

Come Fly With Me: A Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin Jukebox Musical
By Grace Perrotta

Link to Playlist:

<https://open.spotify.com/user/1237258072/playlist/0j7yIX14qMRmAqx2kIkCp?si=y4oBHVJfT16eFhAnsds89Q>

Note: This is chaos.

Characters

Dean Martin

Frank Sinatra

Zara/Producer

Reporter 1 and 2

Winner

Dad

Mom

Callers 1 and 2

Reporters/Alien Ensemble

Act 1:

(Lights up. Dean Martin is sitting on a couch in a wife-beater and boxers. He is drinking a La Croix and texting on his smartphone. We hear the hums of the television he's distractedly watching. He finishes the can, and instinctively looks around for someone. No one. He burps, and a very real golden retriever brings him another La Croix.)

Dean: (With a smile)

Thanks, boy...Say, Rover. I'm glad you didn't forget about me.

(Dean laughs to himself. Rover jumps on the couch and licks Dean's face)

Dean: (As one would talk to a dog)

Awww, Rove. I love you! I DOOO. Let's play! COME ON! Get the toy. Get the toy! (in a serious tone) Get the toy.

(Rover gets the toy- it is Dean's 2009 Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award. He charmingly snatches it from Rover)

Dean:

Rover, boy! Ya got slobber over my Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award!

(Rover jumps for the toy)

Dean:

Uh- Uh...Rover this is mine! See: Dean Martin... gee, it felt good learnin' bout this one... I should put it back in case someone comes over like uh ... Well... You know, my pals! Like... Like you, Rover. Oh, let's have some fun! Here, boy!

(Dean and Rover actively play with the grammy around the living room, suddenly, from the TV, you hear a commercial)

Producer: (Voiceover)

Are you lonely? Forgotten? Crusin' for a Brusin?

Dean: (Jolting up towards the TV)

Rover, what is this picture? People don't say that now.

(Rover turns his head to the side as cute, confused dogs do)

(Come Fly With Me starts to play)

Dean: (Jumping on the couch)

Wait, I know that tune.

(Frank Sinatra Appears downstage. He is lit up by spotlight only. He is wearing a spacesuit with no helmet, but instead: a fedora. It must be clear that we are watching a commercial involving Frank. Feel free to add bits, props, anything as long as it feels a bit off)

Frank:

Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away

Producer: (Voice Over)

To the MOON!

Dean:

Huh?

Frank:

*If you can use some exotic booze, there's a bar in far Bombay
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away*

Producer:

All expenses paid!

Frank:

Come fly with me, let's float down to Peru

*In llama land, there's a one-man band, and he'll toot his flute for you
Come fly with me, let's take off in the blue*

Producer:

Win a trip to the moon! Write to us why you deserve to blast into the past with famous 50's Crooner Frank Albert Sinatra.

(Dean kisses Rover, grabs a notebook and pen, and runs out of the room. Rover follows. The set goes dark – besides the spotlight that follows Frank. As the song continues, the set changes into the pre-boarding press conference.)

Frank:

*Once I get you up there, where the air is rarefied
We'll just glide, starry-eyed
Once I get you up there I'll be holding you so near
You may hear angels cheer 'cause we're together*

*Weather wise, it's such a lovely day
Just say the words and we'll beat the birds down to Acapulco Bay
It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away*

*Once I get you up there, where the air is rarefied
We'll just glide, starry-eyed
Once I get you up there I'll be holding you so near
You may hear angels cheer 'cause we're together*

*Weather wise, it's such a lovely day
You just say the words and we'll beat the birds down to Acapulco Bay
It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly
Pack up, let's fly away*

(All lights up. Frank is now standing next to his producer, Zara, at the pre-boarding press conference. No reporters are there yet. The spaceship is present and stage right. There is a podium on a platform with a myriad of microphones and an American Flag hanging to the left.)

Frank:

And you really don't know what the doll looks like?

