

THE GLEE CLUB 1959:
CONTINENTAL CAPER

a musical comedy

written and produced

by

Lawrence Brandt and John Fritscher

Directed by

Rev. Joseph James

Pianist

John Dighton

The Orchestra

Don Graff

Jack Dighton

Dave Oxley

Pontifical College Josephinum

Worthington, Ohio

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ACT ONE

Scene I: Moscow, the Office of the Minister of the Interior. This scene is played stage front center. The office is furnished with a desk and two chairs. At stage right is a medicine table.

"There is Nothin' Like a Dame"

Peasant Chorus

[lyrics omitted]

Minister: Nikolai, Nikolai, run these idiot peasants out of here! (To peasants) Fools...acting like a pack of bourgeois revolutionaries!

Nikolai: Yes, Comrade?

Minister: Run THEM out of here---back to the steppes. (Paces back and forth as Nikolai shoos them out...muttering to himself) Oh, these proletarian headaches! Nikolai, my aspirins!

Nikolai: (Taking out tray of bottles) The ones from Moscow?

Minister: Nooooo, the ones from Paris! (Takes aspirin)

Nikolai: Oh, by the way, Comrade Petronov, a Commissar from the N.K.V.D. is here.

Minister: N.K.V.D.! (Backs away in horror)

Nikolai: Yes, you sent for him.

Minister: Oh, yes, yes, so I did. The next time you say something like that I'll have you shot for attempted assassination. You know about my weak heart. (Hesitates...staring at Nikolai) Don't just stand there, my pills!

Nikolai: Yes (Stutters it) ...Comrade (Shakily pours a glass of water and hands him the pill)

Minister: THESE are my gout pills. (Throws it across room) Oh, let ME get them. (Takes pill and sits down)

Nikolai: Shall I send the Commissar in? (In faltering voice)

Minister: Y E E E S! Send him in! (In exhausted tone)

(Nikolai exits and then shows Commissar into the room. Minister is just lighting a cigar.)

Minister: (Indulgently) (Extending hand while saying) Weeeeell, good afternoon, Commissar. Sit down, sit down. (Gets up, puffs around)

Commissar: Thank you.

Minister: During my last chat with the Premier, he expressed a growing concern about the failures of three of my agents from my Commission of Foreign Subversion. Losing 150 seats in the Finnish Parliament received entirely too much publicity, and that riot in Rumania was nearly fatal. It seems these gentlemen have fulfilled their usefulness to the Party and the time has come to terminate their membership.

Commissar: (Very suavely) (After lighting a cigarette he snaps lighter shut) I (Snap shut) see. And where are they now?

Minister: The last report we had placed them in Vienna.

Commissar: You mean that you aren't sure of their present whereabouts.

Minister: Not exactly, the latest intelligence reports them to be staying at the Liechtenstein Hotel in Vienna. They seem to have thrown themselves into a carnival of capitalistic living.

Commissar: It is a temptation that all of us have to resist.

Minister: A sense of humor sabotages Party development.

Commissar: Do they know I'm coming?

Minister: (Getting a manila folder and places on table) Yes, I dispatched a letter, heh, heh, several days ago telling them of your arrival and informing them that you are to give them a bigger assignment.

Commissar: They'll receive me with open arms.

Minister: Precisely. (Hands him manila folder) Here is a file of pertinent information. You can read it on the plane tonight.

Commissar: There aren't any pictures. How am I going to identify them?

Minister: You know we keep no rogues gallery of our secret agents. They will identify you.

Commissar: Very clever!

Minister: They are exactly the type of old-style foreign agent which Comrade K.K. Bolshikov, our honored playwright, attacked so brilliantly in his nine act drama, Kill The Swine.

Commissar: A subtle title!

Minister: You speak of subtlety as though it were a virtue.

Commissar: It is a mark of intelligence.

Minister: And Nikita I'm sure would prefer a clean job. Glaring headlines or bloody scenes would only be propaganda for the West, you know.

Commissar: Then this is strictly confidential---upper echelon, eh?

Minister: Yes, and I might add this could be your stepping stone to greater things in the Party.

Commissar: And yours also?

Minister: A Toast!

CURTAIN

Scene II: The lobby of the Liechtenstein Hotel. At deep center stage is the registration desk. To stage left a couch is turned at a forty-five degree angle toward the audience and at stage right another couch which has its back to the audience is parallel to the audience.

"Liechtensteiner Polka"

Hotel Guests

[lyrics omitted]

Herr Liechtenstein: (After song) Ah so gut, meine Freunde. Now I vill make the speech, nicht wahr?

Everyone: Ja, Ja, speech!

Herr Liechtenstein: I vant that you all should come to me Vunce a Year Day. You and you and even you little schnitzle (reaction) und ve vill trink, und sing, essen und fressen. Und sie best...unser Burgermeister vill kom. (Applause) So ve vill all come, Ja? (reaction) (He steps down from chair and goes behind desk....general dispersion.)

(Vladimir: smoke rings and bottle played from couch at stage right. At first, all that is seen is cigar smoke rising from the couch. Then, hands are seen pouring a glass of vodka, evidently drunk, and then another glass is poured and the hands disappear.)

Ivan: (Enters loaded with packages) Lookee what I've got! (Crash as bottle in sack breaks) Oh! Oh wait till I show you what I bought (Unties strings...throws tissue paper around...takes out a suit) Genuine plastic buttons! And look at what goes with it (a loud silk scarf) Made in Japan! (as if something wonderful)

Vladimir: Oh what's so great about that?

Ivan: You don't like my clothes? (downcast) (happily) Maybe you'll like my bird!

Vladimir: Get that dumb vulture out of here!

Ivan: You don't like my bird either.

Vladimir: (Disgustedly) Didn't you get any Vodka?

Ivan: (Points apologetically at the broken bottle on floor)

Vladimir: Oh no!

Andre: (Enters) Hey! What's going on here? When Liechtenstein sees this mess, he'll bounce us. How'd that hing get in here? This is a hotel, not a game preserve.

Ivan: You don't like my bird either. (Cleans up stuff)

Herr L.: (Enters with mail) Vun letter for you kommt meine Freunde, today.

Andre: FOR US?

Vladimir: (Gets up in amazement) We weren't expecting any mail.

Herr L.: Ist here somewhere. Ja! (Hands them letter)

Ivan: Open it, open it!

Vladimir: Who's it from?

Andre: There's no return address.

Ivan: (Grabs letter) Hey, a new commemorative. Don't tear through that.

Vladimir: Give it here. It smells official. (Grabs letter from Ivan and hands it to Andre.)

Andre: (Opening and reading letter aloud)

Comrades:

In view of your past successes and loyal work for the Commission on Foreign Subversion, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Party has entrusted you with the execution of a strategic mission most intimately allied with Party security. Due to the great risk in transmitting the information pertinent to your

assignment, Comrade Miklos Petronov has been dispatched by me to relay my communique to you in person.

He may easily be identified by you because he shall be wearing a boutonniere.

Ivan: (Interrupting) What's a boutonniere?

Vladimir: (Makes circular motion around buttonhole)

Andre: (Continues letter)

Comrade Petronov has been instructed not to approach you until you contact him and prove your identity.

Fraternally in the Party, Dimitri Trofimovitch, Minister of the Interior and Commission on Foreign Subversion.

(Vladimir and Ivan are excited; Andre is thoughtful.)

Vladimir: This is great.

Ivan: Yeah, I've been in every shop in this town anyway!

Vladimir: (Lustily) Maybe this will be in Paree!

Andre: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Petronov...Petronov...wasn't he Khrushchev's hatchet man in the Ukraine in '55? Seems he was promoted to the Secret Police.

