

"EL PASO"

A politically incorrect musical comedy

Based on a Television Pilot by Bill Froehlich and Allan Jay Friedman

Book By Bill Froehlich

Music & Lyrics By Allan Jay Friedman & Jeff Silbar

Registered WGAw

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Note: Most actors will portray multiple characters.

UJESH, THE APACHE, narrator

LIONEL BONHAM-JONES, an English barrister

LADY BONHAM-JONES, his mother

LADY JANE, a blue-blood aristocrat

HUGO, a "friend" of Lord Harrington

LORD HARRINGTON, Lionel's uncle

INSPECTOR MARLEY, a New Scotland Yard detective

TATTOOED PRISONER, a tattooed prisoner

LUPE ALMAYA, Mexican co-owner of El Adobe

MEL, "Macho El Magnifico," the local "drug lord"

CISCO, an employee of El Adobe

PANCHO, an employee of El Adobe

WALLY WALEN, the mayor of El Paso

CZARINA KARINA, an international business woman from Minsk

ABAD GUY, The Maquiladoras sweat shop owner

ANGELITA, a young Mexican girl

ESPERANZA, Angelita's mother and a worker in the sweat shop

CHAIME GOLDBERG, a chef from the Stage Deli

BOBBY JOE BILLY, Maître D' and Texas cowboy

ELSA DIETRICH, German waitress

MOUNETTE CADEAU, French waitress

SAM DEE, KPAS TV reporter

FREDDIE, KPAS cameraman

YOSHI YAMASHITA, Technology business executive

LEE CHANG, Cyber-spying business executive

MICHAEL FLAHERTY, Global business executive

BRUNNHILDE HEINRICH, Global business executive

NICK O'TEEN, Tobacco business executive

MS. LOTTA BUCKS, Cancer business executive

JACK DEPORT, Border Patrol Ranger

JESUS H. JOHNSON, candidate for city council

SHEIK ABDULLAH, an Arab Sheik along with his wife, daughter, and mother

YORAM, an orthodox Jew

RONALD RUMP, a surveyor

JESSIE JAMES, Japanese cowgirl

HEDGE FUND OWNER, a hedge fund owner

UNCLE BOBBY, a former car thief

FATHER CHIKERE BABATUNDE, a black African priest

PRESIDENT O'LEARY, the President of the United States

SETTINGS

Lady Bonham-Jones' tea parlor

Lord Harrington's library

Jail cell

El Adobe feed store and well

Maquiladoras sweat shop

Lionel Bonham-Jones Public Garden and well

LBJ's Pub and well

Hotel room

PRODUCTION NOTES

Time: The Present

Place: London, England and El Paso, Texas

NOTE: It is part of the style and design -- and the theme -- of the musical that a number of actors will play two, three, or four roles. Also, the use of mannequins, floppy arm & leg dummies, and blow-up dolls is intended to portray characters who do not speak or simply represent "patrons" and who can be costumed to reflect any nationality or race. Since we humans treat "the other" as less than human, this also reflects our theme.

SONGS

1. A Cup of Royal Tea.....Lady Bonham-Jones
2. A Mommy's Boy Am I.....Lionel Bonham-Jones
3. Full Swing.....Hugo, Lionel, and Lord Harrington
4. A Mommy's Boy Am I (new verses).....Lionel
5. El Paso.....Mexican Band
6. Lupe's Dream.....Lupe Consuello Almayra
7. F U Y Su Madre Too.....Mel, Cisco, and Pancho
8. A Mommy's Boy Am I (new verses).....Lionel
9. Maquiladoras.....Sweat Shop Workers
10. Something About Her.....Lionel
11. I Like Women.....Sam Dee
12. Class To The Pass.....Lionel and Restaurant Patrons
13. Mi Querida Mi Vida Mi Amor.....Lupe
14. LBJ'S.....Mel and El Magnificos Band
15. A Mommy's Boy Am I (new verses).....Lionel
16. Fear.....Wally, Abad Guy, and Czarina Karina
17. Dream Catcher.....Ujesh and Angelita
18. All Me.....Czarina Karina
19. El Paso (Reprise).....Mel and El Magnificos Band

20. Time Has Come.....Lady Bonham-Jones
21. Eat.....Chaime Goldberg and Pub Patrons
22. Water.....Wally, Abad Guy, and Czarina Karina
23. Class To The Pass (new verses).....Lionel and the Cast
24. El Paso (Curtain Call sing-a-long with audience).....Mel and El Magnificos Band and Cast

ACT I

(House goes to BLACK. Curtain is down. A Native Indian drum beat pulses, then fades as the VOICE of Ujesh, the Apache, our narrator, booms out.)

UJESH (OFF)

I am Ujesh, the Apache. We are all woven into the web of life by the smile of The Great Spirit. My ancestors taught us the strands are all connected. No one is left out. Even that idiot sitting next to you is connected. Also the butthead behind you. And don't even get me started on the moron in front of you. But if we do not see the connection, only separate pieces, we are cast under a dark spell of our own making when we look at them as *the other*. We can only laugh our way out. So... be prepared for irreverence. Be very prepared.

(The curtain RISES.)

SCENE I

Lionel Bonham-Jones is every bit English upper crust and believes there should be a proper order to life. He's bent on changing the world for the better. His heart's in the right place, but his head's not. Secretly, he wants to cut loose and audaciously let the inner boy out to play.

(The Tea Parlor set is dark. A spotlight falls on Lionel Bonham-Jones bedecked in cloak and wig outside the Parlor. While Ujesh is heard speaking, Lionel removes his wig and barrister robes and places them upon their proper valet bar and stand.)

UJESH (OFF)

This is Lionel Bonham-Jones. English barrister. Our hero. A white man. Don't blame him for that, he couldn't help it. Now he needs his blue-blooded bubble burst and his pate popped from his posterior. In Apache that means "take his head out of his ass."

(Lionel pulls out his pocket watch and smiles at its precision as Big Ben tolls the hour. The spot goes OUT. Beat. Beat. Beat. The Lights COME UP on:

LADY BONHAM-JONES' TEA PARLOR

Lady Bonham-Jones is a woman of regal carriage but something in her behavior is not quite right... the playing of a part.

(High Tea is served to women of the aristocracy as Lionel enters. Lady Bonham-Jones grabs her son.)

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Lionel, darling, your uncle, Lord Harrington, has need of your legal services.

LIONEL

Yes, Mummy.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

His Lordship is innocent.

LIONEL

Yes, Mummy, he has informed me of such.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

You must protect his good name at all costs, for his name is connected to ours.

LIONEL

I will, Mummy, I will. This is the man I was born to be, on the side of all that is right and dignified, a guardian of civility for we are the Bonham-Jones's, known throughout history, like Byron and Blake, an aristocratic class act. Anyone can see that.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Whatever. All of England watches. Look about this room. Though they sip my tea, they breathe the air of intrigue. Gossip, my dear, is the true sport of kings. Look how their blue-blood faces turn, with painted smiles they wonder who are we, indeed, who is she?

LADY JANE

(walks past, wrapped in furs)

Oh my dearest Lady Bonham-Jones, what a delight, a true delight.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Lady Jane, so utterly very good to see you, I have you seated at our first table.

LADY JANE

As it should be. Do come over and converse with me.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Before my next breath.

(They nod to each other, then Lady Jane glides over to her table. Lady Bonham-Jones waits until she's seated, then turns back to Lionel as other ladies enter and find their way to tables where they sit.)

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Such a supercilious old sow. Look about you, Lionel, to these social butterflies. Their eyes will be on you as well. Beware how they sit. Their knees don't bend, they condescend. 'Tis a perilous business to sit and sip a cup of Royal Tea.

