



and the Fabulous Falconi

On the Eve of the new Millennium, two classic magicians move into a Hollywood condo together. One is a serious magician, like Pollack, who dreams of a totally new act. The other is a comedy magician, like Ballentine, who dreams of retirement and winning big at the Santa Anita racetrack. Into their lives are thrust their only grandchildren, a teenage boy and girl. Now the two aging masters must perform the most difficult and astounding feat of magic in their lives – keeping the two apart!

Book, Music and Lyrics by

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(ASCAP)

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11702-B Grant Rd., #602
Cypress, TX 77429
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*The Authors wish to dedicate the musical play
“Abracadabra and the Fabulous Falcone”*

to:

Milt Larsen

and to

The Academy of Magical Arts

May their Castle stand forever!

Musical Numbers

ACT ONE

1. Overture
2. A Class Act
3. Prestidigitation
4. Young People Today
5. Humility
6. Watching Your Horse Come In
7. The Opportunity Fairy
8. Great Tricks, Great Illusions
9. Impossible Things

ACT TWO

10. Entr'acte
11. Talent and Money
12. Optimism
13. You Can Turn To Me
14. Where Do I Go?
15. Houdini Schwartz
16. Try To Be a Rainbow
17. The Act
18. Magic Wins Again



and the Fabulous Falconi

Characters

ABRAHAM "ABE" CADABRA

A classic serious magician in the style of Pollack, Vernon and the like. He is in his 70's. A great optimistic dreamer, when his natural grumpiness doesn't get in the way. All he wants is a new act, which will bring his long-since-fallen star back to the skies. Must be able to perform some basic close-up magic. Bass-Baritone (to F, and down to G)

FRED FALCONI

A comic magician in the style of Carl Ballentine. Also in his 70's. Sick of magic and ready to retire at the racetrack. An even bigger dreamer than Abe, although he keeps the face of a realist. Must be able to perform some more advanced magic, including a recreation of Cardini's act. Tenor (to G)

BOBBY CADABRA

Abe's grandson, about 19. Wants to become a great magician, although his father wants him to be a lawyer. Knight in Shining Armor complex. Still young enough to be wide eyed at the world and all it has to offer. Tenor (to G#)

BONNIE FALCONI

Fred's granddaughter, about 18. Impulsive. More goals in life than any single human can handle (actress, singer, dancer, puppeteer, voice over artist, writer, director, magic, special effects...) Still very innocent and maybe even a bit naïve. Never had time to feel, so it scares her when she begins to. Belt (to E)

MILDRED POTTS

The landlady. Sister to the historical Millicent Entwistle (who jumped off the Hollywood Sign). Brash and in-your-face. But tough as nails is only on the surface. Belt (to Db)

DAVID CADABRA

Abe's son. He isn't selfish on the surface; he's selfish all the way through. He has no dreams, only ambitions, and he doesn't like anyone who does. Bari-Tenor (to E)

HOUDINI SCHWARTZ

Another septuagenarian magician. The owner of a small magic shop which saw better days years ago. Must perform many classic feats of magic, and some require excellent skill. Also should have some skills at patter singing. Tenor (to G) Also, doubles as a policeman's voice in the Second Act.



Abra Cadabra

and the Fabulous Falconi

Vocal Ranges

Bonnie Falconi	
Mildred Potts	
Houdini Schwartz	
Fred Falconi	
David Cadabra	
Bobby Cadabra	
Abe Cadabra	

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE

MUSIC #1: "OVERTURE"

(The City of Dreams: Hollywood, California on a particularly stormy New Years Eve, about Two in the afternoon. The exterior of a condo building in the Hollywood Hills - just down from the Sign - which can't even remember the time when it might merely have seen better days. No grass or flowers in the yard, only crabgrass and weeds.)

(AT RISE: ABE CADABRA and FRED FALCONI enter, not carrying umbrellas. They are each in their 70's. Abe is dressed impeccably, and Fred is dressed like bankruptcy ringing the doorbell.)

ABE

Look at that up yonder. The Hollywood Sign.

FRED

Big deal. Hey, Mister Blackstone Wannabe, you got any magic up your sleeve that'll stop this rain?

ABE

What rain? It's a little moist.

FRED

So is penicillin, but I wouldn't want it to fall on me.

ABE

A few showers, maybe. Big deal. I, for one, am very excited.

FRED

You weren't this excited at puberty.

ABE
(reading)

Manager. OK, this must be the broad I talked to.

(ABE starts to knock, but FRED catches his hand in mid-air.)

FRED
Manager of what? It looks like a deserted piece of humanity. I take that back. It looks like the backside of Uranus.

ABE
Only an ignoramus would think of the backside of Uranus at a desperate time like this. Too damn picky, and look who's talking. Your buns could be the moons of the misbegotten.

FRED
And you need my buns to pay for half of this rat trap.

ABE
Don't get so uppity. We both need a place to stay. I was thrown out, and you were tapped out. You and those horses you love to bet on are going to kill me.

FRED
If I don't kill you first.

ABE
Promises, promises. Be happy. Smile. We're going to begin a new life, here.

(At the moment Abe knocks, there is a burst of THUNDER - BOOM!)

FRED
A new life that's gonna get soaked.

ABE
Oh, just pretend you're having one of your night sweats.

(MILDRED comes to the door. She is, perhaps, around their age. It's hard to tell, as she is wearing a green face cream that makes her look like Broom Hilda.)

MILDRED

I don't suppose you boys are carrying an umbrella.

ABE

Who could afford one of those?

MILDRED

It's gonna be one of those days, then.

FRED

Always gets worse before it gets better.

(A VOICE through a bullhorn pierces the day.)

VOICE

Flash flood warning. Flood coming down from Mount Lee.

MILDRED

You were saying?

ABE

We can't wait to see the rental.

MILDRED

Oh yes you can. This joint has been empty for five years and is furnished in such bad taste, whatever taste it once had escaped out the bathroom window.

FRED

That good?

MILDRED

I don't tidy up, either.

FRED

Do you ever?

MILDRED

Do I look crazy? Don't answer that.

ABE

We wouldn't dare.

MILDRED

Good. Who needs a challenge at my age?

(More THUNDER, and the door to the unit blows shut, hard. The look on Mildred's face is priceless. She rushes to try and open it.)

MUSIC #2: "A CLASS ACT"

ABE

(sings)

AFTER YEARS OF NEW YORK CITY, THE BRONX AND CENTRAL PARK,
HERE WE ARE IN HOLLYWOOD, AND PERHAPS IT'S JUST A LARK.
BUT ECONOMIC CIRCUMSTANCES DICTATE WHAT MUST BE DONE,
SO WE'LL COMBINE OUR MAGIC INTO ONE

ABE & FRED

(sing)

AND FORM A CLASS ACT, A GRAND ROUTINE.
A WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP LIKE NONE EVER SEEN!
A CLASS ACT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN.
A CLASS ACT, NOT A CROSS BACK
ON THE RIGHT TRACK, THAT'S KEEN.

