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## **Family Plays**

# THAT GIRL FROM TEXAS

Comedy/Drama by  
Albert Green



# THAT GIRL FROM TEXAS

*An exciting, action-packed comedy for high schools.*

**Comedy/Drama. By Albert Green. Cast:** 5m., 12w. Her name is Ellen, that girl from Texas. She is a delightful spoof of the standard image of what all Texans are like. Very easy to do, this comedy spotlights excellent roles for Ellen and three dissatisfied girls sharing a “medium” apartment in New York while holding medium jobs and dating medium beaus. They dream of the things that everybody dreams about: romance with an ideal sweetheart, success in an exciting career, the luxuries and fun that romance and success can bring. But their dreams seem to be impossible dreams until two strangers enter their lives: a rich, handsome young executive and a pretty cowgirl from Texas. The conflict that follows is filled with humor for the audience, but arrival of that girl from Texas heads them toward real unhappiness until they appreciate the philosophy of their old cleaning lady: “If we can’t have what we want, we better want what we have.” Or, before you throw away what you’re holding, you’d better have a tight grip on something better. Happy ending? Even Ellen finds romance. *Three acts.* *Set: apartment living room. Time: the present. Code: TQ9.*

## Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098-3308  
Phone: (800) 448-7469 / (815) 338-7170  
Fax: (800) 334-5302 / (815) 338-8981

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Title

# THAT GIRL

*from Texas*

A Comedy in Three Acts

by

ALBERT GREEN

**Family Plays**

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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# THAT GIRL FROM TEXAS

## Characters

**BLANCHE**, *who makes her living typing but would rather be an actress*

**ERNIE**, *the man in her life, a bookstore clerk*

**LILITH**, *a pretty, young saleslady who wants to be a buyer*

**SID**, *the man in her life, a salesman in a clothing store*

**TILLIE**, *a commercial artist who yearns to move up from lettering to illustrating*

**RICH**, *her favorite man, a sign painter*

**ELLEN WARE**, *a sweet young rancher from Texas*

**ALAN SCOTT**, *a successful junior executive in a real-estate firm*

**FLORA**, *a wise old janitress*

**AGNES**, *a newly-wed*

**MRS. DOUGLAS**, *a widow with theatrical ambitions for her daughter*

**ADELAIDE**, *her daughter*

**MISS TWILLIGER** } *middle-aged spinsters*

**MISS VENT**

**MR. ANDERSON**, *a middle-aged lawyer*

**HENRIETTA**, *Lilith's aunt*

**YOUNG HUSBAND** } *a newly married couple*

**YOUNG WIFE**

**Place:** The living-dining room of an apartment shared  
by Blanche, Lilith, and Tillie

**Time:** The present. Summer



## SYNOPSIS

**Act One:** *A Saturday in summer*

**Act Two:** *The following day, about 1:30 p.m.*

**Act Three:** *Two weeks later, Saturday evening*

## ABOUT THE PLAY

Blanche, Lilith, and Tillie are typical young working girls. They happen to live in New York, but they are very much like young working girls – not long out of high school – in any large city in America. They dream of the things that everybody dreams about: romance with an ideal sweetheart, success in an exciting career, the luxuries and fun that romance and success can bring.

But their dreams seem to be impossible dreams . . . until two strangers enter their lives: a rich, handsome young executive and a pretty cowgirl from Texas.

The conflict which follows is filled with humor for the audience but near-tragedy for the girls, who should have listened to wise old Flora when she said, "If we can't have what we want, we better want what we have." Or, to put it another way: Before you throw away what you're holding, you'd better have a tight grip on something better.

## NOTES ON CHARACTER AND COSTUMES

**BLANCHE** is 18 to 20, attractive, with a resonant voice. When she wants to, she can assume the conscious grace of an actress onstage. In Act One she wears colorful shorts and blouse. In Act Two she wears a housedress but changes to a stylish, becoming summer dress.

**LILITH** is Blanche's age but seems a bit older because she is a common-sense person. Her clothes are neat and conservative. In Act One she wears a housedress; in Act Two she changes to a new, attractive summer dress.

**TILLIE** is about a year older than the other girls. Bigger and slower moving than either Blanche or Lilith, she good-naturedly lets herself be ordered about by them. She is a talented artist, but prizes comfort above appearance. In Act One she wears an oversized housedress and paint-stained apron, and perhaps noisy bedroom slippers; in Act Two, a new-looking summer dress.

