

# The Observer

*From the Files of Project Quantum Leap*



**Issue 42**

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## On Our Covers

Maryse has offered another of her incomparable illustrations for our cover, this time of Scott as Nathan Detroit in *Guys and Dolls*. And on our back cover, we celebrate the long-awaited onstage reunion of Scott and Dean by presenting a full-color collage of the pair at Dragon\*Con, created by Pippa from photos taken by Judy Ascenzi.

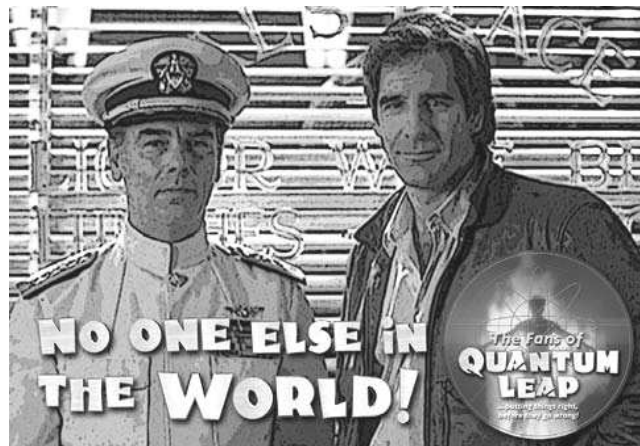
**Men of a Certain Age Season One DVD Release**

The DVD release of Season One of *Men of a Certain Age* is due on shelves November 9. Bonus features for the ten-episode two-disc set will include commentary by Romano, Braugher, Bakula and series co-creator Mike Royce; deleted scenes; a gag reel; and behind-the-scenes footage. Suggested list price is \$39.98, with discounts given by most online retailers. There is no mention of a Blu-Ray release at this time.

In Season One, viewers get acquainted with Joe, Terry and Owen, and examine their personal and professional lives over the course of a few pivotal months. Maryse's article (p. 6) offers only a teaser, as she captures the essence of the quick scene changes and character viewpoints. However, these scene changes are never abrupt; nor is the camera-work erratic. The well-plotted storylines are seamless and unhurried, glued together by this threesome's friendship, the humorous situations, and of course the music, as we watch each of them "grow up to be a man."

If you are puzzled by some of Maryse's descriptions—as I was—I urge you to catch the episodes again. If they aren't

already sitting in your DVR, you can currently watch full episodes in reruns on TNT and at the TNT.tv website. I promise, the series is even better after multiple viewings. Then get ready for the new season of *Men of a Certain Age*, premiering December 6 at 10pm EST on TNT.

**Quantum Leap Movie Campaign**

One of several postcards available for download

After five seasons and ninety-eight unforgettable episodes, after a series finale that left the iconic hero cruelly stranded in time, after numerous syndication runs that continue to attract new generations of fans, and seventeen years of limbo during which fans never gave up hope of redress: We, the fans of *Quantum Leap*, are thrilled to hear that this beloved and classic show may soon become a motion picture.

However, we—the very people (along with our friends and family) who kept the show alive during its TV run—want G-d, Time, Fate or Whomever to know that *our* Dr. Sam Beckett (Scott Bakula) and *our* Admiral Al Calavicci (Dean Stockwell) need to play a prominent role in this venture. Scott and Dean must be allowed to reprise their roles and must not be relegated to minor status in any *QL* movie.

Please join other *QL* advocates in making our preferences known to the writer and producer of this proposed film. For information about what you can do to bring about the kind of movie *QL* fans really want, please visit our Facebook page at <<http://bit.ly/qlmovie>> or our Twitter page at <<http://www.twitter.com/QLMovie>> where you can sign the petition; download postcards to send to Don and a flyer to promote our cause; or even email us with your own ideas at <[qlfansputtingthingsright@googlemail.com](mailto:qlfansputtingthingsright@googlemail.com)> to help us bring about the movie we deserve!

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## SCOTT AND DEAN AT THE DRAGON\*CON QUANTUM LEAP PANEL

### September 3, 2010

by Maryse Worrallo

The 24<sup>th</sup> Annual Dragon\*Con was held in Downtown Atlanta (Georgia) at the Hyatt/Marriott/Hilton hotel complex over the Labor Day weekend. With over 400 guest star panelists and 1800 volunteers, attendees were assured that *every* fantasy genre would be well represented.

Thursday, September 2, I arrived right on time—well actually no, 30 minutes early—at Atlanta airport. For those of you who don't know Atlanta airport, it's the worst airport I've ever been to in my entire life! It's modern, clean, and big—but not a single sign or notice explaining what you have to do or where you need to go. You land two miles from the airport entrance, but you don't know that. Anyway, to cut a long story short, I met a few friends, including Judy Ascenzi (who took amazing photos) and we made our way to the MARTA train system and headed off to downtown Atlanta.

We got off at Midtown and headed for registration at the Sheraton; we thought it would be better to go straight there, rather than to our hotel first. And were we glad we did!! The queue was huge!!!! So dragging our bags, we joined it. This was around 8pm. Five hours later we were registered!!!

### Friday, September 3<sup>rd</sup>

After breakfast at our hotel (The Residence Inn), we headed back to the Con hotel complex and picked up our photo tickets. I have to tell you at this point, that I've never seen so many fantastic costumes in all my life!! As Helene Kaplan remarked, these were not dime-store costumes, these were the full monty!! Some of them were really awesome! One or two were far skimpier than I'd ever be brave enough to wear, and some were worn by those who (in my opinion) were a little *too* brave! Anyway, we found out where Scott and Dean's *Quantum Leap* panel was going to be and headed over there. "Quantum Leap - Oh Boy" was to be held in The Marriott's Atrium Ballroom at 4pm. First of all, let me tell you that the Atrium Ballroom is not small and hopefully from the photo, you can get an idea just how large it is.



Photo by Lisa Montalbano

*The Atrium  
Ballroom was  
filled with over  
2000  
Quantum Leap  
fans*

In order to get good seats, we made friends with the volunteers and made sure we didn't get in anyone's way as we queued, which was very early.

I had to nip back to the hotel and pick up my illustration of Scott and Dean (which Scott and Don had signed at our LeapBack con). So with Helene's help, I made my way out of the hotel complex and back to the Residence Inn. On my return, myself and others—forgive my poor memory but I can't remember who—popped over to the Walk of Fame in the Hyatt, where Scott and Dean were signing autographs, and there I got Dean's signature. He was lovely. We hot-footed our way back to the queue, and just before we were allowed inside, Florence Delfolie and I raced down the line with our campaign flyer, explaining where we could, that people need to make Don realize that a *QL* movie without Scott and Dean as major players, just won't be good enough!

*The Fans of*

# QUANTUM LEAP

**...putting things right  
before they go wrong!**

*Be part of a campaign to encourage Don Bellisario to bring back Sam Beckett and Al Calavicci, in a major way, for the proposed new Quantum Leap movie.*

*Don is in the throws of writing the script so we need to let him know that we, the Fans, want Dr Beckett brought back home. But, not only do we want Sam and Al back, we want Scott Bakula and Dean Stockwell to return in these roles. These two actors have become synonymous with Sam Beckett and Al Calavicci and the fans will accept no others in their place!*

*To be part of this campaign, go to facebook - <http://bit.ly/qlmovie>, Twitter - <http://www.twitter.com/QLMovie> or email - [qlfansputtingthingsright@gmail.com](mailto:qlfansputtingthingsright@gmail.com) and voice your opinion, sign the petition and download a postcard to send to Don.*

**HELP US TO LET DON KNOW THAT WE WANT HIM  
TO BRING SAM HOME AND KEEP SCOTT & DEAN!**

Then we were in, seated and waiting for the guys to show up. After a brief wait, which seemed longer than it actually was, Scott and Dean came out onto the stage to raucous applause!! Scott asked what everyone had been doing for the last 15 years and Dean explained the workings of a Q&A, adding that for Scott, they can ask any kind of question at all. After Dean was trying to see who might have a question, Scott explained about the microphones and told him to stop

screwing around. They were just as we had left them 20 years ago! The jibes and ribbing continued in this way throughout the panel, which I add here, had no moderator, just Scott and Dean “holding court.”

First up was The Cult of Scott Bakula—a very strange group, with strange stuff going on, but hey, to each his own. They presented Scott with a Lifetime Divine Achievement Award, which he accepted very graciously to shouts of “Oh Boy!” Then having been asked about the hardest persona he had to portray for *QL*, Scott replied that the Chimp was not easy; to which Dean chipped in with, “He made it look easy.” Scott continued and mentioned the bathing suit competition. He was not particularly fond of either one, but wearing heels was not fun, whereas playing the Chimp was. Dean did ask Scott if he kept in touch with the little chimp, to much laughter.

They were asked about a favorite episode, Scott turned to Dean, who answered that it was the “Pilot.” Scott’s reply was “The Leap Home,” mentioning Dean’s last scene in the “Vietnam” part and how he really liked those two episodes. The next question went to Dean and was about *The Boy With Green Hair*. The film was made in 1948 and Dean wasn’t sure how many were familiar with it, but big applause showed him that most people were! He was 12 when he made it; it was an anti-war film and that he’s very proud of it. After a prompt from Scott, Dean went on to say that his scalp bled from a disease he picked up from the woman who had supplied the hair for the wig and the glue they used to attach the netting to his hairline. He suffered for a year!!

Then they were asked whether it was more difficult doing voice-overs or television/film work. Dean couldn’t remember doing any voice-overs, and Scott thinks it’s more fun working with people, so he prefers tv and film. Scott was then asked about *Chuck* and his possible return: he said he didn’t know, but since no one dies on *Chuck*, “we’ll see... you never know.”

Next up was the proposed *QL* movie. Are they going to be part of it? Dean said he recently talked to Don, who said nothing about it, and added, “Scott is telling me different.” There were yells and moans of dissent when Dean said he didn’t think they’d be in it. Scott then said to the audience, “If they make one without us, then you’ll all boycott that one, and we’ll do another one!” He paused and resumed after the cheers died down with, “I was just kidding. You want to support the franchise in any form! But I think if they do make it—and I’ve heard that they’re working on an idea for it—that they want to include us in it, in some capacity, and then you’d have to go see it. Beyond that, we don’t know much at this point.”

Scott followed this by answering a question about the episode “8½ Months.” He mentioned having seen his wife at

the time go through a pregnancy; that he wore an empathy belly; and that James Whitmore, Jr. was his and Dean’s favorite director on *QL*. They talked about the fun of it all. Dean spoke about how huge Scott’s job was and about all the stuff he had to do, specifically mentioning all the respect he has for Scott both then and now! Scott mentioned that Dean was always off playing golf and wanted to finish the last two holes before returning to work. The rapport between these two guys is just wonderful!

Scott was congratulated for *Enterprise* by the next questioner, who asked about the last episode of *Quantum Leap*. Scott asked Dean if he wanted to start or if he wanted him to start. Dean’s reply? “Oh Boy!”—to much laughter during which Scott rocked back in his seat laughing loudly. Scott then reminded Dean that he, too, had gotten a chance to say “Oh, Boy” in one of the episodes: “Didn’t I run into a cannon?” asked Dean? “No. I went **through** the cannon,” replied Scott. Dean interjected with, “I bumped into it!” “Yeah, you ran into it,” Scott conceded. Dean then stated, “The show was very personal to Mr. Bellisario, and it was his personal choice as to how the series wrapped up, so really, you’d have to talk to Don.” Scott continued by saying how hard they all worked on the show, how much they all had invested in it, and how emotional it was; everyone was very close. He continued, “...it is one of the greatest writing tricks to write a final episode that you don’t know is a final episode; that leaves the show open to come back the next season, leaves it open for the possibility of a movie, [or] leaves it open for the possibility of—remember in the day, movies of the week, when there were those?—and leaves it open to be the final episode. And like it or not, that episode achieved that in a bizarre way, and it was emotional and meaningful, and ultimately when you look back on it, more sad because it was the last one.” We all applauded his remark!

The next question was about the character arc and a request for an “Oh, Boy” from the pair, to be said in such a way that showed they had no idea how they had got there [Dragon\*Con]. There was a great deal of laughter, which got even louder when the questioner added a *Please!* After a long pause, as our two heroes looked at each other, the audience was rewarded with a fantastic “Oh, Boy,” and we erupted into even louder laughter, cheers and much applause!!! Dean then mentioned that the best working experience of his life was working with Scott—that they “intuitively harmonized,” improvised a lot and worked stuff out together. Scott added how much he had learned from Dean, and that “mentoring” didn’t even come close to describing all that Dean had imparted. Scott went on to mention Dean’s work ethic, his love of the business, his joy, and how he would shout from the back of the soundstage, “The fun starts now!!!”; that Dean taught him a lot about life and respecting the journey; and how lucky he is to know

Dean. I have to say that these two are a joy to watch together.

The next questioner asked about Al's dialogue. Dean said he was scripted, but didn't hesitate to change the words. He said Don was very good at letting him go in whatever direction he wanted. Dean mentioned how he started hitting the handlink, and how Don loved that and added the sound effects. Don let him have a free reign. But the writers were very good too, and they picked up on what he was doing and kept it consistent.

The next question was about getting any surprise scripts, or roles which they never had expected they would ever play. Scott took this one on, and talked about how Don would only give out the script for the next show—at the last possible second—so no one would have the opportunity to “crit” it. This way the network couldn't give him a *no* on the script. Scott went on to say that Dean would give Don more ideas on the script than he himself did. Specifically, Scott mentioned the garbage scene on “Sea Bride,” [Having forgotten the name of the episode, Barbara Pilnick provided the title, to which he replied, “Thank you, ladies.”] He said it was Dean's idea that they couldn't let a moment go by without mentioning environmental issues in general, and in this episode showing how much garbage is dumped at sea. On receiving the scripts at the last minute, Scott continued, “...it was a challenge.” Dean said he was lucky—he was Al, but Scott never knew *what* he was going to be. Dean continued, saying that he would have loved to have been in the room and seen Scott's face the first time he had to play a woman. Scott interjected that it was the greatest part ever.

Scott was then asked if he and Dean keep in touch and if he keeps up with his music—guitar and piano. Scott replied “Yes, we do keep in touch.” With regard to his music, he called himself a fake guitar player, adding that he's a piano player and a singer predominantly, but only plays the guitar a little bit. After mentioning that Dean is an excellent musician, Dean looked across at Scott and pulled a face as if to say, *You really think so? Are you deaf?* Scott threw his eyes to heaven and said how Dean gave him grief about his music all the time. Dean responded by putting his hands over his ears, as Scott said that Dean would ask: “Are you going to sing it like that, Scott?” Scott went on to say that he keeps up with his music and wished he had more time to play the piano, but that you can't do everything.

The next question was about Al's outfits. Did Dean get to keep any, or did he wish they were burned? Dean said he loved to steal wardrobe, but didn't take anything from the show because he couldn't wear it anywhere. He said it was Don's idea to hire Jean Pierre Dorléac to do Al's costumes.

Following this, was a question about the character arcs. Was the show less about saving Sam and more about saving Al?

This was an interesting question, which Dean had never thought of in that way (nor I, for that matter). Dean thought it was about saving the people in each episode, to get to a truthful moment, and that Al got all the answers from Ziggy. Scott interjected that Al helped Sam get to those truthful moments. Scott went on to say how Al would tell stories about his sister to help Sam, and “...anyway, Dean's a better actor than I am...I had an arc, but I just couldn't act it.” Dean then commented on how he stays away from arks, as they tend to sink, which was followed by much laughter and Scott rocking back in his chair again. [I'm not quite sure how he didn't fall out of that chair, because a few times he rocked back out of sight! Dean has a very dry wit and keeps a very straight face. He's a joy to watch in moments like these!] Scott looked across at him as if to ask, *where the hell did that come from?* Dean just leaned forward towards the mic and said, “Next question.”

So, have either of them ever played with the Ziggy app on the iPhone? Scott had to explain the question to Dean, telling him about the iPhone app that makes all the Ziggy noises. He then proceeded to demonstrate the noises, which was accompanied by much laughter. [I think Dean's answer was *no*, amid all the laughter.] Scott then asked Dean, “Will you get an iPhone so I can check it out?”

Then they were asked, if the show were still on the air, how would they like it to continue, and did Dean like playing Evil Al? Yes, Dean loved playing Evil Al. He then pointed to Scott to answer the part about if the show were still on the air. Scott said he had it in his mind that the more Sam leaped, the more he would take on the persona of the person he had leapt into. He thought Sam was heading towards schizophrenia, which would be an interesting place for the show to go, and “there would come a time when they would have to literally—potentially—lose Sam, because he would be disappearing more and more into each character,” as was happening when he leapt into Oswald. “The beauty of the show was that it had endless possibilities,” citing an animated version, with Sam in a crib. Scott went on to talk about how much better the technology is now and how things have changed: He laughed as he spoke about how they had to freeze, take a pause, then unfreeze, getting up to demonstrate the way, in the early episodes, you'll see people in the background freezing. There would be a street full of people and everyone would have to freeze. Shaking his head, he said how thankful he is that technology has changed and they don't have to do that anymore.

The questions that followed were about the last episode. Because Sam changed Al's life by returning to Beth, was Sam sacrificing his relationship with Al? Sam could have changed everything and Al might never have been part of the project. Did they think that was a good take on it, and was that the intention? Scott replied that he thought it was a beautiful idea that Sam sacrificed himself for his best friend;

he thought it was poetic and perfect. The next question was about alternate endings. Dean answered this one by saying how much respect he had for Don Bellisario and the show he created: "I respectfully left it totally up to him, and just watched with total fascination and appreciation, and did my part of it." Scott agreed, saying that Don was like the king of television: Don did what he wanted to do. Dean interjected, commenting on how they both were "incredibly lucky" to get the show, to which Scott again agreed and went on to say: Even 22 years later "...there's a passion and a belief, and the show affected people to this day, and I just don't know how you can ask anymore out of a television show—I really don't—and that's a tribute to the fans, to all of you, who have perpetuated it and passed it on and shared it and believed in it, because it's hard not to want to believe in this kind of an idea. So there's been this great partnership between Don and Dean and I and you all, and everybody that worked on the show. That's been a gift, and I'm still extremely grateful for it. So I thank—we thank—all of you guys." Big applause here!!