Zara:

Again. Frank. We can't choose based on appearances.

Frank: (Excited)

You're the executive producer of this reality show sha-bang, Zara! You think I believe you didn't meddle at all? Fat chance!

Zara:

Well- The letter was all I needed.

Frank:

I knew it. She's a sure fire dime! It was her handwriting, wasn't it? Ah, I bet she had the most gorgeous handwriting.

Zara:

Well, Yes....considering it was the only one hand-written-

Frank:

Old fashioned. How I like 'em. Zara, baby! Gimme a hint!

Zara:

No.

Frank:

Please... Please. Please.

Zara:

You've met before.

Frank:

What? When!?

Zara:

I shouldn't have said that.

Frank:

Before or after I was revived?

Zara:

Frank.

Frank:

BEFORE? Did I know her in the '50s??? In my glory days?!

(Reporters start walking in)

Zara:

Shhh. We're starting.

Frank:

Where is she?

Dean: (Offstage)

Sorry!

Frank: (Knowing the voice)

No.

Zara: (Smiling at the reporters, trying to keep it cool)

Frank.

Frank:

You didn't.

Zara:

I had to.

Frank:

Why'd you invite him to announce the winner?!

Zara:

Oh, Frankie.

(Dean Martin runs on stage, weaving through the reporters. He is in full space gear, holding his helmet. Frank starts to leave but Zara grabs him.)

Dean: (Approaching the stand)

Hey, I'm so sorry, Zara. (Into the mic) You see, all, I had to drop off my dog Rover.

(The reporters explode in questions. They are calling Dean and Frank's name.)

Dean: (Into the mic, putting his arm around Frank, Dean is LOVING this)

Who woulda thought you'd see some rats in space? Eh?

Zara: (Pushing through Dean)

Yes, that already happened. (into the mics) Um, Yes. Hello! Hello and welcome.

(Frank tries to leave again, but Zara grabs him.)

Zara:

Frank and I-

Frank:

That's Frank Sinatra to you, kid.

Zara:

Hahah! So FUNNY! (Squeezes him close) Mr. Frank Sinatra and I want to thank you all for coming to the takeoff. We are so excited for you to watch THIS journey. This monumental journey that proves "the best is yet to come."

(The reporters laugh)

Zara:

As you all know, Frank and the winner-

Dean:

Me.

Frank:

Zaraaaa...?

Zara:

Haha! One second! As you all know, we will be checking in daily with our intergalactic heroes via live stream! So you all can watch this out of this world rendezvous from your home.

Dean:

I dig it!

Zara:

Before we ... officially announce the winner, we would like to thank our sponsor. (beat) Frank?

(Frank is angry. He is about to explode with anger.)

Zara:

Frank! Wouldn't you want to publicly thank our high profile sponsor on live TV in front of many many people- lovely, impressionable people?

Frank: (Creepily smiles)

Thank you Musk Enterprises. Now, it seems my producer here brought on an ... old pal of mine to bring out the lass who won! Let's get to it!

Dean: (Charmingly)

Frankie, baby! I thought I was the funny one! I'm here to accept the prize and fly to that pizza pie in the sky!

Frank:

Well, I ... wow... I

Zara:

The world is watching, Frank! Haha! Hello, everyone!

Frank: (Twitching)

Glad to have you aboard.

(Thunderous excitement erupts from the reporters. They all start to chant "Dean")

Reporter 1:

Sing That's Amore!

Reporter 2:

YEAH!

(The reporters all ban together with one simple goal: for Dean Martin to sing his hit song: That's Amore!)

Dean: (Knocking Frank out of the way)

Wowee! Say, I did not expect this response. To be honest, I thought you all forgot about me... I wasn't even sure why I was revived in the No Star Left Behind initiative, so thank you all. I am humbled... really. Thank you, truly. From the bottom of my heart. Thank you, Vera. Thank you, Frankie. Now, I think I'm going to need a little help from you stunning bunch. HIT IT!