Vladimir & Ivan: (In fright) N.K.V.D.!!

Andre: Commissar, I believe.

Vladimir: Well, what, why's a Commissar coming?

Ivan: And from the N.K.V.D.?

Andre: Shut up and let me think (paces up and down). Read that letter again slowly.

Vladimir: "In view of your past successes"

Andre: ...past successes...

Vladimir: "and loyal work for the Commission on Foreign Subversion"

Andre: ...loyal work...

Vladimir: "it gives me great pleasure to inform you"

Andre: ...great pleasure...

Vladimir: "that the Party has entrusted you with the execution"

Andre: EXECUTION!

Vladimir & Ivan: EXECUTION! (At this they throw their arms around each other in terror)

Herr L.: (From behind desk) EXECUTION? (Comes running out) Not in my hotel!

Andre: It's nothing. Take it easy. My friends have had a slight shock. (They flop down on couch at stage left.)

Herr L.: Entschuldigung. I must have a customer. A car pulled up in front. (To first bell-boy) Franz, take that kitch up to Herr Bolkov's room. Rasch! (To second bell-boy) Otto, to the door! (Adjusts his apron and goes behind desk) (Enter Robert Scott alone, dark glasses, carnation)

Andre, Vladimir & Ivan: (See Scott and his carnation; they are obviously terrified.)

Vladimir: The carnation!

Andre: The Commissar! (All put newspapers up in front of their faces and peep over simultaneously from time to time until they discover Scott is definitely not the Commissar.)

Herr L.: Guten Morgen, Mein Herr.

Scott: Good morning.

Herr L.: Und how are you? Vill you stay long mit us?

Scott: Oh, I don't know. I have a little business to take care of first.

3 Spies: (Slink down lower in couch)

Herr L.: Vell, about how many days should I put on die card?

Scott: Oh, it's hard to tell. It depends on how fast I work.

3 Spies: (Reaction)

Herr L.: Ja, I vill put down-how you say?-indefinite.

Scott: Yeah, that'll do!

Herr L.: Indefinite - and you have not vun suitcase?

Scott: They should be here any minute. My press agent is taking care...

Herr L.: Press agent?

Scott: Yeah, you know, press agent, publicity. It's good for the movie.

Herr L.: Movie?

Scott: Yes, I'm on location here.

Herr L.: Ja? Jaaaah! (Flutters around looking for cigar box, blows dust off lid, opens, and offers to Scott) Oh, have vun mit my compliments!

Scott: Well, uh, thanks! (Herr L. and Scott return to desk position)

3 Spies: (Show relief, put papers down)

Vladimir: That isn't the Commissar.

Andre: Petronov's too grim to act like that.

Ivan: We can't be afraid of every carnation we see.

(Enter press agent and bell-boy with bags)

Brick: My gosh there's a mob out there (cases the joint). What'd you have to pick this hole for? All the nice places to stay in Vienna and you have to pick a flea-trap like this.

Scott: (Airily) But get a load of the atmosphere, the local color.

Brick: From the looks of things there's a seasonal slack in business that lasts all year round.

Scott: Okay, okay, that's enough, Brick. You gotta admit it's a quaint little place.

Brick: Yeah, it's a quaint little number all right--quaint featherbeds--a quaint privy on the fourth floor for every 72 quaint people--and I suppose you'll want some quaint publicity too.

Scott: I said that's enough.

Brick: All right, all right.

Herr L.: Hier ist dein key for your room und now I vant that you bode should come to my Vunce a Year Day. It will start tomorrow efnick.

Scott: Why thank you. Ah--this local color! (Enter the Three Keys from stage left. They are wearing dark glasses).

Brick: Dig the three quaints!

Herr L.: (Turns his head and sees them) Entschuldigung, bitte! (Runs from behind the desk and intercepts the singers) Aha, you try to sneak out and fool me, eh?

Al: (Taking off glasses) Come on, Mr. Liechtenstein, give a guy a break.

Herr L.: Dat's vat you said last week, and the week before, and the week before that. I can't run this hotel on sonks.

Brad: Just a couple more days.

Pat: We're bound to find something. Things just can't go on this way.

Herr L.: Ja, this way! You're five weeks behind on the rent. Vat can one do?

Al: Well, Herr Liechtenstein...

Herr: Did you notice da view outside of your vindow? On a clear day you can see the city jail. Do ve understand each other?

Al: Yes, but can't you wait until we see a guy this afternoon.

Herr: Venn you come back this afternoon your door will be locked.

Brad: But Mr. Liechtenstein you can't...

Herr: Venn you come mit da money you vill get da key.

Pat: Well, it looks like the jig's up. Anybody got any bright ideas?

"Problems"

Al, Pat, and Brad (recitative), Together

[lyrics omitted]

Scott: (Approaches the Keys) Sounds like you fellows are in a jam.

Al: Yeah and this isn't the first one.

Brad: But it looks like this is the last one.

Scott: Been here in Vienna long?

Pat: Long enough to run up a fat bill.

Al: Yeah, we've been trying to get abroad for a long time. We finally left the States about three months ago. Thought we had a foolproof contract for a season's job at a local cabaret.

Brad: But the manager backed out.

Al: And we've been stuck here ever since. Trying to scrape enough dough together for passage back.

Pat: This big hotel bill hasn't helped our career any.

Scott: You fellows should have some future ahead of you. That number you did just now proves that.

Al: Sure! It didn't even get us to first base with him.

Scott: Yeah, I know how you feel. I can remember when I used to live in the Brownstone Hotel off Broadway. It was rough starting out in those days too.

Pat: Are you an entertainer?

Brick: You're talking to Robert Scott.

Brad: Not the Robert Scott? (Scott removes his dark glasses).

Al: Whoever thought we'd meet you?

Pat: And in Vienna.

Al: Mr. Scott, I'm Al Edwards. This is Pat Harrison and Bradley Miller.

Scott: Glad to know you.

Pat: With those sunglasses on, we didn't recognize you.

Scott: I found out from experience that Garbo has the right idea.

Schnitzle: (Enters with autograph book) Herr Scott, Herr Scott, autograph, bitte. (Murmur of crowd outside...they break in.)

Photographers: Hold it! Etc.....

Reporters: A statement for the press?

Several: Autograph, bitte (General commotion)

Policeman: I'm sorry Herr Scott, we couldn't hold them back any longer.

Scott: (While signing autographs) Oh well, it's for the movie.

Herr: (Barges in and takes a prominent place beside Scott for the pictures.)

Reporter #1: What's the name of your movie?

Reporter #2: What's it about?

Reporter #3: Who's playing opposite you?

Scott: (In agony) I don't know! Get these people out of here.

Brick: Alright everyone out - out! (To press) Mr. Scott will issue a statement later in the day. Right now, go peddle your papers!

(Crowd exits begrudgingly)

Al: So that's what glory's like.

Scott: It can be maddening sometimes though.

Pat: Say, Mr. Scott, what is your new movie about?

Brick: Why it's a colossal epic about the Russian occupation of Vienna.

Brad: Sounds like it has great possibilities.

Scott: It will, if I don't have a nervous breakdown first.

Brick: Bob, why don't you go on up to your room? I'll go outside and give a statement to the press.

Scott: Okay, Brick. It was nice meeting you fellows. See you again sometime.

Al: Sure, Mr. Scott, if we can get back in.

Scott: (Stops exit) Mmm. How much do you owe?

Al: Well we're not quite sure, but it is more than we want to face.

Herr: (Sensing opportunity from behind desk) I will get it for you. Ah, here it is. (Gives it to Al)

Scott: Let's see it. (Looks at it) HMMM. That's not so bad. (Takes out check book.)

