

DISCO

A one-act in two scenes
by

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inspired by the short story Night Club
by Katherine Brush

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Synopsis

Mrs. Brady is just starting her late Saturday night shift. All she wants are some decent tips and a bit of peace and quiet to read the paper. Not a chance. One after another of life's big and little dramas unfold in the intimate confines of her workstation.

CHARACTERS in order of appearance:

Mrs. Brady
Lena Levin
Girl in the Blue Fur
Blond Doll
Vera
Amy
Sylvia
Silver Girl
Cory
Babe
Angel
Vicky
Marilee

Babe and Angel should be played by men. If an all-female cast is used and doubling up is necessary the roles could be played as follows:

Actress 1:	Lena, Amy, Cory
Actress 2:	Girl in the Blue Fur, Silver Girl
Actress 3:	Blond Doll, Sylvia, Angel, Marilee
Actress 4:	Vera, Babe, Vicky

TIME: Fall of 1995

PLACE: The women's lounge of the latest "in" disco for the beautiful people in Manhattan.

The decor is a mixture of glitzy modern and antique, trying hard to make a statement. There is a door upstage right leading to the disco. Stage left, about one third down, is an archway leading to a small vestibule, beyond which are the bathroom stalls and sinks. At no time can you hear toilets flushing.

Downstage from the archway is an antique dressing table with a mirror above it. All across the front of the stage are small upholstered benches, facing imaginary make-up counters and mirrors on the fourth wall. Stage right is a closet, a water fountain and, set back in a little niche, a large comfortable armchair (Mrs. Brady's chair) with a small table. Upstage left of the door, is a pay-phone and a couch.

DISCO

Scene 1

AT RISE: the lights are low. There is a spot on the pay phone. It is ringing. MRS. BRADY, a woman in her early fifties, enters and races to the phone which stops ringing just as she picks up. She flicks on the lights which come up very bright and drops her large purse, the POST, and a copy of PEOPLE magazine, on the couch. She rummages in her bag for a quarter and dials a number.

MRS. BRADY

Gerie ... are you there? Pick up, it's me! Gerie? The phone rang just now. Was that you, dearie? Are you alright? Are you there? ... Why don't you be a good girl and pick up? ... Please, Gerie, call me back, dearie, so I know you're alright. You know the number, it's stuck right there on the phone. You call me back now.

MRS. BRADY hangs up, plops down on the couch and remains motionless for a moment. She unlocks the closet, puts her coat and rubber boots in, gets out another pair of shoes and a little white apron, puts them on. She then takes a tray out, which is loaded with various and sundry toilet articles, including a comb, eyebrow pencils, nail scissors, emery boards, and a pair of long pointy scissors. She arranges all the items neatly on a fresh white towel on the antique dressing table.

She takes a sign out of the drawer, dusts it off, lovingly and displays it prominently on, or above, the dressing table. It reads:

THESE ARTICLES ARE THE PROPERTY OF THE ATTENDANT
AND ARE HERE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

She puts a large saucer near the sign and places two dollar bills in it. She glances at the phone, then goes through the archway to check on the towels, soap, etc.

LENA LEVIN, the checkroom girl, a pretty blond in her late twenties, short hair, dark roots, sticks her head in.

LENA

Mrs. Brady?

(MRS. BRADY comes through the arch)

Oh good, you're here. Billy Costello said he didn't see you come in.

MRS. BRADY

Yeah, I'm here. Why wouldn't I be here. It's ten o'clock.

LENA

Didn't Mr. Costello tell you the new policy? You're supposed to sign in.

MRS. BRADY

Yeah, he told me.

LENA

I know, I keep forgetting too.

MRS. BRADY

The day I punch a clock is the day I quit. Ridiculous. Especially in this place. Anything new about O.J.?

LENA

You've got the paper.

MRS. BRADY

Yeah, I got the paper! And a lot of time I get to read it in this zoo. How did you do at your audition?

LENA

Great. I had a call-back. But - nothing. Mrs. Brady would you please go sign the sheet now. Mr. Costello's made me responsible and I don't want to

MRS. BRADY

Has he now? Come to think of it, what are you doing here? This is Gloria's night. She never misses her Saturdays. Of course, if she had my job. Other nights is bad enough - but Saturdays, how I dread 'em. Every week I say to Geraldine, I can't, I say. I can't go through it again, an' that's all there is to it. I'll quit, I say, and I will too.

LENA

Tips aren't bad Saturdays.

