

DEADPAN

A CABARET MUSICAL IN TWO ACTS

Book, Music and Lyrics by Kevin Kelleher

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SYNOPSIS: It's 1936, and hit songwriter Stanley Cordell has come to the "Il Toscana" nightclub to propose to his fiancée but instead discovers she's been having an affair behind his back. When she promptly dies, Stanley (along with everyone else) gets implicated in a murder investigation that's sure to uncover some unsettling, unforeseen, and downright unusual truths about the club's patrons.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 MEN, 3 WOMEN, 4 EITHER)

- STANLEY CORDELL (m) A famous songwriter engaged to Blondie Townsend. *(86 lines)*
- CLARA "BLONDIE" TOWNSEND (f)..... A veteran performer, one half of the popular double-act, "Betty & Blondie," engaged to Stanley Cordell. *(72 lines)*
- BETTY HALLIFORD (f) A young performer, the other half of "Betty & Blondie," who once had a fling with Stanley Cordell. *(62 lines)*
- HUGO CAGLIARI (m) Proprietor of the Il Toscana restaurant and nightclub. *(60 lines)*
- DOKTOR HELMUT HOLZKOPF/
ROGER MORTON (m/f)..... A German-American medical doctor on holiday. (HELGA HOLZKOPF/REGINA MORTON if female) *(38 lines)*
- MAÎTRE D' (m/f)..... French manager of the Il Toscana. *(46 lines)*
- PORTER (m/f) An eager young boy who carries luggage at the Il Toscana. *(10 lines)*

CLIFFORD MAGNUS/

HANS AHLBORN (m).....A playboy and frequent patron of the Il Toscana who is carrying on a secret affair with Blondie Townsend. (99 lines)

SPECIAL AGENT EMMA BENNETT (f) ..A hard-nosed, though somewhat buffoonish, criminal investigator – homicide division. (97 lines)

MAESTRO (m /f)Conductor of the Il Toscana Orchestra. (1 line)

PROPERTIES

SCENE 1

- Guest List, Pencil – Maître D’
- Overcoat – Holzkopf
- Coat, Suitcase – Magnus
- Star of the Tsars – Hugo
- Sheet Music, Money – Stanley

SCENE 2

- Sheet Music – Stanley
- Tray, Champagne, 3 champagne flutes, Star of the Tsars – Maître D’

SCENE 4

- Note – Bennett
- Badge – Bennett
- Handcuffs – Bennett
- Bottle of Champagne – Maître D’

SCENE 5

- Missing Half of the Note – Kitchen
- Handcuffs – Bennett
- Knife (from table) – Blondie
- Pistol (huge) – Bennett
- Detachable Goatee– Holzkopf
- Pistol (tiny) – Morton
- Detachable Mustache – Ahlborn
- Seven Glasses of Champagne, Tray – Porter
- Champagne for the Band – Maître D’
- Can of Methanol – Porter

SETTING

1936, at “Il Toscana”—the hottest nightclub in the United States.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

SONG 1	OVERTURE	The Band
SONG 2	A LITTLE LOVE (HELPS TOO)	Betty and Blondie
SONG 3	YOU’RE STUPESTUNNISPECTASTELLASTRIKISPLENDISPIRING!	Betty and Blondie
SONG 4	I’M IN LOVE, WHAT CAN I DO?	Stanley
SONG 5	THE ARROW AMOR	Betty and Stanley
SONG 6	THE FINAL POISONING (NOIR HITS #1-3)	The Band
SONG 7	WE’RE IN LOVE. WHAT CAN WE DO?	Betty and Stanley
SONG 8	FINALE	The Band

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SCENE:

The restaurant has a stage area center with a bandstand behind it. Tables set for dinner cover the floor space.

AT RISE:

HUGO CAGLIARI, proprietor, rushes across the restaurant to MAÎTRE D', who's rummaging through the guest list.

HUGO: Has he arrived yet?