Al: Now wait a minute, Mr. Scott, We're hard up, but we don't want charity.

Scott: Now hold on a minute. This is a loan. (Finishes writing check) (Hands them the check) I'll come out to Beverly Hills five years from now and collect from you.

Pat: Gee, Mr. Scott, we don't know how to thank you.

Scott: Forget it. (Bellboy follows him off with his bag) (Keys moves over to couch in front)

Brad: This is great.

Al: Yeah - and did you hear what he thought about the number we did?

Pat: He thinks we've got possibilities.

Al: This check pays up our bill now, but in another five weeks we'll be in the same spot. What are we going to do then?

Brad: What?

Al: We aren't going to be in the same spot five weeks from today.

Pat: Alright, bright boy, out with it.

Al: Scott thinks we have possibilities, right?

Brad: So what?

Al: All we have to do is put the idea in his head that he wants us in this movie.

Pat: Do you think it will work?

Al: Yeah - but we got to pick the right time.

Andre: (Snaps fingers on brilliant conclusion and stands up) Yeah - the right time. Come on! (The three spies exit quickly and Three Keys look after them in amazement.)

CURTAIN

Scene III: A secluded spot in the Hotel. This scene is played without properties before the main curtain. Three spies come out before main curtain as lights go on.

Andre: (Entering) ...and if everything goes alright, we'll be off the hook.

Ivan: That's a great idea. Now we can go somewhere else. You'd like to go someplace else, wouldn't you, Budgie, Budgie, Budgie?

Vlad: Oh cut it out, Ivan.

Ivan: He doesn't like you, Budgie. (In a soothing tone to bird)

Vlad: How'd we ever get messed up with this nut? (Disgustedly) Yo-yos, portable hula-hoops...

Ivan: You have been through my suitcase again!

Vlad: You go through my desk every evening. I was only returning the compliment.

Ivan: And what do I find? Decadent American magazines! Stories of drug addiction in Dallas. The adventures of Perry Mason, Private Eye - and risque postcards depicting the ruins of Pompeii in a most unscholarly light. You explain yourself, comrade.

Vlad: (Self importantly) I collected this material to furnish the party with proof of Western decadence.

Ivan: The Decadence of the West is well enough known by the party not to need proof. Can you say that these items are not part of a huge and well documented private collection?

Vlad: I have sent a report --

Ivan: Oh you and your reports, ha!

Andre: Cut it out -- Look, we've gotta use our heads. We might not have another chance. The Party's sly when it comes to making people disappear and this Petronov's even slyer. Look what happened to La Schensky six months ago. When the party wants something--- they usually get it.

"Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets"

The Three Spies

[lyrics omitted]

CURTAIN

Scene IV: The Hotel Lobby. The couch at stage right now faces the audience and has been made to balance the couch at stage left.

Comm: (Enters with one small suitcase, rings bell. Liechtenstein and two bellboys scurry out)

Herr: Entschuldigung, mein Herr. I did not hear you come in.

Comm: This is the Liechtenstein Hotel, I presume?

Herr: Ja, the vun and only Liechtenstein Hotel!

Comm: (Looks around and says aside) I can see why.

Herr: May I help you?

Comm: Yes, I'll be staying here a few days. I'd like to have a room.

Herr: How many are there in your Party?

Comm: Three too many, but I'm the only one staying here.

Herr: Of course, of course.

Comm: By the way, are there any parties of three staying here?

Herr: You are lonesome? Would you like a Buch?

Comm: Have you any sociological novels?

Herr: Ja, Uncle Tom's Cabin - in English.

Comm: In English? I didn't know it was translated.

Herr: (Handing him the book) und tomorrow night - I tell you vat - ve vill have unser Vunce a Year Day!

Comm: Once a Year Day?

Herr: Ja, all mein patrons und I, ve get together for a big, how do you say in America? Riot?

Comm: RIOT?

Herr: Ja, you know, an eat und trink und sing riot - a party.

Comm: Ah, yes! (He doesn't quite appreciate the full meaning of riot) And you say all your customers will be there?

Herr: Ganz bestimmt! None of my customers would miss my Vunce a Year Day.

Comm: Very interesting... Yes, I'll be there.

"In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening"

Comm. and Herr.

[lyrics omitted]

Herr: Now you vill sign the register und you vill be all set. (Turns the register around) "Michael Petronov, New York City, New York!" (While he is signing register, Ivan enters stage left; walks partway in with bird, sees Commissar, and exits quickly) (Neither Herr or Comm notice him) Franz! Show Herr Petronov to his room. (Herr exits) (Enter three spies)

Ivan: I saw him, I saw him. He was standing right here.

Andre: Don't get so emotional!

Vlad: How do you know what he looks like?

Ivan: He had it! He had it!

Andre: What'd he have?

Ivan: That....that... you know (Makes circle on lapel for carnation)

Vlad: The boutonniere.

Ivan: (Shakes head vigorously in affirmation)

Andre: We'd better check on this. (Rings bell for Herr)

Vlad: You don't think it could be Petronov yet do you?

Ivan: (To himself and audience) Execution...execution...

Herr: Ja?

Andre: Herr Liechtenstein, did a man check in a while ago wearing a white boutonniere?

Herr: A man just checked in. But his buttons were blue.

Ivan: (Runs over to desk makes circle on lapel)

Andre: A flower, a carnation.

Herr: Ja. Ich glaube. He was wearing a...a...flower.

Andre: Thank you.

Herr: Is he a friend of yours? He would like the company of some friends so tsk...tsk...

Andre: Well...uh...no--no! He's no friend of ours. (Three spies walk away from desk)

Ivan: execution...execution...

Vlad: Shut up!

Andre: You know what that means. We've gotta get those singers on the string in a hurry.

CURTAIN

Scene V: The Liechtenstein Restaurant. The scene opens with a chorus singing two verses of "Wir trinken" before the main curtain. As the curtain opens they enter the restaurant. Here there is an accomodating number of tables. Three tables, however, must be strategically located. Two of these tables balance each other, one stage left, the other right, towards stage front. The third table is between these two at stage center, but slightly farther back, producing a staggered effect.

"Wir trinken einen Halben (German Drinking Song)"

Hotel Guests

[lyrics omitted]

Brad: I'm hungry.

Al: You've been saying that for days.

Pat: Fill up on beer--it's free.

Brad: I feel as though I'd swallowed a couple of holes. Isn't there some law that obligates a hotel to feed a man starving to death?

Al: No. You're thinking of a hospital.

Pat: It's all a matter of will power. If you just make up your mind.

Brad: I can make up my mind, but I can't do anything with my stomach. If I only had something besides a glass of beer... I'd even eat something I don't like.

Pat: Stop it. Now I'm getting hungry.

Al: You're both exaggerating the importance of food. I've gone without eating for days. MacFadden says it's good for your stomach.

Brad: I see spots before my eyes.

Pat: Me too.

Brad: Mine are beginning to look like hamburgers.

Pat: If you see one with onions save it for me.

Al: Ok, ok that's enough--let's take a look at the exchequer.

Al: 33-34-35-36 cents. We must have more than this. One of you guys is holding out.

Brad: It's not me.

Pat: Oh allright.

Al: 86 cents!

Brad: WAITER!

Waiter #1: May I help you, Meine Herrn.

Al: (With indignant pomp) Well hooow about a menu.

Waiter #1: Ja Mein Herr- entschuldigung. (He leaves)

Brad: Gee, he has a lot of talent.

Pat: Yeah. I've seen him carry twelve dishes at one time.

Al: Look at the prices!

Brad: Look at the food!

