



THOROUGHLY MODERN  
**millie**  
The Musical

**NAME:** \_\_\_\_\_

**ROLE:** \_\_\_\_\_

# THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

## ACT ONE

### **“Overture”**

#### **SCENE 1**

*(In front of the main curtain at center stage, we see the silhouette of MILLIE in her Sunday best, a suitcase in each hand, her back to us. Slowly, she turns around. She has guts, pluck, charisma, moxie... she's either very scared or very excited, or perhaps both.)*

### **“Not for the Life of Me”**

**MILLIE:** I STUDIED ALL THE PICTURES IN MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.  
I MEMORIZED THE SUBWAY MAP, TOO.  
IT'S ONE BLOCK NORTH TO MACY'S AND TWO TO BROTHERS BROOKS.  
MANHATTAN, I PREPARED FOR YOU.  
YOU CERTAINLY ARE DIFF'RENT FROM WHAT THEY HAVE BACK HOME  
WHERE NOTHIN'S OVER THREE STORIES HIGH  
AND NO ONE'S IN A HURRY, OR WANTS TO ROAM.  
BUT I DO! THOUGH THEY WONDER WHY?  
THEY SAID I WOULD SOON BE GOOD AND LONELY  
THEY SAID I WOULD SING THE HOMESICK BLUES.  
SO I ALWAYS HAVE THIS TICKET IN MY POCKET,  
*(Removes a train ticket from her pocket.)*  
A TICKET HOME IN MY POCKET TO DO WITH AS I CHOOSE....  
*(Studies the ticket, and then tears it in two.)*  
BURN THE BRIDGE. BET THE STORE.  
BABY'S COMIN' HOME NO MORE. NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME.  
BREAK THE LOCK. POST MY BAIL. DONE MY TIME, I'M OUTTA JAIL. NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME.  
A LIFE THAT'S GOTTA BE MORE THAN A ONE-LIGHT TOWN WHERE THE LIGHT IS ALWAYS RED.  
GOTTA BE MORE THAN AN OLD GHOST TOWN WHERE THE GHOST AIN'T EVEN DEAD  
CLAP-A-YOUR HANDS, JUST-A-BECAUSE DON'CHA KNOW THAT WHERE I AM AIN'T WHERE I WAS.  
NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME.  
YOU SEE I GOTTA BE MORE THAN A COUNTRY WIFE MAKIN' BABIES TILL I CROAK.  
GOTTA BE MORE THAN THE LEADING ROLE IN A FARMER'S DAUGHTERS JOKE.  
DAYS OF YORE, KIND AND GENTLE, ASK ME IF I'M SENTIMENTAL.  
NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME! BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.  
NOT FOR THE LIFE OF... NOT FOR THE LIFE OF...  
NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME!

## **“Thoroughly Modern Millie”**

*(New York City comes to life around her as stylishly dressed MALE MODERNS enter.)*

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 1:** THERE ARE THOSE,

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 2:** THERE ARE THOSE,

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 1:** I SUPPOSE,

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 2:** I SUPPOSE,

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 1:** THINK WE'RE MAD.

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 2:** THINK WE'RE MAD.

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 1:** HEAVEN KNOWS,

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 2:** HEAVEN KNOWS,

**MALE MODERNS GROUP 1:** HEAVEN KNOWS,

**ALL MALE MODERNS:** THE WORLD HAS GONE TO RACK AND TO RUIN.

*(FEMALE MODERNS enter.)*

**CHARLOTTE:** WHAT WE THINK IS CHIC.

**MILDRED:** UNIQUE,

**MARILYN & BONNIE:** AND QUITE ADORABLE,

**ALL FEMALE MODERNS:** THEY THINK IS ODD AND “SODOM AND GOMORRAH”-BLE!

**MILLIE:** BUT THE FACT IS, EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY MODERN.

**MODERNS GROUP 1:** CHECK YOUR PERSONALITY

**MILLIE:** EVERYTHING TODAY MAKES YESTERDAY SLOW.

**MODERNS GROUP 2:** BETTER FACE REALITY.

**MILLIE:** IT'S NOT INSANITY, SAYS VANITY FAIR.

IN FACT, IT'S STYLISH TO RAISE YOUR SKIRTS AND BOB YOUR HAIR!

**FEMALE MODERNS GROUP 1:** RAISE YOUR SKIRTS AND BOB YOUR HAIR. BOB YOUR HAIR!

**FEMALE MODERNS GROUP 2:** RAISE YOUR SKIRTS AND BOB YOUR HAIR!

**MILLIE:** HAVE YOU SEEN THE WAY THEY KISS IN THE MOVIES?

**MALE MODERNS:** ISN'T IT DELECTABLE?

**MILLIE AND FEMALE MODERNS:** PAINTING LIPS AND PENCIL LINING YOUR BROW,  
NOW IS QUITE RESPECTABLE

**MILLIE:** *(With resolve.)* GOOD-BYE, GOOD GOODY GIRL, I'M CHANGING, AND HOW!

*(MILLIE exits, suitcases in hand.)*

**ALL:** SO BEAT THE DRUMS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE NOW!  
WHAT WE THINK IS CHIC, UNIQUE, AND QUITE ADORABLE,  
THEY THINK IS ODD AND "SODOM AND GOMORRAH" – BLE!  
BUT THE FACT IS, EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY MODERN.

**ALL MALE MODERNS:** BANDS ARE GETTING JAZZIER.

**ALL:** EVERYTHING TODAY IS STARTING TO GO.

**ALL FEMALE MODERNS:** CARS ARE GETTING SNAZZIER.

**ALL:** MEN SAY IT'S CRIMINAL, WHAT WOMEN'LL DO.  
WHAT THEY'RE FORGETTING IS

*(MILLIE reenters. She is now a full-fledged, head-to-toe modern: bobbed hair and short skirt.)*

**MILLIE:** THIS IS 1922!

*(MILLIE and MODERNS dance.)*

**ALL:** GOOD-BYE, GOOD GOODY GIRL. I'M CHANGING, AND HOW!

**MILLIE:** I'M CHANGING, AND HOW!

**ALL:** SO BEAT THE DRUMS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY,  
HOT OFF THE PRESS! ONE STEP AHEAD! JAZZ AGE!  
WHOOPEE BABY! WE'RE SO THOROUGHLY MODERN-

**MILLIE:** MILLIE!

**ALL:** NOW!

### **"Millie Gets Mugged"**

*(A flock of MODERNS walk by MILLIE. The MUGGERS also walk by crossing from SL to SR. When they clear, She is in the exact same position, minus her scarf, her hat and one shoe. MILLIE and a MUGGER are playing tug-of-war with her purse.)*

**MILLIE:** Gimme back my purse! (*MUGGER wins, exiting with her purse. MODERNS exit in all directions paying no attention to the crime They just witnessed.*) Help! Police! Somebody...! (*MILLIE seeks help from a MALE MODERN-BARNEY crossing SR to SL.*) Excuse me, sir. My purse... was  
(*MALE MODERN exits without even having heard MILLIE, so MILLIE approaches a FEMALE MODERN-BEVERLY, who is walking, engrossed in the latest issue of Vanity Fair.*) Miss, some man grabbed my purse, and he – (*BEVERLY exits ignoring MILLIE*) Miss? Miss?!

(*Enter JIMMY SMITH, a brash city clicker with an irrepressible, buoyant personality. In a moment of desperation, MILLIE trips him. JIMMY lands hard on the sidewalk.*)

**JIMMY:** Owwwwwww!

(*MILLIE and JIMMY start talking simultaneously. Their dueling dialogue quickly becomes a competition to see who will shut whom up. Note that through the following exchange, MILLIE is not abrupt for abruptness's sake: She wants to get her purse back, and every second that passes decreases the likelihood of her doing so.*)

**MILLIE:** That man, he stole my purse! That man, he stole my purse!

**JIMMY:** Watch where you're going, why don'cha? You don't own the sidewalk lady. Learn to share it with the rest of us.

**MILLIE:** Oh, I meant to trip you.

**JIMMY:** Of all the dirty, rotten-

**MILLIE:** My purse is gone!

**JIMMY:** And? (*As in "What do you want me to do about it?"*)

**MILLIE:** My hat, my scarf, (*Indicating her bare foot.*) my shoe!

**JIMMY:** They stole your shoe?

**MILLIE:** While I was wearing it! Ten minutes in this town, and I have my New York horror story.

**JIMMY:** Honey, you're my New York horror story. (*JIMMY starts to exit.*)

**MILLIE:** But it's every penny I have!

**JIMMY:** (*He stops.*) Hey, I feel for you. I'll cross the street the next time I see you, but I feel for you. Girls like you arrive here every day, so full of dreams you may as well be sleepwalking. Well, now that you're awake, why not ask yourself, "Do I belong here?" 'Cause New York is great, but the cost of living is high, and I'm not talkin' cash. And I can't help thinking if I were in your... shoe, I'd make a beeline back to Keokuck or Gopherville or-

**MILLIE:** Salina, Kansas. And who are you, the un-welcome wagon?

**JIMMY:** I'm trying to by telling you the way it is! Look, you got a place to stay?

**MILLIE:** No, but-

**JIMMY:** Any friends or family nearby?

**MILLIE:** No. but-

**JIMMY:** And you don't have a job?

**MILLIE:** No, but-

**JIMMY:** No buts. You ain't got nothin'. *(This takes the wind out of MILLIE's sails. JIMMY reaches for her hand, and she recoils.)* Listen, I said I was doing you a good deed. *(JIMMY takes a pen from his pocket and writes on MILLIE's hand.)*

**MILLIE:** *(Reads what he wrote.)* The "Hotel Priscilla"?

**JIMMY:** A rooming house for actresses. They're used to girls who can't pay. Check yourself in, get a good night's sleep, then first thing tomorrow, wire home for train fare. Your folks will be only too glad to send it, and you may not believe me now, but once you return to... uh... Kansas, was it? *(MILLIE nods "yes".)* You'll say to yourself, "Well, I had my big adventure, but it sure is good to be back in my own bed." *(JIMMY exits leaving MILLIE alone and dispirited.)*

## **"Not for the Life of Me Tag"**

**MILLIE:** THEY SAID I WOULD SING THE HOMESICK BLUES...

GRANNY, DEAR, MOTHER MINE, OLD AND GRAY AT TWENTY-NINE.

CALLOUSED HANDS, BROKEN HEART. DREAMS THAT DIE BEFORE YOU START.

I ain't got nothin'... *(Gathering strength and determination with each word.)* So I ain't got nothin' to lose! Who needs a hat? Who needs a purse? *(Calling towards off-stage, regarding JIMMY.)* And who needs you, mister whoever-you-are?! 'Cause I'm a pioneer woman, pal! The Woolworth Building! The Met Life tower! There's gold in them there hills, and I'm gonna get it or die trying!

DAYS OF YORE, KIND AND GENTLE, ASK ME IF I'M SENTIMENTAL.

NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME! BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.

NOT FOR THE LIFE.OF, NOT FOR THE LIFE OF,

NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME!

## **SCENE 2**

*(The lobby of the Hotel Priscilla, Residence for Young Ladies, a modest establishment, but by no means dirty or rundown. There is a front desk with a sign that reads: "No Tapping in Lobby " There is a tiny elevator in the center. GLORIA, ALICE, RITA, RUTH, CORA, and LUCILLE, are looking at the pages of Variety.)*

**“Not for the Life of Me – (Priscilla Girls)”**

**ALL:** BURN THE BRIDGE. BET THE STORE. BABY'S COMING HOME NO MORE. NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME.

**LUCILLE AND RITA:** A LIFE THAT'S GOTTA BE MORE THAN A ONE-LIGHT TOWN WHERE THE LIGHT IS ALWAYS RED.

**ALICE AND CORA:** GOTTA BE MORE THAN A ONE-LIGHT TOWN WHERE THE LIGHT IS-

**GLORIA AND RUTH:** GOTTA BE MORE THAN A ONE-LIGHT TOWN

**ALL:** GOTTA BE MORE THAN AN OLD GHOST TOWN WHERE THE GHOST AIN'T EVEN DEAD.  
CLAP YOUR HANDS, JUST BECAUSE WHERE I AM AIN'T WHERE I WAS! NOT FOR THE LIFE OF

**LUCILLE:** ME.

**CORA:** ME.

**ALICE:** ME.

**RUTH:** ME.

**GLORIA:** ME.

**RITA:** BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.

**ALL:** NOT FOR THE LIFE OF, *(dance break)* NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME!

**RUTH:** Can you believe old man Harris wouldn't even audition me for the latest Kaufman play?

**GLORIA:** It's all about the office boy. Read him right and you read for the role.

**RITA:** Oh, Gloria, I long to be like you.

**ALICE:** Me, too. A little lived in.

*(ETHEL PEAS enters in a panic, waving a tabloid newspaper that boasts a huge headline. "White Slavery." She speaks with a southern drawl.)*

**ETHEL:** Girls, have y'all seen the Daily Graphic?

**ALICE:** *(Zeroing in on it tiny item at the top corner of the front page.)* "Manhattan's Most Eligible Bachelors!"

**LUCILLE:** Hand me that paper! *(As the GIRLS "Ooob" and "Aaah" regarding the bachelor item.)*

**ETHEL:** No, y'all. The headline! "White Slavery!"

**RITA:** *(Reading from the newspaper.)* "Innocent girls forced into lives of licentiousness and degradation!"

**GLORIA:** So they're actresses?

**ETHEL:** It's no joke. They're shipped to the Orient where they're sold as streetwalkers!

**ALICE:** That's one way to meet a man!

**ETHEL:** Good night! (*A Southern expression, as in "Good grief!"*)

**CORA:** Ethel's right. This is creepy. Listen: (*Reading from the newspaper.*) "Dozens are believed to be missing, mostly orphans, whose sudden disappearance often goes unnoticed."

(*MRS. MEERS enters from her office, carrying a stack of mail. A former actress-turned criminal, she utilizes her acting skills by adopting the disguise of a kindly Chinese proprietress of the hotel to mask her real profession: White Slavery. Her disguise extends to her clothes, her wig, her make-up, even her dialect. It's not important that MRS. MEERS' "Chinese" act be good, but it's essential that she think it brilliant. Whenever her dialogue is in **bold** then she is speaking with her fake "Chinese" accent.*)

**MRS. MEERS:** Sad to be all alone in the world. Though none of you need worry, what with your big, warm families.

**ETHEL:** (*Indicating the newspaper.*) But Mrs. Meers, you gotta read this.

**MRS. MEERS:** (*Snatching the newspaper away from ETHEL.*) **No! You gotta read this: it's a telegram. For you, Ethel! Maybe you landed a role!** (*GIRLS "Oooh" and "Aaah" regarding her telegram. MRS. MEERS distributes mail to GIRLS.*) **Ruthie, emergency fund from home. Alice, Gloria, Rita, Cora, Lucille, Millie... Millie Dillmount? Where is she?**

**CORA:** Been out all morning.

**ALICE:** Pounding the pavement.

**RITA:** With her head, poor kid.

**RUTH:** Who knew an office job was harder to land than a part in a show?

**GLORIA:** She's played the early bird every day this week.

**LUCILLE:** But no worm to show for it.

**MRS. MEERS:** And the rest of you? Why, I still recall how a then unknown Helen Hayes rose with the rooster— (*They've heard it before.*)

**LUCILLE:** That's our cue, girls.

**RITA:** (*As GIRLS, minus ETHEL. cross to the door.*) Don't fuss, Meersie. We'll make you proud.

**GLORIA:** If we're not shanghaied to Hong Kong! (*GIRLS, minus ETHEL, exit giggling. ETHEL remains at the front desk, seemingly in a state of shock.*)



**MRS. MEERS:** What is it Ethel? Not bad news?

**ETHEL:** *(Barely able to speak.)* Good night! My uncle..... *(She hands MRS. MEERS the telegram. MRS. MEERS reads it.)*

**MRS. MEERS:** "Miss Ethel Peas. Hotel Priscilla. Regret to inform you. Stop. Great uncle Cyrus killed. Stop. In freak threshing accident---" **Stop!** *(Picturing the image of Uncle Cy.)* What a way to go! *(Offering mere lip service as she starts to exit into her office.)* Well, my condolences to your family.

**ETHEL:** What family? My parents died when I was a baby.

### **"Little Orphan Ethel"**

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Stops in her tracks.)* I had no idea.

**ETHEL:** No brothers, no sisters.

**MRS. MEERS:** Cousins? Aunts? Anyone to keep tab on you?

**ETHEL:** Just Uncle Cy and me, on a farm in the middle of nowhere.

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Barely containing her excitement.)* Sad to be all alone in the world. But step into my office and enjoy a soothing cup of green tea. One of the mysteries of the Orient! By the time you finish, you be calm and quiet and ready for a very long nap. *(ETHEL exits into MRS. MEERS' office. MRS. MEERS grabs the phone and dials. SHE drops the "Chinese" accent, revealing a rough businesswoman with an unmistakably American accent.)* Hello, Buddha? Butterfly here. I got one for you. A southern belle your customers will wanna ring! Four hundred bucks, cash only. What's there to think about? This offer good for a limited time only, so order now 'Attaboy, Buddha!

**ETHEL:** *(From inside MRS. MEERS' office as MRS. MEERS hangs up.)* Meersie?

**MRS. MEERS:** *(To ETHEL.)* Coming, dear. *(MRS. MEERS switches the "VACANCY" sign and exits into her office. MILLIE enters and crosses to front desk. She rings the bell.)*

**MILLIE:** Meersie...hello? *(She rings again.)* It's me...its Millie. *(Impatient, MILLIE crosses to MRS. MEERS' office.)* Meersie!?

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Entering just in time to bar MILLIE's entrance to her office.)* Authorized personnel only! Now where my rent?

**MILLIE:** I don't have it yet-

**MRS. MEERS:** We say today at noon!

**MILLIE:** But I finally found a job that meets all my requirements, and they said they'd call by... *(The phone rings)* I bet it's them!

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Answers phone.)* Hotel Priscilla. How may I help you? What's that? Millie Dillmount? Job?! *(Sounds like good news!)* Mmmm. Aha. Oh, I see! Yes, I'd be delighted to give her message. Bye. *(Hangs up the phone and turns nasty on a dime. Real dragon lady.)* You didn't get it. I give you two minutes to pack your things or you find them on the street.

**MILLIE:** But Meersie-

**MRS. MEERS:** Mrs. Meers to you.

**MILLIE:** The other girls call you Meersie.

**MRS. MEERS:** The other girls are paid in full. You had one week on credit and time run out! *(MRS. MEERS exits into her office. MISS DOROTHY BROWN enters. She is expensively dressed and carries expensive suitcases. An old fashioned beauty, MISS DOROTHY has clearly lived in a glass bubble of extreme wealth her entire life, but her cluelessness in the ways of the real world is in no way haughty. In fact, it is her charm.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Excuse me, I'd like to inquire after the room for rent.

