

The Observer

From the Files of Project Quantum Leap

*Late
October Rose
or...*



*Pearl Onion
on a
Banana Split?*

Issue 38

October 2008

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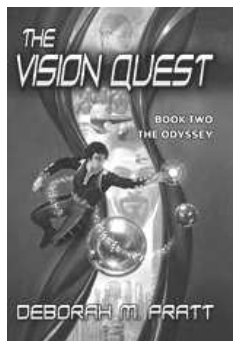
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ON OUR COVER

Among the striking metaphors provided by *An Evening with Scott Bakula*, many are etched as lasting images in the brain. Maryse Worrallo treats us to two of her favorites.

**THE VISION QUEST BOOK TWO:
THE ODYSSEY - Presentation and Signing**



On Saturday, October 11, the Book Soup Bookstore in West Hollywood, California, welcomed award-winning author and actress/producer Deborah M. Pratt to debut the newest addition to her Vision Quest series: **BOOK TWO: THE ODYSSEY.**

Pratt has imbued **THE VISION QUEST** with socio-political content, as well as technological, environmental, economic and spiritual implications. "It's a critical time,"

says Pratt, "and I'm intending that **THE VISION QUEST** provokes people to find and manifest their highest calling."

Deborah's next book-signing is scheduled for Santa Fe, New Mexico on December 5, with more to be added as time goes by. Visit <http://www.thevisionquest.com/> for all the latest details; books also available at Amazon.com

TEN YEARS LATER

Donna Dickenson took over the webmaster duties for PQL ten years ago, and "Oh! Boy!" has it ever changed. Over the years Donna has implemented many of the latest web-features found on the Internet. She created a Shopping Cart, so that people can use PAYPAL to order *The Observer*; just last year she gave podcasting a try; and now she is now hoping her blog—which frequently shows up on Google Alerts—will generate a dialog with fans and garner new visitors.



GLAD RAGS & BLUES BAND

Costume Ball to feature the ENTERPRISE BLUES BAND

While we're sure you will want to wear your *Quantum Leap*-themed clothing/costumes all weekend, we especially invite you to join us in costume on Saturday evening for our Costume Ball! How about neon jewelry and a mini-skirt as "Tina," or a white lab coat and pants for "Gooshie," or even put on those boxing gloves and become "Kid Cody" from the '70s! Maybe you'll want to be the leaper and dress as Sam from the '50s or maybe you can show off your inner "Al." This will be the perfect time to show off your creativity and have a blast with other fans! Judging will take place during the party and we're planning a surprise judge! First, second, and third place prizes will be awarded - come wearing your best interpretation of *Quantum Leap* and its vast array of characters and time periods.

Also on hand for your entertainment will be the world-famous Enterprise Blues Band! The EBB was formed by Vaughn Armstrong (of *QL* episode "It's a Wonderful Leap") when he discovered a need to entertain fans at the Star Trek conventions he attended. He contacted his actor and showbiz friends Casey Biggs, Richard Herd (of *QL* episodes "Future Boy" and "Mirror Image"), Steve Rankin, Ron B Moore, and William Jones and began to write songs. They have been wowing fans at conventions and charity events all over the world ever since and have built a growing family of loyal fans. After the concert and during the weekend in our Dealer's Room, be sure to pick up an Enterprise Blues Band CD, photos, and get autographs from all these great guys! Visit ebluesband.com for more on this entertaining celebrity band!

Diamond and Platinum ticket holders are admitted free to the Costume Ball. Cash bar available.

Visit the web for tickets, information and updates at: <http://www.leapback2009.com>

CORRECTION

In our last issue, #37, the photo on page 23 should have been attributed to Jo Fox. My sincerest apologies-SAM.

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DEAN WINS ACTING AWARD

The short film *Al's Beef*, with Dean Stockwell, has been shown at numerous film festivals and continues to win awards, including a Best Supporting Actor in a Short Film for Dean at the July ACTION ON FILM INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL in Old Pasadena. With the director expressing interest in turning the film into a full-length feature, we only hope Dean can find time in his busy schedule to reprise his role.

SCOTT ELECTED TO SCREEN ACTORS GUILD BOARD

Established in 1933, The Screen Actors Guild is the nation's largest labor union representing nearly 120,000 working actors. In a particularly unsettling year, in which SAG has yet to reach a contract agreement with the Alliance of Motion Picture and Television Producers, Scott was nominated and handily won a three-year seat on the board, where he will no doubt serve with diligence and compassion on behalf of its members.

EVERYONE'S SPACE

AN EDUCATIONAL VIDEO RELEASE FEATURING SCOTT BAKULA

Observations by Gail Erickson



Scott is quite delightful (not to mention gorgeous in a zippered turtleneck sweater and long, blonde hair) as he hosts and narrates *Everyone's Space*, an educational DVD about the positive effects that commercial competition will have on the space industry, a welcome development considering the lack of progress in the United States government space program since the long past successes of the Apollo moon missions. Scott begins with a historical lesson about how telephone service and television made rapid advances once the government stepped aside and allowed commercial interests to compete for the consumer's dollar. Likewise, progress will be rapid with private businesses competing in the area of space tourism.

There are several humorous moments as Scott walks about the Chabot Space and Science Center in Oakland, California. At one point he says with an amused smile that commercial aviation, which began with a cash prize for a dangerous flight across the Atlantic, now enables us to "affordably fly anywhere while eating, sleeping, and watching movies." Scott becomes especially animated as he talks about critics of the new commercial space tourism industry who claim it is a waste of money. "A waste of money?!!" he exclaims, "I think I need to lie down," and he does so using the antique telephone which accompanies him throughout much of the program as a head rest.

The intent of *Everyone's Space* is to inspire middle- and high-school students to become the next generation of space entrepreneurs, contributing their own ideas and enthusiasm to make space flight affordable so that we can all realize the

benefits of space, whether recreational, scientific, or economic. "Maybe, in the future, outer space will be called everyone's space," Scott says. The telephone rings and Scott answers, holding out the receiver towards the viewer as he asks, "Is it for you?"

The clever ending—asking the youth of our nation if they are willing to pick up the gauntlet in space exploration—is also a play on the name of the organization that produced this DVD, *izzit.org*. *Izzit* comes from "izzat," which means "respect" in Hindi. According to the header at the top of the www.izzit.org website, *izzat* should be in every teacher's classroom.

Everyone's Space is such an unusually entertaining and humorous presentation for an educational program that I e-mailed the organization to ask who wrote the script. What a surprise to learn it was Dennis Deal!!! Yet, perhaps it shouldn't come as such a surprise, considering the long friendship between Dennis and Scott, and the wonderful results of their previous collaborations.

Everyone's Space, hosted and narrated by Scott Bakula; written, directed and music by Dennis Deal.



Educational DVD intended for grade levels 6-12; Running time: 17:00 min

Available for \$29.95 from www.izzit.org, or by phone at 888-242-0563

Scott and Dennis on the set of "Everyone's Space"

Photo courtesy of Free to Choose Media©2006

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTOPHER ALLEN
Screenwriter/Director/Producer of the New *Quantum Leap* Fan Film
A Leap to Di For: August 30, 1997
 Interviewed by Sharon Major on October 4, 2008
 Photos by Chris Allen

Although Christopher Allen is in the middle of production of the *Quantum Leap* fan film, *A Leap to Di For*, set to debut at the LeapBack 2009 convention next spring, he recently took a bit of time from his family and weekend to give PQL a telephone interview. Allen's company, Racso Motion Pictures, cites six films to date, including his recently completed production called *A Time for the Heart*, a love story that addresses the potential ramifications of time travel. Plus, Chris and his wife have just been blessed with their own little production, Samuel Robert Allen, who arrived in mid-September, adding 'new dad' to Chris's list of credits.

Sharon: I first heard about this film about a year ago; I'm so glad it is coming together. It's wonderful to read your comments and see the photos at RacsoFilms.com and in the blog at Chuck Budreau's website, IndyFilmNews.com. It looks like a fantastic production.

Chris: Thank you very much! It has been over a year in the planning. I started looking into it last summer after shooting another feature, and I wanted to get into *Quantum Leap* and do it right. I had seen a few other fan efforts and there weren't too many actually, to be honest with you. It's not like *Star Trek* or *Batman*, where a lot of people are making fan films in that genre. So I thought let's take some of our production quality and put it toward *Quantum Leap*.

Sharon: Do you write fan fiction?

Chris: I do! All of my films are high concept projects—a time travel or supernatural type of story. I've always believed that putting an ordinary person into an extraordinary situation makes for real drama.

Sharon: Isn't there going to be more filming later this month?

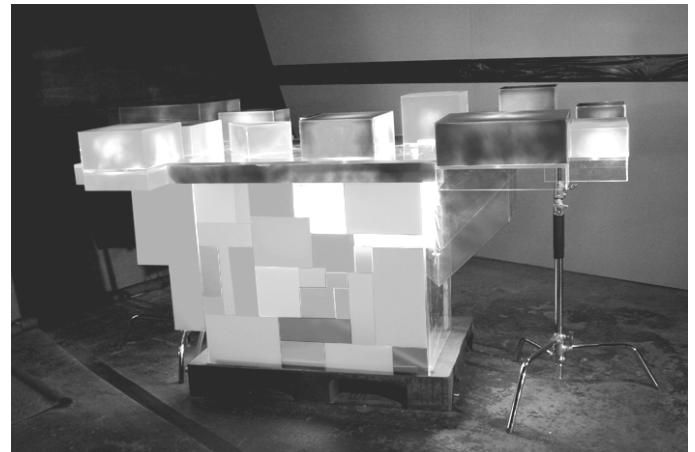
Chris: Yes, we are shooting at the end of October in downtown Indianapolis at the five-star hotel the Omni Severin, which they are letting us use as the backdrop for the film. The hotel is serving as the British and American Embassies in Paris, France.

I'll give you a quick synopsis: Dr. Sam Beckett leaps into a 26-year-old American, Mark Hulen, who is visiting Paris in 1997, arriving 24 hours before the death of Princess Diana. The crux of the story is whether he is there to save Diana or to amend a situation into which he has leaped. It's an interesting dynamic. Plus, we catch up with the Project since we last saw it in the final episode, "Mirror Image," and find out what's been going on in the last fifteen years.

There is nothing extraordinary about Sam's character, he is just an average-Joe—I guess the buzzword now <laughing> is "Joe six-pack." I wanted to save the magic of the story for the situation Sam leapt into.

Sharon: I'm really surprised to see how large the cast is.

Chris: <laughing> I don't do anything small. My first taste of fan films came three years ago when I shot *Star Trek Versus Batman*. We built a section of the bridge from the classic Enterprise and we had an authentic replica of the Batmobile. It looked really good on film [Ed. Note: The film is available as a free download at RacsoFilms.com] We had quite a large cast and a lot of interesting costumes, so I took some of the experience, high production quality and top-notch professional gear—what I call "toys on the set"—that we had with that film and apply it to *Quantum Leap*. I hope the fans receive it as a high-quality production.



Replicating the control panel took a lot of "homework"

Recreating the control room for the project wasn't as easy as with *Star Trek*, where you can go on the Internet and find blueprints and plans on how to build a bridge. My prop masters and I sat down one day and looked at the episode "The Leap Back" frame-by-frame. We had to recreate the set just from the show, and there were a lot of difficult angles, like the octagonal entryway. For the handlink, we were lucky to find photos of the original, but in order to build one the prop masters had to find colored acrylic.

Sharon: Just from the color photos of the handlink that I found online, I can tell that you must have a number of high-caliber professionals working on the production end.

Chris: We do. For this region—Indianapolis—there are a lot of really talented people and we were blessed to have

that quality. So much so, we're very, very excited about doing this for the 20th anniversary convention—Leap Back 2009.

It's a win-win situation for everyone involved, especially the actors who have a chance to get their face on the screen in Hollywood; and for the fans, who will get a high-value production of *Quantum Leap*.

Sharon: I bet most of the cast has seen *QL*, if they aren't outright fans.

*Niki Hurrle Warner
stars as
Meredith Jamieson,
a love interest for
Sam's character*



Chris: [I was 17 when] I discovered the show in 1991 at a friend's house. Our lead actress, Niki Hurrle Warner, was five or six years old when the show came out, so she grew up watching the show. A lot of the cast has had an affinity for the show since childhood; sort of like I had growing up with *Star Trek* and *Batman*.

When we had the shoot on the control room set, it was like Christmas morning for everybody. We had the control panel all set up and blinking—all the colors. We had a couple of kids on the set; we all just loved it. It was really an "a-ha" moment when we finally saw it all lit up. We had the fog machine going and Al was in his Navy dress whites.

Sharon: Where are the sets now?

Chris: They're destroyed. We were using the back of a warehouse in downtown Indianapolis, on the IU-PUI [Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis] campus. The university was kind enough to let us use it, but we only had it for a certain amount of time. The one surviving piece from the set is the control panel, which we are loaning to the Leap Back Convention as their centerpiece for the stage next spring. So it is working out really nice. Another win-win. They have the set piece for their convention and we had the set piece for our film.

Sharon: Did Deborah read the script before agreeing to do the voice of Ziggy?

Chris: Plain and simple, no. She wanted to meet with me and my executive producer, David Briggs. So we went up to Chicago on Tuesday [Sept 30] by bus and met with her. We told her a little about the story, and she said she's a fan of fans' work and that she wanted to help, because the fans are hungry for any new material.

It was an honor to meet one of the "voices" of the show—and I don't mean that literally, being that she is the voice of Ziggy—but rather as someone who had a direct hand in the creation of the show.

She is such a nice lady. I was taken aback by her sincerity and kindness. She is just a sweet, sweet lady. As I said we took a bus up there—with the gas being \$4 a gallon, it was much cheaper than driving—then we took the L-train over to the neighborhood where her mother lives. Deborah insisted on coming to the train station and picking up us to bring us back to her mother's house. She had never met either of us, and—pardon the pun—she took a 'leap of faith,' so to speak. I really appreciate how she trusted us.