(She sings "*A Cup of Royal Tea.*")

THE CLIMB IS SLOW
THE LADDER'S MADE OF DOUGH
NO OTHER SPORT OF KINGS
HOLDS HALF AS MUCH INTRIGUE

NO THE BLUE-BLOODS CAN'T AGREE
UPON MY FAMILY TREE
SO LET'S HAVE ANOTHER SIP OF ROYAL TEA

MY HUSBAND'S NAME
IT IS MY CLAIM TO FAME
HE WAS A LORD OF LORDS
WHO LOVED THE PAGEANTRY

BUT HIS CRIMES THEY COULDN'T PROVE
HIS MOVES WERE WAY TO SMOOTH
LET'S ENJOY ANOTHER SPOT OF ROYAL TEA

LADY JANE
IN HER FURS
HAS HER LIMOS MARKED
HIS AND HERS

AND OVER THERE
SEE LADY MORTS
WHO BUYS PARIS PERFUMES
BY THE QUARTS

AND THERE YOU SEE
LADY SMYTH
HER NINE HUSBANDS
ARE NOT JUST A MYTH

AND THAT ONE
SPORTING THAT BUN
SHE NEVER GETS OUT OF BED
AND DOES SHE GET AHEAD

SO NO SURPRISE
THAT SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES
WILL NEVER BE DISSECTED IN BIOLOGY

IN COCOONS OF GOLDEN DUST
DOUGH MAKES UPPER CRUST
HOW ABOUT US
HAVE ONE MORE CUP OF ROYAL TEA

LADY STONE
SHE CONDESCENDS
SHE SPEAKS ONLY
TO HER HIGH BROW FRIENDS

AND TAKE NOTE
LADY TEAGUE
JUST A BAT ON THE BALL
IN THE LEAGUE

AND DON'T FORGET
THE LADY KARR
YOU COULDN'T DRAG HER AWAY
FROM THE BAR

AND IN THAT CHAIR
 OVER THERE
 IS THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR
 DIPPING PRETZELS IN BEER

OUR SOCIAL CLASS
 IS UNSURPASSED
 IN FACT THERE ARE FEW WHO RANK
 AS HIGH AS WE

YOU CAN QUENCH YOUR THIRST FOR HAPPINESS
 WITH LIQUECY
 HOW ABOUT A SPOT
 BACKED BY A LITTLE SHOT
 LET'S HAVE ANOTHER SPOT OF ROYAL TEA

(She gazes over the other ladies, then raises her cup
 in a toast. All the ladies raise their cups in unison
 toward her.)

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Lionel, dear, don't be late for Lord Harrington. History waits for no man.

LIONEL

Yes, Mummy, I will be on time to fulfill my destiny.

(Lionel leaves singing "*A Mommy's Boy Am I.*")

LA, LA
 MOTHER PLEASE BELIEVE ME
 I WISH TO MAKE YOU PROUD
 FULFILL MY STATELY DUTIES
 AND STAND ABOVE THE CROWD

I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR GOOD SON
 ON THIS YOU CAN RELY
 MY LINEAGE A GREAT ONE
 A MOMMY'S BOY AM I
 LA, LA

The actors from the tea party move the scenery and set pieces, transforming the tea party into Lord Harrington's Library and remove costumes to reveal the costumes of their new characters underneath. Some women were played by men who are now in top hats and tails. A scrim drops down and now we see only shadow actions of people changing into shapes.

(Lionel, with briefcase, enters outside of the portico entrance to Lord Harrington's while the set changes finish. He raps the brass knocker against the double doors and the knock ECHOES within. There is no response. Lionel checks his pocket watch and knocks again. The ECHO fades with no response. Lionel presses the INTERCOM BUTTON.)

LIONEL

Hello... Lord Harrington? Lionel Bonham-Jones here.

(no response)

Bonham-Jones, your barrister.

(no response)

Lady Bonham-Jones' son. My mother is your sister!

(He waits, then sings "A Mommy's Boy Am I.")

MOTHER PLEASE BELIEVE ME
I WISH TO MAKE YOU PROUD
FULFILL MY STATELY DUTIES
AND STAND ABOVE THE CROWD

I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR GOOD SON
ON THIS YOU CAN RELY
MY LINEAGE A GREAT ONE
A MOMMY'S BOY AM I

LIONEL

(opens doors, steps into the Library)

Your Lordship, I'm taking the liberty of letting myself in as I do not want to be tardy for our meeting. Hello...

SCENE II

LORD HARRINGTON'S LIBRARY

(Music crashes in along with people moaning and squealing for an orgy is in full swing. A Harpsichord plays. Lionel steps forward to shake hands with HUGO, a man in a tux, who strides over to him.)

HUGO

I'm Hugo! Good show, old man, come on in you pretty thing, the party's in full swing.

(Hugo grabs Lionel's hand and twirls him into a waltz spin and then a big, lip-locked kiss!)

LIONEL

Oh...dear...God...

(Upper-class Brits cavort in various stages of undress. Some women in men's clothes, some men in dresses. All dancing or playfully fleeing amorous advances. Hugo and Lionel sing "*Full Swing*.")

COME ON IN LAD HAVE A DRINK LAD
THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING
MAY I INQUIRE WHAT'S YOUR DESIRE
WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING

KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF
GET YOUR ROCKS OFF
IT'S A HAPPENING
GIRLS AND BOYS ARE DANCING ON THE BAR
THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING

(BRIDGE)
EVERYONE WHO'S ANYONE
ARE COMING HERE TONIGHT
CAVORTING CONSORTING...

HAVING THE TIME
OF THEIR OTHERWISE BORING LIVES

TAKE YOUR PLEASURE, AT YOUR LEISURE
A TREASURE TROVE OF QUEENS AND KINGS
EARTHLY DELIGHTS... HAVE A GREAT NIGHT
THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING

(COUNTERPOINT -- LIONEL)

OH MY LORD WHAT AM I DOING
HERE WHERE EVERYBODY'S SCREWING
SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY MY GOOD
REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED

WHAT A CRAZY PLACE THIS IS WITH
LUSTY LOOKS UPON THE FACES
OF SUCH LURID CLIENTELE
DEAR LORD I DON'T FEEL SO WELL
HEAVEN KNOWS I SHOULD RUN LIKE HELL

(A distinguished silver-haired man -- Lord Harrington -- in high heel pumps, black fishnet stockings, garter, and bare-chested except for a bra -- releases his embrace of a buxom woman, who is nearly naked except for tasseled pasties, a fig leaf, top hat and tails. He stares at Lionel.)

LORD HARRINGTON

Bonham-Jones?

(Lionel turns to see Lord Harrington.)

LIONEL

Lord Harrington... Oh Dear God.

LORD HARRINGTON

Were you invited?

LIONEL

Well, I did knock... several times actually. Our meeting your Lordship--

LORD HARRINGTON

-- is next Wednesday!

LIONEL

Oh Dear God. Yes, your Lordship, next Wednesday, of course, excellent. I will take my leave and shall return upon the appointed time.

(Lionel attempts to leave but is swept from one partner to another, women and men. One man is in a sheep costume. One woman is dressed as Little Bo Peep. Hugo sings more of "*Full Swing*.")

NAME YOUR POISON WE'VE GOT TOYS AND
GAMES FOR ALL TO PLAY
IF YOU'RE DARING... AND INTO SHARING
FEEL FREE TO SWING BOTH WAYS

YOUR FONDEST FETISH WHATEVER IT IS
LET YOUR DREAM TAKE WING
BODIES HUMMING THE JOINT IS JUMPING
THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING

WHAT'S YOUR REQUEST
DRESSED UNDRRESSED
I HAVE A HUNCH
YOU'LL LIKE IT A BUNCH

(Lionel stumbles into the BUTT END of the man in the sheep costume who is bent over a couch. GRIMACING in disgust, Lionel grabs "the sheep's" buttocks with both hands to push him away just as the doors burst OPEN and Scotland Yard, Bobbies, and the press swarm in SNAPPING PHOTOGRAPHS! Lord Harrington flees in haste.)

INSPECTOR MARLEY

I'm Inspector Marley of the New Scotland Yard. In the name of the Queen, you are all under arrest.

HUGO

Oh we love the Queen! Does this deserve a spanking? I do hope so, Inspector. You have lovely hands.