MILDRED

Some help over here?

FRED

A CLASS ACT, JUST YOU AND ME.
WE'VE GIVEN UP MAGIC, HOCUS POCUS ROUTINE.
WE'LL LIVE OUT THE YEARS ON THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE!
A CLASS ACT, NOT A BE BACK
ON THE RIGHT TRACK, THAT'S KEEN.

MILDRED

It's going to rain harder, you know.

ABE & FRED

UNDER THE STARS OF DEAR HOLLYWOOD,
UNDER THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN,
NEVER AGAIN WILL WE PRACTICE OUR TRADE,
DO THOSE CHARADES, 'CAUSE WE'RE LIVING FINE

(MILDRED pulls out a bobby pin and starts trying to pick the lock.)

ABE & FRED (CONT'D)

IN A CLASS ACT 'TILL THE DAY THAT WE DIE!
NO RABBITS FROM HATS, BET THE FARM, BOYS, ON THAT!
WE'LL LIVE LIKE A PICNIC ON THE FOURTH OF JULY
IN A CLASS ACT, NOT A TURN BACK,
NOT A HOOK FROM OFFSTAGE AT ALL
BUT A CLASS ACT, NOT A CRASS ACT,
BUT A CLASS ACT, THEY'LL RECALL!

MILDRED

It's open!

(During the brief musical interlude, ABE and FRED follow Mildred through the door. The entire set flies apart to reveal!)

Perusal
Only
NOT FOR
PRODUCTION

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

(The interior of the condo. The furnishings are as Mildred indicated: old, dilapidated and totally tasteless. An extremely small kitchen sits SL. The exterior door is next to the kitchen. A love seat, a reclining armchair and small table dominate CS. Doors leading to the bedrooms and bathroom grace the wall SR.)

ABE & FRED

(sing)

A CLASS ACT, ONE AND ALL!

MILDRED

Well, here it is, gentlemen. Take it or leave it. Furnished as is. No changes allowed.

FRED

The House of the Seven Gables?

MILDRED

It's a classic.

FRED

A classic what?

MILDRED

A classic something you probably couldn't afford. Too bad. Don't tell your friends.

ABE

Such encouragement.

MILDRED

You want a cheerleader? Find UCLA. You want Little Miss Sunshine? Come back when the weather's nicer.

FRED

Isn't this Hollywood? Where dreams come true?

MILDRED

Dreams, my backside! I was an actress, myself, way back when. "Hooray for Hollywood!" Bah! But don't take my word for it. Go ask the MGM lion if even he buys that crap. Roared for classics, for a Porterhouse at dinner. Too bad. I'd have fed him Louis B. Mayer, myself, that son of a bitch.

FRED

Sounds like a great way to earn a living.

ABE

Unless you're a vegetarian, like me.

FRED

What a waste of good dentures! How can you give up a big, juicy steak?

ABE

The same way I gave up my big, juicy wife. And both have fat like you wouldn't believe.

MILDRED

Look, honeys, I don't want to rent this place. Never did. It's quiet up here. The closest I want to get to people are the tourists who come visit the Sign. Right up yonder. Where my sister killed herself. Hollywood never understood Millie. Bette Davis loved her, though. Bette always claimed she became an actress because Millie did.

ABE

Millie? Millicent Entwistle?

MILDRED

You knew her?

ABE

I was fresh out of Brooklyn. Millie was in my first California magic act, fresh out of Thirteen Women.

FRED

Thirteen Women? That picture wasn't released - it escaped! Like a lot of your magic.

ABE

That was Houdini, not me. I was like Blackstone.

FRED

And we all know how long that lasted.

ABE

Screw you.

MILDRED

You boys are into magic, huh?

ABE

(performs this)

My stage name was Abra Cadabra.

MILDRED

I remember you.

FRED

And I was The Fabulous Falconi.

MILDRED

Falconi. Yeah, I used to catch your act when I couldn't afford the movies. Maybe Millie jumped because she was down to doing an act with you birds.

FRED

So, you're an Entwistle.

MILDRED

Was. Now, I'm a Potts. Mildred Potts. Got married - don't ask me why. He's dead now. And I must be a little potts for even showing you this place, but I'm desperate nowadays.

ABE

Old and desperate, is it?

MILDRED

If you mean what I think, what I think, that you mean, you can be the next to jump from that cockamamie sign. I'd be happy to erect an F and a U for the occasion.

ABE

I don't need a women, anymore.

MILDRED

Funny, you don't look dead.

FRED

That isn't what he meant.

MILDRED

What the hell did he mean, then?

FRED

We're into other things.

MILDRED

Just as long as you're not into each other, if you catch my drift. I don't need the Sign, the Sun and the moons of you birds through my picture window. Capice?

FRED

You have no fear of that, dear lady.

MILDRED

Fear? Hell, I had no fear of Alice Cooper when he came around here with that snake of his.

ABE

Wasn't he the big name who donated the second O on the Hollywood Sign?

MILDRED

He is the second O on the Hollywood Sign. With a bit more flair, he could be all three.

FRED

How many bedrooms?

MILDRED

Two, plus two baths and a wine cellar.

FRED

A wine cellar?

MILDRED

Without wine. Plenty of intoxicated spiders, though. They're still living off the fumes. Howard Hughes had this place built with wine cellars, because he was a giant lush. Lived in my unit when he was hiding from the media. The others - he provided free rent to mindless, pretty starlets. Special favors, if you catch my drift. Never missed a chance for a pretty girl and a stiff drink at a moment's notice. He died with a drink in his hand.

ABE

Wouldn't mind dying that way, myself.

MILDRED

Why does that not surprise me?

FRED

What's the rent?

MILDRED

Eight hundred per

ABE

We always paid extra into Social Security. Smartest move we ever made.

MILDRED

Damn. I was hoping you were either terribly cheap or hopeless and broke.

ABE

I think, your desperate beats our hopeless and broke.

FRED

We'll take it.

MILDRED

First and last as security. Pay up, or disappear.

(ABE and FRED each count out a share of the money and hand it to her.)

FRED

That leaves four hundred between me and the deep,
blue sea.

MILDRED

Well, welcome to Twenty Thousand Leagues Under
Hollywood. Got a leak, call a plumber, not me. And I'd
be real careful before I opened the refrigerator. Got
me?

FRED

Loud and clear.

MILDRED

I'll bring the lease for you to sign.

ABE

(producing)

I bought a bright, new Papermate for the occasion.

MILDRED

Don't bother. I supply fresh blood for times like these.

