

Upwardly Mobile

Adapted by David Block

From
The Philip Dwight Jones Translation of
Moliere's

The Bourgeois Gentleman

The Cast

Mister Bill Jordan, a yuppie	Luke Bartholemew
Mrs. Pamela Jordan, his wife.	Kelli Hallgrimson
Lucy, their daughter.	Emily Cohn
Nikki, maid.	Nicolette Dent
Kevin, suitor of Lucy.	Brian Lyke
Carl, Kevin's friend	Dylan Benkert
Mr Doran, suitor of Debbie.	David Powell
Debbie Rutherford	Haley Zervantian
Aunt Minerva.	Ashley Glore
Guitar Teacher.	Ian Petersen
Lyricist	Catie Bourgeois
Dance Teacher.	Kelly Kropp
Tai Kwon Do Sensei.	Max Aronson
Guru.	Aaron Silverbook
Image Consultant.	Colleen Quinlan
Tailor.	Aneliese Palmer
Two servants.	Amy Reder Lillian Yi
Ensemble	Emily Arnold Katie Mansfield Jenny Thomas

Many male and female musicians, instrumentalists, dancers, cooks, Tailors, and others necessary for the interludes.

UPWARDLY MOBILE

The scene is Mister Jordan's house in Beverly Hills

(Aunt Minerva is walking with Nikki and Lucy. Nikki is carrying some Nieman Marcus bags or some such. The girls chat while Aunt Minerva plows the way.)

MINERVA: Come along girls!

LUCY: Thanks for the shopping spree Aunt Minerva!

NIKKI: Yea Ms. Jordan, you are way cool.

MINERVA: Oh girls you know how I love to shop. And with your father's new found wealth, we can now afford some delicious things.

NIKKI: It's hard to believe Mr. Jordan is your brother Ma'am.

MINERVA: Haven't you told her Lucy?

LUCY: Nikki, my father is an orphan. Aunt Minerva's parents found him on the doorstep of their home as an infant. He has lived with them ever since.

MINERVA: The insanity that clearly runs in his family is something I'm glad I missed. (The girls nod knowingly. Minerva notices the boys.) Stay away from those hooligans girls. They are up to mischief without a doubt.

LUCY & NIKKI: Yes Ma'am. (They proceed to exit. Minerva stands guard as they enter the house.)

MINERVA: Why don't you young men find a wholesome activity? We don't need you sniffing around here. Rascals! (She hits them with her purse and storms into the house.)

(They pass by Kevin and Carl who try to make contact with the girls. When Minerva looks their way, the girls turn up their noses and walk on. Minerva looks satisfied and they walk into the house. They exit upstage with their goods completely ignoring the motley assembly already in the house.)

(Guitar Teacher, Dance Teacher, Lyricist, band members)

GUITAR TEACHER: (To Lyricist and band) Come, come in, sit there and wait until he comes.

DANCE TEACHER: (To servers) And you too, on this side.

GUITAR TEACHER: (To Lyricist) Finished?

LYRICIST: Yes.

GUITAR TEACHER: Let's see. . . This is good.

DANCE TEACHER: Is it something new?

GUITAR TEACHER: Yes, it's a song I had him write.

DANCE TEACHER: May I see it?

GUITAR TEACHER: You'll hear it, with the lyrics, when Mr. Jordan comes. He won't be long.

DANCE TEACHER: Our work these days is pretty important isn't it?

GUITAR TEACHER: Radical! And Dude... Jordan is like... Exactly what we need. You know? I mean, I wish everyone was like him. Don't you?

DANCE TEACHER: Not exactly. I sometimes wish he had a better understanding of what we taught him.

GUITAR TEACHER: Yeah. Sometimes he just doesn't get it. But... he pays well, and that's really what we need, right?

DANCE TEACHER: I admit that I feed on glory. As an artist, it is almost painful to have to produce for these idiots who don't understand the intensity of my creativity. It's a pleasure, on the other hand, to create for one who can really appreciate the fine points of art. Nothing pays us better than the praise of the well-informed.

GUITAR TEACHER: Yeah man, but you can't eat praise. You need dough too.

DANCE TEACHER: True, but a man of good taste never lets anyone know it's the money that matters.

GUITAR TEACHER: I've seen you take his money man.

DANCE TEACHER: True. His folds as well as another's. But I can enjoy his cash and still wish that he had a little more smarts.

GUITAR TEACHER: Totally. But through him we might get our break.

DANCE TEACHER: Here he comes.

MISTER JORDAN: Well gentlemen? What's this? Are you going to show me your little skit?

DANCE TEACHER: Huh? What little skit?

MISTER JORDAN: Well, the... What-do-you-call it? Your "set" of songs and dances.

DANCE TEACHER: Ha, ha!

GUITAR TEACHER: We are ready!

MISTER JORDAN: I kept you waiting a little, but it's because I'm having myself dressed today like the people of quality, and my Image Consultant sent me some silk stockings that I thought I would never get on.

GUITAR TEACHER: Dude... take your time.

MISTER JORDAN: I want you both to stay until they have brought me my suit, so that you may see me.

DANCE TEACHER: Whatever you would like.

MISTER JORDAN: You will see me fitted out properly, from head to foot.

GUITAR TEACHER: No doubt.

MISTER JORDAN: I had this robe made for me.

DANCE TEACHER: It's very attractive.

MISTER JORDAN: My Image Consultant told me the people of quality dress like this in the mornings.

GUITAR TEACHER: It's radical.

MISTER JORDAN: Hey servants! My two servants!

FIRST SERVANT: What do you wish, Sir?

MISTER JORDAN: Nothing. I just wanted to see if you were paying attention. (To the two teachers , half opening his gown, showing his attire) This is the latest exercise outfit to perform my morning jog in.

GUITAR TEACHER: Awesome.

MISTER JORDAN: Servant!

FIRST SERVANT: Sir?

MISTER JORDAN: The other servant!

SECOND SERVANT: Sir?

MISTER JORDAN: Hold my robe. (To the Teachers) Do you think I look good?

DANCE TEACHER: Excellent.

MISTER JORDAN: Now let's have a look at your little show.

GUITAR TEACHER: I want you to listen to a lyric he (indicating the Lyricist) has just written for the song that you ordered from me.

MISTER JORDAN: You should have written it yourself.

GUITAR TEACHER: Dude. He's totally the best lyric writer. Just listen.

MISTER JORDAN: (To Servants) Give me my robe so I can listen better . . . Wait, I believe I would be better without a robe. . . No, give it back, that will be better.

LYRICIST: (Singing) Your eyes shoot through me night and day. Baby, if that's the way you treat your friends, I'd hate to be an enemy. Your love is killin' me!

MISTER JORDAN: This song seems to me a little sad, perhaps you could liven it up a little, here and there.

GUITAR TEACHER: Whoa dude! The lyrics have to match the song.

MISTER JORDAN: Someone taught me a perfectly pretty one some time ago. Listen . . . Now . . . how does it go?

DANCE TEACHER: I don't know.

MISTER JORDAN: There are sheep in it.

DANCE TEACHER: Sheep?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes. Ah! (He sings) Whoa whoa baby, you make me complete. I'll follow you baby like a little white sheep. I trust in you baby, you're my little Bo Peep...

GUITAR TEACHER: That's awesome.

DANCE TEACHER: And you sing it well.

MISTER JORDAN: All without having taken a lesson.

GUITAR TEACHER: You totally need to learn it man. It matches up pretty good with dancing.

DANCE TEACHER: And which open the mind of a man to fine things.

MISTER JORDAN: And do people of quality learn music, too?