Then there were sighs and moans as the last question was announced, to which Scott responded, shaking his head, "It better be a GOOD question." And the question? How was it when Dean actually came on *Enterprise*, and was it different from their relationship on *Quantum Leap*? Scott spoke first saying, "Dean called me and asked, 'How the hell do you do this stuff?'" Dean commented that the dialogue on the show didn't relate to anything in reality, to which the whole audience (including Scott) broke into loud laughter. Dean then went on to say that he never had a problem memorizing dialogue, but for *Enterprise* it was different, it was hard. They both agreed that the best part was being on the set together again. Scott said it was great having Dean around. It was a crazy episode. Scott said that for *QL* they used to have a lot of pages of script in which Sam and Al were just talking, and that he thought Dean was never going to remember it all, but Dean would read it once and have it. Scott said he envied Dean's photographic memory, since he (Scott), would always be in his trailer trying to memorize stuff. For *Enterprise*, Dean said it was hard stuff. Scott added that they weren't allowed to improvise in the *Star Trek* world, but went on to say that Dean was awesome on it, and loud applause erupted again.

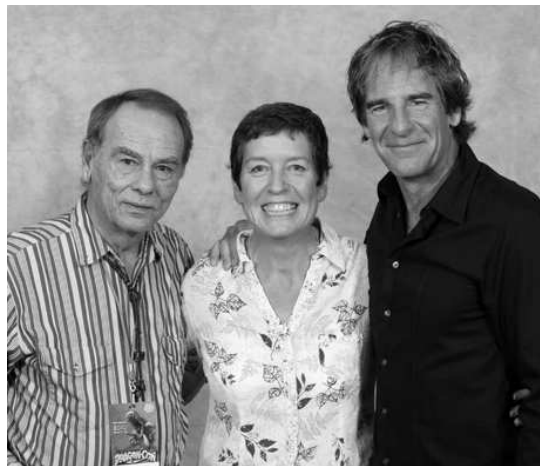
Dean then took the opportunity to thank everyone, to which Scott joined him and added that we were all awesome. They both stood to thunderous applause, and applauded us, too. As Scott gave us a final wave, they disappeared behind the curtain leaving us all wanting more.

It was a fantastic panel, and for me it was a complete joy to see Scott and Dean together in one place at last!!!! They bounced off each other perfectly, and it was apparent that they still have all the affection for each other, which we've always heard and read about countless times.

We departed the ballroom and I don't actually remember walking, I think I floated. It was now about 5pm, and we headed off to do various things before heading down to the ground floor—of which hotel, I have no idea—to join the queue for a photo with Scott. My turn came and he was as lovely and patient as he always is! And BOY did he look good. He wore a skintight black top that showed a well-toned physique beneath. I kept my cool and got a very nice picture without passing out and saying something extremely foolish! Then it was someone else's turn, and before I knew where I was, I had a plate of meatloaf and mash in front of me and was listening to some very bad Karaoke with some very good friends!!

### Saturday morning

We had a fabulous little breakfast, decimating the breakfast room by putting three tables together so that all of us could sit together. Afterward, we headed off to the hotel complex—the Hyatt this time, I think—where our photo op with Scott and Dean was going to be. The photos were due to be taken at 8:40am and no excuse would be acceptable if you weren't there; they would not hold up the photos for latecomers. With this in mind, Jane Webster and I quickly popped to the loo (bathroom for those who speak an older form of the language), and returned to the queue about ten minutes later. There we were, standing happily in the queue, considering what stupid comment I was going to make this time, when we suddenly realized we were in the wrong queue!! We quickly dashed to the doors and a *very* large gentlemen let us in.



*Do I look taller? It's probably because I'm floating!*

Sooner than expected, it was my turn. All I remember saying was, "I can't believe you're both here! This is SO cool!" I do remember Scott saying that it didn't happen often! As I took both their hands, I said to them as I was leaving, "You *have* to be in the film!" Scott laughed and said don't worry, they would be! I then repeated that *no really, they have to be in it!* Both Scott and Dean were wonderful!! This was a dream come true for me as I had never before been in the company of both these gentlemen at the same time. I was in heaven!!



## MEN OF A CERTAIN AGE: A RECAP OF SEASON ONE

by Maryse Worrallo

When you first watch *Men of a Certain Age*, you may think that your TV is set to the wrong format—the image seems to be cropped too tight. But no, this is a “fly on the wall” look at men between the ages of 45- and 50ish. You are eavesdropping on snippets of the lives of three men, all friends since college. Joe (Ray Romano) is a party store owner and gambler, with two children and an estranged wife; Owen (Andre Braugher) is a car salesman, happily married with three young children and a home under construction, and who also has to contend with his recently-diagnosed diabetes; and then there’s Terry (Scott), a frequently unemployed actor who lives a Peter Pan existence, with no commitments and few responsibilities.

The show opens with credits rolling over a montage of the three boys growing up, set to the musical accompaniment of the Beach Boys’ hit song, “When I Grow Up to Be a Man.” The opening is filmed in a home-movie style, with images shot through foliage, over shoulders, behind ears and at odd angles. The cuts jump abruptly from super-close-up to close-up, again to super-close, then to medium- and long-shots. It’s refreshing—as if we are snatching moments. Plus, the music is relevant and plays an integral part in setting the mood and tone of the series—a character in its own right.

### Episode One: The Pilot.

We are quickly introduced to various aspects of these guy’s lives. Joe is recently separated, lives away in a hotel room, and likes playing golf. Owen needs to exercise and is frustrated by the slow renovation of his home. And Terry? Terry is never on time, and is about as laid back as he can be without falling off his chair. As the episode unfolds, we get a little insight into what occupies the minds of these three as they drive up into the Hollywood Hills for an early morning hike. Can you lose two pounds peeing, and what should you do if you run over a possum?



*Joe, Terry, and Owen consider their next move*

The day progresses and we get to observe bits and pieces of each man’s life, as Owen deals with car sales, Joe with staff issues and Terry with spreadsheets (at his Temp job); later the guys regroup for lunch in their favorite diner—Norms—where they talk about the sort of stuff we women have always wondered about. This is where the guys let down their hair, get honest with each other, and know they can voice their opinions without losing each other’s friendship. They discuss everything from philosophy and age, to pulse rates and angry eating—and that possum.

Later in the day, Terry decides to take an “open call” over a clown class, Owen discovers that the dealership might not be kept in the family after all, and Ray attempts to get closer to his children, Lucy and Albert, as he drives them home from school.

On their next morning hike Joe mentions having met his Fantasy Woman, and along the way Owen has a diabetic seizure, resulting in a broken nose and a trip to the hospital. When quizzed, Terry and Joe are purposefully vague.

That afternoon at the Party Depot, we find out that Joe is still gambling and won’t admit to himself that it’s a problem. Terry attends the open call and in the process acquires a date with Annie (the waitress at his coffee shop) without actually having to ask. And Owen, recovering in hospital, tells his wife Melissa that he doesn’t want to go back to work at the dealership, but after her cajoling, he agrees to return, because he’s The Hulk.



*Melissa (Lisa Gay Hamilton) comforts her Hulk, Owen*

As the day draws to a close, Joe has racked up a gambling debt and is waiting to pay Burt Manfro, his bookie. Denying he has the money, Joe seems to be testing Manfro in some way. But Joe changes his mind, pays the man, and they head off together to go possum hunting. The episode concludes with a new day: Owen beats Marcus (the top salesman at the dealership) to a prospective customer, and Joe shouts at Fantasy Woman while out hiking alone.

Commercially-released music in this episode includes:

Reflections of My Life, by Marmalade, 1970,

Daydream, by Lovin' Spoonful, 1966

Takin' Care of Business, by Bachman-Turner Overdrive, 1974

Ventura Highway, by America, 1972

Out of L.A., by Jude, 1998

### Episode Two: Let It Go

Returning from their morning hike, the three guys stop at Terry's favorite coffee shop. Joe and Owen get a glimpse of Terry's new girlfriend, Annie. Will Terry have to watch all the *Twilight* movies now that he is seeing her?



*Stopping for coffee after their hike*

Leaving the shop, her age is the prime debate. As they cross the street, an SUV suddenly runs a stop sign, and Terry spills hot coffee down his shirt, an event which introduces the theme of the episode—letting things go.

Sharing breakfast at his hotel with his children seems to be a routine event in Joe's post-separation life. Later, Joe is invited to a going-away party for two of the hotel's "lifers," who are finally moving on. Maybe it's time for Joe to move on too. The workday begins at the dealership, where Owen's father replaces Owen's demo with a smaller model, too small to fit the boys' giant inflatable Hulk. Meantime, Fantasy Woman turns up at his store for balloons; while over at his temp job, Terry is bothered by his unsuccessful attempt to berate the careless driver and gets help running the SUV's license plate, while planning some "frontier justice."

At Norms the next day, Joe tells the guys about Fantasy Woman and Terry tries to recruit Joe and Owen into getting all "Billy Jack" with him over the spilled coffee. Can't he just let it slide, they ask. While Owen is at Norms with the guys, Melissa drops in at the dealership and tries to explain to Owen Senior, that their family—and Hulk—simply won't fit in the small car. That evening, beer in hand, Joe joins the going-away party, while Terry lies in wait in front of the SUV owner's home. Owen, at home, is discussing Hulk with Melissa.

The next day, Joe lets go of his marriage and places a bet. Owen explains a few things to his father; and the result is a sporty little convertible (just for the day). And Terry, having

had a *failed-Billy-Jack moment* the previous night, deals with a similar situation in a decidedly more grown-up fashion, which involves him tossing keys up onto a balcony and running like a Jack Rabbit!

The day ends with the three friends at Owen's home, watching the game in Hi-Def and slowwww-mo. Terry and Owen discover a few things about Joe they didn't know: he's moving on, and is seeing a bookie...again. As Hulk meets his untimely end, Joe needs a lift home.

Breaking Up Is Hard to Do, by Neil Sedaka, 1962

One Tin Soldier, by Coven, 1971

### Episode Three: Mind's Eye.

The episode opens with Joe and his son Albert on the golf course. Joe explains that the "mind's eye" is visualizing something before attempting to do it. There's talk about the "mile-high club" and Albert's fear of getting on a bus.



*Joe bonds with his son Albert (Braeden Lemasters) over golf*

At the dealership Marcus flexes his muscles, lecher Laurence gets a slap, and Owen makes a young woman cry after telling her she can't afford her dream car. At his temp job, boss Dave offers Terry an acting job on the side. And later at home, Owen tells Melissa he likes the dealership less and less, and she gives him a pep talk. While out for an afternoon hike, Joe tells the guys about Albert's problem with the bus; family talk ensues, with Terry advocating the single life.

Albert's made the golf team and the Mind's Eye Master makes the strike with a balloon. Owen makes his customers very happy, and Terry starts the acting job at Dave's home and realizes that perhaps there's something to family life after all. During lunch at Norms, the topic is anti-age creams, Yoga, Mind's Eye, and Terry's pretence at married life—burning wedding rings and all.

Returning to Dave's house Terry really starts to get into family life with hot dogs on the grill and a hot wife. Back at the Party Depot, Joe is losing to Luke25 at online poker, but stops long enough to have a work-related heart-to-heart with his stock boy DaShaun. Owen is fast becoming the salesman of the month and seems happy to be known as "the fat guy."

For the first tournament however, Albert still can't get on the bus, and this time the Mind's Eye doesn't help. Meanwhile Terry shares that he never had a tire swing as a kid, and it's



obvious he has baby on the brain; but he meets his “wife’s” boyfriend and is left thinking that he might be missing out. As the episode ends, Owen decides he has to go back to making young girls cry.

*Do You Know What I Mean?*, by Lee Michaels, 1971

*Willin'*, by Little Feat, 1970

#### Episode Four: The New Guy.

At Norms the guys are discussing pirates, the school fundraiser and Sonia (Joe’s soon-to-be-ex), who is seeing a new guy. As the best auctioneer the fundraiser has ever had, Terry is obligated to go. With his kids enrolled in the school, Owen *has* to go, and Joe is peeved that he wasn’t told.

As the camera work jockeys back and forth between the fundraiser and Joe’s evening, Owen learns he and Melissa are “doubling” with Sonia and the new guy. At the event, Owen isn’t sure what he’s going to talk about or which appetizers to sample, and Terry’s already on the prowl. Meanwhile Joe is at his hotel when he gets an unexpected offer from Manfro. Later as Terry dishes out the charm and the new guy puts a bid down on some Laker trivia, Joe and Manfro bond over Chinese food and head back to the hotel pool with some beer. Owen discovers something during dinner that he just can’t stomach; he seeks out Terry for advice, but Melissa has some of her own. Back at the hotel, Joe and Manfro raid the vending machine and make ape faces for the closed circuit TV. As the auction comes to a close, Terry deals with puppies and a dream vacation to Catalina. In the end, Owen confronts Sonia, and Terry decides not to take up an offer.

When morning comes, Manfro leaves Joe with a warning, while Owen goes to the hotel to tell Joe about the new guy. On returning home, Owen seeks out Melissa’s sexy cabbages, and she makes him a promise.

*Can’t You See*, by Marshall Tucker Band, 1977

#### Episode Five: Powerless.

Is it Sonia who is powerless to do anything about a boy pestering Lucy, or Owen who is without power at his home and powerless to do anything about it?

As Owen wakes to no power and learns his contractor is working without a permit, Terry wakes to find his circadian rhythms all out of whack and a dinner invite from Annie for 6pm. Arriving at the store, Joe’s told he needs more Mylar; asking for advice, he gets a story about a guinea pig. At the dealership, the salesman are told they must find The Key. Later at Norms for lunch, Owen blames Terry for the contractor problem, for always being late, and for messing around with Laura, the waitress, while seeing Annie. Joe tries to soothe Owen’s ruffled feathers by mentioning the movie *Rocky* and the “gaps” analogy. Terry makes an offer to help Owen with the lights, but that afternoon Owen tries to work things out with the city first.

As Annie waits, Terry and Owen try to restore the power and get cuffed for their efforts.



*Just trying to shine a little light on Owen’s problem*

Owen tries to enlighten Terry, telling him he needs to check himself in the mirror. Meanwhile, Joe and Albert try to decipher Lucy’s Rubik’s-Cube cellphone, and Joe and Sonia make a pact. Then back at Owen’s parents’ home and out of cuffs, Melissa encourages Owen to find The Key, as Joe has a word about gaps with Travis, the boy pestering Lucy.

Terry is given a another chance, and this time, after seizing a makeshift bicycle ride, he’s only *three* minutes late.



*Joe plays “Rocky” on his jukebox,  
and back at City Hall, Owen finds The Key!*

*Going the Distance*(from the movie *Rocky*), by Bill Conti, 1976

#### Episode Six: Go With the Flow.

Dori, a lovely brunette, is tapping on the bathroom door, while Joe is locked inside after having gone with the flow.

Cutting to Norms for breakfast, we are about to flash back and forth as Joe sits with a cut under his eye and relates a tale to Owen involving himself, Terry and a hot date, Dori. The tale begins with weights, dentists, going with the flow and e-mailing from the store, as Terry arrives—late again—for breakfast. Joe’s story continues, he’s e-mailing and going with the flow. When he lets freedom reign, could his cashier Maria have seen? The guys lean forward, interested, and Terry explains the paradox of Schrödinger’s Cat. Joe forges ahead. At Albert’s little league game, Joe is torn between

helping Albert save face (a leg cramp does the trick) and arranging a time and place with Dori. Don't forget the part about the supermarket, Terry advises. Joe says that when he returned to the party store, Maria asked for a staff discount for her sister's party, but do the guys think this was a shakedown? Then, stopping by before the date, Melissa changes Joe's wardrobe and gets hot with Owen.

By now the guys have finished breakfast, but they have to hear the end of the story: at dinner everything is going well, when honesty intrudes. But leaving the restaurant, did he really ask what she's cooking him for breakfast? The story continues: back at Dori's house, a backyard basketball hoop and a game of Horse could decide a kiss. As things heat up, Joe tries "just looking" and ends up in the bathroom, feigning a leg cramp, but with a very-real cut under his eye. The story ends with a little "give" and "take" and the crucial word "more." Owen has to get home, Terry has Yoga, and Joe? Joe has no blood in his brain, as he heads to his store.

As Dori flirts with Joe in his store, Maria tells Carlos she's relieved.

This Magic Moment, by The Drifters, 1960

It's So Nice to Be With You, Gallery, 1972

### Episode Seven: Father's Day.

Having been interrupted by the latest dealership commercial, Melissa decides Owen's father needs reminding who his son is.

During breakfast at Norms, the talk is about sex, fathers and The Big Brother Organization. Later, Joe takes his kids to visit his father, Artie, who is retired from his own hardware business; the visit is strained. Terry meanwhile, cooks lunch for Annie and has to contend with some disappointing news. As Owen confronts his father about the commercial, other people are confronting his mother.



Joe and his dad (Robert Loggia) make some plans

The next day, Joe takes his dad for a walk and ends up recruiting him for the Party Depot. Under duress from all fronts, Owen Senior decides to re-shoot the commercial, much to Owen's horror and Marcus's frustration. Terry seeks reasons for his rejection at the Organization. Was it because of a pen? Artie puts in a full day at the Party Depot, then helps Joe buy a wrench and proves to the super-size

hardware store that he's worth his weight in pipes. Still seeking reasons, Terry confronts his boss Dave, and later at Norms, gets reassurance from Owen. Terry reciprocates by giving Owen advice, and during the re-shoot, Owen tries... and tries... and tries.