MRS. BRADY

Tips! I just wish you had to spend one Saturday night, just one, in here. Bein' pushed an' stepped on by that gang of crazies, an them orderin' an' bossin' you 'round like you was their slave. An' usin' your things an' then sayin' they're sorry, they got no change, they'll be back. Sure! You never lay eyes on them again. It's the last you've seen of them

LENA

Gloria was fired.

MRS. BRADY

What?

LENA

She was fired.

MRS. BRADY

No! Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

LENA

She was watching "Rick & Roy" and a fur jacket disappeared. I have to lock all the furs into the little room now. It's a pain in the you know what. Hadn't you heard?

MRS. BRADY

I can't believe it. She's been checkin' coats for years. I can't believe she left her station. I can't believe he fired her.

LENA

I guess she wanted to see with her own two eyes if those two Chippendale guys are worth the sixty bucks the public is shelling out for them.

MRS. BRADY

It used to be the girls doing the bump and grind; now it's "beefcake" - what a world! They're on at one o'clock, right?

LENA

That's right. You want to get a look at them?

MRS. BRADY

Not on your life. It's the only chance I get to look at my paper. Have a little peace and quiet. I can't believe he fired her, that son of a ... unbelievable. I have to call her, see how she is

LENA

Look, Mrs. Brady, they're very touchy since the audit. It's not Mr. Costello's fault, it's the new owner. Why don't you sign the sheet.

(at the door)

I'll go get it for you.

MRS. BRADY

(calling after her)

As long as you're aware I get ten percent of the coat check tips on Saturdays.

LENA
(*coming back in*)

Excuse me?

MRS. BRADY
That's the arrangement. Always has been.

LENA
No kidding?

MRS. BRADY
Always has been. Always will be. Fridays and Saturdays.

LENA
Look, whatever arrangement you had with Gloria is your business. It has nothing to do with me.

MRS. BRADY
Who cleans up the mess and straightens up the place at two in the morning? I do. I am entitled. It's part of my job.

LENA
I am perfectly willing to clean up myself. I am not giving you ten percent of my tips. I can barely make it as it is. Saturday night is the best night. The other nights are a waste of time. What am I - crazy? You're not entitled to a thing. From what I heard; Gloria paid you because you got her the job. It's got nothing to do with ...

MRS. BRADY
That's a lie, dearie. It's always been like this - before Gloria ever set foot in here. It's part of the job, that's all.

LENA
Well it won't be part of the job anymore. And if you don't want to sign in it's your problem. I'll simply tell Mr. Costello you refused. I have to get back out there. I don't owe you a thing. Billy has given me all kinds of responsibilities. He promised me for quite some time

MRS. BRADY
Oh, it's Billy now, is it? - I see.

LENA
You see nothing. Mr. Costello's put me in charge....

MRS. BRADY
Why don't you have "Mr. Costello" put you in charge of the ladies' lounge and see how you like it! And why don't you remind "Billy" that coat check girls are a dime a dozen, but my job is not filled as easily. Nobody wants to do my job and that's a fact. Why don't you

remind him of that?

LENA
(*very formally*)

Do you have anything in writing concerning your agreement, regarding this Friday, Saturday night tip arrangement?

MRS. BRADY
As if any of us had anything in writing.

The phone rings. Mrs. BRADY jumps to answer and motions LENA to wait.

MRS. BRADY
Gerie? Are you alright? I can't understand you, dearie. Take a deep breath. Take a deep breath ...

She very audibly pulls air in through the nose and expels it through the mouth. She does this a few times.

That's right That's right. ...

She keeps breathing in this manner, as if in unison with the party on the other end.

LENA
We'll talk later.

(*LENA exits*)

MRS. BRADY
Good Gerie now look in the blue dish, Gerie Did you move it? ... I told you never to move it good girl! How many pills are in there? Good! You swallow one right now Did you swallow it? good! ... Yes, of course, dearie, you do that

A beautiful, petite, dark-haired girl enters. The thump of disco music can be heard when she opens the door. She is wearing jeweled high heels and a short, very expensive, real fur coat, died blue, over a very short very tight, velvet mini-dress.

MRS. BRADY
You enjoy yourself.

(*she hangs up*)

The girl wears earphones and never stops moving. She sings snatches of lyrics and pays no attention whatsoever to Mrs. Brady.

