

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!~~