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

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

**ACT ONE**

**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 SR, 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 enters. 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:** Owwwwww!

*(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.)*

**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 AONE-LIGHT TOWNWHERE THE LIGHT IS-

**GLORIA AND RUTH:** GOTTA BE MORE THAN AONE-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, *(little dance)* 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? MillieDillmount? 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:** *(Spoken.)* Well, you're out of luck. There's one room available, and it's mine. So unless you want a roommate-

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

**MILLIE:** *(Spoken.)* Put a sock in it, sister! *(Formulating a plan.)* You need a room, I need the rent...1 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:** *(Spoken.)* But if you can afford the Ritz-

**MISS DOROTHY:** *(Sings.)* 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 DIALTO 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:** *(Spoken.)* 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 MARY 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 onaccount of the hardwood floor. I think it did something to the machinery. Now you have to tap dance toget 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:

*(Sing.)*

LIVIN' LIKE THE OTHER HALF!

*(As the elevator ascends. MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY ad liblines. e.g. "I'll introduce you to the girls, Miss Dorothy.” "Perfect!" "They’re a tough bunch, but  you’ll fit right in. "etc.)*

**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 he fast, if you want the job.

*(Into the intercom, her voicedripping with honey.)*

Mr. Graydon? A Miss Dillmount here to see you, sir. (

*To MILLIE)*

Move it!

**“Front and Center”**

*(MILLIE exits S.R. MISS FLANNERY wheels herself off 'S. L. MR. TREVOR GRA YDON enters S. L.. seated at his desk and eyeing his pocket watch. MILLIE enters SR.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:**

Congratulations, Miss Dillmount. It takes the average applicant seven seconds towalk 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. GR.AYDON:**

*(Completely unaware of MILLIE's interest in him.)*

Golf. I won it for golf. May Isee 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 theright combination of aptitude and enthusiasm can take a girl from nowhere straight to the top? So let'sdo 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 bands 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 theaddress. "Dear Mr. Hudson." Colon.

*(Sings.)*

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 MONDAYMORNING,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 MEYOU'VE IMPROVED THE FLOOR WAX BATTER,WE WILL TAKE OUR BUSINESS ELSEWHERE, SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER.

*(Spoken.)*

How's my speed, Miss Dillmount?

**MILLIE:**

*(Crossing her legs.)*

A little slow, perhaps.

**MR. GRAYDON:**

*(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 PAPERSWITH 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, ANDIF IT DOES YOU MAY EXPECT A BILL. SINCERELY, TREVOR GRAYDON.

*(Spoken.)*

Read that back to me, please.

**MILLIE:**

Certainly. "Dear Mr. Hudson." Colon.

*(Sings at faster tempo.)*

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 MONDAYMORNING,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**

*(Spoken.)*

 Nice!

**MILLIE:**

*(Sings.)*

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:**

*(Spoken.)*

 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 PAPERSWITH THE NEWS OF HOW OUR OFFICE WAS AFFECTED BY YOUR VAPORS,WHICH IS WHY I CHOOSE TO WRITE TO YOU A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER FULL OFSTRONG RECOMMENDATIONS THAT YOU MAKE YOUR FLOOR WAX BETTER.I JUST HOPE IT WON'T REQUIRE US TO HAVE OUR FLOOR RELAID, ANDIF IT DOES YOU MAY EXPECT A BILL. SINCERELY, TREVOR GRAYDON.

**MR. GRAYDON**

:

*(Spoken as HE crosses U.S.L.)*

Miss Dillmount, may I speak frankly?

**MILLIE**

:

*(Joining MR.GRAYDON D.S. L.)*

Yes?

*(MR. GRAYDON leads MILLIE S.R. as STENOGS reenter from U.S.renter. MISS FLA NNER Y enters S. R. with an empty desk.)*

**MR. GRAYDON**

IF I COULD BE SO LUCKY ASTO HAVE A GOODSTENOGRAPHER, TO KEEPTHIS PLACE AS UP-TO-DATEAS HER SHORT SKIRT ANDBOBBED COIFFURE,I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY'BOUT OUR SOURED OFFICEPLANKING,AND COULD CONCENTRATEON GENERATING PROFITSRIPE FOR BANKING.THAT IS WHY I'M TESTINGYOU WITH THIS OUTRAGEOUSCORRESPONDENCE,WHICH I DON'T INTEND TOACTUALLY MAIL TO THERESPONDENT'S.