(Still grasping “the sheep’s” behind, Lionel GASPS in horror as a photographer takes aim -- everyone freezes -- and FLASHES a photo of him. On the FLASH, the lights go OUT except for a SPOT on Lionel and “the sheep’s” behind -- a beat, and that spot goes OUT -- then an old-time spinning newspaper reveal of blow-ups of front pages of London Newspapers *The Times*, *The Telegraph* and *The Daily Mail*, with a photo of Lionel behind “the sheep,” is projected on upstage screens in the library. A SPOT picks up his mother downstage right holding the papers and clutching her heart and moaning. In the DARK, the Bobbies lead everyone out as three walls of jail cell bars arrive to encase Lionel. There are two cots, one with a body on it.)

SCENE III

PRISON CELL

(Lights UP as Lady Bonham-Jones enters the cell to visit Lionel. He sits on the cot with his head in his hands. She places the newspapers beside him and points to his photograph.)

LADY BONHAM-JONES

That photograph does not show your best side and that sheep is clearly of inferior breeding, most probably from penal colony stock.

LIONEL

Well, I do believe he was Australian. Part of Lord Harrington’s private collection.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Five centuries of distinguished heritage has come to an end.

LIONEL

(stands in protest)

Oh no, no, no, no, no, you must not believe that.

(Lionel sings "*A Mommy's Boy Am I.*")

MOTHER PLEASE BELIEVE ME
I WISH TO MAKE YOU PROUD
FULFILL MY STATELY DUTIES
AND STAND ABOVE THE CROWD

(A large tattooed prisoner gets off the cot, scratches his ass, and stands over Lionel's shoulder.)

LIONEL

Oh Dear God...

(Lionel steps closer to his mother and sings...)

I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR GOOD SON...

(The cockney tattooed prisoner picks up a newspaper and groans with debauched delight.)

TATTOOED PRISONER

Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhh...

(Lionel timidly squeaks out more of his song..)

ON THIS YOU CAN RELY
MY LINEAGE A GREAT ONE

TATTOOED PRISONER

(with guttural delight)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa...

(Lionel sits next his mother, clinging and singing.)

A MOMMY'S BOY AM I

(The tattooed prisoner holds the newspaper and sings the last line as a rollicking guffaw!)

LA, LA

(He pats Lionel on the head, who shivers and shrinks from the unwanted contact.)

TATTOOED PRISONER

Is this saucy lad really your boy?

LADY BONHAM-JONES

There is no escaping it. And now...

(a grand pronouncement)

No Englishman shall ever again desire to keep up with the Bonham-Jones's!

LIONEL

Mummy, please, don't think that! There's an explanation for everything.

TATTOOED PRISONER

I use that line on me wife every night. Go on you sorry bloke, tell us a tall one.

(Lionel sings "*A Mommy's Boy Am I.*")

I WENT TO WINDSOR MANOR...
MUSIC PLAYING LOUD
THEY WERE HAVING QUITE A PARTY
IT TWAS A CRAZY CROWD

TATTOOED PRISONER

Ruffians and the like?

LIONEL

(appalled)

NOoo.

(Lionel sings "*A Mommy's Boy Am I.*")

LORDS AND LADIES DANCING
 CAVORTING ON THE FLOOR
 A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE
 I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

AND WHEN THE BOBBIES STORMED IN
 EVERYBODY SCRAMMED
 THAT'S WHEN A PHOTO CAUGHT ME
 UP AGAINST A LAMB
 LORD HARRINGTON TOOK ONE LOOK AT ME
 AND OFF HE BLOODY RAN

(The tattooed prisoner interjects and sings with a
 mocking, teasing lilt.)

LA, LA

(Lionel is flummoxed and beside himself, pulls out a
 handkerchief, wipes his brow, then discovers it is a
 pair of pink panties. He drops them -- and the
 tattooed prisoner swoops them up and sniffs them.)

LIONEL

What should I do, Mummy?

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Leave the country.

LIONEL

Leave England???

TATTOOED PRISONER

(glances at photos)

Without delay, Lord Buggery.

LIONEL

(to his mother)

And go where?

TATTOOED PRISONER

Plenty of sheep in New Zealand or Australia. Real pretty ones too.

(Lionel's appalled at the thought and moves away.)

LADY BONHAM-JONES

I do believe you were once given a deed of land somewhere in a remote part of the world for services rendered. An exotic name with a funny sound... El... El...

LIONEL

El Paso?

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Yes, exactly right. So, when you are released...

LIONEL

No civilized person in their right mind would go to El Paso, Texas.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

Excellent. Then no one who matters will find you.

LIONEL

But they must, for I have great plans to redeem the noble name of Bonham-Jones.

LADY BONHAM-JONES

There will always be an England, perhaps not so El Paso. I've never known of anyone, dear boy, who fell so far, so fast. From dignity to disgust, it's given me quite a rash.

(as she exits the cell)

I will find some way to blame all this on your father.

LIONEL

(grabs the bars and peers after her)

You promised me one day to tell me who he is.

(The tattooed prisoner drapes a brotherly arm around Lionel's shoulder... Lionel cringes. A scrim drops out front -- LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE III A

(In this transition, shadows of forms and movement are seen BEHIND the scrim while Native Indian drums pulse once again and...)

UJESH (OFF)

The writers of this tale chose not to have me, Ujesh, the Apache, a true warrior of the plains, as our hero, and so you must now put up with this pathetic, pale-faced putz seeking asylum in the land of my ancestors: El Paso Del Norte, 'The Pass to the North.'

IN FRONT OF THE SCRIM

(Lionel and his baby grand piano -- in a pick-up truck filled with Mexicans, two of which are Cisco and Pancho -- travel across stage. As Lionel winces looking about, the Mexicans sing "*El Paso*.")

EL PASO EL PASO
CAPTURES YOUR HEART LIKE A LASSO
USTED Y MIO DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

TEQUILA FRIJOLES OASIS OF THE SOUTHWEST
WARM AND SWEET LIKE A BESSO
MY PARADISO EL PASO

THE STARRY NIGHTS... THE FRAGRANCE OF
A DESERT RAIN... MAKE YOU FALL IN LOVE
EVERYONE FROM EVERYWHERE
YOU WON'T FIND NO STRANGERS HERE...

EL PASO EL PASO
THE BEST OF OLD AND NEW MEXICO
THUNDERBIRD MONTAINIA MAGNIFICO
MY PARADISO EL PASO
OY VAY!

(The pick-up exits as the scrim lifts and the
LIGHTS COME UP ON...)

SCENE IV

Upstage right, we see a water tower labeled "El Paso" with mountains visible behind it.

Upstage left, we see two chimneys for the Maquiladoras labeled "Juarez." Downstage right, the two walls of the El Adobe Feed Store jut out at an angle. The short horizontal wall has a large rectangular window several feet off the ground that extends across most of its width allowing a wide view inside. The angled wall, 45 degrees off the horizontal extends toward upstage center and has a large entrance doorway. There is a circular well "outside" these walls off to center stage left in the courtyard near the entrance. Outside the entrance Ujesh, the Apache, a cigar store wooden Indian, stands ramrod straight with one arm bent 90 degrees and palm up, a dirty high hat with a feather on his head. Inside, through the window and open doorway, we see the piled supplies of a feed store. -- bags of feed, baled hay, rakes, shovels, picks and axes, etc.

Lupe Almaya is a scrappy, barefooted beauty with a fire in the belly whose heart is the key to her mystery... for she's the most honest woman in the world... and dripping décolletage.

EL ADOBE FEED STORE

UJESH

(speaks but does not move)

I, Ujesh, the Apache once fought alongside Cochise, Geronimo and Massai. You must look for me now in the wind -- like the dust-storm, or the morning mist -- a shiver in the air, and gone.

(suddenly waves his arm)

Or you can look over here if you haven't figured it out.

(steps out to talk to the audience)

They want me to stand still and say nothing! Here, at El Adobe, they made me a wooden cigar store Indian! The condescending, stereotypical imagination of some writers is just appalling. I'll play their game, but I will tell you the truth, and of the magic of the water.

(MORE)

UJESH (CONT'D)
 (points inside El Adobe)

But now look yonder and gaze upon our heroine.