GUITAR TEACHER: Yes sir.

MISTER JORDAN: I'll learn it then. But I don't know when I can find time; because besides my Tai Kwon Do Sensei who's teaching me, I also have a guru who is to begin this morning.

GUITAR TEACHER: Meditation is awesome; but music, dude, music . . .

DANCE TEACHER: Music and dancing, music and dancing, that's all that's necessary.

GUITAR TEACHER: Music is it dude.

DANCE TEACHER: There's nothing so necessary to mankind as dancing.

GUITAR TEACHER: Without music, even government couldn't exist.

DANCE TEACHER: Without the dance, a man can do nothing.

GUITAR TEACHER: All the war, dude... its all because people don't rock n' roll.

DANCE TEACHER: He's right, all the evils of the world, all this comes from not knowing how to dance.

MISTER JORDAN: How is that?

GUITAR TEACHER: War is caused by not being in harmony right?

MISTER JORDAN: That is true.

GUITAR TEACHER: And if they all learned music, wouldn't that bring about harmony and seeing universal peace in the world?

MISTER JORDAN: You are right.

DANCE TEACHER: When someone makes an moral mistake, don't we say they took a "wrong step?"

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, that's said.

DANCE TEACHER: And can taking a bad step result from anything but not knowing how to dance?

MISTER JORDAN: It's true, you are both right.

DANCE TEACHER: It makes you see the excellence and usefulness of music and the dance.

MISTER JORDAN: I understand that, now.

GUITAR TEACHER: So you want to hear the song?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes.

GUITAR TEACHER: (To musicians) Here, come forward. (To Mister Jordan) Ok... imagine they are all dressed in leather and ...

MISTER JORDAN: Why always in leather? You see nothing but that everywhere.

GUITAR TEACHER: Dude... it's Rock and roll...

MISTER JORDAN: Alright, alright. Let's see.

DIALOGUE IN MUSIC:

ALL THREE: Your love dominates me. My heart needs to break free. I need my liberty. Prisoner of Love!

WOMAN: Love so sweet!

SECOND MAN: Lying woman!

FIRST MAN: I need you!

SECOND MAN: You treat me so bad!

ALL THREE: Your love dominates me. Caught in love's misery. I need my liberty. Prisoner of Love!

MISTER JORDAN: Is that all?

GUITAR TEACHER: Yes.

MISTER JORDAN: Um... radical.

DANCE TEACHER: And now... the dance moves to go with it.
(They dance in a music video sort of way)

MISTER JORDAN: Well! Those people there hop around well.

GUITAR TEACHER: It'll look better when we make the video.

MISTER JORDAN: That's for later, when the person I ordered all this for does me the honor of coming here to dine.

DANCE TEACHER: Everything is ready.

GUITAR TEACHER: No way man! You should have a live band!

MISTER JORDAN: Is that what people of quality do?

GUITAR TEACHER: Totally.

MISTER JORDAN: Then I'll have them. Will it be fine?

GUITAR TEACHER: Without doubt. Drums, synthesizer of course.. guitars.. I'll set up the whole thing.

MISTER JORDAN: But I must be able to dance to the music. Come, my Dance Teacher.

DANCE TEACHER: Ready sir ? ONE 2 3 4. ONE 2 3 4. In beat please. ONE 2 3 4. Your right leg. ONE 2 3 4. Don't move your shoulders so. ONE 2 3 4. Your arms are wrong. ONE 2 3 4. Raise your head. Turn the toe out. ONE 2 3 4. Straighten your body up.

MISTER JORDAN: How was that? (Breathlessly)

GUITAR TEACHER: I've never seen anything like it!

SERVANT ONE: Sir, your Tai Kwon Do Sensei is here.

MISTER JORDAN: Tell him to come in here for my lesson. I want you to see me perform.

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: Bow. And now, First Kata. Your body straight. Your legs not so wide apart. Your feet both in a line. The arm not so much extended. The left shoulder more squared. The head up. Advance. The body steady. One, two. Kick Again, with the foot firm. Excellent. One, two. Advance. Stop there. One, two. Recover. Repeat. And bow.

MISTER JORDAN: How was that? (Breathlessly)

GUITAR TEACHER: Awesome!

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: The secret is in using the opponents force against himself. (He breaks a board) Kihap!

MISTER JORDAN: In this way then, a man, without courage, is sure to kill his man and not be killed himself?

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: Without doubt. Didn't you see the demonstration?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes.

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: This is why martial art is the most important skill to learn. Far above the trivial aspects of music and dance.

DANCE TEACHER: Careful there, Mister! Speak of the dance only with respect.

GUITAR TEACHER: Dude, music is so awesome!

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: You want to compare them?

GUITAR TEACHER: Dude I will bust this Fender over...!

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: KIH! (He breaks another board) Kihap!

MISTER JORDAN: Didn't you see him break the boards!? He'll kill you!

(A scuffle ensues with the Tai Kwon Do teacher on one side and the Guitar and Dance teachers on the other. As it gets under way, the Guru enters.)

MISTER JORDAN: Aha! Guru, you come just in time with your philosophy. Come, make a little peace among these people.

GURU: What's happening? What's the matter, gentlemen.

MISTER JORDAN: They have come to fighting over who's profession is more important.

GURU: What! Gentlemen, must you act this way? Is there anything more base and more shameful than this passion, which turns a man into a savage beast? Find your inner self gentlemen and find peace!

DANCE TEACHER: Well! Sir, he has just abused both of us by, despising the dance, which I practice, and music, which is his profession.

GURU: A wise man is above all the insults that can be spoken to him; and the grand reply one should make to such outrages is moderation and patience.

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: They both dared to say Martial Arts was ridiculous.

GURU: Should that disturb you? Men should not dispute amongst themselves about such things; that which perfectly distinguishes one from the other is wisdom and virtue.

DANCE TEACHER: Dance is the purist expression of man.

GUITAR TEACHER: Music is totally the most awesome thing.

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: Martial Arts builds character and discipline. (He breaks another board) Kihap!

GURU: And where then will meditation be? Meditation finds a man's center and joins one with the harmonious all. These other concepts are worthless.

TAI KWON DO SENSEI: Get out, you quack!

GUITAR TEACHER: I'll show you worthless!

DANCE TEACHER: My fist will find your center!

GURU: What!... (The guru flings himself at them, and all three go out fighting).

(As they fight, Jordan tries to break them up, but isn't successful. They go offstage.)

MISTER JORDAN: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Oh! Fight as much as you like. I don't know what to do, and I'll not spoil my robe to separate you. I would be a fool to go among them and receive some damaging blow. (he makes tai kwon do poses nonetheless)

(The Guru returns somewhat disheveled.)

GURU: (Straightening his clothing) Now to our lesson.

MISTER JORDAN: Oh! Master, I am distressed by the blows they gave you.

GURU: It's nothing. Let it be. What would you like to learn?

MISTER JORDAN: Everything I can, Master.

GURU: This is a reasonable sentiment. *Nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, and you doubtless know Latin?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, but act as if I did not know it. Tell me what it says.

GURU: It says that without learning life is almost an image of death.

MISTER JORDAN: That Latin is right.

GURU: Don't you know some principles, some basics of the sciences?

MISTER JORDAN: Oh yes! I can read and write.

GURU: Where would it please you for us to begin? Would you like me to teach you logic?

MISTER JORDAN: What is this logic?

GURU: It is that which teaches the three operations of the mind.

MISTER JORDAN: What are these three operations of the mind?

GURU: The first, the second, and the third. The first is to conceive well by means of the universals; the second is to judge well by means of the categories; and the third is to draw well a conclusion by means of figures.