**ERNIE** is Blanche's boyfriend, about her age or a year or two older. He enjoys what he thinks is his keen sense of humor. He wears an unpressed, worn sport jacket and slacks.

**SID** is Lilith's boyfriend, in his early twenties. Usually quiet in manner, he is an ambitious clothing store clerk, wearing an impeccable business suit.

**RICHARD (RICH)** is Tillie's boyfriend, careless about his appearance, usually good-natured. He wears an inexpensive business suit, a bit out of style.

**ELLEN WARE** is about 18, very pretty, and a bit naive. She was raised on a small ranch in Texas and has never before traveled out of the state. She is not shy, however, and makes friends easily. In Act One she wears a rustic-looking summer dress and a cowboy hat. In Act Two she changes to a lovely dress, and in Act Three she may don another attractive costume.

**ALAN SCOTT** is a successful junior executive in a New York real-estate firm. In his late twenties, he is bright and knows his way around, but he is unpretentious and very generous. He dresses in a neatly pressed, stylish business suit.

**FLORA** is a wise old janitress in her sixties, with a tolerant nature and a sense of humor. In Act One she wears a worn dress and an apron. In Act Three she changes to a street dress.

**AGNES** is a young wife, about 18, a bit simple-minded but very neat and completely adorable. She wears inexpensive clothing.

**MRS. DOUGLAS** is in her forties, a widow with very little money but with great theatrical ambitions for her daughter, Adelaide. She wears a dark, formal dress which she thinks is the costume of an Important Person.

**ADELAIDE** is 14 to 16, not impressive in appearance or theatrical talent, she is, however, hard-working, modest, and likeable. Her mother also dresses her in what she thinks an actress should wear — a dress too gaudy and mature for her age . . . perhaps a South Sea Islands print blouse and red skirt.

**MISS TWILLIGER** is a middle-aged spinster who behaves in a self-important manner. She wears a prim, dark dress.

**MISS VENT** is Miss Twilliger's roommate and echo—in action and in dress.

**MR. ANDERSON** is a friendly middle-aged lawyer. He wears a conservative business suit.

**HENRIETTA** is a neat, energetic widow in her fifties. She wears a stylish, appealing summer suit and hat.

**YOUNG HUSBAND** and **YOUNG WIFE**, a newly married couple in their early twenties. They wear very inexpensive clothes.



## PROPERTIES

### ACT ONE

#### Set & Trim Props

Telephone & directory (Manhattan size)  
 Painting, brushes, palette on small easel  
 Curtains, bric-a-brac, a few sparse  
 feminine decorations

#### Hand Props

Mop & pail — Flora  
 Tray with 2 mugs of coffee, plate of  
 doughnuts — Tillie  
 Another cup of coffee — Tillie  
 Small drum, drumsticks — Adelaide  
 Battered suitcase — Mr. Anderson  
 Box of candy — Sid  
 Three purses — Tillie

### ACT TWO

#### Hand Props

Nail file on sofa — Blanche  
 Portable typewriter — Blanche  
 Easel & painting (same as Act II)  
 — Tillie

Blank sheet of typing paper  
 — Blanche  
 Notebook & pencil — in Alan's  
 jacket pocket

### ACT THREE

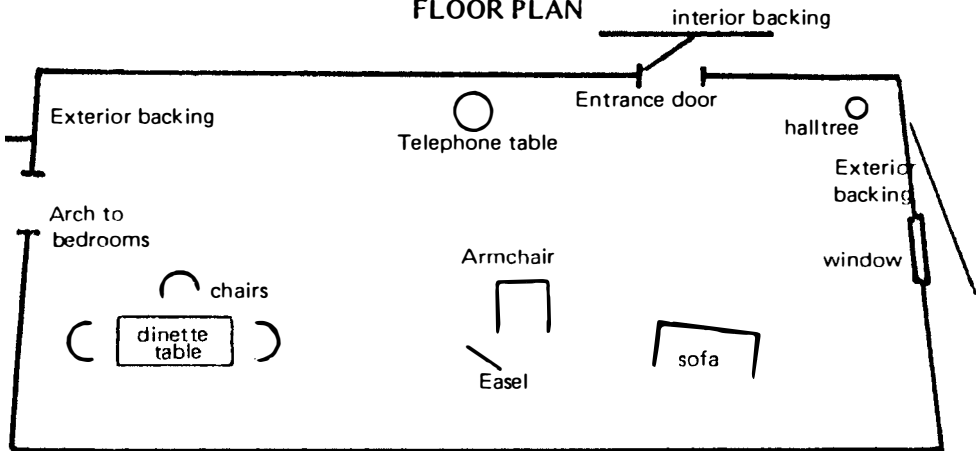
#### Trim Props

Portable typewriter — on dinette table  
 Two or more book publishers' cata-  
 logs — on dinette table  
 Large sheet of white cardboard on  
 which are painted letters  
 — on the easel

