

Just You and Me

Book, Music, and Lyrics by Daniel Wolf

Cast of Characters

Wendy Rosenberg	Mel (Rick's agent)
Rick Ellis	Barry (comedy writer)
Tom Mc Millan	Two audience plants
Leslie Stiles	Two NBC assistants
Julian Goodman	Doctor
Sammy Davis	Nurse
Jeff Kaye	Master of Ceremonies
Ed Sullivan	Vince Beasley
Jimmy Hendrix	Technicians

Act I

Scene 1

Circa 1965. Rick Ellis and Tom Mc Millan sit in the back seat of a Greyhound bus on the way to Boston. Rick holds a guitar and is writing on a notepad. Tom also has a guitar but remains in the case. Both are in their early to mid-20s, medium build. Their hair is of average length as the counter culture movement has not yet fully taken root. Both wear jeans and work shirts.

Rick: Here, listen to this. I think I got the first verse.

Rick plays guitar and sings:

When I got to Boston
I was all alone.
But I knew I was home
And everybody was my friend

Tom: Amazing. We're still a day out of Boston and you already have a song about it. Why don't you wait 'til we're there?

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Rick: I don't need to wait. It's all here in this book. (*displays book titled Boston*) There's a park in the center called the Commons. It sounds a lot like our Deming Park. They have a river called the Charles and there's also a train that can take you to Cambridge. That's where Harvard is. That's enough for a song.

Tom: What am I doing?

Rick: Bass, maybe harmonica.

Tom: So how long you plan to stay there?

Rick: As long as it takes.

Tom: As long as it takes for what?

Rick: For fame and fortune.

Tom laughs.

What's so funny?

Tom: There's no money in folk music.

Rick: Oh really? Did you ever hear of Bob Dylan? I'm sure has some lovely left wing sentiments with a very right wing bank account. Why? Why are you going?

Tom: Boston's the capital of folk music. I want to learn my craft. I'm sure there's a lot I can learn from some musicians.

Rick: That's great. We can put that on your stone. "Here lies Tom Mc Millan. He learned his craft."

Tom: Yeah? What will they say on yours?

Rick: On mine? "Here lies Rick Ellis, a poor farm boy from Terre Haute, Indiana who achieved fame and fortune more than even he imagined."

Tom: Well, good luck with that. I'm gonna take a nap. Wake me up when you make your first million.

Rick continues strumming his guitar and writing in his notepad.

Act 1, Scene 2

Grendel's Coffee House. There are a number of round tables and chairs. There is a slightly elevated stage. People sit with hot drinks and occasional pastry. On one side sits Wendy Rosenberg with her guitar case leaning against her table. Wendy is heavy-set with long hair (think Mama Cass from the Mamas and the Papas). She wears jeans and a plain top. ON the other side sit Rick and Tom also with guitar cases either leaning on the table or against a wall. On stage is a singer/guitarist, Vince Beasley, singing the end of his song. A master of ceremonies (MC) waits in the wings.

Vince (*sings*): I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you!

Small audience applause.

MC: Thank you. That was Vince Beasley with his song *I Love You*. Thank you, Vince. Once again, this is our usual Wednesday night open mic night. Try getting here around 7:30, give us your name and you can perform your song. The winner will be given time to perform the song sometime during our Saturday night show case. By the way, I hope you can come out this Saturday. We have a young man all the way from North Carolina I'm sure you're all going to enjoy, Jimmy Taylor.

Aud. voice: No, James Taylor.

MC: You sure?

Aud. voice: Yes.

MC: OK, James Taylor will be here this Saturday, show starts at 8 PM. *(reads paper)*. Time to bring up our next performer. Miss Wendy Rosenberg. Wendy, you here?

Wendy opens her guitar case and takes out her guitar.

Wendy: Here I am.

Wendy steps onto the stage and sits down on a chair near a microphone stand and tunes her guitar.

Hi, everyone.

Aud. voices: We love you, Wendy.

Wendy: Thanks. My fan club. Here's a song I wrote a few days ago while traveling around the Cape. Hope you like it. It's called *Collage*. Here goes.

Wendy plays guitar and sings:

Collage

Birds fly and touch down
 Summer never lets you down
 Seasons turning grey
 See the old men drift away
 Winds blow, morning's bright
 Sailing ships fall out of sight
 Out of sight
 Dreamers gone to sleep
 All the words are theirs to keep
 Seasons turning grey

See the old men drift away
 Painted trees on a hill
 In the endless climb we fall
 We fall
 Birds fly and touch down
 Summer never let's you down
 Summer never let's you down

Wendy (*speaks*): Thank you.

Audience applauds. Wendy leaves stage, returns to her seat and puts the guitar back in the case. Tom and Rick take out their guitars as MC speaks.

MC: Thank you, Wendy. Our next and last performers this evening are two guys who come all the way from Indiana. They just arrived about a week ago. Is that right?

Tom: That's right.

MC: Sorry, what's your name again?

Tom: Tom McMillan.

MC: And you are?

Rick: Rick Ellis

MC: So here's Tom and Rick.

Tom and Rick go on stage, sit down and check the tuning of their guitars.

Rick: Good evening. I'm Rick, this is Tom and as Ron said we just arrived about a week ago from Indiana. Ever hear of Indiana?

A few audience members applaud.

Thank you. So here's a song we wrote about your beautiful city. It's called *Boston*.

Boston

Rick (*sings*): When I got to Boston
 I was all alone
 But I knew I was home
 And everybody was my friend.

Rick, Tom (*sing*): Took a walk long the Commons

Passed the peanut man

And all the children of the land

And for the first time

I was free

Rick (*sings*): Sometimes I sit along the Charles
Smilin', not carin' where I go
Highways stretching toward tomorrow
People not knowin' where they go

Rick, Tom (*sing*): Took a train to Cambridge
Got off at Harvard Square
Saw all the hippies there
And for the first time
I was free
I was free

Audience applauds.

Rick: Thank you.

MC: That was Rick and Tom. Now if you'll just wait a few minutes the judges will decide the winner of tonight's competition.

Wendy walks to Tom and Rick who are putting their guitars back in their cases.

Wendy: Man, you guys are great.

Tom: Thank you.

Wendy: Just go here?

Rick: Yeah, last week.

Wendy: Where you staying?

Rick: With a friend...for now.

Wendy: Good. (*pause*) Say, uh, just wondering- could you be interested in a third?

Tom: What do you mean?

Wendy: You know. I join up with you.

Tom: Sorry. It's just Rick and me. We've been together for years.

Rick: Why? Do you write?

Wendy: Sure. I wrote that song, *Collage*. I'm always writing. It's my passion.

Rick looks intently at Wendy.

Rick: Wait a second.

Rick takes Tom aside.

What do you think?

Tom: What? A third?

Rick: Yes.

Tom: No. We never had a third. Why- you interested?

Rick: Maybe. Look, if it doesn't work we can always bail. Come on, give it a try.

Tom: No. We never had a third. Forget it. And besides, we're busy. We have to find an apartment.

Rick: You can do that. You don't need me. Come on, let me meet with her. Like I said, we can always bail.

Tom touches Rick's head.

Tom: You're always spinning up there, aren't you?

Rick: You OK?

Tom *(pause)* Go ahead.

Rick: *(to Wendy)* Alright, we'll give it a shot.

Wendy: Great!

Rick: You live in the area?

Wendy sings to melody from Boston:

I live near the Commons. *(speaks)* I love that song.

Wendy takes out a paper from her jeans pocket.

Here, I'll write my address and phone number.

Wendy writes on the paper.

When would you like to meet?

Rick: Tomorrow OK?

Wendy: Sure, tomorrow's fine.