GIRL IN THE BLUE FUR

(singing)

Tonight's the night we're gonna make it happen

She carelessly throws her fur over a bench, revealing its silk lining and hand-stitched designer label. There is a pretty, black 'tribal tattoo' on her left shoulder. She looks over Mrs. Brady's articles, takes up the nail scissors, freezes momentarily in her dance pose, and cuts off a very small hangnail with the air of one performing a perilous major operation. She immediately resumes moving.

I'm so excited. I just can't hide it.

She does her eyebrows with one of Mrs. Brady's eyebrow pencils. MRS. BRADY is hovering near, calculating the tip, her mind jumping like a taxi-meter.

I'm about to lose control, and I think I like it.

The GIRL touches up her lips and rouge with her own cosmetics. She checks her image in the mirror. Satisfied she drops a few quarters into the saucer and is about to leave when she remembers something. She starts to remove a big platinum diamond ring, which seems to be stuck.

I know, I know, I know I want you. Let's get excited. We just can't hide it ...

She finally gets it off, wraps it into a Kleenex and stuffs it into her bra.

No, no, no, no, no! I'm about to lose control, and I think I like it.

She dances out the door. Almost instantly the door opens again and a blond, round-eyed, doll-like girl stumbles in. She looks terribly pale and ill. She drops down on the couch and rummages with shaking hands through her beaded, fringed bag, making it squirm like a live thing.

MRS. BRADY

(clearing her throat)

Can I do something for you, miss?

BLOND DOLL

(Startled, panic in her eyes)

Huh? What? - What did you say?

MRS. BRADY

Some water?

BLOND DOLL

Huh? No, no. Leave me alone!

MRS. BRADY

You're shaking, miss. You're sure you don't want me to get you some water?

BLOND DOLL

Water? No! - I mean, yes. Thanks. I'm sorry. - Yes, some water - you get it for me.

MRS. BRADY tries to fill a plastic cup at the fountain. The water trickles out thinly.

MRS. BRADY

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Something's wrong with this thing. I have to tell Costello next time I see him. Mustn't forget. Here you are, miss.

BLOND DOLL

Thanks.

She washes down a bunch of pills which miraculously revive her in no time. She starts fixing her make-up. Her chatter is interspersed with little nervous laughs.

Listen, I didn't mean to snap at you. Like for a minute there, I thought I was, like, going to throw up. What do you know, it must have been the theatre. We were seeing this boring play. It was so hot in there. I thought, like, that last act would never end. My boyfriend's parents took us. We couldn't get out of it. My boyfriend's a lawyer.

MRS. BRADY

You don't say.

BLOND DOLL

Yes, he is an attorney at law. He's crazy about me. He's fabulous, but his folks - like, give me a break. His mother, you know, is a close friend of my dad's third wife. They can't wait for me to marry him. I mean, like, I've only known him a few weeks, I think? Or a couple of months, I think? He's just nuts about me. He won't leave me alone for a sec. He's so crazy

about me.

MRS. BRADY

You don't say.

BLOND DOLL

I'm crazy about him too. I really am. Like he'll do anything I want. I made him bring me here. I just had to move. I thought like I'm going to scream if I sit one more minute. My legs got all funny, you know what I mean? Thank God, his parents didn't want to come. Can you believe he's never been here? Like I can't wait for him to see Rick & Roy. That should loosen him up a bit, don't you think?

MRS. BRADY

I wouldn't know, dearie.

BLOND DOLL

They turn me on like crazy.

MRS. BRADY

You don't say. You're lookin much better. Your color's come back.

BLOND DOLL

Stares at herself in the mirror with a desolate look, very cheery.

Yeah, what do you know. I don't know what came over me.

She leaves a big tip and dances out on little winged feet.

See you later, I'm sure.

MRS. BRADY

God help us.

She puts the tips in her pocketbook, leaving two dollars in the saucer, and straightens up the counter.

God help us.

The door opens again and VERA, a tall, elegant looking young woman in black chiffon enters and holds the door open for her friend AMY. The instant the door shuts, she says, as though it had been on the tip of her tongue for hours.

VERA

Amy, what under the sun **happened**?

AMY

Patently annoyed about something, flops down in a chair.

Nothing.

VERA

That's nonsense. Tell me! Was it something she said? She's a tactless ass, of course. Always was.

AMY

No, not anything she said.

(bites her lip)

Oh, all right! I'll tell you. Before we left your apartment, I just happened to notice that Tom had disappeared. So, I went to look for him. I wanted to ask him if he'd remembered to tell the baby-sitter where we were going. Chaz tends to get earaches, you know, and we always leave word. Well, I went into the kitchen, thinking Tom might be there mixing cocktails or something - and there he was - and there **she** was!

