

ACT 1

SCENE 1

(In front of the main curtain at centerstage, 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, 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.

ALL:

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 ORE 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”

(MAIN CURTIAN is open. New York City comes to life around her as stylishly dressed MALE MODERNS enter S.L. and S.R.)

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 SR., each one better than the next.)

FEMALE MODERN 1
WHAT WE THINK IS CHIC.

FEMALE MODERN 2
UNIQUE,

FEMALE MODERN 3 AND FEMALE MODERN 4
AND QUITE ADORABLE,

ALL FEMALE MODERNS

THEY THINK IS ODD AND “SODOM AND GOMORRAH”-BLE!

MILLIE (*Determined to fit in.*)

BUT THE FACT IS,
EVERYTHING TODAY IS THOROUGHLY MODERN.

MODERNS GROUP 1: (*To MILLIE.*)

CHECK YOUR PERSONALITY

MILLIE

EVERYTHING TODAY MAKES YESTERDAY SLOW.

MODERNS GROUP 2: (*To MILLIE.*)

BETTER FACE REALITY.

MILLIE

IT’S NOT INSANITY, SAYS VANITY FAIR.
IN FACT, IT’S STYLISH TO

MILLIE

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 SR. SHE is now a full-fledged, head-to-toe modern: bobbed hair and short skirt.)

MILLIE: THIS IS 1922! *(MILLIE and MODERNS dance. Don't think cute: think determined, dynamic with the freedom to change.)*

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 MUGGES are playing tug-of-war with her purse.)

MILLIE: Gimme back my purse! *(MUGGER wins, exiting SL 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 crossing SR to SL.) Excuse me, sir. My purse was-
(MALE MODERN exits S.R. without even having heard MILLIE, so MILLIE approaches a FEMALE MODERN, who is crossing S.I. to SR, engrossed in the latest issue of Vanity Fair.) Miss, some man grabbed my purse, and he -*(FEMALE MODERN exits SL, ignoring MILLIE)* Miss? Miss?! *(From SL 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. *(JIMMY silences MILLIE, pleased at his victory.)*

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

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 S.R.)

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 *(Defiantly.)* Salina, Kansas.*(JIMMY exits S.R., laughing at the small-town sound of Salina. MILLIE calls after him.)* And who are you, the un-welcome wagon? *(SHE starts to exit SL. to continue her search for help. To her surprise. JIMMY SR clearly annoyed.)*

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 two

glad to send it, and you may not believe me now, but once you return to... uh.. *(All those Western states sound alike.)* Kansas, was it? *(MILLIE nods "yes".)* You'll say to yourself, *(An exaggerated imitation of a hick.)* "Well, I had my big adventure, but it sure is good to be back in my own bed." *(JIMMY exits SR., 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.

(Spoken.) I ain't got nothin'...

MILLIE: *(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 right, regarding JIMMY.)* And who needs you, mister whoever-you-are?! *(Crossing center.)*

'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!

(Sings.)

DAYS OF YORE, KIND AND GENTLE,

ASK ME IF I'M SENTIMENTAL.

NOR FOR THE LIFE OF ME

BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.

NOT FOR THE LIFE OF,

NOT FORTH E LIFE OF,

NOT FOR THE LIFE OF ME!

(MILLIE exits defiantly SL.)

SCENE 2

(The lobby of the Hotel Priscilla, Residence for Young Ladies, a modest establishment, but by no means dirty or rundown. The entrance is USR.. On USL.. is a front desk, and behind it, a curtain/door which leads to MRS MEERS' office. Above the desk is a rack with keys, and a sign: "No tapping in lobby. " There is a tiny elevator in the center, shaped like a birdcage and barely big enough for two. GLORIA, ALICE, RITA, RUTH, CORA, SARA, MABEL 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 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 & MABEL: ME.

CORA & SARA : ME.

GLORIA (*The old-timer. - SHE's been there almost a month!*) It's all about the office boy. Read him right, and you read for the role.

ALICE: ME.

RUTH : ME.

GLORIA: ME.

RITA : BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.

ALL : NOT FOR THE LIFE OF, NOT FORTH E LIFE OF ME!

RUTH: (*In a nasal- speaking voice.*) Can you believe old man Harris wouldn't even audition me for the latest Kaufman play?

SARA : 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!"

ETHEL: (*As the GIRLS "Ooob "and "Aaah" regarding the bachelor item.*) 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!

MABEL: That's one way to meet a man!

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

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.)

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! *(ETHEL crosses to the front desk as 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?

ALICE: Pounding the pavement.

SARA: 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 *(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 USR. 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! Pour 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, back to the "Chinese" accent.*)

Coming, dear.(*MRS. MEERS switches the "VACANCY" sign and exits into her office. MILLIE enters USR 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 USR. 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!
SINCE HEAVEN KNOWS WHEN,
YEAR AFTER YEAR WITH A SECRET YEN!
ALL OF MY PRAYERS, ALL MY DESIRE,
MY HEART AFIRE!

I'VE HUNGERED FOR THIS DAY
EV'RY WAKING MOMENT WITH

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... 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,
I WANT AN "ON-THE-DOLE" MATE, SOUL. MATE,

FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS.
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 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: (*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: (*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!

MILLIE: (*Sings.*) POOR?

NOT ME, HONEY. I DON'T WANT THOSE MONEY WOES
DAVE
OR ROB OR PETER,
SO I CAN BUY MY CLOTHES
AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE,
BERGDORF GOODMAN

I'LL MARY PAUL OR

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?

MISS DOROTHY *(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: *(In "Chinese "accent.)* 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 rep, 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.