Rick: Say around one?

Wendy: One's good.

Rick: It will only be me. Tom's apartment hunting. Is that OK?

Wendy: Great! I mean sure, no problem.

Rick: Good. See you tomorrow.

MC: Here we go. And tonight's winner is...Vince Beasley!

Tom, Rick, and Wendy look at each other in stunned disbelief.

Act 1, Scene 3

Wendy's apartment. On one side is a small kitchen unit consisting of a round table and chairs, a refrigerator, sink, cupboards, and cutting area. There is also a wall phone. Adjacent is the living room consisting of a sofa, coffee table, and a cushioned chair. There are also book shelves containing books and magazines. There is also a coat rack. Wendy sits in the kitchen talking on the phone.

Wendy: Mom, how could he be Jewish? He's from Indiana. There are no Jews in Indiana, *(pause)* No, I don't know his last name. I probably heard it but I can't remember. I just know his first name's Rick. *(pause)* Yes, he's coming alone. *(pause)* No, I'm not afraid. He seems very nice. Mom, I told you. He's from Indiana. There are no bad people in Indiana.

There's a knock on the door.

Oh, I think he's here. I'll call you later. *(pause)* Ok, I'll see if he's Jewish. Bye.

Wendy hangs up phone.

I'm coming!

Wendy straightens her clothes at the door. She is nervous. She opens the door. Rick is there.

Hi! Come in.

Rick: Thank you.

Wendy: Let me take your coat.

Rick takes off his coat and hands it to Wendy.

Nice place you have.

Wendy: Thanks. I know it's small but it's comfortable. Please sit down.

Rick sits on one side of the sofa while Wendy puts his coat on the coat rack.

Rick: You live alone?

Wendy: Yes, just me and the plants. I mean you got to have some living things, right?

Rick: No pets?

Wendy: No, the landlord won't let me. No pets allowed. I guess you had pets in Indiana.

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Rick: Oh, yeah. I grew up on a farm. We had everything.

Wendy: That must have been interesting. The closest I've come to a farm is shopping at the fruit counter. Say, would you like something to drink? Water? Soda? I even have some wine if you like.

Rick: Water's fine. It's a little too early to drink.

Wendy: Coming right up.

Wendy takes a bottle of water from the refrigerator and a cup from the cupboard and pours the water into it. She hands the glass to Rick.

Here you are.

Rick: Thanks.

Wendy sits on the other end of the sofa.

Wendy: I'm sorry, but could you tell me your last name again?

Rick: Ellis.

Wendy: That's right. I forgot.

Rick: Your last name is Rosenberg?

Wendy: Yes.

Rick: That's a Jewish name, right?

Wendy: That's right. I guess you don't meet many Jews in Indiana.

Rick: To be honest, you're the first.

Wendy: Really? Well, don't worry. We don't bite. We like to eat as you can see, but we don't bite.

Rick: You look fine.

Wendy: Thanks. I'm working on it.

Rick: Working on what?

Wendy: You really are kind. So what do you think? Could you use a third? I mean the only trio I know is Peter, Paul, and Mary and I just thought it be a good idea. Almost everyone here is either solo or a pair like you and Tom.

Rick: That's why I'm here.

Wendy: Well, how do you want to do this? I was thinking I can play some of my stuff and you can play some of yours and see where that takes us.

Rick: Sure we can do that. But I was thinking- why don't we try writing something together?

Wendy: Sure, no problem. Which do you prefer-music or lyrics? I can do either.

Rick: Let me tell you how Tom and I do it. First, we come up with an idea. Then we work separately and write something about the idea. You see?

Wendy: Yes...

Rick: We then get back together, play our song, pick the best one and make it better. I know it sounds strange but it works for us. What do you think?

Wendy: I can do that. But what's our idea?

Rick: Well, since we're together I thought we could write something like You and Me or Me and You, something like that.

Wendy: But how's this gonna work? My place is so small.

Rick: I can stay here, maybe you can go in the bedroom. Say about an hour. Then we'll see what we got.

Wendy: That can work.

Wendy takes her guitar.

Well, see you later. There's some food in the refrigerator if you get hungry.

Rick: Thanks.

Lights fade out then in. Wendy and Rick assume the same place on the sofa.

Wendy: What do you got?

Rick: You go first.

Wendy: Alright. Don't laugh.

Wendy plays guitar and sings:

Do you remember when we used to play on Saturday?

We were laughing and screaming loud

Like a crowd

We thought those days would never end.

There's a long pause.

Rick: How old are we in that song?

Wendy: About 7 or 8.

Rick: So on my one free day from school I'm going to laugh and, what was that?

Wendy: Scream.

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Rick: Scream?

Wendy: That's right.

Rick: With a girl?

Wendy: Yes.

Rick: Sorry. No offense but on Saturday Tom and I would play basketball or throw stones in the river.

Wendy: How 'bout you?

Rick: Total blank. Played a lot of notes, chords, progressions but nothing stuck.

Wendy: Like what?

Rick: Things like this.

Rick plays notes and some chord progressions during which he picks the opening notes to Just You and Me.

Wendy: Play that again.

Rick: What?

Wendy: What you just played.

Rick: This?

Rick plays some chord progressions.

Wendy: No, you just played it. Just before that.

Rick: *(to himself)* Where was that?

Rick plays more chords and notes until he finds it.

Wendy: That's it. Play it again.

Rick plays it again.

What fret is that?

Rick: Seven.

Wendy: Let me try.

Wendy plays it a few times then adds words. She sings:

Picture a day when...

Picture a day when...

(to Rick) Help me. Come on.

Wendy plays and sings:

Picture a day when...

Picture a day when...

Rick: We go from the city

Wendy and Rick stop and look at each other.

Act 1, Scene 4

At Grendels the following open mic night. Wendy, Rick, and Tom sit at a table guitars out waiting to be introduced. Sitting alone is Jeff Kaye, a local disc jock. MC is on stage.

MC: Well, look at this. You guys were here last week, right?

Rick: Yes.

MC: What happened? You get together?

Rick: That's right.

MC: Ok, so here's (*reads paper*) Wendy, Rick, and Tom.

Wendy, Rick and Tom ascend stage and remain standing.

Wendy: Hi, everyone. Here's a song Rick and I worked on this week. Hope you like it.
It's called *Just You and Me*.

Just You and Me

Wendy (*sings*): Picture a day when we go from the city

Carrin' umbrellas in case it rains

Just you and me.

Rick (*sings*): I'll be a rabbit, you be a gopher

Gamblin' together in the field

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): It might be fun

Wendy (*sings*): Under a tree I'll sing you a love song

Look in your eyes

And ask where the food's gone

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Notice a rabbit laughin' far away hey, hey

Rick (*sings*): Then when the sun sets we'll speak very softly

Holding each other in the rain

Just you and me

Just you and me

Wendy (*sings*): Go to the car to find the umbrella

Find a young fella take our car

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Way down the road

Rick (*sings*): Walk a few miles to find us a pay phone

Wendy (*sings*): Search everywhere

Find that the dime's gone

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Borrow a dime, call, and nobody's there

Rick (*sings*): Hitchin' a ride on the New Jersey Turnpike

Notice a car that looks like mine

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Race down the road

Wendy (*sings*): Oh, isn't it fun to leave the hot city?

Havin' the best time of your life

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Just you and me

Just you and me

Just you and me.

Audience applauds.

Wendy: Thank you.

Wendy, Rick, and Tom descend stage, return to their seats and put their guitars back in their cases.

MC: That's Wendy, Rick, and Tom. Ok, we're gonna take a small break before we bring up our next performer.

Jeff Kaye approaches them.

Jeff: Great song. You write it yourself?