MAÎTRE D': No, no, *Monsieur*, not yet.

HUGO: You'll let me know as soon as he gets here.

MAÎTRE D': *Oui.*

DOKTOR HELMUT HOLZKOPF enters the restaurant wearing an overcoat. He has a mustache and goatee.

HUGO: It's very important I be notified right away, do you understand?

MAÎTRE D': Yes, yes, of course. Right away. *(To HOLZKOPF.)* Hello and good evening to you, sir! Welcome to the *Il Toscana.*

HUGO exits.

HOLZKOPF: *(Speaking with a thick German accent.)* Ach so, yes, thank you.

MAÎTRE D': *(Calling offstage.)* Porter! Porter! *(MAÎTRE D' claps his hands twice.)*

PORTER springs into the restaurant.

MAÎTRE D': *(To HOLZKOPF.)* Please, sir, allow our porter to help you with that.

PORTER helps HOLZKOPF out of his overcoat and takes it for him, standing aside.

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MAÎTRE D': Your name, please, sir?

HOLZKOPF: Holzkopf. *Doktor* Helmut Holzkopf.

MAÎTRE D': (*Thumbing through guest list.*) Ah yes, right.
Doctor...Helch...kolp...ffff...?

HOLZKOPF: Holzkopf.

MAÎTRE D': Exactly. (*Slams guest list closed.*) I am terribly sorry,
Monsieur, but you are evidently not on our guest list this evening.

CLIFFORD MAGNUS enters carrying a coat and a suitcase. He wears a stylish, black mustache on his upper lip.

HOLZKOPF: Not on the list...?

MAÎTRE D': So sorry, sir, but I'm afraid not. (*Approaches MAGNUS with open arms.*) *Bonsoir*, good sir! Welcome, welcome!

PORTER shrugs and hands HOLZKOPF back his overcoat, then abandons him to attend to MAGNUS.

MAÎTRE D': And how are you on this fine evening, Mr. Magnus?
Well, I trust?

MAÎTRE D' shakes hands with MAGNUS. HOLZKOPF leans over the guest list and quickly jots his name down on it.

MAGNUS: Quite well, quite well— thank you.

PORTER takes his coat and suitcase. MAÎTRE D' leads MAGNUS to the guest list, shooing HOLZKOPF away on approach.

MAÎTRE D': (*To HOLZKOPF.*) Tut tut tut! (*To MAGNUS.*) Excellent, sir, very good to hear it. (*Looks for his name on guest list.*) Ah yes, here you are. (*Checks him off.*)

MAGNUS: Say, old boy, do you happen to know if Mr. Hugo Cagliari is here? I have something rather important I need to see him about.

HUGO appears on the other side of the restaurant.

MAÎTRE D': But of course! He is expecting you, in fact.

HUGO: Ah! Clifford! You've come at last.

MAGNUS: Mr. Cagliari, a pleasure to see you again.

MAGNUS begins to cross when PORTER steps forward, catching his attention.

PORTER: I'll just take your things to your suite as usual, Mr. Magnus.

MAGNUS: Wha—? Oh yes, that'd be lovely, thank you.

PORTER is visibly agitated that he wasn't tipped. With a sigh, he takes the coat and suitcase offstage. MAGNUS and HUGO meet center on the stage, shake hands and pantomime a conversation with their backs to the audience.

HOLZKOPF: *(Keeping an eye on HUGO and MAGNUS.)* Are you quite sure that my name is not on the list?

MAÎTRE D': I beg your pardon?

HOLZKOPF: Might you check again? Just to make sure. I did come such a long way...

MAÎTRE D' rolls his eyes, but looks through the guest list again.

MAÎTRE D': I assure you, *Monsieur*, that our list is never—
(Perplexed.) —Holzkopf.

HOLZKOPF: Yes?

MAÎTRE D': *(Reading.)* "Doktor Helmut Holzkopf."

HOLZKOPF: At your service, sir.