MUSIC 2A: "FINISHING THE SET"

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

(TWO DAYS LATER. Now, magic paraphernalia litters the wall. A telephone sits on the table. ABE measures and hangs a portrait of Aubrey the Magician as FRED sits on the love seat, talking into the telephone.)

FRED

There you are, Murray. Did you get the list? What list? The list of horses, dipshit! That little filly is going to go three furlongs ahead at the last moment and win the whole cockamamie race! How much? I got two hundred bucks to win. Yeah, I said, two hundred. What do you mean, I still owe fifty six dollars? For what? What luncheon after the last race? You call that goddamned Pasta Surprise a meal? Yes, Murray, it was a surprise. Monks in Lower Romania got more to eat than I did. You know you're doing bad, when you can count the amount of ravioli as the waiter puts the dish down on the cockamamie tablecloth! The salad? It was watercress on welfare! The vegetable was brussels sprouts. Do you know how much I hate brussels sprouts, Murray? I wouldn't eat brussels sprouts in Brussels to bag backing from the Bolsheviks! Au contraire, Murray, communism ain't dead. It's just the victim of bad press. It'll rear its ugly head again one day soon, dressed as a Pope with an agenda. Don't forget, two hundred on Silly Rabbi. Oh, and one hundred on Tricks are for Kids. Okay, okay, I'll give you half the fifty six dollars if I win once and all of it if I win twice. Only the IRS could make you a better offer. Oh, don't be such a Conservative. Say goodbye, Murray.

(FRED hangs up.)

ABE

I thought we agreed to not bet on the horses.

FRED

We? You got a mouse in your pocket?

ABE

You just said - not too long ago - you had four hundred between you and the deep blue sea.

FRED

I also got me an old rowboat left over from my last audit - and a Wiley Post parachute. But don't you fret, baby, because I never crash land, and I'm a great swimmer.

ABE

I'll tell that to your loan shark. For God's sake, Fred, we have things to pay for!

FRED

We splitting a hooker, again?

ABE

Jesus, Fred, you don't ever learn!

FRED

Sure I do. The ponies teach me plenty.

ABE

Really? They teach you the secrets of surviving?

FRED

Ponies are great survivors. They've been here longer than mankind.

ABE

So has the sowbug, but you don't see me betting on one.

FRED

Sowbug? That was my ex-wife. Whenever she saw trouble coming, she'd roll herself up into a ball. It was only later, I learned she was having a real ball, screwing the mailman sowbug. They avoided trouble and zip codes together.

ABE

Two hundred dollars on Silly Rabbi?

FRED

You eavesdrop good.

ABE

Silly Rabbi. That's a filly?

FRED

Why not? Every girlfriend I get is Jewish and silly.

ABE

And Tricks are for Kids?

FRED

That's the mare. Named in honor of the other types I get.

ABE

The other types?

FRED

The cute kids, who give me a discount on every trick.

ABE

You're hopeless.

FRED

I'm normal.

ABE

Normal? A seventy-five year old man, who dates silly children?

FRED

They get very serious on the business side.

ABE

Is that before or after they give you the business?

FRED

They've never cheated me. Not once.

ABE

You blind and deaf old fool, how would you ever know the difference?

FRED

I'm gonna live until I die.

ABE

Especially if you die while being screwed.

FRED

I can take care of myself.

ABE

Sure you can. The last time you had a real date, you tripped over the ottoman, because you turned out the lights before the two of you got to the bed!

FRED

You know me too well.

ABE

Damn straight. You were doing crooked lines decades before God had the same idea.

FRED

Without the ponies, I'd shrivel and die. Maybe melt first.

ABE

You have shriveled up, and you're almost dead. If you shriveled up any more, you could be the Wicked Witch of the West.

FRED

What if I win?

ABE

You've never won yet. You couldn't win a picnic basket at a synagogue picnic! At your last IRS audit, the only thing that wasn't disallowed was your bad breath!

FRED

I've won. Here and there.

ABE

No, you haven't. And every time you lose, I lend you money.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)

The only thing a horse has ever given you comes out from under the tail. It may be fresh and original, but it's doing shit for your personal fortune!

FRED

God is on my side.

ABE

Doing what? Slipping a laxative into your drink?

FRED

You have no respect.

ABE

God has done absolutely nothing for me.

FRED

He brought us together in friendship all these years.

ABE

I repeat, God has done absolutely nothing for me.

FRED

Do you hate your life so much?

ABE

Today, yes. Yesterday, who the hell remembers?

FRED

I do.

ABE

Good for you. When I receive communication from my past, I'll ask the details. But hell, I was great, once.

FRED

Near great.

ABE

Screw you. One day, I will think of the world's greatest trick!

FRED

Who will be wearing little to nothing at the time.

ABE

That's your life, not mine. I am going to - once again - be the greatest magician . . .

FRED

. . . Totally dependent on Social Security.

ABE

Screw you. Can I say that enough without becoming intimate?

FRED

Okay, hotshot, what's your point?

ABE

The point is, I will again be the great Abra Cadabra!

FRED

At your age, you can only be the great Abra Cadaver.

ABE

Let me repeat myself. Screw you.

FRED

Don't take it personally. We all get old.

ABE

Tell you what, hotshot. You go ahead and get old. Me, I'm gonna find the most gorgeous woman of all time!

FRED

Somewhere between Pismo Beach and Fresno.

ABE

Oh no, my friend. In an Egyptian boudoir.

FRED

Boudoir? With your luck, it'll be a Cleopatra wannabe with an asp in her breasts.

ABE

Do you realize how long I've lived without a great pair of tatas?

FRED

That all you miss?

ABE

All I dare miss. I don't want to die in her arms.

FRED

Die? Hey Houdini, she'll escape before you ever get that far.

ABE

You're just jealous, because I'm adopting the creed of every great optimist.

FRED

Creed? You mean, greed. You're the only Jew, who still has the first dollar from his Bar Mitzvah.

ABE

How many times can I say screw you and still be sincere?

FRED

And you've never been an optimist in your life. To you, the glass isn't only half empty, but somebody spit in the thing while you were waiting for it to fill up.

ABE

You're a cynic.

FRED

I'm a realist.

ABE

Yeah, look at the realist - betting half his personal fortune on a horse called Silly Rabbi.

FRED

You're just jealous that I got the tip.

ABE

I wouldn't be jealous if that cockamamie horse was leading a secret life as an Orthodox rabbi! Okay, I give up. You can be the whisper guy to the horses.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)

Me, I'm going to go get a late lunch at the Castle. Try and stay out of trouble, will you?

(As ABE opens the door to leave, he finds his nineteen year old nephew BOBBY, preparing to knock.)

ABE (CONT'D)

Bobby?

BOBBY

Grandpa!

ABE

What are you doing here?

