

Medda
(Stage Manager)

That's Rich

#6

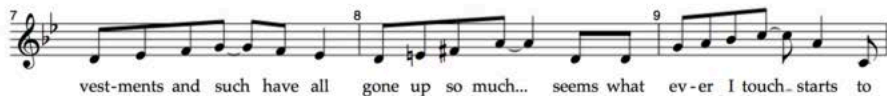
Warn: **STAGE MANAGER:** Miss Medda, you're on!

Cue: **MEDDA:** Boys, lock the door and stay all night.
You're with Medda now!

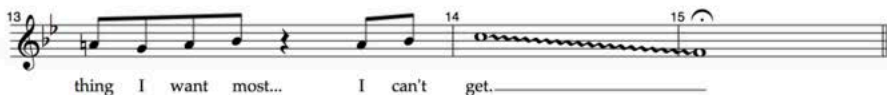
STAGE MANAGER: Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome the star of our show... Miss Medda Larkin!

1  MEDDA:
I'm

3 **Freely**  4 5 6
do-ing all right for my-self,— folks: I'm heal-ty, I'm weal-ty, I'm wise.— My in-

7  8 9
vest-ments and such have all gone up so much... seems what ev-er I touch.. starts to

10  11 12
rise. I've been all kinds of luck - y and yet— the

13  14 15
thing I want most... I can't get.—

16 **Raggy swing** (♩ = 134)  4 20
I

21  22 23
live in a man - sion on Long— Is-land Sound. I pulled up a weed, they found oil—

-2-

24 in the ground. But you tell - ing me — you don't want — me a-round....

25 26

27 now hon - ey, that's rich. Some guys give me er - mine, chin - chil -

28 29

30 - la, and mink, and give me dia - monds as big — as a sink, but

31 32

33 you would-n't give me as much — as a wink... Now ba - by, that's rich. I get bran-

34 35 36

37 - dy from An - dy and can - dy from Scott. Oh, and Frank and Ed - uar - do chipped in -

38 39

40 — for a yacht. I get stares from the fel - las and prayers from the pope, but

41 42

43 I ran out my luck get - ting stuck with this mope. (last x) Now,

44 3 45

46 list-en, sport, this life's too short to waste it on you. — It

47 48 49

50 may be rough, but soon e - nough I'll learn to make do — with the

51 52 53

54 man-sion, the oil — well, the dia - monds, the yacht, with An-dy, Ed-uar-do, the Pon - tiff, and Scott and

55 56 57

[SAFETY]
MEDDA: Oh, honey, I was just talking about you!

-3-

58 Frank, and my bank! 59 So spill no tears_ for me, 61 'cause there's

62 one thing you ain't that I'll al-ways be, and 64 hon-ey, yeah, that's_ right, that's

66 rich! 67 That's rich! 68 That's rich! 69 That's

70 rich! 71 That's rich! 72 That's rich! 73

[SLOW SEGUE]

SCENE FOUR: Medda's Theater**JACK**

Slow down. We lost 'em.

DAVEY

Someone want to tell me why I'm running? I got no one chasing me. Who was that guy?

JACK

That was Snyder the Spider. A real sweetie. He runs a jail for underage kids called The Refuge. The more kids he locks up, the more money the city pays him. Problem is, all the money goes straight into his own pocket. Do yourself a favor and stay clear of him and The Refuge.

(MEDDA LARKIN, a burlesque star, appears in a revealing costume. The STAGE MANAGER and two showgirls, the BOWERY BEAUTIES, get ready for the performance.)

MEDDA

Hey, you up there, shoo! No kids allowed in the theater.

JACK

Not even me, Miss Medda?

MEDDA

(recognizing the intruder)

Jack Kelly, man of mystery. Get yourself down here and give me a hug. Where have you been keepin' yourself, kid?

(JACK, DAVEY, and LES come down to the stage.)

JACK

Never far from you, Miss Medda. Boys, may I present Miss Medda Larkin: greatest star on the Bowery today. She also owns the joint.

MEDDA

The only thing I own is the mortgage. Pleasure, gents.

DAVEY

A pleasure.

(DAVEY bows gallantly, but LES just stands wide-eyed, staring at the BOWERY BEAUTIES. DAVEY smacks him.)

What's wrong with you?

LES

Are you blind? She got no clothes on!

DAVEY

That's her costume.

LES

But I can see her legs!

MEDDA

(to DAVEY)

Step out of his way so's he can get a better look. Theater's not only entertaining, it's educational.

(posing)

Got the picture, kid?

JACK

Miss Medda, I got a little situation out on the street. Mind if I hide out here a while?

MEDDA

Where better to escape trouble than a theater? Is Snyder after you again?

LES

Hey Jack, did you really escape jail on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage?

DAVEY

What would the Governor be doing at a juvenile jail?

JACK

So happens he was runnin' for office and wanted to show he cared about orphans and such. So while he got his mug in the paper, I got my butt in the back seat and off we rode together.

LES

You really know the Governor?

MEDDA

He don't, but I do! Say, Jack, when you've got time, I want you to paint me some more of these backdrops.

(indicates a park scene drop behind her)

This last one you did is a doozy. Folks love it. And things have been going so well that I can actually pay.

JACK

I couldn't take your money, Miss Medda.

LES

You pictured that?

MEDDA

Your friend is quite an artist.

JACK

Don't get carried away. It's a bunch of trees.

DAVEY

You're really good.

MEDDA

That boy's got natural aptitude.

LES

Geez. I never knew no one with a aptitude.

(The STAGE MANAGER calls to her.)

STAGE MANAGER

Miss Medda, you're on!

MEDDA

(strikes a pose)

Yeah? How'm I doin'?

(to the BOYS)

Boys, lock the door and stay all night. You're with Medda now!

STAGE MANAGER

(announcing MEDDA as she moves toward the stage)

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the star of our show... Miss Medda Larkin!

(MEDDA is captured in a spotlight. The BOYS watch from the wings, completely entranced, while she performs.)

#6 – *That's Rich*

Medda

MEDDA

I'M DOING ALL RIGHT FOR MYSELF, FOLKS:
I'M HEALTHY, I'M WEALTHY, I'M WISE
MY INVESTMENTS AND SUCH
HAVE ALL GONE UP SO MUCH—
SEEMS WHATEVER I TOUCH STARTS TO RISE
I'VE BEEN ALL KINDS OF LUCKY AND YET
THE THING I WANT MOST...
I CAN'T GET