

TEAMED UP WITH MY GOTHAM LOVELY
WE WILL BE THE RAGE
HOW DELUXE! HOW HEAVEN-ABOVE-LY
FEATURED ON EVERY FRONT PAGE.

SLUMMING IN HARLEM
OR TWENTY-ONE-ING IT,
WE'LL BE THE ENVY OF ALL,
WITH LUNCH AT SARDIS, NIGHT-LONG PARTIES,
LIFE'S A GALA BALL
WITH MY RAZZLING-DAZZLING BROADWAY BABY
DOLL!

(Spoken—music under.)

Broadway! Street of a thousand schemes and a million fears.
Broadway! Street of a billion dreams and a trillion tears.
Broadway! You river of humanity! How great can one street get.
Filly, thrilly, dizzy, jazzy
Sassy, brassy, razz-ma-tazzy.
Broadway! I'll lick you yet!

(Sung.)

PLAYING THE PALACE,
OR STARRING IN TALKIES,
OR SINGING AT CARNEGIE HALL,
WITH MY NEW YORKER, WHAT A CORKER!
I'LL BE KING OF ALL
WHEN I SASHAY DOWN THE GREAT WHITE WAY
WITH MY GREAT WHITE BABY DOLL!

Start

(MONA enters.)

MONA. *(Posing seductively.)* Well! Hello!

DICK. *(Wide-eyed.)* Hello, Miss Kent.

MONA. Ah—you know me?

DICK. Gee whiz! Everyone knows Mona Kent. Your picture in the Rotogravure every Sunday. An item in Winchell every day! Gee, Miss Kent, you are glamorous!

MONA. "She moves in beauty like the night." Ah, Shakespeare! —the Bird of Avon. What's your name, sailor?

DICK. Uh— Uhh— Richard.

MONA. Enchanté! Tell me—Dick—what was that you were singing just now?

DICK. *(Shyly.)* Oh, it was just one of my songs.

MONA. *(Impressively.)* It's good. Have you any more?

DICK. Well—er—yes, I do. *(Pulls music from under midddy.)*

MONA. *(Glances at it for one full second.)* It's marvelous! *(DICK pulls out chair, sits at piano. MONA sits on top of it.)*

CUT Lyrics

THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

WHEN I WAS LOW

AND FEELING SLY AND DROOPY

HE'D ALWAYS KNOW

ONCE HE WAS A BIG SHOT

I'VE HAD NO LACK

OF MEN BUT THEY'RE BORED ME,

BUT NOW HE CAN'T AFFORD ME

THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

GONE'S MY DESIRE NOW HE'S ON BELIEF

SO I'LL NEVER BE MRS.

TO THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

(Exhausted but exhilarated.) Oh Dick, it's nifty! It'll stop the show. Dick, come to my dressing room, and show me what other numbers you've got hidden up your middy. **STOP**

(MONA pulls DICK Offstage.)

LUCKY. *(Entering from Wings.)* Hey, Dick? Dick?

JOAN. *(Entering from opposite side, unaware of LUCKY.)* Mr. Hennesey? Something terrible's happened, something awful. Mr. Hennesey?

LUCKY. *(Sneaking up behind JOAN.)* Guess who?

(Puts his hands over her eyes. JOAN reacts bored. Then he pinches her. JOAN reacts with delight.)

JOAN. *(Without turning around.)* Lucky, honey!

LUCKY. Joan baby!