CUPID'S ARROW

A New Musical-Comedy

Book and Lyrics by Mark Meritt, Ed Budd, and Todd Stern

Music by Mark Meritt

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

BUD, GOD OF LOVE: The hippest immortal that ever didn't live

ZACHARY YATES: An intellectual hopelessly in love

LESLIE MacKENSIE: A peer-pressured romantic and a big dreamer

HORATIO XAVIAR SUTHERLAND III: A paranoid ultra-thespian

MUFFY SHERIDAN: An upper-class snob

TRUDY RYAN: A lot like Muffy

HARRIET YATES: An old-fashioned mother

GEORGE YATES: An even more old-fashioned father

THEODORE YATES: An obnoxious younger brother

SUSAN MacKENSIE: A concerned, understanding, and loving mother

PHIL MacKENSIE: A concerned, understanding, and loving father

THE ALL-BEING: The egotistical ruler of the universe

SOBRINA, GODDESS OF FATE: A sleek and independent goddess

CANDY, GODDESS OF LUST: A sleazy goddess and former ill-reputee

RICK, GOD OF PEACE: A drunk god who gave up

DON, GOD OF SARCASM: A snide god

SAM THE BARTENDER: Heaven's best drink mixer and a good listener

DEAN MAYNARD B. WHITMORE: A stuffed-shirt administrator

JACQUE: French-named Italian Restaurant Maitre D' from Brooklyn

BETTY: A waitress, and probably Jacque's wife

THE IMMORTAL QUARTET: Heavenly female background singers

STUDENTS/IMMORTALS: Chorus, dancers, and whatever else they do

Synopsis of Scenes and Musical Numbers

ACT I

Scene 1: On the campus
"GRADUATION DAY" . . . . . Entire Company
Scene 2: On the campus
"THAT'S THE KIND OF GIRL I LIKE" . . . . . Zach
Scene 3: A classroom
"SPRINGTIME IN OCTOBER" . . . . . Leslie and Students
Scene 4: Giovanni's Restaurant
Scene 5: Zach's dorm
"LET HER KNOW" . . . . . Bud and Immortal Quartet
Scene 6: Leslie's dorm
"ALL OF THOSE MEN ARE THE SAME" . . . . . Leslie
Scene 7: On the campus
Scene 8: Zach's and Leslie's houses
"IT USED TO BE SO SIMPLE" . . . . . Susan, Phil, Harriet, George
"MAYBE" . . . . . Leslie and Zach
Scene 9: On the campus
"THE ARGUMENT" . . . . . Leslie, Muffy, Trudy

ACT II

Scene 1: Bud's cloud
"SCARED OUT OF MY MIND" . . . . . Bud and Immortal Quartet
Scene 2: Mount Olympus
"I'M A WOMAN" . . . . . Sobrina
Scene 3: Temple of the All-Being
"THE ALL-BEING" . . . All-Being, Bud, Immortal Quartet, Immortals
Scene 4: Leslie's Dorm
"I'LL WAIT 'TIL THEN" . . . . . Leslie
Scene 5: Zach's dorm
Scene 6: Giovanni's Restaurant
"LET HER KNOW" (Reprise) . . . . . Zach
Scene 7: On the campus
"GRADUATION DAY" (Reprise) . . . . . Entire Company

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

On the campus of Dickson University. Graduation day 1988.

There are students running around in their caps and gowns and there is much general commotion due to the day's event. A happy, driving vamp is heard. There is a lectern with a microphone at DR.

(DEAN WHITMORE enters from L and crosses R to the lectern. He is very pompous and formal, and emits an air of grandeur. Whenever he speaks, he uses very exaggerated, sweeping hand motions. The students quickly get into position for the graduation ceremony. The music continues, softly, under WHITMORE.)

WHITMORE *(very stuffed shirt)*: Ladies and gentlemen ...[mumble]... graduation ...[mumble, mumble]... proud of our students here at Dickson University ...[mumble].. and furthermore, ...[mumble]... Thank you. Students, [mumble] congratulations.

(STUDENTS scream happily as they wave their caps above them.)

"GRADUATION DAY"

STUDENTS *(sing)*:
We couldn't wait for graduation day.
To get our lives and careers on the way.
PARENTS:
We couldn't wait for graduation day.
Now there's one less bill that we have to pay.
But now our kids are out on their own.
PARENTS and THEO:
Soon they'll have a family and a home.
So all we ask for is a weekly chat on the phone.
STUDENTS:
We'll get a job and settle down.
Find a new place to call "my hometown."
On the mailbox we'll put our name.
So everybody will know we came.
We'll meet the neighbors and wash the car.
Get a few tapes for the VCR.
And it was college that let us get this far.

(STUDENTS toss up their caps, and there is a tableau as the music abruptly stops. BUD steps forward from the frozen group, dodging

hats on his way to DC. Some funky rhythm and blues music is heard in the background throughout his speech.)