Finally Melissa is happy and gets sexy with a television star, while Uncle Terry gets all 3-D with the boys and returns the pen.

Mr. Big Stuff, by Jewel Bass, 1971

Own Thing, by The Dynamites,

Good Man, by King Straggler, 2008

### Episode Eight: You Gonna Do That the Rest of Your Life?

Owen's two sons worry he's eating too much. Then later at Terry's apartment complex, Joe and Owen are waiting to go hiking, as they discover that Terry found the dead body of the building manager.

Three days later, while having breakfast at Norms, Terry surprises Joe and Owen by inviting them to his house-warming party; he's moved into that larger rent-free apartment, now that he is building manager. Back at the Party Depot, Joe says he is a "scratch golfer" and Manfro gets upset; later Manfro offers an apology via a tee time at Riverton Pines, a private country club.



Joe introduces Dori (Sarah Clarke) at Terry's party

That evening Terry holds his house-warming party. Joe brings Dori, Owen enjoys the cooking, and Terry's guests meet Annie and discover that their host has no real plans for his life.

The following morning, Terry soon discovers that there's more to being a building manager than he had thought, with locks, clotheslines and dumpsters on his agenda. Meanwhile, Joe is on the links enjoying some golf as Manfro proposes a "little" bet with his friends. And Owen wakes to find that his son Jamie has gone missing. Finding the boy, Owen realizes just how much his health is a concern to his family. As the day progresses, Terry tries to reduce his responsibilities as building manager, and on the golf course, Joe isn't playing very well—until a pair of Asian gentlemen lose a ball—then we see exactly what the term *scratch golfer* really means.

Owen tries to make excuses to Jamie and Melissa, as Manfro tries to get Joe to enter the senior tour.



After a trip to the gym, Terry decides to turn the lights on—everywhere—and discovers the satisfaction of it all.

*Getting cozy with Annie (Carla Gallo)*

So, once again practicing chip shots in the storeroom, Joe decides if he gets ten in a row, he'll join the senior tour, as Carlos leaves laughing.

*Draggin' the Line*, by Tommy James, 1971

**Episode Nine: How to Be an All-Star**

At Norms, the talk is of sexual encounters, including which of them holds the record and what Owen looks like naked.

On the beach, Annie is learning to surf and Terry makes a serious offer to teach her himself. Meanwhile Joe is giving Dori a tour of his hotel room, when there's a call from Albert's school; at the school, Joe has a conversation with Sonia about buying a house, which she informs him better be more than a mile away. At the dealership, all the salesmen are "on the run" from a guy with the "perfectly messed-up look," and Owen's All-Star father ends up in the hospital telling Owen that Marcus will take the lead.

While visiting an open-house, Joe makes a very risky bet. Terry's bought something expensive for Annie, as he chooses the blue one over the red for a film premiere that evening. After the film, the star, Bobby Nyland, reunites with T-Bag (Terry), which results in a job offer... after a fashion. In another part of town, Joe's risk leads him to Gamblers Anonymous, but not for long as the risk pays off.

The following week, Terry heads to Sausalito for the film shoot, as Owen helps Joe move in. Finding out about Joe's bet, Dori is concerned. When Terry arrives on the set of *Tijuana 7*, he discovers no one runs lines and no one understands about "blocking"; the film needs help. Dawn in 3B, back in L.A., calls about the plumbing, and Terry lets Annie down again. Meanwhile, Owen goes to Scarpulla, the opposition, for a job.

In his new home, Joe waits for a call as he plays Wii tennis with Albert.

*I Shall Be Released*, by Bob Dylan, 1967

**Episode Ten: Back in the S#!t!**

Joe and Albert are enjoying a barbeque at the new home when Manfro shows up.

Back in Sausalito, Terry is heading home when Bobby asks him to help on the next movie. But arriving at his apartment, Terry discovers he has been locked out, and later gets a roasting from his landlord. Meantime, at the dealership

Marcus is rolling heads, while Owen is turning heads at Scarpulla Chevrolet, which leaves Melissa waiting to cut his mother's birthday cake.

Back at the party store Joe is paying bills and has some hard decisions to make, while Owen is struggling to find some family time. Once more back in his apartment, Terry is trying to figure out his new cellphone when he gets a visit from Elissa—who was supposed to handle the tenants while he was gone. Where he ends up, however, takes him by surprise, and during a trip to the coffee shop, he discovers what Annie now thinks of him. At work, Joe gets a visit from Sonia, and is told a few home truths.



Terry reluctantly is back in the shit again and gets an even bigger disappointment. That evening, during a trip to the cinema, Joe realizes his gambling habit is not helping his son. Owen gets a visit from his father at Scarpulla's with a surprising result.

◀ *Terry in charge*

The season ends as it began, with Joe and Owen waiting for Terry to appear, so that they can all go for a morning hike.



Once on the trail, Joe acknowledges Fantasy Woman, and Joe and Owen have some suggestions to help Terry get real.

So, as Owen returns to his father's dealership in his new position, he introduces the "professionally charming" new guy. And back on the golf course, Joe tells Albert he's given up gambling and decided to try for the senior tour—just before hitting a duck.

*Vehicle*, by Ides of March, 1970

In addition to the commercially-available music listed above, it must be mentioned that original scoring for the series is provided by Emmy-award winner W.G. Snuffy Walden, who has worked on such notable series as *I'll Fly Away*, *My So-called Life*, and *The West Wing*, and is currently composing for quite a few current series, including *Friday Night Lights*.

*Photos courtesy TNT.tv – Screen captures by Pippa Parry*

**SCOTT BAKULA'S PERFORMANCE IN  
GUYS AND DOLLS IN CONCERT at the HOLLYWOOD BOWL 2009**

By Anita Balestino

As we left off:

Seeing no way out of the impasse created by Lt. Brannigan's intrusive appearance at the proposed crap game, but moreover by Benny's reckless ploy of portraying the assembly of high rollers as a bachelor dinner, Nathan reluctantly but good-naturedly agrees to elope with Adelaide. All the gamblers voice their wholehearted approval and shout cheerfully, "Speech! Speech!"

### Everlovin' Adelaide

As Nathan hesitantly prepares to embark upon his address, the orchestra strikes a strong, fateful sounding chord of introduction. In the silence of the sustained pause that follows, he turns his head and looks over his shoulder to far right, his eyes narrowing in an anxious, very uncomfortable squint. At the same time, he uses his left hand to fidget briefly with the flap of his jacket pocket, then spreads that hand out and places it flat against the front of his hip, clearly bracing himself for the ordeal that lies ahead. His first note matching the pitch of that imposing chord, he sings, "Unaccustomed as I am to gettin' married," as he pulls his brows into a worried frown and winces apprehensively at the words "gettin' married." He spares a quick glance over his other shoulder for Adelaide before he turns away and sidles a few furtive steps closer to Benny. As Nathan moves sideways, he sings, "I am takin' this occasion here to say," and lifts one fist close to his chest, then gives it a quick, vigorous pump, ostensibly to steel himself for the impending speech. But Nathan discloses his real intent by covertly aiming that fist shake and a brief, threatening glare at the little henchman whose bachelor dinner ruse got him into this fix.

These opening phrases sound clipped and choppy—an accurate reflection of Nathan's acute distress at finding himself, unwittingly, so close to matrimony. Walking several more steps past his little sidekick, he nervously clenches and unclenches his other hand into a fist at his side, before turning to face his future bride. He backs up a still-jittery step or two, then marshals his fortitude and begins to sing in a full, rich, lyrical voice, "That me and Adelaide..." When Nathan sings her name, an audible, melting tenderness pervades his tone and he sweeps off his hat in a broad, fluid arc like a loving salute. Completing the thought he sings, "...are finally naming the day," and thrusts his arms out to each side with a vigorous flourish to accent the word "finally." The suddenly powerful resonance of his voice gives this phrase the sound of a resolute, triumphant proclamation. But altering the mood of his song again, Nathan walks back to stand before Adelaide, hat held humbly in his hand, and sings in an intimate, deferential tone, "Though she knows deep in her

heart..." Now looking intently into her eyes and letting the tough-guy façade fall away, he nods his head several times to admit the truth of this confession and sings, "...I'm a phony and I'm a fake." With that, he makes an abrupt move to cross behind her and stride toward Big Jule. Raising his outstretched hand up to the big man, Nathan emphasizes with renewed energy and vigor, "She wants five children to start." He leans confidentially toward the towering gambler and allows, "Five's a difficult point to make," as he also reaches out an open hand and turns it delicately back and forth at the wrist, wincing slightly and hunching his shoulders a little to demonstrate the finesse required to achieve such a feat.

Nathan then turns away from Big Jule and back toward his lady, as if being drawn to her by some irresistible bond, and at the same time intones a slow, eloquent, "But..." Clutching his hat by the crown and holding it close to his body, almost over his heart, he strolls back to her and serenades her with dotting affection as he sings, "Adelaide, Adelaide..." He gestures toward her with his free hand upturned, then glides it slightly downward to signify the whole of her form and continues, "...Ever-lovin' Adelaide..." at the same time expressively retarding the tempo of that phrase and suffusing the words with unmistakable ardor and relish. His hat still in one hand, the other open hand held out to his lady, he points toward her with a scooping motion of pride and pleasure and sings, "...is takin' a chance on me." Now holding his hat loosely in both hands, he takes a couple of steps closer to her as he adds, "Takin' a chance I'll be respectable and nice." While investing the last part of this phrase with conspicuous dignity, he draws his body formally upright and affects a lofty frown to personify the word "respectable."



*"...Ever-lovin' Adelaide...is takin' a chance on me"*

Then leaning his torso back to summon more power, he adopts an expression of astonishment at the notion he conveys, but stretches both arms out wide, as if actually discarding these enduring vices, and sings, "Give up cards

and dice..." He finishes, "...and go for shoes and rice," and at the same time bends his knees slightly to bring himself almost down to her height, sweeps a pointed index finger in an upward arc from a low point at his side to an apex near her chin, and perfectly times the unhurried movement to match the cadence of his phrase. All the while, he keeps his sparkling eyes locked on hers in an expressive look that acknowledges the significant meaning those words have for her alone.

At the start of the second verse, Nathan turns away from Adelaide and takes a rhythmic stroll toward the group of gamblers and the still suspicious Brannigan at right. As he walks, he places his hat back on his head and gives the brim a jaunty tweak, singing with affable self-possession, "So gentlemen deal me out. Do not try to feel me out." He comes to an abrupt stop right in front of Brannigan, holds both open, upturned hands out low in front of him, and draws his eyebrows up into an astounded question mark, at the same time shrugging his shoulders in an elaborate gesture of helplessness and singing, "I got no more evenings free." He warms his tone with a lovely note of longing and extends the note in a meaningful pause as he sings, "Since..." Then he turns back to face the lady again, walks a step closer to her, and plants his feet in a wide stance. Stretching both arms out to her at shoulder height, his hands a few inches apart, he points to her with all five extended fingers of one hand and sings, "...Adelaide..." Without separating his hands, he turns both palms up to gesture toward her again and repeats, "...Adelaide..." this time inserting an ardent little chuckle into the musical syllables of her name to suggest the overwhelming affection she stirs in him. Then he spreads both arms wide, tilts up his chin, and adds the crowning endearment, "...Ever-lovin' Adelaide," in a resounding, rapturous tone. Now holding both arms out to her imploringly, he strolls a couple of steps closer and sings, "Is takin' a chance..." But he stops abruptly, putting on the brakes with both feet, before he whirls in the other direction, leans back to look up at Big Jule, and adds confidentially, "Talk about your long shots..." Finally in flawless rhythm with the music, Nathan ambles several long steps back to Adelaide and holds both hands out to her again, inviting her to place her hands in his, looking into the depths of her eyes and finishing triumphantly, "...Takin' a chance on me."

Almost as soon as Adelaide places her hands into Nathan's outstretched palms, he pulls his eyes away from her and looks back over one shoulder in surprise at a voice that interrupts their union. From the left, Lt. Brannigan calls out his congratulations to Nathan and strides heavily across the stage toward the right exit. As Brannigan passes the couple, he negates those good wishes by adding with intentional disdain, "I hope there's nothing in heredity." At that gibe, Nathan abruptly releases Adelaide's hands and snatches his hat off his head. He chases Brannigan across the stage in a fury with headlong, outraged steps, lifting and swinging his hat backward like a bludgeon and threatening to pummel the cop with it. But Nathan obviously reconsiders that rash act

and restrains himself, letting his arm fall to his side just before the policeman leaves the stage. As Nathan's anger subsides, he holds the hat in both hands, glances down at it a little dourly, and adjusts the crease in its crown. But now surrendering to his deeper amorous feelings, he turns back to the lady again and takes one long step toward her, then leans his upper body in her direction and sings in a warmly romantic, slow and tender tone, "Adelaide, Adelaide..." In that moment, Nathan's voice, his face, even his bearing all express exquisite yearning for his bride-to-be. But unexpectedly the gentlemen gamblers chime in to help him finish the phrase and sing, "...Ever-lovin' Adelaide..." Their sudden, stirring chorus not only makes Nathan jump back in surprise, it also causes the lady in question to twirl around toward them in amazement and squeal with joy.

But Adelaide soon turns back to Nathan as he continues the solo verse again. He stretches his arms out wide, truly exulting in the lyrics and sings, "Is takin' a chance on me." From right of center, he takes a few long, rhythmic strides back to her, at the same time replacing his hat at its dashing angle and singing, "Takin' a chance I'll be respectable and nice..." As he arrives in front of her to sing the last two words "and nice," he raises both hands in front of him with the palms turned out, pats the air twice in perfect tempo with the syncopated notes, and nods his head agreeably toward her. With those little gestures, he seems to reassure her, signaling *It's okay. You can trust me. I'm not dangerous.* But now Benny crudely interrupts the verse again. With a backhanded slap to the middle of Nathan's back, the little man sings the next phrase like a question: "Give up cards and dice?" Nathan responds immediately by turning his head over his shoulder and making a quick, disdainful grimace at Benny. While the smaller man continues to sing, Nathan takes a step to the side, plants his feet apart contemptuously, then draws his head back and shakes it from side to side in disbelief and scorn at Benny's actions. No sooner does that interruption end than Harry the Horse breaks in with another one. Although Nathan starts to mouth the word "and," Harry preempts the phrase and completes it from the other side of the stage, "And go for shoes and rice." At this point, Nathan crosses behind Adelaide and begins to stroll over to the group of gamblers at left and continue his song. Giving them a cocky and carefree salute, he brushes his hand along the brim of his hat with a snap and sings, "So gentlemen, deal me out." Still walking towards the gamblers, he holds up his hands with the palms turned out, gestures toward them like a signal to halt, and sings, "Do not try to feel me out." Now Nathan stops in front of the group and makes a big, theatrical, opening gesture: he takes an emphatic, wide-legged stance and sweeps his right arm across his chest to the left side, stretching his left arm out in that same direction; then he inhales a capacious breath and opens his mouth wide, all in preparation for really belting out the next phrase. But just as he begins to form the word "I..." the gamblers chime in again with gusto, "You got no more evenings free." His grand flourish rudely interrupted, Nathan closes his mouth

in frustration, purses his lips, and grimaces with annoyance, glaring first over one shoulder and then the other, at the crapshooters who appropriated his line. But he still manages to add his own distinctive postscript to the end of the phrase. Standing in front of the group with legs still widespread to generate vocal power, he draws his upper body taller and lays one hand flat across the front of his waist like an orator preparing to speak. He raises the other hand out to the front, the forefinger and thumb pressed together as if gripping a pencil, then sketches a wavy, make-believe line in the air and extends that line all the way out to the side, as if canceling out some invisible string of writing. At the same time he announces augustly, **"You may scratch me,"** his commanding tone, haughty air, and incongruously cultured diction all at comical odds with the racing parlance he uses to couch the order.

Now launching into the last verse, Nathan simply rotates his head to the right, opens his lightly clenched fingers, and turns up the palm of that outstretched hand to indicate his intended lady as he sings, **"Since Adelaide..."** He swivels around to face her, points to her again by turning the palm of that outstretched hand down, and repeats, **"...Adelaide..."** Finally he removes his other hand from where it has remained at his waist and extends both arms fully out to the sides, then leans his upper body back and sings in a thrilling, exultantly powerful tone, **"...Ever-lovin' Adelaide..."** He takes two rhythmic steps closer to her and continues, **"...is takin' a chance..."** Once again he inserts the astonished comment, **"...Talk about your long shots,"** and at the same time performs an elegant little soft-shoe step: facing the front and keeping his center of gravity low so that he seems to skim over the ground like a skater, he takes a cadenced step to the right and another step to the left, with legs widely separated; he does a *ball change* with one foot behind the other; finally he brings the back foot out to the front and springs forward in a wide lunge, balancing there with his opposite leg raised and angled behind him. Now strolling toward Adelaide again, he extends his arms and repeats, **"...is takin a chance..."** But he comes to an abrupt stop and decisively plants his feet apart, then takes in a deep breath and finishes with even more vibrant power, **"...on me."** As he sustains the dynamic sound of that last note, he reprises the little soft-shoe routine with great élan, this time enhancing the step with a jump/shuffle/ball-change/lunge combination. Incredibly he continues to hold the note as he walks a



couple of steps closer to Adelaide, arms outstretched and hands open in invitation. Approaching her at last, he grasps her hands in his and guides her a few steps backward, before he pulls her toward him and flings her arms onto his shoulders. Finally, while even

now sustaining the full, rich resonance of that last tone, he summons yet more breath support to also wrap his arms around her waist, arch his back, and lift her completely off the ground, causing her to squeal again with delight. After Nathan concludes that last powerful note, he supports Adelaide in the air for another moment with his arms wrapped snugly around her and pats her waist lovingly. Then he kisses her gently on the lips and finally sets her back on her feet.

