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Sunshine

Based on the book Sunshine by Ludwig Bemelmans



Book by Jennifer Draganski and Sean Hartley

Lyrics by <mark>John O'Neill and</mark> Sean Hartley

Music by John O'Neill

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Musical. Cast: 2m., 1w., at least 12 children. Sunshine tells the story of a grumpy landlord, Mr. Sunshine, who wants nothing but peace and quiet in his brownstone in Gramercy Park, New York. When he meets Miss Moore, a sweet and slightly daffy older woman, he thinks he has found a perfect tenant, and he immediately signs her to a five-year lease. The next day, Mr. Sunshine discovers that Miss Moore intends to run a music school in her apartment. Enraged, he tries to evict her, but the imperturbable Miss Moore is so dedicated to sharing the joys of music with her students that she barely notices his displeasure and resists all attempts to be moved. However, after hearing a radio weather forecast calling for rain, Miss Moore attends a public auction, where she unwittingly bids the rent money on a lot of 500 umbrellas. She is now unable to pay the rent, and Mr. Synshine plans to evict her and the school. But the resourceful students take matters into their own hands, raising the necessary money by selling the umbrellas. Mr. Synshine moves out of the building, defeated, but then realizes he is lonely without the children. He returns to his building and becomes a patron of the music school.

The ensemble of children has several stirring musical numbers, including the contrapuntal "Let It Rain" (in which they sell the umbrellas), "The Auction" (sung with the auctioneer), "Get Out Your Parasol" (sung with Max Marvel, the weather man, in a '40s-style fantasy sequence), and Miss Moore's theme song about the joys of music, "Make a Joyful Noise." Promotional CD available. Approximate running time: 50 minutes. Area staging.

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SUNSHINE

A Musical Play

Adapted by

JENNIFER DRAGANSKI & SEAN HARTLEY

Music by

JOHN O'NEILL

Lyrics by

JOHN O'NEILL & SEAN HARTLEY

Based on the book Sunshine

by

LUDWIG BEMELMANS



Dramatic Publishing

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All producers of SUNSHINE *must* give credit to Ludwig Bemelmans as author of the book, Jennifer Draganski and Sean Hartley as dramatizers of the book, Sean Hartley and John O'Neill as lyricists, and John O'Neill as composer in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Musical and in all instances in which the title of the Musical appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Musical and/or a production. The names of Ludwig Bemelmans, Jennifer Draganski, Sean Hartley and John O'Neill *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than 50% the size of the title type. Biographical information on Ludwig Bemelmans, Jennifer Draganski, Sean Hartley and John O'Neill, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs these notices must appear*:

"Produced by special arrangement with THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

"Sunshine was originally commissioned by the Kaufman Center as part of its program, 'Planting New Seeds.'"

Sunshine's world premiere took place at the Kaufman Center, New York City, April 2005. The production included the following artists:

CAST

TODD BUONOPANE	Mr. Sunshine
KATHRYN MARKEY	Miss Moore
JASON ROBINSON Max Marvel	l, Bradford Banks,
	Auctioneer, etc.
SABRINA BOGEN	Lucy
SEAN HARDY	Jack
KATIE HENNEY	Naomi/Weathergirl
LIZ HENNEY	Susan/Weathergirl
MIRANDA JOHNSON	Dot
REBECCA KILBERGGe	emma/Weathergirl
RACHEL RESNIK Sam	antha/Weathergirl
REBECCA ROTHSCHILD Auctioneer's Ass	sistant/Weathergirl
REBECCA SHAW	Beth
RACHEL SOBELSOHN	Katie
SAMMY SUSSMAN	Alex
BRIANNA ZONIN	Alice/Weathergirl

PRODUCTION STAFF and CREW

Directed by JENNIFER DRAGANSKI
Music directed by
Set designed by JESSIE KRAUSE
Costumes designed by JEAN ENGSTROM
Choreography by BEN TOSTADO
Production Stage Manager AMY SULDS
Production Assistant GABRIEL LUCE

Sunshine was commissioned by the Kaufman Center as part of its program, Planting New Seeds. The program was funded, in part, by Andrea Brown, Kara Unterberg, Roy Niederhoffer, Rosalind Devon, Connie and Leonard Goodman, and Charlie Dimston.