“How the Other Half Lives” Tag

(*MRS. MEERS exits into her office.*)

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: *(Sing.)*

LIVIN' LIKE THE OTHER HALF! *(As the elevator ascends. MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY ad lib lines. e.g. "I'll introduce you to the girls, Miss Dorothy." "Perfect!" "They're a tough bunch, but you'll fit right in. "etc.)*

“Into the Laundry”

SCENE 3 (The laundry room of the Hotel Priscilla. CHING HO, BUN FOO Bin Roo, Chang Lo and other ASIANS are folding towels and doing laundry. MRS. MEERS enters S. L., wheeling a laundry cart. Note that the actress portraying MRS. MEERS must be specific about when SHE does and does not adopt her "Chinese" accent. It should only be used when MRS. MEERS is talking to those who don't know about her criminal activities, e.g. MILLIE. MISS DOROTHY, the PRISCILLA GIRLS. Thus, in the following scene, when SHE's addressing her henchmen, SHE. doesn't use the accent.)

MRS. MEERS: *(Triumphantly waving the Daily Graphic.)*

Boys, here's one for the scrapbook: front page! And look, *(Opening the newspaper and pointing.)* there I am!

(4 BROTHERS study the photo, then study her.)

Okay, so it's an old picture. With numbers across my chest. But those days are over! All of New York may be searching for Daisy Crumpler, but no one pays a whit of attention to *(“Chinese ” accent.)* “Mrs. Meers.”

(Dropping the accent.)

Of course, I can't take all the credit. After all, I studied acting with Stanislavsky and elocution with Mrs. Fiske, but I still say, just give me the right wig, and I can play anything!

(Back to business, barking out orders.)

Bun Fee, take Ethel to Buddha, four hundred bucks, C.O.D., A.S.A.P. As for you, Ching Ho, our new arrival is used to the finer things... so let's give her room service, a little snack with enough chloroform to knock her out all the way to Hong Kong!

(MRS. MEERS stare to exit S. L.)

4 BROTHERS: *(In unison.)*

Huh? *(MRS.MEERS stops in her tracks, clearly annoyed. SHE removes a dreaded Chinese/English dictionary from her pocket. SHE crosses to BUN FOO as SHE flips through the dictionary.)*

MRS. MEERS: Bun Foo...

(SHE finds the word, and painstakingly sounds it out. Note that the translation below is for the actor's use only. It should not be translated for the audience until so indicated in the script.)

MRS. MEERS

Sung Ethel.

TRANSLATION

Take Ethel.

(BUN FOO indicates that HE understands, so MRS.MEERS flips through the dictionary until SHE finds the next word.)

MRS.MEERS

Heui Buddha.

TRANSLATION

To Buddha.

(*BUN FOO can't decipher what SHE's trying to say,* so MRS. MEERS tries a more extreme pronunciation.)

MRS. MEERS: Heuiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii?

(*HE still can't decipher the word, so SHE tries another pronunciation.*) Heui? (*BUN FOO nods. SHE got it right, and SHE loves to be right!*) Buddha! (*SHE flips through the dictionary until SHE finds the next word.*)

MRS. MEERS

TRANSLATION

Sei baak.

Four hundred.

MRS. MEERS (*The one English and SHE thinks HE'll recognize.*) Cash? (*HE nods "yes." SHE crosses to CHING HO.*) As for you, Ching Ho(*Flipping through dictionary.*)

Room service.....room service...(SHE finds it.)

Room service! (*SHE tries to sound it out.*)

F-f-f-f-f-fffff.....Famayayayayaya...

(*Turns to CHING HO for help, and SHE hates asking for help. SHE shows him the dictionary, and HE coaches her through it.*)

CHING HO: Fong.

MRS. MEERS: Fong.

CHING HO: Mouh.

MRS. MEERS: Mouh.

CHING HO: Yuhn.

MRS. MEERS

TRANSLATION

Fong mouh huhn for Miss Dorothy!

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."

(*THE FOUR BROTHERS don't know their Shakespeare, so the joke is lost on them. MRS. MEERS exits S.L. in a pique of frustration.*)

BIN ROO (*Regarding MRS. MEERS.*) Ngoh go k daak kouih ho u titu yim.

SUPERTITLE: *I don't like that woman*

PO MEIN: 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 gum ge, faat yuhn jo sin giu seng ngoh.

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

Right, because the faster we earn it, the sooner we bring Mama over from Hong Kong.

KIM SOO: (POINTS TO FOUR BROTHERS.)

Gam keuih jauh gau wai la. "Tai hah ngoh leuhng go jai ah,

jyun jough gwaai daai yahn ge."

SUPERTITLE

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

CHING HO

Qiao shao diao.

SUPERTITLE

Burn the bridge.

'Not for the Life of Me' Reprise 1

CHING HO

(Spoken.)

Dian da du.

SUPERTITLE

Bet the store.

CHING HO

(Sings)

GUA1 GUAI BU ZAI HUEI JIA

LIAO.

ZHE SHENG HUO WO BU YAO.

SUPERTITLE

Baby's coming home nomore.

Not for the life of me.

BUN FOO

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.

ALL:

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

(Spoken.) Jia yci! Jia yci! Jia y6!

(Sing)

PAI PAI SHOU. ZHI DAO MA, WO DE SIN TIAN BU SHI GOO

QU YI YANG LA.

ZHE SHENG HUO WO BU YAO.

BOH-DOH-DEE-OH.

ZHE SHENG HUO WO BU YAO!

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

Go team! Go team! Go team! Clap your hands, just because,

Don't you know that where I am ain't where I was.

Not for the life of me.

Boh-doh-dee-oh.

