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Dramatic Publishing



Pillow Talk

**Adapted from screenplay
by Stanley Shapiro and
Maurice Richlin which
was based on a story by
Russell Rouse and Clarence
Greene. Stage adaptation
by Christopher Sergel.**

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Pillow Talk

Comedy. Adapted by Christopher Sergel. Based on the screenplay by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin.

Cast: 6m., 15w., extras if desired. Jan Morrow is a successful young interior decorator who is forced to share a party line with a man named Brad Allen. Brad is so frequently talking to one girl or another that Jan, in desperation, breaks in on one of his conversations, only to have Brad accuse her of snooping. This hurts her feelings because she'd never do that. She's a lonely girl who has been giving everything to her work, and her evenings are spent alone, talking to her pillow. Through a friend, Brad finally meets Jan. He passes himself off as a naive young fellow from Texas named Rex Stetson, and Jan is entranced. When Brad, over their party line, gives her dire warnings concerning Rex, she is indignant. Brad's dual identity as the Texan and the cynical commentator on Jan's increasingly important love for the gentle Rex makes this a very special comedy. *Two int. sets.*

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Pillow Talk

A Comedy in Three Acts

FOR SIX MEN, FIFTEEN WOMEN, EXTRAS

CHARACTERS

JAN MORROW.....	<i>an interior decorator</i>
JONATHAN FORBES.....	<i>a client</i>
BRAD ALLEN.....	<i>a songwriter</i>
ALMA.....	<i>Jan's maid</i>
PIEROT.....	<i>Jan's partner</i>
MRS. WALTERS.....	<i>another client</i>
TONY WALTERS.....	<i>her son</i>
MARIE	}..... <i>Brad's friends</i>
EILEEN	
YVETTE	
MISS CONRAD	}..... <i>of the telephone company</i>
SUPERVISOR	
MISS DICKENSON	
POLICEMAN	
BESSIE.....	<i>Brad's maid</i>
MRS. FROST	}..... <i>prospective clients</i>
MRS. AMES	
GRAHAM.....	<i>a private detective</i>
GIRL IN CLUB.....	<i>a singer</i>
TILDA	}..... <i>Jan's assistants</i>
ANN	
TELEPHONE OPERATOR (voice only)	
MAN (voice only)	
STAGE HANDS, GUESTS AT CLUB, ETC.	

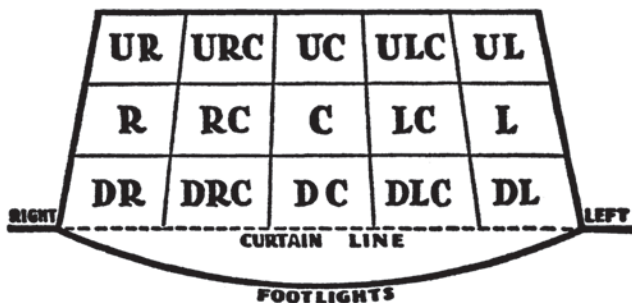
PLACE: *The apartments of Jan and Brad, New York City.*

TIME: *The present.*

SYNOPSIS

- ACT ONE: The first day.
ACT TWO: The next day.
ACT THREE: Several days later.

CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS



STAGE POSITIONS

Upstage means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: U R for *up right*, R C for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, rather than to a given point.

NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

PROPERTIES

GENERAL: BRAD'S APARTMENT: Piano and bench, love seat, pillows on love seat, end table, wall mirror, coffee table, telephone. **ACT ONE:** Empty cup and saucer on piano. **ACT TWO:** Upright vacuum cleaner behind love seat, file folder; midway in Act Two, coffee things (including cube sugar) on coffee table. **ACT THREE:** Sport coat on back of chair, cowboy hat beside piano.

JAN'S APARTMENT: Two chairs, small table, sofa, desk, mirror, shelf. **ACT ONE:** Bright jar on shelf, fabric samples on desk. **ACT TWO:** Jan's gloves and purse on table. **ACT THREE:** Small record rack, with record albums.

