

THE
FAMILY
THAT SINGS
TOGETHER...

A Musical Play by

CHIP DEFFAA

Libretto, New Music, New Lyrics,
and all Arrangements
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For Casey and Janell...
Thank you for letting me be a part of your lives...

THE FAMILY THAT SINGS TOGETHER...

With songs from the era of Eddie Foy and family, plus an original by Chip Deffaa

MUSICAL NUMBERS...

ACT ONE.

- #1. "I LOVE A PIANO" (words and music by Irving Berlin).**
- #2. "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" (words and music by John Philip Sousa).**
- #3. "AND THEY SAY HE WENT TO COLLEGE" (words by E. P. Moran, music by Seymour Furth).**
- #4. "ALL ABOARD FOR BROADWAY" (words and music by George M. Cohan, with additional lyrics by Chip Deffaa).**
- #5. "WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DO IN MAY?" (words by James J. Walker, music by Ernest R. Ball).**
- #6. "EVERY NIGHT I DREAM OF IRELAND" (words and music by George M. Cohan).**
- #7. "INTRODUCTORY MUSIC FOR THE BENEFIT-SHOW SCENE" (an instrumental medley of "The Yankee Doodle Boy"/"Give My Regards to Broadway," music by George M. Cohan).**

IRISH-AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE MEDLEY:

- #8. "BEDELIA" (words by William Jerome, music by Jean Schwartz).**
- #8a. "HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?" (words and music by C. W. Murphy, Will Letters, and William J. McKenna).**
- #8b. "NELLIE KELLY, I LOVE YOU" (words and music by George M. Cohan).**
- #8c. "THAT OLD IRISH MOTHER OF MINE" (words by William Jerome, music by Harry Von Tilzer).**
- #8 d. "IRELAND MUST BE HEAVEN BECAUSE MY MOTHER CAME FROM THERE" (words by Joseph McCarthy and Howard Johnson, music by Fred Fisher).**
- #9. "MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME" (Instrumental, arranged for soft-shoe dance, music by George M. Cohan).**
- #10. "NOTHING NEW BENEATH THE SUN" (words and music by George M. Cohan).**

#11. "EVERY NIGHT I DREAM OF IRELAND"--Reprise (words and music by George M. Cohan).

#12. "FAITH!" (words and music by Chip Deffaa).

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ACT TWO.

#13. "I'M GOING BACK TO DIXIE" (words and music by Irving Berlin).

#14.. "I WANT TO GO BACK TO MICHIGAN (DOWN ON THE FARM)" (words and music by Irving Berlin).

#15. "HOME AGAIN BLUES" (words and music by Irving Berlin).

#16. "HARRIGAN" (words and music by George M. Cohan).

#16a. Sequence-closer

#17. "MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME" (words and music by George M. Cohan).

#18. "MR. GALLAGHER AND MR. SHEAN" (words and music by Bryan Foy, Ed Gallagher and Al Shean)

#19. "IF WASHINGTON SHOULD COME TO LIFE TODAY" (words and music by George M. Cohan).

#20. "MR. GALLAGHER AND MR. SHEAN"-Reprise (words and music by Bryan Foy, Ed Gallagher and Al Shean)

#21. "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN I'M FAR AWAY?" (words and music by William H. Farrell, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)

#22. "DADDY, YOU'VE BEEN A MOTHER TO ME" (words and music by Fred Fisher, with revisions by Chip Deffaa)

PATRIOTIC FINALE MEDLEY:

#23. "I WANT TO HEAR A YANKEE DOODLE TUNE" (words and music by George M. Cohan).

#24. "COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN" (words and music by David T. Shaw)

#25. "I WANT TO HEAR A YANKEE DOODLE TUNE"-Reprise (words and music by George M. Cohan).

#26. "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME" (words and music by Louis Lambert)

#27. "WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO FRANCE" (words and music by Irving Berlin)

#28. "I LOVE A PIANO"—Finale reprise, and bows (words and music by Irving Berlin).

#29. EXIT MUSIC—"HOME AGAIN BLUES." (music by Irving Berlin).

A NOTE ON THE CAST MEMBERS AND SETTINGS...

The Family That Sings Together... is inspired by actual events. This musical play tells how entertainer Eddie Foy, after the passing of his wife, took his seven children into vaudeville with him. It was the only way he could think of to keep his family together. And, against all odds, "**Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes**" became the best-known, most popular family act of their era—a national institution

This play spans the years 1912-1918. Scenes take place in the Foy family home in New Rochelle, New York; in various theaters across the U.S.; in a hotel room, on the road; and in a courtroom.

There are 22 characters in this play, 10 of whom are male and 12 of whom are female. The play can be performed by as many as 22 singing actors (and you may even add some additional ensemble members for the finale, if you wish). However, the play can also be performed by as few as 16 actors, with some actors "doubling"—that is, playing more than one role.

Here are the characters of the play: **Eddie Foy** is an endearing song-and-dance comedian who for years has headlined musical comedies, revues, and vaudeville bills. To the public, he is simply a beloved, long-established star. Offstage, he often seems to be running late, isn't always reliable, and has a bit of the blarney in him. His loyal and loving wife, **Mrs. Foy**, gave up her career as a performer to devote herself to raising their family; nothing is more important to her than family. She is now in declining health; but she has done a good job of masking just how seriously ill she is, so as not to worry the children. At the start of the play, in July of 1912, Eddie Foy is 56; Mrs. Foy, 44.

The Foyes have seven children. At the start of the play, **Bryan** is supposed to be about 15; **Charlie**, 13; **Richard**, 12; **Mary**, 11; **Madeline**, eight, **Eddie Jr.**, seven; and **Irving**, five. It is perfectly fine, however, to cast actors who might actually be a bit older or younger to portray the various Foy children, so long as they suggest a family with lively kids of assorted ages, heights, and personalities. The script states that all of the Foy children, at the start of the play, are under 16 years of age, but does not specify the exact age of every child in the family. The actors playing the Foy children should be able to sing and move well; at least a couple of them—ideally, all of them—should be able to tap dance. If your actors cannot tap dance, the play can still work just fine, with some simple group choreography in key musical numbers. Marching, strutting, high-stepping—these sorts of simple steps can go far.

Likeable, lanky **Bryan**, the oldest and tallest of the Foy kids, can be a pretty good big brother to the brood, when needed; he's more mature than the other boys. **Charlie** is an extroverted adolescent with a good bit of mischief in him. From time to time in this play, Charlie steps forward to speak directly to the audience, while everyone else on stage freezes; Charlie is serving as our narrator; the events we are seeing on stage are his recollections of his childhood.

Richard, who is close to Charlie in age, makes a good younger side-kick to Charlie; Richard also happens to be the quietest of the Foy kids, more of an amiable follower than a leader. The two Foy sisters, **Mary** and **Madeline**, are closer to each other than to the boys. Madeline, the younger of the two sisters, is feistier than Mary (who is more reserved), and she has a decided flair for the dramatic. The two youngest Foy kids, **Eddie Jr.** and **Irving**, are also close to each other. Irving is precocious, and has lots of personality. In dance routines, Irving—the littlest of the Foy children—is also the child most likely to be out of step.

In family groupings, Charlie and Richard would often be sitting or standing next to one another; Mary and Madeline would often be sitting or standing next to one another; and Eddie Jr. and Irving would often be sitting or standing next to one another. If the family is supposed to be singing around the piano in the parlor at home, Bryan would be the family member who is supposedly playing the piano for everyone (although the actual music that the audience hears would be provided by the music director/pianist for your production).

The Foys have various friends from the world of entertainment. In the play, we get to meet the dapper, dashing entertainer **George M. Cohan** and his wife, **Mrs. Cohan**, longtime friends of the Foys. The cast of characters also includes (in briefer appearances): **Nurse Moore**; **Doctor O'Reilly**; newspaper writer **Lynda Barry**; a young performer named **Ginger**; a **policeman** (or two policemen, if the director prefers); a **judge**; **three women from the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Children (Miss Elvera, Miss Wendy, Miss Julia)**; **Miss McNibby** (the Foy children's **governess**) and **Miss Hoffman** (the Foy children's **tutor**).

Smaller roles can, if desired, be “doubled”—that is, played by actors who are also playing other small roles in the production. For example, the roles of Mrs. Cohan, Nurse Moore and Lynda Barry can, if desired, be played by the same actresses (donning different dresses, wigs, and perhaps eyeglasses) who play the three Women from the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Children. The same actor playing Doctor O'Reilly, for example, could also “double” if desired, as the policeman or the judge.

The script indicates that the newspaper writer and the three members of the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Children are female characters. However, if you want to make one or more of these characters male (rather than female), you may do so. If you change a supporting character from female to male (or vice versa), you may modify the character's name, if desired. In the courtroom scene, Eddie Foy comes before a judge. You can have an actor, on stage, playing the judge. Or, if you prefer, the voice of the judge can simply

be heard (with an actor onstage speaking the judge's lines into a mike), without the judge actually ever being seen on stage; if you choose that approach, Eddie Foy would simply speak his lines directly out to the audience, as if he is facing a judge we never actually see.