MAÎTRE D': I am very sorry, *Monsieur*, do forgive me! It appears your name has been on our list all along.

MAÎTRE D' snaps his fingers—PORTER leaps to take his overcoat.

HOLZKOPF: Oh, well, that is quite all right.

MAÎTRE D': You have my sincerest apologies. If you please...
(Directs HOLZKOPF in.)

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HOLZKOPF starts toward the restaurant.

PORTER: Ahem...excuse me, sir.

PORTER holds his free hand out for a tip.

HOLZKOPF: Oh, right. Just take it up to my room, thanks.

HOLZKOPF leaves PORTER to roam the restaurant. PORTER fumes behind him before taking his overcoat offstage, muttering angrily as he goes. MAGNUS and HUGO turn to face the audience.

MAGNUS: Well? Do you have it?

HUGO: Of course. But first...I must have your reassurance. I'm sure you can appreciate my...precarious position.

MAGNUS: It is appreciated. But you must realize I have nothing to offer you except my word.

HUGO: Your word?

MAGNUS: You know the deal. You know how this works. If you're not interested...

MAGNUS turns as though he's going to leave.

HUGO: No! No, no, it's all right. Here. *(HUGO produces the Star of the Tsars, a huge jeweled necklace, and hands it to MAGNUS.)*

MAGNUS: Ah, yes... The Star of the Tsars. At last. What did you have to do to get this?

HUGO: You don't want to know.

MAGNUS: Aha! A man who knows how to keep his secrets. That's more like it, Hugo.

HUGO: The necklace is yours. Just remember our agreement. *(HUGO exits.)*

MAGNUS inspects the Star of the Tsars for a moment alone. His brow furrows at it, and we get the feeling he's making a tough decision about something. After a beat, MAGNUS strides toward the door.

MAGNUS: Say, Maître D'!

MAÎTRE D': *Oui, Monsieur?*

MAGNUS: I have an idea. A plan—a very important plan. Do you think you can help me?

MAÎTRE D': As always, I am at your disposal, sir.

MAGNUS: Good man. I want you to take a look at this. (*Presents the Star of the Tsars.*)

MAÎTRE D': *Bleu fromage!*

MAGNUS: It's called the Star of the Tsars. It was a part of the lost crown jewels of an old Russian royal family—the Sonaboviches.

MAÎTRE D': I beg your pardon!?

MAGNUS: The 19th century Tsar and Tsarina, Vladimir and Anastasia Sonabovich. This was the prize of their family's collection. In other words, this necklace is priceless.

MAÎTRE D': *Montagne Dieu...!*

MAGNUS: Tonight I want to present this necklace to Blondie Townsend. As a gift.

MAÎTRE D': Most generous, sir!

MAGNUS: (*With a cocky smile.*) I know, right? I'd like it to be brought to her as soon as I greet her—with a bottle of champagne. Can you arrange it for me?

MAÎTRE D': Necklace and champagne. As soon as you greet Blondie. Certainly, *Monsieur.*

MAGNUS: I knew I could count on you. (*Extends the Star of the Tsars.*)

MAÎTRE D': I shall guard it with my life. (*Deposits the Star of the Tsars in his inside breast pocket.*)

MAGNUS exits. STANLEY CORDELL enters.

MAÎTRE D': Good evening, sir, and welcome to the *Il Toscana!*

STANLEY: The "Il" Toscana? Isn't that a little redundant?

MAÎTRE D': No, no, no, sir, I believe it is Italian.

STANLEY: Right...

MAÎTRE D': Your name, please?

STANLEY: I don't think you'll find it on the list. I'm actually here to surprise someone tonight.

MAÎTRE D': Is it me? (*Flatly.*) Because I do not like surprises.

STANLEY: It might be. Have a look at this. (*Hands him sheet music.*)

MAÎTRE D': A page of music. "I'm In Love. What Can I Do." Really?

STANLEY: Yes. Really. It's a song I wrote. For someone very special.

