

Moonlight Jazz in New York

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Setting: Set in 1940-1950 New York city, an era of Jazz, the Red Scare (Fear of Communism) Fascism and War in the European/Pacific theatre. Homosexuality at this time was widely prejudiced against.

Characters:

Jack: 24. Dating Betty. Sociable and friendly, everyone's favourite friend. After having love at first sight he comes out to his friends as gay in hopes for their help to court the new jazz singer in town.

Thomas: 24. Wants to make it big as a Jazz singer, really all he cares about in his life. Easily makes friends with Jack but is oblivious to flirting.

Betty: 23. Dating Jack. Enjoys attention, wants someone to love and understand her. Falls in love with every new guy she sees.

The Gang:

Don: 25. Goofy and loose attitude, prone to do something stupid but makes up for it in his charm. (Role not gender specific can also be played as "Donna")

Judy: 25. Strong willed and the glue of the group, forgets she is a lady most of the time.

Franky: 26. The snarky one, doesn't talk much but when he does there is a lot of sass. (Role not gender specific can also be played as "Fran")

SCENE ONE:

Set: Stage right is a table with four chairs, stage left is a bar with three chairs and a microphone stand.

“The Gang” is seated in the chairs, Franky is sleeping with his head on the table. They are listening to the radio. Thomas is pre-set at the bar with minimum light on stage right.

Radio Announcer: Communism continues to be a problem throughout Europe, sceptics criticize that it is spreading to New York right under our noses. Prominent parts of the city has already been claimed by communism in the recent years. Remember, ‘Uncle Sam wants you’, sign up for war now...

Fade to Jazz music

Don: Those damn commies, if they think they can take New York they haven’t met me yet.

Judy: Don you’re ridiculous, what could you do against a commie?

Don: I could do more than you, that’s for sure!

Judy: All you do is flap your lips. You really think that?

Don: Yes. *Don wakes up Franky.* Ay, Franky. The commies won’t take New York if I can stop it right?

Franky: Of course they could num-nuts, let alone with your help. With those damn Nazis taking over Europe who knows what’s happening next. *Franky goes back to sleep.*

Don: Anyway Judy, birdies have been singing a bunch lately.

Judy: I don’t like Drama you know that—

Don: Apparently there’s a new jazz singer in town and he was here yesterday eve.

Franky wakes up.

Franky: Really? He was here?

Don: He came here to listen in and smoke a couple from what I’ve heard.

Judy: So like every person here in the bar. How do you know if he’s a singer?

Franky: He apparently has a smooth voice, strong like Ella and rich like Sachimo.

Don: He was here. Rumoured to be singing tonight.

Franky: Wake me when he gets here. *Franky falls back asleep.*

Jack and Betty enter.

Jack: Evening, how’s the air tonight gang?

Judy: Good music, hefty turn out as always.

Betty: I’m going to grab a quencher.

Don: Hey sugar, are you rationed?

Betty ignores him and goes to the bar.

Don: She is such a doll.

Judy: You tied the knot yet?

Still with his head on the table, Franky raises his hand and pretends to put a ring on it.

Jack: I don't think things have gotten that serious yet.

Franky takes the imaginary ring off and throws it away.

Don: Bummer.

Jack: We only started dating three weeks ago.

Judy: Try to be a bit more supportive of Jack, he's gotta deal with *her* everyday.

Judy and Don chuckle.

Jack: She's not that bad.

Franky: *Wakes up.* Stop playing yourself Jack.

Judy and Don laugh again

Betty: One soda pop with a lime. *Receives drink.* Thank you.

Thomas: Want a bit of vodka in that?

Betty: Isn't that what the commies drink?

Thomas: It's always nice to spice up your life. Bend the rules a bit.

Betty: *Hesitates.* Okay, i'll try it. Oh boy that's strong. You always spike your drinks...

Thomas: Thomas. And no I don't but it helps with the butterflies sometimes. You are?

Betty: Why would you be nervous?

Thomas: You'll see.

Don: Whoops, looks like Betty is being courted behind your back Jack.

Jack: No way.

Franky: Get em' tiger

Judy: I wouldn't even bother with her.

