

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

ADELAIDE'S DRESSING-ROOM IN THE BIJOU THEATRE, CHICAGO.

LIGHTS and CURTAIN UP at FIGURE 3 in the score-if practical; otherwise as soon after as may be.

This is a small, down-stage set, with the backing representing the wall of a Star Dressing-Room of the period. The amount of furniture and number of props will be dictated by the depth of stage available and the practicalities of setting quickly. The minimum requirements would seem to be a dressing-table and chair, a long mirror and a rack of ADELAIDE'S stage-dresses. Optionally: hat-boxes, bouquets of flowers, etc.

When the curtain rises, ADELAIDE is seated at the dressing-table putting the finishing touches to her off-stage appearance. KATIE is hanging up the stage-dress which her employer has just taken off.

The VOICES of Four STAGE-DOOR-JOHNIES can be heard off-stage. A couple of them are chanting "We want Adelaide"; another is giving an off-key rendering of the "Harry" song; another is chanting "Why are we waiting..." (This off-stage clamour is quite short, and completely ad-lib.) The Music fades out when the dialogue and action start.

ADELAIDE: All right, Katie. You can let them in now.

KATIE: Yes, Miss Adams.

(She admits the Four STAGE-DOOR-JOHNIES. They are in evening dress and very effusive. They gather round ADELAIDE excitedly.)

JOHNIES (*Ad-libs*): Adelaide, darling-you were stupendous! Superb-magnificent! Never better, my dear! There's no one to touch you!

ADELAIDE: You're very kind... It's been lovely... But all good things must come to an end, you know... (*Despondent protests from the JOHNIES.*)... And I'm afraid I have to leave Chicago right away... (*More protests from the JOHNIES.*)... So I'm sure you'll excuse me... Last Nights are always exhausting, and I'm very tired--

1st JOHNNIE: Oh, but we've something to ask you-

2nd JOHNNIE: A special favour-

ADELAIDE: Now, boys: I can't make any supper-date for tonight. I'm practically on my way-to Europe-

3rd JOHNNIE: That's- why we simply had to come-

4th JOHNNIE: Before you vanished-maybe for ever-!

ADELAIDE: I'll be back-some day--

1st JOHNNIE: That's just it-when?

2nd JOHNNIE: How can we wait?

3rd JOHNNIE: We want you to sing us one last chorus of "Harry"-

4th JOHNNIE: Just one more-specially for us--

JOHNNIFS (*Ad-libs-together*): Please, Adelaide-Darling, you must- To remember you by- Just one more chorus-

ADELAIDE (*cutting them short*): "Harry"-? But I've just sung it about five times

JOHNNIES (*Ad-libs-together*): Yes, we know, but-Just once more-Specially for us-Please, Adelaide-

(*Secretly, ADELAIDE is seething, but her "pro" instincts overcome her annoyance, and she smiles at them with sudden pseudo-sweetness.*)

ADELAIDE: Oh, very well... But this is definitely my farewell performance!...

No. IO. " IT'S HARRY I'M PLANNING TO MARRY"
(ADELAIDE *and the* JOHNNIES)

ADELAIDE: When you tum to the subject of Harry,
That's a horse of a diffrent safari;
He can box like a fox, He's as dumb as an ox,
But it's Harry I'm planning to marry!

JOHNNIES: Yes, It's Harry she's planning to marry!

ADELAIDE: Though he's built like the bust of Apollo,
Just remember a statue is hollow.
Physic'lly, he's delish-
Mentally, superfish,
But it's Harry I'm planning to marry!

JOHNNIES: Yes, it's Harry she's planning to marry!

ADELAIDE: My heart's twined about his suspenders;
He's the one that I truly adore;
I'm numb-I succumb-when he renders
"The Face On The Bar-Room Floor"
When he flexes his muscles,
I flutter Like a butterfly caught in a shutter;
When he calls me his mate,
I just disintegrate-
So it's Harry I'm planning to marry!
Since the world first began-

JOHNNIES: Since the world first began

ADELAIDE: - Never been such a man•

JOHNNIES: - Never been such a man•

ADELAIDE { -Who could love like he can,
So it's Harry I'm planning to marry!

JOHNNIES Harry! Harry! Harry!
-Planning to marry!

SCENE 2.1

(As the number ends, the JOHNNIES applaud ADELAIDE ecstatically.)

JOHNNIES *(Ad-libs)*: Bravo--bravo-! That was great-! You're just wonderful-! Marvellous!

ADELAIDE: And now, boys, if you'll excuse me--

1st JOHNNIE: Be sure and come back to us as soon as you can- *(ADELAIDE is now gently but firmly ushering them out.)*

ADELAIDE: I certainly will-

2nd JOHNNIE: Chicago won't be the same-

3rd JOHNNIE: Don't you dare say "goodbye "--

4th JOHNNIE: Just "au-revoir "-

ADELAIDE *(sweetly)*: All right- "au revoir" it is-thanks a million-be seeing you-au-revoir, au-revoir

(Now the JOHNNIES are off, and ADELAIDE stands for a moment, then turns.)

ADELAIDE *(tetchily)*:... Goodbye! *(Moves back to dressing-table to fix her make-up and put on her hat.)* Ninnies...

KATIE *(protesting gently)*: Oh, Miss Adams!... They really admire you!... Everybody does!... Don't you like being admired? I'd love it--

ADELAIDE: It gets very boring. These last few weeks have been hell-

KATIE: Oh, how can you say that? They've been wonderful! The theatre packed every night--parties--they've worshipped you here-

ADELAIDE: Chicago's primitive-and so are the people. I can't wait to get away... Think of it, Katie: London... Paris... Vienna..

KATIE: How I envy you!... Maybe some day I'll be on the stage... Oh, not a grand and beautiful star like you, Miss Adams, but just to sing a song, maybe.... *(self-consciously)* I can dance... and sing a little...

ADELAIDE: I know, darling. I've heard you. Very nice for choirs, and weddings... but I doubt if it would ever carry beyond the footlights. *(She admires herself in the mirror.)* There now... How do I look?

KATIE: Beautiful, Miss Adams. Just beautiful! *(She hands ADELAIDE her stole, handbag, etc.)* Even if I never sang by myself... If I could just be in the chorus... Couldn't you suggest it to somebody, sometime?

ADELAIDE: Katie you're not serious? Not really? It isn't only your voice...I mean, your... *(Sire surveys KATIE's figure)*... Your other equipment's hardly adequate, is it? *(Smiles sweetly.)* `Never mind... Cheer up... I might send for you when I get to Paris... Goodnight, darling.

KATIE: *(trying to conceal her hurt)*: Goodnight, Miss Adams...

ADELAIDE *(on way out)*: Oh, Katie... I'm buying a whole new wardrobe, so get rid of those tired old rags, will you? *(Indicates her stage-costumes.)* Sell them, or something. I make you a present of them... *(gaily)* 'Bye now! *(Exit)*