When the applause for Nathan's serenade fades, Adelaide moves out of his embrace, but then scurries back to him again and exclaims in a breathless rush, **"Nathan, darling, I've got so many things to do before we elope."** Holding one arm out to encircle her waist again, Nathan lowers his head and looks into her eyes with an expression of concern in his own. He opens his mouth to make some soothing reply, but finds no space to do so amid her shower of words. Because with barely a pause for air, Adelaide hastens to ask, **"Will you be at the Hot Box tomorrow night after the show?"** as she backs away toward stage right. With a deep nod of assurance, Nathan follows her for a few steps, holds both hands out to her, and promises, **"Yeah, yeah, I'll have a table reserved..."** Stopping when she stops, Nathan now rests one hand at the front of his waist, reaches the other hand toward her, and continues, **"...and I'll be all dressed up in ... whatever you elope in."** He waves his outstretched hand in a couple of vague circles to accompany the word **"whatever,"** mutely conceding that he has no idea what kind of attire the occasion requires. Even so, Nathan's words fill Adelaide with joy. She steps closer to him, throws her arms around his neck, and exults, **"Oh Nathan, I'm so happy."** Responding with an indulgent, affectionate smile, Nathan wraps his arms tenderly around her and holds her close. But Adelaide quickly scampers a few steps away and gives voice to another troubling thought: **"Gee, I ought to wire my mother, only what'll I wire her?"** Nathan watches her closely as she walks away, concern evident on his face, his arms raised in a loose circle as if they still held her within. For a moment he lifts his head, gazes out toward the front of the stage, and purses his lips in an extravagant, comic show of concentration. Turning his head to look at Adelaide again, he lifts his chin and responds in a clipped, succinct, decisive tone, **"Send her a telegram; date it back."** Vigorously emphasizing the word **"back,"** he gestures behind him with his thumb over one shoulder and adds a sharp, backward jerk of his head to drive home the point. Now Adelaide moves closer to Nathan again and answers in a sly tone, **"I better wait 'til we have five children."** Then she seductively thrusts one hip into his side and concludes with alluring innuendo, **"It won't take us long."** Nathan stumbles backward a couple of steps at the shock of this intimate contact. He forms a silent **"oh"** with his mouth and stares at her with dumbstruck, but decidedly not displeased amazement. Then Adelaide makes her exit, waving and calling out, **"Bye, Fellas,"** as she walks away to the right with a sexy strut and aims a come-hither look over her shoulder. Nathan thoroughly enjoys watching her go, cocking his



head at a lascivious angle and leaning to one side with an indolent, supple movement. He follows her for a few, mesmerized steps, as he curls one arm behind his back and slides the opposite hand into his pocket with a slow, lazy, fluid motion that evokes a breathtaking aura of sensuality.

From far stage left, Harry now exclaims, “Nathan, Nathan, you are indeed a lucky fellow. A most beautiful doll, indeed.” At the sound of Harry’s remark, Nathan walks backward for several steps, seemingly reluctant to take his eyes from Adelaide’s departing figure. But finally he turns to face the gamblers. As if to dispel the lingering memory of her exit, he briefly adjusts his hat, then rubs his upper lip with the knuckle of his index finger, all the while keeping the other hand slipped neatly into his pocket. Harry turns to Big Jule and asks, “Don’t you agree, Big Jule?” But instead of commenting on Adelaide’s beauty, the huge man addresses Nathan with a question, “Tell me, how long you know the doll?” Nathan tosses his thumb back over his shoulder again to indicate the spot where Adelaide made her exit and responds with comic understatement and perfect timing, “Fourteen yeahrs.” Smoothly he places that hand flat against the front of his waist with what looks to be a smug air of pride. At that, Big Jule turns his back and begins to walk away toward the left exit, grumbling loudly in a deep, exasperated voice, “Let’s shoot crap.” Observing the big man’s irritated reaction, Nathan moves the hand at his waist and merely turns it palm upward in a small, subtle pantomime that implies the question *what’s wrong with that answer?* or *what’s bothering him?* This slight but eloquent gesture produces an outsize comic effect, enhancing the improbability of Nathan’s fourteen-year engagement to Adelaide and amplifying the audience’s laughter. Motionless in that bewildered posture and with an equally baffled expression on his face, Nathan watches Big Jule and the other gamblers exit at left.

Just then, Benny dashes in front of Nathan and insists in a tone of dire urgency, “Nathan, you’d better find a place.” Nathan leans forward, anxiously shakes his open hand at the little man, and agrees, “I know,” in a deep voice that sounds both pressured and ominous. Pulling his other hand from his pocket, he crosses in front of Benny and strides with brisk, purposeful steps toward the line of retreating gamblers and the left exit. “But what can I do?” Nathan asks in a frustrated and futile tone, then nervously swipes at his upper lip and concludes, “The money from Sky ain’t come yet.” Trying to match Nathan’s long strides, Benny almost has to run behind his boss. With the back of his hand, the little fellow slaps Nathan sharply on the back and objects, “Well what if it don’t come?” That thought stops Nathan in his tracks. He rounds sharply on Benny, as the little crony laments, “What if he took her to Havana?” Nathan counters forcefully, “He couldn’t have!” drawling out his words in a nearly melodic timbre and investing them with heavy disdain, his low-pitched, thrumming, categorical inflection underlining the utter absurdity of such a suggestion. At the same time he vigorously thrusts both arms up and out to the sides with his palms turned up for emphasis, then lets them drop

with equal force and slap the sides of his legs in exasperation. But after a second thought, Nathan’s conviction wavers noticeably. In a quieter tone that is suddenly tentative and uncertain, he implores, “How could he?” His arms hang slack at his sides, but he turns just his palms upward in a plea for the other man’s encouraging response. However, Benny merely puts the fingers of one hand to his closed lips and makes a worried, fidgety, humming sound that seems to heighten both men’s anxiety. Nathan is furious now. He takes a hasty, combative step toward Benny, then abruptly stops his forward motion by braking hard with his other foot. Shaking his angled hand almost directly into the little man’s face with aggravated insistence, Nathan shouts, “She *couldn’t* a gone!” his tone harsh, angry and vehement, but clearly sounding undertones of desperation and panic. With that, he turns on his heel and tramps away toward the left exit, as his little accomplice follows fretfully, the lights fade, and the scene ends.

### Raid on the Mission

It is four o’clock in the morning. Sky and Miss Sarah, just back from Havana, linger outside the Mission trading confidences and serenading each other in the quiet of the pre-dawn street. Without warning, two piercing blasts from a police whistle shatter the intimate reverie of their moment. Punctuated by those repeated shrill whistles and later by police sirens, the orchestra plays a Mack Sennett-esque rendition of “Fugue for Tinhorns.”



Crapshooters begin to run out of the mission. First one or two at a time, then knots of players pour out the door *en masse*, all fleeing from Lt. Brannigan and his men. Mayhem ensues. Some make a dash for the left exit; others run directly for the exit at right. Brannigan runs in circles, apparently trying to chase both groups at once. Just then, Nathan bursts out of the mission and runs toward the left, his suit jacket hanging precariously from one arm. Big Jule bellows, “Wait a minute! I am losing ten G’s.” Although Nathan pays no attention to the big man’s cry, he inexplicably stops short, reverses direction, and scrambles back toward the right, simultaneously grasping his hat by the crown and securing it in place on his head. Every few steps, but without reducing speed, Nathan stoops down, first as if to pick up something from the ground (likely his winnings), then to duck under the outstretched arm of a uniformed cop, and finally to avoid Brannigan’s grasp. Reaching the far right of the stage,

Nathan makes a big, sweeping, circular arm movement, rounding up the remaining gamblers and waving them on toward the left. Meanwhile, Sky shouts out indignantly, "What the hell is this?" but no one answers. In the turmoil, Nathan reverses field again and sprints to the left, wrestling his dangling jacket over his back and shrugging into the other sleeve as he runs. When Nathan reaches center stage, Sky again yells, "Hey! What is this?" and buttonhooks Nathan by linking elbows with him, hoping to stop his fleeing friend as he races by. But Nathan keeps running at top speed and ends up being unwittingly whipped around in a complete circle, his free arm extended straight out to the side as a counterbalance to the centrifugal force that propels him. After one revolution, Sky releases his hold on Nathan's elbow, and the amassed momentum launches Nathan off toward the left exit at full throttle. But before he bolts off stage, Nathan shouts back without turning his head, "Canasta!" in a mocking, adrenaline-fueled response to Sky's earlier questions. (This farcical, little sketch not only showcased Scott's deft command of physical comedy, it also provided an explicit example of the astonishing speed at which he is actually capable of running. Extraordinary in both cases!)

Along with Nathan, the last of the crapshooters and policemen disappear into the wings, leaving an outmaneuvered Lt. Brannigan alone onstage with Sky and Miss Sarah. "Arghhh," he groans, "Someone must have tipped them off." Then addressing his comments to Sarah, he remarks, "I seen a lot of strange things in my time, but this is the first time I ever seen a floating crap game going full blast in a *Mission*." Sarah is shocked. This news causes her to question and eventually break off her developing relationship with Sky. When he asks her with bitter annoyance, "What the hell kind of doll are you, anyway?" she shouts back at him fiercely, "I'm a Mission doll!" and the scene ends.

### The Lowdown, Dirty Crap Game



The ensemble of male dancers is just concluding a spectacular performance of "The Crapshooters' Dance." Watching the dancers, Nathan, along with Benny, Harry, Big Jule, and the other gamblers all lounge at various spots around the stage. A huge cylindrical pipe dominates the orchestra platform above center stage, representing a conduit to the sewer system that runs deep beneath city streets.

Ejected from the Mission and hounded by the cops, Nathan and the gamblers have been driven underground to continue their crap game. As the applause for the dancers begins to fade, Nathan rises from a bench on the platform and moves forward, stumbling with what seems like exhaustion. He holds a sheaf of bills in one hand and descends the platform steps with a ragged gait that looks as if his legs aren't quite up to the task of supporting him. With no hesitation he begins to head for the right exit. Likewise, the dancers and other gamblers straggle off toward various other exits, all intent on leaving. But Big Jule stops them and roars indignantly, "Wait a minute. Where you all going? I came here to shoot crap." Nathan reluctantly halts his progress and turns back toward the huge man, casting off his lassitude as he turns and stretching both arms wide. "Well, Big Jule, you see..." he begins, in a determinedly buoyant, ringing voice that is worthy of a toastmaster. "...the boys are slightly fatigued from weariness," he maintains and thrusts his head and upper body forward with arms still outstretched to emphasize the word "weariness." After the briefest pause, he continues with affable vehemence, "...having been shooting crap for quite a long while now," as he turns toward the cluster of gamblers beside him with his arms still spread wide and nods his head several times to solicit their corroboration. Then he completes his formal-sounding announcement in a sharper tone that lets slip a hint of bitterness, "...namely twenty-four hours." Nathan curves one outstretched arm around to the front with a sweeping movement and makes four small, rhythmic waves with the bills he holds in that hand, highlighting each syllable of "twenty-four hours." In addition, he gives added weight to the last word by sharply pitching his upper body forward and causing his tone of voice to plummet conclusively. However, Big Jule roars, "I do not care who is tired. I am out twenty-five G's so nobody leaves."



Big Jule roars, "I am out twenty-five G's so nobody leaves."

Nathan begins to walk purposefully toward the big man and voice his protest, but stops in mid-stride when Jule pulls back his lapel to reveal the gun in his shoulder holster. Nathan freezes for a moment, then leans his upper body backward with clear aversion and takes a step to the rear. He spreads out his arms, low and wide with palms turned up, conceding the point to the revolver and pleading with the huge man to bridle his threat of force.

Big Jule now demands the dice from Nathan and

announces, "I'm shooting five hundred." Without further comment, Nathan reaches into his coat pocket and places the dice in the big man's palm, then backs slowly away. The other gamblers grudgingly drop their wagers into the pot—an upside-down hat—as one gambler groans, "I'm half dead." But Big Jule orders, "Shut up," and rolls the dice. With two long strides, Nathan moves toward the big man and leans his upper body forward to examine the dice on the ground. "And it's a one and a one. Snake eyes! You lose," Nathan announces, his resonant voice falling steeply with the last two words to symbolize the loss. Nevertheless he moves sideways toward the pot with dispatch. Taking a broad step forward, he leans over that leg and extends the opposite foot out for balance, as he picks up his winnings from the hat and observes jauntily, "And fifty dollars for the house." He walks a few steps closer to Big Jule now, crouches down to gather up the dice, and hands them to the big man, declaring, "But the dice are still yours..." Nathan turns his back to the huge gambler and strolls away from him, raising his arms expansively out to the sides and proclaiming in the rousing but unmistakably false tone of a carnival huckster, "...and your luck is bound to..." Once more Big Jule brutishly bellows, "Shut up." Affronted, Nathan stops short and drops his arms. He turns his head over one shoulder, but avoids making eye contact, then waits with his back turned deliberately to the big man. Big Jule announces he will roll "Another five," which prompts Benny to call with no enthusiasm whatsoever, "Two hundred more." As the gamblers put their wagers in the pot, Nathan walks in a small circle to face them, slapping his feet down with reluctance and letting his arms swing indifferently. Taking hold of his hat brim with a thumb and forefinger, he eases and readjusts the position of his hat, then steps to the side and stamps his other foot down with seeming impatience. His stance wide, he holds his body with careless ease and tilts his shoulders at an audacious angle to wait for Big Jule's roll. "Haaah!" Big Jule shouts and throws the dice. Nathan takes a long step forward, balances on one leg with the opposite one stretched out behind him, and leans over to look at the dice. "And - snake eyes again," he announces, his droning, sardonic inflection sounding a note of inevitability. As Benny calls out with a conspicuous lack of sympathy, "Tough luck, Big Jule," Nathan strides to the pot and crouches down to retrieve his cut, then takes another big step forward and bends over that foot to scoop up his dice. Meanwhile, Big Jule declares, "Well, that cleans me."

Nathan turns his back to the big man and walks downstage with long, decisive steps, his head bent over the wad of bills in his hand as he puts them in order. Assuming the game is finished, Nathan slips the dice into his coat pocket with his free hand, just as Big Jule announces, "But I ain't through yet. I will now play on credit." Once again Nathan halts in mid-stride. Lifting his head sharply in alarm, he pauses for a moment and stares straight ahead to grasp the implication of the big man's pronouncement, but then turns around to face him. "You see, Big Jule," Nathan begins in an affable, conciliatory

tone. He turns toward the gathering of gamblers at his side as he continues, "The boys are all pretty tired." Now with only the slightest pause, he turns back to the big man and stretches his arms out to either side. His legs spread apart, Nathan leans his upper body backward and tilts his hips forward in a cocksure stance. Transferring his weight from one foot to the other with inflated bravado, he asserts, "Of course me personally..." With a short chuckle, an affirmative nod of his head, and a great deal of bluster, he continues, "...Heh, I am fresh as a daisy." He jerks his outstretched arms higher with a quick, upward thrust on the word "fresh" to display his purportedly unflagging energy. Next he swings one shoulder and arm around toward Big Jule, aims the hand that holds the sheaf of bills at the big man, and takes in a deep, preparatory breath, intending to elaborate further on his hollow boast. But the huge man stops Nathan before he can utter a word. "Then I will play with you," Jule declares with overbearing stubbornness. Nathan asks, "Me?" a dubious tone of consternation in his voice and the wind knocked out of his swagger, as he pulls his outstretched arms back in to his sides and takes a faltering step backward. Big Jule responds threateningly, "Yeah, you," then alleges in a more reasonable voice that Nathan has "been raking down out of every pot" and "must have by now quite a bundle." Nathan's spine seems to stiffen at that remark, and he moves a couple of intrepid steps closer to the huge man. "Well, being as how I assume the risk," Nathan replies with conviction and more than a hint of rancor, "it is only fair that I should assume... some dough." After a significant pause, he scathingly emphasizes the words "some dough," as he makes an extravagant curving motion with one outstretched arm, leaning over sideways, arcing the arm across his body, and pointing down to the opposite side with the hand that holds his money. But he immediately rebounds from that side-angled position, pulls himself upright, and returns his arm to his side. Then as if daring the big man to dispute his right to the money, Nathan leans slightly in the other direction with a cocky air, tilts his head defiantly to that side, and fixes the big man with a contentious stare.



However Nathan's brash display doesn't dissuade Big Jule in the least. He warns, "Detroit, I am going to roll you Willy or Nillie. If I lose, I will give you my marker." But neither do the big man's words intimidate Nathan. He takes a step forward, confronting the other man literally

toe to toe, then shifts his weight combatively from side to side and tilts his head and upper body back to meet the huge man's eyes head-on. Now Nathan proposes his own question. Dipping his head in a single deep nod and at the same time thrusting his hands out to each side with the palms turned up to underline his question, he asks, "And if I lose?" He tilts his head back again, stares up at Big Jule expectantly, and waits for his answer. But it is Harry who responds, cutting in with a callous, obstinate decree, "You will give him cash." At that, Nathan glances away from Big Jule and turns an intent look on Harry, who stands on the big man's left side. "Let me hear it from Big Jule," Nathan snaps back, insistently nodding his head several times at Harry, but jabbing his index finger repeatedly toward Big Jule. Nathan turns that intent look back to the huge gambler, tips his head back to encounter the other man's eyes, and waits attentively for his word. "You will give me cash," Big Jule repeats with menacing severity. In a compliant, almost genial voice that nonetheless plunges with absolute finality, Nathan responds, "Now I hear it." At the same time, he inclines his head in a deep, decisive nod that immediately merges into a sharp rotation away from the huge gambler. Nathan moves a step further downstage and glances off toward the right, his mouth slanted in a scornful grimace as a silent comment on Jule's blatant *dishonesty* among thieves. Then bending his head low over his winnings, Nathan shuffles the bills in his hand one by one. But Big Jule unceremoniously interrupts Nathan, handing him a slip of paper and offering, "Here is my marker," before quickly demanding, "Put up your dough."