Jack: She's my girlfriend!

Franky: Not when he's done with her.

Thomas goes on the stage and everyone in the club gathers around including Betty, Jack, and the Gang.

Thomas sings "The Nearness of You"

Betty: Oh, his voice is absolutely wonderful.

Don: Exquisite. Told ya? Judy.

Judy: Shut your trap, I can't hear him.

Franky: His voice is so soothing I could fall asleep standing up.

Don: You still wanna talk some sense into him now Jack? *Jack is fixated on Thomas and doesn't hear Don.* Jack?

The performance ends and after applause the crowd retires. The gang go back to the table and Jack slumps down in his chair awestruck.

Don: Are you alright Jack? *Waves his hand over Jack's eyes, no response.* I think Jack is sick.

Judy: Ay Jack, cat gotcha tongue? You okay?

Franky: Maybe he ate something bad.

Don: Liquor will do the trick, open his mouth.

Judy: He might choke, Don.

Franky: Give him a cig. Smoke his blues away. *Puts a cigarette between Jack's lips.*

(Beat)

Jack: I think I'm in love.

Franky: Never mind he needs the whole pack.

Don: Come again?

Jack: I think I'm in love.

Don: No I got that part.

Judy: Is your head alright?

Jack: *Stands up.* I need to go tell him.

The Gang grabs Jack before he can go over to him.

Judy: You can't go shouting to the high heavens about those types of things.

Don: What if someone hears ya?

Franky: This is serious, are you serious?

Don: You can get locked up.

Judy: We can't tell anyone.

Franky: Is this how you truly feel?

Jack: I can't really explain it. It's when you sit in a room alone, a cup of whiskey in one hand and a cig in the other, yet you can't take a drag on either. Like hundreds of thousands of pounds of water is crashing down, keeping your chest in knots. And yet you wonder when things will change, what I feel in here isn't new. I know that it's something I've carried since I was young. Yet I never truly felt something inside here until now.

Franky: Woah

Jack: *Panicked* This doesn't change who I am. I've always been the same old Jack. Unless you see me in a different light, then I guess I can't change that.

The group stare silently in shock

Franky: We aren't some hoity toity group Jack, sometimes I think we might become the revolutionists of the 40's. Believe me when I say this, as Judy and Don would definitely agree that we accept you. No matter what.

Don and Judy agree

Jack: Thank you.

(Beat)

Judy: But others won't, ya gotta keep those things hush hush in a public place like this.

Jack: But I need to tell him!

Franky: Wanna get locked up? *Jack nods no.* Then stop flapping your lips and use those ears.

Jack: But I feel like my chests gonna collapse and I can't breathe every time I look across the room.

Franky: You got a case of a little sickness called Love, diagnosed by me, Doctor Franky for ya.

Jack: No it can't really be love.

Don: You just confessed your love for men with dramatic analogies of water and cigarettes and now you're in denial?

Judy: Well what else do you think it is? Influenza?

Don: You're clobbered!

Judy: You're all Khaki Wacky, like a girl!

Franky: It's called love. *Pretends to get hit in the heart by cupid's arrow.* Accept it.

Jack: ...What do I do?

Judy: Awe now, don't go into a decline.

Don: Time to plan.

Betty: You were amazing up there!

Thomas: Thank you. What a high singing on stage is.

Betty: I didn't know you could sing.

Thomas: Well, now you do.

Betty: Amazing. You are so amazing.

Thomas: You're drooling.

Betty: Oopsie daisy. So is this what you want to do in life?

Thomas: Very much, I wanna be the biggest singer in New York travel all the states and sing every night. What do you want to do in life doll?

Betty: I have predetermined path, housewife, two kids, big house with a white picket fence. I guess I'm rambling on here, but there is always something in me that's wanted more ya know?

Thomas: I know. Feeling like you're holding back, that there is more in the world than just 9 to 5.

Betty: You understand me.

Betty gets really close to Thomas. Don: You have to be seductive! Betty breaks away.

Thomas: *Looks to the Gang and Jack* . There is a lot of ruckus over there.

Betty: They're always routy.