**MILLIE:** *(Thinking MISS DOROTHY means MILLIE's room.)* What are you, listening at the door? Even an ambulance chaser waits for a siren!

**MISS DOROTHY:** The sign says "vacancy."

**MILLIE:** Don't believe everything you read.

**MISS DOROTHY:** May I please see the concierge?

**MILLIE:** I don't know what that is, but I know this hotel hasn't got it.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Heavens!

**MILLIE:** Trust me, you don't want to stay here. The manager's mean, the rooms are hot, and the water always cold.

### **“How the Other Half Lives”**

**MISS DOROTHY:** THIS IS LIVING! THIS IS WHAT I CALL LIVING! I'VE HUNGERED FOR THIS DAY SINCE HEAVEN KNOWS WHEN, YEAR AFTER YEAR WITH A SECRET YEN!  
ALL OF MY PRAYERS, ALL MY DESIRE, EV'RY WAKING MOMENT WITH MY HEART AFIRE!

**MILLIE:** Well, you're out of luck. There's one room available, and it's mine. So unless you want a roommate-

**MISS DOROTHY:** NOW I'M LIVING! TELL ONE-AND-ALL I'M LIVING—

**MILLIE:** Put a sock in it, sister! *(Formulating a plan.)* You need a room, I need the rent...I guess we could room together-for a night or two, that is. It's a single bed, so you take the floor.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Perfect! (*MISS DOROTHY sings without a trace of irony. This is her heart's desire, despite how odd it may seem to the rest of us.*)

GIVE ME THE MEAT WITHOUT THE GRAVY. I'LL TAKE THE OYSTER SANS THE PEARL.  
PINCHING PENNIES, CLIPPING COUPONS, SEE A BRAND NEW WORLD UNFURL!  
LET ME BROWN BAG ALL MY LUNCHES. TRY MY HAND AT CANNED CUISINE.  
A BERLITZ CLASS I LONG TO PASS! HOW THE OTHER HALF, HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!  
NO FOURTEEN-KARAT CRONIES, PHONIES, FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS.  
I WANT AN "ON-THE-DOLE" MATE, SOUL MATE, STORMY-WEATHER FRIENDS.

**MILLIE:** But if you can afford the Ritz-

**MISS DOROTHY:** POUR ME THE MILK BUT HOLD THE HONEY.  
BRING ON THOSE FUNNY MONEY WOES. PAYING PAUL BY ROBBING PETER. LAYAWAY TO BUY MY CLOTHES.  
SUMMER ON THE ISLE OF CONEY, WINTER IN HELL'S KITCHENETTE.  
I'LL TURN MY DIAL TO RANK AND FILE. HOW THE OTHER HALF-

**MILLIE:** HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES! POOR? NOT ME, HONEY. I DON'T WANT THOSE MONEY WOES. I'LL MARRY PAUL OR DAVE OR ROB OR PETER, SO I CAN BUY MY CLOTHES AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, BERGDORF GOODMAN, TOO. THE PRIVILEGED FEW, PLUS YOU-KNOW-WHO. HOW THE OTHER HALF,

**BOTH:** HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!

**MILLIE:** We could be very good for each other. I'll show you how to eat on a nickel.

**MISS DOROTHY:** And I'll show you which fork to use.

**MILLIE:** I'll teach you how to stretch a dollar

**MISS DOROTHY:** And I'll teach you how to invest one.

**MILLIE:** I'm on the way up!

**MISS DOROTHY:** I'm on the way down!

**MILLIE:** It's a good thing we met in the middle!

**MISS DOROTHY:** (*Simultaneously*) POUR ME THE MILK, BUT HOLD THE HONEY.  
BRING ON THOSE FUNNY MONEY WOES. PAYING PAUL, BY ROBBING PETER. LAYAWAY TO BUY MY CLOTHES.  
SUMMER ON THE ISLE OF CONEY, WINTER IN HELL'S KITCHENETTE!

**MILLIE:** (*Simultaneously*) POOR? NOT ME, HONEY. I DON'T WANT THOSE MONEY WOES.  
I'LL MARRY PAUL OR DAVE OR ROB OR PETER, SO I CAN BUY MY CLOTHES  
AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, BERGDORF GOODMAN TOO

**MISS DOROTHY:** A WILD SOJOURN,

**MILLIE:** SO I CAN LEARN.

**BOTH:** LIVIN' LIKE THE OTHER HALF!

**MISS DOROTHY:** My very first poor person!

**MILLIE:** *(Her feathers ruffled.)* Hey, I'm broke, not poor.

**MISS DOROTHY:** There's a difference?

**MILLIE:** And how! Poor sounds permanent, broke can be fixed. I have a plan so far ahead of its time, it's almost *too* bold, *too* daring, *too* new woman!

**MISS DOROTHY:** You're frightening me!

**MILLIE:** Yeah? Then this'll straighten your curls: I'm going to-marry my boss!

**MISS DOROTHY:** When?

**MILLIE:** I don't know. I haven't got one yet!

**MISS DOROTHY:** Surely you believe that love-

**MILLIE:** Has nothing to do with it! Don't you read *Vogue*? This month's issue clearly states that modern marriage is a *business* arrangement. Love comes later, occasionally with the man you're actually married to.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Where will you find him?

**MILLIE:** The classifieds. I've been interviewing boss after boss, but so far, married, married, engaged, married, single-and-I-can-see-why-

**MISS DOROTHY:** Don't you read the tabloids? *(Removes a newspaper from her purse and shows it to MILLIE)* I find they really capture the flavor of the huddled masses.

**MILLIE:** "Manhattan's Most Eligible Bachelors."

**MISS DOROTHY:** "The movers and shakers that make Manhattan tick!" All of whom need wives....

**MILLIE:** And one of whom must need a stenog! *(MRS. MEERS enters from her office, still enraged at MILLIE.)*

**MRS. MEERS:** Millie-?

**MILLIE:** Mrs. Meers, before you bite my head off-

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Instantly sweet when she sees MISS DOROTHY.)* Silly Millie, Meersie doesn't bite. But who's your friend?

**MILLIE:** We haven't met. Millie Dillmount.

**MISS DOROTHY:** And I'm Miss Dorothy Brown, from California.

**MRS. MEERS:** An actress, are you?

**MISS DOROTHY:** How did you guess?

**MRS. MEERS:** (*Sizing up her White Slavery potential. She likes what she sees!*) I've a keen eye for talent. Now, what can I do for you, Dorothy?

**MISS DOROTHY:** Miss Dorothy.

**MILLIE:** She's gonna bunk with me, and pay the rent till I find a suitable boss.

**MRS. MEERS:** No need for you to double up. I float you another week.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Where does that leave me?

**MRS. MEERS:** As luck would have it, a nice, sunny room just become available, right next door to Millie.

**MILLIE:** You mean, 1208? But Ethel Peas—

**MRS. MEERS:** (*Shut up, Millie.*) Ethel Peas just check out.

**MILLIE:** She only just checked in.

**MRS. MEERS:** (*Shut up, Millie!*) Ethel joined an all-girl repertory company for their Mongolian tour.

**MILLIE:** But she chewed my car off not two hours ago about her nonexistent career.

**MRS. MEERS:** (*SHUT UP. MILLIE!*) That's show biz! (*All sweetness again with a geisha giggle.*) Now if you'd register Dorothy. I mean, Miss Dorothy. Mail's in, Millie. Always some for you. Millie has such a big, warm family... do you have such a big, warm family, Miss Dorothy?

**MISS DOROTHY:** I'm an orphan.

**MRS. MEERS:** (*Too good to be true, but tries to cover it.*) Are you? Sad to be all alone in the world. (*Handing MISS DOROTHY a key.*) Twelfth floor, dear. (*MRS. MEERS exits into her office.*)

### **“How the Other Half Lives” Tag**

**MILLIE:** (*Helping MISS DOROTHY with her luggage as they enter the elevator.*) This way, Miss Dorothy. And “other half” lesson number one: some of the girls practice their routines in here on account of the hardwood floor. I think it did something to the machinery. Now you have to tap dance to get this thing going. (*MILLIE shows MISS DOROTHY how to start the elevator with a tap step and together they tap dance their way towards the twelfth floor. MILLIE continues to instruct MISS DOROTHY.*) And kick. Kick, kick!

**BOTH:** LIVIN' LIKE THE OTHER HALF!



**MRS. MEERS:** Fong.

**CHING HO:** Mouh.

**MRS. MEERS:** Mouh.

**CHING HO:** Yuhn.

**MRS. MEERS:** *Fong mouh huhn* for Miss Dorothy!      **TRANSLATION:** *Room service for Miss Dorothy.*

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Crosses to laundry cart and addresses ETHEL inside it.)* Dear Ethel. "Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say- *(Imitating ETHEL's southern drawl.)* 'Good night!' *(Dropping the southern drawl.)* till it be morrow." *(CHING HO AND BUN FOO don't know their Shakespeare, so the joke is lost on them.*  
**MRS. MEERS** exits in a pique of frustration.)

**CHING HO:** *(Regarding MRS. MEERS.)* Ngho go k daak kouih ho u titu yim.

*SUPERTITLE: I don't like that woman*

**BUN FOO:** Daahn haih keuih hou sik nam.

*SUPERTITLE: She's got a good head for business.*

**CHING HO:** Keuih haak sam. Yuh gwo Meih gwok muhng haih gam ge, faat yuhn jo sin giu seng ngho.

*SUPERTITLE: And a heart of steel. If that's the American Dream, wake me up when it's over.*

**BUN FOO:** Sing mou di la, sai lou. Leih si hah heui gung chong wan yah mh man?

*SUPERTITLE: Grow up, baby-brother. You think we could have saved \$25 working in a sweat shop?*

**CHING HO:** Cheen! Cheen! Sehng yaht dou gong cheen.

*SUPERTITLE: Money! That's all you care about.*

**BUN FOO:** Gang haih la, faai di wan dou cheen , jauh faai di daai ah ma gwo leih a ma.

*SUPERTITLE: That's right, because the faster we earn it, the sooner we bring Mama over from Hong Kong.*

**CHING HO:** Gam keuih jauh gau wai la. "Tai hah ngho leuhng go jai ah, jyun jouh gwaai daai yahn ge."

*SUPERTITLE: Won't she be proud? "My sons, the kidnappers."*

**BUN FOO:** Daahn haih keuih wuih hai hgoh deig ni douh. Mh tung leih seung ngho deih faan Heung gong, jauh mouh cheen, jauh mouh chihn touh.

*SUPERTITLE: At least she'll be here, with us. Unless you'd rather we return to Hong Kong, to no money, to no future!*

**CHING HO:** *(A short beat, then CHING HO makes a decision.)* Qiao shao diao.

*SUPERTITLE: Burn the bridge.*

## **“Not for the Life of Me Reprise 1”**

**CHING HO:** Dian da du.

*SUPERTITLE: Bet the store.*

**CHING HO:** GUAI GUAI BU ZAI HUEI JIA LIAO. ZHE SHENG HUO WO BU YAO.

*SUPERTITLE: Baby’s coming home no more. Not for the life of me.*

**BUN FOO:** SHENG HUO YAO BI YI-DENG XIAO ZHEN GENG FAN RONG ER QIE DENG SHI YONG YUAN HONG.

*SUPERTITLE: A life that’s gotta be more than a one-light town where the light is always red.*

**BOTH:** SHENG HUO YAO BI GUI CHENG GENG RE NAO, LIAN GUI GUAI DOU HUO ZHE.

*SUPERTITLE: Gotta be more than an old ghost town, where the ghost ain’t even dead.*

**BOTH:** *(Spoken.)* Jia yo! Jia yo! Jia yo!

*SUPERTITLE: Go team! Go team! Go team!*

**BOTH:** *(Sing)* PAI PAI SHOU, ZHI DAO MA, WO DE JIN TIAN BU SHI GUO QU YI YANG LA.

*SUPERTITLE: Clap your hands, just because, don’t you know that where I am ain’t where I was.*

**BOTH:** ZHE SHENG HUO WO BU YAO.

*SUPERTITLE: Not for the life of me.*

**BOTH:** BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.

*SUPERTITLE: Boh-doh-dee-oh!*

**BOTH:** ZHE SHENG HUO WO BU YAO!

*SUPERTITLE: Not for the life of me!*

*(They exit with the laundry cart containing ETHEL.)*

## **SCENE 4**

### **“The Office Crossover”**



*(MILLIE enters and crosses names off her list of bachelors, then circles a name and exits. FILE CLERKS at the Sincere Trust Insurance Company enter wheeling. Seated at the desks are fast-typing STENOGS. FILE CLERKS and STENOGS tap dance to simulate the sound of an office. MISS FLANNERY is seated at a desk and wheeled on by two FILE CLERKS. They stand at attention until MISS FLANNERY is situated, then they exit. MILLIE enters and works her way through the maze of desks until she has reached MISS FLANNERY's desk.)*

**MILLIE:** I'm looking for a Miss Flannery?

**MISS FLANNERY:** You're looking at a Miss Flannery. You are?

**MILLIE:** Millie Dillmount, to see Mr. Trevor Graydon.

**MISS FLANNERY:** Senior, Junior or the Third?

**MILLIE:** *(A slip.)* Whichever's single.

**MISS FLANNERY:** Single?!

**MILLIE:** *(A quick recovery.)* Handed! In need of a typist. Shorthand, too.

**MISS FLANNERY:** Number Three.

**MILLIE:** Is he hiring?

**MISS FLANNERY:** Theoretically. Meanwhile, he's looked at every stenog in the tri-state area. Not a one of 'em fast enough.

**MILLIE:** I'm fast.

**MISS FLANNERY:** So I gathered.

**MILLIE:** I meant on my machine.

**MISS FLANNERY:** I didn't. *(Inspecting MILLIE's face.)* Is that rouge?

**MILLIE:** You don't like me.

**MISS FLANNERY:** I don't like moderns, missy, and you're as up-to-date as they come.

**MILLIE:** *(The nicest thing anyone's ever said to her.)* Thank you!

**MISS FLANNERY:** It wasn't a compliment! And you'd better be fast, if you want the job. *(Into the intercom, her voice dripping with honey.)* Mr. Graydon? A Miss Dillmount here to see you, sir. *(To MILLIE)* Move it!

## **"Front and Center"**

*(MILLIE crosses to MR. TREVOR GRAYDON's office as he enters eyeing his pocket watch.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** Congratulations, Miss Dillmount. It takes the average applicant seven seconds to walk from Flannery's perch to my way station. I clocked you at six-point-four. That's swell, just swell! The early bird and all that.

**MILLIE:** *(Regarding his movie star looks.)* Beautiful.

**MR. GRAYDON:** How's that?

**MILLIE:** Uh... *(Spots a trophy on his desk.)* Your beautiful trophy. I love baseball.

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Completely unaware of MILLIE's interest in him.)* Golf. I won it for golf. May I see your references?

**MILLIE:** I don't have any, but I'm a hard worker and a fast learner

**MR. GRAYDON:** No references? How about previous employers?

**MILLIE:** I don't have any of those, either.

**MR. GRAYDON:** You don't? *(A beat.)* I like that!

**MILLIE:** You do?

**MR. GRAYDON:** Absolutely. Isn't this the land of opportunity, Miss Dillmount, a place where the right combination of aptitude and enthusiasm can take a girl from nowhere straight to the top? So let's do this the American way: *(Removing his jacket.)* Bolt the door, take off your things, let's have a taste.

**MILLIE:** Excuse me?

**MR. GRAYDON:** Take a letter.

## **"The Speed Test"**

*(MR. GRAYDON hands MILLIE a steno pad and pen, then gestures for her to sit.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** To Mr. John Hudson, Hudson's Floor Wax. You'll find an invoice in the file for the address. "Dear Mr. Hudson." Colon.

MY EYES ARE FULLY OPEN TO MY AWFUL SITUATION,  
SO I'M WRITING YOU A LETTER TO DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.  
WHEN THE FLOOR WAX THAT WE BOUGHT FROM YOU ARRIVED HERE MONDAY MORNING,  
WE DISCOVERED UPON USAGE THAT THE FUME SHOULD HAVE A WARNING.  
SINCETHE ONLY POSSIBILITY IS THAT YOUR WAX IS RANCID.  
I REQUEST A FULL REFUND OF ALL THE MONEY WE *(An elaborate vocal flourish.)* ADVAN-CED.  
*(Back to business.)* AND UNLESS YOU CAN CONVINCE ME YOU'VE IMPROVED THE FLOOR WAX BATTER,  
WE WILL TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE, SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER.

How's my speed, Miss Dillmount?

**MILLIE:** (*Crossing her legs.*) A little slow, perhaps.

**MR. GRAYDON:** ENCLOSED YOU'LL FIND A SMALL CONTAINER OF THE STUFF I TALK ABOUT. JUST CAREFULLY REMOVE THE LID AND TAKE A WHIFF IF YOU'VE A DOUBT. I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO ALERT THE DAILY PAPERS WITH THE NEWS OF HOW OUR OFFICE WAS AFFECTED BY YOUR VAPORS, WHICH IS WHY I CHOOSE TO WRITE TO YOU A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER FULL OF STRONG RECOMMENDATIONS THAT YOU MAKE YOUR FLOOR WAX BETTER. I JUST HOPE IT WON'T REQUIRE US TO HAVE OUR FLOOR RELAID, AND IF IT DOES YOU MAY EXPECT A BILL. SINCERELY, TREVOR GRAYDON.

Read that back to me, please.

**MILLIE:** Certainly. "Dear Mr. Hudson." Colon.

MY EYES ARE FULLY OPEN TO MY AWFUL SITUATION,  
SO I'M WRITING YOU A LETTER TO DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.  
WHEN THE FLOOR WAX THAT WE BOUGHT FROM YOU ARRIVED HERE MONDAY MORNING,  
WE DISCOVERED UPON USAGE THAT THE FUME SHOULD HAVE A WARNING.  
SINCE THE ONLY POSSIBILITY IS THAT YOUR WAX IS RANCID,  
I REQUEST A FULL REFUND OF ALL THE MONEY WE (*Imitating his elaborate vocal flourish.*) ADVAN-CED.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Nice!

**MILLIE:** AND UNLESS YOU CAN CONVINCE ME YOU'VE IMPROVED THE FLOOR WAX BATTER,  
WE WILL TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE, SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Not half bad. Please continue.