Honestly, I appreciated that so much. I had been in L.A. about ten years ago, trying to sell scripts, meet with studio heads, trying to get my own material produced. I got burned in L.A., with the lack of sincerity and the lack of humanity out there. I even told her how surprised I was by her warmth and genuine sincerity, and it was very refreshing to meet someone of her caliber.

When I was recording her voice—listening to "Ziggy" say my lines—it was just amazing to hear. I have to tell you that I had a 'nerd moment,' and it was at that moment I fully realized that this is really going to happen.



Chris Allen (left), Deborah Pratt and David Briggs

We had shot about 70% of the film by this time—and I am very happy with what we shot—but it didn't really sink in until I heard Deborah say the lines and I realized, "Oh, my gosh! This is really going to happen."

Since then she has gotten the full script, and I've told her that I'm anxious to hear her feedback. It would mean a lot to me to have that blessing from one of the creators of *QL*. I feel like we already have it, but I'm really curious to see what she says.

Sharon: Why Princess Di?

Chris: Last year, when I wrote the story, it was the tenth anniversary of her death. I always thought that if I'm going to do a *QL* story and sink some big money into it—as I have—I'm going to make it a great story, a theme that people can relate to. That goes back to my belief as a writer: The writer has to connect with the audience in some way and give them something to care about. I believe most people care about family, love and issues of the heart. So I

thought, this is a very heartfelt topic for a lot of people, a really great tragedy. I'm not trying to reopen old wounds *per se*; I'm just using it as the crux of the story to connect with people on a mass scale. Even if someone doesn't know what *QL* is about—and believe me there are a lot of people out there who say they have never heard of *QL*—I can tell them that it's a movie about a guy who tries to help people.

We treat the characters with a lot of respect and dignity—TLC, I call it. We don't rewrite history; we don't make her out to be anything she wasn't. She was a very elegant, classy lady. I don't want to give too much of the story away, but we don't go in and “Oliver Stone it.” I made sure as a writer, that I didn't make her into a character that I wanted her to be. I think we handled it very well, with a lot of great care.

Sharon: What about the music and sound effects?

Chris: We are going to use the original theme for the opening and closing, and I'm hoping to contact Cameron Birnie, the production designer on *QL*, to get an idea for the sounds of the hanklink.

Just lifting it from the show doesn't always work, because the sound on the DVD has been sweetened and manufactured; it's going to have a different sound than what our microphones record. As for the Leap Effect, with the technology today it's easy to replicate that visually, but we are having difficulty reproducing a clean sound to accompany it. Often there is a musical background or ambience sound that would have to be removed.

I just want it to be as authentic as possible. That's one of the things I suffer from: I'm such a perfectionist. I want to make it the best possible product because I know the fans deserve it. They've waited so long.

People love the concept and possibilities of the show, and I think there is a lot of gas left in *QL*. It's a shame that every chance for a commercial relaunch gets shot down.

I'm doing this because I love the show. I'm not making any money off of this; I just want something to give the fans. Deborah's name adds credibility and I'm so excited to have her associated with the project.

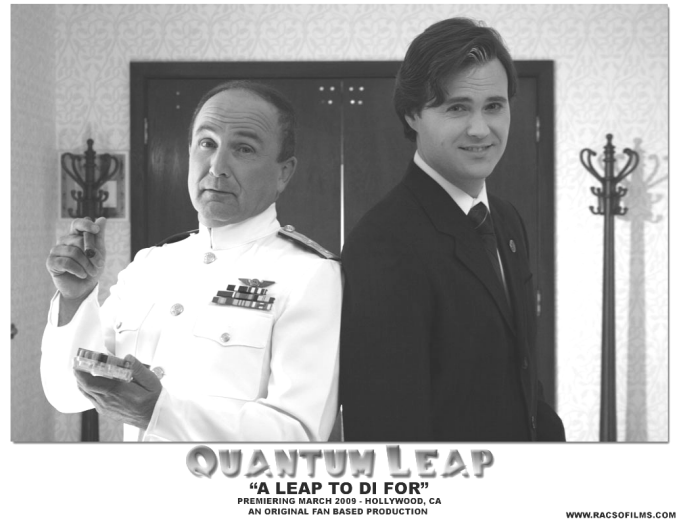
I know that getting funding is a Herculean task. In fact, the biggest issue is getting money. I might mention that for our project, we have ways for fans to get involved. I know money is tighter than ever right now for everyone. But again [for anyone who wants to get involved], it's a win-win. Good for me and good for the fans. “By the fans, for the fans”—that's what it is all about.

Sharon: Tell me a bit about the actual shoot.

Chris: <laughing> On the set, when I was directing Josh Ramsey, I would say, “Josh, I need some more Bakula,” and to Ed Ernstes, who is playing Al, I'd say, “Come on. I need some more Dean.” It's difficult from an actor's

standpoint. For instance, if an actor is cast in *Hamlet*, [for *QL*] they aren't just playing [the character] Hamlet, they have to play it as someone else playing Hamlet. So it is a very challenging aspect from the actor's perspective.

Sharon: <jokingly> You do realize that Josh and Ed will be the first Beckett and Al to be on screen since Scott and Dean, so these are big shoes to fill!



Ed Ernstes, as Al, and Joshua Ramsey, as Dr. Sam Beckett

Chris: <mockingly> No pressure! <laughing> Yes, very big shoes! They know that.

Everyone involved knows that this is the straightest train heading to California. No bureaucracy, no red tape. For some this is a once-in-a-lifetime shot to be seen on a screen in Hollywood, and after 15 years of doing films, this is a big chance for me, too. Will anything happen from it? I don't expect anything is going to happen from it; I'm just happy to provide some material to the fans.

Sharon: Are any of the actors planning to come to the con?

Chris: Yes, three actors already have their tickets and hotel rooms—Josh Ramsey; Dee Stotts, who plays one of the presidential advisors; and our executive producer David Briggs, who plays the President. And of course, my wife and I will be there. Niki Warner and Daniel Boughten, who plays one of the *QL* technicians, might be coming as well.

Actually we are planning to have a Q&A at the convention, with the cast and crew of the show. We'll display pictures and tell stories about how we shot the film and recreated some of the set pieces—some of the “war stories” behind the scenes.



Thanks, Chris. I'm looking forward to this new *QL* adventure. I suggest our readers view the brief trailer at: <http://racsofilms.com/media/QL-trailer.mov>

And if our readers have ever wanted to have a hand in producing a *QL* film, now's the chance. To make an investment and get a producer credit, check out: <http://www.racsofilms.com/QL-donate.htm>

**The Song List for the Harman Hall Presentation
of AN EVENING WITH SCOTT BAKULA**

Annotated by Anita Balestino

Drawing by Maryse Worrallo

The official program for *An Evening with Scott Bakula* was a nice souvenir for theatergoers on the evenings of January 17 and 18, 2008, but it did not contain titles for the various numbers. In our last issue we printed the official song list that Dennis Deal provided, and after much research, here is the pertinent additional information for each selection.

Prologue

Willkommen – **Cabaret** – Broadway premiere, 1966 - Music by John Kander, Lyrics by Fred Ebb

The Music and the Mirror – **A Chorus Line** – Broadway premiere, 1975 - Music by Marvin Hamlisch, Lyrics by Edward Kleban

Act I

I Believe in You – **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying** – Broadway premiere, 1961 - Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser

Cool/Something's Comin' – **West Side Story** – Broadway premiere, 1957 – Music by Leonard Bernstein, Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Trouble – **The Music Man** – Broadway premiere, 1957 – Music and Lyrics by Meredith Wilson

1957 Medley:

- *77 Sunset Strip* – TV Series Theme Song – Written by Mack David and Jerry Livingston
- *Mona Lisa* – Academy Award-winning song from the film, **Captain Carey U.S.A.** – Written by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans
- *Round and Round* – Recorded by Perry Como – Written by Lou Stallman & Joe Shapiro
- *Candid Camera* – TV Series theme song – Written by Alan Funt and Sid Ramin
- *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing* – Academy Award-winning title song from the film - Music by Sammy Fain, Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster
- *Cheyenne* – TV Series theme song - Music by William Lava, Lyrics by Stanley D. Jones
- *Blueberry Hill* – Rock & roll standard recorded by Fats Domino, Music by Vincent Rose, Lyrics by Al Lewis and Larry Stock
- *Hawaiian Eye* – TV Series theme song – Written by Jerry Livingston and Mack David
- *Peggy Sue* – Recorded by Buddy Holly - Written by Buddy Holly, Jerry Allison, and Norman Petty

- *The Sounds of Silence* – Recorded by Simon and Garfunkel – Written by Paul Simon
- *Star Trek Theme* – TV Series theme song - Written by Alexander Courage

Amahl and the Night Visitors (recorded excerpt) – Operetta created for television – Premiere broadcast 1951 – Gian Carlo Menotti

Light My Fire – Recorded by The Doors – Written by Robbie Krieger and Jim Morrison, organ introduction by Ray Manzarek

If I Were a Rich Man – **Fiddler on the Roof** – Broadway premiere, 1964 – Music by Jerry Bock, Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick

Alas for You – **Godspell** – Off-Broadway premiere, 1971, Music and (new) Lyrics by Stephen Schwartz (other lyrics derived from the Episcopal Hymnal)

Man of La Mancha Medley (*I, Don Quixote, Dulcinea, The Impossible Dream*) – **Man of La Mancha** – Off-Broadway premiere, 1965; Broadway premiere, 1968 - Music by Mitch Leigh, Lyrics by Joe Darion

Everybody Says Don't – **Anyone Can Whistle** – Broadway Premiere, 1964; Carnegie Hall Concert Performance (with Scott as J. Bowden Hapgood), 1995 – Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Prologue: Into the Woods – **Into the Woods** – Broadway Premiere, 1987 (Previewed at *The Old Globe Theatre*, 1986) - Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Another Hundred People – **Company** – Broadway Premiere, 1970 - Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

I'll Send You Roses – **Marilyn: An American Fable** – Broadway Premiere, 1983 - Music and Lyrics by Jeanne Napoli, Doug Frank, Gary Portnoy, Beth Lawrence, Norman Thalheimer; libretto by Patricia Michaels

The Promise of Greatness – **3 Guys Naked From the Waist Down** – Off-Broadway premiere, 1985 - Book and Lyrics by Jerry Colker, Music by Michael Rupert

Words He Doesn't Say – **Romance/Romance** – Broadway premiere, 1988 - Music by Keith Herrman, Lyrics and book by Barry Harman

Tribute to the Stars of Broadway Medley:

- *Pretty Women* – **Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street** – Broadway premiere, 1979- Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim
- *Hey There* - **The Pajama Game** – Broadway premiere, 1954 – Score by Richard Adler & Jerry Ross
- *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face* - **My Fair Lady** – Broadway premiere, 1956 - Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, Music by Frederick Loewe
- *How to Handle a Woman* – **Camelot** – Broadway premiere, 1960 – Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, Music by Frederick Loewe
- *It's a Well Known Fact* – **I Do! I Do!** – Broadway premiere, 1966 - Book and Lyrics by Tom Jones, Music by Harvey Schmidt

Climb Every Mountain – **The Sound of Music** – Broadway premiere, 1959 – Music by Richard Rodgers, Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II – Additional Lyrics by The Angstones, *The Hills Are Alive*, 1995

Somewhere Over the Rainbow – (performed by Duke Ellington School of the Arts Female Ensemble) – Academy Award winning song, written for the 1939 film, **The Wizard of Oz** - Music by Harold Arlen, Lyrics by E.Y. Harburg

Imagine – Recorded by John Lennon, 1971 – Music and Lyrics by John Lennon

Act II

Rodgers and Hart Medley - Music by Richard Rodgers, Lyrics by Lorenz Hart:

- *I Wish I Were In Love Again* – **Babes in Arms** – Broadway premiere, 1937
- *My Funny Valentine* – **Ibid**
- *Johnny One Note* – **Ibid**
- *You're Nearer* – **Too Many Girls** – Broadway premiere, 1939
- *The Lady Is a Tramp* – **Babes in Arms**

How Deep Is the Ocean – Jazz Standard recorded 1932 by the Paul Whiteman Orchestra, Vocals by Jack Fulton – Music & Lyrics by Irving Berlin

Film Noir Vignette: *Harlem Nocturne* – Written for a 1940 radio series – Music by Earle Hagen

Musical Duet with Chelsea Field:

Born Too Late – Original material – Written by Mark Saltzman

Dreaming of Mr. Porter– Original material – Written by Dennis Deal

Cole Porter Medley – Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter:

- *It's All Right With Me* – **Can-Can** – Broadway premiere, 1953
- *Ridin' High* – **Red, Hot and Blue!** – Broadway premiere, 1936
- *You Do Something to Me* – **Fifty Million Frenchmen** – Broadway premiere, 1929
- *From This Moment On* – Written for **Out of This World**, Broadway premiere, 1950, but dropped from that show; the song was added to the film version of **Kiss Me Kate**
- *So in Love* – **Kiss Me Kate** – Broadway premiere, 1948

A Foggy Day – From the film, **A Damsel in Distress**, 1937 – Music by George Gershwin, Lyrics by Ira Gershwin

Lullaby of Birdland – Jazz Standard, 1952, written to honor alto sax player Charlie ("Bird") Parker's New York jazz club, Birdland – Music by George Shearing, Lyrics by George D. Weiss

- *Everybody's Boppin'* (original composition, 1959 by Jon Hendricks) – **Nite Club Confidential** – Off-Broadway premiere, 1983, Score by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans
- *Cloudburst* (original composition, 1959 by Jon Hendricks) – **Ibid**

I've Heard It All Before – **Shenandoah** – Based on original screen play by James Lee Barrett - Broadway premiere, 1975 – Music by Gary Geld, Lyrics by Peter Udell

I Could Go on Singing – From the 1963 film of the same name, starring Judy Garland – Music by Harold Arlen, Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg

- *I'm Nothing Without You* – **City of Angels** – Broadway premiere, 1989 - Music By Cy Coleman, Lyrics By David Zippel
- *The Curtain Falls* – Recorded live in Las Vegas by Bobby Darin, 1963 – Music and Lyrics by Sol Weinstein



AN EVENING WITH SCOTT BAKULA- REMINISCENCES

ACT II

By Anita Balestino

Drawings by Maryse Worrallo

An Evening with Scott Bakula

A special benefit for Ford's Theatre

Starring - Scott Bakula

Featuring - the Duke Ellington School for the Arts Female Ensemble;
Ensemble Leader, Angela Powell Walker

Special Guest - Chelsea Field

Musical Director - Brad Ellis

Director and Orchestrator - Dennis Deal

An Evening with Scott Bakula Band:

Conductor/Piano - Brad Ellis Guitar - Phil Matthieu
Synthesizer - George Fulginiti-Shakar Drums - Brett Hunter
Bass - Jeff Cooper

Costume Coordinator Janice L. Lopez
Lighting Designer Mark Lanks
Stage Manager Craig A. Horness

Harman Center for the Arts, Washington D.C.