MAÎTRE D': I'm afraid I cannot read music, *Monsieur*.

STANLEY: Surely you can read the name in the corner. (*Points.*)
There, see.

MAÎTRE D': "Stanley...Cordell." Stanley Cordell...?

PORTER: You're *the* Stanley Cordell?!

STANLEY: The one and only. (*Pulls out a wad of money, counts it.*)

MAÎTRE D': *Nom de plume!*

STANLEY: Blondie Townsend is my fiancée. I'm sure she won't mind my intrusion.

STANLEY stuffs all the money into MAÎTRE D'S pocket, takes back the sheet music, and walks past him into the restaurant.

MAÎTRE D': Excuse me, *Monsieur*... (*STANLEY stops.*) Blondie, you say?

STANLEY: Yes, why?

MAÎTRE D': (*Thinks better of it. Smiles as he pulls the money from his pocket.*) Nothing, sir. Have a lovely evening.

MAÎTRE D' flips through the money, puts it into a different pocket, and exits with the guest list.

PORTER: Mr. Cordell? Hi, I'm a real big fan of your music.

STANLEY: Well, thank you, son.

HOLZKOPF, in his wandering, finds the drum set in the bandstand and takes a seat on the throne, inspecting it.

PORTER: I know I just carry luggage around this place all day—but someday, it's been my dream, sir, to...ah, it's a silly thing, really.

STANLEY: Go on. What is it?

PORTER: Well, someday I'd really like to carry luggage in and out of coal mines, sir.

STANLEY: Coal mines?

PORTER: Well, sure. It's just I don't have the musical talent.

STANLEY: Musical talent? For what, exactly?

PORTER: To be a coal porter, sir.

HOLZKOPF accidentally plays a sting on the drums. Too embarrassed to apologize vocally, he gets up and removes himself from the bandstand.

STANLEY: Well, son, we all have to start somewhere.

STANLEY turns to go, but a subtle lean from PORTER lets him know he's expecting a tip. He pats his pockets, realizes he gave all his money to MAÎTRE D'.

STANLEY: Sorry, kiddo, just ran out. (STANLEY leaves the PORTER.)

PORTER: ...Damn! (PORTER exits.)

FIRST COURSE IS SERVED.

DO NOT COPY

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

AT RISE:

MAESTRO and THE BAND take their places on the bandstand. HUGO takes the stage.

HUGO: Ladies and gentlemen...please welcome the *Il Toscana* orchestra! (*HUGO exits.*)

**SONG 1: OVERTURE
(INSTRUMENTAL)**

When OVERTURE finishes, HUGO comes to address the audience.

HUGO: Ladies and gentlemen...thank you all for joining us tonight at the *Il Toscana*! (*Applause.*) I, Hugo Cagliari, welcome you to enjoy the best food, the best music—and the best night you'll ever have! (*Applause.*)

**SONG 2: A LITTLE LOVE (HELPS TOO)
(BETTY AND BLONDIE)**

HUGO: (*Spoken over the music.*) But ladies and gentlemen, we know why you really came here tonight...to witness the hottest act around—performing exclusively here at the *Il Toscana*—the double-act sensation that's sweeping the nation...the talented, the beautiful—Betty and Blondie! (*HUGO exits.*)

BETTY HALLIFORD and CLARA "BLONDIE" TOWNSEND take the stage.

BLONDIE:

IN THE GAME OF LIFE
IF YOU WANT A WIFE
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE HER THE MOON.

BETTY:

BUT WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE
A LITTLE LOVE HELPS TOO.

BLONDIE:

WHO DOESN'T LIKE GIFTING?
A PRESENT OR NIFTY
TOKEN OR TWO—OR A FEW WILL DO, DEAR --
BUT IN A PINCH, A LITTLE LOVE HELPS TOO.

BETTY:

FOR THE PRICE
A SHAWL IS NICE,
BUT FUR IS TWICE
AS THOUGHTFUL—AND YOU KNOW
SOMETIMES A LITTLE LOVE HELPS OUT TOO.

