

(MAN)

You hear that static? I love that sound. To me, it's the sound of a time machine starting up.

*The overture begins.*

#1 - Overture

Just

Alright now, let's visualize. Imagine if you will, it's November 1928. You've just arrived at the doors of the Morosco Theatre in New York. It's very cold - remember when it used to be cold in November? Not anymore. November's the new August now. It's global warming - we're all doomed - anyway... It's very cold and a heavy grey sleet is falling from the sky but you don't care because you're going to see a Broadway show! Listen!

*(He settles back and listens for a moment)*

Isn't this wonderful?

*(He listens)*

It helps if you close your eyes.

*(He listens)*

*A kettle on the stove begins to whistle. MAN runs over to the stove and dances while he makes himself a cup of tea.*

Overtures. Overtures are out of style now. I miss them. It's the show's way of welcoming you. "Hello, welcome. The meal will be served shortly, but in the meantime, would you like an appetizer?" That's what an overture is, a musical appetizer. A Pu-pu platter of tunes, if you will.

*(He listens)*

Oh! Something new! What could it be? Sounds like a dance tune. Kind of rollicking. Maybe involving pirates! Don't worry. There are no pirates.

*He runs back to his chair as the music segues from a mono recording to a live orchestra.*

Now. Here it comes. The moment when the music starts to build and you know you're only seconds away from being transported.

*The overture builds to it's conclusion.*

Stop

The curtain is going up. I can't wait!

#1a - Opening Scene