

James

~~ishing James.) Don't let anyone go in there. (He goes.)~~

JAMES. *(Into phone.)* I'm sitting ten feet from a rabid dog who just bit Joan Rivers in the townhouse of a lady producer whose husband got mugged in the men's room at Sardi's. I will never knock California again. Where was I? Oh, the play! *(He makes himself comfortable for a long haul on the telephone. His voice glows with relish.)* Darling, what is your traditional Thanksgiving dinner? Well this one is a 200 pound Butterball. Gene Saks asked me what I thought at intermission and all I said was "Gobble, gobble" and he wet himself. Of course I don't want you to give that to Liz Smith. Are you crazy? I may want to work with these people. How was Jack Nimble? He was terrible, just terrible. But tell me this and tell me no more: when was he ever any good? All of my mannerisms and none of my warmth. Of course I would have been wonderful in it. Peter wrote it for me. And you want to hear the killer? I wasn't even mentioned in Peter's biography in the Playbill. I mean, let's face it. I did create the lead in his one and only hit but do you think I got so much as even a mention in his bio tonight? Well, that's a best friend for you. I fly three thousand miles on the goddamn Red Eye for his opening and I'm not even mentioned in the goddamn Playbill. The egos in this business! What about Virginia Noyes? Terrible, just terrible. I haven't seen a performance like that since her last one. Well of course she wanted to come back to Broadway. After her last couple of pictures, she had to go somewhere. Terrible direction, just terrible. Boy wonder he may well be; the new Trevor Nunn he's not. He's not even the old Mike Nichols. Frank something. He's out of Chicago. Aren't they all? Sets? What sets? It takes place on a goddamn tilted disk. Give me scenery or count me out. Oh, and guess who was sitting next to me at the theatre? Rita Moreno in a Day-Glo turban. She was with Calvin Klein. I wish you could have seen her face when he introduced her to Jean Kennedy as Chita Rivera! Who, Rita or Chita? Terrible, just terrible. But listen darling, what do I know? What do any of us old Gypsies know? I liked *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*. *(Virginia Noyes enters the bedroom.)*

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