



The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

(A serious musical in Two Acts)
Book and Lyrics by Sidney Goldberg
Music by
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The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

CAST

- SADIE**.....65 years old, Jewish bag lady;
Has personality; Is very rich.
- IRISH**.....67 years old, retired ex-cop,
Widower, guilt ridden.
- WASHINGTON**.....27 years old, black cocaine addict,
Washes car windows.
- CARL**.....65 year old German, never married.
Wears and has Hitler styled mustache.
- LORETTA**.....37 year old teacher, afraid of being
found out.

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH* SONGS 

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The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT I

Scene 1

Afternoon,
Central Park.

CARL and LORETTA are sitting on
Park bench, IRISH is sitting on
adjoining bench. WASHINGTON is
leaning on lamppost. ALL are reading
Newspaper, as SADIE carrying two
shopping bags approaches
WASHINGTON who is sneezing.

SADIE

(Sings )

THE BAG LADY

I live in Central Park.
Sleep, on a bench after dark.
I know ev'ry star in the sky.
Do you know why, I count them.

I go to the children's zoo.
Wake up, smelling the dew.
Talk, to pigeons, ev'ryday.
Clouds make it gray, I'm lonely.

I'm, Sadie the bag Lady.
Let them call me crazy.
But they're the ones that pay taxes,
The ones that pay rent.
The ones that get those faxes.
Listen, do you have a few cents, maybe?
For Sadie, the bag lady.

Two lovers always sing.
It's winter, to them it's spring.
Some ride a bike, some like to run.
To them its fun, I like them.

Most people walk alone.
A dog looking for a bone.
A broken heart that sheds a tear.
Living in fear, just like me.

I'm, Sadie the bag Lady.
Let them call me crazy.
But they're the ones that pay taxes,
The ones that pay rent.
The ones that get those faxes.
Listen, do you have a few cents, maybe?
For Sadie, the bag lady.

(SADIE approaches WASHINGTON who is sneezing.)

SADIE

You got a cold?

WASHINGTON

I also got this knife, see this knife? Know what I do with it? I rob people. If they
(Sneezes.)
don't give me their bread, I cut them. So, let me see whatcha got in them bags, lady.

SADIE

(Takes tissue from shopping bag.)

Never mind my bags, here's a tissue, tough guy, blow your nose.

WASHINGTON

(Takes tissue and blows nose.)

...Thanks, thanks a lot, lady.

SADIE

What kind of lady, I'm no lady, I'm SADIE and don't mention it. I saw you here yesterday,
didn't I, *'buhbaleh?'*

WASHINGTON

I love Bethesda Fountain, know what I'm sayin'? Sort of helps me forget my troubles for a
while.

SADIE

You think you got troubles? Look at those two, they're sitting on my bed and you got
troubles? That other guy was here yesterday and does he drink. Are you hungry? You look
like you're hungry.

WASHINGTON

Why, whatcha you got?

SADIE

I just bought a big Mac and fries. I'll split it with you.

WASHINGTON

Lay it on me, mama.

SADIE

This is what you should use your knife for.

WASHINGTON

(Waves switchblade.)

Have no fear; Jocko's here; now, let me cut it, mama.

SADIE

(Takes from shopping bag and she gives him a big Mac.)

50, 50 you hear? And here's a napkin, we'll share the fries.

(HE cuts big Mac and THEY eat.)

SADIE (cont'd)

Tomorrow I'll bring Chinese. You like Chinese?

WASHINGTON

Love it. What time?

SADIE

Same time as today...

(What ALL are reading will be heard via V. O. (voice over.)

V.O.

This is the chance you've been waiting for. The opportunity to change your life. Win more money than you've ever dreamed of...

IRISH

(Reading, Irish brogue, aside)

...Jesus, I don't believe it, this just might be the chance I've been waiting for. Gee, perhaps I

(Drinks from paper bag.)

should have a wee taste to Celebrate my good luck...?

SADIE

I'm going to my apartment, '*Buhbaleh.*' God willing, I'll see you for lunch

(Starts to walk to bench.)

Tomorrow.

(SADIE smiles to LORETTA and CARL as she sits between them. CARL appears uncomfortable and LORETTA smiles. SADIE takes newspaper from shopping bag and ALL read.)

V.O

...Are you depressed and feel you have nothing to live for...

CARL

(Aside – with slight German accent throughout.)

...I'm depressed all right, but if I win it, I'd move back to Berlin before I'd even wipe my

(Sings.)

fat ass. "*Auf weidersehn, auf weider sehn, 'til we meet again, 'Liebshen'...*" What '*liebshen,*' I never had a freakin' sweetheart in this God-forsaken country, never! *Ach du leiber,* never!

V. O.

...Or are you the happiest gal or guy in town...?

SADIE

(Aside.)

...How the hell does he know I'm so happy, so lucky...? Who told him?

V. O.

...Or, would you like to end it all because you can't take the pain. There's nothing to live for, because it hurts too much...

WASHINGTON

(Aside.)

...What the hell does this rich sonofabitch know about pain, about having nothing to live for? Probably lives in some mansion, drinkin' champagne and eatin' lobster. Do I love lobster. Think the mother ever washed one freakin' windshield, ever got his ass ripped off coping some coke in Harlem...?

V. O.

...Or are you so happy you could cry...?

LORETTA

(Aside.)

He's, asking me if I'm so happy?

(Sings )

I COULD CRY

Since the time my life began.
Ev'ryday day I lived, always felt like an unknown.
All alone without a home to call my own.

Night winds follow where I go.
As I walk along I can feel it in my soul.
Looking for the half to make this heart feel whole.

Will I find that elusive smile of love?
Or will I always have to say?

I ain't ever been so happy I could cry.
I ain't ever lived a day I didn't die.

I'm just running into time.
My life's a tragedy, guess who's the star of the cast?
Running cross the burning sands, I'm just not that fast.

The reason I have to drink,
There's a pain inside that haunts my every dream.
My life is a lie, that's why I always scheme.

Will I find that elusive smile of love?
Or will I always have to say?

I ain't ever been so happy I could cry.
I ain't ever lived a day I didn't die.

V.O.

You love life, all the humor it affords and are thoroughly happy. Well, tell me all about it...

IRISH

(Aside.)

...You got that right mister; I'm the happiest police sergeant that's ever retired. Ask the guys at O'Hallohan's bar. They'll tell you, they'll tell you who's always laughing and kidding around, all right...

V. O.

...You're uncomfortable with yourself, you don't like who you are, you never have...

CARL

(Aside.)

You think I'm uncomfortable with myself? What gives you that idea?

(Stands and clicks shoes.)

You swine. *'Sieg heil, sieg heil!'*

SADIE

What did you say, mister?

V. O.

...Or you can't wait to wake up each morning and face the world...

SADIE

(Aside.)

...Just because I sleep on a park bench, this bench, my bench, of course I can't wait to wake up. Who can sleep with all these wild dogs, pigeons and lunatics? They make so much noise? I hope all these cheap, crazy bastards got some change, because I could use it...

V. O.

If you frequent Central Park and live in one of the five boroughs this contest is for you... Tell me what really hurts, for I was once an orphan and know what hurt is. What's really bothering you or what's so funny and wonderful in your daily life. At the lowest point in my life, against all odds, I met a wonderful, sincere man, a banker who became my friend, mentor and benefactor. Through his diligence and insistence, I managed to get a scholarship to Harvard, where I graduated Summa Cum Laud and attained a PHD in finance. He continued to guide me until I attained his ethereal standard of fame and fortune. With his passing and having never had a family, nearing the summit of my life, I feel, before I say goodbye I must give back to this wonderful city and it's people. Therefore, vicariously you will become my family, dear friend. If I think your tale equals my plight or my joy and I decide to make your story into a major motion picture, I will personally give you a million dollars. Hurry, this may be your last, your only chance at survival. In other words it may be your last straw. If you are one of the four lucky contestants to be selected, I will give you \$5,000 plus, a week's stay at the fabulous Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami. There you will meet the four other celebrants from whom I will ultimately select, the million dollar winner, I give you my word, that after you tell one of my many attendants your heart felt story and I select you, I, one of the richest inhabitants of the world guarantee your anonymity. So, if you think you would like to see your life on the silver screen; only you, my delegate and I will know it's your life and perhaps the mil might help just a wee bit. So do yourself a favor and start talking, because, I am waiting to shake your hand and personally give you a cashier's check for... You know the amount and I promise to respond within three weeks, but there's one catch. There's always a catch, isn't there? As you are aware, the celebrant chosen must tell their story to one of my unknown delegates. Since it is impossible to know who I have chosen to be my associate, walk through Central Park, smile, shake hands and make as many friends as possible and who knows, that, new found friendship, which in-turn

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1-1-9

may be my delegate, is the one requirement needed to enhance your chance of winning. Friendship is the key, so what are you waiting for friend?

End of Scene 1

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT I

Scene 2

**Following day
Central Park.**

**Same as prior scene.
ALL are reading. SADIE and
WASHINGTON are finishing eating.
LORETTA and CARL, on park bench
are staring at THEM. IRISH is also
sitting and reading.**

SADIE

'Nu,' did you like it?

WASHINGTON

Delicious, what are we having tomorrow?

SADIE

Tomorrow's Friday, I usually eat *'gefilte' fish*, you like *'gefilte' fish*?

WASHINGTON

I don't think so. Don't think I'm in the mood for no, what kind of fish did you say it was?

SADIE

'Gefilte.' All right, if you don't want *'gefilte' fish*, you like flounder?

WASHINGTON

With a side of coleslaw. Can't eat no flounder without coleslaw and lemon, and got to have a taste of lemon.

SADIE

All right, I'll bring you coleslaw and lemon. And since you've become my dining partner, maybe you could tell me your name, Mr. Lincoln?

WASHINGTON

Close, but no *ceegar*, the name's Washington, not Lincoln.

SADIE

Lincoln, Washington, the minute I met you, I knew you were somebody important. Listen, Mr. Important, did you hear about that contest where you can win a million dollars?

WASHINGTON

Saw it yesterday. A million dollars, can you dig it? Sure wish I won me that million dollars.

SADIE

And who says you can't? All you have to do is tell your story; what's bothering you, what and whom you like to one of his delegates and then, you may even have your life story made into a major motion picture. Boy, I would like to have my life story made into a motion picture.

WASHINGTON

Who wouldn't, Sadie? Boy, that sure would be something. Denzel Washington, that's who would play me, my man Denzel.

SADIE

'Nu,' are you going to tell me or what?

WASHINGTON

Why should I tell you? You ain't no delegate.

SADIE

How do you know, tell me, did you ever meet a delegate, do you know what they look like?

WASHINGTON

Listen, I've seen you in the park. You ask people for spare change. You're a bag lady, not that I'm puttin' you down for it, but you're a bag lady.