**MILLIE:** (*Sings at faster tempo.*) ENCLOSED YOU'LL FIND A SMALL CONTAINER OF THE STUFF I TALK ABOUT. JUST CAREFULLY REMOVE THE LID AND TAKE A WHIFF IF YOU'VE A DOUBT. I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO ALERT THE DAILY PAPERS WITH THE NEWS OF HOW OUR OFFICE WAS AFFECTED BY YOUR VAPORS, WHICH IS WHY I CHOOSE TO WRITE TO YOU A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER FULL OF STRONG RECOMMENDATIONS THAT YOU MAKE YOUR FLOOR WAX BETTER. I JUST HOPE IT WON'T REQUIRE US TO HAVE OUR FLOOR RELAID, AND IF IT DOES YOU MAY EXPECT A BILL. SINCERELY, TREVOR GRAYDON.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Miss Dillmount, may I speak frankly?

**MILLIE:** Yes?

**"The Speed Test (Part 2)"**

**MR. GRAYDON:** IF I COULD BE SO LUCKY AS TO HAVE A GOOD STENOGRAPHER,  
TO KEEP THIS PLACE AS UP-TO-DATE AS HER SHORT SKIRT AND BOBBED COIFFURE,  
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT OUR SOURED OFFICE PLANKING,  
AND COULD CONCENTRATE ON GENERATING PROFITS RIPE FOR BANKING.  
THAT IS WHY I'M TESTING YOU WITH THIS OUTRAGEOUS CORRESPONDENCE,  
WHICH I DON'T INTEND TO ACTUALLY MAIL TO THE RESPONDENTS.  
SO, IF YOU CAN MAKE SENSE OF MY UNINTELLIGIBLE PATTERN,  
THEN THE JOB IS YOURS AND HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX REALLY DOESN'T MATTER

**MILLIE:** HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX DOESN'T MATTER? MATTER, MATTER, MATTER, MATTER. HUDSON'S FLOOR  
WAX DOESN'T MATTER! MATTER, MATTER, MATTER, MATTER.

**MR. GRAYDON:** HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX DOESN'T MATTER! MATTER, MATTER, MATTER, MATTER.  
HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX DOESN'T MATTER!

**MISS FLANNERY & STENOGRAPHERS:** HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX DOESN'T MATTER! MATTER, MATTER, MATTER,  
MATTER.

**MR. GRAYDON:** I want that letter on my desk in two minutes flat. Man your machine! Go!

*(MR. GRAYDON exits with MISS FLANNERY. MILLIE sits at a desk and types twice as fast as STENOGRAPHERS, who are clearly impressed. FILE CLERKS and SPEED TYPISTS enter and challenge MILLIE with tap steps, which she executes flawlessly while continuing to type. Soon, STENOGRAPHERS, FILE CLERKS and SPEED TYPISTS are dancing, but MILLIE remains seated, her fingers flying over those keys. ALL freeze as MR. GRAYDON enters, pocket watch in hand, followed by MISS FLANNERY.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** Thirty seconds, Miss Dillmount. Flannery?! *(MR. GRAYDON exits followed by MISS FLANNERY. ALL resume dancing until MR. GRAYDON reenters followed by MISS FLANNERY.)* Time! *(MR. GRAYDON yanks the letter from MILLIE's typewriter as MISS FLANNERY, STENOGRAPHERS, FILE CLERKS and SPEED TYPISTS gather round him. He reads the letter.)* "Dear Mr. Hudson."

**MISS FLANNERY AND OFFICE WORKERS:** Colon. MATTER MATTER MATTER MATTER.....

**MR. GRAYDON:** MY EYES ARE FULLY OPEN TO MY AWFUL SITUATION,  
SO I'M WRITING YOU A LETTER TO DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.  
WHEN THE FLOOR WAX THAT WE BOUGHT FROM YOU ARRIVED HERE MONDAY MORNING,  
WE DISCOVERED UPON USAGE THAT THE FUME SHOULD HAVE A WARNING.  
SINCE THE ONLY POSSIBILITY IS THAT YOUR WAX IS RANCID,  
I REQUEST A FULL REFUND OF ALL THE MONEY WE ADVANCED  
AND UNLESS YOU CAN CONVINCE ME YOU'VE IMPROVED THE FLOOR WAX MATTER  
WE WILL TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE, SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER

**MISS FLANNERY AND STENOGRAPHERS:** SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER. MATTER. MATTER, MATTER, MATTER.  
SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER. MATTER, MATTER, MATTER, MATTER.

SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER. SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER.  
SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER MATTER, MATTER, MATTER, MATTER.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Going on! *(Continues reading letter. He sings as fast as possible while clearly enunciating every word.)*

ENCLOSED YOU'LL FIND A SMALL CONTAINER OF THE STUFF I TALK ABOUT.  
JUST CAREFULLY REMOVE THE LID AND TAKE A WHIFF IF YOU'VE A DOUBT.  
I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO ALERT THE DAILY PAPERS  
WITH THE NEWS OF HOW OUR OFFICE WAS AFFECTED BY YOUR VAPORS,  
WHICH IS WHY I CHOOSE TO WRITE TO YOU A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER  
FULL OF STRONG RECOMMENDATIONS THAT YOU MAKE YOUR FLOOR WAX BETTER.  
I JUST HOPE IT WON'T REQUIRE US TO HAVE OUR FLOOR RELAID,  
AND IF IT DOES YOU MAY EXPECT A BILL. SINCERELY, TREVOR GRAYDON.  
*(A dramatic pause, then to MILLIE.)* YOU HAVE MADE THE TEAM, MISS DILLMOUNT!

**MISS FLANNERY AND OFFICE WORKERS:** YOU HAVE MADE THE TEAM, MISS DILLMOUNT!

**MILLIE:** *(To OFFICE WORKERS.)* TELL ME WHERE MY DESK IS, WHEN WE EAT LUNCH,  
HOW MUCH I'LL BE PAID, AND NICE TO MEET YOU, I KNOW WE'LL BE FRIENDS,  
JUST CALL ME MILLIE GRAYDON.

**ALL MINUS MILLIE:** MILLIE GRAYDON?

**MILLIE:** I mean Dillmount!

**ALL MINUS MILLIE:** MILLIE DILLMOUNT?

**MILLIE:** *(Spoken to herself)* Someday Graydon

**ALL MINUS MILLIE:** GRAYDON? DILLMOUNT? DILLMOUNT? GRAYDON? GRAYDON? DILLMOUNT?

**MILLIE:** Graydon!

**ALL:** AAAAAAH!

## **SCENE 5**

### **“Speed Test” Playoff**

*(The twelfth floor hallway of the Hotel Priscilla, a row of five doors. MRS. MEERS enters, followed by CHING HO, who is carrying a tray that holds a covered dish and a rose in a vase. MRS. MEERS uncovers the dish, revealing an apple, which she injects with its large hypodermic needle. She knocks on MISS DOROTHY's door and exits.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(From inside her room.)* Yes?

**CHING HO:** Fòng mōuh yūhn.

*SUPERTITLE: Room service.*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(From inside her room.)* Beg pardon?

**CHING HO:** Fòng mōuh yūhn!

*SUPERTITLE: Room service.*

*(MISS DOROTHY exits her room as CHING HO inspects the tray.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Dear me. I didn't order anything.

### **"How Sweet"**

*(CHING HO looks up from the tray and, seeing MISS DOROTHY for the first time, is instantly smitten with her.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** I said I didn't — *(CHING HO presents her with the rose.)* How sweet! I never could refuse a rose.

**CHING HO:** Ngõh chūhng mēih gin gwō hǒu chīh lēih gǎm lēng gē sīu jē.

*SUPERTITLE: I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(A guess at what he's saying.)* All right, if you insist. *(MISS DOROTHY takes the tray, but CHING HO snatches the covered dish off the tray, startling MISS DOROTHY.)* Heavens!

**CHING HO:** Mrs. Maiyisi—?

*SUPERTITLE: Mrs. Meers—*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Who?

**CHING HO:** Mrs. Maiyisi —?!

*SUPERTITLE: Mrs. Meers—*

*(MISS DOROTHY shakes her head "no". "CHING HO does his best MRS. MEERS imitation, a Chinese person's take on a fake Chinese accent. The result is incomprehensible yet oddly familiar to MISS DOROTHY and us.)*

**CHING HO:** "Sad to be awe arone in da whirld."

**MISS DOROTHY:** Mrs. Meers! *(CHING HO nods "yes".)* What about her?

**CHING HO:** Keuih hou young him a!

*SUPERTITLE: She's very dangerous.*

*(BUN FOO enters wheeling a laundry cart.)*

**BUN FOO:** Mai juh, Loh mat ngaau. Chin keih mh hou dim di fo ban.

*SUPERTITLE: Hold on, Romeo. Don't flirt with the merchandise.*

**CHING HO:** Mat leih gam mouh laih masauh ga!

*SUPERTITLE: Don't be rude!*

**BUN FOO:** Mat leih gam cheun ga!

*SUPERTITLE: Don't be stupid!*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(Caught in the middle of a quarrel she doesn't understand.)* You gentleman clearly have pressing matters to discuss, so I'll leave you to it. *(To CHING HO)* And thank you. I so appreciate the rose. *(She exits into her room as MRS. MEERS enters.)*

**MRS. MEERS:** Must I do everything myself? *(To BUN FOO, indicating CHING HO.)* Bun Foo, take care of your brother. And I'll take care of Miss Dorothy. *(MRS. MEERS knocks on MISS DOROTHY's door. MISS DOROTHY exits her room.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Good afternoon, Mrs. Meers.

**MRS. MEERS:** Hello, little lady. I have something for you, my way of saying welcome to the Priscilla!

### **"California Apple No.1"**

*(MRS. MEERS lifts the cover off the dish.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** A California apple!

**MRS. MEERS:** For the California orphan. Sad to be all alone in the world. But don't look back. Take a bite.

**MISS DOROTHY:** An apple a day! *(As MISS DOROTHY's hand reaches the apple, RUTH enters speaking at such a clip that MISS DOROTHY can't get a word in edgewise.)*

**RUTH:** Well, hello! You're new. You an actress? I'm an actress, but we couldn't be more different, so we'll never be up for the same part, which is a good thing, don'cha think? Ruth Devereaux—my stage name, anyway. My real name's Dombrowsky, but imagine that on a marquee! Nice chattin' with 'ya. Bye! *(RUTH exits into her room with a piercing giggle.)*

**MRS. MEERS:** Now where were we? Ah, yes.

### **"California Apple No.2"**

*(MRS. MEERS again presents the apple.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Mmmm, it smells very ripe.

**MRS. MEERS:** *That's because it's juicy. Go on, have a taste. (As MISS DOROTHY's hand reaches the apple, ALICE exits her room.)*

**ALICE:** Say, where'd you get that? I'm starved!

**MISS DOROTHY:** I'll share it with you.

**ALICE:** *(Grabbing the apple.)* Gee, thanks.

**MRS. MEERS:** *(As ALICE is about to take a bite.)* **Alice! You remember that delivery boy you had your eye on? Well, any minute now, that iceman cometh.**

**ALICE:** Iceman?! *(ALICE tosses the apple in the air and rushes off. MRS. MEERS catches the apple and hands it to MISS DOROTHY)*

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Frustrated)* Eat it! *(As MISS DOROTHY is about to take a bite, MILLIE enters.)*

**MILLIE:** Miss Dorothy, I did it! I did it! Gloria! Ruth! Alice!

*(MISS DOROTHY hands the apple to MRS. MEERS. RUTH and GLORIA exit their rooms. ALICE reenters. All speak at the same time.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Did what, Millie?

**RUTH:** Spill, Dillmount.

**ALICE:** Out with it, Millie.

**GLORIA:** Tell all, sister.

**MILLIE:** You're looking at the future Mrs. Trevor Gradyon! *(The GIRLS responds simultaneously)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Perfect!

**RUTH:** Congrats Kid.

**ALICE:** Honey, that's swell.

**GLORIA:** You're on your way.

**MILLIE:** And he advanced me my first paycheck, so we're all painting the town red to celebrate. On me, to thank each and every one of you.

**RUTH:** Thank us?

**GLORIA:** For what?



**MILLIE:** *(Returning articles of clothing one-by-one to GIRLS.)* The purse, the hat, the dress—well, in a minute.

**MRS. MEERS:** What about the rent?

**MILLIE:** *(MILLIE produces a wad of cash.)* Two weeks' worth.

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Snatching the cash from MILLIE)* I take that.

**ALICE:** *(Reaching for the apple.)* And I'll take that.

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Slamming the cover back over the apple.)* **Kitchen closed!** *(To BUN FOO and CHING HO, as She tosses the apple, plate and all, into the cart.)* Beat it!

**CHING HO:** *(To MISS DOROTHY)* O lafola, daaling!

*SUPERTITLE: Au revoir, my darling.*

*(BUN FOO and CHING HO exit with the laundry cart.)*

**ALICE:** *(Regarding CHING HO's outburst.)* What's he going on about?

**MISS DOROTHY:** I think he's dear.

**RUTH:** *(Meaning speakeasy)* I think I'm thirsty, so c-mon girls. Don't wait up Meersie! *(GIRLS exit into their rooms as MRS. MEERS turns toward the doors in attempt to get MISS DOROTHY's attention. In rapid succession, five doors slam in MRS. MEERS' face. She turns to address the audience.)*

## **"They Don't Know"**

**MRS. MEERS:** THEY DON'T KNOW MY FLAIR FOR THE DRAMATIC. NOT A CLUE, THE TALENT I POSSESS. PRETTY GIRLS, BUT NOT MUCH IN THE ATTIC. FACE-TO-FACE WITH GENIUS, AND THEY NEVER GUESS. THEY'LL NEVER GUESS!

THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE STARING AT AN ARTIST, HIGHLY TRAINED TO TAKE ON ANY ROLE. SKILLFUL MIME, AND BRILLIANT LAUNDRY CART-IST, SEEKING RETRIBUTION FOR THE LIFE THEY STOLE!

I ALMOST ACTED CHEKHOV! IBSEN! SHAW! MOLIERE!

I ALMOST STARRED AS PETER PAN; IMAGINE MOI MIDAIR!

I ALMOST TACKLED SHAKESPEARE, A BLUSHING JULIET,

AND IF THE HOUSE WERE BIG ENOUGH, I STILL COULD PLAY HER YET!

THEY DON'T KNOW I'M HOTTER NEWS THAN DUSE,

HELEN.HAYES AND BERNHARDT ALL IN ONE.

THEY'RE ON TOP, AND I LOOK LIKE A LOS-UH.

WAIT AND SEE WHO'S STANDING WHEN' MY PLAY IS DONE.

SO WELCOME ALL YE BRIGHT, YOUNG LADIES, YOU'RE CHECKING INTO HOTEL HADES.

I WON'T STAND BY WHILE CRITICS PRAISE'YA, YOU'RE GETTING SHIPPED TO SOUTHEAST ASIA.

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW. THEY DON'T KNOW,

**SAD TO BE ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD!**

**BUT THEY DON'T KNOW!**

## **“They Don’t Know” Playoff**

### **SCENE 6**

*(A New York City street. MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, and GIRLS enter.)*

**ALICE:** Millie, we've traipsed up and down Broadway

**RUTH:** For almost two hours

**GLORIA:** And the strongest hooch we've sampled is root beer.

**MILLIE:** I don't get it. They say the city's teeming with juice joints.

**RUTH:** All those in favor of heading back to the hotel—

**MILLE AND MISS DOROTHY:** No!

**MISS DOROTHY:** Like Eve and the apple, I have my heart set on tasting the forbidden fruit.

**GLORIA:** You a First-timer?

**MISS DOROTHY:** I enjoy a festive sip of champagne, but spirits? Never!

**MILLIE:** Me, neither. Salina's dry as a bone.

**ALICE:** Ain't no booze in Amish country.

**RUTH:** I've never even played a drunk scene.

**MILLIE:** Gloria?

**GLORIA:** Well... my grandmother's fruitcake has a heck of a kick to it!

**MILLIE:** That settles it. I don't care if it's an undercover copper, we stop and ask the next person we see.

*(JIMMY enters.)* Make that the *next* next person.

**JIMMY:** Kansas?! *(Startled but pleased to see Millie.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Millie, you know this man?

**MILLIE:** It's a short story.

**JIMMY:** *(Impressed that she stayed.)* With a surprise ending. What are you doing here? You were gonna make a U-turn.

**MILLIE:** Good idea. C'mon girls.

**ALICE:** Wait a minute! He looks like he knows where a girl can get a drink around here.

**JIMMY:** It just so happens you're staring at the hottest speak-o in town, but unless you cream puffs hook the right clothespin, that Judas hole ain't ever gonna open.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Excuse me, but I'm from California. I don't speak New York yet. *(JIMMY starts to respond, but MILLIE beats him to it.)*

**MILLIE:** He says we're inches away from quenching our thirst, but they won't let us in.

**JIMMY:** Listen to you. You've come a long way.

**MILLIE:** A lot can happen in seven days. Just read the Bible.

**JIMMY:** The Bible won't help you here. You have to be escorted by a member.

**MILLIE:** Well....

**JIMMY:** Whaddaya, nuts? I got a girls waiting there for me. *(All GIRLS except MILLIE speak simultaneously)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** I beg you, kind sir. For me?

**RUTH:** Tell her we're your kid sisters.

**ALICE:** C'mon, introduce us to some boys!

**GLORIA:** Be a sport and walk us in.

**MILLIE:** Think of it as next decade's good deed.

**MISS DOROTHY, GLORIA, RUTH AND ALICE:** Please?

**JIMMY:** All right. But the moment we're in, you're on your own.

*(JIMMY knocks, and the Speakeasy is revealed. PEARLA, The PEARL LADY, the sexiest woman in the club, turns out to be JIMMY's date, whisking him away from the GIRLS, who stand frozen and intimidated amidst the mayhem of a Prohibition-era saloon. HELEN, the lounge singer, belts out a song as the DENIZENS dance.)*

### **"Ain't Misbehavin'"**

**HELEN:** NO ONE TO TALK WITH ALL BY MYSELF,  
NO ONE TO WALK WITH, BUT I'M HAPPY ON THE SHELF.  
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN', SAVIN' MY LOVE FOR YOU.  
LIKE JACK HORNER, IN THE CORNER,  
DON'T GO NOWHERE, WHAT DO I CARE,  
YOUR KISSES ARE WORTH WAITING FOR, BELIEVE ME!

I DON'T STAY OUT LATE, DON'T CARE TO GO.  
 I'M HOME ABOUT EIGHT, JUST ME AND MY RADIO.  
 AIN'T MISBEHAVIN', SAVIN' MY LOVE FOR YOU—  
 AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' 'CAUSE I'M SAVIN' MY LOVE FOR YOU.