#### Hand Props

Box of artists' paintbrushes — Rich  
 Large book (Texas history) — Ernie  
 Lady's suitcase — Sid  
 Drum & sticks — Adelaide  
 Legal document — Alan

### FLOOR PLAN



The apartment reflects the drab existence of girls who work in a big city and just barely make ends meet. It is a room with furniture that is out of style, old, and worn — but not worn out; a room almost devoid of feminine frills.

## THAT GIRL FROM TEXAS

*[The combination living-dining room in the inexpensive Manhattan apartment shared by Blanche, Lilith, and Tillie. It is a room without feminine frills and reflects the drab existence of girls who work in a big city and can just barely make ends meet. The furniture is old and worn but not worn-out. The entrance door is at Up Left Center. An open arch at Up Right leads to the rest of the apartment. A window is at Left. Just inside the entrance is a hall tree. Against the wall at Up Center is a small telephone table on which is a telephone and telephone book. At Right Center is a dinette table and three straight chairs. At Center is an armchair. Below it is a small easel on which is a painting with blue splashes on the upper half and brown splashes on the lower half; and a paint brush and palette. A sofa is at Left Center.]*

*BLANCHE, wearing colorful shorts and a blouse, is stretched out on the sofa. She could be anywhere from a mature 17 to a youthful 25, attractive, with a resonant voice. She is a typist with some small professional experience as an actress. LILITH, sitting in the chair above the dinette table, is wearing a housedress. She is about 20, sells dresses in a department store, and would like to become a buyer. She is a common-sense person. TILLIE, standing in front of the easel, holding a paintbrush and palette, is daubing at the painting. She wears a paint-stained apron over a housedress a size too large. She looks a bit older than the others and is bigger and slower-moving. She is good-natured, and even though she complains about it, does not mind being the one to run errands.*

*With the rise of the curtain, the sound of a small drum is heard back-stage, beating slowly to the rhythm of the spoken words, "I'm pleased — to meet you," repeated at about three-second intervals. The women pay no attention to the drumming. After a moment it stops.]*

BLANCHE. *[Stretching lazily]* Oh, I love Saturday mornings. For two whole days, no slaving at the office.

LILITH. *[Chiding]* You call sitting at a typewriter slaving?

BLANCHE. *[Loftily]* My future's on the stage, not in an office.

LILITH. You should try selling dresses! On your feet all day hurrying as fast as you can! And what do you get? *[With an artificial smile and a snide tone]* “Miss, could I have a little service, please?”

TILLIE. *[In mild protest]* Please! I’m in a creative mood!

BLANCHE. *[Glancing at painting]* Tillie, it looks like a storm over a swamp.

LILITH. *[To Blanche, with sympathy for Tillie]* After a whole week of painting letters on advertisements, she’s entitled to some relief.

TILLIE. *[Raising her arms to heaven in supplication]* It’s not for relief! It’s to express my tortured soul! *[Drops her arms. Prosaically]* It’s no use. I give up. *[Picks up easel and goes to arch. Stops and turns. To Blanche, irritated.]* When you’re acting, do you like to be heckled?

BLANCHE. *[Placidly]* It doesn’t bother me.

TILLIE. *[Loudly]* Well, painting’s different! *[She exits.]*

BLANCHE. *[Calmly]* What ails her?

LILITH. She gained a pound this week. She’s playing Hamlet. To eat, or not to eat.

*[There is a knock on the entrance door.]*

BLANCHE. *[Irritably]* So early in the morning! Now who’s that?

LILITH. Somebody in the building wants to tell us their troubles.

BLANCHE. *[Calling toward off the door]* Nobody’s home!

FLORA. *[Off the entrance door; knocks and then speaks]* It’s me! I got something to tell you!