*(Spoken.)*

So,

*(Sings.)*

**MABEL:**

*(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 U.S. in attempt to get MISS DOROTHY’S attention. In rapid  succession, doors slam in MRS. MEERS’ face.)*

**“They Don’t Know”**

*(MRS. MEERS turns D.S. and addresses the audience.)*

**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 NEVER GUESS!THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE STARING AT AN ARTIST, HIGHLY TRAINED TO TAKE ONANY 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!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 ALOS-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

*(“Chinese” accent.)*

SAD TO BE ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD!

*(No “Chinese” accent.)*

BUT THEY DON’T KNOW!

**“They Don’t Know” Playoff**

SCENE 6

(A New York City street on the apron of stage. MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, and all the MODERNSenter S.L)

**LUCILLE:**

Millie, we've traipsed up and down Broadway

**RITA:**

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.

**RITA:**

Ain't no booze in Amish country.

**LUCILLE:**

I've never even played a drunk scene.

**MILLIE:**

Gloria?

**GLORIA**

: Well... my grandmother's fruitcake has a big kick to it!

**MILLIE**

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

*(JIMMY enters S. L.)*

Make that the new next person. !

**ALICE**

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

**JIMMY**

: Kansas?! (pleased to see Milile) It just so happens you're staring at the hottest speak-a intown, but you need to be a member.

**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. Blackout. Front Curtain opens to Speakeasy.)*

**“The Nutty Cracker Suite”**

*(POLLY, The PEARL LADY, the fanciest 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. The DENIZENS are: The OFFICE WORKERS & MUZZY’S FRIENDS)*

**JIMMY AND SPEAKASY DENIZENS**

ZA DA DA DA DA DUO DA BADOODLE A DA

DA BWAH DA DA DA. ZA BA BA BWAH BWAH BWAH BWAH BWAH BWAH DUO DAT.

*(MILLIE and MODERNS try to fit in tentatively mimicking the interesting dance steps THEY seearound them.)*

**ALL**

  NOBBY NEED A NOBBY NEED A NOBBY NEED A NA NA. NOBBLE-EE NEED A NOBBY NEEI) A NOBBLE-EE NEEI) A NA NA.SHOUGADI BAH, SHOUGADI BAH,SHOUGADI BAH, SHOUGADI BAH.

*(MILLIE spots the flask in JIMMYs hand. SHE gestures for it, but HE hands the flask to MISS DOROTHY and finally to MILLI. She turns quick, takes a sip and her knees buckle. SHE handsthe flask back to JIMMY as her attempts to balance herself turn into a giddy dance, which anuses JIMMY. JIMMY dances with the PEARL LADIES in their fancy dance.('The MODERNS dance in a clump as the DENIZENS form a circle around them. JIMMY hangs back, D.S. R. admiring MILLIE its SHE dances. The dance builds, and JIMMY and MILLIE dance together again. ALL form a line D.S., passing a flask like the ceremonial cup, until it reaches MILLIE, who is last in line S .R. SHE takes a swig and passes it S.R., just in time to hand it to anentering POLICEMAN.)*

**SCENE 7**

(On the apron, the speakeasy DENIZENS (MUZZY’S FRIENDS & MODERNS) turn into a line-up of PRISONERS holding prisoner numbers across their chests. MILLIE and JIMMY are center stage. Asthe scene progresses, PRISONERS have their mug shots taken one-by-one D.S L., then exit. A flash of light and an accompanying sound effect indicates each mug shot. As THEY speak, MILLIE andJIMMY work their way towards mug shot position D.S. L.)

*(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.

**MILLIE**

: Misspent youth?

**JIMMY**

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

*(Flash; snug shot #4.)*

**MILLIE**

: It's closer than Kansas.

**DEXTER:**

Muzzy at the Great Wall.

**MUZZY**

: And they ain’t kidding. It’s fabulous!

**LILITH GUEST #3:**

Muzzy at the Vatican.

*(A beat.)*

**MUZZY:**

Tough house.

*(GUESTS rejoin the dance as MUZZY approaches JIMMY, MILLIE and MISS  DOROTHY.)*

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.)*

**KENNETH:**

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.

**KENNETH:**

Dorothy?

**MISS DOROTHY:**

*(A forced smile.)*

Kenneth!