BOBBY

I ran away from home.

ABE

Ten year olds run away from home. You're nineteen. You should be on your own. When I was your age . . .

FRED

He doesn't want to hear about you and the Crusades.

ABE

Once again - screw you.

BOBBY

Some things never change. Are you going to stand there arguing, or are you going to invite me in?

ABE

Come in. You're already determined to, anyway.

(BOBBY enters, closing the door behind him.)

BOBBY

So, this is your new pad?

ABE

Yeah, we're padding it next week, because my best friend in the entire world is driving me crazy!

FRED

You could do worse.

ABE

Sure. You could be the J. Edgar Hoover of magic, and I could be Al Capone. Of course, if you're going to be Hoover, you'll need a dress and a set of pumps.

BOBBY

Grandpa, I need a place to stay.

ABE

Why?

BOBBY

I fought with dad. Not pretty.

ABE

Everyone would fight with your father. Hell, Mother Theresa would fight with your father.

BOBBY

Dad wants me to be a lawyer. I totally refused. Next thing I know, all my stuff was all over the front yard.

ABE

Two throw outs in two weeks. He did the same to me.

BOBBY

I don't want to be a lawyer. I want to be a magician, like you.

ABE

If you were to dig a hole fifty foot deep and put all the lawyers in there, you know what would be wrong with that? You'd need fifty feet more dirt.

FRED

And in this crazy world, there are more magicians than lawyers.

ABE

Impossible.

FRED

Impossible? You seen how many dirty tricks lawyers pull off? Look, Bobby, I don't want to be the villain here, but your grandfather and I just moved into this joint. The Grinch had more room - and better decor.

ABE

Grinch, my ass. You're doing Scrooge. The boy can sleep in the wine cellar.

BOBBY

(perking)

There's a wine cellar?

FRED

With intoxicated spiders.

ABE

Pay no attention to the jerk without manners. It was a wine cellar. For rent-free condos for Hollywood starlets. One of many amenities, provided by a dirty, old genius.

BOBBY

Hollywood starlets? I can sure use my imagination like that.

ABE

Oh no, you can't. Not ever.

BOBBY

I'm nineteen years old!

FRED

I think, we should talk about this. Partners. Roommates.

ABE

Hey, partner - hey, roomie - did we talk about you blowing two hundred bucks on Silly Rabbi?

BOBBY

Silly Rabbi?

FRED

It's a horse.

BOBBY

(deadpan)

The Silly Rabbi is a horse?

ABE

And Don Quixote, here, is a horse's ass, betting two hundred on the impossible dream - when we have utilities to pay.

FRED

When I win, we can own the utilities.

ABE

Sure. And I can be young again.

(to BOBBY)

You really want to learn magic?

FRED

Magic is absolutely, one hundred percent, dead.
Finished. Kaput.

(FRED saunters over to the armchair and plops himself onto it with a thud. The poor chair almost collapses.)

ABE

I'll tell you what's dead. That chair you just violated.

(FRED flips Abe the finger.)

FRED

The finger I am giving you, here, is no tribute.

ABE

Oh, you wouldn't know tribute if you rented Caesar's Palace for the occasion.

FRED

Make that, two fingers.

ABE

Now, let's be certain. That thing about you wanting to learn magic. Is that "really, truly" or "just pretend?"

BOBBY

Gee, Grandpa, you haven't asked me that since I was ten.

ABE

Don't change the subject. Are you serious?

BOBBY

I've always wanted to learn, but dad told me he'd kill me if I even asked you to show me a card trick.

ABE

Your father is a card trick.

MUSIC #3: "PRESTIDIGITATION"

(ABE grabs a glass and pours it with water. He sets it on the table. He produces a deck of cards and proceeds to false shuffle.)

ABE (CONT'D)

All right, I'm going to teach you the two basic principles of magic.

(ABE double lifts two cards and holds them up.)

ABE (CONT'D)

(sings)

PRES -

(Snap change.)

ABE (CONT'D)

- TIDIGITATION.

CAUSE A SENSATION WITH BASIC ACTS.

(ABE produces four more cards, holding them up)

ABE (CONT'D)

PRESTIDIGITATION
FOOL ALL CREATION WITH KINGS AND JACKS.

(The cards change into King-Jack, King-Jack.)

ABE (CONT'D)

WHETHER THREE CARD MONTE OR AMBITIOUS CARD
OR A COIN CHANGING FROM HAND TO HAND
OR CLASSIC CUPS AND BALLS, IT'S REALLY NOT HARD.
ALL YOU NEED TO PERFORM THEM IS TO LAND

PRESTIDIGITATION
YOU CAN EVEN TURN WATER TO WINE.

(He performs this, with the water on the table.)

ABE (CONT'D)

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW FOR ANY MAGIC SHOW.
PRESTIDIGITATION, THROUGHOUT THE NATION
PRESTIDIGITATION WILL DO FINE!

BOBBY

What's the second basic principle?

ABE

Misdirection.

BOBBY

Would you teach me?

ABE

Ask your grandmother.

(sings)

PRESTIDIGITATION
SUCH AN ELATION. MAGICIANS KNOW.

(He produces a coin from mid-air.)

ABE (CONT'D)
PRESTIDIGATION. NO TREPIDATION
AS FORTUNES GROW!

*(A waterfall of coins suddenly erupts from
his hand.)*

ABE (CONT'D)
SO TAKE IT FROM ME, KID, YOU CAN REALLY GO FAR
IF YOU JUST HAVE THIS ONE TRICK IN YOUR BAG.
AND WHEN YOU MASTER IT, YOU'LL BE A STAR.
JUST LET A ROUTINE GROW FROM JUST A SIMPLE GAG.

BOBBY
What do you mean?

ABE
Give a routine plot and character. Like - oh, I don't
know.

*(FRED emits a sigh and rises from the
chair.)*

FRED
You want me to show him?

ABE
Be my guest.

FRED
Observe.

*(FRED recreates a portion of the Cardini
routine, about a drunk gentleman who
can't understand why various things keep
appearing on his person.)*

ABE & FRED
(sing)
SO TAKE IT FROM US, KID, YOU CAN REALLY GO FAR
IF YOU JUST KEEP THE BASICS IN MIND.

ABE & FRED (CONT'D)
THEY'RE ALL YOU REALLY NEED TO BE A STAR,
AND AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE, YOU WILL FIND

PRESTIDIGITATION, THROUGHOUT CREATION
SUCH A SENSATION FOR ALL THE NATION
PRESTIDIGITATION WILL DO FINE.

BOBBY
That's amazing.

ABE
How well did you observe?

BOBBY
Like a lawyer.

FRED
Magic's in real trouble, now.

ABE
In no bigger trouble than Silly Rabbi.