Rick: Yes, me and Wendy.

Jeff: Well, let me introduce myself. My name's Jeff Kaye. I run a Sunday night radio show on WBZ called Hootenanny. Ever hear of it?

Wendy: I have. I'm from here. Rick and Tom are from Indiana.

Jeff: The show starts at 6 PM and I'd like you to come on the show this week. I'm sure the audience would love that song.

Rick: What time you say?

Jeff: 6 o'clock. I can have you on around 6:30. What do you say?

Rick: *(to Wendy and Tom)* Guys?

Wendy: Sure, let's do it.

Jeff: Great. *(takes out card from his wallet)* Here's my card. Call if you have any questions. See you on Sunday.

Act 1, Scene 5.

Radio station WBZ in Boston. Jeff Kaye, Wendy, Rick, and Tom sit behind a long table. There are microphones in front of each. Wendy, Rick, and Tom hold their guitars.

Jeff: And welcome back. This is Jeff Kaye broadcasting from station WBZ in beautiful downtown Boston and you are listening to Hootenanny our weekly Folk program where we like to present some of the many talented people who make up the vibrant folk music scene in the New England area. And with that I have next to me three young people I just happened to meet this past week at Grendels Coffee House. They played a song I'm sure you'll enjoy, but first I'd like you to introduce yourself and where you're from. Wendy, would you like to start?

Wendy: Hi, everyone. My name's Wendy Rosenberg and I was born and raised in Boston, Brookline actually.

Jeff: Rick?

Rick: I'm Rick Ellis from Terre Haute, Indiana.

Jeff: And Tom?

Tom: My name's Tom McMillan and I'm also from Terre Haute, Indiana.

Jeff: That's quite a combination. How'd you meet?

Rick: We met at Grendels a few weeks ago.

Wendy: I just asked if they needed a third and, well, here we are.

Jeff: Do you guys have a name yet?

Wendy: Well, we thought about that. Rick told me people in Indiana are called Hoosiers and since I'm Jewish we thought of calling ourselves the Jewsiers, but we let majority rule so now we're just Indiana.

Jeff: Have you ever been to Indiana?

Wendy: No, but I'd love to go.

Tom: We'll take you.

Wendy: Thanks, Tom.

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Jeff: OK, so here's Indiana playing a song I'm sure you're going to like. It's called *Just You and Me*.

Wendy, Rick, and Tom begin the instrumental introduction at the radio station then there will be 3 small vignettes. On one side is Ed Sullivan. Wendy, Rick, and Tom wait standing with their guitars for Sullivan to complete his introduction.

Sullivan: And now on our stage are three fine young people here to perform the song that is sweeping the nation. Let's hear it for Indiana!

Wendy, Rick, and Tom appear holding their guitars then exit as an instrumental version of Just You and Me continues to play. Center stage are two soldiers lying on the ground.

First soldier: Sergeant, the entire company is in full retreat.

Sergeant: Those gutless chicken livers. Well, I'm not leaving. I'm here to fight.

First soldier: I'm staying too, serge. As the song goes, it's just you and me.

On another side is President Lyndon Johnson and Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin standing behind podiums.

Johnson: I'm pleased to announce today a far reaching arms control agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Soviet Premier and I worked day and night to produce this document. In fact, toward the end it was only the two of us hammering out the final details.

Kosygin: Yes, you could say, as that song goes, it was just you and me.

Act 1, Scene 6

Julian Goodman, president of NBC sits at the head of a long table. On both sides sit three assistants among whom is Leslie Stiles.

Goodman: Anyone see the ratings this week?

First assistant: I think we all did, sir.

Goodman: Did you happen to see how we did Tuesday night 7; 30 to 8:30?

Second assistant: I assume you're referring to *The Don Knotts Show*.

Goodman: Yes, *The Don Knotts Show*. Did anyone happen to watch *The Don Knotts Show* this past Tuesday?

One assistant raises his hand.

Oh, good. At least one person was watching *The Don Knotts Show* while at the same time over 200 million other people were watching *The Mod Squad* on ABC! In other words, *The Don Knotts Show* is becoming something of a network embarrassment, a running joke in fact and I'd like to know how we're going to fix it. *(pause)* Anyone?

First assistant: How about a western?

Goodman: We already have *The Virginian* Wednesday night. We don't need another western.

Second ass't: We can break up the hour and have two comedies.

Goodman: That's a wonderful idea. Let's compete against *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Green Acres* on CBS.

Leslie raises her hand.

Goodman: Yes, Leslie?

Leslie: Well, since *The Mod Squad* is about three hippies, I think what we need is our own hippie-the NBC hippie.

Goodman: Go on.

Leslie: A hippie but a nice hippie, not too radical since we still appeal to an older demographic. A sort of safe hippie. So I was thinking, did you ever hear of a group called Indiana?

Goodman: Of course. Five years already and I still can't get that *Just You and Me* song out of my head.

First assistant: What? The Indiana Show? Don't even think about it. There's that one guy, what's his name? Tom something or other. Almost every day he's getting arrested at some anti-war demonstration. No-one would sponsor a show with him on it.

Leslie: I'm not talking about the group. I'm talking about the other guy, Rick Ellis. I just read an interview where he said he's just kind of playing a hippie and may not even be against the war. In fact, he might even be a bigger capitalist pig than you are Mr. Goodman... to use the lingo, that is.

Goodman: *(small laugh)* Not a bad idea. Think you can do it? Pry him from the group?

Leslie: I think with the right approach, with the right offer,

Leslie lowers her blouse to reveal the top of her breasts.

and maybe with some additional incentive, I can do it.

She covers her breasts.

Give him his own weekly variety show, a kind of younger, hipper Dean Martin That way we get the kids and still keep our demographic.

Goodman: It's worth a shot. Where they playing next?

Leslie: Some arts festival in upstate New York, a place called Woodstock.

Act 1, Scene 7

August, 1969, the Woodstock festival. On stage are musicians and stage hands in full hippie regalia.

MC: Woodstock, baby! Do you know that we are now the second largest city in the state of New York? Yeah! Hey, people are saying that some of the acid is poison. It's not poison, man. It's just bad acid. Well, here they are. The group you've all been waiting for. They just arrived an hour ago. Wendy, Rick, and Tom-Indiana!

Wendy, Rick, and Tom ascend stage in full hippie regalia-long hair, beads, tie-dye shirts and jeans, bandanas, etc. They set up tuning instruments. A drummer checks his drums.

Rick: How's everyone out there? Hey, we have a question. How many of you just graduated? It could be anything- high school, college, even kindergarten. Let's hear it-how many? Well, here's a song for all you graduates and just remember this- no matter where you go in life, no matter how high or how low, take care of your brother.

Wendy: And sisters.

Rick: Yeah, sisters too. One, two...

Graduation Day

Wendy and Rick (*sing*): We sat together into the night
 Waiting for the morning
 Of graduation day
 And offered prayers to lead us forth
 Along the road and light the way
 From graduation day
 And who would win?
 And who would lose?
 And who would choose
 To take the road that led beyond
 To where no-one before
 Had ever gone
 And in my dreams
 I garnered fame and was able to
 Lead the world to something new
 And so I thought on the eve

Of graduation day
And when the ceremony was over
And we bid our last goodbyes
Some moved on or stayed behind
And never tried to leave
The graduation day.

Rick: Thank you. For our next song I think we're going to need a little help.

Jimmy Hendrix enters.

Yeah, Jimmy Hendrix!

Lost Without You

Wendy (*sings*): I was lost without you.
At a loss without you.