BUD *(matter-of-factly)*: Graduation. These young babes are entering the real world. A realm of love, relationships, marriage, divorce. Relationships. Take these two. *(points to ZACH and LESLIE)* Now there's a happy couple. *(goes to ZACH, pinches cheek)* Look at that face. How could you not help but love a face like that? She managed. You see, about a year ago, this young clod managed to stumble into his lovely companion, knocking all of her books onto the ground, thus wrinkling page 142 of her biology textbook. This is not a solid foundation for a relationship at all. Before you start wondering where I come off talking so knowledgeably about love and relationships, I'm Cupid, but you can call me Bud. A little bit of heaven right here on Earth. I'm the one Dr. Ruth calls when she has a problem. With the help of my faithful friends, the cast, the crew, and the orchestra, sitting right in front of you - hey, guys! - I'd like to try and entertain you this evening. Look upon me as a narrator of sorts. A theatrical catalyst, if you will. Or even if you won't. Tonight, you, the audience, will experience love, heartbreak, anguish, and hope, as well as a bit of dance, acting, music, and song. Allowing for quite a lot of creativity, please accept the unrealistic idea of bursting into song with fully orchestrated music coming apparently from nowhere. I personally have never found myself sitting around the living room, suddenly crying out in song at the top of my lungs about how wonderful the world is because I fell in love today. That doesn't happen in real life. But we all know that Roy C. Ketcham High School isn't real. So tonight, I'm kind of a Bud-of-all-trades. I will be matchmaker and storyteller. It's the delightful story of how I made a match. I'll tell you, it wasn't easy, but I got these two off the rocks and into smooth water. Why, I can still remember that brisk October morning...

(Lights fade as BUD trails off. Change music: "GRADUATION DAY")

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

On the campus. A brisk October morning, 1987

There is a bench at C, and a few students walk by, dressed for fall. ZACH and HORATIO are seated at the bench. ZACH holds a script. HORATIO is dressed in black pants, shoes, and turtle neck. When the lights are up, HORATIO jumps up and walks around the bench reciting.

HORATIO: "Nay gentle Romeo, we must have you dance." Is that good? What do you think? What do you think?
ZACH: Horatio, that's just your first line, if you get the part.
HORATIO: I'm sorry. But how was it?
ZACH: You're doing very well, Horatio. Go on.
HORATIO: "We must have you dance."
ZACH: Dot, dot, dot, "I have a soul of lead, So stakes me to the ground I cannot move."
HORATIO: "You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common ground."
ZACH: "Common bound."
HORATIO: "And soar with them above a common" oh, wouldn't it be fantastic if I, Horatio Xaviar Sutherland III, could perform Shakespeare...in Hollywood!

(ZACH gives an estranged aside look.)

HORATIO *(continues)*: Imagine! Me acting with Olivier, Gielgud, ... *(exasperated)* Albert Finney!
ZACH *(sarcastically)*: Meanwhile, back at Dickson University...
HORATIO: Sorry, sorry. Let us continue.
ZACH: "I am too sore enpierced with his shaft," dot, dot, dot, "Under love's heavy burden do I sink."
HORATIO: You said that line rather well.
ZACH *(insincere)*: Thank you. Keep going.
HORATIO: "And to sink in it you should burden love; Too great oppression for a tender thing."
ZACH: "Is love a tender thing?" Dot dot dot, "It pricks like a thorn." Why don't you skip to the Queen Mab speech-

(As ZACH walks around the bench, reading the script, LESLIE enters from R. When he rounds the bench, he bumps into LESLIE, knocking all her books to the ground. LESLIE starts speaking first.)

LESLIE: Oh, my books! They're all over the place. Oh, that's okay. I can get them myself. Please, just leave me alone. It's okay. I got it.

ZACH *(after five words)*: Oh, no, let me help you with that. I'm sorry. I feel so stupid. Are you okay? I wasn't looking, and I must have just...

(LESLIE finishes, ZACH continues, slowing down, as their eyes meet)

ZACH: ...walked into you.

LESLIE *(shyly)*: Thank you.

ZACH: I'm really sorry. I wasn't-

(A bell tolls.)

LESLIE *(reacting to bell)*: Oh, I'm late for biology. *(LESLIE runs* offstage L) *Thanks. Bye.*
ZACH *(staring offstage, with ga-ga eyes)*: Bye... You're welcome-
HORATIO: If your little interlude is quite finished, Shakespeare awaits.
ZACH *(still staring)*: What?! How can you be so ignorant about love?
HORATIO: Love? Zachary? No, not my little bachelor, Zachary! He who has vowed never to woo one of the opposite sex.
ZACH: Shoot. I said that? But, did you see her? *(pointing off-*stage)
HORATIO: Am I to understand that naive young Zachary is planning to embark on pursuits of physical happiness?
ZACH: Oh, but this is much more than just *(disgusted)* physical happiness. This, my dear thespian, is true love.
HORATIO: Bah! There is no such thing as true love. And even if this emotion of which you speak so fondly did exist, it wouldn't make a difference. That female is clearly not for you.
ZACH: What? How can you say that? Let me tell you about my kind of girl.