Not for the life of me ! *(THEY exit S.R. with the cart containing ETHEL.)*

SCENE 4

“Office Crossover”

(MILLIE enters D.S. L. SHE crosses names off her list of bachelors, then circles a name and exits D.S.R. FILE CLERKS at the Sincere Trust Insurance Company enter U.S.R., wheeling desks in a D.S. are. then exit U.S.L. Seated at the desks are fast-typing STENOGS. FILE CLERKS and STENOGS tap dance to simulate the sound of an office: FILE CLERKS and STENOGS, form a line D.S. MISS FLANNERY enters D.S. L., seated at a desk and wheeled on by two FILE CLERKS. They stand at attention until MISS FLANNERY is DSC then start to exit U.S L.as MILLIE' reenters D.S L. MILLIE works her tray through the maze of desks until all FILE CLERKS, STENOGS and SPEED TAPPISTS have exited and MILLIE 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 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 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 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 the address. "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 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

(An elaborate vocal flourish.) ADVAN-CED.

(Back

to business.)

AND UNLESS YOU CAN CONVINC ME

YOU'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 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.

(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 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 *(Spoken.)* Nice!

MILLIE:*(Sings.)*

AND UNLESS YOU CAN CONVINC 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 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: *(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 STENOGRS
reenter from U.S.
reenter. MISS FLA NNER Y enters S.
R. with an empty desk.)*

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
RESPONDENT'S. *(Spoken.)* So,
(Sings.)

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?

MILLIE
MISS FLANNERY

MATTER, MATTER
AND STENOGS
MATTER, MATTER.

HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX
HUDSON'S FLOOR WAX
DOESN'T MATTER!
DOESN'T MATTER!
MATTER, MATTER,
MATTER, 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!

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

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

MR. GRAYDON

Thirty seconds, Miss Dillmount. Flannery?! *(MR. GRAYDON exits S. followed by MISS FLANNERY. ALL resume dancing until MR. GRAYDON reenters S. R.. followed by*

MISS FLANNERY.) Time! *(MR. GRAYDON yanks the letter from MILLIE. 'typewriter as MISS FLANNERY, STENOGS, FILE CLERKS and SPEED TAPPISTS gather round him. HE reads the letter.)* "Dear Mr. Hudson."

MISS FLANNERY AND OFFICE WORKERS:

Colon.

MR. GRAYDON

MY EYES ARE FULLY OPEN TO
MY AWFUL SITUATION,
SO I'M WRITING YOU A
LETTER TO DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.

MISS FLANNERY AND OFFICE WORKERS:

MATTER MATTER MATTER MATTER
MATTER MATTER MATTER MATTER.
MATTER MATTER MATTER
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 CONVINC ME
YOU'VE IMPROVED THE FLOOR WAX
MATTER

MATTER MATTER MATTER. MATTER

MATTER MATTER MATTER
MATTER
MATTER MATTER MATTER
MATTER.
MATTER MATTER MATTER
MATTER
MATTER MATTER MATTER. (*Gasp.*)

MATTER MATTER MATTER MATTER

MATTER MATTER MATTER MATTER
MATTER MATTER MATTER MATTER.

MATTER MATTER MATTER
BATTER, 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.

MISS FLANNERY AND OFFICE WORKERS

SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER
SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER
SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER

FILE CLERKS AND SPEED TYPISTS

SO I HOPE YOU SOLVE THIS MATTER.

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

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

ENCLOSED YOU'LL FIND A SMALL CONTAINER 01: 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: *(Spoken.)* I mean Dillmount!

ALL MINUS MILLIE: *(Sing.)* MILLIE DILLMOUNT?

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

ALL MINUS MILLIE: *(Sing)* GRAYDON? DILLMOUNT?
DILLMOUNT? GRAYDON? GRAYDON? DILLMOUNT?

MILLIE: *(Spoken.)* Graydon!

ALL: *(Sing.)* AAAAAAH!

SCENE 5

“Speed Test” Playoff

(The twelfth floor hallway of the Hotel Priscilla, a row of 3 doors. MRS. MEERS enters SL, followed by CHING HO & CHANG LO, who is carrying a tray that holds a covered dish and a rose in it vase. MRS. MEERS uncovers the dish, revealing an apple, which SHE injects with it large hypodermic needle. SHE knocks on MISS DOROTHY's door and exits S.R.)

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

CHING HO

Fòng mōuh yūhn.

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

CHING HO

Fòng mōuh yūhn!

(MISS DOROTHY exits her room as CHING HO & CHANG LO inspects the tray.)

CHANG LO

Room service.

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 hōu *He think you're the most*
Chīn lēih gām lēng gē sīu jē. *beautiful girl he's ever seen.*

CHANG LO

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 held by CHANG LO, startling MISS DOROTHY.)* Heavens!

CHING HO: Mrs. Maiyisi --?

MISS DOROTHY: Who?

CHING HO

Mrs. Maiyisi -?

CHING HO: *(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.)* “Sad to be awe arone in da whirld.”

MISS DOROTHY: Mrs. Meers! *(When CHING HO & CHANG LO nods “yes.”)* What about her?

CHANG LO *She's very dangerous. (BUN FOO & BIN ROO enters S.R. wheeling a laundry cart. CHANG LO & CHING HO see BUN FOO and shoo her into her room.)*

BUN FOO

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

CHING HO

Mat leih gam mouh laih masauh ga!

BIN ROO

Mat leih gam cheun ga! *(MRS. MEERS enters S.R.)*

MRS. MEERS: *(No “Chinese” accent.)*

Must I do everything myself? *(To BUN FOO, indicating CHING HO & CHANG LO.)* 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 *(“Chinese” accent.)* 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 S. R.. 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 well 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 an 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!

