

LIVE! NUDE! GIRL!

A new musical by Donna Kaz

CAST OF CHARACTERS

KIT CASSINI STACKPOLE - Wife and mother - in her 30's

LILLY MAVIS STACKPOLE - Kit's daughter - 14

BARB FENSTER - Kit's mother - 50's

ARTHUR STACKPOLE - Kit's husband. Geeky but lovable accountant. 30's - 40's.

LUCKY FOSALTO, 30's to 40's. Manager of the Bubble Room at the Sea Foam Hotel

DR. FULLER, a Freudian psychiatrist

NANCY, Lucky's ex-wife and star of a new show at the Tropicana

AL PRESSLER, 40's to 60's. Owner of the Sea Foam Hotel

MABEL, his girlfriend

EDWARD FU SCHWARTZ, 40's to 50's. WWII Vet, science whiz/Blackjack player.

JERRY, a bellhop - 15

THE BUBBLE GIRLS, 20's

MISTY TWISTY

FROSTY SNOW

GEORGIA PEACH

BUNNY HOP

also play (MILDRED, FRAN, GERTRUDE and BETTY, KIT'S neighbors)

MALE AND FEMALE CHORUS ENSEMBLE

SETTINGS

A midwestern kitchen and Las Vegas

TIME

The late 1950's

ACT I, SCENE 1

KIT'S NIGHTMARE

LIGHTS slowly rise on a BLACK and WHITE kitchen somewhere in the Midwest, circa 1957. SPOTLIGHT on the kitchen counter CENTER STAGE where a large mixing bowl sits. From behind the counter a rubber gloved hand appears, then another. Finally a woman emerges - It is KIT STACKPOLE, a housewife. She arranges eggs, salt, bread crumbs, ketchup and chopped meat around the bowl. MUSIC begins. Kit takes a egg and taps it gently on the side of the bowl. It won't break. She cracks it violently against the bowl. It splatters everywhere. She smiles.

KIT

One egg.

(Kit picks up the can of bread crumbs and dumps the entire can into the bowl)

KIT (CONT'D)

Half cup seasoned bread crumbs!

(Kit picks up the salt and pours an endless stream into the bowl)

KIT (CONT'D)

A teaspoon of salt.

(Kit picks up the bottle of ketchup, unscrews the cap and slaps the bottom of the bottle until the entire contents are in the bowl)

KIT (CONT'D)

One cup ketchup.

(Kit picks up a package of ground beef and stares at it. She begins to cry)

KIT (CONT'D)

I don't think I can do this.

(Kit puts down the ground beef and begins to sob. KIT cries and dances around the kitchen, picking up cans of beans, spatulas and cookie jars, which only make her more upset. She catches a glance of herself on the back of a silver spoon and stops)

KIT (CONT'D)

Come on, Kit Stackpole! You can do this.

(Kit goes back to the ground beef, picks it up and dumps it in the bowl. She plunges her hands in, squeezing the concoction between her fingers for a few seconds. She sloppily transfers the mixture into a loaf pan)

KIT (CONT'D)

Get in there you stupid meatloaf!

(Kit opens the oven and aggressively slides in meatloaf so that it bumps off the back wall and careens forward just as she slams the oven door shut)

KIT (CONT'D)

There! Done.

(Kit tosses off rubber gloves and turns on the oven. She reaches for the timer and sets it for one hour)

KIT (CONT'D)

Now I have one whole hour to do whatever I want!

(A basket of laundry plops in front of Kit)

KIT (CONT'D)

Except there's the laundry. (begins to cry) Always there's laundry!

(Kit begins to cry. KIT sobs and dances around the kitchen, flinging herself onto counter tops, beating her head against cabinets and throwing the basket of laundry across the room. She stops)

KIT (CONT'D)

What am I doing? I had better get a hold of myself!

(Kit begins to sort the laundry)

KIT (CONT'D)

Whites. Colors. Whites. Whites. Colors. Whites. Colors. Colors. Colors. Colors.

(Kit picks up a bra)

KIT (CONT'D)

Delicates. (begins to cry) Del - i - cates!

(Kit cries. KIT dances around the kitchen, tossing the laundry about, balling it up and throwing it, trying to rip it in half and finally putting on one of her husband's white collared shirts)

KIT (CONT'D)

Then, after the laundry there's the ironing. And after that the cleaning. And then back to the cooking. And after that more laundry, more ironing, more cleaning, more cooking. And more, more, more and more!

(The IRONING BOARD comes to life and dances around KIT. The MOP comes to life. The BROOM and the OVEN come to life. Soon the entire kitchen is alive with dancers dressed like pots, toasters, laundry soap, and other kitchen gadgets. They surround KIT)

KIT (CONT'D)

Then more laundry, more ironing, more cleaning, more cooking, more, more, more, more and more!