"THAT'S THE KIND OF GIRL I LIKE"

ZACH *(sings)*:
The girl for me is beautiful.
Radiant and cute and full of
Graceful poses,
Bright red roses,
Tasteful clothes and
Other sights but
She has so much more to see
Than make-up done attractively.
She has personality.
That's the kind of girl I like.
Her mind is as enchanting as
The lovely things her body has.
She has gentility,
Creativity,
Sensitivity,
And intelligence.
She's brilliant or at least she's smart.
Able to read most any chart.
But she also has a heart.
That's the kind of girl I like.

And with all the knowledge
She's gained in college
She'll start her own career.
And eventually
We'll have a family
And she will call me "Dear"
If she wants to.
She'll never ever frown
And she'll be happy no matter how
The pie is sliced.
She's always nice
At any price
And that is why
She's always so compassionate
And this is the companion that
I'll stick with through the thin and fat.
That's the kind of girl I like.
But she won't be just a friend
And she won't be just a lover
And it won't take too long
Until I discover
Stars shining up above.
And that'll be the girl I love.

(HORATIO paces about, looking strangely at ZACH.)

HORATIO *(after a long pause)*: Zachary, are you in love?
ZACH: Horatio, are you blind? Of course I am! Why, my heart longs for that beautiful girl!
HORATIO: Then it is so. He who has vowed never to love, *(aside,* out of character: Groucho-like) *and personally, I don't think anyone* liked him in the first place, *(back in character)* has at last been struck by the blessed arrow of the only god who still wears diapers.
ZACH: Oh, her hair flowed like the clear water of a calm mountain stream. Her eyes, blue as the sky, glistened like, well, they glistened like something. Her nostrils flared like the-
HORATIO: But you don't even know her name.
ZACH *(quickly, confused, panicked)*: Her name! I don't know her name! What am I gonna do?! I don't know her name! I have to find her! But I don't know her name! I could look there, or I could look there, but she wouldn't be there! 'Cause I don't know her name! Okay, quick think. *(Starts to run offstage L)* But I can't think! Where should I look? Where should I go...!

(Lights fade as ZACH exits L. Change music: "I'LL WAIT 'TIL THEN")

ACT ONE

SCENE 3

A classroom. The next day.

It is a simple classroom. There are several desks throughout. LESLIE, MUFFY, and TRUDY are seated at DL, their books piled on desks. There are other students involved in conversation in the room.

TRUDY: So Muffy, how's Biff doing?
MUFFY: Oh, he's just wonderful.
LESLIE: How's he doing on the baseball team?
MUFFY *(snide, then proud)*: Football team, and they're doing extremely well. Fantastic is probably a better word. Biff's the quarterback. What do you think of that, Trudy?
TRUDY: Oh, that's great. Oh, and did you hear that Bonnie and Willie are finally going together?
LESLIE *(uninterested)*: That's nice.
MUFFY: Well, it's about time that boy asked her out...

(The girls continue stage business as ZACH enters from door R. Upon entering, ZACH immediately notices LESLIE's presence and panics.)

ZACH *(jumpy)*: Oh, my gosh, look. There she is. Shoot! Okay, stay calm. Take three deep breaths. *(He takes three quick, shallow ones)* Okay, you're cool. You can handle it. Shoot. Alright...go!

(ZACH takes his comb out, and combs his hair very flat against his head. He crosses to LESLIE. Conversation stops among the girls. MUFFY and TRUDY giggle, while LESLIE is pleasantly surprised.)

ZACH *(nervous, but determined)*: Hi, I'm Zachary. We met earlier.
LESLIE: I remember. I'm Leslie.
ZACH *(quickly, after a deep breath)*: Wait one second.

(ZACH moves to the proscenium and starts pacing, acting both parts in his conversation.)

ZACH: Hi, I'm Zach. I'm Leslie. Would you like to go out on a date? *(LESLIE is about to speak)* Shoot, that's so silly! Hello, my name is Zach. I know your name. I was thinking maybe that Saturday night you and I could-*(LESLIE tries again)* Shoot, I shouldn't be so forward. Okay. The simple approach. Leslie, would

you go out with me?
LESLIE: Yes.

(MUFFY and TRUDY are appalled, and apparently confer with each other.)

ZACH *(still to himself)*: Great. There's a terrific new movie opening Saturday... Wait. Was that me? Or was that...*(turns to LESLIE)*
LESLIE: Yes.

(There is an arpeggio to a shrill but happy pitch.)

ZACH: Really?!
LESLIE: Sure. It'll be fun.

(ZACH just stares at her, with a hint of smile on his face.)

LESLIE: Zach?
ZACH: Great! Then, uh, we can square everything away a little later?
LESLIE: Sure. That'd be fine. So I'll talk to you after class?
ZACH: Yeah. Great!
LESLIE: Bye.
ZACH: Bye.

(ZACH wanders to his seat near R. MUFFY and TRUDY are upset and are trying to convey this to LESLIE.)

MUFFY: Leslie, are you insane?!
TRUDY: Do you realize what you've just done?!
LESLIE: Come on. I think he's really nice.
TRUDY: One doesn't go out with every boy one thinks is nice.
ZACH: She'll talk to me after class. *(Has a revelation)* After class! Oh, wow! I'm in one of her classes! I never realized that before. This is great!

(ZACH sits, in a total daze, smiling as HORATIO enters from door R, script in hand.)