SARA: Me too. Haven’t had a bite all day!

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?! Come on, Sara (*ALICE tosses the apple in the air,, grabbing Sara and rushes off S.R. MRS MEERS catches the apple and hands it to MISS DOROTHY*)

MRS. MEERS:(*Drops the "Chinese "accent in her frustration*) Eat it! (*As MISS DOROTHY is about to take a bite. MILLIE enters S .L.*)

MILLIE: Miss Dorothy, I did it! I did it! Gloria! Mabel! Alice! (*MISS DOROTHY hands the apple to MRS. MEERS. MABEL and GLORIA exit their rooms. CORA enters S.R.*)

MISS DOROTHY **MABEL** **CORA** **GLORIA**

Did what, Millie? Spill, Dillmount. Out with it, Millie
Tell all, sister.

MILLIE: You're looking at the future Mrs. Trevor Gradyon!

MISS DOROTHY **MABEL** **CORA** **GLORIA**

Perfect! Congrats Kid. Honey, that's swell.
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.

MABEL: 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 produces a wad of cash.*)

MILLIE: Two weeks' worth.

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

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

MRS. MEERS: (*Slamming the cover back over the apple.*)
Kitchen closed! (*To 4 BROTHERS, as SHE tosses the apple, plate and all, into the cart. No "Chinese" accent.*) Beat it!

CHING HO: (*To MISS DOROTHY*)
O lafola, daaling!(*BUN FOO, BIN ROO and CHING HO exit S.L. with the laundry cart.*)

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

MISS DOROTHY: I have no idea! (shrugs her shoulders.)

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 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!
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
(*“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 MODERNS enter 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 we see.

(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 Millie) It just so happens you're staring at the hottest speak-a in town, 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 see around 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 hands the 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 an entering 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. As the 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 and JIMMY 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.

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

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 #5.)*

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?

JIMMY: Depends. *(Flash; mug shot #6.)*

JIMMY: When I want to see a show, I'm an usher for a nigh. 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.

MILLIE: And you make a living?

JIMMY: I make a life. *(Flash; mug shot #7. JIMMY steps into mug shot position D.S.L)* It sure beats sitting at a desk eight hours a day, fretting over the price of steel. .

MILLIE: Steel? *(JIMMY revealed more than he intended. HE quickly covers.)*

JIMMY: My old job. Steel... equipment for offices.

MILLIE: *(SHE almost feels sorry for him.)*

Oh. Paper clips, like.

JIMMY: Yep. Paper clips, like. *(Flash; JIMMY'S mug shot. MILLIE steps into mug shot position D.S.L.)*

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; 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.

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 *(Entering S.I.)* Tell it to the judge.

“Tell it to the Judge”

(POLICEMAN grabs MILLIE and JIMMY and shoves them off S.L. In a series of five flashes, the remaining PRISONERS have their mug shots taken before exiting S.L. “Dorothy Parker” and “Gershwin” DENIZENS get the final mug shot, posing with their arms around each other like school kids in a photo booth on the Boardwalk before exiting S.L.)

SCENE 8 (Jail cell)

What Do I Need with Love

(JIMMY paces, then sits and watches MILLIE, who is asleep While the other PRISONERS (OFFICE WORKERS) do stage business.)

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,
THEN NIGHTS OF YOU-AND-ME-ING.
ME. YOU. WE-

(As if waking from a nightmare. Spoken.)

Wait a minute! Just a minute! No, no, no, no!

(Sings.)

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-M E.

(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 U.S. center.)*
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? *(Starting to exit U.S. center then stops in his tracks.)*
I GOT IT GOOD. *(Starting to exit U.S. center then stops in his tracks.)* GOT IT GOOD. *(Giving in to the truth.)* BUT NOW I GOT IT BAD! *(JIMMY reenters his cell and returns the tie clip to its sleeping owner, then sitting to gaze at MILLIE.)*

“Morning Music” *(POLICEMAN enters S.I.)*

POLICEMAN: *(Opening 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: No can do. You don't know my fiance.

JIMMY: Fiance?!

“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! You 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.

“Laugh-In” (*MILLIE exits S.R. and JIMMY exits S.L*)

SCENE 9

(The twelfth floor of the Hotel Priscilla. CHING HO, MEI TAI, MOO PAN, KIM SOO, CHOW DIN, PO MEIN and JET LOO 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: (*No “Chinese” accent.*)

Oh, lack ‘a talent. (*To CHING HO, MEI TAI and MOO PAN.*)

Catch her when she falls.

CHING HO

JET LOO

Aiya, ngoh mh seung lai yah! *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. (*When CHING HO doesn't understand.*) No mama!

ASIANS:

We made a deal.

MRS. MEERS: (*Using gestures to communicate.*)

One mama. In exchange. (*Misinterpreting her gesture, ASIANS “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 S.L*)

MILLIE: (*Modeling her new outfit.*)

Girls, girls, what do you think? (*MISS DOROTHY, CORA, MABEL, LUCILLE, GLORIA, RUTH, RITA, SARA and ALICE exit their rooms.*)

MISS DOROTHY: Haute couture!

RUTH: Fancy threads.

ALICE: Oh, its darling!

GLORIA: Deluxe, sister.

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

MRS. MEERS: (*“Chinese” accent.*) 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.

ALICE: Neither can I.

CORA: Say, what kind of cleaner is that?

MRS. MEERS: *(Hiding the bottle, once again on the spot.)*
It'ssssssssssssssssssssssoy sauce.

SARA: Soy sauce?