Pat: (Reading from menu) luscious, golden brown Huhnsbraten.

Al: 95 cents

Pat: juicy, tender Schweinbraten.

Al: \$1.25

Pat: mmmm! Delicious Schenken mit Kartoffeln.

Al: \$1.50

Brad: You're torturing my tapeworm!

Al: Oh no--another mouth to feed!

Pat: It's a cinch we can't order any of this stuff with our funds.

Al: If only there was something left we could hock. Maybe we could pawn the moosehead.

Brad: No. I've had it a long time. It's the first one I got.

Al: Come on, Mr. Buck, I'm sure we could get something on it.

Brad: Forget it, Al. I shot him with my own hands; and I ate him up to the neck, but I refuse to part with the rest of him!

Pat: Let's look at the sandwiches.

Brad: Well chicken is chicken--so I'll have chicken.

Al: Wienerschnitzel on rye sounds like an adventure to me.

Waiter #1: Will you order now?

Brad: I'll have your twenty-five cent chicken sandwich.

Al: I'll have the wienerschnitzel on rye.

Waiter #1: (Looking at Pat) Well that be ALL?

Pat: (Looking up from menu) Uh--I'll have the same.

Waiter #1: The same?! (Haughtily) Do you want chicken or wienerschnitzel or both?

Pat: (Looking back at menu) uh-- I'll take a hot dog.

Waiter #1: (Inquisitively) hot, DOG?

Al: He means a frankfurter.

Waiter #1: (Disdainfully) Very good, sir. (He leaves)

Pat: That Big Daddy isn't gonna get much of a tip.

Al: That's for sure (Drops 2 pennies on table) One--two.

Brad: I'm sick of this penny pinching.

Al: I feel like going to Scott and asking him right to his face for a job.

Pat: You said we were going to wait till the right time comes along.

Al: Yeah I know--but it seems like it's never going to.

Pat: Scott will eat in here, won't he?

Al: Yeah, I think-- we'll be sure to see him at the Once a Year Day though.

Brad: I hope the food comes soon. My stomach's growling.

Pat: Muzzle it--I don't wanna get bitten.

Maitre: Nein, nein, nein--Herr Liechtenstein explicitly ordered the pink bunting instead of the orange. That must come down. Macht schnell--rasch! The once a year day is almost here. (He goes to backstage and officiously directs decorating.)

(Enter the three spies. They look around stealthily not wanting to be noticed.)

Andre: Do you see him?

Ivan: (Whispering) Not yet. (Backs clumsily into maitre)

Maitre: Fool--watch where you're going. Besides you were told that all caterers are to enter by the back door. I'll have you fired. (Cough)

Ivan: (Whispers) We're not caterers.

Vlad: Will you cut that insane whispering.

Andre: Let's get a table.

Vlad: Do you see him anywhere, Ivan? (They sit at center table)

Ivan: (Assuming air of importance) Aaah, tsk. Well..it could be him but...mmm..no. Oh! Oh! Look over there!

Andre: Is that him?

Ivan: No.

Vlad: Could that be him over there? He looks like he might be a commissar.

Ivan: Well now, let me see. Hmmm (Ivan is thoroughly enjoying his new found importance) See that man over there? (man #1)

Andre: Yes, yes.

Ivan: Well if he (man #2) had his (pointing to man #1) moustache and he gave him his nose and then they switched hats -- that (pointing obviously to man #3) would be him.

Andre: Ivan, stop it. (with crescendoed tremor)

Vlad: What's the matter with you anyway, Ivan?

Ivan: I didn't think it would work 'cause that guy wouldn't give him his hat anyway.

Andre: Get serious, Ivan. This is a matter of life and death. Every room I go into I expect to find him there, tapping wires or thumbing through my papers. We've got to find him!

Vlad: Say, aren't those the three singers over at the corner table?

Andre: Yes, our three little scapegoats. Our plan should work perfectly. (Enter Commissar stage right)

Ivan: Execution..execution (Pointing at Commissar)

Vlad: Is that him?

Ivan: (Can only respond with nervous affirmative nod)

Andre: The carnation.... When he sits down you know what to do. (Commissar sits) Alright, let's go. (They get up and walk over to the three singers' table) How do you do, gentlemen, may I intrude on you for a moment? First of all I'd like to introduce myself. I'm Charles Purcell of Hollywood Studios, Incorporated, and these are my associate producers, David McFarley, and John Shay.

Vlad & Ivan: How do you do?

Al: (Rising from his chair) Well, how do YOU do?

Andre: No. No, sit down, sit down.

Al: To what do we owe this pleasure?

Andre: Mr. Robert Scott who is on location here recommended you to us as possibilities for a part in the movie we are producing at this time.

Al: Really?

Andre: Mr. McFarley, Shay and I are connected merely with the producing end of this. We suggest that you consult as soon as possible with our casting director, Miklas Petronov.

Al: Sure, where can we find him?

Vlad: Oh, excuse me, C.P.

Andre: YES (Broadly)

Vlad: I believe Mr. Petronov just came in and is sitting at the table over there.

Andre: Why so he is.

Ivan: A stroke of luck! (In an affectedly refined way)

Pat: Yeah, isn't it though.

Vlad: We suggest you go over right away.

Andre: It might help in your audition with Mr. Petronov if I told you that he is a man of peculiar sensibilities. He has an aversion to discussing business at meals. I propose that you act like three Russian spies who have just completed a big job successfully and are eager for a new plum in the field of subversion.

Vlad: That's the part Mr. Scott has in mind for you.

Andre: It wouldn't be advisable to discuss the business end of the audition as this might upset Mr. Petronov greatly. Just make your scene as lifelike as plausible as possible. And leave the rest to us.

Brad: Thanks for the tip!

Al: (Three singers rise) Let's shake on it.

"Side By Side"

The Three Keys and the Three Spies

[lyrics omitted]

Vlad: (Looking at watch) C.P. we're late!

Ivan: For what?

Andre: Why so we are. I'm sorry we can't be here for your audition. Just follow the instructions we gave you.

Vlad: (Over shoulder on way out) Hurry up, they must be casting by now (Andre begins his exit)

Ivan: (Trailing behind in wonderment) Casting?

Pat: I feel like the world hit me on the head.

Brad: I'm a little dazed too. Everything happened so fast.

Al: Well, snap out of it boys. We've got a lot to do.

Brad: Let's get together on our story. Who can think of some good Russian names.

Pat: I never paid attention in class.

Brad: I feel like Sasha Smirnoff.

Pat: Do you drink it or sit on it?

Al: Don't laugh - you're Ivan Ivanovitch.

Pat: (Indignantly) Who do you think you are, the Czar?

Al: Quiet, peasant, I'm Georgi Slivnitza.

Brad: What's our story going to be?

Pat: Tell you what, Al, you take the lead and we'll dub in.

Al: That okay with you, Brad?

Brad: Yeah, this is our big moment and I don't want to muff it.

Al: Okay, let's go! (They walk over to table) Would you mind having company for dinner?

Comm: (Looks up and obviously counts three) I'd be very pleased to have the THREE of you join me. Sit down.

Al: We haven't been in Vienna too long.

Comm: I just got in last night myself.

Al: Pleasant trip I hope.

Comm: Yes the Soviev Airlines are most accomodating.

Al: Soviev?

Comm: Why yes, they have the only non-stop flight between Vienna and Moscow.

Al: The Proletariat seems progressive under this present regime.

Comm: Quite. The fingers of Russia are reaching into the coffers of every country. And this success is being achieved only by extraordinary efficiency. In fact, your promptness in locating me is indicative of your conscientiousness in the past.

Al: That last job was pretty risky. It took all of Ivan's ingenuity to get us out of that cellar on the river.