MISTER JORDAN: This logic doesn't suit me at all. Let's learn something else that's prettier.

GURU: Would you like to learn morality?

MISTER JORDAN: Morality?

GURU: Yes.

MISTER JORDAN: What does it say, this morality?

GURU: It deals with happiness, teaches men to moderate their passions, and ...

MISTER JORDAN: No, let's leave that. I want to be as full of anger as I want whenever I like.

GURU: Would you like to learn physics?

MISTER JORDAN: What's it about, this physics?

GURU: Physics explains the principles of natural things and the properties of the material world; it discourses on the nature of the elements, of metals, minerals, of stones, of plants and animals, and teaches the causes of all the meteors, the rainbow, crystals, the comets, lightning, thunder, thunderbolts, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirlwinds.

MISTER JORDAN: There's too much commotion in it, too much confusion.

GURU: Then what do you want me to teach you?

MISTER JORDAN: Teach me how to spell.

GURU: Very gladly.

MISTER JORDAN: Afterwards, you may teach me meditation.

GURU: So be it. Following your thought and treating this matter as a philosopher, it is necessary to begin according to the order of things, by an exact knowledge of the nature of letters and the different ways of pronouncing them all. And thereupon I must tell you letters are divided into vowels, called vowels because they express the voice; and into consonants because they sound with the vowels and only mark the diverse articulations of the voice. There are five vowels or voices: A, E, I, O, U.

MISTER JORDAN: I understand all that.

GURU: The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth widely : A. Its vowels are to be given the sounds used in vocalizing: Ah-aye-ee-o-ou.

MISTER JORDAN: A, A. Yes.

GURU: The vowel E is formed by approaching the lower jaw to the upper: A, E.

MISTER JORDAN: A, E; A, E. Totally Excellent!

GURU: And the vowel I, by bringing the jaws still nearer each other and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears: A, E, I.

MISTER JORDAN: A, E, I. I. I. I. That's true. Long live science!

GURU: The vowel O is formed by opening the jaws and drawing together the two corners of the lips, upper and lower: O.

MISTER JORDAN: O, O. There's nothing truer. A, E, I, O, I O.. That's great! I, O, I, O.

GURU: The opening of the mouth happens to make a little circle which represents an O.

MISTER JORDAN: O, O, O. You are right! O. Ah! What a fine thing it is to be educated!

GURU: The vowel U is formed by bringing the teeth nearly together without completely joining them, and thrusting the two lips outward, also bringing them nearly together without completely joining them: U.

MISTER JORDAN: U, U. True true. U.

GURU: Tomorrow we shall look at the other letters, which are the consonants.

MISTER JORDAN: Are there things as curious about them as about vowels?

GURU: Without a doubt. The consonant D, for example, is pronounced by clapping the tongue above the upper teeth: D.

MISTER JORDAN: D, D, Yes. Ah! Radical!

GURU: I'll explain to you all these strange things to their very depths.

MISTER JORDAN: Please do. But now, I must confide in you. I'm in love with a lady of great quality, and I wish that you would help me write something to her in a little note that I will let fall at her feet.

GURU: Very well.

MISTER JORDAN: That will be "radical", yes?

GURU: Without doubt. Is it verse that you wish to write her?

MISTER JORDAN: No, no. No verse.

GURU: Do you want only prose?

MISTER JORDAN: No, I don't want either prose or verse.

GURU: It must be one or the other.

MISTER JORDAN: Why?

GURU: Because, sir, there is no other way to express oneself than with prose or verse.

MISTER JORDAN: There is nothing but prose or verse?

GURU: No, sir, everything that is not prose is verse, and everything that is not verse is prose.

MISTER JORDAN: And when one speaks, what is that then?

GURU: Prose.

MISTER JORDAN: What! When I say, "Nikki, bring me my slippers, and give me the paper," that's prose?

GURU: Yes, Sir.

MISTER JORDAN: Awesome! For more than forty years I have been speaking prose without knowing anything about it. I would like then to put into a note to her: "Oh Debbie, your eyes make me die of love," but I want that to sound better.

GURU: Say that the fires of her eyes reduce your heart to cinders; that you suffer night and day for her the torments of a . . .

MISTER JORDAN: No, no, no. I want none of that; I only want you to say, "Oh Debbie, your eyes make me die of love,"

GURU: It should be a little longer...

MISTER JORDAN: No, I tell you, I want only those words in the note, but more expressive. Tell me how they can be rearranged.

GURU: One could put them first of all as you said them: " Oh Debbie, your eyes make me die of love," Or else: "Of love your eyes make me, oh Debbie, die." Or else: "Die, your eyes, oh Debbie, of love make me." Or else: "Me make your eyes die, oh Debbie, of love."

MISTER JORDAN: But, of all those ways, which is the best?

GURU: The way you said it: "Oh Debbie, your eyes make me die of love."

MISTER JORDAN: I never studied, and yet I made the whole thing up at the first try. Thank you, Thank you! Please come back tomorrow!

GURU: I shall not fail to do so. (He leaves).

MISTER JORDAN: What? Hasn't my suit come yet?

SERVANT 2: No, Sir.

MISTER JORDAN: That dork Image Consultant makes me wait all day when I have so much to do! He makes me angry. To the devil with the Image Consultant! This is definitely most... Bogus!

(Image Consultant and Tailor enter carrying suit)

MISTER JORDAN: Ah! You're here! I was getting into a rage against you.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: I could not come sooner, and I put twenty men to work on your suit.

MISTER JORDAN: You sent me some silk stockings so small that I had all the difficulty in the world putting them on, and already there are two broken stitches.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: They will stretch.

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, if I break the stitches. You also had made for me a pair of shoes that pinch furiously.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Not at all, sir.

MISTER JORDAN: They don't?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: No, they don't pinch you at all.

MISTER JORDAN: I tell you, they pinch me.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: You imagine it.

MISTER JORDAN: I imagine it?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Very well sir, it you say so. Now, here is the finest suit. It's a masterpiece to have invented a serious suit that is not black. It's an original. Nobody can match it.

MISTER JORDAN: What's this? You've put the flowers upside down.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: You didn't tell me you wanted them right side up.

MISTER JORDAN: Did I have to tell you that?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Yes, surely. All the people of quality wear them this way.

MISTER JORDAN: The people of quality wear the flowers upside down?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Yes, Sir.

MISTER JORDAN: Oh! It's alright then. Umm... Radical.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: If you like, I'll put them right side up.

MISTER JORDAN: No, no.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: You have only to say so.

MISTER JORDAN: No, I tell you. You've made it very well. Do you think the suit is going to look good on me?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Totally fresh. I have a tailor in my place who is the greatest genius in the world!

MISTER JORDAN: Am I wearing it correctly?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Oh yes sir.

MISTER JORDAN: (Looking at the Image Consultant's suit) Ah! Ah! Mister Image Consultant, isn't that the material from the last suit you made for me?

IMAGE CONSULTANT: AS IF! I wouldn't be caught dead in last year's look. Homie don't play that.

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, but

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Do you want to put on your suit?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, give it to me.

IMAGE CONSULTANT: Wait. That's not the way it's done. I have brought valets to dress you; these kinds of suits are put on with ceremony. Hey there! Come in, you! Put this suit on the gentleman the way you do with people of quality.

(Several Valets enter and dress him.)

TAILOR: My dear gentleman, it is proper to tip the valets.

MISTER JORDAN: What did you call me?

TAILOR: My dear gentleman.