MRS. MEERS: *(A beeline for the exit S.R.)*
One of the mysteries of the Orient! Polishes door knob, remove birthmark, *(Indicating RUTH's hair.)* a homemade henna for otherwise mousy hair.

MABEL: Wait a minute, soy sauce?!

LUCILLE: And it leaves no stain?

MRS. MEERS: *(Drops the accent in her frustration.)*
Not if you really rub it in! Bun Foo! Ching Ho!
(MRS. MEERS exits S.R. MISS DOROTHY waves good- bye to CHING HO, as ASIANS exit S.R. with the cart.)

RUTH: So Millie, why all dolled up?

ALICE: First date with Mr. Graydon?

GLORIA: Finally!

MILLIE: Hey, I've been there a week. And its not easy with watchdog Flannery sniffing around, but im making progress.

ALICE: Where's he taking you?

MILLIE: He's not. Jimmy Smith –

RUTH: Again?

GLORIA: Where to this time, Coney Island?

RUTH: Central Park?

ALICE: One of the watering holes he frequents from here to New Jersey?

MISS DOROTHY: Its true. Mr. Smith has friends in low places!

MILLIE: And high.

ALICE: What are you talking about?

GLORIA: 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.

GLORIA, ALICE AND RUTH: *(Imitating MILLIE.)*
Show biz parties!

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

GLORIA: We know, we know.

GLORIA, ALICE AND RUTH: Muzzy! *(MILLIE and MISS DOROTHY exit S.I. as MODERNS exit S.R)*

SCENE 10

(The penthouse of MUZZY VAN HOSSMERE. U.S. center is MUZZY, a glamorous and wise woman, a big star. SHE stands among her luggage, draped in fur, quietly and honestly expressing her feelings about New York City. Her FRIENDS spread out in her apartment listening to their host. PENNY & MATHILDE serve drinks to the GUESTS.)

“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

MUZZY’S FRIENDS:

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 from S. R.. exiting S. L. with MUZZY's luggage. MUZZY lets her fur drop to her shoulders and her maids, MATHILDE and PENNY enters S.L. and removes it, exiting S.R. MUZZY is D.S. center 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.)

MUZZY:

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. RISE!

(MILLIE, DOROTHY & JIMMY enter SL.)

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 ad lib "Welcome backs"; "We missed you!" etc.)* How I missed my adorable friends!

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, she stops dancing and crosses D.S. to MUZZY, rejoining the dance when the exchange with MUZZY is over.)

MUZZY: *(To GERSHWIN.)*

Hello, Georgie Gershwin, how's that symphony coming?

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

MUZZY: Don't worry! Inspiration comes when you least expect it. *(GEORGE GERSHWIN rejoin the dance as MUZZY approaches DOROTHY PARKER.)* Why, Dorothy Parker, what a divine dress. You're just a Rhapsody in blue! *(Suddenly inspired, GEORGE GERSHWIN sits SR and jots notes in notepad..)*

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

MUZZY: 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 DAPHNE, DEXTER and LILITH approach MUZZY.)*

DAPHNE: Muzzy at the Palace.

MUZZY: Buckingham.

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. 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: 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! 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.

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 peep about 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 to do 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 are in 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 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: 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!

MILLIE: Casanova! (*JIMMY breaks away front MILLIE and exits in a panic S.R., 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. *(Spoken.)* 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. IMPLORE ME.
I PROMISE YOU WON'T BORE ME.
JIMMY, I MIGHT SAY YES.

(As MILLIE sustains the word "yes, "her tenderness and crosses D.S. center.) 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 O.S.)* Now remember—

MISS DOROTHY: *(From O.S.)* Shhh!

(MILLIE dashes into her room. just into 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 and exits S.L. MISS DOROTHY exits into her room. MILLIE steps out of her room and into the hallway, clearly in shock as the curtain falls.)*

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

SCENE 1

(The Sincere Trust Insurance Company. STENOGS frantically answer the phones, in contrast to MILLIE, who works as if under water.)

STENOG 3: Yes that will be two boxes of extra large paper clips, and a case of staples.

STENOG 1: Sincere Trust....

STENOG 2: Certainly I will have carbon prints sent over by this afternoon. Thank you for calling Sincere Trust.

STENOG 5: Sincere Trust...

STENOG 1: Well excuse me Mr. Jones but using a harsh tone with me isn't going to get you anything but a dial tone.

STENOG 5: Please Hold.

STENOG 4: Yes that's right we certainly can offer you Insurance at a lower rate than anyone else in the city.

STENOG 2: Sincere Trust...

STENOG 3: Clerk! Will you please run down to 53rd and 3rd and pick up our office supplies order?

FILE CLERK #1: 53rd and 3rd what happened to having our supplies delivered?

STENOG 3: Their delivery boy is sick today and I have some reports that need to be fastened to hop to it!

FILE CLERK #1: I'll do it but there wont be any hopping involved.

STENOG 2: Loans and Lending on Line 2.

STENOG 4: and if you come in to sign, I'll personally greet you with a warm welcome and a smile.

STENOG 1: CLERK! I need every record that Mr. Jones has in this office by the end of today.

FILE CLERK #2: I will do my best (*sarcastically*) we only have thousands of files in this office and a few hours left in the day.

FILE CLERK #1: Uh hey buddy I'll look for the files if you go pick up the supplies delivery?

FILE CLERK #2: Okay SURE! (*He exits SL*)

FILE CLERK #1: This should only take a minute, they are in alphabetical order ha ha ha.

STENOG 5: Sincere Trust...