Nathan takes the marker in his free hand, looks at it briefly, but then lets his hand sink lower in clear displeasure. Still holding the marker, but leaning forward and looking over to his left, Nathan stares at Harry with an expression of utter disbelief. However, Big Jule cuts short that look and asks in an overly solicitous voice, "Is anything wrong?" The question taking him by surprise, Nathan flinches ever so slightly before he leans back to look up at the big man again. "No, no," Nathan responds, drawing out those two words with a deep, almost musical resonance and investing them with a heavy dose of sarcasm. Now he faces squarely forward, shifts his weight to stand with feet apart in a braced, solid stance, and holds the marker up in front of him. "I owe you one thousand dollars," he recites, "Signed X." Finished reading with such dispatch, Nathan lets the hand that holds the marker fall like a weighted stone to his side and swing limply in a gesture of weary disdain. Then turning upstage, he moves toward the big man with sagging, disgruntled steps and asks, "How is it you can write 'one thousand,' but you cannot write your signature?" His money in one hand, the marker in the other, Nathan thrusts his arms out wide in an attitude of frustrated futility to stress the word "cannot," then lets them fall down forcefully and slap the sides of his legs with resentment. Big Jule replies in a milder voice that nonetheless allows no room for argument, "I was good in arithmetic, but I stunk in English." At that, Nathan turns away from the huge man with an

irascible twist of his head and reluctantly walks to the inverted hat at center stage, counting out his imposed wager as he goes. "Here!" he retorts in a flat, bitter tone and steps close to the hat. Then he leans forward over that foot, throws the bills into the pot with such contempt that they bounce up into the air again, and finishes sardonically, "This'll put you through Harvard," pronouncing the word, "Hahvahd."



"This'll put you through Harvard."

Nathan walks slowly back across the stage to the right, head bent low as he glumly counts what remains of his winnings. Meanwhile, Big Jule announces on an upbeat note, "I am shooting one thousand. And to change my luck, I will use my own dice." Nathan stops walking abruptly. His head snaps up in surprise, and he turns on a dime to face Big Jule, slipping the marker into his coat pocket. "Your own dice?" Nathan echoes in a shocked, incredulous tone, jutting his chin out toward the big man and clearly challenging such a notion. He remains immobile in that confrontational stance, while Big Jule explains that he had the dice "made especially for me in Chicago." Nathan takes a couple of shambling steps closer to the huge man and stretches out his hand to request the dice. "Not that I wish to seem petty..." Nathan says, this first half of his request striking a mild, courteous tone. However, his tone changes distinctly for the ensuing half, rising in pitch and hanging suspended on a note of cynical suspicion as he finishes, "...but could I look at these dice?" Taking the dice into his outstretched hand, Nathan steps backward, brings the dice closer to his face, and tilts his head to one side to study them closely. But that close inspection proves completely unnecessary. His movements and expression illustrating dumbfounded dismay, Nathan immediately leans away from the dice he holds up in his hand, then sharply inclines back towards them again. "These -" he begins in a voice that sounds choked and nearly apoplectic, "-these dice ain't got no spots on 'em." As he announces this startling fact, he points to the dice with the opposite hand that holds his money. But flinging that hand out and down to the side in an irritable gesture that graphically denotes nullity, he pronounces, "They're blank!" his tone angry and definitive as he turns to Big Jule and leans his upper body contentiously forward to

demand an explanation. Adopting a tone of simple logic, Big Jule now explains, "I had the spots removed for luck. But I remember where the spots formerly were." Nathan receives this absurd piece of news like a body blow, jerking his head and torso back in disbelief and taking a couple of concussed steps backward. Feet spread apart, he stands there for a moment like a wall of opposition and resentment to the huge gambler's blatant scam, but then goes into agitated action. Striding a couple of steps toward Big Jule, Nathan stretches out the hand that holds the blank dice, jabs it directly under the big man's nose several times, and exclaims in a voice that seems to climb into the stratosphere with incredulity, "You are gonna roll blank dice and call 'em from remembering where the spots formerly was?" In the momentary silence that follows, Nathan leans sharply forward and a little to one side from the waist, staring suspiciously into the big man's face and silently insisting on a reasonable answer. However Big Jule merely responds with another question. "Why not?" he roars and menacingly curves his hand around the gun under his lapel. With perfect timing, Nathan pauses for just a beat, then bows with gallant courtesy, places the dice gently, almost gingerly into the big man's hand, and replies in a deep but quiet, cultured and gracious baritone, "I see no reason."

As Big Jule rolls the dice, Nathan takes a step backward, tilts his head down to stare intently at the ivory cubes, and reaches his arms out low and to the sides with his palms turned up, anticipating the outcome. "A five and a five," Big Jule announces, "My point is ten." Nathan throws his outstretched arms up and lets them fall to his sides, accepting his fate with this compliant shrug and a resigned comment, "Well I still got a chance." But he punctuates the remark with a wry twist of his mouth that augurs a much less favorable end result than his words suggest, before he turns his back and walks a few steps downstage. Big Jule rattles the dice in his palm and calls out, "Tensy, come againsy," while Nathan reluctantly turns around just far enough to get a view of the proceedings. Then Big Jule throws the dice with a vehement, "Hah!" and gloats "Ten! I win!" Nathan abruptly lifts up his head and looks from the dice to the huge man. "A ten?" Nathan shouts, his voice rising in furious disbelief, as he takes off with a small, startled jump, then rushes over to stand beside Jule and inspect the dice. Faced with Nathan's angry skepticism, Big Jule tries to clarify, "A six and a four." But Nathan only becomes more exasperated. "Which is the six and which is the fouah?" he demands indignantly, pointing down at the dice with the fistful of bills and shifting his hand back and forth several quick times between each die. Then bracing his legs apart in a defiant stance, Nathan immediately lifts his head and glares up at the huge man with an expression that dares him to reply. Big Jule merely snarls, "Either way." Nathan takes a bold step closer to the big man and turns to confront him eye to eye. Bringing his opposite foot up to meet its mate, he plants it down with a resentful thump while he tilts his head slowly sideways to communicate his outrage. But in the next moment, Nathan straightens his head with

marked deliberation and gives the big man a hard, knowing stare that defies him to maintain this sham.



However, that is precisely what Big Jule does, announcing that he is "shooting two thousand" and ordering Nathan to "get it up." At this point, Nathan tries a different tactic to stave off financial ruin. Taking a short step backward and pointing to the big man with one arm outstretched and his palm turned down, he calls out, "I just remembered..." Now Nathan shifts his extended arm and points toward the left exit as he looks off in that direction and continues in a bright, affable tone, "...Ha, I'm eloping tonight." He takes a couple of long, choppy strides to the left and nods shortly to himself, remarking in the same gregarious voice, "I gotta go meet Adelaide." But Nathan doesn't go very far at all, before he runs directly into Harry's restraining hand on his chest and comes to an abrupt halt. At almost the same moment, Big Jule blusters, "After I'm through with you! ...Two thousand." Stymied and boxed in between Harry in front of him and Big Jule behind, Nathan can only turn his head partially over his shoulder and glance back uneasily at the huge man, then screw up his mouth in a frustrated scowl.

With no better option open to him, Nathan walks a couple of grudging steps to the other side of the inverted hat, peeling off bills from his dwindling bankroll as he goes. He steps close to the pot, leans over one leg and stretches the other out behind him, then flings the bills into the hat with naked animosity. Standing upright again, Nathan gives his back to the group of gamblers and begins to walk away to the left, just as Big Jule rolls the dice. "Haah!" the big man cries out, "Seven! I win." Nathan checks his forward progress in the middle of a step, pausing on one foot while the other hangs poised in the air beside it. Still balancing on one foot and canting slightly over it, he throws both arms out to the sides and lets them fall dejectedly as he remarks, "What a surprise," his quiet tone totally flat, dry and mocking. Only then does he finally complete the forward step on that long-suspended foot. At this point, Big Jule announces, "Detroit, I think I will take it easy this time." Nathan at last turns to look at the big gambler and asks with a hint of suspicion, "What do you mean?" Big Jule magnanimously replies, "I am shooting one dollar." Informed of this fact, Nathan tosses his hands into the air in front of him and at

the same time drops his head in a slow, deep, disdainful nod. "I'll take all of it," he concedes in a measured cadence and a scathing tone, exploding the final "t" of the last word in exasperation and walking closer to the overturned hat. Nathan takes a wide step to the side, bends over, and mechanically places a single bill in the pot. Then he steps away, straightens up, and once more turns his back to the action, waiting for the roll with his head tilted away from the gamblers at a bored, indifferent angle and his mouth distorted in a derisive sneer. Big Jule rolls the dice and says, "Ooh, how do you like that? Snake eyes! I lose." Nathan responds in an impassive monotone that drips with irony, "For this I gotta bend down." He steps to the side, bends and picks up his meager winnings, then circles that arm in a slow, exaggerated, scornful arc and places the solitary bill back in his other hand. Smoothly merging his subsequent turn into a follow-through of that fluid, circular arm movement, Nathan pivots away again and takes a couple of steps to left. Just then Big Jule declares, "Now I will give you a chance. I will roll you for three thousand." When the big man begins to speak, Nathan stops and turns only his head over his shoulder. But hearing the size of the wager causes Nathan to spring up and reverse direction in alarm. "Three G's?" he questions in a tone of astounded disbelief, then crosses to stand face to face with the big man and defy him. Big Jule insists that he is rolling Nathan for "three G's" and snarls, "Put it down there," pointing to the inverted hat. Nathan finds a way to resign himself to this coerced bet and casually strolls two steps closer to the big man. Conspicuously lifting the hand that holds his now folded-over bills to the height of the huge man's breast pocket, Nathan inquires in an ironically dispassionate tone that nonetheless sounds a note of resentment, "Wouldn't it be more convenient if I put it right into your pocket?" Big Jule just bellows again, "Put down the three G's." Aiming a long, bitter, backward glance at the big man, Nathan walks back to the pot, bends down, and slaps the money into the hat with a back-handed flick of his wrist and unconcealed disgust.

Nathan continues walking a few more steps to left, his back still turned to the action and his head tilted away in persistent aversion to the whole charade as Big Jule rolls the dice. "Eleven!" the oversize gambler calls out, "I win." Hearing that shout, Nathan promptly stops moving away. His weight still on one foot, he leans his upper body backward in a slow, disheartened slant, listlessly tosses his arms out and up to shoulder height with the palms turned up in defeat, then lets them fall down lifelessly and slap the sides of his body, before he sluggishly drags his other foot into place beside its mate. "Well, that cleans me," he says, his voice descending steeply with dejection and futility, but also conveying a sense that the outcome of this blatantly crooked game was, of course, inevitable. At this point, Big Jule turns to the other gamblers and declares in a threatening tone, "Now I will play with you guys." Nathan still stands with his back to the gamblers and is just poised to slip his hands into the pockets of his trousers. But when he learns of the big man's intention,

Nathan pulls one hand away from his hip pocket and thrusts that arm out to him, at the same time taking an alarmed step backward and pivoting around to face the huge man. "Waaait a minute! Wait a minute!" Nathan shouts, insistently drawing out that first word like an order to *cease and desist* and wagging his outstretched hand at Jule to signal an urgent warning. "You gotta give me a chance to get even," Nathan demands, while he marches several, defiant steps toward the big gambler, stretches out his other arm, and points to him resolutely. Stopping in front of Big Jule with his feet braced solidly apart, Nathan draws himself upright and issues the challenge, "I will roll you, but with my dice." As he adds the last phrase, Nathan lifts his chin to an audacious angle, locks his eyes on the big man with a bold, contentious stare, and reaches into his pocket to finger the legitimate dice that rest there. To all appearances, Big Jule agrees, saying, "All right, Detroit, that's fair." But as Nathan retrieves his dice and adjusts the flap of his jacket pocket, Big Jule throws up this objection, "What are you gonna use for money?" Nathan extends both arms out, one hand open, the other holding his dice, then dips his head in a deep, affirmative nod and answers with a smooth, suave, utterly self-assured pledge, "I will give you my marker." Completing what he hopes is a persuasive guarantee, Nathan brings his flexed arms back in to his waist, looks up at Big Jule expectantly, and clearly anticipates the man's acceptance of those terms. But it is Harry who responds, dashing Nathan's hopes with a gruff, incredulous question, "And you want Big Jule to put up cash?" At this point, Benny takes umbrage at Harry's tone and pipes up, "Nathan done it." Nathan briefly swivels his head and upper body, glancing over his downstage shoulder at his little henchman, then repeats shortly, "Yeah, sure, I did it." With hardly a pause for breath, Nathan turns back to face Big Jule, flings both arms out toward the upstage side with infuriated disgust, and asks in a voice that at last grows truly indignant and provoked, "What kind of a deal is this anyway?"

Obviously fearing that tensions will escalate too far, Benny pats his boss on the back to pacify him and cautions, "Take it easy, Nathan." But Nathan is in no mood to hear that counsel. Before Benny is even finished speaking, Nathan takes two measured but truculent steps closer to Big Jule and rails at the huge man in a vehement, contemptuous tone, "Him with his no-spot dice!" Pointedly advancing his back foot alongside the front one, Nathan transfers his weight from side to side like a boxer preparing to throw a punch and growls on a crescendo of erupting consonants and bitter anger, "Somebody ought a knock the spots offa him!" At this point, Harry adds his own veiled threat to the tense dispute and interjects, "Nathan, don't make Big Jule have to do somethin' to ya." But Nathan merely stares back unflinchingly at the huge man in front of him. When Big Jule expands on that threat, remarking mildly but with an obvious attempt at coercion, "Yeah, I am on my vacation," Nathan is not intimidated in the least. He edges even closer to the big man, combatively changing his weight from one foot to the other and maintaining relentless eye contact all the while. "Go



ahead," Nathan dares his nemesis with quiet but desperate gravity. "Shoot me. Put me in cement. At least I know where I am," he taunts in a rapid fire cadence and a heated tone that flares with stinging irony. Nathan leans slightly to one side, then turns away and walks a couple of steps to left as he complains, "Here I risk my neck to set up the crap game." He takes another long step to the left and irritably tilts his upper body forward, emphasizing this added injustice and protesting in a resentful voice that rises in pitch and volume, "I even promise to get married on account of it." Now he reverses direction, paces back to Big Jule, and demands, "So look how I wind up." Nathan advances yet one more step and confronts the huge man with a reckless absence of fear. Then jutting his head furiously forward in time with the pulse and vehemence of his two main words, he hurls the account of his odious situation straight into Jule's face. "Broke...in a sewer!" Nathan thunders, his tone intense, insistent, disgusted. Inching still closer to the big man, he takes two short, shuffling steps forward and stands toe to toe with his adversary. "Believe me, my tough friend from Chicago," Nathan states in an audaciously familiar way as he stares into the other man's eyes with unyielding tenacity. Then tilting one shoulder toward the big man at a pointedly aggressive angle, he declares in a rapid, urgent delivery and a thunderous, righteously irate tone, "There ain't nothin' you can do to me that would not cheer me up." Nathan heavily accentuates and distinctly slows the tempo of those last three words, as he rears his head back and thrusts it even more pugnaciously forward, detonating the word "up" in the big man's face with explosive stress and fierce, defiant finality.

Before any more words can be exchanged, Sky Masterson enters from the left and asks to talk to the gamblers. But Big Jule, only interested in shooting crap and inflating his winnings, flatly refuses. Meanwhile, Nathan vacates his place at center stage, moving to the right of the huge gambler and his ever-present sidekick, Harry. At this point, Big Jule and Sky begin to exchange some hard words of their own. Although Nathan slips one hand into his pocket with assumed nonchalance, he nonetheless leans sideways and observes the discussion with fixed if somewhat anxious attention. The argument escalates to such a pitch that Sky punches Big Jule in the stomach and relieves him of his gun. As the huge man takes the punch and doubles over, Nathan jolts his head forward in a reflexive reaction, then mouths a startled though silent, "oh." But quickly jumping forward in alarm, Nathan slaps a restraining hand on Harry's shoulder to prevent him from attacking Sky in defense of his huge friend. Sky now extends the gun to Nathan, who reaches out his arms to their full length and gingerly grasps the weapon with two fingers of one hand on the tip of the barrel and two fingers of the other hand on the edge of the butt. Still holding the gun at exaggerated arm's length, Nathan adopts a comical half-crouch and delicately scurries across to Benny at left, then carefully deposits the gun with his assistant and directs in a hasty tone that drops lower with noticeable relief, "Kindly return this to

Sears Roebuck."



"Kindly return this to Sears Roebuck."

Now that the imminent danger has been eliminated, Sky is free to carry out his purpose for coming to the game. He tells the gamblers that he has promised Miss Sarah to provide sinners for her midnight prayer meeting at the Mission and invites them all to fulfill that role. Amid a great deal of grumbling, the gamblers unequivocally decline the invitation. So Sky utters a discouraged, "Well, ..." and starts off toward left, intending to leave the game and calling out as he goes, "See you around, Nathan."