SUNSHINE

A Musical in One Act For 2 men, 1 woman, at least 12 children

CHARACTERS

MR. SUNSHINE a comically grumpy landlord
MISS MOORE a slightly daffy music teacher
*BRADFORD BANKS a fast-talking, no-nonsense lawyer
*MAX MARVEL a slick and charismatic TV weatherman
*AUCTIONEER an enthusiastic auctioneer
*OPERA SINGER very loud
LUCY a young and innocent girl
JACK a cynical boy
NAOMI a good-hearted, friendly girl
ALEX an excitable boy genius
SAMANTHA a brainy, pragmatic girl
DOT
GEMMA
ALICE
SUSAN
BETH
KATIE
JOEY
Actors playing the Children also double as Auctioneer's Assis-

Actors playing the Children also double as Auctioneer's Assistant, Weathergirls, Families, Poodle Owner, Poodle, etc.

^{*}In the original production, these roles were played by the same actor.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

"Mister Sunshine" Full Company
"Hooligans" Sunshine
"Make a Joyful Noise" Miss Moore & Children
"Sunshine's Transition"
"Get Out Your Parasol" Max Marvel & Weathergirls
"Before Auction"
"The Auction" Auctioneer, Auctioneer's Ass't. & Co.
"The Rain Song"
"Make a Joyful Noise" (reprise) Miss Moore & Children
"Let Me Come Back/Finale" Sunshine & Company
"Mister Sunshine Finale All

SUNSHINE

SCENE: Outside MR. SUNSHINE's brownstone in Gramercy Park.

(SONG: "MISTER SUNSHINE")

NARRATORS.

APARTMENT FOR RENT IN GRAMERCY PARK:
TWO CHEERFUL ROOMS, WITH HARDWOOD
FLOOR;
LOVELY VIEW, BUS STOPS AT DOOR;
HAS BEEN VACANT FOR SOME TIME.
PLEASE INQUIRE WITHIN, SEE MISTER
SUNSHINE

CHORUS.

HERE IN THE PAPER THE CLASSIFIEDS
REPORT
MISTER SUNSHINE NEEDS A TENANT OF A
MOST PARTICULAR SORT
FOR SUNSHINE'S AWFULLY STUBBORN WITH
MANY FUSSY RULES

SUNSHINE.

NO DOGS OR CATS OR ACROBATS OR DANCING FOOLS

CHORUS.

POOR MISTER SUNSHINE!

CHILD. Tag! You're it.

(CHILDREN chase each other around SUNSHINE.)

SUNSHINE. Hey, you kids, get out of here!

CHORUS.

HE SCREAMS AND HE HOLLERS AT CHILDREN ON THE STREETS

AND HE HUFFS AND PUFFS AT EVERY SINGLE PERSON THAT HE MEETS

HE DOESN'T HAVE A FRIEND FOR HE LIKES TO BE ALONE

BUT NEVER REALLY HAPPY 'CAUSE HIS HEART IS STONE

POOR MISTER SUNSHINE

POOR MISTER SUNSHINE NEEDS A TENANT QUIET AS A MOUSE

HE'S A FUSSY MAN AND CANNOT STAND ANY NONSENSE IN HIS HOUSE

POOR MISTER SUNSHINE ALWAYS GLOOMY, GRUMPY TO THE BONE

POOR MISTER SUNSHINE ALL ALONE

(Scene changes to inside the apartment. Tenant groups enter one by one until they are dismissed by SUN-SHINE.)

SUNSHINE. What do you want?

FAMILY #1.

WE'D LIKE TO TAKE THE APARTMENT THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS DEAR
WE'RE ALWAYS VERY QUIET SO YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WE'RE HERE
WE HAVE JUST ONE REQUEST A LITTLE FAVOR IF YOU PLEASE
WHILE WE'RE AWAY JUST TWICE A DAY FEED OUR CHIMPANZEES!

SUNSHINE. Get out!

(FAMILY #1 exits, FAMILY #2 enters.)

FAMILY #2.

WE ARE THE JONESES WE'RE A HAPPY FAMILY
WE LOVE THIS SWEET APARTMENT IT'S THE
PLACE WE'D LIKE TO BE
WE'VE SEEN SO MANY PLACES THIS ONE FITS
US LIKE A GLOVE
THIS BUILDING NEEDS A FAMILY WHO WILL
FILL ITS WALLS WITH LOVE

CHILD #1. Owww. She pulled my hair!

CHILD #2. But she pushed me! (An improvised argument ensues.)

SUNSHINE. Go away!

(FAMILY #2 exits. POODLE OWNER and POODLE enter.)

POODLE OWNER.