(**That's Amore** starts to play. During this song, Frank and Dean will board the spaceship and will be strapped in. There is a quick scene mid-song. During this song, the duo will also take off and get to space.)

The Reporters:

In Napoli where love is king

When boy meets boy here's what they say

Dean:

When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie

That's amore

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine

That's amore

Bells will ring ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling

And you'll sing "Vita bella"

Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay

Like a gay tarantella

(Zara replaces Frank's fedora with a helmet. Frank is mad, but trying to keep his cool. The men walk up a ramp into the spaceship. The set starts to move and go into spaceship form. The reporters are still on stage)

Dean:

When the stars make you drool just like a pasta e fasule

That's amore

When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet

You're in love

When you walk in a dream but you know you're not dreaming, signore

Scusa mi, but you see, back in old Napoli

That's amore

Frank: (Strapping in)

Why are you still singing? They can only see us when that light is red (points to light)

Dean: (Strapping in)

Oh! Wow, Frank. Thanks for letting me know. Red lights only got smaller. Remember red lights in our day? Hah. My, back together again!? To the moon!? Gee. Whattaya think the other pack members woulda thought about this?

Frank:

I'd want any other member here. But they're dead.

Dean:

Say, Frank. I must say, Frank, frankly I'm confused.

Frank:

That was just ... a lot of unnecessary words. Look, Dean. The other rats: not relevant enough to be brought back. I'm surprised you were.

Dean:

You saw the crowd out there! They loved me-

Frank:

You've ridden on my coattails long enough.

(Red light turns on)

Dean:

What do you mean ridden on your coattails?

Frank: (Realizing the camera is on)

JOKING, Dino! Come on!

(Frank reaches out to Dean to poke him but it's awkward because of how they are strapped in. Dean is wary at first but then starts hitting him back playfully.)

Producer:

Take off in 5.

Frank:

Get off of me!

Producer:

4.

Dean:

THIS IS HAPPENING!

Producer:

3.

Frank:

Thought you were the king of cool.

Producer:

2.

(**That's Amore** picks up as the men blast off. During this the set transitions)

Frank and Dean:

AHHHH!

Ensemble:

When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie

That's amore

Dean:(screaming)

That's amore

Ensemble:

When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine

That's amore

Frank and Dean: (Screaming)

That's amore

Ensemble:

Bells will ring ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling

*And you'll sing "Vita bella" (Vita bell—Vita bella)
Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay, tippy-tippy-tay
Like a gay tarantella*

Dean:

lucky fella

(Dean and Frank are now in space and there is no gravity. Dean unbuckles and floats around the spaceship)

Everyone but Frank:

When the stars make you drool just like a pasta e fasule

That's amore (That's amore)

When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet

You're in love

When you walk in a dream but you know you're not dreaming, signore

Scusa mi, but you see, back in old Napoli

That's amore (amore)

That's amore

(At the end of the song gravity is turned on and Dean falls. Frank unbuckles. The red light goes off. Dean is breathing heavily.)

Dean: (Getting up)

Ow.

Frank:

Top bunk is mine, babe.

(Frank power walks to the bunk and places his helmet on it)

Dean:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Frank:

Relax, the oxygen is turned on or whatever.

(Dean is overwhelmed. He looks around frantically, but stops and enters a trance when he sees the moon)

Dean: (Slowly taking off helmet)

Well, I'll be. Gosh, she's a beaut.

Frank:

Yup.

Dean:

We've spent so much time singing about her and just... to see her up close.

(Dean wipes away a tear)

Frank:

Keep it together.

Dean:

Frankie, you're just gonna sit there? Look at her!

Frank:

No, I'm not a sap like you.

Dean: (caught off guard and a little annoyed)

We built our careers singing about her-

Frank:

I built my career on raw talent. I don't need the moon.

Dean:

Really...then why are you here?