Thomas: You know them?

Betty: Yup. The one with glasses is Franky, the big ones Don, that girl is Judy, and the Jack is my—

Thomas: Your what?

Betty: My friend.

Thomas: Nice. Introduce me?

Betty: Of course. *Oh jeez.*

Thomas: What was that?

Betty: Nothing.

Don: Code Red! Code Red! They are heading towards us!

Judy: Oh gosh. We haven't finished planning.

Franky: Act sharp Jacky-boy.

Jack: I think my heart's gonna explode.

Don: Wait till after they leave for it to explode.

Betty: Hey gang, this is Thomas.

Franky: Great performance tonight, I'm Franky, that's Don and Judy.

Don and Judy: You were amazing.

Thomas: Thank you.

Jack: *Stands up and grabs Thomas hand.* Pleasure to meet you, I'm Jack.

Thomas: The pleasure is mine.

Jack: A-Are you new in town? I haven't seen you around these parts.

Thomas: I'm from New Orleans. New kid in the big apple.

Jack: Well we...uh...know all the major joints in New York.

Don: We can show you around if you'd like.

Thomas: That would be swell.

Judy: You found the best jazz bar in town anyway, Moonlight is the best in town.

Franky: We practically live here.

Betty: If anyone's showing Thomas around, it would be me.

Judy: Lay off able grable, we got this. *Takes Bettie off stage*

Don: Well Franky and I are gonna be busy for...ever, so Jacky boy over here can show you around.

Franky smacks Don's head

Thomas: I'm looking forward to it! In the meantime, I have another show next friday if you all would like to come see it. Reservations under Thomas at The Sunstar 7pm.

Franky: Oh no way we can't go to our rivals—

Jack: We'll be there!

Thomas: I gotta hit the woodshed, see you all tomorrow night.

Jack: I'll walk you out! Catcha later! *They Exit*

Franky: Are you kidding me The Sunstar is Moonlights rival Jazz club there's no way I'm setting foot in there.

Don: We gotta Franky, it's for Jack.

Franky: Well if it's for Jack, fine. But I'm gonna sleep the whole time and ignore all of you!

Betty: *Betty tries to go back on stage but Judy holds onto her. Betty drags her onstage.* Get off of me Judy!

Judy: You're so stubborn! I already told you you can't.

Betty: I don't care! *They let go of each other, Judy gets smacked.* I like him!

Judy: This is above my pay grade. Cough up. *Don hands her 5 dollars.*

Don: So, Betty. Hanging out with the smokin new singer in town huh?

Betty: Oh shut your trap.

Judy: Oh but we are curious, you seem so close all of a sudden.

Betty: He understands me.

Franky: I'm surprised anyone can understand you, Betty.

Betty: Whatever.

Don: I thought you and Jack were going steady?

Franky: Or did you just forget about him like always?

Judy: I told ya, you can't just go liking every boy you see!

Betty: I don't care! We have the same dream!

They burst into laughter.

Franky: Ya good luck with that.

Betty: I'm leaving. *Exits.*

Franky: Oh boy are we in a doozy.

SCENE TWO:

Jack catches up with Thomas leaving the bar and joins him on his walk through New York.

Jack: Hey wait up!

Thomas: Oh, Jack was it?

Jack: Yea, I thought I'd come along since I'm heading the same way.

Thomas: Onto the subway?

Jack: Yes?

Thomas: Okay.

Awkward silence.

Jack: How do you like New York so far?

Thomas: It's big, and bright. There is so many lights here, more than I'm used to. The amount of people able to squeeze on those tiny little subway carts astound me. There is a lot of mean people here too but you and your friends are very kind.

Jack: Ya they're great. I've known the gang since high-school so we are all really close. They have a huge fascination of jazz singers. They don't normally talk to the jazz singers that come sing so just know they hold you in high respect.

Thomas: I'm glad to hear that.

Jack: But you should seriously keep going with your dream, you would definitely make it.

Thomas: You think? Sometimes I'm not too sure.

