ABNER

Dorothy!

DOROTHY

It's Abner! Pat, quick, behind the chaise!

JULIAN

Stay where you are!

(ABNER enters)

Come right in, Mr. Dillon! We were just having a little script conference.

ABNER

Hello, Sugarplum, I just brought these posies for you.

DOROTHY

Thank you.

ABNER

(A bit suspiciously)

I hope I wasn't interrupting anything.

JULIAN

No, no, not at all. We were just winding up. By the way, this is one of our dancers, Peggy Sawyer, and her boyfriend, Pat Denning.

DOROTHY

Now, just a moment, Julian....

JULIAN

Say, Mr. Dillon, do you realize it's your fault this conference is breaking up?

ABNER

My fault?

JULIAN

Dorothy said she didn't want to discuss the script any further because she wanted to be alone with you.

ABNER

(Delighted)

Do you mean that, Dorothy?

DOROTHY

Of course I mean it! What girl wouldn't want to be alone with you? Just look at yourself....

(Brusquely, as SHE leads him Upstage)

Come on.

ACT I

Scene 7

THE REGENCY HOTEL, a duplex set with DOROTHY BROCK'S room above, the Regency Club with party in progress below. Bar Left, OSCAR at piano Right continues playing under dialogue, as DOROTHY and ABNER enter)

DOROTHY
(A little "high," drink in hand)
Hey, Mac! Are you sure there were no calls for me?

MAC
No, Miss Brock.

DOROTHY
(Crossing to piano)
I need another drink. Hey, play something gay, will ya?
(OSCAR stops playing)
Something not from the show.
(OSCAR continues with "YOUNG AND HEALTHY" music under dialogue)

BERT
(Taking her glass)
Say, another one of those and they'll build a bridge over you.

DOROTHY
(Taking his glass from him)
Another crack like that and they'll build a monument over you.

ABNER
Kitten, I turned around and you'd disappeared!
(Putting his arm around DOROTHY)
How does that feel, Sweetie-pie?

DOROTHY
Like a dead, wet cobra.

ABNER
Dorothy!

MAGGIE
Say, what's eating you tonight?

DOROTHY
I finally figured out what the show needs. A few more songs. By Irving Berlin! Now get away from me and take Buffalo Bill with you.

ABNER
Hey, wait a minute! I've got a hundred thousand dollars in this show, so you'd better not give me the air!

DOROTHY
So I better not give you the air, huh? Well, how about just a few bubbles?

(And SHE throws contents of glass in his face. MUSIC abruptly stops)

Now get on your Kiddie Kar and pedal back to Tulsa, you beached whale!

(DOROTHY exits as MAGGIE tries to smooth things over)

MAGGIE
She didn't mean it. She's all excited. You know, the opening tomorrow.

ABNER
There ain't gonna be no opening tomorrow! Not with Dorothy Brock. She's out of the show!

JULIAN
Wrong. Brock opens tomorrow night as scheduled. Don't be a fool, Dillon! Are you going to toss away all that money because of a dame?

ABNER
It's my funeral, ain't it?

JULIAN
And the funeral of half-a-hundred kids who've been dancing their feet off to give you a show you could be proud of! Do you want to put them out on the street too?

GIRL
Oh, Mr. Dillon, you wouldn't do that, would you?

ANNIE
Not after we've put all our faith in you.

ABNER
But she called me a whale. And a cobra.

MAGGIE
Listen, in show business that's a compliment. What you need is some fun! Why don't you come to a quiet corner and I'll sing you the scores of my last six shows.

(She winks, flashes a bit of shoulder, then leads him off as Lights come up on DOROTHY on phone upstairs)

DOROTHY
I don't care how many hotels you've tried! Try the Belvedere, too. And now!