(They have a stare down)

(Blackout)

(The red light comes on followed by all lights. The men shoot out of their bunk beds)

Producer:

Here we are! Only one day after takeoff and the mass public is eager to check in with our heroes! Hello, space travelers!

(Note. These check-ins are very well produced, especially in terms of sound effects. It is very cheery and extra. Also, the producer could be seen or it could just be a voice over! Whatever you want.)

Frank:

Ah! Zara, everyone! What a treat to hear from earth.

Dean:

You know Zara, I wasn't sure how long I could go without a drink, but man, there's nothing like moonshine.

Frank:

Was that supposed to be funny?

Dean:

Yes! I hosted a comedy show!

Frank:

And a roast show, but somehow you can't handle either!

Dean: (Fake laughs and slaps Frank's back)

You old cat!

Producer:

50's Banter in a galactic environment!? What a BLAST from the past... on a spaceship! Well, folks. That's not the only thing that will be blasting!

Frank:

Sounds great!

Producer:

Hold your tongue, Frank! Today's challenge was hand selected by our sponsor: Youtube. Once monopolies became not only legal but encouraged, Youtube took over the world of content creation. Frank, Dean... to celebrate YouTube's humble beginnings, we're going to throw it back and have you both do... the Cinnamon Challenge!

Dean:

What a treat!

Frank:

Yes! Cinnamon! What an American treasure!

Producer:

... Sure! In the red box marked "Day 2," there will be a tub of cinnamon, a spoon, and instructions!

(They acquire the box)

Frank:

One spoon?

Producer:

Share it!

(Frank grabs the spoon and shoves cinnamon in his mouth. Dean, feeling the tension, quickly does the same. The men hold the cinnamon in and stare into each other's eyes. There is an unexpected moment of softness. Frank breaks this. He needs to beat Dean. Royalty free music plays. The two lose at the same exact time. They fall to the ground.)

Frank: (Coughing)

Who won?

Producer:

Looks like a tie! Wow! What a worthwhile event! Tune in tomorrow to see Frank and Dean do blind makeovers!

Dean: (Coughing)

America, we love you!

Frank: (Heaving)

I love you!

(Red light off. The men are still coughing. For a while.)

Dean: (Barely functioning)

Water!

Frank: (Chaotically searching about the ship)

Water!!!! WATER!

(Dean finds a box of water in the day 2 box)

Dean: (While drinking, pointing at the box)

Emm!

(Frank notices and dives towards the box. He looks and there is no other bottle)

Frank:

Only one?

(Frank grabs the water from Dean and drinks)

Dean:

God, that was awful.

Frank: (Taking a short break from chugging)

That's part of showbiz, kid.

Dean:

I'm no stranger to show biz-

Frank: (Taking a short break from chugging)

Hah!

Dean:

I never had to do that, Frank! I was just as big as you.

Frank: (Finishes and slowly laughs)

Just as big? Clearly not. This isn't my first rodeo.

Dean:

What? You've been choking on spices since being revived?

Frank:

Look, You gotta do what you gotta do in this business. You know this. We're in SPACE for GOD SAKES.

Dean:

It doesn't have to be like this.

(**That's Life** starts)

Frank:

You're a stupid man, Dean.

Frank: (singing)

That's life (that's life), that's what all the people say

You're ridin' high in April, shot down in May

But I know I'm gonna change that tune

When I'm back on top, back on top in June

I said that's life (that's life), and as funny as it may seem

Some people get their kicks stompin' on a dream

But I don't let it, let it get me down

'cause this fine old world, it keeps spinnin' around

I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king

I've been up and down and over and out and I know one thing

Each time I find myself flat on my face

I pick myself up and get back in the race

*That's life (that's life), I tell you I can't deny it
I thought of quitting, baby, but my heart just ain't gonna buy it
And if I didn't think it was worth one single try
I'd jump right on a big bird and then I'd fly*

*I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king
I've been up and down and over and out and I know one thing
Each time I find myself layin' flat on my face
I just pick myself up and get back in the race*

*That's life (that's life), that's life and I can't deny it
Many times I thought of cuttin' out but my heart won't buy it
But if there's nothin' shakin' come this here July
I'm gonna roll myself up in a big ball a-and die*

My, my!