Wendy and Rick (*sing*): Summer came and now it's gone
Through the streets I walk alone
Now the sun's refused to shine

Wendy (*sings*): I heard you walkin'
I hear you talkin'
I hear you found another girl

Wendy and Rick (*sing*): I lost my smile without you

As they sing, Wendy enters and watches the performance. She wears tight jeans and a provocative low cut top.

I lost my style without you
Wendy (*sings*): You used to say that you were mine
From today and for all time
Now I hear you walk around

Wendy and Rick (*sing*): You're always sayin'
I'm only playin'
And I never treated you kind
I lost my mind without you

Out of time without you

Wendy (*sings*): Suddenly the world's turn grey
I can't believe you'd walk away
But if someday you should return

Wendy and Rick (*sing*): I will be waitin'
Anticipatin'
Your love

Hendrix plays guitar solo.

Wendy and Rick (*sing*): Suddenly the world's turned grey
I can't believe you'd walk away
But if someday you should return
I will be waitin'
Anticipatin'
You're love
I was lost without you

Rick: Thank you and good night!

Wendy, Rick, Tom and Hendrix wave, flash the peace sign, and descend stage. Rick, Tom and Wendy hug Hendrix.

Tom: Great man. Thanks. You're the best.

Hendrix: Any time. No problem.

Leslie approaches Rick while Tom and Wendy continue talking to Hendrix.

Leslie: Rick, got a minute?

Rick: What is it?

Leslie: Mind stepping away a second.

Rick: *(to others)* Be right back.

Rick and Leslie move a few feet away. Tom periodically look at Rick and Leslie.

Rick: Yeah, what is it?

Leslie: My name's Leslie Stiles. I'm the assistant to Julian Goodman, president of NBC television. If you have any time Mr. Goodman would like to meet with you. Look,

I know you're busy but here's my card. Why not give us a call when you get back and we can set something up?

Leslie hands Rick her card. Rick takes card and reads it. Wendy and Hendrix exit while Tom waits watching the interaction.

Rick: Ok.

Leslie: Great set. I'm a big fan.

Rick: Thanks.

She whispers in his ear.

My number's on the back. Call me.

Leslie exits. Tom approaches Rick.

Tom: Who was that?

Rick: She works for NBC.

Tom: What she want?

Rick: She wants to set up a meeting with the president, some guy named Goodman.

Tom: The three of us?

Rick: No, just me.

Tom: Congratulations! I'm surprised it took this long but congratulations.

Rick: For what?

Tom: The betrayal. Come on, Rick. Betrayal. That's your middle name. You've been biting at the bit to betray us.

Rick: What are you talking about? I didn't say anything about betrayal.

Tom: Are you forgetting something? It's me, Tom. We grew up together. I know how you think. You've been biting at the bit to betray us. From the day we took Wendy I knew what you were thinking. But it worked. That's the problem. Everything you do fuckin' works.

Rick: You're wrong.

Tom: Am I? All those state fairs? Think I don't know the side deals you made? But I wanted to play so I didn't say anything.

Rick: Just a couple bucks. Hardly worth it.

Tom: Yeah, but this one's big. I just want to say one thing. You be kind to Wendy. I know your shit but she doesn't.

Rick: *(pause)* I will.

Act 1 Scene 8

NBC President Julian Goodman's office in New York. Goodman sits and chats with Leslie Stiles and two other assistants at an office table. A telephone intercom rings.

Goodman: Yes? *(pause)* Send him in. *(to assistants)* He's here.

Rick opens the door and enters.

Mr. Ellis, thank you so much for coming. My name's Julian Goodman, president of NBC television.

Rick: Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

Goodman: I believe you already met one of my assistants, Leslie.

Rick: Yes, we met at Woodstock.

Goodman: And this is Fred Stafford and Mark Jeffreys.

Rick: Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

Goodman: Woodstock. Wow! That was some event-nearly half a million kids. Tied up traffic for miles, thank you. Leslie, did you happen to read in the paper that some high schools and colleges are planning to replace *Pomp and Circumstance* next year with *Graduation Day*?

Leslie: No, I didn't see that.

Goodman: Yes, it's true- Indiana replacing Edward Elgar. Say, why don't we go and sit down?

All move to table and sit.

Rick, would you like anything besides water?

Rick: I'm fine.

Goodman: You don't mind if I call you Rick, do you?

Rick: No, that's OK.

Goodman: Rick, before we discuss why we asked you to come in, I'd like to ask you a few questions if you don't mind.

Rick: No, go ahead.

Goodman: First, do you know what will happen three months from now?

Rick: Christmas?

Goodman and assistants laugh.

Goodman: You're right. Christmas. But something else.

Rick: I don't know.

Goodman: It will mark the beginning of a new decade, the 1970's. Now let me you another question. How long do you think hippie culture will last?

Rick: I have no idea.

Goodman: Well, we do. In fact, we have people who study these things and they tell us the Counterculture will last no more than two or three more years. In other words, the 1970's are going to be a far different decade than the 1960's and we here at NBC would very much like you to be a part of it.

Rick: Mr. Goodman, I was never good at grammar but I know that there are two forms of the word *you*. There's the singular you and the plural you. Now which form are you referring to?

Goodman: To be honest, we're only interested in you.

Rick: That's fine. Fuck em'. They were dead wood anyway.

Goodman and assistance look at each other.

Act 1, Scene 9

Wendy's apartment. Wendy is busy tidying up both the kitchen and living room. Her guitar is leaning on sofa with some papers on the coffee table. She opens a bag of chips, empties it into a bowl and leave it on the kitchen table. There's a knock on the door.

Wendy: Come in, it's open.

Tom enters.

Wendy: Rick just called from the airport. He'll be here soon.

Tom: Did he say anything?

Wendy: No. He said he'll tell us when he gets here. Oh, Tom. I'm so excited. What if it's a weekly variety show? You know, singing, dancing, maybe some comedy. Not to boast but I think I'd be a very good comedienne. I mean look at me. I'm already a sight gag.

Tom: Will you stop?

Wendy: Just kidding. I know I'm getting ahead of myself but I'm thinking we can invite our friends. Maybe the first show we can have Joanie [Mitchell]. Then I'm thinking the thinking the second week...how about Neil?

Tom: Uh, which Neil?

Wendy: Neil Young. Why? What other Neil is there?

Tom: Never mind.

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Wendy: Hey, how about Dylan? You think he'd be interested?

Tom: I don't know. Bob's a little strange when it comes to TV.

Wendy: Yeah, maybe you're right. Anyway, look, I wrote a song to mark the occasion. Sit down.

Wendy gets her guitar as both sit on the sofa. She spreads out papers on the coffee table.

It's called *Friends*. See the words?

Tom: I see it.

Wendy: Got your harp?

Tom takes a harmonica out of his pocket.

Tom: Always got my harp.

Wendy: Come in whenever you like.

Wendy plays guitar and sings:

Friends

Oh, friends may come and friends may go
 But certain friends I'll always know
 Sometimes when I'm feeling low
 I think about all the good friends that I have.

Wendy: *(speaks)* Got it?

Tom: Yeah.

Tom and Wendy sing:

Oh, times may come and times may go
 But certain times I'll always know
 Sometimes when I'm feeling low
 I think about all the good times that I've had.

Wendy plays guitar and Tom plays harmonica during instrumental.

Wendy plays guitar and sings:

Oh, love may come and love may go
 But through it all I've learned to grow
 Sometimes when I'm feeling low

I think about all the good times that I've had.

Tom and Wendy sing:

And I'll think about all the good friends that I have.

Tom leans over and kisses Wendy on the mouth.

Wendy: Tom, I appreciate that. I really do. But you know I only have feelings for Rick. I hope you understand.

Tom: I do.

Wendy: But really, I appreciate it and it will be our little secret.