*(The DENIZENS applaud as HELEN finishes and bows.)*

**HELEN:** Thank you. Thank you. Now enjoy the band for a few songs while I get a drink.

*(The DENIZENS all laugh as HELEN crosses to the bar. The next song starts and the DENIZENS resume dancing. MILLIE and the PRISCILLA GIRLS try to fit in, mimicking the dance steps they see around them.)*

### **“The Nutty Cracker Suite”**

*(MILLIE spots the flask in JIMMY's hand. She gestures for it, but he hands the flask to MISS DOROTHY instead. MISS DOROTHY takes a swig and dances full out. She passes the flask to GLORIA, who takes a swig and dances. She passes it to ALICE and RUTH, who share a swig and join GLORIA and MISS DOROTHY in dance. Finally, it's MILLIE's turn: a quick sip and her knees buckle. She hands the flask back to JIMMY as her attempts to balance herself turn into a giddy dance, which amuses JIMMY. JIMMY taunts MILLIE with the flask until the PEARL LADY reclaims him in a sexy dance. MILLIE tries to impress JIMMY by dancing with the most dangerous looking man she can find. He turns out to be LEO, THE LETCH, and his hands are all over MILLIE. JIMMY notices her predicament, and manages to swap partners so that the PEARL LADY and THE LETCH end up dancing together, as do JIMMY and MILLIE. By now, JIMMY is clearly intrigued by MILLIE's verve and confidence. The DENIZENS all dance. JIMMY admires MILLIE then they dance together again. The dance builds until ALL form a line, passing a flask like the ceremonial cup, until it reaches MILLIE, who is last in line. She takes a swig and passes it just in time to hand it to an entering POLICEMAN.)*

### **SCENE 7**

*(The speakeasy DENIZENS turn into a line-up of PRISONERS holding prisoner numbers across their chests. MILLIE and JIMMY are center stage. As the scene progresses, PRISONERS have their mug shots taken one-by-one, then exit. A flash of light and an accompanying sound effect indicates each mug shot. As they speak, MILLIE and JIMMY work their way towards mug shot position.)*

*(Flash mug shot #1.)*

**JIMMY:** Don't be scared.

**MILLIE:** Who says I'm scared?

**JIMMY:** *(Referring to her dress.)* Your fringe. It's shaking.

*(Flash mug shot #2.)*

**MILLIE:** Do you blame it? Where I'm from, the only person you find behind bars is the town drunk.

**JIMMY:** It's no different here. There's just more of us.

*(Flash mug shot #3.)*

**MILLIE:** How long you think they'll keep us?

**JIMMY:** Overnight. Unless you got a hairpin. I've it knack for breaking and entering.

*(Flash mug shot #4.)*

**MILLIE:** Misspent youth?

**JIMMY:** Eighteen years on Long Island. If that ain't misspent, I don't know what is.

*(Flash mug shot #5.)*

**MILLIE:** It's closer than Kansas.

**JIMMY:** Hey, when you're stuck on the other side, the East River's wide as an ocean.

*(Flash mug shot #6.)*

**MILLIE:** You think the East River's wide? Kansas might as well be the moon, and I fell from it.

**JIMMY:** And landed on your feet.

**MILLIE:** I landed in jail.

*(Flash mug shot #7.)*

**MILLIE:** I hope you're serious about that hairpin. I've got to be at work in a few hours.

**JIMMY:** What do you do?

**MILLIE:** Stenog. For now. You?

*(Flash mug shot #8.)*

**JIMMY:** Depends. When I want to see a show, I'm an usher for a night. When the Yankees play at home, it's "Popcorn! Peanuts! Cracker Jack!" And when the open seas are calling... well, the Circle Line's always in need of a knowledgeable guide.

*(Flash mug shot #9.)*

**MILLIE:** And you make a living?

**JIMMY:** I make a life. It sure beats sitting at a desk eight hours a day, fretting over the price of steel.

*(Flash mug shot #10, and JIMMY steps into picture spot.)*

**MILLIE:** Steel?

**JIMMY:** *(JIMMY revealed more than he intended. He quickly covers.)* My old job. Steel... equipment for offices.

**MILLIE:** *(She almost feels sorry for him.)* Oh. Paper clips, like.

**JIMMY:** Yep. Paper clips, like. *(Flash mug shot #11 - JIMMY's mug shot. MILLIE steps into mug shot position.)*

**MILLIE:** I'd have never pegged you for a paper clip man. Bootleg gin, maybe. Or ladies' lingerie.

**JIMMY:** *(His version of an apology.)* I thought you pegged me for a jerk.

**MILLIE:** I did. *(Flash mug shot # 12- MILLIE's mug shot.)* But I still think you deserve better than paper clips.

**JIMMY:** So do you.

**MILLIE:** How do you like that? We have something in common.

*(Flash mug shot #13.)*

**JIMMY:** Can I ask you a personal question, *(Reading her prisoner number.)* 7395- "aught" -16?

**MILLIE:** What?

**JIMMY:** Your name.

**MILLIE:** Millie Dillmount.

**JIMMY:** Jimmy Smith

**POLICEMAN:** Tell it to the judge.

### **"Tell it to the Judge"**

*(POLICEMAN grabs MILLIE and JIMMY and shoves them off. In a series of flashes, the remaining PRISONERS have their mug shots taken before exiting. TWO GIRLS get the final mug shot, posing with their arms around each other like school kids in a photo booth on the Boardwalk before exiting.)*

## **SCENE 8**

*(Side by side jail cells. WOMEN on one side, and MEN on the other.)*

### **"What Do I Need with Love"**

*(JIMMY paces, then sits and watches MILLIE, who is asleep among the other PRISONERS.)*

**JIMMY:** OH, THE PLACES I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU,  
ALTHOUGH I HARDLY KNOW YOU.

I'VE A FUNNY FEELING WE MAKE A PERFECT PAIR.  
 FAMOUS SIGHTS I WANT TO SEE YOU SEEING,  
 THE NIGHTS OF YOU-AND-ME-ING. ME. YOU. WE—  
*(As if waking from a nightmare.)* Wait a minute! Just a minute! No, no, no, no!

I'M A JOE WITH JUST ONE AIM: EV'RY NIGHT TO DATE A DIFF'RENT DAME.  
 CALL EACH ONE OF 'EM THE SAME PET NAME,"HEY, BABY."  
 IN A ROW, I HAVE MY DUCKS. LOADS OF GALS TO GIVE ME LOADS OF YUKS.  
 LEAVE THE COOING TO THE OTHER CLUCKS. I DON'T MEAN MAYBE.  
 GOT IT GOOD. WHAT I DO NEED WITH LOVE?  
 ALWAYS PRACTICE WHAT I PREACH: KEEP TEMPTATION OUT OF EASY REACH,  
 STICK TO DOLLS WHO WASH THEIR HAIR IN BLEACH. I'M HAPPY.  
 COME AND GO THE WAY I CHOOSE. NEVER GONNA SING THE TIED-DOWN BLUES.  
 OTHER GUYS WOULD KILL TO FILL MY SHOES. NO WING-CLIPPED SAPPY.  
 GOT IT GOOD. WHAT DO I NEED WITH LOVE?  
 THAT WAS A NEAR MISS. TALK ABOUT A CLOSE SHAVE. FLIRTED WITH DISASTER.  
*(Spotting a tie-clip on a sleeping inmate.)*  
 THERE MUST BE SOMEONE UP THERE WATCHIN' OVER ME.  
 TALK ABOUT A FOUR-LEAF-CLOVER-ME. *(Removing the tie-clip without waking its owner.)*  
 PETER RABBIT'S MISSING FOOTSIE MEANS I ROLL WITHOUT A TOOTSIE.  
 GOT IT GOOD. WHAT DO I NEED WITH LOVE?  
 I GOT IT GOOD. WHAT DO I NEED WITH LOVE?  
*(By now, JIMMY has picked the lock with the tie-clip. He flings open the prison door and steps out of the cell.)*  
 SKIP THE VOWS AND ALL THAT ROT. TELL THE MINISTER THAT "I DO" NOT.  
 BRIGHT AND BREEZY IS THE BIRDS AND BEES-Y IS THE *(Starts to exit.)*  
 FREE AND EASY IS THE LIFE I GOT *(Stops in his tracks.)*  
 WITHOUT HER. *(JIMMY Crosses to MILLIE, who is asleep in her cell.)*  
 ALTHOUGH I HARDLY KNOW YOU.... *(One last attempt to break free.)*  
 WHAT DO I NEED WITH LOVE?  
 I GOT IT GOOD. GOT IT GOOD.  
 BUT NOW I GOT IT BAD!  
*(JIMMY reenters his cell and returns the tie clip to its sleeping owner, then sits and gazes at MILLIE.)*

## "Morning Music"

**POLICEMAN:** *(Entering, opens the WOMEN's cell, then the MEN's cell.)* C'mon, all of youse, up and at 'em.

*(The PRISONERS and POLICEMAN exit. MILLIE and JIMMY are leaving their respective cells.)*

**JIMMY:** Hey Millie, wait up. Wanna grab a cup of coffee?

**MILLIE:** I can't. I barely have time to swing by the Priscilla, change, then run to the office.

**JIMMY:** A quick cup of joe.

**MILLIE:** I'm new on the job, so I doubt they'll overlook my being late.

**JIMMY:** They will if they know what's good for them. They're lucky to have you, Millie Dillmount.

**MILLIE:** Thank you. And may I say, Jimmy Smith, the Circle Line's lucky to have you. You're not so hot with new arrivals, but underneath it all, I've a hunch you're a really great (*stretching the vowel, "guy" then over pronouncing the "d"*) guide. (*She starts to exit.*)

**JIMMY:** Say, you a Yankees fan?

**MILLIE:** You need help with the Cracker Jack?

**JIMMY:** Actually, I have tickets to tonight's double header. In fact, why not play hooky, and we'll make a day of it!

**MILLIE:** No can do. You don't know my fiancé.

**JIMMY:** Fiancé?!

### **"Love at First Sight"**

**MILLIE:** Boss. And fiancé. I'm going to marry him.

**JIMMY:** Wow. Love at first sight?

**MILLIE:** Not for the modern. She takes charge of her destiny. No more waiting at port for my ship to come in. I went out and found him! (*JIMMY is utterly deflated.*)

**JIMMY:** So I guess the ball game's out.

**MILLIE:** Why? (*Suddenly dawns on her.*) Oh! Your weren't thinking we'd go as a .... You know, on a –

**JIMMY:** Us? No. No! (*A big, forced laugh.*) Of course not. Matter of fact, I have a third ticket. I was about to suggest you bring your friend along. You know, "California"?

**MILLIE:** Miss Dorothy? But why- (*A clock chimes eight.*) I gotta go.

**JIMMY:** Till tonight, Kansas?

**MILLIE:** Till tonight, Long Island. (*MILLIE and JIMMY exit opposite directions.*)

### **"Laugh-In"**

## **SCENE 9**

(*The twelfth floor of the Hotel Priscilla. CHING HO and BUN FOO enter, wheeling a laundry cart. They open it, and MRS. MEERS emerges, suited up in rubber gloves, surgical mask and scrubs. She holds a rag and a bottle.*)



*She steps out of the cart and crosses to MISS DOROTHY's door, pressing her ear against it. MISS DOROTHY can be heard inside, rehearsing a monologue.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(From inside her room.)* "Oh, woe is me! Oh, lackaday... *(Another line reading.)* Oh, lackaday... *(Another line reading.)* Oh, lackaday..."

**MRS. MEERS:** Oh, lack 'a talent. *(To CHING HO and BUN FOO.)* Catch her when she falls.

**CHING HO:** Aiya, ngoh mh seung lai yah!

*SUPERTITLE: I can't bear to watch!*

**MRS. MEERS:** What, Ching Ho, lost your heart to Miss Dorothy? How sweet. Never mind that I'm the one who feeds you, I'm the one who clothes you, I'm the one you better be nice to if you want to see your elderly, ailing mother anytime soon. *(CHING HO doesn't understand.)* No mama!

**BUN FOO:** Ngoh deih gong hou jo ga.

*SUPERTITLE: We made a deal.*

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Using gestures to communicate.)* One mama. In exchange. *(Misinterpreting her gesture, CHING HO and BUN FOO "exchange" places. MRS. MEERS seethes.)* For services rendered. So places, please. *(MILLIE exits her room. MRS. MEERS drops to her knees, next to the laundry cart, and tries to crawl off.)*

**MILLIE:** *(Modeling her new outfit.)* Girls, girls, what do you think?

*(MISS DOROTHY, GLORIA, RUTH, and ALICE exit their rooms and LUCILLE, CORA and RITA enter. They speak simultaneously.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Haute couture!

**RUTH:** Fancy threads.

**ALICE:** Oh, its darling!

**GLORIA:** Deluxe, sister.

**CORA:** It's fabulous!

**LUCILLE:** How Adorable!

**RITA:** *(Spotting MRS. MEERS on her hands and knees, with rag and bottle.)* Mrs. Meers, what are you doing?

**MRS. MEERS:** I.....ah.....ah.....I.... *(On the spot, desperately searching for an explanation.)* I....ah....**just have to do something with this nasty spot on carpet.** *(The GIRLS swarm MRS. MEERS as she furiously scrubs.)* **You girls, always spilling.**

**GLORIA:** But Meersie, I can't see a thing.



**LUCILLE:** Where are you going?

**MILLIE:** No place special. Just the glamorous penthouse of Muzzy Van Hossmere!

**RUTH:** The singer?!

**MILLIE:** Back from a world tour, and somehow, Jimmy wrangled an invite to her “welcome home” party.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Speaking of which, come along Millie.

**MILLIE:** Don’t wait up, ladies. These show biz parties go to all hours.

**GIRLS:** *(Imitating MILLIE.)* Show biz parties!

**MILLIE:** But lest you worry, we’ll have the finest of chaperones.

**GLORIA:** We know, we know.

**GIRLS:** Muzzy! *(MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY exit as the GIRLS go back to their rooms or exit the opposite way.)*

## **SCENE 10**

*(The penthouse of MUZZY VAN HOSSMERE. A glamorous and wise woman, and a big star. She stands among her luggage, draped in fur, quietly and honestly expressing her feelings about being back home in New York City. As MUZZY sings, the stage is transformed to her penthouse with GUESTS mingling and enjoying the party.)*

### **“Only in New York”**

**MUZZY:** THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD ARE SAID TO STOP AT SEVEN,  
BUT TRUTH TO TELL, MY FIGURES DON'T AGREE.  
I NUMBER THEM AT EIGHT, WITH ONE SO CLOSE TO HEAVEN,  
THE OTHERS PALE, THEIR MAGIC STALE, JUST TAKE A LOOK AND SEE.  
STEP RIGHT UP TO TREASURE ISLE, EV'RY INCH OF IT, A SKY-HIGH MILE.  
FAIRYTALE LAND. ONLY IN NEW YORK. HEY CASTLE-BUILDER.  
WANT THE MOON, AND NOTHIN' LESS? WORK FOR YEARS, THEN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS!  
I KNOW FIRSTHAND. ONLY IN NEW YORK.  
EACH DAY IT'S FREE ADMISSION TO THOSE WHO DREAM.  
YOU SET YOUR SIGHTS ALL THE WAY UPSTREAM.  
OFF YOU GO, FOR YOU KNOW THAT CREAM WILL RISE.

*(KENNETH, the butler, crosses and takes MUZZY's luggage. MUZZY lets her fur drop to her shoulders and her maid, MATHILDE removes it and exits. MUZZY is in a stunning cocktail dress.)*

MAKE THAT WISH, AND SEEK THAT THRILL.  
COME AND GET IT, 'CAUSE YOU ALWAYS WILL.  
STRIKE UP THE BAND! ONLY IN NEW YORK.

*(As the song continues, MUZZY's performance shifts from personal reverie to diva doing her big number.)*

EACH DAY IT'S FREE ADMISSION TO THOSE WHO DREAM.  
YOU SET YOUR SIGHTS ALLTHE WAY UPSTREAM.  
OFF YOU GO. FOR YOU KNOW THAT CREAM WILL RISE. RISE!

*(MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY & JIMMY enter.)*

NEW, IMPROVED AND REARRANGED. EVER CHANGING. YET IT'S NEVER CHANGED.  
LIFE ON COMMAND! HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING: OH, BUT IT'S GRAND!  
THAT'S WHY I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE AS PLANNED,  
ONLY IN NEW YORK. ONLY IN NEW YORK. ONLY IN NEW YORK!  
*(The party's in full swing. MUZZY surrounded by her GUESTS.)*

Hello, darlings! *(GUESTS applaud and ad lib "Welcome backs"; "We missed you!" etc.)*

**DRAKE:** Welcome home dear Muzzy!

**LOIS:** We missed you darling.

**MUZZY:** And how I missed my adorable friends!

**RUBY:** It's good to have you back.

**MUZZY:** It's good to be back snookums.

### **"Muzzy's Party Part 1"**

*(ALL dance US of MUZZY. The dance should be small and contained, so as not to pull focus from MUZZY. Whenever MUZZY addresses a GUEST, he/she stops dancing and crosses D.S. to MUZZY, rejoining the dance when the exchange with MUZZY is over.)*

**MUZZY:** *(To IRA & GEORGE GERSHWIN.)* Hello, Ira! Georgie Gershwin, how's that symphony coming?

**GEORGE GERSHWIN:** It isn't. I'm stuck, frozen, blocked –

**MUZZY:** Don't worry! Inspiration comes when you least expect it.

**IRA GERSHWIN:** I guess. *(IRA and GEORGE GERSHWIN sulk as MUZZY approaches DOROTHY PARKER.)*

**MUZZY:** Why, Dorothy Parker, what a divine dress. You're just a .... Rhapsody in blue! *(Suddenly inspired, GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN look at each other, then exit in a dash.)*

**DOROTHY PARKER:** Muzzy, *Variety* says you broke box office records.

**MUZZY:** It doesn't lie! I left the South Pole to the penguins, the North to Mr. Claus, but everywhere else, I came, I sang, I conquered. *(DOROTHY PARKER rejoins the dance as RUBY, DRAKE and LOIS approach MUZZY.)*

**RUBY:** Muzzy at the Palace.

**MUZZY:** Buckingham.

**DRAKE:** Muzzy at the Great Wall.

**MUZZY:** And they ain't kidding. It's fabulous!

**LOIS:** Muzzy at the Vatican.

**MUZZY:** *(A beat.)* Tough house. *(GUESTS rejoin the dance as MUZZY approaches JIMMY, MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY.)*

**RUBY:** You're divine anywhere!

**MUZZY:** Thanks dearest. *(Turning to see him.)* Jimmy! The roses need pruning.

**MILLIE:** Roses?

**JIMMY:** My father used to be the gardener at her Long Island mansion.

**MUZZY:** I still say Jimmy's the only one who can trim a hedge like his daddy used to.

**JIMMY:** Millie Dillmount, Miss Dorothy Brown, may I present Muzzy Van Hossmere.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Charmed.