Comm: There is no task without its reward. In fact the Party has in mind some, (Takes carnation out of the button hole very casually and pulls three petals while saying) shall we say, underground work for the three of you.

Al: That sounds interesting, Comrade.

Comm: It will be, I assure you. However a few small details must be arranged first.

Waiter #1: Entschuldigung, mein Herr (To Andre). Would you like your order served at this table or at the other table?

Comm: Served? You've ordered dinner?

Al: Well not really dinner; just a snack - a few sandwiches.

Comm: Sandwiches - ah - this occasion calls for a celebration. Be my guests. Waiter! Champagne.

Waiter #1: Very well, mein Herr.

Pat: O Lord! Champagne!

Comm: What was that name you mentioned?

Pat: When?

Comm: Lord, did I hear?

Pat: Why not?

Comm: Are you a believer?

Pat: I have a perfect right to believe if I want to.

Comm: I did not ask you whether you had a right to believe. I asked you whether you do believe.

Pat: I don't see the difference.

Comm: All the difference in the world. In the old days it was criminal to believe. With the advent of Soviet democracy we are now given the choice of belief, or disbelief, but naturally we are put on our honor to make the right choice. Otherwise, democracy would have no meaning.

Pat: Oh, the devil with you! (The commissar immediately crosses himself backwards) What are you doing?

Comm: (Pleasantly in spite of his nervousness) Belief in the devil has never been forbidden by any regime.

Brad: Uh - where are we going on our next assignment? (Obviously trying to change subject)

Al: Shh! Comrade - wait till we're in a more confidential place.

Comm: A wise thought, Comrade, I have just the place in mind. However it's safe to say your assignment won't take you far from here.

Brad: I'm glad. I sorta like this place around here.

Comm: It would be nice to remain here.

Al: Will the assignment be rough?

Comm: I believe you'll find it relaxing - in fact it won't be difficult at all.

Pat: We've been promoted to executives!

Comm: You're wrong there, but I believe the Party intends for you to fill the position permanently.

Brad: Oh Boy, I'm gonna sleep the first three months.

Comm: A good party member never sleeps. I don't sleep.

Brad: Never?

Comm: Never.

Brad: Insomnia?

Comm: Policy.

Brad: Gee!

Pat: Anyway this sounds like quite a step up the ladder for us.

Comm: It will be. Ah the Champagne!

Waiter: Does this suit your taste, mein Herr?

Comm: Excellent!

Waiter: (Pours Champagne) Would you like the dinner menus, mein Herr?

Comm: Of course. Oh by the way I'd like a pack of cigarettes - Straussburgers, please. (Looks in pockets for change, taken out billfold) The smallest I have is a bill. (On flashing billfold Pat and Brad obviously see something strange contained in it)

Waiter: (Bows out)

Comm: Have more Champagne. Come, come. (While pouring starts saying ENJOY YOURSELF then gets up with glass and moves singing across the stage)

"Enjoy Yourself"

Commissar

[lyrics omitted]

Herr: (Enters and captures Commissar who is stage left) Aha! We meet again, mein Freund. Vie have many people here today, nicht wahr? Kom! I vant that you should meet some of my friendts.

Comm: Well, uh, I am enjoying myself here.

Herr: Oh I wouldn't think of leaving you alone. Kom mit me.

Comm: Oh no. Thank you. I'd rather...

Herr: Nein, nein, kom, kom, kom, (He drags him to another table where a silent scene of hand shaking etc. takes place while three keys play their scene at stage right)

Brad: Pat, did you see what I saw?

Pat: You mean the billfold?

Al: What's the big mystery?

Brad: His billfold - the identification card.

Al: Well what was the matter with it?

Brad: It said "Petronov."

All: What's so strange about that? That's who those three guys from Scott's movie said he was.

Pat: Yeah, but they didn't say his first name was Commissar with the degree in N.K.V.D.

Al: Commissar Petronov of the N.K.V.D.

Brad: I don't think anyone would carry around a stage prop like that. And besides it had a tiny red star on it.

Al: Come to think those movie men acted awfully funny having to leave in such a hurry. If they'd really been interested in us, you'd think they would have introduced us to him.

Pat: I think we're mixed up in something big, but I don't know what it is.

Brad: How could we be fools enough to think that such a big opportunity would fall right in our laps like that - and all that stuff about "Lord" too. I think he really meant it.

Al: I don't know, but let's get out of here and go see Scott ourselves. (They stand up and begin their exit. Pat finishes glass of Champagne)

Herr: (Belly laugh)

Comm: (Turns around to see Pat) (To Herr) Let me go you fool. (Goes across stage in pursuit)

Herr: Was ist los?

Waiter: You are leaving? (Presents bill) The bill, please!

Comm: Oh - here! (Throws bill at him and exits)

CURTAIN

Scene VII: A dark alley. This scene is played before the main curtain. The lights behind the curtain are on producing a silhouette effect.

Pat: Gee, it's dark in this alley.

Brad: Did we lose him?

Al: He ran right past.

Brad: Do you think he'll double back? He might suspect we ducked in here.

Al: No, we're safe right now.

Pat: Brad?...where are you, Brad?

Brad: I'm right here.

Pat: Where? I can't see a thing.

Brad: I can't either.

Pat: Maybe...do you think, maybe he's playing cat and mouse with us? He might have known we hid in here and ran past to throw us off. He could be sneaking up behind us right now.

Brad: Where's behind us? I can't see anything. (Kicks garbage can)

Pat: What was that?

Brad: Oh, a garbage can. (In disgust)

Pat: Be careful. He's deaf if he didn't hear that.

Al: Hurry up.

Brad: Which way are you going?

Al: Over here. (In the center--lights lighter)

Pat: Why didn't we think of that? (Pat and Brad light lighters. The three are spread across the stage)

Brad: There you are. (They come together and when they meet a green spot picks them up center)

Al: Gee, these things sure make a lot of light.

Pat: We can't stay here. He might come back.

Al: I know, we've got to get to Scott somehow.

Bum: (Through center of curtain, leans pie-eyed over group)

Brad: What time is it?

Al: Eight.

Pat: Sure took us a long time to lose that character.

Brad: I'm dead. We've been on the run since noon.

Al: Scott wouldn't be at the lot now--it's too late.

Brad: Well, we can't wander all over town looking for him.

Al: Yeah, I know. And we can't go back to the hotel, that's a cinch. Our friend would probably meet us at the door.

Bum: Hey, Mac, you gotta dime for a cup of coffee?

Keys: (Frightened reaction)

Bum: (Runs away in fright)

Keys: (Put out their lights)

Pat: What was that?

Al: I don't know. Some bum, I guess.

Brad: I don't like alleys. Let's get out of here.

Pat: Where we gonna go?

Al: (Lights lighter--others follow suit) Pat, hold your hand still. You're giving me the creeps.

Pat: Who's shaking? I'm not nervous. Not a bit.

Brad: Me either. (Wailing) Al, what are we going to do?

Al: (Chewing fingernail) First of all we gotta...we gotta...

Pat: We gotta what?

Al: Keep calm...yeah, that's it...keep calm.

Brad: Yeah, I'm calm. Aren't you, Pat? I'm real calm.

Pat: Oh, I am too. Oh yeah. Real cool.

DARKNESS

ACT TWO

Scene I: Soundstage of Hollywood Studios Incorporated. At stage left is a flat depicting a wharf shack; at stage right is a movie camera mounted on a dolly and a director's chair.

Scott: (Pacing back and forth, looks at watch, foghorn sounds)

Fasching: (Enters)

Scott: You are late.

Fasch: I had to shake the police.