Tom: Thank you.

There's a knock on the door.

Wendy: Come in. It's open.

Rick enters.

Welcome back. That was fast. You take a taxi?

Rick: Yes, not too much traffic either. Got a soda or something?

Wendy: Sure. Got some chips too.

Rick: Thanks. I'm a little tired.

Tom: *(skeptical)* I'm sure you are.

Wendy puts the chips on the coffee table, opens the refrigerator, takes out a can of soda and places it on the coffee table. Rick takes off his jacket and sits down on the cushion chair.

Wendy: So, come on, what happened? Tell us.

Rick: Well, I met the president of NBC, Julian Goodman and a couple of his assistants including that girl I met at Woodstock, Lesie something or other. Anyway, here's what happened. They have an idea for a weekly variety show, Tuesday night, 7:30 to 8:30.

Wendy: *(to Tom)* See, I was right!

Tom: Yeah, go on.

Rick: Well, except there's a little problem.

Wendy: Yeah, I know. They don't want to call it the Indiana Show. That's OK. It's not a good name for a TV show. We can call it *Rick and Friends* or something like that. Right, Tom?

Tom: I don't think that's what Rick's referring to.

Rick: No, it's not.

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Wendy: Then what's the problem?

Rick: *(pause)* They only want me.

Wendy: What do you mean?

Tom: He means he made a side deal. We're done, Wendy. Indiana's over. Rick's going to have his own TV show.

Wendy: What? What are you talking about?

Rick: I'm sorry. It's just something I'd like to do.

Tom: You didn't mention us at all, did you?

Rick: Yes, I did. I tried very hard.

Tom: But?

Rick stands. Tom and Rick confront each other.

Rick: Take a guess.

Tom: Say it.

Rick: You're too fuckin' radical. The show is sponsored by General Electric. Do you have any idea how much business General Electric does with the Pentagon every year? In the billions and they're soon going to let a left wing anti-war long hair hippie freak on the family hour? Are you out of your fuckin' mind?

Wendy: What they say about me?

Rick: Not too much. They just have a certain vision and feel you don't fit into their concept.

Tom: What the fuck was that? Just tell her, asshole. Or should I?

Wendy: Tell me what?

Rick: I'll tell her. *(pause)* You're too fat.

Wendy: What?

Rick: I'm sorry. They said you're too fat.

Wendy: I'm too fat? What are you saying? I get fan letters every day. No one says that. They like the way I look.

Rick: We're not talking about live performance. This is television. It's all about presentation. Anyway, that's what they said. Look, I tried. I really did.

Tom: We're starting a tour next week.

Rick: And we'll do it. We can bill it as our farewell tour. Could bring in more business.

Tom: I don't believe a word you said.

Rick: Believe it or don't believe it. That's what's happening. I'm sorry. It's just something I want to do. *(to Wendy)* Come on, Wendy. It's been five years. Five amazing years. I just think it's time we go our separate ways. Who knows? Maybe we get back together in a few years.

Tom: *(sarcastically)* Yeah, sure. The corporate asshole returns to his roots. Happens every day.

Rick: Wendy?

Wendy: *(to herself)* I'm too fat. *(to Tom)* Guess we don't have to play that song.

Tom: No. *(to Rick)* Let me ask you something? Did they say you had to cut your hair?

Rick: Yes.

Tom: Did you agree?

Rick: Yes.

Tom: So who you gonna be? Fuckin' Dean Martin?

Rick: I can't be Dean Martin. He's on Thursday night. I'm on Tuesday.

Act 1, Scene 10

Indiana's final concert. They are finishing Lost Without You.

Wendy, Rick *(sing)*: I will be waitin'

Anticipatin'

You're love

I was lost without you.

Rick: Thank you. Thank you so much. Well, as you know this is our final show as Indiana and I know I speak for both Wendy and Tom when I say how much we appreciate all the love and support you have shown us these past five years. And you never know, right? Maybe someday we'll play again. So Wendy and I wrote this song specifically for this moment. It's called *We'll Meet Again*.

We'll Meet Again

Rick *(sings)*: Do we say goodbye today
 Or do we say there will come a day
 When we will meet again.
 Tonight let's find a star
 To guide us as we go far
 But say we'll meet again

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Oh I can't live without you
 Anytime of the year
 And I can't dream without you
 Oh how I wish you were here

Rick (*sings*): Wish we could run away
 And never look back to say
 Someday we'll meet again

Wendy, Rick (*sing*): Who knows what tomorrow brings
 Laughter or broken dreams
 But say we'll meet again
 Oh I can't live without you
 Anytime of the year
 And I can't dream without you
 Oh how I wish you were here
 Oh how I wish you were here

Rick (*sings*): Oh how I wish you were here.

Rick: Thank you and good night.

All three wave goodbye. Set turns to reveal backstage. Wendy, Tom, and Rick put their guitars back in their cases without saying anything. Leslie is there looking particularly stunning in marked contrast to Wendy's more earthly appearance.

Tom: (*to Wendy*) Are you alright?

Wendy: I have to tell him.

Tom: No. Let it go.

Wendy: I can't. Call him over.

Tom: Wendy, stop! Look at Leslie. Look how stunning she looks. You're only gonna embarrass yourself.

Wendy: I don't care. Tell him to come over.

Tom: (*pause*) Rick, come here.

Rick walks to Wendy. Leslie stands slightly away from Rick as he talks to Wendy.

Rick: Wendy, please. Don't look so sad. We finished on top. That's the best way to end.

Wendy: *(looks at Leslie)* Who is she?

Rick: That's Leslie from the network.

Wendy: I mean who is she to you?

Tom: Oh, God.

Rick: She's my girlfriend. You know that.

Wendy: Only that?

Rick: I can't say right now. We only know each other a few weeks.

Tom: Wendy, stop!

Wendy: *(to Tom)* No!

Rick: Stop what?

Wendy: Rick, I have to say something. *(pause)* I love you. Do you know that? I've always loved you. From the minute I saw you at Grendels. Why you think I came over? I just wanted to meet you.

Rick: Wendy, I love you too but just not the way you would like.

Wendy: I know. I mean look at Leslie. She's so beautiful.

Rick: You're beautiful too.

Wendy: Now listen to me. This is your Jewish mother talking. I want you to be a good boy out there. Don't get in any trouble. I'll be watching.

Rick: I know you will.

They hug and kiss. Leslie approaches Rick.

Leslie: Rick, the car's waiting. We have to go before the crowds come.

Rick: Let me pack a few things. *(to Wendy)* I'll call you in a few days.

Rick returns to side of stage to pack some things and put his guitar back in the case. Tom speaks to Leslie center stage.

Tom: Let me ask you something. You're always hanging around. You already signed Rick. So why you need to show up everywhere?

Leslie: He's my boyfriend.

Tom: Try again.

Leslie: I'm protecting my investment. So fuck off. *(to Rick)* You ready?

Rick: Go to the car. I'll be right there.

Leslie: OK. *(fake smile at Tom)* Bye!

Leslie exits. Rick approaches Tom.

Rick: Here's the deal and I'm only gonna say this once. I'm leaving for L.A. on Sunday. I can have a car pick you up and we can fly out together. What do you say?

Tom: Slim chance of that happening, bro.

Rick: As you wish. Take care of yourself.

Rick and Tom shake hands, Rick exits. Tom remains center stage. He looks at Rick leaving then turns to see Wendy sitting looking despondent.

Act II

Act II, Scene 1

It's the premier of the Rick Ellis television show. A curtain is drawn which reveals a relatively barren stage except for a large block on which sits Leslie dressed in evening wear. There are two television studio cameras.