MISTER JORDAN: My dear gentleman! That's what it is to dress like people of quality! Go all your life dressed like the middle class and they'll never call you "My dear gentleman." Here, take this for the "My dear gentleman."

TAILOR: Very good sir.

MISTER JORDAN: "Very good sir!" Oh! Oh! "Sir!" Wait, my friend. "Sir" deserves something, and it's not a little word, this "Sir." Take this. That's what "Sir" gives you.

TAILOR: We thank you very humbly for your generosity.

MISTER JORDAN: He did well, I was going to give him everything.

(All Exit but the servants)

MISTER JORDAN: Follow me, I am going to show off my clothes a little about town. And above all both of you take care to walk close at my heels, so people can see that you are with me.

SERVANTS: Yes, Sir.

MISTER JORDAN: Call Nikki for me, so I can give her some orders. Oh, don't bother you doofuses, I'll do it. Nikki!

NIKKI: Yes, sir?

MISTER JORDAN: Listen.

NIKKI: He, he, he, he, he!

MISTER JORDAN: What are you laughing about?

NIKKI: He, he, he, he, he!

MISTER JORDAN: Are you mocking me?

NIKKI: Oh no sir. He, he, he, he, he!

MISTER JORDAN: Hey!

NIKKI: He he he!

MISTER JORDAN: Listen. You laugh any more and you're fired!

NIKKI: Alright, sir, I won't laugh any more.

MISTER JORDAN: Take good care not to, because you must clean . . .

NIKKI: He, he!

MISTER JORDAN: You must clean . . .

NIKKI: He, he!

MISTER JORDAN: I said you have to clean the room and . . .

NIKKI: He, he! (Falling down with laughter) Fire me sir! I can't help it! He, he, he, he, he!

(She finally controls herself)

NIKKI: Ok. I'm sorry. What is it that you need sir?

MISTER JORDAN: Please clean the house for company.

NIKKI: Well I sure don't feel like laughing anymore. Sir, your "company" is always so messy. Whenever you say "company" is coming, it makes me want to barf.

MISTER JORDAN: Why, should I shut my door to everyone for your sake?

NIKKI: You should at least shut it to some people.

(Mrs. Jordan enters)

MRS. JORDAN: Oh my God! You are the biggest dork. What is that you have on? Do you want to be a laughing stock?

MISTER JORDAN: None but fools will laugh at me.

MRS. JORDAN: You are probably right. Everyone else is already laughing at you.

MISTER JORDAN: Who's everyone, if you please?

MRS. JORDAN: Anyone with half a brain! I don't even recognize the house. And the whole block can hear all the racket that starts out each morning with guitar music and "hiyah!" and everything else you have going on here!

NIKKI: And they all track mud in here making it impossible for me to keep the place clean!

MISTER JORDAN: It's so hard to find good help.

MRS. JORDAN: Nikki is right, and she has more sense than you. I'd like to know what you think you're going to do with a Dance Teacher, at your age?

NIKKI: And with that heinous Tai Kwon Do Sensei who comes stamping his feet, shaking the whole house and tearing up all the floorboards in our living-room.

MISTER JORDAN: Be quiet, both of you! Quiet, I tell you! You are ignorant women, both of you, and you don't know the advantages of all this.

MRS. JORDAN: You should instead be thinking of marrying off your daughter.

MISTER JORDAN: I'll think of marrying off my daughter when a suitable match comes along, but I also want to learn about fine things.

MRS. JORDAN: Thinking about going back to school at your age?

MISTER JORDAN: Why not? If I only knew what they learn at school! You both talk like beasts, and I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For example, do you know what you are speaking just now?

MRS. JORDAN: Of course! I know exactly what I'm saying.

MISTER JORDAN: I'm not talking about that. I'm asking if you know what the words are that you are saying here?

MRS. JORDAN: They are words that are very sensible, way more than you are.

MISTER JORDAN: I'm not talking about that, I tell you. I'm asking you: what is it that I'm speaking to you this minute, what is it?

MRS. JORDAN: Nonsense.

MISTER JORDAN: No, no! That's not it. What is it we are both saying, what language is it that we are speaking right now?

MRS. JORDAN: Duh. English?

MISTER JORDAN: NO! It's prose, you ignorant creature.

MRS. JORDAN: Prose?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, prose. Everything is prose that is not verse; and everything that's not verse is prose. There! This is what it is to study! And you (to Nikki), do you know what you must do to say U?

NIKKI: What?

MISTER JORDAN: Say U, in order to see.

NIKKI: Oh Well, U.

MISTER JORDAN: What do you do?

NIKKI: I say U.

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, but, when you say U, what do you do?

NIKKI: I do what you tell me to.

MISTER JORDAN: I'm surrounded by morons! You thrust your lips out and bring your lower jaw to your upper jaw: U, see? U. Do you see? I make a pout: U.

NIKKI: Whatever.

MRS. JORDAN: How admirable.

MISTER JORDAN: But it's quite another thing, if you have seen O, and D, D.

MRS. JORDAN: You big doofus! You ought to send all those people packing with their foolishness.

NIKKI: And above all, that great geek of a Tai Kwon Do Sensei, who ruins all my work by breaking things.

MISTER JORDAN: Well! This Tai Kwon Do Sensei seems to get under your skin. I'll soon show you how impertinent you are. Here. Hold this and observe! (She holds a board)

(He hits the board but nothing happens)

MRS. JORDAN: You are a complete idiot. All of this came into your head when you decided you wanted to be upper class.

MISTER JORDAN: When I associate with the upper class, I show my good judgment; and that's better than associating with you lowlifes.

MRS. JORDAN: Oh for sure! It's clear that this is so when talking about your boss.

MISTER JORDAN: What!? He is a well respected man. You don't know what you are talking about. He has more regard for me than one would ever imagine; and, in front of everyone, he treats me like a son.

MRS. JORDAN: Yes, he does. A son he borrows money from.

MISTER JORDAN: So! Isn't it an honor for me to lend money to a man like him? Can I do less for a friend?

MRS. JORDAN: And this "friend", what does he do for you?

MISTER JORDAN: Things that would astonish you if you knew them.

MRS. JORDAN: Like what?

MISTER JORDAN: Blast! I cannot explain myself. Besides, he'll pay it back fully, and before long.

MRS. JORDAN: As if!

MISTER JORDAN: I tell you he will keep his word, I'm sure of it.

MRS. JORDAN: And I'm sure he will not.

MISTER JORDAN: Be quiet. Here he is.

MRS. JORDAN: That's all we needed! Probably here to borrow something from you. Gag me.

MISTER JORDAN: Be still, I tell you.

(enter Doran)

DORAN: My dear friend, Mister Jordan, how do you do?

MISTER JORDAN: Very well, sir.

DORAN: And Mrs. Jordan there, how is she?

MRS. JORDAN: Mrs. Jordan is as well as she can be.

DORAN: Well! Mister Jordan, you are excellently well dressed!

MISTER JORDAN: You see.

DORAN: None of the other up-and-comers dress so well.

MISTER JORDAN: Well! well!

MRS. JORDAN: (Aside) He scratches him where it itches.

DORAN: Turn around. Is that Armani?

MRS. JORDAN: (Aside) Yes, as big a dweeb in back as in the front.

DORAN: Truthfully, Mister Jordan, I was desperate to see you today. I was just talking about you with the CEO this morning and...

MISTER JORDAN: Thank you, sir. (To Mrs. Jordan) The CEO!

DORAN: In any case, I am in your debt, as you know.

MRS. JORDAN: Yes, we know it all too well.

DORAN: You have generously lent me money upon several occasions, and you have treated me so well.

