



# GOING UP!

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**The Hollywood Musical**

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**Music, Book and Lyrics by  
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CENTERSTAGE PRESS, INC.  
Phoenix Arizona

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**FOR TYLER**

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“GOING UP!”

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# GOING UP!

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## SCENES & MUSICAL NUMBERS

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**Prologue (The Empty stage)**

Going Up! ..... The Cast

**GOING UP! (The Waiting Room)**

|                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Waiting Game.....                   | The Eight  |
| If They Hadn't Pushed Me .....      | The Eight  |
| Just Not Right .....                | Judges, The Eight  |
| Rejection Blues .....               | Johnny, The Cast   |
| Just Not Right <i>Reprise</i> ..... | The Cast   |
| Alice In Wonderland .....           | Amy, Cheshire Cat, White Rabbit  |
| Do You Feel That .....              | 60's Director, Groupies, Schizo  |
| Emotion (Trilogy) .....             | Director, Schizo Girl, Acting Class,<br>Reverend Director, Choir, The Eight                      |
| Best Friends .....                  | The Eight And Friends  |
| Taking Class .....                  | Tyler, Choir Class & Teacher,<br>Deborah, Acting Class, Actress,<br>Bobby, Dance Class & Teacher |
| Mean Dreams .....                   | Mean Dream Chorus, The Dumb<br>Brothers, Adrienne, Announcer,<br>The Eight                       |
| Magic In Me .....                   | Tyler  |
| Unknown Celebrities .....           | Amy & The Cast   |

**Epilogue (The Empty Stage)**

Going Up! (*Reprise*) ..... The Cast

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**Time:** The present

**Place:** A casting agency. Hollywood, California.

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## CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

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### “THE EIGHT”

DEBORAH BARRYMORE: A serious, serious actor. At first, she rarely laughs and thinks anyone who isn't a “method” actor is not an actor at all. Her attitude was probably developed from taking too many acting classes taught by dramatic actors who ‘could have made it.’ She needs to loosen up.

JOHNNY BROWN: Transplanted to L.A. from deep in the heart of Texas. Johnny is having a hard time adapting to the egos of the big city. He's probably an excellent actor, but is also a tad bit on the humble and shy side. He sincerely wants to make it in show-business.

ERICA BOSS: At first, she appears to be just your typical rude-rich Hollywood snob whose father just happens to be a successful director. But, after awhile, we get to see her softer, sweeter side. More than anything, she'd love to have a true friend; she's just never been allowed to.

BOBBY DOUGLAS: A very up-tempo, good-natured kinda guy who loves to sing and dance. He probably gets along great with his entire family and has an irrepressible and irresistible positive, almost naive, spirit. He laughs at anything even remotely funny.

TYLER SCOTT: A dedicated and hard-working young actor who loves life and loves acting. She hasn't let her beginnings of success spoil her openness and innocence. Her happiness could be complete if only her parents could understand her need to perform and see the magic that sparkles in her eyes.

JEREMY PAGE: Comedy is his life. Unfortunately, he's not always all that funny. His energy and rhythm are right, but sometimes his words are more punny than funny. His sarcasm and monkey-business brighten every scene, especially when he and Erica get into it.

PRINCESS WEINBURG: Not just your typical airhead, Princess is a Mega-Airhead. But does she care? Why should she? She's pretty, friendly, happy and has the greatest knack of saying the funniest (and dumbest) things, completely by accident. Or, just maybe, she's smarter than we think.

AMY MISSAL: She's the novice in the group and Amy's more than just a little scared to be at her first big-time Hollywood audition. We get the sense that burning somewhere beneath her shy ‘what am I doin' here?’ manner is the fire of a first-rate actor. Amy catches on fast, and by the end---

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**OTHER CHARACTER NOTES**

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Most of the other characters are described within the dialogue or staging notes, however here's some suggestion on a few. The Casting Director could be played by either a male or female. The Solo in the opening version of GOING UP! could be given to a different performer each performance. The Deli Girl could just as easily be a Deli Boy. The Best Friends of THE EIGHT should make the audience say things like "He looks like the kinda guy who'd be Jeremy's best friend" or "I'd never have guessed she was Deborah's best friend," etc. The three weirdo directors in the "Do You Feel That Emotion?" numbers could possibly be played by the same person. It would mean some fast costume changes, but the comic effect might be worth it.

