

SAM: Gladys!

GLADYS: Sammy, you're driving with the top down tonight?

*SAM turns his back to the audience and puts on his toupee.*

SAM: Gladys! Your kitty is short four bucks and eighty-two cents. How do you account for that?

GLADYS: *(going nose to nose)* I bought a mink coat.

SAM: You're gonna start with me, Miss Mouth?

GLADYS: *(switching gears)* Sam, this is the girl I told ya about. *(Introductions:)* Lola La Mar . . . Mr. Sam Silver.

SAM: What girl? You never told me about a girl.

GLADYS: The replacement for Doris.

TONY: That's right, Mr. Silver, you never replaced Doris Miller.

GLADYS: Yeah. And I told ya I knew someone. Remember? Sam, in the Heaven number, you're still one constellation short of a zodiac.

SAM: Right. *(Giving LOLA the once-over)* Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Oh, yeah. Ya sing?

LOLA: Yes, sir.

SAM: And I suppose with those gams ya dance too.

LOLA: You bet!

SAM: Be here tomorrow at 4 o'clock. I'll give ya three minutes to make me love you.

LOLA: *(excited)* Oh, thank . . . *(GLADYS gives her the fish-eye. Composed)* Tomorrow at four. Yes, sir.

SAM: *(to TONY)* Brooklyn. Ya gotta help me out. Morty got arrested again. I need a bartender for the graveyard shift. You're on.

TONY: But Mister Silver! I haven't tended bar since -

SAM: After tonight's show, you're a bartender. No arguments. *(He e*

TONY: What a Prince

GLADYS: Brooklyn, why don't you see if you can help Tulsa with her arrangements

LOLA: *(to TONY)* Are you a musician?

TONY: Well . . . a songwriter, really.

GLADYS: *(coyly)* Yeah. Why don't the two of you talk about . . . arrangements . . . *(Back to work, as she exits)* Cigars . . . cigarettes . . . *(She exits)*

TONY: *(he stares at her for a beat. She smiles warmly)* So! Welcome to New York! Hey, how about those arrangements. Do you need something for tomorrow?

LOLA: No, I'm fine, really. I have a lovely arrangement of a ballad in the style of Helen Morgan. My high school band teacher, Mr. Lumpkin, he did it for me. It's really swell.

TONY: *(trying to conceal a laugh)* Mr. Lumpkin.

LOLA: (*not getting it, still enthusiastic*) Yes. And it's an original song too. Written by the only other songwriter I've ever met - back in Tulsa - Mr. Schminkle.

TONY: (*finding it harder not to laugh*) Mr. Schminkle.

LOLA: (*getting it, feeling patronised*) Yes. Mr. Schminkle. Look, Mr. Forte, I know exactly what you're thinkin'. I'm just some innocent little hayseed who wouldn't know a curtain call from a hog call . . .

TONY: No! Not at all . . .

LOLA: And I'm gonna fall flat on my face with my original songs by Schminkle and Lumpkin.

TONY *can conceal his laughter no longer.*

LOLA: (*cont'd*) That's what you'd like, isn't it.

TONY: (*composing himself*) No, no, you're wrong! It's true, I hadn't heard of your band teacher . . . Lumpkin. But when you said Schminkle, well, that makes all the difference . . . who's he, the wrestling coach? (*He laughs, even harder*) Look, let me show you what I can do and . . .

LOLA: No, thank you. I think I'll show you what I can do. Tomorrow. That's right. I'm gonna show you . . . and a whole lot of other people. (*She gathers her things*) Goodnight, Mr. Lumpkin. I mean . . . oh . . .

*She turns to exit.*

TONY: Hey, wait! (*Crossing upstage, after her*) I gotta see you again. We just got off to a bad start, that's all. How can I reach you?

LOLA: Oh, you won't have any trouble finding me, Mr. Tony Forte. Just look for the brightest lights in Manhattan. They'll be spellin' my name.

*She exits. TONY stares in her direction for a beat then turns downstage, to us:*