SADIE

Where is it written that a bag lady can't be a delegate? You want to tell me your story? Who knows, you may get lucky, 'nu...?'

WASHINGTON

(Sings )

(1)

I wake up depressed.
So, I do some coke.
I try to get dressed.
Life to me's a joke.

I'M BAD

(2)

My father died in jail.
Mother drinks her gin.
I try but I fail.
So I live in sin.

I'll wash your car window
 N' then I'll rob you blind.
 There ain't much that I know.
 Robbin' is on my mind.

I'm mean, I'm black and I'm bad.
 I take what I need,
 Might even make you bleed.
 'Cause this life I've had's been sad.

(1)

Only trust myself.
 Don't believe in God.
 Sure could use some help.
 'Cause it gets real hard.

(2)

Wish I had a chick.
 Someone that needs me.
 Inside I feel sick.
 Fear is all I see.

I'll wash your car window
 N' then I'll rob you blind.
 There ain't much that I know.
 Robbin' is on my mind.

I'm mean, I'm black and I'm bad.
 I take what I need.
 Might even make you bleed.
 'Cause this life I've had's been sad...

I can't tell you my story, just like that. I don't even know you.

SADIE

All right, it's up to you Mr. President. If you don't want to win the million dollars, I'm sure there are plenty of people that do.

WASHINGTON

All right, what the heck do I have to lose? See I'm black, I'm poor, grew up in Harlem and I deserve to win the bread, because I never had anything. How's that sound?

SADIE

I'm not impressed, because, do you think you're the only poor '*shvarzta*,' in New York? There are millions of you, '*boichic*.' I'll tell you the truth; I haven't got time for baloney, because there must be a thousand people waiting to tell me their story. What do you think; you're the only one that wants to win all that money?

WASHINGTON

Are you sure you're the delegate, 'cause tellin' my story is real heavy. Tell you the truth; I don't even know if I can.

SADIE

When it comes to money, everybody can, including you, *'buhbaleh, nu,'* I'm waiting.

WASHINGTON

All right, I just hope you ain't pullin' my leg... The cat said somethin' about bein' depressed, right?

SADIE

He certainly did.

(We hear underscoring of "I'M BAD" throughout.)

WASHINGTON

Well, I'm depressed I'm depressed all right, that's the reason I've been snortin' coke. I ain't got nothing to live for. Let me tell how it started. Even though I started snorting coke about three or four years ago, I remember my father and mother gettin' high when I was a baby. My father was a drug dealer and a thief. The cat died from AIDS when he was doin' time.

SADIE

'Oy,' how terrible.

WASHINGTON

Now, that I'm talkin,' please don't give me none of your *'oys,' see,* I never really cared that much about *'oys'* or my father, 'cause he didn't seem to care about me, never. My mother's name is Beulah and I guess she was all right. Except for her drinkin' and druggin', I guess she was okay. The first time I got arrested was when I was ten.

SADIE

You got arrested when you were 10? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt you, I'm sorry.

WASHINGTON

That's cool. My old man wasn't anywhere to be seen, my mother was drunk and me and my brother, Frankie were hungry. Frankie was only about 6 and we hadn't eaten in two days, so I went to Grand Union and copped a container of milk and some white bread. Freakin' manager saw me, called the fuzz and off I went. My damn folks never came to get me, so I was sent to the juvenile house of detention. Stayed there for two months; when I got out, I moved in with my aunt Clara. I guess she was all right, except, I didn't know it at the time, but she was a hooker. I didn't understand why she had all these guys comin' by all the time. Some of these guys were real nice, used to give me a dollar. At the end of the week, sometimes I used to have six, seven, sometimes even 10 dollars. I'd go see my brother, Frankie and give him half, 'cause I just loved that kid. Tell you the truth, I really can't say much more, 'cause I get kind of emotional. Maybe I'll continue it some other time? How's that sound?

SADIE

It's up to you *'buhbaleh.'*

WASHINGTON

Anyway, I got to go see my man in the park, know what I'm sayin'? And you sure you a delegate? 'Cause you know, I got this knife.

SADIE

You know what you can do with your knife and would you believe me if I told you I was a senator instead of a delegate?

WASHINGTON

Suppose not, anyway, it sure was fun talkin' to you.

SADIE

When I see you again, you'll tell me the rest of your story.

WASHINGTON

(Exits.)

I guess Sadie, I guess. See ya around woman.

(SADIE approaches IRISH and waits for HIM to stop reading.)

SADIE

Listen, mister, I saw you reading the paper. Were you thinking of entering that million dollar contest? A million dollars is a lot of money.

IRISH

It certainly is.

SADIE

I'm sure you know that you have to tell your story to one of his delegates?

IRISH

Don't I know, but where am I going to find a delegate.

SADIE

Your search has ended pilgrim, start talking.

IRISH

Are you trying to tell me, that you're one of his delegates?

SADIE

In person.

IRISH

You know I've been called gullible more than once in my life, but you're no delegate. Do you think I forgot that you asked me for some spare change yesterday? Do you really expect me to buy, that you're a delegate?

SADIE

You have another delegate you can talk to?

IRISH

Why, there are thousands of people that are walking around here. I'm sure there must be a couple of delegates among them.

SADIE

I bet you're right. Tell me, which one do you think is a delegate, that guy on the roller blades that just fell? Maybe it's that man selling ice cream or it's that lady walking with those two children? I'll tell you mister, looks like there's a million delegates to talk to and besides, do you really want to have a motion picture made about your life? Do you think it's that interesting or that painful?

IRISH

(Starts to exit.)

Thanks for the offer madam, but I think I'll pass.

SADIE

(To Irish leaving.)

Wait, where are you going? Listen mister, maybe you have some spare change for me?

IRISH

(Looks at change and gives to Sadie.)

Again with the spare change? Some delegate. Here's a couple of bits for you, don't spend it all in one place. Bag ladies, everywhere you look bag ladies. Lord how I hate every one of them! She reminds me of my mother when we were poor, she does. And how could you be

(Exits)

a delegate? Of all people, impossible.

(CARL is sitting on bench and reading. Underscoring ends.)

SADIE

(Sizes up Carl – aside.)

Look at him with that mustache. Looks just like Hitler and he's sitting on my bed and he didn't even ask, may I. Some nerve. Maybe I should ask him for a dollar? I mean '*schlepping*' all this change could give me a '*kille*,' a hernia. Listen, mister, maybe you got a dollar, I sure could use two cups of coffee...

CARL

Didn't that guy just give you 50 cents, what do you think I'm made of money? And I'm not a sucker lady and do I detect a Jew accent? My luck, I had to meet the only Jewish bag lady in New York City?

SADIE

I certainly am and I'm proud of it and do I detect a Nazi accent, Mr. Nazi?

CARL

It's German... I was born in Berlin and not all Germans were Nazis.

SADIE

Of course not, during the Nuremberg trials, did you hear one Nazi admit he was a Nazi? Well, did you, I didn't.

CARL

Listen, you Jew who eats with black people. I'm busy trying to see if I want to enter this contest, so if you don't mind...?

SADIE

You say you're not a Nazi and you call me Jew? Why not, *Jude*? I bet your father used to say, '*Juden rouse*,' didn't he?

CARL

'*Gut 'n himl*,' what are you a mind reader? I told you I am digesting this article about this promising contest, so, would you please excuse me?

SADIE

First give me a dollar and maybe I'll excuse you...?

CARL

(Takes dollar from wallet - clicks heels.)

All right, here, here's your dollar, now leave me alone, *rouse*!

SADIE

(Takes dollar.)

Thank you, Mr. Clicker. Now, you can read about your promising contest, see if I care. You want to win that million dollars, don't you.

CARL

I deserve it.

SADIE

You certainly do and what about the movie, do you deserve that too?

CARL

Donald Sutherland, maybe DiNero will play me, what do you think?

SADIE

Both very good actors. So, did you find a delegate you can tell your story to?

CARL

I'm in the process.

SADIE

(Snaps fingers.)

Don't wait too long, because things like this, they disappear just like that.

CARL

Don't I know. Carl must find a delegate, I demand a delegate.

SADIE

All right, start talking mister.

CARL

You are a delegate?

SADIE

Don't I look like one?

CARL

No, you do not look like a delegate. You, my lady of the street are a bag lady and I have no intention of telling *MY* story to you.

SADIE

Suit yourself, mister. If you want somebody else to win, it's okay with me. I'm sure I'll find a thousand people that will be glad to tell me their story, so that they, not you, will win the million.

CARL

Give them my regards, '*Auf vider zein, Madame,*' until we meet again.

(CARL exits as IRISH returns.)

IRISH

I changed my mind.

SADIE

I knew you would, because you're too smart to pass up a chance to win all that money.

IRISH

And what about the movie? Let us not forget about the movie. I love the movies and I want Duval, Robert Duval to be me.

SADIE

An excellent choice.

IRISH

I know I won't win, because I've never won anything, madam, but I sure would know what I'd do with that million, if by chance you and your benefactor decided that it is time for me to repay that poor family... Jesus, allow this unworthy, drunken Irishman the chance to atone. Well, here goes... I was a policeman in the Bronx, 42nd Precinct for over 35 years. Religious, go to church every Sunday, still work with the Boy scouts and caught many a thief and mugger. Therefore, I believe you should tell your boss that entitles me to the million.

SADIE

So far, you're not entitled to a damn thing. And to tell you the truth, I don't think this is going to work out. You're wasting my time with all this '*chazerai*,' garbage. Goodbye, no hard feelings.

IRISH

What do you mean goodbye, I came back didn't I?

SADIE

Sure you came back, because greed, the chance of fame and fortune, listen, you're not the only one that suffers from these vices. There are millions in the naked city. That's funny isn't it, the Naked city...?

IRISH

Please, give me another chance and yes greed, avarice, fame and fortune are the reasons I have returned. I will try to be as candid as humanly possible.

SADIE

All right, but if I hear you giving me a cockamamie story, you're out.

IRIS

Agreed, my name is Joe Gilacuty but my friends call me Irish, because I was born in Dublin, some 67 years ago and my father, may he walk with the wings of an angel in heaven, brought us here when I was 13. God fearing, he taught me to respect others, "*Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,*" he would say. "*Always help the needy, 'cause weren't we a starving lot in Ireland?*"

SADIE

'*Neboch*,' what a pity, I used to be poor too and then I had almost as much money as Rockefeller.

IRISH

Really? So, what happened?

SADIE

It's a long story, but now it's time for your story.