At various times in the show, we hear the voice of an unseen theater announcer; introducing an act; these announcements could be performed "live" (perhaps by your music director/pianist, or by any actor or actors of your choice) or these lines could be pre-recorded, if you prefer. In workshopping this project, we found it convenient to have the music/director pianist provide the voice of the theater announcer; but you may do it any way you like. If you have a limited supply of actors, some of the very small roles can be merged or eliminated (although the show works best if performed as written). If you need to perform the show with the smallest possible cast, for example, the lines spoken by the three different women from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (Miss Elvera, Miss Wendy, and Miss Julia) can be spoken instead by just two women (or even by just one woman) from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. And the lines spoken by Miss McNibby (the governess) and Miss Hoffman (the tutor) can all be assigned instead to just one of the two characters.

The Foy children also make reference in the show to having pet dogs and cats-- and even a pet mouse. You have the option of using some actual animals in your production, if you wish. There is no need, of course, to use any actual animals; but using some real animals is an option, if you so desire. It is left to the discretion of the director as how any animal or animals may be integrated into a production. A child might hold a pet in his or her arms during a scene at home or in court, or possibly even have a pet with him or her during a vaudeville-theater musical number. Audiences enjoy seeing actual animals. If a child on stage is seen holding an actual pet mouse or an actual pet puppy, for example, rather than simply speaking of having such pets, the audience will respond positively; pets are cute.

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The Family That Sings Together... is a full-length, two-act musical play. The opening scene which takes place on July fourth, 1912, is set in the parlor of the Foy's big old home in New Rochelle. The scenes that follow, which span the years 1912-1918, are set in various theaters, a hotel room, and a courtroom.

Sets can be as minimalistic or as realistic as you prefer. The show will work fine even if you use just a few set pieces on a bare stage to suggest a scene. A sofa, some chairs, a table, and an upright piano can suggest the parlor of the Foy home; some simple benches can suggest a courtroom; a few trunks and suitcases can suggest a hotel room. The show is written so that it can be performed very simply, with scenes at home, in the hotel room, and the court room taking place on the full stage (with the curtain open); scenes set in vaudeville theaters can be played in front of the curtain (with an optional vaudeville-style placard on an easel, off to one side, if desired).

If you wish to make trims or edits to shorten the running time of your production, you may do so. (Certain numbers can easily be dropped or shortened, if desired, without

affecting the basic storyline.) If you wish to extend some musical numbers, adding extra choruses or dance breaks to provide greater opportunities for singing or dancing, you may do so. If you wish to transpose songs into different keys for the convenience of actors in your production, you may do so. (The score is written with the assumption that the two youngest Foy boys, Irving and Eddie Jr., will be played by boys with unchanged voices, while the older adolescent boys will have changed voices.) If you wish to add a few extra ensemble members to the finale, you may do so. You may not, however, add new lines or songs to the show.

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This musical comedy *The Family That Sings Together...* is inspired by the story of entertainer Eddie Foy (1856-1928) and his family. (As with most biographical shows, some artistic liberties have been taken.) For more information on Eddie Foy and his family, you might enjoy reading Foy's autobiography, **Clowning Through Life** (by Eddie Foy and Alvin F. Harlow; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1928), and **Eddie Foy: A Biography of the Early Popular Stage Comedian** (by Armond Fields; Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, Inc., 1999).

For additional information on Foy and his era, you might also want to check out **The Vaudevillians** (by Anthony Slide; Westport, Connecticut: Arlington House, 1981); **Show Biz: From Vaude to Video** (by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr.; New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1951); **The Laugh Makers** (by William Cahn; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1957); and **American Vaudeville: Its Life and Times** (by Douglas Gilbert; New York: Dover Publications Inc., 1963).

Eddie Foy's career spanned six decades. What did the theater mean to him? He once responded: "You have to want to entertain people. It is hard work.... Please the audience. Make people laugh. Make sure no one gets hurt in the process. Give 200 per cent to your acting. Always leave your audience wanting you again. Respect the theater." He told a reporter: "If I had all the money I've spent making my children happy, I'd be a millionaire today. But I wouldn't want a dollar of I back. Not a dime. Not a cent... Every one of them [*his children*] is wonderful."

As for my own interest in the Foys... I was born in New Rochelle, New York, and lived there as a young boy—not far from where the Foys used to live. I saw the statue of Eddie Foy, in the New Rochelle park that bears his name. In my youth I was befriended by a former vaudevillian, Todd Fisher, who in his younger days had worked on bills with the Foys; his stories from those bygone days fascinated me. And he passed down to me old time song-and-dance routines that enriched my life. Fisher helped give me a strong sense of connection to the vaudeville era. In time I saw the film **The Seven Little Foys** (in which Bob Hope portrayed Eddie Foy), as well as the later TV special (in which Eddie Foy

Jr.—a performer I always greatly appreciated—portrayed his father). I also enjoyed Eddie Foy Jr.’s portrayal of his father in such films as **Yankee Doodle Dandy** and **Wilson**. It was only natural for me to eventually seek out Eddie Foy sheet music, and the like. My desire to deal, as a playwright, to deal with the story of the Foys, grew naturally. And in time—for me, the icing on the cake—I became friends with actor Ryan Foy, a grandson of Irving Foy. I feel immensely grateful that he’s been involved in my ongoing Foys project.

* * *

I’ve enjoyed selecting and arranging the songs for this show, most of which come from the vaudeville era, which I happen to love very much. (I wrote one new original song, “Faith,” for this show.) The music for ***The Family That Sings Together...*** has been prepared and edited primarily by Donald Brown and Richard Danley; they’re terrific musicians and I’m grateful for their help. Additional music copywork was done by Chase Baird, Evan Barker, Peter Ecklund, Shawn Stanley, Brett Kristofferson, Ron Drotos, and D. Jay Bradley. All music preparation, arranging and editing on this project has been done as work-for-hire for Chip Deffaa Productions LLC.

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The Family That Sings Together... had its first reading on April 11, 2009 at Roy Arias Studios, 300 West 43rd Street, New York City, with the following personnel: **Michael Townsend Wright, Jack Saleeby, Dea Julien, Peter Charney, Seth Sikes, Alex Craven, Rayna Hirt, Tyler DuBoys, Eric Johnson, Lisa Lambert, Melodie Wolford, Lisa Carroll, Chip Deffaa**. This musical play has been developed by Chip Deffaa Productions LLC (Chip and Deb Deffaa, principals).

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MANY THANKS...

Special thanks to the one and only **Carol Channing**, the wisest woman in show business, for her insights, kindnesses, and buoyant spirit; the multi-talented performer/director/choreographer **Tommy Tune**, for sharing some of his ever-appreciated stardust; the late **Todd Fisher**, a contemporary of the Foys, whose stories, songs, and dances from the vaudeville era meant so much to me; the spirited, ever-helpful singer/songwriter **J. A. Loglicsi; Keith Anderson** of Univision, for many kindnesses; the late **George Burns**, for the delightful tales of vaudeville he shared so generously with me at his Hollywood office; **Eric Anthony Stevens**, a first-rate talent, for his terrific energy; the always magical **Victoria Leacock Hoffman** for being who she is; the ever-inspiring **Matthew Broderick, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Toby Parker**, whose belief in my work has meant a lot. A special “heads up” to my friend, actor **Ryan Foy** (a great-grandson of Eddie Foy) and the **Foy family**.

Producer **Richard-Jay Alexander** has helped me more than he realizes. Thanks, too, to **Marty Jacobs**, who curates the Museum of the City of New York’s Theater Archives (a great research resource); the good folks at CrackingInc (**C. A. McCarroll** and **J. M. McCarroll**, principals); **Sam MacKinnon** / Bighead Productions; **Hansaem Song** / Showfac Inc; the masterly **Joel Grey**, who knows how deep a place this work comes from; the prolific and unstoppable **Sean Conner McCune; Kurt Deutsch** and **Noah Cornman** of Sh-K-Boom Records; the ever-musical (and knowledgeable) **Dan Levinson; Paul Bartz** and **Beau Bisson** / Windwood Theatricals; ASCAP’s theater expert, **Michael**

nerker, who always has time to answer our endless questions; the late **James Cagney** (whose autograph to “Tip” Deffaa sits on desk as a touchstone); my valued friends at the **Irish Repertory Theatre** and at the **York Theatre**; **C. M. Smathers**, whose words buoy my sprit; the esteemed **Chase Brock**, **Justin R. M. Eisbrenner** (such a good writer), **Clark Kinkade**; and **Jennie Cohan Ross** (great-granddaughter of **George M.**) and **the rest of the Cohan family**. Thanks, **Max** and **Julia Deffaa** for your audience-research assistance.

An appreciative salute, too, to **Ambassador Alexander Vershbow**, **Jean Vander Woude** and her colleagues at the U.S. State Department. I value, too, the input, insights, and help in various ways provided by my favorite director, **Okey Chenoweth**; my favorite graphic novelist, **Howard Cruse**, and a few of my favorite actors, **John Lloyd Young**, **Santino Fontana**, **John Tartaglia** and **Jack Keating**. I’d like to acknowledge my indefatigable research assistant **A. R. Biggs**. I appreciate, too, the various kindnesses of the talented **Tyler Lively**, **David Eckstein**, **Braden Lee Bacon**, **David Cronin**, **Jackson Blake Connolly**, **Tyler Patterson**, **David J. Smith**, **Chase Baird**, **Jim Morgan**, **Brian Blythe**, **Mike Ficocelli**, **Dea Julien**, and **Derek Osman**. A special thank-you to my original “**Seven Little Foys**” cast-members--the generous and gifted actors from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Florida, and Massachusetts who’ve helped in workshopping/developing this Foys project--and the memorable performers I’ve enjoyed at the **Thomaston Opera House** (under the direction of Rick Doyle), for the inspiration they’ve helped add. Thanks, too, to **Daris Howard** of Drama Source for his ongoing interest in my work.