BLANCHE. *[To Lilith, about a person she likes]* It’s Flora. Let her in.

LILITH. You let her in. You’re closer.

BLANCHE. *[Loudly]* It’s not who’s closer, it’s who’s stronger!

TILLIE. *[Entering arch, no longer in her apron, and hurrying to the door]* Why is it me who always has to open the door? Don’t I pay as much rent as you two? *[Opens door. Welcoming]* Hello, sweetie.

*[FLORA enters, carrying a mop and a pail. TILLIE closes the door and follows Flora.]*

FLORA. *[Leaves the mop and the pail against the back wall and shuffles tiredly toward the armchair at Center. She is a wise old janitress who is tolerant and has a sense of humor. She wears a worn dress and an apron.]* I wish I had the weekends off. I married the wrong man. *[She drops back wearily into the armchair.]*

BLANCHE. You can have my job if you want to spend eight hours a day over a hot typewriter. *[Sits up]*

LILITH. *[To Flora]* All you’ve got is four flights of stairs and the halls to mop, and you can rest whenever you want to. If you had my job, you’d be on your feet all day, raising corns.

TILLIE. Flora, you won't get any sympathy around here. Will you settle instead for a doughnut and coffee?

FLORA. Real coffee?

TILLIE. Instant.

FLORA. *[Making a face of distaste]* Ugh. *[But then]* All right, if that's all you've got.

TILLIE. *[Walking toward the arch Up Right]* Our electric perk's on the blink. We're waiting for a sale. *[Exit]*

FLORA. *[Glancing at Blanche and Lilith]* Hold your breath -- guess what news I've got.

LILITH. *[Hopefully]* Miss Twilliger and Miss Vent are going to move out -- hurrah.

FLORA. No.

BLANCHE. *[Casually]* Agnes is going to have her baby.

FLORA. Not yet.

LILITH. We give up.

FLORA. *[Making an important announcement]* That niece Miss Petunia willed this house to, is arriving today from Texas -- by plane. Mr. Anderson told me.

BLANCHE. *[Dismayed]* Oh, no! She must be coming up to sell this place!

LILITH. *[Appreciatively]* Miss Petunia turned down a lot of offers -- she had consideration for us tenants.

BLANCHE. *[To Flora]* Did Mr. Anderson say she wants to sell?

FLORA. He didn't say. He just said he'd be here with her around noon.

LILITH. *[Pessimistically]* Then that's it. We'll all get notice to move.

BLANCHE. I knew it couldn't last. An apartment this cheap on the east side.

FLORA. If this building is sold, I'll be out of a job -- and I have three more years to Social Security.

BLANCHE. *You're* complaining - I've got *forty-five* more years.

LILITH. *[Heatedly]* Pretty soon, the whole East Side of New York'll be crowded with fancy apartment houses! *[Points an angry finger toward off the window Left]* Like that one they put up across the street! To pay those rents, you have to be a millionaire!

*[Knocking begins on entrance door and continues intermittently.]*

BLANCHE. *[To Lilith]* Don't just sit there, answer it.

LILITH. *[Still boiling]* You answer it!

FLORA. *[Wearily]* Never mind, girls, I'll get it. *[She starts to rise.]*

LILITH. *[Rising quickly and starting toward the door]* Relax, Flora -- you're our guest.

MISS TWILLIGER. [*Off the entrance door, irritably*] Is Flora there?

FLORA. [*As though trying to sneak away, tiptoes toward the chair Lilith has vacated; whispering*] It's those two witches -- they're after me again. [*She stands near the chair looking toward the door.*]

LILITH. [*Stops near the door, glances at Flora, and then shouts off*] She's not here.

MISS TWILLIGER. [*From off the door*] I saw her go in.

FLORA. [*To Lilith, resignedly*] Let 'em in. They'll catch me somewhere today. [*She sits down in the chair.*]

LILITH. [*To Flora, in loud complaint*] What's the good of having a door if it doesn't keep anybody out? [*She opens the door, and without greeting the visitors, walks to the armchair and sits down in it.*]

[*MISS TWILLIGER, followed by MISS VENT, marches haughtily to Center. MISS TWILLIGER is a middle-aged spinster with a high opinion of herself. MISS VENT is her roommate and echo. Both wear conservative dresses.*]

MISS TWILLIGER. [*Looking down her nose at Flora*] Aren't you the person who's supposed to take care of this apartment house?