Voiceover: From Hollywood. It's the Rick Ellis Show with tonight's special guest, Mr. Sammy Davis. And now the star of our show, Rick Ellis!

Guitarist, on stage, plays opening chords of the song. Rick enters, hair just touching the top of his ears, no facial hair, wearing a black tuxedo and bow tie.

Rick: Yeah, it's me!

Here You'll Stay

Rick sings:

Summer seas and summer skies
 Catch the breeze and watch us fly
 And in the silence of the dawn
 We'll come home

Walks to Leslie on the block, looks romantically at her, and continues singing.

As the winds caress your hair
 Let me know that you are there
 And as the seasons turn to grey
 Here you'll stay, here you'll stay
 Like a child looking for its way.
 I was tossed upon the waves
 Till your hand reached out to save me

Guitarist plays bridge after which Rick continues.

And as the seasons turn to grey

Here you'll stay, here you'll stay

Here you'll stay, here you'll stay

You'll stay, stay

You'll stay, stay

Rick: Thank you and welcome to the first of what I hope will be many of the Rick Ellis Show. That's me in case you don't know.

Canned laughter.

And to help me out is a man who needs no introduction. Here he is, Mr. Sammy Davis!

Canned applause. Davis enters wearing a black tuxedo and bow tie.

Davis: Thank you and may I say what an honor it is to be the first guest on your first show.

Rick: The honor's all mine, Mr. Davis.

Davis: Please, Sam.

Rick: OK...Sam.

Canned laughter. Davis takes a paper out from his pants pocket.

Davis: And to mark the occasion I have here a telegram for two people you may have heard of-
Misters Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. You have heard of them, right?

Rick: I sure have.

Canned laughter.

Davis: Here's what it says: *(reads)* Good luck on your new show. We wish you all the best. As long as you don't go back to that hippie thing.

Rick: Oh, you don't have to worry about that.

Canned applause.

Davis: That's good to hear. But I must say there's one song you guys did I really liked. You know, that Jewish song.

Rick: Jewish song? We didn't do a Jewish song.

Davis: Sure you did. You know-Just Jews and Me.

Rick: No, it's Just *You* and Me.

Davis: Now you have nothing against my people, do you?

Canned laughter.

Rick: Not at all. In fact, I worked with a Jewish girl, Wendy Rosenberg. I mean you can't get more Jewish than that.

Davis: Oh, you mean that fat chick? It's a wonder you guys made any money. She must have eaten all the profits.

Canned laughter. Rick looks slightly embarrassed. Musical introduction begins.

Just You and Me (big band sound)

Rick: Do you want to begin?

Davis: Sure. *(sings)*

Picture a day when we go from the city

Carrin' umbrellas in case it rains

Just Jews and me

Rick: You, you!

Canned laughter.

(sings) I'll be a rabbit, you be a gopher

Davis flashes his two front teeth like a rabbit and hops around the stage. Canned laughter.

Gamblin' together in the field

It might be fun

Davis *(sings)*: Under a tree I'll sing you a love song

Rick *(sings)*: Look in your eyes and ask where the food's gone

Together *(sing)*: Notice a rabbit laughin' far away, hay, hay

Davis *(sings)*: Then when the sun sets we'll speak very softly

Rick *(sings)*: Holding each other in the rain

They hug. Davis speaks with an effeminate lisp.

Oh, you're so romantic.

Canned laughter.

Rick *(sings)*: Just Jews and me

Rick *(speaks)*: Now you got me doing it!

Canned laughter.

Together (*sing*): Just you and me

Rick (*speaks*): Mr. Sammy Davis, ladies and gentlemen.

Davis tap dances during the instrumental.

Rick (*sings*): Go to the car to find the umbrella

Davis (*sings*): Find a young fella take our car

Together (*sing*): Way down the road.

Rick (*sing*): Walk a few miles to find us a pay phone

Davis (*sings*): Search everywhere, find that the dime's gone

Together (*sing*): Borrow a dime, call, and nobody's there

Rick (*sing*): Hitchin' a ride on the New Jersey Turnpike

Davis (*sings*) Notice a car that looks like Frank's

Canned laughter.

Together (*sing*): Race down the road

Oh, isn't it fun to leave the hot city

Having the best time of your life

Rick (*sings*): Just you and me

Davis (*sings*): Just you and me

Together (*sing*) Just you and me.

Rick: Mister Sammy Davis! And now a word from our sponsor, General Electric.

Act II, Scene 2

Ten years later. Wendy is greyer and just as heavy. She is in the kitchen talking to a friend on the phone.

Wendy: I'll have to check. I think I got it. Let me call you back in an hour.

Wendy enters the living room area and looks at the books in her bookcase. She finds the book and notices a folded paper inside it. She unfolds the paper.

Oh my God! Oh my God. I can't believe it. I can't believe it.

Wendy opens the guitar case and takes out the guitar.

Let's see if I remember this.

She strums a few chords finally settling on the G chord.

Right. That's it.

There's a knock on the door.

Come in. It's open.

Tom enters. He is also greyer. He carries his guitar.

You won't believe this. Janet called and asked me if I had a copy of *One Dimensional Man*. So I said I would check. Then I look through my books and found it. And inside is this piece of paper (*shows paper*). Well, I think you know the story about how Rick and I wrote *Just You and Me*. But here the words I wrote that day. Here, listen.

Wendy sits on the sofa, puts the paper on the coffee table, plays guitar and sings:

Do you remember when we used to play on Saturday?

We were laughing and screaming loud, like a crowd

We thought those days would never end.

Wendy (speaks): What do you think?

There's a long pause. Tom is slightly stunned.

Tom: Uh, how old are you in the song?

Wendy: About 7 or 8.

Tom: And you think Rick would get up on a Saturday and play with a girl? No offense.

Wendy: You know, that's exactly what *he* said.

Tom: Can we get on with it? Where's this song you've been talking so much about?

Wendy: Here it is.

Wendy points to another paper on the coffee table. Tom sits on the sofa.

Hope you like it. It's called *Seasons*. We can play it this weekend if you like it. Come in anytime.

Wendy plays guitar and sings:

Seasons

Summer holds a memory of you

Running through the fountain

Getting wet like you used to do

And I wonder how you wander now

And if you're feeling fine

Tom looks annoyed.

Summer, you're a friend of mine
Of mine.

Wendy (*speaks*): OK? Now autumn

Wendy continues playing guitar and sings:

Autumn holds a memory of you

Wendy echoes "of you" indicating Tom's part. Tom remains sitting with his guitar only listening, looking increasingly agitated. Wendy continues playing the guitar and singing.

Climbing trees for chestnuts

Down at the count of two

And I wonder how you wander now

And if you're feeling fine

Autumn

Wendy stops playing.

(*speaks*) Is there a problem?

Tom: Who's this song about?

Wendy: It's about you.

Tom: About me? I don't remember running through a fountain. If I recall Rick ran through the fountain. I was telling him to get out before the cops came.

Wendy: Sorry. (*pause*) I'm sorry. I just can't bring myself to hate him.

Tom: After what he did to you, to us?

Wendy: Look, maybe he was right. Maybe it was time for us to move on.

Tom: Move on? Rick is one of the biggest names in show business while for the past ten years we can't get a record deal, we hardly get a club date, and ironies of ironies we host an open mic night at the same coffee house where we first got started. So I don't see lot of movement on our side. Oh, excuse me, did I say coffee house? I'm sorry. It's now a bistro.

Wendy points to phone.

Wendy: So give him a call and go out there. He already asked you. Tell him you're ready.

Tom: I'm not doing that.