And--as always-- I’m most grateful to my wonderful, and quite spirit-filled family, who made me so eager to write a play about the importance of family in the first place.

THE FAMILY THAT SINGS TOGETHER...

ACT ONE.

(As the scene opens, we see Mrs. Foy, in the parlor of the family's big old home in New Rochelle, New York, singing around the piano with her seven children: Bryan, Charlie, Mary, Richard, Madeline, Eddie Jr., and Irving—the whole family except for her husband, Eddie Foy. The date is July 4th, 1912. The children—except for Madeline who is wearing a black dress—are wearing lively, colorful, hand-me-down-type clothes. The house has Victorian furniture: a couch, a few chairs and a table or two. Scattered about on the tabletop, the couch, and on the floor are vintage children's toys—perhaps a well-worn Teddy Bear, toy horses, tin soldiers, a top, a yo-yo; that sort of thing. The room could also contain some larger items, such as, say, a rocking-horse or a sled. The room should have a comfortable, if slightly cluttered, messy kind of feel. This is clearly a home in which lots of children live, and whose parents are more interested in their children's happiness than in maintaining appearances.)

(SONG #1. "I LOVE A PIANO.")

MRS. FOY. *(Sings:)*

**I LOVE A PIANO,
I LOVE A PIANO;
I LOVE TO HEAR SOMEBODY PLAY**

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

**UPON A PIANO,
A GRAND PIANO—
IT SIMPLY CARRIES ME AWAY.**

MARY. *(Sings:)*

**I KNOW A FINE WAY
TO TREAT A STEINWAY;**

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

**I LOVE TO RUN MY FINGERS
O'ER THE KEYS,
THE IVORIES.**

MADELINE. *(Sings:)*

**AND WITH THE PEDAL
I LOVE TO MEDDLE.**

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

**WHEN PADEREWSKI COMES THIS WAY,
I'M SO DELIGHTED,
IF I'M INVITED**

TO HEAR THAT LONGHAIRED GENIUS PLAY.

EDDIE JR. *(Sings:)*

**SO YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FIDDLE AND YOUR BOW,
GIVE ME A P-I-A-N-O, OH, OH—**

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

**I LOVE TO STOP RIGHT
BESIDE AN UPRIGHT
OR A HIGH-TONED BABY GRAND.**

MRS. FOY. Everyone!

MRS. FOY and THE FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

**I LOVE A PIANO,
I LOVE A PIANO;
I LOVE TO HEAR SOMEBODY PLAY
UPON A PIANO,
A GRAND PIANO—
IT SIMPLY CARRIES ME AWAY.
I KNOW A FINE WAY
TO TREAT A STEINWAY;
I LOVE TO RUN MY FINGERS
O’ER THE KEYS,
THE IVORIES.**

(The music of this chorus keeps playing, softly and just a bit slower—now serving as underscoring—while Charlie steps forward and speaks to the audience; while Charlie speaks, everyone behind him freezes in place; by the time Charlie finishes speaking, the music of that chorus should be finishing up, and then everyone can begin singing another chorus.)

CHARLIE. If you asked me what my best memories from childhood were, I’d say they were memories of what we called, in our home, “Family Night.” Our mother believed nothing was more important than those nights, once a week, when the whole family would be together. Mama liked to lead us in songs, around the piano in the parlor of our big old home in New Rochelle, New York. Well, this particular Family Night happened to fall on July fourth, 1912. We were all together. Except for Papa, who’d gone out early in the day for an errand he said would take just a few minutes, and still hadn’t returned.

(Charlie steps back. Everyone unfreezes, and starts singing another chorus of the song.)

MRS. FOY and THE FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

**I LOVE A PIANO,
I LOVE A PIANO;**

**I LOVE TO HEAR SOMEBODY PLAY
UPON A PIANO,
A GRAND PIANO—
IT SIMPLY CARRIES ME AWAY.**

(At this point, Eddie Foy enters. And with flair—he is a born showman—he begins singing the song by himself, while his wife and children watch him, appreciatively.)

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

**I KNOW A FINE WAY
TO TREAT A STEINWAY;
I LOVE TO RUN MY FINGERS
O’ER THE KEYS,
THE IVORIES--**

(He stops singing, smiles warmly at his family. The children rush their father.)

ASSORTED FOY CHILDREN. Papa! Daddy! You’re finally home!

MADELINE. You came this close to missing Family Night altogether.

EDDIE. Never, my dear Madeline! It’s my favorite night of the week.

MRS. FOY. Edwin, the whole point of having Family Night is having the whole family all together.

EDDIE JR. It’s the only night you can be at home with us. Every other night of the week you’re performing on Broadway. So you’ve just GOT to be here at home for Family Night.

EDDIE. But Eddie Jr., I’m here now, aren’t I? Why don’t we move into the dining room. We’ll say grace—I always say, “The family that prays together, stays together”—and then we’ll have dinner and then--

EDDIE JR. Pop, we said grace and had dinner three hours ago.

EDDIE. Son, I must have lost track of the time. Believe it or not, even your own absolutely wonderful father is not quite perfect. Well, we can still sing, can’t we? As I’ve always said, “The family that sings together stays together.”

MRS. FOY. Well, I’m all for families staying together. But where were you all this time, Eddie?

EDDIE. Oh, I had a very important mission. Very.

MRS. FOY. And what could be more important than being with our family, Eddie?

MARY. We missed you, Papa.

EDDIE JR. We don’t see nearly enough of you.

MADELINE. *(Dramatically.)* Personally, I felt abandoned. Yes, abandoned by my own dear father in my time of deepest need.... I’m still extremely deep in mourning, you know.

EDDIE. Yes, I can see that, Madeline. You’re still wearing the very same black dress you’ve worn every day for two weeks.

MADELINE. Which I bought out of my own savings.... It’s been two weeks to the day, now, since Jack left us.

EDDIE. I know it.

MADELINE. Jack was so very, very cute.

EDDIE. Yes, everyone said that Jack was cute.

MADELINE. Jack was so very, very smart.

RICHARD. Many a time I thought, “That Jack sure is smarter than my sister, Madeline.”

MRS. FOY. Oh, hush now, Richard! *(She coughs a bit.)*

MADELINE. Jack was so very, very talented.

IRVING. Many a time I thought, “That Jack is smarter and more talented than BOTH of my sisters, Madeline and Mary, put together.”

EDDIE. Let your sister speak now, Irving, without commentary.

MADELINE. There will never, ever be another Jack.

MRS. FOY. We all know how you miss Jack, Madeline.

EDDIE. We do feel your pain.

MADELINE. Jack was without a doubt the brightest, the kindest, the best-looking, and the most loving, sweet and gentle little pet mouse that any child could ever hope to have.

EDDIE. I thought Jack set a fine example for pet mice everywhere.

IRVING. And he hardly ever bit anybody too badly. Unless you put your hand near him.

MADELINE. Why in the world did he run away?

BRYAN. Don’t take it personal, Madeline. Maybe he was just searching for a home with better cheese.

CHARLIE. And fewer pet cats and dogs to compete with for attention.

EDDIE. No family has more pets than the Foy’s! I mean, children, between your cats and your dogs....

BRYAN. And our pet raccoon, Corey...

EDDIE JR. And our pet goat, Sethy....

MADELINE. And my pet mouse, Jack....

IRVING. Seven pets! We’re pretty lucky kids; yep, yep. Everyone knows that.

MADELINE. When Jack ran away, I knew my life was over. I don’t think I could ever feel worse.

EDDIE. I said to myself, “I’ve got to do something to help Madeline get over her sorrow.”

MADELINE. Thank you, Papa. But nothing you could say now could possibly help.

EDDIE. So I asked all of our friends to keep an eye out, and if any of them happened to find a nice mouse, to please give it to me, for my daughter Madeline.

MADELINE. And did one of them find a nice mouse?

EDDIE. Earlier today I got a telephone call from one of my best friends in the business, saying he’d found a perfectly splendid mouse in the dressing room at his theater, right on Broadway.

MADELINE. A theatrical mouse! Why, growing up in the theater, I bet he’ll really appreciate the way we sing on Foy Family Nights.

EDDIE. It's entirely possible. Well, I drove into New York City to pick up my friend and his wife, and this splendid mouse for Madeline. And, guess what? They're all out in the front hallway right now. I told 'em to wait there until I could provide a proper introduction.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I present America's greatest living song-and-dance man--with the possible exception, of course, of yours truly, Eddie Foy....

MADELINE. Oh, Papa.... you're not all that great of a dancer.

EDDIE. Yeah, but on the other hand... I can't really sing, either; I mostly talk my songs.

IRVING. Lucky for you that your fans haven't caught on yet.

EDDIE. Ladies and gentlemen, without any further interruptions from my children... presenting my favorite actor, singer, and songwriter; they call him the "Man Who Owns Broadway," they call him the "Prince of the American Stage," they call him the "Yankee Doodle Boy"--

THE FOY CHILDREN. (*Excitedly.*) --Mr. George M. Cohan!

(*George M. Cohan, carrying a small American flag, steps jauntily into the room, accompanied by his wife, who is carrying a small box, presumably containing a mouse.*)

GEORGE M. COHAN. Accept no substitutes!

