

# Side L

Rosie, Nickie, Helene

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NICKIE

Girls! Girls! Good news. Besides stinkin' business, we now have a new, young, good-lookin' chick which we need like Idaho needs potatoes.

ROSIE

(Cheerfully to ALL)  
Hello. I'm Rosie.

HELENE

Not for long you ain't.

ROSIE

(Looks around.)  
So this is the ballroom.

NICKIE

The ballroom? That's right. This is where you'll meet Prince Charming who'll carry you off on his white horse to Scarsdale. You should live so long.

ROSIE

It's awfully dark in here, isn't it?

HELENE

That's called 'merchandising.' When the goods are a little shopworn, don't put 'em in the window.

NICKIE

You got no problems, honey. You're worth sixty a half hour.

ROSIE

Is that what the men pay to dance with us?

HELENE

Uh, huh. Which you split with the owner, a nice kindly old Argentinian gentleman named Adolph Hitler.

NICKIE

Every penny of which you will earn. You dance a little, talk a little, roll your eyes a little, swivel your hips a little ... and like this, you kill a lifetime.

ROSIE

Oh, I only expect to stay a few weeks.

NICKIE

Oh, sure.

ROSIE

My boyfriend's in California. When I save up enough money here, we're gonna get married.

HELENE

You'll make a sweet old couple.

ROSIE

There's just one thing. I'm not a very good dancer.

NICKIE

Who dances? We defend ourselves to music.