VERA

So?

Her matter-of-factness seems to infuriate Amy.

AMY

She was kissing him!

VERA

So?

She chuckles softly and pats Amy's shoulder as if she were a child.

Surely, you're not going to let that spoil your whole evening? Amy, dear! Kissing may have been serious and significant a century ago - but it isn't nowadays. Nowadays, it's like shaking hands. It's nothing. It means nothing. Absolutely nothing!

AMY

I hate her! Red-headed bitch! Calling me "darling" and "honey," and sending Christmas presents to Chaz. And then sneaking off behind closed doors and kissing my husband

She almost breaks down, but recovers herself sufficiently to add with venom.

I'd like to beat her up!

VERA

(smiling)

Oh, oh, oh - I wouldn't do that.

AMY

Well, what would you do, Vera? If it were your husband?

VERA

I'd forget it and have a good time. I'd kiss somebody myself. You've no idea how much better you'd feel. You don't have to play the victim; this is the nineties.

AMY

Well, pardon me. I happen to believe in marriage. I happen to believe in family and commitment. I gave up my career. I chose this life style. I just don't see why this goddamn bitch

She stops short. SYLVIA, an exquisite red-head enters. AMY greets her sweetly via the mirror.

Oh, hello! We were wondering what happened to you.

SYLVIA

Drops her cigarette on the floor and crushes it out with her silver-shoed toe.

Tom and I were talking to Slash. He's going to do "NEITHER CAN I" for me. And anything else I want to hear. Isn't that sweet of him. I am so flattered.

She puts on a pair of stunning earrings, admiring herself in them.

Lend me a comb, will you?

VERA

(pointing to Mrs. Brady's things.)

There's a comb there.

SYLVIA

But imagine using it! Amy, darling, don't you have one?

AMY

Gives her a tiny comb from her rhinestone purse and gets up.

Be sure to give it back to me. I'm going on out, I have to talk to Tom.

VERA

Watches SYLVIA touch up her incredible
eyelashes. After a silence

Sylvia, look here!

SYLVIA does. Anybody addressed in that tone
would have, even MRS. BRADY is startled.

There is one thing

(she holds Sylvia's eyes)

that I want understood. And that is: **hands off!** Do you hear me?

SYLVIA

I don't know what you mean.

VERA

You do too know what I mean.

SYLVIA

(smiles and shrugs)

I suppose, Amy told you she saw us.

VERA

Precisely. And,

(gathering up her possessions)

as I said before, you're to keep away.

(suddenly her eyes blaze with rage)

Because, as you very well know, he belongs to me!

(she leaves, slamming the door)

SYLVIA

(touching her earrings, smiling)

Not anymore. Not anymore.

(exits)

end of scene

Scene 2

It is about two hours later. To denote the passage of
time a pantomime sequence could be employed,
using flickering lights, showing people coming in and
out at a frantic pace. MRS. BRADY safety-pinning a

blouse, unsticking a zipper, gathering up a string of broken pearls on her hands and knees, pounding a heel, emptying her saucer, etc. etc.

As the lights come back to normal, she sinks exhausted into her chair and with a sigh of relief takes up PEOPLE Magazine, thinks better of it, checks her watch, goes and dials a number.

MRS. BRADY

Gerie? Honey, are you still watching the movie? Pick up, Gerie.... I guess you're still watching the movie. You're supposed to call me when you're done with the movie, remember. Call me, dearie. I'll be home soon now.

She hangs up and is about to engross herself into her magazine when the door flies open and is at once pushed shut again. A lovely girl, dressed totally in silver, leans against the door, her palms flattened against the panels. She has a silver net bag with a bottle of Evian slung over one shoulder.

SILVER GIRL

Excuse me. Excuse me.

MRS. BRADY

Yes, miss?

SILVER GIRL

(in a tense whisper)

Excuse me, could you come here a minute.

MRS. BRADY

(moving very slowly)

Oh Lordy, now what?

SILVER GIRL

Listen! Is there any way I can get out of here other than through this door?

(Mrs. Brady stares stupidly)

Is there any other way out of here? Any window?

MRS. BRADY

Window?

SILVER GIRL

Yes. Window.

MRS. BRADY

You see any windows?

SILVER GIRL

Oh shit! No back door or anything? Shit, shit, shit!

