

SIDES FOR

'THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE''

JIMMY MILLIE

MISS DOROTHY MILLIE

TREVOR - MILLIE

CHING HO - BUN FOO

(BRING YOUR OWN CHOICE OF SONG,
FROM THE SHOW OR IN THE STYLE)

(From S.L., enter JIMMY SMITH, a brash city slicker with an irrepressible, buoyant personality. In a moment of desperation, MILLIE trips him. JIMMY lands hard on his butt.)

JIMMY

Owwwwww!

(MILLIE and JIMMY start talking simultaneously. Their dueling dialogue quickly becomes a competition to see who will shut whom up. Note that throughout the following exchange, MILLIE is not abrupt for abruptness's sake: SHE wants to get her purse back, and every second that passes decreases the likelihood of her doing so.)

MILLIE

That man, he stole my purse! That man, he stole my purse!

JIMMY

Watch where you're going, why don't cha? You don't own the sidewalk, lady—

(JIMMY silences MILLIE, pleased at his victory.)

JIMMY

—learn to share it with the rest of us.

MILLIE

Oh, I meant to trip you.

JIMMY

Of all the dirty, rotten—

MILLIE

My purse is gone!

JIMMY

(As in "What do you want me to do about it?")

And?

MILLIE

My hat, my scarf,

(Indicating her bare foot.)

my shoe!

JIMMY

They stole your shoe?

MILLIE

While I was wearing it. Ten minutes in this town, and I have my New York horror story.

JIMMY

Honey, you're *my* New York horror story.

(JIMMY starts to exit S.R.)

MILLIE

But it's every penny I have!

JIMMY

(HE stops.)

Hey, I feel for you. I'll cross the street the next time I see you, but I feel for you. Girls like you arrive here everyday, so full of dreams you may as well be sleepwalking. Well, now that you're awake, why not ask yourself, "Do I belong here?" 'Cause New York is great, but the cost of living is high, and I'm not talkin' cash. And I can't help thinking if I were in your

(Indicating MILLIE's footwear predicament.)

shoe, I'd make a beeline back to Keokuck or Gopherville or—

MILLIE

(Defiantly.)

Salina, Kansas.

(JIMMY exits S.R., laughing at the small-town sound of Salina.

MILLIE calls after him.)

And who are you, the un-welcome wagon?

(SHE starts to exit S.L. to continue her search for help. To her surprise, JIMMY reenters S.R., clearly annoyed.)

JIMMY

Let me get this straight. You knock me flat on my back and make me late for a date with a sweet little blonde, but still and all, I take a minute to give you some sound advice—my good deed for the decade—

MILLIE

If this is your good deed, I'd hate to see a bad one, 'cause you're really not helping!

JIMMY
I'm trying to, by telling you the way it is! Look, you got a place to stay?

MILLIE
No, but—

JIMMY
Any friends or family nearby?

MILLIE
No, but—

JIMMY
And you don't have a job?

MILLIE
No, but—

JIMMY
No buts. You ain't got nothin'.
(This takes the wind out of MILLIE's sails. JIMMY reaches for her hand, and SHE recoils.)

Listen, I said I was doing you a good deed.
(JIMMY removes a pen from his pocket and writes on MILLIE's hand.)

MILLIE
(Reads what HE wrote.)
The "Hotel Priscilla"?

JIMMY
A rooming house for actresses. They're used to girls who can't pay. Check yourself in, get a good night's sleep, then first thing tomorrow, wire home for train fare. Your folks will be only too glad to send it, and you may not believe me now, but once you return to... uh...
(All those Western states sound alike.)

Kansas, was it?
(MILLIE nods "yes.")

You'll say to yourself,
(An exaggerated imitation of a hick.)

"Well, I had my big adventure, but it sure is good to be back in my own bed."
(JIMMY exits S.R., leaving MILLIE alone and dispirited.)

MISS DOROTHY

My very first poor person!

MILLIE

(*Her feathers ruffled.*)

Hey, I'm broke, not poor.

MISS DOROTHY

There's a difference?

MILLIE

And how! Poor sounds permanent, broke can be fixed. I have a plan so far ahead of its time, it's almost *too* bold, *too* daring, *too* new woman!

MISS DOROTHY

You're frightening me!

MILLIE

Yeah? Then this'll straighten your curls: I'm going to marry my boss!

MISS DOROTHY

When?

MILLIE

I don't know. I haven't got one yet!

MISS DOROTHY

Surely you believe that love—

MILLIE

Has nothing to do with it! Don't you read *Vogue*? This month's issue clearly states that modern marriage is a *business* arrangement. Love comes later, occasionally with the man you're actually married to.

MISS DOROTHY

Where will you find him?

MILLIE

The classifieds. I've been interviewing boss after boss, but so far, married, married, engaged, married, single-and-I-can-see-why—

MISS DOROTHY

Don't you read the tabloids?

MISS DOROTHY (CONT'D)

(Removes a newspaper from her purse and shows it to MILLIE.)

I find they really capture the flavor of the huddled masses.

MILLIE

"Manhattan's Most Eligible Bachelors."

MISS DOROTHY

"The movers and shakers that make Manhattan tick!" All of whom need wives....

MILLIE

And one of whom must need a stenog!

We haven't met. Millie Dillmount.

MISS DOROTHY

And I'm Miss Dorothy Brown, from California.

MR. GRAYDON

Congratulations, Miss Dillmount. It takes the average applicant seven seconds to walk from Flannery's perch to my way station. I clocked you at six-point-four. That's swell, just swell! The early bird and all that.

MILLIE

(Regarding his movie star looks.)

Beautiful.

MR. GRAYDON

How's that?

MILLIE

Uh...

(Spots a trophy on his desk.)

your beautiful trophy. I love baseball.

MR. GRAYDON

(Completely unaware of MILLIE's attraction to him.)

Golf. I won it for golf. May I see your references?

MILLIE

I don't have any, but I'm a hard worker and a fast learner—

MR. GRAYDON

No references? How about previous employers?

MILLIE

I don't have any of those, either.

MR. GRAYDON

You don't? *(A beat.)*

I like that!

MILLIE

You do?

MR. GRAYDON

Absolutely. Isn't this the land of opportunity, Miss Dillmount, a place where the right combination of aptitude and enthusiasm can take a girl from nowhere straight to the top? So let's do this the American way:

(Removing his jacket.)

Bolt the door, take off your things, let's have a taste.

MILLIE

Excuse me?

MR. GRAYDON

Take a letter.

(PERFORMED IN MANDARIN
IN THE SHOW - PRONUNCIATIONS PROVIDED)

CHING HO / BUN FOO

(The laundry room of the Hotel Priscilla. CHING HO and BUN FOO are folding towels at a laundry table.)

CHING HO. *(Regarding 'MRS. MEERS.)*
I tell you, I don't like that woman.

BUN FOO. *(Shrugs.)*
She's got a good head for business.

CHING HO.
Yeah - and a heart of steel. If that's the American Dream, wake me when it's over.

BUN FOO.
Grow up, baby brother. You think we could have saved \$25 working in a sweat shop?

CHING HO.
Money! Money! That's all you care about.

BUN FOO.
Damn right, because the faster we earn it, the sooner we bring Mama over from Hong Kong.

CHING HO.
And won't she be proud? "My sons, the kidnapers."

BUN FOO.
At least she'll be here, with us. Unless you'd rather we return to Hong Kong, to no money, to no future!

CHING HO.
At least I'll still have some pride! But you - what has this country done to you? Will you look at what you've become!

BUN FOO.
Welcome to the world, little brother. Somebody loses, somebody wins, and I'm going to win, so don't get in my way!