

## Give My Regards To Old Broadway – Emotion Plan

The story: The speaker (singer) is an elderly retired performer whose career on Broadway ended years ago, but he's missed it ever since. He knows his physical skills are way diminished and he's in the twilight of his life. The person he's speaking to knows it too, and so does everyone else in "the gang." But despite his physical limitations, every once in a while there's a voice inside that insists he could go back. He knows better, or course, but still there is that voice . . .

In the end, he realizes that he is far better off embracing the dignity that his past achievements and his now advanced years have combined to win for him. Let those past glories stay right there in the past, as cherished memories that he can enjoy and share with his friends and former colleagues on occasions like these. When he says the last line, "Give my regards to old Broadway and tell them I'll be there ere long," both he and his listener know he isn't going to be there soon, or ever. But that's OK. They are both smiling, though just a bit sadly.

It's been years since I last played on old Broadway. **Pleasant surprise**

Heard the cheers and the thunderous applause, **Excitement in your eye reliving the moment**

Applause. **Realizing you aren't on stage it is only a memory**

But time has gone by now I'm aged and gray. **Matter of fact reality sets in as you get sober.**

So pardon me if I pause. **Softer still.**

Oh, won't you give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Harold Square. **Still the performer, begin to tell your story**

Tell all the gang at forty-second street that I will soon be there. **Begin to live in the memory excitement grows.**

Whisper of how I'm yearning to mingle with the old-time throng; **excitement continues to grow**

So give my regards to old Broadway **excitement of the memory reaches its peak**

an' say that I'll be there ere long. **Back off the excitement a little.**

Ere long... **coming back to reality**

Gee how I miss the old gang, and how we used to sing our song **Back in reality, matter of fact**

Our song, give my regards to old Broadway... **build energy, show pride in what once was then drop volume to show reflection.**

I'll be there ere long. **Wishing it could be real again.**

It's been so long **quiet sadness**

So... long. **A little mournful.**