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**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

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The Author wishes to express his profound thanks to Ms. Polly Heard, whose suggestions, enthusiasm and creative input inspired many of the characters, scenes and songs in this production. Also, special thanks to the original cast who, for actors, were very patient as opening night approached and their roles, dialogue, and musical numbers were still being written and assembled.

"GOING UP!" was originally performed and toured by a cast of 37; however, with proper doubling, the show could be performed by a much smaller cast. The set consisted of simple modular units which assembled and disassembled easily so that the cast could create their own suggestive settings, as the songs or scenes demanded, with very little effort and no scene change time. It is suggested that sound amplification be used to maximize the effects of the singers and the music. The original cast used hand-held microphones; however, wireless mics could be used if a more realistic look is desired.

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## PROLOGUE

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*An empty stage.*

*As the cast slowly, robotically assembles on stage to the music, they take a frozen position. One actor steps forward into a spotlight, and the opening music stops. The Casting Director's voice comes through the speakers and the players look over the house as if the Casting Director was in the back of the auditorium.*

ONE: And so, I said to him, listen, you can't say that-

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: (*off stage on mic*) Thank you. Next.

TWO: And so, I said to him you can't—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Thank you, Next.

THREE: And so, I said to him—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Next—

FOUR: And so I— (*goes up*) I'm sorry I went up, Can

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: That's alright—Next, please.

(*The music starts*)

FIVE: And so, I said—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Next!

SIX: And so—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: NEXT.

SEVEN: And so—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: NEXT!

EIGHT: (starts to say something)—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: NEXT!!

(Eight gives a very puzzled expression. The rest of the cast “unfreezes” as they sing.)

*Song: “GOING UP!”*

ALL:      Here we are,  
              Reaching for that rising star.  
              Watch us as we  
              Make our try  
              Like a comet shoots across the sky.

We're ready to run now.  
Tryin' for that golden cup.  
It may not always be fun now.  
But at least we're Goin' Up.  
We're Goin' Up.

So grab a seat  
And watch us as we  
Try to find the beat.  
It'll take us  
Just an hour or so,  
And we'll find it so c'mon let's go.

We're ready to try now.  
Hoping that we'll get the part.  
We're ready to fly now  
So come on, we've got to start—

*(DANCE BREAK)*

We're Goin' Up.  
We're Goin' Up.

SOLO:     It's kinda scary, but I've got to show  
              I can be the one to go!

ALL:      We're kinda nervous but we might get  
                We don't deserve this but we've got to  
                Let's get tough!  
                Let's show them our stuff,  
                And keep on Goin' Up.

Here we are,  
Reaching for that rising star.  
Watch us as we  
Make our try  
Like a comet shoots across the sky.

We're ready to run now.  
Tryin' for that golden cup.  
It may not always be fun now,  
But at least we're Goin' Up.  
We're Goin' Up.  
...UP...

BLACKOUT

# GOING UP!

*As the rest of the cast exits, the set pieces come in for the waiting room and the back lights and side lights come up slowly to a low level on the Eight in “their places”. They listen and react as they hear the following from the audition room offstage right.*

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: *(On mic)* Alright, go ahead.

FIRST REJECT: *(in spotlight DR)* My name is I was so angry! He had no right to do that! So, I said to him—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Uh... Thank you. We'll contact your agent if we need to see you again. Next, please.

*(First Reject exits across stage, embarrassed. The Eight react.)*

SECOND REJECT: Hello, my name is \_\_\_\_\_. I was so angry! He had—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Uh, excuse me. How tall are you?