(*MISS FLANNERY interrupts the girls, when she enters S. L 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 S.L. 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 S.L. and MILLIE's phone rings. SHE answers it, and MISS FLANNERY stops.)

Sincere Trust.

(MISS FLANNERY starts to exit S.L.)

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 S.L. 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.)

STENOG 1
HORACE.

STENOG 2
DANNY.

STENOG 3
MILTON.

STENOG 4
PERCY.

(MISS FLANNERY enters D.S.L., interrupting.)

MISS FLANNERY
BARNEY SCHREIBER, C.P.A!

MILLIE
JIMMY, OH JIMMY,
SILLY BOY,
GEE, WHAT A REAL
SWEEL GUY.
FORGET ABOUT THE BOY
JIMMY, OH JIMMY,
OH, WHAT JOY!
HE MAKES MY TROUBLES
FLY!

MISS FLANNERY AND STENOGS
CUT THE CORD.
IS THAT A MAN I ONCE ADORED?
HE'S NOTHING BUT AN ALBATROSS,
NOT GREAT LOSS, DOUBLECROSSER!
FORGET ABOUT THE BOY.
PULL THE PLUG.
AIN'T HE THE ONE WHO PULLED THE RUG?
HE'S LOWER THAN AN ALLEY CAR.
DIRTY RAT, AND I FLATTER

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 HELLELUH!
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!
AND IN THE MOONLIGHT
DON'T YOU THINK ABOUT HIM

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

MISS FLANNERY AND STENOGS
FORGET ABOUT THE BOY!

AAH-AAH

AAH-AAH
SISTER, YOU'RE MUCH BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM

BLUES A KISS GOOD-BYE

SUN BACK IN THE SKY

MISS FLANNERY:

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 please, not at all pleased. Where's Flannery?

(MISS FLANNERY reveals herself. MR. GRAYDON addresses MISS FLANNERY and MISS FLANNERY addresses the STENOGS.)

MR. GRAYDON AND MISS FLANNERY

Back to work!

(STENOGS wheel their desks off MISS FLANNERY sheepishly approaches MR. GRAYDON but he

brushes her aside. SHE exits S. L. MILLIE is about to exit D.S. R when MISS DOROTHY enters SL)

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!

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 U.S.L.)

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 dumbstuck. 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: *(Sings.)*

AH! I KNOW AT LAST THE SECRET OF IT ALL!

MILLIE: *(Spoken into the phone.)*

Handball.

MISS DOROTHY : *(Sings)*

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 : *(Sings.)*

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. Because this is a fantasy sequence the choreography can be heightened.)

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. I think 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 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. ")
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 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.

“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 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 tip 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 20 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.)

(Spoken.)

JIMMY: Have dinner with me.

MILLIE: All right. A celebration.

JIMMY: Then let's 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. Murry's singing at Cafe Society. We'll go there.

MILLIE: Deal. And Dutch treat.

JIMMY: Oh, no.

MILLIE: Oh, yes. Well 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: *(Sings.)*
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: *(Sings.)*
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-love 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.

(ALL Asians enter from SL and start Ad. Libbing an argument in Chinese)

MRS. MEERS: *(Quieting them.)*

And curtain!

(Pushes them D.S. center.)

Spare me the family feud. It boils down to this: who's it going to be, boys, Miss Dorothy...

“MUQUIN”

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*

or Mama?

(Sings.)

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 which she dangles in front of ASIANS:
it's their mother.)*

BUN FOO

(From the heart.)

MU QIN.

SUPERTITLE

Mammy.

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*

That's right.

CHING HO

(Sings.)

MU QIN.

SUPERTITLE

Mammy.

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*

Now you're talking.

BIN ROO

(Sings.)

TAI YANG ZHAO DONG FANG. The sun shines east.

SUPERTITLE

CHANG LO

TAI YANG ZHAO XI FANG. The sun shines west.

SUPERTITLE

MRS. MEERS

BUT YOU KNOW WHERE “TAIYANG ZHAO” BEST.

CHOW DIN & KIM SOO

ZHAO DAO, ZHAO DAO
MU QIN TA SHEN SHANG

SUPERTITLE

On Mammy.

MOO PAN

ZHAO WO ZHAO WO
MU QIN TA SHEN SHANG.

SUPERTITLE

My mammy.

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*
Yeah!

ALL

(Sing.)

WO DE SIN YONG YUAN
Siam-y.

SUPERTITLE

My heart strings are tangled

WANG JIA XIANG

around

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*
You can taste her cooking!

PO MEIN

(Sings.)

WO LAI LIAO

SUPERTITLE

I'm coming.

MEI TAI

SUPERTITLE

BU REN YAO NIN DUO DENG

Sorry that I made you

DAI

wait.

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*
Take her home!

JET LOO

(Sings a la Al Jolson.)

WO LAI LIAO

I'm coming.

WAN LE KONG PA NIN BU ZAI
late

I hope and pray I'm not

too

MRS. MEERS: *(Spoken.)*
It's never too late for:

ALL

(Sing.)

spelled vertically in

MAMMY. MAMMY

SUPERTITLE

("Mammy. Mammy"

Mandarin characters.)

4 BROTHERS

SUPER TITLE

WO YUEN ZOU BAI WAN LI
of those

We'd walk a million KAN NI XIAO MI MI
smiles.

miles for one

ALL

MY MAMMY.

vertically in Mandarin

SUPERTITLE

("My Mammy." Spelled

characters.)

(ALL dance a soft shoe, they are motivated by filial devotion, MRS. MEERS motivated by having gotten them back under her thumb.)

CHING HO and CHANG LO

SUPERTITLE

WO YUEN ZOU BAI WAN LI
one for those smiles.