Jack: Well of course! You moved all the way here from New Orleans, started advertising all around and managed to get a gig at the Moonlight, one of the best jazz clubs in the city! Be proud of yourself, I could never do such a thing, it takes a certain...strength. Something that I admire greatly.

Thomas: You really understand me, yet we just met.

They stare at each other.

Jack: *Turns away in embarrassme.* Well I'm simply stating the truth.

Thomas: It really helped, I've been pretty homesick...regretting some decisions I made.

Jack: Trust yourself.

Thomas: Yea?

Jack: Of course.

Thomas: Sometimes I think that maybe we are destined for something greater in life, true sublime. I guess that's why I enjoy jazz so much, because no matter what song I sing, it's the raw truth straight from the

soul. Whether it's "Moonlight in Vermont" "Stars fell on Alabama" or the "Nearness of You" I can truly say that when I sing I'm in my true sublime.

Jack: That's why don't give up on it. There is nothing in this world that can take you to that level.

Thomas: Do you have a dream?

Jack: I've always loved literature, poetry really. I actually go to Columbia University, have a couple friends there that wanna start a beat revolution or something. But I guess for now I'm still just on the road.

Thomas: Have you ever thought about writing music?

Jack: No but I'd definitely like to try.

Thomas: Meet me here everyday after 8pm at this station. You can show me all around New York and I can teach you how to write music.

Jack: Deal.

SCENE THREE:

Set: The Sunstar is very fancy compared to Moonlight, candles and white table cloths cover the tables, with many indoor plants and strung lights.

The gang enters and are immediately uncomfortable and underdressed.

Don: Apparently this use to be a popular speakeasy bar back in the day.

Franky: Still not as good as Moonlight. I mean what are we doing at Moonlights biggest rival club!

Judy: I don't like the air in here, it's so...1920s strict vibes.

Don: We are definitely not dressed the part for this place.

Franky: I'm going home. *He attempts to leave, Don grabs him.*

Don: Remember we are here for Jack. *The gang sits down at a nearby table. Franky goes to sleep.*

Judy: Yea for Jack. *(Beat)* Gee do those dancers look so...sweaty.

Don: Well ya know what they say. The girl has to work twice as hard.

Judy: And why is that you fat-head?

Don: Because she's gotta dance everything backwards.

Judy: I'm still not catching your drive.

Don: Well you know the man's the lead and the woman—

Judy: I never understood why the men have to lead, I am just as capable.

Franky wakes up.

Franky: Oh there's Jack. Ay Jacky boy!

Jack: I got here a little early, guess it's the nerves.

Franky: You remember the plan?

Jack: Like the back of my hand, I spent all night memorizing it.

Don: You stayed up all night? This ain't no joke then.

Judy: Of course not, *(Smacks Don)* and we'll be there with ya through and through.

Franky: Let's do this.

The Gang watches as Jack approaches Thomas at the bar. Thomas is preoccupied with his drink in his hand. Jack walks past Thomas and drops a handkerchief with a red lipstick kiss on it.

Jack: Oops.

Thomas: Oh Jack, you made it! *He picks up the handkerchief and notices the kiss on it.* Here's your hanky.

Don: Maybe that method only works if it's a girl dropping the handkerchief and not a guy.

Judy: Obviously!

Franky: I mean did ya have to put red lipstick on and kiss the damn cloth?

Don: Yes I did! *(Beat)* It had to be authentic.

Thomas is oblivious to the courting device and Jack dejectedly walks towards the Gang. Thomas grabs his hand before he walks away. They have a moment, Thomas quickly retracts his hand.

Thomas: I wanted to talk to you! I have some big news.

Jack: Okay, here let's sit. *They sit at the nearby table and the Gang promptly joins them at their table instead.*

Thomas: Oh hello everyone, glad you could make it. I was just about to tell Jack-

Franky: So Tommy boy, are you in cahoots with anyone?

Thomas: Huh?

Don: You stuck on anyone?

Thomas: What?

Judy: Do you have feelings for anyone right now!?

Don: Oo Frisky Judy.

Thomas: I can't say.

Don: Wha-

Judy: It's fair.

Thomas: Anyway Jack-

Franky: Have you ever experimented?

