

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

BY
TRUMAN CAPOTE

STAGE ADAPTATION BY
RICHARD
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DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S
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based on the novella by Truman Capote
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BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S was originally produced on Broadway by Colin Ingram & Donovan Mannato, Geoffrey Thomas, and Dominic Ianno, at the Cort Theatre, opening on March 20, 2013. It was directed by Sean Mathias, the scenic design was by Derek McLane, the costume design was by Colleen Atwood, the lighting design was by Peter Kaczorowski, the projection design was by Wendall K. Harrington, and the sound design was by Rob Milburn and Michael Bodeen. The cast was as follows:

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY Emilia Clarke
FRED Cory Michael Smith
JOE BELL George Wendt
MADAME SPANELLA/LADY BOSS Suzanne Bertish
REPORTER Danny Binstock
JOSE/JOSE'S COUSIN Pedro Carmo
JOURNALIST/COP Elisabeth Anthony Gray
COLONEL/DOC Murphy Guyer
DEPT. STORE OWNER/
DR. GOLDMAN/O.J.'S SERVANT Eddie Korbich
RUSTY'S SERVANT Paolo Montalban
MAG WILDWOOD Kate Cullen Roberts
SID ARBUCK/EDITOR John Rothman
RUSTY TRAWLER Tony Torn
O.J. BERMAN Lee Wilkof
I.Y. YUNIOSHI James Yaegashi

CHARACTERS

FRED

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY

JOE BELL

MADAME SPANELLA

I.Y. YUNIOSHI

RUSTY TRAWLER

O.J. BERMAN

MAG WILDWOOD

DOC

JOSE YBARRA-JAEGAR

EDITOR

Ensemble

SID ARBUCK, AIR FORCE COLONEL, JOURNALIST,
MAN, STERN LADY BOSS, DR. GOLDMAN, O.J.'S SER-
VANT, RUSTY'S SERVANT, REPORTER, FEMALE COP

ABOUT FRED

When he is speaking directly to us from the play's present tense, a subtle quality is asserted that is withheld otherwise — something insinuating, at ease, even vaguely feline. In the scenes of the past, he's more dedicated to enacting the role of a fine young man.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Joe's bar.

FRED. (*To us.*) In a downpour of October rain, I arrive at a neighborhood of my past, summoned by the ghost of someone who'd never been the least bit spectral. (*Joe Bell enters, fixes a drink, and chews Tums.*) Joe! How are you? (*They shake hands.*)

JOE. Fred! Listen to me — “Fred.”

FRED. Fred'll do.

JOE. You're looking richer than you used to.

FRED. And you're still keeping Tums in business, I see.

JOE. Ach, this gut of mine.

FRED. *Plus ça change.*

JOE. What is that supposed to be, French?

FRED. (*Good-humored.*) No. Just pretension.

JOE. Well ... Congratulations on ... changing, I guess.

FRED. And to you for staying the same. (*They smile. Enough of this awkward talk.*) Well ... I've blunderbussed my way through this typhoon to —

JOE. Yeah, yeah — I wouldn't have got you over here if it wasn't a very peculiar thing has happened.

FRED. You heard from Holly.

JOE. Thing is, I don't know.

FRED. Joe.

JOE. That is to say ... I want your opinion. You recall a certain Mr. I.Y. Yunioshi. A gentleman from Japan.

FRED. California.

JOE. Don't go mixing me up. But you know who I mean?

FRED. I do. (*To us.*) Our brownstone neighbor. A photographer of some note and the building's most distinguished resident.

JOE. Okay. So last night who comes waltzing in here but this self-same Mr. I.Y. Yunioshi. (*Yunioshi appears in the background, waiting to take his part. He's quite sleek, well-dressed, an artist and a success.*) I haven't seen him, I guess it's over two years. And where do you think he's been these two years?

FRED and YUNIOSHI. (*In unison.*) Africa. (*Joe looks surprised.*)

FRED. I read it in Winchell.

YUNIOSHI. Didn't you read it in Winchell?

JOE. Well, see did you read this in Winchell. (*He extracts photographs from a manila envelope. They appear, rather faintly, elegantly, as projections. They are of a black man in a calico skirt, smiling shyly and displaying a wood carving of a girl's head.*)

FRED. What am I looking at here, Joe?

JOE. Well stop looking at the man in the skirt. Focus on the wood carving.

YUNIOSHI. It is Holly. Unmistakably, Holly Golightly.

JOE. Now what do you make of that?