Wendy: You sure? Because I'm getting sick of it. "Oh, look, Rick made a movie, Rick met the President, Rick's hosting an awards show." It's enough and to tell you the truth it's starting to affect me physically.

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Tom: I'm just talking. I'm not calling Rick.

Wendy stands and goes to him.

Wendy: Look, I know how you feel. I know you miss the fame. It was fantastic, but I don't need millions of people telling me how great I am. I enjoy having a normal life. I'm surrounded by good friends, fellow artists, and even have some family left. For me it's enough. But, hey, no one's stopping you.

Tom: I know. It just gets to me sometimes. It's a great song. Sure, we'll do it. I want to get there early this week, check the sound system.

Act II, Scene 3

Grendels Coffee House. People sit around both round and square tables eating and drinking. Wendy and Tom are on stage sitting and holding guitars.

Wendy: Good evening and welcome to our weekly open mic night. I'm Wendy and this is Tom and it looks like we have a good line-up so sit back, relax and enjoy an evening of fine music from some very talented people. But as is the custom at Grendels we get to do the first song. Actually we're going to do two. So let's get started. How many out there remember the 60's?

A few audience members applaud.

Oh, come on. It wasn't *that* long ago. Anyway, here's a song about the 60's. Hope you like it. It's called *Do You Remember?* - based on a melody I wrote a long time ago.

Do You Remember?

Wendy (*sings*): Do you remember 1965 we were alive

We were young and so much braver then

We tried to send a song for all the world to sing.

Do you remember when the Beatles played at the Shay?

We were standing and screaming loud with the crowd

We thought those days would never end

Wendy, Tom (*sing*): Do you remember when we used to say there'd come a day

When Man would fight no more, there'd be no war

Just peace throughout the land.

Wendy (*sings*): Oh across the fields we'd go

Singing songs from Abby Road

Wendy, Tom (*sing*): Oh across the fields of time

Trying hard to make life rhyme

Wendy (*sings*): Do you remember when the Reverend King was shot that spring?

He had a dream we tried to see

Some did and some believed

Wendy, Tom (*sing*): Do you remember how we felt that day when Bobby died?

He dreamed things that never were and asked, "Why not?"

But we asked why that day

Oh across the fields we'd go

Singing songs from our next show

Oh across the fields of time

Trying hard to make life rhyme

Wendy (*sings*): Do you remember all the times before, demanding more

We were young and so much braver then

We tried to send a song for all the world to sing

Wendy, Tom (*sing*): A song for all the world to sing

Audience applauds.

Wendy: Thank you. Hoped you liked it.

Tom: And learned something too.

Wendy: Here's another one. A little slower. It's called *Seasons*.

Wendy and Tom play guitars. Wendy sings:

Seasons

Summer holds a memory of you

Running through the fountain

Getting wet like you used to do

And I wonder how you wander now

And if you're feeling fine

Summer, you're a friend of mine

Of mine

Wendy becomes dizzy and weak. Her voice is not in sync with the melody.

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Autumn holds a memory of you

Wendy falls off the chair and collapses on stage. Tom comforts her.

Tom: Wendy! (*shouts*) Quick, somebody call an ambulance!

Act II, Scene 4

Rick Ellis's office. Rick sits behind a desk reading a paper. A young man, Barry, stands waiting for Rick to respond.

Rick: (*laughs*) Oh, this is funny. Very funny.

Barry: Which one, sir?

Rick: No, nothing on this paper. What's funny is that you call yourself a comedy writer. That's funny. What was your job before we hired you-funeral director?

Mel, Rick's agent, enters the room.

Rick: Oh, here's another man stealing money-my agent.

Mel: Barry, could you excuse us a minute. I need to speak to Rick about something.

Barry: Certainly.

Barry exits.

Rick: What is it?

Mel: It just came on the news. Your old partner, Wendy Rosenberg, collapsed on stage last night.

Rick: Sorry to hear that. How's she doing?

Mel: She's in stable condition. Probably suffered a heart attack according to the news.

Rick: I'm not surprised. She was always heavy. Is that all?

Mel: Now listen. I have an idea. I'm sure you know you're ratings are slipping and rumor has it you might not be renewed another year.

Rick: I know.

Mel: So I have an idea. Why don't you fly off to see Wendy? I'll arrange a film crew to go with you. You go to the hospital, stand by her bed, show some compassion, some concern. We get it all on film, do some heavy advertising, and show it next week. I think your ratings would go through the roof.

Rick: You know, that's a great idea. Let's do it.

Mel: You can fly out tonight.

Rick: Where is she?

Mel: Mass General.

Rick: Get on it. Oh, and tell Barry if he doesn't make me laugh when I get back, he's fired.

Act II, Scene 5

Wendy lays down, head up in a hospital bed. Tom sits on a chair besides her. A doctor speaks to her.

Doctor: That was a close call, Miss Rosenberg. Fortunately, it was only a mild heart attack. Needless to say, you need to make some life-style changes. I think you know what I mean-diet and exercise. I'll have a nurse explain all this in more detail. I'd like to keep you one more night for some additional tests. I'll be in later. Bye.

Doctor exits.

Tom: He's right. Diet and exercise.

Wendy: I know.

Nurse enters stage left.

Nurse: There's someone to see you, Miss Rosenberg.

Wendy: Who is it?

Nurse: Oh, I think you'll know.

Rick enters with two technicians-a camera man and a sound man. They carry their equipment. Rick is dressed in an expensive suit and tie in contrast to Tom's everyday work clothes. Rick indicates where the technicians are to set up their equipment.

Rick: OK, set up over there.

Rick points to side of bed.

Tom: What the fuck?

Rick: Shut up. *(to technicians)* Here's what we're gonna do. I'm going to come into the room again. I'll stand next to the bed and speak to her. Cut after I kiss her cheek. Got it?

Sound tech: Got it.

Rick: OK, you ready?

Tom: What the fuck?

Rick: Shut up. And move away. We don't need you in the picture.

Tom begrudgingly moves away.

Camera man: OK, we're ready.

Rick: Here goes.

Rick walks out the room then re-enters. He stands looking at Wendy.

Oh, Wendy. Wendy!

Rick approaches the bed.

I came as soon as I heard. How are you?

Wendy: I'll be fine. I just need to rest.

Rick holds her hand.

Rick: Oh, good. I got so worried.

Wendy: Please, I'll be fine. Don't worry.

Rick: Let me know if you need anything. I'm there anytime you need me.

Wendy: Just seeing you again is enough.

Rick bends down and kisses her cheek.

Rick: Cut. *(to technicians)* Got it?

Sound tech: We got it.

Rick: Good. Wait for me in the lobby. I want to talk to these guys a bit.

Camera man: OK.

Technicians take their equipment and exit the room. Wendy, Tom, and Rick look at each other for some time not knowing what to say. Rick stands some distance to the bed.

Wendy: Come here.

Rick approaches the bed.

How's everything? So sorry to hear about you and Leslie.

Rick: Thanks. We tried but couldn't work it out.

Wendy: Such a lovely girl.

Rick: *(halfheartedly)* Yes.

Wendy: How's everything else?

Rick: Busy. You know- the TV show, movies, recordings. It's a busy life.

Wendy: So glad to hear everything worked out for you.

Rick: Don't you worry about me. You just take care of yourself. You hear me. And if you need anything let me know.

Wendy: I will.

Rick: And lose some weight.

Wendy: I'm working on it.

Rick: *(smiles)* Now where did I hear that before?

Tom: I'm gonna walk Rick out. I need to ask him something. I'll be right back.

Wendy: Ok.

Rick: Bye, dear.

Wendy: Goodbye.

Tom and Rick leave Wendy's room and speak just outside.

Rick: She really needs to lose weight.

Tom: You flew all this way for a publicity stunt.