Dean:

You know what, Frank? I'm beginning to think you meant it when you said you didn't want me here.

Frank:

I'm going to bed.

Dean:

We just got up!

Frank:

Guess what?

Dean:

What.

Frank:

In space, I make the rules, babe.

(Blackout)

(Lights up. Frank is sitting in the recording area, fixing his hair. Dean walks in with a fedora.)

Frank:

A fedora? Come on.

Dean: (Poses)
Pretty sharp, huh?

Frank:
No one wears those anymore, kid.

Dean:
Funny, I remember you wearing one to the takeoff ... or was it because you forgot the toupee?

(Dean goes to sit next to Frank)

Frank:
You can't just bring in a fedora after a week or so of doing these bits. The public will be confused.

Dean:
I'll take my chances.

(The red light comes on. Theme music starts to play.)

Frank:
That's new.

Producer:
Hello, America!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Hello to our jazzy astros over in space. Day 10!!!! The moon is approaching. Feel any lighter? Hahaha!

Dean:
I've always been light on my feet

(Dean does a suave dance move)

Producer:
Mr. Dean Martin! Wow! You look GREAT! Frank, why don't you grab the day 10 box?

Frank:
Haha, oh. Well, I did it yesterday!

Dean:
That is true. I am a man of my word and I agreed to take turns. (Stands up)

Frank:
No no, I'll just. One second.

(Frank goes to get the box)

Dean:

Thanks, Buddy.

Producer:

Love the hat!

(Frank returns now wearing sunglasses)

Producer:

Before you open the box, we have the winner of our space call sweepstakes on the line!

Winner: (A very young girl, bad at pronunciation and just talking in general because she is a literal toddler)

Hewo there! I am Treller Reed. I am a girl and I am 5 years young and I love VR roller coasters and hot pockets.

Dean:

Nice to meet you, Ms. Reed! Where are you calling from?

Winner:

My i.o.s. XXX45. My dad is here too. Say hello, dad!

Dad:

I'm from Boston but we live in Alaska! Was that a state when you guys were around? Wow! I just gotta say, you guys, being so old, and doing this! It's wicked awesome.

Frank:

I mean we were revived to be in our thirties or so... I feel great!

Winner:

Mr. Sin-tara man, your glasses look silly.

(Frank takes them off)

Dad:

Treller, oh my god! You can't say that to nice ol Mr. Sin-tara!

Dean:

Hey, Mr. Reed! No need to apologize, I mean my little Deana was the same. God. I miss her.

Winner:

Where is she, Dean? Where did she go?

(There is a serious pause)

Producer: (Cutting off the call)

WOW! Nice to hear from sweet, young Treller Reed. What a lucky winner! Now, let's open the box!

(Air horn sound effects)

Frank:

Marshmallows?

Producer:

YES Siree! America thought these two had a mouthful with the cinnamon challenge! Well, we're taking it to the next level with Chubby Bunny.

(Frank and Dean read the instructions)

Producer:

BUT! To put a fun, little twist on the game. Instead of saying "Chubby Buddy" after you stuff another marsh in your mouth, you guys will say "Mambo Italiano"

(Dean grabs a marshmallow and stuffs one in his mouth)

Dean:

Mambo Italiano! Haha!

(Dean stuffs another in)

Dean: (Singing)

Hello, cosa dici, getta happy in the feets a when you

(Frank stuffs like 3 marshmallows in Dean's mouth.)

Dean: (Struggling, and unable)

Mambo Italianooooo!

Frank:

Zara, what if we said... "my way" instead?

Dean: (Spitting out the marshmallows)

That seems too easy.

Frank: (Very fast)

MY WAY is just as easy as Mamboltalenmombio

Dean:
What was that?