**MILLIE:** What an honor, Mrs. Van—

**MUZZY:** Muzzy, Millie, Muzzy.

**MILLIE:** Muzzy. *(KENNETH approaches.)*

**RODNEY:** Mrs. Van Hossmere...

**MUZZY:** Rodney!

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(To MILLIE, trying to be inconspicuous.)* Millie, I've an audition for David Belasco, bright and early, so I'm calling it a night.

**RODNEY:** Dorothy?

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(A forced smile.)* Rodney!

**MILLIE:** You two know each other?!

**MISS DOROTHY:** From the orphanage!

**JIMMY:** Miss Dorothy, weren't you about to leave? I'll show you out.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Come, Rodney, and tell me, were you ever adopted. *(JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY and RODNEY exit.)*

**MUZZY:** Millie, how about a spot of gin? A bit of bubbly? Anything? Our home is your home.

**MILLIE:** Will Mr. Van Hossmere be joining us?

**MUZZY:** That depends. You planning séance? He passed away years ago.

**MILLIE:** *(Mortified.)* I'm sorry, I didn't know. You said our home. *(JIMMY reenters and watches MILLIE from a distance before rejoining the dance.)*

**MUZZY:** That's what Mr. Van H. called it. Mind you, I came to all this as the second Mrs. Van Hossmere—practically a child—and Millie, you could have knocked me over the first time I saw this place! He said, "Baby Van Hossmere, this is our home. Not my home, not your home, but our home. And don't you ever forget it." And I never have! Unfortunately, I enjoyed his companionship for a brief, but very, very ecstatic period.

**MILLIE:** Sad.

**MUZZY:** Yes, and Mr. Van H. hated sad stories. He wanted all of our homes to be filled with nothing but good fun and good friends. So heck, let's get kissy right off! *(Air kisses on both cheeks.)* Millie Dillmount, I want to know all about you. You were born and then what happened?

**MILLIE:** Well, I was born.... and then. I moved here.

**MUZZY:** We have so much in common! Meet Baltimore's own Mabel Ida Walker.

**MILLIE:** Baltimore?!

**MUZZY:** Not even. Cockeysville, Maryland, and proud of it. Tweedums, anyone can be born here, but to travel here on nothing but nerve and imagination—

**MILLIE:** Like a Mabel Ida Walker?

**MUZZY:** Like a Millie Dillmount! Let's dance!

## **"Muzzy's Party Part 2"**

*(MILLIE and MUZZY start dancing. MUZZY demonstrates the latest dance crazes, which MILLIE quickly picks up. Soon, all the GUESTS, not to mention KENNETH and MATHILDE, are following MUZZY and MILLIE. MILLIE is the belle of the ball, until her flung hand hits KENNETH's tray, knocking champagne all over DOROTHY PARKER'S dress. DOROTHY PARKER screams.)*

**DOROTHY PARKER:** *(To MILLIE, as the party comes to a halt. ALL stare at MILLIE.)* You! You spilled champagne all over my Paul Poiret!

**MILLIE:** I'm so sorry.

**DOROTHY PARKER:** Will you look at that nasty spot?

**MILLIE:** Spot...? *(Remembering MRS. MEERS' household hint.)* Don't worry, Mrs. Parker, I know something that cleans so you can't see a thing! One of the mysteries of the Orient. Muzzy, which way to the kitchen?

**MUZZY:** Snookums, I have no idea.

**KENNETH:** This way. Miss Dillmount. *(KENNETH and MATHILDE lead MILLIE and DOROTHY PARKER off. Many GUESTS exit, leaving a small group still dancing U.S. They are in no way privy to the following exchange.)*

**JIMMY:** You think Millie's okay one-on-one with Mrs. Parker?

**MUZZY:** I'm not speaking to you.

**JIMMY:** What did I do?

**MUZZY:** Once a week you wrote me dishing the parties, the shows, even the weather. But not a peep about the biggest news of all.

**JIMMY:** I don't know what you're talking about.

**MUZZY:** Little Millie. Oh Jimmy, you can't fool me: you're in love with her. What are you going to do about it?

**DOROTHY PARKER:** *(from off stage)* Soy Sauce?! Aaaaaaah! *(MILLIE enters in a panic. She crosses and exits onto the terrace. MUZZY gives JIMMY a shove in MILLIE's direction then exits. DOROTHY PARKER crosses the stage bewildered and frustrated with a prominent stain on her dress.)*

## **SCENE 11**

*(The terrace of MUZZY's apartment where JIMMY and MILLIE are in mid-conversation. JIMMY is trying to console MILLIE.)*

**JIMMY:** Aw, c'mon, Millie, you can't go back to Kansas. You're an ex-con, remember?

**MILLIE:** I can't stay here! Not after pouring soy sauce all over Dorothy Parker's dress.

**JIMMY:** Explain to me again why—

**MILLIE:** I thought it would clean it! That creepy Mrs. Meers swears by the stuff.

**JIMMY:** You'll be the talk of the town tomorrow.

**MILLIE:** Don't say that!

**JIMMY:** In a good way. Think of all the people who'd kill to smother Dorothy Parker in soy sauce. But they can't, for fear of her poison pen.

**MILLIE:** That's what I'm afraid of.

**JIMMY:** Relax. She's so plastered, she'll never remember your name.

**MILLIE:** You think? (*JIMMY nods yes.*) Really? What a relief? (*MILLIE throws her arms around JIMMY.*) A scandal could cost me my job. Mr. Graydon—

**JIMMY:** (*Recoiling from MILLIE. his mood souring on a dime.*) Is a stiff. Isn't he?

**MILLIE:** (*Trying to convince herself as much as him.*) Some would say so, but I see a side of him that few people are lucky enough to see.

**JIMMY:** While you're sitting on his lap?

**MILLIE:** (*Defensive.*) No.

**JIMMY:** Has he kissed you yet?

**MILLIE:** (*Disappointed*) No.

**JIMMY:** Does he have a pet name for you?

**MILLIE:** Yes!

**JIMMY:** What?

**MILLIE:** John!

**JIMMY:** John? That's not very romantic.

**MILLIE:** But it's modern. He calls me John because I'm so efficient: "Johnny-on-the-spot." I'll let you in on a little secret: this morning, he came this close to popping the question.

**JIMMY:** (*Concerned*) He did?

**MILLIE:** "John," he said, "Don't ever leave Sincere Trust Insurance Company!"

**JIMMY:** Sweet. Maybe you could work it into the vows.

**MILLIE:** (*As an observation, not an attack.*) Another crack. Every time I mention Mr. Graydon—

**JIMMY:** (*Very sarcastic.*) Can I ask a favor—a really big one, 'cause I know how hard it'll be for you—can you not talk about your plan for once?

**MILLIE:** Why not?

**JIMMY:** 'Cause I'm sick of hearing about it: You want to marry a man who thinks of you as a typewriter on legs, be my guest.

**MILLIE:** Thank you, I will. The new woman chooses reason over romance any day of the week. (*Proudly.*) And I'm a new woman!

**JIMMY:** So why set your sights on the world's oldest profession?



**MILLIE:** *(A shocked gasp, then a counter meant to offend.)* If I were you, I'd keep my trap shut about other people's professions, Mister "I used to be in paper clips."

**JIMMY:** Well maybe we shouldn't speak at all. Maybe our nightly excursions are taking up too much room on my dance card

**MILLIE:** What do I care? Any day now, my time will be consumed by my boss-slash-fiancé, Mr. Trevor Graydon the Third.

**JIMMY:** I'm warning you, Millie, I've had it up to here with you and Graydon.

**MILLIE:** Then I don't know what to tell you, 'cause I'm going to be his wife. What will you be, butterfly boy? Flower to flower to flower!

**JIMMY:** You got a problem with that?

**MILLIE:** I'm merely suggesting that you grow up, skirt chaser!

**JIMMY:** Golddigger!

**MILLIE:** Womanizer!

**JIMMY:** Jezebel!

**MILLIE:** Casanova! *(They are nose-to-nose. JIMMY grabs MILLIE and kisses her passionately. She struggles at first, then responds, until it is impossible to discern who is kissing whom. JIMMY breaks away from MILLIE and exits in a panic, leaving MILLIE in utter confusion.)*

## "Jimmy"

**MILLIE:** AM I DRUNK? OR MAYBE I'M DREAMING? I OUGHTA BE SCREAMING! HE SUDDENLY—  
*(Stick to your plan, Millie!)* EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY—  
*(Confusion.)* JUST LIKE THAT, WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AT TWO IN THE MORNING, HE SUDDENLY—  
*(Stick to your plan. Millie!)* EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY—  
*(Confusion.)* WERE THERE SIGNS, AND I DIDN'T SEE THEM? THE RANDOM REMARK, OCCASIONAL SIGH,  
 THAT DAY IN THE PARK, THE GLEAM IN HIS EYE!  
*(MILLIE's final attempts to stick to her plan.)*  
 EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY— EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY—  
 JIMMY. OH JIMMY  
*(Discovering her feelings as she sings.)* SILLY BOY, GEE, WHAT A REAL SWELL GUY.  
 JIMMY, OH JIMMY, OH, WHAT JOY. HE MAKES MY TROUBLES FLY.  
 HIS GLANCE HAD FIREWORKS IN IT. WE KISSED,  
 MY HEART DID A WHIZ-BANG, FLIP-FLOP, HEAVEN FOR A MINUTE.  
 JIMMY, OH JIMMY, DONT YOU KNOW WHAT I CANT QUITE CONFESS?  
 SO COAX ME. IMPLORER ME. I PROMISE YOU WON'T BORE ME. JIMMY, I MIGHT SAY YES.  
*(As MILLIE sustains the word "yes", her tenderness turns to joy. She exits the terrace.)*

HE MAKES MY TROUBLES FLY!  
HIS GLANCE HAD FIREWORKS IN IT.  
WE KISSED, MY HEART DID A WHIZ-BANG, FLIP-FLOP, HEAVEN FOR A MINUTE.  
SO JIMMY, OH JIMMY, DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN'T QUITE CONFESS?  
*(As MILLIE sings, the set becomes...)*

## **SCENE 12**

*(The twelfth floor of the Hotel Priscilla.)*

**MILLIE:** SO COAX ME. IMPLORE ME.  
I PROMISE YOU WON'T BORE ME.  
OH, JIMMY, I MIGHT SAY—

**JIMMY:** *(From inside MISS DOROTHY's room.)* Now remember—

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(From inside MISS DOROTHY's room.)* Shhh! *(MILLIE dashes into her room just in time to avoid JIMMY, who exits MISS DOROTHY's room. MISS DOROTHY can be seen in the doorway, in a robe. MILLIE keeps her door open a crack so she can watch the following whispered exchange.)*

**JIMMY:** It's our little secret.

**MISS DOROTHY:** But she's my best friend!

**JIMMY:** No, Dorothy.

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(Teasing, not flirting.)* Miss Dorothy.

**JIMMY:** Not to me. *(JIMMY gives MISS DOROTHY a quick kiss on the cheek, and exits. MISS DOROTHY exits into her room. MILLIE steps out of her room and into the hallway, clearly in shock as the curtain falls.)*

**“End of Act One”**

**END OF ACT ONE**

## **ACT TWO**

### **“Entre’ Acte – Back at Work”**

#### **SCENE 1**

*(The Sincere Trust Insurance Company. STENOGS frantically answer the phones, in contrast to MILLIE, who works as if under water. The following lines should be delivered in rapid succession, on top of the next. )*

**NANCY:** Sincere Trust...

**GERTRUDE:** Yes that will be two boxes of extra-large paper clips, and a case of staples.

**MURIEL:** Sincere Trust....

**CHARLOTTE:** Certainly I will have carbon prints sent over by this afternoon. Thank you for calling Sincere Trust.

**ROSE:** Sincere Trust...

**SHIRLEY:** Well excuse me Mr. Jones but using a harsh tone with me isn’t going to get you anything but a dial tone.

**JUNE:** Please Hold.

**GLADYS:** Yes that’s right we certainly can offer you Insurance at a lower rate than anyone else in the city.

**LILLIAN:** Sincere Trust...

**BERNICE:** I’m sorry, Mr. Graydon is not available at the moment.

**LORETTA:** Sincere Trust...

**BEATRICE:** Do you spell that with a “y”?

**HAZEL:** Sincere Trust...

**MILDRED:** Loans and Lending on Line two.

**ELAINE:** and if you come in to sign, I’ll personally greet you with a warm welcome and a smile.

**BEVERLY:** Sincere Trust... *(MISS FLANNERY interrupts the STENOGS, when she enters with a stack of papers.)*

**MISS FLANNERY:** Dillmount! I demand an explanation!

**MILLIE:** *(As if waking from a dream.)* Excuse me?

**MISS FLANNERY:** *(Reading from first letter.)* "Your prompt attention to this matter is *insincerely* appreciated...", *(Reading from second letter.)* "Please accept our *insincerest* apology...", *(Reading from third letter.)* "Yours *insincerely....?*"

**MILLIE:** I'm sorry, Miss Flannery.

**MISS FLANNERY:** If you're not, you will be: I'm docking you one dollar.

**MILLIE:** A dollar?! *(MISS FLANNERY starts to exit. MILLIE's phone rings, and she answers it.)* Insincere Trust.

**MISS FLANNERY:** Make it two.

**MILLIE:** Jimmy, leave me alone. *(MILLIE hangs up. MISS FLANNERY crosses to her, seemingly concerned.)*

**MISS FLANNERY:** Personal matter? *(Turns on a dime when MILLIE nods "yes".)* Not on company time!

**MILLIE:** Not another dollar! *(MISS FLANNERY starts to exit and MILLIE's phone rings. She answers it, and MISS FLANNERY stops.)* Sincere Trust. *(MISS FLANNERY starts to exit.)* Jimmy, we have nothing more to say each other. *(MISS FLANNERY stops. MILLIE slams down the phone.)*

**MISS FLANNERY:** Dillmount—!

**MILLIE:** I didn't ask him to call! I don't want him to call! I never want to see Jimmy Smith again!

**MISS FLANNERY:** Good. Forget the boys, Dillmount. Get yourself a canary! *(MISS FLANNERY exits. The phone rings. MILLIE picks up the receiver and immediately slams it down again.)*

### **"Forget About the Boy"**

**MILLIE:** NO CANARY IN A CAGE FOR ME.

THIS CANARY'S READY TO FLY FREE!

CUT THE CORD. IS THAT A MAN I ONCE ADORED?

HE'S NOTHING BUT AN ALBATROSS, NO GREAT LOSS, DOUBLE-CROSSER.

FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.

PULL THE PLUG. AIN'T HE THE ONE WHO PULLED THE RUG?

HE'S LOWER THAN AN ALLEY CAT, DIRTY RAT, AND I FLATTER.

FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.

AND IN THE MOONLIGHT, DON'CHA THINK ABOUT HIM. SISTER,

YOU'RE MUCH BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM.

YOU CAN BLOW THE BLUES A KISS GOOD-BYE, AND PUT THE SUN BACK IN THE SKY,

FOR WHEN HE COMES CRAWLIN', I'M NOT FALLIN'!

SHOUT HOORAY AND HALLELUH! NOW ME AND MISTER WRONG ARE THROUGH.

I'LL FIND MYSELF ANOTHER BEAU WHO I KNOW IS NO ROVER.

FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT —

*(Her rage evaporating at the mention of his name.)* JIMMY, OH JIMMY.

*(One by one, STENOGS sing, adding the names of their loves gone wrong.)*

**BETTY:** HORACE.

**ELSIE:** DANNY.

**HELEN:** MILTON.

**IRENE:** PERCY.

*(The following lyrics overlap, building to a cacophony.)*

**HAZEL:** VITO CARBONE

**GLADYS:** EDGAR

**MILLIE:** JIMMY

**ROSE:** TIMOTHY

**LILLIAN:** ALFRED

**MARILYN:** BENJAMIN PRATT, THE THIRD

**BONNIE:** TEDDY MORGAN, TEDDY MORGAN, TEDDY MORGAN, TEDDY MORGAN

**BETTY:** HORACE

**IRENE:** PERCY

**GLADYS:** EDGAR

**ELSIE:** DANNY

**ROSE:** TIMOTHY

**HELEN:** MILTON

**LILLIAN:** ALFRED

*(STENOGS all shout out the name of the boy they love. MISS FLANNERY enters interrupting the cacophony.)*

**MISS FLANNERY:** BARNEY SCHREIBER, C.P.A!

**MISS FLANNERY & STENOGS:** *(Simultaneous with MILLIE)* CUT THE CORD. IS THAT A MAN I ONCE ADORED?  
HE'S NOTHING BUT AN ALBATROSS, NO GREAT LOSS, DOUBLE CROSSER! FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.  
PULL THE PLUG. AIN'T HE THE ONE WHO PULLED THE RUG?  
HE'S LOWER THAN AN ALLEY CAT. DIRTY RAT, AND I FLATTER.

**MILLIE:** *(Simultaneous with MISS FLANNERY and the STENOGS)* JIMMY, OH JIMMY, SILLY BOY,  
GEE, WHAT A REAL SWEEL GUY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY

JIMMY, OH JIMMY, OH, WHAT JOY!  
HE MAKES MY TROUBLESFLY!

**ALL:** FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY! *(In a collective, murderous rage, ALL defiantly tap dance, building to a tap break for MISS FLANNERY.)*

**ALL:** SHOUT HOORAY AND HALLELUH! NOW ME AND MISTER WRONG ARE THROUGH.  
I'LL FIND MYSELF ANOTHER BEAU WHO I KNOW IS NO ROVER.  
FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.

**MILLIE:** FORGET ABOUT THE BOY!

**MISS FLANNERY & STENOGS:** FORGET ABOUT THE BOY!

**MILLIE:** AND IN THE MOONLIGHT

**MISS FLANNERY & STENOGS:** AAH-AAH

**MILLIE:** DON'T YOU THINK ABOUT HIM

**MISS FLANNERY & STENOGS:** AAH-AAH. SISTER, YOU'RE MUCH BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM

**MILLIE:** YOU CAN BLOW THE—

**ALL:** BLUES A KISS GOOD-BYE,

**MILLIE:** AND PUT THE—

**ALL:** SUN BACK IN THE SKY.

**MISS FLANNERY AND STENOGS:** FOR WHEN HE COMES CRAWLIN'.

**MILLIE:** IM NOT FALLIN'!

**ALL:** HALLELUJAH! FORGET ABOUT THE BOY. FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.  
FORGET ABOUT THE BOY!