THIS IS MY POODLE MADAME FIZZY

(POODLE barks.) Ruff, ruff!
SHE SAID GOOD DAY

(POODLE barks.) Ruff, ruff, ruff, ruff!
SHE LIKES YOUR PLACE

(POODLE barks.) Ruff, ruff!
SHE'D LIKE TO STAY

(POODLE barks.) Ruff, ruff!
SHE'S HUNGRY HAVE YOU ANY APPLE
STRUDEL?
OH, THE FUN THAT YOU WILL HAVE
LEARNING TO SPEAK POODLE

SUNSHINE. Scram!

(POODLE OWNER and POODLE exit. OPERA SINGER enters.)

OPERA SINGER.

I AM A FAMOUS OPERA SINGER. AHHHHHHHHHH!

(Sustains note until SUNSHINE angrily dismisses him/her.)

SUNSHINE. OUT, OUT, OUT, OUT, GET OUT!

(OPERA SINGER exits. MISS MOORE enters. She is a gentle and slightly daffy woman, dressed very demurely.)

CHORUS.

THEN RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES WAS A VISION MOST SERENE AND HE SAID

SUNSHINE.

MA'AM, YOU'RE THE MOST REFRESHING SIGHT I'VE EVER SEEN.

CHORUS.

SHE LOOKED AND SHE PONDERED AND SAID

MISS MOORE.

WHAT A DELIGHT! I THINK IT'S AWFULLY WARM AND HOMEY. IT'S JUST RIGHT.

CHORUS.

OH, MISTER SUNSHINE.

RIGHT THEN AND THERE IN A MOMENT OF GREAT PEACE

MISTER SUNSHINE GOT THE PAPERS AND SHE SIGNED A FIVE-YEAR LEASE

SHE SMILED AT HIM SWEETLY AND HANDED HIM THE RENT

MISS MOORE.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH, I'LL MOVE IN NOW.

SUNSHINE.

YOU'RE HEAVEN SENT.

CHORUS.

OH, MISTER SUNSHINE!

OH, MISTER SUNSHINE FOUND A TENANT QUIET AS A MOUSE

HE'S A FUSSY MAN AND CANNOT STAND ANY NONSENSE IN HIS HOUSE

OH, MISTER SUNSHINE'S VERY HAPPY, TIRED TO THE BONE

NOW MISTER SUNSHINE'S NOT ALONE GOODNIGHT SLEEP TIGHT

(SUNSHINE, finally content, crosses to his separate bedroom. Lights change. Suddenly, a cacophony of musical instruments comes from MISS MOORE's apartment. SUNSHINE jumps out of bed and rushes to her door.)

SUNSHINE. Miss Moore. (MISS MOORE cannot hear over the music. He knocks again.) Miss Moore. (Furious.) Miss Moore, open this door immediately!

MISS MOORE (opens door and greets SUNSHINE warmly). Why hello, Mr. Sunshine. Come in, come in!

SUNSHINE (pushing past her). What in heaven is going on in here? (He notices children with instruments in hand and freezes.)

MISS MOORE. Welcome to my music school, Mr. Sunshine.

SUNSHINE (stunned). Music school?

MISS MOORE. Children, this is Mr. Sunshine, the landlord.

ALL CHILDREN. Good morning, Mr. Sunshine.

NAOMI (offers her hand). My name is Naomi. I play the flute. (Turns back to MISS MOORE.)

SUNSHINE. Miss Moore, they can't play music in here.

MISS MOORE (*brightly*). You'd be amazed at what they can do. Would you like to hear? Children, let's play something for Mr. Sunshine, shall we? (*ALL murmur agreement.*)

CHILD. Let's play the Beethoven.

JACK. Not the Beethoven. That's for babies. Let's play something really intense, like the Stravinksy.

LUCY. That makes my ears hurt.

SUNSHINE. I won't stand for this.

NAOMI. You can sit by me, Mr. Sunshine.

MISS MOORE. That's a lovely idea, Naomi. Are you ready, children? (*Picks up her baton.*)

SUNSHINE. Miss Moore, you're not listening to me.

MISS MOORE. Oh, but I am, Mr. Sunshine. Has anyone ever told you that your voice has a lovely timbre? We have a choir, you know.

LUCY. Hooray! Mr. Sunshine is going to sing with us! (ALL cheer.)

SUNSHINE. No, no, no, no, NO! (*Silence.*) There will be no Beethoven, there will be no singing, there will be no music of any kind in my building. Do I make myself clear?

MISS MOORE. But this is a music school.

SUNSHINE. No, it's not. It's a private residence.

MISS MOORE. But I teach music in my home. Didn't I mention that to you?

SUNSHINE. No.

MISS MOORE. Oh, I'm sure I did.