IN FRONT OF CURTAIN: Telephone, small desk, chair, file folder and other paraphernalia on desk; two small tables and four chairs (St. Regis scene); three small tables and six chairs, crackers and dip on one table (Hidden Door scene).

MISS CONRAD: Telephone.

JAN MORROW: Mail (several letters), wrist watch, brief case, hideous lamp, handkerchief.

JONATHAN FORBES: Key ring and keys, bottle of perfume (gift-wrapped), wrist watch, telephone, bouquet of flowers wrapped in tissue, hideous lamp, ugly chair.

BRAD ALLEN: Pencil, music paper, sport coat, paper (same as Miss Dickenson has earlier in scene), pot of coffee, cup, address book, wrist watch, suit coat, playing cards, key in pocket, telephone.

EILEEN: Telephone, frivolous apron in handbag.

YVETTE: Telephone, attractively wrapped flower box.

ALMA: Empty shopping bag, spray cleaner and rag, vase and unwrapped bouquet, dish and dish towel.

MRS. WALTERS: Small carving wrapped in paper.

MISS DICKENSON: Paper (complaint).

MARIE: Telephone.

BESSIE: Cowboy hat, lariat, and other "western" paraphernalia.

GRAHAM: Telephone, brief case containing photograph.

PIEROT: Telephone.

TILDA and ANN: Various decorating items, such as statuary, small rugs and throws, etc., all of them hideous.

STAGEHANDS: Two small tables, four chairs (St. Regis); three small tables, six chairs (The Hidden Door).

ACT ONE

AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM, *there is the sound of a telephone being dialed, and then answered.*]

OPERATOR'S VOICE. This is information. May I help you?

JAN'S VOICE. I need information about my party line. You see, every time I try to make a call the *other* party on my line . . .

OPERATOR'S VOICE [*interrupting*]. I'll give you the number to dial for our business office.

JAN'S VOICE [*anxiously*]. This man is on the phone night and day, and when I try to make a call . . .

OPERATOR'S VOICE. Please dial 394-6161-8706-3912.

JAN'S VOICE [*hesitating*]. 3-9-4?

OPERATOR'S VOICE [*faintly exasperated*]. 6161-8706-3912.

[*There is a click as the telephone is hung up, and immediately light is coming up in front of the curtain. At R, MISS CONRAD, an executive, is revealed seated at a small desk checking through a folder. At L, another young woman (SUPERVISOR) wearing a suit uniform, is coming on followed by JAN MORROW, an attractive career girl.*]

SUPERVISOR [*is saying pleasantly to JAN*]. Our lobby exhibit this month is called "Your Future Telephone." I expect you noticed the speaker phones, the special intercom systems, telephones that take and give messages—and in a few years we'll have phones you don't even have to dial. All you do is insert a card and . . .

JAN. What about a plain private line?

SUPERVISOR. What about it?

JAN. I'm on a party line.

SUPERVISOR. Yes, I know.

JAN. The only reply I can get out of your business office is a printed form—about your fantastic progress, but meanwhile I should be patient.

SUPERVISOR [*reasonably*]. Then why don't you just—

JAN [*firmly*]. Miss—the other party is *always* talking.

SUPERVISOR. You said that.

JAN. You said you'd take me to the assistant manager.

SUPERVISOR [*gesturing R*]. This way.

JAN [*as she goes, muttering*]. Phones you don't even have to dial . . .

SUPERVISOR [*presenting*]. Miss Conrad . . . this is that Miss Morrow.

MISS CONRAD [*looking up from her desk*]. So you're Miss Morrow. [*She riffles the folder in front of her, and JAN nods. To SUPERVISOR.*] Thank you, Miss Stevens. [*The SUPERVISOR nods and goes out R.*]

JAN [*half apologetic*]. I'm sorry about all those letters, but this has been driving me crazy.