*(MR. GRAYDON enters. MISS FLANNERY ducks behind STENOGS.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** Ladies! The phone rang eleven times before I finally answered it myself. Not pleased, not at all pleased. Where's Flannery? *(MISS FLANNERY reveals herself. MR. GRAYDON addresses MISS FLANNERY.)*  
Back to work!

**MISS FLANNERY:** *(Addressing the STENOGS.)* Back to work! *(STENOGS wheel their desks off. MR. GRAYDON grabs the back of MILLIE's desk.)*

**"Forget About the Boy Tag"**

**MR. GRAYDON:** Not so fast, John. I want a word with you.

**MILLIE:** *(There's at least one a day.)* Another crisis, Mr. Graydon?

**MR. GRAYDON:** A big one! John, that last batch of carbon paper was not up to snuff. Write a memo to the head of supply. Read his beads.

**MILLIE:** *(Making a note on her steno pad.)* Read beads.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Pin his ears back.

**MILLIE:** Pin ears.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Really go after him!

**MILLIE:** Really go... *(To herself, regarding MR. GRAYDON)* after him! *(MR. GRAYDON starts to exit. MILLIE wheels her desk around and turns aggressively seductive.)* Oh Mr. G.?

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Stops.)* Who?

**MILLIE:** You. Do you have a 'mo?

**MR. GRAYDON:** A what?

**MILLIE:** A moment. I would love to get a man's opinion of Rudolph Valentino.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Okay.

**MILLIE:** I mean, in *The Sheik*, he takes Agnes Ayres by brute force, and she enjoys it. She enjoys it a lot. *(Trying to strike a seductive pose, MILLIE slips off her chair and onto the floor. She tries to cover with a wanton laugh, but her attempt to get back on her chair is anything but graceful. Once she does, she resumes the seduction. Though he is puzzled by MILLIE's behavior, MR. GRAYDON is unaware that she's coming on to him.)* So Mr. Graydon. What is your opinion of brute force?

**MR. GRAYDON:** I'm not for it. Not for it at all. That is not what women really want today. Give them a young man they can trust. Tom Sawyer at twenty.

**MILLIE:** I never read *Tom Sawyer*. Was he sexy?

**MR. GRAYDON:** He was twelve.

**MILLIE:** Well, if you got it, you got it. *(A phone rings; MR. GRAYDON is saved by the bell.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** I got it! *(MR. GRAYDON exits quickly. MILLIE wheels her desk to CS feeling embarrassed.)*

**JIMMY:** *(Entering)* Millie, we have to talk about last night.

**MILLIE:** In case you didn't get the message by my slamming the phone in your ear, let's forget last night ever happened.

**JIMMY:** You can't be serious!

**MISS FLANNERY:** *(Entering in a fury.)* Leave her alone!

**JIMMY:** *(Not accustomed to being yelled at.)* What—!? *(Stopping himself in an attempt to win over MISS FLANNERY.)* lovely... *(Searching for something nice to say.)* ...elbows you've got, Miss Flannery.

**MISS FLANNERY:** *(A beat, then melts.)* From my mother's side of the family. The Boggs girls were noted for their elbows.

**JIMMY:** I can see why. *(MISS FLANNERY flashes her elbows at JIMMY. He fans himself.)*

**MISS FLANNERY:** *(Flirtatious)* My Barney was always partial to them. But then, you and he are so much alike... *(She turns on a dime, grabbing him by the throat.)* Get out! She never wants to see you again!

**JIMMY:** *(As MISS FLANNERY drags him toward the exit.)* That can't be true!

**MISS FLANNERY:** You better believe it, Mister Man! *(She lifts JIMMY by the collar and hurls him offstage.)*

**JIMMY:** *(From offstage)* Millie!

**MILLIE:** Thank you, Miss Flannery.

**MISS FLANNERY:** Peg.

**MILLIE:** Peg. *(MISS FLANNERY and MILLIE raise fists in the air: Girl Power! MISS FLANNERY exits with a swagger as MISS DOROTHY enters from the opposite side.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** Millie, I hate to bother you at the office—

**MILLIE:** *(With acid.)* More research on how the other half lives? I got a taste of it myself last night.

**MISS DOROTHY:** At Muzzy's party, you mean. Wasn't it heaven? Who knew how soon I'd lie plunged into the depths of Hades!

**MILLIE:** Funny thing about remorse.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Oh, Millie, I feel so dirty! He had this peculiar grin on his face as he went to shake my hand... only it wasn't my hand he wanted to shake. He... he...

**MILLIE:** He pounced!

**MISS DOROTHY:** I couldn't breathe!

**MILLIE:** He takes your breath away!

**MISS DOROTHY:** I felt—

**MILLIE:** In the pit of your stomach?!



**MISS DOROTHY:** My knees buckled!

**MILLIE:** No wonder you couldn't stop him! And as far as you knew, I was going to marry my boss.

**MISS DOROTHY:** You mean you're not?

**MILLIE:** I most certainly am! Oh Miss Dorothy, promise me that no man will ever come between us!

**MISS DOROTHY:** As if anyone could take the place of my best friend! *(They squeal and hug. MISS DOROTHY is somewhat confused.)* But what has this got to do with my audition for David Belasco?

**MILLIE:** Oh! That was this morning. How did it go?

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(Haven't you been listening, Millie?)* Fine. Until he...he... pounced.

**MILLIE:** Him too?! Boy, you've really been through it!

**MISS DOROTHY:** Do I look like the sort of girl who would allow a man to take liberties?

**MILLIE:** You look helpless, which is even better, as far as men are concerned. They think they can get away with it. Well, take a page from my book Miss Dorothy; callous up! Higher heels, shorter skirts... and you're not going to like this— cut your hair!

**MISS DOROTHY:** Cut my hair!?

**MILLIE:** No more little-girl-lost in the lion's den! What I'm offering you is the fashion equivalent to a whip and a chair!

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(A savage growl.)* Tame the beast!

**MILLIE:** No time like the present, Miss Dorothy! *(MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY start to exit.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(From O.S.)* John, be a good old scout and ring up my handball court. Reserve a court for six-fifteen, will you?

**MILLIE:** *(Calling O.S.)* Yes, sir. *(MILLIE gestures "That's him!" to MISS DOROTHY, then sits at her desk and picks up the phone. MR. GRAYDON enters.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** Got to work up a good sweat. Edgy in the gut, tight in the—

### **“Ah Sweet Mystery of Life/ I'm Falling in Love with Someone”**

*(MR. GRAYDON's and MISS DOROTHY's eyes meet, and they are both dumbstruck. Their reaction to each other is expressed only in fantasy, meaning MILLIE can't hear a word of it.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE, AT LAST I'VE FOUND THEE!

**MILLIE:** *(Spoken into the phone.)* A handball court for six-fifteen.

**MR. GRAYDON:** AH! I KNOW AT LAST THE SECRET OF IT ALL!

**MILLIE:** *(Spoken into the phone.)* Handball.

**MISS DOROTHY:** ALL THE LONGING, SEEKING, STRIVING, WAITING, YEARNING.  
THE BURNING HOPES. THE JOY AND IDLE TEARS THAT FALL.

**MILLIE:** *(Spoken into the phone.)* Can't you do better than that? I'll hold. *(MILLIE freezes for the duration of the song.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** I'VE A VERY STRANGE FEELING I NE'ER FELT BEFORE.  
'TIS A KIND OF A GRIND OF DEPRESSION.

**MISS DOROTHY:** MY HEART'S ACTING STRANGELY, IT FEELS RATHER SORE.  
AT LEAST IT GIVES ME THAT IMPRESSION.

**MR. GRAYDON:** MY PULSES LEAP MADLY WITHOUT ANY CAUSE. BELIEVE ME, I'M TELLING YOU TRULY.

**MISS DOROTHY:** I'M GAY WITHOUT PAUSE, THEN SAD WITHOUT CAUSE.

**MR. GRAYDON:** MY SPIRITS ARE TRULY UNRULY.  
FOR I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, SOME ONE GIRL.  
I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, HEAD AWHIRL!

**BOTH:** YES! I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, PLAIN TO SEE.

**MR. GRAYDON:** I'M SURE I COULD LOVE SOMEONE MADLY, IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY LOVE ME.

*(MISS DOROTHY and MR. GRAYDON dance passionately around the office.)*

**BOTH:** YES! I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE. PLAIN TO SEE.  
I'M SURE I COULD LOVE SOMEONE MADLY, IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY LOVE ME.

*(MR. GRAYDON and MISS DOROTHY end the number back where they started. MILLIE unfreezes.)*

**MILLIE:** *(Into the phone.)* Thank you. *(Hangs up the phone. Then to MR. GRAYDON and MISS DOROTHY, oblivious to their attraction to one another.)* Did you two meet? *(MISS DOROTHY and MR. GRAYDON shake their heads "no".)* Mr. Graydon, this is my friend, Miss Dorothy Brown, from the Priscilla Hotel. We're spending my lunch hour at the Mad Cap Beauty Spot. Miss Dorothy's going to have her hair smartly bobbed.

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(As if he's been stabbed.)* Bobbed?! With your beauty?

**MISS DOROTHY:** Mr. Graydon, behave.

**MR. GRAYDON:** I'll bet you could make the moon and the stars behave.

**MILLIE:** Miss Dorothy's an actress, and I thought with the way the theater is today, so rotten—

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(To MISS DOROTHY)* You wouldn't rob some lucky stiff of playing with those adorable curls, would you?

**MILLIE:** I only thought if she cut her hair—

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Shut up, Millie.)* Chuck it, John, just chuck it.

**MILLIE:** *(To MISS DOROTHY)* Mr. Graydon calls me John, you see, because—

**MR. GRAYDON:** Miss Dorothy, I'm going to take you to dinner and try to talk you out of doing mankind such a disservice. May I take the liberty of asking you to dine?

**MISS DOROTHY:** You may.

**MR. GRAYDON:** And afterwards a bit of vaudeville at the Hippodrome. That is, if the comics are not on. Their humor can get altogether too ribald for a lady's ear.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Perfect. Millie, I think I'll keep my curls, at least until tonight. Instead, I'm going to find a suitable frock for this evening.

**MR. GRAYDON:** 'Twill be gilding the lily.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Hush, Mr. Graydon.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Trevor!

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(Savage growl.)* Trevor! Till tonight.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Seven-fifteen?

**MISS DOROTHY:** Sharp! *(MISS DOROTHY exits.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** That Miss Dorothy! Great Scott, that Miss Dorothy! Pretty as a peach and skin to beat the band. Perfect little pippin.

**MILLIE:** *(Fighting tears.)* Perfect.

**MR. GRAYDON:** What a dandy little bundle for a fellow to cuddle.

**MILLIE:** Dandy.

### **"On the Fat Side"**

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Man-to-man.)* Say, imagine all that sweet softness in your arms... *(Regaining his professional composure.)* Yes, well, make dinner reservations at the Plaza. The Candlenook Room. Quiet Corner table for two. I think Miss Dorothy's for the Plaza, don't you? *(MILLIE dejectedly nods "yes".)* And John? Flowers.

**MILLIE:** There's a florist around the corner from the hotel. I'll order from them.

**MR. GRAYDON:** That's, using the old bean! Roses. Pink. Two dozen.

**MILLIE:** *(A knife in her heart as she scribbles on her pad.)* Two dozen.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Long-stemmed.

**MILLIE:** *(He's turning the knife in her heart.)* Long-stemmed.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Plump. *(MR. GRAYDON exits.)*

**MILLIE:** *(With a tearful edge; how much can a girl take?)* On the fat side!

## **SCENE 2**

### **“Jimmy on the Window Ledge”**

*(The window ledge outside of MILLIE's office. JIMMY enters crawling along the ledge until he reaches MILLIE's window.)*

**JIMMY:** Pssst, Millie. *(When MILLIE looks around the office.)* Out here.

**MILLIE:** *(Spots him on the ledge. Crosses to the window.)* For goodness sake, Jimmy, what are you doing?

**JIMMY:** How else can I get to you? Old Elbows has every door barricaded. She says you never want to see me again.

**MILLIE:** That's what I told her.

**JIMMY:** Take it back, *(Teasing MILLIE.)* or I'll jump.

**MILLIE:** Jimmy! I'm in no mood for this. It's been a rough day.

**JIMMY:** Can I help?

**MILLIE:** I don't know; you need a stenog? I'm quitting my job. Mr. Graydon isn't available anymore. He's lost his heart to—talk about your tangled web! He's fallen for a friend of ours.

**JIMMY:** *(A guess.)* Miss Dorothy? *(MILLIE nods "yes".)* Well I'll be—

**MILLIE:** Bitter? No Jimmy. Don't blame her. I don't, I really don't. Mr. Graydon, either. Love swamped 'em. We're too young to live a life of hate.

**JIMMY:** I agree, *(Leans in for a kiss.)* so let's kiss and make-up. *(MILLIE turns away.)* Or at least make-up. Maybe our kissing wasn't such a good idea.

**MILLIE:** Or maybe you prefer kissing Miss Dorothy.

**JIMMY:** What are you talking about?

**MILLIE:** Don't deny it, Jimmy. I was a little giddy from champagne, but I saw you leaving her room.

**JIMMY:** What did you think we were doing?!

**MILLIE:** Gee. I can't imagine. Not that I need to. She told me everything.

**JIMMY:** Then you got your wires crossed! Yes, I went to her room last night. I had to talk to somebody.

**MILLIE:** An intimate conversation, from the looks of it.

**JIMMY:** As a matter of fact, it was. I've been so confused, Millie, so mixed-up. Ever since you tripped me, life's been topsy-turvy. Like now, for instance... what am I doing on a window ledge hundreds of feet in the air?

**MILLIE:** Good question. Can you answer it inside, Jimmy? You're making me nervous.

**JIMMY:** No thanks. I like the view. The world looks different from up here, Millie.

**MILLIE:** Better or worse?

**JIMMY:** You tell me.

**MILLIE:** Just the same skyline I see every day.

**JIMMY:** I'm talking twenty stories beneath us.

### **"I Turned the Corner"**

**JIMMY:** Dozens of busses... hundreds of cabs...

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, WAY DOWN BELOW, WANDERING TO AND FRO.

TIRELESS PEOPLE, NO TIME TO LOSE, CROWDING THE AVENUES AND PARKS.

ON THEIR MARKS, RACING FAST, QUITE A CAST.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, PICK ANY TWO: THEY COULD BE JUST LIKE YOU AND ME USED TO BE,

WAY BACK WHEN, STRANGERS, THEN—

I TURNED THE CORNER, AND THERE YOU STOOD,

YOUR SMILE LIKE HOME TO ME. YOUR HEART FAMILIAR.

NO USE PRETENDING, NOT THAT I COULD. I TURNED THE CORNER WHEN I MET YOU.

I TURNED THE CORNER, STOPPED ON A DIME LIKE I REMEMBERED SOMEONE LONG FORGOTTEN.

NO MERE FLIRTATION, NO MARKING TIME. I TURNED THE CORNER WHEN I MET YOU, WHEN I MET YOU.

*(JIMMY cautiously stands up on the ledge.)*

WAS OUR ENCOUNTER PLANNED, DESTINY'S GUIDING HAND?

FORTUNE OR FATE, IT'S GRAND THE WAY YOU MAKE ME FEEL!

*(MILLIE tentatively climbs out on the ledge—literally and figuratively. They embrace then, immediately*

*pull apart, terrified to be standing twenty stories above Manhattan. JIMMY reaches for MILLIE's hand and they start dancing, tentatively at first, then relaxing into a romantic "Fred and Ginger" pas de deux.)*

**JIMMY:** Have dinner with me.

**MILLIE:** All right. A celebration.

**JIMMY:** Then leis do it up right: champagne!

**MILLIE:** Caviar!

**JIMMY:** Lobster!

**MILLIE:** A four-star joint so swank, they don't put prices on the menu.

**JIMMY:** I've got it. Muzzy's singing at Cafe Society. We'll go there.

**MILLIE:** Deal. And Dutch treat.

**JIMMY:** Oh, no.

**MILLIE:** Oh, yes. We'll pool what little money we have and blow it all on one memorable meal. And if we don't eat again for a month, who cares?

**JIMMY:** ALL OF THE PAST ERASED, GLORIOUS FUTURE FACED. NOW THAT MY LIFE YOU'VE GRACED,  
I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME! I TURNED THE CORNER, FEET ON THE GROUND.  
MY SPIRIT SOARED AS YOU APPEARED BEFORE ME! I WASN'T LOOKING. LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

**MILLIE:** *(Echoing JIMMY.)* ALL OF THE PAST ERASED, GLORIOUS FUTURE FACED.  
NOW MY LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME! I TURNED THE CORNER, FEET ON THE GROUND.  
MY SPIRIT SOARED AS YOU APPEARED BEFORE ME! I DIDN'T LOOK— WHAT I FOUND!

**JIMMY:** I TURNED THE CORNER WHEN I MET YOU. *(JIMMY and MILLIE are about to kiss when they are interrupted by MR. GRAYDON's voice from O.S.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** John!

**JIMMY:** You better get back to work before your ex-lover misses you.

**MILLIE:** Pick me up at seven?

**JIMMY:** Pick you up at seven. *(MILLIE returns to her desk as JIMMY remains on the ledge.)*

**BOTH:** I TURNED THE CORNER.

**JIMMY:** WHEN I MET YOU.

**"Falling in Love, Reprise"**

*(MR. GRAYDON and MISS DOROTHY enter. Each of them is his/her own world.)*

**MILLIE:** FOR I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, SOMEONE,  
I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, HEAD A WHIRL.

**JIMMY:** FOR I AM FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE GIRL.  
I AM FALLING SO IN LOVE, A FEELING I HAVE NEVER FELT. PULSES LEAPING MADLY

**MR. GRAYDON:** FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, SOME GIRL.

**MISS DOROTHY:** SOMEONE, SOME ONE GIRL.

**ALL FOUR:** YES I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, PLAIN TO SEE.

**MILLIE:** I'M SURE I COULD LOVE SOMEONE MADLY,

**JIMMY:** I'M SURE I COULD LOVE SOMEONE.

**MISS DOROTHY:** I'M SURE I COULD LOVE SOMEONE.

**MR. GRAYDON:** I'M SURE.

**CHING HO:** *(CHING HO enters studying a Chinese/English dictionary. A struggle to pronounce the words phonetically.)* I love you, Miss Dorothy.