Scott: The Police?

Fasch: Don't worry. I took the proper precautions.

Scott: Do you have the film?

Fasch: Yes.

Scott: Well let me have it. We can't stay here too long. Someone may be watching.

Fasch: Not so fast. I'm not to give it to you, remember. Der Fueher wants it delivered in person.

Scott: There has been a change of plan. I'm to deliver the microfilm alone.

Fasch: I don't believe it. I won't give it to you. We'll proceed as planned.

Scott: I think, mein Freund, that you will give it to me. (Pulls gun) Hand it over.

Fasch: You can't shoot that here. The sound would echo among the warehouses. The Polizei would be quickly on the scene.

Scott: You are right, but then it would still be too late to save your life. Don't you think it would be better for both of us if you gave the film over quietly?

Fasch: I would sooner die than let you have the film. You will be caught here. There's no escape.

Scott: A mistake on your part. There is a motor launch waiting at the end of the wharf. Before the police can arrive I will disappear into the fog.

Fasch: All right, you win. Here is the film. (Points at gun) You have a most persuasive argument in your hand.

Scott: Persuasive and effective, fool. You didn't think for one minute that....

Director: Cut! Something's gone wrong with the stereophonic sound. (Goes off stage)

"Stereophonic Sound"

Movie Stars and Extras

[lyrics omitted]

Director: (Comes back on stage) Take a breather! Shooting will start again in an hour.

Scott: Why the delay?

Director: George won't be able to fix the Stereophonic system right away.

Scott: We're behind schedule as it is. Tell him to hurry.

Gate: Excuse me, Mr. Scott. There are three excited people outside. They want to see you.

Scott: I'm too busy.

Gate: They said it's important.

Scott: Who's they?

Gate: They didn't give their names, but they're Americans if that's any help.

Brick: It's probably those guys from the hotel.

Scott: Well, send them in.

Gate: (Leaves)

Brick: I wonder what they're all steamed up about?

Scott: I don't know. We'll soon find out.

Al: Mr. Scott, may we see you alone a minute?

Scott: Sure. You don't mind do you, Brick?

Brick: No. I've gotta see some of the crew about some still shots for the newspapers anyway. (Walks to other group)

Scott: Okay now--what's the scoop?

Pat, Brad, Al: (Loud and simultaneously) Well these three guys and a red star... / Those three guys you sent over... / Commissar with N K V D

Scott: Wait a minute! One at a time, please!

Al: Were those three guys you sent over on the level?

Scott: What three guys--where?

Al: Your Producers--Over to the Liechtenstein Hotel!

Scott: I didn't send anybody over. Maybe Brick did.

Al: Why don't you check with him?

Scott: Brick, come here a minute, will you?

Brick: Yeah, what do ya want?

Scott: Did you send our producers over to the Liechtenstein Hotel after these three guys?

Brick: No--why?

Scott: Yeah--why?

Al: We were sitting in the restaurant and three guys came up to us and said they were from your studio.

Brick: What were their names?

Al: One of them was Charles Purcell and who were the other two, Pat?

Pat: David McFarley and John Shay, I think.

Brick: There aren't even any extras around here with those names.

Scott: They said they were from our studios and I sent them?

Brad: Yes, they told us we were to audition for a part in your movie.

Scott & Brick: (Look at each other in amazement) Part? Movie?

Al: Yeah and there was a mysterious looking character sitting at one of the tables next to us. They told us he was your casting director and that we should go over to his table and act like a trio of spies who were going to get a new assignment. This guy played right along with us.

Brick: Hey, Mac!

Mac: Yeah?

Brick: DID YOU eat at the Liechtenstein Hotel this afternoon?

Mac: NO**I ate at one of those joints down the street at eleven. We were back here at noon getting ready for shooting. Anything wrong?

Brick: No, nothing's wrong. Thanks. Couldn't have been our casting director. You just heard Mac say he wasn't down there at noon.

Scott: I smell a rat. Do you have any idea who this guy was?

Pat: We sure do. And that's what really threw us.

Brad: The identification card in his wallet read Commissar Petronov NKVD.

Scott: Communist? Casting director?

Brick: What about these other three guys?

Al: They cleared out right after they told us what we should do for the audition. They didn't even introduce us.

Scott: Are you sure about the information on the identification card!

Brad: Positive.

Brick: Communists - Movies - it just doesn't seem to hang together.

Scott: I don't like guys going around saying they're my casting directors and misrepresenting our studio. Who do they think they are? We could haul them into court for this.

Brick: Have you ever seen these guys before?

Al: Yeah, they're staying at the same hotel we are.

Pat: This Petronov seems to want us for something. When we were leaving the restaurant he started to run after us. We figured something was fishy so we shook him as fast as we could.

Brick: Well if this guy wants to see you so bad he'll be looking for you. And he's sure to keep his eye on Leichtenstein's dining room because that's where most of the hotel patrons eat.

Brad: We can always eat somewhere else.

Brick: You guys don't get the point. Look, when I say communist, I don't just mean a guy who sent a food package to the wrong side of Spain. I mean a high-ranking Soviet executive -- a Commissar. What you are going to do is play sitting ducks and when Mr. Mystery comes around we can get a look at him.

Al: He's sure to be there for the opening of the Once a Year Day tonight.

Scott: And since we're all patrons, it'll be a perfect excuse for us to be there.

Brad: I don't like the idea of being a decoy for this guy. After all he is a Communist and something's up. Maybe we should let the police know about this.

Brick: No - that would only complicate things - besides we can handle it ourselves so far.

Scott: When we catch these imposters...

Brick: It will be brilliant publicity for our movie.

Scott: Tell you what. You three be there for the opening of the Once a Year Day. We'll get there as soon as we can. Should be done shooting around five or five-thirty.

Brick: You should be able to handle things at least till we get there.

Extra: (Some extras enter) Do they have the stereo fixed yet?

Scott: Say, it is about three. Go back and check on it, Brick. I've got to get ready for this scene.

Al: So long, Mr. Scott, we'll see you at the party.

Scott: Don't worry - we'll be there as soon as we can. (Keys leave)

CURTAIN

Scene II: A park bench - the police station. This scene is played before the main curtain. At stage right is a park bench. The spotlight picks up the spies on this bench and follows them from the beginning of the scene until the end of the song when the lights come up. At stage left are a desk and chair.

Andre: It's not gonna work.

Vlad: I was thinking that too.

Andre: We can't go on fooling this guy forever. You know nobody's ever escaped from the Party.

Vlad: He's going to find out that those guys aren't us. Let's get out of the country.

Andre: You know that won't solve anything. The Party's in every country.

Ivan: We're surrounded.

Vlad: You know what I'm thinking?

Andre: Yeah, it's not a very nice way out is it.

Vlad: No, but it's the best.

Ivan: What do you mean?

Andre: A revolver.

Vlad: The classic solution to misery.

Andre: I like this kind of life too much to let it slip out of my hands like that.

Ivan: How do you commit suicide then?

Vlad: There are many other, less dangerous, methods.

Ivan: Do You believe in the hereafter?

Andre: I believe in the herein.

Ivan: What's that?

Vlad: (Has to think what it could possibly be) Life as it's lived; with all its little annoyances!

Ivan: Little annoyances? YOU'VE never suffered.

Andre: Never more than I had to. So I'd much rather play tic-tac-toe on a jail wall than Russian roulette.

Vlad & Ivan: Jail?

Andre: That's just what I said.

Ivan: That just doesn't appeal to me.

Andre: Yes, but it's open season and we're sitting ducks everywhere but in a cozy little cell.

Ivan: I still don't like it.

Vlad: Me either, but it does look like the best bet.