Music vamps under dialogue.

BLONDIE: Say, Betty, are you still seeing that banker?

BETTY: Not anymore.

BLONDIE: That's awful! Didn't he just buy you a whole new set of jewelry?

BETTY: He almost did, but then he suddenly became hard of *earring*...

BLONDIE:

DIAMONDS AND TREASURE
ARE ALWAYS A PLEASURE,
THOUGH QUITE AT YOUR LEISURE,
YOU NEVER CAN MEASURE
HOW MUCH A LITTLE LOVE HELPS US TOO.

BETTY:

SOME GUYS ARE WISE
TO LEAVE A SURPRISE
LIKE A HAT IN MY SIZE, OR
GLOVES TO MATCH MY EYES,
THAT AND OF COURSE, A LITTLE LOVE HELPS TOO.

BLONDIE:

I JUST ADORE MY LOVER! HIM I COULD NOT REPLACE.

BETTY:

ALL THE SAME, YOU MIGHT SEND A BRACELET JUST IN CASE!

Instrumental break. Vamp under dialogue.

BETTY: Say, Blondie, how come I haven't seen your boyfriend around lately?

BLONDIE: Oh, we haven't spoken ever since he took me shoe shopping.

BETTY: I suppose you found the most expensive pair of shoes there.

BLONDIE: A darling pair of heels. But he wanted to get me some simple flats.

BETTY: What happened?

BLONDIE: I told him to "shoes wisely."

BLONDIE:

IF YOU'RE UNSURE
IF HER LOVE IS PURE,
TRY HAUTE COUTURE,
IT'S SURE TO ALLURE HER.
OH, AND I GUESS, A LITTLE LOVE HELPS TOO.

BETTY:

WORDS ARE SWEET,
FLOWERS ARE A TREAT,
BUT THEY CAN'T COMPETE WITH A
BRIDAL SUITE, NOW
THAT AND I'M SURE, A LITTLE LOVE HELPS TOO.

BETTY AND BLONDIE:

I'M BOUND TO BE AT YOUR SIDE, DEAR,
AS LONG AS THE WORLD TURNS.
PERHAPS YOU COULD THEN PROVIDE, DEAR,
A LITTLE SOMETHING IN RETURN.
GRAND EXCESSES AND POSH ADDRESSES,
GEMS AND SILVER AND GOLD!

BLONDIE:

BUT THE GREATEST GIFT IS THAT
TOGETHER WE'LL GROW OLD.

Applause. BETTY and BLONDIE take their bows and retreat to stage left.

BLONDIE: You gotta watch those top notes. I can't keep lifting your pitch for you.

BETTY: Excuse me?

BLONDIE: You were flat. Again.

BETTY: Flat, huh? How do you think you sound when you substitute warming up for half a pack of Lucky Strikes?

BLONDIE: I've been in this business a lot longer than you, kid, so don't get high and mighty with me.

BETTY: Kid?

BLONDIE: Oh, that's right...to be a kid you'd have to have parents. So what would that make you, then?

HUGO enters from far house left.

HUGO: Ladies! Ladies!

BETTY: Don't you dare.

BETTY and BLONDIE stare each other down. HUGO arrives stage right, but stops short when he sees there's something going on.

BLONDIE: *(Smirks.)* Heh. You're not worth it. *(BLONDIE crosses to stage right.)*

BETTY: That's funny.

BLONDIE stops short.

BETTY: You...telling me about worth.

BLONDIE: Why, you little—

BLONDIE lunges at BETTY, but HUGO intervenes and pulls her away.

HUGO: Hey! Hey, come on now, girls!

BLONDIE: *(Seething.)* Orphan.

BLONDIE brushes past HUGO and walks off right. HUGO is at first undecided about what to do, but then decides to follow BLONDIE.

HUGO: Wait—Blondie, wait!

