

RUBY.
IT'S NOT RUDY VALLEE,

DICK.
OR MARION TALLEY
NOT ONE OF THEM WILL DO—

Start BOTH.
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

DICK. (*Handing her a battered suitcase.*) This is yours, isn't it? I followed you all the way from the bus depot. You left it in front of the water fountain.

RUBY. (*Opening the suitcase and revealing its total contents: one pair of tap shoes.*) Gee, thanks. It's all I have in the world. I sure would hate to lose these. I've had them ever since I was at Madame Melba's Tap, Ballet, and Ballroom Academy.

DICK. Madame Melba's? Say, where are you from?

RUBY. Utah.

DICK. You too? Not Centerville?

RUBY. Why yes!

DICK. Gosh! So am I. Say, haven't I seen you at Marigold's Drug Store on the corner of Main and Chestnut Street?

RUBY. I wouldn't be surprised. My uncle's the proprietor.

DICK. You mean Uncle Gus? Your uncle is Uncle Gus Marigold?

RUBY. During the summer I helped out at the soda fountain.

DICK. Then you're the girl who sold me an Eskimo Pie. I knew you were familiar. You know, if I hadn't joined up the next day, I would have come back and ordered Eskimo Pies all day long.

RUBY. You would? You know Uncle Gus just loved to watch me dance. "Ruby," he said, "your feet sing! Those tapping toes of yours are gonna take you a long way."

DICK. And so they have. You're on Broadway!

RUBY. Gosh! So I am!

DICK. You know when I look into those big blue eyes of yours, there's only one thing I want to do.

RUBY. What?

DICK. Sing!

RUBY. Anything else?

DICK. Yes. Dance!

RUBY. Oh, you're a dancer?

DICK. Not exactly. I'm a sailor.

RUBY. Oh.

DICK. But not just any old sailor. You see, I'm a songwriter too.

RUBY. (*Impressed.*) You are?

DICK. (*With determination.*) Yeah! And you know, this cold canyon of steel and concrete doesn't scare me one bit. No siree-bob! When my hitch is over I'm coming back to this burg and turn it upside down. I won't rest until everybody from the lowest

Bowery bum to the ritziest dame on Park Avenue are singing my songs.

(JOAN enters with a Baby Ruth.)

JOAN. Oh Ruby— (*Seeing DICK.*) Excuse me!

RUBY. Oh Joan, I'd like you to meet—

DICK. It's Richard, but my friends call me Dick.

JOAN. (*Shaking hands.*) Put it there, Dick. (*Indicating candy bar.*) Still hungry, kid?

DICK. Don't spoil your appetite—Ruby. (*With phony elegance.*) May I have the honor of taking you to lunch at one of New York's finest restaurants?

JOAN. Which?

DICK. (*Making a joke.*) The Automat, of course.

(ALL laugh.)

STOP

JOAN. (*Taking RUBY's arm.*) But first, Admiral, she's gotta try on Glenda's costume for the "Money, Money" number. I don't know why—it's only three pennies.

(JOAN exits with RUBY in tow.)

DICK. What a day! What a girl! I feel . . . I feel . . . (*Suddenly inspired, he pulls a small piano Onstage from the Wings.*)

Let's see— (*To tune of "You Are My Lucky Star."*)

I FOUND A BROADWAY ST—

(*Breaks off, shaking head.*) No! (*He begins again, composing music and creating lyrics off the top of his head.*)

SONG: "BROADWAY BABY"

I FOUND ME A BROADWAY BABY,
SHE'S A HIT WITH ME,
WHAT A SMASH, MY BROADWAY BABY,
STANDING ROOM ONLY IS ON THE MARQUEE.

WITH MY NEON BROADWAY BEAUTY
WHO COULD BE AFRAID?
ME AND MY RIALTO CUTIE,
WE'LL LEAD THE EASTER PARADE.

TOGETHER WE'LL CLIMB THAT STAIRWAY,
WE'LL SOAR UP TO THE HEIGHTS,
WHEN TIMES SQUARE IS OUR FREE-FROM-CARE
WAY,
ONE OF THE SIGHTS—OUR NAMES UP IN LIGHTS.