MISTER JORDAN: You are too kind.

DORAN: But I know how to repay what is lent me, and to acknowledge the favors given me.

MISTER JORDAN: I have no doubt of it, sir.

DORAN: I want to settle this matter with you, and I came here to make up our accounts together.

MISTER JORDAN: There wife! You see!

DORAN: I am a man who likes to repay debts as soon as I can.

MISTER JORDAN: (Aside to Mrs. Jordan) I told you so.

DORAN: Let's see how much do I owe you.

MISTER JORDAN: (Aside to Mrs. Jordan) You and your ridiculous suspicions.

DORAN: Do you remember how much you have lent me?

MISTER JORDAN: I believe so. I made a little note of it. Here it is. Once you were given two hundred.

DORAN: That's true.

MISTER JORDAN: Another time, six.

DORAN: Yes.

MISTER JORDAN: And another time, a hundred and forty.

DORAN: You're right.

MISTER JORDAN: These three items make nine hundred and forty

DORAN: That sounds quite right.

MISTER JORDAN: One thousand eight hundred thirty-two for your accountant.

DORAN: Exactly.

MISTER JORDAN: Two thousand seven hundred eighty for the big screen.

Doran: It's true.

MISTER JORDAN: Four thousand three hundred seventy to your bookie.

DORAN: Quite right. The account is exact.

MISTER Jordan: And one thousand seven hundred forty-eight to your tailor.

DORAN: All that is true. What does that come to?

MISTER JORDAN: Sum total, eleven thousand six hundred and seventy.

DORAN: The total is exact: eleven thousand six hundred and seventy. Add three hundred thirty that you are going to give me momentarily, which will make exactly twelve thousand, which I shall pay you at the first opportunity.

MRS. JORDAN: (Aside) Well, didn't I predict it?

MISTER JORDAN: Peace!

DORAN: Will that inconvenience you, to give me the amount I say?

MISTER JORDAN: Oh, no!

DORAN: If that inconveniences you, I will go somewhere else.

MISTER JORDAN: NO, Sir.

MRS. JORDAN: (Aside) He won't be content until he's ruined you.

MISTER JORDAN: Be quiet, I tell you.

DORAN: I have a number of people who would gladly lend it to me; but since you are my best friend, I thought I might insult you if I asked someone else for it.

MISTER JORDAN: It's too great an honor, sir, that you do me. I'll go get it for you.

DORAN: You appear to be very upset. What is wrong, Mrs. Jordan?

MRS. JORDAN: Something is giving me a headache.

MISTER JORDAN: There it is. Three hundred and thirty.

DORAN: I assure you, Mister Jordan...

MISTER JORDAN: Please, call me Bill.

DORAN: Why of cource. Bill. Bill, I owe you...

MISTER JORDAN: Don't mention it.

DORAN: (Aside to Mister Jordan) It's all set up. The owner's daughter will be here soon for an evening of entertainment.

MISTER JORDAN: Let us move a little farther away.

DORAN: I know it's been eight days since you gave me that diamond to give to her, but it took me a while to make it work.

MISTER JORDAN: And did she like it?

DORAN: Totally. I wish you could have seen her face.

MISTER JORDAN: No price is too high.

MRS. JORDAN: (To Nikki) What can they talk about so much? Go over and listen a little.

DORAN: She will be here soon and then everything will go as you like.

MISTER JORDAN: I have arranged for my wife to go to dinner at her sister's, where she'll spend all evening.

DORAN: Smooth. I have everything else planned.

MISTER JORDAN: (Sees that Nikki is listening) Say! Get to work! (To Doran) Let's go. After you.

(They Exit)

NIKKI: Something is up. They were talking about doing something with you not around.

MRS. JORDAN: Hmm. Today's not the first time. I've suspected my husband of being involved in some affair. But my daughter is more important. She loves Kevin, and I want to see the two of them married.

NIKKI: Oh Mrs. Jordan! You are Awesome. I'm so glad you feel that way. Your daughter will be totally stoked. And I'm in love with Kevin's friend Carl. Maybe we can have a double wedding!

MRS. JORDAN: Go speak to Kevin about it for me, and tell him to come to me soon so we can present his request to my husband for my daughter in marriage.

NIKKI: As fast as I can! This is so cool!

(Mrs. Jordan exits. Enter Kevin and Carl.)

NIKKI: Perfect. I'm glad I bumped into you totally by coincidence.

KEVIN: Don't try to make nice to me!

NIKKI: Huh?

KEVIN: Get lost! And tell your “friend” Lucy that she won’t be able to mess with my head anymore!

NIKKI: Heinous! Hey babe, what’s with him?

CARL: Babe? As If! You heard him, get lost.

NIKKI: Look dweeb, I don’t know what

CARL: Whatever. (They walk past her.)

NIKKI: This is bogus. I better find Lucy and tell her what’s going on.

(Nikki exits)

KEVIN: Dude, women are poison.

CARL: No doubt dude.

KEVIN: No dude, you don’t understand. I gave her everything. I didn’t even breath without thinking of her first.

CARL: I’m totally with you man.

KEVIN: Man, I totally opened up to her man. Can you think of any chick worse than her?

CARL: Just that Nikki, man. I can’t believe how she totally trashed our relationship.

KEVIN: I was totally loyal to her!

CARL: I was totally devoted to her!

KEVIN: And now this!

CARL: Yeah dude. Heinous!

KEVIN: Don’t ever speak of her again.

CARL: No way man!

KEVIN: And don’t try to talk me out of it.

CARL: Totally.

KEVIN: And don’t try to defend her.

CARL: Right.

KEVIN: No more women!

CARL: I agree.

KEVIN: I’m totally breaking up with her before she dumps me first.

CARL: Right on.

KEVIN: Tell me about all her bad qualities so I don't cave in.

CARL: Gotcha. First of all, she has small eyes.

KEVIN: That's true. She does. But they are like emeralds.

CARL: She has a big mouth.

KEVIN: Yes; but totally kissable lips dude.

CARL: She's kinda skinny.

KEVIN: Yeah... but a total babe.

CARL: Dude! She's a chick! Poison remember?

KEVIN: Yeah.

CARL: Dude, you're hosed. You're totally in love.

KEVIN: I know dude. Shoot. Here she comes.

(Enter Nikki and Lucy)

NIKKI: I don't know what their problem is.

LUCY: It's gotta be what I thought. Oh.. here they are.

KEVIN: I don't even want to speak to her.

CARL: Me either.

LUCY: What's the matter Kevin? What's wrong with you?

NIKKI: What's the matter with you, Carl?

LUCY: Not talking eh?

(Beat)

CARL: You totally tore us up man!

LUCY: I see our meeting this morning upset you both.

KEVIN: Ah! Ah! See!.

LUCY: Chill! Is that it?

KEVIN: Yes! Liar! I thought we were going together, man, but that's it. I am so over you.

CARL: Me too.

LUCY: Whatever Kevin. Like, let me explain what happened....

KEVIN: No, I don't want to hear it . . .

NIKKI: But don't you want to hear what happened?

CARL: I don't want to hear anything.

LUCY: (Following Kevin) Ok... this morning . . .

KEVIN: No, I tell you.

NIKKI: (Following Carl) This is what . . .

CARL: No, traitor.

LUCY: Listen.

KEVIN: No.

NIKKI: Let me speak.

CARL: Uh-uh.

LUCY: Kevin!

KEVIN: No.

NIKKI: Carl!

CARL & KEVIN: (Both guys claps their hands over their ears) la la la la la

LUCY: Alright! Since you don't want to listen to me, think what you like, and do what you want.