Nathan watches his friend cross the stage to the left and replies, "Sorry, Sky," in a deep, faintly husky voice that registers not just empathy but genuine regret. He shifts his gaze to look off in the opposite direction and begins to slide his hand back into his pocket. But just as Sky passes in front of him, Nathan suddenly turns, reaches out that hand, and strides after his friend, saying in a contrite, abashed voice, "Oh, about the... uh... Havana business..." As Nathan stands at his friend's shoulder, he returns his outstretched hand and places it flat against his side. Self-consciously moving his body from side to side, he announces in a firmer voice, "I regret I temporarily do not have the..." Here Nathan makes a conspicuous pause. Then lifting his hand from its place at his side, he waves it vaguely in the air, shrugs his shoulders, and dips his head awkwardly before he finishes, "...one thousand to pay you." That telltale pause, Nathan's body language, and the conscientious but ineffectual sound of his voice all divulge the extremely obscure likelihood of his making good on that thousand dollar debt any time soon. But Sky replies, "You don't have to pay me," then pulls out his own sheaf of bills and adds, "You won." Nathan tilts his head forward, sidles a bit closer to his friend, and seeks to read the man's expression. "But I thought you took Miss Sarah to Havana," Nathan objects, his pitch rising at the end of the statement to make it a question, yet speaking with a quiet but distinct and touching note of respect as he mentions the lady missionary. Sky merely counts out the thousand dollars and offers the bills to Nathan, saying, "You thought wrong." Astonished by this turn of events, Nathan glances down uncertainly at the folded bills before accepting them. Then he immediately lifts and inclines his head to examine his friend's face with even more amazement. Standing motionless with his head tilted incredulously to one side, Nathan continues to stare in bewilderment as Sky walks

away. However, Nathan's moment of reflection doesn't last long. Although he still looks off toward left, he now moves with sudden dispatch and walks backward with two long strides that move him in the opposite direction. Ultimately turning to face right, he advances on Big Jule with newfound vigor and purpose in his step and issues a fateful warning. "All ... riight," Nathan growls, dragging out the words and causing them to rumble deep in his chest with menacing yet exhilarated portent. He strides decisively past Big Jule, then pivots abruptly to face the huge man. Flinging his arm into the air in triumph, Nathan brandishes the bills he holds in his hand. "I have now got dough to roll you," he crows and lays gruff but exultant emphasis on the crucial word "dough." Reaching into his pocket, Nathan retrieves his dice and concludes, "But with my dice." At the same time, he takes another bold step forward, sharply pitches his upper body toward the big man and throws down an explicit challenge, stressing the words "my dice" with a retaliatory edge to his voice. Nathan holds out the dice in his fisted hand and begins to move even closer to Big Jule. But Harry intervenes, hurrying to intercept Nathan and protesting, "Nothing doing. With those dice he cannot make a pass to save his soul."

From far stage left, Sky pounces on Harry's words and asks the man to repeat them. Hatching a plan to deliver the promised sinners to Miss Sarah's Mission, Masterson moves to the center of the action and wagers a thousand dollars against a marker for the gamblers' souls. Sky proposes one roll of the dice: if he loses, he pays each gambler one thousand dollars; if he wins, all the gamblers must attend the midnight prayer meeting at the Mission. In succession, the gamblers readily agree—first Harry, then Benny, then the others. But Sky expressly singles out Nathan as he points to him and asks, "You too, Nathan? A thousand dollars against your soul?" Standing downstage and diagonally to the right of Sky, Nathan answers, "I don't even know if I got one." Rather than play this throw-away line strictly for laughs, Nathan invests the words with a deep and quiet, genuinely thoughtful, candid tone that conveys a touch of regret, a good deal of irony, but a great deal more of clarity. Responding with equal sincerity, Sky assures Nathan, "You got one someplace." Now Sky asks for the dice, and Nathan steps forward to place them in his friend's palm. Walking away to the left, Sky orders, "Give me room," and tosses his hat across the stage to Nathan, who catches it adroitly before he himself moves to the opposite side of the stage. Sky mounts the steps to the orchestra platform and performs the stirring, "Luck Be a Lady," while Nathan adds his voice to the chorus of gamblers that sing back-up. During the song, Nathan methodically writes out his marker, but waits until all the other gamblers have thrown down their IOU's. With measured steps he strolls to center, then turns his back to the audience and deliberately faces Sky. Standing imposingly upright, his feet spread apart, his manner cool and dispassionate, Nathan holds his marker low at his side, pausing until the ensemble nearly finishes the refrain. Then he makes an indifferent, almost disdainful

flick of his wrist and lets his marker fall onto the pile of other vouchers just as the last note of the chorus ends.



When Sky takes up the second verse, Nathan quits the action at center stage and walks pensively back to the right, unbuttoning his jacket with casual detachment and intentionally separating himself from the cluster of gamblers around the shooter. He appears removed in body, and even more aloof in spirit, from the drama of this impending roll of the dice. Given his friend's

unlooked-for generosity in conceding their recent bet—a bet that looked to be almost certainly lost—Nathan seems to put aside the self-interest and mania of anticipation displayed by the other gamblers and to privately root for his old friend to win this roll. Now with the second verse coming to an end, the ensemble of gamblers keeps up an undercurrent of steady, driving chant that urges Sky, "Roll 'em, roll 'em," and demands, "What's the matter? Roll the dice!" Not until the last line of the compelling refrain does Nathan ultimately move in from far right and stand at the edge of the avid gamblers' semi-circle. Finally gripped by the momentum of the chant and the fervor of the game, Nathan rotates his upstage, fisted hand in subtle, tautly controlled circles to match the driving rhythm. At last Sky shoots the dice, as all the gamblers pantomime his movements and echo his exclamation in unison. For his part, Nathan takes a long, gliding step forward on his upstage foot, then in one fluid movement bends that knee so deeply that the opposite knee almost, but not quite touches the ground behind him, simultaneously hurling his tightly fisted, downstage hand out to the front and calling out a booming, passionate, "Ha!" Frozen in the suspense of that moment, Nathan, Sky, and all the gamblers maintain their crouched, keenly riveted positions while the lights go dark and the scene ends.



Scott (forefront) glides effortlessly into a craps shooter's pose

### A Thwarted Reconciliation

The lights come up on a scene that depicts a street off Broadway. Nathan enters from upstage right and crosses to the left; Adelaide enters from the opposite side of the stage and walks toward the right. Nathan has just left the seemingly endless crap game and is putting on his jacket. With one arm slipped into his sleeve, he simultaneously holds the coat high behind him near the center of the

collar and wrestles his other arm into the corresponding sleeve. Occupied with pulling his shirt cuff down beyond the sleeve of his coat, Nathan unintentionally passes by Adelaide with no greeting. But after only a couple of steps, he realizes his mistake, stops short, and hastily turns around. One arm still extended as he tugs at his shirt cuff with the other hand, he freezes in that position and appears utterly perplexed that his fiancée would likewise pass him by without comment. **"Adelaide?"** he calls out to her, his inflection rising to turn her name into a startled question. Adelaide turns around and remarks frostily, **"Oh, what a coincidence."** Dumbfounded by her stiff, distant tone, Nathan stands perfectly still and stares at her in silent shock. But then he abruptly propels himself to action and walks toward her with a couple of long strides, at the same time grasping his jacket by the lapels with both hands and settling the coat forward on his shoulders, then sliding his hands down to adjust the double-breasted flaps. **"Adelaide,"** Nathan says again in a nervous but extremely earnest voice, **"Did Nicely explain to you about tonight?"** He quickly adds, **"I hope you ain't sore about it,"** as he takes another determined step forward, raises both hands out to her in supplication, and gives them a small, urgent shake for emphasis. The anxiety that invades his voice makes his expression of hope sound worried and a little winded. But Adelaide holds up her hand to cut him off and insists, **"Please!"** Crossing in front of him and moving to his other side, she goes on with pompous, exaggerated detachment, **"Let us not have a vulgar scene."** For several stunned seconds Nathan remains facing the opposite direction, his hands motionless in that pleading attitude as he tries to reconcile himself to her icy, stilted words. However Adelaide maintains in a cool, reasonable voice, **"After all, we are civilized people."** At last, Nathan pivots sharply in surprise and faces her, even as his hands remain fixed in the same imploring position, his face takes on a bewildered expression, and his body seems to grow numb and turn to stone. But Adelaide persists, making a grand gesture with both arms and insisting pretentiously, **"We do not have to conduct ourselves like a slob."**

Leaning almost imperceptibly to one side, Nathan also tilts his head sideways and watches her intently, a stunned look of disbelief on his face, his hands held unmoving before him with the palms turned up. He pauses for just a beat, then counters, **"Adelaide, what is this? You are my doll,"** and closes the short distance between them, while he stretches his arms out farther and tries to gently take hold of her shoulders. His tone—mild, tender and affectionate—rises earnestly on the last word in an attempt to cajole his way back into her good graces. But Adelaide puts up a hand to block his attempt at an embrace and crosses back to his other side, contesting with stinging sarcasm, **"Your doll! Please, if that weren't so amusing one could laugh at it."** Nathan turns back in a rather disoriented semi-circle, facing the direction from which he has just come, and holds his arms loosely open and rounded, as though still offering to consummate that aborted hug. He lowers his brows into a perplexed frown and tilts his head to the side, trying with little success to

comprehend Adelaide's uncharacteristic mood. But after a moment, he lets his arms fall like leaden weights to his sides with frustration, then leans his upper body forward and attempts to capture her eyes. **"Sweetheart! Baby!"** he exclaims, his tone betraying a harsh, ironic edge, even as he tries to make it sound firm and imploring. **"How can you carry on like this..."** Nathan demands, spreading his arms out wide and jolting his body forward from the waist in a short, sharp lurch that stresses the words **"carry on."** He takes a wide side-step closer to her, emphatically slicing the air several times with the side of his open hand and concluding with heavy scorn, **"...over one lousy elopement."** His voice grows gruff and sardonic on the word **"lousy,"** then plunges with deep disdain on **"elopement,"** underscoring how insignificant this whole bungled affair and, therefore, his lapse really are. Finally, he urges her, **"Adelaide, Please!"** his voice assertive and scolding on the first word, compelling and forceful on the second. Matching the metrical cadence of his two-word entreaty, he insistently swings his forearm and open hand out to the lady, then back in to his side on the hinge of his elbow, nodding his head twice in that same rhythm and punctuating his insistent demand. Nathan finishes by drawing himself upright and watching for Adelaide's response with the completely confident expectation that he has persuaded her to relent.

However, Adelaide dashes Nathan's hopes and definitely does *not* soften her resistance, instead holding out a deterring hand to him and protesting, **"It's no use, Nathan."** With exaggerated self-possession, she continues, **"I have succeeded in your not being able to upset me no more,"** while he studies her closely, a hint of forlorn hope on his face, a trace of longing in his stance. She goes on to stress, **"I have got you completely out of my..."** and sweeps her hands out to the sides to highlight her absolute indifference. For his part, Nathan dips his head in the same rhythm as her hyperbolic inflection and visibly tries to empathize with her assertion. But before Adelaide can finish her declaration of independence, she emits a powerful sneeze, **"Ah-choo!"** At the same time, Nathan rears his head back and thrusts it forward to mirror her sudden movements and match her explosive outcry, raising his eyebrows in surprise at the telltale sneeze and opening a hand instinctively in case he might need to catch her. Then he straightens his head, draws it back slightly, and regards her with fond indulgence, his surprised expression fading into a gently discerning, sympathetic look. Nathan neither moves nor speaks for a moment, but his perceptive look seems to be the undoing of Adelaide. She throws herself at his neck and cries pitifully, **"Oh, Nathan!"** Without hesitation, he pulls her close and wraps her in a warm, generous embrace, one long arm completely encircling her waist, the other caressing her shoulders. As he holds her, he pats her waist several times reassuringly and croons, **"Adelaide, baby!"** the fervent endearments issuing as long, low rumbles from deep in his chest. Suddenly, he moves his hands to either side of her ribs, pushes her away from him, and holds her at arm's-length. Looking intently into

her eyes, he demands, **"Don't ever do that to me again,"** his tone short and gruff with relief at finally closing the distance between them. **"I can't stand it,"** he insists, still holding her eyes persistently as he accents each separate word, shakes his head several times in adamant refusal, and releases a forceful, relieved breath along with his last word. Then, on a sudden burst of dynamic enthusiasm, Nathan moves his hands from Adelaide's torso and grasps each of her wrists. He presses them down decisively and vows, **"We'll get married,"** his resolute tone matching the insistence of his movements. Continuing with no less determination, he promises, **"We'll have a home,"** and moves his hands forward to grasp hers in his strong, persuasive grip, while he sways eagerly from one foot to the other, nods his head with absolute certainty, and lays earnest, meaningful weight on the word **"home."** Still holding her hands, he turns slightly to face the front and elaborates, **"A...a... little white house with a green fence..."** Although he stumbles a bit at the beginning of this vignette, his voice grows stronger and more idealistic the more he paints this verbal picture for Adelaide. Meanwhile, the palm of his downstage hand lingers tenderly on the back of hers for a moment, before he lifts that hand out to the front and sweeps it across a short space, sketching the **"green fence"** he describes. Now he turns back to face her once more, draws himself upright, and lifts his chin with an air of pride. Nodding his head again in evident self-satisfaction, he concludes, **"... just like the Whitney colors,"** and gestures excitedly toward her with his free hand as he stresses the eminent suitability and charm evoked by this horse-racing comparison.

Although Adelaide looks quite pleased with Nathan's proposal, she sounds surprisingly anxious when she reaches into her bodice for a folded piece of paper and replies, **"Nathan, we got to do it soon. I had another letter from my mother today asking a lot of questions."** Keeping his eyes fixed on her face, Nathan lowers and raises his head in concert with her nervous movements, frowning with obvious concern for her distress. But to his surprise, Adelaide holds the note out to him and continues, **"And she put in a letter for you too."** Nathan drops his head and glances uncertainly at the letter, but all the same accepts it from Adelaide's hand. Moving backward with three shuffling, reluctant steps, he repeats in a halting, wary, even anxious tone that rises at the end of each phrase like a question, **"A lettah? ... for me? ... from your mothah?"** He turns to face front, walks several slow steps downstage, and unfolds the letter. **"Huh,"** he comments in a rather suspicious tone, a pained, perplexed scowl on his face, his mouth skewed to one side in a distinctly disinclined expression. Nevertheless, Nathan stands straighter, holds the letter in both hands, and raises it to chest level. **"Dear son Nathan:"** he reads, then continues fluently, **"This is my first letter to you, although you have now been married to my daughter for twelve years."** With unerring timing, he pauses to facilitate the laughter that is bound to greet that line, then resumes reading, **"But I feel like I know you from Adelaide's letters, and in my mind's eye I can see you as you go down to work every morning at seven."** Nathan

hesitates dubiously over the phrase, **"go... down... to work..."** as if that concept were a totally foreign one to him. He pauses again at the end of that sentence, but this time turns to stare at Adelaide in utter disbelief, highlighting what an absurd notion it is that he would go anywhere at seven in the morning, much less to work, and garnering more laughter from the audience in the process. When the laughter subsides, he reads from the letter again, **"What a responsibility it must be, to be the assistant manager of an A & P."** Although Nathan still holds the letter up in both hands, he tilts it sideways when he reads the phrase **"A & P,"** leaning his head to the side as well and squinting with the effort of deciphering these apparently unfamiliar symbols.



*"...the assistant manager of an A. & P."*

At the same time, he stresses the initials with a small but definite verbal punch and invests them with a highly skeptical tone. Still holding the letter in both hands, he drops it down to his waist in disgust. Turning his head, he aims an incredulous stare at Adelaide and moves peevishly from one foot to the other. He backs a short distance away and grips the letter in one hand. **"I'm not even the managah?"** he demands, his voice climbing conspicuously higher on that last word and ringing with offended disbelief. He underscores this affront to his dignity by flinging out both hands with the palms turned up importunately and shaking them once in outrage, also wrenching up his eyebrows, widening his eyes, and thrusting his head forward in wounded astonishment on the word **"managah."** At once, he lets both arms fall to his sides in frustration and hang there inertly, while he continues to stare at her with a look of scornful indignation that insists upon an answer. Adelaide replies, sounding a bit anxious even though she means to console him, **"I was going to promote you for Christmas."** But Nathan merely swings his head away from her in a deliberate gesture of derision and skews his mouth to one side in a wry, disdainful pout.

After only a brief pause, Nathan resumes reading the letter once more. Transferring his weight from side to side in preparation, he faces front again, stands with feet braced apart, and holds the letter in front of him with both hands. As he begins, he slopes his right shoulder downward and tilts his head to the same side, directing the letter into the light of the street lamp behind him. **"I know how hard you work..."** he quotes, then exhales a

short, weary, rasping puff of air, as though he were actually enduring that strenuous labor. But continuing on with the letter, he folds the top of the paper between his fingers and follows the writing down the page, "...to take care of your family, Adelaide and the five children and the one that's on the w..." When the meaning of that unfinished phrase registers, Nathan suddenly breaks off reading. Removing one hand from the letter, he allows both arms to plummet to his sides like millstones and hang there in dismay. At the same moment, he raises his head and stares straight ahead, an utterly blank, bewildered expression on his face. With that perfect sense of timing, he pauses a beat to let the laughter swell. Then he turns only his head in Adelaide's direction before he pivots his body around to face her as well and takes a small backward step, aiming that mystified, exasperated stare at her and mutely demanding an explanation. Adelaide complies but accompanies her thin excuse with an excess of histrionic gestures, "**Mother wanted me to visit her, so I had to tell her that.**" Unconvinced by her alibi, Nathan becomes genuinely angry. He shakes his head repeatedly at Adelaide in fierce disavowal and begins, "**Don't - she - know...**" firing out those three words like projectiles, in a steady, percussive cadence and a severe tone of protest. He persists obstinately, "...I can't have six kids on what they pay me..." his inflection growing gradually sharper and louder, his tempo faster. Now holding the letter out to Adelaide and shaking it at her irritably, he concludes, "...at the A & P?" as his voice turns abrasive with indignation, but drops precipitously on the final syllable in a vehement, utterly exasperated tone. After exhaling a heavy sigh to regain a little composure, Nathan returns to the letter. He inclines his head and one shoulder to the left this time, holds the letter up in front of him with both hands, and reads quickly until he comes to the last few words: "**I am very proud to have you as a son-in-law. You are a good man and I know you will always...**" He hesitates at this point and pauses between each of the next four words, his guilty conscience clearly getting the better of him, "...take ... care ... of ... Adelaide..." Nathan throws his hands down and lets them dangle in front of him in total defeat, then remarks without so much as a pause for breath, "**I feel like - a - heel,**" measuring out the words in a bleak tenor of self-reproach. Immediately he bares his teeth in a transparently pained, contrite wince. After a moment he closes his lips over the wince, but promptly twists his mouth to one side and bites lightly on his cheek, pulling a rueful, self-mocking face.

