

LORD OF THE DANCE

by  
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BLACKNESS

In the dark, a slow, swelling music starts to play. An announcer voice is heard over the PA.

ANNOUNCER

In the world of dance, one man  
stands alone.

Lights slowly fade up on MICHAEL FLATLEY (The Lord of the Dance) standing center stage. He is frozen in a strange, dramatic, contorted pose. In the dim light we can see his is wearing a skin tight leopard skin shirt, tight black pants, hard tap shoes and a head band.

ANNOUNCER

One magical, mystical magician of  
the dance floor has risen above all  
others.

The lights continue up to full.

ANNOUNCER

Fred Astaire? Please. A skinny,  
balding circus freak. Gene Kelly? A  
strutting bitch. Only one man,  
Michael Flatley, can lay claim to  
the throne of the dance kingdom.  
Only Michael Flatley reigns supreme  
over all who cut a rug, don a tu-tu  
or shake a groove thing. For only  
Michael Flatley is...

Michael Flatley throw out his arms and shouts.

MICHAEL FLATLEY

LORD OF THE DANCE!!!

Riverdance Irish dance music kicks in. Michael begins to do that crazy, armless Irish tap dance. A hoard of dancing extras join him on stage. As the music cuts out, the extras exit. Michael freezes in place.

ANNOUNCER

Back Door Theatre in association  
with Third Rate Productions brings  
you the story of a man, a head band  
and a dream. "Lord of the Dance -  
The Musical" the life story of  
Michael Flatley...

MICHAEL FLATLEY

LORD OF THE DANCE!!!

Riverdance Irish dance music kicks in. Michael begins to do that crazy, armless Irish tap dance. A hoard of dancing extras join him on stage. As the music cuts out, the extras exit. Michael exits as well.

LIGHTS TO HALF.

Michael's MOTHER and FATHER enter. She carries a baby wrapped in a blanket. He drinks from a whisky bottle.

ANNOUNCER

Now, the dramatic tale of the dance innovator who brought spandex, limp arms and smoke machines to the forefront of Western Culture can now be told.

LIGHTS UP FULL.

MOTHER

(Distraught. Irish.)

Faith and begorrah, Shamus, what are we going to do? There's no food in the larder. And young Michael is hungry.

FATHER

(Also distraught. Also Irish.)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, no more burdens, woman! Our life is hard! You knew that when you married me! Hard is the life of a man who struggles with the sweat of his brow to harvest potatoes from the sea!

MOTHER

But Pink Hearts, Yellow Moons and Green Clovers, Shamus! Michael and the other seventeen--

FATHER

--Eighteen.

MOTHER

Eighteen children are starving. What are we to do?

FATHER

There's only one thing to do. We must make a sacrifice of little Michael.

MOTHER

Shamus, no!

FATHER

You know I speak true.

He takes the baby from the blanket; it is a doll dressed in leopard skin, tights pants and a headband.

FATHER

To ensure the harvest, we must take Michael to the edge of the Cliffs of Catherine O'Hara. And there we must cast him down into the salty water.

MOTHER

Shamus, no!

FATHER

He will sink down and nestle into the arms of our bizarre, Catholic and Druid hybrid god St. Tree Stump. And by appeasing our god we can assure that our nets will be filled with rich, healthy potatoes. Okay, off you go now.

Father casts Michael down off the cliff and into the water (somewhere off stage.)

FATHER

Well, let's go get drunk and make a baby.

He exits.

MOTHER

(Looking down to the water.)

Good bye, Michael. You'll always be the most special of our eighteen--

FATHER

(Off stage.)

Nineteen.

MOTHER

Nineteen children. I know you'll survive and become something wonderful, something grand. I just know you'll become...

The adult Michael Flatley enters.

MICHAEL FLATLEY  
LORD OF THE DANCE!!!

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LIGHTS TO HALF.

ANNOUNCER

And Michael did survive. And soon the warm, ocean currents scooped him up and carried him safely to the shores of the Boys Town Orphanage in Nebraska, USA.

LIGHTS UP FULL.

FATHER FLANAGAN, the Spencer Tracy priest of Boys Town, enters.

FATHER FLANAGAN

Hi-ya, Whitey.

MICHAEL FLATLEY

Hello, Father Flanagan.

FATHER FLANAGAN

Say, why the long face, Lefty?

MICHAEL FLATLEY

I guess I'm just bored and lonely, Father.

FATHER FLANAGAN

Bored? Why Stinky, there's lots to do here; baseball, skeet shooting, knot tying, sonographic imaging...

MICHAEL FLATLEY

I know, Father, I just...I feel like there's something else. Something waiting for me out there.

Father Flanagan takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offers one to Michael. Michael takes one and puts it in his mouth. In classic form from the "Boys Town" movie, Father Flanagan whacks the cigarette from Michael's lips, slaps him on the cheek a couple of times and grabs him roughly by the lapels.