EDDIE. (*Making introductions all around.*) Children, you know Mr. and Mrs. Cohan. (*George M. Cohan smiles, nods, acknowledges Eddie and the family members, perhaps gives Mrs. Foy a kiss on the hand.; Mrs. Cohan is gracious, but much less extroverted and energetic in style than her husband.*) And George, in case you've forgotten who's who in my family--this is Irving, our littlest, and Eddie Jr., and Richard, and Mary and Madeline. And Charlie and Bryan. I'd introduce you to their assorted pets, too, but then we'd be here all night.

MRS. COHAN. (*Handing over to Madeline the small box she's been carrying.*) And now, Madeline, you have one more pet. (*Note: If you choose to use an actual mouse in your production, Mrs. Foy can pick up the mouse to show Madeline. If you do not choose to use an actual mouse, Mrs. Foy can simply hand over the box; Madeline can open it, and peer inside.*)

GEORGE M. COHAN. Say, isn't that a noble-looking mouse? That mouse has real character. Look at that classic profile, that fine Roman nose.

MADELINE. I shall name him "Marius."

EDDIE. She's been reading "Les Miserables"--that novel by Victor Hugo. Madeline's really the reader in this family.

IRVING. (*To George M. Cohan, tugging at his sleeve.*) You brought Madeline a nice mouse. Didn't you bring any present for me, Mr. Cohan?

GEORGE M. COHAN. Why, Irving, my boy, I've got a first-rate present for you. An American flag--the first of the brand new ones. (*He hands Irving the flag he's been holding.*)

IRVING. What do you mean, "the brand new ones"?

GEORGE M. COHAN. Every time they add a new state to the union, they add a new star to the flag. Arizona and New Mexico have just become states, and they've just started making new flags—with 48 stars on them.

IRVING. Wow! I've never seen a flag with 48 stars before.

GEORGE M. COHAN. No one has! When I was a boy, there were only 38 stars on the flag. When America gained new states, they'd add new stars. I saved every new flag, as they came along; I think they brought me good luck.

IRVING. Well, I think this flag will bring me good luck. I'm never going to give it away.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Unless you meet someone, Irving, who might need a bit of good luck even more than you do.

(SONG #2. "THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.")

IRVING. *(Sings, as he marches about, proudly, with his flag:)*

**HURRAH FOR THE FLAG OF THE FREE,
MAY IT WAVE AS OUR STANDARD FOREVER,
THE GEM OF THE LAND AND THE SEA,
THE BANNER OF THE RIGHT.**

MADELINE. *(Sings:)*

LET DESPOTS REMEMBER THE DAY

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

WHEN OUR FATHERS WITH MIGHTY ENDEAVOR,

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

PROCLAIM'D AS THEY MARCH'D TO THE FRAY,

ALL FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

**THAT BY THEIR MIGHT, AND BY THEIR RIGHT,
IT WAVES FOREVER.**

GEORGE M. COHAN. Hah-hah! You kids can sing! How'd you like to join your Dad and me in a show someday? A real show, in a real theater.

RICHARD. No way!

BRYAN. Never!

MADELINE. We're much too shy!

IRVING. Maybe.

EDDIE. George, you could never get my kids to perform on a real stage, in front of a real audience.

IRVING. We enjoy singing at home on Family Night.

EDDIE. But they've never sung outside of the house.

MARY. And we never will!

GEORGE M. COHAN. Well, if they're not the sort of kids who'd enjoy having people clap for them—

CHARLIE. We're not!

MARY. No, no, no.

EDDIE JR. Never in a million years!

IRVING. I might be.

EDDIE. You don't understand, George. My kids aren't like you and me. We've been lifelong troupers. Maybe my kids enjoy singing a bit at home with the family. But that's as far as their interest goes.... Kids, why don't you show Mr. and Mrs. Cohan the sort of singing we do on Foy Family Nights.

IRVING. Well, sometimes we sing songs that Papa has taught us.

MARY. Or that Mama has taught us. We know all their old songs. From all of their shows.

GEORGE M. COHAN. That's quite a few!

IRVING. Mr. Cohan, did you know that our Mama used to be in the show business, too, along with Papa? And then after she got married, she retired from the show business to raise a great big family—us!

GEORGE M. COHAN. Of course, Irving. I've known your parents for many, many years. Your mother, Madeline Mary Morando Foy, used to light up the stage.

MRS. FOY. Thank you, George. That was many years ago.

MADELINE. Besides the songs that our parents teach us, our parents have another rule for us.

MARY. Every week, us Foy kids also have to find or create songs that suit us, that express who we really are.

EDDIE. We want this to be a learning experience for the kids—sorta educational, not just entertaining.

MRS. COHAN. That's very progressive.

EDDIE. And it's good to express your feelings, isn't it? Well kids, show us something you've come up with this week.

IRVING. All right. Here is a brand new song that we call, "An Ode to Education."

EDDIE. I like it already. Sounds positively inspirational. Yes.

(SONG #3. "AND THEY SAY HE WENT TO COLLEGE: An Ode to Education.")

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

IN A RESTAURANT THE OTHER NIGHT, THE BEST ONE IN NEW YORK,

EDDIE JR. *(Sings:)*

I SAW A MAN WHO VAINLY TRIED TO EAT SOUP WITH A FORK.

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

MY HEART WENT OUT IN PITY, EV'RY TIME HIS FORK WOULD PLUNGE.

CHARLIE. *(Sings:)*

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY TO EAT SOUP IS WITH A SPONGE.

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

AND THEY SAY HE WENT TO COLLEGE,

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

WHERE HE GAINED A LOT OF KNOWLEDGE.

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

HE ACTED LIKE A LOBSTER WITH AN AMPUTATED CLAW.

MARY. *(Sings:)*

WHEN A BOWL NEAR HIM THE WAITER LAID,

MADELINE. *(Sings:)*

WHY HE WASHED HIS HANDS IN LEMONADE,

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

AND THEY SAY HE WENT TO COLLEGE,

THE FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*

RAH! RAH! RAH!

GEORGE M. COHAN. I love it. I just love it!

IRVING. Thank you. But if you're our guest at Foy Family night, Mr. Cohan, you can't just watch; you have to do a song, too.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Well, if Mrs. Cohan would care to join me....

MRS. COHAN. With pleasure.

GEORGE M. COHAN. We'll do a number we introduced in a show of mine, a few years back, "All Aboard for Broadway." I hope you'll remember it...

(SONG #4. "ALL ABOARD FOR BROADWAY.")

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

GOOD-BYE, MY LADY LOVE,

SO LONG MY TURTLE DOVE,

FAREWELL MY HONEYSUCKLE I'VE GOT TO GO.

WHILE I AM ON MY WAY, I'LL PHONE YOU EV'RY DAY,

I'LL TELL YOU HOW I AM IF YOU WANT TO KNOW.

MRS. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

I'LL HEAR IF YOU'RE ACTING GAILY.

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

DON'T BE LEARY.

MRS. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

WILL I GET MY LETTER DAILY?

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

YES, MY DEARIE.

MRS. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

HONEY, GOOD-BYE.

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

DEARIE, DON'T CRY.

HONEY DEAR, YOU KNOW I'VE GOT TO GO.

ALL ABOARD FOR BROADWAY,

THAT'S THE YANKEE LAND.

JUST GOT TIME TO SAY GOODBYE, THAT'S ALL.

SO LONG, CAN'T YOU HEAR THE TRAIN MAN CALLING,

"ALL ABOARD FOR BROADWAY."

I'LL BE BACK AGAIN.

HURRY DEAR, NOW, JUST ONE KISS.

JUST THINK OF ALL THE FUN I'LL MISS

IF I MISS THAT BROADWAY TRAIN.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Now this is where we'd dance a bit.

MRS. COHAN. I love dancing with my husband.

(Dance break; Mr. And Mrs. Cohan dance. And then they go back to singing the song.)

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

GOODBYE, MY HONEY BABE,

I'LL SEND YOU MONEY, BABE.

YOU'LL GET YOUR WEEKLY CHECK WHILE I'M ON MY WAY;

I'LL WRITE YOU ALL THE CHAFF.

I'LL PHONE AND TELEGRAPH,

I'LL TELL YOU EV'RYTHING I DO ON BROADWAY.

MRS. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

DON'T YOU DINE TOO MUCH WITH SHERRY!

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sings:)*

NO, MY DEARIE.

MRS. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

I'LL HEAR IF YOU GET TOO MERRY.

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

DON'T BE LEARY.

MRS. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

CAN'T I GO LONG?

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

DEARIE, SO LONG.

YES, SOME OTHER TIME, BUT NOT TODAY.

ALL ABOARD FOR BROADWAY,

THE FOY KIDS. (*Sing:*)

THAT'S THE PROMISED LAND!

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

I'M ALL PACKED, I'VE GOT MY DANCIN' SHOES.

THE FOY KIDS. (*Sing:*)

SONG AND DANCE MEN CANNOT GET THE BLU-UES.

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

ALL ABOARD FOR BROADWAY.

I'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY.

GONNA SEE MY NAME IN LIGHTS.

THE FOY KIDS. (*Sing:*)

YOU'RE GONNA RULE THOSE NEW YORK NIGHTS.

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*Sings:*)

I CAN'T MISS THAT BROADWAY TRAIN.

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*To the Foy children.*) I can't believe you kids know that song.

EDDIE JR. Well, Mama and Papa have taught us a lot of songs.

BRYAN. Plus, they've taken us to see most of your shows, Mr. Cohan.