MISS CONRAD [*forcing a smile*]. Miss Morrow—your telephone company wants *everyone* to have a private line. And we're putting in new trunk lines as fast as we can. But with all the construction going on in your area, it takes time. And we have hundreds of applications which take precedence over yours.

JAN [*almost pleading*]. But there must be a way to get one!

MISS CONRAD. Well, if some emergency arose—if you were to get some serious disease, for example—typhoid, smallpox— [*She smiles helpfully.*]—then you'd jump right to the top of our list.

JAN [*hating to be difficult*]. I'm not quite ready for that kind of emergency.

MISS CONRAD. Well, I—I wouldn't know what else to suggest.

JAN. Oh, but I'm at my wit's end—really! You see, I'm an interior decorator and I do a lot of work at home—so naturally there are business calls that I must make—and I cannot get a call through. [*Bitterly.*] That man is always on the phone with some woman.

MISS CONRAD. There's nothing wrong with his being on the phone with . . .

JAN [*cutting in*]. You don't understand.

MISS CONRAD. Understand what?

JAN [*forced to it, confidentially*]. Have you any idea what it's like to be on a party line with a—a—a man so obsessed with women he's practically a—a maniac? [*Startled, MISS CONRAD looks around.*]

MISS CONRAD [*leaning forward*]. That's a very serious charge. Can you substantiate it?

JAN. Well, for one thing he's always singing love songs—at all hours—and to different girls. He must have the phone near a piano, and he plays and sings and then talks nonsense—for hours.

MISS CONRAD. Has he used objectionable language on the phone?

JAN. No.

MISS CONRAD. Or threats of any nature?

JAN. No.

MISS CONRAD. Has he made immoral overtures to you?

JAN [*confused*]. Well—Oh, not to me!

MISS CONRAD. And you're bothered by this?

JAN. Yes. I mean no! What do you mean—bothered?

MISS CONRAD. You're a single woman, I take it?

JAN. I don't see what that has to do with—

MISS CONRAD. And this man's carrying on with all these other women disturbs you.

JAN [*irked*]. Miss Conrad, please believe me—I don't care what he does. I just want him to stop doing it on my phone!

MISS CONRAD [*with a sigh*]. All right—I'll have one of our inspectors stop by and talk to him.

JAN. Oh, thank you very much.

MISS CONRAD [*meaning to be sympathetic*]. I can see you have a problem.

JAN [*not sure how to take this, speaking firmly*]. With my telephone.

MISS CONRAD. If what you say about this man is true, we may be forced to—disconnect him.

JAN. Good! [*Looking about.*] Which door do I go out? I have to catch a taxi.

MISS CONRAD [*gesturing*]. The way you came.

JAN [*starting L.*]. Thank you.

MISS CONRAD. You'll hear from us.

JAN [*calling back*]. I'm counting on it.

[*The light on MISS CONRAD dims and she steps off R. Meanwhile sounds of street traffic have come up as JAN walks L. She pauses and calls:*]

JAN. Taxi—taxi! [*An odd horn toots several times, and JAN looks L. A man is heard calling from off L.*]

JONATHAN'S VOICE. Jan—

[*JONATHAN FORBES, a nattily dressed young businessman, comes on L, carrying a key ring.*]

JONATHAN. Jan!

JAN [*smiling*]. Hello, Jonathan.

JONATHAN. Hi. I've got something to tell you.

JAN. Oh?

JONATHAN. I was trying to call you all morning, but your line's been busy.

JAN. Naturally. My life's practically at a standstill.

JONATHAN [*indicating L.*]. I just drove that car out of the showroom. How do you like it?

JAN. It's marvelous. Funny-sounding horn, too.

JONATHAN. Mercedes-Benz 300 SL Roadster. Like the color?

JAN. It's beautiful.