MRS. BRADY

What is your problem, miss?

SILVER GIRL

Then there is no way out of here?

MRS. BRADY

(testily)

No way but the door.

SILVER GIRL

Shit! Shit, shit, shit. Well, then I s'pose the only thing for me to do is to stay in here. Shit!

She sits down, takes little sips from her Evian bottle.

Shit!

After a moment she gets up, goes dials a number on the payphone.

Shit! Rocky, where are you? Where are you when I need you? Shit!

She hangs up and dials again immediately. This is repeated several times.

MRS. BRADY

Look miss, I'm expecting an important call. Is there anything I can do for you?

SILVER GIRL

Would you mind taking a peek out that door? See if there is anybody standing at the end of the hall.

MRS. BRADY is about to open the door when three women are breezing in and nearly knock her over.

MRS. BRADY

A gentleman with a mustache, holding a silver cape?

SILVER GIRL

Shit!

(she sits down, sips water)

The three women who just entered have been babbling madly in great excitement, all talking at once. ANGEL, voluptuous looking, and CORY, who seems older than any of the patrons we've seen so far, are making a great fuss over BABE, who is dressed quite exotically. They all have their wraps with them. ANGEL and BABE should be played by men.

ANGEL

Not in this state. Believe me, I know.

CORY

You can in Maryland, of course, that's what Jimmy says. But isn't there some place nearer? I am so excited, I can't stand it. Let's hurry up.

ANGEL

Nearer is definitely better. You don't want him to get second thoughts.

CORY

This is so marvelous, Babe. I can't stand it. How did it happen? Was it his idea? When did you make the decision?

BABE

Calm down, darlings. Just now, when we were dancing. Now, let's see - my pearls are old, my dress and my slippers - my magic good-luck slippers -

(shows off her shapely legs and shoes)

are new. Now, what can I borrow?

ANGEL

How about my earrings?

(taking them off)

Does the dear man have an inkling?

BABE

If he does, he hasn't let on. We danced close enough. Eat your heart out! I have found my Gallimard!

(trying the earrings)

I don't think they go with the pearls.

CORY

My scarf?

ANGEL

Please, darling, the color is all wrong.

BABE

Your bar pin. Do you mind? I think it's perfect.

CORY

Of course, I don't mind. I'm thrilled for you to wear it.

(pins it on Babe.)

Can you bear it - I'm wearing blue garters.

BABE

You are divine. We'll trade. Fork them over. What would I do without you?

(they exchange garters)

There! That fixes that.

They put finishing touches on hair and make-up,
heavy on the rouge.

CORY

We better hurry up! Give me that puff, Babe, I'll powder your back. Are you sure we will be warm enough? Because we can stop at my house, there's nobody there. You could shave, if you think it would be ...

BABE

(horrified)

And redo my face?

ANGEL

That would take hours, sweetie.

BABE

I'll keep him in such ecstasy he's not going to notice any five-o'clock shadow, believe me.

CORY

This is so fabulous. I can't stand it. Did you know I eloped with Harry? Of course, that was a hundred years ago. Nobody does that any more. No romance left. My parents were dead set against him. As it turned out, they were right of course. Angel, you got lipstick on your teeth, Angel. Hurry up everybody. Are you nervous, Babe?

BABE

I am ecstatic.

ANGEL

And to think, only last week you wanted to overdose.

CORY

Cut it out, Angel.

BABE

(jumping up)

Am I a vision?

(excited approval)

Then come on darlings, let's click those heels.

(They exit.)

MRS. BRADY

Peers down the hall as she closes the door after them,
nods to the girl.

Yeah, he is still there.

SILVER GIRL

Well, I can't stay in here all night, that's for sure. Shit.

She tries the phone once more to no avail. While on the phone her eyes become focused on the dressing table. She hangs up, occupies herself for a moment at the dressing table. Suddenly without a word she darts out. MRS. BRADY cleans up the spilled powder and discovers a ten-dollar bill.

MRS. BRADY

Have mercy, a tenner! Now that's what I call a proper tip.

(Her joy is short-lived.)

Oh no! Holy mother of God! Now why on earth would she walk off with my big scissors?

MRS. BRADY sits down shaking her head when two young women enter. VICKY tall, sleek, about 27, is wearing an expensive looking designer dress, perhaps Armani or Donna Karen, and a flashy bracelet on each wrist. MARILEE, in her early twenties, voluptuous, very pretty, looks less prosperous. The two make a beeline for the dressing table. Ignoring Mrs. Brady's cosmetic display, they produce full field equipment of their own.

