



**LUCKY GUY**  
BY **NORA EPHRON**



★  
DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.



LUCKY GUY  
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LUCKY GUY received its Broadway premiere at the Broadhurst Theatre on April 2, 2013. It was directed by George C. Wolfe; the scenic design was by David Rockwell; the costume design was by Toni-Leslie James; the lighting design was by Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer; the sound design was by Scott Lehrer; the projection design was by batwin + robin productions. The cast was as follows:

MIKE McALARY..... Tom Hanks  
ALICE McALARY .....Maura Tierney  
JOHN COTTER .....Peter Gerety  
HAP HAIRSTON ..... Courtney B. Vance  
MICHAEL DALY ..... Peter Scolari  
JERRY NACHMAN/STANLEY JOYCE .....Richard Masur  
BRIAN O'REGAN ..... Brian Dykstra  
JIM DWYER ..... Michael Gaston  
DINO TORTORICI ..... Dustyn Gulledge  
REPORTER .....Andrew Hovelson  
LOUISE IMERMAN/DEBBY KRENEK .....Deirdre Lovejoy  
BOB DRURY/JOHN MILLER ..... Danny Mastrogiorgio  
ABNER LOUIMA .....Stephen Tyrone Williams

## CHARACTERS

MIKE McALARY, a columnist

JOHN COTTER, an editor

MICHAEL DALY, a columnist

JIM DWYER, a columnist

HAP HAIRSTON, an editor

EDDIE HAYES, a lawyer

ALICE McALARY, a housewife

LOUISE IMERMAN, a reporter

DEBBY KRENEK, an editor

BOB DRURY, a reporter

JERRY NACHMAN, an editor

STANLEY JOYCE, an editor

JOHN MILLER, Deputy Commissioner  
for Public Information, NYPD

ABNER LOUIMA, a security guard

The ensemble also plays other parts: Jimmy Breslin, Dino Tortorici, Brian O'Regan, miscellaneous reporters, and a doctor.

## NOTES

On stage right, the makings of a bar — Sometimes the bar is Elaine's, sometimes it's Ryan's, sometimes it's McGuire's, or the Lion's Head, sometimes it's just a bar. A neon sign indicates which bar it is. A couple of chairs, a table or two, the bar itself, possibly a couple of bar stools. A small TV over the bar.

On stage left, the makings of a newsroom — Sometimes the newsroom is *Newsday*, sometimes the *New York Daily News*, sometimes the *New York Post*. A projection of the logo on the back walls tells us which newsroom. A few chairs, desks, tables, computer terminals, just enough to indicate where we are. A small TV on the editor's desk. A big "No Smoking" sign.

Later in the play we'll need:

A bedroom — Sometimes in Brooklyn, sometimes in Bellport.

The beds become more well-appointed as the play progresses.

A kitchen — First in Brooklyn with an old table and chairs and an old refrigerator, then in Bellport with a new table, chairs, and a Sub-Zero refrigerator.

A diner

A white porch in Bellport

A podium

Various offices — A doctor's, a police department official's.

A hospital

The sets are minimal. A lot of black and white. In some abstract way, the play should feel like an homage to an old newspaper movie like *Deadline U.S.A.* Stagehands move the set dressing in and out during the action, which is continuous. The play should be lit like a noir movie, with sharp contrast, overhead spots, etc.

# LUCKY GUY

## ACT ONE

### 1.

*A bar.*

*An ensemble of about eight men at the bar. They will play the male parts. Among them are the journalists Mike McAlary, Jim Dwyer, Hap Hairston, Michael Daly, Jerry Nachman, Bob Drury and John Cotter. Hairston is black.*

*They sing an Irish song:*

ENSEMBLE. (*Singing.*)

*I've been a wild rover for many's the year,  
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer,  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.*

*And it's no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never no more,  
Will I play the wild rover,  
No never no more.*

*I went to an ale house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady me money was spent.  
I asked her for credit she answered me "Nay  
Such custom as you I can have any day."*

*And it's no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never no more,  
Will I play the wild rover,  
No never no more.*

JIM DWYER. So the question is, where to begin?

BOB DRURY. Always hard to know where the story begins.

MICHAEL DALY. Although we know how it ends.

JIM DWYER. This is a true story —

HAP HAIRSTON. To the extent that any story is true —

JERRY NACHMAN. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

HAP HAIRSTON. It begins before. Before he became—

JIM DWYER. — famous —

BOB DRURY. — a columnist —

JERRY NACHMAN. — reckless —

HAP HAIRSTON. — bad —

MICHAEL DALY. — before he became Mike McAlary —

JERRY NACHMAN. — with his picture on the side of the truck.

JIM DWYER. But even before, we all talked about him when he wasn't there, way more than we ever talked about anybody else —

MICHAEL DALY. Because we all knew it was going to be a fucking mess someday.

HAP HAIRSTON. Messy, messy story, nothing neat about this story. So it starts in 1985. New York City is totally polarized. Rich, poor. Black, white. The crack epidemic is just beginning. The murder rate is rising. The city is a shithole. It was a grand and glorious time to be in the tabloid business. (*Holds up a copy of the New York Times.*) This is the *New York Times*. This is a serious newspaper. Fuck it. (*Hairston holds up a copy of the Daily News, by way of illustration.*) This is a tabloid. Small paper. Big headline. High energy. Blood, guts, dirt, fires, floods. Champion of da people. (*Beat.*) New York City is a tabloid town — lots of newsstands, a working class that rides the subway — and in 1985 it had two scrappy tabloids, the *Post* and the *News*. But in 1985, *Newsday*, out on Long Island, decided to move into the city and start a third tabloid. They lost 100 million bucks in the process, but that took five years. (*Beat. Stagehands/lactors carry in desks, computers, a very small television set, transforming the space into the —*)

## 2.

Newsday *newsroom*.