FRED
If you burden that poor creature any more, she's going
to lose, and you'll be responsible.

ABE
Bobby, you can stay. On two conditions.

BOBBY
Which are?

ABE
First: You must never bet on a horse while living in this
house. Especially anything named Silly or Rabbi.

BOBBY
No problemo, dude.

ABE
Dude? What's a dude?

FRED

Sounds like an easy horse.

ABE

Make that three. You are never to call your grandfather a dude under any circumstances. Especially if you're thinking of betting on a horse.

FRED

Oh, please.

BOBBY

I promise. No dude. The last one?

ABE

Perform one of the tricks I just showed you.

FRED

This, I have to see.

(BOBBY starts to false shuffle, and the cards go everywhere.)

FRED (CONT'D)

Hopeless! I guess, he goes.

ABE

He stays. Two out of three ain't bad.

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE 3

(Three days later. Morning. BOBBY sits on the armchair, practicing a card trick, which he performs perfectly. He does it again, perfect. ABE enters from the bedroom.)

ABE.

Well, well, will you look at this!

BOBBY

Guess you caught me, Grandpa. Whoops.

ABE

Pretty damn good.

BOBBY

I'm a fast learner.

ABE

I thought kids today were only fast with women and cars.

BOBBY

I'm not your typical "kid." Women don't understand me. I'm all about spontaneous, right here, right now, say what you mean and mean what you say.

MUSIC #4: "YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY"

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It doesn't make me too popular.

ABE

Few magicians are. Especially the young ones.

(sings)

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY THINK THEY ARE THE MAGIC,
ALWAYS THE FOCUS AND HOCUS POCUS OF PEOPLE'S LIVES.
WHAT CAN I SAY?

ABE (CONT'D)

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY THINK THEY'RE CLEVER AND SLICK,
BUT INSTEAD, THEY ARE SIMPLY THE TRICKS IN A TERRIBLE MIX
LIKE JEKYLL AND HYDE. ALL OF THEIR PRIDE
HAS MADE ALL THE MAGIC GO WRONG.

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY THINK THEY ARE THE GAINS
MAGIC WORDS, NOT THE PAINS OF PEOPLE'S LIVES.
WHAT CAN I SAY?

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY THINK THAT THEY CAN'T MAKE MISTAKES
LIKE A TRICK, JUST A HANDFUL OF FAKES
EVERY TIME

IF I COULD GO BACK AND BE THAT AGE AGAIN
SO MY WHERES AND WHENS WOULD AGREE,
WOULD EXPERIENCE STACK THE DECK AGAINST ME?
WHAT WOULD I LACK IF I COULDN'T AGREE?

YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN, DON'T YOU SEE?
I COULDN'T BE THEM, AND THEY COULDN'T BE ME.
NO SIR, I COULDN'T BE THEM, AND THEY COULDN'T BE ME.

BOBBY

You're pretty smart, Grandpa.

ABE

Well, Bobby, I've tried a lot. I haven't always succeeded
putting wisdom together with profit! Wisdom always
comes with a short cord-- like you find on a toaster,
and a coffee maker. You always have to find an
extension to make it connect. Too bad-- Because that
makes people stop bothering with both, and trust me,
you need the toast in life. Hell, kid, that toast is the
applause we need every night. Sometimes it's perfect.
Sometimes not at all. Sometimes burnt to a crisp. And
the coffee? Why, that's the stuff that keeps the
audience from falling asleep! And a guy like me? We're
up there doing an act, and trying like hell to spread the
jam all over the bread. And all of that has to come
before the audience gets wise, that we're fresh out of
flavor.

BOBBY

You think the art of magic is still alive?

ABE

Until they close the casket and bury the corpse, it's still alive. Trouble is, the Mister Death of show business is still trying to collect.

BOBBY

Collect for what?

ABE

For the funerals of the wannabe has-beens before you.

BOBBY

I won't give up. Magic is everything to me. I've been trying to save for a membership to the Castle.

ABE

You're too young. Besides, the Castle is the greatest tribute to magic in the world. Milt Larson is a saint!

BOBBY

So I'm told.

(FRED enters in his pajamas.)

FRED

Who are we canonizing this time?

ABE

Milt.

FRED

For once, we agree.

ABE

So my dear grandson, how long have you been interested in magic?

BOBBY

Since I was fourteen.

FRED

You didn't know? Abe, for God's sake, you were living in the same house for five years!

ABE

Who knew? My grandson never came out of his room, except to eat, shower, and go to school.

FRED

What the hell was he doing?

ABE

Good question. What the hell were you doing, Bobby?

BOBBY

Practicing. I was always practicing. I just got real nervous, yesterday. So I got up very early this morning, and started to go over the trick that you showed me yesterday-- over and over again.

FRED

Practice makes perfect. I, myself, never needed to practice.

BOBBY

Why not?

ABE

Because he never did any real magic at all.

FRED

Bite your tongue.

ABE

You should be so lucky.

(to BOBBY)

Early in his career, Fred actually did magic. Great tricks. Great illusions. Then, his act started to die - big time.

FRED

It didn't die! It just . . . Moaned a little.

ABE

The only things it lacked were candles and rigor mortis!

FRED

It was never meant to be magic!

ABE

Sure, it was meant to be magic, but it lost the magic. So instead, Fred went for laughs. The Victor Borge of magic! He'd come out in a tuxedo, look at the audience and say, "Well folks, if the act dies, at least I'm dressed for it."

FRED

That doesn't mean, I can't do great feats!

ABE

Feats? You massage toes better than you do magic!

FRED

So kid, why didn't you just tell your dad that you had this passion for magic, once you turned eighteen?

ABE

You don't know his father. My son has been angry ever since the doctor slapped him on the ass, because show business provides no free rides. At least not those like his spoiled Rodeo Drive friends all got. But if my grandson is interested in becoming a magician, my poor old heart leaps for joy.

FRED

Leaps? Nothing leaps in your body.

ABE

On the other hand, I know everything about magic.

FRED

On the other hand, you're a crazy old fool - working on insane.

ABE

Don't you have a horse race to go to? A jockey to bribe?

FRED

What the hell am I gonna bribe him to do? Convert?
Besides, post time is twelve o'clock. Why should I go to
the race track any sooner than I need to?

ABE

Don't you ever watch the warm-ups?

FRED

Since when does a good Rabbi need a warm-up?

ABE

A silly one needs all the help he can get. Bobby, we are
starting from scratch. I'm gonna teach you everything I
know.

FRED

That should take about an hour and a half.

**Perusal
Only
NOT FOR
PRODUCTION** BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE

INTERMEZZO A

MUSIC #4A: "MAGICIAN'S RAG #1"

(HOUDINI SCHWARTZ enters with a magic cabinet. ABE, FRED and BOBBY stand on the stage.)