VICKY

What is wrong with you? What the hell is your problem?

MARILEE

He's fat. Fat, and - greasy, sort of.

VICKY

Greasy?

MARILEE

I mean greasy in his mind. You know what I mean.

VICKY

I know one thing, I know who he is! And if I were you that's all I need to know - **under the circumstances.**

MARILEE

(near tears)

I'd really like to go home. What happened to our coats?

VICKY

Are you out of your mind? You can't leave, we just got here. Rick & Roy are going to be on in a minute. Earl checked our coats when we came in, okay? You are going home the same way you came - in the limo. Now take a deep breath and calm down.

Handing her the glass of scotch she brought in with her.

Here, have a sip.

(hands her some pills)

Why don't you take two of these That'll relax you.

MARILEE

What are they?

VICKY

Just valium, completely harmless. Look, Marilee, you begged me to arrange this. You were dying to meet this man.

MARILEE

Now I've met him.

VICKY

Are you going to be a damn fool all your life? He really likes you.

MARILEE

How could you tell!

VICKY

Are you kidding, he was drooling all over you. If you play your cards right...

MARILEE

You won't believe where he put his hand just now!

VICKY

Is that all? Come on, where is your sense of humor?

MARILEE

He gives me the creeps.

VICKY

I think you got him all wrong. He is just overcompensating a little. Come on, Earl is from a distinguished family, old money, Boston!

MARILEE

So what! You never can tell. Look at O.J.!

VICKY

Give me a break! What has O.J. got to do with it? I don't watch it any more. I'm sick of it. Anyway, I don't see the connection.

MARILEE

You wouldn't.

VICKY

What is that supposed to mean? Look, Marilee, there isn't a damn thing you have to do if you don't want to. But if you leave now, the agency isn't going to pay you. You realize that, don't you? Besides, I vouched for you. I stuck my neck out. I did you a huge favor!

MARILEE

I'm sorry.

VICKY

Trust me, Earl is completely harmless. You can trust me on that. He is a friend of Alexander's for God's sake. The agency doesn't take any clients that aren't personally recommended. Drink up. Come here, let me put a little powder on your nose, you look all shiny.

Vicky starts working on her face. After a silence.

I mean, suit yourself, she is not my sister. How is she doing?

They both keep taking sips from the scotch.

MARILEE

She is worse.

VICKY

Really? I thought she tested negative?

MARILEE

Yes, she did. Thank God! You have no idea what I went through to make her go get tested. I've been trying to get her into rehab. She is on three waiting lists.

VICKY

Couldn't she go home?

MARILEE

No! Out of the question. My parents cannot deal with this. Besides, she just won't.

VICKY

Couldn't you at least send her kid home? Have his grand-parents take care of him for a while?

MARILEE

No! Out of the question. She won't let him go. Look, I can handle it. All I need is some money.

(drinks)

Lots of money. A big fat chunk of money.

VICKY

There you are! Earl, the third, is crazy about you.

MARILEE

He's a big fat chunk alright.

(they look at each other and start to laugh)

VICKY

Here, put on this lipstick.

MARILEE

Flaming passion?

VICKY

Just the ticket.

(more giggling)

And a little more rouge. And for God's sake take your jacket off.

(helping her out of it)

If you got it, flaunt it. You don't know how lucky you are. I'm as flat as a board without my wonder bra. You look fabulous, even in this thing. We have to buy you a dress.

(drinking)

We have to get Earl, the third,

(more giggling)

to give you a charge account at Bergdorf's.

MARILEE

We have to get Earl to give me a pearl.

(laughing)

No, seriously, all I need is a loan - strictly business, so I can get a bigger place. We're driving each other crazy.

VICKY

Don't you worry, Earl comes from a long line of bankers. You consult with him. He'll be thrilled to advise you. We better get back in there. Alexander is not a patient man.

MARILEE

He is so nice.

VICKY

So is Earl, once you get to know him. Let's go. You'll have a great time, you'll see. Come on, this is Rick & Roy's music, hurry up. They are absolutely

(they exit)

MRS. BRADY looks down the hall to make sure no one else is coming. She pulls the door shut, gets her PEOPLE magazine, settles down on the couch with propped-up feet and heaves a sigh of relief.

MRS. BRADY

(opening the magazine)

Now - for a little entertainment!

Lights fade as she becomes absorbed in her reading.

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End of play