FLORA. [*Wearily*] What's the complaint?

MISS TWILLIGER. I want you to notify Mrs. Douglas that her daughter has to stop that continual drumming. It kept us up all night.

MISS VENT. It certainly did.

LILITH. [*Pointing toward the ceiling*] It comes from up there, and we don't hear it. [*Points toward the floor*] So how can you hear it down there?

MISS TWILLIGER. [*Haughtily*] Our ears are more sensitive than yours. And furthermore, we can also hear the tramping that goes on in this apartment. [*To demonstrate, she stamps her foot heavily on the floor two or three times.*]

MISS VENT. Yes, we hear it very clearly. [*She stamps her foot on the floor as Miss Twilliger did.*]

LILITH. [*As haughtily as she can, looking away from them*] Please -- this is *our* floor.

BLANCHE. [*Amusedly*] Let 'em do it -- maybe some plaster'll drop from their ceiling.

FLORA. [*Trying to make peace*] Miss Twilliger, I'll speak to Mrs. Douglas -- I promise.

LILITH. [*To Miss Twilliger*] Why don't you give Flora a rest and complain to the new owner when she gets here today?

MISS TWILLIGER. [*To Flora, affronted*] You didn't tell *me* the new owner was coming!

FLORA. [*I sit at a table now.*]

[*TILLIE enters Right carrying a tray containing two mugs of coffee and a plate of doughnuts. She sees her visitors.*]

TILLIE. [*Verfrieen Good morning Miss Twilliger, Miss Vent. Would you like some coffee? She places the tray on the table in front of the door. BLANCHE makes a quick transition from the sofa to the chair left of the table FLORA and BLANCHE immediately turn to the coffee and doughnuts.*]

MISS TWILLIGER. [*With a friendly smile*] No, thank you, Tillie, we had our breakfast hours ago.

LILITH. [*To Tillie, casual*] And anyway, they're about to leave.

TILLIE. [*Impulsively*] Someday you'll get old, Lilith, and you'll want some respect!

MISS TWILLIGER. [*Pique*] Please, Tillie, we're not that old! - [*To her*] Let us go, Miss Vent. [*She starts to walk toward the door Up Left Center.*]

MISS VENT. [*Offended*] Really, Tillie -- really! [*She hurries after Miss Twilliger.*]

[*MISS TWILLIGER and MISS VENT exit Left Center. TILLIE glances at the empty chair and remarks to herself.*]

BLANCHE. [*To Tillie, amused*] They think they're still young enough to find a husband.

TILLIE. [*Pointing to the empty chair Blanche's hand is extended*] That's my coffee!

BLANCHE. [*Affecting innocence*] Oh, I didn't know. [*With exaggerated sadness*] Takes a sip of the mug.

TILLIE. [*Watc h her go n distastefully*] How can you be so selfish and act like such a queen?

BLANCHE. [*I know*] When you've been on the stage as long as I have, you can act the way you like. [*She takes a doughnut in a graceful manner and takes a bite of it.*]

TILLIE. [*Derisive*] A year ago, you were on the stage for a week, and that was the last acting job you ever had! [*She starts toward the door Up Right BLANCHE is dejected.*]

FLORA. [*Consoling*] Never mind, Blanche. Mrs. Douglas says you're the best drama teacher Adelaide ever had.

TILLIE. [*Pause then she turns*] No wonder she said it the lessons are free. [*Exit Up Right*]

BLANCHE. [*To Flora, hopefully*] Someday I'll get a good part in a play. All I need is to meet the right person with the right pull.

FLORA. [*Greatly surprised*] I thought that you and Ernie were going to get married and open a bookstore together.

BLANCHE. [*Superior*] I've changed my mind.

FLORA. But you told me that only last week!

LILITH. When I changed my mind about marrying Sid, she changed hers.

FLORA. [*Glancing from one to the other, dismayed*] Have you girls gone crazy? You've been going with those boys ever since high school! — What happened?

LILITH. [*Calmly*] We've decided to wait for a husband who could afford a luxury apartment. [*Points to off the window*] Like one of those in the new building across the street.

BLANCHE. [*Rising and walking to the window; rapturously*] Ah — an apartment with walk-in closets — elevators — air-conditioning — wall-to-wall carpets — ah . . . heaven. [*Stands looking out the window*]

FLORA. [*Disgusted*] It's living with a man you love that counts — not living in a building with a fancy doorman!