Frank: (Stuffing a marshmallow in)
My way

Dean: (Adding a marsh)
Mambo Italiano

Frank: (Another one)
My. Way.

Dean: (Adding a marsh)
Mambo Italiano

Frank: (Standing up)
My. Way.

Dean:
You forgot to eat a puff.

(Frank jumps on Dean)

Producer:
Wow! We are having some technical problems we're gonna have to stop the show! See you all tomorrow! HAHA. Bye!!!!!!!!!!

(Red light off. Frank is straddling Dean trying to punch. Dean escapes. Frank chases Dean. Frank realizes what he is doing and stops. He is stunned)

Frank: (In a trance)
I shouldn't have done that.

Dean: (Cleaning himself up)
Ya think, dingbat?

Frank:
I just did that. I did that in front of millions of people.

Dean:
Yeah.

Frank:
I just ruined everything.

Dean:

... No you didn't.

Frank: (Angry)

Yes. I did. My image is all I have. This whole thing... was supposed to revive it. I fucking hate that word.

Dean:

It was one gig gone wrong...

Frank:

All I have, as stupid as this sounds, is legacy, Dean. It dwindled and I got a second chance and I shot it down myself this time. I murdered it. Like a desperate mob boss.

Dean:

Awh, Come on! Someone will vouch for you!

Frank:

Who? No one knows the real me. I don't even know the real me. I hate the real me.

Dean:

Hush that silly talk. Did they revive Nancy? Ava? Mia? Barbra?

Frank:

No. None of my wives were revived. And they wouldn't fucking vouch for me if they were.

Dean:

Love is tricky.

Frank:

It's weird you know all their names.

(Dean shrugs and **A Man Alone** starts to play)

Frank: (Laughing to himself)

Four wives... almost all of my songs are about love. But, Dean, I've never not felt alone.

Dean:

I've never seen you like this, Frank...

Frank: (Singing)

In me, you see a man alone

Held by the habit of being on his own

*A man who listens to the trembling of the trees
With sentimental ease*

*In me, you see a man alone
Behind the wall he's learned to call his home
A man who still goes walkin' in the rain
Expecting love again*

*A man not lonely except when the dark comes on
A man learning to live with mem'ries of midnights that fell apart at dawn*

*In me, you see a man alone
Drinking up Sundays and spending them alone
A man who knows love is seldom what it seems
Only other people's dreams*

A man learning to live with memories of midnights that fell apart at dawn

*In me, you see a man alone
Drinking up Sundays and spending them alone
A man who knows love is seldom what it seems
Just other people's dreams*

(By the end of this song Frank is staring out the window. Dean goes up to him and puts his arm around him. Frank leans his head on Dean. They stare at space together.)

Dean: (Effortlessly charming and meaningful)
You're wrong. You're not alone. I felt it too. I felt alone. Frank, I also had 3 failed marriages.... I was revived to nothing. I was watching TV in my underwear when I saw the commercial for goodness sake.

Frank:
You were?

(Dean turns Frank towards him and puts his hands on Frank's shoulders.)

Dean:
Fully.

Frank:
They kept me in a holding cell.

Dean:

But love, Frank... It's out there. My dog loves me. He doesn't know that I was a sultry singer, actor, comedian megastar.

Frank:

I don't want a dumb mutt.

Dean: (Even more earnest and charming than before)

You're missing the point. I love my dog and he loves me. Stardom or not. Dog or not. My dog is just the beginning. Love... companionship... passion! It's here! It's there! It's somewhere!!!! Frank, somewhere there's a someone for everyone.

(Dean dramatically looks out to the audience as **Somewhere There's a Someone** starts to play. Frank and Dean are finally connecting. Frank enjoys this emotional reaction for a moment, but during the song becomes frightened of it and promptly retires to his bunk.)