IRISH

I can still hear him say, "*Always remember how your poor mother had to beg for food, because your father couldn't get a job*" and most important, "*Always obey the 10 Commandments, 'cause the Gilacuty's believe in Jesus, mother Mary, Joseph and the law.*" He was so proud of me when I became a policeman like him and nearly busted a gut when I became sergeant. He was so proud that he borrowed the money from my uncle Lew and catered a huge party for our entire family, which must have been 40 people at the time, besides, all of my friends, at least 20 officers from my precinct and most important,

(Sings.)

my beloved wife, "*Rose, Rose I love you, with an aching heart...*" She was the love of my life, she was. We never had children and it wasn't her fault, no, not by a long shot. I hate to say this, in fact it's the first time I ever told anyone, but seems the blarney in me had a low sperm count, but, Rose stayed with me... Tell the whole truth, damn it! That's it, I don't think I can tell you another word, 'cause I'll start to cry, I will. You'll have to excuse me, but I must be going.

SADIE

You started out real good, but I hate to tell you this mister, that's not enough. The big cheese told me he wants more. For a million dollars, he wants a hell of a lot more.

IRISH

Perhaps another time, but right now, I can't go on.

SADIE

Tomorrow?

IRISH

If God be willing.

(IRISH exits as SADIE approaches WASHINGTON, who just returned, is leaning on a lamppost and smiling.)

SADIE

Listen Mr. President, I'm glad you came back. That guy before, looked just like a Hitler. So, tell me the truth, you're not one of his Nazis, right?

WASHINGTON

Do I look like a Nazi to you, Sadie?

SADIE

Boy, am I glad, because lately, everywhere I look, Nazi's seem to be popping up. Listen; since I treated you to lunch, maybe you got a few cents you can spare?

WASHINGTON

I could use some spare change myself, know what I'm sayin', I could use some sugar, know what I mean, sugar?

SADIE

I'm not interested in your sugar, Mr. President. Personally, I never use sugar, diabetes, I hate diabetes. My husband, that rotten sonofabitch deserted me and died from diabetes. The Mayor, the cops are trying to lock up everyone that sells drugs, but I say, the hell with the drugs, they should lock up Grand Union, Shoprite; they're the ones that are selling all that sugar, to all those unsuspecting '*schmucks*.' They say it's hard to stop using heroin and crack...

WASHINGTON

...You got that right...

SADIE

...Try getting them to stop putting sugar in their coffee, their Rice Crispies, impossible. Do you use sugar in your coffee, Georgie?

WASHINGTON

Three spoons.

SADIE

Then you got a problem, '*boichic*.'

WASHINGTON

You know it.

SADIE

You're hooked, aren't you?

(SADIE sees CARL return.)

SADIE (cont'd)

Excuse me, Mr. President but I see I have a customer that has returned. I'll be back, I'll be back.

(SADIE approaches CARL who smiles.)

SADIE (cont'd)

I'm glad you came back. *'Vi gaitz?'*

CARL

'Danke shein.' I came back, because I cannot take the chance of you being an actual delegate. My luck you are, and like a *'dum kupp,'* I passed you by. I desire very much the million dollars and the opportunity to have my auspicious life story told.

SADIE

(Clicks heels.)

I agree *'Herr general.'* Now, for the sake of fame and fortune, let me have it baby, let'er rip!

CARL

It will be my pleasure. I am German by descent and my parents, who I loved very much, gave me a splendid education. My father and two uncles were killed during and after the war. Due to these unfortunate circumstances, my dear mother lost her mind. I long to return home, for I would love to take care of her and in addition, I miss my country very much. How's that?

SADIE

Horseshit, that's how's that. Listen, I haven't got time for this crap, so, why don't you take a walk, better yet, why don't you go back to Germany? There's a million people waiting to tell me their story, they want to win the money; they want a picture made of their life. You, you're full of it. You're probably some rich sonofabitch that's loaded.

CARL

Absolutely not, I need the money, I must have the money and I crave to have my auspicious life story made into a major motion picture. How can you doubt, *'Herr'* Carl?

SADIE

Because, if it was so important, as you say it is, you wouldn't give me this crap about your German descent, how you loved your parents. Tell me about the pain, man, tell me what's really bothering you. Tell me about your inner most secrets. Secrets that you are ashamed of, secrets that you are disgusted with, that torment you. If not, take a walk buster, I'm busy.

CARL

Now, you swear that you are a delegate?

SADIE

I don't swear, because Jews don't swear.

CARL

My luck, I had to find a Hebraic delegate. I hate Moses, Abraham, all of you! My name is Carl Wertheim and I was born in Berlin in 1933. I came to this country in 1963 and because I was so dynamically Teutonic, I was able to get a job as a doorman at the very elegant, Pierre Hotel, where I have remained for 30 years... The weather here, the four seasons are '*vunderbar*,' that's why it was easy to love everything about this city. Pizza, Chinese food, the theater, baseball, football, the women, such beautiful women. But for some strange reason, perhaps because I don't have any friends, I've always felt alone. Even though I have a small apartment on 86th Street and Second Avenue, the German district, I always found it difficult to meet an Aryan woman, perhaps that is one of the reasons why I never got married.

(Sings )

JEW BLUES

We're blonde, blue eyed Aryans,
Forever so alike.
Humanitarians,
That lived for the Third Reich.

Hitler, beloved leader,
Would smile and click his heels.
Sieg heil our greeter.
Ate schnitzel at all meals.

Then the Nuremberg trial.
Changed our fate forever.
And Goebels lost his smile,
When he heard them say never, again.

Going back in time.
When I got the news,
Seems I lost my mind.
Carl's paying his dues.
To me it's not fair.
Jews belong in zoos.
Yes, of course I care,
Because, I got the dirty Jew blues.

Father was a trooper,
Göring his best friend.
My mother was super.
The war came to an end.

Then the nightmare started.
No longer could I sleep.
Deutschland, soon I parted.
Swartzstickas I would keep.

I yearn to go back home.
America I hate.
Here I'm all-alone.
Tell me why must I wait?

Going back into time.
When I got the news.
Seems I lost my mind.
Carl's paying his dues.
To me it's not fair.
Jews belong in zoos.
Yes, of course I care,
Because, I got the dirty Jew blues.

SADIE

You think you got the blues? I used to own ten buildings on Second Avenue, ten on Park Avenue and 12 on Madison Avenue. I'm sorry, please forgive me.

CARL

You're forgiven; just don't let it happen again. I'm only trying to be funny. Despite my '*mute*' being a brilliant language teacher, she taught me to speak Italian, English and French by the time I graduated high school. I used to call her on her birthday. All she did was sing, "*Deutschland uber alles.*" I stopped writing to my '*mutter*,' perhaps 20 years ago, because she never wrote back. I believe she became *verrückt* because of what happened to my father. Without my '*tate*,' she was always depressed and after we lost the war, she started hearing things. She was so disappointed; she never forgave me for leaving her alone. I want to win the money so that I may return to my homeland, a hero, and buy a castle in Heidelberg, Baden Baden, or the Black forest and have my poor '*mute*' live with me once again. Hopefully she will forgive me. I want to go home because I feel threatened by all the blacks and Puerto Ricans that live in my building. I stopped eating fruit because I despise the Koreans that seem to own every fruit and vegetable store. Despite it all, I am one of those very happy people, who enjoy tremendously all New York City, has to offer. I often go to many of the Museums, the Met and the Guggenheim are two of my favorites, for I have always been enamored with Rembrandt, Gaugan, and Monet. I go to Central Park,

have lunch and read Kierkegaard, Jung, even Freud whom I have very little respect for. I want to meet a woman desperately for I still have much desire, but, of course she must be Aryan... Forgive me, but I believe that is all I can tell you for now.

SADIE

There's more?

CARL

You ain't heard nothing yet, baby.

SADIE

When shall we meet again?

CARL

As soon as I gain my composure and have the nerve to continue.

SADIE

Until we meet again, '*Herr*' Carl.

CARL

(Exits.)

Yes, *auf veider zein*, until we meet again.

(SADIE stares at LORETTA, who stops reading and approaches her. WE hear "I COULD CRY" underscoring.)

SADIE

Listen sweetheart, I'm sorry to disturb you, but maybe you have some spare change? I know I'm going to be hungry later.

LORETTA

(Looks in wallet.)

All I have is a ten.

SADIE

Ten's good.

LORETTA

Don't be silly...

SADIE

You want change, I got plenty change.

LORETTA

(Gives \$10.)

Here, give me back eight, keep two for yourself.

SADIE

(Counting.)

All I have is seven.

LORETTA

All right, all right, anyway, I have to get going.

SADIE

See you tomorrow?

LORETTA

(Starts to exit.)

Probably.

SADIE

Don't forget to bring plenty singles and by the way, I saw you reading. Were you thinking of entering that million dollar contest?

LORETTA

Why yes, I was.

SADIE

I knew it, because you're so beautiful.

LORETTA

Why thank you.

SADIE

So, tell me, you're looking for a delegate?

LORETTA

Why, yes I am.

SADIE

Are you prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God, because I haven't got time for any baloney; Maybe a little pastrami but no baloney.

LORETTA

I don't know if I'm capable of telling the truth.

SADIE

If you want to win all that money, you better be capable, *'buhbaleh.'*

LORETTA

All I can say is, when the time is right, hopefully I'll be able.

SADIE

All right, get on your mark, get set, go! I want you to start from the beginning.

LORETTA

Oh, my God, I don't believe it. You're not going to tell me you're one of those delegates?

SADIE

Shhh, don't tell anybody, it's supposed to be a secret.

LORETTA

Are you kidding me?

SADIE

Would I kid you? I don't even know you. Now, I want you to talk loud and slowly and tell me everything. If you want to win, tell me everything, start with your name.

LORETTA

(Spanish accent, laughs.)

My name is Jose Emenez, I'm only kidding, my name is Loretta Greer, I'm 37 years old and I teach emotionally disturbed children in East Harlem. I would like to win the money, so I can take care of them. Perhaps, go on a vacation to Hawaii. I live alone, I've always lived alone, perhaps that is why I'm lonely. I lead a boring existence and hopefully a great screenwriter will turn my story into something exciting, romantic. How am I doing?

SADIE

That's the most boring piece of crap I ever heard and I heard a lot of crap. Listen Loretta, I'm too busy to waste your time and my time, so, maybe you should forget about the whole thing? You really don't want to win that money, especially to help those children, so, cut the BS, *'buhbaleh,'* you and I know that you have much more *'tsores,'* much more pain that you're not telling me about so, I'm finished, I wash my hands.

LORETTA

Wait a minute, give me a chance, do you think it's easy telling a perfect stranger my darkest, innermost secrets? Give me a break, will you?

SADIE

I'm going, there's couple of people by the pond that have been looking for me.

(Starts to exit.)

'Zai gehzunt,' maybe I'll see you again and don't forget the singles.

LORETTA

Please, give me one more chance.

SADIE

All right, but don't waste my time, shoot!

LORETTA

I've never been married, nor do I want to be. I'm quite content teaching. My mother died when I was seven and my father raped me when I came home from her funeral. He was an alcoholic and continued to molest me until I went away to college... Better?