Ivan: Will we have to confess?

Andre: Everything!

Ivan: Everything?

"Tom Dooley"

The Three Spies — sung while walking from park bench to the police desk; police are picked up in the periphery of the spotlight as the Spies "enter" the station

[lyrics omitted]

Police Chief: Sergeant! (Pauses - begins writing note) The Burgermeister will be interested in this. (The sergeant comes out) Lock'em up! (Spies ushered out and Chief puts finishing touches on note) Heinrich!...Dispatch this note to City Hall immediately - to the Burgermeister in person.

Heinrich: Ja (He begins to leave)

CURTAIN

Scene III: The Restaurant; The Once a Year Day. At the opening of the scene, the restaurant is devoid of tables and chairs. The table Liechtenstein orders set up is placed stage left front. When all the tables are finally moved in and placed as they were before, the table at stage right front is omitted to facilitate the final entry of the principals.

"Dance, Everyone Dance"

Bellboy and Waiter Chorus

[lyrics omitted]

(General dispersion - few remain)

Burg: (Enters) Guten Nachmittag, where is Herr Liechtenstein?

Bartender: Just a second, sir, I'll get him.

Burg: Thank you (Then looks things over from his position)

Herr: Johann, how good to see you.

Burg: Well, Karl, I see you are almost finished, Ja!

Herr: Ja, it is going well. Und you will be here tonight?

Burg: Of course, I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Herr: Gut, gut! (Turning) Franz, set up a table. Hermann, a bottle of Mosel!

Burg: Ah, you are most gracious, Karl. (They sit) I suppose your Once a Year Day will be better than ever this year.

Herr: Ja, I have invited many more people than last year.

Burg: Ah, Karl, you are very, very generous.

Herr: Oh, not only generous; it helps business along. Sie reason for a holiday hardly matters. It's the celebration which die people enjoy. I mean, why even Easter has become largely a matter of eggs.

Burg: Ah, yes, unfortunately.

Herr: (Pours wine) Prosit.

Burg: Prosit.

Herr: Und how is it going at City Hall?

Burg: If that American Ambassador comes once more he'll wear a hole knocking on my door.

Herr: Wie so?

Burg: Die verflixten Amerikaner! Ach! Always going down one way streets---the wrong way. Parking on corners---jaywalking. And when they get a ticket--right away ambassador runs down to my office. As if he had nothing better to do. "Make a decree, pass a law, our Americans are going broke paying your stupid traffic fines." And I say, "Our city is going broke printing traffic tickets." Then he says, "It's not so much the money...it's the principle involved." He isn't even logical. He wants the traffic signs in English! I should go out tomorrow and buy a pair of Bermuda shorts. Ach!

Herr: Sie Americans--they are a funny race!

Burg: Ganz bestimmt!

Herr: Ja, I always invite them to my Vunce a Year Day to amuse the other people. A few drinks and the American tourists--they entertain for hours.

Burg: (Laughs boisterously)

Herr: Sehr gut, Ja? (Commissar enters) Oh...oh, Johann, I have someone here I would like you to meet. (He rises and ushers Petronov to the table) Herr Burgermeister, this is mein Freund, Herr Petronov. Herr Petronov, unser Burgermeister.

Burg & Comm: (Shake hands, exchange amenities)

Herr: (Pulling out chair, he seats Commissar and Burgermeister directly opposite one another; both present profile to audience; Herr Liechtenstein sits between them and faces audience) Setzen Sie sich, Herr Petronov, setzen Sie sich. Heinrich a glass!

Burg: (While Herr pours) Herr Petronov, you're staying at this hotel I take it.

Comm: Why yes. (Picks up glass) Prosit.

Burg & Herr: Prosit.

Burg: Are you enjoying your stay in Vienna?

Comm: Oh the city is beautiful and all that, but I'm having difficulty with my business here.

Burg: Nothing serious I hope.

Comm: No, it's just that things aren't going as fast as I would like it to.

Herr: Herr Petronov is from New York. (Patronizingly said)

Burg: Good. We always welcome Americans to our fair city.

Comm: Thank you.

Burg: New York is a beautiful city too.

Comm: You have been there?

Burg: Yes, in 1954 on the way to Washington.

Comm: Washington---- a vital branch of my concern is located there also.

Heinrich: (Enters and says to waiter) I was told I could find the Burgermeister here.

Waiter: He's sitting over there.

Heinrich: Entschuldigung, Herr Burgermeister, I have a message for you.

Burg: Danke. (The note written on stiff paper is folded in half so that it is never open more than 90 degrees. The Burgermeister places it on the table near the center and reads it to himself)

Herr: Bad news?

Burg: (Indefinitely) No.

Herr: Some more wine?

Burg: No, I'll have to be going shortly.

Herr: It is bad news then.

Burg: Of sorts.

Comm: (Becomes evidently interested and lays hand on table. Then casually) When you were in New York did you by chance dine at the Stork Club? (Flips note toward himself so that the side that was perpendicular to the table is now parallel with and resting on the table. The writing to the Commissar is upside-down)

Burg: Why yes. The Austrian consul and his wife entertained me there at dinner one evening. (Flips note back to his vantage point. Herr Liechtenstein is following the flips with his head, trying to read the note.)

Comm: How interesting. Did you enjoy the theatre? One who goes to New York must never miss a performance on Broadway. (Flips note)

Burg: As I recall Ezio Pinza did brilliantly in Fanny. Yes, New York was on the high-lights of my visit. (Flips note)

Herr: (Slaps down note with both hands) Spy ring!

Burg: (Picking up note) Karl, don't be indiscreet. Keep your voice down.

Comm: (Looks at watch) If you'll excuse me, I have an important appointment shortly. (He rises) I'm very pleased to have made your acquaintance, Herr Burgermeister.

Burg: (Surprised) Why yes.

Comm: Thank you for the wine, Herr Liechtenstein. I'll see you both at the celebration tonight. Good day.

Herr: Aufwiedersehen. (They stare after him)

Burg: That was rather sudden. Oh, these Americans. They change with the wind. No manners at all.

Herr: More wine, Johann?

Burg: No, I must be leaving too. (They rise and walk to apron of stage as main curtain closes behind them.) You know, I rather enjoy the curiosity of these American tourists.

Herr: Ja, what they hear all goes in vun ear and out the mouth.

Burg: I hardly think so. To let out information in such a case would be most indiscreet. However, considering the sketchiness of the note and the position of the American, I rather enjoyed the little game.

Herr: Ja, it was exciting.

Burg: (Teasing) Karl, you were curious too.

Herr: Nein, nein--just civic-minded.

Burg: (Laughs) Well, Karl, I really must be going. By the time I get back to city hall there will be many calls for me. Ugh! This business with foreign representatives. Last night at the dinner party in the Chateau Brunn I was talking to the American Ambassador. He wanted to talk about something, but I succeeded in talking about nothing. Unfortunately, the British Ambassador saw us. I've got to see him in a minute in order to inform him that we were talking about nothing. He won't believe it. Within five minutes the West German Ambassador, and he'll ask me what I've been talking about. I'll tell him--nothing. He won't believe me. Within the hour I will have slid all the way down the diplomatic list and will be trying to convince the Consul General of the Yemen--that there are no secrets I share with the Consul General of Viet Nam...and he won't believe me. And then it begins all over again tomorrow. Well, I will see you.

Herr: Ja tonight, Johann. (Watches Herr Burgermeister leave, turns around, takes off apron, and walks back into restaurant as main curtain opens. Everything is now in readiness for the party and a good number of people are there. During song more enter. Table at stage left front is reserved.)