I'd walk a million miles KAN NI XIAO MI MI

for

BUN FOO and BIN ROO
WO YI BEI FAN ZUI YE BU
us some time.

SUPERTITLE
We'll lead a life of crime HAI PA.

to buy

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.)

MRS. MEERS
WO YUEN ZOU BAI WAN LI KAN NI XIAO MI MI
(exiting in a slow strut S.L.)
MY MAMMY!

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 4

The floor show at Café Society. MODERNS enter D.R.

“Long as I’m Here With You”

MODERNS
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 DL.)

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

MODERNS

THE WORLD'S A SUGAR	BOO-DY-I DAH.
BOWL.	BOO-DY-I DAH.
IT'S SEVENS EV'RY ROLL	BA DA DA DA DA DA
SNEAK PEEK AT	BOO-DY-I-DAH.
PARADISE	BOO-DY-I-DAH.
THE VIEW IS MIGHTY	BA DA DA DA DA DA
NICE	
I GOT NO BLUES TO	OOH.
SING,	
CHOOSE TO SING A	OOH.
MELODY FOR	
TWO.	

MUZZY
HAPPY ENDING IS NEAR,
LONG AS I'M HERE WITH YOU

MODERNS: *(Sing.)*
LIFE IS A HOLIDAY
I'M TALKING JUNE
THROUGH MAY
A NIGHTLY SELL-OUT SHOW
AND BABY, IM FRONT ROW

MUZZY: *(Sings.)*
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.

MODERNS: DOO-OO.

MUZZY: KID IN A CANDY STORE.

MODERNS: DOO-OO.

MUZZY: THE JACKPOT HAS BEEN HIT.

MODERNS: DOO-OO.

MUZZY: I'M LIVIN' PROOF OF IT.

MODERNS: DOO-OO.

MUZZY	MODERNS
AND AS FOR ALL THAT	OOH.

PASSED.

CALL THAT PAST!
I FOUND A HEART
THAT'S TRUE.

OOH.

MUZZY

WHAT A RED-LETTER YEAR,
LONG AS IM HERE WITH OU.

(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!

MODERNS

AND YOU. AND YOU. AND YOU. AND YOU. AND YOU.
GOOD-BYE TO YOU!

(MODERNS exits S.R. as MUZZY takes a bow and blows them kisses.)

SCENE 5

(MUZZY'S dressing room. MATHILDE, PENNY and KENNETH enter, helping MUZZY with her robe. KENNETH hands her tea cup, and MUZZY takes swig.)

MATHILDE: Here you are Ma'am your cup of tea

MUZZY: Thanks, Mathilde.

KENNETH: And Mrs. Van H., you got yourself a visitor.

MUZZY: Between sets?

PENNY: This one you'll want to see.

MUZZY: Oh, all right.

(MATHILDE, KENNETH and PENNY exit S.R., MILLE enters SR)

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 dummy.

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 dummy, 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 dummy.

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.

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 GRAYDON drunk and disheveled, is slumped over his table. At the next table are DAPHNE, a wealthy, if 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: *(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. 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.

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 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.

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 as the orchestra plays a tremlo.)
"Sad to he awe arone in da whirld."
(chord)

MR. GRAYDON: How's that?

MILLIE: Mrs. Meers is always saying that.
(chord)

JIMMY: Mrs. Meers again.

MILLIE: You don't think—?!
(chord)

JIMMY: I do.

MILLIE: You don't mean-?!
(chord)

MR. GRAYDON: White slavery!
(When 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.

JIMMY: *(Starting to exit.)*
Not if I can help it. I'm calling the police!

MILLIE: Wait. What we need is a temporary orphan, someone who's willing to put herself in

harm's way.

JIMMY : I get it! Take the hair, do a sleeping beauty, and lead us to Miss Dorothy.

JIMMY: Graydon, I don't think either of us would pass as a new girl in town.

(MILLIE gets an idea.)

MILLIE: No but I know exactly who can do it!

(JIMMY seems to read MILLIE's mind. HE and MILLIE exit S.R.. Utterly clueless, MR. GRAYDON follows them.)

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 7

(The lobby of the Hotel Priscilla. MUZZY enters, disguised in ingenue 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, with no "Chinese" accent.)*
Coming!

(MUZZY rings again.)

I'm coming.

(MUZZY rings again. MRS. MEERS enters from her office, her "Chinese" accent kicking in.)

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: *(Drops "Chinese" accent 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 "Chinese" 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: *(Drops the "Chinese" accent and goes for the jugular.)*
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.)
Shmevmcn?!"

MUZZY: It's Swedish.

MRS. MEERS: *(Back to the "Chinese" accent.)*
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?

MUZZY: *(Exiting into MRS. MEERS' office.)*
Oh, I'm just mad for green tea!

MRS. MEERS: *(furtively dials the phone, dropping "Chinese" accent.)*
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. and MRS. MEERS slashes the price again.)

MRS. MEERS: Make it one-fifty.

(MRS MEERS exits into her office. MILLIE, JIMMY and MR. GRAYDON enter U. S. R. THEY enter the elevator and begin tap dancing, causing the elevator to ascend.)

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 8

The Laundry Room all of the ASIANS are on stage doing laundry except BUN FOO. 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 around 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... ."

JET LOO and MEI TEI: Mrs. Maiyisi!

MISS DOROTHY: Mrs. Meers?!

(A closer look at the picture accompanying the article.)

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!

ALL: Shhhhhh!

(CHING HO removes the Chinese/English dictionary from his pocket, finds the word, then struggles to sound it out.)

CHING HO: 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: She's coming!