January 17 and 18, 2008

Program credits for *An Evening with Scott Bakula*

(Reworked from the official program)

Set change for Act II - tall potted plant occupies upstage left; low potted ferns near center stage bordering piano and band

Act II

Accompanied by a lively, up-tempo vamp from Brad Ellis and the band, Scott briskly takes the stage for the opening of Act Two. Attired in an elegant three-piece tux complete with glossy, silk patterned vest, and his hair gelled and combed back severely close to his scalp in a 1930s style, his appearance astonishes the audience. He looks incredibly – stunningly – handsome. Exclamations of happy surprise, even from some of the men, along with whistles and wolf calls from a few of the more vocal women pepper the vigorous applause that greets him. At exactly the right moment to elicit the most impact, he stops mid-stride and asks in a seemingly flustered tone, “*You didn’t get the message?*” He lets the laughter grow for a moment and then explains with yet another question, “*Change at intermission?*” The laughter swells even louder before Scott mumbles an indistinct, “*No?*” and seems ready to carry on with the show. Suddenly he interrupts himself and replies to a remark made by an audience member. “*Yeah, no program,*” he says with eager enthusiasm and merriment in his voice, “*I heard that!*” He waits long enough for the rest of the audience to respond with equal amusement before he comments in

a tone of warm approval and obvious enjoyment, “*Very good!*” (The audience member and Scott are referring here to programs not arriving from the printer in time for curtain on Thursday night due to the wet snow that had fallen in D.C. all day.) This little incident made several things abundantly clear: Scott took great pleasure in that quick-witted comeback; he won even more good will from this audience with the sincere compliment he paid the clever jokester; and he had put the audience so at ease by this time that some felt comfortable carrying on an open dialogue with him during the show. But Scott creates another opportunity to bond with his audience. Just before he launches into the first number of the second act on Thursday night, he refers to the raw weather once more. “*What a great night to be inside, in the theatre, huh?*” he comments with audible pleasure. Amidst the smattering of applause, one can almost hear the contented rustle in response as the audience mentally nestles down a little more snugly in their plush seats.

Scintillating Standards - Rodgers & Hart

Scott now introduces a lively, jazz flavored medley of songs by Rodgers and Hart from the show *Babes in Arms*, protesting mildly, “*They don’t write ‘em like that anymore,*” and adding in ironic understatement, “*Only six hit tunes from this little show.*” He begins with ‘*I Wish I Were in Love Again.*’ Despite the spirited tempo, he makes every word of Lorenz Hart’s witty lyrics clearly sparkle. After singing, “*I miss the kisses,*” he adds, “*And I miss the fights,*” with a strong suggestion of yearning, forcing the word “*miss*” through clenched teeth and gripping his outstretched hand into a fist, as if to reveal a guilty pleasure that he longs for with all his might. When he sings of “*the conversation with the flying plates,*” he jerks his head and torso backward so suddenly that he seems to lose his balance, but then looks around in disbelief for the malicious missile that almost connects with his head. However after only a few, too-brief phrases, he moves on to ‘*My Funny Valentine.*’ If ever one needed a primer on what it means to *swing*, Scott, Brad Ellis, and the band offer the quintessential model in this medley and particularly in this song. Both singer and musicians subtly delay or anticipate the beat with a masterful, intuitively felt sense of rhythm – in essence, they *swing!* All the same, Scott’s expressive voice conveys such gentle affection when he sings, “*You*

make me smile with my heart,” and literally soars when he puts all of his considerable power behind the line, “*Stay, little valentine, stay!*” But just as that soaring last note resonates unresolved, he continues on to the next song, ‘*Johnny One Note.*’ Now Scott’s voice and manner reflect the forceful nature of the character he sings about. With a contentious demeanor, he takes an aggressive step forward at the beginning of each of the next two phrases to portray the lyrics, “*Sang out with gusto/ And just overlorded the place.*” He even allows his incredibly responsive voice to project audible strain on the phrase, “*Until he was blue in the face,*” while claw-like hands frame his own face and rebound sharply to mimic that tension. Finally, he stands stiffly upright, hands held woodenly at his sides like an automaton, and sings the last line, “*For holding one note was his ace!*” He holds that last bravura high note until, without another breath, he changes it into the first phrase of the next song.

In contrast, Scott sings ‘*You’re Nearer*’ in a style that couldn’t be more different from that of the previous song in the medley. His voice grows soft and tender with palpable devotion when he sings, “*Dearer than the rain is to the earth below/ Precious as the sun to the things that grow.*” Continuing to describe how closely he holds his beloved, he increases both the volume and passion in his expressive tone. But that tender, mellow warmth returns to his voice once again, as he concludes with the line, “*You’re nearer, ‘cause I love you so,*” and shakes his head gently from side to side to emphasize the depth of his affection.



Without interruption, Scott now moves on to the final number in the medley, ‘*The Lady is a Tramp.*’ Once

more his style changes to suit his material. He adopts a decidedly more urbane, irreverent manner and adds a hearty dash of the cabaret to his performance. Moving around the stage with vibrant energy to match the animated tempo of the music, he sings of this unconventional lady who “*gets too hungry for dinner at eight*” and “*loves the theatre* (which he pronounces ‘*theatah*’) *but never comes late.*” He spices up the words “*dirt*” and “*girls*” with a Bronx-accented tang, making them “*doit*” and “*goils.*” But when he sings the line, “*She’s broke,*” he pauses at center stage with one flexed arm lying across his narrow waist and the other arm stretched out to the side. In that pose he waves his open, extended hand backward and forward, accentuating and keeping time with the syncopated chords of the accompaniment before he concludes, “*But it’s Oke!*” As Scott brings this high-spirited song to a close, he twice repeats in a crescendo of volume and enthusiasm, “*That’s why the lady...*” Then he stomps one insistent foot on the stage and concludes with vigorous delight, “*That’s why that cuckoo lady is a tramp!*”

- and Berlin, Too

Leading off the next song, the big upright bass *walks* a slow, hypnotic, solo bass line as an introduction. During dress rehearsal, musician, Jeff Cooper, starts playing at too fast a pace. So Scott quickly turns back toward the band and mouths a silent “*whoa,*” at the same time holding both hands out in front of him, palms downward, to reinforce that soundless warning. With an easy, supple rhythm, he begins to bob his hands, head, and knees to physically demonstrate the tempo he wants. When the bassist finds the right groove for this arrangement, Scott smiles to himself in visible satisfaction and murmurs, “*There it is.*” The tempo established, he walks over to the piano and leans on it lightly with one hand.

Moving his jacket out of the way, he slips his free hand into his pocket and sinks into one hip, then brings the other relaxed leg forward and taps his foot in time with the leisurely beat. With no further accompaniment than this steady bass outline of the chord changes, Scott performs ‘*How Deep Is the Ocean,*’ delivering the entire first verse in a sweet, hushed tone that nonetheless evokes passionate emotion with every word. He sings, “*From here to a star,*” nearly whispering the last word and giving it an air of exotic mystery. At the same time, he brings one arm across his chest, the fingers of that down turned hand indicating the opposite direction to demonstrate the phrase “*from here.*” Then he extends and elevates that same arm, pointing high up toward the fly-space to illustrate the word “*star.*” Later in the verse, his tone takes on the lonely sound of a plaintive lament when he sings, “*And if I ever lost you,*” as if the

mere thought of that loss is enough to induce the “cry” he sings of in the next phrase, “*How much would I cry?*” The first verse complete, Scott now abruptly increases the power in his voice as he likewise increases the tempo to double time. Singing, “*However deep, deep, deep is the deep sea,*” and, “*Uppey-up, up high, up, up in heaven,*” he not only escalates the pace of the music but nearly doubles the number of words and syllables he fits into each measure. The result lends an energetic, percussive style to his singing that mimics the drum beat that now serves as his only accompaniment. With that driving drumbeat in the background, his voice climbs into the upper registers as he sings the syncopated phrase, “*I wonder how... high is the sky,*” then sinks precipitously to the lower reaches on, “*And how... deep is the sea?*” When this brief percussive variation comes to an end, Scott returns to the original form of the verse while the piano and full band join him. In the concluding phrase of the song, his voice rises in pitch and power on the word “*high,*” then rises yet again on the last word “*sky,*” as he holds that final resounding note with undiminished intensity and breathtaking assurance.

D.C. Nocturne

After an audible exhalation that alludes to the quick tempo of the last number, “*Whoo!*” Scott changes the pace of events once more. Accompanied by the slow, bluesy strains of ‘*Harlem Nocturne,*’ he now strolls over to stage left and reaches into the leaves of a tall potted palm that stands there as stage dressing. With just the right touch of slow drama to elicit a big laugh from the audience, he pulls out a wide-brimmed fedora from among the leaves, stands with feet spread apart, and slowly dons it with conspicuous swagger, cocking it to a dapper angle and smoothing down the brim.



“*I had to make a quick business trip down to Washington, DC...*” he intones, the dark, aloof note in his voice and his tough-guy demeanor strongly evoking *Buck Holden* and *Nite Club Confidential*. After the briefest pause, he tersely emends “*...my business, not yours,*” as the subtle, ominous edge to his delivery draws another laugh from the audience. Just that quickly, Scott alters form and becomes the narrator and main character of a witty, film-noir segment that bears all the earmarks of Dennis Deal’s love for the genre – tortured similes and all. In that foreboding tone, Scott designates D.C., “*the seat of democracy.*” His voice deepens with a hint of suspense as he adds, “*The only system that persists in asking the powers that be, whether they’re the powers that oughtta be.*” Looking off into the distance toward stage right, he tells of finding a little bar and takes a few, stylized steps in that direction. “*I’m an occasional drinker,*” he declares, then stops and turns toward the audience to concede in a deadpan style, “*The kinda guy who goes out for a beer and wakes up in Singapore with a full beard.*” That quip and Scott’s hard-bitten, impassive manner obtain a huge laugh from the audience. Of course, he relates that he went into the bar. But his voice plunges to a cavernous depth as he comments about the place, “*What a dive!*” He adds with audible disgust, “*I stood out like a pearl onion on top of a banana split!*” Even so, things seem to brighten considerably when he reports that appearing out of the drab surroundings, “*There... was... this... dame!*” His powerful, cadenced tones create the ideal fanfare for the arrival of none other than Chelsea Field.

Chelsea wears a black cocktail dress with a sequined, high-waisted top and layers of ruffles defining the very short skirt. Her graceful arms silhouetted in long black satin gloves and a wide rhinestone bracelet, she lets a white fur stole slip enticingly from her shoulders as she makes her dazzling, sultry entrance from stage left. In time with the sensuous rhythms of the music that plays continuously throughout, she glides over to Scott, then turns her back and fans her arms high above both their heads as she suddenly drops back against his chest. He holds out a seemingly indifferent hand to assist her, while she circles behind him with high prancing steps and takes up a pose with her back against his opposite shoulder, her arms folded impudently in front of her. From the outset, it’s obvious the lady would not be welcome among the Washington social elite, or as Scott dryly describes her, “*...the type who looked like she climbed the ladder of success ‘wrong’ by ‘wrong.’*” Listening to his description, Chelsea not only nods her head assertively but also rocks her torso in gleeful agreement before moving away downstage. For his part, Scott cocks his head to stare after her, but remains standing at center stage with both hands thrust

nonchalantly into his pockets. His voice growing deeper and more cynical, he now relates that the lady gave him “*a smile I could feel in my hip pocket.*” As Scott delivers that line, Chelsea moves relentlessly toward him and alternates each forward step with a pause and an audacious hip thrust that is punctuated now and again by a shattering cymbal crash. “*Ouch!*” he exclaims, slowly drawing the word out until it becomes a lusty growl, but never taking his eyes from her alluring figure. When she reaches his side, she makes another tight circuit around him, draping a willowy arm over each of his shoulders as she passes, and stands very close behind him. Ostensibly indifferent to her touch, he resumes his description of the lady. “*She smelled the way the Taj Mahal looks by moonlight,*” he elaborates with another colorful but painfully twisted figure of speech. Meanwhile hidden behind him, she descends into a deep *plié* and circles her arms out to either side in the sinuous movements of a Hindu dancer. But rising again, she *not at all* gently grabs his behind with both hands and persistently maintains her grasp. He reacts with a jolt to her intimate assault by abruptly lifting both heels high off the ground and making a strangled, clotted sound of his next word, “*So...*” Nonetheless, he somehow gives the impression that the brusque caress from this particular lady is not in the least unwelcome.

