



I'LL EAT YOU LAST:

A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS
BY JOHN LOGAN



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS
Copyright © 2014, John Logan

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Creative Artists Agency, 405 Lexington Avenue, 19th Floor, New York, NY 10174. Attn: George Lane.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS is required to give credit to the Author(s) as sole and exclusive Author(s) of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

For performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in these Plays, the permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained. Other songs, arrangements or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

Dedicated to Brian Siberell and James Bagley.

Who I believe would eat me almost last.

I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS was originally produced on Broadway at the Booth Theatre by Graydon Carter, Arielle Tepper Madover, James L. Nederlander, The Shubert Organization, Terry Allen Kramer, Stephanie P. McClelland, Jeffrey Finn, Ruth Hendel, Larry Magid, Jon B. Platt, and Scott & Brian Zeilinger. 101 Productions was the general manager.

I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS opened on Broadway on April 24, 2013. It was directed by Joe Mantello; the set design was by Scott Pask; the costume design was by Ann Roth; the lighting design was by Hugh Vanstone; and the sound design was by Fitz Patton. Sue Mengers was played by Bette Midler.

CHARACTERS

SUE MENGERS

PLACE

The living room of Sue Mengers' Beverly Hills home.

TIME

1981

This play should be performed without an intermission.

Warning: This play contains profanity, smoking, alcohol consumption, drug use, and gossip.

I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS

*A song like "Stoney End" by Barbra Streisand is heard.**

Curtain up to reveal ...

The living room of Sue Mengers' Beverly Hills house ... Pale colors, pale flowers ... Tasteful and designed.

Sue Mengers relaxes comfortably on her luxurious sofa. She wears one of her signature caftans and wire-rim glasses. There's a coffee table before her with a dish of chocolates, an ashtray, and some objets d'art.

She smokes, constantly.

She looks at the audience, a gaze at once baleful and mischievous. And always there's the wicked sparkle.

The song fades.

Beat.

SUE. I'm not getting up ... It's my house, you get up. Only don't. I just had the carpet cleaned for the party. Don't take offense, the carpet is for the guests tonight. You will be long gone by then. Oh yes, long gone and back to El Segundo or wherever you hail from, by way of too many freeways I'm sure. Poor lambs, I'm weeping for you already. It's a big night at Chez Sue. Jack and Angelica are coming

* See Special Note on Songs and Recording on copyright page.

by, and Warren, and Elton John of course. Elton's the easiest dinner guest ever: He'll eat anything but pussy.

So *forgive* me for not getting up. Think of me as that caterpillar from *Alice in Wonderland*; the one with the hash pipe. He didn't need to get up. He could sit there and look out over his domain and torment that little brat. He was a smartass for sure, but he had some brio. Lemme tell you, all that worm needed was a three-line phone and he could have been the best agent in Wonderland ... Yes, you notice the phone.

There's a phone on the table next to her.

Now it's not my normal practice to have a phone in the living room. I think it's rude to be in the middle of some *fascinating* conversation with a starlet about which plum role she's trying to land — meaning, which director she's trying to screw to land said plum — and all of a sudden the phone rings, and before you know it you're embroiled with the travails of a client. Movie stars never have problems; they only have *travails* ... So the phone is usually banished to other parts of the house. But tonight I'm expecting an important call ... Yes, you all know, The Call.

We might as well talk about the elephant in the room.

A glance to the audience: I dare you.

I'm on the edge of my seat, metaphorically speaking, for the call that will bring the dulcet tones of Ms. Streisand to my ears. It will come when it will come, Barbra-time being elastic and elliptical. I'll let it ring twice or even three times if I'm feeling cheeky, and then we'll *dish*. I love a dish with Barbra. She who came up with me. She who is my good right arm. She who is me if I'd had any talent. She of the nails and the voice and now the perm, which we will *not* discuss. She who fired me today.

No, to be accurate, her lawyers fired me. Her microstate of serious Jews who joined arms and bottle-danced their way to the speaker-phone and pressed my button ... Speaker-phone, what a villainous invention. All the intimacy of a proper phone call gone. All the purring seduction of setting the phone on the pillow next to you replaced by "What? Who said that? Which kike am I talking to?" ... I had one of those new car phones installed once. Size of

I'LL EAT YOU LAST: A CHAT WITH SUE MENGERS

by John Logan

1W

For more than 20 years, Sue Mengers' clients were the biggest names in show business: Barbra Streisand, Faye Dunaway, Burt Reynolds, Ali MacGraw, Gene Hackman, Cher, Candice Bergen, Ryan O'Neal, Nick Nolte, Mike Nichols, Gore Vidal, Bob Fosse ... If her clients were the talk of the town, she *was* the town, and her dinner parties were the envy of Hollywood. Now, you're invited into her glamorous Beverly Hills home for an evening of dish, dirty secrets, and all the inside showbiz details only Sue can tell you.

"A delectable soufflé of a solo show ... The tightly closed doors of the Beverly Hills aerie in which Mengers held court are being thrown open, and for the price of a ticket we all get to feel a little twinkly for a night. It's a heady sensation, thanks to the buoyant, witty writing of Mr. Logan ... " —**The New York Times**

"As famously abrasive as she could be, it's impossible to believe the late Mengers wouldn't have puckered up for John Logan's big wet kiss, I'LL EAT YOU LAST ... The single-character piece is exactly what it advertises — 80 irresistible minutes of primo tinseltown dish from a certified master chef."

—**The Hollywood Reporter**

"Wickedly entertaining ... [filled] with killer quips and hysterical set pieces."

—**New York Post**

Also by John Logan

RED

ISBN 978-0-8222-3079-3



DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

9 780822 230793