HORATIO: Zachary! Zachary! I must get to class, but I have to tell you! I got the part! The part in "Romeo and Juliet"! Mercutio is mine! I did it! It's the greatest part in my entire acting career! Who knows where I could go from here? Broadway! Dinner theater! *(exasperated)* Albert Finney! "Under the Volcano II," starring Albert Finney and Horatio Xaviar Sutherland III! It will be fantastic- Zachary. Are you listening to me? *(waves hand in front of face)* Zachary? Is anyone inhabiting your mind at the

present time? Zachary-
ZACH *(spastically jumping out of his daze)*: Horatio! Where have you been? You missed it!
HORATIO: Missed what?
ZACH: I did it! I asked her out! And she said yes! She said yes, with a smile on her face no less! She didn't hesitate the slightest bit! Why, she was practically begging me to ask her out! *(plops back* down on chair) *Oh, Leslie!*
HORATIO: Leslie? Who, pray tell, is Leslie?
ZACH *(standing again)* Leslie! I found out her name! It's Leslie! Oh, what a beautiful name! Who would think that a girl with the grace and beauty of Leslie would even consider going out with me?
HORATIO: That's what I thought. Obviously this Leslie doesn't seem to care with whom she is seen in public.
ZACH: Very funny.
HORATIO: Well, enough of your good news. *(smiling, holding out* script) *What do you think about mine?*
ZACH: Oh, yeah. Did you get the part?
HORATIO: Did I get the part! Were you listening at all? Apparently not. Yes, I got the part, and I must say I did rather well in the auditions.
ZACH: Oh, congratulations. I'm sorry I wasn't paying attention. I was on Cloud 9. Or was it 8? Maybe 7. No. Definitely 9.
HORATIO: And where shall your first romantic rendezvous take place?
ZACH: I was thinking about going to the movies this Saturday.
HORATIO: Hopefully an Albert Finney movie. It will show that you have class.
ZACH: No, it's not Albert Finney, but I'm sure we'll have a good time anyway.
HORATIO *(gradually building, to the point of preaching)*: Considering that this is your first true love, I feel compelled to warn you of the dangers you will face, for love is the greatest emotion of all. But, lo, you must not confuse it with lust. For the entanglement of these two may lead to your destruction. It is an everlasting battle between love and lust. Take heed of my warning, naive young Zachary. For if you don't, you will dearly regret your actions, and henceforth ye shall rue the day you did! Shun from lust! Shun! Shun! *(starts offstage)* Stay far from lust!...*(exits)*
TRUDY: It's the principle! When a boy like Zach asks you out, you don't say yes!

(There are several guy and gal students in the room, and a guy has apparently overheard TRUDY, who continues her silent conversation with the other two.)

GUY 1: You hear that? Zach asked Leslie out!

GUY 2: That's it. I'm gonna do it. *(turns around to face a girl)* Are you doing anything this weekend?
GAL 1: No...*(shyly)* but I'd like to.

(Several other guys and gals get the idea and within seconds the entire class is asking each other out. ZACH is now silently talking to LESLIE. The date-asking and subsequent conversations are now sounding like a mad crowd. DEAN WHITMORE enters. His stuffed shirt speech is almost not understandable.)

WHITMORE: What's all this? What's all this?

(The class comes to silence.)

WHITMORE: This is a university... we shall have none of this, uh, ... none of this! Is that a, uh, problem for anyone!?

(An unknown voice breaks the silence.)

MALE VOICE: Hey, Dean! Take some speech lessons!
WHITMORE: What was that? What was that? Who said that? Whoever that was, report to my office now! But that's not the issue. You are all students in one the finest educational institutions in the state, and-
SAME MALE VOICE: Mental institution!
WHITMORE *(gritting teeth)*: And there will be no irrational behavior simply because your professor is late. Is that clear?
ZACH: But, Dean Whitmore. Love is in the air.
WHITMORE: Love? Don't be silly! This is a university. And it's the middle of October!
LESLIE: Love doesn't care what season it is.

"SPRINGTIME IN OCTOBER"

LESLIE *(sings)*:
Love's like the sunlight.
It hits you when it's cold or warm
Outside your door.
And though it's hit before
You don't mind.
For any reason
Love can come in any season.
When you find the one
Who'll always bring the sun
You don't mind.
It may come only once
So you don't care what month it's here.
It's welcome anytime

So though November is quite near
Springtime can come anytime of year.
STUDENTS:
When you're in love
The flowers bloom in vibrant colors
Never seen before.
You wonder who they're for
And they're for you.
Rainbows that glisten
Are never far if you'll just listen
To the birds outside.
And the feeling deep inside
Makes dreams come true.
The times we spend together
Couldn't be to us more dear.
And though the leaves are falling
Through the chilly atmosphere
Springtime can come anytime of year.

(The students go into a dance, almost ballet, which emits a great deal of romance, if that's possible.)

STUDENTS:
Our skies are always clear
And though October is still here
Springtime can come anytime of year.
Springtime can come anytime of year.
Springtime can come anytime of year.