(ABE climbs into the cabinet. HOUDINI SCHWARTZ closes the cabinet and gives it a spin. He opens it. POOF - Abe is disappeared.)

(FRED climbs into the cabinet. HOUDINI SCHWARTZ gives it a spin and opens it. Fred is disappeared.)

(BOBBY climbs in. HOUDINI SCHWARTZ gives it a spin and opens it. Bobby is not disappeared. Instead, he is found in a passionate embrace with BONNIE FALCONI.)

(BOBBY and BONNIE break their embrace, realizing they are discovered in their compromising position. BOBBY looks at the audience and then to Houdini Schwartz - obviously annoyed.)

(BONNIE reaches out and slams the cabinet door. HOUDINI SCWARTZ merely shrugs and rolls the cabinet offstage.)

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE 4

(Later that day. BOBBY sits on the loe seat, practicing card lifts. The door opens. FRED enters, looking a bit disappointed.)

BOBBY

You look a bit disappointed, Uncle Fred. You lose?

FRED

The Rabbi did a Baptist. He washed out.

BOBBY

What does that mean?

FRED

He stopped just short of the finish line, and the jockey went flying into the lake. Baptized.

BOBBY

Was he hurt?

FRED

Just his pride. I think, the horse was laughing like hell, though.

BOBBY

And the other horse?

FRED

He placed. I mean, he came in second.

BOBBY

Does that pay?

FRED

After parking, admission and beer? No. But it was fun watching. I've made a lot of money on the ponies.

BOBBY

That's not what Grandpa says.

FRED

Your grandfather is a curmudgeon.

BOBBY

You haven't met my father.

FRED

His reputation precedes him.

BOBBY

I really want to please Grandpa.

FRED

Bobby, as much as I loved magic, it never did a whole lot for me when I needed it.

BOBBY

My mother used to say, you never get anything when you really need it.

FRED

I think that's the 11th commandment: "Thou shall not get a break when you really need it!"

BOBBY

Why do you think that's so?

MUSIC #5: "HUMILITY"

FRED

(sings)

WHO THE HELL KNOWS?
LIFE IS A MYSTERY, BUT SO IS OUR HISTORY.
JUST LOOK AT IT CLOSE.
OLD JULIUS CAESAR, A ROMAN CROWD PLEASER
MAY HAVE HAD POWER, BUT LACKED ANY GOOD LUCK
JUST LOOK AT HOW HE GOT STUCK BY HIS FRIENDS.

LOOK AT COLUMBUS
A REAL GOOD ITALIAN - NAVIGATION ABANDONED HIM
SO LONG AGO
MAYBE WE BUMBLE TO TEACH US SOME HUMBLE
ALONG THE WAY.

FRED (CONT'D)

YOU GOTTA LEARN SOME HUMILITY.
DON'T YOU KNOW IT, BOY? HUMILITY.
IT MAY LACK JOY, BUT HUMILITY'S A NECESSITY
IN THIS GRAND OLD SCHEME CALLED LIFE.

HUMILITY.
THAT'S SO REQUIRED.
HUMILITY.
ADAM AND EVE LIKE NECESSITY.

HUMBLE COME TUMBLE IS REQUIRED FOR LIVING
'CAUSE LIFE MUST BE GIVING THAT BOOT UP YOUR BUTT
OR YOU STAY IN A RUT
WHERE EVERYTHING STAYS THE SAME AS NOW.

FRED & BOBBY
(sing)

HUMILITY.
SAMSON DELILAH LIKE HUMILITY
YOU'RE TAUGHT A GREAT LESSON, THOUGH YOU HURT LIKE HELL
LIFE HAS TO BE TRICKY. IT CAN'T ALWAYS BE SWELL.

HUMILITY
LIFE NEEDS TO TEACH YOU SOME HUMILITY.
OUR LIVES WOULD BE BORING, AND FATE WOULD BE SNORING
WITHOUT YOU EXPLORING A TUMBLE FROM GRACE
WHERE YOU FALL ON YOUR FACE.

FRED

HUMILITY
WHEN YOUR HORSE FAILS, IT'S HUMILITY.
AND POVERTY MIGHT FOLLOW RIGHT THEN.
THOUGH YOU MAY NOT KNOW WHEN.

BOBBY

HUMILITY.

FRED & BOBBY

YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURSELF HUMILITY
FALL ON A CHIMNEY RIGHT THERE ON YOUR ASS
BUT SANTA CLAUS DOES IT AND LETS THE PAIN PASS.

HUMILITY.

YOU'RE GONNA GET SOME HUMILITY.
HUMBLE COME TUMBLE FOR SURE.

BUT PICK YOURSELF UP, AND JUST DUST YOURSELF OFF!
IT'S NOTHING FATAL.
IT'S JUST A LITTLE OLD, JUST A LITTLE OLD HUMILITY!

BOBBY

Uncle Fred, will you show me some tricks?

FRED

Kid, your grandfather was right. Real magic was so long ago, I can't even remember the props that I always needed.

BOBBY

Magic didn't work for you?

FRED

Magic was just an act. I needed to make a living. I was divorced - not once, but three times. I was paying alimony to three different women at once. Not one of them even considered making a living, on their own. So magic became the necessity, and it lost the magic of what it was supposed to be. I looked for other things to bring in money. I bet on baseball- struck out. I bet on football- and I got creamed. I bet on politics. Oh my God, the money I lost on Harry Truman, alone!

BOBBY

And then?

FRED

I looked for a gimmick. And I was asking myself way back then. Hey schmuck, this act is getting very close to becoming a "Titanical" disaster. It was just before the war, so people wouldn't throw food.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

They just started throwing ice, which is not only free, it hurts more. So there I was scratching my head and going, "How in the hell can you make a magic act different?" If a trick failed, the audience would laugh and boo, and management would end your act pronto, but if you deliberately made the act look like it was supposed to fail, and you're standing there pretending like you don't know why-- than it's funny. I was a friend of Victor Borge, a real classical pianist. Liberace without the glitter. Everybody was doing Beethoven for real; Victor was doing Beethoven for laughs. So I started doing magic for laughs. And somehow, by some miracle, it worked. I went for the laughs, and forgot what made real magic so wonderful.

BOBBY

Ever miss it?