SADIE

Now you're talking.

LORETTA

(Sings operatic aria.)

I have seen many psychiatrists, but unfortunately they did not help, for I still hate my father with a passion and even hired a man to kill him. The man was an undercover detective, I was arrested and there was a trial. I hired a wonderful attorney, who, under cross-examination, got me to testify how my father abused me. He tortured and raped me! A sympathetic judge and jury exonerated me and arrested my father. He received a ten-year sentence, which he is now serving in the Rahway State Penitentiary. I thank God, Almighty, that he has given me my children. I love my children more than life itself, for I understand their pain and their lack of the ability to communicate. And so I fornicated with my boys. For my entire childhood, I too, often did not speak; I too thought I was crazy. That's why I feel that I was destined to be their savior, their mentor. There is one particular student named Hector Garcia, 17, Puerto Rican, terribly handsome, speaks with a lisp, neurotic, suffers from schizophrenia and has the mentality of an eight year old. For the last year or so, I bring him home to my apartment on the weekend. Hector loves to listen to Bach, Beethoven and loves to play monopoly... He's so handsome, so very handsome. Sometimes we play... Oh, I can't go on. And so I pray, what can I say...

SADIE

(To Loretta.)

Why are you crying, what's the matter?

LORETTA

You wouldn't understand... I have to go, I just can't go on.

S Goldberg

The Overwhelming ***Truth***

1-1-28

SADIE

Tomorrow's another day.

LORETTA

Yes, tomorrow's another day.

End of Scene 2

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT I

Scene 3

The next day.

Same as prior scene. SADIE and WASHINGTON are eating. IRISH, impatient is staring at them and pacing.

SADIE

So, how's the flounder?

WASHINGTON

The flounder, the coleslaw, everything's out-of-sight. And what's this thing about you being a delegate. Are you really a delegate, Sadie? Come on, tell me the truth.

SADIE

Does it matter? I'm a person, you're a person, I'm lonely and by the looks of things you're lonely. 'Nu,' so you told me a few things, did it cost you something, and tell me the truth, don't you feel a little better?

WASHINGTON

I suppose. Sorta felt like when I used to go to confession, only difference is, I couldn't win no million dollars.

SADIE

And I hope you win, *'buhbaleh,'* I hope you win.

(IRISH approaches SADIE.)

IRISH

Good afternoon, Sadie, I hope you are enjoying your lunch?

WASHINGTON

(Eating.

Gives.)

The flounder, the coleslaw is out of sight. Want a taste, we got plenty, here, it's real good.

IRISH

Well, I don't want to be intruding.

SADIE

You're not intruding, you're not intruding. Sit down. Here's a napkin, a piece flounder, coleslaw, a '*shtickle*' rye bread. I got enough to feed an army.

WASHINGTON

(Offers hand.)

My name's Washington, friend...

IRISH

(Shakes hands.)

...And mine's Irish, pleased to meet you friend.

(THEY eat as LORETTA arrives and watches from afar. After a beat, SADIE notices LORETTA and motions for her to join them.)

SADIE

Hello Loretta...

LORETTA

Hello Sadie, how are you.

SADIE

Never mind me, how are you?

LORETTA

I guess I'll survive.

SADIE

Did you have lunch yet? We have plenty, so why don't you join us?

LORETTA

Oh, I couldn't do that, I really couldn't.

IRISH

And may I ask why not, Loretta? I just intruded and what's good for the goose is...

WASHINGTON

...Good for the gander. My name's Washington, like good old Georgie and this here is Irish. Pleased to meet you and pull up a chair. Come on, sit down girl, the foods delish and the company ain't bad either.

LORETTA

Oh, what the heck, if you can't beat 'em, might as well join 'em.

(LORETTA sits on blanket and SADIE gives her food.)

LORETTA (Cont'd)

(Eating.)

This is delicious, *Mmmm*, I was starving.

IRISH

Do you come here often, Loretta?

LORETTA

Every chance I get.

WASHINGTON

(Eating.)

Me too, dig the coleslaw?

IRISH and LORETTA

Yes.

(IRISH and LORETTA smile to each other.)

IRISH

I do not mean to be presumptuous, but I came back to talk to you, Sadie, I really want to win all that money.

WASHINGTON

Are you talkin' about that million-dollar contest...?

LORETTA

...And they also make your life story into a major motion picture?

WASHINGTON

Denzel's gonna do me.

IRISH

I was hoping that Robert Duval would play me.

WASHINGTON

And who's gonna play you Loretta?

LORETTA

I don't know, maybe Cher.

WASHINGTON

Yeah, you both look a little alike.

SADIE

Listen, I got an idea. I got a deck of cards. Why don't the three of you pick a card, high card talks to me first, agreed?

ALL

YES!

(SADIE takes a deck of cards from her shopping bag. Shuffles them and each pick a card.)

SADIE

Boy, Irish got an ace, Loretta got a nine and Washington got a four. All right, Loretta, Washington, get the hell out of here. When I'm through with Irish, Loretta, you bring your *'touches'* back and then you, Georgie.

(LORETTA and WASHINGTON depart.)

SADIE

Now remember the last time mister, no baloney, don't waste my time, because this delegate has a lot of listening to do, so, are you ready?

IRISH

I believe I am.

SADIE

Then let me have it, brother.

IRISH

I was Christened Joseph Gilacuty 67 years ago in Dublin, Ireland and two God fearing parents raised me.

SADIE

You told me that already.

IRISH

I suppose I told you we were poor because my dear father always had a hard time making a living.

SADIE

Don't worry what you told me, just; go on, Goddamnit, because I'm busy!

IRISH

I had a brother, Timothy that wasn't all there. We came to this country when I was 13. Fortunately, my father, Joe Sr. became a policeman, which became the most important thing in his life, and thanks to this wonderful country, for it was the first time he was able to support his family more than one day at a time.

SADIE

Again with your father? Leave your father out of it, and tell me about you, Goddamnit!

IRISH

(Sings operatic aria. )

I SHOT HIM in the BACK

Believing in Jesus, our Lord Savior,
 He taught me to believe in the 10 Commandments and because he was a policeman,
 To have the utmost respect for the law,
 I could not ask for more, than believe in the law that is for sure.
 When I was 21, I married the finest Irish lass I could ever imagine,
 Rose Kilpatrick was her name and I loved her more than anything,
 For she was not only the only lover I ever had, she was my best friend.
 Until the end she was my best friend.
 Even when the department, my fellow officers turned against me,
 Rose said, no matter what anyone said, or believed,
 she knew I would not kill anyone, unless I had due cause.
 She believed that until the day she passed.
 I've asked Jesus for forgiveness the last 30 years.
 The last 30 years I live with fears, and a 1,000 tears.
 Some how, I don't think he's forgiven me,
 I guess that's why I've become such a drunk, can't you see?
 You see, sweet Jesus, I drink to ease the pain, the guilt for taking a man's life.
 Sure, Juan Gonzalez was nothing but a low-life, Puerto Rican and he was dealer no less,
 But in the eyes of my sweet lord, he was a human being—won't you please bless.
 He had a wife and a little girl, a mother and father that loved him as mine loved me that he
 supported;
 It is purported that he supported them all.
 He was running and in my blind rage,
 My dedication as an officer of the law,
 My desire to prove to my father that I was a cop he could be proud of forever more.

(Looks up.)

I shot him four times... in the back.
 I had no right to shoot him four times in the back,
 But, I shot him in the back, and that's a fact, I shot him in the back.

SADIE

'Oy...'

IRISH

Although I said he was shooting at me, my life was never in danger, for he didn't have a gun. He was running away, because he didn't want to get busted again and I shot him, Lord, I shot him in the back and then I planted a gun in his hand that I fired four times in the air. I can still see his face, his little mother and father's tears, his wife and little girl crying for thirty years. I still hear them crying in my sleep. What sleep, who can sleep?

SADIE

I used to have a hard time sleeping too.

IRISH

Made the front page of The Daily News, they called me... I was promoted to sergeant, the department, Rose, my father, all my sisters and brother called me, like the papers, a hero,

(Drinks from paper bag.)

some hero wouldn't you say? Now, I don't want you to think that I want the money for selfish reasons.

SADIE

Of course not...

IRISH

...Not at all, If I'm granted the one million, I'll give every red cent to Juan's little girl, his wife. I would have split it with his parents, but unfortunately I heard they passed, and as far as you making a movie about my life, hey, I guess it would be all right to tell my story, but under no circumstances can you use my real name. Now, I want you to promise me, woman, I want you to swear on the Holy Mother Mary's name, that other than the zillionaire that you have to report to, no one will know my identity.

SADIE

(Loud.)

NEXT!!

IRISH

Wait a minute, how'd I do?

SADIE

Don't call us, we'll call you. Now get out of here, NEXT!

(IRISH forlornly departs, as LORETTA rushes back)

SADIE

Now remember what I told you the last time?

LORETTA

About the boring crap?

SADIE

I don't want any, because I'm too busy. You see how many people want to talk to this delegate. 'Nu,' I'm waiting.

LORETTA

My name is Loretta Leslie Greer. I never tell anyone my middle name, because it was my mother's... I'm going to celebrate my 38th birthday this coming September 15th, I've never been married and I teach emotionally disturbed children, I had a terrible childhood, because my mother died when I was seven and...

SADIE

...Your father was an alcoholic since time and anon and he raped you when you came home from your mother's funeral, 'nu...?'

LORETTA

...I tried to make excuses for him, telling myself that he was only trying to get close to my mother, I lied to myself... He'd make me wear these see through, baby doll pajamas, sit on his lap and then he'd rape and sodomize me.

SADIE

He did it 'til you went away to college, you saw several psychiatrists... Get on with it, get on with it.

LORETTA

...And thanks to my father, discovered why I had and still have an aversion for men. God blessed me and I got a degree in special education. I must admit, I have loved numerous students throughout my career. I lead a secret and double life, which causes me to be depressed most of the time. I am embarrassed and ashamed of my actions, which is due to a sexual disorientation, obsession, which, for some unknown reason gives me much pleasure and satisfaction. I am not lesbian, perhaps momentarily. My orientation, my love is for the small penis.

SADIE

You're the first woman I ever met that liked a small penis...

LORETTA

...Small and eager is my preference. Since I have been teaching I have discovered that I do not like men, for they are far too controlling, intimidating. My father was controlling and intimidating, that is why I do not like to be dominated. I always have to call when and where I make love. The ad said they want to make a motion picture, well I'm certain, making a motion picture about a mature woman fornicating with teenage, mentally disturbed boys will assuredly arouse some prurient interest. The money that I receive will be used to help support the poor families of all the boys I have had affairs with. I'm certain that none of them will even remember having slept with me, for most of them, thank God don't remember anything.

SADIE

That's it?