**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, Kenneth, and tell me, were you

*ever*

adopted?

*(JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY and KENNETH exit S.R.)*

**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 U.S. R., crossing S L. and watching 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. VanHossmere-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:**

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!

**MUZZY:**

Let's dance!

*(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 PENNY’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! Youspilled 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 knowsomething that cleans so you can't see a thing! One of the mysteries of the Orient. Muzzy, which wayto the kitchen?

**MUZZY:**

Snookums, I have no idea.

**PENNY:**

This way. Miss Dillmount.

*(PENNY and MATHILDE lead MILLIE and DOROTHY PARKER off D.S.L. Many GUESTS exit, leaving a small group of GUESTS 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 peepabout the biggest news of all.

**JIMMY:**

I don't know what you're talking about.

*(The music stops. and GUESTS freeze U.S.)*

**MUZZY:**

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

**DOROTHY PARKER**

*(runs on from SL towards SR.)*

Soy Sauce?! Aaaaaaah!

*(MILLIE enters U.S.L. in it panic. She crosses U.S. and exits onto the terrace. MUZZY gives JIMMY a shove*

*in MILLIE’s direction, then exits D.S.R. JIMMY follows MILLIE onto the terrace.)*

**SCENE 11**

(

The terrace of MUZZY’s apartment on apron in front of main curtain, where JIMMY and MILLIE arein mid-conversation. JIMMY is trying to console MILLIE.)

**JIMMY**

: Aw, c'mon, Millie, Relax. 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.

*(JIMMY is about to reciprocate MILLIE’s embrace.)*

Mr.Graydon—

**JIMMY:**

*(Recoiling from MILLIE. his mood souring on a dime.)*

Is a stiff. Isn't he?

**MILLIE:**

*(Trying to convince herself its much its him.)*

Some would say so, but I see a side of him that few people are lucky enough to see.

**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 atypewriter 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:**

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:**

Goldigger!

**MILLIE:**

Womanizer!

**JIMMY:**

Jezebel!

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. Because this is a fantasy sequence the choreography can beheightened.)*

**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.

**MR. GRAYDON:**

May I take the liberty of asking you to dine?

**MISS DOROTHY :**

You may.

**MR. GRAYDON**

:

*(Regaining his professional composure.)*

Yes, well, make dinner reservations at the Plaza. The Candlenook Room. Quiet Corner table for two. Ithink Miss Dorothy's for the Plaza, don't you?

*(When 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 U.S.L. and MISS DOROTHY exits SR)*

**MILLIE:**

*(With*

*a tearful edge; how much can a girl take?)*

On the fat side!

*(BLACKOUT)*

SCENE 2

*(The window ledge outside of MILLIE's office. JIMMY enters S.L. 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 D.S. to inside of window.)*

 For God's sake, Jimmy, what are you doing?

**JIMMY:**

How else can I get to you? Old Flannery 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 availableanymore. 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. “)*

 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:**

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 youtripped me, life's been topsy-turvy. Like now, for instance... what am I doing on a window ledgehundreds 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.

**“I Turned the Corner”**

**JIMMY :**

*(Spoken.)*

Dozens of busses... hundreds of cabs...

*(Sings.)*

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 LIKEYOU 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 DIMELIKE 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 tip on the ledge.)*

 WAS OUR ENCOUNTER PLANNED,DESTINY'S GUIDING HAND?FORTUNE OR FATE, IT'S GRANDTHE 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 20 stories above Manhattan. JIMMY reaches for MILLIE's band. and they start dancing, tentatively at first, then relaxing into a romantic,"Fred and Ginger" pas de deux.)(Spoken.)*

**JIMMY:**

Have dinner with me.

**MILLIE:**

All right. A celebration.

**JIMMY:**

Then leis do it up right: champagne!

**MILLIE:**

Caviar!

**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 dummy.

**MILLIE**

:But Muzzy—

**MUZZY**

:Sit down, Millie. Sit down. Now, I know you're not going to believe me. but when I firstmet Mr. Van H., I had no idea he was a real multi-millionaire. I really hadn't. He was just another oneof 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 wouldhave 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. hadstolen it, so I begged him to take it back and go straight. Well, he just laughed and laughed andlaughed, and then he told me that he really was a real multi-millionaire, even if he didn't look like oneto 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.

**MUZZY:**

*(Spoken. regarding the music.)*

They're starting my number.

