

DICK. (*Calling to MONA Offstage.*) Miss Mona Kent, sir!

CAPTAIN. Not *the* Mona Kent? The one who's opening tonight at the Hippodrome?

(*Boys tiptoe out.*)

MONA. (*Entering.*) Correct. Except that we're not opening at the Hippodrome, Captain, we're opening right here! This is perfection! Now, while I descend on my moon from that gun-turret, the chorus girls will s'ide down the yard-arm—

CAPTAIN. Impossible!

MONA. Impossible? Kewpie-Doll?

CAPTAIN. Thundering torpedo-tubes! It's Consuelo!

MONA. Si si, Kewpie-Doll. Remember the night we met?

CAPTAIN. You were the waitress who served me chili con carne!

MONA. And you were the sailor who broke my heart . . . Listen . . .

(*MARACAS are heard. The SKY switches from blue to a tempestuous orange.*)

SONG: "THE BEGUINE"

MONA.

THE BEGUINE, I HEAR THE BEGUINE,
DEEP IN MY HEART IT'S BEATING A WILD TATTOO,
THE BEGUINE, THAT FATAL BEGUINE,
RECALLING TROPICAL GLOOM, ORCHIDS IN BLOOM,
PUNGENT PERFUME—AND YOU!

DO YOU REMEMBER PENSACOLA?
SULTRY DESIRE, PASSIONS ON FIRE UNDER THE
MOON.

THOSE NIGHTS OF SPLENDOR IN PENSACOLA,
LOST IN YOUR ARMS
UNDER THE PALMS
NEAR THE LAGOON.

YOU WERE SO TENDER IN PENSACOLA
WHILE GUITARS PLAYED A HAUNTING, TAUNTING
TUNE.

I SURRENDERED IN PENSACOLA.
WAS I MAD, WAS I WRONG?
TO BE GLAD YOU WERE STRONG?
NO, I LONG FOR PENSACOLA AGAIN!

CUT to End for Dialogue

CAPTAIN.

THE BEGUINE, I HEAR THE BEGUINE,
DEEP IN MY HEART IT'S BEATING A WILD TATTOO,
THE BEGUINE, THAT FATAL BEGUINE,
RECALLING TROPICAL GLOOM, ORCHIDS IN BLOOM,
PUNGENT PERFUME—AND YOU!

YES, I REMEMBER PENSACOLA,
SULTRY DESIRE, PASSIONS ON FIRE UNDER THE
MOON.

BOTH.

THOSE NIGHTS OF SPLENDOR IN PENSACOLA,
LOST IN YOUR ARMS,
UNDER THE PALMS,
NEAR THE LAGOON.

MONA.

YOU WERE SO TENDER

BOTH.

IN PENSACOLA—

CAPTAIN.

WHILE GUITARS PLAYED A HAUNTING, TAUNTING
TUNE

MONA.

I SURRENDERED

CAPTAIN.

IN PENSACOLA—

MONA.

WAS I MAD?

CAPTAIN.

WERE YOU WRONG
TO BE GLAD I WAS STRONG?

MONA.

NO!

BOTH.

Resume HOW WE LONG FOR PENSACOLA AGAIN!

MONA. Do we get zee ship?

CAPTAIN. Si, si.

MONA. Nice little yacht you got here, Kewpie-Doll. It **must**
have cost you a pretty penny.

CAPTAIN. Oh, didn't you hear? We Courageouses are doing very
well these days. Mother just bought Sears-Roebuck.

MONA. (*Massive take.*) OH?

CAPTAIN. Yes, she traded Montgomery Ward for it.

MONA. So I guess your scrambled eggs are from Cartier?

CAPTAIN. No, Tiffany.

MONA. Ah, la mer! **||** *(She looks at sea, turns green, staggers.*
CAPTAIN catches her.) **||** Dh, la mer. Remember how I even got

Stop