"Wunderbar"

Hotel Guests and Waiter Chorus

[lyrics omitted]

(Enter Three Keys--stage right, shake hands with Herr Liechtenstein.)

Herr: Guten Abend.

Al: Hello.

Pat: We're in Mr. Scott's party.

Herr: Ja, vie have a table reserved for him. Lorenz, show these gentlemen to Herr Scott's table.

Maitre: Follow me, please. (Takes card from table, Keys sit)

Brad: It looks like we just got here in time.

Pat: Yeah, the pretzels are almost gone. (Burgermeister enters stage right. Liechtenstein takes him to front center)

Herr: Attention, everyone, attention bitte! I would like to introduce to you unser Burgermeister, the honored guest this efnick.

People: (Applaud)

Herr: (Handing to Stein to Burgermeister and taking one himself) The formal part of the Vunce a Year Day is about to begin. (Everyone toasts and drinks with them. Murmuring etc. as Burgermeister and Herr fade into crowd)

Scott: (Enters stage right, maitre takes him over to The Keys at his table) We finally got off that darn set. I see you're still alive.

Al: Are we glad to see you. Where's Mr. Nelson?

Scott: He'll be here in a minute--he's parking the car.

Pat: Have a seat. It's your table.

Scott: Thanks, don't mind if I do. We got over here as fast as we could. Seen any sign of our Mystery Man?

Al: We just got here ourselves. So far he hasn't shown up yet.

Scott: Well, when he does we'll be ready for him.

Brad: We will?

Scott: Sure, we can handle it. He may even be harmless. That's one of the reasons I didn't want to call the cops. We'd look kind of funny making such a fuss over a high-class bum.

Pat: He's the highest class bum I've ever saw.

Al: Well, let's enjoy ourselves till he shows up.

Scott: Yeah, I'll go get some drinks. Anything special?

Al: Make mine a Martini.

Pat: Manhattan please.

Brad: I'll take a Grasshopper.

Scott: (Goes up to bar)

Brad: I haven't had a Grasshopper in months.

Pat: The only reason I get Mannhattens is...Oh, Oh, don't look now, but our friend just came in.

Al: Has he seen us?

Pat: He's looking around.

Brad: I'm going to go get Scott.

Al: Sit down!

Pat: He's spotted us. He's coming this way.

Comm: And we meet again! How very convenient!

Brad: But you...

Comm: But you shall not elude me again.

Al: We only wanted to...

Comm: Silence, Comrade. You are in a most uncompromising position. You will do as I say. It's most irrational to argue with one who is holding a gun: (Makes fact that he is holding gun in his pocket evident) If you choose not to follow my orders, you will meet your fate on the spot. High powered silencers make society murders temporarily undetectable. (Brick enters) Shall we go?

Brick: (Mistaking Commissar for Scott) I had a devil of a time finding a parking place, Bob. How 'bout some drinks. (Then he sees Scott returning with drinks. Commissar turns around) Hey! What the...!

Al: This is the guy!

Scott: Oh no!

Comm: (To Brick) You move over there with him. These three gentlemen are going with me. Any interference and you'll get shot. (They march out single file. Scott and Brick stand there dumbfounded)

Brick: You call the police. I'll follow them. (As he starts to leave the line that has just marched out marches in backwards with police holding the gun on them)

Policeman #1: Alright, everybody, stand back and ya won't get hurt. I said stand back, you.

Police Chief: Put the cuffs on them, Hans. (They begin to handcuff Commissar and Keys)

Scott: (Comes up) Hey, you can't do that! They're innocent!

Policeman #2: Hey, chief, we got another one. (Scott & Commissar are dressed alike as Scott didn't change his movie costume)

Scott: Put me down!

Brick: Wait a minute. Look, you got the wrong guys.

Policeman #1: Who are you?

Brick: I'm his press agent.

Police Chief: They're our star boarders now.

Burgermeister: Take it easy, Karl, calm down. It so happens that some of your customers are Soviet spies.

Herr: Spies? Not in my hotel.

Burg: I'm afraid so. However, there has been a slight mistake. Hans, remove the handcuffs from these four men. Herr Scott, I must apologize for our over-zealous chief who has as usual arrested too many people. This is the gentleman you are after.

Scott: How do you and the police know about this?

Burg: After I left here this afternoon, I went to city hall and discovered the gravity of the situation. These are the real spies.

Ivan: We confessed everything.

Burg: And from their description I knew that the man I met here this afternoon was the Commissar.

Herr: I can't believe it.

Burg: It's too bad you can't go back to Moscow.

Herr: I'll be the laughing-stock of the hotel business. My Vunce a Year Day is ruined.

Brick: Fabulous publicity! Fabulous!

Herr: I'm ruined.

Brick: Fabulous!

Herr: I'm ruined.

Scott: Ruined? This Once a Year Day will be splattered across the front pages of newspapers all over the world.

Herr: It will?

Scott: Of course, just think of all the people who will flock to the Liechtenstein Hotel. You will be famous!

Herr: Wunderbar! This Vunce a Year Day is better than ever!

Brick: Who knows? This may be the first hotel to win an Academy Award.

"Once A Year Day"

Entire Cast

[lyrics omitted]

FINIS

CURTAIN CALL

The Cast — J. Fritscher, L. Brandt, Fr. James

The Glee Club Show of 1959

CONTINENTAL CAPER

On March 19 the Josephinum Glee Club presented, in the new Josephinum Auditorium, the premiere of *Continental Caper*, a musical comedy written and produced by Lawrence Brandt and John Fritscher and directed by the Reverend Joseph James. The musical score was performed by pianist John Dighton.

The curtain rises in Moscow where Commissar Miklos Petronov (Dan Mosca) is being commissioned by the Minister of the Interior (John Bresch) to "terminate the membership" of three Russian secret agents (John Romero, Dave Roesch, Tony Curran) stationed in celebrated Vienna.

The next day the Commissar has arrived in Vienna at the "one and only" Liechtenstein Hotel, hotly in pursuit of the three dubious spies. Also residing in the hotel run by the inimitable Herr Liechtenstein (Terry Gatlin) are three American singers (Joe Dominic, John Springer, Mark White) who are stranded in the international city. They would like to solve their "problems" by getting a job in an American motion picture now being filmed in Vienna. The star, Robert Scott (Ken Ludden), and his press agent (Bob Margrett) are also living in the same hotel.

The spies pose as producers for Scott's movie and tell the three singers that Petronov is the casting director. Scott, they say, wants them to audition as three Russian spies—the part he has in mind for them.

They do so; naturally, Petronov, thinking he has made his contact, plans to carry out his orders—but the singers escape. Scott determines to help them when they explain how they were duped.

The fireworks begin at Herr Liechtenstein's "Once a Year Day" when Scott's plan backfires and the singers are once more in the clutches of the sinister Commissar. As he prepares to make good his escape with them, the gendarmes enter and arrest everyone who looks suspicious. The spies had confessed to the strains of "Tom Dooley" because they would "only be safe in jail, for the Party is in every country."

The Buergermeister of Vienna (Bob Pearson) diplomatically pieced together the scraps of evidence and came up with a winner—a captured spy ring.

And the befuddled Herr Liechtenstein? What with the publicity, his "Once a Year Day" was better than ever!

THE JOSEPHINUM REVIEW

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T.B. Harms Co., RKO Building, Rockefeller Center, New York. (single copy 20¢)

Vocal Selections from THE PAJAMA GAME — ONCE A YEAR DAY

Frank Music Corp.; Frank Distributing Corp., 119 W. 57th Street, New York 19. \$2.00

WIR TRINKEN EINEN HALBEN

This is an unpublished German Folk Song written by hand and arranged in four part harmony by a German friend of Father James.