Still, Scott tries to create a bit of distance between them and moves out of harm’s way, reflecting on the crime rate in Washington and the likelihood that the lady herself might run out of luck. In response, Chelsea approaches him again as she momentarily removes her well-worked bubble gum with two dainty fingers. Patting him lightly beneath the chin, she tells him that if ever he has “*...nuttin to do and a lot of time to do it...*” She waits a dramatic beat, and then purrs, “*You know where to find me.*” With that she turns her back and begins to walk away, but he immediately goes after her and takes her hand, remarking as he savors the contact, “*You only go around once in life.*” Now facing one another, they reach out fully extended arms and hold hands as he lowers her smoothly to the floor. She slides an extended leg along the floor and raises the opposite arm in a graceful placement, while he extends his free arm out behind him to echo and complete the classic line of her pose. With no pause, he pulls her up into an effortless turn and then turns away himself. Back to back, they entwine hands as he lunges forward on one leg and supports her weight, while she reclines against his back, then slowly unfolds and raises her long, shapely leg into an almost impossible 180-degree extension. As she lies across his back, he qualifies his previous comment about going around only once in life. “*But if you do it right...*” he says, allowing the phrase to hang on a meaningful pause, and then emphasizing in a rich, contented, bass

murmur, “*Once – is enough!*” Scott recovers from his lunge and at the same time gently propels Chelsea to her feet. Without another word, she ends their passionate *pas de deux* and exits toward stage right, as he sourly comments that at least the night is still young. He begins to walk in the other direction but stops mid-stride when her disembodied voice makes the defiant retort, “*I hoid dat!*” The audience greets her reply with animated laughter, but he merely continues on his way toward stage left. As he stops to pick up her discarded *faux-fox* stole and throw it over one shoulder, he recounts in a tone of inevitability, “*So I ordered another drink.*” And just before he disappears into the wings, he announces in that weighty, low-pitched voice, “*Next stop, Singapore!*”

Back in Time

Accompanied by an animated new musical introduction, Scott and Chelsea return to center stage and begin another sparkling number that laments their ill-fated lot for being ‘*Born Too Late.*’ As Chelsea briefly mimics the stylized walk of a high fashion model, she sings of missing out on “*Forties’ fashions,*” “*hoarding rations,*” and “*USO shows.*” Singing in his turn of “*Roy Rogers,*” Scott swings both hands forward and takes hold of make-believe reins, while he canters downstage with a loping, uneven gait that moves the front foot forward with each stride. When he sings of “*Brooklyn Dodgers,*” he hunkers down in a wide-legged crouch and holds one hand atop the other over his shoulder. After a quick, double-wave of his ‘*bat*’ in preparation, he takes a deep, level cut at an imaginary pitch and continues around with both arms, shoulders, and hips in a fluid follow-through. As he sings of missing “*all those radio shows,*” he cups one hand around his ear, the other over his mouth, and proclaims in a cavernous, foreboding tone, “*The Shadow knows!*”

The couple meets at center stage again and voices the complaint, “*Born too late; timed it wrong/ Tell me Mom and Poppa why’d you wait so long!*” Now singing of “*Lindy Hoppers,*” they hold each other as dance partners and perform a quick couple of Lindy steps. Then Scott gives a gentle push to the small of Chelsea’s back that sends her twirling away downstage in a smart *breakaway*. She sings of “*hose with seams*” and stretches out a long, lovely leg as she pantomimes smoothing a sheer stocking over its lower half. Next Scott sings of his regret at not being able to “*go Zoot Sutin’ out on the street.*” At the same time, he pretends to constantly twirl an absurdly long watch chain, while he brings off a cocky, crossover strut, his bent knees contributing to form an exaggerated bow at his thighs that mimics the blousey shape of Zoot Suit trousers (profusely pleated at the top, narrowly pegged at the

cuff). At the end of the musical phrase, he sharply lifts his heels and pops up on the balls of his feet, accentuating the bowed angle of his thighs all the more as he mimics *Zoot Suiter* lingo in a disdainful, bass tone, “*With a real reet pleat!*”

In the next verse Scott and Chelsea alternate parts: one of them repeating, “*Born too late,*” the other calling out a pertinent exclamation before his/her partner concludes the phrase. Scott exclaims, “*Those eyes!*” as Chelsea glides close to him, places both hands seductively on his shoulder, and sings, “*To marry Gable.*” Now it’s Chelsea turn to proclaim, “*Those legs!*” while she turns her back to the audience and assumes that famous, forties pin-up pose. For his part, Scott initially peers over his shoulder at Chelsea’s legs, then quickly stares out at the audience with a thunderstruck look and finishes, “*For Betty Grable.*” In unison now, they each cup their hands around their mouths and shout out, “*Those lungs!*” then conclude, “*To hear the Andrews Sisters sing.*” Here Scott leans back at a steep angle and props the back of his shoulder against Chelsea’s shoulder. Their physical closeness a metaphor for the tight harmony their voices produce, they both sing at full volume, “*Give me some seafood, Mama,*” while Chelsea circles her index finger overhead in the characteristic *Truckin’* gesture. Now Scott moves off toward stage left singing, “*Born too late. What a fix!*” and flinging his arm out to the side in exasperation. He continues to protest, “*Now there’s only rappers...*” as he thrusts out his hands in the distinctive, split-fingered, gangsta-rap sign and jabs them downward several times, before he ends in a tone of disgust “*...and porno flicks!*”

To begin the next verse, Chelsea makes a grand, dramatic gesture and sings of wanting “*...to be a starlet.*” Holding an imaginary zoom lens up to his eye with both hands, Scott crosses to Chelsea and pretends to focus on her face. Then he briefly looks out at the audience and does a surprisingly *spot on* impersonation of Clark Gable as he completes the phrase “*...to test for Scarlett.*” Chelsea counters “*Or else they would have cast me,*” then adds in a breathy, Southern drawl that fairly drips peach blossom honey, “*Oh Cap’n Butler, Fiddle-dee-dee!*” Now Scott laments his lost opportunity “*...to see Nijinsky.*” Affecting an air of supercilious grace, he takes a running start with several mincing steps, then leaps into the air and intertwines his legs in a comically awkward *jeté battu*. He lands on one foot and balances there with the other leg cocked in the air behind him, then proceeds to flap his hands up and down at his sides like some demented swan. In her turn, Chelsea gives her voice a bawdy, brassy tone as she sings “*...to strip for Minsky.*” Meanwhile, Scott exaggerates a leering, open-mouthed wink, then aims a prominent *okay* sign in her direction,

brandishing it back and forth and singing with just as much swagger, “*You could have had a careah (career).*” To prove his point, Chelsea glides across the stage in a saucy, runway strut as she wags a cautionary finger toward the audience and asks, “*Hey Boys, do your wives know you’re heah?*”

Approaching the closing verse, they both sing, “*Makes me sad. Makes me weep.*” Then Scott runs downstage to the left and sings, “*To travel back in time,*” before he stops to face the audience with both arms open wide in a seemingly urgent appeal and concludes, “*I’d take a Quantum Leap!*” He manages to put aural quotation marks around the words *Quantum Leap* with an hilariously singsong, nasal quality to his voice that spotlights the familiar title and elicits shouts of delighted surprise from the audience. Now he moves back upstage to rejoin Chelsea as they both sing, “*What a rotten fate.*” Standing side by side and moving in perfect synchrony, they fold their arms across their chests, tilt their heads to one side and cast their eyes down as they conclude, “*Being born too late!*” The couple’s dazzling performance draws a huge round of applause and plenty of vocal approval from the audience, reinforcing what we already know: the chemistry that Scott and Chelsea generate when they work together enhances the luster of whatever project they undertake.

Dreamin’ of Mr. Porter

The band begins a vibrant, jazz-infused introduction, and the spotlight comes up to reveal Scott and Chelsea motionless in their final poses from the last song. Heads still canted to one side, they move only their hands, pressing both pairs of palms together and tucking them under their inclined cheeks to form a resting place for seemingly drowsy heads. Throughout the song, they will resume this *sleeping* posture when they sing the title phrase, “*Dreamin’ of Mr. Porter.*” As the extended introduction continues, they each circle a gracefully curved arm overhead and out to the side. Then moving with long, smoothly rhythmic steps, they revolve around one another several times but always remain facing forward. At last they come to a stop at center stage with Scott positioned directly behind Chelsea. She sings of making “*bells ring,*” and he pretends to strike those bells, moving imaginary mallets in a semi-circle above her head while the synthesizer sounds a cascade of chimes. Still standing behind her, he sweeps his arms up and forms an elegant circle with his hands, like a halo over her head, as she sings of “*all the muses.*” When Chelsea’s verse ends, they change places so that she now stands directly behind Scott. He sings of composers “*Berlin*” and “*Gershwin*” and insists, “*Now listen, this is jazz!*” in an imposing voice that sounds remarkably

like jazz emissary, *Bill Cosby*. From her position behind Scott, Chelsea accompanies his declaration with a double pump of raised jazz hands that appear over first one of his shoulders and then the other. Scott continues, “*They kept things swingin’ from border to border,*” and toys with the rhythm of that phrase like any true jazz player, *leaning* into the notes a little later or earlier than the expected cadence. As he snaps his fingers or rotates a flexed arm backward and forward to the syncopated beat, Chelsea reaches out from behind him and mimics his gestures closely, but performs each of them on his opposite side. After cleverly including some lyrics of Porter’s ‘*Night and Day*’ into their duet, the couple invokes the memory of “*Fred Astaire*” and “*slicked back hair*” as Scott smoothes a hand along the side of his own well pomaded hair. Now Chelsea takes a long step forward and raises her arms overhead in a wide “V.” Standing tall with legs separated in a dominating stance, she affects *Ethel’s* signature loud, brassy tone and belts out, “*Where Merman’s bigger...*” A step behind her, Scott seems to shrink by nearly a foot as he pulls one of her raised arms down and peers atop it meekly. In a mousey, ineffectual tone he completes her phrase “*...and Bobby is Short-er.*” Finally, standing side by side again, they blend their voices to harmonize the last line of the song, “*When I’m dreamin’ of Mr. Porter – Cole Porter.*”

With no further prelude, Scott and Chelsea launch into a rollicking medley of Porter songs. Their richly textured duet gives prominence to interweaving melodic lines that often feature Scott singing in soaring counterpoint harmony with Chelsea. However, both singers perform their often divergent musical lines not just with mastery, but with deceptive ease. To begin, they sing ‘*It’s Alright with Me,*’ each one complaining that the other isn’t quite the lost love they’ve been pining for but eventually succumbing to the other’s allure. When Chelsea sings, “*It’s the wrong face,*” Scott pretends open-mouthed shock. He draws his eyebrows up into a question mark and reaches out both hands to her, palms turned up and fingers spread wide in mute appeal, as if to demand what could possibly be wrong with his face – or indeed with him. Scott then takes up his verse, singing that Chelsea’s smile is “*lovely,*” but nonetheless the “*wrong smile.*” Even though he ends by repeating the phrase, “*It’s alright with me,*” he inserts the smallest but most eloquent hesitation between the first two words – a hesitation that speaks volumes about his lukewarm consent to this budding affair. Shifting smoothly from one song to the next without a pause, they sail into ‘*Ridin’ High.*’ To compliment the prominent bongo rhythms that punctuate the song’s stop-and-go vocal phrases, the couple performs several sets of fluid, syncopated shoulder shimmies: a quick, forward shoulder release to the right, followed by a more

sustained one and a gliding side step in the same direction, and then a reverse of the whole sequence. At the beginning of the second verse, Scott assumes a wide-legged crouch behind what appears to be a large set of imaginary *bongo drums* and *plays* along with the band. To illustrate the lyrics, “*Beat gongs!*” he gives Chelsea a staged smack on the back of her hip, while she poses with arms crossed over head and one bent knee lifted toward her chest. They end with tremendous vitality on the phrase, “*How’m I ridin’? I’m ridin’ high,*” and then move directly on to the next song. As with the first selection in this medley, Scott and Chelsea’s rich counterpoint harmony greatly enhances ‘*You Do Something to Me.*’ After singing the first verse, they retard the tempo to a dreamy, almost languid pace and invest the phrase, “*Do do that voodoo that you do so well,*” with the sound of sensuous delight, yearning insistence, and close harmony. They start to sing the line, “*That nobody...*” but suddenly interrupt themselves to engage in a bout of dueling “*Nobodys.*” Time and again, they echo that word one after the other, taking a hasty step closer to each other and growing more stubbornly confrontational every time. At last, they stand nose to nose and sing the three angry syllables into one another’s faces. But the last word ultimately belongs to the band, whose members bring an abrupt end to the *argument* by shouting a loud, exasperated, and very final, “*Nobody!*” from behind the combative pair. Scott and Chelsea seem to have no choice but to finish the closing phrase with good grace, “*That nobody else could do.*”

On another surge of energy and enthusiasm, they begin ‘*From This Moment On.*’ Chelsea and Scott sing the verses in tandem, with Chelsea leading off the first verse. When Scott takes his turn, he gives his voice an amazingly authentic, thirties-era sound. Mimicking *Jolson* in a showy, brittle tone that improbably seems to be coming through a megaphone, he sings, “*No more blue songs/ Only whoop-de-doo songs!*” and flings a backhanded arm above his head in a wave of gleeful abandon. Now Chelsea begins the line, “*Got the love I need so much,*” with subtle yet obvious longing. And Scott follows, “*Got the skin I love to touch,*” as he strokes his fingers tenderly along the length of her outstretched arm. Then crossing behind her, he takes hold of her other hand and snaps her in so that she pirouettes along the length of his arm and lands solidly against his chest. Tightening his arm around her, he complements his action with the lyrics, “*Got the arms to hold me tight,*” as he explodes the consonants of that last word with an expression of desire that is unmistakable. Still held close against Scott’s chest, Chelsea then completes the phrase, “*Got the sweet lips to kiss me goodnight,*” her tone conspicuously soft, intimate, and contented as she snuggles in a little closer and purrs the

lyrics nearly against his lips. Now Scott, obviously unwilling to resist her invitation, kisses her mouth, lightly and lovingly, before he propels her in the opposite direction and sends her twirling away from him. But returning to center stage, they stand side by side to bring the song and the medley to a close. With joyful exuberance and resounding harmony they insist, “*Every care is gone,*” and then conclude, “*From this moment on!*” their voices blending on the last, powerfully held note and breaking off at the same instant.