LORETTA

I'm afraid it is.

SADIE

Don't call us, well call you, NEXT!

(WE see CARL waiting impatiently.)

LORETTA

How will you call me, you don't even have my telephone number.

SADIE

Write it on piece of paper, I'm busy, I'm busy, I'll call you.

LORETTA

Promise?

SADIE

Yeah, yeah I promise, NEXT!

(Dejectedly, LORETTA leaves as WASHINGTON and CARL run to SADIE. SADIE shakes her no to CARL who stands to the side and will wait impatiently.)

WASHINGTON

How we doin', 'buhbaleh,' do I still got a chance?

SADIE

No comment. Now Georgie, remember what I told you yesterday?

WASHINGTON

About me not bein' the only 'shvartza' and the 'oys?' I remember ev'rythin' you said, woman and I sure loved that flounder and maybe, I might even try that 'gefilte' fish. Tell me the truth, is it really good?

SADIE

With a little horseradish it's delicious.

WASHINGTON

Then lay it on me Mama lay it on me. Now, is you ready for Washington?

SADIE

I'z ready bro, lay it on me.

(WE hear underscoring of, "I'm Bad.")

WASHINGTON

Let's see, I'm 27 years old, I snort coke, smoke crack and been an addict for the past three or four years. Sorry, I think I've been an addict since I was fourteen. That's when I started smoking reefer, sold it too. Used to be a dealer and made a lot of bread. Taught my baby brother, Frankie to sell it and wouldn't you know it, we both got popped. It was the second time I went away and seems, every time I went away, I got raped. I could deal with it 'cause I'm hard, but my baby brother, he became, he became gay and I never forgave my self.

SADIE

One of the most important things in life to learn is forgiveness, especially yourself... I know, you may continue, Georgie.

WASHINGTON

The three cats that did me the first time, I ain't never seen them again, but the mother that got me at Rikers, I saw him at a bar on 117th Street and Seventh Avenue. I waited three hours 'til the mother came out. He was stoned and was wobbling down the block, when I sneaked up behind him and cut him with my knife, real bad. I promise you that cat never raped another guy again... I never really liked my parents too much, because my father was a junky and my mother was a lush and yeah, she shot up too. I guess addiction runs in my family, don't it? If it wasn't for my aunt Clara, I wouldn't know what the word love means. Seems she was determined to love the world and she did, and she made a lot of bread doin' it too. Anyway, the nicest cat I ever met was this priest, I forget his name, but he was like the father I always wanted. See, I was livin' in flophouses, not eatin' too good and not only did I eat at the church, I lived with him in the rectory.

SADIE

Some priest act like men from God...

WASHINGTON

Slept in the same bedroom. Now, even though I was gettin' high all this time, I was still grateful. Anyway, one night, when I was smacked out of my mind, I saw him come in with a mess of money and put it in his top drawer. When he went to sleep, I decided to cop it and cut out. Just as I was about to open the door, he turned on the lights and asked me what I was doing? I told him to get out of the way, GET OUT OF THE WAY MAN, GET OUT OF THE WAY! Then he started givin' me some jive about "*God grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change.*" Funny, I always remembered what he said, any way, when he started screamin' I took out my knife just to scare him, but he screamed even louder. I was afraid the cops would come, I was afraid to go back to the slammer, 'cause I sure as shit didn't want to get raped again. To save my ass, I had to cut his throat.

SADIE

'Oy.'

WASHINGTON

I never forgave myself, 'cause he was the nicest priest I ever met... "*God grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change.*"

(Underscoring ends. WE see CARL pacing nervously.)

SADIE

That's some story darling, some story.

WASHINGTON

Did I win, did I win?

SADIE

Not yet, not yet, but you're close... Now, get out of here, 'Herr' Carl is dying to tell me his story, NEXT!

(CARL and IRISH sit as WASHINGTON departs.)

CARL

It certainly took you long enough, madam. So, do I still have a chance?

SADIE

It's up to you mister. Do you remember what I told you yesterday about wasting my time?

CARL

About the horseshit and the crap, I remember distinctly.

SADIE

Good, and now, where did we leave off?

CARL

My name is Carl Adolph Wertheim.

SADIE

So, now it's Adolph...

(WE hear underscoring of "JEW BLUES.")

CARL

...I was born in Berlin, 1933. Although I have never admitted it to anyone in this country, for fear of the J.D.L., the Jewish Defense League and all those Kike sympathizers. My father was in the S.S. and best friends with Hitler himself, that is why he said he named me Adolph. I've never told anyone that my name is Adolph, for I was always embarrassed by the defeat of Hitler, Eichman, Borman, and Mengele. Goebels was my Godfather.

SADIE

I always hated your Godfather...

CARL

...I do not admit to being a Nazi, nor have I ever, but I have secretly always admired the master race. The reason I came to this country was to get away from my mother, who was Eichman's secretary and secret mistress for the duration of the war. Fortunately, my father never found out, but I knew, my friends knew. Despite the fact that my friends laughed at me behind my back, like a true Aryan, I forgave her. I must admit that I never liked the Jews, for I think they are primarily responsible for the downfall of *Deutschland*. Since you ask for the truth, because I believe you want to make an exciting motion picture and since I am part of the Führer's race, I have prayed for the elimination, the annihilation of all the Jews, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, Japs, faggots, lesbians, the mentally retarded, the cripples and anyone that is not blonde and blue eyed, perfect. I am determined to win your million dollars, for, am I not finally telling the truth. I was accused and arrested for setting fire to a Jew synagogue and I hired a Jew attorney. Smart, wouldn't you say?

SADIE

A regular genius...

CARL

...Can you imagine a Jew attorney representing Carl Adolph Wertheim? The Kike had me exonerated. The funny thing is, after the trial, I couldn't stop laughing, when I told the Jew attorney that, I was really guilty. I read sometime later that he hung himself. Not that I am a Nazi, but I am an Aryan and in my heart I feel all the kikes should have been eliminated. If my Führer only had more time, *Juden rouse Juden rouse!* I'm sorry but I still cannot control my hatred. In any event, there is much more to my story. There are many Jew cemeteries quite close, Beth El, Beth David that escaped the Theresienstadt, the Jew concentration camps.

SADIE

My husband is buried there, he should rot in...

CARL

...There must be a million Beths in Long Island and another half-a-million in New Jersey that I'd love to visit. Oh, how I cherish them, '*mien liebchen.*' I'd rather go there than even my beloved museums. I've avoided detection by wearing black, removing my boots, putting on sneakers as I creep through the cemeteries, two, three o'clock in the morning. At first, I make love to the gravestone by massaging it, fingering and spitting on the Jew star, then I sing a romantic '*lieder*' as I masturbate. Oh, how I love to masturbate on Jew graves. It is the one remaining joy in this lonely man's life. After my orgasm, I gleefully topple the gravestone and scream. "*Deutschland uber alles!*" We tried to disinfect and eliminate all the *Juden* we could at Chelmno, Belzec, Sobibor, Maidenek and my favorite, Auschwitz but we failed, and thanks to Himmler and Eichman and Aktion Einhardt we took their gold teeth and we made millions of *Deutch* marks. Very soon, I hope to be returning to my homeland. Unfortunately there are few Kike cemeteries remaining. I am certain that my story will be enough for you to make a major motion picture. I can't wait to meet your millionaire and

(Underscoring ends as CARL exits.)

shake his hand at the Fontainebleau for there is still much to be done.

IRISH

(Sings )

I DRINK

Tell me where shall I go?
Tell me what should I do?
I'm confused all I know.
Such a fool to tell you.

More than once told a priest.
Begged Jesus to forgive.
I prayed my life would cease.
I sure don't want to live.

I drink 'cause I can't stand the pain.
I drink, 'cause I'm going insane.
The guilt makes this life feel like hell.
Dear Lord, I ain't doing too well.

SADIE, WASHINGTON, CARL, LORETTA

He says he drinks because he can't stand the pain.
Because he's a man plumb gone insane.
The guilt that he hides' driven him to hell
Lord knows he ain't doing too well.
Dear Lord he ain't doing too well.

Without Rose it's too hard.
That's why I've turned to God.
Hoping he'll understand.
I am such a weak man.

I have made a mistake.
Which leads to my heartache.
I need serenity.
What will be, let it be.

I drink 'cause I can't stand the pain.
I drink, 'cause I'm going insane.
The guilt makes this life feel like hell.
Dear Lord, I ain't doing too well.

SADIE, WASHINGTON, CARL, LORETTA

He says he drinks because he can't stand the pain.
Maybe it's because he's a man plumb gone insane.
The guilt that he hides' driven him to hell
Lord knows he ain't doing too well.
Dear Lord he ain't doing too well.

SADIE

Now I know why he drinks so much, *nehboch*; if I had such pain, I would drink too.

End of Act I

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT II

Scene 1

Same scene.

**ALL are present reading newspaper.
What they are reading will be heard,
via V.O.**

A week later.

V.O.

First, I want to thank you, for it is apparent from your enormous response that tens upon tens of thousands of you have become friends so that you may enter my contest regarding the million dollars and the motion picture opportunity. Again, I want to thank you. I have taken this advertisement out to warn you, that I have become aware that there are impostors going around pretending to be my delegate. Be careful, trust no one that is not spiritual, that does not believe in the stars. Hopefully, I am nearing that moment to send those ten lucky contestants, \$5,000. Good luck and may Orion be with you. Your friend, one of the richest people in the world.

LORETTA

Did you read what I just read, Washington?

WASHINGTON

You mean about that contest we're all tryin' to win?

CARL

Seems there's a lot of frauds going around, pretending they are the delegate, aren't they Sadie?

SADIE

Isn't that something?

IRISH

In this city, more scams are pulled than you have hair, Carl.

CARL

Don't I know, Irish? Can it be that the Jewess is conning us, that she is not a delegate after all?

LORETTA

Why would Sadie say she's a delegate, if she's not? What good would it do her?

CARL

Blackmail, that's the good it would do her. She learns about our deep, dark secrets, and then she makes a bundle blackmailing us. The woman is a genius, she's a con. Perhaps she will sell my story, your stories to the Enquirer? Don't worry, leave it up to this thief to...

WASHINGTON

Man, you got to be crazy, if you think Sadie is a thief. Ain't no thief ever gave me a tissue when I had a cold, gave me lunch when I was hungry, said 'oy' a thousand times when I told her my story. Sadie's a nice lady, the nicest Jewish lady I ever met.

IRISH

Even though she's, as we all call her a bag lady, somehow, I believe that she truly is a delegate.

CARL

Do not be absurd, how can a bag lady meet one of the richest people in the world, and why would he select her to be his representative?

