

*Sample: Lady Lelu has just completed a song...*

LADY LELU: Thank you ladies and gentlemen. It's so nice to be here at Club Chez Mort. For my next number, I would like to..

JEAN PAUL: Very well, thank you Merci. Zat has been enough for now. (*steps up on platform bumping Lelu off*)

LELU: What? Enough?

JEAN PAUL: Oui. It is... (*thinks*) Ze sound! Yes! It is technical matter. Bad with sound.

LELU: Technical matter? It sounded fine!

JEAN PAUL: Yes! No, no! I believe it is.. how you say, ze microphone.

LELU: "The Microphone". I say it like that!

JEAN PAUL: Oui! No, no! Ze microphone. It is.. out of tune!

LELU: Out of tune?

JEAN PAUL: Oui! (*takes out pencil and taps the microphone, holds pencil up to his ear*) Yes! The tune is sharp! Monsieur Mack! Come and fix zis, yes?

LELU: You're talkin' like ya fell on your head!

*Through the audience should enter BIG SUIT STU. A bodyguard will hover behind him -STU's suit should be a few sizes too large -perhaps extra padding in shoulders.*

STU: I'll say somebody fell on their head!

LELU: Yea? Well you're a little late there pal. I all ready said that!

STU: (*chuckles*) She already said that! Did you hear that? Funny! What's also funny is I thought we had an understanding. Yea. See, I believe I requested a certain doll to sing in this dump tonight. And.. (*looks around*) I don't see her. That could be a problem because I had it on good authority Sue was singin' in this dive tonight!

LADY LELU: Who?

STU: Sue!

LADY LELU: Sue? (*to Jean-Paul*) Who's that?

JEAN PAUL: Stu!

LADY LELU: Stu?

STU: (*pointing at LELU*) Who's she?

LADY LELU: (*to STU*) Lady Lelu that's who! Who are you supposed to be?

STU: I'm *supposed to be* here to hear my Sweet Sue sing.

LADY LELU: Sweet Sue? You mean Sue Blutowsky? (*laughs*) Are you kiddin' me? Why that yodeler can't even carry a tune in a bucket!

JEAN PAUL: Yes! No,no! He is making ze mincemeat.

LADY LELU: Again with the mincement! The kitchen's back that way Pal. Chop chop!

STU: Kitchen? Pardon me toots, but I don't like your attitude.

LADY LELU: And I don't like your suit. Did your mother dress you?

*STU snaps his fingers and bodyguard comes forward.*

STU: What if she did? You wanna make something of it?

LADY LELU: Not sure I could make anything out it. Maybe a nice rag rug or pillow stuffin'.

STU: Wait! Did you say rag stuffin'?

*SWEET SUE runs out on stage as if late, which breaks the tension. She is barefoot.*

SUE: Woo-hoo! Here I am Stu sweetie! I was just gettin' changed and warmin' up my pipes. *(She sings a short off key scale - also pours water into glass from pitcher and loudly gargles)*

LADY LELU: What's that noise?! Sounds like someone strangling a Pekingese!

JEAN PAUL: *(nervous)* à quoi bon!? I must go and see to uh.. something. *(starts to exit)*

STU: Wait a second!

*STU snaps his fingers and BODYGUARD, approaches JEAN PAUL*

STU: *(continues)* My friend, Mr. Raskolnikov# is willing to assist you. Perhaps, he can help you straighten out this little matter.

JEAN PAUL: What? Oh! Is nothing ze matter. It is fine. Miss Sue, s'il vous plaît! Please. If you wish to entertain..

LELU: Hey! What's the big idea? You going let that two-bit crook snap your cap?

STU: Why don't you take a powder Lelu.

LELU: Aw says you! Why don't you mind your potatoes and dry up!

STU: Keep talkin' why don't cha!

LELU: Oh yea? What are you going to do ya big lug? Fill us full of daylight? In front of all these people?

JEAN PAUL: Please, Miss Lelu!

LELU: Aw! He's just a wet sock Truffaut.

JEAN PAUL: I know but..!

LELU: Oh swell! Crumble like a cookie why don't you? Fine! If you wanna let this palooka turn you into a wet blanket, Fine! La Chien Noir has been after me to sing there. Maybe I'll take 'em up on the offer. At least that dive has class. *(she storms off)*

STU: You know, that broad's not bad. A real tomato! She's gotta lotta moxie.

SUE: What about me?

STU: You? You got spunk, baby. Not so much on the moxie.

SUE: No! I mean, do I get ta sing now or what?

STU: Oh that. Yea Johnny. You heard the lady. Does she get ta sing or what?

JEAN PAUL: It's Jean (*juhn*) Is not Johnny!

STU: Wait! It's what?

JEAN PAUL: Uhh.. it is fine.

STU: I think he hears pretty well, but his brain don't work so good. *(to Bodyguard)* Maybe you can give him a good idea.

BODYGUARD: Da! *(Russian Accent)* We are wanting Sue to sing. *(he reaches under coat and brings out a small Hatchet)*

STU: Meet my associate. Don't give him no trouble neither. He's been havin' problems with his land lady. He's a bit touchy.

JEAN PAUL: *(seeing hatchet)* Oui! Of course! Yes. Please! Sue can sing. Please! Yes!

BODYGUARD: Spasiba. *(spa-see-bah)* -*(he puts hatchet back in coat)*

JEAN PAUL: Excusez-moi! I must go... *(starts to exit)*

BODYGUARD: I come with you, no?

JEAN PAUL: No! I mean, oui. Yes. If you must. *(quickly exits)*

BODYGUARD *follows JEAN PAUL off at a slower menacing pace - perhaps making eye contact with members of audience - saying "What are you looking at?! etc.. "*

SUE: Stu baby? Can I sing now?

STU: Of course doll face.. wait! Where's your shoes?

SUE: What? (*looks down*) Oh! Ha! I couldn't find them!

STU: Couldn't find them?

SUE: No. I took 'em off somewhere for some reason and...

STU: Well never mind that. Go ahead and serenade us with a sweet song.

SUE: Swell! You're the cat's pajamas Stu!

STU: Thanks. (*beat*) Wait! What? Was that a crack about my suit?

SUE: Of course not Stu face. I'm just sayin' you're the most!

STU: Oh thanks. (*beat*) Wait! I'm the *most* what?

SUE: Oh you big silly crumb! Sit down will ya!

STU: OK, sure! Anything for you doll.

*STU sits at table. SUE should warm up again briefly.*

SUE: Gee willa-kers folks. Ain't this a kick! This is my first time in front of a crowd. I wanna thank Johnny Paul and everyone here at the Club Chez (*she will pronounce it CHEESE*) Mort for givin' me this swell opportunity! But most of all, I wanna thank my little Stu bear for arranging things for me. Nobody ever thought I had any talent, except him. He's just aces! I'd like to dedicate this to Stu. All right. I'm ready when you are. In the key of E sharp. Let's hit it!