LILITH. [*Rising from the armchair*] Yes, love counts — but it doesn't count at the bank. [*Joins Blanche at the window*]

FLORA. [*Groaning*] Don't make the mistake I made. I turned down a meat-packer because he smelled like a salomi — and married a salesman who smelled like perfume. But you know where the meat-packer's wife buys her clothes now? In Paris. And do you know where I buy mine? In BLOOMINGDALE'S bargain basement.

BLANCHE. [*Returning to her chair left of the table*] Don't worry about us — we have big plans. [*To Lilith, anxiously*] Is he coming out yet?

[*BLANCHE sits. TILLIE enters Up Right, holding a mug of coffee.*]

TILLIE. [*Walking to the chair right of the table, to Lilith*] Any sign of our dream prince?

BLANCHE. [*Answering, with admiration in her tone*] He must still be asleep. However it is he makes his living — it's not by working long hours.

TILLIE. [*Takes a doughnut from the plate on the table and gestures with it, pantomiming the movements she describes*] Pretty soon he'll ride down in the elevator, walk across the marble lobby, and step past the doorman into the street. And then, carrying a briefcase like an important ambassador, he'll march down the block, turn the corner — and disappear. [*At the word "disappear" she dunks her doughnut into her coffee, lifts it out, and takes a bite of it.*]

BLANCHE. [*Watching Tillie*] You think he'll fall for someone who eats like a pig?

TILLIE. [*Placidly*] You may be nicer to look at, darling, but I've got more for him to hug.

FLORA. *[Aghast]* Don't tell me you got this bug too -- you're engaged to Richard!

TILLIE. I'm calling it off. I couldn't marry a fellow with a little sign shop, and paint letters on signs for the rest of my life. *[Exalted]* I -- am a creative artist.

FLORA. *[Gesturing in mocking imitation of Tillie's pantomime with the doughnut]* Who is this -- important ambassador?

BLANCHE. *[Answering gushingly]* He's a gorgeous product from an Ivy-league campus, dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit *[pointing to off the window]* who moved in across the street when they put up that building. I think he's a successful producer of Broadway plays.

TILLIE. *[Gazing dreamily heavenward]* I think he's a Madison Avenue executive who loves great art.

LILITH. *[Turning from the window, to Flora]* They're wrong. He must be the owner of an exclusive ladies' shop on Fifth Avenue. *[She resumes looking out the window.]*

FLORA. *[Glancing from Blanche to Tillie]* Well, which is it -- don't you know?

BLANCHE. We'll know after we meet him.

FLORA. *[Skeptically]* If you ever meet him.

BLANCHE. I told you -- we have a plan.

FLORA. *[Shaking her head]* Whatever it is, it won't work. *[Points upward]* He lives up there, *[points downward]* and you live down here. The only way *[points up and keeps pointing up]* you can have contact with him, is if he spits out his window *[now drops hand and reaches out with palm up to catch]* and you catch it.

LILITH. *[Without turning from the window]* Haven't you ever heard of Cinderella?

BLANCHE. *[To Flora]* Or Cleopatra?

TILLIE. *[To Flora]* Or Helen of Troy?

FLORA. No, but I heard of common sense!

LILITH. *[Looking out the window, gasps]* Oh! -- Here he comes! *[BLANCHE and TILLIE rush to the window and crowd on each side of Lilith, trying to see better out the window.]*

BLANCHE. *[Elbowing Lilith]* Lilith, please -- give me a chance to see!

LILITH. Get your head out of the way!

TILLIE. Somebody get off my foot!

FLORA. Girls! Stop judging a man by his smell!

*[The three girls gaze out the window for a moment, "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" with ecstasy.]*

LILITH. There he goes -- around the corner . . .



TILLIE. *[Sighing briefly]* Ah –

BLANCHE. *[Sighing loudly and extendedly]* Ah-h-h-h-h –

*[Clutching their hearts and competing to see who can sigh the loudest and most adoringly, the three girls move to the armchair. BLANCHE drops back into the chair, while LILITH and TILLIE drape themselves on or near the arms of the chair.]*

FLORA. *[With utter disgust]* It's a good thing your boyfriends can't hear you now – you sound like three drop-outs from a high school course in stupidity!