(SADIE takes a crystal ball from her shopping bag, rubs it and Sings )

OOOH, OOOH**SADIE**

Oooh, oooh, not only am I a delegate, I'm a fortuneteller, too.
I can feel it coming on, I'm getting a heartburn, I'm kidding, 'nu'? *Oooh, oooh*, so how's by you? When the moon is full and the stars are in Orion, only I can predict the future, maybe. Sometimes I'm right and sometimes 'nu', not everybody's perfect all the time, ask me, Sadie the bag lady.

WASHINGTON

That proves it man that proves it.

CARL

That proves nothing, '*dum koppf*.'

WASHINGTON

Oh yeah, didn't she say something about the stars in Orion and here, look at this

(Shows newspaper.)

ad, don't it say something about the stars in Orion?

(ALL look at newspaper.)

LORETTA

It says it right here; "Trust no one that is not spiritual, and may Orion be with you," which is a constellation of stars. Sadie just said something about Orion, didn't she?

(SADIE rubs crystal ball and makes spooky sounds and sings .)

SADIE

Oooh, oooh, I can hear it all now, I'm telling you.

Better I can hear it because my eyesight isn't good anymore, 'nu,' so how's by you?

Because the stories you told, don't worry I'm not selling them to the Enquirer, *Oooh, oooh*.

I predict you're all going to get a cashiers check for \$5,000 in a couple of weeks,

That's if the mail is on time and if I was you, I'd make sure you all gave me your addresses, that's what I would do, *Oooh, oooh*.

(ALL hurriedly write on paper.)

End of Scene 1

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT II

Scene 2

**One month later.
Central Park.**

**WASHINGTON approaches SADIE, who
is rubbing her crystal ball, making eerie
sounds and sitting on bench.**

SADIE

Washington, my favorite President, I knew you were coming.

WASHINGTON

I know, 'cause my favorite delegate got the crystal ball, don'tcha?

SADIE

They say you can always count on your president.

WASHINGTON

Would the president disappoint his favorite fortuneteller?

SADIE

'Nu', was I right Georgie, did you get the check for \$5,000?

WASHINGTON

Cashed the sucker last week, Mama.

SADIE

And...?

WASHINGTON

Suppose you want a little taste, don't you?

SADIE

Only if you think I deserve it, 'nu?'

WASHINGTON

How's 50 sound?

SADIE

That's it, \$50? I got you \$5,000 and all you think I'm worth is a rotten \$50? Shame on you.

WASHINGTON

All right, I'll give you a 100. One yard, take it or leave it.

SADIE

Make it 150, no, 200 and we got a deal. After all, fair's fair.

WASHINGTON

You got it '*buhbaleh.*' That's how you say it, right?

SADIE

Ooh, you're so cute, you're so cute.

(SADIE kisses WASHINGTON as IRISH arrives singing.)

IRISH

(Singing )

"I'm sittin' on top of the world, I'm rollin' along and I'm singin' a song."

(Pinches Sadie's cheek.)

How are you gorgeous, Mr. Washington?

SADIE

I see you're okay, aren't you Mr. Gilacuty?

IRISH

Couldn't be better Sadie, couldn't be better.

SADIE

And would you please tell the listening audience why?

IRISH

You know why, you know why, I'm \$5,000 richer, thanks to you beautiful, five big ones.

SADIE

And...?

IRISH

And what?

SADIE

Where's my share? Doesn't the fortuneteller deserve something?

IRISH

Well, I suppose you are the delegate and it's your crystal ball...

SADIE

Nu...?

IRISH

How, does 200 sound?

SADIE

That's all? I get him \$5,000 and he offers me 200. I'm asking you, is that fair, Mr. President?

WASHINGTON

Don't sound fair to me, *'buhbaleh,'* no way.

IRISH

250 and that's my final offer.

SADIE

Cash?

IRISH

(Counts and gives money.)

On the barrel, right now. Here you are *'buhbaleh.'* That's how she says it, right Washington, *'buhbaleh?'*

WASHINGTON

Be careful, this chick's contagious; she eats *'gefilte'* fish.

SADIE

Ooh, you're so cute, you're so cute...

IRISH

You forgot *'buhbaleh.'*

SADIE

Ooh, you're so cute, too.

(SADIE kisses IRISH as CARL arrives.)

IRISH
Hi ya mate.

WASHINGTON
What's happenin' bro?

SADIE

'Nu,' did you get the check?

CARL

You know I did, Mrs. Fortune Teller, don't you?

WASHINGTON

Then what the hell are you so bugged about, man?

CARL

Why don't you ask Mrs. Know it all, our all, omnipotent, delegate?

SADIE

Oy, don't tell me you lost it?

CARL

You knew I would lose it, you Jew, fortuneteller, didn't you?

IRISH

Only an asshole would lose a \$5,000 check.

CARL

Well, if it makes you happy, say hello to your fellow asshole, asshole.

SADIE

Does that mean you're not giving me my cut?

CARL

What kind of cut, what kind of cut? Since when did you become my agent?

WASHINGTON

How'd you lose it man?

(WE hear "JEWS BLUES" underscoring.)

CARL

It was late at night and the last thing I remember is, I put that damn check in the back pocket of my black pants.

WASHINGTON

And...?

CARL

Then, I think I got in my car and went to the cemetery.

IRISH

Who goes to the cemetery at night?

CARL

I always go at night, it's my thing. Anyway, it was very late and there was a full moon, when suddenly I saw flashlights, I heard voices and they were running, I got scared and I started running.

IRISH

Why did you start running, you were in a cemetery, what were you afraid of?

WASHINGTON

The cat was probably afraid of ghosts. Man, I hate ghosts and personally, I think you have to be out of your freakin' mind to go to a cemetery at night, I mean, there's got to be all kind of spooks there.

CARL

That's right, I thought I heard spooks yes spooks. That's why I started running; I hate spooks, no offense intended, Washington.

WASHINGTON

That's cool and that's where you lost that \$5,000 cashiers check.

IRISH

You know it's payable to the bearer. Anyone can cash it.

CARL

Don't I know... Some freakin' old Jew probably found it. The rich get rich and the poor...

(LORETTA arrives singing and dancing.)

LORETTA

(Singing - takes Sadie, sings and dances with her.)

"Oh boy I'm lucky, this is my lucky day." "Shall we dance...? Boom boom boom, on a gray, cloudy evening shall we fly?" Oh, Sadie I love you, I love you. You said I would win and I

(Kisses Sadie and crystal ball.)

did. I love you and your crystal ball. You are my all time favorite delegate.

(SHE looks at CARL, smiles and gives hand signal. HE takes her in his arms and THEY dance as she sings)

LORETTA (cont'd)

"Oh, how we danced, on the night we were wed..."

CARL and LORETTA

(Singing. )

"...We vowed our true love, though a word wasn't said."

(ALL hum melody as IRISH dances with SADIE for a few beats)

WASHINGTON

What about me, man, don't the president count?

SADIE

You certainly do.

(SADIE stops dancing with IRISH and dances with WASHINGTON.)

WASHINGTON

(Sings )

"I found my thrill, on blueberry hill and lingered until my dream came true."

SADIE

(Pinches Washington's cheek.)

Oooh, you're so cute, you're so cute.

IRISH

Shall we?

(ALL hold hands; form a circle and sing , "BUHBALEH," to "WHO IS SYLVIA.)

BUHBALEH

ALL

Who is *'buhbaleh*?
Do we adore her...?"
Yes we do, yes we do, yes we do.
She's our *'buhbaleh,*'
We live for her.
Yes we do, yes we do, yes we do.

CARL

I told her my story.
I hope she believes me.
If she deceives me?
She'll find out I'm gory.

WASHINGTON

She gave me a tissue.
She sighs sometimes she'll 'oy.'
She knows I'm a 'goy.'
Sadie likes to kiss you.

ALL

Who is '*buhbaleh?*'
Do we adore her?
Yes we do, yes we do, yes we do.
She's our '*buhbaleh.*'
We live for her.
Yes we do, yes we do, yes we do.

LORETTA

At last someone knows me.
About my obsession.
Felt like confession.
Can it be, she'll pick me?

IRISH

Knows that I loved my wife.
My terrible mistake.
Why I have this heartache.
Why I'd like to take my life.

Who is '*buhbaleh?*'
Do we adore her?
Yes we do, yes we do, yes we do.
She's our '*buhbaleh.*'
We live for her.
Yes we do, yes we do, yes we do.

(ALL cheer and slap five)

SADIE

And we're all leaving August 4th...?

ALL

YES!

SADIE

Continental, gate 82 at 12:30...?

ALL

YES!

SADIE

And we're all raring to go...

ALL
YES!

CARL
No.

SADIE

What's the matter Carl, why no?

CARL

What for, I won't win the million, he won't make my story into a movie, will he Sadie and she knows why.

WASHINGTON

Hey, man, just because you lost the bread doesn't mean you don't have a chance. You got a chance just as much as any of us.

LORETTA

You certainly do. The millionaire picked your story out of who knows how many stories his delegates told him. He selected you, because he thought your story had potential.

IRISH

Listen Carl, you have to go. What are the odds that of all the millions of stories from this city, he would pick us? Us mate and we all know each other. Can't you see, it's destiny...

(SADIE rubs crystal ball and makes spooky noises)

SADIE

Oooh, oooh, I can see it all. Never mind seeing it all, I can hear it all which is much better, because my eyesight isn't that good. The voices tell me that Carl Adolph Wertheim must go. So, stop giving me all this baloney mister, you better go.

LORETTA

Please Carl... I'm in room 1243. What room are you in, big boy?

CARL

1245.

LORETTA

Oooh, you're next door. Maybe we could have dinner, perhaps a martini. Do you like martinis, Carl.

CARL

Only with olives, I must have two olives.

LORETTA

Then two olives it shall be and I'm treating.

CARL

When I drink I like to nibble on peanuts.

LORETTA

Then peanuts it shall be.

WASHINGTON

Then I guess that settles it, you are comin' bro.

(SADIE rubs crystal ball and makes spooky noises)

SADIE

Oooh, oooh, I have a vision... I see a wedding in the 'Shvartz' Forrest. A tall, good lookin Aryan, with his mother holding his hand. She hears music, no she hears noises walking down the aisle. 'Nu,' are you going or what?

LORETTA

Of course he's going, aren't you, big boy?

CARL

Well, now that you put it that way.

IRISH

If you want to borrow my tux, you're welcome, mate.

CARL

What size are you?

IRISH

40 regular.

CARL

Perfect.

WASHINGTON

Damn, now I suppose I have to fly to Germany for the wedding.

IRISH

Me too, because I'll have to keep an eye on my tux, won't I?

SADIE

All right, I was never crazy about Germany, but the 'Shvartz' Forrest is supposed to be beautiful and I haven't gone to a wedding in years.

WASHINGTON

Sounds like fun, man, I ain't never been invited to no weddin', so, I want to thank you for invitin' me and congratulations, bro, congratulations.

