

Drowsy, Janet,  
Ensemble

# As We Stumble Along

7

JANET: "Well, perhaps you could  
allay my fears with a few choice  
words of inspiration."

**Freely** 2 1 **Drowsy:** 2 **A Tempo (Easy 4)** 3

A-B

As we stum - ble a - long on life's — fun-ny

jour - ney — As we stum - ble a - long — in - to the blue. —

we look here and we look there see - king an - swers a - ny

where ne - ver sure of where to turn or what to do

still we bum - ble our way through life's — cra-zy la - brynth —

bare - ly know - ing left from right nor right from wrong and the

best that we can do is hope a blue - bird will sing his song

JANET: "That was very nice,  
Chaperone, but I don't see how  
it applies to my situation."

DROWSY: "Let me explain:"

31 32 33 34 Drowsy:  
as we stum - ble a - long — It's a

35 *colla voce*

36 37  
dis - mal lit - tle world in which we live It can bore ya' til you've no - thing left to

38 39 40  
give Se - ven o - ver - ra - ted won - ders se - ven un - der - whelm - ing seas six ex -

41 42 43 44  
cru - ti - a - ting con - ti - nents An - ar - ti - ca oh please Still you must - n't let it lick ya' this

45 46 47 48  
pla - net oh so bland Keep your eye - ball — on the high - ball in your hand

50 *A Tempo*

49 51 52  
as we stum - ble a - long cross life's — crow - ded dance floor

53 54 55 56 57  
as we push and we shove We live and we learn And when we

### #7 - As We Stumble Along

ALL

A WEDDING, A WEDDING  
A WEDDING'S COMING OUR WAY  
A WEDDING, A WEDDING, TODAY  
DING-A-LING, DING-A-LING, DING-A-LING  
IT'S REALLY HAPPENING  
TRULY HAPPENING  
ALMOST HAPPENING  
SURELY HAPPENING

MAN

Well there you have it, all the guests have arrived. We have a bride who's giving up the stage for love, her debonair bridegroom, a harried producer, jovial gangsters posing as pastry chefs, a flaky chorine, a Latin lothario, and an aviatrix; what we now call a lesbian. And, of course, my favorite character, the Drowsy Chaperone. What more do you need for an evening's entertainment?

*He turns up the volume.*

ALL

WEDDING BELLS WILL RING!  
WEDDING BELLS WILL CHIME!  
WEDDING BELLS WILL CELEBRATE  
A HAPPY WEDDING TIME  
WEDDING BELLS WILL DING  
WEDDING BELLS WILL DONG  
WEDDING BELLS WILL DING-A-LING  
AND WE WILL DING  
ALONG!

TRIX

HOW I LOVE  
LOVE A WEDDING  
YES I LOVE  
LOVE A WEDDING  
AH!  
LISTEN TO THOSE BELLS  
  
WE WILL DING  
ALONG!

MAN

Wasn't that wonderful! "And we will ding-a-long"; I don't even know what that means! Alright, I'll lead you through this record as best I can. Don't worry; it won't be hard to follow. So, we begin with a welcome from the love struck groom.

*ALL Laugh*

ROBERT

Well, I just wanted to thank you all for coming. I tell you I must be some lucky fellow. Why, who would have thought that I, Robert Martin, would be marrying a glamorous showgirl, and that that glamorous showgirl would be willing to give up a successful career for me, Robert Martin.

ALL

Oh!

ROBERT

Now, if it weren't for prohibition, I'd say let's raise a glass -

DROWSY

*(Drowsy raises a glass)*

Here! Here!

ROBERT

— to Miss Janet Van De Graaff — the most beautiful girl in the world.

GEORGE

Absolutely not!

ALL

*(gasp!)*

ROBERT

Excuse me?

GEORGE

The groom mustn't see his bride on the day of the wedding. It's bad luck!

MAN

I hope you heard that, because that's the plot. Basically. Hang on for the ride!

UNDERLING

Breakfast will be served in the Arabian Room.

GEORGE

*(to CHAPERONE)*

Say, It's a little early in the day to be drinking, isn't it?

DROWSY

I don't understand the question.

GEORGE

Look. You keep Janet away from Robert, you understand? You're the chaperone that's your only job.

DROWSY

Aye, Aye Mon Capitan.

JANET

Oh, Robert! Who's my little monkey?

ROBERT

I am! I'm your little monkey.

*JANET and ROBERT exit.*

MAN

So, the Bride and Groom are whisked away, and we turn our attention to the B plot which involves the Producer.

KITTY

Mr. Feldzieg?

FELDZIEG

Getting married and leaving show business.

KITTY

Mr. Feldzieg?

FELDZIEG

Doesn't she know I got obligations?

KITTY

Mr. Feldzieg, I can be your leading lady. You said it yourself—I'm useless in the chorus.

FELDZIEG

Kitty! For the last time, you ain't got what it takes.

KITTY

But, I been taking lessons; Singing. Acting. Ballet.

FELDZIEG

Ballet?

KITTY

Yeah. I'm pretty good too. Last week I auditioned for Swanee Lake.

MAN

A little annotation; Kitty and Feldzieg were a couple in real life. Jack and Sadie Adler. Now, this a familiar comic construct: a stupid woman and her long suffering companion. Well, she appears stupid, but in the end she does something clever and makes everyone wonder whether it's all just an act. The irony here is that Sadie actually was quite stupid; Jack had to explain all the jokes to her apparently. But, still, she had a wonderful career on the stage. At that time, the theatre was the only place where stupid people could earn a decent living. This was before television, of course.

FELDZIEG

Kitty I don't have time for this!

*Enter Gangster #1 & Gangster #2*

GANGSTER #1

A petite four, Mr. Feldzeig?