JONATHAN [*as they move L, looking*]. The upholstery?

JAN. Perfect.

JONATHAN [*holding up keys*]. It's yours. [*He drops the keys into her hand. She looks down at the keys, then up to JONATHAN again.*]

JAN. Huh?

JONATHAN. In grateful appreciation of the brilliant job you

did redecorating my office.

JAN. What? [*Laughing.*] Why, Jonathan . . . Jonathan, you just don't go around giving girls Mercedes-Benzes.

[*A POLICEMAN is coming on L.*]

JONATHAN. I do.

POLICEMAN. That your car, mac?

JONATHAN. No, officer, it's hers.

JAN. Oh!

POLICEMAN. That your car, miss?

JAN. No, it's his. Jonathan—Jonathan, you're very sweet and very generous, but I cannot accept a gift like that.

JONATHAN. Why not?

JAN. Well, it's—it's too personal.

JONATHAN. That?

JAN. Yes.

JONATHAN. If I gave you—perfume, if I gave you lingerie—that would be personal. But—but a car!

POLICEMAN [*gruffly*]. Come on, mac. If it's yours—move it.

JAN [*giving back the keys*]. Here—send me the perfume.

JONATHAN [*reproving*]. You shouldn't reject me like that. Suppose I turn out to be your last chance?

JAN [*smiling*]. Don't you start. The phone company just got through acting as though I were some sort of crank spinster.

JONATHAN. Can I drop in later—about interior decorating?

POLICEMAN. Mac!

JAN [*starting L*]. We could use more business. [*Calling off.*] Taxi!

JONATHAN [*calling after her as she goes out L*]. Listen—are you sure you don't want the car?

JAN [*off L*]. Yes, I'm sure. See you later. [*JONATHAN and the POLICEMAN look after her for a moment.*]

JONATHAN [*shrugging*]. All right, officer, I'll move it. [*Shakes his head.*] My analyst will never believe this.

POLICEMAN [*shaking his head, too*]. Neither will mine. [*They go off L. A piano somewhere is heard being played casually*]

by someone picking out a melody line.]

THE CURTAIN RISES, revealing the set, which consists of two sections, both of them well upstage. The right section suggests a small masculine apartment and it occupies about one-third of the width of the stage. There is a small piano along the wall R, a love seat and an end table on which the telephone belongs, though at the moment it has been set on top of the piano with the receiver off. The other two-thirds of the stage is deserted at the moment. It is separated by a portion of wall from the other part of the set. The separation should be definite enough so that it is clear that these are two different apartments. The left apartment has two chairs, a small table, a sofa, and a desk. Just as the right apartment is masculine, the left apartment is feminine. At rise of curtain the emphasis of the lights is at the right where BRAD, a handsome man in sport clothes, is at the piano playing the melody line heard earlier. BRAD comes to the end of a phrase in the music, and leans forward to speak into the telephone, saying the girl's name as though it were a part of the song.]

BRAD [*into the telephone*]. Eileen—Eileen!

[*A sophisticated girl wearing high-fashion clothes steps on at extreme D L, languidly holding a telephone, the cord of which leads off L.*]

EILEEN [*into telephone*]. Brad—darling. [*He picks up the receiver from the piano.*] Brad—

BRAD. Yes?

EILEEN. I love you.

BRAD. I know.

EILEEN. I just had to call you. I'll never forget last night, especially when you sang me your new song.

BRAD. *Our* song, Eileen. I wrote it for you.

[*JAN is coming into the apartment at L, taking off her gloves*

and looking through the mail she's brought up.]

EILEEN [*going on, sighing*]. Oh, Brad! Would you sing it to me again?

BRAD [*faintly pained*]. Again?

EILEEN [*a plea*]. Hum a little?

BRAD. We don't really have the lyrics yet, anyway, but *you* know the name that fits—[*JAN has put down the mail, and purposefully she picks up the telephone.*]

EILEEN [*continuing*]. Oh—Brad!

