

The Great American Musical

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Act 1

Scene 1

MUSICAL NUMBER – THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSICAL

CHORUS:

IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSICAL
YES, IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN SHOW
THERE'LL BE SINGING AND DANCING
AND LAUGHS AND ROMANCING
AND SONGS THAT WE ALL WILL COME TO KNOW
THAT YOU'LL BE SINGING IN THE SHOWER
IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSICAL
ON THE GREAT AMERICAN STAGE
WE ARE HERE TO ENTERTAIN
BUT NOT TO TAX YOUR BRAIN
SO YOU'LL ENJOY NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE.

END OF MUSICAL NUMBER – THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSICAL

HAROLD:

Stop! Stop it right, there! You three over there! You're not going to work out at all!
Get off the stage! The rest of you get ready for stage two of the auditions! Each of you
take a song sheet and get ready to sight sing! Altos and tenors over here! Tenors and
basses over there! Remember I want to hear plenty of fortissimo without too much
vibber . . . vibra . . . viber . . .

DIRECTOR:

Stop! It's "vibrato," damn it! "Vibrato!" How many times do I have to tell you!

HAROLD:

(almost crying) I'm sorry, Mr. Director, sir. I didn't take Latin in high school, I took
Spanish!

DIRECTOR:

Spanish?! Ay de mi! Por que, Dios, por que?!

HAROLD:

What, huh? What does that mean?

DIRECTOR:

Can someone explain to me why I'm surrounded by incompetence, why, why . . . *(the DIRECTOR falls to his knees gasping for breath)* why?!

(The A.D. (assistant director) and EDDIE run to the DIRECTOR with a defibrillator and resuscitate the DIRECTOR.)

A.D.:

Clear!

(A shock is sent to the DIRECTOR who jumps but does not respond)

A.D.:

Clear!

(Another shock is sent to the DIRECTOR who immediately continues his previous sentence.)

DIRECTOR:

Why must I be surrounded by such mediocrity and inadequacy?! I need a cup of coffee to calm my nerves – take ten!

(The cast all takes a break on stage. Some of them stretch and others lie or sit on the floor. HAROLD is almost in tears.)

LANCE:

It's okay Harold, don't let him bother you so much. We all know you'll do fine in the end.

HAROLD:

This is just such a hard show!

ANGELA:

Believe me, I know. It's just another one of those play within a play sort of shows.

LANCE:

Yeah, I really hate those.

LOUISE:

I don't understand why anyone would ever write a play within a play.

ANGELA:

Unless they're mentally ill.

CAROL:

Yeah, even the audience isn't sure what's going on half the time.

HANK:

I know, they came to see our show, "Broadway Broadway Broadway," but that show is really just a show about making the show, "Women are Such Wonderful Playthings." The audience isn't totally sure which one is which.

(The women look at each other disapprovingly)

CAROL:

Yeah, and that's the worst part of all . . .

HANK:

What's that?

CAROL:

(annoyed) "Women are Such Wonderful Playthings"?

HANK:

Yeah?

CAROL:

Don't you find that the least bit demeaning to women?

HANK:

How is that demeaning?

CAROL:

Are you serious, Hank?

HANK:

Yeah, I mean it's a compliment . . . "Women are Such Wonderful Playthings." I mean, if it were "Women are Terrible Playthings," that would be demeaning, but . . .

CAROL:

You are such a numb skull!

HANK:

What?! *(muttered)* Women.

LANCE:

Anyway, I don't think anyone has as hard a time with this show as old George over there. How many parts do you have now?

GEORGE:

Twenty-seven according to my last count.

EVERYONE ELSE:

Twenty-seven?!

GEORGE:

That's right. I'm the overworked extra that has to constantly change clothes and play all of the small roles. Doing all of the parts that no one else wants to do. Having no lines, but always having to appear as if I'm actively engaged in everything that's going on onstage.

MUSICAL NUMBER – TWENTY-SEVEN PARTS IN THE SHOW

GEORGE:

I'M NOT THE BIGGEST STAR

I'M NO ONE YOU WOULD KNOW

BUT I'M THE ONLY PERSON PLAYING TWENTY-SEVEN PARTS IN THE
SHOW!