SECOND REJECT: Uh, five-seven, but—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: I'm sorry. That's too tall.

SECOND REJECT: But—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Next, please.

*(Second Reject exits, visibly upset, wiping tears from her eyes. The Eight react.)*

THIRD REJECT: My name is \_\_\_\_\_. *(Really angry)* I was so ANGRY! He had no right to do that! So, I said to him—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Uh, that's nice, but could you be a little more uh-natural?

THIRD REJECT: Sure. *(More intense)* I was so ANGRY!! HE HAD NO RIGHT TO DO

THAT! And so I said to him, listen, you can't say that to me, I'm—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: (*Who's been trying to cut her off*) Thank you.!

THIRD REJECT: But, don't you want me to—

DIRECTOR'S VOICE: No, that's fine. Thank you!!!

*(The Third Reject storms across the stage, the Eight follow her with their eyes. She "slams" the off-stage door. The Eight flinch... and a tick-tock sound begins on the slam. For several measures, The Eight just stare at each other, their scripts, their watches, or off into space...)*

*Song: "THE WAITING GAME"*

DEBORAH: I hate waiting.

JOHNNY: Me too.

DEBORAH: It's irritating!

BOBBY: But what can we do?

ALL: What can we do. Tick tock tick.

ALL: We just play the waiting game  
Drumming fingers tapping toes,  
It's always just the same,  
When you want it to hurry, the slower it goes.

FOUR: So we wait!

OTHERS: We just wait!

TYLER: Why can't these things ever run on time?

JEREMY: I've got better things to do!

PRINCESS: You'd think it was some kind of terrible crime.

AMY: My toes are turning blue!

ALL: So we play the waiting game.  
Folding paper, staring at the floor,  
It's really a crying shame.

AMY: I feel like running right out the door.

ALL: Yes, we play the waiting game,  
Pacing, doodling, studying our scripts.  
We're sorry we ever came.

BOBBY: What am I doing?

ALL: This is the PITS  
 FOUR: So, we wait.  
 OTHERS: We just wait.  
 ALL: We all... wait...  
 Wait, wait, WAIT!!

*(They all scream and storm around taking out their frustrations on the scenery, their scripts, etc. Eventually they divide so that four of them are SL and the other four are SR. The verses fugue intensely)*

FOUR:  
 Why can't these things ever  
 run on time? We've got better things to do.  
 You'd think it was some kinda  
 terrible crime.  
 Our toes are turning blue!

OTHER FOUR:  
 We hate waiting!  
 Meeeeeee, tooo!  
 It's irritating,  
 But, what can we do?

ALL: So, we play the waiting game.  
 Pacing, doodling, studying our scripts.  
 We're sorry we ever came!  
 What are we doing?  
 This is the PITS!

*(The secretary storms out of the office and they all freeze in rude poses)*

SECRETARY: *(Nasal and obnoxious)* Hey! WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?!! Can't you see there's an audition going on in there? *(She exits rudely)* SSHHHHEESH!

*(The Eight stare at each other for a measure then softly sing as they return to "their places")*

FOUR: So, we wait.  
 OTHERS: We just wait.  
 ALL: We all— wait.  
*(Whispered)* The Waiting Game!!

*(At the music sting they resume "their places." After the song, there is a long silent moment, as they exchange glances. No one wants to be the first to talk. Jeremy stands and is just about to say something when The Casting Director enters from off-stage right. Erica shushes Jeremy and points at the C.D. as the others warn each other sotto*

voce. *The Eight strike proper poses for the Casting Director as he/she crosses pompously)*

CASTING DIRECTOR: *(To no one in particular)* Nature calls. *(Exits SL)*

*(They give puzzled looks, a unison sigh of relief and relax, as he/she exits)*

PRINCESS: What time is it?

DEBORAH: Time to get on with this, definitely!

ERICA: No kidding. It's been well over an hour and I do have other important matters to attend to.