Classical ‘Kate’

As the enthusiastic applause for their medley begins to fade, Scott and Chelsea move to opposite sides of the stage. Meanwhile the distinctly polyphonic tones and steady, measured cadence of an Elizabethan-style interlude drift softly from Brad Ellis’ piano. Scott crosses to a potted plant at stage right and removes what looks like a small, metal chalice from among its leaves. Turning his back to Chelsea and guarding his actions with rounded shoulders, he begins to take a well-earned drink. But he halts in mid-sip as if caught in the act of something illicit and turns his head only partially over his shoulder, when Chelsea hails him from the other side of the stage. The royal purple scarf at her neck draped over one shoulder in back and falling to the floor in front, she calls out, “*Darling! I too would liketh a drinketh.*” At the sound of her *faux* Shakespearean-accented call, Scott makes a slightly guilty but definitely annoyed grimace and looks for a moment as if he might withhold the precious liquid exclusively to himself. However with a deep breath, he turns and draws himself up to his full height. Now walking resolutely to Chelsea, he holds the goblet out to her and responds in kind with dashing generosity, “*Why certainly-eth!*” She accepts the cup but then tilts her head back and drains it dry, to the rather doleful accompaniment of a rapidly descending run on the piano. Meanwhile Scott watches her with an appalled look on his face. Nonetheless, he wordlessly takes the vessel back from her, looks inside it with a forlorn glance, and turns it upside down to emphasize how empty it is. In reply, Chelsea merely offers him a disarming smile and the hint of a feeble shrug. So Scott, still holding the goblet pointedly upside down, turns away slowly with an air of ill-used dejection and returns to the plant to put it away. As he tucks the cup back inside the leaves of the fern, Chelsea softly begins the first verse of ‘*So in Love,*’ from **Kiss Me Kate**, the Broadway adaptation of Shakespeare’s **Taming of the Shrew** for which Cole Porter wrote music and lyrics.

Befitting the classical bent of the show from which this song sprang, Scott and Chelsea sing with full, open, operatic tones: Chelsea in a bright, clear, high soprano;

Scott in an amazingly deep, rich, and powerful baritone. Superb singing technique renders each of their voices brilliantly cultured and legitimate; only their histrionic gestures and smug, pretentious facial expressions betray their performances as parody. Scott takes up the second verse in his strikingly deep, mellow baritone, crossing to Chelsea and coming tantalizingly close to, yet not actually embracing her when he sings, “*My arms fold about you.*” Although she tries to look away demurely at his approach, he proceeds intimately close to her and captures her eyes with his intent gaze, singing with great power and emotion, “*So in love with you am I.*” They join their voices to sing the bridge together. Yet at the same moment they break apart and back away from each other, even as Scott reaches out to briefly take hold of Chelsea’s outstretched hand before she moves beyond his grasp. Slowing the tempo of the next phrase, they prolong the towering high note at its apex with great command and sing together, “*In love with my joy... .. delirious,*” as Chelsea’s sparkling soprano floats high above the powerful resonance of Scott’s already elevated tone.

At the beginning of the last verse, the couple moves toward each other with measured, stately steps that match the slow cadence of the music. In a clearly darker tone, Chelsea sings, “*So taunt me and hurt me.*” Scott responds with fiery passion and intensity, “*Deceive me. Desert me,*” while they guardedly circle one another with that same deliberate tread. But they drift to opposite sides of the stage once more, even as their voices unite in the simultaneous vow, “*I’m yours ‘til I die.*” Then with grimaces akin to actual pain, they lift agitated hands to beat the air above their heads in frenzied spasms of emotion and sing, “*So in love.*” But rushing back to meet again at center stage, they take each others hands and prolong the thrilling, high note that begins the repeat phrase, “*So... .. in love,*” Here Chelsea incredibly ascends to the octave above the dramatic foundation of the note Scott sings. Now resuming the verse, they continue, “*So in love with you, my love,*” and walk briskly in broad opposing circles until they come together again at center stage. Then with stunning power and precision, they attack and hold the final note, “*Am I,*” Chelsea theatrically rising once again to the octave above Scott’s rich, baritone note, and both singers prolonging the vibrant intensity of their sustained tones. While the couple continues to hold those last, powerful notes, Scott briefly shifts his eyes sideways toward Chelsea with more than a hint of apprehension. Realizing that he is in the process of being upstaged, he hesitates for a moment, but then boldly steps in front of her and blocks her from view. Striking a triumphant, thespian pose, he raises one flexed arm to form a right-angled frame for his face with his widespread fingers creating a

banner atop the frame. At the same time, he stretches his opposite arm and leg elegantly to the side, as he simultaneously raises his head to a haughty angle and deliberately turns it to display his classic profile. Seemingly, this ending allows Scott to achieve the upper hand. However as Scott assumes his victorious pose, Chelsea slowly lowers her arm in a graceful arc until only her first two fingers appear like horns at the back of his head. In this position, they finally and at the same moment conclude their long-held last notes.

The audience receives the end of this dazzling number with a laugh at Scott's unsuspecting discomfiture and a huge round of applause. Now Chelsea fluidly moves out from behind Scott and performs a deep curtsy to acknowledge the ovation. Scott announces her name in a jubilant tone that equals the obvious success of their just completed performances. "*Chelsea Field, ladies and gentlemen!*" he proclaims and watches her steadily as she exits the stage. A private smile of such genuine pride and pleasure lights up his face that not only his feelings for his partner, but also the joy they derive from working together, become immediately apparent. One night after Chelsea's exit, Scott identifies her in a slow aside to the audience as "*My better half,*" laying gentle but audible and transparent emphasis on the word *better*. On another night, he advises the audience that she is "*not on the program,*" but then remarks with similar pride and an air of *cat-that-got-the-cream* contentment, "*But on mine!*" These revealing tributes serve as the ideal ending to this incomparable two-handed segment of the show.

Piano Man Meets Big Ben

In the midst of a continued round of applause, Scott exhales a long, forceful breath through pursed lips to dispel any left-over tension engendered by the last number, "*Whew!*" As he walks upstage toward the piano, he removes his jacket and tie, and unbuttons the wingtip collar of his pleated dress shirt. Addressing Brad Ellis in an ostensibly private and solicitous voice, he asks, "*Did you need a rest, Brad?*" Ellis plays along with the little charade, responding that he could "*use a break,*" before promptly leaving his place at the piano. "*Very good,*" Scott comments in a mock peremptory tone as he steps behind the instrument and drops his hands to the keys. Taking the audience into his confidence, he confesses, "*I wanted to bring my piano from home.*" Then in a deep, soft rumble, accompanied by a little grunt of sham dismay, he protests, "*But Paul said that it was cost-prohibitive.*" Scott sits down behind the keyboard and continues with gentle irony that nonetheless manages to convey great appreciation, "*So I got stuck with this little Steinway.*" He begins to play a series of chords that falls and then rises in the renowned

intervals of Big Ben's chimes. But instead of playing the chords with the measured regularity of the giant clock, Scott varies their rhythm and dynamics greatly, giving them a mellow and expressive, *rubato* style. Now with the echo of a single, recurring note as the only transition, he begins the next number. Softly and with great sensitivity, he accompanies himself as he sings '*A Foggy Day (in London Town).*'



Scott's voice and his piano technique unite to form such an organic, fluent consonance that they could only flow from a single, creative source. He invests the opening lyrics with the lonely pathos of a homesick traveler and fills the intervals at the end of vocal phrases with gently sparkling riffs or runs on the piano. The phrase, "*How long I wondered,*" throbs with the sorrowful sound of a lament. But noticeably brightening the following line, "*But the age of miracles,*" he imbues the triplet on that last word with a tender, almost reverent tone of awe. He sings the high note, "*Suddenly,*" on a crescendo of volume and feeling that deeply affects the emotions, then completes the phrase, "*I saw you there,*" all on the same, sustained breath but with a palpable sense of wonderment. Nearing the end of the song, he sings "*...the sun was shining,*" and ascends to another high note on that last syllable, but here he diminishes his volume until the tone becomes a delicate, soft-voiced sigh. After the briefest pause, his supple voice tumbles down to the low note that follows, "*E--e-e-ry...*" on a cascading quartet of sixteenth notes. Then adding another little vocal flourish, he inserts a subtle, elegant grace note before he sings and holds the last, quiet tone "*...where.*" Finally he ends this too-brief rendition of the romantic,

Gershwin standard with a soft, slow, arpeggio progression that meanders its way to the piano's highest, treble keys. If, as most fans assumed, this song was meant as Scott's tribute to his "*English mob*," it was a very beautiful one indeed.

Lullaby Lapse

With the tinkling sound of the last piano note fading, Scott rises from the bench. He unclips and removes his cufflinks, stows them in his pants pockets, and rolls up his crisp white sleeves. Now the synthesizer quotes a few measures from Brahms' famous lullaby, then quickly transitions into a liberally jazz-spiced introduction. When the last chord of the intro rings out, Scott begins '*Lullaby of Birdland*.' But no sooner does he complete the title phrase, than he displays a bare fraction of a second's hesitation – merely a fleeting breath of uncertainty. Recovering quickly, he continues his performance, but substitutes the song's last verse in place of the first. At the end of the displaced verse, he turns toward Brad Ellis and suggests in a buoyant, energetic tone, "*Let's start over!*" As Ellis and the band vamp in the wake of his proposal, Scott explains, "*'Cause the lights... I need the lights,*" referring to the spotlight that belatedly came up after the start of the song. "*Here we go!*" he signals jauntily, then observes, "*There they are,*" greeting the lights on an equally lively note. But now as Scott walks toward the piano, he amiably counsels the audience, "*Hang on...*" Then in a voice that deepens and softens with the intimacy of a confidence shared and the self-deprecating humor of a joke told on himself, he adds "*...and I need the lyric.*" He peers at the chart above Ellis' piano, but after a moment exclaims, "*That's all you got?*" his voice rising steeply on the last word to punctuate the question with a hint of real alarm.

As Ellis continues to fill the void with an extended introduction, Scott moves to the upper, right corner of the stage. Leaning over from the waist, he lets his arms dangle loosely from his shoulders toward the floor and drops his head down between his arms, perhaps in an attempt to promote relaxation or increase the circulation to his beleaguered brain. From that position, he assures the audience, "*It'll come to me,*" his deep, gentle voice purposely confident. Then in the same easy-going, self-possessed tone, he addresses himself to a particular member of the audience: "*And my daughter, if you get it before me, will you yell it out?*" Any of us who have ever labored to recover an elusive word in mid-conversation or link a reluctant name to a vaguely familiar face will understand that moment of blank panic when the synapses simply refuse to connect. Small wonder then with an expectant audience waiting for him to forge those synaptic connections, Scott turns to someone for a

bit of help. And his eldest child - a graduate of Berklee College of Music, the nation's premiere school for jazz and contemporary music performance – would surely serve as a ready resource. Straightening up, he turns his focus to a specific section of orchestra seating and asks with a trace of bewilderment, "*What?*" The band continuing to comp chords behind him, he asks again with a little more emphasis, "*What'd she say?*" Now as an indistinct voice echoes from the audience, Scott speaks directly to his daughter. "*What is it, honey?*" he asks. But his tone instantly and unconsciously grows so gentle, so tender that his profound feelings for his beloved adult child become stunningly manifest. The tenderness that instinctively suffuses his voice briefly takes listeners aback, allowing them a window into this very private and protected part of the man's heart. At last, the band reduces their musical filler to a few soft, sparse chords, allowing the young woman's voice to float unhindered up to the stage. Scott listens, waits merely an instant, then responds with alacrity, vigor, and spirited assurance, "*Got it!*" before he sails into the now fully-recalled song.

All That Jazz

Scott gives '*Lullaby of Birdland*' the elegant, gently swinging style that reflects its West Coast jazz heritage. As before, he turns playful with the song's rhythms, varying the cadence of the lyrics with a delicate touch and great finesse: he lopes ahead when he sings, "*And there's a weepy ol' willow,*" then lags behind on "*He really knows how to cry.*" All the while, he seems to channel the easy, swing tempo through his body and his finely tapered musician's hands as well as his smooth, mellow voice. After singing the song once through, Scott goes silent and listens appreciatively while the solo guitar repeats the melody of the bridge. Without fanfare and certainly without any tonal cue, he joins his voice to sing close harmony with the instrument as they make a duet of the last phrase, "*If you should tell me farewell and goodbye.*" Holding the note on that last syllable, he then raises its pitch to parallel the first note of the next phrase and goes on to finish those measures all on the same ample breath. He sends his voice soaring at the start of the last phrase, "*Flyin' high in Birdland,*" then finishes the song on a resounding high note, "*We're in love!*"

Propelling his voice into a steep, plunging dive while Ellis plays a very briskly chorded introduction, Scott slides dramatically down to the beginning key for the next number. And that next arrangement almost defies description. At a breakneck bebop tempo, he performs '*Everybody's Boppin*' and '*Cloudburst*,' interweaving these two lightning-fast, vocal jazz showpieces into an

astounding, brilliant whole that ultimately becomes much more than the sum of its parts. With its allusion to the erstwhile, bicoastal rivalry between speedy, New York virtuoso, Bebop jazz and the cool, laid-back, ultra chic West Coast style (the “*Burbank cat*” referred to in the song), ‘*Boppin*’ of course extols the former. Yet both songs in this two-part medley epitomize the straight-ahead, New York genre as they race along at a punishing pace of probably 280 or 290 clicks of the metronome. Despite the rapid tempo, Scott invests the phrase, “*Tell that square to take a dive,*” with appropriately hearty distaste and derision for any fool who dares to suggest that “*Bop is dead.*” He repeats the title phrase, “‘*Cause everybody’s boppin*’,” with cocky, self-assurance. At the same time, he smartly flicks the wrist of his raised hand away from his body, extending his first two fingers to the outward side as if to underline this pronouncement as the definitive word on the matter. Then adding the tag line, “*Once you start it, there’s no stoppin*’,” he makes an utterly seamless transition to ‘*Cloudburst*’ and sings the verses once through in a still fast, but lighter and more lilting style.