FRED

Miss it? Not really, kid. After your life has been surrounded by illusion, magic is like putting a cranky grandmother back home on a train. The visit was nice for about a day and a half. The memories were fantastic. And dear old, Granny? Why, she's just like you're favorite trick, and it doesn't take long before you get tired of the sleight-of-hand, just like you get tired of granny. And then, you put it aside - just like you're putting granny back onto that train. She was nice, the memories were sweet, but oh my Lord, she was demanding as hell. She drained you like a sponge for a month. "Get me this! "Get me that!" Now, her time's up. You're so glad she's leaving, but you feel guilty as hell, because you know that magic, when you were starting out, was just like that grandmother. They both cheered you on when you were lonely, fed you when you were hungry, thrilled you when they worked, or when they rooted for you. But now? Its different. You've changed. She's changed. Magic isn't what it was. You got what you wanted! And granny? Why, hell, she's acting just like she wants you to respect what the hell she meant to you when you were a kid in the first place. Does that make sense, kid?

BOBBY

Sure, I guess.

FRED

So, no. I can't teach you anything about real magic. I can, however, teach you the inside secrets of betting on the ponies.

BOBBY

Not on my allowance.

FRED

I guess not, but it sure is exciting. Can't you see it, kid?

MUSIC #6: "WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN"

FRED (CONT'D)

(sings)

WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN
WHAT A THRILL, AND WHAT JOY!
I'M JUST TELLING YOU, BOY!
NO THING LIFE EMPLOYS
COULD EVER COMPARE
TO THAT MOMENT IN TIME,
TO THAT MOMENT IN FATE!
I TELL YOU, IT'S GREAT
WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN.

YOU DON'T GET MANY DREAMS THAT COME TRUE WHILE YOU LIVE.
AND YOU GET MAD AT FATE AND REFUSE TO FORGIVE
ALL THE HUNDREDS OF TIMES HE'S JUST LET YOU DOWN
EVERY DAY, ALL AROUND
WHERE CAN ANY LUCK BE FOUND?

FRED (CONT'D)

WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN
IS A JOY OF FIRST RATE
AND YOU JUST CELEBRATE
AND YOU STOP CURSING FATE
AND YOU JUMP UP AND CHEER
OH, I'M TELLING YOU HERE
NOTHING COMPARES
AND DAMN LITTLE SHARES
TO THAT MOMENT IN TIME
THAT TIME IN YOUR LIFE
I'LL TELL YOU, IT'S GREAT
WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN

HE'S BEAT ALL THE ODDS. OTHER HORSES HAD STYLE,
BUT YOU PRAYED TO GOD, AND FOR ONCE, HE JUST SMILED
AND TO OLD SANTA ANITA, HE SENT YOU AN ANGEL
RIGHT TO THAT HORSE, AS IF GIVING A KISS.
HE JUST WHISPERED THIS:

YOU WILL WIN, HERE, MY FRIEND
IF YOU'LL JUST STAY THE COURSE
TAKE YOUR PLACE, WIN THE RACE,
BEAT THE ODDS. OH MY GOD!

*(They do not notice ABE, who enters with
a large trunk, full of magic supplies.)*

FRED & BOBBY
(sing)

WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN
WHAT A THRILL, AND WHAT JOY!

FRED
I'M JUST TELLING YOU, BOY!

FRED & BOBBY
NO THING LUCK EMPLOYS
COULD EVER COMPARE
TO THAT MOMENT IN TIME,
TO THAT MOMENT IN FATE!
I TELL YOU, IT'S GREAT!
NO JOY CAN ESCAPE!

FRED & BOBBY (CONT'D)

WATCHING YOUR HORSE
KEEPING THE COURSE!
WATCHING YOUR HORSE COME IN!

BOBBY

Except the Silly Rabbi. He washed out.

FRED

And was baptized, which is tough for an Orthodox horse. For the love of God, there are enough magicians in the world. But betting on a horse - oh, yes - that's a class act.

BOBBY

Well, if I'm ever flush.

FRED

No more card tricks.

BOBBY

With money.

FRED

Gonna be a while before you get money.

ABE

Maybe yes, maybe no. You filling y grandson's head with visions of horseshit?

FRED

I wouldn't dare. There's enough horseshit in the world. Present company included.

ABE

Well, I have news for you. I played the lottery, yesterday.

FRED

Well, there's a losing proposition.

(ABE produces a wad of cash and presents it to Fred, who is amazed.)

ABE

Does that look like a losing proposition?

FRED

How much, you got there?

ABE

A hell of a lot.

FRED

How much?

ABE

After the magic supplies, about eighty-four thousand. It would have been more, but I didn't want to wait two weeks for the lottery office. So, I sold the ticket to Old Man Warner for a twelve percent discount.

FRED

Too much.

ABE

You kidding? That stupid dummy? Guess who gets stuck with the tax liability. That's more than twelve percent.

FRED

And you spent six thousand dollars on magic supplies? Didn't we agree, when we moved into this joint, that . . .

ABE

Not me. Not us. My grandson is going into magic.

FRED

What game did you play?

ABE

The Daily Derby. All the excitement of Santa Anita without the horseshit. And without Rabbis - silly or otherwise.

FRED

I'll be damned.

ABE

Not too loud. God is listening.

FRED

If God was listening, He'd have let the Rabbi win.

ABE

Well, the horse in the lottery derby was Rabbi-related.

FRED

Rabbi-related?

ABE

Sure. His name was Circumcision. I think, I'll buy some new furniture.

FRED

Circumcision? I think, I'll go jump off the roof! And what's wrong with the furniture we've got?

ABE

Nothing. As long as Mother Theresa isn't coming for tea.

(DAVID CADABRA, 40's, opens the door, uninvited, and strides right in.)

FRED

Humble is good.

ABE

If you're a monk.

FRED

Could we buy a new fridge?

ABE

Why not? We can celebrate our frigid ex-wives together.

FRED

I have a surprise too.

DAVID

Yeah. I'm here.

(ABE spins and spots David. Heaven, Earth and Hell all freeze over at once.)

FRED

That's not it.

ABE

I should hope not.

(to DAVID)

Who invited you?

(A KNOCK at the door.)

FRED

That would be it.

DAVID

I hear, you've come into a little money.

ABE

No secret is safe anymore.

(Another KNOCK - more insistent.)

DAVID

You bought it at the liquor store, where we went as kids to buy soda pop. Didn't you think that Mister Warner would call me?

ABE

Warner! He made twelve percent profit! He would have betrayed Paul Revere!

(KNOCKING - still more insistent.)

FRED

The surprise is going to leave.

BOBBY

Grandpa, should I answer the . . .

DAVID

I need a sports car.

ABE

And I need an angel in my bed. Doesn't mean it's gonna happen.

DAVID

You need to buy it for me.

ABE

Oh, is that a fact?

(The KNOCKING is almost nonstop.)

DAVID

Yes it is. I'm your only child.

ABE

Thank God. Child support for you was a small fortune.

FRED

Will someone - please - answer the surpr - I mean, the door?

DAVID

(top of voice)

I took care of you, when I didn't have to!