HUGO runs off right after BLONDIE. STANLEY enters from L.

STANLEY: Blondie! Clara, darling, I— (*STANLEY nearly runs into BETTY.*) Oh, I'm sorry, excuse— ...Betty!

BETTY: Stanley! (*BETTY gives STANLEY a big hug. Taking another look at him, she says.*) ...Stanley?!

STANLEY: (*Laughs.*) Yes! It's me!

BETTY: What are you doing here?

STANLEY: What else? I've come to see my beautiful fiancée!

BETTY: Blondie...

STANLEY: And look—look what I've got for her— (*Pulls out sheet music.*) —she's going to just die! (*Beat.*) Well...I mean... It's a song. A brand new song, written just for her!

BETTY: (*Looking it over.*) Oh...

STANLEY: I think it might be the best I've ever written, in fact. And that's not all of it. Blondie and I have been apart for so long—what with her career and my career—it's been driving me crazy! I can't stand to be away from her like that...not anymore...

BETTY and STANLEY lock eyes.

STANLEY: Betty...I'm going to ask Blondie to marry me.

BETTY: Oh...! Really?

STANLEY: Really, Betty. I'm going to ask her to elope with me. This very night, if she'll give her consent! Aren't you just thrilled?!

BETTY: ...Woooooow...

STANLEY takes a step forward.

STANLEY: What it is, Betty? Isn't this just terrific?

BETTY: (*Turns away.*) Yep. Terrific.

STANLEY gets genuinely concerned for a moment, but then bursts with laughter.

STANLEY: Oh! Oh, I see what's going on here. You're not...jealous, are you, Betty?

BETTY: Jealous?!

STANLEY: Well, sure. After all...you and I...we, well...we had something once, didn't we...

BETTY: Oh, Stanley. But that...that was years ago.

STANLEY: Yes...yes, I suppose it was. (*Looks away.*) Probably nearly forgotten by now, I should think.

BETTY: (*Faces STANLEY.*) I haven't forgotten.

STANLEY: (*Turns toward her.*) Wh—what...?

BETTY and STANLEY lock eyes. Beat. BLONDIE and HUGO emerge from stage right.

BLONDIE: You're going to have to speak to my agent about that, Hugo.

HUGO: Blondie, babe, come on!

BLONDIE: I will not have my first talkie be some...some vaudeville sideshow!

BLONDIE storms toward the stage, head down. HUGO pursues her.

HUGO: Blondie, Blo-hon-hon-die! (*Through his teeth.*) Not in front of the customers, dear!

BLONDIE: (*Turning to face him.*) You're right, Hugo. So take it up with my agent.

HUGO: Why don't you call me Hugo, babe?

BLONDIE: Why don't you call me Ms. Townsend, Hugo.

HUGO throws his hands up and retreats off right. BLONDIE watches obstinately as he leaves. MAGNUS comes toward the stage from up house.

STANLEY AND MAGNUS: Blondie! Darling!

BLONDIE turns to MAGNUS.

BLONDIE: Clifford! My love!

MAGNUS picks her up and spins her around. When they land, they face each other at stage center, with BLONDIE'S back to STANLEY. They kiss. Like they mean it.

MAGNUS: Blondie, my dear, you were simply smashing!

BLONDIE: Oh, Clifford. You always say the same thing.

MAGNUS: I'm sorry I'm not more articulate, darling, but your beauty has a tendency to render me... *(He looks her up and down.)*
...speechless.

BLONDIE giggles.

BLONDIE: Oh, stop.

BLONDIE kisses him again. As she does so, MAGNUS signals MAÎTRE D', who comes over with a tray of champagne and three champagne flutes. The Star of the Tsars is lumped, rather unceremoniously, in one of the glasses.

MAGNUS: And now, my dear, I have a surprise for you.

MAÎTRE D' presents the TRAY. MAGNUS picks up the flute with the Star of the Tsars in it.

MAGNUS: A toast.