BLACKOUT

(Change music: "THAT'S THE KIND OF GIRL I LIKE")

ACT ONE

SCENE 4

Giovanni's Restaurant. Saturday.

The restaurant is well-furnished. There are people dining at tables UR and UL. Vacant table DC. JACQUE the Maitre D' is waiting at podium next to door UC. ZACH and LESLIE enter door UC, laughing.

JACQUE *(American, with a hint of Brooklyn dialect)*: Good evening, and welcome to Giovanni's Fine Italian Cuisine. I'm Jacque, your Maitre D'. Do you have reservations? If you do, I'm sure they

will be put to rest as soon as you try our food. Ha-ha. *(conscious of his unsuccessful joke)* Just a little Maitre D' humor there. *(more conscious)* Very little. But seriously. Do you have reservations?
ZACH: Yes. Two for Yates.
JACQUE *(looking at list on podium)*: Ah, yes. You do. Will that be smoking, non-smoking, or trying to quit?
LESLIE: Non-smoking, please.

(ZACH nods in agreement.)

JACQUE: Right this way. *(leads to table DC, rolling his eyes, and they sit)* Our special tonight is a lovely *(does fake Italian motions)* eggplant Parmesan in a savory marinara sauce. Shall I bring you two specials?
LESLIE: We'll just see the menus.
JACQUE *(sighs)*: Two menus, table 9. Or is it 8? Maybe 7. No. Definitely 9. Two menus!

(JACQUE snaps fingers, goes to podium. BETTY the waitress enters from L with two menus, goes to table DC. She is very laid back like JACQUE. She's probably his wife.)

JACQUE *(to BETTY as she passes)*: I'm up to my navel in eggplant. Push the special tonight.
BETTY: Good evening, I'm Betty, your waitress. The soup d'jour is navy bean, and tonight's vegetable is okra. And we have eggplant o' plenty this evening. Are you ready to order?
LESLIE: How does the lasagna look tonight?
BETTY: Well, it looks like several layers of yellow wavy noodles and ricotta cheese with red meat sauce on top. The eggplant is extremely fresh tonight.
LESLIE *(somewhat assertively)*: We'll have two lasagnas with red wine.
BETTY: Very well. Might I interest you in a side order of egg-plant?

(ZACH is about to speak.)

LESLIE: No, thank you.
BETTY: One eggplant?

(ZACH tries again.)

LESLIE: Just lasagna, thank you.
BETTY: Very well. *(exits)*
ZACH: So what'd you think of the movie?

LESLIE: Oh, I really liked it. I've always been a Woody Allen fan.
ZACH: Oh, me too. I've loved his movies for as long as I can remember. I was ecstatic when I found out about this film festival.
LESLIE: I know! I don't believe they're showing a different one of his movies every Saturday! *(humbly)* Oh, I hope you like lasagna.
ZACH: Lasagna's fine, but I've always ordered the eggplant Parmesan at this particular restaurant.
LESLIE: Oh, I'm sorry. I can't-
ZACH *(somewhat annoyed)*: It's okay. It's just that I was taken aback a little bit by your forwardness.
LESLIE *(coldly)*: Are you a sexist? I can't believe I'm sitting here having this conversation in 1987. You sound like my grandfather.
ZACH: I'm not saying I'm a sexist. However, I do like to be asked about my choice of tonight's meal.
LESLIE: Fine. If you'd like the eggplant Parmesan, I'm not stopping you. But you don't have to go around insulting me.
ZACH: I didn't mean to insult you, but did you know, as a matter of fact, that I don't even drink!?
LESLIE: Great. So go order milk!
ZACH: That's not the point. Shoot! When I go out to a restaurant, I'm going to order my own dinner.
LESLIE *(rising abruptly, knocking the tray from BETTY's hand as she passes the table)*: FINE!!

(LESLIE storms out as mass confusion breaks out due to a chain reaction created by the fallen tray. There are many things spilling and falling, and people are bumping into each other. ZACH watches on, showing depression, disbelief, and confusion. Just as the last plate drops to the floor, tableau. HORATIO enters from L.)

HORATIO *(after hopping to C)*: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!" *(dropping out of character: very matter of factly)* You ma'am. *(pointing to a woman in audience)* Yes, you. I would not want to mess with you! *(gets paranoid look, runs offstage R)*

(Lights dim on background. Unfreeze. All we see is ZACH at C.)

ZACH: Lasagna. All I had to do was eat the lasagna. And one glass of red wine wouldn't have killed me either. But no! I had to have my milk and eggplant Parmesan. And now she hates my guts. I lost the one true love of my life, all because of eggplant.

(Among other things, an eggplant was spilled on ZACH. He picks it up and looks at it.)

BLACKOUT

(Change music: "MAYBE")

ACT ONE

SCENE 5

Zach's Dorm. Later that night.

The dorm looks nice: not too conservative, not too bawdy. There is an Albert Finney poster on one wall. HORATIO is sitting on the couch at C, apparently reading his script. He acts out exaggerated facial expressions as he reads his lines.

HORATIO: "*****"

(ZACH enters from door at R, very depressed.

