

*(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.)*