For a brief while Nathan stands motionless, his arms slack at his sides, the letter dangling inertly from one hand, and that crooked, guilty grimace still fixed to his face. But Adelaide scurries behind him and moves around to his other side, gently taking hold of each of his arms as she passes. "**Nathan, darling,**" she says soothingly, "**We can still make everything all right.**" She picks up his limp, unresisting arm to find the watch on his wrist and encourages him further, "**Look, it's not even midnight yet.**" Meanwhile, Nathan barely opens, then narrows his lips on a short, disheartened sigh and scarcely turns his head

away in a feeble token of resistance. "**Five minutes to twelve,**" Adelaide continues brightly, holding up his forearm and pointing to the face of his watch. Nathan's broad chest expands and his shoulders rise, as he opens his mouth, closes his eyes, and inhales a very deep, worn-down breath of surrender that he doesn't seem to expel. And so Adelaide takes hold of both his shoulders, turns him toward her, and pleads, "**Let's elope right now.**" Nathan's body appears listless, passive and bone weary as he takes several slow steps around to face her, then woodenly shifts from one side to the other. At the same time, he gradually releases that deep breath in a silent, subtle, impotent sigh and presses his lips into an aggrieved, grudging contortion. "**Okay, Adelaide,**" he agrees with long-suffering reluctance. His quiet words, sluggish and demoralized, issue from deep in his chest on that sustained sigh and signal his ultimate, if unenthusiastic capitulation. Submissive and apathetic, Nathan suffers Adelaide to pull him close for a hug and makes a dutiful move to put his arms around her in return. However he stops himself abruptly before he completes the embrace, his elbows resting at either side of her waist, but the length of his arms sticking straight out behind her like quills. What catches Nathan's attention and brings him up short is the sight of Benny and Nicely at far left, frantically summoning him to the Mission. Realizing that he is honor-bound to make good on the bet he lost to Sky, Nathan must contradict himself and renege on his just-given consent. "**No, I can't,**" he tells Adelaide, the rebuff sounding clipped, regretful and apprehensive at having to refuse her, but nonetheless flat, fatalistic and final. Although she still embraces one of his shoulders, he seems noticeably hesitant to touch her and risk stirring up her impending wrath. So he cautiously, stiffly opens his arms straight out to the sides and holds them suspended in mid-air with the palms turned up, frozen in helpless bemusement.

Without disturbing the wary set of his arms, Nathan takes several shuffling, backward steps and moves carefully away from Adelaide's embrace, just as she demands, "**Why not?**" At the same moment, Benny calls out, "**Come on, Nathan, we'll be late.**" Visibly torn between these two opposing obligations, Nathan lifts one arm uncertainly in the direction of his two henchmen and makes a feeble attempt to answer her question, hedging in a sheepish, ambivalent tone, "**Wull... .. I...**" But as Adelaide cuts sharply behind him and storms away to far right, she interrupts him angrily and presses for an answer, "**Nathan, why can't we elope right now?**" Meanwhile, Nathan tries again to reply, even before Adelaide has quite finished her question. He takes a flustered step to the right and turns his upper body in her direction, then abruptly shifts his weight to the left, gestures with his thumb over that shoulder, and turns slightly toward the left exit and his just-decamped cronies as he falters, "**Well... I... g...**" Standing with his feet braced apart, equally spaced between the two opposite poles that require his attention, Nathan tries again to respond to Adelaide. "**I... gotta... go...**" Nathan stammers and merely suggests a turn of his head to each of those two conflicting points. Then rotating

his upper body clearly toward Adelaide at right, he reaches his opposite hand across his body, shakes it at her in a gesture of explanation, and ventures, "...to a..." Continuing to shake that hand, but gradually advancing it around to the left side, he swivels his body fully in that direction now, looks off toward the left exit, and ends on a subdued, steeply falling, totally impotent note, "...prayer meeting." The numerous, uncertain pauses that pepper Nathan's speech have the unfortunate effect of making his responses sound choppy, befuddled, vacillating, and completely implausible. As well, the repeated jerky, faltering reversals he makes between Adelaide at right and the sway of his two sidekicks at left only serve to illustrate the tug of war these clashing obligations are playing with his resolve. While Nathan remains turned away to the left, staring after his now vanished henchmen, Adelaide concludes that his highly dubious excuse is an outright lie and utters a furious screech/groan of protest. Caught flatfooted by the vehemence of Adelaide's cry, Nathan swings his head around and gapes over his shoulder at her with a stunned expression, but then quickly impels himself to hurry toward her. However the lady trudges even further away from him onto the passarel (a semi-circular catwalk that curves out from the stage and borders pool circle seating) and complains bitterly, "Nathan, this is the biggest lie you have ever told me." As though trying to mutely justify his explanation, Nathan stops near the right edge of the stage, then turns and points to the left exit, indicating his other pressing commitment. He goes so far as to proceed with two halting, very tentative side-steps in that direction, before he wheels back toward the right and rushes after Adelaide.

### Sue Me

Nathan inclines his upper body forward urgently and follows Adelaide onto the passarel with several quick, running steps. His eyebrows slant up anxiously, and his face wears a troubled and pleading but utterly guileless expression. Stretching both arms out, he turns his palms up and gestures toward her in earnest entreaty as he stammers, "But I... I... I swear to you, it's true!" He strives so desperately to convince her of his honesty that his voice breaks with intense emotion when he cries "It's true." But Adelaide is unmoved. She continues to walk away from Nathan, launching into a list of complaints against him that picks up speed and irritation as she fumes, "You promise me this/ You promise me that/ You promise me anything under the sun." Contrite but earnestly imploring, Nathan reaches one arm out to her and follows in her wake, hurrying after her when she moves angrily forward, stopping uncertainly when she stops. Meanwhile Adelaide continues to sing, "Then you give me a kiss/ And you're grabbin' your hat," at the same time whirling partially around toward him and flicking out her arm in disgust, almost making irate contact with his chin. Nathan adroitly avoids her flying hand, but tilts his head to the side and looks closely at her face, alarmed, distressed and regretful at her well-deserved outrage with him. As she completes her verse, "Then you're off to the races again," he

conspicuously opens his mouth, prepared to refute or reply. But he must reluctantly swallow that reply and close his mouth with a small scowl of futility, unable to wedge a word of reason in between her catalog of grievances.



*"When I think of the time gone by..."*

She storms onward again and mourns, "When I think of the time gone by..." Meanwhile, Nathan tilts his body forward to regain his momentum, then steps lively to catch up with her. Reaching his arm out to her once more, he opens his mouth to call her name but only manages, "A..." before he unwillingly closes off any further sound with another grimace of annoyance. Flustered by her unceasing protest, he taps his lips anxiously with the inside forefinger of one lightly clenched hand, then stretches the other hand out and shakes it at her in agitation, as he finally finds an opening and gives voice to her full name, "...Adelaide." Although she halts her angry march forward and turns halfway back toward him, she keeps up her lament, singing, "And I think of the way I tried..."



*"And I think of the way I tried..."*

Nathan stops moving forward too, first circling and dropping his head over to one side in frustration, then twisting his mouth into a small beleaguered wince at her unceasing rant. Quickly stuffing her mother's letter in his breast pocket, he stretches out his arm to her yet again and almost touches her shoulder, calling out with pleading insistence, "Adelaide!" But her only response is to sob in conclusion, "...I could honestly die." Nathan helplessly watches her walk farther away and heaves a small, rueful sigh, while an expression that mingles palpable concern, empathy and regret with urgent hope pulls his eyebrows into a slant and draws his features into an expression of genuine longing.

Even though Adelaide continues to walk away, Nathan does not initially follow her. He stands motionless in the spot where he stopped and begins to sing in a quiet,



soothing, lyrical tone, “Call a lawyer and sue me, sue me...” He stirs only to make two eloquent shrugs, not just with his shoulders but with his whole torso, each time he sings the phrase “sue me,” at the same time keeping his hands low, but turning both palms upward twice in a double gesture of powerlessness and futility. He continues plaintively, “What can you do me?” as he walks a couple of slow steps closer and stretches one hand out to Adelaide like a plea for understanding. Conveying his obvious depth of feeling, he concludes simply, “I love you,” but accentuates the words by inclining his upper body ardently in her direction while his supple voice slides down from the first note of the phrase to the next in an impassioned *portamento*. His heartfelt vow of love causes Adelaide to stop moving away, though once more, she turns just slightly back toward him. Emboldened by that small encouragement, Nathan embarks on a new verse. “Give a holler and ...” he begins, investing the phrase with a gruff, raspy, reckless sound. But he continues in an incongruously tender and poignant tone, “...hate me, hate me,” as he stumbles a few desolate, lumbering steps closer to her and stretches out his other arm in supplication. Then reversing direction and turning abruptly away from her, he tosses his opposite arm into the air, then drops it disconsolately to his side and taunts in despair, “Go ahead hate me.” He sings the last two words “hate me” on a note of despondent bluster, flinging his upper body around toward her so wildly that his sagging arms flare out at his sides. But Nathan quickly recovers his resolve, makes a decisive, insistent nod of his head and tenderly repeats, “I love you.” At the very least he tries to assure Adelaide of his love. But the lady ruthlessly cuts off his pledge before he can complete it. Leaning forward at the waist, she makes a dismissive gesture toward him with her outstretched arm and complains loudly, “The best years of my life I was a fool to give to you.”

Defenseless against her contention, Nathan utterly concedes the point to Adelaide. But even so, his demeanor grows fierce, impetuous and agitated, as he tosses one arm out in her direction and sings in a powerfully resonant tone, “Alright, already...” He walks a couple of steps away from her, but abruptly stops, faces the front, and plants both feet firmly apart. Then throwing both arms wide, as if unconditionally laying bare his faults for her inspection, he confesses, “I’m just a no-goodnick.” He explodes the ending consonants of that last colloquial word in a spasm of self-reproach and allows his arms to fall leadenly to his sides in defeat. Once again singing, “Alright, already,” he turns and seems to reveal his inner self to her, stripping away all pretense, his arms hanging powerlessly from his shoulders. Yet he follows after her patiently when she begins to walk away and admits in song, “It’s true,” the mellow sweetness of his tone enriched by a hint of his elegant natural vibrato, as he reaches both hands out to her departing figure and gives them a single emphatic shake. In similar honeyed tones he sings, “So nu?” employing the Yiddish phrase to imply *So?* or *Well?* and at the same time turning both palms up and shaking them once again in a helpless gesture of

appeal and futility. Following Adelaide farther around the passarel, Nathan stretches one beseeching arm out to her and repeats his serenade with romantic, lyrical richness, “So sue me, sue me...” He comes to a stop, opens both arms wide, and inclines his body toward her in mute surrender, continuing the phrase, “...What can you do me?” Now ardently reaching both arms out to her—one stretched long, the other flexed and held closer to his chest—he seems to formally present his heart to her, as he sings with stirring power and emotion, “I love you.” But once again, she doesn’t permit him to finish his avowal, but interrupts him callously with another list of grievances. Unmoving, with his hands still reaching out to Adelaide, Nathan has no choice but to choke off his last word and close his mouth in another crooked, frustrated grimace.

Adelaide turns on Nathan and harries him with her lyrics like an enraged hornet, “You gamble it here/You gamble it there/You gamble on everything all except me.” At the start of her onslaught, he drops his hands dejectedly in front of him, takes in a deep breath, and opens his mouth wide to offer some defense. He waits with mouth ajar for even the slightest break in her tirade, but alas can only close his mouth again reluctantly as she continues unabated. “And I’m sick of you keeping me up in the air...” she persists irritably shaking her finger at him, while he lifts his chin, inhales another preparatory breath, and once more opens his mouth to speak. Hopeful of an opening, he moves anxiously from one foot to the other and takes a couple of shambling steps closer to her. But with no opportunity to plead his case, he can only close his mouth yet again, frowning with real annoyance and dropping his shoulders in a discouraged sigh. Adelaide is not in the least moved by his show of pique and continues right on singing, “...’til you’re back in the money again.” Persevering, Nathan lowers his head doggedly and takes a purposeful step forward. He tries again to forestall her accusations, but quickly closes his mouth in disappointment, then opens it once more and at last manages to articulate only part of her name, “Adel...” before she cuts him off. “When I think of the time gone by,” she wails, while he calls out to her in a deliberately calm and reasonable tone, “Adelaide.” But she carries on mournfully, “And I think of the way I try.”



“...I could honestly die!”

Nathan lifts his head and watches her with apprehension, his arms hanging slack and motionless before him as he

shifts his weight uneasily from side to side. He makes an exasperated semi-circle with his head and takes a deep, fortifying breath. Then stepping forward boldly, he stretches out his hands, shakes them at her in real aggravation, and shouts in a slightly frantic voice, "Adelaide!" But the lady is just about to put the capstone on her verbal onslaught. Fisting both her hands and shaking her shoulders in righteous fury, she concludes in a voice that goes raspy with long-repressed ire, "I could honestly die!" As Nathan beholds her outburst, he jerks his head and torso abruptly backward. His expression startled and stunned, he reacts as if the intensity of her anger has slapped him into equally long-overdue understanding.

In the brief silence that follows, Nathan stands almost motionless, arms hanging ineffectually at his sides, except to lean his body and head to one side and watch Adelaide walk farther around the passarel. A concerned yet expectant look returns to his face, and the sweet-sounding expressiveness returns to his voice as he sings, "Serve a paper and sue me, sue me..." He begins to follow her again with that same patience and resignation. Still his eyebrows slope upward in a hopeful, gently imploring look, and he continues, "...What can you do me?" When he concludes with the phrase, "I love you," his honest, unaffected delivery and the mellow, evocative tenderness of his singing voice render his devotion convincing beyond doubt. However at his point, Adelaide halts her progress around the platform and emits a robust sneeze. Nathan moves a couple of steps closer to her, reaches into his breast pocket, and gallantly gives her his handkerchief, as he launches into a new verse, "Give a holler and hate me..." He stretches an arm out to each side, turns up his palms, and thrusts them vehemently in her direction, emphasizing the phrase "hate me," then once more lets his arms fall uselessly to his sides and hang there in desolation. Repeating, "...hate me..." he glances away from her and nods his lowered head with disheartened acceptance, exhorting her to a reaction he dreads, yet accepting a consequence he knows he deserves. "...Go ahead hate me," he sings again in a melancholy baritone, but all the same raises his head to seek her eyes, then stretches out his arms at a low angle with his palms turned up and mutely begs her forgiveness, despite the blustering demand of his words. Raising his arms and upturned hands higher, he summons both visible resolve and stirring vocal power and begins to intone, "I lov..." But his impassioned serenade goes no further. The lady cuts him off mid-syllable by slapping the used hanky into his outstretched hand and advising testily, "When you wind up in jail, don't come to me to bail you out." While Adelaide issues her warning, Nathan stands stock-still except to drop his head abruptly and stare at the crumpled, soiled linen in his hand with a deadpan look and a crooked, vaguely repulsed twist of his mouth. Arms still outstretched, he almost imperceptibly turns his head first one way and then the other, as if furtively searching for somewhere to stow the damp cloth.

Belatedly Nathan turns away to the front and sings in a big, full, reverberating voice, "Alright, already..." He lays

stinging emphasis on the second syllable of his first word, throwing his arms sharply out and down in a gesture of provoked resentment as he harshly stresses, "**right.**" Now walking a few steps in the opposite direction, even though Adelaide advances farther around the passarel, Nathan stops, spreads his arms wide, and continues at full volume, "...so call a po-lice-man." He enunciates each discrete syllable of "**policeman,**" as he flings his arms still further out to the sides and also leans his torso backward in an attitude of unqualified surrender, then lets his arms collapse inertly and slap his sides in bitter resignation. Tempering the power of his voice just a bit, he turns back to face her and repeats, "**Alright, already...**" He begins to walk back toward her with a lagging, demoralized step and sings in a much more gentle, melodious tone, "...it's true, so nu?" as he also reaches one hand out to her on the quizzical "**nu**" and solicits her sympathetic response. Still following her around the passarel, he stretches open his arms like an invitation and sings in a flowing, expressive style, "**So sue me...**" "...Sue me," he poignantly repeats and at last tucks the used handkerchief back into his breast pocket. Coming to a stop directly in front of her, he throws his arms open again and croons with audible tenderness, "**What can you do me?**" He meets her eyes with that same warm affection, sweeps off his hat in what starts out to be a courtly gesture, and begins ardently, "I..." But without warning, he turns the fedora backward and stretches out that arm, urgently and repeatedly flailing the hat toward his two henchmen near the upstage left side, while his body rocks diagonally forward with the force of each wave. Trying in vain to hide his frantic movements from Adelaide, Nathan endeavors to continue his serenade and sings, "...love..." in a voice that shudders a bit with each feverish gesticulation toward the pair who are calling him to the prayer meeting.

But once again Nathan is unable to complete his profession of love. Adelaide takes a quick look behind her at Nathan's two accomplices and interrupts him with a piercing squeal of outrage. He does a surprised double take, glancing briefly at her, then jerking his head farther to that same side and gaping at her, before he squeezes his eyes tightly shut, hunches his shoulders, and scrunches up his mouth in a cringing, caught-in-the-act wince. Nathan understands full well that he has just given up any ground his rueful love song may have gained him. Meanwhile, Adelaide prattles on with a peevish tone and a headlong pace, "**You're at it again/ You're running the game/ I'm not gonna play second fiddle to that.**" Nathan does not move, holding fast in that reluctant flinch throughout her three-phrase ultimatum, perhaps hoping to make himself a smaller target. But his ploy does not work, for Adelaide waves a reproving finger under his nose and continues almost without taking a breath, "**And I'm sick and I'm tired of stalling around/ And I'm telling you now that we're through.**" Finally Nathan does stir. Hat still in hand and mumbling silently to himself, he turns away and looks off toward the left with a crestfallen expression. Turning back to Adelaide again, he flings his arms down to hang despairingly in front of him and exhales a deep,

gloomy breath, as his shoulders slump and his hat hangs forlornly from one hand. He drops his head to one side, gauging the extent of her fury, and consequently twists his mouth into a harassed, disgruntled, disdainful grimace. Slackening his expression on a small, weary sigh, Nathan turns away toward the right side of the passarel as if searching there for some kind of reprieve.