CARL

'Dum kopfp, du bis verrückt!' I'm not getting married.

IRISH

According to my favorite delegate and her crystal ball you are.

CARL

The hell with her crystal ball and her shopping bags! I hate Jews, and their shopping bags! I hate every shopping bag, every crystal ball! *'Yuden rouse!'*

(CARL spits on SADIE'S crystal ball, grabs her shopping bags, kicks them and pours everything out. Then HE runs away and ALL are amazed.)

SADIE

(Sings. )

HATE

To live with so much hate.
Has to be the worst fate.
His torment and despair,
Won't get him anywhere,
But hell, I wish him well.
I wish him love, I wish him peace.

He was taught to hate Jews.
So now he pays his dues.
I know he feels alone.
There's no one in his home.
It's hell, I wish him well.
I wish him love, I wish him peace.

ALL

How can you wish him love?
How can you wish peace?
He hates you and every Jew.
Liked to get rid of me and you.
He's a Nazi, the S.S.
Can't you see he's not a man to bless?

SADIE

Let's forgive and forget.
I'm not through with him yet.
There'll come a time he'll learn.
We're not supposed to burn.
To live, one must give.
Because he's a dope, he needs hope..

ALL

We will not wish him love.
We will not wish him peace.
He hates you and every Jew.
Liked to get rid of me and you.
He's a Nazi, the S.S.
Can't you see he's not a man to bless?

End of Scene 2

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT II

Scene 3

An hour later.

ALL are sitting on blanket.

WASHINGTON

(Brandishes knife.)

See how he called you a Jewess? I should have cut him.

SADIE

Remember what happened the last time you cut someone, Georgie?

WASHINGTON

Then, I should of just kicked his Nazi ass.

LORETTA

Such unmitigated gall.

IRISH

What audacity, spitting on poor Sadie's crystal ball.

LORETTA

I love your crystal ball, I really do, Sadie.

IRISH

We all do, Sadie.

WASHINGTON

Think it will still work, *'buhbaleh?'*

SADIE

(Sobs and caresses crystal ball.)

I hope so, because this pussycat goes way back.

LORETTA

As far back as Scheherazade?

SADIE

Further.

IRISH

Omar Kayam?

SADIE

Still further.

WASHINGTON

As far back as my Lord Jesus?

SADIE

Even further than Moses and Abraham.

IRISH

What's further than Moses and Abraham?

SADIE

I'm talking about Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal.

ALL

THE CAVEMEN?!

SADIE

They didn't know how to talk yet, maybe a little sign language but that's it. When a wolf, or a bear or that '*chorlehrya*' Tyrannosaurus Rex would come by, they were so scared that they rubbed this crystal ball and they prayed, they didn't pray like you and me, because they mumbled, *oooh, oooh*. Thanks to my *oohing*, that's why you never see a wolf or a bear and tell me, when was the last time you saw a dinosaur? Before he spit on it, I used to rub it everyday and I used to go *oooh, oooh*, now, I don't even want to touch it. So, watch out, the dinosaurs are coming.

(Carrying some things, CARL sheepishly returns.)

WASHINGTON

Well look who's back, if it's not the Jew hater himself.

IRISH

What are you doing here, mister?

LORETTA

And to think I danced with him.

CARL

I came back to apologize to all of you, but mostly to Sadie. I'm so sorry for doubting you were a delegate and spitting on your crystal ball. Seeing you all so joyous made me feel like a fool. I was distraught, disturbed and forlorn. I was so embarrassed by my stupidity. Can you ever forgive me?

SADIE

We forgave you after the war, didn't we?

WASHINGTON

Why'd you come back man?

CARL

I had to tell you the good news.

LORETTA

What kind of good news are you talking about?

CARL

(Sings. )

THE CHECK

When I went home,
I opened my eyes,
And much to my surprise,
The check was on my dresser.
Yes sir, the check was on my dresser.

IRISH

I suppose you also didn't go to the cemetery?

CARL

I always go.
That is my thing.
Tombstones, they make me sing.
The check was on my dresser.
Yes sir, the check was on my dresser.

SADIE

I'm very happy for you, Carl.

CARL

You should be partner.
So put her there.
To show you that I care.
I will give you ten percent.
Sadie allow me to be decent.

(Talks.)

\$500. How does that sound?

SADIE

500's not bad for a start, but what about the crystal ball?

WASHINGTON

Yeah man, she deserves another five for you spittin' on it.

LORETTA

Do you know how old it is?

IRISH

It's been in her family for who knows how long?

SADIE

What do you mean for who knows how long? Since the cavemen, since the dinosaurs.
What do you mean, how long?

CARL

Not a penny more, do you understand? Take it or leave it, \$500.

SADIE

What about six?

CARL

Take it or leave it!

SADIE

All right, all right, I'll take it, but I don't think it's fair.

CARL

To show you how I beg your forgiveness, my Jewish seer, I offer you
(Gives Ouija board.)
this ancient Ouija board that has been in my family for years.

SADIE

To tell you the truth, I used to have a driver named Luigi, a nice Italian fellah. Go know he had a Luigi board named after him.

LORETTA

(Laughs.)

That's Ouija board, not Luigi board. Ooh, you're so cute...

CARL and WASHINGTON

...'Buhbaleh,' you have to say you're so cute 'buhbaleh.'

SADIE

I don't think I'm in the mood for your Luigi board, Carl. Thanks anyway, but I'll stick with the \$500.

CARL

(Gives cards.)

What about these Tarot cards? You know Merlin and so many fortunetellers have used Tarot since before King Arthur.

SADIE

Tarot? Sure I have a little arthritis and that's why I'm so concerned with the Tarot in my old bones. When it rains, my Tarot kills me, I mean its murder.

LORETTA

(Laughs.)

That's marrow, not Tarot, Sadie...

IRISH

...You forgot to say you're so cute...

WASHINGTON and IRISH

...'Buhbaleh.'

(We hear refrain of "BUHBALEH," as WASHINGTON and IRISH laugh and slap five.)

SADIE

Laugh, laughing's good for you. I remember when I used to have dinner in the private dining room at the Fontainebleau. I used to laugh too. Was it *fancy shmancy*. So, what are you going to wear, Loretta?

LORETTA

Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll take my black, knitted dress, it's very sexy. I have this dark purple, full skirt with a lavender blouse, which I love and maybe I'll take my green tailored suit.

CARL

I like green very much.

LORETTA

On second thought, maybe I won't, I think I'll take my pink shift instead.

CARL

I like pink very much too, Loretta.

LORETTA

I changed my mind, I think I'll take my navy, blue blazer and a pair of gray slacks.

CARL

That is my favorite combination. I wear a navy, blue blazer and gray slacks all the time. Perhaps we can both wear that when we go to dinner, Loretta?

WASHINGTON

Yeah, then you'll look like the freakin' Bobsey twins, won't you?

CARL

And since I found the money, would you be so kind and allow me to treat you to a martini or two, '*mein shatz?*'

WASHINGTON

What the hell is '*mein shatz?*'

LORETTA

It means my woman, doesn't it Carl?

CARL

It most certainly does and I hope, I hope you do not feel I am too presumptuous, but it would be my honor to dine with you.

LORETTA

(Sarcastic.)

Perhaps before, but since your outburst, '*mein leibshen.*' You see '*Herr*' Carl, I speak German quite fluently; My grandparents, who despised Hitler with a passion, were also born in your '*Deutschland,*' so was my despicable father, may he rot in jail.

IRISH

How come your father's in jail?

S Goldberg

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LORETTA

He's a pedophile.

WASHINGTON

He's a what?

SADIE

A child molester, he touches children.

LORETTA

Thank you, Sadie.

CARL

Anyone we know?

LORETTA

You certainly do.

SADIE

(Rubs crystal ball.)

Oooh, oooh, since I'm not going to be with you in Miami, I predict, what predict, I demand that in two weeks we're going to have a pre-Miami Beach celebration, right here. I want you to wear what you'll wear at the Fontainebleau, Irish, you bring a little corned beef and cabbage, Carl, maybe a little *viener schnitzel*, Loretta, plenty of ice cream and you Mr. Washington, fries and your boom-box, because at my party we dance, agreed?

ALL

Agreed!

End of Scene 3

The OVERWHELMING *TRUTH*

ACT II

Scene 4

Same set.
Two weeks later.

8:P.M.

ALL are formally attired. **CARL** and **LORETTA** are both wearing blue blazers and gray slacks. **IRISH** and **WASHINGTON.** are wearing dark suits and **SADIE** is wearing a lovely dress. **ALL** are drinking and in great spirits. Throughout we hear underscoring of "BUHBALEH."

SADIE

You all look gorgeous.

WASHINGTON

(To Carl and Loretta.)

You too, 'buhby,' and you two look like...

LORETTA

Don't tell me, let me guess, the Bobsey twins.

CARL

We do look good together, don't we?

SADIE

(To Washington.)

You're going to have a good time in a couple of weeks, so, stop thinking about your brother, Frankie and stop feeling so guilty. it's not your fault. Besides, some 'fageles' are happier than me and you put together.

WASHINGTON

I suppose, but if he could only see me when I eat in that private dining room at the Fontainebleau, in fabulous Miami Beach, and all expenses paid man, it would blow his mind. Sure wish he was going, 'cause I miss him, I really miss him.

IRISH

Fancy, shmancy, right, 'buhbaleh?'

(WASHINGTON and IRISH slap each other five.)

CARL

I hear that the room where we're going to dine in is reserved only for the president and foreign dignitaries. That place is certainly...

IRISH, WASHINGTON

...*Fancy, shmancy.*

(THEY slap each other five.)

SADIE

You know what this reminds me of, remember that program on television called the millionaire? This reminds me of that program.

LORETTA

There is a similarity, because they both became terribly rich. On that program and *vis-à-vis* us, the participants told their heart felt story just like us, but, this Sonofagun is not that altruistic, he's going to make a blockbuster movie out of our problems and probably make a couple of hundred million to boot.

(ALL sing. )

NOT YOU

WASHINGTON

This cat is smart alright, real slick.
he'll get rich makin' a flick, about me.

CARL

About you, what about me?
I can assure you it is my destiny.

IRISH

Not you or you, he'll pick me.
I am certain that is how it will be.

LORETTA

Not you or you or you.
He'll make a flick he'll make a pic
About little ole me.
You'll see, little ole me.

CARL

I've dreamed about being a movie star.

LORETTA

Hollywood, the Academy award.

IRISH

A Mercedes Benz, that will be my car.

WASHINGTON

I'll do some toot and make sure I'm not bored.
The cat sure had some fantastic idea.

SADIE

It's not an original idea. Many years ago, there used to be a column called '*the Bintl brief*,' in the '*Tug*,' which was a Jewish newspaper. People used to send their stories, their '*tsores*' and if they were lucky, they used to get published. They were happy just so they and their friends could read their stories and they didn't get \$5,000 like you all did.