TILLIE. *[Standing erect, insulted]* You're a fine one to give advice! Who picked a husband out of an old perfume bottle! *[She goes to the dinette table and begins to stack the dishes and cups on the tray.]*

FLORA. *[Rising and crossing to Left Center and pointing to off the window]* What are you girls trying to do – pick a husband off the street?

BLANCHE. *[In loud protest]* Is it wrong to want a husband with money?

LILITH. *[To Flora]* Is it?

FLORA. No – but don't give up what you have until you're sure you have something better! Or you could be mighty sorry!

TILLIE. *[Picking up the stacked tray]* Who wants a husband who can't afford a dishwasher? *[TILLIE exits Up Right with the stacked tray.]*

LILITH. *[Standing behind the armchair]* Flora, you sound like my Aunt Henrietta. Why is it that women who haven't got a man think that a girl should take the first one who comes along?

FLORA. Because it's a woman without a husband who knows that any husband is better than none.

*[A knock sounds on the entrance door Up Left Center.]*

BLANCHE. *[To Flora]* For you?

FLORA. *[Worried]* It might be Mr. Anderson with the new owner and I haven't finished moppin' yet. *[She starts toward her mop and pail.]*

LILITH. *[Stopping her]* Relax, Flora. *[She steps slowly toward the door.]*

BLANCHE. *[Rising and pointing to the armchair]* Sit down, Flora. *[She goes to the chair to the left of the table, turns it to face Center, and then sits down in it. FLORA sits down in the armchair.]*

LILITH. *[At the door, glances over her shoulder to make sure Flora is seated, and then opens the door. She is a bit surprised, and then warmly greets the visitor.]* Oh. – Hello, Agnes. Come on in.

AGNES. [*Steps past Lilith to Center, beside the armchair. She is a young wife, about eighteen, and a bit simple-minded. She wears an inexpensive dress. She is very neat, and very adorable.*] Am I interrupting something?

LILITH. [*Moving to behind the sofa*] Not at all.

TILLIE. [*Enters Up Right and sees her, welcoming*] Agnes, honey -- want a cup of instant? [*She goes to Blanche and stands with her hand resting on Blanche's shoulder.*]

AGNES. No, thank you. Does anybody feel like walking to Madison Avenue?

BLANCHE. We can't leave right now -- our boyfriends are coming soon.

LILITH. [*To Agnes*] How's Frank?

AGNES. [*Proudly*] He's working overtime today.

TILLIE. [*Approvingly*] Good. Maybe he'll make enough to buy you a new kitchen table. [*She sits down in the chair above the table, facing Agnes.*]

AGNES. [*All aglow about it*] He got promoted.

FLORA. [*Warmly*] How nice.

AGNES. [*Proudly*] Now they let him wash the windows above the tenth floor.

LILITH. [*Walking around to the front of the sofa and sitting down in it; dryly*] Wonderful -- he's going up in the world.

AGNES. You should see the windows he washed yesterday. [*She gazes worshipfully upward, as though re-living the sublimeness of the experience.*] The buildings on both sides of the street he worked on -- the windows were all streaked, but Frank's windows were so shiny you could see the clouds in them, floating by like white angels . . .

FLORA. [*After a pause, returning to mundane affairs*] Did Adelaide's drumming bother you this morning?

AGNES. Her drumming? No -- it never bothers us.

FLORA. [*To Tillie and Blanche*] See? When two people are in love, a small apartment and the noise of drums doesn't bother them one bit.

BLANCHE. [*In an aside to Flora*] Yes, but she'd still like to have a new kitchen table.

AGNES. [*Unheeding the aside, wanting to give joy to the world*] I wish somebody would go with me to see Frank work this afternoon. It's such a pleasure to watch him; I hate to be the only one.

LILITH. [*Sincerely*] We'd go if we could, sweetie -- honest.

AGNES. Well, if you happen to walk past 383 Madison today, and want to see the cleanest windows you ever saw, just look up. [*As she exits Up Left Center*] -- 'By.

TILLIE. [*Lovingly, to all the women*] Isn't she something?

LILITH. [*With feeling*] She's a doll.

BLANCHE. An angel. A sweet angel.

FLORA. You girls ought to get married now – without waiting. Look at Agnes – do you need a better example? She worships Frank. [*She rises and shuffles to the window and looks off.*]

LILITH. [*Rises, paces angrily to behind the armchair, and then faces Flora*] Do you expect me to worship a fellow like Sid, who wants me to move to a hick town like Columbus, Ohio?