But Adelaide doesn't wait for him to find it. She moves farther away to the left and sings mournfully, "**When I think of the time gone by...**" Startled by her departure, Nathan hastens to turn back toward her and spurs himself to hurry after her. "**Adelaide, Adelaide,**" he calls, first reaching out to her beseechingly with hat still in hand, then replacing the hat on his head and flinging both arms out to her retreating figure in frustration. But by this time, Adelaide has reached the end of the passarel. She climbs the step that connects to the stage and finally turns to face Nathan, wailing, "**...And I think of the way I try...**" Nathan pauses, lifts his chin, and looks up at her with a worried expression, his hands hanging inadequately at his sides. Then he follows her onto that connecting step, shouting in a sharp tone of concern and aggravation, "**Adelaide!**" But she continues up onto the stage itself, turns briefly toward him, and concludes with a pathetic sob, "**...I could honestly die,**" before she runs to the lamp post at far stage left and leans against it.

Moved to pity by her despair, Nathan stops where he stands. One foot rests on the elevated surface of the stage; the other foot and most of his weight remain on the lower step that connects to the passarel. Mirroring that stance with his arms, he rests one hand upon his flexed knee, that same forearm crooked at a forty-five degree angle, and lets the other arm hang down loosely at his side. He raises his head and observes Adelaide for a long moment with undisguised compassion and remorse, witnessing her pain and seeming to take it into his own heart like a penance. At last he sings, "**Sue me, sue me...**" at the same time wrenching his torso up and back in two exaggerated, pathetic shrugs that somehow confess his lamentable failings. Turning toward the audience and jolting his upper body in a similar shrugging motion, he magnifies his plea, "**...Shoot bullets through me.**" Now like an athlete releasing tension from his body in preparation for a demanding feat, Nathan shifts his weight onto his front, elevated foot, leans his torso forward, and lets his arms hang loose at his sides, gathering his considerable power and breath support to sing, "**I...**" Then he pulls his body sharply upright, thrusts his arms out to the sides, and brings all that power to bear as he continues, "**...love...**" directly attacking this bravura, memorably resonant, high note that reaches a full octave above the note before it. Leaning his upper body back slightly, he holds the note for an exhilarating *fermata*, causing the intensity of the tone to build and grow all the while. At last, he steps up onto the stage, points to Adelaide with absolute conviction, and concludes, "**...you,**" his voice gradually descending to this lower tone in a brilliant, impassioned *glissando*. Sustaining this note too with compelling power, he quickly closes the distance that

separates him from Adelaide, reaches both hands out to her with palms turned up invitingly, and gives them an insistent shake of entreaty. Despite Nathan's heartfelt urging, Adelaide refuses to take his outstretched hands. The lights and music fade, and the scene ends with the couple still at odds.

[*The Los Angeles Times* theater critic, Charles McNulty, wrote in his review of this production: "Bakula...found the haunting helplessness of 'Sue Me.'" Mr. McNulty certainly got it right. Scott sang and acted this duet with such genuine candor, regret, angst, at times bravado, but above all tender and enduring love that he rendered it unforgettable. Scott phrased Nathan's choked-off protests to emerge so organically from the rhythm of Adelaide's lyrics, just as they arise so naturally from his character's guilty frustration. When Nathan gets the chance to respond, he does not bother to deny or excuse the transgressions Adelaide details. Rather Scott presents a character who owns his faults forthrightly with sometimes brash and fatalistic, sometimes empathetic and regretful admissions, always followed by unmistakably genuine declarations of love. In Scott's hands, "Sue Me" holds the key not only to why Adelaide and Nathan have stayed together for fourteen years, but also to why the audience finds this Nathan Detroit, despite his scheming misdeeds, to be such a captivating and sympathetic scoundrel.]

### Rockin' the Mission



"Sit down, sit down, sit down, you're rockin' the boat"

Any summary of this **Guys and Dolls** production must include at least a brief word about "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat." If there had been a roof over the Hollywood Bowl amphitheater, Ken Page (Nicely-Nicely Johnson) surely would have raised it with his stirring, soulful, dynamic performance of this number. Still, as has often happened before, witnessing Scott's delighted reaction to an exceptional performance heightens everyone's enjoyment of the piece. Nathan marshals the assembly of gamblers and Hot Box girls to participate in the revival meeting at the Save-A-Soul Mission. Seated prominently in the front row of the Mission's bleachers, Nathan adds his rich, strong voice to the chorus of *sinner*s that provides back-up for Nicely's spirited musical testimony. Nathan, his ever-present hat removed and tucked beneath the bench, leads the other members of the congregation as he rocks back and forth, sways from side to side, sings and chants with zeal, crouches to the

ground or jumps to his feet, raises his hands high and waves them to the heavens, all in a rhythmic, exuberant, exultant display of spiritual fervor. This fiery evangelical spirit culminates as Nathan and the others obey the imperative of the title and “sit down” or, more correctly, fall down onto the Mission’s benches at the barn-burning finish of Nicely’s song. Nathan then collapses back against the knees of the penitents in the row behind him and sprawls his long legs out to the front, spent but joyous and delivered from sin.

It will come as no surprise to Scott’s fans that he committed no less of his energies and focus to this accompanying performance than he would have if he had been the principal player. His enthusiastic vigor, spirited flair, and the joy he took in the material emanated from his every action. In turn, that energy and joy seemed to raise the performance level of everyone around him and magnify the exuberant response to the number, while never detracting from the central performer. Nathan Detroit and his alter-ego, Scott Bakula, simply could not have been more appealing, vibrant or irresistible than in this second act show-stopper. As well as “rockin’ the boat,” Nicely, Nathan, and the *congregation* quite literally rocked the house.

### Happily Ever After?



*Adelaide and Sarah’s duet, in which each resolves to marry her misbehaving beau*

The last scene opens on a crowded Broadway street. The newsstand sits just left of center stage, and Nathan enters from above center, trudging down the steps of the orchestra riser. He looks very different from the dapper gambler of previous scenes. He has discarded his jacket. His shirt sleeves are rolled up to his elbows. He wears a green canvas apron that hangs from his neck, ties at the waist in back, has deep patch pockets in front, and extends down to his knees. Of course he wears his ever-present fedora, but not cocked at such a rakish angle as before. Keeping his head bent low, he moves with the heavy, side-to-side gait of a working man, as one by one he hoists two huge bales of newspapers and carries them to the counter. Nathan sells a “late paper” to Lt. Brannigan, collecting the money from the cop’s hand and

presenting the folded newspaper to him along with a formal little bow. “Thank you, Lieutenant,” Nathan almost croons in a tuneful voice that bears just a hint of the exaggerated courtesy with which he used to address his former nemesis, and then quickly stuffs the money in his apron pocket. But in the meantime, Adelaide is shouting his name frantically. Wearing street clothes, but adorned in a bridal veil, she enters from far left and urges with great excitement, “Nathan close up the newsstand. We’re getting married.”

Nathan lumbers out from the behind the stand, where he has just stowed the bales of newspapers, and crosses to Adelaide. Drawing himself upright, his arms hanging slack at his sides, he raises his head, leans his upper body back slightly, and adopts a plainly harassed, overworked attitude. “Gee, Adelaide,” he says with a weary sigh, “you picked the busiest time of day.” Legitimate or unlawful, it’s clear that Nathan’s business dealings continue to rate a higher priority than does his fiancée.



*“Gee, Adelaide, you picked the busiest time of day.”*

From the left, Harry calls out impatiently, “Hey c’mon. Where’s the wedding?” Nathan lets the question register for a beat, then swivels his head and upper body around and stares at Harry in thunderstruck dismay. “Holy Smoke!” Nathan exclaims, his voice sounding a bit constricted, throaty and stunned. Adelaide reacts to his outcry with a suspicious question, asking, “What’s the matter?” At first, Nathan shifts uncomfortably between one foot and the other, literally dragging his feet before he answers. Then reluctantly turning toward Adelaide, he confesses with quiet regret, “I didn’t get a place for the wedding.” She groans loudly, “Oh, Nathan,” as he slowly lowers his head and seems to shrink into himself, mortified and contrite. Obviously Nathan’s erstwhile crap game is not the only event for which he sorely lacks a venue. At this awkward juncture, Nicely speaks up helpfully from Nathan’s right and suggests, “How about the Biltmore Garage?” Too astounded to even look up, Nathan keeps his head bent pointedly low, swivels his body and head around in one piece, and stares up from under his hat in silent disbelief at the clueless Nicely.

In the echo of that incredulous silence, the Mission band enters from right, playing “Follow the Fold” at top volume.

Incredibly, Sky Masterson brings up the rear of the procession, decked out in full missionary uniform and banging away on the bass drum. When Nathan sees his old friend, he spies a way out of his predicament and promptly seizes the opportunity. Taking Adelaide by the hand, he hurries with her across the stage, stands companionably next to Sky, and hails him as **"Brother Masterson."** Nathan holds Adelaide's hand firmly in one of his own, but also tenderly surrounds that joined hand with his opposite palm. At the same time, he turns toward the lady and pauses for a moment, the respectful gesture unmistakably intended to formally present her to his friend. Then Nathan turns back to face Sky, pats Adelaide's hand reassuringly, and asks in a strong, certain voice, **"Can we use your Mission to get married in, Adelaide and I?"** After concluding his request, Nathan tips his chin up with an expectant air of pride and steadily holds Masterson's eyes, his expression exhilarated and thoroughly self-assured. But striding over from Nathan's opposite side to stand beside Adelaide, it is Arvide Abernathy who responds with a gallant bow, **"Certainly, I'm going to marry Sister Sarah and Brother Masterson. I'd be glad to do the same for you."** Nathan nods a brief assent, then immediately turns back to Masterson and stretches out his arm across the top of the drum, shaking his friend's hand and exclaiming with hearty enthusiasm, **"Congratulations, Sky!"** The men grasp each other's hands with robust warmth and good will, and Sky replies, **"Congratulations, Nathan. I'll lay you eight to five you'll be very happy."** Continuing to clasp Sky's hand, Nathan also points to him eagerly with the opposite index finger and responds in a jovial tone, **"You too!"** Straightaway, Miss Sarah smoothly but scrupulously corrects Sky's unfortunate phrasing and extends to the other couple their combined wishes for **"every happiness."** Lowering his head in a deep, courtly nod, Nathan acknowledges these good wishes and turns to face the front of the stage, as Adelaide tucks her hand into the crook of his elbow and clutches his arm. She thanks the other woman and begins to gush, **"I know we'll be very happy,"** while Nathan affectionately pats her hand again and aims a gracious smile at Sky and Sarah. But Adelaide prattles on in detail, **"We're going to have a little place in the country, and Nathan will be sitting there beside me..."** Meanwhile, Nathan slowly turns his head away from the Mission sweethearts, and his smile begins to fade and congeal into what looks suspiciously like dread. Adelaide concludes her rosy prediction in deliberate, emphatic tones, **"...every ... single ... night!"** Meanwhile, Nathan scrunches up his face and almost imperceptibly bobs his head twice with the threat of a sneeze. As soon as Adelaide finishes speaking, he does indeed give vent to a mighty sneeze that jolts his body forward from the waist and knocks him off balance, **"Ah-tcheuh!"** Nathan rights himself, then immediately turns his head and looks at Adelaide in shock and alarm, the realization dawning on both of them—and the audience—that this vision of the future has *infected* him with her psychosomatic cold. The play ends on this laughably dubious note as the finale music comes up and both couples race offstage. But the

foursome reappears for curtain calls arrayed in formal wedding dress: the women radiant in sparkling white; the men dashing and handsome in black tuxedos. The four principals enter at the top of the orchestra riser and walk arm in arm down the steps, greeted by cheers and thunderous applause from the audience.



### Guys and Dolls

#### (A Musical Fable of Broadway)

Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser

Book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, © 1951

Directed by Richard Jay-Alexander

Music director and vocal arrangements by Kevin Stites

Choreography by Donna McKechnie

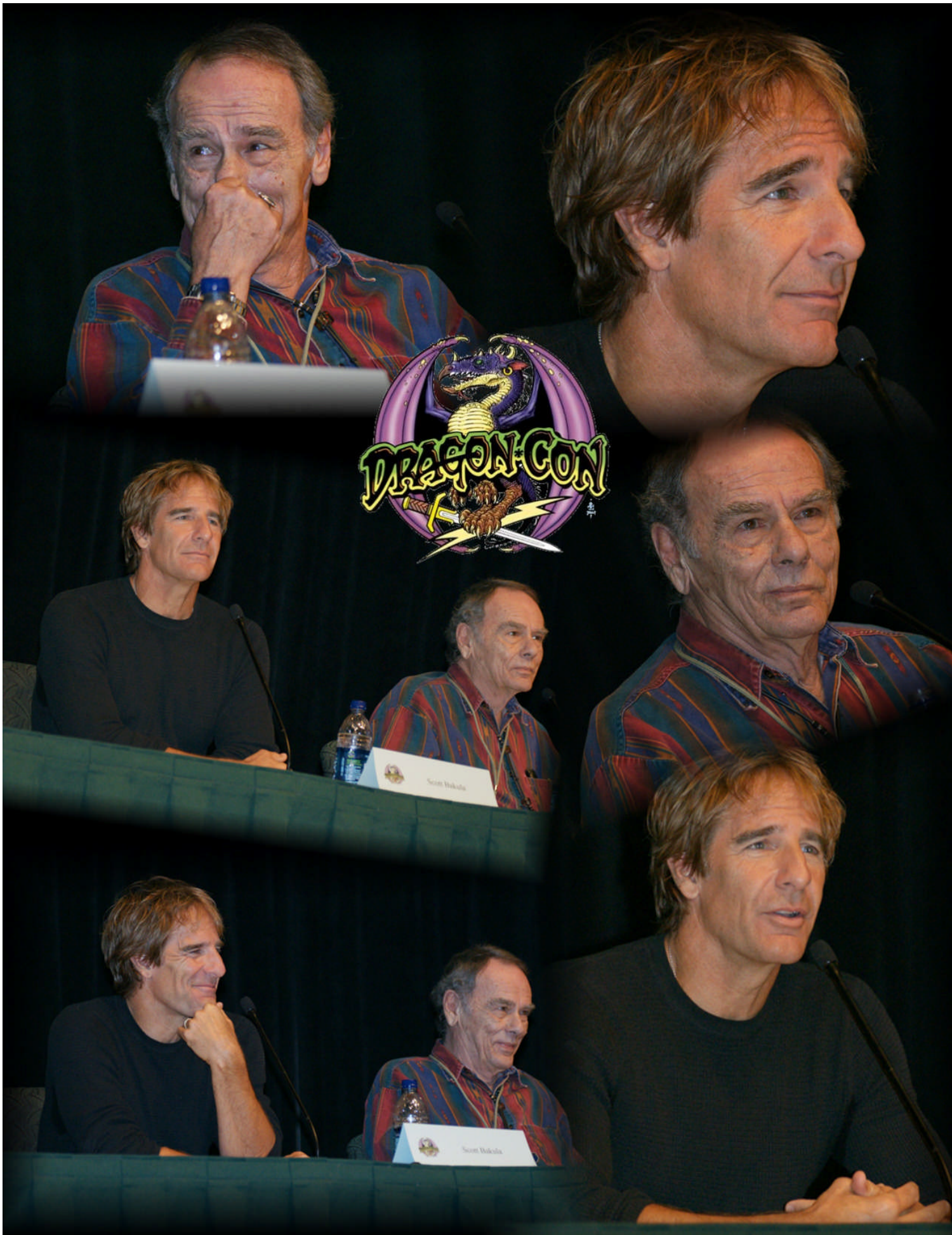
Cast, alphabetically

\*appearing courtesy of Actor's Equity Association

Jody Ashworth*	Lt. Brannigan
Scott Bakula*	Nathan Detroit
Cindy Benson*	Agatha
Sandahl Bergman*	Hot Box Girl
Jessica Biel*	Sarah Brown
Beau Bridges*	Arvide Abernathy
Catherine Chiarelli*	Ensemble
Josh Christoff	Ensemble
Paul Dean*	Ensemble
Chelsea Field*	Hot Box Girl
Jason Graae*	Benny Southstreet
Ellen Greene*	Miss Adelaide
Daniel Guzman*	Ensemble
Chris Holly*	Ensemble
Jane Lanier*	Hot Box Girl
Bill Lewis*	Harry the Horse
Brian Stokes Mitchell*	Sky Masterson
Christopher L. Morgan*	Ensemble
Ken Page*	Nicely-Nicely Johnson
Valarie Pettiford*	Hot Box Girl
Tracy Powell*	Hot Box Girl
David Raimo	Ensemble
Stefan Raulston*	Ensemble
Kyrra Richards	Ensemble
Angelo Rivera*	Ensemble
Oskar Rodriguez	Ensemble
Herschel Sparber*	Big Jule
Danny Stiles*	Rusty Charlie
Amir Talai*	Angie the Ox / Joey Biltmore
John Todd*	Ensemble
Nikki Tomlinson*	Ensemble
Grace Wall	Martha
Ruth Williamson*	Gen. Mathilde Cartwright
Kathryn Wright*	Hot Box Girl

Photos p 21 (top), 26, 29 and 30 by Craig T. Mathew/Mathew Imaging





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