(Kit dumps laundry powder into iron, sweeps everything off the counters, sticks mops into the laundry basket and stuffs dirty clothes into the oven.

Kitchen timer starts dinging) Kit frantically runs around kitchen as everything piles up until Kit's is buried up to her neck in household appliances)

KIT (CONT'D)

Help?. Somebody help me! Anybody?

(Kit begins to sob and sing)

KIT (CONT'D)

Wha, wa, wa, wa wa, wa, wa, wa whaaaaaaa!!!

(The KITCHEN CHORUS joins KIT)

KIT AND CHORUS

Wha, wa, wa, wa wa, wa, wa, wa whaaaaaaa!!!

(Kit collapses in a heap. The kitchen dances off.
DR. FULLER, a psychiatrist enters with a note pad and speaks to KIT lying on the floor)

DR. FULLER

What seems to be the problem, Mrs. Stackpool?

KIT

Stackpole. It's Mrs. Stackpole. I don't think I can take another day of being a housewife.

(A couch appears. KIT crawls onto it)

DR. FULLER

I see. I am going to show you a series of images. Look up at that wall and say the first thing that comes into your mind as soon as you see the picture that appears.

(LIGHTS dim. *MUSIC begins.* IMAGE of a wedding cake appears)

KIT

Trapped.

(IMAGE of a baby doll appears)

KIT (CONT'D)

Trapped.

DR. FULLER

You cannot use the same word twice.

(IMAGE of a woman in a sexy negligee appears)

KIT

Discomfort.

(IMAGE of a kitchen appears)

KIT (CONT'D)

Prison.

(IMAGE of a man in a business suit with a briefcase appears)

KIT (CONT'D)

The world.

(*MUSIC ends.* LIGHTS restore. DR. FULLER “writes” in his note pad and slams it shut)

KIT (CONT'D)

What is it?

DR. FULLER

I am not sure Mrs. Stackpull. Stick out your tongue and say ‘ah’.

KIT

(sticking out tongue) Staaaaaaaapole.

DR. FULLER

What?

KIT

You keep mispronouncing my name. It's Stackpole.

DR. FULLER

Yes. I would like to hypnotize you now.

KIT

What is that?

(FULLER takes out a pocket watch and swings it in front of KIT'S face)

DR. FULLER

A pocket watch. Now, follow the watch with your eyes.

(MUSIC begins)

DR. FULLER

You are getting sleepy. Very, very sleepy. Your eyelids are getting heavier and heavier. You are now asleep.

MUSIC stops)

DR. FULLER

Where are you?

KIT

I am in the cockpit of an airplane with my hands on the controls.

DR. FULLER

What are you doing there?

KIT

I'm doing my nails. What do you think I'm doing in a cockpit? I'm flying the plane!

DR. FULLER

Women do not fly planes.

KIT

One thousand women were pilots in World War II.

(KIT sits up and re-enacts her story)

KIT

Okay, Nugget, let's kick the tires and light the fires. Select Zone Five and tag the bogey. Do not get in a furball. I repeat, do not get in a furball. Bingo to Mom. Got it? Here we go!

(SOUNDS of a WWII Dogfight ending in a plane falling from the sky and crashing)

KIT

Oh no!

DR. FULLER

Are you alright?

KIT

Of course I'm alright. I ejected and parachuted to safety. I discovered that I was behind enemy lines. I fought my way out of there and made it back to my WASP unit a hero, awarded two purple hearts and the bronze star.

DR. FULLER

There has never been a WASP unit in combat.

KIT

Well why not! I can do it!

DR. FULLER

What can you do?

KIT

Anything! Climb Mount Everest! Fight forest fires! Sit at a desk and have my secretary make appointments and answer the intercom. *Shirley, will you come in here with your note pad and take some notes.*

DR. FULLER

That is very amusing.

KIT

Except it's not funny.

DR. FULLER

Why do you want to do those things?

KIT

Because I could. Because I know I can. Because I've never been asked!

DR. FULLER

OK, Mrs. Stackpun, I've heard enough. When I snap my fingers you will be awake. You will remember nothing.

(DR. FULLER snaps his fingers)

KIT

OH! What happened?

DR. FULLER

I know exactly what is wrong with you. I see this all the time in women of your age. You are suffering from an extremely dominant and independent personality. Traits that are typically male.

KIT

No they aren't!

DR. FULLER

Disagreement. Another male trait. A woman is agreeable, nurturing, and passive, Mrs. Stackpail.

KIT

FOR THE FOURTH TIME MY NAME IS STACKPOLE, YOU IDIOT!

DR. FULLER

I think you have just proved my point. I want you to take Take two of these twice a day.