Now Scott takes a big step forward. He swipes a hand across his mouth and stretches his arms forward, out of his rolled-up sleeves as if preparing to go to work. And go to work he most certainly does, repeating the entire song but this time with a flurry of double-time lyrics that somehow compresses sixteenth notes into each measure of the already greatly accelerated tempo. The impossibly furious pace notwithstanding, Scott enunciates each word of this quintessential patter song with astonishing clarity and varies the expression and dynamics of his voice as well. He snatches quick breaths through his teeth in the meager pauses at the end of lines. Yet he always has enough diaphragmatic support to complete each musical thought with a deceptive ease that belies the difficulty of the feat or the huge reserves of energy it requires. Near the end of this double-time section, Scott performs an extended bit of scat singing, creating a vocal improvisation where he uses his nimble voice to mimic the acrobatic flexibility and sweeping variation of a jazz instrument. He rapidly traverses the top and bottom of his range, his voice moving about spontaneously in vertical leaps, slides, or gradual progressions. His body too reflects that movement, as he bends his knees into a low crouch when his voice descends or lifts himself sinuously upright when it rises. But before Scott returns to the original tempo and first verse of the song, he and the drummer *trade fours* several times at this speedy pace, each one taking his turn to improvise a quick four-count solo, and then repeating the whole exchange.

With another smooth-as-glass transition, Scott now reprises a few phrases of ‘*Everybody’s Boppin*’ which

seems to fly along at an even more impossible speed than at first. However, the medley ends with a tag line that quotes the last phrase of ‘*Cloudburst*,’ sung to the hackneyed tune and syncopated rhythm of “*shave and a haircut – two bits,*” but substituting the lyrics, “*That’s when the old grey – cloudburst.*” In time with those last two emphatic beats, Scott stamps one foot on the stage then smacks his hands together and opens them on a vigorous rebound. The audience greets the end of this bravura performance with whoops, cheers, and thunderous applause that Scott graciously acknowledges. But then with disarming humility and not the least trace of pretension, he comments, “*I’m glad I forgot the words to the slow song, ‘cause it would have been over. Train wreck! Blow out!*” He uses the visually apt musician’s metaphor that calls to mind each railroad car (musical instrument) continuing along the track (chart) until it piles up against the silenced body of its incapacitated comrade. The audience loves both the comment and Scott’s obvious lack of vanity. On another night at the end of this medley, he informs the audience, “*That’s vintage Dennis Deal from Nite Club Confidential.*” Scott continues, “*That’s how I started working with him...*” but then elaborates in a voice that bears more than a hint of completely understandable exhaustion “*...and it almost killed me!*”

Gratitude: The Measure of the Man

Checking the sequence of the program with Brad Ellis, Scott asks, “*Am I at the right place?*” When Ellis gives an affirmative answer, Scott responds with great energy and enthusiasm, “*Yes we are! Okay! Good!*” He tells of coming to Washington, D.C. for the first time in 1979 to do a Steven Schwartz revue, *Day by Day*, at Ford’s Theatre. In a voice made soft and nostalgic by fond memory, Scott says, “*It was spring; the cherry blossoms were in bloom,*” and declares that he “*fell in love*” with both D.C. and Ford’s Theatre. Sincerity enriching his words, he continues that he is very happy to be a part of what he calls, “*This keeping-the-wrecking-ball-moving idea,*” referring to the renovation of the theater. As he attempts to expound on that statement, he purposely stumbles over his next words, pretending that they catch in his throat due to a feigned and very funny feeling of reluctance: “*Because uh...uh...I’ll miss those rickety old chairs, but I don’t think you will very much.*” The jesting finished, he extends his earnest thanks to all the benefactors of Ford’s Theatre, acknowledging them not only on Thursday night, when those supporters comprised the majority of the audience, but also on Friday, “*In case any of them are here tonight.*” His tone of voice eager and admiring, he says, “*You’ve gotten this renovation project off to a huge start,*” and offers his

personal gratitude, “*Because I’m anxious to get back into that theatre some day.*”

Scott now makes special mention of the lead production staff of Ford’s Theatre and especially Producing Director, Paul Tetreault. With naturally warm candor that cannot be pretended, Scott says, “*I so appreciate your support... and your idea,*” his inflection rising steeply on that last word to make the “*idea*” seem not only unique but also capable of producing a fair amount of anxiety. Referring to the performance of these ‘*Evenings,*’ Scott confides that he has “*never done this before.*” Then he adds, “*And it wouldn’t have been something that I would’ve – you know – necessarily thought of on my own!*” He punctuates these last few words with nervous laughter as his voice climbs to betray an amusing sense of alarm and apprehension - feelings that he acknowledges even though he has completed three-quarters of such a daunting but wildly successful program. At the second performance, Scott thanks Tetreault and his staff “*for getting me here and believing I could do this.*” He then extends his thanks to “*Everybody at Ford’s Theatre who’ve pitched in – the crew that I’ve known when I was there before,*” and calls Ford’s “*a great comfort zone to come into.*”

Next Scott focuses the spotlight on “*this wonderful band that’s played tonight.*” With admiration he points out, “*They’ve had about eight hours with all this music,*” and then emphasizes, “*They’re your musicians from this area, and they’re just amazing!*” At the first performance, Scott announces each musician’s first name and the instrument he plays. But by the next night, he has memorized each band member’s last name as well, identifying their full names and instruments before stressing again that they are “*local musicians from your area, and they’re just fantastic, fantastic players.*” The synthesizer player’s last name was far from an ordinary one, but Scott highlights the ethnic sounding, hyphenated name with a melodious, exotic accent that draws light laughter along with hearty applause from the audience. Commenting that his own last name has been mispronounced throughout his life, Scott apologizes to the synthesizer player and says, “*So I’m sorry, George, if I’ve done it to you.*”

His enthusiasm every bit as eager as that with which he presented the band, Scott now turns to musical director, Brad Ellis, “*Who came from L.A. with me.*” On one evening, Scott refers to Ellis as “*this man on keyboard who’s been keeping me floating all night,*” before he adds a quiet, sincere, and clearly personal “*thank you*” to the introduction. Scott informs the audience that Ellis is not only, “*an incredible accompanist,*” but also an arranger, composer, and director in his own right. Then Scott says that, moreover, Ellis is “*a great cheerleader,*”

adding with soft-spoken but genuine esteem, “*So I really appreciate that.*” At this point, Ellis calls out a rather impassive, “*Go Scott.*” In turn, Scott responds with surprised and hearty laughter, commenting in a comical tone of approval, “*Right on cue! He never misses!*” At the second performance, Scott also discloses that Ellis will go directly from Washington D.C. to Philadelphia to deliver his orchestrations for a hundred-and-five piece orchestra for Billy Joel, “*Who,*” Scott adds, “*called just two days ago and said, ‘I need those three songs down a step.’*” With a musician’s intimate knowledge of what transposing three scores for so many instruments must entail, Scott then asks the audience to “*think about that,*” and then reveals, “*And Brad’s been sick all week.*” Then once more in a tone so private that he and Ellis could be the only two people present, Scott repeats, “*I thank you, Brad – thank you so much!*” Amid boisterous applause from the audience Scott then quips, “*He’s writing now!*”

In contrast to the Thursday night audience, which consisted primarily of invited benefactors of Ford’s Theatre, Friday night saw many more of Scott’s fans, friends, and family in attendance. In fact on Friday night, Scott chats so volubly and seems so relaxed with his audience that he jokingly asks if anyone has some place they need to be after the show, inferring that he just might keep the party going all night. It is on this *Evening* that Scott takes the opportunity to speak to his brother and sister, both of whom are in the audience. His voice quiet and forthright, he thanks them for being “*so supportive of me for so many years.*” As an aside to the rest of the audience he continues, “*And I’m the oldest, so they got dragged to a lot of stuff.*” He colors that last word with comical revulsion, the deep vibration of his voice dropping even more precipitously to mirror his siblings’ assumed distaste. Then with great energy and an inflection that is so honest and natural it lends even more significance to his words, he calls out, “*I love you both!*”

After musing aloud, “*Everyone else I thanked in the program,*” Scott declares that he has something else he wants to say before he finishes his remarks. “*The first season of **Quantum Leap** never would have happened without these unbelievable fans, many of whom are here tonight,*” he observes. Amid the riotous applause that follows, he speaks of a phone conversation with Paul Tetreault, in which Paul readily assured him, “*Your fans will come!*” Hard upon this account Scott discloses, “*Because I asked him, ‘Who’s gonna come?’*” his sharply rising pitch punctuating the question with incredulous alarm. Once again, Scott confesses that he’s never done a show like this before, this additional admission accentuating what an unusual situation he finds himself in. Explaining further he cries out with

comic hyperbole, “*It’s not like let’s roll out another Scott Bakula tour!*” to the approving shouts, cheers, and applause of his fans. His voice grows deeper and softer as he says with moving and genuine candor, “*So I thank you from the bottom of my heart.*” Speaking with quiet emphasis, he continues, “*And I respect you... and you’ve been so tremendous for years...*” Then he adds almost as an afterthought “*...a couple of decades now,*” lightening the moment with that humorous note. He says again without any reservation, “*I can’t tell you how grateful I am, and you’ve proven what wonderful fans you are.*” Then as he comments that performers can’t do anything without an audience, Scott concludes simply, “*And I thank you all for being here tonight.*”

Giving the next recipient of his appreciation pride of place by introducing him last, Scott points out that he wants to “*say a special thanks to Dennis Deal.*” On Friday night, because Scott has added several more names to his list of people to thank, he almost forgets the acknowledgments that refer to Deal. But he suddenly interrupts his introductory story about *Shenandoah* with a protracted, vibrating exclamation, “*Oh...ho...ho...ho, I almost forgot!*” He corrects his near-oversight by firmly pointing out there would be “*no way*” to do a show like this one without Dennis Deal. Scott repeats that these shows are an unprecedented undertaking for him and reveals that when Paul Tetreault called to propose them, “*I just really wanted to, you know, hang up the phone.*” But describing himself as fortunate to have known Deal for so long, Scott says he was able to call on his friend for help. He emphasizes what “*an extremely gifted, talented man*” Deal is and adds, “*He can do it all,*” pointing out with barely a pause for breath, “*It’s kind of like one stop shopping. You know, Dennis – director, choreographer, arranger, stager, uh...uh...uh, can cut your hair if you need it!*” Scott recounts how Deal ultimately “*created this evening for all of you and for me.*” Then repeating that he has known Deal for twenty-one years, Scott says, “*Dennis, I thank you so much. I thank you for Nite Club Confidential in 1986...*” Here the audience interrupts him with a huge round of applause. On Friday night, he even attempts to locate Deal in the theater. As the house lights come up, Scott tries to convince his friend to stand and be recognized. His voice deep and persuasive, he pleads, “*Are you in the audience or in the lobby? Dennis?*” After a long moment of silence, he jokes, “*Is he... on the plane?*” But Deal remains elusive and invisible. So without ever prevailing on the show’s creator to take a bow, Scott orders with simulated annoyance, “*Turn these lights off!*” claiming in a show of mock anger, “*I don’t want to see these people... not ‘til later!*”

At a point earlier in these tributes, Scott astonishingly even remembers to thank, “*Craig, my stage manager, who said to me last night, ‘No one ever mentions me.’*” These expressions of appreciation, so obviously genuine and heartfelt on Scott’s part, and further reflected in reports of his invariable custom of shaking hands each night with every cast and crew member on his shoots, are not simply rites of courtesy. Rather these acknowledgments not only signify Scott’s clear-eyed recognition that any performance is ultimately a team effort. But more importantly they represent the natural extension of his generous and grateful spirit – truly the measure of this extraordinarily gracious and extraordinarily talented man.

Remembering Shenandoah

A clear spike in the energy and inflection of Scott’s voice now signals a shift in subjects. He announces that two years ago he returned to Ford’s Theatre to perform in *Shenandoah*. When the mere mention of that title generates a tremendous round of applause, Scott thanks everyone for “*the tremendous support that we got from this town in that show.*” He goes on to say that *Shenandoah* represents a full circle in his career and adds with heartfelt depth of feeling, “*And the opportunity to come back here and do it, I can’t tell you what it meant to me as an artist.*” Describing that *Shenandoah*, starring John Cullum, was the first show he saw on Broadway, “*When I got to New York – got off that plane,*” Scott relates that three days later he was able to call his parents and reassure them that he had a job in a “*non-equity, dinner theater tour (of Shenandoah) for a hundred bucks a week.*” In a moment of light-hearted self-mockery, he says that the show “*became kind of like my waiter’s job.*” He recounts that he performed in one or another productions of the show “*six – seven more times,*” and ultimately earned his equity card as a result. Stating that he did the show with “*a bunch of people,*” he singles out, “*John Raitt - that’s why I sang ‘Hey There’ tonight.*” His voice emphatically reflecting the vagaries of fate, Scott reminds the audience that “*years later*” John Cullum himself appeared as a guest artist on *Quantum Leap* playing *Don Quixote* “*with Janine Turner before they did Northern Exposure.*” “*Hence,*” Scott continues, referring to one of his earlier proposed titles for these *Evenings*, “*Six Degrees of Scott Bakula!*” Now with a heavy veneer of irony, Scott declares, “*I made those people!*” Pretending justifiable annoyance, he complains, “*Not one residual check has ever come my way from either of them.*” As the audience laughs at this clearly tongue-in-cheek affront to Scott’s dignity and his pocketbook, he comments in an artificially pompous tone, “*But I let it go. As I said before, I don’t like to hold onto things.*” Returning again to the subject of

Shenandoah and remarking that the show has been “very special” to him, Scott explains, “*It brought me from the guy that started in the chorus to playing Charlie Anderson.*”

While Scott expresses this last very personal thought, and then pauses for a piano introduction that consists of rippling waves of quick arpeggios, he unbuttons and removes his tuxedo vest. Except for the crisp white shirtfront, his black suspenders and rolled up shirtsleeves could almost call to mind the attire of *Charlie Anderson*. Fittingly, the moment Scott begins to sing ‘*I’ve Heard It All Before*,’ *Anderson’s* first act solo, his voice grows audibly more weighty and patriarchal, carrying distinct notes of responsibility, authority, and gravitas, as well as a prominent but dignified Virginian accent. Rather than singing the phrase, “*We must defend our honor*,” Scott, as *Anderson*, proclaims it with commanding insistence, giving it the urgency of a clarion call-to-arms. To highlight that rallying cry, he raises his open hand and draws a swath across the empty space, as if to emblazon the motto upon an invisible banner. Yet the explicit mockery in his demeanor all the same derides it. Now quickly disavowing that call, he repeats the dismissive title phrase, “*I’ve heard it all before*,” and flings his raised arm fiercely out to the side and down to the floor, as if casting away something odious.