ABE

(equally shouting)

And when I found out your mother was fooling around with the mailman, I took care of you, when I didn't have to! He left with a note, and she left with all the notes in the bank! She didn't want you, just a pirate's plunder of alimony! Funny thing, she never came to see you until your grandmother died and left you all that college money.

DAVID

I just let her think she was going to get some, and after she bought me clothes, I left for Harvard.

ABE

Don't make me laugh! I think, the ivy stays at Harvard longer than you lasted.

DAVID

I left to discover myself!

ABE

Really? Did you and Columbus run into each other?

(The KNOCKING is at deafening decibels.)

BOBBY

I'll answer it.

FRED

Thank God.

(The door opens before Bobby can reach it. MILDRED stands in the door, her hair in curlers. BONNIE FALCONI, 18, stands beside her in a traveling coat. Bonnie picks up two very heavy suitcases - in addition to the large duffel bag she has over her shoulder. BOBBY notices her, immediately.)

MILDRED

If opportunity knocked as loud as this poor girl, your luck might really change.

(MILDRED steps inside, leaving Bonnie with Bobby.)

ABE

What are you doing here?

MILDRED

I need to find out why that young girl is knocking on the door of two old men.

MUSIC #7: "THE OPPORTUNITY FAIRY"

DAVID

Who the hell is that?

MILDRED

(sings)

THE OPPORTUNITY FAIRY, MADAME CONTRARY.
I'M THE LANDLORD, YOU CREEP!
THE ONE WITH THE KEYS, HERE.
THE ONE YOU SHOULD PLEASE, DEAR.
THERE'S A CRASH WHEN YOU LEAP!

I'M WARNING YOU, HERE AND NOW,
YOU'RE GETTING IN DEEP, AND HOW.
AND SINKING FAST!

DAVID

(sings)

OH, MADAME CONTRARY,
YOU SIMPLY DON'T SCARE ME
SOMEHOW. NO HOW.

MILDRED

I GOT A FEELING YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DEALING
WITH REALITY LONG.
AND IF I MUST SHOW YOU, THAT GOES TO SHOW YOU,
IT AIN'T ALWAYS THE STRONG

WHO WIN ALL THE BATTLES, BABY
YOU'RE DIGGING A HOLE HERE, MAYBE.
DEEPER THAN HELL
IN CASE YOU CAN'T TELL,
I'M THE DAVID TO YOUR GOLIATH!

DAVID

Oh, I'm so scared.

MILDRED

WITH THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN SO NEAR,
SHALL I BE OBVIOUS HERE?
DON'T GO CALLING OLD MGM
TINSEL TOWN MIGHT DISAPPEAR!

SO TAKE SOME ADVICE HERE.
YOU BETTER GET NICE HERE.
I'M TELLING YOU SO!
THE OPPORTUNITY FAIRY, MADAME CONTRARY
WILL MAKE IT SO!

DAVID

Go away, freak.

ABE

Watch your mouth. She may be old, but she's a lady.

MILDRED

THERE'S NO FREAK HERE BUT YOU,
AND IF I WANTED TO,
I'D THROW YOU OUT OF HERE -
ALEKAZAM AND DISAPPEAR
I CAN MAKE YOU FALL, GO DOWN
SO DON'T YOU FOOL AROUND!
THE OPPORTUNITY FAIRY, MADAME CONTRARY
SHE'S GONNA LAST!

ABE

Now, you apologize to her.

DAVID

You watch it, you old fart.

(ABE and DAVID are now nose to nose.)

ABE

What am I supposed to watch? I brought you into this world; I can take you out.

DAVID

Is that so?

(BOBBY and BONNIE have not moved from the door.)

BOBBY

So, who are you?

BONNIE

My name is Bonnie. Falconi.

DAVID

Are you going to buy me that sports car?

MILDRED

A sports car?

ABE & DAVID

Stay out of this!

MILDRED

Go to Hell!

ABE

I'm not buying you some cockamamie sports car, just because I got lucky once in my life!

BONNIE

My grandfather invited me.

DAVID

Then, I'm cutting off support for Bobby. Two can play at your little game.

BOBBY

Your grandfather?

ABE

Bobby arrived without any money. So exactly what amount were you planning on adding to nothing?

DAVID

Go to Hell!

FRED

Please - some manners, here?

BOBBY

What grandfather is that?

DAVID

Still hanging with this antique, huh?

FRED

Antique? Why you . . .

BONNIE

The other magician in the house.

DAVID

I'm counting to four.

ABE

You could never get past three.

MILDRED

Most men can't.

BOBBY

You mean, Uncle Fred?

BONNIE

My grandfather is your uncle?

MILDRED

We need some order in here. You're disturbing the other tenants.

FRED

What other tenants?

DAVID

One . . .

BOBBY

Well, my honorary uncle.

ABE

You have five minutes to leave.

BOBBY

You brought your suitcases?

MILDRED

Make that two and a half.

BONNIE

I kind of got thrown out by my folks. We don't see eye to eye on a lot of stuff.

BOBBY

I'll take care of you.

FRED

(at BOBBY, from across the room)

Don't get any ideas!

BOBBY

We've been discovered.

BONNIE

Guess we were.

DAVID

So, your final answer. You're saying, no?

MILDRED

Is this guy dense, or what?

DAVID

Stay the hell out of this!

MILDRED

In five minutes, I'm calling a cop and having you dragged out of here.

DAVID

Oh yeah?

MILDRED

Yeah.

(DAVID storms out - brushing between Bobby and Bonnie and slamming the door. MILDRED follows, also slamming the door. ABE and FRED storm off toward the bedrooms, slamming that door. BONNIE comes into the actual Living Room area. BOBBY follows.)

BOBBY

Well, this is a bit odd.

BONNIE

You might say that.

BOBBY

Guess everyone forgot you arrived.

BONNIE

No one knew I was arriving. Except Grandfather.

BOBBY

You have a suitcase. You staying at a hotel, nearby?

BONNIE

I'm staying here. On the couch.

BOBBY

But that's where I sleep.

BONNIE

It's a fold out. Right?

BOBBY

But that's where I sleep.

(BONNIE comes closer to him.)

BONNIE

So, you believe in chivalry?

BOBBY

You mean, like Sir Launcelot?

BONNIE

More like, Sir Walter Raleigh.

BOBBY

The guy who spread his cloak?

BONNIE

Among other things.

BOBBY

For you, I guess I could play Walter Raleigh.

(BONNIE will pick up a pillow and blanket from the couch.)

BONNIE
Then, dear Sir Walter?

BOBBY
Yes?

(BONNIE hands him the pillow and blanket.)

BONNIE
It's the floor for you.

(BOBBY just stands there with pillow and blanket in hand, like a dumbstruck Linus. BONNIE puts her suitcases on the couch and starts to unpack.)

BLACKOUT.

Perusal
Only
NOT FOR
PRODUCTION