BRAD [*resigned*]. Here we go again—

JAN [*dismayed*]. Not again! [*Both BRAD and EILEEN react to JAN's voice. However the interruption doesn't stop BRAD, who goes right on. NOTE: None of the telephone conversations actually go through a sound system. The telephones are held, and the characters speak as though into them in their regular stage voices.*]

BRAD [*into telephone, firmly*]. Our song goes like this, dear—
[*With one hand, BRAD fingers out the tune on the piano, while he holds the telephone with the other hand, humming along into it.*]

EILEEN. Oh, that's beautiful.

JAN [*cutting in*]. I do hate to interrupt, but would you mind hanging up, please?

EILEEN [*into telephone, casually*]. Brad . . . who is that?

BRAD. The other half of my party line. Just ignore her. She'll go away.

JAN [*indignantly*]. You were on this phone when I went out an hour ago—and you're *still* on it! I have an important call to make.

BRAD. I happen to consider this an important call.

JAN. Humming to a girl in the middle of the day?

EILEEN. It's none of your business what he does to me! Or when!

JAN. Would you *please* get off this line—for just a few minutes?

BRAD. No.

JAN. Oh! [*As his humming begins again, she hangs up sharply,*

stares at the telephone furiously, and then takes out her anger in the way she opens and then throws away her mail.]

BRAD [*completing the musical phrase again*]. Eileen—Eileen. [*A bit businesslike.*] That's it, dear. I've a lot of composing to do. I don't have any of the music over to the orchestrator yet and the producer plans to put the new musical into rehearsal in four weeks.

EILEEN. You work too hard.

BRAD. Not recently.

EILEEN. Can I call you later?

BRAD. Oh, all right.

EILEEN. See you—[*She hangs up and steps back off L. BRAD picks up a pencil and in a more businesslike fashion starts fingering out a tune and marking notes on some music paper on the piano in front of him. JAN finishes opening mail and then turns back to her telephone.*]

JAN [*considering telephone, then giving up*]. Oh, what's the use. [*She turns and goes out into her kitchen. At this moment, in Brad's apartment, the telephone rings and BRAD puts down his pencil and picks up the receiver.*]

BRAD [*into telephone*]. Hello—

[*Another sophisticated girl, this one wearing a bright sweater and toreador pants, steps on at extreme D R. She is holding a telephone, the cord of which leads off R.*]

YVETTE [*into telephone*]. I know it's early, *cherie*, but I just had to talk to you. Will I see you tonight?

BRAD. I'm sorry, Yvette. I have to work.

YVETTE [*disappointed*]. Oh.

BRAD. I still have six songs to write for the new show.

YVETTE. But you will have to go out and eat dinner, no?

BRAD. I'll throw something together here.

YVETTE. No, darling, you mustn't! You must keep up your strength. I'll come over and cook something for you, yes?

BRAD. Make it next Tuesday.

YVETTE. Oh, thank you, darling.

BRAD. It's nothing.

YVETTE. Brad?

BRAD. Um-hm?

YVETTE. Sing me a little of our song?

BRAD [*chuckling*]. Yvette—

YVETTE. Please—

BRAD [*with a sigh*]. Oh, all right. [*With the telephone in his left hand, he starts picking out the identical tune he played before.*]

[*In the other apartment, JAN comes back in from the kitchen with a list she's just made, and she gets set by the telephone to call someone about it. She picks up the telephone just as BRAD finishes the musical phrase.*]

BRAD [*into telephone, as before*]. Yvette—Yvette!

YVETTE [*melting*]. Cherie!

JAN [*into telephone, exasperated*]. I've got to make a call. Now will you please get off this phone?

YVETTE [*casually*]. Who is that woman?

BRAD. Some little eavesdropper on my party line.

JAN [*exploding*]. Eavesdropper!

BRAD. Probably some spinster crank.