(Inside, the feed store, Lupe Almayá enters, picks up a broom and begins sweeping.)

UJESH

(as he walks back to his spot)

They want you to think she is a delicate, blossoming vision of love's politically correct design. White man's words drooled from forked tongue. So let me tell you...

(takes his spot, ramrod straight, with his arm bending up like a rising phallus)

She's a Mexican hot tamale that puts the wood in wooden Indian.

(Lupe sweeps dust outside the entrance, then dances seductively with the broom as she sings "*Lupe's Dream.*")

(MY NAME IS) LUPE CONSUELLO ALMAYA
 I'M PROUD OF MY MEXICAN BLOOD
 I DANCE LIKE NOBODY'S WATCHING
 ON A DANCE FLOOR OF SAWDUST AND MUD

I DREAM OF HAVING A SHOWPLACE
 WHERE PEOPLE FROM FAR AND NEAR
 CAN COME HAVE THEMSELVES A GOOD TIME
 TO LAUGH AND DANCE
 AND FIND ROMANCE
 AND GET DRUNK ON TEQUILA AND BEER

BUT THIS PLACE... IT HOLDS A SECRET
 ONE ONLY I... KNOW ABOUT
 THE SECRET IS IN THE WATER
 ONE DRINK AND THE TRUTH COMES POURING OUT

AND WITH THIS KNOWLEDGE COMES POWER
 AND EVERYDAY I HOLD MORE AND MORE
 I KNOW THINGS ABOUT THINGS CERTAIN PEOPLE
 WILL PAY MUCHO DINERO FOR

MY NAME IS LUPE CONSUELLO ALMAYA
 A NAME EVERY ONE WILL SOON KNOW
 FROM RIO TO ROMA... BARCELONA
 MOSCOW TO LONDON, PRAGUE AND SEDONA
 NEW YORK TO PARI'.TU CUM CARI

MY LEGEND WILL GROW AND GROW
 IN OLD EL PASO EL ADOBE DEL LUPE
 IS "THE" ONLY PLACE TO GO.
 IN OLD EL PASO EL ADOBE DEL LUPE
 IS "THE" ONLY PLACE TO GO.

(Lupe steps back inside the feed store as Lionel enters the courtyard followed by his baby grand piano pushed by the Mexicans who drove him, who then exit. Lionel hears the SOUNDS of a sheep, a goat and a pig coming from inside the feed store.)

LIONEL

Oh... Dear... God... Animals!

(Lionel steps forward only to have a brutish man, Macho El Magnifico, aka "Mel," sit in a chair blocking the entrance.)

LIONEL

Hello my good man, is this *El Adobe* with *Almaya*?

MEL

Open your eyes, Gringo.

LIONEL

They are very open, good sir, and I will tell you that --

(Mel kicks a wooden sign over to Lionel, who picks it up. It reads in big letters: *El Adobe*.)

LIONEL

Oh excellent, so befitting my current state, this dreary structure then is *El Adobe*.

(points to well)

And am I to presume this is *Almaya*? You see, I have a deed for *El Adobe* with *Almaya*.

(Mel leans back and FARTS.)

LIONEL

And who may you be?

MEL

I am Macho El Magnifico, the drug king in north of the Rio Grande.

LIONEL

Then you must excuse me for I must speak to the current proprietor.

(Lionel steps to the door, but Mel defiantly braces his boots against the door jam, blocking him.)

MEL

There is no excuse for you.

(Cisco and Pancho, and a guitar player in a sombrero and sunglasses enter behind Mel wearing T-shirts emblazoned with *OUR CLIENTS ARE ANIMALS*. They sing "*F U Y Su Madre Too.*")

AAAAYEEE
F U Y SU MADRE TOO
CABRON, CHINGADEROS
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO...

A GOT A GIGANTE MACHETTE
Y HUMUNGUS COJONES
SO F U Y SU MADRE TOO

(CAMPADRES)
HE WAS BORN IN JUAREZ
THE YOUNGEST OF ELEVEN
HIS FATHER WAS A BUTCHER
HIS MADRE WAS A WHORE

HIS SISTERS HUSTLE SOLDIERS
FROM THE ARMY BASE AT FORT BLISS
AND HIS BROTHERS THEY ARE SMUGGLERS
AND ARE ROTTEN TO THE CORE

SO VAMANOS... VAMANOS
 VAYA CON DIOS

IF HE LIKES YOU SU ES SUERTE
 EL TU PRIMERO AMIGO
 MAS FAMOSA THAN BOLIVAR
 MAS FUERTE Y MAS BRAVE

CROSS HIM HE WILL CUT YOU
 JUST LIKE A MORANO
 HE WILL LEAVE YOU IN THE DESERT
 IN A SHALLOW GRAVE

SO VAMANOS... VAMANOS
 VAYA CON DIOS

(Lupe enters from inside the feed store and sees
 Mel blocking the entrance and shoves him aside.)

LUPE

Cousin where are your manners?!

(to Lionel)

Not to worry, he is a big pussy.

LIONEL

He informed me he was Macho El Magnifico, a drug kingpin.

LUPE

Oh si, "Mel." Drug Kingpin! He delivers prescriptions for the pharmacy.

(Lupe walks around Lionel in a circle, studying him,
 as he watches her warily.)

LUPE

Are you the gringo that sent the letter? From London? Lion El Bone Hamjones?

LIONEL

I am Lionel Bonham-Jones of *the* Bonham-Jones's and I am the Lord of this property...
El Adobe with *Almaya*.

(looks around, points to well)

Is this well *Almaya*? What building is *Almaya*?

LUPE

I am Almayá. Lupe Almayá.

LIONEL

But you are not a well or a building.

PANCHO

Oh no, señor, but she is well built.

(Lupe poses, accentuating her well-built figure.)

CISCO

Si, very well built.

(Mel steps up to Lionel and thrusts his chest out.)

MEL

But not built for you!

(Lupe grabs Mel by the collar and yanks him back, then steps up to Lionel and thrusts her chest out.)

LUPE

I am your partner.

LIONEL

(stares down at her ample cleavage)

Oh...Dear...God.

(Lupe fills a glass with water from the well bucket.)

LIONEL

How did a sophisticated, elegant barrister such as me wind up in a horrible, miserable hellhole such as this?

(Lupe hands a sulking Lionel the glass of water and he drinks it in one desperate gulp... then perks up.)

LIONEL

Because I got caught at the butt end of a sheep in an orgy seen by all of England! Now, why did I say that?

LUPE

(with an innocent shrug)

Could be something in the water. The truth will set you free. What you believe in your heart is what you're gonna say. But you are safe here, *senor*. And the women are much prettier than the sheep.

LIONEL

The sheep was a mistake -- only a photograph -- it was Lord Harrington -- I was early -- by a week -- I was not involved with a sheep!!

PANCHO

This is one crazy gringo.

MEL

I better not catch him looking at my *Esmerelda*!

CISCO

Your pig will be fine, but I am locking up my goat.

(Cisco, Pancho, the guitar player and Mel exit.)

LUPE

Did you come here to work in the feed store?

LIONEL

Work in a feed store?! I am a Bonham-Jones. My return to England, hailed by one and all, to be received by Her Majesty, the Queen, and be knighted, will not be because I worked in a feed store!

LUPE

Well whatever you do here at *El Adobe*, you do *with* *Almaya*! We are partners.

(Wally Walen enters in cowboy hat, boots, jeans and sport coat, his arm linked with Czarina Karina in a sultry, red dress with blazing auburn hair.)

WALLY

Lupe, is this the English bare-asster?

(to Lionel)

That's like a stripper, right? That's a little Texas humor, *pardner*.

(MORE)

WALLY (CONT'D)

I'm Wally Walen, mayor of the fine city of El Paso. If you're here to do good business, we are good for you. I will personally escort you to the Maquiladoras.

LIONEL

I do not patronize bordellos.