**ALL:** IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY LOVE ME!

## **"Love and Peril"**

### **SCENE 3**

*(The twelfth floor of the Hotel Priscilla. MRS. MEERS enters with a bundle of pink roses. She is followed by BUN FOO, who drags a reluctant CHING HO on with him. She tiptoes to MISS DOROTHY's door and presses her ear against it. MISS DOROTHY can be heard inside, rehearsing a monologue.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(From inside her room.)* Oh, woe is me! *(Another line reading.)* Oh woe is me! *(Another line reading.)* Oh, woe is me!

**MRS. MEERS:** Oh, give it up. Give it up. *(The joke is lost on BUN FOO and CHING HO, so it's back to business. MRS. MEERS removes two pesticide spray guns from inside the bundle of roses. She hands one to BUN FOO.)* He loves me. *(She hands the other spray gun to CHING HO.)* He loves me not.

**CHING HO:** Mh dak. Mrs. Maiyisi.

**SUPERTITLE:** No, Mrs. Meers.

**MRS. MEERS:** No what, Ching Ho?

**CHING HO:** Ngoh mh jeun leih seung hoih Dolohkdai Slu je.

*SUPERTITLE: I won't let you do this to Miss Dorothy.*

**BUN FOO:** Mh hou sehng yaht nam jyuh keuih hou mh mou?!

*SUPERTITLE: Would you forget about her?!*

**CHING HO:** Leih dou mh ming baahk ngoi ching haih mat!

*SUPERTITLE: You don't know what love is!*

**BUN FOO:** Ni go sai gaai juah haih gam yeung ga la. Yauh yahn syu, jauh yahn yehng, ngoh ne jauh yehng gang ga la, bin go dou jo mh dou ngoh ge!

*SUPERTITLE: Welcome to the world. Somebody loses, somebody wins, and I'm going to win, so don't get in my way!*

*(CHING HO's next line overlaps BUN FOO's line to create the feeling of an escalating argument. It is not translated for the audience, and is translated below only for the actor's benefit.)*

**CHING HO:** Leih tai ha leih bin chin mat yin yang!      **TRANSLATION:** Look what you've become!

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Quieting them.)* And curtain! *(Pulling them apart.)* Spare me the family feud. It boils down to this: who's it going to be, boys, Miss Dorothy... or Mama?

## "Muquin"

**MRS. MEERS:** EVERYTHING SEEMS LOVELY WHEN YOU START TO ROAM

THE BIRDS ARE SINGING THE DAY THAT YOU STRAY, BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE FARTHER AWAY

THINGS WONT BE SO LOVELY WHEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE.

HERE'S WHAT YOU'LL KEEP SAYING WHEN YOU'RE FAR FROM HOME

*(MRS. MEERS removes a photograph from her pocket of BUN FOO and CHING HO's mother- which she dangles in front of them.)*

**BUN FOO:** *(From the heart.)* MUQIN.

*SUPERTITLE: Mammy.*

**MRS. MEERS:** That's right.

**CHING HO:** MUQIN.

*SUPERTITLE: Mammy.*

**MRS. MEERS:** Now you're talking.



**BUN FOO:** TAI YANG ZHAO DONG FANG.

*SUPERTITLE: The sun shines east.*

**CHING HO:** TAI YANG ZHAO XI FANG.

*SUPERTITLE: The sun shines west.*

**MRS. MEERS:** BUT YOU KNOW WHERE “TAIYANG ZHAO” BEST.

**BUN FOO:** ZHAO DAO, ZHAO DAO MU QIN TA SHEN SHANG

*SUPERTITLE: On Mammy.*

**CHING HO:** ZHAO WO, ZHAO WO MU QIN TA SHEN SHANG.

*SUPERTITLE: My mammy.*

**MRS. MEERS:** Yeah!

**BOTH:** WO DE XIN YONG YUAN WANG JIA XIANG

*SUPERTITLE: My heart strings are tangled around Siam-y.*

**MRS. MEERS:** You can taste her cooking!

**CHING HO:** WO LAI LIAO. BU REN YAO NIN DUO DENG DAI.

*SUPERTITLE: I'm coming. Sorry that I made you wait.*

**MRS. MEERS:** Take her home!

**BUN FOO:** *(Sings a la Al Jolson.)* WO LAI LIAO. WAN LE KONG PA NIN BU ZAI.

*SUPERTITLE: I'm coming. I hope and pray I'm not too late.*

**MRS. MEERS:** It's never too late for:

**ALL:** MAMMY. MAMMY.

*SUPERTITLE: ("Mammy. Mammy" spelled vertically in Mandarin characters.)*

**CHING HO & BUN FOO:** WO YUEN ZOU BAI WAN LI KAN NI XIAO MI MI.

*SUPERTITLE: We'd walk a million miles for one of those smiles.*

**ALL:** MY MAMMY.

*SUPERTITLE: ("My Mammy." Spelled vertically in Mandarin characters.)*

*(ALL dance a soft shoe, CHING HO and BUN FOO motivated by filial devotion, MRS. MEERS motivated by having gotten them back under her thumb.)*

**CHING HO:** WO YUEN ZOU BAI WAN LI KAN NI XIAO MI MI

*SUPERTITLE: I'd walk a million miles for one for those smiles.*

**BUN FOO:** WO YI BEI FAN ZUI YE BU HAI PA.

*SUPERTITLE: We'll lead a life of crime to buy us some time.*

**MRS. MEERS:** THEY'LL WORK FOR MRS. MEERS THE REST OF THEIR YEARS!

**ALL:** MY MAMMY!

*SUPERTITLE: You know the word.*

*(MRS. MEERS opens MISS DOROTHY's door. CHING HO and BUN FOO exit into her room, armed with the spray guns. MRS. MEERS slams MISS DOROTHY's door and crosses D.S.)*

## **"Muquin Tag"**

**MRS. MEERS:** WO YUEN ZOU BAI WAN LI KAN NI XIAO MI MI *(Exiting in a slow strut.)* MY MAMMY!

## **SCENE 4**

*(The floor show at Café Society. MUZZY'S BOYS enter and sing.)*

## **"Long as I'm Here With You"**

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** WE'VE BEEN SAD AND LONESOME, HERE AT CAFE SOCIETY.

BUT TONIGHT THE WORLD IS RIGHT.

A DREAM COME TRUE: MISS "YOU-KNOW-WHO" IS BACK WHERE SHE BELONGS.

BA DA DA DA DA.BA DA DA DA DA DA,BA ROT DAT DA DA.BA DA DA DA DA,BA DA DA DA DA DA.

*(MUZZY enters.)*

**MUZZY:** LIFE IS A HOLIDAY. I'M TALKING JUNE THROUGH MAY.

A NIGHTLY SELL-OUT SHOW, AND BABY, I'M FRONT ROW.

BYE-BYE TO LONELY NIGHTS, ONLY NIGHTS WHEN THE TWO OF US CAN COO.

SKIES ARE SUNNY AND CLEAR, LONG AS I'M HERE WITH YOU.

**MUZZY:** *(Simultaneous with MUZZY'S BOYS)* THE WORLD'S A SUGAR BOWL. IT'S SEVENS EV'RY ROLL

SNEAK PEEK AT PARADISE. THE VIEW IS MIGHTY NICE.

I GOT NO BLUES TO SING, CHOOSE TO SING A MELODY FOR TWO.

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** *(Simultaneous with MUZZY)* BOO-DY-I DAH. BOO-DY-I DAH. BA DA DA DA DA DA BR—

BOO-DY-I-DAH. BOO-DY-I-DAH. BA DA DA DA DA DA BR— OOH. OOH.

**MUZZY:** HAPPY ENDING IS NEAR, LONG AS I'M HERE WITH YOU

*(MILLIE and JIMMY appear washing dishes. The show is still going on, but we are now transported to the kitchen for the following scene. MILLIE washes dishes while JIMMY dries.)*

**MILLIE:** Well, you said we'd hear Muzzy sing, but you didn't say we'd hear her from the kitchen.

**JIMMY:** Hey, we both came up short.

**MILLIE:** True. Now we know why they don't put prices on the menu: they're ashamed!

**JIMMY:** This is not how I intended this evening to end.

**MILLIE:** You sure about that?

**JIMMY:** What's that supposed to mean?

**MILLIE:** When you want to see a show, you're an usher for a night. Is this how you get your fish eggs?

**JIMMY:** I said I'd ask Muzzy to front us the dough.

**MILLIE:** She's busy. And it's not like we could pay her back. It'll be macaroni in my room until my next paycheck. And you— never mind.

**JIMMY:** What? Go on.

**MILLIE:** *(Indicating the plate.)* Missed a spot.

**JIMMY:** *(A playful dig.)* Where's the soy sauce?

**MILLIE:** I'll stick with vinegar. My grandmother swears it'll clean anything. *(The lights change and JIMMY continues in slow motion as MILLIE sings an inner monologue.)*

GRANNY, DEAR. MOTHER MINE... *(Looking at her working hands.)* NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME!

I'm sorry Jimmy. This was a mistake. We're not right for each other! *(MILLIE exits and JIMMY runs after her, and we get taken back to the show.)*

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** LIFE IS A HOLIDAY. I'M TALKING JUNE THROUGH MAY.

A NIGHTLY SELL-OUT SHOW, AND BABY, IM FRONT ROW.

**MUZZY:** I GOT NO BLUES TO SING, CHOOSE TO SING A MELODY FOR TWO.

HAPPY ENDING IS NEAR, LONG AS I'M HERE WITH YOU.

WHO CARES IF THERE'S NO BOOZE, OR THAT THE YANKEES LOSE?

CAN'T PAY MY INCOME TAX, BUT IN SPITE OF THE FACTS,

NO ONE COULD ASK FOR MORE.

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** DOO-OO.

**MUZZY:** KID IN A CANDY STORE.

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** DOO-OO.

**MUZZY:** THE JACKPOT HAS BEEN HIT.

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** DOO-OO.

**MUZZY:** I'M LIVIN' PROOF OF IT.

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** DOO-OO.

**MUZZY:** AND AS FOR ALL THAT PASSED, CALL THAT PAST! I FOUND A HEART THAT'S TRUE.

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** OOH. OOH.

**MUZZY:** WHAT A RED-LETTER YEAR, LONG AS IM HERE WITH YOU.

*(To MUZZY'S BOYS.)* AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU

*(To audience.)* AND YEAH, YOU TOO! SO HAPPY, DEAR,

LONG AS I'M HERE WITH, LONG AS I'M HERE WITH YOU!

### **“Long As I’m Here With You Playoff”**

**MUZZY'S BOYS:** AND YOU. AND YOU. AND YOU. AND YOU. AND YOU. GOOD-BYE TO YOU!

*(MUZZY'S BOYS exits as MUZZY takes a bow and blows them kisses.)*

## **SCENE 5**

*(MUZZY'S dressing room. MATHILDE enters, helping MUZZY with her robe.)*

**MUZZY:** Thanks, Mathilde.

**MATHILDE:** And Mrs. Van H., you got yourself a visitor.

**MUZZY:** Between sets?

**MATHILDE:** This one you'll want to see.

**MUZZY:** Oh, all right. *(MATHILDE exits and MILLE enters.)*

**MUZZY:** Millie? What are you doing here?

**MILLIE:** It was supposed to be dinner for two. Now it's dishes for two hundred.

**MUZZY:** Let me guess: Jimmy?

**MILLIE:** And I'm so crazy about him, it almost seemed fun. But not a lifetime of it, not for me! I may be a working girl, but I'm no boob.

**MUZZY:** Who said there's anything wrong with being a working girl? I was a working girl myself in the chorus. And by the by, I was no boob either.

**MILLIE:** No. You married well. That's my plan, and I've got to stick to it!

**MUZZY:** *(As if excited.)* Jimmy told me your plan! To marry your boss?

**MILLIE:** Yes.

**MUZZY:** *(Even more excited.)* Love has nothing to do with it?!

**MILLIE:** No ma'am! I'm a modern.

**MUZZY:** *(Telling it like it is.)* You're a boob.

**MILLIE:** But Muzzy—

**MUZZY:** Sit down, Millie. Sit down. Now, I know you're not going to believe me, but when I first met Mr. Van H., I had no idea he was a real multi-millionaire. I really hadn't. He was just another one of those darling daddies hanging around the stage door. True, cross my heart. And he drank beer. Facts be known, I truly prefer beer. Oh, he was a great and wonderful man. Affection, that's what he had. Affection. Well, we became engaged, and Mr. Van H., he gave me this great big old green glass brooch. And I lent it to my girlfriend one night so she could impress a new beau. Well, as fate would have it, the new beau turned out to be a jeweler! And the green glass brooch turned out to be emeralds! I've got to admit, in this case, I truly do prefer emeralds. But I was heartsick. I thought Mr. Van H. had stolen it, so I begged him to take it back and go straight. Well, he just laughed and laughed and laughed, and then he told me that he really was a real multi-millionaire, even if he didn't look like one to a girl. And we became married right away. But tweedums, like I say, while I truly prefer emeralds, we could have made it on green glass. *(Moved at the memory of her late husband.)* We could have made it on green glass.

**MILLIE:** *(Hugs MUZZY.)* Oh, Muzzy, you're so worthwhile.

**MUZZY:** Little Millie, if it's marriage you've got in mind, love has everything to do with it.

## **“Before Gimme Gimme”**

**MUZZY:** *(Regarding the music.)* They're starting my number *(MUZZY starts to exit, then stops.)* Follow your heart. *(MUZZY exits.)*

## **“Gimme Gimme”**

**MILLIE:** A SIMPLE CHOICE, NOTHING MORE. THIS OR THAT. EITHER/OR.

MARRY WELL, SOCIAL WHIRL, BUSINESSMAN, CLEVER GIRL,

OR PIN MY FUTURE ON A GREEN GLASS LOVE?

WHAT KIND OF LIFE AM I DREAMING OF?

I SAY: GIMME GIMME... GIMME GIMME...GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE.

I WANT IT. GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. I NEED IT.  
 HIGHS AND LOWS, TEARS AND LAUGHTER. GIMME HAPPY EVER AFTER.  
 GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. I CRAVE IT.  
 GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. I'LL BRAVE IT.  
 THICK 'N THIN, RICH-OR-POOR TIME. GIMME YEARS, AND I'LL WANT MORE TIME.  
 GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. I'M FREE NOW.  
 GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. I SEE NOW.  
 FLY, DOVE! SING, SPARROW! GIMME CUPID'S FAMOUS ARROW.  
 GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE.  
 I DON'T CARE IF HE'S A NOBODY. IN MY HEART, HE'LL BE A SOMEBODY. SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME!  
 I NEED IT. GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE. I WANNIT!  
 HERE I AM, ST. VALENTINE, MY BAGS ARE PACKED, I'M FIRST IN LINE!  
 APHRODITE, DON'T FORGET ME. ROMEO AND JULIET ME!  
 FLY, DOVE! SING, SPARROW! GIMME FAT BOY'S FAMOUS ARROW!  
 GIMME GIMME THAT THING CALLED LOVE!

### **“Gimme Gimme Tag”**

#### **SCENE 6**

*(The dining room of Cafe Society. MR. GRAYDON drunk and disheveled, is slumped over his table. At the next table are DAPHNE, a wealthy, nouveau rich, woman, and DEXTER, her beleaguered husband.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Sings like a drunken moose.)* AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE, AT LAST I'VE FOUND THEE.

**DAPHNE:** *(To MR. GRAYDON.)* Pardon me, but my husband and I are trying to enjoy a romantic dinner. It's our anniversary.

**DEXTER:** Eight. Teen. Years.

**MR. GRAYDON:** S'beautiful. S'cuse me. *(Sings another outburst.)* AH! I KNOW AT LAST THE SECRET OF IT—

**DAPHNE:** Sir! I really must insist that you—

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(For a moment, he's mean.)* Chuck it, ma'am, just chuck it!

**DAPHNE:** Well, I never...! *(DAPHNE starts to exit, ordering DEXTER like a dog.)* Dexter, come! *(DAPHNE exits followed by DEXTER. MILLIE enters and MR. GRAYDON mistakes her for a waiter.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** Set me up, tapster.

**MILLIE:** Mr. Graydon?!

**MR. GRAYDON:** Oh hello, John. *(MR. GRAYDON hands MILLIE his coffee cup.)* More coffee.

**MILLIE:** *(Smelling the cup.)* Strong coffee!

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(His words slurred.)* Not strong enough. Could not never be strong enough!

**MILLIE:** Could not never? Double negative... Oh, Mr. Graydon, what's happened to you?

**MR. GRAYDON:** She stood me up.

**MILLIE:** Miss Dorothy stood you up? How very strange. *(JIMMY enters and spots MILLIE.)*

**JIMMY:** Millie! You didn't leave!

**MILLIE:** I started to, but—

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(To JIMMY.)* Say—

**MILLIE:** *(To JIMMY.)* I'll explain later. Go on, Mr. Graydon.

**MR. GRAYDON:** I went to the Hotel Priscilla to call on Miss Dorothy, and the lady at the front desk—

**MILLIE:** Mrs. Meers.

**MR. GRAYDON:** --said that she had checked out. No note, no forwarding address... *(He's on the verge of becoming a weepy drunk.)* John, where is she?

**MILLIE:** I don't know.

**JIMMY:** Something's very wrong.

### **“Something's Very Wrong”**

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Instantly stone cold sober.)* You suspect foul play, son?

**JIMMY:** She wouldn't check out without telling anyone.

**MILLIE:** Ethel peas did. And another girl when I first moved in. Both of them were here one day and gone the next, without a word to anyone, except Mrs. Meers.

**MR. GRAYDON:** What did the young ladies have in common? Worldly possessions?

**MILLIE:** Gosh, no. Ethel peas didn't have a dime. And what's-her-name was flat broke. And an orphan, poor thing. *(In a flash, a perfect imitation of MRS. MEERS.)* "Sad to be awe arone in da whirld."

**MR. GRAYDON:** How's that?

**MILLIE:** Mrs. Meers is always saying that.

**JIMMY:** Mrs. Meers again.

**MILLIE:** You don't think—?!

**JIMMY:** I do.

**MILLIE:** You don't mean-?!

**MR. GRAYDON:** White slavery! (*MILLIE and JIMMY gasp.*) Cruel, but true. If a girl is all alone in the world and she checks out, who's to question her fate?

**JIMMY:** But Miss Dorothy isn't all alone in the world!

**MR. GRAYDON:** Certainly not!

**MILLIE:** She's got us!

**JIMMY:** When did you last see her, at the Priscilla?

**MILLIE:** I knocked on her door when I got home from work, but no answer. I figured she was napping.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Kidnapping, I'd say!

