

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!

*(MONA enters.)*

START

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.)*

## SONG: "MISTER MAN OF MINE"

NO KING OR TSAR,  
NO DEMPSEY OR GENE TUNNEY,  
NO MOVIE STAR,  
HIS FACE WAS KIND OF FUNNY—  
(*She tosses music over her shoulder.*)  
NO LOCHINVAR,  
BUT LORDIE HE HAD MONEY,  
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

HE LOVED ME SO,  
AND OH HOW WELL HE KNEW ME;  
WHEN I WAS LOW  
AND FEELING SAD AND GLOOMY,  
HE'D ALWAYS KNOW  
AND BRING HOME DIAMONDS TO ME,  
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

ONCE HE WAS A BIG SHOT  
SWIMMING IN CASH,  
CHAMPAGNE AND ROSES ALL AROUND.  
YEAH: HE WAS A BIG SHOT,  
THEN CAME THE CRASH,  
AND JACK CAME TUMBLING DOWN!

MY LIFE IS BLACK  
SINCE THAT RICH MAN ADORED ME,  
I'VE HAD NO LACK  
OF MEN BUT THEY ALL BORED ME,  
HE WANTS ME BACK  
BUT NOW HE CAN'T AFFORD ME.

OURS WAS A FIRE WHOSE FLAME WAS TOO BRIEF,  
GONE'S MY DESIRE NOW HE'S ON RELIEF,  
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

Oh Dick, it's divine! It gets you right here! It'll be perfect for my first act closer! (*A shadow SCREEN appears. As MONA reprises song, accompanied by "oo-oo" CHORUS, the CAST pantomimes the story behind it. Talks it; CHORUS "oo's" under.*)

**STOP**

NO KING OR TSAR,  
NO DEMPSEY OR GENE TUNNEY,  
NO MOVIE STAR,  
HIS FACE WAS KIND OF FUNNY.  
NO LOCHINVAR.