WALLY

(points to the two Juarez towers)

The twin plants -- manufacturing. Business from all over the world comes here because of the Maquiladoras. Free trade. Czarina Karina, here on international business, came from our sister city, Minsk, the capital of Belarus. She's our little minx from Minsk. And what are your plans with our Little Latin Lupe Lu? You'd look good in one of their T-shirts.

LIONEL

My clothes are from Saville Row. Do excuse me for a moment.

(Lionel pulls a leather-bound notepad from his jacket pocket and steps off by himself to compose a letter. Lupe watches him with interest while Wally and Czarina Karina confer in secret.)

WALLY

Could we tame him and claim him as your Cossack comrade? What do you think?

CZARINA KARINA

I could learn to ride English saddle. Ohhh...

(shivers with anticipation)

...all that posting.

LIONEL

Dante would have added a tenth circle of hell if he had ever been to El Paso.

(As he writes, he sings "*A Mommy's boy Am I.*")

I'M WRITING YOU THIS LETTER
 TO TELL YOU I'VE ARRIVED
 THE FOOD HERE IS SO DREADFUL
 I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL SURVIVE

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THESE PEOPLE
 THEY ARE DIRTY AND UNCOUTH
 AND SMELLING LIKE COW DUNG
 WEARING COWBOY HATS AND BOOTS

YOU'VE EXILED ME TO A FEED STORE
 WHERE LIVESTOCK ABOUNDS
 THERE'S NOT A HINT OF CULTURE
 IN THIS HELLHOLE OF A TOWN
 A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND
 I WISH TO COME HOME NOW

MOTHER PLEASE BELIEVE ME
 I WISH TO MAKE YOU PROUD
 FULFILL MY STATELY DUTIES
 AND STAND ABOVE THE CROWD
 I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR GOOD SON
 ON THIS YOU CAN RELY
 MY LINEAGE A GREAT ONE
 A MOMMIES BOY AM I

(Mel, Cisco, Pancho and the guitar player step from
 the entrance and sing the last line.)

LA, LA

(Suddenly inspired, Lionel closes his notepad and
 turns back to address the rest of them with a grand
 announcement.)

LIONEL

I shall take *El Adobe* and create a gathering place of the gods, a culinary Olympus, where the cultured elite can raise a glass in a toast to rose-lipt maidens and lightfoot lads. I will call it *Lionel Bonham-Jones Public Garden*. And with it, I shall bring class to the pass!

(LIGHTS OUT.)

SCENE V

A scrim drops down in front and the scenery changes take place as moving silhouetted people and shapes. The Sweat Shop set is an assembly-line system for clothing manufacturing. It snakes like a broken "S" across the stage. An environment both dingy and harsh. A fashion runway, down stage left, swings out to the audience to showcase the end products.

(Ujesh enters in front of the scrim. Behind him WORKING NOISES build slowly in volume.)

UJESH

From old Apache wisdom: *"If you know she will follow you home, do not sleep with another brave's squaw to put a smile on her face."* Many moons later, the white man wrote: *"The road to hell is paved with good intentions."* It is the way of looking at things. The Apache way is the common sense the Great Spirit gave us. But for the English... let me tell you what my grandfather told me. A lonely English settler came by my grandfather's teepee and saw a dog licking his balls. The lonely Englishman sighed and said *"I wish I could do that."* My grandfather simply replied *"You better pet him first."*

(working NOISES increase and he must yell to be heard over the noise)

This way of looking at things is why the white man looked at my great country, and in the words of the songstress, *"paved paradise and put up a parking lot."*

(He exits and the scrim LIFTS, revealing..)

MAQUILADORAS SWEAT SHOP

(The lighting is dingy with harsh spotlights glaring off and on at different work places in beat with the music so that it is both jarring and monotonous. Workers are standing and sitting, stitching and sewing, bending and heaving, pounding and pressing, packing and sealing all along the line.

After a few moments of the jarring monotony, Abad Guy, a swarthy Arab man of dark complexion and foreboding presence enters. The workers immediately buckle down even harder out of fear.)

ABAD GUY

Time is money -- my money. I like my money more than you. It is best to remember that -
- and to remember who you are!

(He slithers around groping the women and slapping the men. The workers sing "*Maquiladoras*.")

WE ARE THE ONES WHO WORK IN YOUR FACTORIES
SWEAT OF OUR LABOR MEAN PROFITS GALORE
INVISIBLE PEOPLE THAT SEW YOUR GARMENTS
TWO SHIFTS A DAY AND SOMETIMES MORE

MAQUILADORAS
THE PRIDE OF OLD JUAREZ
MAQUILADORAS

WE WORK LIKE BURROS IN WAY MALO CONDITIONS
PACKED IN LIKE CATTLE ON ASSEMBLY LINES
HEAT LIKE A FURNACE BOSS IS UN DIABLO
WE MUST MAKE OUR QUOTA
OR WE'RE GONE IN NO TIME

MAQUILADORAS
THE PRIDE OF OLD JUAREZ
MAQUILADORAS

MADRE OH MADRE WARN YOUR CHILDREN
THIS IS NO PLACE THEY EVER WANT TO BE
FORGOTTEN, FORSAKEN
LIKE SOME KIND OF PRISONER
FROM INSIDE THESE WALLS
IT'S HARD TO BREAK FREE

(Angelita, a 12 year old girl, hustles material over to her bedraggled mother, Esperanza, at her station.)

ANGELITA

Mama, it's gonna be okay.

ESPERANZA

I don't want this life for you.

ANGELITA

Somewhere there must be people who care. Somewhere. I will find them. They will listen.

ESPERANZA

No one hears us, my little one, we are the forgotten.

ANGELITA

(holds up the material)

But they need what we make. Someone must know.

ESPERANZA

We are the secret that no one will tell. I don't want you working in this man-made hell. You have a voice, and words to be heard. A life to be lived, free as a bird. Now go. Fly.

IT'S HARD TO BREAK FREE

IT'S HARD TO BREAK FREE

(Abad Guy sees Esperanza not working as Angelita clings to her mother, not leaving.)

ABAD GUY

As long as you keep having children you can't pay for, I'll have all the workers I need. Your church tells you be fruitful and multiply so I am sanctioned by God. By God! The more kids you have, the more workers I get, the more money I make.

(He shoves Angelita away and leans down over Esperanza, his hands slide over her breasts and down to her groin where he spreads her legs apart.)

ABAD GUY

So open your legs and make some more.

IT'S HARD TO BREAK FREE

IT'S HARD TO BREAK FREE

(Esperanza moves away from his groping hands, but Abad Guy pushes her back onto a table, spreads open her legs, then shoves a male worker between them.)

ABAD GUY

You think you're a mother, but you're my little whore. Go on, Lady Madonna, make me some more. More please! More!

ELITE PATRONS

(applauding models and clothes)

More! More!

(By the runway, the Elite applaud as Models walk out on the runway -- back and forth -- showcasing the end product for the audience.)

NEW YORK TO PARIS LONDON TO MILAN
FOR YOUR FASHIONS WE SLAVE OUR LIVES AWAY
CUTTING OUT FABRICS FOR GUCCI AND LEVIS
AND LOSING A FINGER IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY

(Someone on the assembly line cries out in pain, there is a spray of blood, a hand is quickly wrapped in a towel, a finger plucked from the floor.)

MAQUILADORAS
THE PRIDE OF OLD JUAREZ
MAQUILADORAS

(Angelita slips through the legs of Abad Guy who grabs for her. She slides under the assembly line track and runs to the exit.)

ANGELITA

(calls out)

Mama, I will find a way!

(Angelita exits. The workers fall into the same old rhythm and routine on the assembly line.)

MAQUILADORAS
 THE PRIDE OF OLD JUAREZ
 MAQUILADORAS MAQUILADORAS

(The workers stay in rhythm but now transform the Sweat Shop into the set for Lionel Bonham-Jones *Public Garden* restaurant. As the scenery shift progresses, the music transposes from *Maquiladoras* to the single piano rendition of Chopin's *Etude*. A worker wheels out Ujesh, the Apache, on an upright furniture dolly and deposits him downstage center in front of the scene changes.)

UJESH

They treat me like furniture but no matter.