Thomas: With drugs? Never.

Don: No, it's more like with...other people.

Thomas: Never tried drugs with other people either.

Judy: No! What they mean is are you ga- *(Jack covers her mouth quickly)*

Jack: I think that's enough, he clearly has never done drugs.

The Gang goes quiet.

Thomas: Now that I gotcha attention, Jack they asked me to sign a contract with the club! If I sign it I'll sing here every night, isn't that just superb!

Franky/Don/Judy: What!?

Jack: That's amazing!

Don: Huh?

Jack: So are you gonna do it!?

Thomas: Yea!

Judy: You can't.

Thomas: What why not?

Jack: Yeah Judy why not?

Judy: You just can't.

Thomas: Are you serious? This is amazing news and you're telling me not to accept this huge opportunity?

Franky: Yes.

Thomas: I gotta get backstage. *(Exits)*

Jack: What is wrong with you three!

Judy: Cool it Jack.

Jack: How can I? First you grill him like crazy, now you're telling him he can't take an amazing job offer? We are supposed to make him like us remember?

Franky: We have reasons.

Jack: Well what are they?

Don: There is more to it than just this, you gotta trust us Jack.

Jack: I'm gonna go talk to Thomas and try to fix this. *(Jack exits)*

Franky: Jack is feisty when he's in love.

Don: It gave me the heebie-jeebies, I've never heard him raise his voice. Not to us, not at all.

Judy: We gotta make it up to him. *(The gang exits)*

SCENE FOUR:

Betty enters in her best attire, a sparkly red fitted dress, kitten heels and a shawl. She walks into the Sunstar as confident as a moviestar on the red carpet.

Betty: I have arrived! *No one familiar is to be seen.*

Thomas and Jack enter mid-argument.

Jack: I'm sure they didn't mean it.

Thomas: Franky blatantly said I should give up this opportunity.

Jack: Sometimes Franky is so sleepy he doesn't realize what he says!

Thomas: He didn't look sleepy when he said it. You always tell me how amazing they are but that was just plain rude.

Jack: Believe me when I say that it was a misunderstanding.

Betty: Have you both snapped your cap?

Thomas and Jack: Stay out of it!

Betty: Uh uh. Excuse me? Yelling at a beautifully dressed hawt to taught girl for no reason at all is just shameful.

Thomas: I'm sorry Betty, I'm just a bit frazzled. You look amazing.

Betty: Well then let's go get a quencher and you can tell me all about it. *Begins to pull him towards the bar.*

Jack: No, Thomas let's go. We can go talk to the gang, I'm sure they'll apologize. *Grabs Thomas' other arm.*

Betty: He's coming with me to get a drink, Jack. *Pulls Thomas towards her.*

Jack: No he isn't. *Pulls Thomas towards him.*

They continue to pull him back and forth until Thomas breaks away from both of them.

Thomas: Now I'm really gonna snap my cap! I'm going backstage. *(Thomas Exits)*

Betty: What are you doing?

Jack: What are *you* doing?

Betty: Trying to give a warm friendly welcome to the newcomer!

Jack: Oh really, dressed up in your most scandalous night gown? You're gonna give him a 'friendly welcoming' huh?

Betty: Yes I am.

Jack: Last I checked we were dating Betty, and now you're after the next new guy you see?

Betty: He understands me! And I understand him. Lost souls waiting to be swept away into fame, caught in the cross fire from the evil ex-boyfriend!

Jack: I will gladly accept the role! We are done and I'm simply jubilant over it.

Betty: Well you weren't the best boyfriend Jack!

Jack: I bought you that dress!

Betty: Whatever. *(Beat)* Anyway, what's got you so hung up on Thomas. You barely know him.

Jack: You think you know him?

Betty: Of course, I definitely know him way better than you.

Jack: What's his favourite colour?

Betty: Are you kidding? *(Beat)* Blue?

Jack: Nope. He expressed many things about himself on the many nights we hung around town this week.

Betty: You've been with him all week? No wonder he hasn't called back.

Jack: Yup. He said his favourite colour was every colour because when he got on stage, the world around him turned into a ray of reds, greens, blue, and yellows. And all he could see was the ones he cared about and no one else as he sang in a world of colour.