AMY: *(To Johnny)* How long do these things usually last?

JOHNNY: *(His Texan heritage is noticeable)* Well now, I haven't rightly been to too many professional auditions here in Los Angeles, but back home in Galveston, an audition could last ny-on ta two hours.

BOBBY: That's nothing here. I was at an audition last week for a Wendy's commercial. I got there at ten in the morning and didn't get out 'til four in the afternoon.

TYLER: I was supposed to be at that audition, but I didn't get to go.

DEBORAH: *(A bit condescending)* Well, that's commercials for ya.

JEREMY: I was at an audition once and it lasted for five days.

PRINCESS: Five days? You're kidding!

JEREMY: Yes I am.

*(Others react to his joke, some laugh, some roll their eyes or smirk)*

PRINCESS: Now, wait a minute. Did anyone ever tell me what time it is?

JEREMY: Well, why don't you look at your watch?

PRINCESS: Hunh?—

JEREMY: Your watch. You're wearing a watch.

PRINCESS: Oh, this thing? It doesn't work.

ERICA: Then why do you wear it?

PRINCESS: (*Rattles off*) Well, you see, I used to wear it all the time, when it worked, and so I got one of those embarrassing white things, where the sun doesn't shine. So, I couldn't not wear it or people would see my original skin color. My whole family is very fair, we're Scandinavian, you know. So, anyway, since I had this audition, and I was going to lunch with Jack afterwards he's my boyfriend, two days tomorrow. (others roll their eyes) Come to think of it, it used to be my cousin Jeff's girlfriends. She left it at his house one night, and well, they broke up the next day, you know... and so a few weeks later he gave it to me for my birthday. Come to think of it, I don't think it's ever worked. And you know, that reminds me—

(*Deborah, Erica, Tyler and Jeremy all look at their watches and say simultaneously...*)

ALL FOUR: IT'S TWELVE-FIFTEEN!

PRINCESS: Ohhh, thank you. (*then tries to set her watch*)

(*The Casting Director re-enters, crosses DL to DR, and everyone assumes their poses. There's another long moment of silence, everyone looks at Amy as her stomach growls, loudly, just as the Casting Director exits*)

AMY: (*Embarrassed*) I'm sorry, my stomach always does that.

JEREMY: That was your stomach? It sounded like a drowning guinea pig. (*He does a cruel but funny imitation of a gasping rodent, others laugh and ad lib*)

AMY: I couldn't help it. I'm hungry.

JOHNNY: I'm hungry, too. (*sniffs*) Hmmm, I smell food!

(*Deli girl rushes in with a bulging bag of deli stuff*)

DELI GIRL: (*A real sarcastic New Yorker*) Neli's Deli, the taste'll tickle your belly. (*She gives a not too convincing smirk at her company slogan*)

ERICA: (*Indicating Johnny*) Good grief, a food psychic.

(*The Eight stare at the Deli Girl*)

DELI GIRL: What? Is my zipper open?

(*She rummages through the bag of food looking for the right order. The Eight sniff, imagining what they'd like to have for lunch*)

JOHNNY: Mmmm, barbequed beef!

TYLER: Genoa salami with provolone.

AMY: Tuna salad on toast.

BOBBY: Ham on rye.

DEBORAH: Roast beef.

JEREMY: Corned beef on kaiser.

PRINCESS: Grilled cheese.

ERICA: (*After a beat*) Sushi.

(*others look at her*)

OTHERS: (*Ad lib*) Gross, yech, etc.

DELI GIRL: Well, you're all wrong. (*disappears into the casting office*)

DEBORAH: Great, now they're going to be eating while we audition.

ERICA: Most directors have no class when it comes to that.

(*Deli girl comes back out the door, really steamed*)

DELI GIRL: (*Sarcastic*) Ohh, thanks for the big tip! And I hope your kids can still go to college! (*To the Eight*) Egg salad and I hope it gives her/him gas!!! (*She exits rudely, ad libbing to herself*)

ERICA: Ooohhh, that would be just perfect.