(to exiting worker)

It is the Great Spirit that moves me.

(to audience)

It is in Him that we live and move and have our being, or so my Grandfather told me, and my Grandfather was very wise. Remember what he said about the dog. Very wise. And so is the wisdom of water as you will soon see. It stirs up the impurities, which then flow out, leaving only what is true. But remember, the cleansing process is messy... and sometimes loud... but always true to you.

(A worker returns to him with the dolly.)

UJESH

Well, hello dolly, it's so nice to take me back where I belong.

(as he's wheeled back in place, now just

INSIDE the entrance to the restaurant)

I know... you thought because I'm an Indian I had no sense of musical culture. Better have some water, or your prejudice will poison you.

(The worker props the now stiff and rigid "wooden" Ujesh up against the wall... Ujesh's right arm is erect and bent at 90 degrees like before, but his hand is flipping the audience the bird. LIGHTS OUT except for a sharp SPOT on Ujesh's hand. Then another SPOT comes up on Lionel at his baby grand piano.

A third SPOT follows Lupe in a beautiful gown as she carries a small shot glass of water to Lionel who is dressed in a tux. She places a comforting hand on his shoulder while he drinks. Lionel reaches out to pat her ass, then watches her walk to the restaurant's entrance. Lupe stops at Ujesh -- sees his one finger salute -- and uncurls his other fingers to create a flat palm extended upward like an offering or greeting. The lights go OUT. For a moment... SILENCE. Then...)

SCENE VI

A large Union Jack flag hangs over the bar and the letters LIONEL BONHAM-JONES' PUBLIC GARDEN hang from the unseen ceiling across the entrance doorway as if floating. There is a bar and a row of leather booths along the back and throughout. The well is now downstage left.

LIONEL BONHAM-JONES' PUBLIC GARDEN

(A spot comes up on Lionel as he plays Chopin's *Etude*. Lionel sings "Something About Her.")

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER
 THAT MAKES ME THINK
 THAT I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER
 THAT LOOK IN HER EYES SAYS
 I'VE FOUND A MAGIC WORLD OF LOVE

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER
 THAT TELLS ME THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER
 WHISPERS IN MY HEART ARE SAYING
 SHE'S THE GIRL I'M DREAMING OF

WHEN SHE'S NOT WITH ME
 MY WHOLE LIFE IT SEEMS SO EMPTY
 BUT WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER
 I'M FILLED WITH WONDER
 THAT I HAVE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE

AND NOW THAT I FOUND HER
 HEAVEN KNOWS THAT I WILL NEVER LEAVE HER
 FOR I HAVE DISCOVERED
 HER STRANGE ENCHANTED WORLD OF LOVE

(Lupe enters and stares at Lionel as he plays.)

LUPE

I gave him water, and hoped he'd see, that though I'm different, I'm not less than he.

(Lionel looks up and sees her there, looking away.)

LIONEL

I'm afraid that when she looks at me, she will only see *the other*.

LUPE

If I love him, I must tell him.

LIONEL

If I love her, I must tell her.

(Lionel stands and crosses to meet her as Lupe
 moves to him...)

and just before they are to be face to face, Cisco and Pancho enter through a trap door in the dining booth next to them, thus standing between them, blocking their connection.)

LIONEL

Good God, what are you doing?!

CISCO

Coming to work.

LIONEL

Through there?

PANCHO

Si, the best way to cross the border.

(They both pass by the bar -- gulp a shot of water -- and exit into the kitchen.)

LIONEL

Has that always been there?

LUPE

As a tunnel, si. In the feed store you had to shove aside the hay bales to come out.
(points to leather booth)

But this is "classier."

LIONEL

My vision is to have a place where people of all races, nationalities and creeds can be together in harmony, but they are not to crawl in on their knees. Watch and see Lupe, as I bring English civility to my international culinary oasis of manners and fraternity.

(Chaime Goldberg, the chef, bursts from the kitchen in a greasy apron waving a ladle in the air.)

CHAIME

Cisco, you little bean-eating border runner, where the hell's the pickle barrel?!

CISCO

(enters from the entrance)

The schwartza deliver it.

CHAIIME

(as he exits back into the kitchen)

Then get your refried tuchus in here and unload it!

CISCO

Ya me voy, rabbi.

LIONEL

Your language is appalling.

CISCO

Gracias, putz, the agua brings that out.

(Cisco exits through the swinging kitchen door, and
one moment later, Pancho emerges.)

LIONEL

Cisco, I insist that you clean up your language.

PANCHO

(exiting through the entrance)

I'm Pancho, you jive-ass honky.

LIONEL

I cannot tell them apart. Who taught him to speak English?

LUPE

Roosevelt Jefferson Lincoln.

LIONEL

He learned from reading speeches of the presidents?

LUPE

No, he learned from the schwartza who delivers the pickles.

LIONEL

Where did you find Chaime, our chef, and why does he yell all the time?

LUPE

He's from the Stage Deli in New York, and told me Jews and food and yelling go together,
but he called it kvelling and kvetching. Sounded just like my family.

(The restaurant staff enters. Bobby Joe Billy, a Texan in a tux with black cowboy boots tosses his cowboy hat at the Maître D's station. Two waitresses in gowns, Elsa Dietrich and Mounette Cadeau, wear sashes -- one in the colors of the German flag, the other the colors of the French.)

BOBBY JOE BILLY

Where is everybody? Bobby Joe Billy came here to work. What do we do?

ELSA

Well, Mounette and I, we're waitresses, so we'll wait.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

Well I'm the Maître D', so maybe I should rustle up some payin' customers. I know some hookers down the street that'll draw 'em here like flies on stink.

(Lionel approaches and motions for the staff to extend their hands palms down.)

LIONEL

I expect to find manicured cuticles.

(peers at Bobby Joe's hands)

Much improved, Mr. Billy.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

Helps when you're not shovelin' shit.

LIONEL

Mr. Billy, we are men of manners and manners matter. You will announce all our guests --

BOBBY JOE BILLY

-- with the dignity they deserve.

LIONEL

Yes, precisely. Now, Fraulein Dietrich and Mademoiselle Cadeau, may I remind you that when you come to work here --

ELSA

We died and went to heaven.

MOUNETTE

And God never looked so good.

(Elsa and Mounette curtsy demurely... Lionel crosses to Lupe at the bar -- Elsa and Mounette spin around with a dancer's flourish, flip up their gowns and "moon" him -- which he does NOT see.)

LIONEL

Their manners have improved significantly.

(Lupe sees Elsa and Mounette "moon" Lionel.)

LUPE

You understand women like you understand El Paso.

LIONEL

You will see that I indeed have brought class to the pass.

(exits into kitchen)

As long as Chaime understands the true nature of Yorkshire pudding and Beef Wellington.

(A beautiful, blonde television reporter and former Miss Texas, Sam Dee, enters with Freddie, her cameraman, and seeks a place for her broadcast.)

SAM DEE

What do you think, Freddie, over here? Where is the owner? He should be here. Let's lay this down. We can't wait.

(holds up mic, then Freddie cues her)

I am standing where "El Adobe," the largest feed store in El Paso, once stood. But the times, they are a changin'. This evening, doors opens to an international restaurant. A distinguished crowd is anticipated to experience the English elegance that adds a definite "British" accent to a new kind of feed store. This is Sam Dee, KPAS news, adding a touch of class at "Lionel Bonham-Jones' Public Garden."

(Cisco brings her a shot glass of water on a tray. She downs the water, then looks around...)

SAM DEE

Where the hell is that Limey twit?! He was supposed to be here for my opening!

(glares at Cisco)

And I suppose you have some thrilling macho comment?

CISCO

No me on TV.

SAM DEE

Let me guess... Border Patrol?

CISCO

Si, no bueno.

(Cisco exits as “Macho” Mel enters and a string quartet sets up off in a corner and plays classical music. Abad Guy sneaks in when Bobby Joe turns his back and he gazes upon Sam Dee.)

MEL

(approaches Sam Dee)

I’ve got a hot tamale for your frijole.