HORATIO *(jumping to greet him)*: Ladies and gentlemen! Introducing Zachary Yates, professor of love.
ZACH: No, more like Zach Yates, the guy who failed the course.
HORATIO: Ah! All's not rosy between our star-crossed lovers?
ZACH: I didn't even kiss her.
HORATIO: It was only your first date. One should never expect physical gratification on a first date.
ZACH: I couldn't have kissed her even if she wanted me to.
HORATIO: Ah, you are still afraid to kiss a girl, are you?
ZACH: No, I'm not.
HORATIO: Yes you are. And it looks as though you will be alone for next Saturday's show.
ZACH: And every Saturday after that.
HORATIO: Ah, but have cheer, young Zachary. She is only one of many other aquatic creatures in the world's water supply-
ZACH: Please, Horatio, I'd just like to be alone right now. Well, I actually want to be with Leslie. Together, forever. But she's not here right now, and you wouldn't make much of a substitute. She has such beautiful eyes. You don't have very beautiful eyes. She has such wonderful skin. You don't have very nice skin. She wears such luscious lipstick. You don't wear any lipstick. Oh, Horatio, I-

(ZACH turns to find that HORATIO has already left the room quietly through door L as he babbled on.)

ZACH: Shoot. Now I really am alone. Oh, no. What have I done to myself? *(sits on couch, head in hands)*

*(BUD enters from L, singing. He wears Jams, a white T-shirt with yel*low happy face, Wayfarer sunglasses, and a Mets hat on backwards.)

BUD: "Beauty school dropout..."
ZACH *(jumps, interrupting)*: Who are you? How did you get in here!?

(There is a short pause in which BUD suavely removes his glasses.)

BUD *(smiling)*: You really botched things up, didn't you.
ZACH: What- I- uh-
BUD *(still smiling)*: Admit it. Admit it! You botched things up! Didn't you!
ZACH: Oh, that's a real ego booster. Look, I'm feeling a little down right now.
BUD: A little! If you were down anymore you'd be underground. You're so wrapped up in your self-pity I think I'm gonna barf. Barf! Then I'll do it backwards! I'm gonna FRAB! Listen. If you want to be sad, you just go into that bedroom and sit on your can. Sulk all you want. Get high on "Wheel of Fortune." Be my guest! You could bop around the country looking for an answer, but inside five years you'll be pumping gas in some highway truck stop for an Iranian named Mohammed. You just do that. But don't make me listen to you when you're broke and living in a garbage dumpster. *(Arms folded, he turns* away, but still glances confidently back to ZACH.)
ZACH *(long pause)*: Who are you?
BUD *(dazed)*: My name is Elmer J. Fudd. I own a mansion and a yacht. My name is Elmer J. Fudd. I own a mansion and a yacht. My name is-
ZACH: Seriously. Who do think you are, barging in here like this?
BUD: Well, I'm here to offer a little heavenly assistance. I am Cupid. No diapers, but Cupid nevertheless.
ZACH: Right! And I'm Zeus!
BUD: Oh, hey, sorry about that little slip-up in Paris. I didn't know that they were both guys. I mean, one of them had long hair!
ZACH: Wait. Wait a second. Are you actually Cupid?
BUD: I know that you didn't kiss Leslie tonight.
ZACH: She would've laughed at me.
BUD: Tongue in cheek humor. All right. I'm not actually Cupid. You can call me Bud.
ZACH: So you're not truly Cupid, god of love.
BUD: All right. Hang on a minute. I see there's a

misunderstanding here. Sit down and let me explain. Now. Cupid was the god of love way back when the Greeks were pretty big on gods. Then, they just got bored with us. They didn't pay attention to which god was retiring or who took over, so when Cupid retired, they didn't care. A couple of guys have been god of love since then. Nothing special. But things are gonna start changing once Bud Young takes over.
ZACH: What do you mean, when you take over? You haven't taken over yet?
BUD: Well, not exactly. I'm what you'd call a G.I.T. God in Training. The old god of love is retiring, and they're trying out some new guys for the job. They haven't been doing too hot, so I'm giving it a shot. You know, after spending 45 years just hanging around in paradise, things get pretty boring. I mean, sure it's paradise, but hey. I see it as a perfect way to get up in the universe.
ZACH: So all you have to do is make a match and you become God of Love?
BUD: Sort of.
ZACH: What if you don't do it right?
BUD: Well, then I become damned for eternity.
ZACH: You go to hell?!
BUD: It's not really as bad as you think. But I'm pretty confident in myself, so I'm giving it a shot.
ZACH: And you just picked me at random. What would've happened if you didn't pick me? What if you picked someone else?
BUD: Well, then this wonderful audience would be watching a musical-comedy about some other loser.
ZACH *(in disbelief, finally realizing)*: So what you're saying is that you're a true immortal. I always thought that immortals were just a myth.

(BUD pinches himself, testing.)

BUD: Nope, we're real. But hey. Just because I've been dead since 1943 doesn't mean I haven't gone with the times. So I was dead when rock'n'roll came around, but I was still hip. I went to the Beatles' last concert! Front row seats! They were pretty easy for me to get, because nobody could see me. But now that I'm a G.I.T., everyone sees me. It's so the Big Guy can keep tabs on where I am, what I'm doing.
ZACH: The Big Guy?
BUD: The God of Gods. Chief Executive Immortal. He likes to call himself the All-Being Master of Space and Time, but we call him the Big Guy. It's easier.
ZACH: What, Zeus?
BUD: No! That was 2000 years ago! Zeus got bored, so we got a new C.E.I.