Dean: (Singing and taking Frank under his arm)

Somewhere there's a someone for everyone

Somewhere there's a someone for me

Though I may be lonely now

I'll see it through somehow

To someone's heart I know I hold the key

(Dean spins Frank, they do a dance.)

Somewhere there's a someone for everyone

Somewhere there's a someone for me

And I'll search my whole life through

Until I find a love that's true

For I know somewhere there's a someone for me

(Frank's disposition changes. He has never felt what he is feeling. He quickly leaves and goes to his bunk to sleep)

(Somewhere)

(Somewhere)

(Dean notices that Frank is asleep now)

And I'll search my whole life through

Until I find a love that's true

For I know somewhere there's a someone for me

For I know somewhere there's a someone for me

(Dean goes to his bunk)

Dean:

Goodnight, old pal. Glad to have ya back.

(Dean falls asleep. Frank opens his eyes)

Frank: (Singing)

For I know somewhere there's a someone for me

(Frank shudders at his raw emotion)

(Blackout)

(Lights up. Frank is sitting in the recording area. Dean enters.)

Dean:

You took it.

Frank:

Hmm?

Dean:

My Fedora. My signature look. Why did you take it?

Frank:

Everyone wears fedoras!

Dean:

Not in whatever year THIS is!

Frank:

You don't own fedoras

Dean:

Look, you haven't said more than 3 words to me at a time in the past, I don't know... 14 days! I thought we had a moment of pure connection and understanding.

Frank:

I didn't take your fucking fedora.

Dean:

Fuck the fedora this isn't about the fedora.

(Frank gets up and the fedora falls. Frank grabs it.)

Dean:

Give. Me. My. Snazzy. Fedora.

(Dean lunges at Frank. Frank and Dean have an intense fight sequence. There are grunts and screams of pain. Dean is winning.)

Frank:

Watch the face, please I don't want the public to see a bloody nose.

Dean:

I thought we were past this! The fighting! The need for public approval!

(Frank just erupts in a scream. Dean grabs the next day box. Frank stops screaming.)

Frank:

Put that down.

(Dean opens the box. Takes out a pack of Bertie Botts Every Flavor Beans)

Dean:

What? Have a connection to (reads the box choppily) "Bertie Botts Every Flavor Beans"?

Frank:

Yes.

Dean:

I've never heard of them.

(Opens the box and takes a bean out)

Frank:

They're from Harry Potter.

Dean:

Harry who?

Frank:

He's a wizard.

Dean:

You've gone insane.

Frank:

No, I just read. Here take your fedora.

Dean:

FUCK. THE. SNAZZY. FEDORA. FRANK.

Frank: (Calmly trying to approach Dean)

Just put them away. We need them for the challenge. The public wants to see us eat those. I want them to like us!

Dean:

I understand wanting people to like you, but you're pathetic. (Dean opens the box) You'll thank me later

(Dean pours every bean into his mouth. Dean screams in disgust. Frank tackles Dean into the recording area. Frank is on top of Dean. They tussel for a bit, then stop and stare at each other. Breathing heavily. The red light comes on and theme music starts to play)

Producer:

Good space day, everyone! Just a reminder to order your signature Dean Martin Space Fedora on Amazon, the only place to buy anything nowadays! Now for the challenge!... Frank? Dean?

(Frank and Dean are still staring at each other.)

Producer:

Hello? Haha! Earth to spacemen!!!!

Dean: (Knocking Frank off)

I ate the beans.

Frank:

He ate them. Because of me.

Dean:

No, no, it was my choice. America, it was my choice to eat those disgusting beans.

Producer:

... Alright. OKAY! Woo! Never know what can happen on live tv, folks!!!! Lets... do an AMA! An "ask me anything!" Call if you want to ask Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin anything! HAHA!

Dean:

Zara, you used to be so put together...

Producer:

WOW! How dare you. First caller!

Caller 1:

Dean. Will you marry me?

Dean:

Well, wowee little lady-

Frank:

Haha! Wow- Next!

Producer:

Okay, next caller!