**JIMMY:** (*Starting to exit.*) Not if I can help it. I'm calling the police!

**MR. GRAYDON:** (*Stopping JIMMY.*) Steady, boy. Anything that might arouse Mrs. Meers' suspicion could mean an end to Miss Dorothy.

**MILLIE:** You're right. What we need is a temporary orphan, someone who's willing to put herself in harm's way.

**JIMMY:** I get it! Take the bait, do a sleeping beauty, and lead us to Miss Dorothy.

**MILLIE:** I'd do it myself, but she knows me.

**MR. GRAYDON:** And she's unlikely to forget the Cain I raised when she told me Miss Dorothy was gone.

**JIMMY:** Graydon, I don't think either of us would pass as a new girl in town.

## **"The Chase"**

**MILLIE:** No but I know exactly who can do it! (*JIMMY seems to read MILLIE's mind. He and MILLIE exit. Utterly clueless, MR. GRAYDON follows them.*)

## **SCENE 7**

(*The lobby of the Hotel Priscilla. MUZZY enters, disguised in ingénue apparel and a blonde wig, and carrying a beat-up suitcase. She surveys the lobby, clearly unused to less than four-star accommodations. She crosses to the front desk and rings the bell.*)

**MRS. MEERS:** (*From inside her office. Drowsily.*) Coming! (*MUZZY rings again.*) I'm coming. (*MUZZY rings again. MRS. MEERS enters from her office.*) **Do you have any idea what time it is?**



**MUZZY:** *(For all her talent, she doesn't play the ingénue well.)* I hope I didn't wake you.

**MRS. MEERS:** **At three a.m.? Why would I be asleep? Now, what can I do for you, miss--** *(Upon closer inspection of MUZZY.)* **madam?**

**MUZZY:** The sign says vacancy.

**MRS. MEERS:** **So?**

**MUZZY:** So I'd like to fill it.

**MRS. MEERS:** **You sure you come to right place?**

**MUZZY:** This is a hotel, isn't it?

**MRS. MEERS:** **Uh-huh. The Hotel. Priscilla, a residence for *young* ladies.**

**MUZZY:** *(Choosing to ignore the dig.)* Precisely. I need a room.

**MRS. MEERS:** *(In amazement that a woman MUZZY's age considers herself young.)* Suit yourself. *(Covering the dropped accent with a geisha giggle, then back to the accent.)* **A nice sunny room just become available.**

**MUZZY:** I can't wait to settle in and start making friends. I don't know a soul in New York. I don't know a soul anywhere... except at the orphanage!

**MRS. MEERS:** *(The word "orphan" is like catnip to her.)* **Oh?! Sad to be all alone in the world.** *(Scrutinizes MUZZY)* **But surely, that was years ago.**

**MUZZY:** *(Forcing herself to ignore the age crack.)* Not at all. I came straight away from St. Bonaventure's Home for Orphaned Children.

**MRS. MEERS:** Did you walk? *(MUZZY fumes silently, covering with a forced smile. MRS. MEERS resumes the "Chinese" accent.)* **Now, if you'd register.** *(Reading over MUZZY's shoulder as MUZZY registers.)* **"Zazu... Rosy..."** *(Drops the "Chinese" accent, floored by the last name.)* Shmevmen?!"

**MUZZY:** It's Swedish.

**MRS. MEERS:** **Funny, I think you "Finnish." Now, before I show you to your room, why don't we get acquainted over a freshly brewed cup of green tea?**

**"Green Tea"**

**MUZZY:** *(Exiting into MRS. MEERS' office.)* Oh, I'm just mad for green tea!

**MRS. MEERS:** *(Furtively dials the phone.)* Hello, Buddha? Butterfly here. I've got one for you, priced to sell at two-seventy *(On second thought, slashing the price.)* Two-fifty. A little long in the tooth, but in a dark corner on the late, late shift at Big Mary's Tart Shop in Hong Kong—

**MUZZY:** *(Peeks her head out of the office.)* You coming? *(MUZZY exits.)*

**MRS. MEERS:** Make it one-fifty. *(MRS. MEERS exits into her office. MILLIE, JIMMY and MR. GRAYDON enter. They enter the elevator and begin tap dancing, to get the elevator to ascend.)*

## **“Double Meers – Part 1”**

### **SCENE 8**

*(A dark hallway of the Hotel Priscilla. CHING HO wheels a laundry cart on stage. He checks to make sure the coast is clear, then opens it. MISS DOROTHY pops up, her hands tied behind her back, her mouth gagged. CHING HO removes her gag.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(As CHING HO unties her hands.)* What is going on around here? Wheeling me through the lobby in a cart filled with dirty laundry? *(As CHING HO rifles through a tabloid newspaper.)* Most irregular, I don't care how middle class a place it is! *(When CHING HO spreads the open newspaper in front of her.)* This is no time for the newspaper. I demand an explanation. *(CHING HO points emphatically to an article. MISS DOROTHY reads from the newspaper.)* "Police are on the lookout for Daisy Crumpler... ."

**CHING HO:** Mrs. Maiyisi!

**MISS DOROTHY:** Mrs. Meers?! *(A closer look at the picture.)* Dear me! She needs a new headshot. But why are the police after her? *(CHING HO closes paper to reveal the “White Slavery” headline.)* "White Slavery"...? *(In a panic as the horror of it dawns on her.)* No, no... help me! Somebody, help!

## **“Double Meers – Part 2”**

**CHING HO:** Shhhhhh! *(CHING HO removes the Chinese/English dictionary from his pocket, finds the word, then struggles to sound it out.)* I protect you, Miss Dorothy. *(CHING HO closes the dictionary and indicates for MISS DOROTHY to duck inside the cart. Instead, she reaches for the dictionary.)*

**MISS DOROTHY:** May I see that, please? *(She takes the dictionary and flips through it till she finds the word, then struggles to sound it out.)* Dwo jieh, Mr. Ho.

*SUPERTITLE: Thank you, Mr. Ho.*

**CHING HO:** Ching Ho.

**MISS DOROTHY:** Ching Ho.

**MRS. MEERS:** *(From offstage.)* Ching Ho! Bun Foo!

## **“Double Meers – Part 3”**

**MISS DOROTHY:** She's coming! (*MISS DOROTHY ducks inside the cart. CHING HO closes it and wheels it off. We are now in the laundry room of the Hotel Priscilla. There is one laundry cart on stage, and MRS. MEERS enters with another one containing MUZZY.*)

**MRS. MEERS:** Boys where are you?! (*BUN FOO enters and startles MRS. MEERS.*) Ooooooh!

**BUN FOO:** (*Startled that she is startled.*) Ooooooh!

**MRS. MEERS:** Where's your brother? (*BUN FOO shakes his head to indicate that he doesn't understand. She repeats the question, elongating the words as if he is deaf and/or stupid. BUN FOO mirrors the contorted faces she makes in an attempt to figure out what she is saying.*) Yooooooooooooooooooooo!

Broooooooooooooooooooooo! Theeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeer! (*She's had it.*) Skip it! Been in this country over a month, and you still don't speak a word of English. You are going nowhere, just like that mother of yours. She will rot in Hong Kong before I import her and you're too big a fool to know it! (*Using gestures to convey the meaning.*) Go! Find! Ching Ho! (*BUN FOO exits. MRS. MEERS crosses to the laundry cart.*)

### **"Zazu Rosy Schmevmen"**

**MRS. MEERS:** Hold right, Zazu. The boat won't sail without you. (*Amused by the name.*) Zazu Rosy Shmcvmen...?! You couldn't make that up. (*Maybe you could make that up!*) Or could you?! (*Doing the math in her head.*) Zazu Rosy Shmevmen...separate the 'Y's Susan Zory Mezhmev...move the "v"...Mossy H.Muzzervane...carry the "h"... Muzzy Van Hossmere... (*That name she recognizes.*) Muzzy Van Hossmere?! (*Leaps away from the cart and opens it.*) Or can I still call you Mabel! (*MUZZY sits up inside the cart.*)

**MUZZY:** How do you know my-? (*A flash of recognition.*) Daisy Crumpler! I haven't seen you since they kicked you out of the chorus.

**MRS. MEERS:** I was too good for the chorus.

**MUZZY:** Well, you're slipping. I'm onto your little operation.

**MRS. MEERS:** You can't prove anything.

**MUZZY:** C'mon, you doped me and stashed me in a cart.

**MRS. MEERS:** So it's a budget hotel. What are you going to do about it? You won't talk where you're going, unless you speak Chinese.

**MUZZY:** The disappearance of Muzzy Van Hossmere will cause quite a stir!

**MRS. MEERS:** (*In her most exaggerated "Chinese" accent yet.*) I sorry, what that name again? Van Hoss-a-mere? No, I don't know a Van Hoss-amere. But I do recall that Zazu Shmevmen check in, then check out of my hotel today. A restless girl, like countless others, orphans every one of'em, who no one ever misses when they disappear "**compretery!**" But then I don't have to tell you. You'll have lots of time to hear their stories as you get to know them on those summer nights in Hong Kong!

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Popping up from behind the laundry cart.)* Read that back to me, please!

### **“The Speed Test Reprise”**

**MILLIE:** *(MILLIE pops up from inside the laundry cart, steno pad in hand and sings rapid fire.)*

VAN HOSSMERE? NO I DON'T KNOW A VAN HOSSMERE. BUT I DO RECALL THAT ZAZU SHMEVMEN CHECK IN THEN CHECK OUT OF MY HOTEL TODAY. A RESTLESS GIRL, LIKE COUNTLESS OTHERS, ORPHANS EV'RY ONE OF' EM, WHO NO ONE EVER MISSES WHEN THEY DISAPPEAR "COMPRETERY."  
BUT THEN I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU. YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF TIME TO HEAR THEIR STORIES AS YOU GET TO KNOW THEM ON THOSE SUMMER NIGHTS IN HONG KONG.

**MR. GRAYDON:** EV'RY WORD OF YOUR SUMMATION!

**BOTH:** FASTEST STENOGRAPH IN THE NATION! *(JIMMY pops up next to MILLIE in the laundry cart.)*

**ALL:** *(Minus MRS. MEERS.)* AAAAAH!

**MRS. MEERS:** So, you eavesdropped on me? Hearsay! Inadmissible! Where's the proof? Where's the proof?!

**BUN FOO:** *(Rushing in.)* Hong Kong!

**MRS. MEERS:** Bun Foo!

**BUN FOO:** *(BUN FOO crosses toward MRS. MEERS.)* Buddha get girl. Meers get cash. Five, six hundred dollar. Thousand dollar for Miss Dorothy!

**MRS. MEERS:** If you want to see your mama anytime soon —

**BUN FOO:** You liar! You no bring ahma over. Me English better than you Chinese! *(MR. GRAYDON and JIMMY help MILLIE and MUZZY out of the carts. They form a group around MRS. MEERS.)*

**JIMMY:** It's over, Meers, or Crumpler, or whatever your alias du jour is.

**MUZZY:** Not alias, Jimmy, stage name. But Daisy, is this what you've been reduced to, a character part in a sordid tale of villainy and terror?

**MRS. MEERS:** Character part... .?! Character part?! Try star!

**MILLIE:** Well your show's about to close.

**MR. GRAYDON:** Unless you hand over Miss Dorothy.

**MR. GRAYDON, MILLIE, JIMMY AND MUZZY:** Where is she? *(From O.S., MISS DOROTHY's voice is heard. Immediately, all attention is diverted from MRS. MEERS.)*

### **“Ah, Sweet Mystery Reprise”**

**MISS DOROTHY:** AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I'VE FOUND THEE. *(ALL scramble the stage, searching for MISS DOROTHY as MRS. MEERS escapes.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Spoken.)* Miss Dorothy! *(MR. GRAYDON takes a breath to sing in response as CHING HO and MISS DOROTHY enter in an embrace.)*

**CHING HO:** AH! WO MING BAI SHENG MING DE YI YI LIAO.

*SUPERTITLE: Ah! I know at last the secret of it all!*

*(CHING HO and MISS DOROTHY kiss passionately.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:** But what about me?

**MISS DOROTHY:** Puppy love, Trevor. I thought it was the real thing, but then Ching Ho rescued me from an unspeakable fate.

**CHING HO:** I would die for you, Miss Dorothy!

**MISS DOROTHY:** I love that! *(MILLIE, JIMMY and MUZZY surround MISS DOROTHY and speak simultaneously. BUN FOO congratulates CHING HO, as MR. GRAYDON sulks.)*

**BUN FOO:** Ching ho!

**MILLIE:** Oh, Miss Dorothy, thank God!

**JIMMY:** Tell us what happened.

**MUZZY:** What you've been through!

**BUN FOO:** *(Looking around.)* Aiya! Mrs. Meers!

**MUZZY:** Where is she?

**MILLIE:** Don't worry, she won't get far. *(Calling offstage.)* Right, girls? *(PRISCILLA GIRLS enter. They are carrying pesticide spray guns and have MRS. MEERS by the arm and speak simultaneously.)*

**RUTH:** That's right, Millie.

**ALICE:** Hear that, Meersie?

**GLORIA:** You better believe it.

**RITA:** She thought she could get away.

**LUCILLE:** She underestimated us.

**CORA:** "Sad to be awe arone in da whirld"

**RUTH:** We'd love to chat,

**RITA:** But Meersie's got an audition.

**ALICE:** Down at police headquarters.

**LUCILLE:** The one gig I'm sure she'll book.

**CORA:** And there's a reward:

**GLORIA:** All of us girls surrounded by a precinct full of men! *(The PRISCILLA GIRLS squeal with excitement, and then start to exit, forcing MRS. MEERS out with them. MRS. MEERS stops them, pushing the spray guns away as if parting a curtain. She clears her throat.)*

**MRS. MEERS:** "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle—"

**ALL:** *(Minus MRS. MEERS.)* Next!

**MRS. MEERS:** Sigh guy sinung dan dook ho chaum.

*SUPERTITLE:* Sad to be all alone in the world.

*(PRISCILLA GIRLS and MRS. MEERS exit.)*

**JIMMY:** So where were we, before we were interrupted by kidnapping, white slave trading and the like? Oh, yeah.... *(Kneels on one knee, then to MILLIE)* Will you marry me?

**MILLIE:** Jimmy—?! *(A short beat. JIMMY holds his breath.)*

**JIMMY:** Answer the question! Will you marry me?

**MILLIE:** I'll marry you.

**JIMMY:** Poor as I am?

**MILLIE:** Poor as you are, because if it's marriage I have in mind, love has everything to do with it. Right, Muzzy?

**MUZZY:** Hallelujah! Now Jimmy, off with the mask.

**MILLIE:** Mask?

**JIMMY:** I'm Herbert J. Van Hossmere, the Third, first vice president of Van Hossmere Worldwide Enterprises.

**MUZZY:** The "J" is for James.

**MILLIE:** And Van Hossmere... as in Muzzy?!

**JIMMY:** My mother!

**MUZZY:** Stepmother! I'm not old enough to be your mother.

**MILLIE:** So it was all a lie? The Circle Line, the paper clips...?

**MISS DOROTHY:** That's not far from the truth, Millie. The fortune was founded in steel.

**MILLIE:** Miss Dorothy, you're in on this, too?!

**MISS DOROTHY:** I'm his sister, Dorothy Carnegie Mellon Vanderbilt Van Hossmere!

**MUZZY:** You see, every fortune hunter in this hemisphere was after Dorothy, and James was squandering his time and money on the wrong kind of women, so I sent the children out in the real world with twenty-five dollars each, and the high hopes that they'd come back with truly, truly sweet partners. And they have. *(As the couples embrace.)* Oh children, your father would be so proud of you.

**MILLIE:** *(To JIMMY.)* So I guess you already have a stenog.

**JIMMY:** Several hundred, actually.

**MR. GRAYDON:** *(Crossing to MILLIE.)* You included, John. Van Hossmere Worldwide Enterprises owns the Sincere Trust Insurance Company. *(To JIMMY.)* I thought I recognized you last night sir, but, well, John Barleycorn had the better of me. Won't happen again. *(Shaking MILLIE's hand.)* Congratulations, John. *(MR. GRAYDON crosses and stops next to MISS DOROTHY and CHING HO, at a loss for words.)* Yyyyyyyyyy-ep.

## “Finale”

**MUZZY:** *(To MILLIE.)* So you see, snookums. you *can* marry the boss after all.

**MILLIE:** Who cares? I found myself a green glass love.

**JIMMY:** Funny, I found myself an emerald.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE WAY THEY KISS IN THE MOVIES?

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(To CHING HO.)* ISN'T IT DELECTABLE?

*(MILLIE and JIMMY kiss. MISS DOROTHY and CHING HO kiss. MUZZY blows a kiss to her late husband up above. ENSEMBLE enters as the stage transforms to the streets of New York City.)*

**ALL:** AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH.

AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH.

**GROUP 1:** GOOD-BYE. GOOD GOODY GIRL, I'M CHANGING, AND HOW!

**GROUP 2:** OOH

**ALL:** I'M CHANGING, AND HOW! I'M CHANGING, AND—

**MR. GRAYDON:** I can't live without John! She's the best darn stenog I ever had.

**BUN FOO:** Stenog? I type fifty words a minute! (*BUN FOO leaps into MR. GRAYDON's arms, and they exit.*)

**MODERNS GROUP 1:** SO BEAT THE DRUMS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY\_\_

**MODERNS GROUP 2:** BEAT THE DRUMS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY\_\_

**MODERNS GROUP 1:** HOT OFF THE PRESS! ONE STETAHEAD! JAZZ AGE!\_\_

**MODERNS GROUP 2:** HOT OFF THE PRESS! ONE STEP AHEAD! JAZZ AGE!\_\_

**ALL:** WHOOPEE BABY! WE'RE SO THOROUGHLY MODERN—

*(The MODERNS part to make way for EVELYN, a young girl carrying the telltale suitcases in a long frock.)*

**ALL:** (*Minus EVELYN.*) NOW!

*(As ALL hit their last note, EVELYN surveys her surroundings with awed excitement before turning her back to us and striking MILLIE's opening pose. Another MILLIE about to happen in the never-ending story that is New York City.)*

### **“Bows”**

**ALL:** SO BEAT THE DRUMS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY—

HOT OFF THE PRESS! ONE STEP AHEAD! JAZZ AGE!

WHOOPEE BABY! WE'RE SO THOROUGHLY MODERN—

**MAMA:** Bun Foo...? Ching Ho...?

**CHING HO:** Aiya, Muquin!

**BUN FOO:** Mama!

**ALL:** NOW!

### **“Exit Music”**

**THE END**