SAM DEE

Are you being romantic with me?

MEL

I’ll cross your border and I don’t need no stinking badges. I am Macho El Magnifico and--

LUPE

Mel -- Hey Mel, the pharmacy called, they got a pick-up.

SAM DEE

I think she’s yelling for you.

MEL

She speaks in code. All very secret.

(as he leaves)

A real man is mysterious.

(Abad Guy plants a kiss upon Sam Dee’s hand.)

ABAD GUY

A real man knows it is the woman who is mysterious, which is why in my native land, we cover her face. Heaven is then when her beauty is revealed... only to her man.

SAM DEE

And you would be such a man for me?

ABAD GUY

I am Abad.

SAM DEE

Well, Mr. Abad --

ABAD GUY

No, I am Mr. Guy. Abad Guy.

SAM DEE

You are Abad Guy?

ABAD GUY

Yes, I am Abad Guy. A man of industry. When it comes to women, I know my business.

SAM DEE

Then let me make a deal with you. Mind your own business.

(Across the restaurant, Bobby Joe Billy, Elsa and Mounette have been watching the men approach Sam Dee and get shot down.)

ELSA

That's a blitzkrieg of bad boys. She'll be swatting those flies all night.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

I'll bet I could ride that filly. I got big spurs.

MOUNETTE

Ah oui, big spurs, but l'amour pour vous is like shooting pool with a rope, n'est ce pas?

(Lupe approaches Sam Dee with a glass of water as Wally and Czarina Karina enter to the Maître D'.)

BOBBY JOE BILLY

(announcing)

Ladies and Gentlemen, his honor, the mayor of El Paso, Mr. Wally Walen and his guest, esteemed, international businesswoman, Czarina Karina, from Minsk.

LUPE

You seem upset.

SAM DEE

Lionel missed my opening comments. And then all these men...

LUPE

Should not bother you. Remember, we get a good review, and you get to finally be you.

SAM DEE

I am me! I am a former Miss Texas reporting on your silly little “food store.” What I say to the people of El Paso matters. Who do you think you are?!

(Lupe hands her the water and she drinks it.)

LUPE

I know who I am. What you say does matter. So... Olé.

SAM DEE

Damn right, Olé. I’m gonna tell ‘em...

(the water takes effect)

...exactly what I think... and what I... feel!

(to the string quartet)

Hit it boys!

(The string quartet switches to rock-a-billy and Sam Dee is compelled to sing “*I Like Women.*”)

THE FIRST TIME I TOOK PHYS ED IN HIGH SCHOOL
I SAW SALLY... IN THE SHOWER AND I KNEW
SHE WAS SPECIAL... I CAN TELL YOU MISTER
HOW MY HEART BEAT FAST...
THE FIRST TIME I KISSED HER

(CHORUS)

WOMEN...

WHAT CAN I SAY
WOMEN... ALL THE WAY...
WHEN IT COMES TO MEN THEY JUST BORE ME
WOMEN... THEY DO IT FOR ME

WOMEN... THE WAY THEY SMELL
WEARING NOTHING BUT CHANEL
I LIKE WOMEN... THE WAY THEY MOVE
PINK STILETTOS OR COMBAT BOOTS
I LIKE WOMEN... YES I DO

I GET EXCITED TO GET AN INVITATION
FROM SOMEONE OF THE FEMALE PERSUASION
FOR A DINNER OR MAYBE A DANCE
OR IF I'M LUCKY A LITTLE LESBO ROMANCE...

SHEILA... I DREAM ABOUT HER
SHARON... I'D JUST LOVE TO OUT HER
ANGELINA... I IDOLIZE HER
I MUST ADMIT I'M A WOMANIZER

WOMEN... WHAT CAN I SAY FOR ME IT'S WOMEN
ALL THE WAY WHEN IT COMES TO MEN
WELL THEY JUST BORE ME
WOMEN... THEY DO IT FOR ME

WOMEN... THE WAY THEY WALK
WOMEN... THE SKIN SO SOFT
WOMEN... THE WAY THEY MOVE
SHORT SKIRTS AND COWBOY BOOTS
I LIKE WOMEN... ALL KINDS OF WAYS

MEN... GIRLS YOU CAN HAVE 'EM
MEN... I DON'T NEED 'EM.
TALKING ABOUT SEXUALITY
A PRETTY GIRL BRINGS OUT THE WOMAN IN ME
I LIKE WOMEN... WHAT CAN I SAY
WOMEN... IN NEGLIGEES
MEN...

LEAVE ME ALONE
I'M NOT INTO TESTOSTERONE

WOMEN... THE WAY THEY SMELL
WEARING NOTHING BUT CHANEL
WOMEN... IN THEIR COWBOY BOOTS
OR PINK STILETTOS THEY LOOK SO CUTE
SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THEIR HIPS SWING
AS A MATTER OF FACT I LOVE EVERYTHING
ABOUT WOMEN... YES I DO
I LIKE WOMEN THROUGH AND THROUGH
I LIKE WOMEN FROM THEIR HEAD TO THEIR TOES
I LOVE WOMEN HEAVEN KNOWS

(Mel strides confidently up to Sam Dee.)

MEL

I am man enough to change you.

(Mel strides confidently away. Sam Dee watches for a beat, then points to the quartet which strikes up the music and she belts out in song.)

MEN WHEN IT COMES TO LOVIN'
WOMEN ARE MILES ABOVE THEM

(Sam Dee grabs Freddie and drags him over to the entrance as Czarina Karina and Wally Walen take glasses of water off a tray offered by Mounette)

CZARINA KARINA

She could make an interesting threesome.

WALLY

Oh no, my little minx from Minsk, not her, but him.

(points to Abad Guy)

Abad Guy, a really good guy for our business ventures.

(Abad Guy approaches taking a glass of water from Elsa's tray as some people file in to the restaurant and check in with Bobby Joe as Maître D'.)

Mr. Mayor, my good man.

ABAD GUY

This is Abad Guy.

WALLY

ABAD GUY
(kisses Czarina Karina's hand)

Yes, I am Abad Guy.

CZARINA KARINA

I hope you are.

ABAD GUY

I would not lie to you, I am Abad Guy.

WALLY

An excellent day for business with the wind at our back.

ABAD GUY
(points to the entrance)

Yes, Japanese weather...

BOBBY JOE BILLY
(announcing)

Mr. Yoshi Yamashita --

ABAD GUY

A little nip in the air.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

-- and Mr. Lee Chang --

CZARINA KARINA

The chink in his armor we can exploit.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

-- of Gijutsu Jiandie Enterprises.

ABAD GUY

(points to a fair-skinned, red-haired man
with a buxom Aryan blonde woman)

Yes, by pitting them against --

BOBBY JOE BILLY

Mr. Michael Flaherty and Ms. Brunnhilde Heinrich of Gaelic-Germanic Global.

WALLY

So we can also take that limp dick mick and his Teutonic twat to the cleaners.

LIONEL

(approaches with a beaming smile)

Mr. Mayor, so glad to have you at our grand opening.

WALLY

Mr. Bonham-Jones, I would not miss this opportunity to be with all these fine people.

LIONEL

Yes, la creme de la creme, a joyous occasion of the dynamism of diversity. Do make yourselves at home.

(Lionel leaves them and heads toward Lupe as
people of all nations -- Sikhs in turbans, Muslims in
the hijab, and others in every cultural fashion
expression on the planet file in and fill the booths.)

WALLY

Oh, we are home, you Piccadilly putz.

ABAD GUY

They're all ripe for the picking.

CZARINA KARINA

Let the harvest begin.

(Lupe places a stack of framed photos on the bar.)

LIONEL

Are these the photos you wanted to hang behind the bar? Famous photographs of impoverished people of dubious lineage, from National Geographic I suspect. To inspire charitable giving on the part of our guests, no doubt.

(MORE)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Perhaps we do think alike for I also have an excellent eye for these sociological studies of the destitute and depraved.

(examines more closely and is dismayed)

This woman is a prostitute! This man's a pimp! And this man is obviously a car thief!