(Long Pause)

KEVIN: At least let us know why.

LUCY: Not a chance.

CARL: Tell us something.

NIKKI: I don't want to tell you.

KEVIN: Please . . .

LUCY: No.

CARL: Come on.

NIKKI: Forget it.

KEVIN: Lucy!

LUCY: No.

CARL: Nikki!

NIKKI: Never.

KEVIN: Alright! Then I am out of here.

CARL: And I -- I will follow in his steps.

LUCY: Kevin!

NIKKI: Carl!

KEVIN: What?

CARL: Yes?

LUCY: Where are you going?

KEVIN: Where I told you. If you can't love me, then I'll have nobody. We are going to die.

CARL: Dude! What!?

LUCY: But... Then it won't make any difference that we had to, like, totally ignore you this morning because I was with my Aunt Minerva. She thinks even looking at a boy is totally, like, you know.

NIKKI: There you go.

CARL: Aren't you making this up?

NIKKI: It's the absolute truth.

CARL: Dude, are we going to give in to this?

KEVIN: Oh Lucy! I knew you were still my girl. I totally love you babe.

CARL: Women!

(Enter Mrs. Jordan)

MRS. JORDAN: Oh. How cute. Kevin you are such a good boy.

KEVIN: Thank you Mrs. Jordan.

MRS. JORDAN: My husband is coming. Take the opportunity and ask to marry Lucy.

KEVIN & LUCY: Marry!?

KEVIN: Dude! I will. I mean... I do.

(Enter Mr. Jordan)

KEVIN: Sir, umm... I totally love your daughter. She is completely bodacious. And.. um.. I would like to ask your permission to marry her.

MISTER JORDAN: I see. Tell me young man. Are you in management?

CARL: Well... Then listen to this... I have the whole plan...

(They exit. Servant Two enters)

SERVANT TWO: Sir, your Boss is here and he has a lady with him.

MISTER JORDAN: A lady?

SERVANT TWO: Yes sir. I believe she's what you would call... "A stone cold fox."

MISTER JORDAN: Awesome. Let them in. I need to take care of some things. Have them wait for me here.

(Mr. Jordan exits as does the Servant. The servant returns with Mr. Doran and Debbie. Doran is clearly all over her.)

SERVANT ONE: Mister Jordan said he'll be here very soon.

DORAN: That's fine.

DEBBIE: I don't know, Steve; Like, I feel totally weird letting you bring me to this house where I don't know anybody.

DORAN: Man you are hot! You make me crazy Debbie.

DEBBIE: Get off Steve. I'm so sure. You'll mess up my hair. I thought you said this was a party.

DORAN: Oh it is. A special party. In your honor. Live band. Food. Everything.

DEBBIE: Ohmigod! Are you so serious! I've been fighting you off, but I find I'm starting to kinda think you're cute. Especially after you gave me that diamond. You must be so rich.

DORAN: Ah! Ha Ha. Just a trinket. Merely something to show. . .

DEBBIE: I know what I'm talking about; this diamond is totally worth...

DORAN: Just something I had lying about the house. Ah.. here is the master of the house.

(Enter Mr. Jordan)

DORAN: Debbie Rutherford, may I introduce Mr. Bill Jordan. Bill works in your father's company. An up and comer! We expect big things from Mr. Jordan.

MISTER JORDAN: Ms. Rutherford. What an honor. Thank you for coming.

DEBBIE: Thank you Mr. Jordan. Steve has told me so much about you.

MISTER JORDAN: Won't you sit down.

DORAN: (Aside to Mister Jordan) Take care, say absolutely nothing to her about the diamond that you gave her.

MISTER JORDAN: Can't I even ask her how she likes it?

DORAN: What? Take care that you don't. That's so middle class; act as though it wasn't you who gave her this present. (Aloud) Debbie, Mr. Jordan says he is delighted to see you in his home.

DEBBIE: He honors me greatly.

MISTER JORDAN: I don't know how to thank you enough.

DORAN: So.... Shall we eat?

SERVANT ONE: Everything is ready, sir.

DORAN: Come then let us sit at the table. And bring on the band!

(Dinner is served while the band sets up.)

DEBBIE: Why, Mr. Jordan, what a surprise!

MISTER JORDAN: Anything for you, Debbie. May I call you Debbie?

DEBBIE: You may.

MISTER JORDAN: You have such nice hands!

DEBBIE: Thank you, but I think you are looking at the diamond?

MISTER JORDAN: The diamond? Why I hardly noticed. A diamond is such a trivial thing next to you.

DORAN: Mister Jordan, Bill. The band is ready to play. Perhaps we can just be quiet and listen?

(They play)

DEBBIE: Awesome!

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, but not as awesome as you.

DEBBIE: Aha! Mister Jordan is quite a class act.

DORAN: You don't know him.

MISTER JORDAN: She may know me whenever it pleases her.

DEBBIE: Oh! Mr. Jordan.

(Enter Mrs. Jordan)

MRS. JORDAN: Aha! So this is why you sent me to my sister's eh?

DORAN: Mrs. Jordan! Your husband is actually helping me out. This is Ms. Rutherford. And your husband....was....

MISTER JORDAN: Just letting Bill use the house to entertain. You see..

MRS. JORDAN: All that's nonsense. I know what I know.

MRS. JORDAN: I have had suspicions for a long time, and I'm not a fool Steve Doran! I know you have been helping these two meet. And you! Young woman you are half his age. How idiotic to fall in love with him

DEBBIE: In love? With him!? Like Gag me with a spoon!

(Debbie begins to exit)

DORAN: Debbie! Where are you going?

MISTER JORDAN: Get her back! (Doran goes after Debbie) Why do you always insult me in front of my classy friends?

MRS. JORDAN: Friends? HAH! I laugh at them. (Carl enters disguised as an Arab)

MISTER JORDAN: Oh Lord! Now what?

CARL: Sir, I don't know if you would remember me?

MISTER JORDAN: No, sir.

CARL: I saw you when you were no taller than that.

MISTER JORDAN: Me?

CARL: Yes. You were the most beautiful child in the world, and all the ladies took you in their arms to kiss you.

MISTER JORDAN: To kiss me?

CARL: Yes, I was a great friend of your late father.

MISTER JORDAN: Of my late father?

CARL: Yes. What class he had.

MISTER JORDAN: What did you say?

CARL: I said that he was of very high class.

MISTER JORDAN: My father?

CARL: Yes. An executive I believe.

MISTER JORDAN: You knew him very well?

CARL: Assuredly.

MISTER JORDAN: And you knew him as being upper class?

CARL: Dude I said... I mean... without a doubt.

MISTER JORDAN: Well! There are some fools who would like me to believe he was just a common Joe.

CARL: Him, common?! The Deuce you say! Why I never knew a man who was so genteel save perhaps some of the nobles of Europe!

MISTER JORDAN: I'm delighted to know you, so you can testify to the fact that my father was a gentleman.

CARL: I'll attest to it before all the world.

MISTER JORDAN: So. What business brings you here?

CARL: Well.. over these many years, I have traveled the entire world.

MISTER JORDAN: The entire world!

CARL: Yes.

MISTER JORDAN: I imagine it's a long way from here to there.

CARL: Quite. I returned from all my long voyages only four days ago; and because of the interest I take in all that concerns you, I come to announce to you the best news in the world.

MISTER JORDAN: What?

CARL: You know that the son of the Grand Sultan of Karakastan is here?

MISTER JORDAN: Me? No.

CARL: What! He has a very magnificent retinue; everybody goes to see it, and he has been received in this country as an important dignitary.