ZACH: C.E.I.?
BUD: Chief Executive Immortal.
ZACH: Well, not to belittle your immortal hierarchy, but-
BUD: Okay, stop right there. If you want any normal girl to fall for you, bag the Noah Webster routine. Come down to Earth and stop using those fancy five-dollar words. Or just don't talk so much. That's what got you in trouble in the first place.
ZACH: Fine. But upon entering, it was stated that you were here to help.
BUD: Okay, Zachary Yates, I'm here to lend you a helping hand. Yates. What kind of name is Yates?
ZACH: It's a last name.
BUD: All right, let's hold on the genealogy bit. I didn't hightail it eight and a half million miles out of heaven to listen to some wise-cracking college guy who's never even had a date, much less a girlfriend.
ZACH *(defensive)*: That's not true.
BUD: Oh, well that's good to hear. So if you're such a stud, then why am I here?
ZACH: I don't know. I didn't ask for you.
BUD: You're right. You didn't ask for me. But there I was up there, taking in a panoramic view of the earth, and I saw about a million losers like yourself sitting at home on a Saturday night, and you were the biggest loser of all.
ZACH: You're right. I messed up. I am a loser. I had it all set up. Shoot. She *liked* me. And boy, did I like her. I loved her. Oo, it gets you right there *(hits heart)*. I finally did something right for a change. Then she trashed the restaurant and left. And that's why you're here, isn't it? To help me get her back.
BUD: Well, actually I can't. There's not much I can do for you. *(pause, emotionally)* You know how they say every person has one true love in their life? Well, that's because every person gets only one arrow, and that's it. No more. Anyway, about a year ago, she was in love with this real low-life. A real parasite. But he only lusted her. She was head over heels for him, and he broke her heart. They got engaged, and the guy ran off the day before the wedding. *(pause)* Her arrow's been used up. It's gone. That's it.
ZACH: Oh, no! You're joking!
BUD *(smiling, pulling an arrow from behind him)*: Uh-huh. Here it is.

(ZACH sighs of infinite relief.)

BUD: You know, when I was alive, back in the Roaring Twenties, I knew there would only be one true love for me. I could have sworn it would be Mae West. But then I died, and when I got upstairs they totally enlightened me about everything. Any question you

ever had is answered. It turns out that I was destined to remain single anyway. My one true love was born seven hundred years ago in Budapest. A direct descendent of Medusa. I'm kind of glad it never worked out. Poisonous vipers would never fit into my bedside manner.
ZACH: Any question you ever had gets answered?
BUD: Any and every.
ZACH *(pauses)*: Are there really Martians?
BUD: No comment. That's for me to know and you not to know. You'll find that answer in one of two ways. Either when you die, or when little green men land in the middle of Washington Square. But that's besides the point.
ZACH: All right. You just do your William Tell routine, and I'll be fine.
BUD: Hey. My arrow can only do so much. You've got to do the rest.
ZACH: What are you saying?
BUD: Love...is...a many splendored thing. All you need is love. Love is-
ZACH: Hepburn and Tracy?
BUD: Yes!
ZACH: Bogie and Bacall?
BUD: Oh, yes!
ZACH: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton?
BUD: First or second time? No, stop it. Listen, Kid. You've only got one arrow in your entire lifetime. You've got to make it count. It's not gonna do everything. You have to stick your two cents in, do your share. Get to know her. Care about her. You've gotta trust her. She's gotta be able to trust you. It's give and take. She's not gonna give her life away for nothing. Today is the last day of what your life has been so far, and you've got to decide what you're going to do with the rest of it.
ZACH: Well, the last time I tried to get to know her she threw eggplant in my face.
BUD: Don't worry. It's only food. If you're gonna love her, you'll have to put up with that stuff all the time. Listen. Just talk to her. Let her know what's up.

"LET HER KNOW"

BUD *(sings)*:
Let her know how you feel.
Give her a reason
To feel the way you do
About her day and night.
You've got nothing to lose
'Cause she won't bite.
Come on, Zach be cool.

Zach don't be a fool.
Ya gotta let her know tonight.

ZACH: After what happened at the restaurant?

(The IMMORTAL QUARTET enters, and starts "doo-wopping".)

BUD: Kid, from now on your whole life is after what happened at the restaurant, so there's no time like the present.
ZACH: Who are they?
BUD: The Immortal Quartet. The most heavenly background singers ever to play the Vegas circuit. They're dead, but they really like to sing, so they do. Don't mind them. We're just having a good time. And that's exactly what you're gonna be doing with Leslie, as soon as you get your act straight.

BUD:
Show her how much you care.
If you stay silent
Your feelings might as well be numb.
Show her your savoir faire.

ZACH: But I don't have any.