When Scott sings the phrase “*...raises up a flag*,” he sweeps his arm up from a low point at his side to an apex high above his head. At the same time, he extends the pronunciation of the word “*raises*” and subtly retards its tempo, using his voice to hint at, yet clearly convey the upsurge of a pennant being run up a pole. He laments, “*And always the ending is the same*,” and then repeats, “*the same*,” three successive times, growing more incensed and singing with more intensity every time. Finally, he bellows the last repetition from deep in his diaphragm, swiping his hand down to chop the air with a mighty blow and crouching forward from the waist in a paroxysm of rage. One could almost hear the crash of *Charlie Anderson’s* fist as it smote the breakfast table and jolted his family from their seats - distant echoes from this moment in the play two years before. After a suspense-filled pause, Scott begins, “*The dream has turned to ashes*,” and the tenor of his voice grows softer, lighter, and more lyrical. But he sings the question, “*What was the dying for?*” in a brooding, melancholy, almost tormented tone. Casting back once more, the mind’s eye could almost see the specter of *Jenny Anderson* solicitously caress her father’s shoulder as he sat beside her on the plank bench and sang this part of the song.

Finally bringing this impassioned, anti-war polemic to a close, Scott repeats, “*I’ve heard it all...*” three times on a

crescendo of power and emotion. After the third repeat, he sustains the ringing but unresolved last tone of this unfinished phrase and dramatically extends its fermata. Now, with a whisper of capacious breath, he attacks and holds the mighty, defiant last note, “*Before!*” supporting the booming sound without the least decrease in power for what seems like an impossibly long time. At last, he cuts off the note with a burst of even more vocal energy, as he clenches then lowers his raised fist and the follow-spot abruptly goes black. For an instant the audience seems to hold its collective breath, kept spellbound by what they’ve just witnessed. And then the theater itself vibrates with a tumultuous round of applause, cheers, and repeated shouts of “*Bravo!*” for this consummate performance.

Finishing Touches

Certainly this show-stopping reprise of *Charlie Anderson’s* solo represents the climax of these *Evenings*. It could well have served as the closing number for the show. But true to his abundantly generous nature, Scott has a few last pleasures in store for his audience. Before the exuberant ovation for his stirring performance has even begun to fade, he embarks on the whimsical ‘*I Could Go on Singing*.’ He follows that opening line with the lyric “*...’til the cows come home*,” invoking a surprising rustic mood. When the drummer punctuates this bucolic phrase with a syncopated double strike of a cow bell, Scott executes a tripping little hitch step in perfect time with the *clacking* sounds. Panning one outstretched hand across a wide arc to indicate all of the orchestra section, he sings with genuine affection, “*When I see your eyes*.” Then he tilts his head back and reaches both arms up high to encompass the balcony as he completes the phrase with equal fondness, “*I go all out*.” Explaining further, he sings that he is compelled to “*vocalize ‘til you shout, ‘Enough already!’*” And Scott does indeed shout out that mock protest, his inflection comically wearied, but strident and harshly accented like an unruly heckler. Insisting that he might sing, “*Anything from Faust to ink-a-dink-a-dink*,” he presses a flat palm to the side of his forehead, as if he were crushing a battered fedora against his skull, and performs a deliberately awkward, stiff-legged strut in a flawless impression of Jimmy Durante. Once again, Scott declares that he “*must keep on singing, like a lark, going strong*.” He colors that phrase with such mellow, flowing, musicality and vigor that he seems to embody the tireless songbird he sings of. A tag phrase, “*A song-singin’ day*,” closes the number as it steadily rises to a climactic high note. Taking in a deep breath, Scott puts all of his substantial power beneath the soaring note and, once again, sustains it with thrilling intensity for an astonishingly long time. When he finally discontinues

the tone, he does so with authority and a burst of yet more breath capacity so that the ending of the note sounds incredibly stronger than its beginning.

As the audience cheers that electrifying finish, Scott applauds them in his turn. But once again, well before the applause fades, he begins the next song. In a lively tempo he sings, “*I’m nothing without you,*” then reaches his hand forward and tilts it explicitly toward the audience to exemplify the word, “*you.*” Ironically proclaiming himself a “*legend,*” he takes several short, shuffling steps forward as he affects a wide-eyed look of astonishment and stretches out his arms, appealing to the audience for affirmation. Yet he immediately demurs, “*But just in my mind,*” drawing his eyebrows up into a quizzical look of pained skepticism and converting his previously broad smile into an abashed grimace. “*Without you, I’m bupkis,*” he insists, calling himself a “*flop, who keeps dropping the ball.*” He explodes the consonants of the word “*flop*” with an ample dose of scorn and at the same moment lifts both arms to shoulder height then drops them heavily in clear disgust. When he describes himself as “*...unfocused, unfinished, diminished by half,*” he takes a few stuttering steps to the left and reaches his arm out to that side as if trying to feel for his path. Then he abruptly reverses course and takes a few halting steps to the right, as he stretches the other arm out to grope uncertainly in that direction. Finally, he aimlessly follows that arm around as it seems to lead him in a bumbling, disconcerted circle, while a comical look of bewilderment takes possession of his face.

After singing a variation on the title phrase, “*Without you I’m nothing/ I’m nothing without you,*” Scott eagerly tells the audience, “*And not just me!*” He turns and stretches out his arm toward stage right to greet Chelsea as she enters from the wings. Then turning to face the back of the stage on the left side, he pantomimes a vigorous round of applause to usher in the singers of the female ensemble as they file in behind him. With the young women of the chorus joining them on backup vocals, Scott and Chelsea sing another verse of the song. Near the end of that verse, they begin to walk toward each other, singing, “*Together forever...*” and investing those lyrics with the ardor of a vow. As they continue “*...a union of hearts,*” Scott pointedly raises his chin and looks intently into Chelsea’s eyes, giving his head several small shakes to deepen the import of his words and silently communicate to his partner his joy in their union. Taking several more determined steps in Chelsea’s direction, Scott maintains his commanding hold on her eyes and seems to convey a message of particular pride to her while they sing, “*And greatness will come from the sum of our parts.*” (One couldn’t help but wonder if his unspoken message implied an

association between those lyrics and their cherished family.) Now, along with the chorus, Scott and Chelsea sing the last line of the song together, raising their arms above their heads and holding the final note as the band plays a little coda. As they conclude their sustained notes on the very last beat of the music, Chelsea extends her graceful arms into the air and Scott lightly clenches both of his upraised hands, lifting them higher above his head in a final exultant fist pump.

Another round of enthusiastic applause greets the end of this number. Scott quickly turns to face the departing ensemble, clapping eagerly for them and repeatedly calling out a genuinely grateful, “*Thank you, ladies! Thank you!*” as they exit the stage. Then crossing to Chelsea, he puts his arm around her waist, takes hold of her other hand, and brings it close to his chest as he presses his cheek contentedly next to hers. Amidst the prolonged applause, Scott holds Chelsea there, neither of them moving, for perhaps a moment longer than absolutely necessary. In fact, when she makes ready to leave, he presses her gently but firmly back to his side again. Then he looks into her eyes and gives her a broad smile of pure pleasure and appreciation before he extends his hand to support her in the deep curtsey she makes to acknowledge the ovation. Finally, Scott stretches his arm to its full length, maintaining contact with Chelsea until she is out of reach and gallantly handing her off stage as she makes her exit. He watches her steadily until she is out of sight, an openly gratified smile lighting his face and his sparkling eyes. As the cheers begin to fade, he comments quietly, “*I wouldn’t be here without her,*” then stresses with obviously heartfelt sincerity, “*That is the truth.*” After a second of surprised silence, when the audience seems to react to this moving admission with a muted sigh, the applause mounts to a roar again.

The Curtain Falls

The same lighted mirror that opened the first act now descends from the flies again at stage left. In a further allusion to that opening, Scott leans forward to catch sight of his own reflection and hails his image with that heavily Bronx-accented parody, “*Goodnight Gawgiss!*” After the ensuing laughter fades, Scott begins to sing in a slow, plaintive, musing tone with the piano as his only accompaniment, “*Off comes the makeup/ Off comes the clown’s disguise.*” Now facing the audience, his expression entirely open and forthright, he sings of his hope that he has made them smile. Softly he adds, “*That’s all there is/ There isn’t any more,*” in a candid, humble, and moving way that implies he has given everything he has to these performances. He tilts his head back to look up toward the balcony and sings, “*We shared a moment,*” but then takes in the whole of the

audience as he continues, “*And as the moment ends...*” Lifting both hands slightly and turning them upward, he lets them drop to his sides in a vague gesture of uncertainty as he sings, “*I’ve got a funny feeling...*” He concludes “*...we’re parting now as friends,*” in a voice so quiet, warm, and personal that he seems to gather each member of the audience into his close circle.

As this final song builds to a climax, it refers to “*these dusty walls*” of the theater. Slowing the tempo markedly, Scott changes the words to “*these brand new walls*” and rhythmically pulses his outstretched arms three times to the sides to match the cadence of those insistently altered lyrics. He pauses for a moment with his long arms raised and extended to either side to indicate the actual walls that border this newly built Harman Hall stage. Of course that draws a burst of appreciative laughter from the crowd. But now as if to reassure the audience, he sings that if the evening were just beginning, he would gladly “*spend it with you again.*” Here he poignantly softens the high note on “*you,*” and warms it with a sweet, tender, intimate tone. Then building to a resounding, emotional crescendo, he repeats the song’s climactic phrase, “*Your cheers and laughter will linger after/ They’ve torn down...*” But subsequently he reduces the dynamic of his voice to a melancholy softness as he concludes “*...these dusty walls.*” Once more he faces the audience and reveals that touching vulnerability, singing in a soft contemplative tone, “*People say I was made for this.*” At this point, many in the audience could only wholeheartedly agree with him and murmur, “*Yes, you certainly were!*” Then almost imperceptibly he nods his head to himself several times and sings with more volume and conviction, “*Nothing else would I trade for this.*” Now drawing his body fully upright and seeming to puff himself out with clearly exaggerated haughtiness, he sings, “*And just think sometimes I get paid for this.*” He highlights the ironic lyrics with such precise diction and such a pompous, stentorian tone that it becomes immediately clear he did **not** in fact “*get paid*” for this formidable *Evening*’s work.

Although the end of the song is imminent, Scott chooses not to sing the last line. Instead, he allows his previously sung phrase to remain unresolved. Placing the palms of his hands together as if in supplication, he extends them toward the audience and speaks with simple warmth, thoughtfulness, and sincerity, “*Goodnight, Ladies and Gentlemen. Travel safely. Thank you, again.*” As he leaves the stage, the audience rises to its feet to loudly acclaim this brilliantly conceived and masterfully performed piece of musical theater.

If ever an authentic and heartfelt *valentine* could be crafted for a group of fans, these programs in

Washington, D.C. stand as an unequaled standard for any other such offering. Scott, with the invaluable help of Dennis Deal and Brad Ellis, along with the generous support of his accomplished and always willing partner, Chelsea, undeniably knows how to create a superb and unstinting musical production to delight his fans and his audience. Seeing these productions, witnessing first hand Scott’s enormous – seemingly limitless – talent, versatility, showmanship, intelligence, and charisma, we fans could only respond with elation, gratitude, and awe. Scott gave so extravagantly of his prodigious energy and artistry in these shows, and they were so obviously crafted with his fans uppermost in mind that we felt humbled to have shared the experience with him. Until these performances, quite possibly none of us understood the real depth and breadth of Scott’s shining talents. But as we begin to comprehend the extent of those gifts and attributes, we cannot help but be deeply inspired by the man who *wears* them so gracefully. We count ourselves incredibly fortunate to have attended *An Evening with Scott Bakula*.



Thank you so much, Scott!

[Ed. Note: Yes, thank you indeed, Scott. Also, my personal thank you to Anita for refreshing my memories with her exquisite insights, and to Maryse for capturing with her pen what a camera could not, thereby rendering a lasting visual representation of a truly unforgettable *Evening*. -SAM]

MEET MARYSE WORRALLO

Interview by Sharon Major

Since 2006, Maryse has provided fans with lovely color caricatures of Scott for each of his recent theater productions, asking only charitable donations in return. (At the left is the nearly complete drawing that she created for *An Evening*.)



Then just a year ago, she graciously consented to provide drawings for our *No Strings* Keepsake issue and agreed to become part of our staff. I thought it was time we got to know her a little better.

When did you start drawing and what sort of training have you received?

I started drawing at a very early age, about 7 or 8. I always thought about making a career of it but never imagined I'd be able to, so kept it more as a hobby than anything else. I got a job on leaving school, for a power washer company. The boss knew I liked to draw. One day he dumped a pump on my desk and asked me to draw it, telling me that if it was good he'd use it in the Maintenance Manual. I never looked back. I was pushed into applying for a Graphics course by a fellow worker. I got the extra qualifications I needed at night school and promptly applied for a Graphics course at Harrow School of Art, portfolio in hand. I graduated three years later with a B.A. in Graphic Information Design. The course involved illustration, photography, print and design. Much of the emphasis was on design. As a Graphic Designer you tend to bring the elements of illustration, typography and photography together to form your design. I was often able to call on my illustrative skills.

What are your favorite media to work with?

My favorite media are pen and ink - I love the high contrast of black and white where I most often work using a stipple effect. The pen sizes I like use are a 0.13 and 0.2 and 0.3 especially when the detail is very small. I also like to use ink and colour pencil. This I most often use for doing caricatures.

For the record, where do you come from/live? How do you make a living?