(DR. FULLER begins handing her bottles of pills)

DR. FULLER

And these, once every evening for the bloating. And one of these in the morning for the nausea. And two of these for anxiety.

KIT

But I'm not bloated or nauseous or anxious, Dr. Fuller. I'm empty inside.

DR. FULLER

These will fill you up.

KIT

This is not something that can be fixed with a pill.

DR. FULLER

I know what I am doing.

KIT

You know how to scribble in a notebook and doll out prescriptions. I have a problem, doctor.

DR. FULLER

One that you seem to not want to get rid of. You want to be what you are not.

KIT

I want to be who I really am!

DR. FULLER

Then go home and throw yourself back into your feminine life of domesticity. Sew a new outfit for your daughter. Take care of your husband. Cook your family a nice meatloaf.

KIT

That is exactly what I have been doing for 15 years. It hasn't worked!

DR. FULLER

Listen to me! You are a wife, a mother, and a housewife first and foremost. If you don't start acting more like a woman your husband will move on, find someone else. Do you understand? You could lose your home, your family, your husband! Do you hear me Mrs. Stackport? If you keep this up you run the risk of losing your husband!

CHORUS

LOSING YOUR HUSBAND

LOSING YOUR HUSBAND

LOSING YOUR HUSBAND

LOSING YOUR HUSBAND

(LIGHTS FADE on DR. FULLER. KIT exits.
THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER. LIGHTS UP on
KIT'S BLACK and WHITE KITCHEN. It is
morning and KIT is trying to cheerily make
breakfast. Her husband, ARTHUR, enters)

KIT

Good morning, Arthur!

ARTHUR

Morning, sweetheart. Well, I'm off on my business trip.

KIT

What business trip?

ARTHUR

The accountant's conference in Las Vegas. I'll be back on Monday.

KIT

That's almost a week away!

ARTHUR

It's five days and it will fly by.

(Arthur takes an envelope out of his pocket)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Here. This envelope has your allowance in it. I'll put it on the counter. Be careful with it, alright?

KIT

Take me with you, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Honey, you'd be bored to tears.

KIT

No I wouldn't. Please. I have to get out of here.

ARTHUR

The conference is very important to my career.

KIT

I won't get in the way. I always wanted to go to Las Vegas.

(KIT's mother BARB and daughter LILLY enter)

LILLY

Mom, can I camp out on the lawn with Regina and look for Mercury with my new Samantha Space Cadet telescope tonight?

ARTHUR

I'm leaving, Lilly. Come here and give me a kiss.

(LILLY runs into ARTHUR's arms)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'll bring you back something from Las Vegas.

LILLY

What's Las Vegas?

BARB

It's where it's against the law to pawn your dentures.

ARTHUR

It's in Nevada and it's the most fabulous city on earth.

Barb

Then why aren't we going?

KIT

Why don't you take Lilly for a walk, mother? Breakfast will be ready by the time you come back.

BARB

Come on, dolly. Let's see if Mrs. Thornbush forgot to close her curtains again.

(BARB and LILLY exit)

ARTHUR

Lilly needs you, Kit. I'll be back on Monday.

KIT

It's summer and schools out. Mother can look after her. I wouldn't be a bother, Arthur. I'd promise I wouldn't.

ARTHUR

Have you seen my umbrella anywhere?

KIT

Did you hear what I said, Arthur?

ARTHUR

On second thought, I don't think it rains in Las Vegas.

KIT

Will you at least call me every day? Where are you staying?

ARTHUR

I'll call when I get to the hotel.

KIT

Arthur, where will you be? What's the name of your hotel?

ARTHUR

I'll call as soon as I get there. Don't you worry.

(ARTHUR quickly exits. Toaster DINGS. KIT opens toaster and smoke fills the kitchen. KIT wrestles blackened toast into the garbage)

KIT (CONT'D)

Stupid toast!

(A KNOCK. KIT answers the door. *BUBBLE GIRLS MUSIC*. Neighbors FRAN, GERTRUDE, BETTY and MILDRED enter).

MILDRED

Hi Kit! I just baked half a dozen cinnamon crumb cakes. Taste!

GERTRUDE

Hope you've got coffee.

FRAN

Hello Kit!

(*BUBBLE GIRLS MUSIC ends*)

KIT

I just made a fresh pot.

BETTY

Oh my, your dress. Stains!

KIT

I'm making breakfast.

FRAN

What's burning?

KIT

Toast.

GERTRUDE

Oh dear.

FRAN

What's wrong?

KIT

Arthur just left --

MILDRED

He left!

GERTRUDE

Las Vegas is not a good place for a married man to go. There are all kinds of temptations there.

BETTY

That's why it's called sinful city.

FRAN

Sin City, Betty.

BETTY, FRAN, GERTRUDE

Full of sin, sin, sin.