GEORGE M. COHAN. (*To the Foy children.*) And I've always enjoyed seeing your father on stage. I remember when your father and your mother first met, in a show they were doing together. The character your father was playing was supposed to be falling in love with the character that your mother was playing. But he sang to her with such sincerity, I knew he really was falling for her.

(*To Eddie.*) You remember how you'd sing to her, Eddie?

(SING #3. WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DO IN MAY?)

EDDIE. (*Sings to his wife, tenderly:*)

WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DO IN MAY?

WILL YOU LOVE ME IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY?

WHEN MY HAIR HAS ALL TURNED GRAY,

WILL YOU KISS ME THEN AND SAY,

THAT YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DO IN MAY?

(*Dance break. The pianist plays the music corresponding to the lines "WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DO IN MAY? / WILL YOU LOVE ME IN THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED WAY?" And then Mrs. Foy continues with the song.*)

MRS. FOY. (*Sings to Eddie:*)

WHEN MY HAIR HAS ALL TURNED GRAY,

WILL YOU KISS ME THEN AND SAY,

EDDIE and MRS. FOY. (*Sing together:*)

THAT YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DO IN MAY?

EDDIE. (*To his children.*) Children, do you know that at the end of a performance one night, I proposed to your mother—right in front of the whole audience. I asked her if she'd want to marry me, to grow old with me—

MRS. FOY. Some wiseacre in the cast shouted out: "Eddie Foy is already old!"

EDDIE. I've gone through my whole life getting interrupted by people. It's a curse.

MRS. FOY. (*To her children.*) Children, your father is a bit older than me.

EDDIE JR. You must be pretty old, Pop.

EDDIE. As I was saying, I waited there on stage nervously, and I asked your mother again, "Will you marry me?" And for the longest time, she just stood there, and then finally--

(*A nurse enters.*)

NURSE. Excuse me, Mrs. Foy, but it's time for your medicine. Doctor O'Reilly would never forgive me if I forgot.

MRS. FOY. Thank you, Charlotte. (*Mrs. Foy takes the medicine.*)

NURSE. You're not getting too tired now, are you, Mrs. Foy? We can't have you wearing yourself out.

MRS. FOY. I appreciate your concern, Charlotte. But being with my family and friends is the very best medicine for me.

EDDIE. (*To the Cohans.*) We're having a nurse stay with us, you see, until Mrs. Foy gets her strength back. She came down with the Influenza awfully bad last winter, and just hasn't been able to shake it.

NURSE. I'll be in my quarters if you need me, Mrs. Foy.

MRS. FOY. Thank you, Charlotte. (*The nurse exits.*)

IRVING. (*Impatiently.*) Papa's right in the middle of a story, Mama.

EDDIE JR. You've just got to finish it, Papa. We need to find out if Mama marries you or not.

EDDIE. Ah, yes. Well, I was on that stage, down on bended knee, just waiting. So I asked a third time, "Will you marry me?" She finally whispers, "I'll have to think about it."

MADELINE. You must have been devastated, Daddy.

MRS. FOY. Edwin, I did not say, "I'll think about." I said the same thing I've said when faced with any big decision: "I want to pray on that."

IRVING. And what was the answer?

MRS. FOY. The next day I told your father that I would marry him.

IRVING. Ya-ay!

EDDIE JR. And so you married Papa, Mama, and you both lived happily ever after.

CHARLIE. And you had all of us good-looking children.

IRVING. Which made you even more happier.

MRS. FOY. Oh, I count my blessings every day. But things weren't quite as simple as all that, I'm afraid. *(She coughs a bit. And she hesitates, pauses.)*

EDDIE. Are you getting tired, Mrs. Foy? Mary, why don't you get your mother a glass of water? *(Mary goes offstage, and returns with a glass of water, which he mother sips.)* If you want, we can call it a night now

MRS. FOY. No, I'd like to talk about this, Edwin. It's difficult; but it's life, and the children should know.... *(To her children.)* About a year after we were married, we had a baby, a beautiful little baby... who, I'm afraid, died in childbirth.

MARY. I didn't know. I'm sorry.

EDDIE. In the first few years we were married, before any of you kids were born, we actually lost three children.

GEORGE M. COHAN. I remember the sadness in you, Eddie, in those years. Though you never let the audience see it.

EDDIE. It's my job, to make 'em laugh.

MRS. FOY. *(To her children.)* Your father and I wondered if we'd ever be fortunate enough to have a family of our own. And I wanted children so very much.

EDDIE. We both did.

MRS. FOY. And I prayed to our Heavenly Father—I made a sacred vow, in church, that if I was ever blessed with children, I'd do everything in my power—always—to make sure our family stayed together. I vowed I'd not only provide a good home and shelter for our own kids, but for anyone who might need one.

EDDIE. That's why your mother has taken in strays, from time to time; opened our home to runaways, and to orphans-- kids who needed some place to live, at least for a while.

CHARLIE. Sometimes friends at school asked me if I lived in an orphanage, they'd see so many kids running in and out of our house.

MRS. FOY. We had faith. There's nothing more important. And as each of you children were born, we felt our prayers were being answered.

EDDIE JR. And now you have us seven terrific little kids.

IRVING. Uh-huh. And don't forget our pets—they're part of this family, too, you know.

MRS. FOY. Indeed they are, Irving! From the raccoon to the goat, to the cats and the dogs—

MADELINE. And now, Marius the mouse.

BRYAN. And none of our pets have been bought; they've all been found, or given to us.

EDDIE. I remember the day we first found the little raccoon that you kids decided to call "Corey."

IRVING. "Coreykins," to those of us who know him very well.

EDDIE. He was just a baby raccoon, with such fine long hair, and beautiful, big, wide eyes.

MADELINE. I do like Corey's big, wide eyes.

MRS. FOY. And he was all by himself, and he was hurt, and he was sort of crying.

EDDIE. *(To his children.)* Your mother took him in, and cleaned him up, and cradled him in her arms, and fed him milk from a bottle. And just sort of loved him.

MRS. FOY. All God's creatures need love, don't you think? These animals all needed homes. And we have the room, and the love in our hearts.

MARY. And that was part of your vow, too—wasn't it, Mama? To provide a good home to any who might need one. *(Mrs. Foy nods.)*

MRS. FOY. Children, it's getting late. You need to start getting ready for bed now. Put away your toys. Make sure your pets have fresh water. Brush your teeth. Then come back, for your good-night kiss.

IRVING. And our good-night song.

(Some of the children exit. Others pick up the toys, which they might put into a toy chest or trunk, or carry offstage. With the children somewhat pre-occupied, the adults have a moment to chat.)

MRS. COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy, with concern.)* How are YOU feeling these days, Madeline?

GEORGE M. COHAN. Eddie's been telling me for some months now that you've been ill.

MRS. COHAN. That's one of the reasons we wanted to come out here today, to see you. We've been concerned.

GEORGE M. COHAN. The Influenza's been powerfully strong this year.

MRS. FOY. *(Softly, leaning forward; she does not want the children to hear.)* Well, to tell you the truth, it's a bit more than just the Influenza, I'm afraid.. We can talk more after the children have gone to bed. *(She coughs a bit.)*

MRS. COHAN. I'm sorry.

MRS. FOY. Whatever will be, will be. It's in the Lord's hands.

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(To Mrs. Foy.)* I've always admired your faith.

MRS. COHAN. Is there anything we can do for you?

MRS. FOY. Well, maybe I could ask one small favor.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Anything.

MRS. FOY. So many people have been moving into our little town lately that our church is bursting at the seams. We need to build a bigger church, and we've started a fund-raising drive. If you'd care to donate a dollar or two, it'd be a big help.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Well, the Cohan's just might have a dollar or two to donate. But you know, I might have an even better idea than simply giving you a bit of money....

MRS. FOY. Really?

GEORGE M. COHAN. You know, my current Broadway show is going to be closing soon.

EDDIE. Mine, too.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Then I'll be taking the rest of the summer off.

EDDIE. Me, too. And then, at summer's end, I'm booked for a year-long vaudeville tour.

MADELINE. Oh, Daddy, I just hate it when you go off on those long tours.

RICHARD. Me, too. I get so lonesome.

EDDIE JR. Our PETS get lonesome.

EDDIE. Sometimes, children, a performer has to tour. Sometimes, the work is to be found in New York; sometimes it's out on the road.

GEORGE M. COHAN. My point is... this summer we're going to have a stretch in which Eddie and I are both totally free. That doesn't happen too often.

MRS. FOY. I see.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Eddie and I are two of the most popular entertainers in the country. Supposing we do a benefit show for your church, Mrs. Foy?

MRS. FOY. Actually, I was hoping you'd say just that.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Eddie and I can do some of our old signature songs. And wouldn't it make the night special if we got every member of the Foy family to join in on a song or two?

RICHARD. I don't want to sing in public. I'm kinda shy.

MARY. Yeah.

MRS. FOY. We should all do this together, if we can... as a family. We're stronger if we stick together than we are separately.

MADELINE. Oh, Mama, you always tell us that.

MRS. FOY. You remember that. I won't always be here. You kids need to look after one another, and Papa, always.

CHARLIE. *(To his brothers and sisters.)* We'll do the benefit show for Mama. It'll make her smile.

EDDIE JR. I dunno. I think I'll have stage fright.

BRYAN. We all will. But it'll be just a song or two.

MARY. For just one night.

MRS. FOY. The family that sings together stays together.