HAP HAIRSTON. (*To audience.*) Meanwhile, we were hiring people left and right. (*Identifying himself.*) Hap Hairston, City Editor.

JIM DWYER. Jim Dwyer. I was writing a column.

JOHN COTTER. John Cotter. Managing Editor —

HAP HAIRSTON. Cotter is drunk.

JOHN COTTER. We're rocking.

JIM DWYER. He was drunk twenty-four hours a day.

JOHN COTTER. Where's my nun-rape? Who's got the subway slasher? I need the red meat. More red meat.

JERRY NACHMAN. If you held the guy up to the light, you could see the olive.

JOHN COTTER. (*Singling out a reporter's story.*) Ahhh, red meat!

HAP HAIRSTON. (*To the rest of the ensemble.*) The rest of you can stay at the bar. We got good cops, bad cops, reporters, columnists, criminals — (*We see Mike McAlary now. A tall, handsome guy with a mustache.*)

McALARY. What about me?

HAP HAIRSTON. We're working up to you.

McALARY. It's my story. Mike McAlary. Zealous, hard-working, true blue. Police reporter.

HAP HAIRSTON. I'm setting it up, okay?

McALARY. All I ever wanted to be was a reporter in New York City. You get to be at the center of everything that's happening that day. A plane crash on Bergen Street in Brooklyn. You see it. The Stones arrive, you're there. Whatever's happening, you go out, you get it, and write it, and millions of people read it. And then you get to go sit in the bar and tell everyone the stuff that the lawyers didn't let you put in the paper. And, most important of all, the next day you get to go out and do it all over again, except everything is new.

HAP HAIRSTON. McAlary —

McALARY. — you are God's fucking messenger —

HAP HAIRSTON. Relax.



McALARY. It's New York City, who can relax? Are you relaxed? —  
HAP HAIRSTON. Just let me set the fucking thing up. Louise.  
McALARY. Why do you need Louise?  
HAP HAIRSTON. In my story, Louise is a character. (*Louise Imerman enters, but just barely.*)  
LOUISE IMERMAN. McAlary's right. You don't really need me. (*To audience.*) This is a story about guys, guys with cops, cops with guys. It's a very guy thing. (*To Hap and the ensemble.*) The reason they were all hung up on McAlary is he made them think they could go back to the days when there were no women around, none, just Irish guys at the bar all night long. You don't need me at all.  
HAP HAIRSTON. (*Prompting her.*) So —  
LOUISE IMERMAN. (*With feeling.*) — Kiss my ass.  
HAP HAIRSTON. And —  
LOUISE IMERMAN. (*With feeling.*) — Fuck you.  
HAP HAIRSTON. That's it. (*To audience.*) That's Louise. (*She sits down at a desk.*) Smoke. (*Everyone lights cigarettes and picks up the phones.*) More smoke. (*A stagehand brings in a smoke machine and turns it on. A cacophony of phones ringing, editors and reporters shouting back and forth as McAlary leaves the bar and works his way into the newsroom. Reporters and editors overlapping.*)  
JOHN COTTER. Who's at City Hall?  
JIM DWYER. Koch is meeting with the Lubavitchers in Williamsburg.  
HAP HAIRSTON. Dwyer, Vinnie's on 3. He's got a jumper at 29th and Park.  
REPORTER #1. Donald Trump is opening his hotel.  
HALF THE REPORTERS. Fuck him.  
THE OTHER HALF. Who cares!  
JOHN COTTER. Got two dead in a bodega robbery —  
HAP HAIRSTON. I'm sending Tommy.  
JOHN COTTER. ... And a riot at Rikers. (*Mike McAlary reaches Hap at the City Desk, stands there. Hap is on the phone.*)  
McALARY. Did you see my piece?  
HAP HAIRSTON. (*To McAlary.*) I don't have time for you. (*Shouting over to Louise.*) Louise, what are you doing?  
LOUISE IMERMAN. (*Shouting back.*) Who the fuck wants to know?  
McALARY. About the hospital in Flushing. Did you read it?  
HAP HAIRSTON. (*To McAlary.*) You're lurking. Stop lurking.

# LUCKY GUY

by Nora Ephron

12M, 2W

LUCKY GUY marks a return to Nora Ephron's journalistic roots. The charismatic and controversial tabloid columnist Mike McAlary covered the scandal- and graffiti-ridden New York of the 1980s. From his sensational reporting of New York's major police corruption to the libel suit that nearly ended his career, the play dramatizes the story of McAlary's meteoric rise, fall, and rise again, ending with his coverage of the Abner Louima case for which he won the Pulitzer Prize, shortly before his untimely death on Christmas Day, 1998.

*"LUCKY GUY is both an elegy and a valentine to a vanishing world held dear in the collective imagination of New Yorkers. It has the heart and energy of the perpetually engaged, insatiably curious observer that Ephron never ceased to be."*

—The New York Times

*"LUCKY GUY grabs you by the throat, makes you laugh and cry, holds you transfixed for two hours, paralyzes you with excitement from start to finish, and leaves you cheering! It sizzles and holds your heart captive at the same time."*

—The New York Observer

*"A triumph by Nora Ephron ... Ephron writes about journalism with an insider's devastating combination of repulsion and affection. A play about journalism that is as rich and rough and elegiac and fun as the lost world it recreates. A miracle!"*

—New York Magazine

*"With her final project, we get to fall in love with Nora Ephron one last time."*

—Elle

**Also by Nora Ephron**

LOVE, LOSS AND WHAT I WORE

(Delia Ephron)

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