I live in Enfield in Greater London and work for the Metropolitan Police Service at New Scotland Yard in central London, near Parliament. I work in the capacity of Graphic Designer in a studio with 7 other designers. We work on a very wide variety of projects, from doing

cartoons for children to crime prevention brochures to evidence for court. With the evidence for court, we recreate injuries found on victims deemed too brutal to show to the jury. We lift the actual injury from the photograph and create a graphic, using a 3-D model and position the injury as it appears in the photograph. There is a lot of illustrative work involved in recreating bruising, wounds and injuries. We see a lot of grim stuff and it can be difficult to deal with at times, but when you are one step removed it doesn't seem quite so bad. Every now and again one will get to you. The good thing is that you do feel you are helping the police to convict these people and stop them from doing these things again. I work with a wonderful team and the job is certainly diverse.

When did you first become involved in fandom? Have you other hobbies or interests, and have they now fallen by the wayside (at least for now) since becoming so involved with the convention and trips to see Scott perform? Had you been to the U.S. before coming to see Scott on stage?

I first became involved in fandom when I discovered the Internet about 1998. I had no idea what was out there! I found Scott as Sam in 1989 and discovered all the rest when I first heard that he might get involved in the *Star Trek* franchise. My first thought was, "OMG...Beam me up Scotty." Bad I know, but I couldn't help it, it just popped into my head! I discovered the online chat board SBFF and through people like Emma Fee, found so much more Scott than simply Sam!

Some of my other hobbies have fallen by the wayside a little since my involvement with the convention and all the wonderful Scott trips I've been able to make, but I do try to keep my fitness training going. I used to river row a lot but have had to keep it indoors much of the time now. I run, cycle and use weights to tone. I still read as much as I can. Mostly science-related, spiritual or books about Lincoln, who is a real Hero of mine, and I love all things by author Robert Crais, too!

The first time I came to the US was in 1979, when I was eighteen. I was visiting a friend in West Virginia for two weeks. I came over again on a trip all along the East Coast in 1991 and the West Coast in 1993. I didn't come again until the *Hamilton I Do! I Do!* in 2005; my latest trip was to San Diego for *Dancing in the Dark*.

Before Scott was on your radar, what subjects inspired you to put pen to page?

Before Scott, I illustrated Bob Marley, Clint Eastwood, Harrison Ford, Kevin Costner, and all sorts of characters inspired by *Mad Magazine*. Generally, all my pen and ink work has been produced for friends or for charity. I only charge for caricatures when it's an official commission.

Thanks for allowing our readers to get acquainted with you. We're always excited to see your latest designs.

The Music of *Quantum Leap*
Part Seven: Back to the Leap
 By Karen Funk Blocher
 Screen captures by Maret Johnson

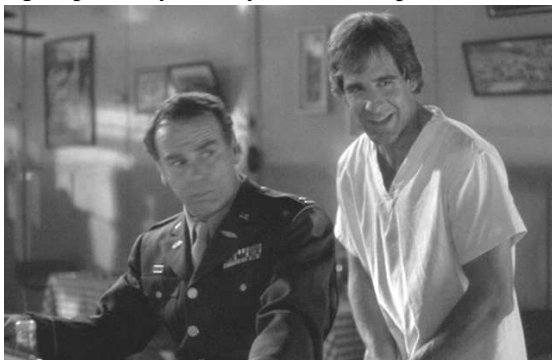
All music referenced in this series of articles pertains to the original broadcast, not necessarily the DVD releases.

Yes, it's me, finally resuming this series after a long hiatus. The object of the game is to identify the music played on *Quantum Leap*, with notes on the songs that we find there. We're up to the first half of Season Four. From my research so far, this appears to be the season in which the licensed music was cut way back, presumably as a cost cutting measure. [Editor's notes in brackets: By season four, the predominant scoring fell to Ray Bunch, who composed and recorded distinct musical themes for most episodes, each reflecting the musical style of the era or locale. Only occasionally would a theme be repeated in another episode.-SAM]

SEASON FOUR Part One:

The Leap Back: June 15, 1945

There are no songs in Act One, and there is precious little scoring. The dialogue carries the act, along with bird calls and other sound effects. Act Two has several period-style "songs," probably all Ray Bunch compositions.



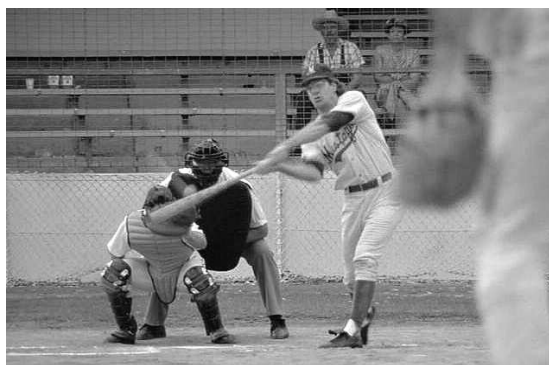
The only licensed music is during the initial Lover's Lane scene, when we hear *Is You Is, or Is You Ain't My Baby?* sung by Bing Crosby and The Andrews Sisters, backed by the Vic Schoen Orchestra. Recorded in Los Angeles on June 30, 1944, this Billy Austin/Louis Jordan composition was released in 1944, and reached #2 on the charts. It was from the Universal film *Follow the Boys*, which probably made it possible for Universal to use it on *Quantum Leap* at minimal cost.

Naturally the *Home Theme* from the "Pilot" and "The Leap Home" is heard as Sam exits the Imaging Chamber into Donna's arms (and 1999), then again at the end of the episode. [The theme that Bunch created for this particular episode, which I call "Al's Theme," is a sauntering melody with a '40s-era Big Band sound. It plays as Al approaches Tom Jarret's door and again over the closing credits.]

Play Ball: August 6, 1961

There's a bit of ballpark organ music at the beginning of this episode, and while part of it is familiar to any baseball

fan, that doesn't mean the title of either piece is easy to track down. The first melody in the teaser is a Mexican-flavored one. It's not the *Mexican Hat Dance (Sombrero Mexicano)*, but is it *Sombrero Tercero*? I dunno. This is followed by *Ascending Charges*; at least that's what one web site that sells CDs of baseball music and effects calls it. This is played again when Sam comes up to bat in Act One.



After probably-original guitar music on the bus, we get *Travelin' Man* by Ricky Nelson, which was #1 hit in 1961, and the #5 song for that year. According to Fred Bronson in *Billboard's Hottest Hot 100 Hits*, "Jerry Fuller wrote *Travelin' Man* while waiting in the park for his wife." He used a world atlas to pick out the place names. The montage that accompanied Nelson when the song appeared on his family's tv show (*The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet*) is widely considered the first rock video. All other music is from Ray Bunch, including a baseball montage to a country fiddle piece we've heard before.

Hurricane: August 17, 1969

The first music in this episode is The Rascals' #3 hit from April 1968, *A Beautiful Morning*. Other than that, it's mostly "danger music" scoring, with lots of drums. A Ray Bunch piano piece accompanies Sam's scene with Lisa.

Justice: May 11, 1965

A generic gospel wail, if that description makes any sense, accompanies Sam's KKK initiation during the leap in. This musical sting was not present in the leap out from "Hurricane." It appears again later in the episode.

Aside from minimal scoring, the only music in this episode is the Gospel song the children sing in the church, reprised in the end credits. It is impossible to be sure from listening to the song what the title ought to be, but my wild guess is *Glorious Day*.

When I first wrote about the episode in 1994 I thought there were two of these songs, but it turns out they're two partial performances of the same song. A longer version sung by a Gospel soloist with choir backup plays over the credits.



Based on what was said a 1993 interview, the children are practicing a gospel song written by Deborah Pratt

Permanent Wave: June 2, 1983

An up-tempo electronic instrumental by Ray Bunch plays during Sam's initial questioning by Detective Ward. It is closer to elevator music than to disco or Soft Cell. I suppose that's appropriate, because it's presumably playing over the salon's music system. It's repeated in the second salon scene with Ward. A much better Bunch instrumental, a nice jazz piece with saxophone, plays on the radio as the mother drives Kyle toward Lake Arrowhead. The piece from the salon sounds much better (better orchestration?) and more appropriate over the end credits.

Raped: June 20, 1980

Al sings a bit of *Volare (Nel Blu, Dipinto Di Blu)* by way of demonstrating his alleged mental cruelty toward an ex-wife (singing in his sleep). This Modugno Domenico hit (also a hit for Dean Martin) was previously sung by Sam way back in the First Season episode "Double Identity." I've already written about this song, so let's move on. The scoring is typical dramatic soundtrack music, with lots of strings and oboe.

At the trial, Kevin mentions hearing *Lady* by Lionel Ritchie on the car radio. That's a lot cheaper for Universal than having it actually play during the show.

The Wrong Stuff: January 24, 1961

There is absolutely no licensed music in this episode, and relatively little scored music. What music there is, unsurprisingly, is either "danger music" or has a military feel, with lots of percussion and a bit of brass. As in many of the episodes in this season, the standard theme music plays over the end credits.

Dreams: February 28, 1979

The music on the leap-in here does not match the leap-out music in "The Wrong Stuff," in which violins conveyed the sense of danger. The scored music in "Dreams"—especially the scenes at the DeCaro house in the flashback and dream sequences—are spooky and hypnotic, with chimes and other unconventional instruments. Even sound effects are layered in as part of the score.

A Single Drop of Rain: September 7, 1953

This episode has specific musical sequences with what amounts to patter songs, featuring banjo and honky-tonk piano. The first one is Clinton's speech about water vapor. The second is Sam's "I'm gonna make it rain!" speech. Both are highly reminiscent of *The Music Man*, not so much in terms of melody or even arrangement, but in the two actors' performances. I'd still love to see Scott Bakula as Professor Harold Hill.

More sedate piano also features in other scoring, mostly involving Sam with Annie.

In the picnic scene, we see someone playing honky-tonk on an upright piano. It's implied in a scripted Kiss with History that this is Jerry Lee Lewis, the ultimate piano player of the era. Although I thought this might be Ray Bunch playing here, Bunch told PQL in 1999 that he never had an on-screen cameo.



That piano piece is followed by a familiar theme previously heard in "8 ½ Months" and other episodes. It's similar to an old Tom Paxton song *Wasn't That a Party*, which begins, "Could have been the whiskey/Might have been the gin..."



The musical standout of the episode, though, is the bit called *Sam's Prayer* on the *Quantum Leap* CD. The scene begins with Clinton's "Someday/I believe in you" speech, followed by Sam's prayer to

G/T/F/W: "You make it rain!" This is my very favorite Ray Bunch instrumental (well, mostly instrumental) in the entire series. It's primarily another piano piece, but goes orchestral partway through.

The final fight between Sam and Ralph starts with a really cool bit of banjo, and then what sounds like synthesizer (mimicking strings) takes over from there.

The leap-out to "Unchained" has a bit of fiddle music during the escape attempt. The end credits have more honky-tonk music, presumably written by Ray Bunch.

Unchained: November 2, 1956

Blues guitar does all the heavy lifting in the scoring for "Unchained." Despite the fact that the script title was "Unchained Melody," neither that song nor any other

licensed music appears in this episode. Nevertheless I will just mention in passing that *Unchained Melody* was a major hit for the Righteous Brothers. It's best remembered by leapers from the end of the episode "M.I.A.," and by the rest of the world, at least during the *Quantum Leap* era, as the song from *Ghost*.

The original leap-out is to a rerun of "A Little Miracle" and features the people in the mission singing the Christmas hymn, *Joy to the World*. [The same honky-tonk tune that was heard during the credits for "A Single Drop of Rain" is repeated over the closing credits.]

The Play's the Thing: September 9, 1969

The leap-out from "A Little Miracle" features some sexy saxophone, but there's no music at all in the leap-in to the episode "The Play's the Thing."

After that, though, we finally hit pay dirt. The music licensing budget, at least for the first half of the season, pretty much went into this one episode.

Penny Fuller, Tony-nominated in 1970 as a Featured Actress in a Musical for *Applause*, probably did her own singing as Jane Lindhurst in this episode. A reel-to-reel tape of her singing *Goin' Out of My Head*, followed by *I Say a Little Prayer*, plays in her living room. *Goin' Out of My Head* was a #6 hit for Little Anthony & the Imperials in 1964, and a medley of that song with *Can't Take My Eyes Off You* was a #7 hit for The Lettermen in 1967. *I Say a Little Prayer* was a #4 hit for Dionne Warwick in (again) 1967. It was written by Burt Bacharach & Hal David, as were most of Warwick's hits.



Jane sings *The Look of Love* as Sam accompanies her on the piano. This was a #22 hit for Dusty Springfield in (you guessed it!) 1967. This Burt Bacharach & Hal David song is from the 1967 James Bond spoof *Casino Royale*.

In the nightclub, a house band performs *Born to Be Wild* as Sam meets Ted, an old friend of the family from Cleveland. When *My Cherie Amour* begins, Jane calls it "our song," an excuse to leave the table with Sam. *My Cherie Amour* topped out at #4 for Stevie Wonder in 1969. *Born to Be Wild* (#2 in 1968) was one of Steppenwolf's two big hits (the other was *Magic Carpet Ride*, #3 in 1968).

The band's on a roll; it keeps the music going with *White Rabbit* (Jefferson Airplane's #8 hit from 1967), as Jane dances and argues with Ted. But when the band

introduces Jane to sing *The Look of Love* with them, Jane loses her nerve. The band plays *Time of the Season* (a #3 hit for The Zombies in 1967) without her.

As Al talks Sam into appearing nude on stage, he invokes the names of a few seminal musicals of the era. He says, "It's 1969. Everybody was nude on the stage! *Oh! Calcutta*, *Hair!*...all that stuff! Don't be a prude. Now get out there!"



Sam has to play the Danish prince—in the nude!



Anna Gunn and Dan Roebuck, as Liz and Neil Lindhurst, are dumbstruck by the lack of Shakespearean attire

Jane comes through at her audition with another Stevie Wonder song, *For Once in My Life*. This was a #2 hit in 1968.



Cadets playing drums accompany the leap-out to "Running for Honor," and then Jane finishes *For Once in My Life* in the end credits.