Rick: Hey, don't you read? My ratings are dropping.

Tom: So you fly 3000 miles to boost your ratings?

Rick: Welcome to show business. It's all about ratings. Hell with talent.

Tom: Yeah, but you made it. I mean you really made it. How the fuck did that happen?

Rick: It just happened.

Tom: No, it didn't just happen. That level of success doesn't just happen. There's more to it than that.

Rick: You said there's something you want to ask me.

Tom: Yes, and I want you to be honest. That meeting with NBC you didn't mention us at all, did you?

Rick: No.

Tom: So everything you said in the apartment came from you.

Rick: That's right.

Tom: That I was too radical.

Rick: Yes.

Tom: And that Wendy was too fat.

Rick: Well, I had to say something.

Tom: So basically you threw us overboard.

Rick: Come on, Tom. It was five years. I wanted to try something new and I didn't feel like taking you along.

Tom: Why?

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Rick: For one thing I was getting tired of your hippie persona. All that *(raises either fist for peace sign)* "Right on, man. Far out, man. Groovy, man." It was starting to wear on me. And then your politics was just like, uh, slogans, things you'd see at a peace rally.

Tom: And Wendy?

Rick: Well, I knew she was getting too emotionally attached so I had to break it off. But ok, I'll answer your question-how did it happen? It happened because I'm smart. We played Woodstock. And there we were in front of 400,000 freaks. Amazing-400,000 long hair hippie freaks. We saw the same thing, right?

Tom: That's right.

Rick: No we didn't. See, you looked out and saw the birth of some kind of revolution. But I looked out and saw a bunch of kids who in a very short time would cut their hair, put on a suit, do some 9 to 5 and become just another generation of American assholes. And that's who I cater to-American assholes. I mean look around. They're everywhere!

Tom and Rick slowly turn their heads and face the audience.

Aud. plant: Yeah, that's me.

2nd plant: Me too.

Tom: I see what you mean.

Rick: So while you sat home waiting for the revolution, I became rich. And I mean very rich.

Tom looks despondent.

Oh, come on, Tom. Don't look so glum. You were the luckiest man in the world. Wendy and I wrote all the music. All you had to do was play it. Oh yeah, we gave you one song an album which we tried to bury on the B side. Too bad there wasn't a C side. *When Darkness Fell*. Really? That was the musical equivalent of root canal. Anyway, Wendy needs you.

Tom: Fuck, Wendy. I'm ready.

Rick: *(laughs)* You're ready. Ready for what? Get my coffee? I have Hollywood starlets doing that and sometimes more if you know what I mean. No, you had your chance.

Sound tech: Mr. Ellis, we must get going.

Rick: *(to sound tech)* In a minute. *(to Tom)* Look, maybe you can help me with something. I haven't had a hit song in three years and the studio is getting impatient. Do you have something I could use? *(takes out card from his pocket)* Here's my card. Just send it to this address. Anyway, I got to get going. *(starts walking away)* It was great seeing you again and tell Wendy to lose some weight! Hey, you guys ever play Grendels?

Tom: No, we're way beyond that.

Sound tech: *(to Rick)* That's where Ms. Rosenberg collapsed.

Rick: I know.

Tom returns to Wendy's room.

Wendy: Wasn't that great? Rick flying all that way to see me.

Tom: What are you talking about? It was a publicity stunt. Didn't you see the technicians?

Wendy: Technicians? What technicians? I didn't see any technicians.

Tom: Oh, God.

Act II, Scene 6

Another edition of the Rick Ellis show.

Voice over: From Hollywood, it's the Rick Ellis show with tonight's special guest, Johnny Mathis. And now the star of the show, Rick Ellis!

Canned applause

Rick: Thank you and good evening. We have a wonderful night planned with my special guest and friend, Mr. Johnny Mathis.

Canned applause

But before I bring Johnny on I'd like to sing something I just wrote. Hope you like it. It's called *Seasons*.

Seasons (big band sound)

Rick (*sings*): Summer holds a memory of you
 Running through that fountain
 Getting wet like you used to do
 And I wonder how you wonder now
 And if you're feeling fine
 Summer
 You're a friend of mine
 Of mine
 Yeah!

Act II, Scene 7

It's 2010. Tom is nearing 70. He has grey hair and a mustache. He is in Max's Vintage Record store leafing through Album covers. He comes across an Indiana record, takes it out of the stack and walks to Max at the cash register. Another customer leafs through album covers wearing headphones and holding an I-phone.

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Max: You're an Indiana fan too?

Tom: Yes.

Max: They're my favorite group. *Just You and Me, Graduation Day*, (holds an imaginary mic and sings) "I was lost without you." What a shock Rick Ellis dying last year. Well, at least he got a big Hollywood send-off. He sure would have liked that.

Tom: You're probably right.

Max: How many times was he married? Do you know?

Tom: I think three.

Max: Well, that will do it. And whatever happened to Wendy? We didn't hear much about her after the breakup.

Tom: She died of a heart attack.

Max: When? Do you know?

Tom: 1995.

Max: So sad. She was a great talent. And then there's Tom McMillan.

Max looks down at the album cover and up to Tom.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God! You're Tom McMillan!

Tom: Yes.

Max: I can't believe it-Tom McMillan in my store. It's such an honor to meet you, sir.

Tom: Thank you.

Max: Oh, my God! Could you just stay a few minutes? There's so much I'd love to ask you.

Tom: That's fine. Go ahead.

Max: Wow, where do I start? Well, OK, so much has been written about Ellis. Could you just tell me what kind of person was he?

Tom looks at the other customer wearing headphones and playing with an I-phone.

Tom: He was smart. Very smart.

Max: In what way?

Tom: I'd rather not say.

Max: You two never reconciled, did you?

Tom: No. We spoke a few times the last few years but never really reconciled.

Max: Did you ever meet after the break-up?

Tom: Just once when Wendy had her first heart attack.

Max: I know you and Wendy played together. Were you with her till the end?

Tom: Yes.

Max: You guys played Woodstock.

Tom: That's right.

Max: So you knew everyone.

Tom: Sure, we were friends.

Max: Hendrix!

Tom: Best there ever was.

Max: No, you guys were.

Tom: Thanks. I'm sorry but I have to get going.

Max: Well, let me just say again what an honor it is to meet you. Please stop in anytime.

Tom: I will.

Tom approaches the door to leave.

Max: Hey, any advice for a struggling artist?

Tom turns and pauses.

Tom: Learn your craft.

Max: Thanks.

Tom exits the store. Outside he takes the album out of the bag and looks at the cover. A picture of the album cover is projected on a large screen. At the top reads the title Indiana and below are Tom, Wendy, and Rick splashing water on each other in a fountain. They look happy.

End of play

Following the bow, Rick speaks:

During the play you only heard part of *Seasons*. Wendy, Tom, and I would now like to perform *Seasons* in its entirety.

Seasons

Rick, Wendy, and Tom sing:

Summer holds a memory of you

Running through the fountain

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Getting wet like you used to do
And I wonder how you wander now
And if you're feeling fine
Summer, you're a friend of mine
Of mine.

Autumn holds a memory of you
Climbing trees for chestnuts
Down at the count of two
And I wonder how you wander now
And if you're feeling fine
Autumn, you're a friend of mine
Of mine

Winter holds a memory of you
Snowmen, sleds and sleigh bells
Loosing each game you choose
And I wonder how you wander now
And if you're feeling fine
Winter, you're a friend of mine
Of mine

Springtime holds a memory of you
Chasing after rainbows
But catching morning's dew
And I wonder how you wander now
And if you're feeling fine
Springtime, you're a friend of mine
Of mine.