Betty: He is so dreamy. *(In awe)*

Jack: Right? *(In awe as well)*

Betty: Huh? Did you just agree with me?

Jack: No?

Betty: You're in love with him!

Jack: Shut your trap before someone hears!

Betty: You love him, no wonder you have been hogging him all week. Well guess what Jack? You're Germany and I'm Britain cause you just officially invaded Poland! We are at war you hear me?

Jack: What are you talking about?

Betty: Keep trying to wiggle your way through, taking all the countries around you and stealing their resources. I will come after you.

Jack: Like I would be scared of you.

Betty: Well you better be, he is mine! And I won't let you and your gross love come in the way of me achieving my dream!

Jack: You're on. It's war.

Betty: War. *They shake hands and exit.*

SCENE FIVE:

Don: Betty declared war on you?! *The gang is in a fit of laughter.*

Jack: This is serious! She's gonna sabotage me.

Judy: Like she's that smart.

Jack: I know she's gonna go after him. What if he chooses her?

Franky: She's a sharecrop! If he was decent he wouldn't pick her.

Jack: She might have a better chance being a girl and all.

Judy: Don't lose faith. When it's love you should never give up. I'd like to think we all have a soulmate Jacky boy. A true love that comes only around once in your life or maybe not at all. You may have found that special someone, don't give up on it.

Jack: Love swirls around your chest, like a feeling never put to rest. Hues of colour explode around the world, and their eyes are no longer simply a colour but a pool of melted silver with flakes of gold. And the slightest brush of skin, the simple feeling of being close by is what makes your world spin at the perfect speed. That's love right?

Franky: I wouldn't know, I'm so single it's sad. But sounds about right.

Thomas goes on stage and sets himself up at the microphone.

Thomas: How's everyone's night, I hope it was swingin. Let's start the night with a little fun, this piece is called "It don't mean a thing" *He sings.*

Betty: I challenge you to a swing off, you win you get him, I win I get him.

A full swing off ensues in which everyone, including the gang dances. Both Jack and Betty try to gain Thomas attention.

Franky: If ya can't dance, you don't got a chance.

Don: Make it count Jacky boy!

Judy: Move those feet!

Amongst all the tension, Jack accidentally falls and hurts himself. The song is soon over. Thomas runs off stage and goes to help Jack up.

Thomas: Are you okay Jack?

Betty intercepts and grabs Thomas' arm.

Betty: He's peachy keen, c'mon Thomas let's go grab a drink.

Thomas: I don't think he's alright.

Betty: He will be fine, just gotta shake it off a bit.

Thomas: Are you okay?

Jack: *Outburst.* I'm fine!

Thomas: Oh...I'm sorry.

Betty: Come on Thomas, let's go. *Thomas hesitantly leaves with Betty. The gang and Jack with a limp exit.*

Thomas: I've never seen him get mad before.

Betty: Honestly, I haven't either. He's always been the friendly type.

Thomas: Do you think he will be okay?

Betty: He'll be fine. Now, what type of drink do you want? I was thinking after we could swing down to the cinema. A new film just came out called "Rebecca" It sounds phenomenal.

Thomas: I don't know...

Betty: It's an Alfred Hitchcock movie, he's simply amazing right? I would love to star in his movies.

Thomas: No.

Betty: You don't like Hitchcock? He sucks right!? I mean what's with that cinematography. He shouldn't even claim one of the most innovative movie directors of this era. Pshh.

Thomas: No it's not that, I love his movies.

Betty: Then what's wrong?

Thomas: I'm really worried about Jack, he's never been so mad at me before. I need to go talk to him, to see what's wrong.

Betty: Wait! What about me, I won fair and square!

Thomas: What did you win?

Betty: Nothing!

Thomas: Betty.

Betty: I declared war on him and basically said he was Hitler, and he said you had been with him all week when you never rang me back and I was mad so I challenged him during the swing dance and he took it so seriously he hurt himself, and not only that I lied to you saying he was a friend but we were originally dating but I broke up with him. And he's in love with you!