(We hear Underscoring of "**BUHBALEH.**")

WASHINGTON

Thanks to you and your crystal ball and you know, I like the way '*buhby*' sounds more than '*buhbaleh.*'

SADIE

So, who's stopping you, '*buhby*' all you want, '*buhbaleh.*'

(SADIE slaps WASHINGTON five. "**BUHBALEH**" ends.)

CARL

(Takes Loretta's hand.)

You look quite lovely, Loretta.

LORETTA

You don't look so bad yourself.

CARL

(Drinks.)

Thank you for the compliment and thank you for the martini.

LORETTA

(Drinks.)

I just brought it, because I knew we both liked martinis, don't we Carl?

CARL

I love what you are wearing.

LORETTA

Like wise, I'm sure.

IRISH

(Approaches Loretta.)

May I have this dance, *mademoiselle*?

LORETTA

I thought you'd never ask, *messieur*...

(We hear melody of "I COULD CRY," as LORETTA and IRISH dance, much to CARL'S dismay.)

WASHINGTON

(To Sadie.)

May I have this dance *'buhby*'?

SADIE

(Laughs.)

I thought you'd never ask.

(Annoyed, CARL approaches LORETTA and IRISH.)

CARL

May I cut in, *'Herr'* Irish?

IRISH

Sure, but I'll be back and *'Herr'* yourself, mister.

(We hear, "I COULD CRY" refrain, as CARL dances with LORETTA.)

CARL

You dance beautifully. You are as light as a feather.

LORETTA

'Bitte.'

CARL

I am so pleased that you have Aryan blood in you.

LORETTA

Not Aryan, as in Nazi, German, Teutonic, but not Hitleresque in any stretch of the imagination. I abhorred that Nazi bastard and all those who followed him. Did you follow him, Carl?

CARL

I was too young.

LORETTA

Thank God.

CARL

To each his own, '*mien shatz.*'

LORETTA

Yes, to each his own.

CARL

You know, I believe our meeting was fated. Since I have come to this wonderful country, I have been looking for my ideal mate. Naturally, she had to be of Germanic heritage, intelligent, beautiful and most of all compassionate. I believe you possess all of the above

(Kisses her hand.)

and more, for you are the most beautiful woman I have ever met.

LORETTA

(Coquettish.)

Really.

CARL

I am quite taken by your charm, you are magnificent, '*vunderbar!*'

LORETTA

(Coy. Underscoring ends.)

Really...?

(IRISH returns.)

IRISH

(Sort of laughs.)

Mind if I cut in, '*buhby,*' I mean buddy?

CARL

Yes I do mind, I certainly do.

IRISH

Loretta, would you do me the honor?

LORETTA

I shall return, my '*shatz.*'

(We hear "I DRINK," as IRISH and LORETTA dance.)

SADIE

My feet are tired, '*buhbaleh*,' I mean '*buhby*.' Maybe we should sit down?

WASHINGTON

Whatever be your pleasure, sweetheart.

(SADIE and WASHINGTON sit. WASHINGTON speaks to CARL.)

WASHINGTON (cont'd)

Looks like you got some competition, man. She's a fine lookin' woman and looks like Irish got hot rocks for her too, know what I'm sayin'?

CARL

I do not have hot rocks, as you say for Loretta. My intentions are honorable, you hear, honorable!

WASHINGTON

Don't give me none of your jive. You mean you sayin' you don't want to ride her, brother? Bet Irish got a mind to hit the saddle.

CARL

If he even lays one hand on her, I will...

WASHINGTON

...You will what, man?

CARL

That is for me to know.

(Underscore ends. We hear four loud shots which frightens ALL.)

(Stops dancing and holds head in anguish and sings.  operatic aria.)

TAKE ME

IRISH

I've been to confession.
And confessed all my sins.
Tormented obsession,
A fool who never wins.

A fool in purgatory.
A fool is not that smart.
Ashamed that is my story,
A pain that fills my heart.

Please sweet mother Mary, my dear lord Jesus take me.
I can't take this pain anymore.
If the Father, Son and Holy Ghost don't save me?
I blow my brains out that's for sure.

I married Rose Kilpatrick
The finest Irish lass.
And she became so sick.
It's me is why she past.

His name was Juan D Siscan
I shot him in the back.
A low-life Puerto Rican.
A dealer that's a fact.

Please sweet mother Mary, my dear lord Jesus take me.
I can't take this pain anymore.
If the Father, Son and Holy Ghost don't save me?
(Cries - takes out gun and puts it to his head.)
I blow my brains out that's for sure.

LORETTA
Oh, my God.

SADIE
Don't do it.

WASHINGTON
Cool it man.

CARL
YES, DO IT!

SADIE

Irish, why are you doing this?

IRISH

You know why I'm doing it, don't you Sadie? Go ahead, tell them!

(Momentary refrain of "BUHBALEH.")

SADIE

Everybody makes mistakes, *'buhbaleh.'*

WASHINGTON

I thought you said you liked *'buhby'* better than *'buhbaleh?'*

(IRISH laughs.)

SADIE

You see, if you can laugh, it can't be that bad, 'buhby.'

(ALL laugh as "BUHBALEH" ends.)

LORETTA

Please give me that gun, Irish.

CARL

Don't worry, even though he should, he won't do it, he's just looking for sympathy, aren't you, you Irish bastard?

(We hear musical refrain of "I DRINK.")

IRISH

You're the one that needs sympathy man; you're the one that killed six million Jews, ten million Catholics, gypsies and anyone that wasn't blonde and blue eyed. I'll give you the

(Gives gun to Carl.)

gun, because the pain, the agony and guilt you live with must be unbearable. Here, do yourself and the rest of the world a favor you Nazi bastard and kill yourself.

(CARL takes and looks at gun for a beat.)

IRISH (cont'd)

Well, what are you waiting for? Pull the trigger, pull the trigger!

LORETTA

(Extends arms.)

Don't do it Carl, besides, you owe me a dance. I'm waiting, Carl, shall we?

(CARL gives gun to SADIE and dances with LORETTA)

WASHINGTON

You mean he killed 10 million Catholics, besides all those Jews?

SADIE

He didn't kill anybody, he was too young.

WASHINGTON

But, I bet he sure wanted too, didn't he?

SADIE

Wanting and doing are two different things.

(IRISH lights cigarette, light flares and he burns hand. SADIE sees what happened, it triggers something and she momentarily loses it.)

SADIE (cont'd)

(Extends arms and scoots around pretending she's an airplane.)

My husband wanted something, but I did it, I'm the guilty one... look, I'm flying like a
(Flying, runs around. - Licks Irish and barks)
pigeon, don't I look like a pigeon...? And now I'm a little puppy, arf, arf, arf, arf.

(WASHINGTON embraces SADIE who cries.)

WASHINGTON

Take it easy Mama take it easy. Ev'rything's gonna be all right. Come on, why don't we sit down.

(WASHINGTON and SADIE sit down.)

IRISH

I'm leaving Washington. I just can't take all this lunacy. Seems the truth, the overwhelming truth is too overwhelming to handle..

WASHINGTON

What about the bread, man, the million simoleons, and what about the flick?

IRISH

(Starts to exit.)

I don't want it.

(Suddenly the sky darkens and there is a torrential down pour. ALL run excepts SADIE who looks to the heavens and sings.)

I MOO

SADIE

(Sings. 🎵 operatic aria.)

'Gott 'n himl,' my name is Sadie Rosenberg for as long as I can remember.
I'm 65 years old and for the past three years I pretended that I lived in Central Park.
After Dark, they call me a bag lady and I don't blame them.
Thanks to Abie, I still own over a hundred buildings on the Upper East Side.
My husband Abie was an accountant, big shot financier, he had pride.
and to him nothing was more important than money.
Funny, he stopped calling me honey,
His honey became money.
That bastard loved money more than me.

It was so important to him, that's all he could see.
That not only did he hide it from the government,
he tried to hide it from me, but Sadie was too smart.
After being married to him for maybe 30 years,
I guess, I became like him, too; I lived in his zoo.
About 15, 20 years ago, when real estate was sky high
And they were putting up these high rises all over the East Side,
Abie was so jealous,
you couldn't talk to him, he was obsessed.
I get undress, but it didn't matter, he was obsessed.
A few of his friends made hundreds of millions of dollars having a bunch of their tenements
Converted to high rises
And most of our buildings were under rent control.
It was driving Abie, crazy, '*meshugeh*.'
He did everything he could to get his tenants to move.
First he offered them money, apartments in Miami, Long Island, nothing.
He bought a thousand rats and let them loose in all his buildings.
He hired thieves, '*gonifs*' to rob the buildings.
All that time, his friends were becoming Rockefellers and laughing at him.
Then he convinced me, a dope like me to take a couple of '*shmates*,' rags,
pour some kerosene on them and start a fire.
That was his desire, to start a fire
And like a fool I started a fire...
I did it and did I perspire.
It was the worst thing I ever did in my life.
Not, only did we get caught,
But I was fraught with shame.
I've been telling every body that Abie died from diabetes,
Some diabetes, he had a heart attack and died in jail.
When I heard he died,
I was also in jail and that's when I lost my mind.
I became blind and lost my mind...
I became '*meshugeh*'
I was in the crazy house for six years,
And I shed more tears after all those years.
And I didn't stop ranting, raving and crying.
I felt so guilty.
I didn't go crazy because Abie died;
I went crazy because of what happened to that poor family on the top floor...
I never forgave myself.
I asked for help but couldn't forgive myself...
And sure it was your idea, dear God and you're so right,
(Talks and kisses and rubs crystal ball.)
What do I need all that money for, especially at my age.

I also think it's fair I give somebody else a chance, don't you?

And you, you're a genius, a regular Einstein...

You know, I just figured out why you're always right, because you're smarter than even me

And just because I cluck once in a awhile, that's no reason to go back to the crazy house?

(Sings.)

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(Talks to crystal ball.)

"Crazy they called me, yes, I'm crazy, crazy in love with you." I'd rather hang around with you, *'buhby,*' because we understand each other, don't we? And you think, because I like milk and cookies, it's perfectly permissible to moo? Moo, moo, now you're happy...? Moo, moo. I think it's cute too, that's why I moo. I lived in the crazy house, the zoo, because I started to moo... Of course I know it's not my fault that Irish wanted to kill, himself, you have to tell me? There was a time I wanted to kill myself too. When that family died, I was just as tormented. You don't remember? Listen, I bought you in that thrift shop because I thought it would be fun teasing all those *'meshugenehs'* and it was. You've given me more fun than I ever had and I want to thank you. You know, I was thinking, there's so many people, must be millions that could use a little help, and I'm not only talking about in Central Park. Israel, Russia, China. So what do you say, should I buy tickets?

(Lights.)

The End