SUNSHINE. I'm sure you didn't.

MISS MOORE. Well, perhaps you don't remember...

SUNSHINE. Miss Moore. I am quite certain that if you had even hinted at such a ghastly possibility, I never would have rented you the apartment.

MISS MOORE. Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Sunshine, but there is nothing I can do now. My old apartment has already been rented. Besides, the acoustics there were terrible.

- SUNSHINE. That, Madam, is none of my concert. I advise you to cease this noise at once, or I shall be forced to cancel your lease.
- MISS MOORE. Surely we can compromise, Mr. Sunshine. How would it be if we only play between the hours of eleven and six?
- SUNSHINE. I will not bargain with you, Miss Moore. I want these little monsters out of here.
- MISS MOORE. You may not use language like that in front of the children. Do you understand that? Now, I have a rehearsal to attend to. We can discuss this later. (Lifting her baton.)

SUNSHINE. Miss Moore, I'm warning you!

MISS MOORE (hesitates, then turns back to the children).

Children, give it all you've got!

(The CHILDREN begin playing as loudly as possible.)

SUNSHINE. Madam, this is the last straw. I'll see you in a court of law!

(He storms off as the children continue to play. Lights come down on the school and follow MR. SUNSHINE.)

(SONG: "HOOLIGANS")

SUNSHINE.

HOOLIGANS, HOOLIGANS
THOSE LITTLE GIGGLING GIRLS AND
BOUNCING BOYS ARE NOTHING BUT
HOOLIGANS.
STOMPING WITH THEIR NOISY BOOTS,

TOOTING TUNES UPON THEIR FLUTES, BANGING DRUMS, CHEWING GUM, OH YOU HOOLIGANS.

I'M A GENTLE MAN WHO LOVES TO SMELL A ROSE
AND LOVES TO GO A-STROLLING IN THE RAIN.
BUT THOSE MUSICAL MARAUDERS,
WITH THEIR FIDDLES AND THEIR BOWS,

THEY'RE GOING TO DRIVE ME ABSOLUTELY INSANE!

HOOLIGANS, HOOLIGANS,
NOTHING BUT STICKY-FINGERED,
SNOTTY-NOSED HOOLIGANS.
I'D RATHER HAVE THE STOMACH FLU
OR LIVE SOMEWHERE LIKE TIMBUKTU
THEN SHARE MY HAPPY HOME WITH HOARDS
OF HOOLIGANS.

I'VE HAD RATS IN THE CELLAR, BUT I GOT RID OF THEM. I'VE HAD ROACHES IN THE PLUMBING, BUT I GOT RID OF THEM, TOO, AND I'LL GET THOSE TWO-LEGGED MONSTERS, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.

MISCHIEVOUS HOOLIGANS, NO-GOOD SHLAMOOLIGANS,
BATTLE LINES ARE DRAWN AND NOW WE'LL SEE WHO WINS.
I'LL HAVE THEM BEGGING AT MY FEET,
AND THEN I'LL THROW THEM ON THE STREET,
OH YOU WRETCHED, MONSTEROUS MUSICAL HOOLIGANS!

(Lights go down on him and up on the music school. The CHILDREN are finishing a piece.)

MISS MOORE. That was truly inspiring, children. The notes were mostly wrong, but the spirit was inspiring. Now, if you will turn to measure 89... (*LUCY raises her hand.*) Yes, Lucy?

LUCY. Mr. Sunshine doesn't like us.

MISS MOORE. Mr. Sunshine? Of course he does.

ALEX. Then why did he call us "little monsters"?

SAMANTHA. Don't take it personally. He's just displacing his anger onto us. It's a classic defense mechanism. My father told me about it.

MISS MOORE. That's a very interesting observation, Samantha.

SAMANTHA (to the other kids). My father is a psychiatrist.

MISS MOORE. Now, if you will turn to...

NAOMI. I think we should do something to cheer him up.

MISS MOORE. Yes, well, if we work on the slow movement a bit, I'm sure that will cheer him up... (LUCY raises her hand.) Yes, Lucy?

LUCY. Is Mr. Sunshine going to sue you?

MISS MOORE. Of course not. (LUCY raises her hand again.) Yes, Lucy?

LUCY. Will we have to go to court?

MISS MOORE. No, dear. (LUCY raises her hand a third time.) Lucy, dear, if I have to answer questions all afternoon, we'll never finish the piece.

LUCY. But who will be our teacher if you get arrested?

MISS MOORE. I'm not going to be arrested. Besides, there's nothing he can do. I signed a five-year lease.