BLONDIE: Oh! ...Oh, Clifford!

MAGNUS pours the necklace into her hands. She holds it up to see. MAÎTRE D' fills the other two glasses with champagne.

BLONDIE: It's beautiful!

MAGNUS: It's called the Star of the Tsars...it was the Tsarina's favorite crown jewel of the Sonabovich dynasty.

BLONDIE: *(Commenting on the necklace's size.)* Son-of-a-bi—!

MAGNUS: Sonabovich. Lost for a hundred years, there are men who would—and have—killed for this necklace. It's absolutely priceless—

BLONDIE whips her head to face MAGNUS.

MAGNUS: —just like you, my dear. *(Beat.)* Here. Let me put it on you.

BLONDIE spins around to face left and finds herself staring directly at STANLEY.

BLONDIE: Stanley...!

MAGNUS: (*Wrapping the Star of the Tsars around her neck.*) Oh, I wouldn't worry about him. You can tell him some deluded admirer gave it to you. He's not likely to recognize it.

STANLEY: Clara...

MAGNUS: (*Fumbles with the clasp.*) Ah! These damned ancient clasps!

BLONDIE: Stanley!

MAGNUS: I'm telling you, there's nothing to worry about! There's no chance he's going to—

BLONDIE: (*Steps forward, to STANLEY.*) What are you doing here?

MAGNUS notices STANLEY.

MAGNUS: ...find out.

STANLEY: I came to...to bring you this. (*Indicates the sheet music.*)

BLONDIE: What is it?

STANLEY: A song. A song I wrote for you. And I was going to...going to ask...

BETTY puts her hand on STANLEY'S shoulder. STANLEY swallows dryly and then chuckles uncomfortably.

STANLEY: I say—does anyone else need a drink?

MAGNUS: I think we could all use a drink.

MAGNUS takes the tray from MAÎTRE D' and turning his back to the audience, fills the third glass.

BLONDIE: Stanley...I—

STANLEY looks at her, trying hard to keep his composure. BLONDIE finds it impossible to speak while looking into his eyes. SHE breaks away.

BLONDIE: I'm so sorry, Stanley.

MAGNUS turns back around and hands the tray back to MAÎTRE D'.

MAGNUS: Here you are.

He gives a glass to STANLEY and BLONDIE and takes one for himself.

MAGNUS: Terribly sorry this had to come out like this. A tough break for anyone. No hard feelings, I'm sure.

MAGNUS raises his glass as if to toast. STANLEY just stares at him, then downs his glass.

MAGNUS: Right. Well.

**SONG 3: YOU'RE STUPESTUNNISPECTASTELLASTRIKI-SPLENDISPIRING!
(BLONDIE AND BETTY)**

Music begins.

MAGNUS takes his glass down in one swoop. BLONDIE follows suit. HUGO hurries over from right.

HUGO: Blondie! Betty! You're on! What are you waiting for? Let's go, let's go!

BLONDIE: Oh, my... *(Feels the Star of the Tsars.)* Oh no! The necklace!

BLONDIE struggles to take it off.

MAGNUS: Here, let me help you.

BLONDIE: *(Shakes MAGNUS off.)* No! No, there's no time.

BETTY: Come on, Clara, we have to go!

HUGO and BETTY rush off left. BLONDIE follows, but STANLEY stops her.

STANLEY: Blondie... Why?

BLONDIE: I...I'm sorry, Stanley. I can't explain.

BLONDIE pulls past STANLEY and follows off left.

BLONDIE: Goodbye!

MAGNUS holds up the bottle of champagne to STANLEY, offering a refill. STANLEY just looks at him. MAGNUS shrugs and pours himself another glass as he walks off stage right. STANLEY places his glass back on the tray as MAÎTRE D' walks past him, heading off left.

STANLEY: "Goodbye" ...?

STANLEY holds up the sheet music, considering it. Then he purposely drops it and exits the stage center, heading straight into the audience. Music continues.

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