LUPE

Ah, si. They thought of themselves as a sex therapist, a salesman, and an automotive relocation specialist. I think of them as they are -- my family. Shall we greet our guests?

LIONEL

Did you say, "family?"

LUPE

(to Mounette and Elsa)

More water for everyone.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

(announcing)

Mr. Nick O'Teen of Phillip Morris and Ms. Lotta Bucks of the American Cancer Society.

(Nick O'Teen puts his cigarette out in Ujesh's hand.)

NICK O'TEEN

Thank you, Tonto.

LOTTA BUCKS

Nick, there's Dr. Welthy of the AMA, do you have his check?

NICK O'TEEN

I wouldn't forget a doctor who's not a Jew.

(Ujesh steps out to speak to the audience,)

UJESH

And so it went, with names ringing out, and people from all nations taking their appointed places. To me, it's the 7th Cavalry at the Little Big Horn, but I digress.

BOBBY JOE BILLY

(announcing)

Mr. Jack DePort... Border Patrol Ranger.

(Illegal immigrants scatter like cockroaches to light.)

UJESH

You know that feeling, deep in your gut, when you sense the tide turning.

(A black cowboy in a white cowboy hat enters with a bag full of political campaign buttons.)

BOBBY JOE BILLY

(announcing)

Jesus H. Johnson. Running for city council.

LIONEL

Oh my Lord...

JESUS H. JOHNSON

No, just Jesus. Jesus H. Johnson.

(pins a button on Lionel, points to logo.)

Just remember, "Jesus saves." I'm gonna work the room.

LIONEL

Oh dear God.

JESUS H. JOHNSON

(tips his cowboy hat)

No, just Jesus.

(He moves off handing out more buttons.)

LIONEL

Did you invite him?

LUPE

Si.

(holds up button)

It's pretty, no?

LIONEL

No, it's... it's...

CHAIME

(coming up from behind)

Not Kosher. I get it. Ya make do. We're a little short on ingredients so I've added a little matzo to the Yorkshire Pudding. It's taking a little longer. What can I say?

(Chaime heads back into the kitchen.)

LIONEL

What have you done to me? These people are... are--

LUPE

Your bread and butter.

(Lionel wanders among the booths and tables which are overflowing like a United Nations train wreck. Different languages and belief systems clash -- needing only one little thing to set them off...)

LIONEL

Little things I begin to hear. Little things that fill me with fear. Am I a lousy Limey and my partner a wetback beaner? Someone just said Italian tires dago wop, wop, wop. Yet rag head, camel jockey might be meaner. I'll bet a greaseball's not a sports term and fudge packer's not a chocolate eater. Jigaboo's not a dance and peckerwood's not a bird. I can't believe what I just heard! Jive-ass honky they say is for whites. Is there no other term for someone who's white?

UJESH

Asshole! But I digress.

LUPE

Things are lookin' good.

LIONEL

They look frightful.

(He points to a row of cowboys at the bar, each wearing a ten gallon hat.)

Just appalling, wearing hats inside. There comes a time...

(Lionel marches toward the row of cowboys...)

LUPE

This is Texas, don't touch a cowboy's hat.

(Lionel doesn't hear her warning and looks at the hats -- mortified. He sings "*Class To The Pass.*")

LET'S BRING SOME CLASS TO THE PASS
SOMETHING IT MOST CERTAINLY LACKS
THE NATIVES ARE UNCOUTH...
COW DUNG ON THEIR BOOTS
AND ALL THE BLUE-EYED BLONDES
SPORT THE DARKEST OF ROOTS

THE MEN UNSHAVEN... THEIR SOULS DEPRAVEN
AND THE WOMEN BEHAVE LIKE TRAMPS

LET'S BRING SOME CLASS TO THE PASS
WHERE THERE'S DIRE NEED OF CULTURE AND FAST
DISPLAYING NO ETIQUETTE...
FOR AUTHORITY NO RESPECT
THEIR PERSONAL HYGIENE
THEY PROUDLY NEGLECT
CAVORTING LIKE HEATHENS...
FOR WHATEVER REASON

ARE SOME MANNERS TOO MUCH TO ASK
LET'S BRING SOME CLASS TO THE PASS

LET'S BRING SOME CLASS TO THE PASS
A LITTLE TOUCH OF ELEGANCE IN FACT
THE FORK GOES ON THE LEFT

THE SPOON GOES ON THE RIGHT
A DINNER BEST ENJOYED
WITH WINE AND CANDLELIGHT
REMEMBER OLD CHAP THE NAPKIN ON YOUR LAP...
AND IF IT WOULDN'T BE A BOTHER...
PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HAT...

COWBOY #1

I'm afraid I can't do that!

LIONEL

Oh, but a true gentleman must!

COWBOY #2

You touch mine and you're dust!

LIONEL

Well how about your sombrero?

VAQUERO

For no amount of dinero!

COWBOY #1

Well what about Ahab over there with that rag on his head?!

ARAB SHIEK

Lay a finger on it... and you're dead!

LIONEL

Well, this won't hurt a bit... you'll see... please, allow me.

(He lifts off the first hat and the cowboy takes a swing at Lionel, but hits the cowboy next to him -- tumbling him like a domino into the next cowboy!)

(A BRAWL ERUPTS as the tension finds its release! Punches are thrown -- plates and food are thrown -- people and dummies are thrown -- anything not nailed down is thrown -- then anything nailed down is ripped up and thrown -- Sam Dee reports the "blow by blow" as the television on the bar shows the fight being covered "live.")

SAM DEE

As you can see, Clash has come to the Pass at the opening of Lionel Bonham-Jones Public Garden and this --

(A pile of Yorkshire Pudding hits Sam Dee square in the puss and the patrons take turn singing different slur words of the base line with Lionel singing counterpoint, all while fighting and ducking.)

NIP WOP CHINK JEW
 LIMEY BASTARD SCREW YOU
 CAMEL JOCKEY JUST GET OUT
 JUNGLE BUNNY NAZI KRAUT

RAG HEAD... POLLOCK HICK
 RED NECK FAGGOT STUPID MICK
 SLUT WHORE ASSHOLE PRICK
 STINKING WANKER GREASY SPIC

(Lionel sings counterpoint)

CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG
 TOGETHER IS WHERE WE BELONG
 WE'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT YOU AND ME
 HOW ABOUT SOME PEACE AND HARMONY

(Patrons sing with Lionel above)

MUTHA FUCKA LESBO BITCH
 GREASEBALL SHITHEAD UGLY WITCH
 FUDGE PACKER BULL DYKE
 JUNGLE BUNNY BEANER KIKE

RAT SKUNK DIRTY DOG
 PIG WASP MONKEY FROG
 COMMIE PINKO SLANT EYED CHINK
 COSSACK FAGGOT DAMN YOU STINK

LUPE

More water anyone

GRINGO WETBACK JAP
 TONTO DAGO CRAP
 GOOK SPOOK PUSSY WIMP
 TRAILER TRASH YOUR DICK IS LIMP
 BLACKY WHITEY YELLOW REDSKIN
 HINDU MUSLIM CATHOLIC MORMON
 JEWISH CHRISTIAN PAGAN HEATHEN
 REPUBLICAN LIBERAL ATHEIST... VEGAN

(Lionel sings counterpoint below as the patrons
repeat stanzas 4, 5 then 2)

WE CAN'T KEEP FIGHTING ANYMORE
LET'S TRY LOVE INSTEAD OF WAR
UNITED'S BETTER FOR US ALL
DIVIDED WE WILL SURELY FALL

TRUTH'S WITHIN OUR HEART OF HEARTS
NOW 'S A PERFECT PLACE TO START
THIS WORLD IS JUST NOT BIG ENOUGH

(All sing in unison.)

WE BETTER FIND SOME COMMON GROUND...
OR WE'RE FUCKED

(They all hold that pose for a beat. The restaurant is
a total wreck. The LIGHTS go OUT -- except for
the SPOTS shining on the only letters left hanging:
L -- B -- J -- 'S -- PUB. The curtain FALLS.)

END OF ACT ONE