Thomas: What?

Betty: And so am I.

Thomas: I can't believe it. You two were dating, and you lied? You purposely got him riled up knowing he would hurt himself didn't you?

Betty: So what if I did? He's a bad dancer, he was bound to get hurt any way. And he was gonna take you away from me.

Thomas: I didn't know you were this way Betty.

Betty: I'm not!

Thomas: But you are!

Betty: But I'm in love with you, I knew it since I first ordered that soda pop and you spiked it. Please choose me, don't choose him, choose me Thomas.

Thomas: I gotta go talk to Thomas. (*Thomas Exits*)

SCENE SIX:

Set: Single wooden chair in the middle of the stage, spotlight on Jack.

Jack with a bandaged up leg is sitting on the chair melancholy-like, he smokes on a cigarette staring out into the distance.

Jack: Oh me! For if there is one thing I truly regret, is that time could not slow its way down into a spiral unchanging and constant, to squeeze itself so tight that maybe just then time would stop. Then I could take back the time in which my dragging would cease. So maybe then I could save myself from this ache so deep beneath my chest. Oh how I've drawled on one, caught myself into a web spun on love. Yet now the one I truly love is taken from me.

Franky: Oh shut up!

Set: The lights go up and full light up the stage. The gang enters.

Jack: I'm writing sad poetry, leave me be.

Don: You've been holed up in your room for two weeks.

Jack: My heart can't take anymore pain, I have to stay here and smoke my sorrows away!

Judy: Put that cigarette out!

Jack: It's my vice, don't put out my vise!

Franky: We get it Thomas is your muse, your cigarette is your vice blah blah blah let's get going.

Judy: Get up, you need to shower.

Don: And change, those slacks have holes in em.

Franky: He needs some cologne too.

Jack: Why must I dress, when I can wallow in my pain and sleep at home in my comfy room and eat snacks.

Franky: Stop being so dramatic!

Judy: We gotta be at the Moonlight in an hour!

Don: Quit your dawdling!

Jack: Fine, gosh.

SCENE SEVEN:

Set: Moonlight Jazz Club

Jack: I don't understand why I had to get all dressed up we are just at the Moonlight.

Franky: (*Franky goes onstage*) Ladies and Gents, I'd like to welcome the newest permanent addition to 'Moonlight Jazz in New York' Thomas singing "Smile"

Thomas: (*Thomas hugs Franky and goes on stage*) A while back a certain person caught my eye the first night I performed here. They went as far as inspiring to continue my dream even when I lost my way. We had worked on this song as they showed me all around New York for days. Here is "Smile"

But I know We'll be Together/Smile: (Original)

V1

Swirling around my chest
A feeling unfound, put to rest
Denial of what's really there
Excuses put down and teared

CHORUS

But I know we'll be together
For only you see my light
All this weight down on your shoulders,
I'll help carry it for a while
Just to see you smile

V2

Hardships unfound tonight
Burning circles in my mind
Longing for that one step back
Time is all we lack

CHORUS

But I know we'll be together
For only you see my light
All this weight down on your shoulders,
I'll help carry it for a while
Just to see you smile

BRIDGE X2

Facing truth can tear you away
But no matter what, I'm here to stay
So only be mine and take me away
Cause no matter what, I'm here to stay

CHORUS

Cause I know we'll be together
For only you see my light
All this weight down on your shoulders,
I'll help carry it for a while
Just to see you smile

Don: I told ya we'd make it up for you.

Franky: I didn't want him to sign the Sunstar contract because I wanted him to sign one with Moonlight. I am the owner of this jazz club.

Jack: I love you guys.

Judy: We love you too! *They group hug.*

Thomas exits off stage and Jack runs to him.

Jack: It's the song I wrote, you sang it.

Thomas: Forgive me Jack, I'm so sorry.

Jack: You didn't do anything wrong though, it was my fault.

Judy: Technically it was Betty's!

Betty: **Scoff**

Jack: I'm in love with you.

Thomas: I am in love with you too.

They Kiss.

Betty: I wish I could find true love like that...Hey Franky-

Franky: NOPE.

THE END.