IRVING. People will be glad to see us.

MADELINE. Yeah! I bet they're getting tired of always seeing the same old stuff by the same old performers.

CHARLIE. Every time I go to a theater, I hear people complaining there's nothing new.

IRVING. WE'LL be what's new. Us seven little Foy kids.

MRS. FOY. I'll start teaching you a song tomorrow.... My goodness, children! Do you realize what time it is?

EDDIE. It's time for all good Foy kids to be heading off to slumber-land.

IRVING. Aren't you forgetting something, Papa?

MADELINE. We need our song from Mama before we go to bed.

EDDIE JR. So we'll dream well.

EDDIE. *(To Mr. And Mrs. Cohan.)* Every night, Mrs. Foy sings to our kids. I don't think they could go to sleep without her singing to them. She hasn't missed a night since they were born.

IRVING. All right, Mama? Will you sing to us?

(SONG #6. "EVERY NIGHT I DREAM OF IRELAND")

MRS. FOY. *(Sings:)*

**EV'RY NIGHT I DREAM OF IRELAND,
TALE A JOURNEY BACK TO HOME SWEET HOME.
WITH SMILE SO GLAD, MY DEAR OLD DAD
THROWS HIS ARMS RIGHT AROUND ME JUST LIKE HE USED TO.
IRISH FAIRY TALES OF CHILDHOOD,
HE REPEATS THEM AS WE ROAM THE WILDWOOD.
WHEN THE NIGHT IS FALLING,
I HEAR THE BANSHEE CALLING,
IRELAND, IRELAND MY LAND OF DREAMS.**

MRS. FOY. *(Spoken, to her children, while the music continues softly.)* One kiss and a hug for each of you. Then it's off to bed. *(She hugs and kisses her children, then finishes the song.)*

MRS. FOY. *(Sings:)*

**WHEN THE NIGHT IS FALLING,
I HEAR THE BANSHEE CALLING,**

MRS. FOY and THE FOY CHILDREN. *(Sing:)*
IRELAND, IRELAND MY LAND OF DREAMS.

MRS. FOY. *(Sings:)*
IRELAND, IRELAND MY LAND OF DREAMS.

(Charlie steps forward to speak to the audience, the others on stage freeze in place while he speaks. The music of "Every Night I Dream of Ireland" continues softly, gently, and slowly as underscoring, as Charlie speaks.)

CHARLIE. That's the way I like to remember my mother—singing to us. She's always been my favorite singer of all time, and I've heard every great in the business. Her voice was so warm, so clear; there was just so much love in it. For several days, she rehearsed with us; then she came down with pneumonia; the doctor said she needed complete bed rest. We kept rehearsing on our own. We just wanted to make Mama proud of us. *(The music of "Every Night I Dream of Ireland" fades out. The curtain closes on this scene. Charlie, standing in front of the curtain, is now the only actor person on stage. Charlie speaks the next few sentences without underscoring.)*

We were all looking forward to the benefit show—even if we were a little nervous. Papa said the minute the show was over, we'd hurry home to tell Mama how well we'd done, and how much we'd raised for the church. Finally the big day arrived....

(At this point, the musical director/pianist should begin playing the music of #7.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC FOR THE BENEFIT-SHOW SCENE. Give the music a chance to establish itself. You might want to bring out from the wings a vaudeville-style placard on an easel, or lower from above some sort of banner, saying: "Welcome to the Gala Benefit." Then Charlie, stepping off to one side, should say his remaining two lines to the audience, followed by George M. Cohan and Eddie Foy introducing themselves to the audience at the benefit show, all while the introductory music continues underneath.)

CHARLIE. I watched from the wings.... I was looking forward to seeing my Pop and Mr. Cohan.

(George M. Cohan and Eddie Foy enter. Charlie slips into the wings. George M. Cohan and Eddie Foy, standing in front of the curtain, are now the only people on stage.)

GEORGE M. COHAN. Ladies and gentlemen, my name is George M. Cohan.

EDDIE. And I'm Eddie Foy. We'd like to welcome you to the first annual benefit for our church. We're dedicating tonight's program to Mrs. Foy, who's under the weather and can't be here in person. But this benefit show was really her idea.

GEORGE M. COHAN. You know, I'm delighted to be working with you, Eddy. I've always admired you. Well, for one thing, Eddie... like me, you're Irish!

EDDIE. That sort of runs in my family, yes.

GEORGE M. COHAN. And despite your advanced, advanced age--

EDDIE. Oh, stop!

GEORGE M. COHAN. I think you remember the words to more songs than anyone else I've ever met.

(SONG #8. IRISH-AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE -SONGS SEQUENCE, STARTING WITH: "BEDELIA.")

GEORGE M. COHAN. *(The pianist begins a basic vamp.)* Eddie, what was that song with the Irish lilt to it that you used to do, that I liked so much?

EDDIE. Oh, I know, I know, George. Wasn't it--

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

BEDELIA, I WANT TO STEAL YE.

BEDELIA, I LOVE YOU SO.

I'LL BE YOUR CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

IF YOU'LL BE MY MOLLY O'...

(The pianist plays a basic vamp as underscoring under the following dialog:)

EDDIE. Now that's a great song.

GEORGE M. COHAN. One of my favorites.

EDDIE. A first-rate song.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Yeah.... But Eddie, it's not the song I was thinking of.

EDDIE. No.

GEORGE M. COHAN. I was thinking of a whole different song that you used to sing. Something about "Kelly."

EDDIE. Well, why didn't you say so? I used to love that song, too.

(SONG #8a. "HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?")

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?

K. E. DOUBLE-L. Y.

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?

KELLY FROM THE EMERALD ISLE!

(The pianist plays a basic vamp as underscoring under the following dialog:)

EDDIE. Now THERE is a song.

GEORGE M. COHAN. And there's no one I'd enjoy hearing sing it more than you, except maybe Mrs. Foy.

EDDIE. She really is a much better singer than I am, isn't she?

GEORGE M. COHAN. Yes, yes she is.... But to be honest, Eddie... that isn't the song.

EDDIE. No?

GEORGE M. COHAN. I was thinking of—I tell you, the name is on the tip of my tongue—I was somehow associating you with another "Kelly" altogether.

EDDIE. Wait! Say no more. How could I forget? This song is the best yet.

(SONG #8b. "NELLIE KELLY, I LOVE YOU.")

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

AND IT'S ALL DAY LONG THEY BRING

FLOWERS ALL DRIPPIN' WITH DEW.

AND THEY JOIN IN THE CHORUS OF "NELLIE KELLY,

I LOVE YOU."

EDDIE and GEORGE M. COHAN. *(Sing:)*

AND THEY JOIN IN THE CHORUS OF "NELLIE KELLY,

I LOVE YOU."

(The pianist plays a basic vamp as underscoring under the following dialog:)

EDDIE. Now that is positively the finest of the bunch.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Yes, yes it is.

EDDIE. But... it's not the one, is it?

GEORGE M. COHAN. No. I'm remembering way back in your career, when you had a partner you worked with.

What was that feller's name?

EDDIE. Oh! My first partner's name was Kelly! Harry Kelly!

GEORGE M. COHAN. Yes, Harry Kelly.

EDDIE. Why, I learned so much from him—my own dear, sweet vaudeville partner in the early days. Oh, that Kelly! The finest Irish tenor I ever heard. Why, when he'd sing, "My Old Irish Mother," you knew deep down in your soul there wasn't another mother anywhere in the world who was older. Or more Irish.

(SONG #8c. THAT OLD IRISH MOTHER OF MINE")

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

**SHE'S AS SWEET AS THE DAY
SHE STOLE DAD'S HEART AWAY,
THAT OLD IRISH MOTHER OF MINE.**

(The pianist plays a basic vamp as underscoring under the following dialog:)

GEORGE M. COHAN. Harry Kelly. The quintessence of Irish charm on stage. A lovely, lovely man.

EDDIE. He's actually Armenian, you know. His real name's Kullijian.

GEORGE M. COHAN. Oh, I know. I knew him way back, when he was working in vaudeville as a Dutch comic. But he found his true calling when he started playing an Irishman.... Only in America!

EDDIE. Oh, it takes time to find who you really are.... When Harry Kelly would sing about his Old Irish Mother, he'd make grown men weep.

GEORGE M. COHAN. And write letters home to Ma! Nothing wrong with that!

(SONG #8d. "IRELAND MUST BE HEAVEN BECAUSE MY MOTHER CAME MORE THERE")

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

**OH, HER EYES ARE LIKE THE STARLIGHT,
AND THE WHITE CLOUDS MATCH HER HAIR.
SURE, IRELAND MUST BE HEAVEN
FOR MY MOTHER CAME FROM THERE.**

GEORGE M. COHAN. Ladies and gentlemen, my favorite song-and-dance comedian... Eddie Foy.

EDDIE. Shall we dance a bit now, George?

GEORGE M. COHAN. why not? A little music, please.

(SONG #9. EDDIE and GEORGE M. COHAN dance to one chorus of "MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME." This might be a soft-shoe or a tap dance; when they finish dancing, Irving enters.)

EDDIE. Ladies and gentlemen, this is my youngest son, Irving. *(To Irving.)* Now tell me, Babykins, did you enjoy watching Mr. Cohan and me?

IRVING. Over the years, Pop, I've seen many different kinds shows--Broadway musicals, dramas, comedies, vaudeville shows, benefit shows of all sorts.

