: I was drunk. I was drunk.

MCALMON: And I was in love. All the things we said to each other. What you told me... 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.

KAY: So that's the story?

MCALMON: In all its confusion.

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

KAY: Right. The man desperate to write "one true thing" because he's trapped in one big lie.

HEM: It's the things you leave out that make a story great.

KAY: Stories lie. Life's more complicated.

MCALMON: And harder to run away from.

HEM: I can't write Mac. I can't work here. I thought... I'm going home. I'm blocked there too, but at least nobody's gonna drag me through the muck.

HEMINGWAY gives KAY back her notebook.

HEM: Here's what you came for. It's good. She can write can't she, Mac?

KAY: I know that already. Without your approval.

HEM: Words glue this whole mess together.

HEMINGWAY exits.

KAY: You were right. He's got his reasons.

MCALMON: He can run away from Paris but he'll never run away from himself.

KAY: Not and survive.

MCALMON: I'm not much different.

KAY: Mac and Hem; hard-boiled, monosyllabic - masculine.

MCALMON: Unable to feel what we really feel, be who we need to be.

KAY: And now I should say something witty and make you laugh. Instead let's go to your place and make love 'till the sun goes down.

MCALMON takes KAY's hand and they exit together

Act Two. Scene Seven. Bricktops

BRICKTOP is behind the bar, reading the papers when BUFFY comes rushing in.

BUFFY: Bricktop, Bricktop, I can't find Bob. Have you seen Bob?

BRICKTOP: Not yet.

BUFFY: I've got to find Bob. He's my only hope. Say, you want to buy some records?

BUFFY opens his coat and hauls a thick album of 78 records out of his pants.

BUFFY: The Princess has a huge collection.

BRICKTOP: You're stealing Gladys' records?

BUFFY: My Master's voice. I'm desperate for cash. I can get you more. Puccini, Jolson, Gilbert and Sullivan. Victor, Columbia, Little Nipper. Look. The Wreck of The Old 97, I Lift Up My Finger and Say Tweet, Tweet, Tweet -Paul Whiteman... oh God!

BRICKTOP: Stop. Stop.

BUFFY: I've got to get out of here. It's all your fault really. Well, your Idea anyway. You should never give The Princess an idea. God knows what she'll do with it.

BRICKTOP: What idea?

BUFFY: Hemingway! Complaints have been made. Legal action threatened. Pugilistic peril possible and The Princess has lost her column.

MCALMON enters carrying a portable typewriter.

BUFFY: Bob, Bob. The Princess has lost her column. She blames me.

BUFFY notices the typewriter.

BUFFY: What's that?

MCALMON: My Corona Four.

BUFFY: That's a very valuable typewriter.

MCALMON: That depends on who's typing. Brickie, can you hold this for a bit.

BUFFY: I could take care of it for you.

BRICKTOP: You'd pawn it.

BUFFY: There is no safer place than a pawn shop. They give you a ticket. And cash.

MCALMON: Why do you need cash?

BRICKTOP: He's on the lam.

BUFFY: The Princess says her heart is broken. She insists the only thing that will assuage her grief is hot wax and a device she calls "Monsieur Big Boy."

MCALMON hauls out a wad of cash. He gives BUFFY a wad of cash.

MCALMON: That's enough to get you back to Montreal.

BUFFY: Why in the world would I return to Montreal?

MCALMON: Because that's the last place in the world anyone would go looking.

BUFFY: Brilliant.

BUFFY heads for the front door looks out and freezes.

BUFFY: It's her!

BRICKTOP: Through the kitchen.

BUFFY exits just as GLADYS enters.

GLADYS: I'm looking for Buffy.

BRICKTOP: He's gone.

GLADYS: Gone?

MCALMON: He's on the lam.

GLADYS: On a lamb? How beastly. Not even I...

MCALMON: Tell Kay the typewriter is hers. See ya around Brick. *(exits)*

GLADYS: Then again...A fluffy little lamb...Perhaps... Au revoir. *(exits)*

Act Two. Scene Eight. The Pont Neuf.

KAY is writing in a new notebook. MCALMON enters, carrying a suitcase.

MCALMON: I thought I might find you down here.

KAY: I sacrificed a whole notebook to the Seine so I thought it might be a good place to see what I can remember.

MCALMON: The best stuff comes back.

KY: I hope.

KAY looks at his suitcase.

KAY: What's that about?

MCALMON: I'm traveling light.

KAY: Where are you going?

MCALMON: Away.

KAY: Why? Was this afternoon so awful?

MCALMON: Just the opposite. It was sweet and gentle and ... kind?

KAY: And you were a man.

MCALMON: Rats. What does that even mean? My sexual plumbing is functional? But my heart? That's a fragile toy undeserving of your affection.

KAY: Never-the-less 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 Hemy or a Buffy lurking about.

KAY: I don't care.

MCALMON: Well I do. I'm a jumble of bits and pieces in need of re-assembly and I won't have you waste your life trying to piece me together.

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

MCALMON: No I'm not. You could be once I get out of your way, but 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. And that's not what matters anyway. I know who I am and maybe I'm running away from this place but I'm not running away from that anymore.

21. 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**

They kiss goodbye.

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

KAY: What's been fun?

MCALMON: Being geniuses together.

MCALMON laughs and exits.

Act Two Scene Nine. Bricktop's.

KAY sits at the bar looking at McAlmon's typewriter. There's a sheet of paper in the machine. BRICKTOP is behind the bar mixing a drink for GLADYS.

GLADYS: He was a wonderful diversion really. But hardly at the center of my existence. Did you know there's a kind of Marche du Puce De Sade in this remarkable town? And the column was fun for a moment but...

BRICKTOP: Pims.

GLADYS takes her drink and sips thoughtfully.

GLADYS: Still my book will be published and that horrid Heming-man has vanished. But I do miss Bob. Don't you miss Bob?

KAY: I sure do.

GLADYS: What are you writing dear?

KAY: Nothing.

GLADYS: Well, that's very odd. I mean, so much has occurred... I think.

BRICKTOPS: You can put the club in so long as it's a good story.

KAY: I can't write about what's happened. It's all backstory now. No backstories, only Now. That's what Bob said.

BRICKTOP: Who owns that typewriter now? You or Bob.

KAY: He gave it to me but –

BRICKTOP: Pardon-moi ma chere but when did you write your first story?

KAY: When I was ten. No eight.

BRICKTOP: And who told you what to write back then?

KAY: Nobody.

BRICKTOP: I got nothing else to say.

KAY begins to type., slowly but the tempo builds as she conjures up incidents from the

play. THE CAST appear conjured by her memories.

22. FINALE

KAY: **Words, chasing our shadows
We called ourselves “Les Gens Perdu”**

BRICKTOP: **Words, chasing the shadows
The crazy years “Les Années Fou”**

KAY: **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**

BRICKTOP: **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**

T THE END