## FATHER FLANAGAN

Now you listen to me, Cookie, and listen good. You may think you're too big for your britches in our little community here, and maybe you're right. Maybe there is something out there for you. Sure, sure, your destiny isn't here, in Palookaville, it's out there in the big wide world. You're destined for big things, Slappy. You're destined to become...

## MICHAEL FLATLEY

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LIGHTS TO HALF.

## ANNOUNCER

And so, on the eve of his adoption to famed film and TV star William Frawley and his barren wife Jenean, Michael runs away from Boys Town and heads to the bright lights of New York City.

LIGHTS UP FULL.

Michael enters carrying a suitcase. He is approached by 40's movie floozy WANDA SCMIRTZ. Michael looks lost.

## WANDA

Say there, tall dark and leopard-skinned, where are ya' headed?

## MICHAEL FLATLEY

I'm going to fulfill my destiny.

## WANDA

Destiny? Oooh, sounds romantic. You got room for two in this little dream of fame, handsome?

## MICHAEL FLATLEY

I'm afraid not, miss. For you see, there's only room for that one, special man who's fate is to become...THE LORD OF THE DANCE!!!

Riverdance Irish dance music kicks in. Michael begins to do that crazy, armless Irish tap dance. A hoard of dancing extras join him on stage. As the music cuts out, the extras exit. Michael freezes in place. Wanda is flabbergasted.

WANDA

Holy Moses, I'm flabbergasted! Say, handsome. I work as a secretary for Hiram LeRoy's Talent Agency. He's got to get a gander at you.

Lights change to the side of the stage. HIRAM LEROY enters; tough talking, cigar chomping talent agent.

WANDA

Hey Hiram, get a gander at this kid!

HIRAM

Not now, Wanda, I got a find a replacement for Gisselle and her Flaming Kootch.

WANDA

But Hiram, this kid's got talent, real talent.

HIRAM

Talent, huh?

WANDA

Real talent.

HIRAM

So, kid, Wanda thinks you got talent.

WANDA

Real talent.

MICHAEL FLATLEY

Yes, Mr. LeRoy.

HIRAM

So what do you do kid? Sing, juggle, magic act, start your kootch on fire?

WANDA

No, Hiram, this kid's not your run of the mill. He's special. He's gifted. He's...

MICHAEL FLATLEY  
LORD OF THE DANCE!!!

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HIRAM  
Holy scrotal rectal fistula!

WANDA  
Did I tell you, or did I tell you?

HIRAM  
Kid, you're gonna be bigger than  
Ava Gardner's girdle after a hard  
bike ride.

WANDA  
Aces!

Hiram hands Michael a card from his pocket.

HIRAM  
Go down to the Dorothy Levine  
Theatre on tenth avenue. They're  
doing a revival of "The Trojans Are  
Coming" and they need some dancing  
extras for the chorus, you'd be  
perfect.

MICHAEL FLATLEY  
Thanks.

HIRAM  
Good luck, kid.

WANDA  
Gosh, kid. I just knew you're make  
it. This is you're ticket to the  
big time.

MICHAEL FLATLEY  
I guess so.

WANDA  
I'm not good at good-byes, so...can  
I just stick my tongue down your  
throat for luck.

MICHAEL FLATLEY  
Sure.

They French Kiss.

WANDA

You ever think a guy like you and a girl like me could--

MICHAEL FLATLEY

I don't think so, Wanda. See, I skew really gay.

WANDA

Yeah...yeah, you do.

MICHAEL FLATLEY

Good-bye, Wanda.

LIGHT CHANGE.

Michael stands in a pool of light.

ANNOUNCER

And so Michael danced hour after hour, day after endless day. Doing his best to make Effeminate Spear Carrier Number Three the best part of "The Trojans Are Coming." And then, as fate would have it, the lead dancer, Ernesto Cervantes, broke his leg in a freak toe spin.

LIGHTS FADE QUICKLY TO BLACK.

The sound of bone cracking and ERNESTO CERVANTES screaming.

ERNESTO

AIEEEEEEE!!!

ANNOUNCER

And Michael stepped into his role. And a star was born.

LIGHTS UP.

Michael stands wearing a Roman-style helmet.

MICHAEL FLATLEY

Ladies and gentlemen, I know you came a long way and paid a lot of money to see senior Cervantes dance the lead in tonight's show. But I am here to offer you something different. Something new. Something you've never seen before.

(MORE)

MICHAEL FLATLEY (cont'd)

I have the heart of a Celtic warrior, the body of a fine tuned athlete, and the soul of Siegfried and Roy. I am Michael Flatley, and I am...LORD OF THE DANCE!!!

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LIGHT CHANGE.

Michael stands frozen in another contorted pose.

ANNOUNCER

"Lord of the Dance-The Musical."  
Because there's no accounting for taste. Coming to Berwin, Skokie and a two week limited engagement in Elgin. Call Tickmaster for prices and show times.

BLACK OUT.

THE END.