Caller 2:

Ay, big fella, or should I say short fella.

Frank:

Hang up.

Caller 2:

Youse owes me, Sinatra.

Frank:

Hang up!!!

Producer:

Alright, alright next!

Caller 3/Treller Reed: (in the same young voice before)

Hewo, Mr. Dean and Mr. Frank. This is Treller Reed.

Dad:

Hello!!!!

Caller 3/Treller Reed:

My dad is also here.

Frank/Dean:

Wow! Nice to hear from you both/ I remember you how could we forget.

Caller 3/Treller Reed:

My mom wanted to ask you both a question.

Mom:

Hello! Wow, Hi Kobra and Mike! It's ME! Wow!

Caller 3/Treller Reed: Mom!!!

Mom:

Yes, sorry! I just wanna know, Frank, what's your favorite song of Dean's, and vice versa?

Producer:

Thank you for that real question.

(The men laugh)

Producer:

Frank, why don't you go first?

Frank: (Joking)

Wow! Thanks, Zara. I guess mine has to be (looking at Dean directly in the eyes)...
"Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime" (beat) Even though all this loon's song titles sound like that!

Dean:

Ay! Let me catch a break, Frankie, Jesus!

Frank:

Come on out with it! What song of mine do you love?

Dean:

Look, I didn't want to say this one... but my favorite song is unarguably "Fly Me To The Moon."

(Frank and Dean laugh)

Mom:

Sing it!

Dean:

Do it, Sin-tara!

Frank:

Sing it with me.

Dean: (Singing **Fly Me To The Moon** Acapella)

Fly me to the moon

Let me play among the stars

Dean and Frank: (Singing Acapella)

Let me see what spring is like

On a-Jupiter and Mars

In other words: hold my hand

In other words: baby, kiss me

Fill my heart with song

And let me sing forever more

You are all I long for

All I worship and adore

In other words: please, be true

In other words: I love you.

(Suddenly sirens start. Producer is shouting directions but they are muffled and lagging. You hear Trellor Reed also give some unintelligible input. The sirens stop and the men lose all power. Quick **blackout** until the generator lights kick on. Gravity is no longer there. The men freak out. They are floating around, screaming. Frank grabs Dean and straps him in. Frank does the same for himself and tries to steer.)

Dean:

I have to sing.

Frank:

What?

Dean:

It calms me.

Frank:

What???

(**Tik A Tee, Tik A Tay** starts playing.)

Dean:(singing frantically)

Oh how my heart beats tonight while we're dancing

It beats with a rhythm so gay

I'm so in love says my heart while we're dancing

It goes tik-a-tee tik-a-tay

*Oh, hold me my love for this night of romancing
Will make both our hearts soon obey
Yeah, this is the thrill and the will of a heart
When it goes tik-a-tee tik-a-tay*

*Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom
Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom
Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom
Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom*

*Gira e rigira, biondina l'amore, La vita godere ci fà
Quando ti veggo, piccina! il mio cor? Sempre fà: ti-ca ti, ti-ca tay. Oh, gira e rigira,
biondina l'amore, la vita godere ci fà
Quando ti veggo, piccina! il mio cor? Sempre fà: ti-ca ti, ti-ca tay*

*Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom
Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom
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Boom bidee bidee bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee, boom bidee bidee bidee boom*

*Hold me my love for this night of romancing
Will make both our hearts soon obey
Yeah, this is the thrill and the will of a heart
When it goes tik-a-tee, tik-a-tay!*

(Frank tries to cover Dean with his arm)

Frank:
Brace for impact!!!

Dean:
Ciao!

(The men scream. **Blackout**)

(As fast as possible... lights up to reveal Dean and Frank standing in their suits on the moon next to their crashed ship.)

Dean:
Guess there's no more top bunk, huh.

(Frank grabs Dean's face and kisses him. After a beat, a group of Aliens peep their heads out and gasp)

(Blackout. End of Act 1)