*(MUZZY starts to exit S .L. SHE stops when she reaches the exit.)*

 Follow your heart.

*(MUZZY exits S, L.)*

**“GIMME GIMME”**

**MILLIE:**

*(Sings.)*

 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 THATTHING 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!

*(BLACKOUT)*

SCENE 6

(The dining room of Cafe Society. MR GRAYDONdrunk and disheveled, is slumped over his table.At the next table are DAPHNE, a wealthy, if nouveau rich, woman, and DEXTER, her beleagueredhusband.)

**MR. GRAYDON :**

*(Sings like a drunken moose.)*

 AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE, AT LAST I'VE FOUND THEE.

**DAPHNE:**

*(Spoken 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—

**LILLITH :**

Sir! I really must insist that you—

**MR. GRAYDON:**

*(For a moment, HE's mean.)*

 Chuck it, ma'am, just chuck it!

**LILLITH:**

Well, I never…!

*(DAPHNE starts to exit S.R. ordering DEXTER like a dog.)*

**DAPHNE:**

Dexter, come!

*(DAPHNE exits S .R. followed by DEXTER. MILLIE enters S. R MR. GRA YDON 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.

**DOROTHY PARKER:**

Strong coffee!

**MR. GRAYDON:**

*(His words slurred.)*

 Not strong enough. Could not never be strong enough!

**GERSHWIN:**

Could not never? Double negative...

**MILLIE**

: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 S. L. 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 frontdesk—

**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?

*(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 withit. 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 HossmereWorldwide 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 wassquandering his time and money on the wrong kind of women, so I sent the children out in the realworld with twenty-five dollars each, and the high hopes that they'd come back with truly, truly sweet partners. And they have.

*(As JIMMY embraces MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY embraces CHING HO.)*

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 InsuranceCompany.

*(To JIMMY.)*

I thought I recognized you last night sir, but, well, John Barleycorn had the better of me. Won't happenagain.

*(Shaking MILLIE's hand.)*

 Congratulations, John. .

*(MR GRAYDON crosses S .R. and stops next to MISS DOROTHYand CHING HO, at a loss for words.)*

Yyyyyyyyyy-ep.

*(MR GRAYDON crosses U.S. center.)*

**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.

*(Sings to MILLIE.)*

HAVE YOU SEEN THE WAY THEY KISS INTHE MOVIES?

**MISS DOROTHY:**

*(To CHING HO.)*

ISN'T IT DELECTABLE?

*( MILLIE and JIMMY embrace. MISS DOROTHY and CHING HO embrace. MUZZY blows akiss to her late husband up above. MUZZY’S enter DSR, MODERNS enter DSL, OFFICE enter US on platform)*

**ALL**

AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH.

*(MUZZY exits S-R, MISS DOROTHY and CHING HO exit S.L. MR. GRA YDON and BUN  FOO cross U .S. and disappear behind the MODERNS. MILLIE and JIMMY start to twit S.R. but  MILLIE grabs his band and pulls him back for one more embrace center stage as the MODERNS  slowly cross D.S.)*

AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH.

*(MILLIE and JIMMY exit SR.)*

**MODERNS GROUP IMODERNS GROUP 2**

GOOD-BYE. GOOD GOODY OOH.GIRL, I'M CHANGING, AND HOW!

**ALL**

I'M CHANGING, AND HOW! I'M CHANGING, AND

*(MR. GRAYDON runs D.S. center from behind the*

*MODERNS.)*

**MR. GRAYDON:**

I can't live without John! She's the best darn stenog I ever had.

**BUN FOO:**

*(Running from behind the ASIANS to D.S. center.)*

Stenog? I type fifty words a minute!

*(BUN FOO leaps into MR. GRAYDON's arms. THEY exit delightedly S.L.)*

**MODERNS GROUP 1**

SO BEAT THE DRUMS, `CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY

**MODERNS GROUP 2**

BEAT THE DRUMS, `CAUSE HERE COMES THOROUGHLY-

**MODERNS GROUP I**

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 MABEL, a young girl in her Sunday best, who crosses D.S. center carrying the telltale suitcases.)*

**ALL**

*(Minus NEW MODERN.)*

 NOW!

*(As the MODERNS hit their last note, MABEL surveys her surroundings with awed excitement before turning her back to us and striking MILLIE’s opening pose. Another MILLIE about tohappen in the never-ending story that is New York City.)*