EDDIE. You have?

IRVING. Why, I've been an avid theater-goer my whole life.

GEORGE M. COHAN. That long?

IRVING. I'd say I've become an expert on the theater.

EDDIE. Do tell.

IRVING. I think it's time for a change. We need to give the younger generation a chance. In all my years of theater-going, I'm afraid haven't seen much progress. *(Irving, extroverted and precocious, will now begin singing; and as he sings, the other Foy kids come out from the wings to join him in the number. Irving appears happy to be performing; some of the other kids, however, initially appear a bit nervous, scared of the audience. And when they all eventually try to execute some choreography in the dance break, they appear amateurish--enthusiastic, but definitely untrained. And Irving, who seems glad to be onstage, has some trouble keeping up with the choreography. While always high-spirited, the Foy kids should perform somewhat awkwardly in this scene, so that there is room for growth in the scenes that follow; as audience members, we should witness the Foy kids getting better and better at performing, over the course of the play.)*
(SONG. #10. "NOTHING NEW BENEATH THE SUN.")

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

**JUST TO PROVE WE'RE NOT PROGRESSIVE,
THE THEATRE OF TODAY
IS THE PLACE WHERE PEOPLE MIMIC AND PRETEND.**

EDDIE JR. *(Sings:)*

**THERE'S A HERO AND A SHERO,
AND A VILLAIN IN THE PLAY.
AND THE HERO WHIPS THE VILLAIN IN THE END.**

MADELINE. *(Sings:)*

**WHY DON'T SOMEONE WRITE A DRAMA
WHERE THE VILLAIN WINS THE DAY?**

MARY. *(Sings:)*

**WHY DON'T SOMEONE HAVE A SHOW WITHOUT A
HERO IN THE PLAY?**

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

**JUST BECAUSE THEY’VE ALWAYS HAD THEM
IT WILL ALWAYS BE THAT WAY.**

THE THEATRE HASN’T ONE PROGRESSIVE FRIEND.

IRVING. *(Sings:)*

YOU... HEAR... THE...

EDDIE and THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

**SAME OLD SONGS ABOUT THE SAME OLD MOON,
FEW NEW WORDS BUT THE SAME OLD TUNE.**

DASHING ON BEFORE US,

WE SEE THE MERRY CHORUS.

AND EVERYTHING THEY DO YOU KNOW’S BEEN DONE.

YOU HEAR THE SAME OLD JOKES THAT MAKE THE SAME OLD HIT.

THE SCENE’RY’S JUST THE SAME BUT IT’S BEEN PAINTED UP A BIT.

YOU CAN ASK MOST ANY SHOWMAN.

ASK HIGH, OR ASK IT LOW, MAN.

AND HE’LL SAY THERE’S NOTHING NEW BENEATH THE SUN.

(The pianist begins playing the music of the chorus again, to provide a dance break.

During this instrumental chorus, the kids awkwardly attempt some choreography; it should be obvious to the audience that these kids, while spirited, aren’t experienced performers.

During this dance break, the kids, and Eddie get to speak a few lines over the music as follows:)

IRVING. Can you believe it, folks? We’ve never had a singing or dancing lesson in our lives.

EDDIE JR. We’ve inherited all of this ability. Thank you, Pop!

CHARLIE. We actually made up this choreography, ourselves! We can do it with our eyes closed.

EDDIE. That’s the way I’d like to watch it!

MADELINE. Oh, Daddy!

EDDIE. Ladies and gentlemen, you’re witnessing the first—and I’m sure it will be the last—public performance by the Seven Little Foys.

(After Eddie and the kids dance to a chorus of the song, they end the routine by singing one final half-chorus:)

EDDIE and THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. *(Sing:)*

YOU HEAR THE SAME OLD JOKES THAT MAKE THE SAME OLD HIT.

THE SCENE’RY’S JUST THE SAME BUT IT’S BEEN PAINTED UP A BIT.

YOU CAN ASK MOST ANY SHOWMAN.

ASK HIGH, OR ASK IT LOW, MAN.

AND HE'LL SAY THERE'S NOTHING NEW BENEATH THE SUN.

IRVING. Thank you!

(Blackout. When the lights come up, Charlie speaks to the audience, while everyone else on stage stands frozen in place.)

CHARLIE. *(To the audience.)* It felt really good, singing that night. We all felt we were singing for Mama. And the audience loved us. We took extra encores, stayed later than expected. When the night was finally over, we headed home. We were eager to tell Mama how well we'd done. But when we got home, Doctor O'Reilly met us.

(Everyone unfreezes.)

EDDIE. I'm sorry if I'm a little late, Doc. But I've been running a little late all my life, you know. The audience tonight just didn't want to let us go! We were a smash! Well, how is Mrs. Foy feeling? Is she awake? Or resting?

DOCTOR O'REILLY. I'm very sorry to have to tell you this, Mr. Foy. But I'm afraid we lost Mrs. Foy just a little while ago.

NURSE. She passed away peacefully, in her sleep

DOCTOR O'REILLY. We did everything we could for her.

EDDIE. That can't be--

DOCTOR O'REILLY. I know how devoted you were to Mrs. Foy.

NURSE. She was a very special lady. She kept the faith. She ran the good race. She endured till the end...

EDDIE. I don't believe it--

DOCTOR O'REILLY. I imagine you'll be wanting to retire now, won't you Eddie? Just stay home for your remaining years, and raise the kids.

EDDIE. At summer's end, I have to set out on a nation-wide vaudeville tour. I have an ironclad contract.

NURSE. Mr. Foy, your kids are going to need you here in New Rochelle now, looking after them. What would Mrs. Foy say?

EDDIE. She'd say, "I have to pray to on this...."

(To his son Bryan.) Bryan, you're the oldest. Why don't you help the children get ready for bed? I need to talk with Doctor O'Reilly and Nurse Moore....

(Eddie Foy, Doctor O'Reilly and Nurse Moore exit, leaving Bryan and the other Foy children alone on stage.)

IRVING. I don't wanna go to sleep, Brynie.

EDDIE JR. I need Mama to say good-night to us.

MARY. We've gotta be strong.

(SONG #11. "IRELAND: MY LAND OF DREAMS"--First Reprise.)

BRYAN. *(Sings to the children, softly, gently:)*

**EV'RY NIGHT I DREAM OF IRELAND,
TALE A JOURNEY BACK TO HOME SWEET HOME,
I SEEM TO HEAR, "GOD BLESS YOU DEAR,"**

**ASTRUK TO THE ARMS OF MY LITTLE MOTHER,
ONES WE LOVE ARE THERE TO MEET ME,
LIKE A GREAT RETURNING KING THEY GREET ME.
WELCOME CHIMES ARE RINGING,
SUCH WONDROUS VOICES SINGING,
IRELAND, IRELAND, MY LAND OF DREAMS.**

**WELCOME CHIMES ARE RINGING,
SUCH WONDROUS VOICES SINGING,**

**THE FOY CHILDREN. (Sing:)
IRELAND, IRELAND, MY LAND OF DREAMS.**

(The lights fade to black and then fade up again.)

CHARLIE. (To the audience.) The next couple of weeks passed in a blur. We wept until there were no more tears. Pop tried his best to cheer us up. But we felt lost. One night, Pop called a family meeting.

EDDIE. I've prayed on it. And I've prayed on it. And here's what we're gonna do. In two weeks, I have to go out on a year-long vaudeville tour. I need to work, to support my family. It takes money to provide food and shelter for seven kids. If I don't work, we'll lose this home, lose everything.

MADELINE. And what about us?

EDDIE. We're all going to tour together. The act will be Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes.

ASSORTED FOY KIDS. No way! I can't! Uh-uh! Never!

IRVING. I'll be lonely, being far away from our home New Rochelle.

EDDIE. The theaters we perform in will become our homes. I was just a kid, the first time I went out on the road, with Eternal Andrew's Company of Mirth Makers. You bet I was lonesome at first, traveling from city to city.

IRVING. What did you do?

EDDIE. The old man who ran the theater company told me to leave something of mine behind in every theater we played. And when we'd return to the theater, it'd feel like home because something of mine was there.

IRVING. Did it work?

EDDIE. It sure helped.... Touring in vaudeville will be an adventure, kids. You're all going to sing, dance, tell jokes. And make audiences smile. Just the way I always try to make you smile. And you're going to help me put together the act.

CHARLIE. Papa, we're not even good in school. How could we help put together an act?

EDDIE. Write what you know!

CHARLIE. But we don't know anything. When our teacher asked us to write a report on George Washington, do you know what Richard wrote?

RICHARD. "If George Washington were alive today, he'd turn over in his grave because he'd be shocked at how little kids know about George Washington."

CHARLIE. And that's all he wrote.

RICHARD. If Washington were alive today, he sure as heck wouldn't want to see the Foy kids on stage. We've never taken a singing, dancing, or acting lesson.

EDDIE. Neither did I. I learned something from every good performer I ever saw. Montgomery and Stone! Weber and Fields! Barrett Toa! James O'Neill, Cody Hart Green! Ty Ty DuBois! Joe Jefferson! Their names are sacred in my memory. Oh! I borrowed from the best—a gesture from this one, a move from that one, a line, an inflection—until I developed a style all my own. And so will you! We're going to create the best family act this country's ever seen, and bring happiness to folks from coast to coast. That's your assignment now, instead of going to school.

RICHARD. Pop, I have a confession to make. We haven't even always gone to school.