FELDZIEG

Not now.

*Gangster #2 stops him.*

GANGSTER #2

Perhaps a nice profiterole.

FELDZIEG

Boys, I'm not hungry.

GANGSTER #1

Then perhaps we could give you something else to chew on.

GANGSTER #2

Yeah. Something that ain't food.

FELDZIEG

What?

GANGSTER #1

Your confusion is to be expected. Although we stand here before you in the guise of innocent pastry chefs, we are also —

GANGSTER #2

and primarily —

GANGSTER #1

—employees of a certain individual.

FELDZIEG

A certain individual?

GANGSTER #2

A certain individual...

GANGSTER #1

...who happens to be largest single investor in Feldzieg's Follies. He has sent us here —

GANGSTER #2

As pastry chefs...

GANGSTER #1

... to express his concern about Ms. Van de Graaff's impending nuptials.

GANGSTER #2

Specifically...

GANGSTER #1

...that if she gets married and leaves the show...

**GANGSTER #1 & GANGSTER #2**

...then there ain't no show.

**KITTY**

*(to the Gangsters)*

Say, don't I know you?

**GANGSTER #2**

No, you don't.

**KITTY**

Have you ever spent any time in Toledo?

**GANGSTER #1**

Have you ever spent any time in a coma?

**KITTY**

No, but I have a cousin in Seattle.

**FELDZIEG**

Kitty. Boys, you tell your boss this wedding is never going to happen. You have my word.

**GANGSTER #2**

Oh, we'll take your word, alright.

**GANGSTER #1**

But, to go back on that word — would be a recipe for disaster.  
Now, we hope we have made ourselves perfectly *Éclair*.

**GANGSTER #2**

One cannoli hope.

**GANGSTER #1**

You biscotti be kidding me.

**GANGSTER #2**

A trifle much?

**GANGSTER #1**

Don't tart with me.

**FELDZIEG**

Alright. You can drop the pastry chef routine.

**GANGSTER #1**

Alas, we ganache.



## GANGSTER #2

We're on the lamb.

## GANGSTER #1

*(slapping him)*

Lamb's an entrée, you macaroon.

## #2b – Macaroons!

*Kitty takes a pastry. Gangster #1 & Gangster #2 curtsey.*

## MAN

The gangsters were played by interchangeable vaudeville duo the Tall Brothers: John and Peter Tall. They were born Abram and Mendel Mosloskowicz, but were renamed at Ellis Island by a sarcastic immigration official. They were an early example of the typical Broadway gangster: full of word-play and stylized movements, not very intimidating. Unless you find dancers intimidating, which I do but for reasons that would not be appropriate to this situation.

## GANGSTER #1

We'll leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Feldzieg. In the mean time, feel free to browse the desert carousel.

## GANGSTER #2

Try the Toledo Surprise

## GANGSTER #1 &amp; GANGSTER #2

It's to die for.

*Gangsters exit.*

## KITTY

Holy Cats, Mr. Feldzieg! They're Gangsters.

## FELDZIEG

Very perceptive. Now go powder your face!

*KITTY exits.*

I've got to stop this wedding but how? Oh Lord in Heaven how! How?

## MAN

I always thought that moment was a little overplayed. So with the story well on its way, let's go to the Groom's room.



(DROWSY)

AS WE STUMBLE, BUMBLE, FUMBLE...

PLUMBLE

AS WE STUMBLE ALONG

MAN

Don't you just love her?

#7a - Stumble Playoff

Basically, she sings a rousing anthem about alcoholism. That's what I love about her. She just does her own thing, when she wants, regardless of the needs and concerns of others. My mother was like that.

JANET

Well, that was quite inspiring, chaperone. But, I'm still conflicted. Oh. Please. Just tell me. Is Robert the man for me?

DROWSY

My dear, that's something you'll have to decide for yourself.

JANET

But, I just don't know if he loves me.

DROWSY

Why don't you ask him? Why don't you say, "Roger, do you love me?"

JANET

It's Robert. And I'm not allowed to see him. In fact, it's your job to keep me away from him.

DROWSY

You're right. And I take the responsibility very seriously. However, I'm just this moment feeling terribly, terribly drowsy. I'm afraid I have to have a lie-de-down. Now whatever you do, don't go wandering through the garden seeking out your fiancé to ask him the question upon which your future happiness depends.

*The Chaperone reclines, and closes her eyes.*

JANET

Oh, thank you, Chaperone. I just have to know if he loves me.

*Janet sneaks out.*

DROWSY

Such a skinny little fool. Still, I envy her. Oh, when will love come crashing though my door?

*ALDOLPHO enters*

ALDOLPHO

La la la la la.

MAN

Look who it is! It's Aldolpho come to seduce the bride.

ALDOLPHO

I am Aldolpho!

MAN

Try not to think of the poodles while you're listening to this part.

ALDOLPHO

I am Aldolpho. And you are bride.

DROWSY

No, I am not.

ALDOLPHO

Whaaat? This is bridal suite, you are the only one here. Therefore you must be bride.

DROWSY

Interesting argument, but I'm afraid you are a moron.

ALDOLPHO

Whaaat?

DROWSY

Me—no—bride. Perhaps I could take a message.

ALDOLPHO

Yes, very good... Dear Van De Graaff bride, I must make love to you, and transport you to the place of ecstasy, sooner is better, signed Aldolpho, King of Romance.

DROWSY

Well, you saw through my little ruse. You've found me out.

ALDOLPHO

Ahh, so you are the bride.

DROWSY

Apparently, yes. Take me, Aldollface.

ALDOLPHO

No, no, no, not Aldollface—Aldolpho. You must remember my name for when we are making love and you are screaming you must say the right name or it will spoil everything. How can I make you remember?