MISTER JORDAN: I didn't know! I've had all these lessons, you see, and...

CARL: Nevermind! The advantage to you in this is that he is in love with your daughter.

MISTER JORDAN: The son of the Grand Sultan?

CARL: Yes. And he wants to be your son-in-law.

MISTER JORDAN: My son-in-law, the son of the Grand Sultan?

CARL: The son of the Grand Sultan of Karakastan your son-in-law. As I went to see him, and as I perfectly understand his language of Karakastani, he conversed with me; and, after some other discourse, he said to me, "Acciam croc soler ouch alla moustaph gidelum amanahem varahini oussere carbulath," that is to say, "Haven't you seen a beautiful young person who is the daughter of Mister Jordan?"

MISTER JORDAN: The son of the Grand Sultan said that about me?

CARL: Yes. Of course I replied that I knew you particularly well and that I had seen your daughter: "Ah!" he said to me, "marababa sahem;" Which means, "Ah, how I am in love with her!"

MISTER JORDAN: "Marababa sahem" means "Ah, how I am in love with her"?

CARL: Yes.

MISTER JORDAN: I would never have believed that "marababa sahem" could have meant "Oh, how I am in love with her!" What an wonderful language Karakastani is!

CARL: More wonderful than one can believe. Do you know what Cacaramouchen means?

MISTER JORDAN: Cacaramouchen? No.

CARL: It means, "My dear soul."

MISTER JORDAN: No Way! Cacaramouchen means "My dear soul?"

CARL: Way! Uh... I mean... Yes.

MISTER JORDAN: That's marvelous! Cacaramouchen, my dear soul. Who would have thought?

CARL: Finally, to complete my assignment, he comes to ask for your daughter in marriage; and in order to have a father-in-law who should be worthy of him, he wants to make you a Mamamouchi, which is a certain high rank in his country. (aside) Yeah...that's the ticket.

MISTER JORDAN: Mamamouchi?'

CARL: Yes, Mamamouchi; that is to say, in our language, a Paladin. A Paladin is one of those ancient . . . Well, a Paladin! There is none nobler than that in the world, and you will be equal to the greatest lords of the earth.

MISTER JORDAN: The son of the Grand Sultan honors me greatly. Please take me to him in order to express my thanks. (He begins to exit)

CARL: What! No wait! He... He is going to come here.

MISTER JORDAN: He's coming here?

CARL: Yes. And he is bringing everything for the ceremony of the Investiture of the Mamamouchie.

MISTER JORDAN: That seems very quick.

CARL: His love can suffer no delay.

MISTER JORDAN: Well I'm actually quite embarrassed because, you see, my daughter loves this doofus named Kevin and doesn't want to marry anyone else.

CARL: She'll change her mind when she sees the son of the Grand Sultan; Oh yes... and then a strange thing. By coincidence, the Son of the Grand Sultan looks astonishingly like this... Kevin! I just saw him, someone showed him to me; and the love she has for the one can easily pass to the other, and . . . I hear him coming. There he is. Make way! Make way for the son of the Grand Sultan of Karakastan! (Kevin keeps trying to speak as the titles continue.) Lord of the Sands. Keeper of the Phoenix Throne. Holder of the Chalice of Mujibur. May his feet always tread in sweet shade.

KEVIN: Ambousahim oqui boraf, Iordina, salamalequi.

CARL: He says: "Mister Jordan, may your heart be all the year like a flowering rosebush." This is the way of speaking politely in those countries.

MISTER JORDAN: I am the most humble servant of His Karakastani Highness.

CARL: Carigar camboto oustin moraf .

KEVIN: Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran.

CARL: He says: "Heaven gives you the strength of lions and the wisdom of serpents."

MISTER JORDAN: His Karakastani Highness honors me too much, and I totally wish him all sorts of good fortune.

CARL: Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf ouram.

KEVIN: Bel-men.

CARL: He says that you should go with him quickly to prepare yourself for the ceremony; then you can see your daughter and finalize the marriage.

MISTER JORDAN: So many things in two words?

CARL: Yes; the Karakastani language is like that, it says much in few words. Go quickly.

(Exit Mr. Jordan in a rush. Debbie and Mr. Doran enter.)

CARL: Ha, ha, ha! Dude, that was hilarious. What a pheebe! It couldn't have worked better. Ah! Ah! Excuse me, Mr. Doran, Would you like to help us?

DORAN: Ah! Ah! Carl? I barely recognize you.

CARL: Ha, ha!

DORAN: What are you laughing at?

CARL: At something ridiculous.

DORAN: What?

CARL: We have a little plan to use on Mr. Jordan to make him let Lucy marry Kevin.

DORAN: Knowing you meddlesome kids, it will probably work.

CARL: Dude, you know me too well.

DORAN: Tell me what it is.

CARL: Come over here a little and I'll tell you while my plot develops. (Debbie and Doran go to a corner with Carl)

(The Karakastani ceremony for ennobling Mister Jordan is performed in dance and music. Mrs. Jordan enters at the end of the ceremony.)

MRS. JORDAN: Ohmigod! Now what? Is it Halloween or something?! You better speak fast or I might have to deck you.

MISTER JORDAN: How dare you speak this way to a Mamamouchi!

MRS. JORDAN: A what?

MISTER JORDAN: A Mamamouchi. It's a Karakastani noble and I've just been made one because I'm so high class.

MRS. JORDAN: Get Out! (She looks around) A Mamamouchi?

SERVANT ONE: Word.

MISTER JORDAN: Yes, so you must show me respect now, as I've just been made a Mamamouchi.

MRS. JORDAN: No way.

MISTER JORDAN: Way! I tell you, I'm a Mamamouchi.

MRS. JORDAN: A Mamamouchi? What kind of animal is that?

MISTER JORDAN: What an ignorant woman! I said it's a nobleman of Karakastan. It's a dignity which has just been bestowed upon me in a ceremony.

MRS. JORDAN: What ceremony then?

MISTER JORDAN: Mamamouchi-per-Jordina.

MRS. JORDAN: What does that mean?

MISTER JORDAN: The Mamamouchi ceremony of Jordina, that is to say, Jordan.

MRS. JORDAN: So what?

MISTER JORDAN: Voler far un Paladina de Jordina.

MRS. JORDAN: What?

MISTER JORDAN: Dar turbanta con galera.

MRS. JORDAN: Which means what?

MISTER JORDAN: Per deffender Palestina.

MRS. JORDAN: What are you trying to say?

MISTER JORDAN: Dara, dara, bastonnara.

MRS. JORDAN: I don't understand.

MISTER JORDAN: Non tener honta, questa star l'ultima affronta.

MRS. JORDAN: What in the world is all that?

MISTER JORDAN: (Dancing and singing). Hou la ba, Ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

MRS. JORDAN: He's lost his mind!

MISTER JORDAN: (Leaving) Quiet, insolent woman! Show respect to the Mamamouchi.

MRS. JORDAN: Bill? Bill! Come back! The neighbors are totally going to have a cow! Bill!
(She leaves.)

DORAN: Hahah! Did you ever see such a loon? But, we need to help out so that Kevin wins his girl.

DEBBIE: Totally. I mean, they're like, going together right? So we should help. Love triumphs over all, and all that.

DORAN: Besides, we still have food to eat and the band and...

DEBBIE: Steve, I totally can't let you do this any more. Daddy is totally rich and you're not. And I don't care. I know what you've been trying to do. It's totally sweet. And I want to marry you. Right away.

DORAN: You do? Why?

DEBBIE: You big silly. If I didn't, you won't have any money left. Duh.