BLANCHE. [*Rising and taking a step toward Flora*] Or worship a fellow like Ernie, who wants me to bury all my talent in a little bookstore?

TILLIE. [*Lightly*] Give up, Flora. You won't teach us anything.

FLORA. [*Taking a couple of steps towards the girls*] You're living in fairy tales! Cinderella! Cleopatra! Ha! If what counts is a big apartment and lots of money, why is Agnes so happy?

TILLIE. [*Placidly*] She has no imagination.

FLORA. [*Vehemently, pointing to off the window*] It's because she doesn't dream about a prince and his money-bags! You can't buy happiness, you have to earn it. You have to give love in order to get love!

BLANCHE. [*Mockingly*] Bravo! Encore! [*She applauds briefly.*]

TILLIE. [*Also applauds briefly, smiling amusedly*] Flora, the Queen of Social Security!

LILITH. [*To Tillie and Blanche, pointing at Flora, with mock severity*] She's against us moving across the street to a beautiful apartment. She's thoughtless, selfish, and inconsiderate. All those in favor of throwing her out, raise their hands. [*TILLIE, BLANCHE, and LILITH raise their hands, putting on comically fierce expressions.*] Back to the salt mine she goes! [*LILITH steps to the door and prepares to open it.*]

BLANCHE and TILLIE. [*Hurrying to join Lilith*] Back to the salt mine she goes! [*BLANCHE picks up the mop, and TILLIE picks up the bucket.*]

BLANCHE. [*Holding the mop towards Flora*] Come on, witch – fly away on your broomstick!

TILLIE. [*Holding the bucket toward Flora*] And take your witch's brew with you!

FLORA. [*Drawing herself erect, refusing to budge*] Not 'til you tell me if I'm right or wrong.

TILLIE. [*Arguing good-humoredly*] You're wrong! Make your speeches to our boyfriends – who want us to do all the giving, while they do all the taking.

FLORA. [*Wagging a finger at the girls*] You're the selfish ones! You want things they can't give you!

BLANCHE. *[Jovially]* Right! We don't want doughnuts for breakfast — we want *crepes suzettes*!

LILITH. *[Boisterously, to Flora]* And down with Ohio and up with New York!

FLORA. You're three nincompoops!

BLANCHE, TILLIE, and LILITH. Yah!

FLORA. *[Drawing herself up to her full height]* I refuse to spend another moment with three girls who haven't grown up — and know nothing about love. *[Marching haughtily to the girls]* My mop and pail, please. *[She takes the mop and pail]* LILITH opens the door, and she steps into the doorway and turns. *[At the top of her voice]* Who know nothing about love! *[FLORA exits.]*

LILITH. *[Stepping into the doorway and shouting off, affecting rage]* And if you come back for dinner, that's what you'll get — love — with hot dogs and mustard! *[She returns to the room, laughing. For a brief moment, the three girls gather at Left Center, laughing together.]*

TILLIE. *[After the laughter subsides, shaking her head with pity]* Poor Flora — she's such a good-hearted soul. She wants the best for us.

LILITH. But she never learned that if you want the best, you have to go after it. *[She wanders to the window and looks off. TILLIE walks toward the table. BLANCHE sits in the armchair and gazes thoughtfully ahead.]*

TILLIE. *[Flicking a crumb off the table]* Someday I'd like to own some decent furniture.

LILITH. *[Gazing out the window]* Soon our prince'll be coming back to his palace. I wish I had nerve enough to throw something at him and make him look up here. *[She turns toward the room and pantomimes how seductively she would do it.]* And when he looked up here, I'd wave to him and smile — like this.

TILLIE. *[Wishfully]* Blanche'll do our plan — one of these days.

BLANCHE. *[Rises determinedly and makes an important announcement]* Girls, I've made up my mind. Today is the day. *[She gazes ahead resolutely.]*

LILITH. *[Taking a step toward Blanche, with wide-eyed surprise]* — Honest?

TILLIE. *[Awed]* Today, Blanche?

BLANCHE. *[Still gazing ahead resolutely]* Today.

TILLIE. *[With excited anticipation as she rushes out Up Right]* I'll get the bag.

LILITH. *[Gazing intently at Blanche]* Are you scared?

BLANCHE. Why should I be? I'm a trained actress.

LILITH. *[With a little gasp of awe]* Blanche, if I tried to do it, my legs wouldn't hold me up.