EDDIE JR. Us Foy kids are actually masters of playing hookey!

CHARLIE. Sometimes, we've even faked notes to the teacher, to get out of school.

EDDIE. I've suspected that since your teacher, Miss Hoffman, showed me one of the notes you wrote, that was supposed to be from me. I saved it. It said: "Please excuse Charlie's absence from school this past week. Charlie has been so sick he wants to be: (a.) shot, (b.) stabbed, (c.) thrown in a ditch, (d.) buried alive, (e.) burned, (f.) drowned or (g.) all of the above—I prefer (g.)." And this note was signed, "Sincerely, My Parents."

CHARLIE. You can't knock a kid for trying.

EDDIE. I was impressed; I thought that note showed real creativity.

CHARLIE. (*Pleased with himself.*) The writing does have a certain ring to it, doesn't it?

EDDIE. Charlie, you can be the head writer for the act; I'll work with ya. Bryan, you're the oldest—you can be the director, and help Charlie with the writing, too. Mary, you're the most responsible member of this family; you can be the stage manager, and the treasurer of our family business. Richard, you'll be our props master, look after all our props. Eddie Jr., I'm making you the official Animal Wrangler—watching over all of our pets.

EDDIE JR. Our pets are traveling with us?

EDDIE. They're part of this family, aren't they?

Maybe we can strap a little American flag to the back of Madeline's mouse, Marius, and let him march with us as we sing "Stars and Stripes Forever."

MADELINE. Actually, Daddy, I think Marius is French.

IRVING. Can we bring my cat, Buster?

RICHARD. And our dog, Wilson? He's dead, and he'd be lost without us!

EDDIE. Sure. We'll travel as a family. I'll hire a tutor for you, and a governess to help keep an eye on you when I'm tied up.

IRVING. What will be my job, Daddy!

EDDIE. I've saved the best for last. You'll be the act's official "Gopher." If I say, "Go fer this" or "Go fer that," whatever we might need--from a glass of water to a pencil and paper--you'll go for it, and bring it to us.

IRVING. I LIKE being a Gopher. They're very nice animals.

EDDIE. Well, that's everybody. You all have your jobs--

MADELINE. Once again I have been totally forgotten, ignored, overlooked! Don't I have a job?

EDDIE. I'm sorry, Madeline. You can, uh... be Irving's personal assistant.

MADELINE. I will NOT be an assistant to a gopher. And I have no intention of even doing this tour. I shan't be an actress. I have no interest in drama. I never have. I never shall.

EDDIE. Whether you kids feel like it or not, we're all going to do the tour.

MADELINE. Isn't this a democracy? Doesn't it matter what WE want? If you force me to act, I shall run away. In the words of Victor Hugo: "When liberty returns, I shall return!"

EDDIE. I should never have given Madeline that book of "Les Miserables." Madeline, my dear, I'm not offering you a choice here.

MADELINE. I will not be frightened by the threats of a tyrant. In the immortal words of Victor Hugo: "It is nothing to die. It is frightful not to live."

MARY. If Madeline doesn't want to act, she shouldn't have to. I'm not sure I want to, either. I'd rather stay home.

EDDIE. Madeline, you were named after your mother--Madeline Mary Morando Foy.

And Mary, you too were named after your mother.

MARY. Madeline MARY Morando Foy.

EDDIE. Right. Make your late mother proud of you. I don't know another way for us to stay together. If I go off on the tour, I can't leave you back in this house by yourselves. You'd be placed in an orphanage. If we travel together--if we sing together--at least we can stay together.

CHARLIE. We're not used to hearing you talk so seriously, Pop.

EDDIE JR. Usually you just like to kid around with us, and make us laugh.

EDDIE. Nothing wrong with making people laugh. But I've prayed on this. And this really is an inspired plan. All we need is a little faith.

MADELINE. I'm not at all sure, Papa.

EDDIE. AS VICTOR HUGO ONCE WROTE, MY DEAR MADELINE: "FAITH IS A NECESSITY TO MAN. WOE TO HIM WHO BELIEVES IN NOTHING."

(SONG #12. "FAITH.")

EDDIE. (Sings:)

LET ME TELL YA...

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES THE SUN GET UP EACH DAY.

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES THE PRAYING-MANTIS PRAY.

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES A TINY ACORN SAY

I'LL BE A BIG OAK TREE SOMEDAY.

COME ON NOW...

IRVING. (Sings:)

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT GAVE MISS JOAN OF ARK SUCH SPARK.

EDDIE. Oh, really?

MADELINE. (Sings:)

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT KEPT JONAH GOING... IN THE DARK.

EDDIE. That's better!

EDDIE JR. (Sings:)

FAITH!

KEPT OL' NOAH FROM WALKING... OFF THAT ARK-

IRVING. –despite the smell of all those live animals. Can you imagine, Papa? It must have been just terrible.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

FAITH!

IT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME.

(The music continues softly as underscoring. And Eddie talks to his kids.)

EDDIE. Why, there's nothing in the world more important than faith. Now Madeline, you mentioned Jonah.

MADELINE. Yes, Daddy.

EDDIE. As I recall, he was swallowed up by a whale—

MADELINE. Actually, Daddy, I think the exact words the Bible uses are “a great fish.”

EDDIE. Now a lot of people would be scared if they were swallowed up by a whale—or by a great fish. But not ol’ Jonah!

IRVING. I’d be scared.

EDDIE. No you wouldn’t, Babykins. You’d be like me; you’d have faith. Why, if I saw a whale or a great fish coming towards me to swallow me up, I’d look him straight in the eye and say, “I am not scared. Because I have faith!” Now, Babykins, what would you say to him, if you saw him coming to get you?

IRVING. I’d say, “Why don’t you go after my father instead? He has more faith than I do!”

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

LET ME HEAR IT!

BRYAN. *(Sings:)*

FAITH!

IT’S WHAT GIVES THE ANTELOPE HIS LOPE.

EDDIE. Right!

RICHARD. *(Sings:)*

FAITH!

IT’S WHAT GIVES THE HOPELESS MAN HIS HOPE.

EDDIE. True!

EDDIE. *(Sings:)*

FAITH!

MAKES YA WANNA TOUR WITH ME, RIGHT?

THE FOY KIDS.

NOPE!

EDDIE.

FAITH!

IT’S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME.

AW, SURELY...

(The music continues softly as underscoring. And Eddie talks to his kids.)

EDDIE. Kids, when you tour in vaudeville with me, you’re going to get to see the whole country. We’ve got bookings in the South, the North, the East, the West. You’re gonna love it. You’ve never been outside of New Rochelle.

EDDIE JR. I LIKE NEW ROCHELLE.

MADELINE. If you try taking me away from New Rochelle, I really shall run away.

RICHARD. All of our friends are here.

EDDIE JR. It'll be kinda scary, facing audiences everywhere.

MADELINE. And critics!

EDDIE. You won't be scared. Think of Daniel in the Lion's Den. Remember that story from the Bible? Was Daniel scared, facing ferocious lions?

IRVING. I bet he was. I'd be scared, facing a lion.

EDDIE. No, you wouldn't, Babykins. You'd say, "I'm not scared; I have faith." That's what Daniel said.

EDDIE JR. I think he had an angel looking out for him. All we got is you, Pop.

EDDIE. I was once face to face with a ferocious lion. But I wasn't scared at all.

EDDIE JR. Really, Papa?

EDDIE. For a while in my youth, I had a job as a lion-tamer. The owner of the circus told me, "This lion will never bite you; he was raised on milk."

IRVING. Well, so was I. But I eat meat now.

EDDIE JR. You know what they say, Papa-- "Milk before meat."

EDDIE. One day the lion pounced right at me. But I just hollered out, "I have faith!" And I wrestled him, and wrestled him, and wrestled him until that lion finally yelled "Uncle!" I showed him who was boss! What do you think of that?

IRVING. That's some lion, Pop..

EDDIE. (Sings:)

I MEAN IT!

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES THE SUN GET UP EACH DAY.

LET ME TELL YA.

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES THE PRAYING-MANTIS PRAY.

OH, I MEAN IT.

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES A TINY ACORN SAY

I'LL BE A BIG OAK TREE SOMEDAY.

LET ME HEAR IT!

FAITH! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME!

EDDIE. Well. Are you ready to tour the nation with me—playing theaters from coast to coast?

MADELINE. They'll probably hate us.

CHARLIE. But we're ready.

IRVING. The question is—*is* America ready for us?

EDDIE. (Sings:)

ONE MORE TIME!

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES THE SUN GET UP EACH DAY.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. (Sing:)

IN THE MORNING.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

FAITH!

IT'S WHAT MAKES THE PRAYING-MANTIS PRAY.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. (Sing:)

IN THE EVENING.

EDDIE. (Sings:)

FAITH!

EDDIE and the SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. (Sing:)

IT'S WHAT MAKES A TINY ACORN SAY

I'LL BE A BIG OAK TREE SOMEDAY.

IRVING. (Sings:)

YOU PREACH IT!

EDDIE and the SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. (Sing:)

FAITH! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME!

EDDIE. (Sings:)

ONE MORE ONCE!

EDDIE and the SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. (Sing:)

FAITH! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME!

EDDIE. (Sings:)

ONE FINAL TIME!

EDDIE and the SEVEN LITTLE FOYS. (Sing:)

FAITH! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND ME!

(END OF ACT ONE.)

**Purchase script to read the rest of
the play.**