DORAN: Bonus! We'll do it right away!

DEBBIE: Chill dude. Here comes Jordan.

DORAN: My good friend. Debbie and I congratulate you on your new title, and wish your daughter and new son-in-law the best of futures.

MISTER JORDAN: (After bowing in the Karakastani way) Sir, I wish you the strength of serpents and the wisdom of lions.

DEBBIE,: The ceremony was wicked cool your Mamamouchiness. I'm so glad we were here to see it.

MISTER JORDAN: May your rosebush flower all year long; I am infinitely obliged to you for taking part in the honors bestowed upon me; and I am very happy to see you returned here, so I can make very humble excuses for the ridiculous behavior of my wife.

DEBBIE: It's cool. I'm like, totally ok with it. She must really really be in love with you dude.

MISTER JORDAN: (Wistfully) Yes. I guess she must.

DORAN: Where then is His Karakastani Highness? We want to pay him our respects.

MISTER JORDAN: There he is now, and I have sent for my daughter in order to give him her hand.

DORAN: Sir, we come to bow to Your Highness as friends of the gentleman who is your father-in-law, and to assure you with respect of our very humble services.

MISTER JORDAN: Where's the interpreter to tell him who you are and to make him understand what you say? You will see that he will reply, and that he speaks Karakastani marvelously. Hey there! Where the has he gone? (To Kevin). Strouf, strif, strof, straf. The gentleman is a grande Segnore, grande Segnore, grande Segnore. And Ms. Rutherford is a Dama granda Dama, granda. He, Mr Doran, he American Mamamauchi, and Ms Rutherford. also American Mamamouchie. I can't say it more clearly. Good, here's the interpreter. Where are you going? We won't know how to say anything without you. Tell him, that Mr. Doran and Debbie. are persons of high rank, who have come to pay their respects to him, as my friends, and to assure him of their services. You'll see how he will reply.

CARL: Alabala crociam acci boram alabamen.

KEVIN: Catalequi tubal ourin soter amalouchan.

MISTER JORDAN: See?

CARL: He says that the rain of prosperity should water the garden of your family in all seasons.

MISTER JORDAN: I told you that he speaks Karakastani!

DORAN: That's wonderful.

(Enter Lucy)

MISTER JORDAN: Come, my daughter; come here and give your hand to the gentleman who does you the honor of asking for you in marriage.

LUCY: What! Father, look at you! Like Ohmigod, are you high?

MISTER JORDAN: No, no, this is a very serious matter, and as full of honor for you as possible. There is your new husband.

LUCY: Heinous.

MISTER JORDAN: Come, put your hand in his, and give thanks to Heaven for your happiness.

LUCY: I have absolutely no wish to marry this... doof.

MISTER JORDAN: I wish it, I, who am your father and the Mamamouchi of Karakastan.

LUCY: No way.

MISTER JORDAN: Way.

LUCY: I told you, there is no power on earth that can make me take any husband other than Kevin. And I will totally go to extreme measures rather than . . . (Recognizes Kevin) It is true that you are my father; I owe you complete obedience; and it is for you to dispose of me according to your wishes.

MISTER JORDAN: Ah! I am delighted to see you return so promptly to your duty, and it pleases me to have an obedient daughter.

(Enter Mrs. Jordan)

MRS. JORDAN: What now? What's this? They say that you want to give your daughter in marriage to a someone in a Carnival costume?

MISTER JORDAN: Can't you be quiet for just a minute! Every minute its "don't do this, don't do that." Can't I teach you anything?

MRS. JORDAN: What?! It's you who needs to learn a few things. Tell me what's going on.

MISTER JORDAN: I want to marry our daughter to the son of the Grand Sultan of Karakastan.

MRS. JORDAN: To the son of the Grand Sultan of Karakastan?

MISTER JORDAN: Yes. You may speak to him through the royal interpreter there.

MRS. JORDAN: I don't need an interpreter; and I'll tell him straight out myself, to his face, that there is no way he will have my daughter.

DORAN: What! Mrs. Jordan, you are against this? You refuse His Karakastani Highness as your son-in-law?

MRS. JORDAN: Mind your own business.

DEBBIE: But it's, like, a great honor. She'll totally be royal, and stuff.

MRS. JORDAN: Please stay out of this.

DORAN: But your daughter here agrees to the wishes of her father.

MRS. JORDAN: My daughter consents to marry the son of the Grand Sultan of Karakastan?

DORAN: Word.

MRS. JORDAN: She can forget Kevin?

DORAN: Well, a person would do anything to become rich.

MRS. JORDAN: I would strangle her with my own hands if she did something like that.

MISTER JORDAN: (Astonished) You would? (Beat) Well... it is too late. I, the Mamamouchi have spoken. They will be married.

MRS. JORDAN: And I say there is no way that it will happen.

MISTER JORDAN: And I say they will.

LUCY: Mother!

MRS. JORDAN: Go away, honey, Mama will fix.

MISTER JORDAN: What?

MRS. JORDAN: She's my daughter too.

CARL: Mrs. Jordan! Take a chill pill. Let me speak.

MRS. JORDAN: What do you want?

CARL: A word.

MRS. JORDAN: I want nothing to do with you or what you have to say.

CARL: (To Mister Jordan) Sir, if she will hear a word in private, I promise she will consent.

MRS. JORDAN: I will never consent to It.

CARL: Please listen.

MRS. JORDAN: No.

MISTER JORDAN: Listen to him.

MRS. JORDAN: No, I don't want to listen to him.

MISTER JORDAN: He is going tell you . . .

MRS. JORDAN: I don't want him to tell me anything whatsoever.

MISTER JORDAN: You are so stubborn! How can it hurt you to listen to him?

CARL: Just listen to me; after that you can do as you please.

MRS. JORDAN: Alright! What?

(She stands aside with Carl while he whispers to her. Through their motions we see she finally understands the situation.)

MRS. JORDAN: Yes, it's done, I agree to the marriage.

MISTER JORDAN: Ah! Now everyone's reasonable. I knew he would explain to you what it means to be the son of the Grand Sultan.

MRS. JORDAN: He explained it to me very well, and I am satisfied. Let us send for a minister.

DORAN: Well done Mrs. Jordan, well done! I congratulate you. And to set your mind completely at rest, tell the minister that he has a lot of work to do. Debbie and I are getting married too.

(Carl and Nikki find a corner to make cow eyes at each other.)

MRS. JORDAN: I agree to that also.

MISTER JORDAN: Is this to make her believe our story?

DORAN: (Aside to Mister Jordan) Oh yes. Completely. Just play along.

MISTER JORDAN: Good, good! Someone go for the minister.

DORAN: While we wait for the minister, let's continue our party. I think His Highness will enjoy the band very much.

MISTER JORDAN: A totally Bodacious idea.

MRS. JORDAN: But Oh Great Mamamouchi, what about Nikki?

MISTER JORDAN: I give her to the interpreter.

CARL: Sir, I thank you.

MISTER JORDAN: And who is left except my wonderful wife?

MRS. JORDAN: Well I'm certainly not interested in any upper class snob! You can be a Mamamouchi, or my husband.

(Jordan struggles for a moment, and then removes his turban. Everyone laughs except Mr. and Mrs. Jordan. They all remove their costumes.)

MISTER JORDAN: I begin to see that I am not made for the ranks of the upper crust. Too much trouble. I much prefer the life of the middle class. At least I know who I am.

MRS. JORDAN: Then I take you back. I guess you will have to be satisfied just being my Mamamouchie! (They kiss.)

(The band begins to play. Everyone dances.)

Finis