(MISS DOROTHY ducks inside the cart. CHING HO closes it and wheels it off S. R. as MRS MEERS enters S.L. There are three laundry carts -in a row S. R., and stairs S. L.)

MRS. MEERS: *(No "Chinese" accent.)*

Boys where are you?!?

(Carrying MUZZY's suitcase, BUN FOO enters S. R. and startles MRS. MEERS)

Ooooooh!

BUN FOO: *(Startled that SHE is startled.)*

Ooooooh!

MRS. MEERS: Where's your brother?

(When 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.) Yooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

Broooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! Thceeeeeecececeeer!

(SHE'S had it.)

MRS. MEERS: 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 slowly tip the stairs S L. as MRS MEERS crosses to the laundry cart closest to center and sits on it, addressing its contents.)

Hold right, Zazu. The boat won't sail without you.

(Amused by the name.)

Zazu Rosy Shmevmen...?! You couldn't make that up.

(Maybe you could make that tip!)

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 off 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,

(No "Chinese" accent, just one tough broad.)

orphans every one of'em. who no one ever misses when they disappear

(in "Chinese" accent, for effect.)

"compretery!"

(No "Chinese" accent.)

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!

(Front inside the S.R. laundry cart. MR. GRAYDON pops up.)

MR. GRAYDON: Read that back to me, please!
(*MILLIE pops up from inside the middle cart, steno pad in hand.*)

MILLIE: (*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 STENOG IN THE NATION!
(*JIMMY pops up next to MILLIE in the middle cart.*)

ALL: (*Minus MRS. MEERS.*)
AAAAAH!

MRS. MEERS
So, you eavesdropped on me? Hearsay! Inadmissible! Where's the proof? Where's the proof?!
(*BUN FOG appears at the top of the stairs.*)

KIM SOO: Hong Kong!

MRS. MEERS: Whhaatt?!

(*BUN FOG Races down the stairs and crosses to MRS. MEERS.*)

MOO PAN: Buddha get girl. Meers get cash.

CHOW DIN: 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 mama over.

PO MEIN: 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.)

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 behind the stairs.)

MR. GRAYDON: *(Spoken.)*

Miss Dorothy!

(MR. GRAYDON takes a breath to sing in response as BUN FOO tears down the sheets center stage, revealing CHING HO and MISS DOROTHY in an embrace.)

CHING HO

SUPERTITLE

(Sings.)

AH! WO MING BAI
secret of it all!

Ah! I know at last the SHENG MING DE YI YI LIAO

(CHING HO and MISS DOROTHY embrace)

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, ASIANS congratulate CHING HO, MR. GRAYDON sulks.)

MILLIE: Oh, Miss Dorothy, thank God!

JIMMY: Tell us what happened.

MUZZY: What you've been through!

BUN FOO: Ching ho!

BIN ROO: *(Looking around.)*

Aiya! Mrs. Meers!

MUZZY: Where is she?

MILLIE: Don't worry, she won't get far.

(Calling O.S.L.)

Right, girls?

(MODERNS enter SL from behind the staircase. They are carrying pesticide spray guns and are followed by MRS. MEERS. ALICE takes up the rear, spray gun in hand.)

ALICE

Hear that, Meersie?

RUTH

That's right, Millie.

GLORIA

You better believe it.

(THEY force MRS. MEERS onto the stairs S L. RUTH is at the top of the stairs, then GLORIA, then MRS. MEERS ALICE is on the landing. RUTH. GLORIA and ALICE point their pesticide spray guns at MRS. MEERS.)

RITA

We'd love to chat, but Meersie's got an audition down at police headquarters.

CORA

The one gig I'm sure she'll book.

MABEL: She'll be tap dancin' for 25 to life.

LUCILLE: And there's a reward: we'll be surrounded by a precinct full of men!

SARA: Of Police Officers...in uniforms...protecting us...

(MODERNS squeal with excitement, 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!

ETHEL: Move it along Meersie!

(MRS. MEERS exits tip the stairs. When SHE reaches the top, SHE. stops just long enough to speak in woeful Chinese.)

MRS. MEERS

Sigh guy sinung dan disk ho
chAum.

MODERNS

Sad to be all alone in the
world.

(MODERNS 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 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 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 S .R. and stops next to MISS DOROTHY and CHING HO, at a loss for words.)

Yyyyyyyyyyy-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 IN THE MOVIES?

MISS DOROTHY: *(To CHING HO.)*

ISN'T IT DELECTABLE?

(MILLIE and JIMMY embrace. MISS DOROTHY and CHING HO embrace. MUZZY blows a kiss 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. GRAYDON 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 1 MODERNS 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 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 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 to happen in the never-ending story that is New York City.)

From Old French acte, from Latin *Acta* (‘‘register of events’’), plural of *Actum* (‘‘decree, law’’), from *agĀ* (‘‘put in motion’’). Compare German *Akte* (‘‘file’’). IPA(key): /*ˈ*ɑːkt/. (AAVE) IPA(key): /*ˈ*ɑːk/. Rhymes: -*ɑː*kt. act (countable and uncountable, plural acts). (countable) Something done, a deed. an act of goodwill. (Can we date this quote by Wordsworth and provide title, author's full name, and other details?) Act or ACT may refer to: Acting, theatrical performance. Act (drama), a segment of a play or opera. Musical act. Act (band), a British band. A.C.T, a Swedish band. ACT Music, a German music label. ACT Theatre, in Seattle, Washington, US. American Conservatory Theater, in San Francisco, California, US. Acts, a 2012 album by American band RNDM. AdaCore, formerly Ada Core Technologies, Ada specialist software company. Advanced Cell Technology, stem cell company.