BUD:
So we'll get you some!
You have to take a stand
And show her you're a man,
'Cause if you don't you know you're just plain dumb.
If you expect her to spend
Every day of her life
Standing by your side
Without you giving her anything
Well, you're taking yourself for a ride.
You've got to trust in her and love her
And I know these things take time,
But if you have the patience you'll be fine.

HORATIO *(entering)*: Where's all that music coming from? Who are you?
BUD: I am Cupid! And here is my proof.
HORATIO: Cupid? It is an honor, your immortalship!
BUD: You believe me?
HORATIO: Absolutely! Oh, I must put this in my diary! *(exits)*
BUD: Darn. I was gonna do a neat trick! Well, back to business. Zach, girls are fickle. Even if you do all this nice, idealistic stuff, she may want some simple things. A bracelet, an ice cream soda, a night of dancing-

ZACH: I can't dance.
BUD: Can't dance? I'll teach you. We'll start with...a waltz!

(The song goes into a fast waltz as BUD starts waltzing with ZACH, singing along with "Bop bop a doo dee da..." Midway through the instrumental verse, ZACH stops BUD.)

ZACH: I don't know if I like this.
BUD: Well, then let's try something else. How about...samba! Cha cha cha! Cha cha cha! Cha cha cha! Chaa chaa chaa chaaah.
ZACH: I don't know about this whole dancing thing, Bud.
BUD: Well, then you're just gonna have to stick with idealism.

BUD:
Give her all your heart
But only with your understanding.
QUARTET:
'Cause without that you'll have nothing.

ZACH: You know, you're absolutely right!
BUD: That's the attitude!
ZACH: Yeah!
BUD: Yeah!
ZACH: Yeah!

(They look at each other.)

BUD: You psyched?
ZACH: Yes!
BUD: Well, let's go!
ZACH: Yes!...But it's midnight.
BUD *(pause)*: So?
ZACH: Yeah!

(They both run out the door as the song builds to an end. The door slams, and:)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 6

Leslie's dorm. Immediately following.

It is the typical Dickson University studio dorm, and it is empty. Music is vamping as the door at L is thrown open and LESLIE enters, enraged.

LESLIE: I knew it! I knew it would happen! I knew it would end up like that! How could he have acted that way!? Zach Yates. Mr. Perfect. Ha! I thought he'd be different, but no. He's no different. This night was a total disaster.

"ALL OF THOSE MEN ARE THE SAME"

LESLIE *(sings)*:
The conversation was very thin
And it just kept getting thinner.
I never should have said yes to him
When he asked me out to dinner.
It was all just a big mistake
I invited in.
All I did was order lasagna.
Now is that a sin?
Men never give me the respect I want.
I wish they'd get it through their thickheaded brains
That I want to be looked upon
As more than just a stupid dame.
A woman should be more than a household pet.
An animal that's theirs to tame.
But I know what they're trying to get
Because all of those men are the same!
I always went in blind and innocent.
I was so naive.
Head over heels you cannot tell
That all they do is deceive.
Even with all this,
I don't understand why I don't leave.
I thought I outgrew childhood crushes.
Now I don't know what to believe.
I'm sick and tired of losing out
And always taking the blame.
They're so pathetically artificial
It's enough to drive me insane!
I've just about had enough of playing
All the chauvinistic games.
Why do I have to put up with this?
Oh, all of those men are the same!
I always went in blind and innocent.
I was so naive.
Head over heels you cannot tell
That all they do is deceive.
Even with all this,
I don't understand why I don't leave.
I thought I outgrew childhood crushes.
Now I don't know what to believe.

Every relationship I've been in
The man had hold of the reigns.
And the only things they gave me
Were anger, heartache, and pain.
Why did I waste my time
When I had nothing to gain?
I'm never gonna do that again
Because all of those men are the same.

(LESLIE storms out the door.)

BLACKOUT

(Change music: "ALL OF THOSE MEN ARE THE SAME")

ACT ONE

SCENE 7

On the campus. The next day.

ZACH and BUD are sitting on bench at C. Others are walking by.

ZACH: Do I look okay? Do I look okay? Is my hair combed?
BUD: It's combed. Not very well, but it's combed. And your ears are dirty.
ZACH: Oh, no! My socks don't match!
BUD: You're right. The first thing a girl looks for is matching socks. I can see why you're worried. Come on, now. You're fine.
ZACH: Fine! I must look more than fine for the day Leslie falls in love with me.
BUD: I remember one day in paradise when Marilyn Monroe came up to me. My socks didn't match, and I hadn't changed my halo in three days. To top it off, I forgot to roll on the roll-on. But Marilyn and I hit it off right from the start.
ZACH *(pacing around bench)*: I swear I have to go to the bathroom again.
BUD: Life Magazine just doesn't do her justice.
ZACH: I should have worn the plaid sweater-vest.
BUD: We had Szechuan at my cloud and sipped Yoohoo in front of the fireplace.
ZACH: I hope she wears that pink dress that I love so much.
BUD: Unfortunately for me her reputation as a sex symbol was a bunch of bologna. But you know, I respect the lady.
ZACH: I want five kids. I hope Leslie wants five kids.
BUD: She had the biggest...heart. You know, we had so much in common that you wouldn't-