JAN [*stung, out of breath*]. Spinster crank!

BRAD. She's *always* listening in. That's how she brightens up her drab, empty life.

JAN [*still crushed, but partially collecting herself*]. If I could get a call through once in a while, my life wouldn't be so drab! [*With this, JAN hangs up. She stares at the telephone with dismay, and the memory of the comment makes her bite her lip.*]

BRAD. I'm just taking time now for a quick cup of instant coffee, then back to work.

YVETTE. But I get to see you Tuesday?

BRAD. Sure.

YVETTE. *Au revoir, cherie.*

BRAD. 'By— [*He hangs up, makes another note on the music*

paper, then picks up the empty cup and saucer from on top of the piano and goes out into his kitchen. Meanwhile JAN has crossed to look at herself in a mirror, inspecting herself. Her bell rings, and without turning she calls:]

JAN. It's open, Alma. Come in.

[ALMA, a wry and witty by-the-day houseworker, comes in. She's dressed in working clothes and carries an empty shopping bag.]

ALMA. How did you know it was me?

JAN. Who else could it be?

ALMA. It could be your big spender boy friend—you know, you decorated his office.

JAN. Jonathan—[*Humorously.*] That nice idiot is starting to talk as though he's my last chance.

ALMA [*curiously*]. Are you starting to worry about that already?

JAN [*smiling*]. I started when I was twelve. Then I grew up, moved to New York—and I've been too busy to give the subject another thought.

ALMA. I better get on with the cleaning. [*Moving U L.*] I'll start with the kitchen. [*Her curiosity makes her pause. Casually.*] Anything special happen this morning?

JAN. No. [*Nods toward kitchen.*] There's some new shelving paper for the cupboards, and when the laundry man comes, the bag is just inside the closet.

ALMA. Sure.

JAN [*defensively*]. The only thing that happened—I met Jonathan on the street and he made a fool of himself. [*Gestures toward telephone.*] And our party-line Casanova was even more sickening than usual.

ALMA [*meaning to be sympathetic*]. He really bothers you.

JAN [*sharply*]. Because he ties up the telephone.

ALMA. That's what I meant.

JAN [*exasperated*]. I don't know why all the men in this town are so infantile!

ALMA [*reasonably*]. You haven't seen all of them yet.

JAN. There's a Manhattan type, and the biggest thing on their minds is getting a front table at the restaurant all the other Manhattan types are going to this week.

ALMA. Wherever you go you'll find men who——

JAN. Will you find them spending the whole day humming to girls over the telephone?

ALMA [*conceding*]. You've got me there.

JAN [*emphatically*]. The more I see of these characters, the happier I am that I'm single.

ALMA. Yes, ma'am. [*There is a knock on the door.*]

JAN. I'll get it.

ALMA [*pausing at kitchen door*]. The trouble with the sort of man *you* want—I don't think you'll find one any closer than the backwoods part of Australia.

JAN [*ruefully*]. I'm beginning to think you're right. [*As she crosses to door, smiling.*] Maybe that's where I should take my next vacation.

[*ALMA smiles back and exits to kitchen. As JAN opens the door L, PIEROT, an elegantly dressed but very nervous young man, hurries in.*]

PIEROT. Oh, Jan—thank heaven you're here.

JAN. I had an errand, and then I came back to sort over some fabric samples.

PIEROT. Jan—that woman is going to drive me *out* of my mind. Has she come yet?

JAN. What woman?

PIEROT. Now she wants Ming Dynasty in the rumpus room.

JAN [*realizing*]. Mrs. Walters.

PIEROT. She has the taste of a water buffalo.

JAN [*a rhetorical question*]. Then why do business with her?

PIEROT [*conceding*]. Because she happens to be a very rich water buffalo.

JAN [*smiling with him*]. Exactly.

PIEROT. She said she wanted to look in at one of those primitive art places, then she was coming to see what you've picked