

MR. GRAYDON*(Stopping JIMMY.)*

Steady, boy. Anything that might arouse Mrs. Meers' suspicion could mean an end to Miss Dorothy.

MILLIE

You're right. What we need is a temporary orphan, someone who's willing to put herself in harm's way.

JIMMY

I get it! Take the bait, do a sleeping beauty, and lead us to Miss Dorothy.

MILLIE

Bingo! I'd do it myself, but she knows me.

MR. GRAYDON

And she's unlikely to forget the Cain I raised when she told me Miss Dorothy was gone.

JIMMY

Graydon, I don't think either of us would pass as a new girl in town.

#22 - The Chase*(MILLIE gets an idea.)***MILLIE**

But I know someone who would!

*(JIMMY seems to read MILLIE's mind. HE and MILLIE exit S.R. Utterly clueless, MR. GRAYDON follows them.)***SCENE 7***The lobby of the Hotel Priscilla. MUZZY enters, disguised in ingenue apparel and a blonde wig, and carrying a beat-up suitcase. SHE surveys the lobby, clearly unused to less than four-star accommodations. SHE crosses to the front desk and rings the bell.***MRS. MEERS***(From inside her office. Drowsily, with no "Chinese" accent.)*

Coming!

(MUZZY rings again.)

I'm coming.

(MUZZY rings again. MRS. MEERS enters from her office, her "Chinese" accent kicking in.)

Do you have any idea what time it is?

MUZZY

(For all her talent, she doesn't play the ingenue well.)
I hope I didn't wake you.

MRS. MEERS

At three a.m.? Why would I be asleep? Now, what can I do for you, miss—
(Upon closer inspection of MUZZY.)
madam?

MUZZY

The sign says vacancy.

MRS. MEERS

So?

MUZZY

So I'd like to fill it.

MRS. MEERS

You sure you come to right place?

MUZZY

This is a hotel, isn't it?

MRS. MEERS

Uh-huh. The Hotel Priscilla, a residence for young ladies.

MUZZY

(Choosing to ignore the dig.)
Precisely. I need a room.

MRS. MEERS

(Drops "Chinese" accent in amazement that a woman MUZZY's age considers herself young.)
Suit yourself.

(Covering the dropped accent with a geisha giggle, then back to the "Chinese" accent.)
A nice sunny room just become available.

MUZZY

I can't wait to settle in and start making friends. I don't know a soul in New York. I don't know a soul anywhere... except at the orphanage!

MRS. MEERS

(The word "orphan" is like catnip to her.)
Oh?! Sad to be all alone in the world.
(Scrutinizes MUZZY.)
But surely, that was years ago.

MUZZY*(Forcing herself to ignore the age crack.)*

Not at all. I came straight away from St. Bonaventure's Home for Orphaned Children.

MRS. MEERS*(Drops the "Chinese" accent and goes for the jugular.)*

Did you walk?

(MUZZY fumes silently, covering with a forced smile. MRS. MEERS resumes the "Chinese" accent.)

Now, if you'd register.

(Reading over MUZZY's shoulder as MUZZY registers.)

"Zazu... Rosy...

(Drops the "Chinese" accent, floored by the last name.)

Shmevmen?!"

MUZZY

It's Swedish.

MRS. MEERS*(Back to the "Chinese" accent.)*

Funny, I think you "Finnish." Now, before I show you to your room, why don't we get acquainted over a freshly brewed cup of green tea?

#22a - Green Tea**MUZZY***(Exiting into MRS. MEERS' office.)*

Oh, I'm just mad for green tea!

MRS. MEERS*(furtively dials the phone, dropping "Chinese" accent.)*

Hello, Buddha? Butterfly here. I've got one for you, priced to sell at two-seventy—

(On second thought, slashing the price.)

Two-fifty. A little long in the tooth, but in a dark corner on the late, late shift at Big Mary's Tart Shop in Hong Kong—

MUZZY*(Peeks her head out of the office.)*

You coming?

*(MUZZY exits, and MRS. MEERS slashes the price again.)***MRS. MEERS**

Make it one-fifty.

#22b - Double Meers**Part 1**