FRED. Well — it looks like her, sure, but —

JOE. Listen, boy, it *is* her. Sure as I'm a man fit to wear britches. The Jap knew it was her the minute he saw her.

YUNIOSHI. (*At "the minute."*) I knew it the minute I saw her.

FRED. He saw her? In Africa?

JOE and YUNIOSHI. The statue.

JOE. But it comes to the same thing. Read the facts for yourself.

FRED. (*Reverse of photo.*) Wood carving, S Tribe, Tococul, East Anglia, Christmas Day, 1956.

JOE. He was there, the Jap.

YUNIOSHI. In Tococul, a village of mud flats and buzzards on roofs — and of no interest. I'd decided to move on when I saw one fellow — *that* fellow — squatting before his hut with the wood carvings. They were striking. I inspected them, artist to artist. Then I saw this one.

FRED. (*To us.*) Then he saw this one (*And in the photo, the carving is slightly highlighted.*)

YUNIOSHI. I felt like I was falling in a dream.

FRED. He tried to barter.

YUNIOSHI. Ten dollars and a pound of salt! Twenty dollars and a pound of salt!

JOE. He was on to something — Save the statue 'cause that's all you're gonna be *able* to hold on to.

FRED. Finally for a sum of money and a weight of salt, he got not the carving, but its story.

YUNIOSHI. One day three white people came riding out of the bush, two men and a girl. The men, both red-eyed with fever, were forced to stay shut and shivering in an isolated hut, while the young woman, presently having taken a fancy to the wood carver, shared his mat. (*Yunioshi smiles knowingly.*)

JOE. I don't credit that part. I know she had her ways, but I don't think she'd be up to anything as much as that.

YUNIOSHI. She went as she came, rode away on a horse.

JOE. Alone or with the men?

YUNIOSHI. ("*Come now.*") Holly Golightly?

JOE. With the two men, I guess.

YUNIOSHI. I asked about her up and down the country. Nobody else had ever seen her. She vanished. Holly Golightly. Gone. (*He exits.*)

FRED. ... Ah. That's all, then.

JOE. One thing you got to admit, it's the only *definite* news in I don't know how many years. All I hope, I hope she's rich. She must be rich. You got to be rich to go mucking around in Africa.

FRED. She's probably never set foot in Africa.

JOE. You know so much, where is she?

FRED. Dead. Or in a crazy-house. Or married. I think she's married and quieted down and maybe right in this city.

JOE. No. I'll tell you why. You take a man like me, a man's been walking in the streets going on ten or twelve years, and all those years he's got his eyes out for one person, and nobody's ever her, don't it stand to reason she's not there? I see pieces of her all the time, a flat little bottom, any skinny girl that walks fast and straight ... (*Beat.*) You think I'm round the bend.

FRED. No. It's just that I didn't know you'd been in love with her. (*Beat.*)

JOE. Drinks on the house.

FRED. I ... It was good to see you, Joe.

JOE. (*Grabs his wrist.*) Hold on. Sure I loved her. But it wasn't that

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

by Truman Capote
stage adaptation by Richard Greenberg

15M, 6W

Based on Truman Capote's classic novella, *BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S* tells the story of a young Southern-born writer, known to us only as Fred, who becomes infatuated with his Upper East Side neighbor: the beguiling, effervescent beauty Miss Holiday Golightly. As Holly pulls Fred into her world of spontaneous parties and luxury, he finds himself increasingly fascinated with this captivating woman.

"Literary, but verging on cinematic, moments [from the novella] must be what inspired the playwright Richard Greenberg to adapt the story for the stage. ... Greenberg's version is successful, because it grows out of his love for Capote."

—**The New Yorker**

"As impossible as it is to separate the movie imprint from our experience of Breakfast at Tiffany's, Greenberg's adaptation ... deserves credit for going back to the source material. He frames the action in 1957 and has it unfold like a Tennessee Williams memory play, as the narrator's reminiscences from 1943-44."

—**The Hollywood Reporter**

"Playwright Richard Greenberg has adapted Truman Capote's novella Breakfast at Tiffany's for the theater with remarkable fidelity ... Greenberg's biggest contribution has been to make clearer Capote's subtle gay subtext in organic ways. The story's writer-narrator, dubbed Fred by Holly because he reminds her of her adored younger brother, is an authorial stand-in ... [with] an endearingly cracked vulnerability and a youthfully needy ambition and ego."

—**Backstage**

Also by Richard Greenberg
THE ASSEMBLED PARTIES
EASTERN STANDARD
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