JEREMY: (*Comes down center*) Alright, are you ready for this? (*Jumps on a chair, rudely imitating the secretary*) "Lunch one hour!"

SECRETARY: (*Enters and unintentionally strikes the same pose as Jeremy*) Lunch one hour! (*She notices Jeremy and directs the following to him*) Just remember that old saying, "The Casting secretaries of today are the Casting Directors of tomorrow."

JEREMY: (*Not quite under his breath*) What a horrifying thought!!

SECRETARY: What was that?

JEREMY: (*Thinking fast*) I said, it's horrifying no one thought to put smoke detectors in here. (*pretends to be checking the ceiling*)

SECRETARY: (*Not buying it*) Yeah, right. Like I said, "Lunch one hour" and get your butt down off the chair, Tarzan.

(*The Eight look innocent until the secretary exits back into the office in a huff, then they all complain simultaneously*)

DEBORAH: Oh this is just great! I knew I shouldn't have taken this audition.

(*Others ad lib*)

TYLER: Has anybody seen a phone? I should call my dad.

JOHNNY: It's over there. (*He points DL*) Gotta quarter?

TYLER: It's thirtyfive cents here. Yeah, thanks.

AMY: I should call, too. (*They cross DL*)

JEREMY: (*Making fun*) Anybody else need to let mumsy and dadums know that the big bad audition is running late??

(*Tyler smirks at him*)

BOBBY: My folks don't care, as long as I'm home by six.

JEREMY: Oh, is that your bedtime?

BOBBY: (*Sarcastic*) Right.

ERICA: My parents are on the Continent, somewhere.

JEREMY: (*Pretending to be on Safari*) Ah, Africa. The Dark continent.. Jungles ... Big Game .... Pygmies!

ERICA: No, they're in Europe, the Mediterranean, I think.

TYLER: (*On the phone*) Dad? It's Tyler. The audition is running late again. I know, I'm sorry. I know, but I can do it tomorrow.— It's not my fault Dad. They're just running behind. (*He obviously hangs up*) Dad? Dad? (*She hands the phone to Amy, a little upset*) Here.

AMY: Is this your first audition?

TYLER: No, I've been doing this for awhile. Is it yours?

AMY: Yeah, I'm really nervous. My mom said not to be, but I just can't help it. She got me this audition through a friend.

(*The music starts*)

TYLER: My mom got me my first audition, too.

AMY: Yeah? She's really excited for me.

TYLER: (*Walking away*) Just hope she stays that way.

DEBORAH: I think everybody's parents got them their first gig.

BOBBY: Mine did.

JOHNNY: Me too.

PRINCESS: Me three. (*Others look at her*)

*Song: "IF THEY HADN'T PUSHED ME"*

TYLER: Thinking back a year or so,  
I remember mom would go  
Here and there and everywhere for me.  
She'd wait in the car and read her "People" magazine  
Wonder where I'd be if she hadn't pushed me?

ERICA: Dad was always really great.  
He'd come home from working late,  
Help me run my lines and make some tea.  
Sippin' Lipton, we would talk some nights 'til two or three.  
Wonder where I'd be if he hadn't pushed me.

JEREMY: Mom would let me stay home from school,  
If I had a casting call.

BOBBY: Help me with my homework,  
And sometimes do it all.

AMY: She told me what to wear and say.

TYLER: Wish she was still that way today.

JOHNNY: Wish I could say my dad was cool.  
To him all this is just for fools.  
I hope someday that he will finally see,  
What's right for him just wasn't right for me.  
Wonder where I'd be if he hadn't pushed me?

ALL: If he/she hadn't pushed me.  
If he/she hadn't pushed me.  
If he/she hadn't pushed me.

*(After the song, the lights come up and The Eight seem to be thinking. A moment of silence)*

**<end of excerpt>**